

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 1

WASHINGTON (Reuters) - Oil companies are not overcharging motorists for gasoline, an industry group told Congress on Wednesday, but US lawmakers were skeptical that Big Oil was working hard enough to provide the fuel supplies needed to keep pump prices in check.

The oil companies are lying through their teeth and for once, Congress got something right. And, to quote Vernon, you can take that to the bank, the oil companies do. If the oil companies took some of that money and built new refineries, I'd be inclined to give them some slack. Someone claimed there was a mandate against building new refineries. Yeah, the pocketbook.

The American Petroleum Institute told lawmakers its members were not to blame for high pump costs. Oil companies earned about \$200 billion in excess profits from 2003 through 2006, according to the Consumer Federation of America. ...said oil companies were not able to coordinate their refinery maintenance and outages to make sure enough facilities were always operating because that would violate federal antitrust laws. "But I am sure that they are looking to, wherever they can, return to operations as quickly and safely as they can. I have no doubt that they will be doing that," he said.

Yep, they're opening new bank accounts...

After I finished 'The Storm', I swore to everyone but God that I would write no more stories. But, that lying sack of chit pulled my chain. Trust me, I know, I used to be a tax auditor. I could tell you more, but to quote Maverick, I'd have to kill you. Suffice it to say when line 30 of their federal tax return is 10% of, well never mind, there I go.

It's 2007 and I've not been an auditor for 15 years. Since 9/11, I've gotten serious about preparations. So much so that I picked up a M1A loaded standard and a couple of thousand rounds of South African surplus. Then, on Father's Day, I got a Mossberg 590. I'm not holding my breath, but come Christmas, I'm supposed to get a Springfield Armory GI M1911, High Capacity.

Although my name is Gary, most people call me Tom because of my handle, Tired Old Man. Beats the hell out of them calling me Charlie the Tuna. While I can't tell you who I audited, I toured a tuna canning operation 7 times on one audit alone. That plant is closed, they can their tuna in Puerto Rico and American Samoa now. The Environmentalists got them. They leaked about a cup of tuna oil into the LA harbor a day, you know. I've nothing against Environmentalists, everyone should own one.

Most of you have probably watched the history of the US petroleum industry on the History Channel. If you haven't, you should. It helps to know your enemy. Speaking of which, I'm really sorry about Jerry Falwell, but I didn't like him anyway. I liked him more than that Robertson on the 700 Club. Pat Robertson's work, NEW WORLD ORDER, is a catch all for conspiracy theories. It combines the paranoia of the Old Right with modern versions. A summary of Robertson's book is found on page 177 in which Pat says a conspiracy has existed in the world working through Freemasonry and a secret Order of the Illuminati, a group combining Masons and Jewish Bankers. Don't get me wrong, I'm not speaking ill of the dead, he just wasn't, 'my kind of guy'. Jim Bakker and Jimmy Swaggart were far more entertaining.

Spread the word
Through me God is heard
You're making me laugh
Tell me your killin' joke
Evangelist
You're making me laugh
Jesus saves

But only after I've been paid
You're making me laugh
Tell me your killin' joke
Evangelist
End your hoax

God says have a TV show
God says baby do some blow
God says taxes are a sin
God says pour the money in
Rape the poor, faith no more
Faith for cash, make me laugh
Faith no more, face the whore
Rape your past, make me laugh

Never, never, ever sin
Unless God says to stick it in
You're making me laugh
Tell me your killin' joke
Evangelist
The truth can choke
Defrocked from your seat
Don't chit where you eat
You're making me laugh
Tell me your killin' joke
That God talks to you
There's no hope

God says have a TV show
God says baby do some blow
God says taxes are a sin
God says pour the money in
Rape the poor, faith no more
Faith for cash, make me laugh
Faith no more, face the whore
Rape your past, make me laugh

Make Me Laugh – Anthrax

I omitted the rest of the lyrics, they're worse. And it has nothing to do with big oil; the televangelists, don't make quite as much money as the oil companies, but they're close.

I've been a fair Christian most of my life, all things considered. There's better, without doubt. It's ok, Matthew was a tax collector. Probably wasn't as good of a tax collector as I was, but that's a whole other story. I'd make a list of the liars out there, but it would include all politicians, lawyers, reporters and televangelists and would be too long to post. They aren't all bad, there's Billy Graham, Norman Vincent Peale and some others I could name.

What I'm trying to figure out is how to mate the bayonet from the M1903 Springfield rifle to my new 590 shotgun. It will take the bayonet for the M16, but I have pocket knives with blades that long (really). 'If you have to use a bayonet, they're too close.' Right, that's why I want a longer bayonet. The bayonet on the Springfield was 16".

My all time favorite singer died in the crash of Japan Airlines Flight 123 near Gunma on August 12, 1985 at age 43. Do you know "Ue o muite arukō" (look up while walking)? Sure you do, it went by another name in the US. Think Japanese beef fondue (Sukiyaki).

I told you the expression, 'The Big Lie' refers to Hitler. Also to most other politicians, if you think about it.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Big_Lie

O man, take care!
What does the deep midnight declare?
"I was asleep
From a deep dream I woke and swear:—
The world is deep,
Deeper than day had been aware.
Deep is its woe—
Joy — deeper yet than agony:
Woe implores: Go!
But all joy wants eternity—
Wants deep, wants deep eternity."

(Also sprach Zarathustra – Nietzsche) http://www.archive.org/details/also_sprach_zarathustra (the whole thing, 12+ minutes)

"I did not have sex with that woman." Who, Hillary?

"Read my lips: no new taxes." Right, that's why we ended up with Monica.

"Out of these troubled times, our fifth objective – a New World Order – can emerge: a new era."

"This is America: the Knights of Columbus, the Grange, Hadassah, the Disabled American Veterans, the Order of Ahepa, the Business and Professional Women of America, the union hall, the Bible study group, LULAC, 'Holy Name' - a brilliant diversity spread like stars, like a thousand points of light in a broad and peaceful sky."

"Should public school teachers be required to lead our children in the pledge of allegiance? My opponent says no – and I say yes."

"Should society be allowed to impose the death penalty on those who commit crimes of extraordinary cruelty and violence? My opponent says no – but I say yes."

"And should our children have the right to say a voluntary prayer, or even observe a moment of silence in the schools? My opponent says no – but I say yes."

"And should, should free men and women have the right to own a gun to protect their home? My opponent says no – but I say yes."

"And Is it right to believe in the sanctity of life and protect the lives of innocent children? My opponent says no – but I say yes."

"In foreign affairs, I'll continue our policy of peace through strength. I will move toward further cuts in the strategic and conventional arsenals of both the United States and the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc and NATO. I'll modernize and preserve our technological edge; and that includes strategic defense. "

Gee, we should elect this guy President, he sure sounds good. We did, he didn't last.

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"Where have you been?"

"Hey partner, what's up?" Ron replied.

"My blood sugar, my blood pressure and my weight. How about you?"

"Same chit, different day."

"Yep, me too. Did you read that bit on MSNBC?"

"What bit?"

"They claim that air travel is damaging the atmosphere. There won't be any more, 'leaving on a jet plane, don't know when I'll be back again'."

"I don't mind tree huggers, with their hands full, they can't shoot back."

"Big talk for a short fat man. I started a new story."

"What's this one called?"

"When Fiction Becomes Fact."

"What's it about?"

"Same chit, different day."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mostly write to tell people about how important it is to be prepared."

"Did you ever fill those 5 gas cans I bought you?"

"I have 5 gallons in the tank and 10 in cans. With the price of gas at nearly \$3.50 a gallon, it would take about \$120 to fill them."

"It could be worse, gas could be \$4 a gallon."

"Gas prices are like the weather, wait a week and they'll change."

"Yeah, go up."

"Costco had it for \$3.339 a gallon today."

"Came down?"

"It'll go back up," he laughed.

We visited for a while then Lyn had a honey do and he had to go. Anymore, it was more like the 2 Amigos, unless you counted Fleataxi as Amigo #3. Pretty hard to do with him near Elko. CFI lived in that area, too (I think).

Let me explain why we can't have a shelter: 1) we can't afford it; 2) no way to remove the soil; and 3) the Mrs. already thinks I'm crazy, I don't intent to give her any evidence. Do I want a shelter? Do the people in Hell want ice water? If I had the money, I'd buy one from: <http://www.disastershelters.net/index.php> They aren't inexpensive and the price doesn't include delivery or installation.

Darn, I forgot to tell him that I got a 590 for Father's Day. He never tells me when he gets another elephant gun, so I guess we're even. For best friends, we make quite the pair, since I got sober for a few years and don't drive, I don't see so much of him. He had many more guns than I had, but less ammo for the ones he had. He didn't think much of my M1A, claiming it was too heavy. I didn't think much of his Kel-Tec SU-16.

A few years back, about the time Lyn's mother died, Ron and Lyn had some extra money and for Ron, it was like eating peanuts. He hasn't stopped buying, but 95% of them are sporting arms, bought used. The closest he has to a military type rifle is the Kel-Tec and only because it uses M16 magazines. I wish he'd buy at least one MBR, but won't hold my breath.

I'm only going to have the M1A, 590, the .45 and ammo and high capacity magazines to go with them. I'd better get 10 more for my M1A before Ammomon raises his prices a third time. I doubt I'll scope the rifle, I don't like scopes. If the ladies want to get me a .22 rifle, it will be a welcome addition, but there isn't that much to hunt in this area. Still, bricks of .22 might be good trade goods, should the need arise.

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Prepared? Yeah, sort of. Ready to be prepared? Got the lists, some of the food, equipment, meds, etc. It wouldn't take much, that's for sure. Less than a grand to put up enough food, seed and fuel to cover us for anywhere from 3-6 months. Meds? I don't take anything I can't go without that I don't have plenty of. It won't be long now anyway. If we get past Christmas, we'll be good to for 6 months minimum. We'd only have to run the generator about 4 hours a day.

My thinking has narrowed down the possibilities to terrorist attack(s) and WW III in the man-made category and either an earthquake or pandemic in the natural category. We've prepared accordingly.

Terrorist attacks: Jihadists or the illegal immigrants.

WW III: What's to say?

Earthquake: anything from some small local trembler to the big one.

Pandemic: Anything from H5N1 to SARS to something engineered.

Then there's the collapse of our economy and that could be worse than the other 4, combined. It's looking more possible everyday. That could be a killer event, The price of food in Cali has risen about 25% in the past year and there are some shortages. Gasoline will go over \$4 a gallon by fall, unless something changes. We won't know until just before or when it happens. Then we'll have about 24 hours to get our house in order. I've increased my reading of various news sources to about 4 hours a day. We'll go for the basics, food, then fuel, then whatever we can get with our remaining money.

Sure would be nice to capture all the methane we'll be generating...

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There were several emails from A. Friend (Russ) that morning when I got up. They consisted of a series of

threat warnings. I grabbed my lists, checked the garage and had a shopping list ready before Sharon got home from taking Audrey to school.

"What's the money situation?"

"What do you need?"

"I got some emails, I think we should go to Costco and Sam's Club and pick up a few things."

"We have about \$750 until the trust money hits; however I haven't made the house payment yet, how much do you need?"

"Here's the list, I think maybe a grand, what would you say?"

"Without the gas, a little less. With the gas, a shade over."

"We'll have to get the gas. We can start by filling the cans and your gas tank. Will it all fit in the SUV?"

"Might take 2 trips. I have to pickup Udell at 11:15 and Audrey around 3:15. We should hit Costco first and then get Junior. We can go from there to Sam's Club."

"I have some thing from Smart and Final, that should take long. Ready to go?"

"No, you haven't said why. I'd hate to tie up all our money in long term food."

"They arrested 3 guys with a dirty bomb in Austin, Texas. It's one of those home grown Jihadist groups. I eliminated as much as I felt safe. You'll be with me and if you see something you don't think we need, we can discuss it."

"Only 8 cartons, will that be enough?"

"I have a couple at home. If there's money left, we can get more."

It was a normal crowd at Costco, apparently not many had been following the news. I got 8 cartons and went back for 4 more. We picked up Junior, emptied the Rondo and hit Smart and Final and Sam's Club. The store was packed, I think the word was getting out. We got the macaroni, cereal and the remaining items with money to spare.

Once home we packed the meat in single meal packages and added them to the freezer. We rearranged the garage shelves to hold the reminder and I carried the gas cans to the patio.

I checked the internet news while she picked up Audrey. It took 3 news sources before I could verify the email. A person can access every online US newspaper by using Hometown News. <http://www.hometownnews.com/>

"Ron did you hear about the dirty bomb?"

"Where did that go off?"

"It didn't, they caught the guys. Check any major Texas newspaper or AP. It might be a good idea to pick up a few extra groceries. Can I borrow a gun?"

"What do you need?"

"How about a .357?"

"I'll drop one off, do you have ammo?"

"I was going to get Sharon to take me to High Desert when she gets home. BTW, I filled my gas cans."

"I'll bring you a box and you can replace it."

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Nothing happened, of course, and I started to catch hell. Then, the trust made an above average distribution, a little over \$5k. That squared things and I got her to take me back to High Desert. He could get me the pistol for \$550 plus tax and background check so I bought it. I ordered a 500 round case of 230 grain gold dot. Derek said he'd get the magazines and I could replay him. I added 10 more M1A magazines and called him back to tell him to hold the pistol magazines until the rifle magazines came.

Ron took me to White's and I got a pistol belt and beat up standard GI holster. The high capacity mags didn't quite fit in the surplus canvas magazine pouches. Everything arrived about mid month and I picked up the pistol a week later. We also got 5 additional gas cans and filled them. I also picked up 10 bricks of .22 from Wal-Mart half HP and half solids.

We agreed to add 2 bundles of Charmin a month and increase our supplies of vegetables, 1 extra case each of diced tomatoes, green beans and corn every month. She could continue to get 6 cartons a month of Kools and 6 cans of Folgers. We were just short of an argument over that; still she agreed. She found some jeans on sale and got me 3 pairs plus a set of those Wal-Mart work boots.

Considering my age, it's not unseemly that my recent stories have ended with people dying; I hate to tell you, but dying in part of living, the last part. Besides, with as many illegals living in this housing tract as there are, I may not have enough ammo. Getting bad out there, have you noticed? More A-Rabs in California than in Arabia, and most of them own 7-11s. The non-English speaking wetbacks all work for fast food chains. How long has it been since 9/11? We're overdue.

Anyway, all that business about threat warnings was much ado over nothing, this time. We made it to almost my 65th birthday, March, 2008. There's nothing special about March, it begins to warm in the high desert, the weeds come up before the grass greens up, and I'm still spending my days reading news reports on my computer. January is usually a good month and we stock up on extra batteries, the kids have generally gone through my stash with their Christmas presents.

With some of the extra money this year, I got my new 41 quart pressure canner from Canning Pantry and we connected the stove on the patio to the gas line. On a whim, I got propane jets for all of the gas appliances, all carefully marked and in Amy's tool box. I was thinking about actually planting a garden and canning a few green beans, spaghetti sauce, maybe make some of those bread and butter pickles... man were they good. The tough part would be storing the potatoes, I figured to only plant a few hills for new potatoes and peas. I could buy a 100# pound bag of onions wholesale 3-4 miles up the road.

We emptied wall shelves in the garage and filled them with LTS food, mostly beans, rice, coffee and macaroni. Toilet paper doesn't qualify, but I'd nagged her up to 12 bundles of Ultra Charmin. If she'd seen the Kools locked up in my supply cabinet, she'd have had a kitten. It's a piecemeal thing, this preparation business. It didn't matter, no matter how much we had, no matter what we had, we'd turn out to be short on something.

Our garden did well, we got 57 quarts of pickles, 152 quarts of green beans, 32 pints of beets, 64 pints of

carrots, 133 quarts of spaghetti (tomato) sauce and a half a ton of potatoes. The 100# bag of onions I bought, plus, 300# of pinto beans, 60# of great northern beans, 40# of navy beans, 6 100# bags of jasmine rice, too many spices, 100# of sugar, 300# pounds of flour (it probably won't keep), 4 jars of yeast, 6 6# cans of Crisco, 16 gallons of vegetable oil, 6 15 count packages of Kraft macaroni and cheese, 42 cans of Spam, 72 cans of tuna, 48 cans of Kirkland roast beef, 48 cans of Kirkland chicken breast, 4 cases each of mushroom and tomato soup, 96# of elbow macaroni, 5 cases of canned corn, 1 case of asparagus, 12 cartons of oatmeal, 60 12 packs of Coke Classic, 18 bags of pancake mix, 21 double packs of Aunt Jemima syrup, one shelf each of quart jars of peaches and pears and 2 shelves of 57oz cans of Folgers, stacked 2 high. Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow...

I'd also cut up and canned beef roasts that Sharon bought on sale. With the veggies, we could make a quick beef stew. As you can tell from the list, we were actually missing a few things. Ron got me 6 25-gallon bottles of propane and I stored them on the patio under the solid cover. I bought a roll of wicks for the oil lamps. Oh, I have 4 50# bags of popcorn.

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Do you know the day the Republic died? November 4, 2008. It has been ill for a while, since about 1945. I doubt the nation was really ready for Hitler and Osama Obama. Good thing she was the President, or his days would have been numbered. I objected to her politics, not her gender. I lost the bet and had to give Ron a five spot. I hope he spent it on a box of .22 ammo.

In the speech she made to thank the voters for electing her, she said that the troops would all be home by not later than late March. A majority of Americans were tired of the war, myself included. We got there based on faulty intelligence, 95% of the troops killed had died after we'd won, and if you're going to kick ass and take names, use enough people to do it. That's my opinion. As of election day, they hadn't found Osama bin Laden. This guy is 6'4, wears a beard and wraps his head in a towel, how hard can it be? I was worried before, now I was ready to panic. There wasn't room for anymore food in the garage or I'd have gone shopping, again.

A free ad: Because the West is facing a concerted effort by Islamic Jihadists, the motives and goals of whom are largely ignored by the Western media, to destroy the West and bring it forcibly into the Islamic world – and to commit violence to that end even while their overall goal remains out of reach. That effort goes under the general rubric of jihad.

Jihad (in Arabic, "struggle") is a central duty of every Muslim. Modern Muslim theologians have spoken of many things as jihads: the struggle within the soul, defending the faith from critics, supporting its growth and defense financially, even migrating to non-Muslim lands for the purpose of spreading Islam. But violent jihad is a constant of Islamic history. Many passages of the Qur'an and sayings of the Prophet Muhammad are used by jihad warriors today to justify their actions and gain new recruits. No major Muslim group has ever repudiated the doctrines of armed jihad. The theology of jihad, which denies unbelievers equality of human rights and dignity, is available today for anyone with the will and means to bring it to life.

Jihad Watch is dedicated to bringing public attention to the role that jihad theology and ideology plays in the modern world, and to correcting popular misconceptions about the role of jihad and religion in modern-day conflicts. We hope to alert people of good will to the true nature of the present global conflict.

<http://www.jihadwatch.org/>

Founded in 1996, the International Policy Institute for Counter-Terrorism (ICT) is the leading academic institute for counter-terrorism in the world, facilitating international cooperation in the global struggle against terrorism. ICT is an independent think tank providing expertise in terrorism, counter-terrorism, homeland security, threat vulnerability and risk assessment, intelligence analysis and national security and defense policy.

<http://www.ict.org.il/>

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 2

It was time for the fun to begin, the games playing, the threats and rhetoric to scale up a notch and to celebrate the commissioning of another Russian boomer. The Chinese were buying subs, building subs and had a bunch of those airplanes, the J-10 – their version of a Strike Eagle.

"She lied; she just took an oath to protect and defend the Constitution. She said, 'I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.'"

"That's what they all say, isn't it?"

"Yep, they all lie."

"Is the Bill of Rights part of the Constitution?"

"Not really, that's what they call the first 10 Amendments. However, because they amend it, I think it's fair to say that she swore to uphold those too."

"Including the 2nd Amendment?"

"Of course, the way she interprets it as the right of the states to maintain a National Guard."

"How are things in Flippin?"

"About the same. We have all of the repairs made and only one vacancy, but I'll have that filled in a few days from the waiting list. You said you planted a garden?"

"Yes, and we did pretty good. We limited the variety of vegetables and made pickles. Did you hear that Damon got his disability settlement with the VA?"

"Yes, he called. He said he was going to wait until he got to California to do some of the upgrades."

"I told him about that cross bed fuel tank. He's going to Chico to get one installed."

"Where's Chico?"

"North of Sacramento on 99. He can get it on the way home, I-80 runs through Sacramento. You coming back any time soon?"

"Sure like to, maybe."

"If you time it right, you be here when the fun starts."

The interesting thing about conversations I had with my boys was that they were interchangeable. I gave you a hint well into Derek's and my conversation, just so you'd know who was saying what. He sounds more like me than I did. Usually if they just call to say hi, the conversation lasted anywhere from 30 minutes to 2 hours. While he had that contact at Rock Island Arsenal, he was saving it for when a need really arose and he was temporarily on active duty. There were multiple conditions to met before his friend would ship things to him.

Now, if the radical Islamists declared war on America and started to blow up a lot of things at once, then we might just get the things we wanted. If Hitlery didn't convert all those wetbacks to Americans fast enough, thereby causing a revolt, we might qualify then, too. They want to get their territory back and by flooding the country will illegals who would eventually become legal, they might just have enough of their people here to pull it off.

I reread Whetstone and found out about "Joe". "Joe", was old friend of Derek's that still worked there. Joe served in Desert Storm, retired, and took a job at Rock Island after that. He worked at the rail yards organizing loads to go out at the Army's request. Not a bad job to have, and the pay was pretty good, too.

Do you remember this:

"How many units?"

"Lets go with 6 sets, all small and ante. Plus as many sets of indirect as you can part with."

Another pause. "Anything I should know about?"

"Just a present for a tired old man."

"Chit. I'm coming, too."

"No, Joe. You stay there for now. Just tell the gang to pre-mob. I'll call you when it's time to move. I might need another few sets."

He went on to say: For starters, I asked for the small arms and ammunition, plus some man portable ordnance, for 18 days of combat at brigade strength. He sent complete combat resupply sets. That meant MREs, medical supplies, Concertina wire, pickets, batteries, and every other standard combat consumable on top of all that ammo and ordnance.

That's how it worked, provided he was in active federal status and Joe had someone to blame it on. You may recall something else from Whetstone, look for the White Rabbit, he'll be carrying an M1A. I had to call him just to ask. Not only Alice in wonderland but from other places, too. I was the White Rabbit. I don't know why, I can't even do the Bunny Hop. Sharon says it was hop, hop, hop, kick, kick.

God bless Wiki: As a variation on a conga, participants dance in a line, holding on to the hips of the person in front of them. They tap the floor two times with their right foot, then with their left foot, then they hop forwards, backwards, and finally three hops forward to finish the sequence, which continues throughout the song. The first person in the line leads the group around the floor. I'll take their word for it, I didn't date until 11th grade and then only one gal. I don't dance.

She told them before she was sworn in and the military had the ships pre-positioned and many of the containers loaded and sealed. The recall order went out about 5 minutes after she was sworn in. She gave them 60 days to have everyone and everything home.

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Just off the coast of Oaxaca, Mexico (south), in the Pacific Ocean, PEMEX discovered a new field. Initial estimates suggested as many as 200 billion barrels of light crude were available. Mexico joined OPEC before the first barrel of crude was pumped. Venezuela belongs to OPEC. Venezuela and Mexico are two peoples separated by a common language, to coin a phrase. Calderón and Chávez, an honest to goodness pair of deuces

(the smallest cards in a deck). When you consider that Mexico had reached its oil peak in 2005, this was nothing, if not good news.

Although crude was only running about \$75 a barrel, the price of gas wasn't related to the price of the crude. It was based on refining capacity and demand. In January of 2009, the US was producing a lot of ethanol, mostly from corn. In 2007, Dubya pushed for alternative forms of energy, not realizing how many ethanol plants were under construction. Know where I'm going? I'd appreciate a hint...

When the US pulled out of Iraq, the civil war that we refused to admit was occurring –intensified. The only mistake we made in Iraq was not sending Seal Team 6 in to off the guy and kept the troops home. It would take Mexico a few years to develop their new field. Our exports of corn had fallen off because we were brewing ethanol and feeding the byproducts to livestock. The new Alaskan oilfield was beginning to produce, but we really needed a Trans-Canadian pipeline to eliminate transporting it by tanker from Valdez. The majority of tankers at Valdez were still single-hulled, but Congress had enacted legislation requiring all tankers to be double-hulled by 2015.

Considering the cost of another oil spill and the new tankers, the oil companies began to negotiate with Canada in late 2008 concerning construction of a new pipeline. Canada could get rich from small transportation fees – only Quebec was opposed. (I may be a crackpot, but I'm a well educated crackpot. I sure hope I haven't done this version of my story before.)

On 23Mar09, I turned 66, notable only because I was off disability on full social security. Sharon signed up for her social security at age 62, drawing on her own contributions, on the advice of sister Shirley's neighbor. The gal ran a computer program and determined that Sharon wouldn't lose any money if she did it that way. Damon came, visited and left. He said he'd be back from Chico to pick up the 590 from Big Five before he went home. He ordered 3 cases of ammo, 1 case each of Brenneke slugs, 12 pellet 00 Buck and #4 Buck. I also suggested a box of #7½, #8 or #9 shot for home defense. Ron's 8-shot Defender was loaded with 9 pellet 00 and I suggested he make the switch. My 590 is loaded with 5 rounds of #9.

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A soldier, airman, sailor or marine is no better than the sum of his/her training, experience and most of all leadership. If you know the history of US Special Forces, you know about the Devil's Brigade, a joint US/Canadian unit during WW II. Not a bad movie, but it only tells a little of their story. That attack on the mountain had 77% allied casualties. I'll get where I'm going, hang on.

When Derek was deployed to Iraq, there was a Marine contingent at the same location. When he was here Christmas '06, he had nothing good about those Marines. I needed to know what that was all about and did the logical thing, asked. The officers had no combat experience and the NCOs of rank Gunny and above were ALL moved to other units. The remaining Marine NCOs were mostly specialists and mostly the 'Dirty Dozen'. They had few leadership skills. Army Cav units have a similar mindset as Marines and Specs Ops personnel, they think their the best of the best.

The young Marines lacked that leadership and experience they sorely needed. They tended to overreact, failed to follow their ROE and so forth. One example: The Marines came upon a 16 year old Iraqi who was carrying a HOE and walking to a field to hoe whatever. The Marine NCOs lacked fire control and the younger Marines opened up. Even their well trained sniper missed the guy who was less than 100 meters away. Something like 73 rounds were fired by the Marines and the Iraqi was never hit.

It brings to mind that Recon Platoon in Heartbreak Ridge, except, they didn't have Clint to straighten them out. That Recon Platoon was pure fabrication, Force Recon is a whole lot better than that, they're the Corps Specs Ops people. Derek's criticism was more of the Marine's Command and Control than it was of the young Marines

fresh out of boot. It wasn't unique to the Marine's over there either. Army units have so called Supply Class 10 funds used to acquire non-issue items, ergo, items not in categories 1-9. A Lt. Col. In Derek's chain of command just entered Leavenworth to do 8 years for 'mishandling' the Class 10 funds under his control. The costs of the War on Terror are far higher than many of us know.

While Damon was in Chino, Derek was activated and federalized. There was trouble in southern California and several NG units were activated, federalized and sent here to help LEO brings things under control. That trouble was somehow related to the Illegals' Amnesty Program and tens of thousands of Hispanics had started a protest that evolved into violence. Derek was, by this time, a SFC (E-7). He was in charge of a Radar Unit which was a component of his Arkansas NG artillery unit. They observed for counter battery fire and other incoming fire. He was somewhere in the southland and Mary and the kids came out for a while, taking advantage of their accrued vacation. The violence escalated, seemingly with no end in sight. Realizing he never have a better opportunity, Derek called Joe and requested 4 weeks replenishment (2 flips) for a Brigade. The replenishment was divided into 2 categories, Army and Militia with us getting the Militia share. We would acquired, in very short order, 4 boxcars of matériel with each flip. (In a military context, matériel relates to the specific needs of an army to complete a specific mission.)

Because I added another dozen papers to my morning reading list, I found it necessary to sort them into 2 lists. I created 3 subdirectories and label one 'good, the second one 'bad' and the other ugly'. I don't know what it is with the trashy papers, but if they can't display some woman's breasts on paper one, they must feel like they're not doing their job. I'm a leg man, ergo, the legs are located about 8" below the chin. I remember reading one article where a female correspondent discussed selecting a T-Shirt bra.

Excerpt:

"I've been looking at women's breasts a lot lately. Can't help it. It's my job.

"Since the weather warmed up, our figures (including those pesky bust lines) are on display. And it has quickly become clear to me that a lot of us have been dropping the ball, so to speak, when it comes to uplift.

"This is why I've launched a Springtime Bosom Patrol – to diagnose the problems and find solutions.

"In addition to droop, there is what is euphemistically known as lack of 'complete coverage' at the 'apex of the breast' or, to us plain talkers: nipple show-through."

That was a woman, not a man; she's a fashion consultant. They can let 'em show through all they want, I couldn't care. God designed them to feed babies, right? See how old I've gotten? First, they padded 'em, then they supplemented 'em and all the while, they were used less and less for God's intended purpose. Some women, it appears, would rather die from breast cancer than become less of a woman. The latest idea is to lob 'em off and begin rebuilding 'em at the same time. If your husband loves you less because you lost one, he probably didn't love you before, or he's a very shallow man. Guys: check out the UK Sun. The guys? They all think they're John Holmes.

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According to data I found, 1 million Americans moved to Mexico and 30 million Mexicans moved to the US. Understand, the Americans couldn't afford to live here on their retirement, but moving to Mexico made them feel rich. The Mexicans just wanted their slice of the American Pie. 'Drove my Chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry...' (eight and one half minutes).

LA has the Latino gangs, an assortment of black gangs, Asian gangs, El Salvadoran gangs; hell, it's the melting pot. It also has a very large population of those people who would be citizens, although apparently you don't

have to be a citizen to collect social security, anymore. Worse, all those would be's send most of the money they make back to Mexico. Which has little to do about why they protest immigration reform. They do that to cut school – with the LAUSD, they'll earn more on the street.

So now, my kid is down there trying to keep 'em sorted out. Iraq was safe by way of comparison, all he had to worry about over there was IEDs. The times, they are a changing. We're building a pipeline across Canada to get our oil here, although we don't have enough refineries. The Mexicans are rich, or will be as soon as PEMEX gets that new field open. Israel is surrounded by hostiles, nothing new there. We're converting our corn to alcohol because George said we ought to do it, causing the Mexicans to starve. They only needed 10,000 FX-05s because that's all the real soldiers they have.

And me? I'm trying to figure out where to store 4 railcars of matériel. I don't even know what we have, I haven't had time to go through it. Since it's Army stuff, it has to include AT-4s, only the Marines use LAWs. It's parked on a siding up near the lumber yard 1 mile west of Blackbird Park. Bottom line, bad times are coming, but we'll eat.

Did I miss anything? Oh yeah, despite a huge proven reserve of hydrocarbons, the Californian Environmentalists still won't allow offshore drilling. They must be afraid it will kill off the spotted owl population, or something. Did you read in the paper that 70% or more of the bees in the High Desert are Africanized Honey bees? You'd better get your honey at the grocery store. While it's a great source of sugar, you didn't see that on my list of what's on the shelves, we only have a couple of plastic jars.

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All of the 7.62x51mm on the railcars was either belted or 175 grain M118. I had to unbelt some of the ball ammo, I only have a 1 turn in 11 barrel. I set the tracers aside so I can sell them to some desperate Californian who wants some illegal ammo. AP is legal, tracer isn't, it will start a forest fire, I guess. M80 ball is 147gr, M852 168gr and M118 173 gr. Some sources say 1 in 11 turns is ok up to ~180gr. However, probably the best round for a 1 in 11 barrel is 168gr. Black Hill Match.

I managed to get my hands on ~1,000 5-round stripper clips what work just fine in my rifle. So I ended up sitting for many hours, loading them, packing 2 per bandoleer slot with cardboard between and putting the bandoleers and a desiccant back in the ammo can. I only had a few of the adapters so I couldn't put one in each bandoleer. When I finished, I had 2,000 rounds of SA in 20 round boxes, 7 per sealed battle packs and a total of 14 battle packs. Plus all the LC M80 ball on the strippers in the bandoleers in the ammo cans. My luck, I'll get killed by the first shot fired.

I don't care if you call her Hillary, Hitlery, Billary or the wicked witch of the east. They're all more or less correct. By getting Bill elected first for 2 terms, she gets a total of 4. She ain't stupid, she never went to prison, which by many accounts, she should have.

Her acceptance speech:

I've loved two women in my life. I lost one to cancer, and I lost the other 'cause I was so busy keeping my job I forgot to do my job. Well, that ends right now. Tomorrow morning, the White House is sending a bill to Congress for its consideration. It's White House Resolution 455, an energy bill requiring a 20 percent reduction of the emission of fossil fuels over the next ten years. It is by far the most aggressive stride ever taken in the fight to reverse the effects of global warming. The other piece of legislation is the crime bill. As of today, it no longer exists. I'm throwing it out. I'm throwing it out [and] writing a law that makes sense. **You cannot address crime prevention without getting rid of assault weapons and handguns. I consider them a threat to national security, and I will go door to door if I have to, but I'm gonna convince Americans that I'm right, and I'm gonna get the guns.** We've got serious problems, and we need serious people, and if you want

to talk about character, Bob, you'd better come at me with more than a burning flag and a membership card. If you want to talk about character and American values, fine. Just tell me where and when, and I'll show up. This is a time for serious people, Bob, and your fifteen minutes are up. My name is Hillary Clinton, and I *am* the President, Again.

I sort of liked her opening line... she'd have been smarter to have picked up Michael Douglas a little later in his speech, the Moral Majority will be out to get her. Wait, he died, sorry. A majority of one?

The bit in the movie before that ran something like this:

For the last couple of months, Senator Rumson has suggested that being President of this country was, to a certain extent, about character, and although I have not been willing to engage in his attacks on me, I've been here three years and three days, and I can tell you without hesitation: Being President of this country is entirely about character. For the record: yes, I am a card-carrying member of the ACLU. But the more important question is why aren't you, Bob? Now, this is an organization whose sole purpose is to defend the Bill of Rights, so it naturally begs the question: Why would a senator, his party's most powerful spokesman and a candidate for President, choose to reject upholding the Constitution? If you can answer that question, folks, then you're smarter than I am, because I didn't understand it until a few hours ago. America isn't easy. America is advanced citizenship. You gotta want it bad, 'cause it's gonna put up a fight. It's gonna say "You want free speech? Let's see you acknowledge a man whose words make your blood boil, who's standing center stage and advocating at the top of his lungs that which you would spend a lifetime opposing at the top of yours. You want to claim this land as the land of the free? Then the symbol of your country can't just be a flag; the symbol also has to be one of its citizens exercising his right to burn that flag in protest. Show me that, defend that, celebrate that in your classrooms. Then, you can stand up and sing about the "land of the free". I've known Bob Rumson for years, and I've been operating under the assumption that the reason Bob devotes so much time and energy to shouting at the rain was that he simply didn't get it. Well, I was wrong. Bob's problem isn't that he doesn't get it. Bob's problem is that he can't sell it! We have serious problems to solve, and we need serious people to solve them. And whatever your particular problem is, I promise you, Bob Rumson is not the least bit interested in solving it. He is interested in two things and two things only: making you afraid of it and telling you who's to blame for it. That, ladies and gentlemen, is how you win elections. You gather a group of middle-aged, middle-class, middle-income voters who remember with longing an easier time, and you talk to them about family and American values and character. And wave an old photo of the President's girlfriend and you scream about patriotism and you tell them, she's to blame for their lot in life, and you go on television and you call her a whore. Sydney Ellen Wade has done nothing to you, Bob. She has done nothing but put herself through school, represent the interests of public school teachers, and lobby for the safety of our natural resources. You want a character debate, Bob? You better stick with me, 'cause Sydney Ellen Wade is way out of your league. End of Speech

Right, the ACLU is an organization whose sole purpose is to defend the Bill of Rights. They may have had that as their sole purpose, once. On paper, they still do. However, getting Nazis the right to march in Skokie, wasn't their finest hour. They found more protected freedoms in the Bill of Rights than there are WORDS in the Bill of Rights. It was probably someone from the ACLU who wrote Andrew's speech.

I'm a card carrying member too. Of the NRA and the American Legion. I liked the movie because Mrs. Beatty was kinda cute. She publicly criticized Hillary Clinton's 2000 bid for a seat in the Senate representing New York as the work of an opportunist. Like her better now?

Do you know what they call a man whose words make your blood boil, who's standing center stage and advocating at the top of his lungs that which you would spend a lifetime opposing at the top of yours? A Target. The speechwriter must have been referring to Skokie. The symbol of your country can't just be a flag; the symbol also has to be one of its citizens exercising his right to burn that flag in protest. Not my flag! In that case, the symbol of the country will be the guy stomping the flag burner's ass into the pavement. If free speech were simply talking, it would be one thing. These days, that defines almost all things obnoxious.

I'd better turn on The Situation Room and see what Wolf and Jack have dreamed up today. I love it, news with a built in bias. What happened to the real reporters? Well, Bernard Shaw retired, Peter Jennings, John Chancellor and Ed Morrow died. I figure a bullet would just slip off Geraldo. I'll bet you didn't realize that educating could be so entertaining.

Did I mention the 30 boxes of Bunn coffee filters, all stuck together, of course. We have some kind of gadget that's supposed to separate them, but someone hid it.

She should have gone after the guns BEFORE the troops came home. Worse, she decided we needed a second 'Peace Dividend'. Apparently she forgot about the Jihadists making their way to America. Better to carry on their fight on our shores, anyway. The only thing better than owning 1 M1A rifle is owning 2, preferably with one of them being a Super Match with a carbon steel Douglas barrel – \$3,393 at Gallery of Guns. If you can afford the rifle, you can probably afford a very good matching scope, turned to the M118 cartridges. Plus if Bill Gates will loan you some pocket change, you can get a matching 6x Raptor, and perhaps, even a Surefire suppressor, the ultimate flashhider.

"What are you doing now?"

"Dreaming, I'm always dreaming."

"What about?"

"A Super Match fixed up the way I'd want one."

"You'd have to sell your house."

"You think? Could we clear enough to buy one?"

"Why would you want to do that?"

"Can't get anything in to excavate a hole."

"What do you need a hole for?"

"My bomb shelter, of course."

"Ok, here's what you do, Gear-Bear. You sell the house and buy a new one. Just put enough down to get it bought and spend the remainder on a shelter. Maybe you might have enough left over to buy that ton of bricks gun you want to go with it."

"Really? A M82A1?"

"I was referring to the Super Match."

"If you think that's heavy, try an M82A1 with a Raptor 6X and 10 spare magazines of Raufoss."

"What would that run?" (Now, I think he meant, how much would it weigh?)

"About 20 grand with Barrett ammo. More if you got real ammo."

"What's real ammo?"

"Mk 211 MP Raufoss, APHEI. \$7.50 a round, not counting the tax stamps."

"Tax stamps?"

"Yeah, each round is considered a destructive device. I saw a .468 Winchester model 70 at KSL.com. It was cheaper than that and it's a REAL elephant gun."

"Aint no elephants in Palmdale, partner."

I'll bet Ron replies to the ad at KSL.com I checked and there are actually 2 model 70s in .458 Winchester. Not that expensive, until you go to buy ammo. Which is probably why they for sale, too much overhead. Ron needs to get back to Robert's before TSHTF, all of his big guns are in Cedar Hill. 458 Win Mg. 500 gr. TSX is loaded by Federal. It runs about \$6 a round. Banded Barnes solids in .458 are hard to come by, but available. Or, you could get a .600 Nitro Express, \$325 for 20 rounds. Hey if you can afford the hand built rifle, you can afford the ammo. Yep, Tim Kelly and Toubo Smith. The show was called 'Soldiers of Fortune'. The show featured the .600 Nitro Express, double barreled rifle; at the time, the most powerful hunting rifle in the world.

Classic 20th century .600 Nitro double rifles were almost always completely hand-made from raw steel and the best walnut wood, and they were and are extremely expensive. Making one could employ a gunsmith working full time on a single rifle for many months, even for a whole year. Like other double rifles they were regulated so that both barrels would shoot to the same point of impact at the range specified by the customer. For a high-grade specimen in good condition, a price in excess of \$100,000 can be expected.

Bullet Weight: 900 grains (58.3 g)

At muzzle:

- Velocity: 1950 ft/s (590 m/s)
- Energy: 7591 fp

At one time the .600 was the most powerful commercial rifle cartridge in the world. However, that title is now held by the .460 Weatherby Magnum and its 8245 fp of muzzle energy. The .600 was designed to deliver the maximum possible stopping power against elephant under the most difficult and dangerous conditions.

<http://members.ozemail.com.au/~mickay/nitro.htm>

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 3

She tried – but she couldn't do it. I said she should get the guns BEFORE the troops came home. She was having trouble with Squirrels, TB2Kers, Minions and even the folks at War Rifles, not to mention about 100 other Survivalist sites. Because nearly everything was illegal in the PRK, they didn't start with us first. The started in the DEEP SOUTH. We all know what idiots ATF and FEMA are, but they just had to prove us correct. The last thing I would do would be to tell Johnny Reb he had to give up his guns. I'm slow, but I AIN'T STUPID.

They already fought one War of Northern Aggression, they've had practice and have Loong memories. I now that SOUTHERN California don't count, but boys, I'm with ya, at least in spirit. Let me know when you have the 'Dam Yankees' under control.

London calling to the faraway towns

Now that war is declared-and battle come down

London calling to the underworld
Come out of the cupboard, all you boys and girls
London calling, now don't look at us
All that phoney Beatlemania has bitten the dust
London calling, see we ain't got no swing
'Cept for the ring of that truncheon thing

CHORUS

The ice age is coming, the sun is zooming in
Engines stop running and the wheat is growing thin
A nuclear error, but I have no fear
London is drowning-and I live by the river

London calling to the imitation zone
Forget it, brother, an' go it alone
London calling upon the zombies of death
Quit holding out-and draw another breath
London calling-and I don't wanna shout
But when we were talking-I saw you nodding out
London calling, see we ain't got no highs
Except for that one with the yellowy eyes

[CHORUS]

Now get this
London calling, yeah, I was there, too
An' you know what they said? Well, some of it was true!
London calling at the top of the dial
After all this, won't you give me a smile?
I never felt so much a' like
©1979, The Clash

Maybe I'd better back down here, I wouldn't want to sound racist, like Geraldo asserts. Speaking of whom, he made it back to the top of the list. What list? The 600-yard list. I'm a little better than I thought, but may have to use a scope. Back when, I watched the Glenn Beck Special on illegal immigration. Geraldo took 23 seconds to call Glenn a racist. That was the show where he interviewed that lying attorney general concerning putting our border patrol agents in prison for shooting a fleeing drug dealer in the hind end somewhere. I've got it now, if you object to illegal immigration, you're a racist, not a law and order type of guy.

A person has to draw the line somewhere and if you want to kill me solely because I'm a Christian, I figure I'd better kill you first. I don't want to kill them simply because they're Muslims. I want to kill them because they want to kill me. That bit about owning one – that's against the 13th Amendment, or does that only apply to black people? Let's check:

1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.
2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Nope, it applies to everyone, except husbands (or wives, take your pick depending upon your circumstances). Notice anything? You can be enslaved if you're convicted of a crime.

hear somethin' sayin'

(hooh! aah!) (hooh! aah!)
(hooh! aah!) (hooh! aah!)

(Well, don't you know)
That's the sound of the men working on the chain ga-a-ang
That's the sound of the men working on the chain gang

All day long they're singin'
(hooh! aah!) (hooh! aah!)
(hooh! aah!) (hooh! aah!)

(Well, don't you know)
That's the sound of the men working on the chain ga-a-ang
That's the sound of the men working on the chain gang

All day long they work so hard
Till the sun is goin' down
Working on the highways and byways
And wearing, wearing a frown
You hear them moanin' their lives away
Then you hear somebody sa-ay

That's the sound of the men working on the chain ga-a-ang
That's the sound of the men working on the chain gang

Can't ya hear them singin'
Mm, I'm goin' home one of these days
I'm goin' home see my woman
Whom I love so dear
But meanwhile I got to work right he-ere

(Well, don't you know)
That's the sound of the men working on the chain ga-a-ang
That's the sound of the men working on the chain gang

All day long they're singin', mm
My, my, my, my, my, my, my, my, my work is so hard
Give me water, I'm thirsty

FADE

My work is so hard
© 1960, Sam Cooke

Now you know about how word/thought association works...

The military wasn't allowed to fire on those protesters unless they were fired on first, normal ROE. Be that as it may, only the military followed the ROE and the protesters used snipers.

"You ok?"

"Hell no, I'm not ok. It hurts like a mother. SOB shot me in the back."

"What are you doing here?"

"Convalescent leave (Unit commanders normally approve convalescent leave based on recommendations by either the Military Treatment Facility authority or physician most familiar with the member's medical condition). Convalescent leave is an authorized absence normally for the minimal time needed to meet the medical needs for recuperation and I can't go back until I am fit for duty."

"It's unfortunate it's in your left shoulder."

"Wouldn't matter, Dad, it will take the same amount of time to heal. They won't let us shoot them, so whether I can use a rifle or not doesn't matter."

He didn't have to ask where we put the stuff. The Army shipped it in 20' containers, 16 containers to the railcar. We used a crane to lift them onto a couple of flatbeds then another crane to unload them in the housing tract. They went all the way around the housing tract. We had them labeled and padlocked. There was just enough room between them to open the doors.

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Worst President in History? Dubya ranks in the middle. The best guy was Washington and the worst guy was Harding. Maybe so, but in my lifetime, the 2 worst were Jimmy and Bill, the most dishonest were Lyndon and Dick. The one I liked the most was Gerald. JFK was probably the bravest. Ronnie wanted a Ray-gun and taught us about jelly bellies. George Jr. talked too much, and didn't say much.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Histori...S. Presidents>

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The Classes of Supply are:

Class I – Subsistence (food), gratuitous (free) health and comfort items.

Class II – Clothing, individual equipment, tentage, organizational tool sets and kits, hand tools, unclassified maps, administrative and housekeeping supplies and equipment.

Class III – Petroleum, Oil and Lubricants (POL) (package and bulk): Petroleum, fuels, lubricants, hydraulic and insulating oils, preservatives, liquids and gases, bulk chemical products, coolants, deicer and antifreeze compounds, components, and additives of petroleum and chemical products, and coal.

Class IV – Construction materials, including installed equipment and all fortification and barrier materials.

Class V – Ammunition of all types, bombs, explosives, mines, fuzes, detonators, pyrotechnics, missiles, rockets, propellants, and associated items.

Class VI – Personal demand items (such as health and hygiene products, soaps and toothpaste, writing material, snack food, beverages, cigarettes, batteries, alcohol, and cameras – nonmilitary sales items).

Class VII – Major end items such as launchers, tanks, mobile machine shops, and vehicles.

Class VIII – Medical materiel (equipment and consumables) including repair parts peculiar to medical equipment. (Class VIIIa – Medical consumable supplies not including blood & blood products; Class VIIIb – Blood & blood components (whole blood, platelets, plasma, packed red cells, etc).

Class IX – Repair parts and components to include kits, assemblies, and subassemblies (repairable or non-repairable) required for maintenance support of all equipment.

Class X – Material to support nonmilitary programs such as agriculture and economic development (not included in Classes I through IX).

Miscellaneous - Water, salvage, and captured material.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Classes_of_supply

We wrote a Roman Numeral and a letter on the sticker we put on each container. If you had the codes, you could tell what was in the container; otherwise you were out of luck. We made sure that any Army markings were painted over. The 20 foot long by 8½ foot high by 8 foot wide ANSI and ISO container is the primary size container for unit equipment shipments. They call them CONEX. Unlike a flatrack, a containerized roll-in-roll-out platform, known as a CROP, fits inside a container and is used primarily to haul ammunition. CROPs and the ammunition stored on them are removed from containers after the strategic leg of a force movement, such as from the continental United States (CONUS) to a sea port of debarkation (SPOD). CROPs, along with truck tractors, then are used to move ammunition forward. The tare weight of a CROP is about 3,300 pounds.

Some units have their own containers. The Army refers to its unit-owned family of containers as Equipment Deployment Storage System (EDSS) containers. Examples include the interval slingable units (ISUs), containers express (CONEXs), quadruple containers (QUADCONs), triple containers (TRICONs), and other specialty containers used for such purposes as mortuary affairs, refrigeration, or medical services. ISUs 60 and 90 are 88 inches long, 108 inches wide, and either 60 or 90 inches tall. They are designed to be transported by helicopters, either internally or externally, and can be placed on top of 463L pallets.

Don't give me any grief over the fact that the shipment included material from different branches of Combat Support including but not limited to the Quartermaster Corp., and the Ordnance Corp. I didn't ask how Joe did it and Derek didn't explain. He said something about my lacking the need to know.

What the containers contained wasn't nearly as important as what they didn't contain. Those ammo containers had some Mk 211, but no M107s, 40mm grenades for both the M203 and Mk 19, but none of either weapon. There were a half dozen M16s, obviously depot overhauls. Maybe the second train, but not on the first. I made up a list and gave to the kid as soon as he showed up on leave. He didn't even look at it, folding it and sticking it in his pocket.

I waited 2-3 days and asked him if the second flip could include some delivery systems, like the M107, an M203 and a couple of depot rebuilt M2HBs. He just smiled. I wasn't sure how to take that although the first flip contained spare M2HB barrels and linked ammo in 3 calibers plus, Mk 211. It even included linked 40mm grenades. If that new German grenade launcher will takes the long grenades, is it safe to shoot the Mk 19 grenades in it? I wouldn't think so, but inquiring minds want to know.

When the second flip came in, the containers went on the other side of the street. That pretty much took care of all the parking places. The trouble in LA had to be bad if he had time to heal and return. He had time to sort through the lists and find the things I asked about, extra M203s, refurbished M16s with M203s, that lovely old gal, Ma Deuce and her younger sister, everything I wanted except some LAWs.

The M107 had the day sight, the 10X manufactured by Unertl. I looked but I couldn't find a Raptor 6X. The .50 caliber Barrett Model 82A1/XM107 produces modest recoil energy. The weapon operating mechanism combined with an efficient muzzle brake reduce recoil energy to about 36 foot-pounds. The 25mm XM109 fires ammunition with essentially the same impulse as .50 caliber ammunition. However, the 25mm launches a much heavier projectile and uses much less propellant. The small amount of propellant limits the muzzle brake effects. The recoil energy of the XM109 exceeds 60 foot pounds. The suppressed version of the Model 82A1/XM107 produces significantly greater recoil energy than the muzzle brake variant of the 82A1/XM107, and is also a good candidate for recoil reduction efforts.

I sent an email to Savvy Survivor asking did he have a Raptor 6X for my M107. He emailed back; he had them, the price was over \$10,000. The 4X started at \$9,500 and both were available for immediate delivery. I didn't reply. We didn't have anywhere near \$10,000, nothing had happened yet to justify spending that kind of money, if we had it and maybe Derek could contact Joe and special order one. I'd have to ask, the next time I saw Derek.

Mary and the kids went back to Arkansas and Damon returned with his new fuel tank. We visited a little and I explained the facts of life to him. Next thing I knew, Air Care was there; they brought a pair of new wheelchair batteries and 2 wheelchair ramps. I tried to explain Derek's latest whiz bang idea to Damon having to do with using model rockets containing explosive warheads and a modified small radar set. Only thing was, I didn't understand it myself. I think it amounted to a homemade MLRS. Can't shoot rockets at MZBs unless you have MZBs. At least we had a few father-son projects going.

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"Did you pick up the 590?"

"Yea, did the shells come?"

"The Brenneke slugs came, you'll have to pick up the other stuff yourself, I don't drive."

"Want to ride along?"

"Do I have to lift anything?"

"No."

"I'll come."

"When are we going to get the show on the road?"

"What do you mean?"

"When does the shooting start?"

"Oh, you want to go to the range?"

"For a shotgun? Are you kidding?"

"Do you understand about the ammo?"

"What's to understand?"

"Slugs beyond 25 yards, 00 between 10 and 25 yards and #4 Buck for shorter ranges. Use #9 shot in the house."

"Well, that's your opinion."

"Never said it wasn't."

After retrieving the ammo from High Desert, he asked about Blackbird Park.

"Turn left at the corner and go north to Avenue P. Turn right and you see the planes ahead on your left. The Park is at Avenue P (Ranch Vista) and 25th Street East."

"Have you ever thought of not getting prepared before TSHTF?"

"I thought about it, but that's not a good idea. We aren't as prepared as you might think, we don't have a bomb

shelter for when the Russians and Chinese attack us. I don't have any Tamiflu at the moment. We only have a few boxes of N-95 masks and fewer of the N-100. Worse, we don't have any gas masks at all."

"You have gas masks, they're in one of the CONEXs."

"You better show me when we get home, we might need them."

"Why no bomb shelter?"

"No way to removed the sand so we could install one, provided we could afford one. Even if we could move that sand, the most we'd have room for would be 2 of the 10'x50' tubes."

"How much for 2 complete setups, I have some money left."

"Last I looked, \$46,500 per, plus delivery and installation. It would cost more to connect the two, call it a hundred grand."

"How big is you generator?"

"7kw."

"That will never do. I don't have the money for even one shelter, by the way. What's that plane?"

"Tomcat. Don't ask about the rest, I'm not sure. They have signs but you have to wait until the park is open to go in and read them."

"I thought so. They had some on the Kennedy."

"I thought the Kennedy was home ported in Florida."

"It was at Norfolk when I was in."

The last non-nuclear fueled Carrier was the Kitty Hawk and she was de-commissioned in 2008 and replaced by the Bush. Construction was underway on the Ford. The Ford aka CVN X aka CVN 21 aka CVN 78 wasn't scheduled to be commissioned until 2014.

Damon headed back to Iowa. When Derek reported back to duty, they told him they didn't need him. The unit had pulled their 90 days and was being sent home. He called to let me know and I thanked him for loaning us 128 CONEX containers. They contained roughly 1,280ft³, each. If the cargo was heavy, like ammo, the containers weren't full. If the cargo was light stuff, they were packed.

We had discussed it at length and he insisted one flip for a Brigade for 3 weeks would take about 50 railcars. 50 times 16 times 1,280 equals a shade over 1 MILLION ft³. That's a lot of beans, but a Brigade is what 4-5,000 soldiers? Do the math, that's 200ft³ per soldier for 21 days or ~10ft³ a day. Must be all those artillery shells... or maybe the rockets. Still, they probably had to bring in their own JP8.

With over 163,000ft³ of matériel, we could handle every MZB in the southland, provided they came. Except, nothing other than the illegals protesting and turning violent had happened. Maybe that's good, we don't have a shelter. I've concluded that, unless we got a shelter, I was going to sit in my robe in front of my computer and try to catch gamma rays.

Besides, with all due respect, Sharon Packer and I don't always see eye to eye. I haven't figured out how to

make a reinforced concrete shelter flexible. Maybe add rubber to the concrete? No, I don't think that would work. She's a nuclear engineer or something like that, she knows more about it than I do. She says in earthquake country, the shelter must be flexible. If 3 miles from the San Andreas isn't earthquake country, I sure don't know what is. I'm sure that 100 grand won't cover it either, we need a large fuel tank, fuel, radios, and a CD V-717. Damon bought us a 30kw Kohler generator, but not fuel. Considering what it cost, I couldn't complain, maybe I could afford a Raptor now. Right, I need 2, one for the Super Match I want to buy and one for the M107.

Could we build a shelter from containers? Probably, but, someone would have to reinforce them. Plus we'd have to wait until we had some empties. But wait, the reason they limit the amount of ammo in one is the weight and these weren't going anywhere. Therefore, we could double up the ammo and maybe, just maybe, have a few empty containers. If we put them 6 wide running north-south, we could use an oval corrugated pipe and connect them. All we have to do is figure out how to get the sand out.

That would give us a shelter about equal to an 8' pipe that was 120' long. Now maybe if I told those illegals living next door that they best shut up about our using their backyard to access my backyard to remove the sand or I'd turn them in, I would only have to pay the excavation contractor. Plus Utah Shelter systems for a couple of AV-150s and a couple of blast doors. Spare filters, of course, once they get started, who knows how many times we have to take cover? Then there's the matter of the gas tank, a propane tank, water tank and grey water tank and sewage pump. Man, they get you coming and going...

But, how do I pay for it? Put an ad on E-Bay and start selling matériel, that's how. With ammo prices as high as they have been recently, I've got it made. Some of the stuff will have to be word of mouth, I don't believe E-Bay accepts ads for 40mm grenades or M67s. I can go to Global Security, see what the stuff costs the gubermint and sell it at that price. Hell, we'll be rich! Shh, don't tell anyone, jails are houses with bars on the winders.

I had to get Ron to translate for me, he learned some Spanish in TJ. I don't know what he told them but they pulled down the fence themselves. Got the guy in with an excavator and we moved dirt. Took some of that E-Bay money and ordered some stuff from up north. The generator will run on JP8, but we don't have any of that either. I needed 8,000 gallons so, I guess you know where that tank came from, huh? We didn't bury it that deep, it went behind the shed.

When I told Chris they'd have a place in the shelter if he figure out the container reinforcements and install them, he didn't exactly jump at the chance. He hemmed – would I buy the material; he hawed – would I pay for the electricity and welding wire; he coughed – did he need to put anything down in the shelter or would I provide everything? Well hell, I was rich, genuine US military ammo was selling like hotcakes. No, I said, I pay for everything, on one condition, he had to guarantee that the containers wouldn't collapse under the weight of the dirt and the over blast.

What was overblast, he asked. Up to 25psi, I said; I was allowing for them nuking plant 42. He said what the hay, he'd be down there so they'd better not collapse. We tarred up the containers after he'd reinforced them, the contractor set them using a rented crane and Chris said, wait. He had an ace up his sleeve and I didn't have to pay for it. He said the evidence would be buried and no one could blame him, or me. Whatever, I said, just hurry, would you?

He stole those 1" thick road plates, welded them together and set them on a framework built over the top of the containers. Then he said we could fill in the hole. And that, folks, is how I got a shelter, this time. We stopped selling 5.56 way ahead of when we were down to the amount we'd need for WW III, IV V and VI. We didn't really have that many M16A2s anyway. I wouldn't take one, I wanted either a G-36 or a HK416 (DS20RS). I'd also take a HK417 20" 'Sniper' Model in less than a heartbeat. Provided, of course, they included a HK320,

With the left over money, I contacted some guy Derek knew and got both the 416 and 417. I think maybe he overcharged me but, they don't sell to civilians. Not only that, but I got my Raptors, Super Match and an M109

Payload rifle. You know, the one that shoots the 25mm ammo. Barrett never fielded it, during testing, they discovered the recoil was more than anyone could endure. That said, I got a soft mount through proper channels and added it to the payload rifle I got through, shall we say, unmentionable channels. The ammo included belted ammo for the M307, which had been fielded. I was getting good at unbelting ammo.

Everything worked as advertised, even the CD V-717. I bought the new model, it looked like it had been run over by a small truck rather than a large truck like my CD V-715. While I was at it, I added 10 more CD V-742s. It was only half of what we'd need, but where was it written I had to supply everything to everyone? But for a fluke of fate, a bit of good old fashioned dishonesty and a very creative imagination, we wouldn't have 1% of what we had now. Better still, the only reason to go to MCLB was to get LAWs or Hummers.

Even with a Democratic controlled Congress, it took her highness a while to get the Comprehensive Firearm Control Act of 2009 passed. The short title of the bill was, Repealing the 2nd Amendment. They let people keep single and 2 barreled non-repeating shotguns, bolt action, single shot .22 rifles and single shot rifles with a bores not exceeding 0.221". You could still hunt, but you had to be a very good shot, or lie. ALL semi-automatic, pump and most bolt action firearms were outlawed because they were either Assault Weapons or Sniper Weapons. They had the 4473s and were going to go door to door, if they had to, to 'get the guns'.

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 4

In an unprecedented move, the NRA and like organizations destroyed their membership lists and the NRA Museum was 'robbed during the dark of night'. It wasn't a whole lot of firearms, but they had one of everything, most NIB. Military organizations were forced to inventory their weapons and account for any that were missing, heads would roll over this one. Joe told Derek he wasn't worried if Derek wasn't. Derek called me and asked about the weapons and ammo.

"We used 6 of the containers to build a bomb shelter. Some of the ammo came up missing, but don't worry, I think the good guys got it. They won't find anything, not even with their ground penetrating radar. I have no guns, because the only single shot .22 rifle and single shot shotgun are at your house."

I got a Glenfield Marlin single shot .22 in the 50s for selling greeting cards or Cloverine salve, I can't recall. The shotgun was a 20 gauge single shot that belonged to my grandpa (my mother's father). The barrel was badly pitted, but it could still shoot. My late brother also had a newer single shot 20 gauge, but I hadn't seen it since 1961.

With the last of my new found wealth, I bought 3 Beretta Stampedes, one of each barrel length, a NIB Winchester rifle in .45 LC (E-X-P-E-N-S-I-V-E) and a Marlin 1895 Cowboy in .45-70. I had appropriate scabbards, even for the new Stoenner Coach Gun. The coach gun was in the scabbard on my wheelchair, the other weapons put up with the things we were saving for a rainy day. Even under the new law, the coach gun was legal.

Holsters? I had to settle for some of that Mexican stuff, purchased down at Olvera Street in LA.
http://www.olvera-street.com/html/olvera_street.html

Number 2 son called to say he was west bound and down, and be still my heart, big brother was on the way with his 3 kids. It didn't sound good, he was giving up his day job, for a while, at least. He told me to check my emails, he'd written an explanation that I could study while they drove.

If I live 10,000 years, I will have 128 empty containers, anyone need one?

In the year 2525
If man is still alive
If woman can survive
They may find

In the year 3535
Ain't gonna need to tell the truth, tell no lies
Everything you think, do, and say
Is in the pill you took today

In the year 4545
Ain't gonna need your teeth, won't need your eyes
You won't find a thing to chew
Nobody's gonna look at you

In the year 5555
Your arms are hanging limp at your sides
Your legs got nothing to do
Some machine is doing that for you

In the year 6565
Ain't gonna need no husband, won't need no wife
You'll pick your son, pick your daughter too
From the bottom of a long glass tube' Whooooa

In the year 7510
If God's a-comin' he ought to make it by then
Maybe he'll look around himself and say
Guess it's time for the Judgment day

In the year 8510
God is gonna shake his mighty head then
He'll either say I'm pleased where man has been
Or tear it down and start again

In the year 9595
I'm kinda wondering if man is gonna be alive
He's taken everything this old earth can give
And he ain't put back nothing

Now it's been 10,000 years
Man has cried a billion tears
For what he never knew
Now man's reign is through

But through eternal night
The twinkling of starlight
So very far away
Maybe it's only yesterday

In the year 2525

If man is still alive
If woman can survive
They may thrive

In the year 3535
Ain't gonna need to tell the truth, tell no lies
Everything you think, do or say
Is in the pill you took today ...
©Zager and Evans

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Derek had an armory made up of museum pieces, all supposedly demiled. The weren't, but the paperwork said they were. One item, Baby, wasn't on anyone's list, except his. He showed me his list:

Spencer carbine .56-56 rimfire
Sharps buffalo rifle .50-70
Winchester 1873 .44 WCF (.44-40)
Henry Rifle .44 rimfire
Pair of Walker Colts .44 ball
Mauser K98 8mm
Springfield M1903A3 .30-06
3 Lee-Enfield .303 rifles, Mk I, Mk III and a rifle no 5 Mk I the famous jungle carbine
M1 Garand .30-06
M1928 Thompson (think Winnie's gun) .45ACP, 30 round stick, 50 & 100 round drums
M1911 .45ACP Colt pistol
Enfield 1853 Rifled Musket, .577 caliber rifled musket with CSA markings
Baby, aka M168 Vulcan mounted on a M113, 20mm aka M163 VADS (see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/M163_VADS)

And, more, he said. His email outline what he knew about what was happening:

D-day -30: As part of her "Fairness in Environmental Action" plan, the newly elected President issued a moratorium on all new exploration, exploitation, and refinery construction until "Scientific authorities can establish beyond a reasonable doubt that these actions will not adversely impact our delicate ecosystems and foster a return to the lasting harm caused by the past raping of the environment by corporate America."
D-day -29: In response to massive slides in energy stock valuation, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve lowers the Prime rate to close to 0%. (0.25%)
D-day -28: The President demanded the immediate resignation of the entire Federal Reserve Board on a nationally televised address.
D-day -23: The newly-appointed Federal Reserve Board resets the prime rate to 3.85%.
D-day -23: All domestic exchanges experience a massive crash in stock prices, resulting in 5 straight days of emergency shutdowns at all exchanges. Dow Jones 30 Industrials fell from 14,375.65 to 11,098.74 in one week. Other markets suffer worse declines, including NASDAQ falling to 668.10 from over 3,400 in the same time period. Unemployment jumped to double-digits over the next week.
D-day -18: British PM, Brown, was ousted in response to the collapse of the European markets. Blame was placed on his close ties to the US. The EU censures Great Britain for fostering economic ruin.
D-day -14: India sent two divisions to the northernmost corner of Paki-Indian border in response to Pakistani maneuvers.
D-day -10: China accused India of border incursions across Sino-Indian border by recently moved divisions. Issued ultimatum to India to recall both divisions.
D-day -9: China mobilized around 60% of the PLA to Sino-Indian border.

D-day -7: US issued official protest of Chinese mobilization to UN Security Council.

D-day -4: After 72 hour marathon session of the Security Council, PRC withdraws from UN.

D-day -3: US publicly denounced Chinese actions as "overly aggressive" and invited all parties to negotiations in Diego Garcia.

D-day -2: China accused US of complicity in alleged Indian incursion.

D-day -1: OPEC declared US "unfriendly" to member nations. OPEC announced complete oil embargo on United States, India, and all British commonwealth nations. Prospective members Ecuador, Mexico, et. al. also embargoed all shipments of petroleum products, from crude oil to refined.

D-day: China and Pakistan invaded India in a joint campaign. Surprisingly conventional, the fighting reached the outskirts of Mumbai within 96 hours.

D-day +1: The United States declared a total embargo of all import/export items from OPEC nations and China.

D-day +5: ELINT confirmed the secret deployment of two dozen Category A PLA Divisions to Mexico for joint exercises. Total forces number 360,000 screaming Chinese, 200,000 beaners, and tens of thousands of other Central/South American soldiers.

D-day +5: Panama Canal Authority closed the canal to all US flagged vessels, including naval vessels.

D-day +6: Congress issued a non-binding resolution threatening mass resignation to protest President's back-door non-aggression pact proposal, creating a Constitutional crisis over which branch of government possesses authority over treaties.

D-day +6: Derek, Mary, & kids moved to "Youbetcha Ranch". Derek continued on to California to invite rest of family to Youbetcha, Arkansas; population our family and friends.

His outline of the events of the preceding days was accurate, right up until D-day +6, the day I THOUGHT he and his family were coming to Palmdale. That's the problem with hurried phone conversations. We each had what we called 'Plan A' and, wouldn't you know it, they weren't the same. I had to know a whole lot more about Youbetcha Ranch before I'd go there. Could we move the remaining containers? If yes, how? It was easy enough to seal the shelter and give Chris the key. I wouldn't go without my weapons, you know, the ones I didn't have.

Did I misunderstand; were Damon and his kids coming here or going to Youbetcha Ranch? If the ranch was in Arkansas, what was the humidity like? Hot and dry is ok, hot and wet, isn't. I suppose we could always pump the Jet A out of the Chevron trailer tanker into another Chevron trailer tanker and haul it to Youbetcha Ranch. I could take the Kohler and leave the PowerBOSS and a few cans of gas. We could mount the propane tank on another trailer and pull that too. Did he have any AV-150s? I could leave the ones I had and just take the spare filters.

Finally, could we always try to get a few flatcars and haul the containers. Could we get them from Palmdale to Arkansas? Just where was Youbetcha Ranch? I had my investments to protect, all that Black Hills 165gr Soft Point and the 168gr HP Match for the loaded standard and the HK417. All the M118 for the Super Match and that Black Hills 175gr HP Match. The Mk 211 MP was still in the original containers, thank God.

Dam, we didn't sell enough of the 5.56x45mm that it resulted in 6 empty containers, so we'd have to replace some and redistribute the ammo. And here we are, according to the outline at D-day+7. Did he intend to include my partner or not? If not, I'd leave the Jet A and the generator and try to borrow another (steal; borrow implies you intend to return it. I did, eventually – In the year 2525, If man is still alive, If woman can survive, They may thrive) on the way east. Best timing was a week to redistribute the ammo, locate rail flatcars, load them and get rolling to the east. Maybe 10 days (inclusive) max to deliver the containers to Youbetcha Ranch.

Were there any nuclear targets near Youbetcha Ranch, ergo, were we leaving the frying pan for the fire? Still... I don't speak wetback or Chinaman. We were on home territory here; the only things I knew about Arkansas were in a couple of my stories, 28b –Mountain Home and 28c – Flippin, both parts of TEOTWAWKI, Too. My stories were a roadmap of sorts to places a person might want to go to when TSHTF. (You didn't know that?) So, what was it, the Sino-Indian-Paki conflict flaring into a nuclear exchange? The ragheads trying to nuke

Israel? Or, simply a Sino-wetback invasion? Won't be many wetbacks, they're already here... living, some of them, in Moon Shadows.

Makes you want to hug a neighbor (while you're inserting Rambo I in his/her gut). Some may view this short tale as outrageous. Lot's of prejudice being shown, or racism, another name for the same damed thing. That's not so, I only dislike one Jew named Tony, based on previous experience. What did Hitler call it, "The Final Solution of the Jewish Question" (Die Endlösung der Judenfrage)? I looked it up. The Nazis called it Operation Reinhard; we call it the Holocaust. Iran, of course, claims it never happened.

Goebbels: Regarding the Jewish question, the Führer is determined to clear the table. He warned the Jews that if they were to cause another world war, it would lead to their own destruction. Those were not empty words. Now the world war has come. The destruction of the Jews must be its necessary consequence. We cannot be sentimental about it. It is not for us to feel sympathy for the Jews. We should have sympathy rather with our own German people. If the German people have to sacrifice 160,000 victims in yet another campaign in the east, then those responsible for this bloody conflict will have to pay for it with their lives.

There have been a lot of inter-faith love-ins, conventions, dialogues, mediations and occasionally religious services over the years between Christian, Jewish, Buddhist and Muslim religious leaders in many parts of the world. At one such recent event, "A Gathering of Hearts Illuminating Compassion" held in San Francisco on October 16, 2006, the Dalai Lama said that he was a "defender of Islam," that Muslims had been unfairly demonized and that he admired Islam's "compassion." A few days prior to this meeting, on October 11th in Prague, the Dalai said that Islam should not be condemned because of the acts of a few "mischievous" Muslims.

Muslim apologist Karen Armstrong talks of the "Three Abrahamic Religions" and I suppose that these inter-faith dialogues, meditations and such are premised on the idea that Islam is, indeed, just the same in basic content and attitude as Christianity and Judaism but, is it?

Anyone who has read the Qur'an, any one who has read Ishaq's biography of Muhammad, has got to realize that Islam could not be more fundamentally different from Christianity and Judaism. Yes, there is a type of "compassion" in Islam but, it is only for fellow Muslims, not for unbelievers. Yes, the Torah contains commands, here and there, from God to the Israelites to slaughter particular tribes or peoples, but neither the Torah nor the Bible contains an open ended command like Allah's command to "kill the unbelievers wherever you find them." The Bible has the Ten Commandments applicable to all, the Qur'an has no such set of universal commandments but instead sets up a dual system – one way for Muslims to behave towards fellow Muslims and another way, much less charitable, much less ethical, much more predatory and lethal, for Muslims to behave towards all unbelievers. Jesus never participated in battles, took slaves, ordered the killing of critics and laughed in delight when their heads were thrown at his feet or beheaded some of the Jewish warriors then watched for hours (accompanied by his 12 year old wife Aisha) as, one by one, all the six hundred men of the Jewish Banu Qurayzah tribe were beheaded in front of him: according to Ishaq (p. 464) Muhammad did. Jesus said "love your enemies," Muhammad condemned some thieves who stole some Camels from a Muslim to have their alternate hands and feet cut off, their eyes burned out and ordered that they be taken out into the desert and left there to die (Bukhari, vol. 9, bk. 83, no. 37).

So what can we conclude? That these various Christian, Jewish and Buddhist religious leaders have never read the Qur'an or the biography of Muhammad, that they have purposely not read the Qur'an or Ishaq's biography so that they aren't confused by the facts, that they are in extreme denial, that they are other worldly, fools, just blindly hoping for the best? All I know is that Muslims are playing them like a violin and a lot of people are being lulled to sleep by this music. ©Posted by Silverback on the Powerline forum.

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Sean Osborne, Associate Director, Military Affairs says:

19 May 2007: Having just endured a near disaster in the wild fires of southern New Jersey, as well as the prospect of a mandatory evacuation with no guarantee that the family home would still exist in the aftermath, I've come away from this experience with significant additional lessons learned on how to prudently plan and prepare in advance of an unforeseen catastrophe. These lessons are an augmentation to those I have already put into place. I believe the application of the following plan might be a template upon which others could build a more robust family preparedness plan.

With respect to a mass-casualty or mass-destruction terrorist event, many American national authorities are clearly stating that it is not a question of "if," but "when" such a reality visits this nation again. Similarly and with respect to any of a number of different types of natural disasters – earth, wind, water and fire – they also can occur at any time and almost without warning anywhere in the country. Following these preparatory guidelines and/or merging them with others, given the uniqueness of your own situation, will ensure the optimum chances of your family's well-being or near-term survival at home or if evacuated to a remote location in a worst-case scenario. Following the recommendations of this special report will also go a long way relieving the unnecessary stress and tensions of last minute collecting of materials you will need to endure almost any situation.

One inherent beauty of such planning and preparation is that it invokes the most inviolate of all God-given American freedoms – the enabling right of self-determination. This planning and preparation might very likely become the critical determination as to whether or not you become just another hapless victim or a survivor.

A long-time favorite self-determination and preparedness website of mine is that of John Moore's website <http://www.thelibertyman.com>. As John explains on his website, "The government cannot and will not protect individuals or families. Our government agencies are doing the best job they can to keep our country safe. However, no government agency (including FEMA) is responsible for a comprehensive defense program." Moreover, all facets of the safety, security and well-being of your family during a disaster scenario is your personal duty and responsibility. This is absolutely not the responsibility of the "government" regardless of all that you have heard in the MSM in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. Uncle Sam will show up with multiple forms of assistance in due course, but until that time arrives you need to prepare as if your lives depended on it, because they probably will.

Here are my brief and basic recommendations for before you are confronted with a "gotta go" situation:

Finance: Keep an acceptable amount of cold, hard cash, a spare debit or credit card in a convenient yet secure location in your home, vehicle or within prepared the stocks (sic) I'll get to later. In some really extreme instances banks or ATMs may not function where you are, so the cash will be essential.

Transportation: If you own an SUV make sure it has a roof rack. If not, get one. If you have a car, the addition of a roof rack is a good idea. Also, the addition of a trailer hitch is a good idea. You don't necessarily need a trailer for the hitch, but it is how you can attach a carry-all for other items I will identify below. As part of this area of preparation know where you can go in an emergency by identifying in advance at least three locations to evacuate to aside from public shelters. Have two filled 5-gallon auxiliary gasoline jerry cans in reserve at all times. A hand-operated siphon eliminates spillage. Always keep your vehicle in good running order.

Communications: I recommend the purchase of a Grundig FR-200 AM-FM-Shortwave radio. No batteries are required as it is powered by a simple hand crank mechanism. Have your cell phone fully charged as often as possible, and keep a spare 12VDC cigarette power adapter in your vehicle at all times. If you have a laptop computer, buy a wireless internet adapter card. Remote off-the-grid power is found in the next item below.

Portable Electrical Power: Consider purchasing one of the Xpower AC/DC powerpack modules made by Xantrex. They are small, hand-portable, rechargeable powerpacks which come with an AC/DC voltage inverter,

integrated vehicle jumper cables (with fail-safe correct connection indicators), a 250 PSI air compressor with assorted nozzles, an integrated flashlight and one each 12VDC and 120VAC electrical outlets, and AC or DC recharging. I have the 400R model and find this unit to be absolutely invaluable all of the time.

When “Gotta-Go” time arrives here are items I recommend having in pre-packed, ready to load, modular containers which will go on your roof rack and/or trailer hitch carry all.

Consumable Sustenance: This is just another fancy way of saying life support essentials. Acquire non-perishable foods, dry, canned or dehydrated from your home pantry or cupboard. These supplies should be consumed and replaced with new as required. Augment this collection with the purchase of what are known today as MREs or Meals Ready To Eat. For a family of four persons a minimum of eight 12-meal cases should be accumulated. Two sources of these items I recommend are <http://www.apackmeals.com> and <http://www.mrefoods.com>. A great assortment of tasty and nutritious meals, breads, fruits and drinks, among other items, are available at very low per meal/per person costs. Also keep a minimum of 4 cases of bottled water on hand. It would be advisable to have at least one 25-quart cooler to be filled with short-term perishables pulled directly from your refrigerator/freezer and then covered with 2 or 3 bags of ice. Depending on the situation, draining the water for other uses or purification is a bonus. The ice may be replenished according to your particular situation. At the minimum your refrigerated/frozen food will not have gone to waste.

Medicines and Sanitation: Keep all medicines and medical supplies, items for personal hygiene, vitamins and dietary supplements centrally located for quick accumulation in an emergency. Store some items in a prepared container. I highly recommend acquiring from <http://www.allthingsfirstaid.com> a "Standard Trauma Kit." Also purchase and keep sealed in their original wrapper several tubs of “baby wipes” of generic or national brands. These little pre-moistened handy wipes are just about indispensable whether you’re in Kuwait, Iraq, Afghanistan or somewhere in the US during an emergency. They will save gallons of precious water when used to take a ‘dry bath’. I would be remiss in not mentioning one medicinal item I would never leave home without. That would be a bottle of the virucidal-germicidal solution known as Oreganol P73 formula made by North American Herb & Spice. Oreganol contains the naturally occurring active ingredient carvacrol which kills virtually every virus known to man. Just two drops of Oreganol in your system will maintain your health against all manner of viruses. Certified medical research has proven the effectiveness of this product against Coronavirus, Type-A Influenza virus, with on-going studies reflecting positive results against HIV, HBV, HCV, herpes, Hanta and West Nile viruses, H5N1 Avian Influenza, Staphylococcus, Hepatitis, Candida. The other incredible health benefits of this product are far too numerous to list here. Oreganol is a germ-killer extraordinaire and can be taken internally or applied topically.

'Gimme Shelter': Purchase one or two quick-erect, 4 to 6 person dome tents. Add ground cover or water-proof tarps for each. Adding blankets, pillows, hammocks, sleeping bags, or cots to your shopping list will ensure comfort. Some of these items can be stored in the vacuum-sealed bags seen advertised on television. This saves space and keeps the bedding fresh until needed. The same goes for items of clothing and footwear. Purchase assorted camping related items and nylon rope, axe, hatchet, chain saw and the like for this segment of preparations.

As a rule of thumb, I have determined to always be prepared for a minimum of 30 days of survival necessities for four persons. Your circumstances will dictate what you can do. For other ideas, and an excellent resource you will delve into repeatedly, I would highly recommend you get the book “What To Do ‘Til The Cavalry Comes” released a year ago by author and subject matter expert Matt Lawrence (website: <http://www.mattlawrencebooks.com>). Matt’s book is a compendium of sage advice and a guide to prudent planning for any type of a given scenario such as I am urging all to immediately prepare for with this article. There is no time like the present.

What you decide to do from this point forward will determine more than just your own survival in a natural or a man-made disaster. Others are counting on you to act prudently – now.

Another man's opinion. If anything, I think he is under prepared. I got the Advanced Trauma Kit because it might be a while before we'd get help. It's intended for up to 500 people. I got some Oreganol even though I wasn't sure it was all that great. <http://www.p-73.com> <http://www.p-73.com/pdf/pricelist.pdf>

I had a little time, very little, to see about the containers. We could get by with renting 4 more. They weren't available locally. However, I knew where to look, Terminal Island. The good thing about TI was they had the trailers that the containers rode on. I'm sure there is a proper name for them, but I doubt that it's 'those wheel things'. Turns out, they had a common name, container trailers. <http://www.container.com/trailers.html> They wanted the first month up front and the second month as a security deposit, cheap at twice the price, payable at the first of every month. Plus, they delivered.

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We worked all night moving items from the military containers to the rented containers and redistributing the ammo to the military containers. That was insurance in case there was something special about the military containers that we couldn't see. When Kid number 2 showed up I sat him down and explained the mix up. Kid number 1, it seems, was headed for Youbetcha Ranch. He had it in mind that he could get Sharon and me, Amy and her kids plus Lorrie and her family to pack up and move to Arkansas.

He handed me a pamphlet to read: **Youbetcha Ranch**

Youbetcha Ranch is a sprawling private property in north central Arkansas. Part of it is found in Marion county, southeast of Flippin. The remainder lies in Baxter county, southwest of Cotter. Altogether, it encompasses nearly 6500 acres of low mountains and river bottomland divided equally between post oak forest and cleared hay meadows.

Geologically speaking, the ranch boasts access to part of the extensive Bull Shoals cave system. Part of the eastern border is the White River. The ranch also has its own privately owned small reservoir (300 acres). The dam for this private lake has some minor hydroelectric capacity (~200 kW).

The ranch has been outfitted with a 10' stone surrounding wall with three gates: The North gate (a 15' clearance arch marked by the single word "UFFDA" in old English lettering), The East gate (also a 15' arch marked by "Halfway down the trail to Hell"), and the West gate (No overhead arch, flanked by two 25' towers named "Minas Ithil" and "Minas Anor"). The West gate allows access to truck traffic of any size.

The ranch is equipped with three 500kW wind turbines and a large solar panel array located on the roof of each building for a total solar generation capacity of roughly 300 kW. Combined with the hydroelectric generator the total capacity for generating is roughly 2 MW in ideal conditions. The ranch also has its own water purification plant and waste water treatment facility capable of handling a usage of 200,000 gallons per day. The waste water is released into the private lake after reaching potable water standards.

All solid waste (garbage) is sorted for recycling prior to leaving the ranch. Organic waste is composted to provide fertilizer for the gardens.

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 5

Pamphlet continued:

There are three major building groups in the ranch: the residential buildings, the agricultural buildings, and the

“sufficiency” buildings. The 50 or so residences are nearly all ranch-style construction with full basements on single acre lots; the exceptions are a community activity center and gymnasium named “Fiddler’s Green” and the private house of the ranch’s owner. This 2½ story Victorian/Country style mansion is built on a 6” steel frame and features a granite façade, wraparound porch, and gabled roof.

Agricultural buildings are located approximately a half-mile away and include stables, confinement buildings for poultry and hogs, a hay barn, a milk barn, two separate cattle sheds with a 500 head capacity for cover, a third cattle shed with a 100 head capacity, a shearing barn, and storage facilities for both row crops and grain. Nearby are the access areas for the pasturage, hay fields, large crop fields, an orchard with several different types of fruit, nut, and maple trees, a 20 acre berry patch featuring several types of fruit, and a carefully fenced off area containing 20 beehives.

The “sufficiency” complex contains the powerhouse, the water treatment facilities, a small fire department with four vehicles, a jailhouse, the recycling center, several industrial buildings equipped to produce necessities such as textiles and refined commodities like fuel from organic bases, and storage facilities for the products.

All of the buildings in the agricultural and “sufficiency” complexes are single level buildings constructed of reinforced concrete covered by earth, converting each building into a hardened bunker with a minimum of 1 meter thickness of reinforced concrete and four meters minimum thickness of compacted earth. The access doors face towards each other and are made of 4” thick grade “A” naval armor.

All buildings feature independent reverse osmosis water softeners, heat pump central air with a pressure sealed environment and positive interior pressure of 15 millibars. All buildings also boast access to an underground tunnel system that connects every building on the site.

There is also a very large warehouse structure located separately from the rest of the buildings (by a mile linear distance). To date, no one has any knowledge of the use for this building.

The owner is a very private man. The perimeter wall is backed up by an interior wire fence reinforced by barbed wire, razor wire, and is rumored to be electrified. Private security teams armed with bear spray and tasers patrol the grounds continuously. Trespassers are warned by sign at the entrance to the access roads that they are on private land and that the landowner will do “whatever is necessary” to “speed their removal” from the ranch grounds.

For a tour, you can call (870) 328-7448.

(Visitor’s pamphlet for Bull Shoals Area. <http://www.bullshoalscaverns.com/index.htm>)

Holy chit, someone has A LOT OF MONEY. I caved in immediately, never look a gift horse in the mouth. He said that he had it mind that it might not go nuclear. However, if it did, we'd be better off in Arkansas than here near Plant 42. While we were in a prime target area, the fallout map for Arkansas didn't look good. Then he mentioned the caverns and things began to look up. I told him I was still trying to line up railcars, flatbeds specifically, and he picked up the phone, dialed a number and excused me.

It's been a while since I had been summarily dismissed, it didn't go down well. He then said that by the time we got the containers to the siding, the flatcars would be standing by, with an engine and enough fuel to take them where we were going. We hurriedly began to pack our personal items, the food, weapons, radiological equipment, etc. It was decided without my getting a vote.

You know how much I like to be charge of things that affect me. Sharon's quilting things didn't weigh a lot and were bulky so they went n with the ammo. The food stores were added to a class I container and the weapons. Except for those I kept out, in a class V container. A wee bit of extra alcohol, from B-2 liquors and a couple of

other stores were assed to a class VI container. I kept out a case of Coors, just in case.

On the way to Arkansas, we stopped by MCLB, Barstow where he got a requisition filled. With government logistics requisitions now being computer generated, apparently all he had to provided was proper identification and some minor written documentation. I suspect he got what we were missing because they weren't Army issue. Some time ago, he tried to explain to me how it worked, but it was over my head. So are most of the people I know, I'm 5'5 when I hold myself erect. I used to claim 5'7 before I started to shrink.

I was angry over leaving my generator in Palmdale, Damon had just bought it and it was barely broken in. I was bound and determined to replace it before we got to Arkansas. The bad news was I couldn't find another Kohler 30kw generator; the good news was that the one I found was a Cummins DSGAC, 135kw prime, 150kw standby rated 3-phase, but hey, you borrow what you can get. He insisted I didn't need any damed generator. I think it weighed about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a ton, dry. It had a 6 cylinder inline engine and Power Command. We rented a U-Haul and a trailer hitch to haul it to Arkansas. I knew that credit card would come in handy, sometime.

And, of course, the first thing I heard all about was how the South kicked the Yankees' butts during the War of Northern Aggression. For crying out loud, can't we get our suitcases unpacked first? Can someone tell me if y'all refers to one person or the group? At least it was a new English based language, not Spanish or Chinese. I called back to Palmdale and learned that Ron had turned the keys over to Lance and headed for Cedar Hill, to 'consolidate' his gun collection. And yes, we left him a small amount of ammo, maybe 20,000 rounds.

At D-day+11 we arrived at Youbetcha ranch. Our containers were there waiting for us; what does expedited military shipment mean? The LAWs rockets, packed 5 per carton, 3 cartons to the case, might or night not come in handy. We had 12 cases, a total of 180 rounds. It was closer to Flippin than I thought. Hey, you know what? This might just work.

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The primary problem with limestone caverns is that they're wet. The area set aside as a gun room had several dehumifiers running 24/7 and hoses connected to route the water somewhere, downhill. I like the laid back attitude they have about firearms down here in Arkansas. Plus, although a little short of legal, they were easily obtained and lower in price. The Governor of Arkansas, like so many other Governors ignored the new federal law.

You'd have thought a person couldn't get a CCW, being that all the guns were illegal. Somehow that provision about being a resident for over a year was getting overlooked, as long as your sponsor had lived there over a year. The laws says they have up to 120 days to issue or deny the permit. In our case, it was more like 120 minutes. After which, we were told to 'go forth and sin no more'. It may take some time to get used to their sense of humor. And, let me point out that 'no more' sounded a lot like 'never'; never say never.

Let me tell you, more things were heating up than the weather. We cleared the Kali state line without a moment to spare. Those Chinamen, Mexicans and other Hispanics decided to do their war games NORTH of the border. Peaceful, yes? The pipeline was a year or so from completion, most of our refineries were down for repair, The stock markets decided to not reopen for 'a while'.

Right, but all Hitlery is concerned about is getting the guns. That, and saving the environment for the new rules of the US of A. It's our environment, we can ruin it if we want to. It was like the smoking laws, they were convinced the smell of your cigarette, cigar or pipe would kill them and that meant that you couldn't smoke, not that they couldn't invade your space.

We had our own home on the ranch. The only thing I can figure is that the moving van came to Flippin via Seattle, they were late. The only furniture we kept was our solid oak furniture, the rest was still sitting in

Palmdale, because, we still owned the house. It was listed and Sharon told the realtor, no less than \$200,000. I'd be happy if it paid of the loan. The buyer could haul the furniture to the dump.

He had 4 tankers of Jet A and one tanker of gas for the folks who couldn't afford a diesel engine. Single units, not double bottomed, maybe 44' long, holding 9,000 gallons. When his unit was reactivated to go fight the war with Mexico, he was still 'healing'. He did them a favor, though; he gathered up the Hummers and M109A6s they left behind and stored them until they got back.

Just so you don't get confused, alcohol is what you drink and ethanol is what you burn. Had me one those Colorado Kool-Aids, not half bad, after 12 years. Just one, mind you, guns and alcohol don't mix. One the other hand, I'm not so sure I don't like Coke better. These Southerners like Pepsi and they add too much sugar to their iced tea. Must not have many diabetics down here.

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About that little disagreement with Mexico. We been fighting them since the 1830s. We fought 3 wars, which they lost. They switched to Plan B, and we called it illegal immigration. By the time they got around to invading, most of their Army was already here, some probably living in Moon Shadows.

Anyway, we sat down and he showed me his collection of antique, demiled firearms. Let me say from the gitgo, whoever demiled them for him didn't know what they were doing, add bullets&powder/cartridges and they still worked, 100%. The best kept secret he had? He'd been to El Paso and Laredo, guess what I had? He should have told me, I bribe easily. The only thing I don't like to do and can't do well is ride a horse. Guess what, they called it a ranch, right?

My alternate form of transportation was a 5 year old mare, named Shelia. He claimed that that's what they called females in Australia. I called Fleataxi and told him we were in Arkansas near Bull Shoals and Ron had headed for Cedar Hill. Flea wanted to know was what was new and I told him about the HK416 and HK417. He hung up on me, when I brought those to his attention; sent him an email way back when, his response was, 'Me want!'

I didn't mention Youbetcha Ranch, that would be giving aid and comfort to a man who wanted to take away my HK rifles. Anyway, Derek had a Yaesu FT2000D, the successor to the 9000 which was the successor to the 1000. He also had the VL-1000/VP-1000 Quadra System. He had beam antennas. I had a Kenwood TS2000X and some vertical antennas. Plus a SSB CB and no hand held radios (Chris wasn't nice when I asked).

Derek was nice enough, they lowered the tower and added my antennas about 20' above his beams. I wanted RG213; I got RG8. But he even put up the antenna for the CM-300 although I didn't have the radio. It was on my 'to do' list. I wanted one CM-300 for each vehicle and one for my radio shack. Plus, I wanted several of the CP-200s for walking around radios. VHF, not UHF, for longer range.

Up to now, we hadn't had a natural disaster, terrorist attack or a GTW (global thermonuclear war). And, what was new with a Mexican invasion? That had been going on for years. I was rather surprised about Derek having radios, but the technician license exam isn't that hard and you get a call sign. Whether that is good or bad is to be determined. I didn't like the idea of running away from the Mexicans.

I've actually been threatened over my stories. Every time I say I'm going to quit writing, the emails start. I get them from both of my fans. Anyway, here we sit, not in Palmdale, but just outside of Flippin, Arkansas, population ~1,400. Ron went to Cedar Hill to hunt elephants and he didn't take my payload rifle. I had to read the instructions, I simply couldn't figure out how to set the 25mm cartridge to the 4 different settings.

If you read Global Security about the M107, it's confusing. In one paragraph, it's the model 95 bolt action and in

the next it's the model 82, semi-auto. The XM107 was originally intended to be a bolt-action sniper rifle, and in fact it was selected by the US Army in a competition between such weapons. However, the decision was made that the US Army did not, in fact, require such a weapon. The rifle originally selected under the trials to be the XM107 was the Barrett M95.

When the Army decided it no longer needed these weapons it found that it had money already allotted for "XM107 rifles," and rather than deal with this complication, the decision was made to change the M82 Rifle's designation to M107, and use the money to purchase those type of rifles instead. In summer 2005, the M82 finally emerged from its Army trial phase and was approved for "full material release", meaning it was officially adopted as the Long Range Sniper Rifle, Caliber .50, M107. There are no significant differences between the Barrett M82A1M/M82A3 and the M107. However, production M107s appear to have the addition of a rear monopod and there are rumors of internal improvements as well, but information has not been widely available. XM109 specs:

- Caliber: 25x59mm
- Operation: Short recoil operation, semi-automatic
- Overall length: 46 inches (1168 mm)
- Feed device: 5 round detachable box magazine
- Weight: 33.2 lb (15 kg)
- Muzzle velocity: 2600 ft/s (790 m/s)
- Max effective range: 3000 m
- Features: M1913 optical rail, BORS ballistic computer, monopod socket
- Accessories: Dual-chamber detachable muzzle brake or suppressor system; detachable bipod and carry handle

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Page 2:

In a world filled with opinions, now, we have this:

WASHINGTON, May 21, 2007 – US troops operating in Iraq and Afghanistan have the best body armor in the world, and the Army is constantly looking for ways to improve force protection, the general in charge of the program told reporters here today.

“Force protection is the No. 1 priority of the US Army. We value our soldiers very highly, and we do everything we can do to ensure that they have the finest in force protection as they go into the battle,” Army Brig. Gen. R. Mark Brown, Program Executive Officer Soldier, said at a Pentagon news conference.

In response to a May 17 NBC News report challenging the Army’s use of Interceptor body armor vs. the newer “Dragon Skin” armor developed by Pinnacle Armor Inc., Brown today released information about the testing that ruled out Dragon Skin a year ago.

The tests were conducted May 16 to 19, 2006, at H.P. White labs near Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. The Pinnacle armor was subjected to the same tests Interceptor body armor goes through, first being X-rayed and analyzed and then undergoing a series of live-fire tests, Brown said. The live-fire tests included room-temperature tests, harsh environment tests, and durability and drop tests.

Of the eight Pinnacle vests tested, four of them failed the tests, with 13 rounds penetrating completely on the first or second shot, Brown said. After the first complete penetration, the vests technically failed the test, but the Army continued the testing to be fair, he said.

The Pinnacle vests also were subjected to extreme temperature variations, from minus 25 degrees Fahrenheit to 120 degrees Fahrenheit, which would be a realistic cycle if the equipment was loaded onto a plane and flown to

the Middle East, Brown said. These temperature tests caused the adhesive holding the Dragon Skin's protective discs together to fail, and the discs gathered at the bottom of the vest, leaving gaps in protection, he said.

Brown also noted that the Dragon Skin vests are significantly heavier and thicker than the Interceptor vests. Dragon Skin vests in size extra large are 47.5 pounds and 1.7 to 1.9 inches thick; the Interceptor vests in size large, which offer an equivalent coverage area to the extra large Dragon Skin vests, weigh 28 pounds and are 1.3 inches thick.

"Bottom line is it does not meet Army standards," Brown said of the Pinnacle body armor.

Brown showed reporters videos of the tests, which were supervised by the chief executive officer of Pinnacle. He also displayed the actual vests that were tested, with markers showing the penetration sites.

The Army did not initially release the information about the tests because of possible security concerns, Brown said. "We are facing a very media-savvy enemy," he said. "They're not only media-savvy, they are Internet savvy. ... Everything that we put out into the public domain, we pretty much assume that they get. We don't like to discuss our vulnerabilities and our counters to the vulnerabilities in the open public."

However, after the NBC report, Army leaders felt they needed to counter any doubts in the minds of service members and their families, Brown said. "Our soldiers and, more importantly, the families – the wives, the children, the parents – have to have confidence that our soldiers have the best equipment in the world," he said.

Right now, the Army's safety-of-use message mandates that all soldiers use Interceptor body armor, which has passed the same tests the Pinnacle armor failed, Brown said. The Army is interested in a more flexible armor, like the Pinnacle design, and if the company improves its product, it could be reconsidered, he said.

Brown stressed that the Army has more than one set of body armor for every soldier in the combat theater, and that he has all the money and support he needs to make improvements to force protection. Also, the Army is constantly working to develop new technologies that will deliver better protection.

"This is not just a matter of debate for us; this is personal," he said, noting that many of his staff members have relatives or friends who have served or are serving in Iraq or Afghanistan.

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When I asked Derek how he managed to pay for this, his face broke into a smile. It had to do with the Crater of Diamonds in Murfreesboro, Arkansas. Every year a few people find a diamond in the only Kimberlite pipe open to the public. You pay \$6.50 a head and get to search for the day. The largest stone ever taken from there went 40 carats, the famous Uncle Sam. <http://www.craterofdiamondsstatepark.com/> It's finders – keepers. Therefore, you're not obligated to tell anyone what you find. Most people reveal their find when they ask the Park Rangers what they have. Mary didn't even tell him, until they got home.

They had the 4,898 carat rock cut, selling the better pieces and retaining about a dozen smaller diamonds. He said that with the money, they bought the farms and renamed the combined farm 'Youbetcha Ranch'. Did I want or need anything? If so, he'd buy it with his pocket change. The stone, uncut, would have brought 8 figures. He surprised me, telling me that it was anonymous and consequently, no one in the world, save Mary, he and now me knew about that little piece of rock. A carat is 200mg. 4,898 carats is therefore about 979.6 grams, 31.49 troy ounces or 2.62 pounds.

The farm had an entrance to a cave that he explored and found it to be linked, he thought, to Bull Shoals Cavern. He told me that I needed a driver's license. I ask why and he said, so I could drive my new H1 Hummer Alpha. New? They quit making the H1 Hummer in 2006. Just to reveal how ungrateful I was, I asked about the

options included. One of everything the manufacturer included or had available. It was a black 4 door wagon, the enclosed version. It had about 850 miles on the odometer. It had one of everything and a few after market items added.

I failed the driving test, the first time, but I didn't give up. I passed on the third go round. I finally found the copies of my amateur test results from 15 years before and submitted them to the FCC, earning my Extra class license. They changed my call sign from 6 characters to 5 characters. The only reason I wanted it was to get greater frequency access. The guy who sold Derek his radio did something to mine and it would use every frequency there was, more or less. Anyway, I suppose it's fair to say, more, if not every.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, he was working day and night to equip the cavern as a shelter. Our food and supplies helped, as did the contents of the CONEXs. They said that they wanted the ability to house up to 1,500 people. I told them it would take a lot of beans. I also pointed out that an AV-150 would only supply air for 50 people. If they wanted to supply air for 1,500 people, They need several of the AV-150s or something a bit larger. He bought 30 AV-150s and said that would allow him to kick them in gradually, just supporting the number of people there.

Apparently Shelia had never met Salina. Or, maybe it was the fact that when I got on for the first time, I pulled out the Stampede, cocked it, and told Shelia I dared her to run. Plus, I added a seat belt, just in case. Salina ran on me 3 times and I didn't fall off. In fact, my feet never came out of the stirrups. But, I believe my heart stopped 3 times. Sharon said Mr. Baker sold the horse, but I don't know that for a fact. It's a shame I don't have that ride on tape, we could all laugh.

"It's hot."

"I know dear, but you can stay in the hupse, move to the cavern or anything you want to do. We're ok as long as we stay out of the humidity."

"It's hot."

"You're repeating yourself, again. Turn the air a little lower and I'll put on a sweater."

"What day is it?"

"I'm not sure, maybe D-day+45."

"Huh?"

"Never mind. You don't have to carry my Nazi .32 anymore, how about a Walther PPK in .380?"

"Why do I have to carry a gun?"

"Because the Arkansas State Police issued you a CCW?"

And then, there was Bubba. It ended with, "Y'all take care, Bubba, hear?" I was learning the language, albeit slowly. So far I had learned 3 words: Bubba, y'all and hear. In that story, we bought a house. In this story, we live in a house, rent free. The advantage to renting, is: someone else mows the lawn.

Mind you, the conversation occurred after Hitlery got the law through Congress and signed into law. She was looking for the guns and dealers were selling them as fast as they could be manufactured and then claiming it was 'old stock'. Why? Because, for the 10,000th time, when guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns.

I love her speech, "I've loved two women in my life..."

The Bell (model 47) H-13 Sioux, with a crew of three, was one of the most popular light utility helicopters ever built. The bubble front job you saw on M*A*S*H. During Vietnam, it was replaced by the Bell UH-1 series Iroquois, better known as the "Huey". In Vietnam, the "Huey" was used extensively for Medevac and demonstrated, very convincingly, the life saving potential of rapid trauma evacuation. The mortality rate in Vietnam was less than 1 per 100 casualties as compared to 4.5 deaths per 100 casualties in World War II and 2.5 per 100 in Korea. While there were advancements in medical procedures, the preponderance of the success must be credited to the speed and volume with which the injured reached definitive medical care.

That created a problem, the American public had very high, probably unrealistic, expectation about people being killed in a war. In WW I, we had 53,402 battle deaths plus 63,114 non-battle deaths for a total of 116,546. In WW II, we had 291,557 plus 112,842 for a total of 405,399. In Korea, the numbers were 33,741 and 2,833 for a total of 36,574. Vietnam ran 47,424 plus 10,785 for a total of 58,209. The Gulf War ran 147 plus 382 for a total of 529. If you go back to the Revolutionary War and add them all up, the numbers are 653,708 plus 540,590 for a total of 1,194,198.

The doesn't count the Global War on Terror, and the numbers as of 30Sep06, totaled 3,040. Last time I looked, it was more than 3,700. I got so disgusted I stopped checking the online fatality figures I checked every day when Derek was over there. <http://www.infoplease.com/ipa/A0004615.html> (It does include the Civil War deaths on both sides.) Sorry, I don't have any figures yet on the 4th Mexican War and my figures on the Global War on Terror are suspect. For example, they don't include the deaths on 9/11.

"Hey."

"How did you get this number? It's supposed to be unlisted."

"Listen asshole, I have low friends in high places."

"Haven't we already used that line?"

"Huh?"

"So, tell me, kill any elephants yet?"

"Haven't seen any that weren't in a zoo or at a circus. How are you doing?"

"Well, I should say, 'same chit, different day,' but I won't. I've learned to ride a horse, an unnamed person came up with 180 LAWs and I have a driver's license, an extra class Ham license and a H1 Alpha Hummer."

"What color?"

"Black."

"Got one of everything and a few aftermarket items?"

"Yep."

"Figures. Come into some money?"

"Nope, but my kid did."

"Which one?"

"Actually both. Damon got the VA settlement and Derek got lucky, twice."

"I know about Damien."

"Damon, asshole."

"What did Derrick do, find a diamond?"

"Derek. How did you know? It was huge, and I mean HUGE. Mary took some of the money to a casino in Mississippi and had a winning streak. I'm not sure, but I suspect they had to close their doors."

"Gar-Bear, you magnificent SOB, I've read all your books."

"Wasn't that supposed to be Rommel?"

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 6

"Whoever."

"How's Robert?"

"Well, he's not so hot. This darned war with Mexico has him very concerned. It's not that far to the battle lines. However, we're not that far from Durango and if they get close, we're heading there."

"Do I remember right, he's 5 years older than you?"

"Shows every day of it too."

"It's a good thing we're not in Palmdale,"

"Really, why?"

"They overran it, didn't you hear?"

"No, I quit listening to the news when I ran out of Zoloft."

"How's your blood sugar?"

"Above dead. I don't check it, I just sweat a lot."

"Too high?"

"Either that or the humidity, it must be a jillion percent."

"Pure water is only 100%."

"You know what I mean. Probably gets to 98% some of the time. My weather station is set up at the cavern so I

don't know."

"Cavern? Is that what you're using these days for a bomb shelter?"

"Derek and Mary are trying to outfit it for 1,500 people."

"Why?"

"Their relatives and most of the population of Flippin."

"Why?"

"I don't know, maybe that's how he plans to win friends and influence people."

"That's a familiar line."

"Yeah, Dale Carnegie, I think."

"From when we were kids?"

"My father took a class. I got a beating over that, let me tell you."

"Why?"

"He got a mechanical pencil that I took without permission and then Roger and I got into a fight over it and it got broke."

"So tell me, what don't you have? That's probably easier than asking what you do have."

"We don't have a tank."

"Why not?"

"I think that they sent them all down to the border to fight the wetbacks."

"They're only wetbacks if they cross a river. A lot of the border is as dry as a bone."

"Heard from Clarence?"

"Nope, you?"

"Not in a while."

"Dam, it's honey do time, again."

"Well, you have the number, don't be a stranger."

"Right, I call you after the war."

"Which war?"

Unfortunately when he was done talking, he was done talking. I was talking to an empty line. My phone said,

'blocked caller'. Regardless, we moved and left no forwarding number, that stopped it for a while.

About the name, 'Fiddler's Green'. Written anonymously for the US cavalry, published in a 1923 US Cavalry Manual. It is still used in modern cavalry units to memorialize the deceased.

Halfway down the trail to hell
In a shady meadow green,
Are the souls of all dead troopers camped
Near a good old-time canteen
And this eternal resting place
Is known as Fiddler's Green.
Marching past, straight through to hell,
The infantry are seen,
Accompanied by the Engineers,
Artillery and Marine,
For none but the shades of Cavalrymen
Dismount at Fiddlers' Green.
Though some go curving down the trail
To seek a warmer scene,
No trooper ever gets to Hell
Ere he's emptied his canteen,
And so rides back to drink again
With friends at Fiddlers' Green.
And so when man and horse go down
Beneath a saber keen,
Or in a roaring charge or fierce melee
You stop a bullet clean,
And the hostiles come to get your scalp,
Just empty your canteen,
And put your pistol to your head
And go to Fiddlers' Green.

I like music, Derek is a Calvary man and very traditional. I'd better back up and describe our tour of the ranch:

The roads in the area reminded me of those roller coasters that he always wanted me to go on with him back when he was a kid. He switched out with Mary in Branson, Missouri, before we crossed into Arkansas. She seemed a bit perturbed at the lack of Red Diamond Iced Tea and growled about it as she got into the back of their 1999 Chevy Blazer.

“Why the switch, kid?” I asked at the time.

He grinned and said, “You’ll see.” And I did, too. South of Branson the roads turned into a continuous string of sharp corners, hills, and drop-offs. Even at reduced speeds Derek was making Sharon green around the gills, and Amy had her head hanging out the window in the next car back.

“Take it easy, son!” I snapped as we careened around another corner.

“That’s why we switched, Dad. Mary handles these corners much faster than I can.”

After around an hour we turned off onto a road that, if anything, was worse. It wound through a forest of post oak trees and down into a bit of a valley before we finally saw the gate. He brought us in through the big gate because of the overheads on the others.

“Hmm. What’s in the towers, Derek?” I asked.

“Better not to know right now, Dad. I’ll tell you when you learn who you can talk to.”

I saw a rifle barrel withdraw through a slit up near the top of the left tower, but no one else seemed to notice.

Past the gate, the woods finally thinned out enough for me to catch glimpses of a decent sized luxury development. The yards were all huge enough for there to be gardens out back, and every house seemed to have a garden. The front yards were all flower beds full of tulips, irises, daffodils, and literally hedged with roses.

“Wow, this is nice,” said Sharon.

“Thanks, Mom. We worked on it for a while before I was happy. Roses don’t do as well down here as I would like sometimes.” I still wasn’t used to Derek calling Sharon Mom. I don’t think that Mary was, either, from the grimace that she made.

“Who lives in the houses?” Sharon asked.

“Our family,” Derek replied. “Your house is up by ours.”

“House? I thought you said that we would be living in an apartment, Gary,” said Sharon.

“I thought that we were. How did you pay for this, son?”

“Thank Mary for that. She came over and asked me how to know if a rock was glass when we visited the Crater of Diamonds a couple of years ago. I said that if mud stuck to it, it wasn’t a diamond. She said that we had to go about five minutes later. I was mad about it until we were on the road and she showed me what she found.”

“What, she found a diamond?”

“You could say that. Remember De Boers announcing that the largest diamond ever found was now the White Silence?”

“Yeah...” (I didn't)

“Mary found the White Silence, Sharon. Nearly 5000 carats of “Woohoo!”, as they say. We still have some nice pieces from it after we cut it. Baby, could you show her your ring?” Mary held out her hand so that Sharon could see the one carat diamond nestled there beside an equally impressive ruby.

“Wow.”

“Yep. I found the ruby, though. We visited Montana to look for sapphires and found that pretty thing, along with quite a few sapphires of various colors.”

“So you paid for all of this with money from the diamond?”

“Not exactly. Mary made the rest of our fortune down in Tunica. She headed down there with her friends to lose a little money and have fun. Instead, she came back with certified cashier’s checks from three different casinos with four more zeroes on them than she started with. Twenty-five thousand became a quarter of a billion dollars in one night because she kept on trying to lose all of her money to hide the fact that she had loaned a friend a few grand and not told me about it. Funny how things work out, though, isn’t it?”

Sharon made a funny noise, kind of like a cross between a hiccup and a snort. Mary slapped Derek playfully on the arm. "You should have said yes when I asked," Mary said.

"Really? Where would we be then? Not here, getting ready to give everyone a quick tour."

"Speaking of tours, son..."

"Sorry, Dad. The house to the left of ours is yours. Ours is the big one with all the garages. The other big building in the complex is the activity center. We haven't finished pouring the foundations for the hospital yet, but it will be up and running in a year or so. The mini-mall you see between them is a mini-mall, strangely enough. You can shop there for anything you want so long as it is grown, raised, or made on the ranch. We have our own group of doctors, including some specialists, a dentist certified for oral surgery and orthodontia, and an eye doctor. We have our own pharmacy, too, with enough stored to keep going for around ten years without re-supply. Deliveries for either are picked up in Mountain Home and brought in by our people.

"Over the hill is our ag complex. We grown pretty much everything we eat. All we go to town for is processed foods and luxury items, like crab legs. We raise enough to feed around five thousand people and sell the surplus through Youbetcha Producers, Inc.

"Further on, we have a few industrial buildings. We make our own wool, flax, and cotton based textiles on site. We trade our surplus for the synthetics we can't make. We can also make our own rope, and I'm trying out something new with mulberries to see if we can add another natural fiber to both production lines." Mary groaned, like she had been through all of this before.

"What's the capacity on that water tower?" I asked.

"Around 100,000 gallons. We have our own separate water supply here. We also have our own powerhouse, but we are still tied into the local electrical company so that we can sell the surplus energy for around 10 cents a kilowatt hour."

Sharon turned to Dad. "This must be like a wet dream for you, Gary."

"Not exactly, because he didn't tell me anything about it." I was kind of pissed, too.

"Don't feel left out. We didn't tell anyone about it until they moved here. We still don't. The books are all scrupulously clean so that the government doesn't feel like visiting, and we have a standing agreement with satellite companies to make sure that they don't show any recent photos of us."

"How did you manage that?"

Derek grinned. "I bought a sizable interest in a company that sells them all a certain widget. No one else makes that widget and splicing out any new imagery is one of the hidden terms of the purchase contracts. One company tried to question that little proviso and wound up with their parts on backorder for a year straight."

"Ahh, the power of the dollar."

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I've always been fussy about my name, how hard is it to correctly pronounce Ott? One would think nobody had ever heard of Mel Ott. Those that know his name usually get it right. And, no, for the 1 millionth time, I'm not related to Mel Ott. If we could do it over, we'd have name the boys, Bill and Bob, nobody gets their first or last

name right.

What do you think of Youbetcha Ranch? For all I care, the folks back at Moon Shadows can empty the shelter and keep the equipment. I know how Martin Luther King felt when he said, "Free at last." Hey, maybe they all hiding in the shelter, Patti didn't answer her phone when Sharon called.

I had boy toys running out of my ears: most every gun I ever wanted, a horse who didn't hate me and a H1 Alpha Hummer. A tank Platoon would be nice, but Derek was in an Artillery unit and wasn't planning on reenlisting. They had money to burn, why not, it wasn't worth much. Derek had new in the box M14 magazines and they weren't type 57. He took my 590 to a gunsmith and had it upgraded to include the ghost ring sights, Surefire LED flashlight and a new stock with a pistol grip and extra shells stored inside the folding stock.

He thought my Beretta Stampedes were nice, but not the genuine article. My Stampedes were genuine, Berettas; they just weren't genuine Colts. We now had 4, NIB, Colt SAA with barrel lengths ranging from 7½" down to a Sheriff's Model at 3". The Laredoan was set up for a 7½" in the right hand holster and a 4¾" in the cross draw holster. They weren't the Cowboy model with the transfer bar, either, these were genuine 3rd generation Colt SAA that had been through the Colt shop. He had both Cowboy ammo and regular ammo. Did I say real Ivory grips? Derek and I were both fans of George S. Patton, thus Mother of Pearl would never do; no, I've never been to New Orleans.

John Wayne turned over in his grave. The firearms were .44-40 caliber. He was fussy about some things, and came up with a Big Looped model 92 Winchester. Not your everyday gun. I didn't know whether to cry or take the carbine to bed with me. It was part of the special collection of 92 Winchesters authorized by the Duke's estate. He was also practical, I ended up with the lesser model rifle, not that fancy one shown (scroll down). <http://www.scottsoutdoors.com/content...tion=JohnWayne>

The .44-40 is a 10mm round and the .45 Colt is an 11mm round. I stuck the Stampedes back in the Mexican holsters and switched to the Laredoan when I rode. Otherwise, I carried my High Capacity GI .45ACP, openly.

If we're going to have this war, let's get on with it, the waiting is killing me, literally; I'm not that young. The cavern furnishings were finished with time to spare. I suggested we put the 135kw in the cavern for backup. Mary said it would be a good place to keep it out of sight. I'm going to have to explain strategic reallocation to her, someday.

I wasn't the only beneficiary of Derek and Mary's largesse. Sharon made out like a bandit and Derek gave Amy a job in the office having something to do with computers. El Bandito had every sewing gadget she could ever use. She could spend the remainder of her life doing nothing but making quilts. Derek even had a job for Lorrie, cleaning 3 houses, hers, ours and Amy's. And, I wasn't happy.

Jachin and Boaz were the name of the two pillars that stood in the porch of Solomon's Temple. The two pillars are part of the symbolism attached to the freemasons' representation of Solomon's Temple. If you chose to read that, you will learn that Hiram I of Lebanon provided the cedar used in the construction of the first temple, thus Cedars of Lebanon. Not bad, for a Methodist... If it's in Wiki, it can't be a secret. Or, maybe I just know where to look for what. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hiram_Abiff

I asked myself, "Did anything good come out of Hitler getting elected?" I'm worried, I answered, "Of course, she got rid of Chertoff." "Anything else?" "No, not that I can think of." Lately, I'd found myself talking to myself. That's a symptom, I just can't remember what it's a symptom of.

George had been right. He said, "Whatever it [his legacy] is, I'm not going to be around to see it. I hope it is that George Bush fought the war, he laid out a strategy for America and her allies to ultimately defeat these ideologues; he recognized the nature of the enemy" and put in place measures to deal with the threat, he said.

Does that mean he's moving to Paraguay? We never heard, maybe he did and is behind that Mexican invasion.

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Things were truly beyond my control, I hated that. However, in the 'good old days' children took care of their parents in their twilight years, maybe it was a good thing. For sure, we could have just about anything we wanted, except for a Platoon of M1A1 Abrams tanks. Yes, it's me, Tom, a man who has always controlled his destiny in his stories. This time, we were along for the ride.

A ranch of some 6,500 acres, even if it's low mountains and river bottomland divided equally between post oak (*Quercus stellata*) forest and cleared hay meadows, requires a lot of work. Unemployment had fallen sharply in the area. That included farm hands, that security force and the factory workers. With livestock, they had to plow some of that river bottomland and plant crops. They also had an enormous garden area, maybe 10 acres.

It was evident to even the casual observer that Youbetcha Ranch was intended to be nearly totally self sufficient. They didn't make everything we used, but if it was important, they probably stored it by the boxcar load. He liked quilted Northern tissue, I liked Charmin, but it beats the catalog or leaves. No doubt some of those things were stored in the secret warehouse, along with who knows what else. The tour was supposed to be a full tour. It was, as far as it went. I happened on the warehouse building one day when I risked going riding. That seat belt is good; given a choice, I might opt for a 0/0 ejection seat.

I was losing weight, sweating it off, no doubt. This was a good thing, it allowed me more control over my diabetes. All is not lost, I still control what I eat. Especially so because we brought all of our own food and didn't have to draw from central stores. I noticed a change of attitude, in me. Couldn't pin it down, maybe not taking all the drugs I used to, like Plavix and Zoloft was the reason. OTOH, maybe I was just getting old. A good 3rd choice might be senility or Alzheimer's.

Derek handed me off to his family doctor soon after we moved in and I had to hand it to the kid. He could sure pick winners. The doc listened to me, read my files carefully, and figured out a way to switch out most of my prescriptions with a single pill that I took once a day. I didn't recognize it at all and looked it up in the PDR, but it wasn't there. The doc winked and said that it was made locally from Yoakum berries. Ha ha. I wouldn't take it for a few days, but when I passed lousy on my way to bedridden, Sharon made me take it again. What do you know, it worked like a charm. I felt younger than I had in years and my depression pretty much disappeared. After a month, the doc said that my blood sugar was starting to regulate itself again and that I should try living without the insulin. It was rough for a little while and then it smoothed out nicely. For the first time in years I actually felt that I could give my dad a good run for his money in longevity and feel better than he did doing it.

Flea once called me a crusty old curmudgeon. That fit, even better now than when he said it. Curmudgeon is defined as a bad-tempered, difficult, cantankerous person. Do you know what is behind most control freaks? Basic insecurity and a low sense of self worth. To allow for how they feel, they feel it necessary to take control.

My sons might have inherited some of my poorer qualities, but since I didn't raise them, it was more likely they inherited Joyce's. I avoid, generally, to speak ill of the dead. Generally means, not always. However, I've mellowed some in that regard (Joyce) and recall I once loved her so I avoid saying much.

As to my weight loss, I had a goal of getting down to 145 pounds. I done it when I was out running around a dozen years ago and could probably do it again. I added Centrum Silver too, I needed all the help I could get. In tech school in the Air Force, I achieved that; the other times I did were named Karen J., Kathy I and severe illness.

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There being 2 sides to every coin, not counting the edge, the upside was our circumstances; and, the downside was our location, tornado alley. Derek had said he didn't expect the things he outlined to result in a GTW. I didn't agree, if anything they seemed to be leading up to just that. Not if, just when and what (NIWW). For someone who didn't believe it, his behavior implied the opposite.

East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. The culture of the West (Europe and the Americas) will always be very different from that of the East (Asia). (Twain means "two.") This saying is part of the refrain of "The Ballad of East and West," a poem by Rudyard Kipling. He might just have been right, excluding the battlefield. Regardless of who started it, Islam was out to get us. My sources said that the Saudis had nukes and a missile delivery system. Iran should have the bomb now and probably warheads for their IRBMs. Israel did and so did Pakistan and India. Most of the preceding pages were aimed at making that obvious. Only the blind couldn't see that.

And, thinking about my conversation with Ron, he was right. For sure illegal, but only wetbacks if they crossed the Rio Grande or some other river. Wetback is not a derogatory name, it's descriptive only. I was corrected for calling them raghead, the rag is more like a sheet, so, they're sheet heads (choice of spelling optional), unless they're rich enough to afford towels.

Back in the Air Force, when we first moved to the new smaller barracks, I had 2 roommates, a Mormon and a Jehovah's Witness. Can you imagine that pair being housed with a drunk? The Mormon was ok, he only drank Dr. Pepper. Looking at the can recently, I think they must have changed the recipe. OTOH, Porf got in trouble in Phase II of basic training over his 5 o'clock shadow. Thereafter, he sent all of his clothes to the cleaners (extra heavy starch on the uniforms, light starch on his drawers, t-shirts and socks) and kept a razor at work so he could shave over the lunch hour, 2 passes with one of those old Gillette double edged razors with a new blade (he shaved 5 times a day). Both were very nice guys; with my experiences in life, it was inevitable that I end up writing. What do you mean, an edge? This story doesn't have an edge, I'm just telling it like I see it, for a change.

I was waiting for someone to say, 'lights... camera... action'. Must have seen too many movies, it didn't go down that way. Let's review:

D-day -14: India sent two divisions to the northernmost corner of Paki-Indian border in response to Pakistani maneuvers.

D-day -10: China accused India of border incursions across Sino-Indian border by recently moved divisions. Issued ultimatum to India to recall both divisions.

D-day -9: China mobilized around 60% of the PLA to Sino-Indian border.

D-day -7: US issued official protest of Chinese mobilization to UN Security Council.

D-day -4: After 72 hour marathon session of the Security Council, PRC withdraws from UN.

D-day -3: US publicly denounced Chinese actions as "overly aggressive" and invited all parties to negotiations in Diego Garcia.

D-day -2: China accused US of complicity in alleged Indian incursion.

D-day -1: OPEC declared US "unfriendly" to member nations. OPEC announced complete oil embargo on United States, India, and all British commonwealth nations. Prospective members Ecuador, Mexico, et. Al. also embargoed all shipments of petroleum products, from crude oil to refined.

D-day: China and Pakistan invaded India in a joint campaign. Surprisingly conventional, the fighting reached the outskirts of Mumbai within 96 hours.

D-day +1: The United States declared a total embargo of all import/export items from OPEC nations and China.

What didn't get said was that China and Pakistan had as many casualties from snake bites as from bullets, the Indians revered Gandhi. If the tactics of the Pakis and Chinamen were 'cowboy' in nature, we had another round of cowboy's and Indians.

Ask yourself, what was Iran doing all this time? Putting finishing touches on their new nukes. Why hadn't the

Israelis taken out Iran's nukes? The price of fuel was too high and they hated to spend the money. The truth is stranger than fiction. And my cheek hurts from my tongue pushing on it.

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 7

Only 7.2 percent of Americans believe China represents a military threat to the United States, and even fewer – 2.3 percent – believe the issue of Taiwan could strain relations with China. China's occupation of Tibet ranked a meager 2 percent. More than half of those polled – 53.7 percent – said they have a somewhat favorable opinion of the Chinese people, but only 4.8 percent have similar feelings for the Chinese government.

When asked whether China is a threat to US national security, an economic threat to the United States or an economic partner and an ally, 21.7 percent of respondents said China is a threat to national security, 59.8 percent said China was more of an economic threat to the United States, and 5.7 percent believe China to be an economic partner and an ally.

Regarding China's continuing military buildup, 29.7 percent said they were "very concerned" while 2.9 percent showed "no concern at all." As far as China's threat to US national security, 18.7 percent believe the communist country poses "a great threat," while a minority – 3.7 percent – see "no threat at all from China."

Although Taiwan barely registered as an issue of contention between the two nuclear powers, about half of the nearly 6,000 Americans polled – 53.5 percent – believe the United States has a responsibility to defend Taiwan, should it be attacked by China, while 36 percent disagree. About 45 percent of Americans believe China is a threat to stability in East Asia, and 63.8 percent fear China's space program.

Regarding the war on terror, only a tiny minority – 1.8 percent – of Americans believe China is a valid partner in the global war on terror; 18.2 percent "somewhat agree," but the majority, 63.6 percent, disagree.

My TV started to make that awful sound and I checked the screen. *This is an Emergency Action Notification requested by the White House. All broadcast stations will follow activation procedures in the EAS Operating Handbook for a national level emergency. The President of the United States or her representative will shortly deliver a message over the Emergency Alert System.*

Oh, oh. "Sharon, come watch TV." She must have been in the middle of something, she wasn't happy.

Stayed tuned from a message for the Director of Homeland Security, Charles Schumer.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is with a heavy heart that I announce a surprise attack on Israel. Casualties have been high and in accordance with the sixty plus year policy of this country with respect to Israel, the President has ordered a retaliatory strike using both of our remaining Ohio class SSBNs against the Middle Eastern countries involved in this affair.

Not to make things worse, but China and Pakistan have failed to reach an agreement over the division of India and alarms have been raised signaling a possible nuclear confrontation between the combatants. We will bring you further information as soon as the FSB shares it with us.

"Two submarines? I thought we had 14?"

"We do, but they can't fight because Congress nixed the Reliable Replacement Warhead. If the 2 subs are fully equipped, that's 384 warheads, more than enough to take care of the Middle East."

"But, what about the Russians and Chinese?"

"The Chinese are busy trying to avoid a war with Pakistan. The Paki warheads are the Chinese designed warhead, courtesy of Dr. Abdul Q. Khan."

"But, what about Russia?"

"What about Russia?"

"Didn't you say they were building new missile subs? Ones with a very good missile?"

"I did. I wrote about it in several stories. People can't claim they weren't warned."

"Will they attack us?"

"You'd better hope they don't."

"Why?"

"Hitlery will invite the UN in to clean up the mess."

"Foreign soldiers on US soil? I don't think so."

"We already have foreign soldiers on US soil, and apparently they're winning. Did you ever get in touch with Patti?"

"No, now the lines are down."

"Ron said they overran Palmdale."

"Who overran Palmdale?"

"The invaders."

"Aliens?"

"In a manner of speaking but no spacecraft were involved. It was more like 360,000 screaming Chinese, 200,000 beaners, and tens of thousands of other Central/South American soldiers, according to Derek."

"What are we going to do?"

"Damed if I know, they didn't say, 'Duck and Cover'. You can do anything you want, dear; I'm going to clean and oil my guns and make sure all my magazines are fully loaded."

"Do I have to carry the Walther in the house?"

"Only if you want to."

"What about you?"

"I have the Nazi .32 in an ankle holster, the High Capacity GI .45 in a 1942 M-3 'Tanker' shoulder holster and am wearing two of the Colt revolvers."

"How do you walk with that much weight?"

"Set the wheelchair on low and chug along."

"No rifles?"

"Only in the rifle rack on the rear."

"Do you like the booties I crocheted to keep the muzzles clean?"

"Yes; but, I'd have preferred a different color."

"What's wrong with pink?"

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Once an ICBM is launched, it cannot be recalled by the launching party, so a different strategy had to be created by both the US and USSR. This led to two primary options. One option, "retaliation after ride-out" would require the second-strike nation to wait until after they were attacked to launch their missiles. Some portion of the nuclear arsenal would inevitably be destroyed in such an attack. This led to both superpowers investing heavily in survivable basing modes for their nuclear forces, including hardened underground missile silos for ICBMs, and submarine-launched ballistic missiles.

The other choice was "launch on warning" – launching nuclear missiles before the other side's missiles could destroy them. With the invention of the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System in the early 1960s, the possibility of America detecting launches of Soviet missiles became real. In the 1970's, this technology came to fruition after the deployment of space-based launch detection technology on both sides.

Once both countries had the ability to detect ballistic missile launches, both countries could at least theoretically implement a "launch on warning" strategy. It is a popular misconception that either or both superpowers actually adopted this as a standing policy. While neither country would publicly confirm or deny that they had a launch on warning policy in effect, it is likely that they did not. There are practical reasons why this policy was not feasible. The primary concern was that a false warning could easily lead to a global nuclear war (GTW). There were several false alarms on each side during the Cold War, and none of them led to a nuclear exchange.

Even if the false alarm problem were to be set aside, a practical launch on warning policy would still be too difficult to implement. Although it takes about 30 minutes for a wave of ICBMs to reach their targets, that does not mean the President of the targeted country has 30 minutes to decide what to do about the attack, for the following reasons.

The side that launches a well-coordinated first strike can pin down the retaliatory forces of the other country by launching a barrage of submarine based missiles from close range, in a fast "depressed trajectory" mode, and exploding the warheads every minute or so at high altitudes over the ICBM fields of the targeted country, using a technique called X-ray pin-down. This makes it impossible to launch the ICBMs without damaging their navigation systems for as long as the high-altitude detonations continue. This buys extra time for the wave of first strike ICBMs to complete their flights and hit their targets, which are the ICBMs that have been pinned down in their silos. This greatly shortens the effective warning time for the President to make his decision to launch a retaliatory strike while still under attack. It takes a few minutes to confirm launch detection from early

warning systems, and another few minutes for ICBMs to complete their launch procedures, and then a bit more for them to clear the region of X-ray pin-down, and that squeezes the decision time from both ends of the schedule.

This meant that launch on warning was regarded as an extremely dangerous policy with enormous practical problems to implement. That's why both superpowers deployed their nuclear forces in survivable basing modes, to maintain a credible deterrent of residual retaliatory forces that would survive a first strike. This gives military leaders the more realistic option of riding out the attack, assessing which forces remain operational, and deciding what range of retaliatory options are available.

There are nuclear strategies that fall short of massive retaliation. One of these is the proportional response. If one country launches one missile (accidentally or otherwise), a proportional response of one missile may be chosen. It's impossible to know for sure what the outcome would have been had one of the superpowers launched a small number of ICBMs at the other, but it's feasible that such an event could have led to all-out nuclear war.

The strategy of launch on warning is largely an academic one today, due to the deployment of submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs). Both the United States and Russia operate a fleet of submarines carrying nuclear-tipped ballistic missiles. The purpose of these submarines is to hide in the vastness of the ocean until needed, and then launch their missiles. They allow either country the ability to launch a second-strike, regardless of what is happening at home. (Oh really?)

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The real problem was that the US was transitioning from a Republic to a Democracy. That limited how long the country would remain the US of A. History says, 200 years, max. Let's talk about another subject while we're waiting for the 'Duck and Cover' message – Imperialism.

Imperialism developed in the early 19th century after the Industrial Revolution when the western nations began to take control of other non-industrialized nations and colonies. The "Age of Imperialism" usually refers to the Old Imperialism period starting from 1860, when major European states started colonizing the other continents. The term 'Imperialism' was initially coined in the mid to late 1500s] to reflect the policies of countries such as Britain and France's expansion into Africa, and the Americas.

In the twentieth century the term "imperialism" also grew to apply to any historical or contemporary instance of a greater power acting, or being perceived to be acting, at the expense of a lesser power. Imperialism is therefore not only used to describe frank empire-building policies, such as those of the Romans, the Spanish or the British, but is also used controversially and/or disparagingly, for example by both sides in communist and anti-communist propaganda, or to describe actions of the United States since the American Presidency's acquisition of overseas territory during the Spanish-American War, or in relation to the United States' present-day position as the world's only superpower.

The term "empire" has two meanings. In one sense, the US is not an empire, because it lacks a legal emperor, king, despot, or other hereditary head of state. In another sense, the US satisfies the definition of an empire, because it possesses sovereignty over territories which it has not annexed as states, such as Puerto Rico, American Samoa, Guam, US Virgin Islands, and in the past the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Cuba, Occupied Japan, Occupied German, Okinawa and the Philippines. As of 2006 the US maintains over 702 bases in 135 of the 195 sovereign independent nations of the world.

Controversy exists over whether the US consistently behaves like an empire across the world, and if it would be accurate to describe it as such. The term imperialism was coined in the mid-1800s to describe empire-like behavior, carried out by states which might or might not be formal empires. The Oxford English Dictionary

gives three definitions of imperialism:

1. An imperial system of government; the rule of an emperor, esp. when despotic or arbitrary.
2. The principle or spirit of empire; advocacy of what are held to be imperial interests.
3. Used disparagingly. In Communist writings: the imperial system or policy of the Western powers. Used conversely in some Western writings: the imperial system or policy of the Communist powers.

Debate exists over whether the US is an empire in the politically-charged sense of the latter two definitions. Some have suggested that this use of the term is an abuse of language. Historian Stuart Creighton Miller argues that the overuse and abuse of the term "imperialism" makes it nearly meaningless as an analytical concept. Historian Archibald Paton Thornton wrote that "imperialism is more often the name of the emotion that reacts to a series of events than a definition of the events themselves. Where colonization finds analysts and analogies, imperialism must contend with crusaders for and against." Political theorist Michael Walzer argues that the term "hegemony" is better than "empire" to describe the US' role in the world.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Imperialism> http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/American_Empire

The only thing I'm not sure about is that despot bit. OTOH, I want to be fair, so I'll give her the benefit of the doubt, just this once. It might be appropriate to talk about the American Dream, here, but I wrote that story, it was number 35, this is number 55. Still, I have to ask, "What right did the US have to tell the Iraqis that they had to have a democracy?" Yes, we defeated Saddam, but I still think we failed to defeat the Iraqis.

Think about this... Many years after the fall of the Roman Empire with the most powerful Army in the World, we ended up with Mussolini's Italian Army. Day and Night difference. The Romans had Legions. I belong to the American Legion, does that count?

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So far, I hadn't found out any more about the towers named after The Two Towers (think Lord of the Rings). Equally distressing was the lack of information about the warehouse that he hadn't admitted existed. He called Central Stores, 'the mini-mall'. I assumed that someone else on the ranch had heard the broadcast, it was on every TV channel.

"Hi, Dad."

"What did you make of Schumer's announcement?"

"What announcement?"

"The one that said World War III was about to begin."

"Did he say Duck and Cover?"

"Nah, he left that out. Are we the only people who watch TV during the day?"

"No one else has time, Dad."

"Ok, IIRC, he said that some Middle Eastern countries attacked Israel and we were retaliating with our two remaining boomers. He went on to say that China and Pakistan might get into a nuclear confrontation. Say, when did we start getting our intelligence from the Russians?"

"Dad, didn't you see 'The Hunt for Red October'?"

"Several times, why?"

"Remember what Captain Bart Mancuso said?"

"He said a lot of things."

"He said, "Central Intelligence Agency... Now, there's a contradiction in terms."

"Funny, I don't remember that from the book, but my memory isn't that good anymore."

"You know how close George and Vladimir were, maybe they stuck a deal. I've got to go and put us on alert."

"What level?"

"DEFCON 2, we'll wait for the missiles to fly to go to 1."

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Factoid adapted from Global Security:

The M1A1 series, produced from 1985 through 1993, replaced the M1's 105mm main gun with a 120mm gun and incorporated numerous other enhancements, including an improved suspension, a new turret, increased armor protection, and a nuclear-chemical-biological protection system. The newer M1A2 series includes all of the M1A1 features plus a commander's independent thermal viewer, an independent commander's weapon station, position navigation equipment, and a digital data bus and radio interface unit providing a common picture among M1A2s on the battlefield.

In lieu of new production, the Army was upgrading approximately 1,000 older M1 tanks to the M1A2 configuration. The Army also initiated a modification program for the M1A2 to enhance its digital command and control capabilities and to add the second generation forward looking infrared (FLIR) sights to improve the tank's fightability and lethality during limited visibility. This system enhancement program will be fielded in the 2000 time frame concurrently with the M2A3 Bradley and other advanced digital systems. The initial M1A2 fielding to the First Cavalry Division, Ft. Hood, TX, is underway. The Army will continue to field M1A2s to the CONUS contingency corps and other first to fight units.

The M1s are drawn from the bone yard and shipped to a factory setting to be upgraded. The Crusader was a piece of self propelled artillery that got scraped because of the cost. It was to be the source of replacement engines for the Abrams tank. It used the Honeywell LV100-5 turbine engine. In the ensuing years, Honeywell et. al. improved the engine to deliver more horsepower, hence more speed, using much less fuel.

The German's (Rheinmetall Corporation) manufacture our 120mm guns. Our guns are L44 (caliber), but the German's recently fielded a L55 (caliber) cannon. (The caliber of a gun is barrel length, not diameter.) The armor used on our tanks is Chobham spaced armor (ceramic blocks set in resin between layers of conventional armor) however the Challenger 2 has better armor than the Abrams. Side note: there is more to that armor than conventional armor and ceramics, but if I told you what it is, I'd have to ... the Abrams has been using Depleted Uranium (DU) armor since 1988. Hey it was supposed to be secret!

Further M1A2 improvements, called the System Enhancement Program (SEP), are underway to enhance the tank's digital command and control capabilities and to improve the tank's fightability and lethality. The M1A2 SEP (System Enhancement Package), is the digital battlefield centerpiece for Army XXI. It is the heavy force vehicle that will lead Armor into the next century and transition the close combat mission to the Future Combat System (FCS). The M1A2 SEP is an improved version of the M1A2. It contains numerous

improvements in command and control, lethality and reliability. The M1A2 System Enhanced Program is an upgrade to the computer core that is the essence of the M1A2 tank. The SEP upgrade includes improved processors, color and high resolution flat panel displays, increased memory capacity, user friendly Soldier Machine Interface (SMI) and an open operating system that will allow for future growth. Major improvements include the integration of the Second Generation Forward Looking Infrared (2nd Gen FLIR) sight, the Under Armor Auxiliary Power Unit (UAAPU) and a Thermal Management System (TMS).

On paper, an M1A3 Abrams has the latest version of the LV100-5 1,800shp engine, the L55 gun, the improved Chobham armor from the Challenger 2 and a cross between the SEP sighting system and the one used in the Leclerc, but better than both. Your starting point to build one is to acquire the parts from the various vendors mentioned. Then, you have your mechanics and engineers convert a Platoon of worn out M1s into a Platoon of M1A3s. Which you couldn't do except for the fact that there is no satellite coverage of your place.

Why only one Platoon? Several reasons including cost. After the first Platoon was done, if you were satisfied with the result, you could go through the same process to assemble more. They don't ship tank ammo in a CONEX either, so there's the matter of contacting Joe. In this case, time wasn't your friend. For all I know, the Army has the same idea and has a secret project developing a M1A3 MBT. If they don't, they should; and, if they did, I'm equally sure that Hitlerly put the kibosh on it. Tanks have guns and she says she going to get the guns. Beech!

+++++

When we went to DEFCON 1, I suddenly learned what that secret warehouse was all about. Was I ever in for a surprise. It had an indoor firing range, a Platoon of M1A3 tanks (I didn't realize that until he explained) several tons of tank ammo, loads of spare parts, plus storage just like I'd imagined. I'll let Derek explain:

Well, Dad, my favorite investment since the White Silence has always been General Dynamics Land Systems. It wasn't about money, either; I lost around 10% of my investment since SHE was elected POTUS to defense cutbacks. No, I loved my investment because they learned what kind of field experience I had and actually asked me for opinions.

Improvement 1: a new armor package.

GDLS took lessons learned from the Middle East, blended them with some data from "acquired" competitor files, shook well, and applied the new principles to the M1A3. They even came up with a technical bulletin and kits for field upgrades to the armor package to bring deployed tanks up to A3 standards without the boat ride. One misdirected shipment later, I had four kits and one very confused looking master welder.

The new package cut out half of the base armor thickness and replaced it with titanium facing featuring numerous threaded bolts. Those bolts allowed our mechanics to attach the rest of the package, a huge block of the latest laminated armor. Much of the steel plate armor on the upper surfaces was replaced with upgraded titanium steel twice as thick, and something very new called CERA (cellular explosive reactive armor) on every surface possible. CERA followed the same basic principles of common explosive reactive armor except that it removed the risk of one block triggering the next block over and removing the protection of both. It still couldn't be used in close proximity to dismounted infantry, but it worked wonders against most penetrators.

Add in something experimental like an active broadband guidance dazzler, and you wound up with an overall defensive improvement of 87%.

Improvement 2: A new primary weapon package.

We added the L55 120mm cannon in a mount that added 10 degrees of maximum elevation. We also replaced

the ballistics computer with something newer and more robust, updated the software package, and put a fully stabilized improved CROWS system on for the commander's M2HB. The loader got a powered mount for his M240, too, and all machine guns wound up with a much greater ready ammo capacity. Finally, the turret hydraulics system was completely rebuilt and augmented with electrical booster servos for a 360 degree rotation time of 4 seconds, nearly a 50% improvement.

Overall offensive improvement rounded out to 128%, with a new maximum effective range of roughly five miles due to the lack of ballistic solutions in the computer.

Improvement 3: More power.

The new power plant, coupled with a new under-armor auxiliary generator, allowed us to govern the maximum speed at a whopping 100 kilometers per hour. Classified improvements to the basic design had also resulted in the M161 series track shoes. For the first time in the platform's history the risk of track fire was not much higher than the risk that, say, a regular car tire would burst into flames while driving.

Overall automotive improvement was 40%, with an increase in range to 400 miles of operation on a tank of fuel.

Now, for the bad news. For all these improvements, the M1A3 as built was still very problematic to transport by aircraft; unable to be deployed by air drop; expensive to build (\$4.6 million by conversion, \$5.2 million new); and very expensive to maintain (roughly \$95 per hour of peacetime operation). The Pentagon reviewed the design and rejected it for military service but exercised their legal right to prevent GDLS from selling the package to foreign interests, wholly or in any part.

So what did I do to help cover all those losses? I purchased all of the upgrade packages they had produced but 14, their official inventory of record. I also bought every last spare part I could get. Thus, GDLS stayed in business and I got enough spares to keep my new "museum pieces" running for many years.

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Speaking of the Pentagon, I wish to express my mingled regret and horror that they didn't listen to we battleship nuts. I also wish to express my deepest sympathy to the families of the thousands of brave sailors lost in the battle of Bengal Bay.

In the 40s the Navy decided from lessons learned that since the aircraft carrier was superior in most respects to the battleship that the battleship was therefore obsolete. This was an understandable mistake, given the wealth of data available on the shortcomings of the battleship fleet during WWII. Most of the battleships in Pearl Harbor were built to Washington Treaty standards or as close to them as possible, making it possible that the battle cruiser HMS Hood out displaced most battleships by 10,000 tons or more at the outbreak of hostilities. For those who don't know, battle cruisers are smaller, faster, equally armed but lightly armored versions of battleships. The Soviet Union did not take the same approach as we did during the Cold War. They eventually built a guided missile nuclear powered battle cruiser class, the Kirov class, and scared the bejeezus out of American surface ship crews for several years.

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 8

The principle that we missed in the race to modernize the Navy was that lesser navies, unable to put 100,000 ton displacement super carriers in the water, might just build lesser vessels to modern standards. Thus, the obsolete

classes (heavy cruisers and up) could in fact become our primary targets.

China followed the same ideas as the now-defunct Soviet Navy when they began their secret building program. Only one difference: they came up with some effective helicopter, light, and fleet carriers, the first non-NATO power to do it on their own since Imperial Japan.

I would like to say that our attempts to raid the PRC supply ships were an unabashed success. Instead, I wept openly when I learned of the casualty lists.

USS Abraham Lincoln: Sunk with all hands.

USS Nimitz: Sunk with heavy loss of life. Survivors primarily captured by PRC destroyer crews.

USS Enterprise: Sunk with all hands.

USS Carl Vinson: Heavily damaged and incapable of flight operations. Heavy casualties.

Ticonderoga class cruisers lost: 8, Damaged: 1

Arleigh Burke class destroyers lost: 13, Damaged: 1

Oliver Hazard Perry class frigates lost: 6, Damaged: 0

Most common cause of damage to ships: surface-to-surface anti-ship cruise missiles. Number of ships lost to this cause: 14, including USS Nimitz.

Most destructive cause of damage to ships: naval artillery fire in 406mm caliber.

Number of ships lost to this cause: 8, including USS Enterprise and USS Abraham Lincoln. All but one of the ships sunk by naval gunfire exploded catastrophically within 20 minutes of the first hit scored, and all ships sunk by naval gunfire were engaged at not less than 30 and not more than 50 nautical miles range.

Total casualties: 30,197 killed or missing. (91% of crew complements on engaged ships; no non-combat ships were present during the engagement.)

Enemy casualties: unknown, but less than anticipated.

Translation: we got our gray-painted butts kicked by a second rate navy. Yeah, I cried real tears for those brave souls we lost in Bengal.

One of them was my brother in law aboard the USS Abraham Lincoln.

To continue with the tour...

“Hey Dad.”

“Sit down, kiddo. You look like hell. Have a cuppa.”

“Thanks, Dad.”

“Mary get to sleep?”

“Yeah, after Doc gave her something. I think that it helps that every flag in sight is at half-mast. At least they respect the dead around here. In Chicago there were celebrations by a couple of groups over the ‘clear warning sign from God that homosexuality is bad’.”

“Big?”

“They were when they started dancing around outside Great Lakes Naval Station.”

“Oh, chit.”

“Yeah. I think the nation lost another few hundred swabbies to the slammer after the police broke up the riot. 31 dead, all civilian. One of them was supposedly sodomized with his own protest sign.”

“That ought to piss off Hitlerly.”

“Yep. The chief of station has been relieved pending investigation, and the Navy didn’t need the extra heat. The CNO is already busy explaining himself to Congress over the casualty lists.”

Derek didn’t say much for a while. He just sat and rubbed his eyes.

“Penny for your thoughts, pal.”

“I was just thinking about where this leaves us.”

“I would say that we were where all sinners wind up, but the humidity is too high.”

“Very funny. What did you pull down off of the web?”

“Nothing unexpected. The doomsday clock got reset this morning.”

“To where?”

“3 seconds to midnight.”

Derek whistled. “Has it ever been that close?”

"Actually, closer. In '47, it went to 3 minutes to midnight and in '53 when we exploded the H bomb, it went to 2 minutes. Despite the Cuban Missiles Crisis, it went from 7 minutes to 12 minutes in '63. In '81 it went to 4 minutes and in '84 to 3. Still, the last change to 5 minutes was over Global Climate Change. Until this one, of course."

"Why over Global Climate Change?"

"What causes wars? Is famine anywhere near the top of your list? If it isn't, it should be."

"I see..."

+++++

“Good morning, Dad. You awake?”

“Oh, is it morning? I should get some sleep.”

Derek looked just like his mother for a moment. He was wearing the same look of disapproval she used to give me. “How old are you, Dad?”

“Save the lecture, pal, I’m a grownup too. Besides, you never assigned someone to watch the night shift.”

“Damon does that. He’s up anyway.”

“Oh? Thanks for telling me. I got a lot of sleep last night because you did.”

“Point taken, Dad. Go get some sleep.”

“You come in here just to tell me that?”

“Well, no, but you need to sleep now.”

“I’m up already, Derek! I have too much coffee in me right now to sleep, and those pills that Doc gave me won’t let me sleep during daylight, anyway.”

“He told me there wasn’t any caffeine in them.”

“There isn’t, as far as I know. My bedroom window doesn’t have enough curtains to block out the sun, and it has to be dark for me to get to sleep. They make my eyes sensitive to sunlight.”

“No chit? Sorry, Dad.”

“Never mind that, son, just tell me what you want.”

“Fine. You want to go see some things?”

“If it’s that secret warehouse, yeah, I do.”

“Then lets go.”

“Give me a minute to get my wheelchair unplugged.”

Again with the look. “Dad, you don’t need it. I promise. We won’t even get off the golf cart.”

“If you look at me like that again I swear I’ll move back to Kalifornia.”

“No, you won’t, but I’ll knock it off anyway. Shall we?”

+++++

Derek drove the golf cart like he drove his car. Too fast for the corners and over every bump he could find while apologizing the whole time. He took me down to his industrial complex and pulled into one of the warehouses. All the while seeming to be ignoring that we were at DEFCON 1.

Now, all of Derek’s buildings were built like ammo bunkers except for the houses. When we pulled in, we were actually driving underground. The building was pretty huge. Everywhere around us was piles and piles of boxed dry goods.

“What’s this?”

“The main warehouse. That's pile is your toilet paper.”

Derek was pointing at a stack of the big shipping cases of Charmin. There must have been around 10,000 rolls. Yeah right, a good start, just like 750 lawyers on the bottom of the ocean.

“That’s nice, but this ain’t the warehouse I was talking about. I knew that this one was here, just not what was

in it.”

“Then which one do you want to see, Dad?”

“The one over there that’s by itself!” God, he was exasperating sometimes.

“That’s not a warehouse.”

“Fine. It’s not a warehouse. I still want to see it!”

“Take it easy, Dad. I’m going there now.”

“You take it easy, junior. I’m too old for you to play games with.”

Derek threw the golf cart in gear again and floored it. “Hang on, Dad.”

“To what? Why aren’t we going outside?”

“Because you can’t get in there that way.”

“Oh? You forget to install doors?”

“No. They don’t open from the outside.”

That was more like it. Now he was getting paranoid. Glad to know that he was still my kid. We drove through the warehouse while he pointed out various commodities to me, like sewing needles and Rice-a-Roni. At the end of the warehouse we ducked into a tunnel that ran downhill.

“You said that the doors don’t open from outside?”

“Yeah. There’s a vault door at the entrance to this tunnel that will hold any BATFE agents that show up until we can get rid of the more alarming stuff down there.”

“Alarming? Like what?”

“Baby, for one. She’s not only functional; she’s aimed at the tunnel entrance. If the ATF shows up unannounced a lot of Hillery’s men are gonna be smeared all over the wall there. Even on low cyclic.”

“So this is the armory?”

“This is the range. The armory is down the hill. Same building, different ends.”

The tunnel ended around a series of S-curves. We emerged right into the sights of Derek’s M163. Gun barrels aren’t fun to look down even when they aren’t loaded.

“Here we are, Dad. Welcome to Sanctuary. This is where we rednecks come to pray.”

“What do rednecks pray for?”

“More ammo, less gun laws, and the second rising of the South, of course.”

“Anything else?”

“I think some of them pray that their wives won’t catch them on Saturday nights.”

“Hi, Spence. Welcome, Mr. Ott. What are you down here for today?”

“Some present giving, and some trigger time,” said Derek.

“Yessir. Would this be the right present?” The kid that was talking to us held up a wooden case.

“Yep. Thanks, Eli. Happy Father’s Day, Dad.”

“For me?”

“Yep.”

“Thank you. You didn’t have to do this.”

“Sure I did. Maybe you should open it up.”

“Ok.” I opened up the case. The brass hinges squeaked just a little. Inside were John Wayne’s shotguns.

“Jeezus!”

“Close. John. These are the authentic Greener's he used in Big Jake. They cost a lot more than the replicas but you’re worth it.”

“Do they fire?”

“Yep.”

I ran my fingers over the matching shotguns. “I can’t take these, kid. They must had cost you 7 figures.”

“They did, and you have to take them. No receipt for them, you see, so no returns.”

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Derek’s warehouse range was huge. Here underneath the rocky clay was a full firing range 550 yards long. The paper targets had powered tracks, there were nearly a hundred pop-up targets, and the entire range was designed to look like you were outside.

I was wearing 4 guns so why not? I moved the target to the appropriate range for handguns and proceeded to empty all my magazines and/or bullet loops. This was nice, I could relieve tension anytime it built.

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http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Forty-seven_Ronin tells the story of the 47 Ronin who in the the Genroku Akō Incident avenged the forced seppuku of their master, thus making them Ronin or leaderless samurai. With little embellishment, this true story was popularized in Japanese culture as emblematic of the loyalty, sacrifice, persistence and honor which all good people should preserve in their daily lives. The popularity of the almost mythical tale was only enhanced by rapid modernization during the Meiji era of Japanese history, when many people in Japan longed for a return to their cultural roots. I know of this because I once saw a History Channel program about Samurai that discussed the incident. The graves of the 47 are in Tokyo. Then, there is the story of the 7 Samurai, the basis for the movie 'The Magnificent Seven'. The 7 Samurai is fiction, the 47 Ronin, true.

Brave men, these Samurai; by the Grace of God, we would be as brave in the coming days. The nearest targets, assuming an enemy with unlimited nukes, were Little Rock, Springfield and for sure, Whiteman AFB. If the B2s weren't already airborne before they launched on us, I can only assume they were taxiing – maybe without weapons or a full load of fuel; there were many places they could land, refuel and arm. If they were armed, all they would need is tanker aircraft to reach any target in the world. If I were C-JCS, I'd have armed them and fueled them the moment trouble broke out. I'd have had the Minuteman III silos about 2 minutes from launch. Finally, I'd have sent out the SSBNs, if for no other reason than to save the boats and crews.

Peace Dividend my butt. Pine Bluff Arsenal located in Southeast Arkansas, is 35 miles Southeast of Little Rock. They announced in May of '07 that the last of the nerve gas had been destroyed. You know that they made pyrotechnics there, didn't you? As you saw when I learned of the contents of the warehouse, we didn't need any, for now.

The advantage of the M1A3 tanks was that they incorporated the very best features of the free world's best MBTs. That's the difference between Army Procurement and private procurement. As long as Derek was footing the bill, he could work totally outside of the envelope and not exceed the manufacturing capacity existing around the end of the first decade of the 21st century.

In the 24th century, Engineer Scott gave away the formula for transparent aluminum to a 20th century man. The molecule shown on the screen was actually Lexan. However, such a material exists in the 21st century. If you don't believe me, look it up on Wiki. Try: transparent alumina. You may know the materials by their common names, Ruby and Sapphire. I never cease to be amazed by Star Trek or Gene Roddenberry.

The only thing better than an M1A rifle is having 2 M1A rifles and you may quote me. Now, if you add to that collection, some M16s for trade, maybe a couple HKs and a couple of Barrett's, you're getting close. Tie into some of those cowboy guns and you have the world by the round things. When you have Greener's, worth a half million each, you start making plans about who to give the Stoeger to. Which may be important after the missiles fly. Don't let that bimbo get you guns! Seal it in PVC pipe and bury it or sink it in your pond. They won't try to take away your bows and arrows until next year, so you have time to make arrangements.

As far back as May 2007, a friend of a friend got a reading on his dosimeter that was in his car in the parking lot of a ... never mind, you wouldn't believe me, I'm that crackpot from Palmdale, er, Youbetcha, Arkansas who invents M1A3 tanks and buys illegal guns and magazines, right? Just a natural born thief waiting for an opportunity to steal, er, strategically reallocate, everything that not nailed down. Doesn't want normal things like jewelry or TVs, he wants to steal explosives. <http://www.geodatasys.com/dosimtr.htm>

The BATFE can come and look anytime they want, I have nothing to hide that's against federal law or requires a tax stamp. Rather you should consider these things as things I have on my shopping list for after TSHTF. If it's as bad as some of us imagine, getting the guns will be the last thing on their little bitty pea sized brains.

Do you remember the Peter Principle? It states: In a hierarchy every employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peter_Principle Perfect description the BATFE. They couldn't do the job when they were the BATF, so they added Explosives. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives (ATF) is a US federal agency; more specifically a specialized law enforcement and regulatory organization within the US Department of Justice. Its responsibilities include the investigation and prevention of federal offenses involving the unlawful use, manufacture, and possession of firearms and explosives, acts of arson and bombings, and illegal trafficking of alcohol and tobacco products. The ATF also regulates via licensing, the sales, possession, and transportation of firearms, ammunition, and explosives in interstate commerce. I'll give you a clue based on actual experience, they won't get involved in tobacco products, even stolen, unless the value exceeds \$7,000. They're the folks that the bimbo sent to get the guns.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/BATFE>

Bimbo:

1. [Slang] A woman regarded as vacuous or as having an exaggerated interest in her sexual appeal.
2. [Slang] A vacuous person: "a male bimbo ... who even has to be tutored ... in the clichés that comprise the basic interview" (George F. Will).

I like this one better:

1. a foolish, stupid, or inept person.
2. a man or fellow, often a disreputable or contemptible one.
3. Disparaging and Offensive. an attractive but stupid young woman, esp. one with loose morals.

Don't really know about her morals, but she isn't young or attractive; stupid, maybe, maybe not. I know that she didn't get caught in that deal up near Flippin (Whitewater). Is smart the same as being clever?

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Fast Battle Cruisers: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_cruiser As you can see, the German's had them too – they called them pocket battleships. We called ours the Alaska class large cruiser and built two, USS Alaska and USS Guam. Two originally being built were converted to Carriers at the onset of WW II. Somebody screwed the pooch when they retired our battleships. We should have upgraded them and built more. <http://www.globalsecurity.org/milita.../ship/cb-1.htm>

Let me remind you:

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven." – Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3, Verse 1

Time out while I tell you how I knew that. Have you ever heard of the M-14 rifle? I rest my case. The Defense Department was TOO CHEAP to upgrade the Abrams and concluded we didn't need battleships, battlecruisers or reliable replacement nuclear warheads. Although, in truth, you can blame the latter decision on the Democrats in Congress. I wrote McCain over that Immigration bill and explained that I'd never vote for any politician, Republican or not, who supported the bill that came out of that smoke filled room. I also told him, I'd never support someone who wanted to get the guns. Yes, really, late on the evening of May 24, 2007; I really should have kept a copy, but it was one of those letter to the Senator forms on his website.

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Paul Harvey called it Page 3:

An NBC report on the US Army's rejection of a new type of body armor has sparked a widespread debate over the safety of US troops in the field.

The NBC investigative report, which aired over the weekend, suggested that Interceptor body armor – which the Army current uses, calling it "the best in the world" – may be inferior to a privately-developed armor called Dragon Skin. Dragon Skin, made of a series of overlapping ceramic disks "like Medieval chainmail" that defend against bullets, has been sought by military personnel and their families in the belief it offers better protection than the Army-issued Interceptor vests, NBC said.

NBC News tracked down the man who helped design Interceptor a decade ago, Jim Magee, a retired Marine colonel:

LISA MYERS: What is the best body armor available today in your view?

JIM MAGEE: Dragon Skin is the best out there, hands down. It's better than the Interceptor. It is state of the art. In some cases, it's two steps ahead of anything I've ever seen.

MYERS: You developed the body armor that the Army is using today.

MAGEE: That's correct.

MYERS: And you say Dragon Skin is better?

MAGEE: Yes. And I think anybody in my industry would say the same thing were they to be perfectly honest about it.

But Brig. Gen. Mark Brown, who oversees the Army's body-armor program, told NBC that the Dragon Skin armor "failed miserably" in Army testing, which NBC says he suggested led to its ban from use by personnel. **But NBC notes that the Army banned soldiers from using Dragon Skin two months before the Army tested the armor.** See 'Page 2:', in chapter 5.

The report adds that the CIA has tested and approved the armor for use by its own operatives, and one former Army ballistics expert, Nevin Rupert, says he was fired for supporting the use of Dragon Skin, and believes that the Army is eschewing the armor because "it threatened their program and mission funding."

NBC later posted the results of its own testing, which found Dragon Skin to be superior to the Army's Interceptor vests. In two tests, performed earlier this month by the Beschussamt Mellrichstadt laboratory in Germany, an Interceptor vest was penetrated by gunfire after several shots, while the same number of shots did not penetrate a Dragon Skin vest. A third test of a Dragon Skin vest against a more lethal caliber of bullet - one that the Army does not require its vests to protect against - also showed no penetration of the armor.

The Associated Press writes that, in response to the NBC report, the Army "in a rare move" released the results of its Dragon Skin testing on Monday. In a press conference [Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 9

Continued...

General Brown said that the armor suffered "catastrophic failures," failing to stop 13 of 48 armor-piercing rounds.

"Zero failures is the correct answer," he said. "One failure is sudden death and you lose the game."

Brown added that the armor failed to endure required temperatures shifts - from minus 20 degrees to 120 above zero - which weakened the adhesive holding the discs together. And he said that the Dragon Skin's heavy weight was also a problem for soldiers who need to carry a lot of gear.

The Dragon Skin, he said, weighs 47.5 pounds, compared to the Army-issued Interceptor armor, which weighs 28 pounds.

The NBC report was also met with some skepticism on military community websites. DefenseTech, a military technology blog run by Military.com, points out that in NBC's video of the armor tests, the Dragon Skin armor is on a flat surface, which maximizes the overlap of the protective disks that make up

the armor. When worn, however, the armor would be curved, reducing the disks' protection. DefenseTech also notes that the armor's excessive weight reduces its "operational suitability." A post at the military website ProfessionalSoldier.com, run by and for members of the Special Forces, also criticizes the testing in a lengthy article endorsed by the site.

Stars and Stripes, a daily paper for the US military authorized by the Defense Department, writes that Murray Neal, the founder of Dragon Skin manufacturer Pinnacle Armor, says the Army is lying about the test results.

Murray Neal said eight of the rounds that penetrated the Dragon Skin vests were specifically aimed where there were no ballistic discs.

Of the remaining shots that went through the vests, five needed to be verified by a follow-up test, but the Army failed to do so, Neal said.

As for the Army's contention that the mesh of ceramic discs falls apart after being exposed to extreme temperatures, Neal said, "That's a bold-face lie."

Army spokesman Paul Boyce said Neal has made similar accusations against the Army in the past, but, "the test results speak for themselves."

ABC News affiliate KFSN in Fresno, Calif., reports that Mr. Neal says third-party testing is needed to resolve the issue of which armor, Interceptor or Dragon Skin, is safer.

"[The test] won't be conducted by the Army. It won't be conducted by me. That's the whole issue here."

Military.com reports that Brown said the Army has "gotten a flurry of interest" from Capitol Hill since the NBC report was released, and that the Army will be meeting with members of Congress this week to discuss the armor issue. <http://www.csmonitor.com/2007/0524/p99s01-duts.html>

Whatever armor is best, if Congress gets its hands on it, our troops are doomed. Did you figure it out, yet? Where do I stand? I'm a Patriot who has had it up to here with, Congress, the Prez, hell – politicians in general and don't care for reporters (including O'Reilly), lawyers and a whole lot of other people who learned a new language containing only one word, Baaaaa! The NIJ tested Dragon Skin and it passed.

Derek had both kinds, Interceptor and Dragon Skin. He didn't like the Dragon Skin, for whatever reason, probably the weight. How he managed to buy Interceptor is another of those mysteries we may never solve, he probably bought some stock in Point Blank or its parent, DHB Industries, Inc. The only way anyone could reach the Ranch was with artillery, the M1A3 had an effective range of 8,000 meters. However, I must quickly point out that his last MOS was in artillery, so he knew that. Probably the greatest danger lay in people equipped with GPS aimed munitions, like Excalibur. Keep in mind, only OUR military had the Excalibur, fielded in 2007.

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As originally constructed, the Iowa class had:

9 x 16" (406mm) 50 cal. Mark 7 guns
20 x 5" (127mm) 38 cal. Mark 12 guns
80 x 40mm 56 cal. anti-aircraft guns
49 x 20mm 70 cal. anti-aircraft guns

After conversion:

9 x 16" (406mm) 50 cal. Mark 7 guns

12 x 5" (127 mm) 38 cal. Mark 12 guns
32 x BGM-109 Tomahawk cruise missiles
16 x RGM-84 Harpoon Anti-ship missiles
4 x 20mm 76 cal. Phalanx CIWS

They should have called them the yoyo class, they were mothballed so many times, you never knew where they were. Only one, the USS Iowa isn't a museum. But it's mothballed and unrepaired (?). Another case of the military improving something out of existence. I know, I know, I'm lost in the past. Right, that's why we lost so many capital ships in the Battle of Bengal Bay. In one battle, we lost almost as many military personnel as we lost in Vietnam for direct battle injuries. And, how long did Vietnam last, when compared to the Battle of Bengal Bay? Why does the Navy get it so wrong so often? Oh well, I'm probably thinking of the Tomcat and the Phoenix. The Army is worse, if that's possible.

This time, we were passengers, along for the ride. I passed out CD V-742s until I ran out of them. Derek had more, but only enough for staff and relatives. From the warehouse, we moved on to the cavern to wait for the fallout to die down to an acceptable level. Mary had gotten everyone else to the cavern and the security staff directed the residents of Flippin plus some from Gassville. This may be an appropriate place to discuss the rules I've used in my stories concerning fallout. I've always said the maximum dose was 104mR per hour. It is, to avoid radiation poisoning. I've also suggested that you should wait until it's below 50mR. Less is more, in this case.

It's a trade off, pure and simple. Even at 50mR, you may receive genetic damage or end up with cancer. At our age, it doesn't matter, but for the kids... The trade off is between staying in the shelters and ending up crazy vs. risking exposure to radiation. Is there a rush, you may ask? You can't protect what you have from a hole in the ground. Ideally, you have enough parts to convert a Platoon of tanks into a Company of tanks, all M1A3s. Ideally, you have some of that artillery with a range of about 4 times the range of those tanks.

It's even better if you have some of those MLRS equipped with the Army Tactical Missile System (Army TACMS) missiles, which can be fired individually or simultaneously. Rockets have a range beyond 30 kilometers, and the Army M39 TACMS Block IA missile can reach to 300 kilometers.

<http://www.globalsecurity.org/milita...ons/atacms.htm>

Am I being hard on the military? Increased funding for Stryker and Future Combat Systems (FCS) came as a result of Army decisions in 2002 to terminate or restructure some 48 systems in the FY '04-'09 Program Objective Memorandum (POM) long-term spending plan. Among the systems terminated were: United Defense's Crusader self-propelled howitzer and the A3 upgrade for the Bradley Fighting vehicle, GD's M1A2 Abrams System Enhancement Program, Lockheed Martin's Army Tactical Missile System Block II and the associated pre-planned product improvement version of Northrop Grumman's Brilliant Anti-armor (BAT) munition, Raytheon's Stinger missile and Improved Target Acquisition System, and Textron's Wide Area Mine.

Army TACMS Block IA is an extended range variant of the Army TACMS Block I missile. The Block IA effort entails integrating an onboard Global Positioning System (GPS) with antenna and software into an inertial navigation system and reducing the Block I payload from 950 M-74 bomblets to approximately 300 M-74 bomblets to achieve the required accuracy and extended range. To compensate for the reduced payload, the accuracy of the missile has been improved with inflight GPS updates. If GPS is rendered inoperable, the Army TACMS Block IA reverts to inertial guidance only and maintains Block I accuracy. The missile is fired from the Improved Position Determining System of the M270 "deep strike" launcher and the M270A1 launcher with the improved fire control system (IFCS) and improved launcher mechanical system(ILMS).

Answer one question and I'll rest my case. "How in the name of God did the Mexican Army end up in Palmdale if our military was doing it's job?" Yeah, right; as an author, I've lived to see much of my fiction become fact. It happens because my fiction is based on fact, in many cases. Ask yourself, "How much of Gene Roddenberry's

fiction is now fact?"

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It was late in Dubya's term when the truth came out about China. All those pet food deaths? The Chinese were using Chemical Warfare on the world. We were their largest customer and it had the greatest effect here. Right up until he more or less figured it out (I sent him about 20 emails) and the FDA banned the import of all Chinese products intended for consumption or to be included in any consumed manufactured product. I was positive when I read about the FDA banning Chinese toothpaste. He probably didn't read any of my emails, that's why a President has staffers.

Plus this:

A government scientific advisory panel proposed sweeping changes Thursday to reduce the health burden of tobacco, which claims 490,000 American lives a year.

The report from the prestigious Institute of Medicine calls on Congress to allow the Food and Drug Administration to regulate cigarettes as drugs and control the way tobacco is marketed. Authors from the IOM, a panel of independent experts who advise the government on health policy, say they aim "to reduce smoking so substantially that it is no longer a significant public health problem."

The report says only bold action can help, including:

- Requiring all insurers – including the Medicare and Medicaid programs – to cover smoking-cessation programs.
- Licensing retailers that sell cigarettes, just as states issue licenses to sell alcohol.
- Raising cigarette taxes as much as \$2 a pack, an effective way to reduce smoking.
- Banning smoking in all non-residential indoor areas.

Members of both the US Senate and House have introduced pending legislation giving the FDA power to regulate tobacco products.

The report's authors say tobacco is a unique product, because it kills more Americans than AIDS, alcohol, cocaine, heroin, homicides, suicides, car accidents and fires combined. Almost half of the USA's 44.5 million adult smokers will die prematurely of a tobacco-related illness if they don't stop. About 21% of adults now smoke.

Only federal action could meaningfully reduce that rate, says committee chair Richard Bonnie, a law professor at the University of Virginia.

"It's disgraceful that year after year, Congress has bowed to the tobacco lobby and refused to act," Sen. Edward Kennedy, D-Mass., a sponsor of the FDA bill, said in a statement. "Hopefully, the IOM's powerful call to action will be the irresistible force that finally compels the Senate and House to act."

Cigarette maker Philip Morris USA has publicly said that it supports Kennedy's bill. R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company has said that the FDA's proposed powers would be overly broad.

What? Dissent in the ranks? Philip Morris is more diversified than R.J. Reynolds.

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BB-67 Montana Class

The five battleships of the Montana class, authorized under the 1940 "Two Ocean Navy" building program and funded in Fiscal Year 1941, were the last of their kind ordered by the US Navy. With an intended standard displacement of 60,500 tons, they were nearly a third larger than the preceding Iowa class, four of which were the final battleships actually completed by the United States. The Montana's were intended to carry twelve 16"/50 guns, three more than the earlier class. Protection against underwater weapons and shellfire was also greatly enhanced. They would have been the only new World War II era US battleships to be adequately armored against guns of the same power as their own. To achieve these advances, the Montana class was designed for a slower maximum speed than the very fast Iowa's and had a beam too wide to pass through the existing Panama Canal locks.

Preliminary design plans prepared for the General Board as part of the process leading to the Montana class (BB-67--71) battleship design. At the time, the Montana class was planned to begin with hull number BB-65, rather than BB-67 as it became after two more Iowa's were ordered as BB-65 and BB-66. None of these plans represent the design finally adopted for the Montana class.

The Battleship Study - BB65 - Scheme 3 - (1940 Studies), dated 6 February 1940, was for a ship of 52,500 tons standard displacement and 64,500 ton trial displacement, with a main battery of twelve 16"/50 guns, a secondary battery of twenty 5"/38 guns and a 130,000 horsepower power plant for a speed of 28 knots. Ship's dimensions are: waterline length 860'; waterline beam 114'; draft 36'. Scale of the original drawing is 1/32" = 1'. Port side 5" gun arrangement is labeled "previous secondary battery arrangement". Starboard side has a "proposed secondary battery arrangement."

The "Battleship Study - BB65 - Scheme 4 - (1940 Studies), dated 14 February 1940, was for a ship of 54,500 tons standard displacement and 64,500 tons trial displacement, with a main battery of twelve 16"/50 guns, a secondary battery of twenty 5"/54 guns and a 150,000 horsepower powerplant for a speed of 28 knots. Ship's dimensions are: waterline length 870'; waterline beam 114'; draft 36'. Scale of the original drawing is 1/32" = 1'.

The "Battleship Study - BB65 - Scheme 8 - (1940 Studies), dated 15 March 1940, was for a ship of 70,000 tons standard displacement and 82,000 ton trial displacement, with a main battery of twelve 16"/50 guns, a secondary battery of twenty 5"/54 guns and a 320,000 horsepower powerplant for a speed of 33 knots. Ship's dimensions are: waterline length 1050'; waterline beam 120'; draft 35'. Scale of the original drawing is 1/32" = 1'.

Completion of the Montana class would have given the late 1940s US Navy a total of seventeen new battleships, a considerable advantage over any other nation, or probable combination of nations. The Montana's also would have been the only American ships to come close to equaling the massive Japanese Yamato. However, World War II's urgent requirements for more aircraft carriers, amphibious and anti-submarine vessels resulted in suspension of the Montana's in May 1942, before any of their keels had been laid. In July 1943, when it was clear that the battleship was no longer the dominant element of sea power, their construction was cancelled. <http://www.globalsecurity.org/milita...ship/bb-67.htm>

US Navy battleship construction began with the keel laying of the Maine in 1888 and ended with the suspension of the incomplete Kentucky (BB-66) in 1947. During this almost six-decade-long era, 59 battleships of 23 different basic designs (or "classes") were completed for the Navy. Another twenty battleships and battle cruisers (three more "classes") were begun or planned, but not completed.

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"Do you know who hit us? Do you know how many hits we took? Did we retaliate? What with? Is that bimbo still in charge, or is it the Muslim? God save us all!"

"Now, calm down Sharon, I don't know the answers to any of your questions. With the radio setup we have here, we'll find out soon enough. I have one question for you, 'Do you still think I'm crazy?' I never was, you know, it just seemed like it."

"I never said you were crazy."

"Did you think it?"

"Well..."

"You wear that .380 everywhere except when you go to bed or in the shower, got that?"

"Who would want to live in a world after a GTW?"

"I would, think of the opportunities to get things I've always wanted and never had."

When he was a visible figure working against the rise of Nazism, Einstein had sought help and developed working relationships in both the West and what was to become the Soviet bloc. After World War II, enmity between the former allies became a very serious issue for people with international resumes. To make things worse, during the first days of McCarthyism, Einstein was writing about a single world government; it was at this time that he wrote, "I do not know how the third World War will be fought, but I can tell you what they will use in the Fourth – rocks!" (Calaprice, Alice (2005), *The new quotable Einstein*, Princeton University Press, ISBN 0-691-12075-7, p. 173)

From another website: "If USA won't change its imperialistic behavior (that has put into difficult position even its closest friends), within 20-30 years we will have to go through a WWIII. Chances are that USA won't want to let go of its grip on power. And as Einstein once said 'I don't know how the third world war will be fought but I do know that the fourth one will be fought with sticks and stones.'"

<http://eugenia.blogsome.com/2006/09/21/world-war-iii/>

World War Three. Also known as "The End of the World."

In *The Mathematical Experience* (Boston: Birkhäuser, 1981), Philip J. Davis and Reuben Hersh wrote:

One began to hear it said that World War I was the chemists' war, World War II was the physicists' war, World War III (may it never come) will be the mathematicians' war.

Ignazio Silone said (in the fifties, I think), that

"The next war will be between the Communists and the ex-Communists."

"The New York Intellectuals" was a loosely-defined group of public intellectuals of the 1940's and 50's, associated more or less with *Partisan Review*. The typical New York Intellectual was a disillusioned ex-Communist. (I have to capitalize these words. They're name brands.)

"I know not with what weapons World War III will be fought, but World War IV will be fought with sticks and stones." – attributed to Albert Einstein.

It's now become popular to regard the Cold War as WWIII, and to call the war against terror WWIV. Norman Podhoretz, in the pages of *Commentary*, has been one of the main popularizers.

The Rise of the New World Order by William Frederick, M. Div.

How will the culmination of this plan produce the New World Order with the antichrist as the world ruler? The framework of this plan was given to Albert Pike on January 22, 1870. This plan was kept secret for many years, but was revealed by a former Illuminati, Doc Marquis, in his book *Secrets of the Illuminati*. Marquis tells us that Pike received this plan from a "guiding spirit." In other words, he received this plan for the establishment of the New World Order from Satan or one of his demons. The major components of the plan entailed the fighting of three world wars.

The First World War was designed to overthrow czarist Russia and establish communism. The Second World War was to be started by Britain and Germany and had as its eventual goal the strengthening of Russia into a superpower. As we know from history, both objectives were fulfilled. Officially, some claim Pike's letter is a fake. However the contents of the letter were revealed to the public just after WWI, and the fact that WWII fulfilled the plan in the letter is proof that it is authentic.

The Iraq War is also a part of this takeover plan and will help shift control of world affairs to the U.N. and eventually the NWO, as detailed by David Bay of Cutting Edge:
Since the Illuminati had first planned for the Iraqi invasion by American troops in 1952 (former Satanist Bill Schnoebelen), we can only conclude that this detailed plan may provide for the gradual political disaster of both Blair and Bush. As we have stated many times before, if Bush is wondrously successful in his invasion of Iraq, with no significant political fallout, the world will see that his defiance of the United Nations – his exercise of National Sovereignty – was clearly the plan of action that needed to have been taken.

At this point, the carefully crafted image of the U.N. as an indispensable world body will shatter, possibly never to recover again. However, the Illuminati fought World Wars I and II for the express purpose of establishing a world government that one day will possess real teeth and be able to force individual governments to do its bidding. The Illuminati cannot have the U.N. to shatter, and Bush is no "loose cannon." Therefore, the end result must be that Bush's exercise of National Sovereignty will finally be shown as an unmitigated disaster, while the temperate position of the U.N. must be shown to be the way in which the world must be governed from this point forward.

The Third World War is supposed to be triggered by war between Judaism and Islam and will eventually spread to the whole world. Listen to what Albert Pike said about WWIII:

The third World War must be fomented by taking advantage of the differences caused by the 'agentur' of the 'Illuminati' between the political Zionists and the leaders of Islamic World. The war must be conducted in such a way that Islam and political Zionism mutually destroy each other. Meanwhile the other nations, once more divided on the issue will be constrained to fight to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and economical exhaustion... Then everywhere, the citizens, obliged to defend themselves against the world minority of revolutionaries, will exterminate those destroyers of civilization, and the multitude, disillusioned with Christianity... will receive the true light through the universal manifestation of the pure doctrine of Lucifer, brought finally out in public view.

Another illuminati writer, H.G. Wells, has further detailed that WWIII will start from an event that occurs in Basra. He was given this information from a demonic Guiding Spirit in 1933 in which he wrote about in his book entitled, "The Shape of Things To Come."
"...the plan for the 'Modern World-State' (New World Order) would succeed in its third attempt (WWIII) and would come out of something that would occur in Basra, Iraq."

Cutting Edge Ministries has further documented other interesting facts that have been revealed by Illuminati concerning WWIII. WWIII will probably be triggered by the Middle East conflict, involve a nuclear confrontation with North Korea, and the takeover of Taiwan by China. All one has to do is watch the evening news to see how close we are to seeing part of this occur. Although there are too many details to go into here, what readers should take from this is that Satan has planned three world wars to establish the New World Order.

WWIII has as its ultimate goal to usher in the New World Order, which will eventually have the antichrist as the head. According to former Illuminati Satanist, Doc Marquis, once World War III begins the Antichrist will arise on the world scene in 13 weeks...

We have examined some aspects of the plan of the Illuminati to take over control of the world and institute the antichrist as the leader. We have also looked at their plans to establish a universal world religion headed by the Pope. It is readily seen how some of their plans will be fulfilled because we can see these plans as events foretold in the Bible. Some of their plans that are not foretold by the Bible may or may not come to pass. God is in ultimate control. How much of the plan God allows to occur is yet to be seen.

http://www.aoreport.com/mag/index.ph...23&Item_id=47

I guess that chews it up and spits it out. There is a view there about WW III from most sides. The swords are now plowshares, so to speak. I bring it up later. It wasn't time to go shopping, I didn't need to.

<http://www.wwgreener.com/> http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/W._W._Greener

Let's discuss Big Jake's Greener shotguns. They were breechloaders, I can tell you that much. Mr. Greener was a firm believer in the concept of muzzleloaders and refused to make any breechloaders. Hence, his son, William Wellington Greener, struck out a line of his own (the W.W. Greener company) and produced his first breechloader in 1864. When William Greener died in 1869, the two companies were amalgamated together as the W.W. Greener Company, and carried on by William Wellington Greener. William Wellington Greener was responsible for several innovations, as described in the sections below, and it was on the strength of his inventions that the company became famous. Under W.W. Greener, the company established offices in Birmingham, London, Hull, Montreal and New York.

To get perspective, "John Wayne is Big Jake McCandles, on the trail on bandits in this action drama that stretches from Texas to Mexico. It's 1909, and the Old West is giving way to modern times. When the outlaw gang led by vicious John Fain (Boone) raids Jake's ranch and kidnaps his 8-year-old grandson, Jake's wife (Maureen O'Hara), whom he hasn't seen in 18 years, sends for her husband to rescue the boy. While the law gives chase in rickety automobiles, Jake saddles up with an Indian scout, a faithful dog, and a box of money. But paying ransom isn't Jake's idea of good old frontier justice."

The ranch house used for the McCandles ranch in this film is the exact same house that is used for the Chisum ranch in "Chisum", a John Wayne film that was made a year earlier. Note the scenery around the ranch. John Wayne had become an American cowboy legend, but his favorite sidekick was less well-known – a leggy chestnut Quarter Horse named Dollor. Wayne liked this movie stunt horse so much – riding him in seven films including True Grit and The Shootist - that purportedly no one could ride him but Wayne. As for Dollor, he was so fond of Wayne that even after the actor's death, he looked for him whenever he heard the sound of "The Duke's" voice.

You need that information to understand about those Greener shotguns. I couldn't determine if they actually used real Greener's in the movie, but if they did, they'd be worth their weight in gold. The Greener's were coach guns, no doubt 12 bore (gauge). At least worth their weight in gold (The gun's used in Cahill and Big Jake were Greener's, these – and were worth a fortune).

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The history of the American West was written, literally, with firearms. And although this occurred during a surprisingly brief period more than 150 years ago, many guns from this time are well-known today. In fact, thanks to Hollywood, even those with little interest in firearms recognize the Colt Single Action Army revolver and the Winchester lever-action rifle as "The Guns That Won The West."

Lesser known is the coach gun. But, in the overall scheme of things it was certainly as important as those other

weapons—possibly more so—when it came to settling the West.

PROTECTION RACKET

The term "coach gun" emerged in 1858 when Wells, Fargo & Co. began regular stagecoach service from Tipton, Mo., to San Francisco, Calif. The route was 2800 miles long, and passed through some of the most lawless areas of the West. In addition to carrying passengers, Wells Fargo also had contracts for the US Mail, as well as the task of transporting gold shipments to its banking facilities.

To say that the coaches became a tempting target for outlaws is an understatement. In fact, robbing stagecoaches became a cottage industry in some areas, and between 1870 and 1884 Wells Fargo stages were the target of 347 robbery attempts.

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 10

Continued...

Getting the stage and its valuable cargo through was not a job for the fainthearted, and some of the best in the West accepted the challenge. Among those who spent time driving stagecoaches were Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody and Morgan Earp.

Riding with them was an armed guard toting a coach gun.

This wasn't a specific make or model of firearm. It was a moniker earned through circumstance by a generic class of guns. These were compact, side-by-side double-barreled shotguns featuring barrels in the 12- to 20-in. range to allow easy handling in the cramped driver's box of the stage.

Virtually all featured twin triggers, with one trigger for each barrel. Most were equipped with external hammers, called "rabbit ears," although some hammerless models were produced. The 12-ga. likely was the most popular, although the 10-ga. and, to a lesser extent, the 16-ga. were widely used.

Glamorous they were not. But they were an ideal tool for the task.

Although repeating rifles held more rounds and had a greater range, only in Hollywood does one score consistent hits on moving targets from the bouncing box of a fleeing stagecoach. The multiple-shot charge from a smoothbore was far more likely to score, and since only hits counted in that situation, shotguns were the choice of savvy stage guards.

There were some repeating shotguns available that could hold more than the two rounds of the double barrel, but their mechanisms were rather delicate and not up to the rigors of stage travel. That made them less than reliable.

The sturdy little double barrels suffered no such ills. They were virtually indestructible, and even if heavily fouled they would fire as long as shells could be rammed into the chambers and the action closed. Should fouling become excessive, a quick wipe on the breech face and chambers with a shirttail would put the gun back into action.

When it came to guarding the stage, the coach gun reigned supreme. In fact, the term "riding shotgun" is still in common use today. But, as effective as the coach gun was, its reign was brief.

By the late 1890s, railroads were carrying the bulk of gold shipments. Stage lines were in decline and provided rather meager pickings for robbers. At the same time, smokeless powder came into use, as did more reliable repeating shotguns, like the 6-shot Winchester Model 97 pump.

COACH GUN REVIVAL

Time and technology began to render the coach gun obsolete. It might have faded completely had it not been for the Single Action Shooting Society (SASS).

Founded in 1985, SASS (<http://www.sassnet.com>) has almost 60,000 members spread across all 50 states. They compete in action-style firearms matches in which multiple targets are knocked down as quickly as possible. And they do it with Old West firearms while wearing period clothing.

While time and circumstance ended the reign of the coach gun in the late 1890s, SASS rules have made it one of the most desirable shotguns for its competitive events. The same factors that made the compact double barrel the best tool for the job then, do so now. And manufacturers are eager to provide these guns.

The resurgence in popularity, however, isn't restricted to SASS competitors. Once gun makers began producing coach guns for this enthusiast market, other shooters rediscovered the classic shortened double barrel.

A number of the traditional twin-trigger/rabbit-ear models are purchased by those who will never shoot them. Simply hanging a piece of American history on the wall, or inside a display case, is enough for them. In some cases, the guns may be special-edition commemorative models, exquisitely engraved in a custom shop. They are produced in limited numbers to achieve some degree of collector value. **The John Wayne Coach Gun produced by America Remembers is one such outstanding example.**

More than a few of these shotguns serve double duty as home-defense firearms, and they are just as effective in that role today as they were in their heyday. Few criminals argue with a double-barreled shotgun, and those who do usually lose.

Even hunters have taken note of the handy coach gun. Those who hunt grouse and woodcock, and pursue other heavy-cover wing shooting chores have found the short barrels are lightning fast for flushing out birds. Those models available in the hammerless/twin-trigger configuration (especially those offering interchangeable choke tubes) are an excellent choice for upland birds as well as small game. One-ounce loads are comfortable to shoot in the 12 ga. Those looking for less recoil will find some models available in 20 ga. and .410.

And there are plenty of models from which to choose. They aren't made by the legendary companies that produced the originals. Instead, they come from factories in Spain, Italy, Turkey, Brazil, China and elsewhere. But they are precisely machined with modern steels and eminently suited to carry on the coach gun tradition.

The classic twin-trigger/rabbit-ear models are among the most commonly encountered, but there are a number of hammerless/twin-trigger models available. Although single-trigger guns were virtually unheard of on the Western frontier, coach gun models featuring this firing mechanism are offered. Here's a look at the most prominent coach gun models currently on the market.

HUGLU ARMSCO

Two models of the Turkish-made Huglu are available. Both are hammerless designs featuring 20-in. barrels, interchangeable choke tubes (five are supplied with each gun), a Turkish walnut stock and forearm, a raised center rib with a single-bead front sight, a manual sliding-tang safety and case-hardened receivers with polished, blued barrels. These guns are available in either 12 or 20 ga. The Durango model offers a single

trigger, while the Amarillo provides the traditional twin-trigger configuration. 847-768-1000;
<http://www.armsco.net>

CENTURY ARMS

Four budget-priced models of Chinese manufacture are offered, and each is a traditional exposed-hammer/double-trigger design. All feature 20-in. barrels, a sliding safety, a center rib with a bead front sight and a walnut-stained hardwood stock. They are available in 12 and 20 ga. in fixed-choke and full-choke models, as well as .410 in a cylinder choke.

Also available is the Century Arms Centurion Coach Gun model, an upper-level offering manufactured by Kahn in Turkey. Chambered for 12 ga. (3-in. shells) with 20-in. cylinder-choke barrels, a sunken center rib and a brass-bead front sight, it is an exposed-hammer/double-trigger design with Anson & Deeley-style sidelocks, a Turkish walnut stock and polished, blued metalwork. <http://www.centuryarms.com>

EUROPEAN AMERICAN ARMORY (EAA)

European American Armory offers three Bounty Hunter coach gun models made by the Russian firm Baikal. And while similar in outward appearance, there are noticeable mechanical differences between them.

Model IZH43 is a hammerless/twin-trigger design featuring 20-in. barrels, a sliding safety and an American walnut stock. It's available in either a blued or nickel receiver. It is offered in 12 ga. (2-3/4-in. chambers) or 20 ga. (3-in. chambers). Either gauge can be had with fixed cylinder chokes or with the MC-3 interchangeable choke-tube system.

Model IZH43K is available only in 12 ga. (2-3/4-in. chambers) with 20-in. barrels in either fixed cylinder chokes or the MC-3 interchangeable system. It features twin triggers along with exposed hammers, which recreate the traditional appearance of the classic coach gun but serve only to cock the internal hammers on the gun.

Model IZH43KH is identical in appearance to the IZH43K, but offers an 18.5-in. barrel. Its exposed hammers are truly functioning hammers--they hit the firing pin instead of just activating an internal set of hammers.

All three guns feature walnut stocks and polished/blued barrels with a center rib and single-bead front sight. <http://www.eaacorp.com>

INTERSTATE ARMS CORP. (IAC)

The Chinese-made Model 99W Hammer Coach Gun is an exposed-hammer/twin-trigger 12-ga. with an American walnut stock. The 20-in. barrels are chambered for 2-3/4-in. shells. The 99W features dual safeties -- one to block the trigger and one to block the hammer. 978-667-7060

STOEGER INDUSTRIES

The Brazilian-made Stoeger coach gun is a hammerless/twin-trigger design with a sliding safety. Available in 12, 20 and .410 (3-in. chambers on all), each features 20-in. barrels with fixed chokes in Improved Cylinder and Modified, and a raised center rib with a brass single-bead front sight. Models are available in a variety of finishes, including blued steel and walnut, bright nickel with black Brazilian hardwood, and matte nickel. The newly introduced Coach Gun Supreme model features upgraded wood, an effective recoil pad, and is fitted for interchangeable screw-in choke tubes (Improved Cylinder and Modified are supplied with the gun) on the 12- and 20-ga. versions. In addition, a 24-in. barrel version is offered in 12 ga., and while that departs from the traditional short barrel, it would make an excellent upland bird gun. <http://www.stoegerindustries.com>

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The John Wayne guns were basically copies of the guns in my wooden case. Copies, 'cause I had the real thing. That's good because John Wayne was from Iowa. I test fired them with the ammo I had. They like the Brenneke slugs, the Magnum Express 00 Buck and the #4 Buck. I don't think I'll bother with #9 shot in THESE guns.

None of which has much to do with what was going on topside. With the entire complex connected via tunnels and all tunnels leading to the one the leading to the cavern, I began to suspect that Derek had finally read 'Percy's Mission'. He denied it, so I guess not. Given a choice, I'd rather be anywhere than a hole in the ground. I knew that owning Big Jake's Greener's didn't make me John Wayne.

John Wayne was born Marion Robert Morrison in Winterset, Iowa, but his name was changed to Marion Michael Morrison when his parents decided to name their next son Robert. Wayne's family moved to Palmdale, California, and then Glendale, California, in 1911. He was also active as a member of the Order of DeMolay, a youth organization associated with the Freemasons, whom he would also join when he came of age.

By all accounts, Wayne's failure to serve in the military during World War II was the most painful experience of his life. Clearly, there were some other stars who, for various reasons, did not enlist. But Wayne, by virtue of becoming a celluloid war hero in scores of patriotic war films, became the focus of particular disdain from both himself and certain portions of the public, particularly in later years. The rampant patriotism with which he was so identified in the decades to come sprang, it appears, not from hypocrisy but from guilt. Wayne's third wife, Pilar, wrote, "He would become a 'superpatriot' for the rest of his life trying to atone for staying home." His 100th birthday was May 26, 2007.

- Speaking to his young cavalry lieutenants: "Don't ever apologize – it's a sign of weakness." (She Wore a Yellow Ribbon)
- "Fill your hand, you sonofabitch!" (True Grit)
- "That'll be the day!" (The Searchers)
- "I won't be wronged; I won't be insulted and I won't be laid a hand on. I don't do these things to other people and I require the same from them." (The Shootist)

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The problem with where Youbetcha Ranch was had nothing to do with Little Rock, Springfield or Whiteman AFB. It had all to do with Kansas. Again, check it out. Look at the fallout maps for Arkansas. It also has all to do with the wind direction. <http://www.ki4u.com/nuclearsurvival/states/ar.htm> <http://www.downwinders.org/>

I had maps, I had nearly everything, except patience! It was a good thing that the shooting range connected to the cavern via an underground tunnel. By the time we got out, I was not only a good shot, but had nearly perfected my fast draw. Nearly. Didn't matter, I had a pair of Greener's. Would I really shoot a collector's item? Hey, there probably aren't many collectors left, now. Unfortunately, over the days following the attack, we learned the answers to most of Sharon's questions.

Do you know who hit us? – Russia

Do you know how many hits we took? – No, but the best estimate is several hundred in the first wave.

Did we retaliate? – Osama Obama did, the Russians also hit some Muslim countries.

What with? – Everything they had, whether it worked or not.

Is that bimbo still in charge, or is it the Muslim? – Do you speak Arabic or Farsi? Better pull out that Rosetta Stone course and learn (\$500 per language) quick!

What's left? – Not much.

The battered Pacific Fleet managed to have most of their ships out of port; the Atlantic Fleet was not as lucky, but they managed to save around two thirds of their ships thanks to the task force that was busy steaming around Cape Horn. The Air Force had lost nearly every plane due to EMP, shock damage, or fire. The Marine Corps lost half their forces to the strikes and the balance was embarked with the Navy. The Army was somewhere between the Marines and the Air Force in effectiveness right now; that is to say, mostly useless.

National Command Authority is the military catchphrase for the power resting in the office of the President and the Secretary of Defense. Right now, though, it was really just a polite way to say “impotence”. Our duly sworn successor to the late great Hillary (44th on the History Channel list of successful Presidents – don’t ask me how the History Channel managed to keep going during a crisis, but they were still updating their webpage (!) and we caught it through the use of satellite internet uplink) was currently in complete command of NORAD and not much else.

We lost nearly all of our governors, including Beebe from Arkansas. The senior surviving state official was a state representative from Gassville, of all places. I gave him some thought while we were waiting for the radiation to settle down, and tried to call him as soon as my phone had a dial tone.

“Thank you for calling. This is the office of Governor Monty Davenport. Your call is important to us. If you are calling from a touchtone phone, please press 1.”

BEEP

“For answers in English, press 1. Para respuestas en español, cuelgue y llama 1-800-328-7448.”

BEEP

“If you need assistance from emergency services, please hang up and dial 911. Help will arrive as soon as it is available. If not, press 1.”

BEEP

“Thank you. Your call will be answered in the order received.”

Instead of elevator music, the emergency broadcast system came on. I listened to around 5 minutes of weather and fallout updates, plus at least half of the list of communities in Arkansas that were not safe to enter. I heard Bull Shoals, Cotter, Flippin, Gassville, and Lakeview before, finally, “Monty Davenport”.

“Sir, this is Sergeant Ott of the 142nd Field Artillery.”

There was a pause while he pulled away from the phone and yelled, “Got one!” then he said, “Sergeant Ott, what is your rank?”

“Sergeant First Class. I’m a Intercept Radar Operator.”

“Got any field experience, Sergeant?”

“Yes, sir. I was a tanker for around a decade before I switched specialties. Been to Korea, Kosovo, and Iraq.”

“Good. You are the first member of your unit to call in so far. That makes you senior.”

“Yes, sir. How many Guard are left?”

“So far, around three dozen small units, mostly squad strength and below. Can you give me a status report?”

“Yes, sir. Current Background Radiation in the Bull Shoals Lake area is 78mR per hour. Still not safe to head outside.”

“How many do you have with you?”

“No soldiers. Around 1,500 civilians in an underground shelter.”

“Equipment?”

“Four tanks, various small arms and explosives. All private property, Sir.”

“Can you hold out until the radiation drops?”

“Yes, sir, we sure can.”

“Very well. Stay there. Keep as much of an eye out on those civilians as you can. Report in every day. When you get the thank you prompt, punch in ‘3113’.”

“Wilco, sir.”

“Nice to know that we still have some soldiers around. Like I said, you are the senior. Ever want to be an officer?”

“No, sir.”

“Good, that’s good. You’re the Adjutant General for Arkansas now. Congratulations, Major General.”

“But...”

“I have to let you go, General. Call tomorrow and I’ll try to have the full rollup for you. Dismissed.”

I hung up and looked at Dad. “Chit.”

I knew that look, the chit only confirmed what I was thinking.

"Made you an officer, didn't he?"

"Yes. He made me..."

"A Lieutenant, right? You have your own tank Platoon and didn't tell him about the artillery, so he made you a Platoon Commander which is a Lieutenant, right?"

"Right on the rank of a Platoon commander. Wrong on him making me a Platoon Commander. Wait, Dad, just wait. He made me the Adjutant General for Arkansas, a Major General."

Mind you, I was still trying to get over the fact that he got through to the Governor at all, let alone the fact that the phones were working. I think I must have had a brief dizzy spell, the next thing I knew, I was being given apple juice, slowly so I didn't choke. It wasn't low blood sugar, it was just too much excitement. Besides, I like my apple juice cold, not warm.

Moreover, just because the phones were working in Arkansas, didn't mean they were working everywhere. I tried to bring up my browser and it couldn't find my homepage which was the provider's homepage. That meant I couldn't send anyone emails. I tried FT's number and got the funny beep you get when the line isn't available. I didn't have Ron or Russ's numbers.

Hmm, do you suppose Glenn Beck made it out of New York and to Utah before the bubble went up? I did my best to keep in touch with Fleataxi and Russ. It was usually an email sent to share something from a new source with Russ and to give Fleataxi a hard time over 'since', too complex sentences and his fiction moving to science fiction to science fantasy. He won, I bought the 590, but I'd not buy a Glock. I might take one... for trade goods, but I'm not sure I'd ever buy one. I'd take a H&K USP Tactical in the blink of any eye or even it's big brother, the Mk 23 Mod 0. Personal taste, nothing more. Now that I had something to brag about, like that pair of consecutively numbered Greener's fitted to a hand made case.

Without giving too many details, Russ had a place in mind that would serve as a suitable shelter for his whole family and probably enough supplies to ride out the attacks and fallout. I think he said something about a former Civil Defense Shelter. It beat the setup in Palmdale by 50 times over, but was not quite up to Derek's setup. Our third Amigo, Fleataxi should come through it just fine; I mean hell, he had a Glock, a Kel-Tec SU-16 and the Mossberg 590. I wasn't worried about the people who frequented the survival oriented websites, it was the others.

Comparing locations, at least my high capacity magazines were now legal and, thanks to Derek, I had many more. Although I loved that Super Match, it wasn't the M1A that I grabbed first. When it came to grabbing the Barrett's, you could grab them, but you couldn't move them very fast. Then again, considering their effective range, you didn't need to.

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So my son who hadn't planned on reenlisting was now the Chief and not an Indian. Well, he's still an Indian, let me try that again, he's the Chief Indian. The saying, 'Too many Chief's and not enough Indians always bothered me because the Chiefs were Indians too.

He kept in touch with the Governor, as required, and got his people to working on building more tanks. They was a plethora of parts. They managed to complete 2 more M1A3 during our waiting period and I got to see a M270, MLRS setup. It wasn't nearly as impressive as the half dozen M109A6E3s. Derek said he didn't have any Excalibur rounds, but he knew where to get some. That made me feel better, I'd get to do some looting after all.

When the fallout fell to acceptable levels for we older folks, we slipped into the Tyvek suits, got our weapons and radiation counters, and checked things out. Accompanied by 3 middle aged single members of the security force, we survey the entire ranch, making extensive notes. We could leave it to the medical staff to sort it out. Medical staff... I know, I forget to tell you about my new crown and the root canal I endured. Typical dentist, I told him to yank them and he insisted on saving them. Then it took 3 more trips to replace missing filings and fix the new ones.

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High on my list were those Arkansas stones, if you couldn't shave with it, it was dull. Derek had someone work over Rambo III, giving me something to shoot for (a goal). He also replaced my wheelchair with a golf cart for use outside the home, giving me 4 forms of transportation: the H1 Alpha, Shelia, the golf cart and the wheelchair.

Unfortunately, Security wouldn't let me out of the gates without approval from higher authority and on

Youbetcha Ranch, there was only one higher authority. I got tentative approval subject to the mechanical staff making a few 'minor' modifications to the Hummer. I think they used Kevlar and that new bullet proof glass invented by some Australian that resisted the effects of a 5,000 lb bomb. No CROWS and no sunroof, meaning if I did run into trouble, we'd have to bail out to respond. I also had company, 3 former Rangers, as a guard detail. As long as they only snickered behind my back I didn't mind.

Now it was my turn, when it came to driving fast and recklessly, Derek and Mary were amateurs, ask Sharon. I had my notes, thank God, and we started looking for the Arkansas stones. It was only after I found them that they laughed and told me there were several sets in the warehouse. OTOH, we could report that everything in this area was intact and, subject to the radiation levels, ready to occupy.

Derek sent scouts out in his version of an uparmored Hummer ala M1114. These were actually M1114s he'd acquired at a government auction and refurbished / upgraded / restored. He used lightweight transparent armor throughout, the stuff the Aussie invented, which had the effect of reducing the vehicle weight and increasing the protection at the same time. The engines were replaced, the transmission rebuilt or replaced and a gun installed consisting of: a Mk 19, M2HB, M240, or an M249.

Because Derek favored the FAL, they were standard issue although he had the H&K G-36 for administrative staff. Meanwhile, I took my new golf cart to the shop and had a weapons rack installed, replacing the back seat. I had to endure every kind of insult, albeit behind my back. In the rack, I had 2 Barrett's, 2 M1As, 2 HKs, a Mossberg, 2 Winchester lever actions, the Marlin 1895 Cowboy and extra spaces for what I forgot. All with pink booties. The Greener coach guns went into scabbards mounted on each side of the golf cart. Under the seat were my 2 spare Colt SAAs and I was still wearing 2 revolvers and 2 pistols, as described earlier. They mounted one of the CM-300s so I could keep in touch and new, more powerful batteries. My cart was the model they call the Humvee, with roll bars. Check it out at: http://aevgolfcars.com/luxury_golf_carts.html

A bracket held my CD V-715, my Nuke Alert was on my dog tag chain, the small electrical powered cooler held a 12-pak of Coke, a 24-pak of water, 4 12 oz. bottles of MGD and a bottle of Humalin. A bag held 4 MREs. The mounted first aid kit was actually a standard Combat Lifesavers kit with 5 additional ACS pads. The pack of magazines/ammo held a full extra set of every magazine I used and an assortment of convenience items: assorted 40mm grenades, M61s, M67s, Flash bangs, concussion grenades plus white smoke. Clips on the back of the rifle rack held 5 M72s. Hmm, I wonder how he'd outfit me if I was planning on leaving the ranch besides 3 'guards'? I'll be honest, I think they may have followed me everywhere, just out of sight. Given the terrain, that was easily done.

We didn't have RFID chips, just dog tags, an Arkansas driver's license or ID card, a Passport (yes, that kind) and the CCW. I also had my NRA and American Legion cards. Those docs at the clinic made certain that all the regular resident's of the ranch were 100% up to date on their shots. It took 3 of them to give Sharon a smallpox vaccination. Hee, hee, hee, she got the cowpox.

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I still had no idea who or what was in the Twin Towers, probably Dragon Slayers. The various 'military' equipment was centrally located to allow it to respond to any kind of emergency. And I had 2 Hummers: the H1 Alpha and my Humvee. It must be nice to be rich, but I wouldn't know, the kid had the money, not us. However, with no expenses, and now no social security, the trust could provide enough income – provided there was still a trust. Not that it mattered.

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 11

Actually, nothing at the Ranch changed, even after the war. This was because I now believe that Derek more or less had the ranch on a war footing all along. He did stop giving tours, but with the phones mostly down, nobody called anyway. He had crews out checking nearly every square inch of the 6,500 acres and disposing of any remaining fallout.

Using the remaining spare parts, they completed building what would turn out to be 5 tank Platoons, making up a Heavy Company. He said with one more tank, he'd have had 2 Companies. The more I looked around – I now had full access except for the Twin Towers – the more I learned how they spent the money. They acquired worn out 270 systems from the Army and rocket packs from an unnamed source. He had, in essence, duplicated artillery batteries of both Paladins and MLRS. I think Damon may have been involved, he was now our 'rocket scientist'.

Not long after we sounded the all clear, Joe and his family showed up. Yes, Joe from the Rock Island Arsenal. They came by train, of all things, and it was 200 cars long. Derek confided that shortly before TSHTF, he contacted Joe and offered him and his family a place in exchange for 4 flips, but it had to include rocket packs for the MLRS, 155mm rounds and charges including Copperheads and Excalibur rounds and several carloads of 120mm tank munitions.

Unfortunately, the stuff hit the fan earlier than expected and although Joe had the train assembled, he had to wait until after to make the delivery. This time, it was in person. Derek had ended up getting Joe killed in Whetstone and this time, Joe wasn't taking any chances. Don't feel bad, this is how your tax dollars usually work, except for the recipient of the matériel. Most of the time, it's some small country out there that couldn't care less about the US. I mean hell, we gave Lebanon matériel back in 2007 not all that long after Israel fought them (I'm equally sure that Israel approved the deal).

The GWT? It will last until we kill every one of those radical Muslims; what are you, nuts? They're still fighting the Crusades for crying out loud. I guess I must just be slow, Fleataxi had it right several years ago, 'Nuke 'em all and let God sort them out.' Of course, you realize that killing them will create more radical Muslims, so maybe FT has a point. I believe in my heart that some folks misunderstand the so called Freedom of Religion. Let's examine that while I think up something else to write about. The language is:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

The 1st Amendment has 6 parts:

1. make no law respecting an establishment of religion
2. or prohibiting the free exercise thereof
3. abridging the freedom of speech
4. or of the press
5. the right of the people peaceably to assemble
6. petition the Government for a redress of grievances

Basically it's a laissez faire policy coupled with a right to complain (in writing). Who makes laws? First, Congress; second, the President using Executive Orders; and third, the Courts by interpreting various behavior in the light of the Constitution. Did not the Courts make indirect laws concerning the practice of religion when they said, "Tear down those Commandments?"

This crap about no prayer in public schools and the elimination of the Pledge of Allegiance because of the word 'God' basically proves my point. God is a title, not a name. The Christian God is named Yahweh (Lord). The

Muslim God is named Allah (God). Therefore, my friends, there is nothing religious about it, it's non-denominational. If you disagree, fine, I DON'T CARE! The only religion I care about is that which I practice. It will stay that way until someone tries to shove his/her religion down my throat. Derek is a Southern Baptist, I'm a Methodist, Sharon is a Lutheran, Amy is probably Agnostic. I DON'T CARE! Lorrie probably went to Lutheran Church with Sharon as a child and Damon is probably a non-denominational Christian – I don't know and, I DON'T CARE! Bimbo #1 was Episcopal and married to a Catholic and Bimbo #2 was a Catholic who knew less about her faith than I did.

That's what Freedom of Religion is all about, the I DON'T CARE PART. I'm not going to discuss the other provisions, because I don't want to, ok? I'm free to shut up any time I want to. What I believe is NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, unless I ask you to believe what I do. Yahweh wasn't stupid (a plug for Intelligent Design).

Elohim – means 'God'

Yahweh – means 'Lord'

'Allah' – means 'God'

We Christians have about 1,500 different ways of looking at the subject of religion and we call them denominations. And mine ain't no better than yours and vice versa.

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If you're going to break a few laws, you might just as well 'Go For Broke'. It got them a lot of medals and most of them dead. If you don't know what I'm talking about, I'm sorry for you.

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/442nd R...al Combat Team](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/442nd_R...al_Combat_Team)

Being an Iowa boy who lived about half his life in Iowa and the other half in the PRK, I didn't really have the lay of the land down in Arkansas. I heard someone mention a clan, but didn't give it much thought at the time. Iowa boy? Well, no one gets to choose where they're born, do they? I was a rare commodity, a California native who was raised in Iowa instead of the other way around. My home of record when I was in the Air Force was Charles City, so guess I was claiming to be an Iowan.

They weren't talking about a clan, but The Klan. I didn't know at the time that that the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, headed by National Director Pastor Thom Robb, were based in Zinc, Arkansas. It claimed to be biggest Klan organization in America today. It refers to itself as the "sixth era Klan" and continues to be a racist group. Oh, them, you say. Yep, it was surprising, to say the least, especially after meeting Joe.

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I got quite a surprise when I saw the convoy pulling in. "Hey, guys, we got inbound contact."

"Thanks, sir, but we're expecting it. That should be Joe's group."

"Oh? Thanks for telling me before they showed up, fellas. Who do you work for, anyway?"

"With all due respect, not you sir."

The convoy reminded me of something. Back in the 60's when they forcibly integrated the schools in Little Rock using the National Guard, I think. The only difference was that instead of a bunch of Caucasians escorting a small group of African Americans we had a convoy entirely manned by folks with a deep, permanent tan. The lead truck pulled to a stop before they reached the gate and a very dark gentleman got out. "Hello the ranch!" he

yelled.

“Hello yourself,” I yelled back. “What do you want?”

“I’m Joe from Rock Island. You must be Gary. You look exactly the way I imagined.” He offered his hand. I took it and felt the sort of controlled grip of someone who knows that they can crush your bones but don’t.

“Hi, Joe. You don’t look anything like I expected, but Derek didn’t tell me what to expect. These folks with you your people?”

“Mostly. Some are friends from Rock Island. I hope that Spence is OK with that.”

“I’m sure that he can find work for them if they are willing. Sorry if I seem a little chagrined. Like I said, Derek didn’t tell me that you were...”

“Black? Gary, it never seemed to matter a bit to him anyway so long as we didn’t try to prove it by acting blacker than we were.”

“Really? Gee, I guess he learned something from his parents after all.”

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Joe turned out to be about as normal a guy as you could ever hope for. He and I had similar tastes in music (ok, so Smokey Robinson isn’t exactly my favorite, but he hated rap more than I did). He also had a thing for good old fashioned coffee in the morning. Derek offered to meet over coffee the next day, and Joe said only if it was strong and black like him. It took me a minute to get done choking before I could accept Derek’s offer.

The three of us were sitting in Derek’s sunroom the next morning. The walls of this miniature greenhouse looked out on the front gate, where those two towers stood. We could see nothing of the main complex from here, though. I think that it was deliberately built that way but I couldn’t prove it. It wasn’t anything tangible; it was just a feeling I had that he liked to spend some time unwinding when he sat in here.

“You get everyone settled in, Joe?” Derek asked.

“Yeah. Thanks for the nice digs. It’s almost like the place we left back up in Davenport,” Joe replied.

“I used to live there, back in the seventies and early eighties,” I said. Derek and Joe looked at me and blinked, like they didn’t expect me to say that.

“The supplies you brought in will definitely come in handy,” said Derek, turning back to Joe.

“You’re welcome, General,” Joe said.

“Can I ask a question?” I wondered out loud.

“Ask away, Dad,” said Derek.

“Joe, now don’t get offended, but I heard you call yourself black,” I began.

“Yes, sir. It’s because I am black,” said Joe.

“I noticed. I just don’t remember the last time I heard an African-American call himself black,” I said.

“Well, Gary, you’ve heard it now. I never lived in Africa, so as far as I’m concerned it’s stupid to use two long words in place of one short word. I don’t let it bother me that I’m black, so I hope that it doesn’t bother you.” Joe sipped his coffee calmly.

“Hey, I have two grandkids that are only a couple of shades lighter than you.”

“Does that bother you?” Joe asked.

“Not that they are black, but that they don’t want to behave themselves most of the time.” I said.

“So then they’re normal kids, right?”

“Yeah. Half energizer bunny and half question, with a volume knob that’s broken off at the base.”

Derek laughed. “Too true, Dad, but that explains all of your grandkids.”

I noticed a couple of pick-ups coming down the road about that time. “You expecting more guests, Derek?”

Derek followed my gaze. “Nope. Let’s go meet them.”

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I had one of the Greener's held low, Derek had his hand on his Thompson, and Joe had a Remington 870 with about 4 inches of barrel past the slide left resting across his shoulder when we walked up to the truckload of Bubbas stopped at the gate.

“Can I help you?” Derek asked.

“That your nigger there?” said the lead Bubba.

“That’s my friend, and I don’t think that he likes that word,” Derek said evenly.

“As a matter of fact, I don’t,” Joe said calmly.

“Keep yer mouth shut, boy, afore I shut ‘er for yeh,” growled one of the Bubbas in the back. The driver held up a hand, and he fell silent.

“I’m Pastor Thom Robb, and I’m here to help save your immortal soul,” said the driver.

“Well, thanks kindly Brother Thom, but my immortal soul is doing just fine right now,” said Derek.

“Neither shalt thou bring an abomination into thine house, lest thou be a cursed thing like it: but thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it; for it is a cursed thing.. Deuteronomy, Chapter 7, verse 26,” said Robb.

“And he said unto them, e know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean.’ Acts 10:28.” said Joe.

“You should leave now, Brother Thom. While you can,” said Derek. His face had completely drained of color and his eyes were icy blue, a sure sign of how angry he was despite his calm words.

“Thus cleansed I them from all strangers, and appointed the wards of the priests and the Levites, every one in his business,” said Robb, motioning to the men in the back of the pickup. Quick as lightning, they all had rifles and shotguns pointed at us.

Derek didn't even gesture. He just smiled as the ominous double-cocking of machine guns sounded from the towers. Pastor Thom Robb turned as pale as Derek, but his was the paleness of fear.

“And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Matthew 6:12. I forgive you, Brother Thom, but you should turn your trucks around and head back to Zinc so that you can check your bible references better. Besides, the men behind those guns up there in those towers don't believe in forgiveness.”

Derek's words hung in the air until the pickups had stopped throwing up dust trying to turn around as quick as they could. I started coughing for a minute because of the dust, making Joe pat me on the back and ask if I was OK.

“I'm fine,” I rasped.

“You know, I believe that the Welcome Wagon needs to improve the kind of people they use in this area. It's enough to make you think that you aren't welcome here, Joe,” Derek said. Joe laughed with him.

“Ithil, Anor, stand down. Good work, you two,” yelled Derek.

“Machine guns up there, son?” I asked.

“Mother Deuce settles a lot of arguments, doesn't she?” laughed Derek.

+++++

Major General? Got me to wondering about Generals. Speaking only of Generals, a Lieutenant outranks a Major and a plain General outranks them both. Try telling some Major a Lieutenant outranks him. Major/Lt. Commander is a mostly useless rank in some of the services; lesser so in the Navy. It's mostly a staff position, at least originally; can you understand, 'General's Aide'?

What is the principal duty of people in survival stories? To survive, of course. It's a whole hell of a lot easier if you're prepared. Chance favors the prepared mind (Travis Dane), didn't you just love his little speech?

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is your captor speaking. There's been a slight change in your travel plans tonight. You have, you will note, been moved to the last two cars of the train for your own well-being. First, I'd like to call your attention to the highly trained men with the automatic weapons in your cars. In the event of an emergency, they may be called upon to shoot you. Your safety IS our primary concern. However, if you try anything stupid, Federal Regulations require that I kill you. So please, no hero chit!"

I tried to find a definition of hero chit in the dictionary. The best I could come up with was this:

Today, far, far too infrequently, we are presented with a person who actually BELIEVES in something that is for the benefit of all mankind.

I think that part of the problem that we have is the heroes we select for ourselves and our societies. I believe that this is what sets the American Society in a unique niche in the world. If you are looking for a people that will literally bend on every rule that can be interpreted, the United States of America is the answer. Unfortunately, there are many more countries in this world that will ONLY bend when presented with the "more traditional"

behind the scenes political decision making – money. Where America can decide to stand on one principle or another, we mostly decide to do this to the wrong extreme or even when the achieving of the ultimate goal will be detrimental to the overall well-being of our society.

So, instead of the George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, or John Adams (Hell, don't forget Benjamin Franklin) type heroes of the American Founder's generation; or the "righteous" heroes such as Superman, King Arthur, or even the many religious deities that represent the different facets of the human experience. These days, our heroes don't need to stand for more honest or pure defining characteristics, they simply must not get caught doing them. I find this terribly unfortunate and would go further and say this will be our ultimate demise.

There are people around the world that recognize the American view of the world as exceptionally closed-minded and ridiculously self-absorbed. Of course, as an American, I must completely and totally agree with them. It's not our fault though, those of us in America who actually WANT to know what's going on, must search relentlessly for it. We are only completing the cycle we have been told to follow... grow, work, pay taxes, and die. Those of us who don't follow these simple rules... or at least the ones where we know they are there and choose not to... are persecuted and called "instigators".

Even Bush has been wondering where the leaders of the Iraqi people are hiding... has anyone ever considered that maybe they just don't give a chit what anyone thinks about them except those who actually understand what they are going through... WHAT A STRANGE IDEA!

My only request is that anyone reading this consider who THEY consider a hero, and more especially, "WHY?" ... please think about this, our species' survival depends upon it. (I failed to note the source)

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Disappointing, isn't it? Most of my heroes are dead. George Patton, Chesty Puller, Karl Malden, I mean, Omar Bradley. Bradley wasn't arrogant, Patton was, and admitted it. So was Monty, but he wouldn't admit it. Rommel was a good General but his boss, Hitler wasn't, so he was basically hamstrung. Would Monty have beaten Rommel without our help and the help of the British Air Force and Hitler? Maybe not. The advantage of watching the History Channel was that we not only found out who won the war, but why. In a word, Logistics. If the British Air Force hadn't sunk the ships bringing Rommel supplies, then what? If the German's had enough supplies during the Battle of the Bulge, would Patton's response mean as much? What idiot put General Westmorland in charge of the American effort in Vietnam? Ok, I believe you have the picture.

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WW III was apparently over and for some reason, my Noncom son is now in charge of the entire Arkansas National Guard but not the Arkansas State Defense Force because they didn't have one. I'd say going from E-7 to O-8 is a pretty big jump, one level plus a change in letters. They probably have a lot of Bubbas, does that count? Most guys named Bubba are either as big as Paul Bunyan or have a gun or both. The female equivalent of Bubba is Sissy. I'm a Yankee, but I don't understand why it always seems to come out Dam Yankee, I wasn't ever born when the Civil War happened. If those rebs were so Sierra Hotel, why did they lose? I kept my mouth shut, best not to start something I couldn't finish. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bubba>

About the only thing we were now missing was Air Power. Going back to the terrain, something that could provide the overview needed, had to get above the ground. Lacking a runway, that meant some kind of helicopter or vertical take off aircraft. Have you ever priced a Harrier jump jet? Unless Governor Davenport let loose of some of one or both, the sole aircraft available was APPARENTLY a refurbished old chopper aka HU-1 Iroquois (Huey). There were a few around including the one my son bought. It had been worked over by an aviation mechanic who knew his stuff. Its role on the ranch had been transportation to any of the communities within its range. According to a Sept. 21, 2004 Army News story, fewer than 150 Huey's were flying Army

wide by the end of September 2004, including 60 that belonged to the National Guard. The story also reported that an additional 270 UH-1 were waiting for final disposition at an aviation maintenance facility in Temple, Texas.

During they down time waiting to leave the shelter, it had been modified for door gunner mounts using once again available parts. Derek hadn't heard from Joe the when the Huey was set up to use M240s or, should they be available, M134 GE Mini-guns. The 5.56 micro-gun was a short lived project that probably fired more ammo in 'Predator' than in testing.

The micro-gun project produced something they called the Six-Pack. It weighed 85 pounds and would take someone a big as the Governor of Minnesota to carry one. I doubt anyone could handle the recoil.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/XM214_Microgun

That Huey Derek had was rebuilt using new motors, new hydraulics, new avionics, etc. It more or less was like the Marine Corps upgrade package. The GE mini-gun M134, is aka the GAU-17 The GAU-17/A utilized on the UH-1N, H-3, and H-60 aircraft, is a crew served, electrically driven, 6 barreled, rotary action, percussion fired weapon, with a maxi-mum rate of fire of 6000 rounds per minute. In the current crew served application the rate of fire is selectable at either 2000 or 4000 rounds per minute. In the UH-1N DAS configuration the gun can be fixed forward and remotely fired by the pilot. The components that make up the GAU-17/A gun system consist of a gun control assembly with electrical cables, gun drive motor, a MAU-201/A or a MAU-56 delinking feeder, flexible ammunition feed chutes and an ammunition storage system. The ammunition storage system has a capacity of 4000 rounds of linked 7.62mm percussion primed ammunition.

<http://www.globalsecurity.org/milita...1-upgrades.htm>

Because the Corps usually ends up with hand-me-downs and because the Corps only goes with proven systems, you shouldn't count out the Vietnam era equipment, just yet. I think that my son would have been better served if he'd pick up a Cobra to go with his Huey. Or, is there something else that he isn't telling me? How far can you stretch a quarter billion? Well, if you bought gold at a market low and sold some of it at a market high, a very looong way. Especially if you cheated the tax man. Remember, Derek is the one with the 168 IQ. Does the name Thomas Austin "Amarillo Slim" Preston, Jr. mean anything to you? He won more than once, and is an Arkansas native. Of course, he lives in Amarillo, now. Is it skill or was he just born lucky? Yep.

It wasn't a yes or no question, therefore 'yep' must mean both. Some people have all the luck! I used to claim having bad luck beat having no luck at all. Now, I'm not so sure, having experienced a run of bad luck in the early and mid portion of the first decade of the 21st century. The Bible says something to the effect, 'As ye sow, so also shall ye reap'. Translation, payback is a bitch. However, I have a loving God and more importantly, at the moment, a loving son. I may or may not be able to explain my actions at the Pearly Gates, it may depend on my memory. Were I Muslim, the virgins would all be Nuns with shotguns.

I generally try to give the source of my material/inspiration, thus all the links. However, it was me who went there in the first place, remember that. While I was out surveying the ranch (probably with 3 companions), my youngest son must have broken the password on my computer and added some material to this tale, thus explaining slight differences in writing style.

Naval Aviators usually smoke a cigar after a successful mission if 'Independence Day' is to be believed. Don't know about soldiers, maybe an ice cold MGD. I left them alone, I no longer like to drink alone. However, once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic, so I'll have to watch it, very, very closely. I know for a fact that Sharon will... My brand of cigarettes is Kool super longs. I do like cigars. I usually smoked Dutch Master Presidents or Marsh Wheeling's. If they were good enough for Bret Maverick, they're good enough for me. I also liked Churchill's, usually seconds. Due to a dutiful son, I'd never run out of smoking materials, just places to smoke. They don't sell Cuban cigars and their prices are reasonable. We acquired them from: <http://www.tophatcigar.com/>

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<http://www.carlisle.army.mil/feature...Parameters.htm> That provides a link to: QUTBISM: AN IDEOLOGY OF ISLAMIC-FASCISM

"Sun Tzu wisely said, 'Know the enemy and know yourself; in a hundred battles you will never be in peril.' Our success in the War on Terrorism depends on knowing who the enemy is and understanding his ideology. While characterizing and labeling an enemy may serve such a purpose, it is only useful if the labels are clearly defined and understood. Otherwise, overly broad characterizations obscure our ability to truly "know the enemy," they diffuse efforts, and place potential allies and neutrals in the enemy's camp. Unfortunately, the War on Terrorism's use of labels contributes a great deal to the misunderstandings associated with the latter. The fact is, five years after 9/11 the NMSP-WOT provides little specific guidance, other than labeling the enemy as extremist. This inability to focus on the specific threat and its supporting philosophy reflects our own rigid adherence to political correctness and is being exploited by militant Islamists portraying these overly broad descriptions ."

That was written before we lost, yet another, war. Because I've already talked extensively about 4th Generation War, and shared the David and Goliath examples, I won't repeat them here. Suffice it to say that any future war would be 4th, if not 5th, Generation warfare. Personally, I think our best bet in the future would be to fight a very good 3rd generation war, especially locally.

If I seem to be wandering aimlessly, I was. Youbetchca Ranch was a big place with many mysteries. When I was forced to go horseback, I stuck the Marlin Cowboy in the scabbard and carried one Greener across my lap. Shelia was day and night different from Salina. I probably wouldn't have need the seat belt, let alone a 0/0 ejection seat, but better safe than sorry.

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 12

The wranglers would pack a horse for me so I could camp out overnight should I choose. I didn't usually, too much work. However, there were a few prepared campsites if I wanted to use one and they had water, split and stacked wood and usually a small cabin stock with a few essentials.

That included everything except Bimbo #3. What is the expression? You can take the wanderlust... No, it must be something else, I'll think on it. If I do run into her, I'll have to go into the shop for a tune up first and try to get everything to work again. You CAN blame that on the diabetes.

He took a hundred pounds of clay
And then He said Hey, listen
I'm gonna fix this-a world today
Because I know what's missin
Then He rolled his big sleeves up
And a brand-new world began
He created a woman and-a lots of lovin for a man
Whoa-oh-oh, yes he did

With just a hundred pounds of clay
He made my life worth livin
And I will thank Him every day
For every kiss you're givin

And I'll thank Him every night
For the arms that are holdin me tight
And He did it all with just a hundred pounds of clay
Yes he did, whoa-oh, yes He did

Now can'tcha just see Him a-walkin round and round
Pickin the clay uppa off the ground?
Doin just what He should do
To make a livin dream like you

He rolled His big sleeves up
And a brand-new world began
He created a woman and-a lots of lovin for a man
Whoa-oh-oh, yes he did
With just a hundred pounds of clay

FADE

People, let me tall ya what He did
With just a hundred pounds of clay

©Gene McDaniels, 1961 <http://www.jacquedee63.com/hundredpoundsofclay.html>

Funny, I thought she came from Adam's Rib. Or, was that a barbeque joint in Chicago?
<http://www.adamsribs.com/> (You kids should watch the old episodes of 'M*A*S*H' more. I saw the very first episode, when it aired.)

She was standing there, so beyond compare, in Spanish lace
My heart touched the sky, captivated by her angel face
Dancing neath the moon I soon discovered the new world that lovers always
find When I saw her there, so beyond compare, in Spanish lace

We danced away the night, until the morning light said Time to go
I knew we'd have to part, but sadness filled my heart, I loved her so And
now that love has flown, alone, I think of the heartaches that I will have
to face Dreaming of that night, the stars that shone so bright, and
Spanish lace

And now that love has flown, alone, I think of the heartaches that I will
have to face Dreaming of that night, and stars that shone so bright, and
Spanish lace

Dreaming of that night, and stars that shone so bright, and Spanish lace

Dreaming of that night, and stars that shone so bright, and Spanish lace
©Gen McDaniels, 1963

Not what you expected? I DON'T CARE. Read something else, then. Go read a zombie story on a Patriot
Fiction website, if you can still find one up.

[note to self: http://members.tripod.com/linehan_john/Lyrics2.htm]

Blue Spanish eyes, tear drops are falling from your Spanish eyes

Please, please don't cry, this is just "adios" and not "goodbye"
Soon I'll return bringing you all the love your heart can hold
Please say "Sí, sí", say you and your Spanish eyes will wait for me

Blue Spanish eyes, prettiest eyes in all of Mexico
True Spanish eyes, please smile for me once more before I go
Soon I'll return bringing you all the love your heart can hold
Please say "Sí, sí", say you and your Spanish eyes will wait for me

You and your Spanish eyes will wait for me

Several singers recorded "Spanish Eyes." The original performer was Bert Kaempfert in 1965. The German singer was out done by two more well-known artists: Englebert Humperdinck and Wayne Newton. However, the only version to top the 40 charts was the 1966 recording by Al Martino, a bonafide Spanish singer. This site includes the actual song. <http://www.homestead.com/deesongs/spanisheyes.html>

Bert made many singers famous. I liked his 'Wonderland by Night'. I had a page on my computer on Kaempfert that I copied from: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bert_Kaempfert

I like instrumental music. Is there one recording, above all others, that you like? Only one, now, not two or three. For me, it was recorded by Jørgen Ingmann, originally a jazz guitarist from Denmark. He produced a cover version of Apache that, billed to Jørgen Ingmann & His Guitar, made it to number 2 on the US pop chart in 1961, thereby preventing the Shadows' original from charting there. Wait while I dry my eyes. Go here and scroll down to listen to my favorite recording, or not, I DON'T CARE:
<http://members.home.nl/pmouse1/ingmann.htm>

My favorite vocal is here: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tEf9fIC3EAA> And, who cares if he's lip synching? Yeah, I know, a Dane and a Japanese. It was never about skin color, don't you get that, yet?

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You know about religious crackpots, I assume? There were several; 3 come to mind, Jim Jones, David Koresh and John *****. I can't give a full name, I'd get banned everywhere. OTOH, I DON'T CARE. Oh, did the light just come on? This single work is my protest piece. If one is really a Patriot, then one believes in FREEDOM OF RELIGION. If one doesn't, then he/she cannot be, by definition, a Patriot. One can be many things, in that case, but not a Patriot. What the hell, let it all hang out... Better to unload resentments than lug them around, they're heavy.

I, (insert name here), do solemnly swear, (or affirm), that I will support and defend the **Constitution of the United States** against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God. (Note that the last sentence is not required to be said if the speaker has a personal or moral objection)

Any honest Patriot could take that oath. I did once and so did both of my boys. We generally agree that once taken, it was not to be forsaken. Because we believe in FREEDOM OF RELIGION, we don't require the inclusion of 'So help me God.' To do so, would be cross-purpose. However, since God is the title, I included it when I took mine. I'm sure both boys did too. Another light?

I told you earlier that I wore 4 handguns. But what about the 2 other Colt handguns? I had two, a 3" and a 5½". The one with the 5½" barrel was in my gun belt called 'Big Jake'.
http://www.kirkpatrickleather.com/product/h_1920.htm The Sheriff's model in a shoulder holster called

'Gambler'. http://www.kirkpatrickleather.com/product/h_1866.htm

Yes, I know, but I'm 5'5 and he was 6'4½.

John Wayne's enduring status as an iconic American was formally recognized by the US Congress on May 26, 1979 when he was awarded the Congressional Gold Medal. Numerous actors, including Elizabeth Taylor, and politicians testified to Congress of the merit and deservedness of this award, most notably Maureen O'Hara, who requested the words that would be placed onto the medal: "It is my great honor to be here. I beg you to strike a medal for Duke, to order the President to strike it. And I feel that the medal should say just one thing, 'John Wayne, American.'" Robert Mitchum notably declined to write a testimony. The medal crafted by the US Mint has on one side John Wayne riding on horseback and the other side has a portrait of Wayne with the words, "John Wayne, American." This Congressional Gold Medal was presented to the family of John Wayne in a ceremony held on March 6, 1980 at the US Capitol. This medal is now at the John Wayne Museum in Winterset, Iowa. Copies were made, and the public made it a best-seller.

The American Film Institute defines an American screen legend as “an actor or a team of actors with a significant screen presence in American feature-length films whose screen debut occurred in or before 1950, or whose screen debut occurred after 1950 but whose death has marked a completed body of work.”

Male:

1. Humphrey Bogart
2. Cary Grant
3. James Stewart
4. Marlon Brando
5. Fred Astaire
6. Henry Fonda
7. Clark Gable
8. James Cagney
9. Spencer Tracy
10. Charlie Chaplin
11. Gary Cooper
12. Gregory Peck
13. John Wayne
14. Laurence Olivier
15. Gene Kelly
16. Orson Welles
17. Kirk Douglas
18. James Dean
19. Burt Lancaster
20. The Marx Brothers
21. Buster Keaton
22. Sidney Poitier
23. Robert Mitchum
24. Edward G. Robinson
25. William Holden

Female:

1. Katharine Hepburn
2. Bette Davis
3. Audrey Hepburn
4. Ingrid Bergman

5. Greta Garbo
6. Marilyn Monroe
7. Elizabeth Taylor
8. Judy Garland
9. Marlene Dietrich
10. Joan Crawford
11. Barbara Stanwyck
12. Claudette Colbert
13. Grace Kelly
14. Ginger Rogers
15. Mae West
16. Vivien Leigh
17. Lillian Gish
18. Shirley Temple
19. Rita Hayworth
20. Lauren Bacall
21. Sophia Loren
22. Jean Harlow
23. Carole Lombard
24. Mary Pickford
25. Ava Gardner

I've have shown my readers my favorite holsters over the years, but will always come back to the Laredoan Cross Draw. It's more of a practical matter, my left hand is 70% numb. Let's face it, without the Knight, the Paladin holster is nothing special. Even with it, there was only one Richard Boone. Referring to the list of male actors, they could have left #4 off. On the female list, I wouldn't miss #2 or #10. There are several names I would add to both lists. <http://www.filmsite.org/afi100quotes.html>

So, was DC the Capital or the Capitol? The answer: a Capital is a city and a Capitol is a building. Probably screwed that up in several stories, but not this one. Funny, I'd have thought Randolph Scott would have been number 3. During the Thirties, he was roommates with Cary Grant in a beach house known jocularly as Bachelor Hall. The close friendship between Scott and Grant, as well as the steady stream of women into and out of Bachelor Hall, have fed rumor mills for years. From 1933 onwards, Grant occasionally shared a house with Scott. There were many rumors about their relationship. Scott often referred to himself, jokingly, as Grant's wife. Many studio heads threatened not to employ them unless they lived separately. Scott was married 2 times, over 40 years to the same woman; Grant 5 times, but never to his love, Sophia Loren. I'm sure many of us have heard the quote, "Two aging queens..." Believe what you want, I DON'T CARE.

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About the music I like. Some of those protest songs from the '60s are high on my list because I like the music, not the message. If you don't know that about me by now, it's not my fault. I liked Peter, Paul and Mary. They could protest all they wanted, as long as they kept singing. Lessons learned hard are lessons learned well, take my word for it or find out on your own. Guess what, I DON'T CARE. I'm sure that Wartburg College is discussing Iraq, provided they still have a class called, "The Great Issues". Only thing lacking is me in the class supporting the firebombing of Dresden.

Among the country's comprehensive colleges, US News & World Report's 2007 edition of America's Best Colleges ranks Wartburg:

#1 in Iowa
#6 in the Midwest

#10 in the US

#2 in Midwest for "Great Schools at Great Prices" (4 of the top 10 are in Iowa)

BTW, Drake is #7 on the list of Universities-Master's (Midwest): Best Values and it's the only one from Iowa. I didn't pick either college I graduated from, my brother did.

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I went through a series of titles for this story. I started with The Big Lie, that Hitler thing. A few yards down the path, I was shanghaied and ended up in Arkansas. I messed around with some other titles until I landed on this title. It's more accurate, but not what I want. Don't suggest, 'Another Line of BS', I already rejected that. Remember, this is my protest peace. When I figure out what I'm protesting, I'll let you know.

I liked Joe because he didn't pretend to be anything that he wasn't. Perhaps a slightly different perspective, I could appreciate that. It's not easy for anyone, regardless of race, creed, religion or circumstance. This was a mell of a hess, I had assumed the equipment that Derek built and accumulated would be solely for our use. Another case of assuming facts not in evidence. The Army wouldn't build an M1A3, so he did, 20 times. He couldn't buy the M270 MLRS, so he did the next best thing, bought the cast off junk and rebuilt it.

I knew where the M109A6E3s came from, he was storing those. I do know they didn't come with more than a couple rounds of ammo each and he had to get ammo from Joe. He had more than a few unkind words to say about those Field Artillery Ammunition Supply Vehicles. Artillery guys probably understand, I'm not sure I do. About the only thing I am sure of is that we're not in Palmdale anymore. I can tell because the ground here isn't flat.

I'd used the tick...tick...tock literary device in at least on story. However, even back in Palmdale, we heard the first tick. It occurred on November 4, 2008, the day the Republic died. Being an ardent gun lover, I was concentrating so hard on sticking my tongue out at the law that I failed to notice the signs I'd been watching for since 2004.

Even before, there were those hate crimes we all read about, like this one:

A Queens high school student was charged with hate crimes Friday for violating a Sikh student's religious beliefs by forcing him to remove his turban and cutting his hair, the Queens district attorney said.

"The defendant is not accused of some schoolhouse prank, but an attack on the fundamental beliefs of his victim's religion and his freedom to worship freely," Queens District Attorney Richard Brown said in a prepared statement.

Umair Ahmed, 17, of 42-49 77th St., was arrested in the Thursday attack in a bathroom at Newtown High School in Elmhurst.

Ahmed and another student allegedly forced the 15-year-old victim into the bathroom, and after threatening him forced the boy to remove his dastar, a traditional Sikh turban....

Ahmed used scissors to cut off his victim's waist-long hair, then threw it in a toilet and on the floor, according to a spokesman for the district attorney. Cutting a Sikh's hair is contrary to the Sikh faith, which considers hair a gift from God that should never be cut.

Ahmed was charged with second-degree unlawful imprisonment as a hate crime, second-degree menacing as a hate crime, second-degree aggravated harassment, second-degree harassment and fourth-degree criminal possession of a weapon. He faces up to seven years in prison.

The victim told officials that he only went into the bathroom and took off his dastar because he feared that Ahmed would stab him....

The boy said it was against his religion, but Ahmed showed him a ring and said, "This ring is Allah. If you don't let me cut your hair, I will punch you with this ring."

The same thing happened at Iowa State University, except it was a Vietnam War protestor and all he got was a haircut and a shave. That didn't really make much sense and when I read it, I ignored it. Hate crimes are not things one should ignore. They're symptomatic of a much worse problem. However, by mid 2007, the country was filled with or filling with hate. We had a few boatloads of Muslims, invasion across our southern border, suspected terrorists in our midst and Congress was more interested in making political points than serving its constituents. They were forced to cave in on war funding – but only until September when they brought it up again.

Seeing support in our Congress, the radical Muslims in Iraq and elsewhere increased the pressure. I was so busy saying, it's when and what, not if, I failed to realize the when was closer than anyone thought. Maybe Derek saw it, thus explaining his absolute insistence that we move to Youbetcha Ranch. He had to have made plans earlier than D-day +6. He said he came to Palmdale to invite us. It didn't feel like an invitation. Since I'd already concluded that we'd end up going, we were ready when he arrived, or nearly so. I'm sure there was another tick before the tock, I should have kept better notes.

The next tick was that EAS message with former Senator Schumer telling us everything except duck and cover. (I knew it would come to me.) The tock was the attack from our friends, the Russians. Then, the kid just had to call the new Governor. The highest rank that both Damon and I held was E-4. Maybe I'm just jealous, a promotion from E-7 to O-8 in the blink of an eye simply for making a phone call.

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The ranch had wind power, solar power, backup diesel generators and supplies Sharon and I couldn't have accumulated in a lifetime. Truly, the kid knew his old man, Big Jake's Greener's. Except: no way John Wayne used a million dollar pair of shotguns in that movie. I could never determine if the guns in the movie were knock off's or the real thing and trust me, I looked. Even if I say so myself, I'm pretty good at research. Possibly he used Greener's, but no way they were worth that much, at the time. I'm sure someone knows, please don't bust my bubble.

Either way, they were genuine Greener's and consecutively numbered. Plus there was that old hand fitted case with an old looking felt liner. The problem is clearly that I'm overlooking my own advice, never look a gift horse in the mouth. In the period when the movie was made, or shortly thereafter, you could pick up a pair of mini-14s for roughly \$500. That's about what I paid for the pair I had at the time. I just remembered, I only fired 3 rounds of .30-06 out of my model 70 Winchester.

"So, Joe, has Derek said anything to you about that Klan chapter here in the area?"

"At length, Gary."

"I haven't really thanked you for the 6 flips of matériel, each for a Brigade for 3 weeks. With the number of people here, I think that would adequately supply us for about a year of all out war."

"It had better, there won't be any more."

"What do you think of those tanks he built?"

"Long overdue. The Army could have built them, maybe they were afraid of the price tag. He said, that with few exceptions, everything he has was assembled here."

"You're right, except for those Paladins."

"He said they were owned by the 142nd. That includes the radar unit. They decided not to transport all of their equipment, due to a shortage of transportation."

"We haven't picked up as much as we'd like on the radios, what happened to the Mexican invasion?"

"I have an unconfirmed report that they fell back when the missile strike occurred."

"Then we won that one?"

"I haven't heard any more since that report. Did I overhear you saying something to someone to the effect, that you didn't care?"

"I was probably talking about Freedom of Religion, Joe."

"Can you explain that?"

"Reader's Digest version ok?"

"I'm listening."

"The long and short of it is that I don't care about anyone's religion except my own. You do your thing, I'll do mine and as long as no one tries to shove their beliefs down my throat, we'll get along just fine."

"And if they do?"

"I'm undecided, maybe I'll ignore them and maybe I'll teach them the 'Spaceman Theory of God'." (Similar to 'Chariot of the God, but different because I hadn't heard of the book."

"The what?"

"Ask Derek; that's far better than getting me started."

"Sure. Quite the fortress, isn't it?"

"With something on the order of 15 miles of fence to patrol. With that Huey, it doesn't take long; otherwise, it's an all day project."

"Pretty stout fence."

"You've seen the elephant, would that keep out someone who was determined?"

"Not if he were properly equipped, no."

"I more or less thought the same thing. A few well placed sticks of dynamite would bring that wall down."

"If would if he could get close enough to it to plant it."

"Something else I don't know?"

"I don't know how much Derek has told you, Gary."

"A little here, some later, but not the entire story."

"It's old technology, but you can't simply sneak up on the Ranch."

"Sensors?"

"I'd better leave that for Derek to explain to you."

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"Derek, do you mind if I do a tour of the other side of that stone wall?"

"I'd rather you not leave the ranch, Dad."

"And, if I insist?"

"You have three men with you and you'd have to take directions from them. We have... uh, perimeter security. Unless you have a military GPS receiver and a map, you could get hurt."

"Can you at least give me a hint?"

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 13

"Are you familiar with the mines of the Vietnam era?"

"M-14, M-16 and M-18 APMs?"

"And the M-15, M-19 and M-21."

"Anti-tank mines?"

"Yep. I, uh, cornered the market."

"I'll stay inside."

"Thank you."

I took it to mean that one of his companies probably took the contract to demil the mines and didn't exactly fulfill all the terms of the contract. They 'disposed' of the mines by planting them. Speculation, good speculation. How many APM and ATM mines would it take to protect 15 miles of fence? A contract worth. That sneaky little chit, protected his perimeter and probably got paid to do it. Wait, what about the sensors? They went back to Vietnam, motion and heat sensors, some air deliverable. The sensors were better now and inexpensive. A tutorial is at: <http://www.shed.com/tutor/sensors2.html>

We hadn't receive an EMP because our electronics still worked. Oversight? Poor planning? Perhaps equipment failure with the device going off too low in the atmosphere to cause widespread damage. The primary concern, or lack thereof, was that it didn't matter. It must have taken miles of wire, wireless was probably too risky. Considering the price of copper, it wasn't an inexpensive pursuit wiring the place.

Military GPS, huh? Until 2000, about 10 times more accurate than the civilian version. The government loosened the restrictions on civilian GPS. I'll bet that followed improving military GPS. GPS satellites broadcast three different types of data in the primary navigation signal. The first is the almanac which sends coarse time information along with status information about the satellites. The second is the ephemeris, which contains orbital information that allows the receiver to calculate the position of the satellite. This data is included in the 37,500 bit Navigation Message, which takes 12.5 minutes to send at 50 bps.

The satellites also broadcast two forms of clock information, the Coarse / Acquisition code, or C/A which is freely available to the public, and the restricted Precise code, or P-code, usually reserved for military applications. The C/A code is a 1,023 bit long Pseudo-random code broadcast at 1.023 MHz, repeating every millisecond. Each satellite sends a distinct C/A code, which allows it to be uniquely identified. The P-code is a similar code broadcast at 10.23 MHz, but it repeats only once a week. In normal operation, the so-called "anti-spoofing mode", the P code is first encrypted into the Y-code, or P(Y), which can only be decrypted by units with a valid decryption key.

During the Gulf War, the shortage of military GPS units and the wide availability of civilian ones among personnel resulted in a decision to disable Selective Availability. This was ironic, as SA had been introduced specifically for these situations, allowing friendly troops to use the signal for accurate navigation, while at the same time denying it to the enemy. But since SA was also denying the same accuracy to thousands of friendly troops, turning it off or setting it to an error of zero meters (effectively the same thing) presented a clear benefit.

In the 1990s, the FAA started pressuring the military to turn off SA permanently. This would save the FAA millions of dollars every year in maintenance of their own radio navigation systems. The military resisted for most of the 1990s, but SA was eventually "discontinued"; the amount of error added was "set to zero" at midnight on May 1, 2000 following an announcement by US President Bill Clinton, allowing users access to the error-free L1 signal. Per the directive, the induced error of SA was changed to add no error to the public signals (C/A code). Selective Availability is still a system capability of GPS, and error could, in theory, be reintroduced at any time. In practice, in view of the hazards and costs this would induce for US and foreign shipping, it is unlikely to be reintroduced, and various government agencies, including the FAA, have stated that it is not intended to be reintroduced. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/GPS>

Questions? Last chance, quiz tomorrow.

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A person could walk along the wall, sort of on the order of those old castle walls. It wasn't that wide, only 10' gross with a pathway barely big enough for a golf cart. At 5mph, that was a 3 hour trip, once around. The access amps were closed off and a person needed permission from on high to get up there. Being the Boss's father, I probably could have pushed it; I didn't. I wonder who or what is in those towers...

I didn't know it at the time, but I wouldn't be long finding out. I was ready to fight off Fleataxi's Brigands, Halfast's MZBs, Wetbacks, Islamic Fascists, even Hitlery's troops, but not Derek's neighbors. The Klan weren't intentionally kept out, I'm fairly sure there were some down in the cavern. If so, they didn't announce the fact. However, Derek's policy of hiring anyone, in accordance with EEO guidelines, didn't sit well with some of the locals.

Derek was looking for (sorry) a few good men and women. Ex-military, preferably SpecOps or an appropriate

skill in armor, artillery and recon. His pilots were war vets, seeing the elephant was worth more than a 5 point veteran preference. The Cobras had been stored, that's why I only knew about the Huey. It was the latest AH-1W, Super Cobra.

The AH-1W is a two-place, tandem-seat, twin-engine helicopter capable of land- or sea-based operations. The rear seat pilot is primarily responsible for maneuvering the aircraft. The front pilot controls the aircraft's weapons systems, but he also has a full set aircraft controls. The AH-1W distinguished itself with its more powerful T700-GE-401 fully marinized engines and advanced electronic weapons capability. The AH-1W has significantly improved power available in high altitude, hot environment, and single engine performance. The Super Cobra is armed with a 20mm turret gun, TOW, Hellfire, Sidewinder, Sidearm missiles, and 5 inch or 2.75 inch rockets. The HELLFIRE Missile System increased ordnance delivery and firepower capabilities. The AH-1W Super Cobra provides full night-fighting capability with the Night Targeting System (NTS). The Night Targeting System (NTS) further enhanced the AH-1W's warfighting capability by adding FLIR sensor, CCD TV sensor, Laser Designator/Rangefinder, Automatic Target Tracking and FLIR, and CCD TV video recording. (They were upgraded AH-1Ts.)

I didn't know he bought Bell stock too. Good thing Joe brought reloads for everything. I didn't like the Blackhawk, too many went down. I wasn't referring to Somalia, but if the shoe fits.... While that applied to the UH-1, they were from my generation and I was more forgiving. The aircrews were all former or reserve Marines. The full count turned out to be 4 UH-1s and 2 AH-1Ws. He could move a Platoon per bird, lightly equipped.

Just between you and me, I was beginning to wonder how much money they had left. Everett Dirksen's famous quote came to mind, reduced from billion to million, "A million here, a million there, pretty soon you're talking about real money..." Hell, I'm so old, I remember him. For the younger readers, Everett McKinley Dirksen was a Republican Congressman and Senator from Illinois. As Republican Senate leader he played a highly visible role in the politics of the 1960s. He helped write the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and played a key role in its passage. He later offered his support for the Open Housing Act of 1968, another landmark piece of Civil Rights legislation. He was one of the Senate's strongest supporters of the Vietnam War. He died in '69, age 73 and has a Senate Office Building named after him, assuming it's still there.

When trouble came, if trouble came, your response would depend on who you were and where you were. The longer after the attack, the greater the possibility that some other survivors might run out of supplies and come looking. I made a decision, the horse could graze and I'd stick to the Humvee (golf cart). That rack held all of the guns I carried and enough ammo for a good sized fire fight. Depending upon circumstances, I could start in on them from at least 1/2 mile out. If we got down to the Greener's I'd be frozen in place, afraid of slipping on the chit on the ground.

Derek told me the first battle would be the worst and I'd get used to it. I didn't even like the sound of that. There was extensive radio traffic and I assumed that meant that the country hadn't been badly hit. Bzzzzz! There are several nets out there: ARRL, ARES, ALS, FISTS, MARS and the QCWA. In The AV, it was the AVARC and in Arkansas, the Ozarks ARC in Mountain Home, among others. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ozarks>

The Military Affiliate Radio System (MARS) is a US DoD sponsored program, established as a separately managed and operated program by the Army, Navy, and Air Force. The program consists of licensed amateur radio operators who are interested in military communications on a local, national, and international basis as an adjunct to normal communications.

MARS has a long history of providing worldwide auxiliary emergency communications during times of need. The combined three-service MARS programs (Army, Air Force, and Navy-Marine Corps) volunteer force of over 5,000 dedicated and skilled amateur radio operators provide the backbone of the MARS program. Their main benefit of MARS membership is enjoying the amateur radio hobby through an ever-expanding horizon of

MARS service to the nation. MARS members work by the slogan "Proud, Professional, and Ready".

MARS provides Department of Defense sponsored emergency communications on a local, national, and international basis. MARS also provides auxiliary communications for military, federal, civil, and/or disaster officials during periods of emergency. They assist the military and other organizations in effecting normal communications under emergency conditions. One major mission that MARS has had for many years is to handle morale, welfare, and official record and voice communications traffic for Armed Forces and authorized US Government civilian personnel stationed throughout the world. MARS establishes programs to create civilian interest, recruit qualified volunteers, and furnish training in military communications, techniques, and procedures.

Every year, MARS conducts an appropriate military and amateur radio cross-band exercise as an integral part of the annual Armed Forces Day. They provide a reserve of personnel trained in military radio communications, techniques, and procedures as well as to initiate efforts to improve radio-operating techniques. MARS members test state-of-the-art technology through experimentation and testing. Within the DHS, there is the National Communications system (NCS) which saw its start after the Cuban Missiles Crisis.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of..._organizations

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The telephone service was very localized, depending on, among other things, whether or not a city was attacked and whether or not it had power. To the extent that communications depended on satellites, it depended on the ground station, because the satellites seemed to work. Derek had no trouble reaching the Governor; he hadn't known he was trying to. That Representative Davenport, hadn't been in Little Rock, but home, in Gassville. Gassville was slightly larger than Flippin, roughly 1,700 vs. Flippin at 1,400. The big city in the area was Mountain Home. Zinc was to the west, about 30 miles as the crow flies.

I got clued in and was told that our trainload of supplies would attract attention. That Klavern over in Zinc was expected to show up. I did what was prudent, checked the supplies on my golf cart and added additional ammo and ordinance, doubling up on things like those 40mm grenades. I also made sure my magazines were full and not down loaded 2-3 rounds. What I should have done was stay home. What I actually did was turn up the volume on the CM300 and kept rollin'. (Brings to mind Tina Turner's rendition of 'Proud Mary', rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river)

Say, what's a Klucker? Derek said we might have a couple in the group from Flippin. Some of the town folks held out for a while before they went back to town. I asked Joe and he didn't laugh. In fact, it was the first time I recall seeing him frown. We'd been in Arkansas for months and this his and my 1st serious discussion of the Klan. I don't know, but I can guess that any group, faced with the current circumstances, could do things they might not otherwise do.

The group from Zinc seemed to be proud of their racist roots. They were also a little desperate and, they knew about that train. It's a shame that Engineer didn't know the expression: El tren pasó y no silbó. Sorry, old joke, but it translates as 'the train passed and didn't whistle.' A good plan in the days after WW III. Joe said that the Engineer insisted on whistling at crossings. He should have just announced, "Here we are, come and get it."

I'm a Yankee, and don't hold with the Klan. Maybe some of my readers do; their choice and none of my business. This time, at least, they turned out to be the bad guys. In his absence, Derek left Joe in charge and Joe kept a chopper airborne 24/7. Many a battle begins just around dawn because the victims are usually sleeping. About 4am every morning Joe made sure all of the air crews were up, fed and full of coffee. The pilots and crew wore NVGs until sunup and we were never without at least one chopper airborne and the rest on 5 minute alert.

Putting together the remaining ANG was proving to be difficult. At the moment, the total force numbered less

than 1,000 and the group included some ex-military with combat experience. The troops were encamped in a meadow on the ranch but only because the Governor was maybe 10 minutes away. He was scheduled to come down in a couple of days and outline what he needed and the equipment and supplies available to implement his plan. A few other Noncoms had been located, but none of the Officers. The existing ANG was replete with Mustang Officers, but short on NCOs. Much of the area's population had made it through the attacks and would provide the fodder to fill the ranks.

It takes the military about 3 months to get a recruit through basic military training. That allows time for medical checks, shots, learning to take orders, firearms familiarization, learning how to make your bed, it's a long list. The new ANG troops mostly knew how to shoot a gun, wouldn't take orders and didn't need shots, cutting the time from 3 months to about 3 weeks. It seems like most of them said something to the effect that, 'a country boy can survive'. His private security force had all the training necessary to use the armor, artillery and large 6-chopper Air Force.

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Got hungry late in the evening and took a chance, ergo, I finished off some leftovers. Then, when I was satisfied, I opened Encarta trying to find out which snake was the infamous two-steps of Vietnam. I had one file claiming there was no any such thing. I'd copied that from:

<http://webpages.charter.net/kwilliam...ocs/snakes.htm> Still, I persisted and figured out that two-steps real name was *Trimeresurus albolabris*, common name white-lipped tree viper, white-lipped pit viper. Color pattern: green above, the side of the head below the eyes is yellow, white or pale green, much lighter than rest of head. The belly is green, yellowish or white below. A light ventrolateral stripe present in all males, but absent in females. The end of tail not mottled brown.

Strange, I always thought that two-steps was the krait. It had other names, too: The "two-step" is from Southeast Asia, and the term was primarily brought back by US soldiers that went to Vietnam. Other names are "The White Lipped Viper", "Bamboo Viper" "Green Pitviper". Why was I doing this? I don't like snakes. That guy I copied the stuff from, might have known the snakes of Central America, but he'd apparently never heard of the white lipped viper or the black mamba which has been know to attack people just because they pissed one off.

Poisonous snakes use venom (specialized saliva) to capture their food. Six species of poisonous snakes occur in Arkansas, but many harmless snakes are accused of being poisonous. The six are:

1. The coral snake (*Micrurus tener*), which is known from five counties in southern Arkansas, has neurotoxic venom that affects the nervous system of its prey
2. The cottonmouth (*Agkistrodon piscivorus*)
3. The copperhead (*Agkistrodon contortrix*)
4. The pygmy or "ground" rattlesnake (*Sistrurus miliarius*) occurs statewide in Arkansas
5. The diamondback rattlesnake (*Crotalus atrox*) is found in the southern Ouachita Mountains, Arkansas Valley, and in the southwestern Ozarks. This snake is sometimes called by the common name "coontail rattler" due to the black and white pattern on the tail
6. The timber rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*) occurs statewide in a variety of habitats.

I'd seen a snake I didn't recognize and wanted to be sure we didn't have any dangerous snakes in the area. Dam, we did. Not all snakes have tails, some of them had 2 legs.

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I got up around 4:30am with indigestion. I took a swallow or two of Maalox and waited for it to kick in. It did, but I ended up in the throne room for a while. I was just about to crawl back in bed when I heard the whump-whump-whump of the choppers taking off and the local 'air raid' siren let out a shrill wail. "Crap," I thought, "its

too early in the morning for this chit."

I woke Sharon, then slipped into my jeans, work shirt, shocks and Wal-Mart work boots. Next, I took a couple of minutes to strap on the ankle holster, shoulder holster and my Laredoan rig. I topped it off with the chest vest Derek had given me for Christmas '06 and made sure I had a full load of M-14 magazines (12+1). Satisfied, I headed for my golf cart, then stopped – I had no idea where I was going.

"Where's the trouble?"

"You're not going anywhere, Dad."

"Like hell, I'm not," all the while thinking, "fine, don't tell me, I just go towards the gunfire."

My 3 'guards' were there now and they averaged 6' even, give or take a ¼". Probably all weighted the same too – give or take a pound, they sure looked fit. Maybe I'd lost weight, but not enough I could take them, without a gun. Before Damon had a chance to tell them to grab me, I hobbled out the door and fired up the Humvee. I thought they'd go for their golf cart, but they jumped into a M1114 rebuild equipped with a Mk 19. I had a head start, but that only lasted about 200 yards. The golf cart was more maneuverable than that heavy HMMWV and every time they cut me off, I bypassed them, all the while heading to where the mines (?) were going off. Not good enough to be a movie chase scene; funny though.

They were coming at us from the west side. I must have been thinking that this would be a walk in the park. I wasn't walking to get there and wouldn't be walking when I did. Walk in the park means easy, right? Unless it's Central Park late at night, you probably wouldn't associate a walk in the park with people shooting at you.

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When I arrived, having out skirted my guard detail, I grabbed the old M1A and my 590. Loaded with the 12 pellet 00, the 590 would come to bear if they got too close. I got so caught up in the melee, I forgot all about the towers. These guys didn't look like an enemy, they looked more like our neighbors. I stood there almost staring until a bullet whizzed by my ear. My guards were nearly ready to knock me down to save my sorry butt, but I beat them to it, making a sure to not crush my magazines. I pulled the 4¾" Colt, it being uncomfortable to lie on.

I racked the action and took a bead on the nearest attacker, a man trying to work his way through the mines. I got him because I wasn't yet caught up into the action. Maybe half my shots hit someone or something. I might have done better had I slowed to get a better sight picture. These people, perhaps as many as 600, were short on intelligence, but high on courage. While here was no way they could have known about the mine field, they learned quickly, and kept coming.

I was getting low on loaded M-14 mags when one of my guards tossed me my ammo bag with more mags, grenades and other things, getting winged for this trouble. I started to go to him, CLS bag in hand; but one of this companions checked him over quickly and returned to the battle.

I was dimly aware of a new element being added to the defense, but was too busy to give it much attention. I kept going, even as fatigue set in. This set piece battle was a perfect example of a failed full frontal assault. Then as quickly as it began, the firing stopped, except for the occasional coup de grâce.

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Now that it was over, I looked at the men I'd shot and felt bad. I found it to be downright depressing. I'd killed some and wounded others. Didn't hit all I shot at either. I recognized a couple of them, people from the cavern

during the waiting time... when we were waiting for the fallout to die down. That one over there was Jeb. This guy here was Stu. Hating didn't get them anywhere, except dead. Truth be told, the rifle was far more accurate than my pitiful display showed. In the end, I'd only used one of my weapons, the loaded standard M1A. Iron sights ruled that day.

When Derek saw me mopping, he reminded me that combat wasn't what I thought it might be. Then, he dug out an old record and put on John Cash:

And I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder: One of the four beasts saying: "Come and see." And I saw. And behold, a white horse.

There's a man goin' 'round takin' names. An' he decides who to free and who to blame. Everybody won't be treated all the same. There'll be a golden ladder reaching down. When the man comes around.

The hairs on your arm will stand up. At the terror in each sip and in each sup. For you partake of that last offered cup, Or disappear into the potter's ground. When the man comes around.

Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers. One hundred million angels singin'. Multitudes are marching to the big kettle drum. Voices callin', voices cryin'. Some are born an' some are dyin'. It's Alpha's and Omega's Kingdom come.

And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree. The virgins are all trimming their wicks. The whirlwind is in the thorn tree. It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

Till Armageddon, no Shalam, no Shalom. Then the father hen will call his chickens home. The wise men will bow down before the throne. And at his feet they'll cast their golden crown. When the man comes around.

Whoever is unjust, let him be unjust still. Whoever is righteous, let him be righteous still. Whoever is filthy, let him be filthy still. Listen to the words long written down, When the man comes around.

Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers. One hundred million angels singin'. Multitudes are marchin' to the big kettle drum. Voices callin', voices cryin'. Some are born an' some are dyin'. It's Alpha's and Omega's Kingdom come.

And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree. The virgins are all trimming their wicks. The whirlwind is in the thorn tree. It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

In measured hundredweight and penny pound. When the man comes around.

And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts, And I looked and behold: a pale horse. And his name, that sat on him, was Death. And Hell followed with him.

<http://www.hit-country-music-lyrics....mesaround.html>

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The next day we reviewed what happened.

"Damon said he told you to stay out of it."

"He did, but he forgot some things."

"What?"

"I'm the father and you two are my sons. And, he didn't say please. Did we kill them all?"

"No, only those wounded too badly to help. They were Klan, some of that bunch out of Zinc."

"Not all of them, I shot a couple that were down in the cavern with us. While I'm not without some consideration for those guys, they screwed up when they attacked us. If I hadn't been so busy.

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I've had help on this story and the reason it didn't get done was that problem with the email system. He sent 'em, I never got them...

News of Prime Minister Tony Blair's imminent retirement has led to a rash of speculation about who America's new best friend in Europe is likely to be. The lead candidates are Nicolas Sarkozy, France's new pro-American president, and German Chancellor Angela Merkel.

Just four years into the Iraq War, an unlikely configuration seems to be emerging: Of Europe's four biggest powers, those that supported the war (Britain and Poland) are showing signs of ally fatigue, while those that opposed it (France and Germany) desire closer accord with Washington. While the change of mood in Paris and Berlin is a welcome development, it should not distract attention from the need for some eleventh-hour damage control in the relationships with London and Warsaw. Before getting caught up in the glow of new love affairs, US policymakers might want to reflect on three important lessons that recent experience has taught us about alliances.

Lesson 1: Strong alliances are rooted in shared interests, not personalities. Even the most pro-American of politicians will eventually be forced to relinquish a policy course if it is not seen as advancing the geopolitical welfare of their home country. Witness the fates of José Aznar of Spain and Silvio Berlusconi of Italy. Conversely, a country that shares basic US interests is likely to pursue them even if its leader is not emotionally attached to America. In the end, Britain under Gordon Brown will still be a power whose best chance for wielding global influence lies in policy coordination with Washington; France under Nicolas Sarkozy will still be a power whose international profile is enhanced more by defying US power than by accommodating it; and Germany under Angela Merkel is still a near-great power whose best option is to play mediator to – and not make a decisive choice between – its eastern and western options.

Lesson 2: Even in the closest alliances, reciprocity matters. The Iraq War showed that, even in countries sharing fundamental US interests, America's stock can plummet if people believe the costs of supporting US policy outweigh the benefits. The best example is Poland, where politicians and the public alike feel they have little to show for Warsaw's contributions to the Iraq war. Many Britons feel the same way. Asked during a BBC interview what Britain had received for helping America in Iraq, Condoleezza Rice answered, "This isn't a matter of quid pro quos," but about fighting tyranny. But a realist like Miss Rice should know that, even in an age of high ideals, international politics still boils down to the age-old art of diplomatic give-and-take. The inability to grasp this basic rule of statecraft has done greater damage to US ties with London, Warsaw and other Iraq war allies than policymakers realize.

Lesson 3: We cannot afford to ignore Lessons 1 and 2. Failing to nurture close and enduring links with traditional partners like Poland and Britain, while pinning hopes on a new generation of like-minded politicians elsewhere, would be a mistake. Despite what some commentators have written, it is unclear whether Mr. Sarkozy or Mrs. Merkel will be able or even willing to paper over significant differences in their countries' relations with America. We are unlikely, for example, to see a pledge of French reinforcements for Afghanistan or a German delegation to Moscow peddling US missile defense. While working to bridge these differences, Washington should concentrate primarily on regaining the confidence of countries that do share US views but feel shortchanged for their support in Iraq. Put another way, America needs to "tend its base" in world politics.

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 14

Continued...

The point is not that Washington should shun the opportunity to mend fences with France and Germany. Rather, it is that true alliances are built on something more than election results; that they require constant diligence to maintain; and that, in managing our closest alliances, Washington must begin to take a longer-term perspective than it has in the past. As Walter Lippmann said, "An alliance should be hard diplomatic currency, valuable and hard to get, and not inflationary paper from the mimeograph machine in the State Department." In the years ahead, the value of alliances – and "instinctive" allies in particular – will increase dramatically. Unlike under bipolarity (when America viewed allies instrumentally as a buffer against the Soviet Union) or unipolarity (when it viewed them as disposable) the multipolar landscape of tomorrow will require a more extensive and intelligent use of alliances as instruments of US foreign policy. This new global game board may resemble the Great Power politics of a century ago – an environment that no living US statesman has experience navigating. Coping with this emerging reality will be easier if the global support group that Washington currently enjoys survives the Iraq war intact. While making the most of opportunities for new flames, Washington's main goal for now should be to take better care of old ones.

(Wess Mitchell is director of research at the Center for European Policy Analysis, a policy institute devoted to the study of Central Europe.)

The Sauer 38H was produced in three basic models. The first model says "JP Sauer und Sohn" on the left hand of the slide. The second version only says "CAL 7.65", and the third version omits the safety and the cocking/decocking lever. Towards the end of the war, weapons produced throughout Nazi empire were simplified for quicker, cheaper production. For the 38H, this meant simpler markings, rough finish, and the elimination of features like the slide-mounted safety. So-called "late-war" models were still fully functional though. Final examples, produced up until April 1945 when the factory was overrun by the Allies, feature mismatched serial numbers and poor fit and finish. Mine is the first model.

http://www.handgunsmag.com/featured_...306/index.html

Under Fair Use:

May was another normal month in the war against Islamism. At home, a delusional Rosie O'Donnell was back at it. She reminded her viewers that the United States has killed over 600,000 innocents in Iraq. And in an impassioned plea, she and her cohorts reminded us dullards that zealous jihadists must have some understandable reason for being so, well, zealous. Perhaps she meant in the same way that the zealous Waffen SS must have had some legitimate reason for its strong feelings?

Jimmy Carter was also plugging another book on his Christian piety by slandering a president at war for mixing religion and politics. He reminded us that evoking God wins approval from the mainstream when it comes from the Left, only outrage when practiced on the Right. But why would Carter jettison his trope when attacking the commander in chief at a time of war had already won him a Nobel Prize? And why refrain from disparaging talk of a "war against terror" when you did the same about an "inordinate" fear of Communism?

Even as scholars, along with politicians like John Edwards, were assuring that the war was "overblown," more terrorists were arrested for plotting to kill soldiers at Fort Dix, and plots more sinister still were uncovered in the United Kingdom. CAIR kept warning us about our illiberal prejudices against Muslims, while each week or so we uncover another cartoonish effort of some young, "mixed-up" Middle Easterners to aid our enemies or blow us up. That such wannabe killers are usually incompetent or amateurish is apparently supposed to remind us

how the threat is exaggerated or our own response disproportionate: we are like the worrywart who can't just keep calm when someone with terrible eyesight is taking potshots at him with a deer rifle from about a hundred yards away.

Critics who deplored the effort to depose a genocidal Saddam Hussein were urging the United States to do something to stop the genocide in Darfur — but of course always with the UN or EU (of Rwanda and Kosovo fame); a familiar formula: our Marines, their diplomats.

Democrats who claim we took our eye off al Qaeda when we went into Iraq won't explain how getting out will allow us to put both our eyes back on them when they're in a nuclear Pakistan. Democrats who assure us that the war is "lost" and the surge hopeless will not cut off funding for it, damn its architect Gen. Petraeus, or explain how in good conscious they can send more soldiers into harm's way for a war they assure us we can't possibly win.

Yet another poll, explained away by multiculturalists and apologists, revealed what most Americans have been led to suspect by the near weekly arrest of some conspirator or jihadist sympathizer: a lot of Muslims in the country are very angry and are sympathetic to those who kill violently. According to the Pew poll, one of four young Muslim Americans expressed approval of the tactic of suicide bombing, while six of ten assured us that no Arab Muslim was involved in September 11. Mr. Atta, you see, still lives in that apartment in Cairo with his loving father. Both findings translate into many hundreds of thousands Muslims living the good life here in the United States — 40 percent of whom have arrived since 1990 — who are either unhinged or favor the ideology of suicide bombing that killed 3,000 Americans.

There were more bombings in Afghanistan, Iraq, and Turkey. Islamists were trying to use their Palestinian bases in Lebanon to destroy the elected government there, as they try everywhere to destroy democracy — whether in Afghanistan, Iraq, Israel, or Turkey. It was hard to know whether Syria was happier about Speaker Pelosi's visit or angrier that the US government keeps pressing it on serialized murder in Lebanon.

More rockets were fired from Gaza to show the world the wisdom of the concessions granted in the Israeli withdrawal. The strategy seems to be, "See, we are incompetent and so can't really kill too many of these Jews, so why fire back?" Or "Can't you at least miss most of the time like we do?"

Hamas thugs assassinated Fatah gangsters and vice versa — and won the usual sympathy from the latest British "Lord" who deplored some supposed disproportionate Israeli response and the cruel stance of the United States that cut off aid to a terrorist organization that could not even fake an "Ok, give me your money — I promise I won't say for a few months that I want to destroy the state of Israel."

The Iranians offered up the world more braggadocio, even as the U.N. assured us that they had not complied with nonproliferation protocols, even as estimates of the time they need to get the bomb continued to shrink, even as talk continued of how we could live with a nuclear Iran, just as we live so splendidly with a nuclear Pakistan. Mr. Ahmadinejad gets at least something right: While he is parasitic on almost everything Western from his oil industry to his bombs, he at least keeps up his indigenous credentials by not wearing a tie.

Amid Middle East cries of Western injustice, oil hovered near \$70 a barrel, sending half-a trillion dollars per year to the supposedly victimized Middle East, desperately in need of Western cash for impoverished Hamas.

In the aftermath of the seizure of the British naval vessel, and with the impending departure of Tony Blair, there are more rumors that Britain will shortly exit Iraq. A play in London by the name of 'Fallujah' presents to its audience swaggering Americans who are terrorizing poor Iraqis in what would otherwise be just a tranquil Muslim community.

After the Danish cartoons, the Van Gogh murder, the hysteria over the pope's allusions, and the riots in France,

a new European leadership is starting to sense that their continent is like a juicy, overripe peach, about to be picked in its fullness by Islamists before it rots completely from the inside.

I could go on, but you get the point.

In spite of all this, given the power and wealth of the United States and its cloning mechanism we call globalization, the world shrugs and goes on. I suppose the idea is that we are in a sort of Cold War containment mode with radical Islam. In other words, we try to ensure that jihadists cannot do too much damage to the world order, and that in time we will simply smother them the way we did the earlier Soviet fraud.

So we fight the worst in Afghanistan and Iraq, try to ensure that Iran doesn't get the bomb, hope that Israel is alive one more day, and then put out these small brush fires that burst out at weird places like Fort Dix or a London mosque. In the meantime, our own counterassault continues. Oprah, iPods, the 300, the Internet, and everything else from jailbait Paris Hilton to the ghost of Anna Nicole just chug on, and do their own small parts in undermining and co-opting the 7th-century world of Dr. Zawahiri.

Is it working? In some sense, yes. Poor Dr. Zawahiri, after all, is still ranting about the Kyoto accords from his mud-brick enclave, his cave notes full of cribbed ideas from Al Gore and Noam Chomsky. If he keeps declaiming, Jon Stewart or Bill Maher will do a link-up soon.

But most serious nations, it seems – those in the West, China, Japan, India, and Russia – have come to some sort of unspoken, politically incorrect consensus about the radical Muslim world, its unearned oil profits, and its very practiced terrorism. I guess they think watching radical Islam is akin to watching a nursery full of ill-tempered infants fighting over hand grenades – the key being to keep them in, and you out of, the playpen when their adult toys periodically go off.

So we made it through another month of this war. And we hope another young Islamist has passed up the madrassa call for martyrdom in Afghanistan and Iraq, and instead is watching 24 reruns and fighting over the judging in “Arab idol.”

So is this “containment” and does it count as a strategy? Sort of.

And will it work? Maybe.

At least until the next big something-or-other goes off.

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“General Ott speaking.”

“General, this is the governor.”

“Yes sir, how can I help you?”

“General, I have some problems. We have the final tally on the Arkansas National Guard that survived all of this, and some of them are commissioned officers.”

“Why is that a problem, sir? I could use the help.”

“Well, I'm getting a lot of resentment from them since they learned that I promoted you over all of their heads. I don't suppose that any of them have checked in with you yet, have they?”

“As a matter of fact, no, sir.”

The governor sighed. “I was afraid of that. So what do I do about this?”

“Do you have their contact information, sir?”

“Yes.”

“Then send it to me and I’ll take care of it. This is not strictly your job anyway, sir. They just have to accept me as their commanding officer until we come up with something better.”

“I might have to demote you under some of them.”

“If you do, fine. The job is only mine until you find someone better for it. Even my rank is temporary until the Pentagon confirms it.”

“Speaking of which, the Pentagon wants you to contact them. Seems that the Chief of the National Guard Bureau needs a report.”

“Will do, sir. Anything else?”

“One other thing. Could you send some soldiers over to Jonesboro?”

“Certainly. What’s the situation?”

“There was an earthquake in New Madrid. There aren’t many seismologists left but they have given a preliminary rating of 9.3 on the Richter scale.”

“Ew. What’s left of Jonesboro?”

“Not much. The survivors have gathered at Arkansas State University’s campus. I want you to send a convoy over to bring them to someplace safe.”

“Who’s in charge over there?”

“A gentleman named Eric Redman. He was an athletic trainer or something for their basketball team.”

“Good. Is his wife ok?”

“You know them?”

“My wife grew up with his wife, sir.”

“From what I hear, they are both fine, but she’s pregnant.”

“That’s great news, sir. I was afraid that she would lose the baby. I’m sending a convoy tomorrow.”

“Thank you, General. I don’t have anything else for you right now.”

“Thank you, sir.”

I hung up and turned to Dad. "Dad, can you excuse me a moment? I need to call some people and mend fences."

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I sure hope Rosie was in one of the cities that got hit. No one told me where the Pastor was with the attackers. Probably not, too much of a chance of getting hurt. Had I been in charge, I was constantly reminded that I wasn't, I'd have tracked every last attacker down and eliminated the threat, forever. Not my call, apparently the Air Force didn't count for much.

By the time I was in, the Air Force that had soldiers was all but gone. Formed in 1947 from the old Army Air Corps, they stopped being soldiers and became airmen. Put up the M1 Rifle and took up with the M1 Carbine. Half a gun for half soldiers, I guess. The gun locker in our barracks for personal weapons had more firepower than our empty armory was supposed to have. That changed and by the '70s, those airmen were pretty much soldiers again. Now, they have the same semi useless rifle the Army has, the M-16.

There were few things wrong with the M1 Rifle. They fixed them when they developed the M-14. Had they gone a step further and incorporated a feature or two from the BM-59, they would have had the perfect weapon. My view, because they like that poodle shooter. It weighs less, and so does the ammo. Horse hockey, if an old man like me can manage a total of 13 20 round magazines of 7.62m FMJ, those kids can. Want to guess how long it will take Pastor Thom to put together another army? I agree, what with folks like Joe having guns, too, it could take that long.

What with all the snakes here in the Ozarks, I figured I better put together a good snake bite kit. Found a quart of good 'Tennessee sippin whiskey', about right for one snake bite. Stick those words in a search engine and it will even tell you the brand and the product number (old No. 7). Every once in a while, I'd pull out those 4 bottles of MGD, figuring they'd aged enough, and my 3 guards and I would enjoy a cold one. Then, I'd restock the cooler for the next time.

The distance between Flippin, Arkansas and New Madrid, Missouri, as the crow flies is 171 miles on an initial heading from Flippin to New Madrid of east (81.9 degrees). The New Madrid Earthquake, the largest earthquake ever recorded in the continental US, occurred on 7Feb1812. This earthquake was preceded by three other major quakes: two on 16Dec1811, and one on 23Jan1812. These earthquakes destroyed approximately half the town of New Madrid. There were also numerous aftershocks in the area for the rest of that winter. There are estimates that the earthquakes were felt strongly over 50,000 square miles, and moderately across nearly one million square miles. Estimated magnitude was 8. Since 1974, there have been ~4,000 quakes in the area. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Image:L...d_Erdbeben.jpg

Somehow, I thought that New Madrid was further away. There hadn't been a lot of recent activity, anyway. The fault generally followed the Mississippi, or the other way around. They were in much more danger in Memphis than we were in the middle of the Ozarks. I only mention it because I wanted you to know that I was, or was becoming, aware of my surroundings.

Be that as it may, I couldn't get any volunteers to go to Zinc with me and wrap up this problem for once and all time. By ourselves, Aaron and I didn't make a very impressive fighting force. We were well armed, but badly outnumbered. Worse, the Governor told Derek that that should take care of the Klan for a while and he'd better attend to more important things, like saving Arkansas and cleaning up the mess.

We flew 3 flags, the Star and Stripes and the Stars and Bars apparently at the same height; apparently because if you looked very, very closely, the US Flag was about 1" higher. The third flag was of course the Arkansas flag (A diamond on a red field represents the only place in North America where diamonds have been discovered and mined. The twenty-five white stars around the diamond mean that Arkansas was the twenty-fifth state to

join the Union. The top of four stars in the center represents that Arkansas was a member of the Confederate States during the Civil War. The other three stars represent Spain, France and the United States, countries that had earlier ruled the land that includes Arkansas. Flag adopted 1913.)

Before he was Governor, Monty Davenport represented District 86 in northern Arkansas' Ozarks. The district included Marion County and parts of Baxter, Boone, Searcy and Stone counties. Party affiliation was Democrat, just like most of Arkansas' other politicians. As a result, I declined to answer when asked my party, or lied and said, "Independent". They knew about California and I hoped they didn't know about Iowa. Iowa was about 50-50, but California was very left leaning and they could assume what they wanted (remember, I don't care).

Derek forbade me to include a natural disaster in this tale and when the ground shook, I didn't mention it to him. Think, 'out of sight – out of mind'. He suddenly got very busy after that, something to do with a problem in Northeastern Arkansas.

"Hey Joe, time for coffee?"

"Back and strong?"

"Yeah, really coffee. You know, Joe, back when New Orleans got hit, I warned people to stock up on coffee if they drank Folgers."

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CINCINNATI, OH, November 11, 2005 – The Procter & Gamble Company's Folgers brand today announced that its New Orleans coffee production and roasting facilities are fully operational, with all systems back up and running at full capacity, following disruptions caused by Hurricane Katrina. Folgers notified retailers that supply will return to normal by early December. More than 400 of the company's 554 employees in New Orleans are back at work, and the company remains strongly committed to New Orleans, where it has had a presence for more than 50 years, and where it produces more than 50 percent of its coffee.

With the return of normal operations, consumers will begin seeing their favorite Folgers variety in the AromaSeal canister on store shelves. The special Folgers Katrina Relief metal can will be phased out.

"The return to full operations at our Folgers plant is a testimony to the dedication and hard work of our plant employees," said Doug McGraw, Vice President Global Coffee for P&G. "At the same time, our employees' well-being and safety has always been our priority and we remain committed to assisting them in returning to New Orleans and rebuilding their lives."

To help employees get back on their feet, P&G has invested \$2 million to build Gentilly Village, a temporary employee housing facility with 150 trailers located on the plant site, along with some of the comforts of home, including recreation and dining facilities. A \$5,000 employee no-interest loan program was introduced to allow employees immediate access to cash in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina.

A recently completed employee survey will help Folgers further assess the long-term needs of its employees. The company also recently created an employee relief fund. To date, the fund has amassed more than \$1 million, including the company's matching contribution. It will provide \$650,000 in grants to employees to aid in rebuilding their lives, as well as \$400,000 in grants to local New Orleans organizations suggested by the employees themselves. P&G has already provided more than \$10 million in cash and product to disaster relief through donations to the American Red Cross and America's Second Harvest.

Despite their own hardships, more than 80 percent of P&G employees located in the New Orleans region are involved in local volunteer efforts. P&G's Tide CleanStart program is providing mobile laundry units to

Hurricane Katrina victims in New Orleans. The units can wash up to 640 loads of laundry per day. The American Red Cross has reported that P&G employees worldwide have donated \$50 million to global disaster relief.

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"How long did it take them to rebuild?"

"I don't know, but they were up and running in 2 months. What did you drink in Davenport, Butternut?"

"No, Folgers or Hill Bros. I haven't seen Butternut in quite a while. I think their Corporate Headquarters burned down."

"I asked several people to help me. I wanted to go to Zinc and finish that bunch off."

"Don't look at me, partner, they don't like my kind over there. I'm black. I'm an American. I am not a black American. Dam labels. Why can't everyone just understand that people are people?"

"Arkansas was a Confederate state, Joe."

"That war ended in 18 and 65. Just between you and me, the real War of Northern Aggression happened later under the name of Reconstruction. The north refused to give the south the time it needed to heal.

"There are any number of bumper stickers in the South bearing a little cartoon figure in Confederate gray waving a Confederate flag with the words 'Surrender, Hell!', 'Lee surrendered, I didn't,' or the bumper sticker featuring the American AND Confederate flags stating "American by birth, Southern by the grace of God" on them. Northerners who come to the South and see them have various reactions to these effigies, varying from 'quaint,' 'cute,' 'charming,' to 'racist,' 'hateful," and 'gotta be a redneck.' From Maryland and Virginia southward to Miami, across Tennessee, Arkansas, and down into Texas, even in Kentucky and Missouri, the Confederate flag is everywhere. One hundred and forty-two years after Appomattox, why is there still such a display of the Confederate flag?

"One answer is Reconstruction. A period of time that should have been a time of healing after the war only served to further deepen the resentments of Southerners against the North. Contrary to popular beliefs written by historians after the war, ingrained in the mindset of the public in regards to the Civil War, the war itself was all about slavery. It wasn't. Slavery was only one issue among a great, great many. Slavery, in fact, was becoming an economic hardship on slaveholders and was, by economic necessity, on it's way out. Historians are on both sides of this argument, but by looking at things from a fiscal and financial point of view, the introduction of the cotton gin and other advances in farm machinery opened the door for the end of slavery. Call slavery what you will, evil or necessary, there are a few facts that should be kept in mind in regards to the practice: Christ did not condemn slavery (nor is it condemned anywhere in the Bible), a great number of African tribes sold prisoners from other tribes to white slavers through the centuries that Africa was being used to provide slaves to the Americas and Europe, and slavery is a practice that even today is alive and well in the Muslim world under Islamic law."

"Read that somewhere?"

"Yes, can't remember where, maybe Wake Up America."

"What did you usually watch on TV?"

"I liked the military oriented shows. Let's see, I watch NCIS, The Unit, Jericho while it lasted, the Military

Channel, History Channel and various channels of the Discovery Network."

"Me, too, Joe. I also watched National Geographic to try and keep up on the various types of natural disasters."

"This is Tornado Alley."

"Rarely had those in California. But, the ground shook. The two earthquakes that really got my attention were Whittier Narrows and Northridge."

"You weren't hurt?"

"No, not that required medical attention. Grossly inconvenienced, not injured. I don't know if Derek told you, I lived in Iowa from '65 until '82. My home town had a tornado hit just after I married the boys' mother."

"He said you were walking guard with a 12 gauge."

"I was, a Winchester model 12 with a Cutts Compensator. I had the skeet choke in and the gun was loaded with buckshot."

"Air Force, right?"

"61 through '65."

"You missed 'Nam."

"Yes, but I was in when Johnson got the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution passed. Got me the GI bill for college."

"What did you do in the Air Force?"

"Instrumentation. I went to school in Denver at Lowry and served my time in California at Edwards."

"Never saw combat?"

"Not until the Klan showed up."

"You didn't do half bad, for an amateur. You must have hunt a lot."

"Hardly. I can't even remember when I went hunting last, probably in the late '60s and early '70s."

"I've got to go; thanks for the coffee."

"Bye, Joe."

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 15

I confirmed things I thought more than learning a lot of new things in the battle with the Klan. I knew to keep my head and butt down as much as possible; we had good, solid cover. I knew that I had time to properly place my shots, it only took a few extra seconds, again from behind cover. The problems I had weren't any different from those experienced by the other defenders, I had enough loaded magazines, just didn't bring them from my

golf cart. It the issue came up again, I wouldn't make the same mistake.

It led me to wonder about our troops during that Iraq War. I'm sure most of them carried more than a standard combat load of 210 rounds of 5.56mm. I had asked Derek before, receiving vague answers. Now I pinned him down and demanded an answer.

"Dad, we carried as many magazines as we could and I generally carried 14 30-round magazines of 5.56mm and at least 5 15-round M9 magazines. The springs in those pistol magazines were the most unreliable element of the pistol. They really need more tension and maybe another loop. However, our HMMWV started out with a Ma Deuce and ended up with the CROWS. That wasn't perfect either, the traverse was a little on the slow side."

"Why didn't you get the Purple Heart, you earned one twice?"

"No visible injuries and if you seen what happened to some of our guys, you wouldn't have put in for it either. I told you we modified our M-1114s and were protected against everything but the largest IEDs."

"You kept me confused most of the time and those cryptic clues you gave me didn't help much. You said you'd have an M-4, and didn't tell me when you switched to the A2. The thing about those care packages Sharon put together and I packed was the weight of the batteries. We sent nearly as much on shipping as we did on the contents."

"Do you believe me now about a possible nuclear war? If not, I drive you down to Little Rock or up to Springfield. BTW, what happened in Northeastern and eastern Arkansas, damage from the New Madrid Fault?"

"Some, yes. We've been doing what we can to maintain Law and Order and provide security fro the people cleaning up Little Rock. Then, we have to move down to Pine Bluff and provide security while they bring the construction of the pyrotechnics back to full operation."

"What about our Muslim population?"

"The largest concentrations were in LA and Detroit. We shouldn't see them although we have a recent list of militant for both areas."

"Know anything about Palmdale, Ron said it got overrun."

"That's as far as the Mexican Army got, the Antelope Valley. They pulled up stakes 3 days before the attack."

"Any word on casualties?"

"No, sorry Any word about Ron?"

"He is/was in Cedar Hill, just south of the Colorado. He said they could move north, if necessary."

"When do you expect him to show up?"

"If he shows up, he'll have to bypass some targets so I don't know if he will and can get by all of the targeted cities. I'd expect him to travel across the southern portion of Colorado."

We had a problem and didn't know it, yet. How do you keep track of what's going on around the country/continent/world? ABC, CBS, NBC, CNN or FOX? Do you read online versions of newspapers and the news source listed? Pretty hard to do when the net is down. More difficult when 90% of the news you get is from ham band radios. The Governor had some sources, but I don't know what they were. Derek remarked he was running on several sources, including the information his people and I were supplying from our ham radios.

We were near the peak of the sunspots which didn't help a lot.

160 meters through 40 meters are really long range communications and the shorter the wave length, the shorter the non-line-of-sight range. 1.2ghz is satellite communications and not everyone has a radio using the frequency. HF (below 30mhz) doesn't like sunspots, or the other way around, doesn't matter, the result is the same. With military communications, ham bands used heavily when I was young had come back into heavy use. Please note, I'm generalizing. Some very long distance communications have occurred on 2 meters.

It appeared that we were lucky to be out of shaky land, after the war, for whatever reason, the San Andreas Fault let loose. Maybe the nukes loosened it some, it had been overdue for the big one. Some of those volcanoes in the Cascade Range let loose, too. A result of the Cascadian Subduction Zone, I wondered what that meant about the Zone itself. Anyone trying to make it in a National Forest or Monument might be rethinking his/her choice.

In and of itself, there is nothing out of the ordinary about a natural disaster. In '80, Mt. St. Helens experienced a landslide resulting in it blowing its side (top, if you prefer). There was the Indian Ocean tsunami off the coast of Sumatra. History shows that they happen all of the time, just not usually all at once. I have, on my computer, a file I named Disasters.doc that contains the tables from Wikipedia's page:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of...ural_disasters

The tables emphasize death tolls, not economic impact. Is economic impact as important as the death toll? I'd guess that would depend on your perspective and whether one of the dead was a relative of yours. I can tell you that the lists are much different. We were beginning to get an idea of the death toll of WW III in the US. Frankly I don't care about other countries except for the UK. We didn't have figures for them. Wiki had a disclaimer on their page about US disasters by death toll: Due to inflation, the damage estimates are not comparable. The year given is the year in which the currency's valuation was calculated to.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of...nited_States

The US death estimates varied, primarily by time. Initial estimated deaths of 60 million, were lower than the final estimated death toll of 160 million because some people took time to die from the fallout and 'other causes'. One could include those Kluckers in the 'other causes' list. I can tell you how some of those people died, from ap land mines and bullets of multiple calibers, including seven-six-two millimeter; Full metal jacket.

"Today... is Christmas! There will be a magic show at zero-nine-thirty! Chaplain Charlie will tell you about how the free world will conquer Communism with the aid of God and a few marines! God has a hard-on for marines because we kill everything we see! He plays His games, we play ours! To show our appreciation for so much power, we keep heaven packed with fresh souls! God was here before the Marine Corps! So you can give your heart to Jesus, but your ass belongs to the Corps! Do you ladies understand?"

(Gunny Erme playing the role of Gunny Hartman.)

Did I tell you that Gunny was born in Kansas, 1 year and 1 day after I was born in the PRK? Sorry, I forgot. Gunny had a lot of guns at home and a Jeep (M151) on Mail Call fitted out with the reliable standard, Ma Deuce. I wonder how he made out when the Mexican Army invaded Palmdale? He probably pulled out and went to Ridgecrest (China Lake). The M151s, have been deemed a hazard to public safety; therefore, the DoD renders them inoperable prior to sale (i.e., cut or crush the unitized body and suspension system).

With seat belts and a roll bar, there was nothing wrong with a Jeep, model M151 (the Army calls them ¼ ton utility trucks). There were several on the ranch, some support weapons mounted on the roll bars. If the ATF were still around, they could spend a year on the ranch just listing the violations of all of those UNCONSTITUTIONAL LAWS.

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Say, did you know that, "Japan has the fifth largest navy in the world and spends over \$40 billion a year on defense." Another source: <http://www.mapsofworld.com/world-top...avies-map.html> On the latter list, Japan isn't included in the top ten.

Initially moored at Bremerton Naval Shipyard after her decommissioning in 1990. In 1998 she was towed to the NETC, Newport, RI. Then she was transferred to Suisan Bay, California. The Iowa contrary to some writings is in very good condition. Her #2 turret that was damaged from a fire in 1989, was almost completely repaired and almost everything needed to complete the repairs are being stored inside the turret. She may be used as a deck only museum in San Francisco Bay.

"There is only one way to conduct yourself in this world, only one way to remain always above reproach. For a real leader, the elements of personal virtue – self-reliance, self-control, honor, truthfulness, morality – are absolute. The time for words has now passed. From this day forward, you will have to demonstrate that you can live up to the standards you were taught."

"We live in an age where friends and enemies alike will seek out and focus on any and all mistakes made under great stress, where the irregular battlefield will present life-and-death decisions, often with no good choices, where the slightest error in judgment or even the perception of an error can be magnified many times over the Internet and on TV and circulated around the globe in seconds."

"You can never be content to be merely good citizens. In everything you do, you must always make sure that you are living up to the highest personal and professional standards of duty, service and sacrifice."

"And when you are called to lead, when you are called to stand in defense of your country in faraway lands, you must hold your values and your honor close to your heart. You must remember that the true measure of leadership is not how you react in times of peace or times without peril."

"The true measure of leadership is how you react when the wind leaves your sails, when the tide turns against you. If at those times you hold true to your standard, then you will always succeed, if only in knowing you stayed true and honorable."

Sounds good, right? SecDef Gates to the 2007 Air Force Academy graduating class. Yeah right.

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One thing I knew not to do was mix my ammo. I had 147gr, 168 gr. and 173 gr. I knew to set the sights for one brand (each bullet weight was a different brand) and to reset them before I changed to a different bullet weight. My original M1A used 147 gr. FMJ (surplus) and 168 gr. HP (Black Hills). One that rifle, the iron sights were set for the military surplus and my Aimpoint sight for 168gr. I suppose everyone has some sort of system. The magazines I normally carried were filled with surplus.

Comparison of the M1A, that was my preferred weapon, using the lower bullet weights also disclosed that if I forgot which ammo I was using, either sight would work past 200 yards. It wouldn't matter providing we weren't attacked again and probably not even if we were. I don't believe I pulled the trigger on anyone more than 200' or so out.

He also increased the screening process in place after that set to with the Klan. New employees could have a bright red neck, but they couldn't evidence any prejudice unless it was against illegal aliens. The US had a problem and knew it without realizing how serious it was. I'm speaking of the gang problem. Rumor had it that Chavez was funding and supplying MS-13. Hell, I figured they were mostly dead, living in the large cities all over the US. Not so, I found from one radio conversation I listened in on.

It seems that when the Mexicans invaded, rather than come right out and join in with their comrades, the gangs laid back and 'picked off strays'. All the while accumulating more weapons, munitions and ordnance (the latter is anything bigger than a pistol or rifle cartridge). Considering what they paid for weapons, etc. in South America, the only cheaper source was 'borrowing it' from armories and depots. Where is it written that strategic reallocation is limited to the good guys? I know, if the bad guys do it, we call it looting.

Things began to settle down and we got ready to plant the crops and gardens for the summer of 2010. I'll bet you were wondering what year it was, the last time I mention the year was 2009. Hitlery had served less than a full year in office when she lost out to Osama Obama. With our early growing season, Derek suggested we might get two crops, depending on what we planted. A person had to figure on planting enough people food for about 250 people for a year. Plus enough hay and grain for about 100 head of horses, 600 head of hogs, 500 head of cattle, a bunch of sheep and chicken/turkey feed.

We planted some of everything we could grow in northern Arkansas. I said we, actually, I watched. Is a 50 acre garden large? You bet your bippy it is, some folks have smaller truck farms. Everything they grew and put up was in pint, quart and half-gallon jars. Derek preferred jars because they could be reused several times allowing him to store lids (by the case) and a few replacement jars. The pamphlet only described the food processing operation in general details and I'll not add to that. However, they could process enough meat for the ranch and could also process specialty meats like sausages and various lunch meats. The smoke house was fairly large, but had to be if they smoked that many hams, picnics and sausage. The herd sizes were kept constant through meat processing. I liked this place, it was everything I dreamed of for a survival retreat and more.

Remember when he pointed out my tp? He said maybe 10,000 rolls? There are 6 rolls to the package and 5 packages to the bundle. I snuck a peek at the inventory records and the last time he ordered, it was ~400 bundles of Charmin. The Northern quilted was more like 38,000+ rolls (he bought the 16 roll bundles of the Giant rolls).

The ranch sold fresh food to the grocers in the area (there aren't that many). They also increased production of their bakery products after the war to supply the area bread and baked goods. While the ranch produced some wheat, most of it had to be imported from Kansas, by the train load. This was an advantage because, thanks to Joe, we had our own 200 car train. Unfortunately $\frac{3}{4}$ of the cars were flatbeds and none of them were grain cars. If it was anything like California, there were siding full of empty grain cars in Kansas. I recalled from my trips to San Francisco, way back when, seeing hundreds of cars on sidings waiting to haul cotton. Man, did they grow a lot of cotton in the big valley (San Joaquin not Sacramento).

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"Long time, no see."

"Sorry, Dad, we've been busy. We were just getting started on Little Rock when we had that quake in the northeastern part of the state. Memphis is more in the river than not. I didn't realize how much planning was involved in this job."

"You have good managers on the ranch, you're lucky."

"Luck had nothing to do with it. I used a search firm to pin down candidates and then I interviewed them. I made sure that they were fully capable of functioning if TSHTF. I made it a goal to have as close to 10 years of supplies as I could. I took a few lessons from the LDS Church when I did that."

"I may be wrong, but LDS Church guidelines are for a one-year supply."

"You're not wrong. However, after reading some of your stories, I decided that we had to be prepared for the

really long term."

"What's the status of the war with Mexico?"

"You know they pulled out after we were attacked?"

"I knew that, yes."

"They never came back. Paladin Artillery units are being stationed along the border to see that it remains that way. We have over 1,000 Paladins. The border is about 3,141km long. Spaced about every 4km, we can cover the entire border with overlapping fields of fire and have reserve forces."

"Do you have to give up your battery?"

"No, they're reserve forces."

"Is that our new border fence, artillery?"

"Only until they can actually construct the fence. At the rate they're going, it will be for the near future. You knew they decided to change the design, didn't you?"

"Nobody tells me chit."

"Yeah, they're going to build a prison fence, 2 layers of chain link surrounding a third made up of high voltage cables."

"That won't stop them from tunneling."

"The new seismic sensors will."

"What is the overall status of the state and the ranch?"

"Little Rock has been scraped nearly clean and rebuilding should start next spring. The ANG has reformed and has reallocated resources. We located and control all sources of Jet A and aviation gas. We sent a convoy to Texas and picked up fuel stabilizers to extend the life of remaining stores of unleaded and diesel fuel. Best estimate is that it will be several months before any refineries are running at full capacity. Since Canada wasn't involved in the war, they continued working on the pipeline and it has been completed to the US border. It will be up to the towelhead to build the US portion."

"I started construction of that new facility to convert vegetable oils to biodiesel, Dad. We will continue to produce food for up to 5,000 people. There are several other large truck farms coming online this year. Youbetcha Ranch is probably the most secure facility in Arkansas. Monty, the Governor, had discussed the possibility of housing the state government here until Little Rock is rebuilt."

"Do you go along with that?"

"You taught me that it can't hurt to have a few low friends in high places."

"Well, there's that. BUT, what if he tries to take over the ranch using some kind of Executive Order?"

"No sweat, I told him about Geraldo."

"Ah that, 600-yards.... Actually I've been practicing and I do believe I could make a 600-yard shot now."

"We'll set them up in one of the other areas, if we go that way. He has his own protection detail, Dad."

"And, thanks to you, I have mine. You know how I feel about politicians, especially Democrats. Am I still going to have free run of the ranch?"

"Yes, BUT, you can't shoot the Governor."

"What about Geraldo?"

"If he's still alive; and, if he shows up, be my guest."

"You're condoning murder?"

"That's between you and the Lord. I heard the Devil provides shovels."

+++++

Spoil sport! I was assigned duties – patrolling the wall making sure the security force was maintaining a heads up approach to things. It wasn't really fair, my Humvee made very little noise. I rather suspect my guard detail was giving them fair warning using a Spearhead radio (the handheld SINCGARS radio). I don't know, they wouldn't issue me one. They, in this case, was my oldest son, Damon, who was in charge of communications. Derek probably told him not to issue me one.

However, given free run of the ranch and my natural attitude about things, I had one. I was forced to leave it in the charger stand in my basement, unless we were attacked again. Believe me, it was no problem, there wasn't anywhere on the ranch that the CM300 couldn't reach. I did my best to keep those 3 Rangers on their toes. One day I'd use the Humvee and another I'd ride Shelia. I think they used a HMMWV to trail me when I rode.

Out of the bad, came some good. When I stopped taking Plavix and returned to Ecotrin, my left shoulder loosened up. I still couldn't raise my left elbow as high as the right. I think that medication Derek's doc had me taking helped everything, a little.

"Hey, asshole."

"They let you in?"

"I told 'em I was looking for Tom."

"And?"

"They said they never heard of a Tom. So then I told them the owner's father. They escorted me to you home, under guard."

"Just you or is Linda with you."

"She's in the kitchen talking to Sharon. Why the heavy security, Gar-Bear?"

"We were attacked."

"MZBs?"

"The Klan."

"The Klan?"

"Never thought to include that in any of my stories, did I?"

"You still a combat virgin?"

"Not any more, unfortunately. You?"

"I was when we started to come here. It's tough out there, partner. We didn't even get to Jericho before TSHTF."

"Jericho is a fictional small town."

"Maybe that's why we couldn't find it."

"The only Rogue River is in Oregon."

"Yeah, we couldn't find it either."

"Still depending on that SU-16 for fire power?"

"No, got a M1A."

"Which model?"

"I have the loaded standard and Lyn has the Super Match. They both shoot nearly the same, but we've never had to shoot them over 300-yards."

"I have a Super Match too, but I prefer the original rifle I bought. Hell, I have about one of everything, but when I ride, I carry the Marlin 1895 cowboy along with my Greener and 4 handguns."

"A Greener? Oh, you mean a John Wayne copy."

"No, I mean the Greener's he used in 'Cahill' and 'Big Jake'. They're a matched pair, sequentially numbered in the wooden box you saw in the movie."

"Jeezus!"

"Close, John." (Hey, it was a good line last time.) "He's rich, very, very rich. I have everything I ever want and then some. More importantly, I have a horse that doesn't want to run away with me."

"No Salina?"

"This one's named Shelia and she understands when you cock the Colt and dare her to run. I take it Robert isn't with us any longer?"

"His wife died the same day he did, from the same cause, heart attack. She died first and the stock must have been too much for him."

"Did you bring his guns too?"

"No, I left them in Cedar Hill for my kids."

"Just so you know, I been drinking. I drink about one beer every 3-4 months. Although Derek has a micro brewery, I don't have access. I do have a bottle of Jack Black but it's never been opened because I never been bitten by a snake."

"Got iced tea?"

"Yeah, but you'll have to sweeten it. I have several bottles of Sweet and Low, just in case."

"Just in case, what?"

"You showed up!"

"Where's Clarence?"

"Good question."

"Well?"

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Chapter 16

"Damed if I know, this here's Klan territory."

"I suppose we'll have a mobile home?"

"Nope, I saved a house for you."

"Two story?"

"Nope, but it has a full basement, so from one point of view, it's a two story."

"Still wearing a cowboy hat, I see."

"Yeah, this is the one I bought when I was chasing Kathy."

"I wear a white hat."

"The problem with a white hat is that they get grubby. I wear a straw hat in the summer, though."

"You got a horse for me?"

"Hell, I even have a Humvee for you."

"H1 or H2?"

"No, it's a model of golf cart."

"Figures."

"I might be able to get you a Dodge Ram."

"Do you go anywhere?"

"Just around the ranch."

"Then I'll just ride with you."

"Your horse's name is Salina."

"Chit."

"She does do that. She's a 5 year old Morgan mare. I have one question, how did you know where to come?"

"You left that pamphlet lay."

"I did?"

"You did."

"How are you fixed for supplies now that you have real rifles?"

"We have 10 magazines between us. We have about 800 rounds of 7.62 left. Can you help out?"

"My choice?"

"Anything you have."

"How about I give you both more USGI magazines. I'll add a couple of thousand rounds of M118 LR to that for Lyn; and for you, how about 5,000 rounds of 168gr Black Hills 168gr Match HP?"

"What do you shoot?"

"I like the surplus. Thing is, I don't have much left. When it comes to the Black Hills, there must be 100-150 500-round cases that Derek bought. Some of it is boat tail soft point, but most of it is match hollow point."

"Is that legal?"

"Are you a soldier in an army?"

"No, why?"

"Then, it's legal."

"And if I were?"

"You could help me strip rounds out of the belted ammo. It's mixed M80 ball and M62 tracer."

"Is that hard?"

"It's easier to strip than .50BMG ammo."

"I brought my reloading gear."

"I'm sure we can find you enough empty brass to use up all of your powder, primers and bullets."

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I didn't realize when I said that that Joe had collected all the brass and run it through an industrial sized reloading machine, a Dillon Super 1050 Auto-indexing Reloader and had all of those die sets. He could reload up to 2,000 rounds an hour once the cases were cleaned and ready to use. There was also a SL900 for shotgun shells, but I could reload my own with my Lee Loader, I didn't really have many. I wondered if Joe knew Herb, Derek's neighbor in Huxley. We didn't have any empty brass, but we did have bullets, primers (boxer and Berdan) and smokeless powder.

If you didn't believe what I reported about the US being Imperialists, ask Vlad, he says we are. That why they built up until they were ready and attacked us. Hmm. I think I once said something about the Cold War never ending... Interestingly, India and Pakistan never went to it. When China and the Pakis defeated India in 4 days, they proceeded to divided the Kashmir between them and China took a major portion of India. I don't know why, maybe they needed more snakes. Then, when Russia attacked the US, they sat back and watched. I never trusted that Musharraf anyway.

Well, we won one war, the 4th Mexican War, but by default, they retreated when Russia attacked. If we went to war with them one more time and won, would that make us an ACE? OTOH, who hasn't defeated Mexico?

Rather than fight with Iran over parts for the F-14 Tomcats, we should have bought them back and used them – I'm sure that many of them had very low flight hours. That way, we could have continued to use the Phoenix missile. We sure had a lot of spare parts to restore the aircraft and upgrade them. But no, that makes too much sense.

It's funny how something you say impresses someone. On fella uses a line out of one of my stories as his sig: "The only difference between a Liberal and a Socialist is the spelling." (Tired Old Man in Whetstone) About that, Whetstone was a jointly written story by Derek and yours truly. I'm probably the one who wrote that, but my memory isn't up to snuff these days. I could add to it, though. The only difference between a Socialist is a matter of degrees.

And now, the \$64 dollar question, who still has nukes?" India, Pakistan, China, Israel and the two real belligerents, Russia and the US. Just because Israel was attacked doesn't mean they're out of the nuke business. True, they probably have fewer, but still... Which only goes to show the Einstein was wrong and I wasn't far from being close. He chose clubs and I chose M-14 rifles. With a bayonet, an M-14 could double as a short bladed spear. That's why I wanted to put a 16" bayonet on mine.

I decided, without asking, to tour the ranch in my H1 Alpha. I loaned Ron a Greener and we'd do a couple tours, stop and practice, collect our brass and turn it over to Joe. It didn't take long for that to get borrring. Can't remember the story where the 3 Amigos spent their time in a coffee shop, maybe 'The Ark', but there was Fiddler's Green and it served coffee and snacks until 4:30pm when they switched to beer and booze. We were missing Clarence and I was out of touch with FT and Russ. On the other hand, there was a truckload of Folgers and not many folks here liked it, preferring Maxwell House. My other favorite coffee is French Market containing Chicory (city blend, not Creole). Both came from New Orleans and I'd be willing to bet Joe would like it, it's strong and black.

When we weren't out 'riding fence', as Ron called it, you'd find us in Fiddler's Green, drinking coffee and

cleaning our weapons. I kept working on my knife, it was getting close to a razor edge. And, over in Zinc, Pastor Thom Robb was getting ready for another attack. Someone beat him to it, his competition, MS-13 and affiliated gangs.

"So, how will I know if we're attacked?"

"One, you'll hear gunfire or mines going off. Two, they let loose with the air raid siren. Grab a couple of long guns and all your loaded magazines plus spare ammo. I take my rifle and a few thing in my Humvee. The rifle rack has all my weapons in it. If you'd prefer, they'll build you a rifle rack on yours, just let me know. If you have any Barnes solids, make sure you bring those, they'll stop most vehicles. If you check with Joe, you can get an M16A2 with a M203 and HEDP rounds. Just remember, more is better and don't bother asking if you can go, Damon will say no."

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Back then, you thought the Cold War ended and Russia was our friend:

A top Russia expert at the State Department issued an unusually sharp public criticism on Thursday of Moscow's behavior under President Valdimir V. Putin, describing the Kremlin as bullying its neighbors while silencing political opponents and suppressing individual rights at home.

The comments, approved by the White House, are the latest volley of criticism between Washington and Moscow in recent days. Although the White House said this week that President Bush would play host to Mr. Putin on July 1 at the Bush family compound in Maine, the speech is likely to add tension at a time when the broader dialogue between Washington and Moscow is already taking the most caustic tones since the collapse of communism. (If Georgie and Vlad were buddies, imagine what it would be like if they didn't like each other...)

Whether we'll have WW III is not the question. The question is, who will attack us? Russia and we have the most nukes, you figure it out. If the Chinese do it, their first shot will be to take out our satellites followed by EMP weapons. While they are not credited with having a lot, they have a whole lot more than we had the only time we used them in a war... Remember, I DON'T CARE. It's all beyond my control; hell it's even beyond your control. Pray? That's the talk you have with God to save your soul, not your body. When the politicians get done with us, it will probably be beyond fixing. In the age of instant communications, won't it be a shame when the first notice you have of Yellowstone exploding is the ash in the air?

One guy out there has a 'better idea':

Living just 80 miles (as the crow flies) east of Lake Yellowstone, as I do... I am offering a great bargain for all you folks who are afraid of Yellowstone's "Super Volcano" erupting.

For the nominal sum of \$100 a year, I will speed-dial you if an eruption occurs.

Meanwhile, you can wring your hands and say "Oh gosh! I can't live in Wyoming... the volcano might erupt"... and I'll enjoy spending your annual \$100 stipend.

Before you write a check, remember a pyroclastic flow moves at a speed of 700km/h and he's only 80 miles east (129km – 11 minutes away). Plus, the estimated radius of the pyroclastic flow from that Supervolcano is ~200 miles, minimum. Elapsed time to fill the circle, not long enough to call people, especially if you're taking cover. Pyroclastic flows are fast-moving fluidized bodies of hot gas, ash and rock (collectively known as tephra) which can travel away from the vent at up to 700 km/h. The gas is usually at a temperature of 100-800 degrees Celsius (1472 degrees Fahrenheit). A pyroclastic surge is a fluidized mass of turbulent gas and rock fragments which is

ejected during some volcanic eruptions. It is similar to a pyroclastic flow but contains a much higher of proportion of gas to rock, which makes it more turbulent and allows it to rise over ridges and hills rather than always travel downhill as pyroclastic flows do.

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"Say, Gar-Bear, would you mind pointing the barrels the other way?"

"It's a Greener, you have to cock it, partner."

"Sez you."

"I'll put it in the scabbard, satisfied?"

"It's loaded, right?"

"Pretty hard to kill someone with an empty gun. Unless, of course, it's daddy's unloaded .38 on a shelf in the closet."

We were in the Humvee, taking our early morning tour. It looked like it might rain, the sky to the west is very dark. Derek was mending fences, so to say, and trying to clean up that mess to the east. This time, I wasn't counting (rule of threes).

"What would you say if California fell off into the ocean?"

"Jeez, I don't know; goodbye? Anyone I know who lived there, and liked, was smart enough to leave."

"If we have WW IV, how do we get into the cavern?"

"Go into any ranch structure, access the tunnel and walk. Don't take much stuff, it's a long way."

The gardens were coming along nicely, I guess. When your garden is 50 acres, you don't examine every plant. The best bet is to get on a hill and look it over. You go down there, someone will hand you a hoe. I'd have just spread the manure in the fall and plowed it in, it would have composted itself. Wasn't my ranch and nobody listened to me anyway.

"It feels like we're being followed."

"We are. I have a guard detail of 3 Rangers: Manny, Moe and Jack or something like that. If it makes you feel any better, think of them as baby sitters. They try real hard to stay out of sight because I'm not supposed to know they're there."

"Is this all there is to see?"

"Hills and patches of bottom land, what did you expect?"

"So, why didn't you get some people and track down that bunch that attacked and end it once and for all?"

"I tried, I couldn't get any volunteers. I was told, they were all named Arnold."

"I'll be back Arnold?"

"Yeah, him. Want a cigar, I have Marsh Wheeling's and Dutch Master Presidents?"

"Cheap cigars?"

"I have some Churchill rejects."

"That's better. If you going to kill yourself smoking, it might just as well be something you enjoy smoking."

I gave him a bundle of 25 out of the cooler. Then, deciding I didn't like the look of the sky, we headed back to Fiddler's Green. We no sooner got inside when it began to rain – ash.

"Yellowstone?"

"That or Long Valley."

"How can you be sure, there are 10 in the US, even one in New Mexico."

"Yeah, north of Albuquerque called Valle Grande."

"You know about that one?"

"Hasn't gone off in a million years, Ron." <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Caldera>

I fired up the laptop and read him the list: Battle Ground Lake, Mt. Aniakchak, Crater Lake, Mt. Garita, Long Valley, Newbury, Mt. Okmok, Valle Grande and Yellowstone. I didn't mention the 5 in Canada. Crater Lake is the deepest lake in the US but the deepest in North America is Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories. Yellowstone is on the northern shore. He was smart to come here, he was surrounded with Valle Grande on the south and Mt. Garita on the north. All he would have to deal with here was ash and no pyroclastic flow.

Who says you can't step in shit and come out smelling like a rose? All in all, we'd managed to stay one step ahead of a natural disaster or far away enough that it wasn't that big of a deal.

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http://www.qmfound.com/army_rations_...20Rat_ion%20C After I read that, MREs were pretty good, but didn't include cigarettes because they were bad for you.

Okay, what does it take to declare Martial Law in America? It takes 1) a declared state of emergency, 2) a readied "homeland" paramilitary system to enforce the powers of Martial Law, and 3) one signature of the one person who has the authority to make the declaration.

So, let's get this straight. 1) In 1933, America's WAS declared into a state of emergency, which has never been rescinded. We are presently in a declared state of emergency (and have been for nearly 75 years), 2) multiple paramilitary systems have been raised, readied, operating, and practicing – beginning in 1974, and 3) the President of the United States need only sign a piece of paper to end the constitutional government of the United States.

On May 9, 2007, our president signed a National Security Presidential Directive – an unconstitutional piece of paper – which gave to himself the powers of total dictatorship over the entire nation (NSPD-51) and Congress has no say so whatsoever. Can you say "total dictatorship?"

But more to the point, the question we must ask ourselves is this: are we now under Martial Law? We know for

a fact that our constitutional rights have been politically and bureaucratically eliminated; we know for a fact that the global government has been raised; we know for a fact that the NAU is a fast-track reality; we know for a fact that the United Nations has absconded with our traditional military (who are not coming back to the states); we know for a fact that the United Nations Agenda 21 mandates that we live, believe, think, and act according to their worldly directives; we know for a fact that the International Property Maintenance Code has silently maneuvered itself into all American communities – much like Eminent Domain and land trust organizations – patiently awaiting the directive to seize most American homes; we know for a fact that the Civilian Labor Camps are up and readied; we know for a fact that disarmament is sneaking up on us like all global-political veils; we know for a fact that a shadow dictatorship manages our 2-Party system; we know for a fact that the largest global corporations in the world buy all laws into existence, and we know for a fact that our fear is translating into a completely fractured resistance to all-the-above. We are in deep trouble, America! The whole world is in deep trouble.

It is this writer's opinion that we are in a passive state of Martial Law right now. However, once the "Big Emergency" is called into play and strategic reality, we will see the expected results of our 2-Party maneuvering, which is the permanent end of our freedom and nation.

And amidst all this, what do the American people do? They play the "bring our soldiers home" game or the "illegal immigration" game. They play "the debates" game and the "global warming" game. People! You cannot see the forest for the dialectic trees! Why, why, why can't you put the pieces together to see the facts before your faces??? America is the sacrificial lamb! Your freedom is gone!

All the take-over/conquering systems have been raised with you watching and realizing nothing! And all of the red-flag wavers, who have been trying for decades to drop the facts in your laps, are on severely borrow time. When communications are taken over by the paramilitary systems, you will never again be privy to truth of any kind – only dictatorship, rules, labor, lies, regional masters, brute force, and conquerors.

Think, people think! What happens to the elderly, the infirmed, the "imperfect," your pets, your infants, your autistic grandchildren, your school children, your homes, your possessions, your bank accounts, your automobiles, your health – when everything you do and know becomes illegal and managed by paramilitary groups? All of written history gives you the answer!

Every school has lock-down policies. Every person in the United States, according to the same man who created and handed all power in this nation to himself via NSPD-51, says We all have to be evaluated for mental illness. You're a lunatic if you're a Christian. You're a lunatic if you're a Patriotic American. You're a lunatic if you question the wars. You're a lunatic if you think or live according to the laws of the Constitution. You're a lunatic if you refuse to take Big Pharma drugs. You're a lunatic if you choose to take supplements. You're a lunatic if you are straight and monogamous. You're a lunatic if you want to have children. You're a lunatic if you prefer marriage to hooking up. You're a lunatic if you question global warming. You're a lunatic if you question the mental health systems in your schools. You're a lunatic if you're overweight. And you're a lunatic criminal if you smoke cigarettes, don't wear seat belts, can't afford to get your property up to new "international codes," or drive cars.

And then, there is biotechnology waiting in the wings to "fix" your flaws – to make you "desirable" – to and for the pathological elites in charge. Welcome to academic and DNA-based eugenics. Welcome to designer and assigned babies. Welcome to permission slips to breed. Welcome to indoor farming. Welcome, "citizens," to Martial Law. If in doubt, ask the NAU regional King in charge of it ALL and his 2-Party army. I suppose when we're mostly a homeless population, sick with designer diseases, and crazed in the streets, the labor camps will look pretty good to us.

So, exactly how long are you going to deny the neon flashing lights on the walls??? What does it take for the 300 million of us to indivisibly demand that "government," as it now stands armed and against US, cease and

desist? <http://www.renewamerica.us/columns/levant/070531>

If she says so, it must be the case – don't hold anything back, now. Does she have Blackwater in mind? Haven't decided who's side she's on except her own. Don't believe everything you read, he/she could be lying or misinformed. Yes, that applies to what I write – I lie a lot – I write fiction. However, even with Medicare part D insurance, I couldn't afford to buy my drugs before coming to Arkansas. This article was courtesy of Steve Quayle, so, it can't be biased in any way, shape or form. OTOH, he's posted the same survival tip for at least 2 months before the net went down.

Can't talk write, now. We got to get our butts out there and sweep off the ash. If it rains water, the ash will get so heavy, the roofs might fall in. Don't have any idea where it's coming from, yet. All that ash in the air causes a lot of static electricity and our radio reception sucks. No I've never met Monica, why do you ask? Isn't word association fun? By the way, Hitlerly couldn't spell any better than Dan Quayle.

Me? I voted for Fred. He didn't want to get the guns. What do you mean he wasn't on the ballot? Your problem was you didn't look for Arthur Branch. He had experience as President, he was U.S. Grant in Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, and President Charles Ross in Last Best Chance. Rudi and John had never been President, only Hitlerly and Fred had.

We didn't know how Hitlerly had died, no one did. Majority speculation on the radio net was that her plane crashed. Surely, if she were alive, she'd have come forward to prevent Osama Obama from being sworn in as the new President. John Kennedy's body was barely cold before LBJ was sworn in. Is that a thing with Democrats? OTOH, she started her inaugural address with, "I've loved two women in my life..." Someone should tell Bill, "Payback is a bitch." (Mel Gibson, right?)

As is always the case what you're reading is a mix of fact and fiction. My job is to blend them so you do something like look up the White Silence at Wiki. Go ahead, I did, it isn't there because that's fiction. Russ looked up Youbetcha Ranch, with the same results. This work is another collaboration, father/son.

About 4 weeks into the ash fall, as it began to lessen, the static also began to lessen allowing us to reach out and ask, "Duh, what happened?"

I picked up a ham from Reno, and he said he hadn't seen a thing. I tried to reach the guy 80 miles east of Yellowstone, but didn't have his call sign or know which bands he frequented. Albuquerque had been nuked and I didn't even try there. So far, all we knew was something big had erupted. We eliminated about half the calderas, they weren't in the lower 48 or were full of water.

We were curious, but not curious to go look. That left one option, measure the depth of the ash. We averaged about 6cm, ~2¼". They hosed it off the plants then used blowers to dry the plants. Joe claimed they saved over 90% of the garden and crops. Extra manure was secured and composted and when the harvest ended the compost, ash and plant remains were plowed under.

In some ways, it was like being in New Orleans just after the levees broke. We didn't need help, but others did and it was beyond our means to provide for everyone. Derek was demoted to the highest rank in the Army, save one, Command Sergeant Major. The only higher rank in the Army is Command Sergeant Major of the Army, but both ate E-9s. You may ask if officers aren't higher ranking and I'd have to admit they are. OTOH we all know who REALLY runs the Army. The same applies to the ANG.

Because of his temporary status as a Major General, he got a reasonable amount of respect from the officer community. His new enlisted rank was permanent and that Governor liked Derek so the officers decided not to screw with him. They had him brief them so they could get up to speed. It was simply a case of the Governor giveth and the Governor taketh away. Blessed be the name... nah, he's a Democrat.

If we ever have a 2nd Civil War, it won't be North vs. South; it will be Republicans vs. Democrats. I could be wrong, it could be conservatives vs. liberals, but that's so one sided. And, rather leave you out of the loop, it was Yellowstone that blew up in an explosion about the size of the Lava Creek eruption of 1,000km³ (240mi³). Lava Creek was the name of the one 640,000 years ago.

[Caution: This is a don't drink coffee while you're reading this story. You'll either choke on it or spit it on your keyboard. No warranties, express or implied.]

When Fiction Becomes Fact – Epilog

Ronald and I were getting old. We concluded that we didn't need to worry about passing on our values to the kids, grandkids and one great grandchild. It was winter now, the fields had been plowed but not disked, they'd do that in the spring when they did the final soil preparation.

For their part, Ron and Linda made one final trip to Cedar Hill. It was on that trip that he picked up the information on Yellowstone. It was quiet the three weeks they were gone and I almost didn't expect him to come back. He said he wanted to stay and would have, had not they gotten so much ash. I told Derek and Damon that I'd done my bit and wanted to write a new story to chronicle these events.

"Can you remember it all?"

"Yeah, I took notes."

Looking back at what happened and how we managed to get through it, one thing stands out: the more money you have, the better you can prepare. However, I had managed to create a shelter in my backyard in Palmdale, just like I frequently wrote. It wasn't fancy, but it was built to withstand an overpressure of 25psi. It was shielded by 10' of earth, the recommended amount. It would have served if we hadn't come to Arkansas.

Odds are that if we hadn't come to Arkansas, Ron and Linda might not have moved to Cedar Hill. That would have left us at the mercy the San Andreas and those Mexicans, Chinese and Central Americans. We never went back, so I can't tell you how Palmdale turned out, just that the invaders eventually left.

As far as our stay here went, I made notes, but they were far too concise to be of value to a man who has memory problems. My first estimate was that it would take 300 pages to relate the tale. I did it in half of that because of my poor memory. No doubt I left unanswered questions, but it's up to the reader to fill in the blanks.

Perhaps my point was, as always, it's not if, but when and what. I thought it important to point out that my earlier story, 'The Cold War' was absolutely correct when I claimed that "The cold war never ended, it just changed character." China aided Mexico, but with the number of troops they have, that didn't keep them from seizing Taiwan shortly after Russia attacked us.

In terms of winners and losers, everyone loses in a war, some more than others. Those people who were vaporized in a blast probably made out best, they were dead before they knew anything happened. We were the in between group with the bottom group being the people who died of radiation sickness and various diseases because they either didn't know any better or were simply unprepared.

When people prepare, they have to think long term. Vacuum packed dry pasta will be good for 10,000 years while canned goods will be lucky to make it 2 years. If you agree with me, buy the package from Shane Connor or something similar from someone else. Stock your shelves with things you can't grow or make afterwards. Example, meds, toilet paper, etc. They probably won't be importing and roasting coffee for some time.

If you have a problem justifying preparing, think of it as insurance. You have car insurance although you don't plan on having an accident. You have homeowners insurance although you don't expect to lose your house. You have life insurance because you know you will eventually die and could be expensive for those left behind.

Folgers got back online in only two months, but what if they hadn't? Would you have been forced to change brands? Unfortunately that assumes there's another brand to switch to. The grocery stores don't really have that large of a stock of food, usually about 3 days, because of just in time inventory practices.

It also occurs to me that Einstein was right in one sense. He was a sheeple and came here from a country where private ownership of firearms had been outlawed. His statement about clubs ignored the American spirit. If nothing else, buy a shotgun and a case of shells. If you need to use it for anything other than hunting, you can take their guns. Or, would you prefer to let Fleataxi's brigands rape your wife and daughter(s)?

+++++

The nuclear powers will never give up their weapons. That's because they'll never trust the other side to give up theirs. Those weapons are here to stay until someone uses them, get used to it.

The current hurricane season could be one of the worst on record. Based on averages, we're overdue for many things, volcanoes, earthquakes, you name it. If Bush and Congress have their way we'll be turned into a third world country.

ATM, my primary preps consist of:

- 1 M1A loaded standard w/ 2,000 rounds of SA surplus
- 1 Package from KI4U plus 2 extra Dosimeters
- 4 extra bottles of KI
- 3 month supply of food
- 3 month supply of meds
- 1 PowerBOSS 7kw portable gasoline generator
- 1 positive attitude
- 750,000 computer files

I don't know when or what, but IF isn't a question. There are certainties including the fact that the Moon is slowly moving away from the Earth because of the energy lost when the Moon's gravity causes the tides. The only real question in my tired old mind is, "Will our downfall come from inside or outside?" The correct answer could be YES.

Another point, just because we have a GTW doesn't mean that natural events will stop happening. We'll still have avalanches, droughts, earthquakes, epidemics, famines, floods, hurricanes, landslides, thunderstorms, tornadoes, tsunamis, volcanic eruptions and wildfires. In the aftermath of a GTW, some of those are certain to occur, for sure epidemics and famines.

If the Lord, in His infinite wisdom, grants me another 15 years, I could live to see it happen and will be able to say, "I told you so." If I have a means of communication, I'm just enough of an asshole to do it.

Have you seen 'Last Best Chance' starring Fred Dalton Thompson? You can get a free copy here: <http://www.lastbestchance.org/> Get it and watch it; then tell me I'm nuts!

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NATIONAL SECURITY PRESIDENTIAL DIRECTIVE/NSPD 51

HOMELAND SECURITY PRESIDENTIAL DIRECTIVE/HSPD-20

Subject: National Continuity Policy

Purpose

(1) This directive establishes a comprehensive national policy on the continuity of Federal Government structures and operations and a single National Continuity Coordinator responsible for coordinating the development and implementation of Federal continuity policies. This policy establishes "National Essential Functions," prescribes continuity requirements for all executive departments and agencies, and provides guidance for State, local, territorial, and tribal governments, and private sector organizations in order to ensure a comprehensive and integrated national continuity program that will enhance the credibility of our national security posture and enable a more rapid and effective response to and recovery from a national emergency.

Definitions

(2) In this directive:

(a) "Category" refers to the categories of executive departments and agencies listed in Annex A to this directive;

(b) "Catastrophic Emergency" means any incident, regardless of location, that results in extraordinary levels of mass casualties, damage, or disruption severely affecting the US population, infrastructure, environment, economy, or government functions;

(c) "Continuity of Government," or "COG," means a coordinated effort within the Federal Government's executive branch to ensure that National Essential Functions continue to be performed during a Catastrophic Emergency;

(d) "Continuity of Operations," or "COOP," means an effort within individual executive departments and agencies to ensure that Primary Mission-Essential Functions continue to be performed during a wide range of emergencies, including localized acts of nature, accidents, and technological or attack-related emergencies;

(e) "Enduring Constitutional Government," or "ECG," means a cooperative effort among the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the Federal Government, coordinated by the President, as a matter of comity with respect to the legislative and judicial branches and with proper respect for the constitutional separation of powers among the branches, to preserve the constitutional framework under which the Nation is governed and the capability of all three branches of government to execute constitutional responsibilities and provide for orderly succession, appropriate transition of leadership, and interoperability and support of the National Essential Functions during a catastrophic emergency;

(f) "Executive Departments and Agencies" means the executive departments enumerated in 5 USC 101, independent establishments as defined by 5 USC 104(1), Government corporations as defined by 5 USC 103(1), and the United States Postal Service;

(g) "Government Functions" means the collective functions of the heads of executive departments and agencies as defined by statute, regulation, presidential direction, or other legal authority, and the functions of the legislative and judicial branches;

(h) "National Essential Functions," or "NEFs," means that subset of Government Functions that are necessary to lead and sustain the Nation during a catastrophic emergency and that, therefore, must be supported through COOP and COG capabilities; and

(i) "Primary Mission Essential Functions," or "PMEFs," means those Government Functions that must be performed in order to support or implement the performance of NEFs before, during, and in the aftermath of an emergency.

Policy

(3) It is the policy of the United States to maintain a comprehensive and effective continuity capability composed of Continuity of Operations and Continuity of Government programs in order to ensure the preservation of our form of government under the Constitution and the continuing performance of National Essential Functions under all conditions.

Implementation Actions

(4) Continuity requirements shall be incorporated into daily operations of all executive departments and agencies. As a result of the asymmetric threat environment, adequate warning of potential emergencies that could pose a significant risk to the homeland might not be available, and therefore all continuity planning shall be based on the assumption that no such warning will be received. Emphasis will be placed upon geographic dispersion of leadership, staff, and infrastructure in order to increase survivability and maintain uninterrupted Government Functions. Risk management principles shall be applied to ensure that appropriate operational readiness decisions are based on the probability of an attack or other incident and its consequences.

(5) The following NEFs are the foundation for all continuity programs and capabilities and represent the overarching responsibilities of the Federal Government to lead and sustain the Nation during a crisis, and therefore sustaining the following NEFs shall be the primary focus of the Federal Government leadership during and in the aftermath of an emergency that adversely affects the performance of Government Functions:

(a) Ensuring the continued functioning of our form of government under the Constitution, including the functioning of the three separate branches of government;

(b) Providing leadership visible to the Nation and the world and maintaining the trust and confidence of the American people;

(c) Defending the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and preventing or interdicting attacks against the United States or its people, property, or interests;

(d) Maintaining and fostering effective relationships with foreign nations;

(e) Protecting against threats to the homeland and bringing to justice perpetrators of crimes or attacks against the United States or its people, property, or interests;

(f) Providing rapid and effective response to and recovery from the domestic consequences of an attack or other incident;

(g) Protecting and stabilizing the Nation's economy and ensuring public confidence in its financial systems; and

(h) Providing for critical Federal Government services that address the national health, safety, and welfare needs of the United States.

(6) The President shall lead the activities of the Federal Government for ensuring constitutional government. In order to advise and assist the President in that function, the Assistant to the President for Homeland Security and Counterterrorism (APHS/CT) is hereby designated as the National Continuity Coordinator. The National Continuity Coordinator, in coordination with the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs

(APNSA), without exercising directive authority, shall coordinate the development and implementation of continuity policy for executive departments and agencies. The Continuity Policy Coordination Committee (CPCC), chaired by a Senior Director from the Homeland Security Council staff, designated by the National Continuity Coordinator, shall be the main day-to-day forum for such policy coordination.

(7) For continuity purposes, each executive department and agency is assigned to a category in accordance with the nature and characteristics of its national security roles and responsibilities in support of the Federal Government's ability to sustain the NEFs. The Secretary of Homeland Security shall serve as the President's lead agent for coordinating overall continuity operations and activities of executive departments and agencies, and in such role shall perform the responsibilities set forth for the Secretary in sections 10 and 16 of this directive.

(8) The National Continuity Coordinator, in consultation with the heads of appropriate executive departments and agencies, will lead the development of a National Continuity Implementation Plan (Plan), which shall include prioritized goals and objectives, a concept of operations, performance metrics by which to measure continuity readiness, procedures for continuity and incident management activities, and clear direction to executive department and agency continuity coordinators, as well as guidance to promote interoperability of Federal Government continuity programs and procedures with State, local, territorial, and tribal governments, and private sector owners and operators of critical infrastructure, as appropriate. The Plan shall be submitted to the President for approval not later than 90 days after the date of this directive.

(9) Recognizing that each branch of the Federal Government is responsible for its own continuity programs, an official designated by the Chief of Staff to the President shall ensure that the executive branch's COOP and COG policies in support of ECG efforts are appropriately coordinated with those of the legislative and judicial branches in order to ensure interoperability and allocate national assets efficiently to maintain a functioning Federal Government.

(10) Federal Government COOP, COG, and ECG plans and operations shall be appropriately integrated with the emergency plans and capabilities of State, local, territorial, and tribal governments, and private sector owners and operators of critical infrastructure, as appropriate, in order to promote interoperability and to prevent redundancies and conflicting lines of authority. The Secretary of Homeland Security shall coordinate the integration of Federal continuity plans and operations with State, local, territorial, and tribal governments, and private sector owners and operators of critical infrastructure, as appropriate, in order to provide for the delivery of essential services during an emergency.

(11) Continuity requirements for the Executive Office of the President (EOP) and executive departments and agencies shall include the following:

(a) The continuation of the performance of PMEFs during any emergency must be for a period up to 30 days or until normal operations can be resumed, and the capability to be fully operational at alternate sites as soon as possible after the occurrence of an emergency, but not later than 12 hours after COOP activation;

(b) Succession orders and pre-planned devolution of authorities that ensure the emergency delegation of authority must be planned and documented in advance in accordance with applicable law;

(c) Vital resources, facilities, and records must be safeguarded, and official access to them must be provided;

(d) Provision must be made for the acquisition of the resources necessary for continuity operations on an emergency basis;

(e) Provision must be made for the availability and redundancy of critical communications capabilities at alternate sites in order to support connectivity between and among key government leadership, internal

elements, other executive departments and agencies, critical partners, and the public;

(f) Provision must be made for reconstitution capabilities that allow for recovery from a catastrophic emergency and resumption of normal operations; and

(g) Provision must be made for the identification, training, and preparedness of personnel capable of relocating to alternate facilities to support the continuation of the performance of PMEFs.

(12) In order to provide a coordinated response to escalating threat levels or actual emergencies, the Continuity of Government Readiness Conditions (COGCON) system establishes executive branch continuity program readiness levels, focusing on possible threats to the National Capital Region. The President will determine and issue the COGCON Level. Executive departments and agencies shall comply with the requirements and assigned responsibilities under the COGCON program. During COOP activation, executive departments and agencies shall report their readiness status to the Secretary of Homeland Security or the Secretary's designee.

(13) The Director of the Office of Management and Budget shall:

(a) Conduct an annual assessment of executive department and agency continuity funding requests and performance data that are submitted by executive departments and agencies as part of the annual budget request process, in order to monitor progress in the implementation of the Plan and the execution of continuity budgets;

(b) In coordination with the National Continuity Coordinator, issue annual continuity planning guidance for the development of continuity budget requests; and

(c) Ensure that heads of executive departments and agencies prioritize budget resources for continuity capabilities, consistent with this directive.

(14) The Director of the Office of Science and Technology Policy shall:

(a) Define and issue minimum requirements for continuity communications for executive departments and agencies, in consultation with the APHS/CT, the APNSA, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, and the Chief of Staff to the President;

(b) Establish requirements for, and monitor the development, implementation, and maintenance of, a comprehensive communications architecture to integrate continuity components, in consultation with the APHS/CT, the APNSA, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, and the Chief of Staff to the President; and

(c) Review quarterly and annual assessments of continuity communications capabilities, as prepared pursuant to section 16(d) of this directive or otherwise, and report the results and recommended remedial actions to the National Continuity Coordinator.

(15) An official designated by the Chief of Staff to the President shall:

(a) Advise the President, the Chief of Staff to the President, the APHS/CT, and the APNSA on COGCON operational execution options; and

(b) Consult with the Secretary of Homeland Security in order to ensure synchronization and integration of continuity activities among the four categories of executive departments and agencies.

(16) The Secretary of Homeland Security shall:

- (a) Coordinate the implementation, execution, and assessment of continuity operations and activities;
 - (b) Develop and promulgate Federal Continuity Directives in order to establish continuity planning requirements for executive departments and agencies;
 - (c) Conduct biennial assessments of individual department and agency continuity capabilities as prescribed by the Plan and report the results to the President through the APHS/CT;
 - (d) Conduct quarterly and annual assessments of continuity communications capabilities in consultation with an official designated by the Chief of Staff to the President;
 - (e) Develop, lead, and conduct a Federal continuity training and exercise program, which shall be incorporated into the National Exercise Program developed pursuant to Homeland Security Presidential Directive-8 of December 17, 2003 ("National Preparedness"), in consultation with an official designated by the Chief of Staff to the President;
 - (f) Develop and promulgate continuity planning guidance to State, local, territorial, and tribal governments, and private sector critical infrastructure owners and operators;
 - (g) Make available continuity planning and exercise funding, in the form of grants as provided by law, to State, local, territorial, and tribal governments, and private sector critical infrastructure owners and operators; and
 - (h) As Executive Agent of the National Communications System, develop, implement, and maintain a comprehensive continuity communications architecture.
- (17) The Director of National Intelligence, in coordination with the Attorney General and the Secretary of Homeland Security, shall produce a biennial assessment of the foreign and domestic threats to the Nation's continuity of government.
- (18) The Secretary of Defense, in coordination with the Secretary of Homeland Security, shall provide secure, integrated, Continuity of Government communications to the President, the Vice President, and, at a minimum, Category I executive departments and agencies.
- (19) Heads of executive departments and agencies shall execute their respective department or agency COOP plans in response to a localized emergency and shall:
- (a) Appoint a senior accountable official, at the Assistant Secretary level, as the Continuity Coordinator for the department or agency;
 - (b) Identify and submit to the National Continuity Coordinator the list of PMEFs for the department or agency and develop continuity plans in support of the NEFs and the continuation of essential functions under all conditions;
 - (c) Plan, program, and budget for continuity capabilities consistent with this directive;
 - (d) Plan, conduct, and support annual tests and training, in consultation with the Secretary of Homeland Security, in order to evaluate program readiness and ensure adequacy and viability of continuity plans and communications systems; and
 - (e) Support other continuity requirements, as assigned by category, in accordance with the nature and characteristics of its national security roles and responsibilities

General Provisions

(20) This directive shall be implemented in a manner that is consistent with, and facilitates effective implementation of, provisions of the Constitution concerning succession to the Presidency or the exercise of its powers, and the Presidential Succession Act of 1947 (3 USC 19), with consultation of the Vice President and, as appropriate, others involved. Heads of executive departments and agencies shall ensure that appropriate support is available to the Vice President and others involved as necessary to be prepared at all times to implement those provisions.

(21) This directive:

(a) Shall be implemented consistent with applicable law and the authorities of agencies, or heads of agencies, vested by law, and subject to the availability of appropriations;

(b) Shall not be construed to impair or otherwise affect (i) the functions of the Director of the Office of Management and Budget relating to budget, administrative, and legislative proposals, or (ii) the authority of the Secretary of Defense over the Department of Defense, including the chain of command for military forces from the President, to the Secretary of Defense, to the commander of military forces, or military command and control procedures; and

(c) Is not intended to, and does not, create any rights or benefits, substantive or procedural, enforceable at law or in equity by a party against the United States, its agencies, instrumentalities, or entities, its officers, employees, or agents, or any other person.

(22) Revocation. Presidential Decision Directive 67 of October 21, 1998 ("Enduring Constitutional Government and Continuity of Government Operations"), including all Annexes thereto, is hereby revoked.

(23) Annex A and the classified Continuity Annexes, attached hereto, are hereby incorporated into and made a part of this directive.

(24) Security. This directive and the information contained herein shall be protected from unauthorized disclosure, provided that, except for Annex A, the Annexes attached to this directive are classified and shall be accorded appropriate handling, consistent with applicable Executive Orders.

GEORGE W. BUSH

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If George thought it was going to happen, why don't you?

The End?