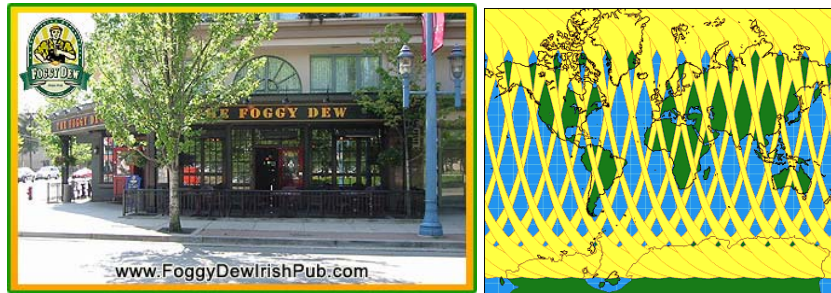


Chapter 1 of 31 - December 31, 2000
 New Year's Eve at the Foggy Dew [YVR]



http://3547.voxcdn.com/photos/5/15/146202_1.jpg
<http://www.ccrs.nrcan.gc.ca/radar/spaceborne/radarsat1/specs/images/coverage.gif>

Press
for
Conversion!

Issue #58 March 2006 \$6.25

*Canada's Role in the Militarisation of Space:
 RADARSAT - A Warfighters' "Eye in the Sky"
 and its links to "Missile Defense"*

RADARSAT-1 launch in 1995
 RADARSAT-2 will be launched in December 2006
 RADARSAT dist. SED Systems Saskatoon

Take the RADARSAT Quiz (answers on p.2):

	True	False	Don't Know
RADARSAT-1, the world's most advanced commercial satellite, started as a U.S.-Canada government project.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Canadian taxpayers have paid about 85% of the estimated \$1.145 billion costs of RADARSAT-1 and -2.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
These satellites were privatised to MacDonald Dettwiler & Assoc. (MDA), then owned by a U.S. "missile defense" firm.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
David Emerson, former Liberal Industry Minister and new Tory International Trade Minister, was an MDA director.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Privatisation contracts and a secret annex to a 2000 Canada-U.S. treaty on RADARSAT-2 cannot even be seen by MPs.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Control of RADARSAT-1 data sales in the U.S. was licensed to Lockheed Martin, the world's number one war industry.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Global and U.S. sales were later sold to ORBIMAGE, another subsidiary of MDA's parent firm, Orbital Sciences.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Among ORBIMAGE's top executives are high-ranking U.S. Air Force officers responsible for "missile defense" efforts.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
In exchange for NASA's launch of RADARSAT-1, the U.S. government has controlled 15% of RADARSAT-1's operations.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Among RADARSAT-1's top users are the U.S. Navy, Air Force and Army and various U.S. intelligence agencies.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
U.S. military ground stations called "Eagle Vision" directly control RADARSAT operations and downlink its data.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
RADARSAT-1 images were used in the US-led wars in Yugoslavia, Afghanistan and Iraq.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
RADARSAT-2 is coveted by U.S. and NATO forces for the first-strike missions of Theater Missile Defense (TMD).	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
NATO CAESAR & MAJIC projects apply RADARSAT-1 and simulated RADARSAT-2 data in wargames, including TMD.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
RADARSAT-3, will "the most advanced space-borne land information and mapping mission ever conceived."	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

<http://coat.ncf.ca/cover58.JPG>

How airline pilot, David Hunter, bought a beer for a Hamish Watson who knew something about virtual-news,

WMD and drug-trafficking and snuff-film networks operated for global clients of the Montreal mafia. How Hunter dances with "Juke Box" a Foggy Dew beauty who had selected 'F4' as her third and last tune (the one Hunter didn't get to hear); a tune chosen from a D.O.A. (Dead On Arrival) album, "Last Scream of the Missing Neighbours". A hint why Hunter might wake up New Year's Day wondering if a former Vancouver coroner, a Haitian voodoo priest and a million Tomoye anarchists used RADARSAT out of Richmond British Columbia or Gatineau Quebec, to track bodies into secure waste-disposal sites such a pig farm in Port Coquitlam not far from the pub or the Fresh Kills landfill on Staten Island.

[D.O.A. is a hardcore punk band from Vancouver.](#) Their music was often described as hardcore punk and they are often referred to as the "founders" of hardcore by their following along with Bad Brains and D.C's Minor Threat. Their second album Hardcore 81 was thought by many to have been the first actual reference to the second wave of American punk bands sound as hardcore. Singer/guitarist Joey "Shithead" Keithley is the only founding member to have stayed in the band throughout its entire history, however original bassist Randy Rampage has rejoined DOA after a long absence and is in the current lineup. D.O.A. has often released music on Jello Biafra's Alternative Tentacles Records, and they have released an album with Jello Biafra titled [Last Scream Of The Missing Neighbors](#). D.O.A. has always maintained an uncompromising anarchist populist political stance. The band is known for its outspoken political opinions and has a history of playing for many causes and benefits. Its slogan is "TALK-ACTION=0". The band has been active on many issues, including Anti-racism, anti-globalization, freedom of speech, and the environment. Founder Joe Keithley now spends a great deal of time working with his record company Sudden Death Records which has branched off into many areas of music. In 2003, Vancouver Mayor [Larry Campbell](#) declared December 21st to be "D.O.A. Day" in honour of the band's 25th anniversary.

Depuis le lancement de [RADARSAT](#), operationnel en avril 1996, le Canada et le monde entier ont acces au premier systeme de satellite radar capable de produire et de livrer rapidement d'innombrables donnees. Ces dernieres satisfont aux besoins de programmes commerciaux, gouvernementaux et scientifiques et constitue une nouvelle source d'informations fiables et rentables pour les professionnels de partout au monde qui oeuvrent dans les domaines de l'environnement et des ressources. Dirige par l'Agence spatiale canadienne, RADARSAT repose sur un passe jalonne de reussites en teledetection et sur des technologies spatiales mises au point par le Centre canadien de teledetection (CCT), une division de Ressources naturelles Canada. Lors de sa creation, en 1989, l'Agence spatiale canadienne a pris en charge la mise en oeuvre et l'exploitation du projet RADARSAT, a titre d'element essentiel du programme spatial canadien. Le CCT continue cependant d'y participer par le biais du Programme de developpement des donnees radar (PDDR) et en assurant un soutien a la collecte des donnees.

"Hunter's residence, Laney speaking" my 10 year old answered. "Is your father there, this is Blue Skies International crew schedules calling."

"Yes, I will get him for you, Dad it's for you, the airline calling."

"Thanks Laney and thanks for your good phone manners, I will take it but please go upstairs and get your 3 sisters down here for church, we need to be out the door in 10 minutes or less, especially if you want to eat and visit before Sunday School."

"David Hunter speaking."

"Captain Hunter, this is crew schedules calling and we see you have a high time request in for today, could you be here in time to operate 1767 to Vancouver? We are short of reserves and one of your peers just called in sick, this request is coded 2B."

"I could catch the 1 pm departure from Fargo, can you see if I can get on, I'm trying to get my family to church and I don't have my computer on and it is quite slow due to poor phone lines out here in Sabin, Minnesota."

"Here's your PNR David, v-b-c-f-n-e, the flight is on schedule and unfortunately the computer had to put you in

first class for weight and balance issues, thanks for covering the trip and your new projection for December is 89+40 so you can have a little fun in Vancouver tonight if anything's open."

"That's great Bonnie, and I appreciate the opportunity to help you out although I wouldn't do it for the company after the way they have treated our employee groups. And I happen to know a nice little Pub named the Foggy Dew that should be open late on New Year's Eve."

"Great David, thanks I owe you one."

"Oh no you don't, 'amateur night' is a bad night to be on the highway but it's a great night to be at the Foggy Dew 'til closing, I appreciate your calling me, Bonnie, hope you have a pleasant evening also, I'll catch the 1 pm."

"Enjoy the Foggy Dew David, and thanks for flying high-time for us on a holiday."

At this point the day took a different direction for David Hunter, as his days often did. Going to the bottom of the stairs he called to his 4 daughters upstairs "Hey girls, anybody know where mom is?" The sound of a cupboard closing in the kitchen answered the question for him. David's wife Alice came out and asked "I heard the phone ring, was it for me?"

"No, it was crew skeds and they need me to go to Vancouver tonight, so I have to catch the one o'clock to make a 4 pm departure out of Minneapolis. I hate to miss church but I don't hate missing 'amateur night'. I hope you and the girls enjoy church and also the New Year's Eve gathering latter tonight. I will call from Minny or Vancouver so check for messages if you'd don't hear from me."

"That's nice that you picked up some high-time after the expensive Christmas we had. I will miss you but we can talk on the phone when you get somewhere."

"Yes that's good and I am going to run out and start your Suburban so it warms up for you and the girls. It is 3 degrees out and the girls should be coming down stairs soon. I've got to get out of these church clothes and into my monkey-suit after I do the farm stuff quickly, have a nice time at church."

"We will and we have lots of time after church so just take care of the cows and we will do all the other animals."

David and Alice lived on 160 acres and raised British White Cattle and the kids and Alice were very active in 4H, with an emphasis on poultry, miniature Southdown sheep and Angora goats. As David was coming back in from starting the church car he passed Laney, Rose, Eileen and Grace as they followed Alice out to the warm and waiting Suburban for the 6 mile jaunt to their small Lutheran church.

"Have a good trip Dad, I'll do the water for the cows til you get home" offered Eileen.

"Thanks Leeny-beanie, I did the hay yesterday so water is all you'll have to do until I get home. I forgot to tell mom but it's just a 2 day trip so I will be home tomorrow evening, please tell her in the car and I will write it on the calendar, in pencil as these things change a lot."

As mom and the girls headed to church David glanced at the clock on the wall and saw it was 0932 and so he had just under 2 hours to get out the door. After having another cup of coffee to warm up he went to his PC and signed into Blue Skies to check the travel arrangements Bonnie had made. He entered the code vbcfne and saw that he indeed has a First Class seat and, as often happened, Bonnie had put him in seat 2B. Bonnie had started taking good care of David in his early days as a DC9 co-pilot and though he was now an A320 Captain she still took care of David by assigning him high time trips and, when possible, getting him positive space travel, it had become their routine that when accepting these short call out trips for high time David would ask "2B or not to be", suggesting he'd only help the company if he got a positive space first class seat. However, Bonnie knew that he'd help her anytime he could and there had never been a case where he couldn't, yet. Having started with Blue Skies (BS) on 2 November, 1978 he had now been working some 22 years for BS and he decided he would use some of the high time pay to have a nice pub meal at the Foggy Dew. He checked the company crew skeds line and determined he would have about 6 hours of playtime when he got to Vancouver. as he packed his Travel-Pro suitcase he threw in a

Hawaiian shirt as he always dressed comfortably and in shirts that made it easy to find dancing partners, just in case an oldies band might be playing. On his last trip to Vancouver and the Foggy Dew a local band named Frenzy was playing and they were excellent at covering the Beatles songs both instrumentally and vocally. They were not a 'house band' but during his last trip he had spoken with the bass player and determined they were all about 55 so not only were they good at covering the Beatles but had they been born in Liverpool instead of Abbotsford, BC they could have been the Beatles; at least age and talent wise.

After finishing packing, which included stuffing 2 Foster oil cans into his suitcase, David assembled his uniform and laid out his shoes, socks, monkey suit and found his Captain's hat which he stored upside down so he could keep his 'airline stuff' organized. The stuff included his passport, reading glasses, black tie and \$200 in emergency money in case his ATM card got maxed out while he was out and about. Similarly the two 25 ounce beer cans were in case he had to land in 'enemy territory' or operated too late to find a suitable watering hole. In 22 years there had been fewer than 5 such no watering-hole operations [NWO]. While he was still well ahead of schedule he sat down to re-read the Fargo Forum sports section to see who the Vikings* would be losing to while he was doing the Bonnie 2B routine enroute to the Foggy Dew.

At 1130 straight down David stepped out to his pickup truck, an indigo blue 2000 GMC crew cab. This was the last year of the 454 engine in GM pickups and David had had the first 454 also, although that was in a 1970 Corvette Stingray his parents had bought him in 1970 as he had gotten 'free college'. Having attended the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis from 28 June, 1967 to 9 June, 1971 David saved his parents a lot of tuition money. His father, a retired USAF SAC pilot had always told young David that "if you go to a service academy I will buy you a Corvette or Jaguar when you graduate". His father suggested those cars as he recalled the cars in one of David's favorite Beach Boys songs 'Dead Man's Curve'. As he started up the truck he popped a CD in the player and the first song up was [Go All the Way](#) By the Raspberries. Although David couldn't remember exactly which day in 1974 he first heard the song he did remember it was in Beeville, Texas where he had just been transferred in October of that year. And he very clearly could remember her name and what she had in mind. That reminded him of a song by the Starland Vocal Band, and another by Meatloaf. Pleasant memories. However, David had to get his mind on his mission and his mission, unbeknownst to his employer, was to get to the Foggy Dew as quickly as he could for maximum playtime. In his previous job from which he had retired from in June, 1993 'playtime' was an expression participants in military flying operations used to indicate how much time [as measured by fuel] they had left to 'play'. Typically it was used to indicate time on station, not time if an intercept or engagement materialized. Although David had enjoyed 4300 hours of play time in the military flying A4s, F4s and F16s he felt compelled to retire after the election of 1992 when an openly loathsome president became Commander-in-Chief to be. David and his father often disagreed as to this course of action with the father saying "Why don't you stay in as you have been penciled in for the Squadron commander position of the best fighter unit in the Air National Guard, the Happy Hooligans?"

"Dad, if I stayed in and he came to our base I would be obligated to salute him and that's something I cannot do."

"What do you mean, you'd have to do it" replied the elder Hunter, thinking only of military customs, honors and decorum.

"That's exactly why I am retiring Dad, I have more integrity than the incoming commander in chief has so I have elected to retire. I have had the good fortune to fly some great iconic jets and I'd want to leave on my terms; not his. He is not fit to command the military and I refuse to serve under him, it appears to me that he would try to destroy the US military potency from the inside out and if it is his intention to destroy, dismantle or denigrate this military he won't be doing it on my watch and I won't be serving on his watch. General Harris told me to keep my eyes on Arkansas and narcotics and not to compromise my integrity."

As the history of General Hunter Harris IV played out in David's mind the pickup had somehow found it was to Fargo's Hector International Airport and as he shut his pickup off at the employee lot 'Sweet Talkin' Woman' by ELO was playing on the CD player. He left the CD player on to finish the song as he gazed east one half mile where one of his favorite F4s was displayed 'on a stick' at the gate of the ANGB where the Hooligans had flown the F4 Phantoms from 1977 until their being replaced by F16s in 1990. When the F4s were put in the boneyard at Davis-Monthan AFB in Tucson in the winter of 90 only 2 F4s remained behind. 'Bertha' 64-0972 was the F4 on the stick and 'Sweet Talkin' Woman', tail number 478 was the static display jet in the line up of old fighters the Hooligans

had flown. David had shot down an F102 in 'Bertha' and had won a trophy in 'Sweet Talkin' Woman' in 1986 at the William Tell 'World Wide Weapons Meet' at Tyndall AFB. While both the F102 Bertha killed and the F100 that David won a trophy with were pilotless drones, David still recalled vividly the thrill of firing at a high performance jet executing 'survival turns' and scoring direct hits. Too bad his direct hit on the QF100 was one for which he had not been [cleared to fire](#). Both Sweet Talkin' Women would have to wait for David to get back to them tomorrow night as David's mind was on his mission and his mission was to get to the Foggy Dew and see if any Sweet Talkin' Women in Richmond, British Columbia would like a Black and Tan, fish and chips, or whatever else might be on the menu. After putting his keys in the gas door David dragged his bag into the terminal just as a DC9 slithered up to Gate 1. David could see Annie was driving the jetway, which indicated it would be an on time departure for his flight to Minneapolis. Annie and David had started at the airline at about the same time and both had been in Fargo since their getting hired. Annie knew her job and David knew his and so they enjoyed working together she as an agent, he as a pilot, and since 1983 as a Captain. BFD.

As the JT8Ds wound down David strolled up to the ticket counter where LaVern asked "What's a senior guy like you doing working on New Year's Eve".

"Seniority is relative and I don't feel that senior, however, to answer your question the company called a couple of hours ago and said someone had called in sick and could I cover 1767 to Vancouver so I jumped on it."

"Gee, I guess there must be an Irish Pub in Vancouver?" LaVern said with a sideways grin.

"Three that I know of, The Irish Heather, The Jolly Taxpayer and The Foggy Dew, however the first two are at the long layover and this is just a short layover so I will be at The Foggy Dew in Richmond BC if you or the company need to contact me."

"Happy New Year, have a safe trip."

"Thanks LaVern, and thanks for the nice seat."

"Don't tell me, Bonnie called you out for the trip?."

"True enough, but for the Foggy Dew on New Year's Eve Attila the Hun could have called me and I would still have taken it."

Up the escalator, into the gift shop for a paper and some Altoids and over to security as usual. Also, as usual, the clerk at the gift shop across from the Barnstormer Restaurant commented "You sure buy a lot of the Altoids."

"I think of them as career extenders" said David while he left the clerk looking confused.

As David approached Myron at security he bumped into Rod Baldinger, a fellow BS pilot who had also retired from the Happy Hooligans. Rod had been a student Naval aviator under David at NAS Chase Field, Beeville, Texas in 1975. Their paths crossed a second time when Rodney checked into the Hooligans after flying S3s for the Navy. When Rodney was hired by BSA in March of 1985 Rodney joked "We might as well just get married" but the discussion was ended when David responded "Only if I get the boy part". Seniority does have its privileges.

Rodney said "I have a new one tonight, Montreal, directions please" his coded request for location of nearest watering hole.

David responded "Front door, turn right, first corner turn right, second corner cross Street straight, turn left cross street, half a block on the right, steps down to the basement Level, Irish Pub, very smoky, you'll love it."

"Thanks, where are you off to tonight?"

"Vancouver, short" indicating he would be laying over at the short layover hotel. In some cities served by BS Airlines there were 2 hotels, long and short, depending on layover durations of 16 hours or more being long, less than 16 short.

"Too bad it's short" said Rodney indicating that there would be no play time.

"It's not that short, have you been to the hotel in Richmond for the short?"

"I have never been to either Vancouver layover, my seniority can't hold it."

"If you ever get a short Vancouver the answer is front door, right at corner cross straight across, you'll be at the front door of the Foggy Dew, English Pub, great food, great micro-brews, great bands."

Annie the agent announced the last call of BS flight 1020 to Minneapolis and gave the pilots a threatening glare while pointing to her watch as if to suggest Rodney and David were holding up the operation. They were the last two on as Annie closed the door after giving the final papers to the crew of 1020. Rodney had the XCM or jump seat but the Captain of the flight told Rod to sit "anywhere back there" and so Rodney came to 2B and, noticing 2C was empty, he sat down and put on his reading glasses to read the Farmer Forum, the green section of the Fargo Friday edition. The JT8Ds were brought back to life and the DC9 slithered away from Gate one, taxied east then south for a takeoff to the north on Runway 35. David and Rodney both looked approvingly at each other as the crew of 1020 did a rolling takeoff on 35 becoming airborne very quickly as the nearly empty DC9-30 with dash 15 engines was off and running. The pilot flying was very good as he commenced a right hand turn directly towards Minneapolis in time for Rodney to see the 'Sweet Talkin' Woman' at the Hooligans base below the on time departure of BS 1020.

"David, I see the jets at the main gate but I never can remember which one is on the stick?"

"You sure don't have much for memory, it's Bertha on the stick and Sweet Talkin' Woman on the ground."

Once reminded of that Rodney went back to looking at old tractors for sale in the Green Section as area farmers referred to the Farmer's Forum. As David reclined his seat back and opened his paper his mind was not on the Sweet Talkin' Woman on the ground in Fargo but any Sweet Talkin' Woman that might be prowling around the Foggy Dew on New Years Eve. [I was searching, on a one way street, I was searching, for a chance to Meet ..] ELO was playing in his mind as he dozed off thinking pleasant thoughts about what lay behind; and what might be waiting up ahead. Fifteen years previous Rodney had been a 727 S/O when David was an F/O and they had Dolly Parton on a flight from Nashville through Memphis and on to Los Angeles. Dolly had come up to the cockpit on the ground in Memphis while the Captain was at the podium doing 'Captain stuff'. Even though the 727 had room for 5 people both David and Rodney noticed that Dolly Parton pretty well filled it up. She was a wonderful person, a great wit, a greater heart and it was David who mentioned to Dolly that her Song 'Hard Candy Christmas' had always been one of his favorites.

As the thrust reversers awakened David from his fond Christmas memories and Dolly Rod asked "Are you done with your paper?"

"Cheap screw get your own."

"I'll take that as a 'no'."

As the two long time pilot friends grabbed their bags to head into the terminal a peer of theirs stepped out of the cockpit and said "David I didn't know you were on". It was Captain Mike Moore of Grand Forks. He had been a KC135 pilot at "the forks" and was always asking David how they arranged to do an air refueling at 200 feet above the ground in a Hooligan F4 and a Salt Lake ANG tanker.

"We did it in plane sight and so no one knew it was illegal, they thought we were "special duty".

"What do you mean 'special duty', that was blatantly illegal, stupid and dangerous."

"If you want to find out what 'special duty' is go to my website and watch the refueling and listen to the camera man saying 'special duty'-and of course if a camera man or reporter says something is true than it must be true, unless the cameraman/reporter is working for a 'virtual news network like VNN'."

"You mean CNN?"

"I mean CNN is a VNN."

"Who's on first?"

"Exactly, hey I have to run to the Foggy Dew, my mind is on my mission."

And on that note David turned right to head to the mezzanine area of shops and restaurants, and as he walked by Security he remembered Blue Skies had just changed policies forcing pilots and flight attendants to 'check in' for trips 1 hour before pushback and that had to be done in person downstairs, outside security. Feeling that one security frisking a day was plenty he rarely went along with the bs but it did remind him how Blue Skies and all the airlines in America were being postured into thinking "there is a threat out there to airline safety in the U.S." David was old enough to remember Operation Northwood, Pearl Harbor and the USS Maine in 1898. Hmmm thought the mission oriented David Hunter, I smell another false flag coming down the pike, I wonder if it will be a New Northwood, a New Pearl Harbor or a New Maine. In his mind he determined it would be a New Pearl Harbor put on by a corrupted resident of Maine and would be solved by someone linked to Northwood. David's wife was from Northwood, North Dakota, he knew of a CIA boss from Maine and so he determined that at some point we would see another Attack on America. Pisser, he thought to himself, looks like I may be called into action a third time. Although David Hunter was known to be a BS pilot and retired Happy Hooligan fighter pilot who he really worked for was not known to many other than David and his boss.

After reading the sports page and watching the end of the 3rd quarter of the football Game while he should have been downstairs 'checking in' he noticed it was 2:50 so he went to the podium and used the company phone to call extension 2673 on the company phone. "BS crew schedules, Bonnie speaking?"

"Bonnie, David Hunter here, I am at the gate, F1, for 1767 but didn't have time to go to check in and check in, be a dear and let them know I am 'at the gate'."

"David, I'll do it but don't think I don't know you were watching the Vikings and skipping security."

"I can neither confirm nor deny the essence of your argument, as I have my mind focused on my mission, thanks Bonnie."

"Enjoy the Foggy Dew, hope the mission goes well."

The agent working 1767 had left the paperwork at the podium so David signed his name which made him responsible for the safety of the passengers and the operation of flight 1767, MSP-YVR on 12-31-01. As he finished the paperwork the agent arrived and let him thru the locked door and he arrived at the cockpit of aircraft 3241 at 3 pm, straight up. The empty galley and cockpit indicated to him that he was the first to arrive for the Foggy Dew departure flight. He placed the paperwork in the garbage bag.

Then, he went back to First Class, and finished the crossword puzzle. Just as he was trying to figure 5 letter French word for 'jerk' the sound of laughter in the jetway suggested to him that the arriving flight attendants must be young reserves called out for a holiday trip while the senior people got paid sick leave to nurse their colds, flu, sprained ankles or what ever excuse they had given the crew scheduler who took their sick calls.

"Happy New Year's ladies", David said to the three young ladies covering the FA crew of 1767. "I am David and there is an FO name Shane who hasn't yet appeared so I don't know if Shane is a he or a she, but regardless it's 3 hours 40 minutes to YVR, smooth all the 37 degrees above, clear and still tonight in Vancouver, any questions?"

"No David, I am Arlene and the two in the main cabin are Brenda and Carleen, we know the drill. Know any good places for NYE in Vancouver?"

"We'll the lobby bar has a band and it's always packed on Friday's and Saturday's so it should be very lively

tonight. We should be at the hotel by 6:15 so the locals should have a good head start but you could always "double up and catch up."

"Sounds like a plan"

"Hello, I'm Shane, sorry I'm late..."

"Shane, David, you're not late, the paperwork's in the cockpit and I'm going to get a Hershey bar and a Sudoku book."

"David what do you mean Sudoku, that hasn't become popular yet, that won't be popular until 2005 or 2006?"

"Don't get pithy with me, if it's a big deal I will get two Hershey bars and skip the Sudoku book. It appears you don't understand the theme of [Eye in the Sky](#), a song from 1982."

"Alan Parson Project 'I can read your mind'."

"Exactly, want a Hershey bar."

"Only if it has nuts."

"Remember, you are what you eat, be back in 10, I did all the Captain stuff inside and out."

After getting 3 Hershey bars, all with nuts, David, Shane and the 'Supremes' blasted off on their mission.

After an uneventful flight from Minny to Vancouver Captain Hunter set the parking brake, called for the parking check. Parking check recorded Shane and David hurried to catch up with A, B, and C who appeared to be in a foot race to get the mission started.

"Why are they so motivated, David?"

"I told them I thought if they got to the lobby bar by 7 they could still get good seats or stools for NYE."

"Sound great, are you 'attending'?"

"Absolutely not, however if you want to see some wonderful things happen meet me in the lobby exactly 10 minutes after we get to the elevator, if you need 'fun coupons' there is an ATM in the lobby by the shoe shine stand next to the stuffed grizzly."

David and Shane took the third row of the stretch limo that the crew transportation company used in Vancouver. A,B,C sat in the rear facing middle seat and Shane, David and their hats sat in or on the back seat.

"David and Shane, are you guys running with the big dogs tonight since it's NYE?" asked Carleen, a 20's something red-head who had been filled in by Arlene enroute.

"Shane may but I have to call home and nurse a cold and besides, I am 51 and old and worn out, over to you Shane."

"I am going to a 'men's bar with a good friend in Vancouver' but thanks for asking."

The ladies looked disappointed. We never figured out if it was because I seemed old or he seemed gay, our mind was on the mission.

All 5 were on the third floor so Arlene said "don't wait on us, Brenda needs to get a smoking room, so we will check each other's rooms". As the elevator doors closed and they were alone David said, it's 6:51, could you move fast enough to make a 7:00 lobby call?"

"Straight up?"

"You're reading my mind."

"Maybe I am the 'eye in the sky'."

"See you at 7."

At 6:52 David closed his door, dropped his monkey suit trousers, removed the black socks and black shoes, put his old shirt on the desk chair and removed his t-shirt. As he checked his appearance in the mirror and took a 'Marine Corps shower' he splashed a liberal dose of 'stink pretty' on his face and arms, grabbed a Tom Selleck shirt, worn out jeans and bancing shoes. He arrived at the lobby at 6:58 and began waiting for the younger and slower fast mover. 30 seconds later Shane walked by the ATM slapped it twice indicating he had plenty of fun coupons and the two men walked fearlessly onto the sidewalk, not knowing what fate awaited them but not caring a great deal.

"David, how come you sent the FAs on a wild goose chase, they wanted to tag along?"

"Wrong mini-me, they wanted us to buy."

"You're a Captain, you could buy."

"They're baggage."

"What do you mean?"

"Shane, close it up and hang on tight, and you will have it all revealed as it develops."

Not having a military flying background Shane didn't understand exactly, but he did stop the questions, move closer as the two pilots on a mission pushed it up and reached the FEBA.

Like a laser David zeroed in on two stools left open by the waitress station on the far side of the U-shaped bar. He had seen with his peripheral vision the tables were all taken.

Hanging his cheap windbreaker on the stool back he said to Shane, order me a Black and Tan and whatever you want, and I will pay when I get back. If you don't trust me, use this. Shane looked at a Gold American Express card issued at Ft. Sam Houston Bank in 1973. The name on the card said 'Avalon British Cattle'.

The two Black and Tans arrived just as David returned from his 'recee run'.

"David, whose card is this, I didn't know what name to sign?"

"Flip it over mini-me and look at the signature on signature strip"

"Who is Pierre Beaucoup?"

"Tonight it's me, and by the way, tonight you are Wes Palmer."

At that moment two tall guys with English accents returned to stools 3, 4 assuming Shane was at one and David was on two.

One of the British gents, a tall fellow, was talking about 'Fresh Kills'.

"Hello mate, not eavesdropping but I heard Fresh Kills, are you a fighter pilot?"

"No, Hamish Watson, Forensic economist, and this is John Watson, my brother?"

"Nice to meet you Hamish and John, I am Pierre Beaucoup and this is Wes Palmer. I raise British White Cattle and Wes is a CPA, we are up here on 'cattle business'.

"Let me tell you about a trail I am on regarding a fellow in America who is probably bad news for you Yanks."

"Please bore my CPA Wes with the evidence trail, I see a trail more to my liking" said the 51 year old as he fell in behind the behind of a dark haired beauty as she made her way to the Juke Box. Being taller David looked over her shoulder to see her put in four quarters and select C6, D7 and F4. As she turned to egress she came face to face with the Tom Selleck shirt and said in a strange foreign accent "Pardon me, I hope my drink doesn't ruin your shirt."

"No problem, it's gonna get wet dancing, I need to play my favorite song, REO Speedwagon's 'Can't Fight the Feeling', I love to dance to that."

"I cannot believe", she said demurely, "it is one of the three I selected."

"Was it #1, #2 or #3?"

"#2"

"Great, that gives me 3 minutes to drink my Black and Tan and get my courage up to come ask you to dance."

"No courage required, the answer is yes and I'm parked with those 3 over there" as she pointed to a corner table with 3 attractive ladies."

"See you in 3 minutes" said David as the first few chords of the Raspberries hit 'Go All the Way' started, it must be D7 he thought" he said to himself.

"David, what took you so long?" said 'Wes'

"Wes, it's Pierre and if I turn into David, you turn in to Rosy."

"Pierre it is, I don't want to be Rosy Palmer on New Years Eve."

Exactly.