

Chapter 18: June 1-2 "Amalgam Virgo" Part I

30 hours with Chomsky's Wobblies in an Airborne Killing Field



<http://www.geocities.com/emithsilas/wobblies.jpg>

<http://www.oilempire.us/graphics/amalgam.jpg>

<http://www.gothamcenter.org/forums/images/Wobblies.jpg>

<http://www.oilempire.us/graphics/amalgam-virgo.jpg>

Det. B.G. Homicide won the Lackland Working Dog Competition after his Mad Dog team used Mark II SNIPH tests to identify a lying group of Wobblies, including 22 John and Jane Does, embedded by KPMG in the Global Guardian's Tomoye network . Hamish thinks Noam Chomsky, Ken Georgetti and Arthur Coia (LIUNA), hired Wobbly sabotage teams to infiltrate AMEC, Bombardier and Canada Steamship Lines for bogus Amalgam Virgo war games. Hunter splits up Abel Danger for triphibious surveillance and flies the Global Guardians through decoy-and-drone maneuvers developed by Wobblies in the FAA and Nav Canada to target the U.S. Capitol Building with an airborne killing field.

DoD Worldwide Dog Competition .. military working dog supervisor and handler, and Wendy brought back fourth place in the explosive detection event at the DoD Worldwide Military Working Dog Competition at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, on May 20 .. six different events - scouting, building search, handler protection, [explosive detection or narcotic detection and combat obedience](#) .. 60 other dog and handler teams from all military services in two-day event, with 20 of the teams being Army .. competition in March Yuma, Ariz. Marine Corps Air Base. Wendy received first place in the explosive detection, second place in tactical obedience and second place in the obedience course.

The Industrial Workers Of The World (IWW) is an anti-capitalist union that has fought for revolution using direct action, and has a particularly strong history in Vancouver. Two miners from British Columbia, John Riordan and James Baker, attended the founding convention of the IWW in Chicago on June 27, 1905. The IWW was formed by militant workers, anarcho-syndicalists, socialists, and communists who saw the need to organize 'One Big Union'. The IWW set itself apart from the American Federation of Labour by organizing workers by industry rather than by craft or occupation. They refused to sign contracts with bosses, and rejected the dues check-off system, by which employers automatically subtracted union dues from paycheques. It was also one of the only unions of the time that organized all workers regardless of gender or ethnic background. One member declared that 'all this anti-Japanese talk comes from the employing class.' The IWW strategy is based on direct action as opposed to electoral politics. Tsleil-Waututh (Burrard) workers from North Vancouver formed Vancouver Local 526 of the IWW in 1906. Soon nicknamed the 'Bows and Arrows', it was the first union on the Burrard docks. The Lumber Workers Industrial Union Local 45 (LWIU), the Lumber Handlers Local 526, and the Mixed Local 322 had been established by 1907, and had organized hundreds of workers. The Vancouver LWIU won the eight-hour workday for its members, removed tiered-bunks in logging camps, and forced companies to supply bedding. The IWW then went on to organize teamsters, miners, and railway workers. They had organized 9 locals in British Columbia by 1913 and led

6 strikes involving some 10,000 workers. The IWW also organized transient workers, the unemployed, and recent immigrants, many of whom lived in the squatter jungles in the city; people that other unions looked down upon. Many of the founders of the Vancouver IWW had been active militants in the Socialist Trades and Labour Alliance (STLA). The IWW denounced political action at a 1908 congress, and excluded known Socialist Party members. Along the west coast, and in Vancouver in particular, there was a strong movement among the IWW for regional autonomy and against the General Executive Branch. IWW members in Vancouver were strongly opposed to politics and parties. When the Socialist Party of Canada urged workers to vote for them in the 1909 elections, the IWW pointed out that only 75 of their 5,000 members were even eligible. This was because women, Asians, and non-residents or property owners had no voting rights at the time. IWW members felt that all governments served the ruling class and capitalism, and said that 'a wise tailor does not put stitches into rotten cloth.' The Socialist Party of Canada (SPC) denounced the union as 'so anarchistic, and therefore reactionary, as to clearly stamp it as an enemy of the peaceful and orderly process of the labour movement towards the overthrow of capital and the ending of wage servitude.' It was in Vancouver that the nick-name 'Wobbly' originated. A local Chinese restaurant keeper supported the union and would extend credit to its members. He pronounced IWW as 'I Wobble Wobble', and it quickly caught on. The Wobbly Hall was at 112 Abott Street. Other meeting places included 61 West Cordova and 232 East Pender. By 1912, the IWW boasted 10,000 members in B.C. The IWW fought a 'free speech' fight in 1912, against a ban on public meetings, leading to the repression of many of its members, but also a lift on the ban. Vancouver police regularly attacked the Wobblies public meetings, and several riots broke out. Wobblies rented a boat and spoke to crowds off English Bay through a huge megaphone. In February the IWW called for a convergence in Vancouver and threatened a General Strike to oppose the ban on free speech. Wobblies warned that 'the worker's weapon - sabotage' would be put to use. J.S. Biscay declared in public meetings and to the press that 'if they want to drown free speech in Vancouver they will have to bury us with it.' Towards the end of the struggle for free speech more than 10,000 people gathered to hear the Wobblies speak at the Powell Street grounds. Listings for the IWW disappeared from Vancouver directories in 1912 after police and government harrassment began in response to the IWW attempts to organize transient, forestry, and railway workers and open advocacy of sabotage and class struggle. The [IWW was banned in Canada between 1918 and 1919 under a 'war measures act' as a seditious group, but members kept the organization alive underground. [Vancouver Wobblies](#) re-opened a general membership branch in January of 2000.

As David reached for his personal cel phone he did not recognize the caller who apparently was using a Wal-Mart calling card. "David Hunter, who am I speaking to?" asked the suddenly awakened geriatric with a tent pole problem.

"Chips, Homi, calling from Calico Rock, Arkansas" was the initial reply "I was at a truck stop in Harrison last night and I heard some bad shit regarding PAM, which I interpret as Tyndall AFB, Florida, and it involves some Canadian MFers trying to hoodwink Uncle Sugar with some ROE ruse, are you picking it up?"

"Yes Homi, I am up to speed let er rip" was the reply from the ever affable, never flappable Captain of the Smoked Oysters as his writhing Greek Goddess was tormented by the absence of his weiner-phone, albeit briefly as she lay beside him in the RV master bedroom and was pulling on his string, so to speak, "How do you suggest we proceed" oh Master of the Interstate, asked Chips as Fox started her 'clarinet lessons'.

"Well I am at a truck stop and can be in Panama City by early morning, I have a reefer behind that goes to Jacksonville SamsClub with a load of frozen chickens but the DOT limits me to roughly that area of Florida tomorrow, any chance you can be in town for the dog competition?" asked Homi as he stroked Duke's mane and at the other end of the line there was some stroking going on simultaneously.

Actually, I am pre-deployed to Eglin AFB with Fox and Dyke, do we need to call in more dogs" asked Chips to the mother-trucker. I have Diehard, Duke and the two SNIPHERS on a short leash, if necessary.

"Negative Chips, the plan I have is doable with Duke and Dyke and this plan allows me to rest up in Panama City prior to pressing on with the frozen chickens stuffed with whatever to Jacksonville" was the reply of Homi, whose real name was Detective Bob G. Homicide. "So I have to go tarp my load but I am sending some text of a recent operation and I have selected the digital cucumber the electronic mail box, is this convenient oh 'midnite master of the oasis?'"

"Making it happen as we speak, cucumber out and ready, Chips in and in sync Fox never missed a stroke. Ta ta for now."

Four hours and 9 minutes later the electrical tape was removed and orgasmic utterance that rivals [Maria Muldaur's](#) vocal style was let loose that let the RV campers within a 300 yard radius thinking the timing of Katrina must be off as well as the BBC's timing of their false feed of WTC7. Now for our dear sweet friends at Tomoye and McConnell International, where was David Hunter stationed in 1974 when this video was shot at "Burt Sugarman's" [code word BS] and how often is someone referred to as Sheikh in a love song other than or own inimitable "Obama Sheikh yur Buti? As Chips and Fox headed down to the sand dunes for another load in the maytag Dyke was chain smoking a Chesterfield but dreaming of a Camel. If you are picking up where my head is pointed,...., yea, you're feeling me.

After 2 hours and 7 minutes of rhythmic pile driving David Derrick Hunters withdrew his arrow from the quivering and finally satiated Greek Goddess, with the bronzish arms, athletic cardiopulmonary function and wet and willing kisses, who tried to regain her focus as 6 bright images banged into her mind; not unlike an explosion of lights. In between the lightening round and over time Chips had 3 tins of smoked oysters, 22 horsepower Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters and checked the Nortel cucumber for an incoming from Homi.

As she came back to lucidity she realized that loverboy had borrowed her Nortel Cucumber phone but realizing she can't fight this feeling anymore she took matters into her own hands. This is not a picture of Fox; that would be a violation of privacy. This is either 1) A Coast Guard representative 2) An Otis elevator representative or 3) A DOJ wife during NFL season.



As Chips came in from listening to the Bone-o-phone he realized the need to get Homi's info to all ships at sea, flying vessels aloft and in fact to everyone in America with the exception of the DOJ as they were investigating the NFL and the lonesome lady in the tub who was most likely wishing there was an oyster dispenser about ready to walk in and catch her red-handed. Most red team members are lame so the dazzling beauties married to their compromised paychecks spend a lot of time in the tub, alone.

As he hooked up the Bone-o-phone to the magic Cucumber and IUD-Listening Device, Digi-Cam he gave Fox a courtesy head's up. "Fox, I am formatting some intel, disregard your IUD device, in fact if you want some stimulation put it in 'silent' mode so it vibrates. Always considerate, our Captain Dogfight as Dyke stood by waiting to slay Goliath.

Morse Code from Homi:

Dick called me up from Arkansas, were i was working on the Titan Chicken, Operation Southern Fried.he told me we have a lead on a Coast Guard Captain Evenston, working in the Anti Terrorism Div, with some information on some Trans Pacific link to drugs that may be tied to not only the Kro-cain but to the Heroine being flown into a small minisable air port in the Portland Airport tied to the same group operating out of Mena Airport in Arkansas, I was told that I was to intercept him at his home in Tampa, and to persuade him by what ever means necessary to come with me. I was to proceed to Little Rock Airport and I'll be met by an old Friend, I drove to Little Rock and sure as shit i was met by an old Friend alright it was David Brock a guy I sent to prison 5 years ago, he was supposed to be doing 20 years. I walked up to him I didn't no what to say, Brock was an A-10 Wart Hog pilot during the first Gulf War, and then fly boy cocain smuggler that almost sent our D.E.A. King Air into the swamps of Florida when he feigned a collision with our plane, we had chased him when he left Cuban air space after the Blimp spotted him. he was flying so low and fast that his souped up 310 R Cessna props would almost hit the ocean. I asked him how he got out so some, /Well Homi I make a deal with some mutual Friends that's all I'll say. Well I see you still have that mutt. / Yup sure do I think we will retire together. I take It your flying me./ Sure am lets go, got something to show you/ we went out to the flightl line and there it was the same 310 R that he ditched in the Everglades. cant miss it only one like it, Brock was a showy guy from the Rolex GMT, to his tailored clothes, and hi dollar shoes, and vintage leather and gold framed MC Arther styled aviator glass's. he stripped the paint off this plane and polished it like a mirror. the only paint on it was a Ferrari red stripe along the sides, and hypno-spirals on his prop hub spinner caps, except now it has bronze lexon -glass in it like the F-18s have. and perfectly dressed and booted props I hate neat freaks. I asked him is this a duplicate of the old plane./ No its the same one you seized in the glades, by partner bought it back at a drug auction, and restored it and mad it better/ really like how/ Because I bellied it whacked the wings and caused some other damage to the engines. my buddy who builds race planes,/ Sounds like Mick. (War Bird racer) we almost got him too/ Well you didn't he fixed it up for me when I was in Atlanta Super Max Prison thanks to you and your prick Buddy's.sent me on to 3 hots and a cot, hey homi, Bub sends you his love, he remembers the sweet times with you./ Piss off Brock. lets go. Brock took his sweat ass time pre flighting the plane, bad weather was coming in, I yelled at him through the door and waved him in. I was looking at the pimp red leather he had inside, looked a little gay I thought, when brock got in it was serious biz. I let him do his thing why I secured Duke. when I climbed into the right seat I saw avionics that should be in a biz jet, Hey Brock this stuff is worth more then your plane.?! f-off Homi, put your belt on it time to go. Brock contacted the tower and proceeded to taxi, Brock handed me a file get a plan together we got to get there get what we need and get out. I opened the file and read the file. we were waiting behind a Lear 23 air ambulance, Brock told me he's heading down to Laredo to pick up some one who is involved with the Clifton's, that's the money plane, its the one who pays off the cartels. this is my project working behind the scenes with other people doing the same, we are on a need to know for operational security and our safety. watch that plane leave he'll be rotating in less then a 750 yards he has the mach over rides disconnected. that's one bad ass drug plane. by the way its CIA owned and operated. got to pay for black ops some how/ I watched as it left it took off and climbed straight up almost vertical it disappeared in the low cloud cover. it was our turn in a few minutes. We left in not so spectacular way. We were 20 min into the flight weather got bad I wish this was postponed but they need this man now. I read the brief, Brock and I are to bring this man with out delay to Atlanta and he would be taken off are hands. that He had something to do with an operation that took place on 9/11. 9/11 whats going on? Brock did you read this file/ yes I did. Homi better muzzle your dog and put the oxygen cup on his nose if you want him to live and you to we have to get above this weather its going to be a tight flight fuel wise weather is not helping even with these extra tanks I got./ you got transportation arranged yes a Private hanger and a van. if he cant be persuaded we got to black bag his head and drag him. I continued to read the file this Officer was a key player in the protection of key evidence being disposed of in china,

and the obstruction of normally routed patrol vessels in the eastern seaboard on the day of the attacks,/ i asked Brock what go we have to do with this i thought I was investigating Helena Clifton and the tie in to the drug trafficking, ?/ well Homi welcome to Operation Big Picture what we our us individually are doing is gathering up the loose ends and incorporating the evidence to this larger operation on going. this man is one of the keys to unlocking the puzzle, we were flying in clear Sky's got ahead of the weather about an hour into the flight we have 2 1/2 hours to go our insider informs us that he comes home from the country club about ten tonight they have a member ship meeting, we have a green light to handle this when our insider calls this beeper./ well I'm good to go./ Homi, Dick will call you with destination Instructions in Atlanta I'll be sticking with the plane, we'll get back to our own projects asap. We landed in Tampa , Brock taxied to the fuel area I got Duke out for a walk. he was out of it hard ride for a dog. I waited while Brock took care of the plane he told me a courtesy car will pick me up and take to the hanger. a few min later the car came I went to the hanger and opened it up there was the van I put Duke in and Pulled it out and Brock was taxing the plane into the hanger I closed the door and waited in the van. for Brock, when he got in we decided not to get the subject at his home but at the Club Brock and i decoded to not gaffle up as he was getting ready to leave, simple plan if it didn't work we would tail him home. well it was a simple plan we got the at 2100 an hour earlier at the Black Coral Country Club, the file said the subject was driving a silver Z06 Corvette we drove into the parking lot and waited. his file stated that he was seeing a waitress who worked at the club we figured Thebault come out the back together and we could grab taser both and pepper spray them leave her and take him, well it sounded like a great plan then, well it didn't work just like that the subject came out the back but was alone about 20 steps behind him came a woman screaming at him making a scene, we didn't need the publicity in case any one came out . The subject was almost to the car when he was getting in she came running at him trying to stop him from leaving, they started back to the club when I sent Duke out the door he went barking and she went running and screaming back into the club while he boyfriend fought off Duke. Brock drove up to the subject Duke ran towards the club I slid the side door open the gut couldn't thank us enough, so i busted him in the mouth as Duke was jumping in he ran up and clamped the subject on his balls and held him there. Brock took off and nailed the brakes the door slid shut while I zipped tied his hands behind him, as we drove back to the airport I pulled the belt off his pants and ripped the front of his pants open. This is an old O.S.S. come along, the guy cant run away with his pants around his ankles he has to hold them up, so he cant undue his hands the pants will fall down, we soon arrived at the air port, we drove to the hanger Brock raised the door and parked the van he recons the area so nobody was around, Brock set up the plane to go and set up extra room we got to keep him secure, Brock signaled me to move him out, I pulled the subject out, and kicked him in the balls (that's gotta hurt)to keep him disorientated, we stuffed him crying into the plane. on the floor I then put a bag over his head and placed a big zip tie around his throat loose just in case he got ideas. If you start any shit I'll pull the zip your dead. he got the picture. As we were taxing the subject defecated his pants and started crying, dint kill me, I didn't talk / Brock If I could I would kill you now for crapping in the plane dirt bag. we got the clearance to take off. At 15000 ft and cruising the smell was getting to me all I could do is to hold down my lunch/ Toughen up Homi, its just meat and potato's/ I didn't tell any one the subject kept saying, I didn't spend the money I was waiting for the OK please don't kill me, I'm with you the N.W.O needs me don't kill me/ I busted him in the mouth again and told him to explain it to those on the other end. We landed in Atlanta at a small airport a 1996 hearse was waiting there for the subject. when we taxied up and shut down Dick my handler was there ? when he came to us thanked us for the good job we did and petted duke. wheres the garbage. / he's tied up in the plane he shit himself, thinks we are going to kill him, the hearse may confirm that he's very talkative, you'll get our report with the details, are going to kill him?/ No just ask him a lot of ?s, he'll suffer more then death/ whats that?/ trial by jury, for treason./ Brock said what's the hearse for?/ Dick replied these guys lay in caskets masturbating while telling their colleagues their fantasy's and deepest dirtiest secrets thought we treat him to a little psy-ops put him in the box, I got to go deliver him up. We stuffed him in the box and put him in the hearse and dick. drove off waving good by/ Homi Brock said I still don't know what's up do you? nope lets get the hell out of here.

After the formatting Chips went in the deliver to Fox a victory boink and she must have known what was coming as she had 3 tins of Smoked Oysters, 22 horse Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters and [a song from long ago](#) suggested what was happening to the Digi-IUD as the feverish Fox came up to operating temperature and went into pre-lube for the fourth time that day at 4 that afternoon.

As Chips was dishing out the punishments was right back at him as the performed the horizontal boogies in a way that would make the Doobie brothers and the Doomie sisters equally proud. Chips had just fired for effect when the sound of a Freightliner bob-tail could be heard idly up to the recently rented portable passion pit. As Chips zipped you and Fox "freshened her dew" Homi quietly inquired, "Chips, referring to the "no knocking when vans a

rockin sign, have guys done the oyster deal or should I drive around on the chopper for a while?"

"Hang on Homi, she was just painting her nails, I'll be right there."

As Chips opened the door and handed Homi a GWB Duke and Dyke did some canine sac sniffing while Grolsch were downed and the sound of a long hot shower came from the well appointed "aqua equipped love chamber" as a new Orange sherbet Puma strip thong dangled innocently on the coat hook. Homi, who hated Cheetos asked Chips, isn't that shower going to make her 'freshly painted nails run'?" without the faintest hint of a smile.

"Sorry for the breach Homi, I forgot that you'd been a profiler with DEA, I was trying to protect her honor." replied a remorseful and flaccid and oyster digesting Chips.

"More like inject from on her not protect her honor, but alas I digress, let's get the choppers out of the trailer and surveil the O Club bar from inside, out side and the roof."

As the winsome and athletic mother of all maytags came out looking all squeaky clean she hung a right and head for the mattress equipped love chambauer as the 'boys' wrapped up their plan. When it comes to Hopsicker's great book 'Barry and the Boys' Chips and Homi were 'men with experience'.

"Chips, I thought you were in Alaska flying the perps down in that snatched 737, what gives?" queried Homi, which is the only time in history any one would put Homi and queri in the same paragraph without invoke Homi's right boat following by Duke 'taser grip'.

"I do, Homi, but my dance card is full" teased the recently reclad bronze beauty sporting the 40D twins and a motor that starts easy, if you know much about motors.

"Understood Fox and it's a bust anyway as I can Calico Connie in the sleeper of the Freigliner, so after Chips and I get some peni-came photos and other goodies the four of us can have a few cock-tales before we get down to the main attractions. Fox, you and Connie will be dressed like sudsing maytags and you be trying to talk to this two Sons of Boss as well as Hothead and Ketchup king, here is their group photo taken in Sweden at the Bilderberg

heist. "Great disguises, if it wasn't for the Cheetos stain I'd never had known if Ketchup was 1, 3 or 4." responded Fox, promising to brief Connie when they would change in to 'Night Trawler' camo. "Is Hothead the one who thinks he's in Chicago?" she asked as she maneuver to give Fish a shot of Orange Sherbet.

