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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:35:15 GMT

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Friday, November 16th, 10 a.m., Tracy Island

Jeff looked up as Gordon stepped into the lounge, quietly closing the grillwork door behind him.

"You wanted to see me, Dad?"

Jeff waved him over to the desk. "I have some resumes for you to look at. Human Resources forwarded them; they're for filling Brandon's place."

"Not wasting time are they?" Gordon commented as he walked over toward the desk. He sat down in a chair across the desk from his father and took the data pads that Jeff was holding out to him.

"No, they aren't -- because we aren't," Jeff commented. "We need someone very soon so we can get them into training."

"Anyone in particular stand out to you, Dad?" Gordon asked as he started looking over the one on the top.

Jeff handed him a pad that he'd kept in reserve. "I think we should start here, with Vincent Crenshaw."

"Crenshaw?" Gordon said slowly, as he set the first few pads onto the desk and took the latest one from his father.

Why does that name sound familiar? he thought to himself. He looked down at the information in front of him.

"He's got the military experience we need," Jeff explained as Gordon read. "And, it seems, he has the diving and navigating experience as well. You'd be a better judge of that, of course."

Gordon frowned a little as he began to scan down the information, then his face cleared and he broke into a smile. "You'll never believe this, Dad, but I met this guy while I was off last weekend. He owned the dive shop where we rented our boat and equipment."

Jeff leaned back in his chair, looking thoughtful. "What was your impression of him?"

"Very professional. The shop he runs is well organized and seems to be fairly busy. Jerry says it is one of the top ranked dive shops in Hawaii," Gordon told his father. "As for the diving and navigating experience, he'd definitely has that. He ended up joining us for the dive trip and he really knows his stuff."

Gordon smiled as he remembered when Pat had repeated Vince's comment about needing to keep an eye on him while they were out on the water. "To tell you the truth, he made a better

impression on me than I probably did on him."

Jeff raised one bushy eyebrow. "Now why am I not surprised at that?"

Gordon grinned at his father's comment, as he looked back down at the resume he still held in his hand. Some of the information it contained the aquanaut was already aware of.

"Wow, I knew the guy served in the Navy but I didn't realize he was a Navy SEAL," Gordon said, impressed. "That would explain the professionalism and serious attitude."

"I agree with you there. I think he'll be a real go-getter from the start. And the fact that he has flown fighter jets gives him another edge in my eyes."

"What's that?" Gordon asked, looking up.

"We've been having a hard time with flight hours on Scott, and to a lesser extent, Elise. Someone who has flown fighters is someone we could cross-train on Thunderbird One."

Gordon nodded. The thought hadn't occurred to him but his father had a valid point. Not all rescues were going to require Thunderbird 4 or even utilize any diving skills. Someone who they could use in another capacity would be beneficial.

"There is one thing that needs to be considered," Gordon said. "He is married and has at least one kid. His son was helping out in the shop when we were there. Other than Dom, none of our recruits have had any immediate family. Assuming he would be interested in taking the position, there are bound to be things that come up that we haven't had to deal with before."

"Hm. You have a point there, Gordon." Jeff stroked his chin a little. "The people we have had come in who had children were single parents. I think this will require some thought, and perhaps a bit more digging into his background so we can be prepared at our interview." He put out a hand for the pad, and Gordon returned it to him. "If it's just one child, there shouldn't be a problem - we have a two-bedroom apartment left. But if there's more than one..." He shrugged. "We might be taking on another building project sooner than we expected."

He motioned to the other pads that Gordon held. "You take a look through those and see if there's anyone else who might fulfill the qualifications. I'll make arrangements for Mr. Crenshaw to pay us a visit."

"Yes, sir." As Jeff turned his attention to his computer, Gordon returned to the data pads. There were four other applicants that HR in Honolulu had sent to them. All of them, except for one, had some kind of military experience. There was a guy who was planning on retiring from the Navy at the end of the month. His experience was limited to submarines. There was a former Coast Guard officer and a former member of the Royal Navy. The fourth candidate was a civilian worker at Pearl Harbor who did underwater ship inspection and maintenance. "If Mr. Crenshaw doesn't work out, I think Ms. Susan LaSalle would be worth looking into more," Gordon said, referring to the former Coast Guard officer.

"Okay, son. I'll put her next on the list to contact should Crenshaw not work out." Jeff put on his

glasses. "You prioritize the rest, and we'll send them on to Human Resources."

"Yes, sir," Gordon replied. He had already been mentally thinking on the order so it didn't take him long to put them in the order he wanted, with the civilian worker on the bottom and LaSalle's resume on the top. He sat the stack on the desk and pushed it toward his father's side. "If you're thinking about cross-training, I assume you'll include Scott during the interview, then?"

Jeff looked up and nodded. "Yes, I think he should be... if the two of you can actually stand to be in the same room as each other -- especially after Scott's revenge for those pictures." He grinned. "I should have asked Scott for a picture of your tank."

"I'm sure he got some," Gordon said, his tone wry. "Who'd a thought he could come up with something like that." He shook his head, as if in disbelief, then straightened. "You won't have any problem from me, Dad. I guess I had it coming," he admitted. That doesn't mean I don't plan on coming up with another prank, though. He shifted in his chair a bit. I just don't want to have to pass over a good candidate for Thunderbird 4 just because Scott doesn't think they're good enough to fly his precious Thunderbird.

"Good to know," Jeff replied, nodding. "Now, if you'll excuse me..."

Gordon took the hint, and gave his dad a jaunty salute. "Yes, sir!" He grinned. "I can hardly wait to see Vincent Crenshaw's face when he realizes that I'm the one interviewing him!"

Deciding on Vince by Tikatu and Icarus1982

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