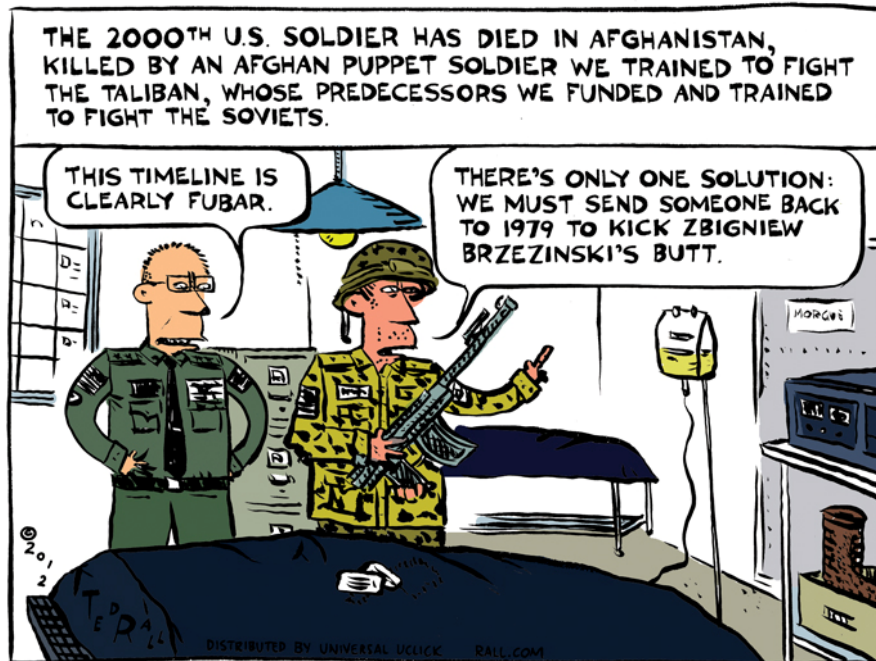


Military Resistance 10J5



The 2,000th Casualty:
**“Lisa Freeman Can’t Help Thinking
He Should Never Have Been In
That ‘Impossible Place’”**
**“Why Are We Still Watching Death
After Death, And Pain After Pain Here
At Home?”**
**“I Don’t Really Understand Why We’re
There Anymore”**

[Thanks to Sandy Kelson, Veteran & Military Resistance Organization, who sent this in.]

Lisa Freeman was cradling her 6-day-old grandson in one arm and watching the news on her iPad while her daughter and son-in-law caught some much-needed sleep. The retired teacher was taking notes with her free hand when she heard the news: The nation had suffered its 2,000th casualty in the Afghan war.

On Sept. 29, Army Sgt. 1st Class Daniel Metcalfe was on patrol in the country's rugged Wardak province when his unit came under small-arms fire.

As the announcer spoke, all Freeman could do was shake her head and stare at little Matthew — named for an uncle he would never know. Marine Capt. Matthew C. Freeman fell to a sniper's bullet Aug. 7, 2009, northeast of Kabul, not far from where Metcalfe perished.

It is almost certain that Metcalfe and Freeman — both 29 when they died — never met. Freeman grew up in the Savannah suburb of Richmond Hill, Ga.; Metcalfe was from the village of Liverpool, N.Y., population about 2,400, a few miles north of Syracuse.

Nonetheless, they were brothers, casualties in what has become America's longest war, which began Oct. 7, 2001, when the United States and Britain launched air attacks against military targets and al-Qaeda training camps.

Looking at the number 2,000 on the small, glass screen, Lisa Freeman felt as if she had lost her son all over again. "I just sat here, reliving the pain and wondering: Where is America's outrage? Where is America's concern that we're still at war?"

Matthew Freeman excelled at everything he set his mind to. Eagle Scout, honor roll, student-council president. So no one was surprised when he won an appointment to the U.S. Naval Academy, following in his father's footsteps. After graduation in 2002, the son and grandson of naval aviators took his commission in the Marine Corps and went for jets.

Freeman was stationed in Okinawa, Japan, in the summer of 2009 when a resurgent Taliban began retaking areas once thought pacified. When officers asked for volunteers to shore up the thin lines, Freeman stepped forward.

In July 2009, he made a secret trip home to marry his high school sweetheart, Theresa Hess. He wanted to make sure she would be notified, and taken care of, should anything happen to him.

They were married July 10, 2009. Thirteen days later, he shipped out.

Barely two weeks into his deployment, Freeman and a fire-support team set out for reconnaissance in the Shpee Valley when they came under enemy attack and became pinned down. According to an official account, Freeman fought his way into a building and up to the roof to get a better angle on the enemy position.

Once atop, he spotted an insurgent with a rocket-propelled grenade and was firing at the man when he was shot in the back of the head. A comrade told Lisa Freeman her son was found with his finger on the trigger of his rifle; its magazine was nearly empty.

The 2,000th casualty occurred at a lonely Afghan Army checkpoint along the main road between southern Kandahar and the national capital of Kabul — an area of scrubby, rolling foothills dotted with Pashtun villages and trees bearing fist-size yellow apples.

According to Afghan officials, Metcalfe and his squad were on foot patrol when the checkpoint came under insurgent attack. Believing they were being fired on by their Afghan allies, Metcalfe and the others engaged the checkpoint, the officials said.

Metcalfe, a civilian contractor and at least two Afghan soldiers died in the firefight. The Pentagon is investigating.

Metcalfe, a member of the 173rd Airborne Brigade Combat Team, was an 11-year veteran and was on his third deployment. He leaves a wife and four children, ages 11 months to 12 years.

Lisa Freeman can't help thinking he should never have been in that "impossible place."

"I don't really understand why we're there anymore," she says. "Why are we still watching death after death, and pain after pain here at home?"

Two days before his death, Freeman called his mother in Georgia. He told her all about the friendly locals and how cute the children were.

"The kids would rather have pens and paper more than anything," he said. "Even food or water." He asked whether she would collect school supplies that he and the other troops could distribute in the villages.

His last request has since grown into the "Matthew Freeman Project: Pens & Paper for Peace." In the past two years, the nonprofit charity has shipped more than 6 tons of school supplies to military personnel for distribution in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Lisa Freeman says one of the project's volunteers told her recently that it might take years but that their efforts would bear fruit. "Maybe one of these young men that we're giving these school supplies to could be the future leader of a free Afghanistan," he told her.

With one son-in-law in the field and another who could be deployed at any time, she cannot see it. But she truly hopes he's right.

**POLITICIANS REFUSE TO HALT THE
BLOODSHED**

**THE TROOPS HAVE THE POWER TO STOP THE
WAR**

AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

Bomb Hits Afghan Intelligence Office

08.10.2012 RFE/RL

Police say a car bomb has killed at least two Afghan intelligence officers and wounded 15 other people in the south of the country.

Helmand Province police spokesman Fareed Ahmed said the explosives had been hidden in a vehicle parked outside an office of the National Directorate of Security in the provincial capital of Lashkar Gah.

Ahmed said the bomb went off after noon on October 8, killing the two intelligence officers and wounding another, in addition to 14 civilians, including women and children.

Officials said the civilians lived in a house next door to the intelligence agency office.

It was not clear whether the explosives were remotely detonated or fixed to a timer.

**“Taliban Statement Marking
Eleventh Year Of The Invasion Of
Afghanistan”**

**“The Wary Morale-Lacking Invaders
Are Competing Ignominiously With
Each Other In Turning Tail From
Afghanistan”**

**“Those Who Can Easily Grasp This
Concept Are Those Who Have Studied
The History Of Afghanistan”**

Sunday, 21 Dzulka'edah 1433
Sunday, 07 October 2012 07:53
Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan

Eleven years ago today (6th October) our sanctified Islamic country was barbarically invaded by America. This cruel invasion which was carried out under various excuses was in reality America trying to extent its infidel power over Afghanistan and the region.

They carried out this tyrannical invasion under the so-called pretexts of bringing peace, prosperity and development to Afghanistan but to instill fear in the hearts of the Afghans, they carried out such savagery and crimes in Guantanamo, Bagram and other secret prisons which humanity is unable to comprehend.

They used all potential and means of barbarism at their disposal against the defenseless and victimized Afghans however with the grace and help of Allah, despite all of her savagery, crimes and evident violations they were unable to subdue the Islamic determination and will of the Muslim Afghans.

The ill-equipped but strong-faith Afghans began Jihad in defense of their religion, creed and land against the criminals of this era and with the divine help of Allah, handed the American invaders such an exemplary historical lessons which made them forget all excuses for launching the invasion.

With the help of Allah, the valiant Afghans under the Jihadi leadership of Islamic Emirate defeated the military might and numerous strategies of America and NATO alliance with Jihadi resistance and collective unity and now after eleven years of unceasing terror, tyranny, crimes and savagery, they are fleeing Afghanistan with such humiliation and disgrace that they are struggling to provide an explanation.

The Muslim and Mujahid nation of Afghanistan is marking the eleventh year of the barbaric infidel invasion in their triumphant Jihadi trenches such that the wary morale-lacking invaders are competing ignominiously with each other in turning tail from Afghanistan even as their bases are being conquered by high-spirited Mujahideen one after the other.

Those slogans and goals for which the Islamic land of Afghanistan was invaded are being completely disregarded due to the Jihadi hammering by the Mujahid Afghans; now it's a only a race to relieve oneself as each announces withdrawal ahead of their schedules and this is the core solution to the problem which was repeatedly highlighted to the invaders by the Islamic Emirate throughout this eleven year period.

Even now the invaders should understand if this battle was to prolong a hundred years, the determination and zeal of the Afghans in defense of their religion and land will not waver and even then the solution will be your defeat and complete withdrawal.

Those who can easily grasp this concept are those who have studied the history of Afghanistan.

The Islamic Emirate while congratulating its Muslim nation on nearing victory and coming out triumphant from this historical battle, asks Allah Almighty to accept all their sacrifices and hardships.

On the occasion of marking the eleventh year of the American invasion of Afghanistan, the Islamic Emirate desires from its Muslim and Mujahid nation to continue their Islamic

Jihad with unity and solidarity against the foreign invaders until all the transgressing infidels are forced to leave our country, overtly overwhelmed and defeated.

And victory shall certainly be awarded to the valiant Mujahideen, the defenders of the religion of Allah Almighty, Allah willing.

The Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan

20/11/1433

06/10/2012

15/07/1391

**IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE RESISTANCE
END THE OCCUPATION**

MILITARY NEWS

**“It Was 10:07 A.M. On May 11,
2009”**

**“The Battalion, Military Police And
Combat Stress Specialists Had
Three Hours And 34 Minutes To
Avert Tragedy”**

**“After Lost Opportunities And
Miscalculations, The Blue-Eyed
Sergeant From Texas Used A Stolen
Gun To Kill Three Enlisted Men And
Two Officers”**

“Well John, For 16 Years, They Taught You How To Kill The Enemy And Then They Became The Enemy”



The M16-A2 rifle allegedly used by Army Sergeant John Michael Russell is seen at Camp Liberty combat stress clinic near Baghdad, Iraq, on May 11, 2009. U.S. Army via Bloomberg

This account is based on thousands of pages of Army records, civilian documents obtained with public records requests and more than two dozen interviews.

Aug 1, 2012 By Elliot Blair Smith, BLOOMBERG [Late report: Excerpts]

Sergeant John Russell lay awake, wondering what his wife would do if he killed himself.

He was so messed up that his first lieutenant removed the firing pin from his M16 assault rifle.

Six weeks from the end of his fifth combat-zone tour, and five years from retiring on a 20-year Army pension, he suspected he wouldn't see any of it.

Before dawn, shaking and stuttering, Russell walked through the still desert outside Baghdad to the quarters of Captain Peter Keough, the 54th Engineer Battalion's chaplain. Keough listened, and hastily made the sergeant's fourth appointment in four days at an Army mental-health clinic.

"I believe he is deteriorating," Keough e-mailed an Army psychiatrist. "He doesn't trust anyone." Russell, the chaplain wrote, "believes he is better off dead."

It was 10:07 a.m. on May 11, 2009.

The battalion, military police and combat stress specialists had three hours and 34 minutes to avert tragedy.

Instead, after lost opportunities and miscalculations, the blue-eyed sergeant from Texas used a stolen gun to kill three enlisted men and two officers in the deadliest case of soldier-on-soldier violence in the war zone.

His victims' bodies are buried across the U.S., from Arlington National Cemetery to the Texas panhandle.

Russell slipped through the safety net constructed to catch troubled soldiers. More and more are falling. The armed services' mental-health epidemic has deepened since the Camp Liberty killings. In June, Defense Secretary Leon Panetta ordered a Pentagon review of every diagnosis from 2001 on.

"The military and the nation were not prepared for the mental-health needs from being in combat for more than a decade," said retired Colonel Elspeth Ritchie, the top psychiatric official in the Army's Office of the Surgeon General from 2005 to 2010, in an interview. "We now confront ourselves with a mental-health crisis that is a legacy of war."

Court Martial

Prosecutors paint the 6-foot, 4-inch (1.9-meter) Russell as a cold-blooded killer, cunning enough to slip through a back door into a mental-health clinic where he mowed down unarmed men. His lawyers contend that he's not guilty by reason of insanity, undone by repeat deployments and misdiagnosed in that same clinic.

His hands and feet shackled, Russell said in an interview that he doesn't remember much about that day three years ago.

He's awaiting court martial at Joint Base Lewis-McChord in the shadow of Mount Rainier in Washington.

The Army decided May 15 to seek the death penalty on five counts of premeditated murder, overruling the recommendation at a pre-trial hearing that Russell's "undisputed mental disease or defect" made that punishment inappropriate.

"It scares me," Russell said.

This account is based on thousands of pages of Army records, civilian documents obtained with public records requests and more than two dozen interviews.

Military Life

For more than 15 years, Russell had a home in the Army.

Born premature, diagnosed with the learning disability dyslexia, he didn't graduate from high school until he was 20. He married, had a son and divorced, working in restaurants, a grocery store and in property management in his hometown of Sherman, north of Dallas. He was 29 when he enlisted.

"I didn't fit in a tank," he said, recounting his decision to train as a radio mechanic. "I seen the little toolboxes and I picked that. I had a knack for that."

Russell had a career and, within a few years, a happy second marriage to a German he met in Bamberg, a Bavarian city on the Regnitz River where the 54th was headquartered. The couple shared an apartment with two dogs, a Toy West Highland called Queenie and a Corgi named Louie, and owned a house in Texas that they planned to move into after Russell retired.

Thirteen months into his third Iraq tour, on May 1, 2009, he saw it all threatened.

Being Overruled

The 54th was at Camp Stryker on Victory Base Complex, a mass of low-slung buildings at the southwest corner of Baghdad International Airport bounded by blast barriers and razor wire. With less than two months to go in the battalion's deployment, First Lieutenant Mark Natale named Russell team leader in the radio- and computer-repair shop.

Natale said the promotion was meant to motivate the 44- year-old, whose peers were mostly two decades younger. It went badly almost from the start.

One of Russell's first acts that Friday was to write up a female subordinate for being 13 minutes late. He'd been needling the woman, who struggled with tardiness. Natale and another officer overruled him.

And Russell erupted.

"Sir, I will take all three of you down," he shouted at Natale, threatening the two officers and the woman. It was an extraordinary display for someone a co-worker described as "one of the mellowest guys I have ever known."

After a 30-minute rant, Russell apologized, saying he felt "broken." Natale, who could have disciplined him, gave him a chance instead.

He referred the sergeant to one of the stress clinics the military had set up to help soldiers cope.

Russell spent almost five years in war zones. With an armored-cavalry unit in Bosnia and Kosovo in the 1990s, he told military doctors, he was in firefights and inventoried a truckload of mutilated bodies.

On his second Iraq tour, in Ramadi in 2005 and 2006, he said he saw "pieces of people everywhere" inside a tent hit by mortar, and described "scraping my friend" off radio

equipment after an improvised-explosive device detonated. He said his nightmares were so intense a barracks mate videotaped him.

“He Was Distraught.”

At Victory Base Complex, Russell waited a week for his appointment at the Camp Stryker Combat Stress Clinic. As the days passed, the indignity of having rank pulled on him didn't fade. It was a black mark, he told friends, that might follow him into the civilian world.

“He was worried about his career and seemed to think the shop was out to get him,” said Sergeant Henry Hollenbeck, who worked with Russell. “He was distraught.”

Russell kept the appointment on May 8, the Friday before Mother's Day.

Blaine Ropson, the clinic's psychiatric nurse, told investigators that when he saw Russell “it was obvious he was under duress.” The reason, Ropson said, just wasn't clear.

“The Patient Was Uncomfortable With The Major's ‘Hostile,’ ‘Demeaning’ And ‘Antagonistic’ Attitude”

Other tensions were playing out.

Before Russell arrived, Ropson said, the clinic psychologist, Major Hrysso Fernbach, took him aside to say he should be “a little sterner” with patients.

Ropson, who sat in on the session with Russell, said later that the patient was uncomfortable with the major's “hostile,” “demeaning” and “antagonistic” attitude.

Russell kept looking to Ropson for reassurance.

Fernbach, a New Jersey National Guard member and a former psychologist at a maximum security prison, had a different opinion. She told military investigators her demeanor was neutral, and described Russell as “odd, angry and fragile.”

Russell rushed out of the clinic when they were done -- he said he went outside to throw up -- and came back 10 minutes later. By then, Ropson said, the sergeant was “even more stressed and uncomfortable than when he arrived.”

“Look,” he told Russell, “we can do better than this.”

Ropson made an appointment for him at another clinic. This one was at Camp Liberty, on the northeast side of the airport, about 3 miles (5 kilometers) away.

At around 3:15 p.m., Russell had his second encounter with the military's mental-health system in Iraq. This time, it was with Navy Commander Charles “Keith” Springle, a 52-

year-old with a Ph.D. in social work from Wilmington, North Carolina. Springle wore a peace sign on a chain around his neck, and had another tattooed on his shoulder.

A 21-year veteran, he'd treated troops for combat stress at bases in Spain and Germany -- commanders described him as "uniquely concerned, caring and empathetic" -- and had asked to be sent to Iraq. He'd been there for three months.

After spending about 30 minutes with Russell, Springle decided he needed to see someone who could prescribe medication, and made an appointment for him with Lieutenant Colonel Michael Jones, a Camp Liberty psychiatrist, for two days later.

"I Don't Think They're Trying To Help Me"

Specialist Hector Lara, Russell's military escort, drove him back home across Victory Base Complex, which was dotted with the remains of palaces, lakes, islands and a zoo built by Saddam Hussein.

Lara asked how it went. "I don't think they're trying to help me," Russell replied.

At the battalion, Russell griped about being shuffled from "the bitch" at Camp Stryker to the comedian Robin Williams at Camp Liberty, a derisive reference to the good-natured Springle. He complained he was being trifled with.

By Saturday, Natale, the first lieutenant, had heard enough. He told investigators that he talked to Russell in the privacy of his room and had a "gut feeling" he might hurt himself, that "the vibe was not right" when the sergeant told him he had no intention of doing so.

Natale removed the firing pin from Russell's rifle.

"Thank you for looking after me, sir," Natale said Russell told him. Later, another officer, not knowing what the first lieutenant had done, took the gun away.

That evening, Russell tracked down a friend, Private Marquise Drake, at a cookout on the base. Drake told investigators that Russell had stopped him from killing himself 10 months earlier when he was beset by difficulties in his marriage and with an Army boss. He admired Russell, he said, and now the sergeant needed his help.

Russell shared his troubles, telling Drake about Fernbach "raising her voice at him." Drake said he suggested they go to church. "You know I don't believe in that," Russell replied. Drake said Russell told him that when he saw dead children in the Balkans, "that's when he stopped believing."

Russell had someplace else to be Sunday anyway. It was May 11, and he had the appointment at the Camp Liberty Combat Stress Clinic with Lieutenant Colonel Jones. One of 14 Army psychiatrists in Iraq, he was Russell's last line of defense.

Jones was 59, a widower and an Army reservist, unemployed in civilian life. Six months before, he'd pledged to enter a substance-abuse counseling and monitoring program in the U.S. after his second arrest in three years on charges of driving while under the influence of alcohol. Now he was in Iraq.

“Jones Prescribed ‘A Mixture Of Psychoeducation, Brief Supportive Psychotherapy’ And An Antidepressant

On Mother’s Day, May 10, Russell overslept, and signed in late at Camp Liberty for his appointment with Jones. The doctor was still able to see him.

After 60 minutes with his patient, Jones typed up his notes. While Russell had anxiety “greatly amplified by the chronic and recurrent” deployments, he wrote, “he is not a danger to himself or others.”

Jones prescribed “a mixture of psychoeducation, brief supportive psychotherapy” and an antidepressant that would take effect in two to six weeks.

Russell’s despair seemed to lift. “Maybe I am not as messed up as I thought I was,” he told First Lieutenant David Vasquez, who escorted him to the clinic.

They stopped at the dispensary to fill the prescription. The pharmacist poured the pills into a plastic bag.

Russell’s colleagues in the repair shop planned a pizza party and invited him. It took them two hours to locate a vehicle. Russell didn’t wait around for the food to arrive.

After dark that night, Russell said later, he thought about killing himself, and about his wife, wondering if he had been a disappointment to her.

It was 5 a.m. when he got out of bed, and walked the few paces to where Vasquez was sleeping.

“He was crying and shaking,” Vasquez told investigators. “He was stuttering his words and was very despondent.”

The two men went together to the chaplain’s quarters and talked on the front steps before the sun rose, as Russell smoked cigarettes. “He said he just wished someone would put a bullet in his head,” Keough, the chaplain, told investigators.

Keough called Jones, the psychiatrist at Camp Liberty, at 7:50 a.m.

He followed up with the e-mail about Russell.

“His condition is so volatile right now that we do not have the capability or resources to get him the help he needs,” Keough wrote. “He needs round-the-clock care/supervision to see exactly what is wrong.”

Russell’s appointment was for noon, seven hours after he roused his company officer from his bed.

“If He’s That Bad, Stay The Hell Away From Him”

The Camp Liberty clinic was a haven of bare plywood walls on a cement slab under a corrugated tin roof. It was surrounded by seven-foot blast walls. By the time Russell arrived it was close to lunchtime, and there weren't many people inside. One room was set up for a sleep-therapy class, with couches in a circle. A few soldiers stationed at bases in other parts of the country were bunking in the overnight quarters.

Springle, who had irritated Russell with his humor, was on duty. So was Major Matthew Houseal, 54, a physician and former Navy pilot from Amarillo, Texas, who had once worked in an emergency room by night and as a crop duster by day. Specialist Domonic Morales, 21, manned the front desk, checking firearms into a locked room behind him. Patients weren't allowed beyond the lobby with weapons of any kind.

Specialist Jake Barton of Lenox, Missouri, 20, had booked a grief-counseling session, struggling after his mom's death the year before. Private First Class Michael Yates Jr., a 19-year-old combat infantryman, was registered for a course in anger management. His escort was Sergeant Christian Bueno-Galdos, 25, from Paterson, New Jersey, who pestered his parents for school supplies to hand out to Iraqi children.

Yates had recently been stuck in Kuwait for eight days on his way back from visiting his family and year-old son, Kam, whose name was tattooed on his forearm.

The day before, he'd called home to Federalsburg, Maryland, and mentioned having met Russell. "He told me point blank, 'This man is so far out on a branch I'm surprised he hasn't fallen and broken his neck,'" his stepfather, Richard Van Blargan Jr., said.

"My words to him were, 'If he's that bad, stay the hell away from him.'"

Russell signed in with Morales at the front desk at 11:20 a.m. Two minutes after his appointment with Jones started, the sergeant stormed out of the doctor's office.

"Let's go get him," Jones said to Russell's escort, Staff Sergeant Enos Richard. Jones told Morales to call the military police. In the gravel parking lot, witnesses said Jones and Russell got into a shouting match.

"If you can't help me then I will just kill myself," Russell said, according to Staff Sergeant Kathryn Pollock, the noncommissioned officer in charge.

Guidelines for an unruly patient called for the staff to "de-escalate the situation in a verbal, non-threatening manner," according to a post-incident investigation into security. Tensions were rising instead.

The sergeant sat down and lit a cigarette. Military policemen Bryan Benz and Andrew Short arrived.

Russell tossed a knife out of his pocket, held his wrists together and asked to be arrested. "I'm done, take me in," he said. "Nobody in there cares about people."

According to Jones, Russell was the problem. Jones said he didn't believe Russell would kill himself and that he had been "verbally noncompliant" during the session.

The MPs conferred, and decided to turn Russell over to his escort.

That was a policy breach, according to the investigation. Base rules held that someone who was suicidal should be released only to a commander or to a first sergeant.

“He’s Got My Gun, He’s Got My Weapon”

Russell was still sitting when Jones asked him for a telephone number for his battalion, according to Staff Sergeant Leah Gates, an occupational therapy assistant.

“It’s all right, sir. You already made your decision,” Russell said, looking up.

“No, soldier. You have already made your decision,” the psychiatrist replied.

Russell’s escort drove him back from the clinic in a white Ford Explorer. The passenger didn’t say a word.

Arriving at the battalion, the escort, Richard, parked and stepped out of the SUV, and turned to see Russell reach into the back seat for the M16-A2 rifle Richard had left there.

“Give me the keys or I will shoot you,” Russell said.

Richard watched Russell move the lock from safe to semiautomatic.

At the wheel of the SUV, Russell peeled out.

Richard burst into the battalion offices, sweating and out of breath, shouting, “He’s got my gun, he’s got my weapon.”

The men in the office were pulling on battle gear and preparing to mount a search party just as Ropson, the psychiatric nurse who had seen Russell three days earlier, rang to ask about him.

Learning Russell had a firearm and a vehicle, Ropson said he posted armed sentries in the hallways and evacuated a sick woman.

The Camp Stryker clinic was ready for the worst.

The Camp Liberty clinic wasn’t.

In the sleep-therapy room, about 10 uniformed men and women, including Specialist Richard Tran, were taking the relaxation course. Looking out a window, Tran said he saw a man with a rifle at the low-ready position signaling an imminent engagement.

“He looked cold,” Tran said, “like he was picking out a target.”

The report of shots fired came at 1:41 p.m. Two MPs at an automated teller machine said they thought they heard a hammer striking a nail, or wooden pallets crashing. At the front desk, Morales said it sounded like a door slamming.

Barton, the grieving son, had signed in at 1:40 p.m. and was checking his unloaded rifle when Yates, the infantryman, grabbed it. "Please have ammo. Please have ammo," Yates cried.

"A Whole Firefight"

Jones answered a telephone in another staff member's office. It was a warning call from battalion's physician assistant, Captain Larry Ake. Horrified, Ake listened through the receiver to what he said "sounded like a whole firefight."

Houseal, the psychiatrist and onetime crop duster from Amarillo, was the first to die. Just inside the unguarded back door, Russell put a bullet into the doctor's right nostril.

The next office belonged to Jones, but it was Springle who was standing in the doorway. Russell fired twice into the social worker's back, and once into his head. Bullets splintered the plywood.

"The wall lit up," said Private Michael Franklin, who'd taken cover in an adjacent room.

Jones leapt out one window, and Franklin another. Soldiers in the sleep-therapy class poured from doors and windows and hid under beds. Russell saw Yates holding the unloaded rifle. He stalked him out the front door and shot him through the chin.

Russell turned to Bueno-Galdos, Yates' escort. The soldier crouched by a filing cabinet, screaming, "Oh God." Russell fired a bullet into his left eye.

Morales and Barton were hiding under the front desk. Russell stood on his toes, his boots stained with blood, and reached over the desk with the rifle.

"It was like slow motion," Morales said. "I see the bullet come through the desk. As it comes through the desk, it hits Barton right in his head." Morales said the dead soldier's body pushed up over his own on impact. Russell walked away.

"One Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi," Morales counted. Then he ran out the back door. Two bullets zipped past him.

"I Think I've Just Killed Some People"

As military police converged at the front and back entrances, Russell set the weapon down and surrendered. "I think I've just killed some people," he said, according to Special Agent Abass Golfrey, who arrested him.

A lone ambulance drove up about 40 minutes later. People who had fled the building were sweating in the sun, and MPs splashed bottled water on paper towels to make cold compresses.

A man sat at a picnic table, struggling to breathe, and a woman nearby wailed and wept. Another woman rocked back and forth, fists clenched. The ambulance took the three of them away.

Four hours after the bloodshed, Jones couldn't remember Russell's first name, and said it was "difficult to reconstruct" what happened, he wrote in a statement for military police.

That August, the psychiatrist went home to Missouri, resigned his commission in the Army Reserves and let his medical license lapse. "I'm getting along," he said by telephone, before declining to be interviewed.

The 72 hours between Russell's first and last trips to combat-stress clinics on Victory Base Complex framed an abrupt transition.

The day of the Camp Liberty tragedy, Admiral Mike Mullen, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said the killings underscored "the need for us to redouble our efforts in terms of dealing with the stress" of the long war.

"The years of denial and pushing things under the rug are things we know about first hand," said Susan Springle, the Camp Liberty social worker's widow, who asked the Army to return the peace symbol that hung around his neck.

"My husband was not a warrior. He was there to help people like Russell. He had dedicated the rest of his career to doing that."

The military investigation into security procedures at Camp Liberty found Russell's "access to professional care was undeniably good."

In early 2011, a Walter Reed Army Medical Center team diagnosed Russell with chronic post-traumatic stress and a major depressive disorder with psychotic features.

While he "did have a severe mental disease or defect" the day of the killings, he "was not unable to appreciate the nature and quality or wrongfulness of his conduct," team members said in a report. They found him competent to be court martialed.

Russell's mother visited him at the psychiatric hospital in Butner, North Carolina, where he spent 20 months before his transfer to the military prison near Mount Rainier. "He just cried and cried and cried," Beth Russell, 74, said in an interview. "I said, 'Well John, for 16 years, they taught you how to kill the enemy and then they became the enemy, you know.' He just wouldn't hardly talk. He just mainly cried."

Wearing an Army combat uniform, Russell was expressionless as he sat at a table in a conference room at Lewis-McChord. He said he couldn't recall what happened between the time he stepped out of the SUV and put the rifle down.

He combined past and present as he talked about the morning of May 11, 2009.

“I feel horrible. I feel like I want to commit suicide,” he said. “I was hoping there was hope.”

Disabled Korean War Veteran Told If He Doesn't Clean Up His Property “To The Satisfaction Of The Town Judge By Friday” He Will Be Imprisoned Again: “They Say I Gotta Get Rid Of All My Stuff Or I Come Back To Jail” “Ramsey Lives With His Disabled Wife On \$898 A Month In Social Security And Veterans Benefits” “He Collected Junk And Building Materials, Appliances And More, To Re-Sell To Make Money To Pay The Utility Bills And For His Wife's Medications”



John Ramsey stands outside the York County Detention Center Sunday night after spending the weekend in jail.

Ramsey lives with his disabled wife on \$898 a month in Social Security and veterans benefits.

For years, he collected junk and building materials, appliances and more, to resell to make money to pay the utility bills and for his wife's medications.

Oct. 08, 2012 By Andrew Dys, The (Rock Hill) Herald

YORK --

So cold he had wrapped towels around his arms to keep warm – and having eaten just four slices of bread and a single cookie in three days – York County's oldest inmate walked out of jail Sunday night and returned to freedom.

Johnny Ramsey, 79, had just spent 72 hours in jail, where a judge sent him after he didn't clean up the junk in the yard of his Clover mobile home.

If the disabled Korean War veteran – gaunt and unshaven, knees so stiff he had to rub them to move around – doesn't clean up his property to the satisfaction of the town judge by Friday, he will have to walk right back through those same jailhouse doors.

"I'm all right, but I don't like being cooped up; I usually get out every day and do something," Ramsey said after he was released at about 8 p.m. "I gotta come back here, last of the week.

"They say I gotta get rid of all my stuff or I come back to jail."

Ramsey lives with his disabled wife on \$898 a month in Social Security and veterans benefits.

For years, he collected junk and building materials, appliances and more, to resell to make money to pay the utility bills and for his wife's medications.

But Clover officials said he violated a town law against unsightly junk.

Ramsey fought the law in court, but a jury found him guilty in a January trial. Town Judge Melvin Howell gave him six months to clean it up or face a month in jail.

Howell granted Ramsey an extension in August to either clean up the property or pay a \$500 fine to avoid jail. On Thursday, Howell sentenced Ramsey to 30 days for contempt of court.

Howell said repeatedly in court that he had done all he could to keep Ramsey out of jail.

But Ramsey did not yield, and the judge had the last word.

Ramsey has admitted everything, that he keeps junk in his yard and why. A privacy fence built by volunteers from Rock Hill who wanted to keep Ramsey out of jail was not enough.

So on Thursday night, Ramsey – by far the oldest inmate in the county lock-up – walked into the same jail that houses murder suspects awaiting trial, accused rapists and all kinds of other violent offenders.

The jailing of Ramsey after his fight with the town, chronicled in The Herald for months, has captured national attention.

The dispute comes down to Ramsey’s claimed principle to do what he wants on his property versus a town and its rules.

Ramsey and his supporters say the town’s enforcement targeted him unfairly, and the law was used to throttle the ability of an old man to support his family.

The town – its code enforcement officer, its elected officials, its judge – said Ramsey had more than a year to clean up his property. Sunday night, Ramsey said he will try this week to clean up his property and stay out of jail – but he still wants to keep his lumber and bricks.

“I’m gonna try to get it all up, but that lumber, and those thousands of bricks, I want to use those to build rooms,” Ramsey said.

“I thought I had gotten rid of so much of it. It seems like they want me to get rid of everything.”

Judge Howell said at Thursday’s hearing that he would meet with Ramsey’s lawyer and town officials later this week to see if enough work has been done to keep Ramsey out of jail next weekend. The town has even offered to cart off anything Ramsey brought to the street.

It is unclear how much progress it will take to satisfy the judge.

“I hope I don’t have to come back,” Ramsey said Sunday.

After three days without food – “I gave my food to a buddy in there; he’s serving 30 days and got 27 left,” Ramsey said – and conditions far colder than he would like, Ramsey walked out under his own power carrying his migraine medications.

He thanked one of the jailers who walked him out, saying, “Appreciate it now, and thank you a lot,” then walked out to be driven home by his wife. Patty Ramsey had sat in her car for two hours, with two tiny chihuahuas, waiting for her husband.

“I just hope he’s all right,” she said during the wait. “He’s 79 years old. They shouldn’t have put him in jail for just trying to be a good man. He tried to clean up that yard, and he did a lot already.

“They just want him to get rid of everything. They had it out for him.”

Johnny Ramsey said as he walked out of jail that he planned to use some of the money people have offered to get rid of some of the junk he has.

Hundreds of dollars in donations have poured in from as far away as California to pay the \$500 fine that Ramsey had expected would keep him out of jail.

Howell said Thursday that Ramsey had made no effort to pay the fine until the contempt hearing Thursday, so he refused to accept the money.

“There was a fella right there in the courtroom the other night, had the money to pay the fine, but the judge just wouldn’t take it,” Ramsey said Sunday night.

The case of Johnny Ramsey versus the Town of Clover has moved beyond being about money and donations and even whether the town is being far too strict.

Ramsey has become a national symbol of fighting City Hall.

Ramsey is a former Ku Klux Klan member who has denounced his racist past.

He spent a few years in prison more than 30 years ago after he was convicted of burning a cross in the yard of the York police chief.

That conviction was later overturned, and Ramsey has always claimed he took the fall for others.

Today, despite support from so many who believe Ramsey has been treated poorly by the town and courts, the tarps and tin, bricks and wood, that cover his side and back yards remain.

The threat of going back to jail at 6 p.m. Friday remains.

The only person who can keep Johnny Ramsey out of jail again is the same guy whose knees creaked when he got into the car Sunday night with his wife.

The wife who put her arm around his neck as he ran a hand over his tired, lined face.

The next move, to clean up or to go back to jail, belongs to Johnny Ramsey.

Troops Invited:

Comments, arguments, articles, and letters from service men and women, and veterans, are especially welcome. Write to Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657 or email contact@militaryproject.org: Name, I.D., withheld unless you request publication. Same address to unsubscribe.

FORWARD OBSERVATIONS



“At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument, is needed. Oh had I the ability, and could reach the nation’s ear, I would, pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke.

“For it is not light that is needed, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder.

“We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake.”

“The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppose.”

Frederick Douglass, 1852

The past year – every single day of it – has had its consequences. In the obscure depths of society, an imperceptible molecular process has been occurring irreversibly, like the flow of time, a process of accumulating discontent, bitterness, and revolutionary energy.

-- Leon Trotsky, “Up To The Ninth Of January”

“‘What Did We Lose Our Lives For?’ Rothlein Asks” “We Never Really Saw Justice” US Vets Mix Regret, Detachment On Iraq Violence

From: Mike Hastie
To: Military Resistance Newsletter
Subject: US vets mix regret, detachment on Iraq violence EarthLink - Top News
Date: Jul 31, 2012 4:09 PM

Hey guys, (and others who may read this)

Yes, it is Hastie writing another peace...

Thought I would send this article out, because it wasn't that bad, considering it came from AP.

Jul 31, 2012 By JULIE WATSON | Associated Press [Excerpt]

Former Marine Lance Cpl. Andrew Rothlein, from League City, Texas, fought in a unit in Fallujah in 2004, going building to building hunting insurgent snipers in one of the bloodiest battles of the war.

He joined the Marines fresh out of high school, emboldened to do something for his country after the 9/11 terror attacks. He left the service six years ago and Iraq's unrest this year leaves him wondering why nearly 4,500 American military members died in the war.

“What did we lose our lives for?” Rothlein asks.

“We never really saw justice.

“Sure we took out Saddam but none of the other lives needed to be lost. Iraq's not free. Afghanistan is not free. They're still basically at the same stage as they were when we went in.”

Rothlein and several buddies from his unit have suffered bouts of post-traumatic stress disorder.

Adjusting to life in the United States would be easier and maybe the nightmares would be less if he could find a sense of purpose in the suffering his unit endured, he said.

“If they (Iraqis) were starting to flourish in a democratic way, it would be like ‘Mission accomplished. We went over there and it made a difference. We helped the people of Iraq. We made history.’

“But we didn’t make history. We’re going to be in the history books for the bloodiest battle in Iraq.

“But for what? There was no outcome.”

“We may as well have all gotten killed. There’s no finish line.”

*****8

So, here we are, it is September 1971, and I am about to leave Vietnam. I am staying at the “Going Home Barracks” in Cam Ranh Bay.

I was there about 2-3 days, waiting to be processed out of country.

You have to remember, it is 1971, most of the soldiers around me appear to have that, “we got fucked look in their face.”

We were all herded into a huge latrine, and forced to pee in a small plastic bottle, to see if we had heroin in our urine. There was a cat walk above us, as security people watched us pee into these bottles, and make sure someone is not borrowing a specimen from a fellow G.I. who does not have dirty urine.

The next day, we are all in formation as the dirty results are called out. As I remember, there were several.

Again, one has to remember, it is 1971, and heroin addiction among soldiers in Vietnam is rampant. My unit was flooded with this deadly drug, and internal violence happened quite often.

While we are waiting or sleeping at the “Going Home Barracks,” American soldiers had written graffiti all over the walls of that long barracks. They wrote about how they hated the military, and they called Richard Nixon every vile thing they could think of.

The graffiti was so powerful, as G.I.’s let it all hang out.

Speaking of letting it all hang out, there was a soldier who was passed out on the lower bunk next to me. He had gotten very drunk the night before. All of a sudden, he jumped out of bed in a blackout, took his dick out of his shorts and pissed on the wall. After he did that, he flopped back in bed, and went back to sleep. Not a bad piece of art, considering the hatred he probably had for dick Nixon.

And so, Vietnam has finally come home to America again. We now have another generation of American veterans who are lost in space. And spaced out they will be, as they become another generation of veterans who were betrayed for corporate profit.

I have said this before, and I will say this again, because it is the most disgusting succinct thing I have ever said about the Vietnam War. --- "The last thing I felt before I left Vietnam, was dick Nixon's dick withdrawing from my ass."

That is what I call, "Political Incest," and it is the most serious wound of betrayal a veteran could ever experience. Of course, that is my opinion, in case someone still thinks that Johnson, Nixon, Reagan, Bush #1, Clinton, Bush #2, and Obomba were right.

And, if that is the case, may the Lord be with you.

Mike Hastie
Army Medic Vietnam
July 31, 2012

I have only one regret in life,
and that is I wish I had paid
more attention.
Mike Hastie

DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND OR RELATIVE IN THE MILITARY?



U.S. soldier in Beijia village Iraq, Feb. 4, 2008. (AP Photo/Maya Alleruzzo)

Forward Military Resistance along, or send us the email address if you wish and we'll send it regularly with your best wishes. Whether in Afghanistan or at a base in the USA, this is extra important for your service friend, too often cut off from access to encouraging news of growing resistance to the war, inside the armed services and at home. Send email requests to address up top or write to: Military Resistance, Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657.

Top U.S. General Distances Himself From 'Nuke Afghanistan From Orbit' Comments



October 8, 2012 by Paul, The Duffle Blog. About The Author: Paul is a former Marine grunt with eight years of experience -- specializing in snapping necks and cashing checks. He enjoys blowing things up, making people laugh, and hardcore gangster rap music.

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN - The top U.S. General in Afghanistan has distanced himself from recent comments on the situation there, saying that "it was simply a bad joke that was not reflective of his overall view," according to a written statement from International Security Assistance Force (ISAF) public affairs.

General John Allen, the commander of ISAF, was quoted last week by a reporter with Newsweek as saying, "We should just take off and nuke the entire site from orbit. It's the only way to be sure." He went on to also offer a harsh rebuke of President Hamid Karzai, saying "we should just grease this rat-fuck son-of-a-bitch right now."

Believing that the remarks were off-the-record, he continued to talk of a different strategy for the war.

“Okay. We have several thousand canisters of CN-20,” he said, pointing to a map of the suspected location of Haqqani network operatives. “I say we go back in there and nerve gas the whole fuckin’ nest.”

After an aide cited the possibility of collateral damage and the strong probability that the Karzai government would disapprove, Allen then became frustrated, saying “That’s great, this is really fuckin’ great, man. Now, what the fuck are we supposed to do? We’re in some pretty shit now, man.”

This isn’t the first time an officer has faced criticism for remarks to major news outlets. General Stanley McCrystal was relieved of command after a Rolling Stone profile revealed controversial quotes, including him asking, “how do I get out of this chicken-shit outfit?” of one of his aides. His predecessor, General David McKiernan, was also relieved after referring in public to the troop surge as “just another bug hunt.”

One of the most embarrassing statements, however, came from Vice Admiral Bill Gortney, who briefed the Navy SEAL Team sent to rescue Capt. Richard Phillips from a group of Somali pirates in 2009. “It’s a rescue mission, you’ll love it,” he told them before going over plan details. “There’s some juicy pirates’ daughters we have to rescue from their virginity.”

Allen’s comments received condemnation from the Obama administration, including Secretary of State Hillary Clinton.

“We certainly need to work with our Afghan partners and come up with a more tactful approach,” said Clinton to members of the media. She later remarked that U.S. forces need to be more productive in their application of force, using flame units only instead of rifles. “Oh, and no grenades,” she added.

Although Allen backtracked from his “nuclear comments”, he did criticize the Secretary as “misguided and wrong on the rules of engagement.”

“Hell why don’t you put her in charge?,” Allen mockingly asked, “What are we supposed to use now, harsh language?”

Although the U.S. is not currently considering a nuclear strike of Afghanistan, defense officials in Israel are looking into a possible first strike against Iran.

“We definitely feel that if the regime continues to enrich uranium, we will be forced to nuke the site,” said Defense Minister Ehud Barak as he explained scenarios over a blueprint of the Iranian nuclear facility. “Unfortunately we cannot insert a team of soldiers into the area, because you can see that their target would be right under the primary heat exchangers.”

[Reader Comment]

Michael Y October 8, 2012 at 10:38

The problem here is that the Taliban has now got hold of those nifty pulse rifles that CZ has been flogging to the rebels in Grozny.

They fire 10mm, explosive-tip, caseless standard light armor-piercing rounds, which is not happy news. We should keep some of those handy, you know, for close encounters.

DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



CLASS WAR REPORTS

“The Latest In A String Of Apparent Rebel Victories In The Heart Of Damascus”

October 7, 2012 By SAM DAGHER in Damascus and NOUR MALAS in Beirut, Wall Street Journal [Excerpts]

[I]nsurgents struck police headquarters in Damascus, in the third high-profile attack in the Syrian capital in recent weeks.

In Damascus, security checkpoints cordoned off the Fahama district in the capital's center after the bombing occurred shortly after 7:15 p.m. local time.

A few reporters were later allowed into the compound where cleaning crews were sweeping up the debris and distraught members of the police force were comforting each other.

The facade of the two-story building was torn away and more than 20 vehicles were either incinerated or badly damaged. The stench of gasoline from ruptured fuel tanks filled the air.

Several police officers said a driver for one of the senior officers placed the bomb inside his boss's car, detonated it, and fled.

"He blew up the car and ran away to Deraa,"—the city in southern Syria where antigovernment protests first erupted last year—said a young officer with a bandaged arm and blood-covered T-shirt.

The bombing is the latest in a string of apparent rebel victories in the heart of Damascus, signaling how precarious security has become in the once-calm capital even as fighting between government and rebel forces has been focused farther north in Aleppo.



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