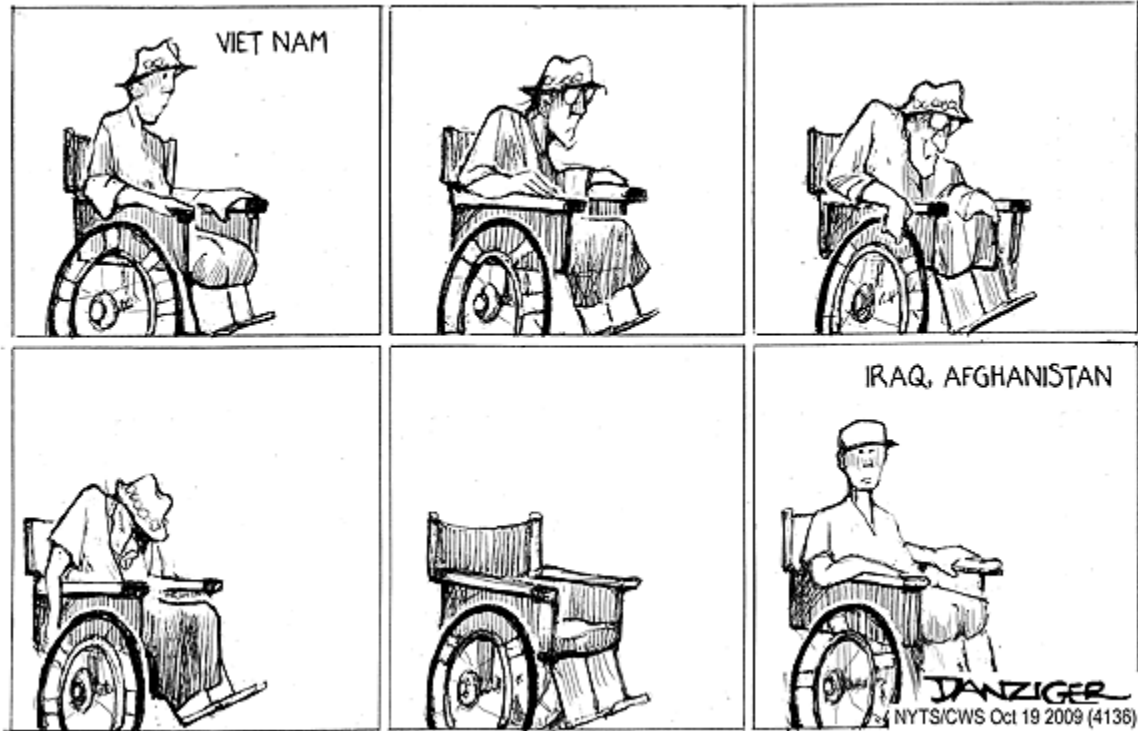


Military Resistance 7J18

[GI Special]

Replacements



IRAQ WAR REPORTS

**Massive Bombs Destroy
Baghdad City Government
Headquarters And Justice
Ministry:
“The Worst Attack Of The Year,
Officials Said”**

Three U.S. Mercenaries Wounded



AFP/Getty Images

[Thanks to Mark Shapiro, Military Resistance, who sent this in.]

October 25, 2009 by The Associated Press & By GINA CHON, Wall St. Journal & BBC

Two car bombs exploded in downtown Baghdad Sunday, killing at least 132 people and delivering a powerful blow to the heart of the fragile city's government in the worst attack of the year, officials said.

This is the deadliest attack in Iraq since August 2007.

The blasts did the most damage to the Baghdad provincial headquarters and the federal Ministry of Justice. Many of the blast walls surrounding those buildings collapsed.

Black smoke could be seen billowing from the frantic scene, as emergency service vehicles sped to the area. Even civilian cars were being commandeered to transport the wounded to hospitals.

"The walls collapsed and we had to run out," said Yasmeen Afdhal, 24, an employee of the Baghdad provincial administration, which was targeted by one of the car bombs.

"There are many wounded, and I saw them being taken away. They were pulling victims out of the rubble, and rushing them to ambulances."

At least 25 staff members of the Baghdad Provincial Council, which runs the city, were killed in the bombing, said council member Mohammed al-Rubaiey.

The area where the blasts occurred is just a few hundred yards from the Green Zone that houses the U.S. Embassy as well as the prime minister's offices.

The street where the blasts occurred had just been reopened to vehicle traffic a few months ago, in what was supposed to be a sign that safety was returning to the once devastated city.

The devastating attacks occurred just hours before Iraq's top leadership was scheduled to meet with heads of political parties on Sunday and reach a compromise on the disputed election law ahead of a crucial parliamentary vote in January.

The explosive-laden vehicles were sitting in parking garages next to the two government building, police said.

The blasts, which surpassed coordinated attacks against two government ministries in August that killed more than 100 people, appeared to be a blow to Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki who has staked his reputation and re-election hopes on returning security to the country.

Sunday's explosions also injured around 520 people who were taken to six area hospitals. Medical officials, speaking on condition of anonymity because they were not authorized to speak to the media, gave the death toll.

Video images captured on a cell phone showed the second blast going off in a massive ball of flames, followed by a burst of machine gun fire.

Three American security contractors, working for the U.S. embassy in Baghdad were injured in the blasts, but no American embassy personnel were killed, said Philip Frayne, an embassy spokesman.

Frayne could not immediately provide details about who the contractors were escorting to the site, which company they worked for or, or the nature of their injuries.

Ali Mohammed, who works in the Baghdad governorate offices targeted in the attack, said he was sitting at his desk when the first blast went off.

It threw the 45-year-old into the hallway. He said office employees were running and screaming when the second blast hit. His arm was broken, and his head was gashed by flying glass.

"We will see more attacks in the coming days because of the elections, and our security forces can't seem to do anything about it," he said as he stared at the billows of smoke coming from his office complex.

Traffic was heavy when the explosions occurred on Sunday around 10:30 a.m., and ambulances and fire trucks struggled to get to the scene.

Zaineb Rahdi, a clerk at the Justice Ministry, said she was knocked unconscious from the blast and woke up outside the building. She had cuts of shrapnel and glass across the upper half of her body and was waiting to be taken to the hospital.

"I'm sure politics is involved in this and we are the ones who are suffering for it," Ms. Rahdi said as she sobbed. "How can we live like this?"

A number of bystanders blamed the security forces and politicians for failing to keep order.

Ambulance driver Adil Sami told Agence France-Presse: “We don’t want the parliament any more - let them leave us alone, we can live in peace and solve problems ourselves.”

Hours after the blast, security forces were still looking through the rubble for bodies, and the casualty count was expected to rise.

Forklifts were removing charred vehicles and other refuse from the carnage.

The blasts shattered windows throughout the nearby Mansour Hotel, which houses the Chinese embassy.

The ceilings on some of the floors collapsed.



In this image from an amateur video a man runs from the blast as one of two huge car bombs explode in central Baghdad Sunday Oct 25 2009. The bombs killed at least 91 people, Iraqi medical officials and authorities said. Sunday’s explosions, which also injured at least 250 people, went off less than a minute apart near two prominent government institutions — the Ministry of Justice and the headquarters of the Baghdad provincial administration — in a neighborhood that houses a number of government institutions. (AP Photo)



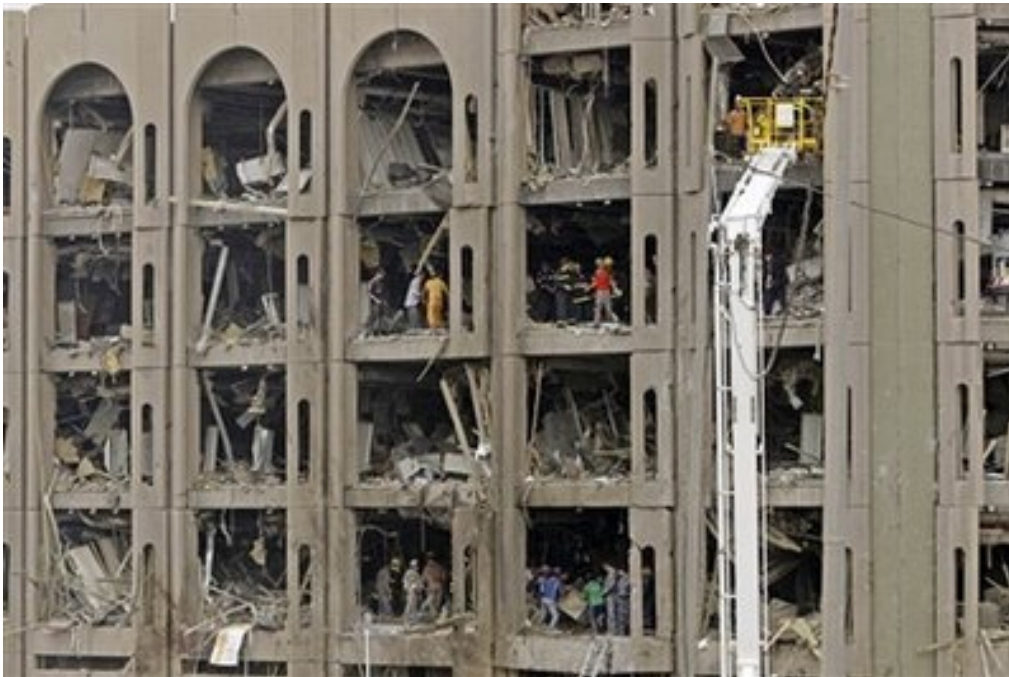
In this image from an amateur video a man runs from the blast as one of two huge car bombs explode in central Baghdad Sunday Oct 25 2009. (AP Photo)



Smoke and flames are seen following a blast at the Baghdad Governorate [right] in central Baghdad on October 25. (AFP/Sabah Arar)



Remains of the Ministry of Justice in Baghdad, Iraq, Sunday, Oct. 25, 2009. (AP Photo/Karim Kadim)



Iraqis search for bodies inside the Ministry of Justice in Baghdad, Iraq, Sunday, Oct. 25, 2009. (AP Photo/Hadi Mizban)



Wounded American mercenaries leave the site of a massive bomb attack at the headquarters of the Baghdad provincial administration in Baghdad Oct. 25, 2009. Three, working for the U.S. embassy in Baghdad, were injured. (AP Photo/Khalid Mohammed)

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

**OCCUPATION ISN'T LIBERATION
ALL TROOPS HOME NOW!**

AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

U.S. Service Member Killed By “Bomb” Somewhere Or Other In Afghanistan

10.25.09 AP

A bomb killed an American service member in southern Afghanistan, the U.S. military said Sunday.

A U.S. statement said the American was killed Saturday in southern Afghanistan but gave no further details.

Danish Soldier Killed In Gereskhdalen

23. okt 2009 Dagbladet Politiken

A Danish soldier have now died in Afghanistan.

According to Army Operational command was the man on patrol on foot through a bazaar area in the green zone by Sandford camp near Rahim Qalay in Gereskhdalen.

The man was hit by a shot during the operation, and although his friends tried to administer first aid, he exhaled when he arrived by helicopter to the field hospital at Camp Bastion.

The soldier came from the Royal Life Guards mechanized infantry company. His family is informed of the tragedy.

Brigadier General Peter Harry Lund deplores killing of the soldier.

“It is a hard blow for us all, but especially for the soldier’s relatives. It is with great sympathy, we think of them at this difficult time “, it said.

“Death To America” Student Movement Spreading: “The Fifth Protest Demonstration By Students Of Schools And Universities”

Oct 25 (KUNA) & AP

Up to 1,000 students of Kabul University on Sunday staged a peaceful protest demonstration to condemn the alleged desecration of the Holy Quran by the US troops about 10 days ago.

During their protest Sunday, Afghan students burned an effigy of President Barack Obama and marched from Kabul University to the parliament building, where riot police turned them back with shots in the air.

The protesting students, chanting slogans against the United States, its President Barack Obama and the US troops, marched from the university campus to the Afghan parliament where the gathering converted into a public meeting and student leaders delivered speeches.

Chanting slogans “death to America” and “stop unwanted military operations,” the students demanded that the Afghan government take action against those responsible for the desecration of the Holy Quran.

This was the fifth protest demonstration by students of schools and universities against the burning of copy of the Holy Quran in Maidan Wardak province.

The incident was first reported from Maidan Shahr, capital of Maidan Wardak province, about 10 days ago.

The first demonstration was followed by more protests by students of universities and colleges in Nangarhar, Khost and Kandahar provinces.

**POLITICIANS CAN'T BE COUNTED ON TO HALT
THE BLOODSHED**

**THE TROOPS HAVE THE POWER TO STOP THE
WARS**

**ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT:
ALL HOME NOW**



Oct. 12, 2009: U.S. Marines with Alpha Company -Task Force Raider, 2nd Recon Battalion en route to a mission in Helmand province, southern Afghanistan. (AP Photo/Brennan Linsley)



U.S. Marines of the 8th regiment second battalion patrol in Mian Poshtay area, in Helmand province, October 18, 2009. REUTERS/Asmaa Waguih

SOMALIA WAR REPORTS

**U.S.-Backed Premier Admits
Insurgents Control Mogadishu:
“We’re Very Confident That Our Forces
Will Recapture The Town”**



Sharmarke in Nairobi

10/23/2009 NAIROBI (Sh. M. Network) & MOGADISHU (Mareeg)

Newly-trained Somali government forces will soon take on Islamist insurgents entrenched in the capital Mogadishu and across the south of the war-torn country, the Somali premier said on Friday.

Speaking a day after an insurgent attack against the president in Mogadishu sparked clashes that left at least 21 civilians dead, Prime Minister Omar Abdirashid Sharmarke said he was confident the tide was turning.

“We’re very confident that our forces will recapture the town (Mogadishu),” he told reporters in Nairobi after a meeting with UN Under Secretary General for Political Affairs Lynn Pascoe.

Sharmarke stressed that the government would not be content with recapturing Mogadishu only and would also seek to reassert control over southern Somalia, which has been firmly under insurgent control since last year.

Al Shabaab militants have launched fresh attack to a base of African Union [occupation] Troops in the Somali capital, witnesses said on Saturday.

Residents say the militants attacked, Jalle Siad Academy, a base of the Burundian troops in south Mogadishu. The two sides exchanged heavy gunfire which frightened the remaining civilians in the area. No casualties have been reported on Saturday’s fighting.

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 send email to contact@militaryproject.org: Name, I.D., withheld unless you request publication. Same address to unsubscribe. Phone: 888.711.2550

DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND OR RELATIVE IN THE MILITARY?

Forward Military Resistance along, or send us the address if you wish and we’ll send it regularly. Whether in Iraq or stuck on 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 wars, inside the armed services and at home. Send email requests to address up top or write to: The Military Resistance, Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657. Phone: 888.711.2550

TROOP NEWS

**NOT ANOTHER DAY
NOT ANOTHER DOLLAR
NOT ANOTHER LIFE**



The burial service of Army Staff Sgt. Nekl B. Allen at Arlington National Cemetery Oct. 8, 2009. Allen, 29, from Rochester, N.Y., died Sept. 12 in Wardak province, Afghanistan, when enemy forces attacked his vehicle with an improvised-explosive device and small arms fire. (AP Photo/Charles Dharapak)

**In March, He Was Laid Off From
His Job:**

**Soon The Cost Of His Family
Health Coverage Was Going To
Triple, Then A Few Months After
That, Nearly Triple Again:**

They Needed Coverage So Mom Could Fight Her Cancer; Dad's Solution: A Four-Year Hitch In The Army.



Michelle Caudle (right) is comforted by her mother-in-law, Marguerite Hemiller. Family members were accompanying Michelle's husband, Bill (left), at the Watertown Army recruiting office, as he waited for the shuttle to take him to the Milwaukee military processing station. Photo: Michael Sears

[Long, but nothing like it written before. T]

[Thanks to Pham Binh, Traveling Soldier & Military Resistance & SSG N (ret'd) who sent this in. SSG N writes: "Our economy's dying so we take care of people by endangering their spouses. Mom's dying, so dad volunteers to kill people to save her life."]

. 54 days . . 56 days . . . 55 days . . .

Chelsea Caudle began signing her text messages this summer with a countdown.

At 14 years old, she knew no better way to express what was coming.

Day Zero was to be Oct. 7, the day Dad left for Army basic training in Fort Jackson, S.C. He was moving 950 miles from their home in Watertown, 950 miles from Mom.

He was leaving, even though Mom was sick with ovarian cancer.

Even though he had been at her side through two long, miserable rounds of chemotherapy.

Even though she now faced the likelihood of a third.

In fact, Dad was leaving because Mom was sick.

In March, he was laid off from his job as a raw materials coordinator for a plastics company called PolyOne, where he'd worked for 20 years. His severance package had provided several months' salary, but by August the paychecks were winding down.

Soon the cost of his family health coverage was going to triple, then a few months after that, nearly triple again.

They needed coverage so Mom could fight her cancer.

Dad's solution: a four-year hitch in the Army.

So Chelsea counted down the days to his departure. When the countdown reached 49, the text message signature began to annoy and depress her, so she stopped. High school was beginning, her freshman year.

In the first week of class, one of the teachers asked: What do your parents do?

The question jolted Chelsea back to the shifting ground of her family. Mom was working part time at a Culver's restaurant, preparing for more chemo, worrying about how to pay the bills.

In less than six weeks, Dad would enter the Army and her care would be covered.

The tradeoff was that he would be far away when Mom needed him home, when Chelsea needed him, too. He would miss all of her high school years. The band performances. Prom.

Chelsea thought of all his absence would mean.

When she sent her next text message, she resumed the countdown.

36 days.

Mom and Dad are Michelle and Bill Caudle, high school sweethearts now 40 and 39, respectively. They have three children: Chelsea, the youngest; Alysha, a 21-year-old working at a nearby Holiday Inn; and Little Bill, an 18-year-old ex-high school wrestler.

The Caudles are not fond of politics. Michelle and Bill have paid little attention to the shouting this summer over health care reform. They have not gone to any of the town hall meetings. They are well aware that politicians and interest groups would like to

trumpet their story or dismiss it to score points in the debate - and they would just as soon avoid all of that.

“We’re not activists,” Michelle said.

But this year the national story of lost jobs became their story. And the saga of families losing health insurance was about to become theirs, too.

Except that Bill wouldn’t let it.

True, he had been interested in the Army for years. And he could always request an emergency leave to come home if Michelle’s condition grew dire (Army regulations allow this if a family member’s death is imminent).

But for weeks before enlisting, Bill had sought other options.

He revised his résumé. He answered “help wanted” ads, then watched the companies cut workers instead of hiring them. He interviewed for one job that would have paid \$13 an hour - less than half of what he was making at PolyOne. He didn’t get the job.

Finally, on May 13, his 39th birthday, he signed the Army papers.

He remembers thinking: What did I do?

Chelsea learned about her dad’s decision when Michelle picked her up from school. It had been a bad day already: a problem with one of her teachers, then she had to do the mile run.

“I have something to tell you,” her mom said after Chelsea slid into her seat. “Your dad enlisted in the Army. There’s more: He’ll be gone for four years.”

Chelsea started to cry.

Two weeks later, Michelle Caudle sat in the office of her doctor, Peter Johnson, at Aurora Women’s Pavilion in West Allis. Johnson has been an oncologist for 13 years, and despite the immeasurable sorrow that comes with treating cancer, he loves the work for the hope in it. He has shared the joy of patients who’ve lived to see birthdays, anniversaries, and the graduations and weddings of their children.

On this particular day, Michelle’s latest tests had come back. Just six months earlier she’d celebrated the end of her second chemotherapy treatment.

Now, the tests revealed tiny “spots,” or changes on her abdomen, neck and lungs.

Not a good sign. The measure upon which cancer hopes rise and fall, the CA125 number - Please, let it stay low - was climbing.

“I could lie to you but I’m not going to,” Johnson told Michelle.

Although he could not say for certain the cancer was back, this early sign pointed to that possibility. The doctor compared her cancer to a chronic disease that would never be completely vanquished from the body.

Michelle broke down. For three years she'd been nurturing her hope in the face of uncertainty.

"I'm not going to beat this," she said.

Ovarian cancer is a stealth disease, shadowy and overshadowed.

Years of publicity about breast cancer have empowered women with the knowledge that they can catch the disease early by performing a self-exam.

Ovarian cancer has garnered just a fraction of the publicity, and the message has been decidedly more negative. There is no self-exam. By the time ovarian cancer has announced its presence, the disease has often progressed to the third of the four cancer stages. Once a woman has been diagnosed, her odds of surviving five years are less than 50-50. All told, the disease kills about 15,000 American women every year.

On Nov. 14, 2006, the day Michelle first walked into Johnson's office, she thought she had a cyst. Her abdomen felt tender and she was constipated. No one had said "cancer." Still, she had been referred to an oncologist and she was scared.

A CT scan showed a large mass, about 8 inches in diameter. Her CA125 level, which measures cancer antigens, was 21 times higher than it should have been.

The next day she went into surgery. Johnson spent more than four hours removing as much of the cancer as he could.

From that day forward, Michelle and Bill had a new job that superseded any other: fighting cancer.

Although the disease was hers, he would assume responsibility for meals and laundry and the things she'd always done but was too tired and sick to do now. Michelle passed some of the days curled up on the recliner, drained and queasy. Bill worked around her, cooking hot dogs and other simple meals. Chelsea made spaghetti and chicken.

Bill went with Michelle to her doctor appointments, surgeries and chemotherapies. When the cancer returned in 2008, he sat beside her as the doctor discussed what to try next.

He felt he had to be "the strong one," so when she cried, he did not.

Of all Bill's responsibilities, one rose above the others:

Health coverage.

The March 2009 layoff was announced months before it took place. Though the news was jolting, Bill thought maybe it wouldn't be so bad. He'd wanted a job a little closer to home than PolyOne, 30 miles away in Sussex. Now he could find something better.

But it had been a long time since he applied for work or sat for an interview. What do you tell people about yourself?

After sending out résumés, he got the feeling it didn't much matter. Even companies that had advertised for staff were changing their minds.

By the second week at home, he was struggling to find things to do. He cleaned the kitchen. He vacuumed. He exercised. He logged onto the computer and checked job sites.

The president's stimulus bill was helping laid off workers pay for the health coverage they had while employed.

Between this assistance and Bill's severance package from PolyOne, the Caudles initially paid \$136 a month for their coverage.

But in September, when Bill's severance package ended, they would pay \$497.

In January, when they would be on their own: \$1,370.

Bill needed a job. He needed health benefits. And a cursory look persuaded him that the answer would not be BadgerCare Plus, Wisconsin's public health insurance program.

Besides, he was leaning toward another idea, one that presented the Caudles with a quandary.

The Army would solve their health coverage problem. In years past he would have been too old, but in 2005 the age limit for enlistment was increased from 35 to 40, and a year later it was raised again to 42.

The tradeoff would be his absence from home.

In the end, although he risked leaving Michelle to fight cancer on her own, Bill chose the Army. He signed on for a job as a signal support systems specialist, a soldier who works with communications equipment.

"Seventy percent of the reason is for the insurance," said Bill's mother, Marguerite Hemiller. "He told me, 'I've always wanted to do something for my country and I have to help Michelle.'

Enjoy the summer, Johnson had advised Michelle in May when they got the first inkling her cancer might be back yet again. There was no emergency, no need to hurry into another round of chemo. Not yet.

So Michelle tried to live her life as if cancer and health coverage were not calling the shots. She continued working at Culver's in Watertown. She enjoyed the return of her auburn hair after the previous rounds of chemo. She spent time with her husband and children, though it was not always easy to avoid reminders of what they were facing.

Bill began a vigorous program of jogging, pushups and exercises to prepare for basic training. Once a week, he went to the Army recruiting office in Watertown to train with other recruits.

In August, they celebrated a friend's wedding. As they slow-danced at the reception, Michelle wondered how many dances they had left. She leaned close to Bill's ear.

"That'll have to be good for the next four years," she said.

Bill reminded her they had another wedding in two weeks. Also, they had a week coming up at a cabin in the Great Smoky Mountains with Chelsea, Little Bill and Michelle's parents.

The vacation in Tennessee was a last chance for the kind of closeness the family would have to manage without.

Bill and his son went four-wheeling in the mountains. He took Chelsea horseback riding along a forest trail. Riding single file was not conducive to long conversations, so they savored the quiet.

Michelle and Bill had their time, too, sitting together at the cabin, then white-water rafting down the Pigeon River. Michelle enjoyed the cool spray on her face. The future stretched only as far as the next bend in the river.

One day they all hiked up Clingmans Dome, an elevation of 6,600 feet. There were benches every tenth of a mile or so. Michelle had to sit frequently. She found it hard to watch her parents, both in their 60s, waiting for her.

She had been trying to forget about being sick.

On Aug. 27 - 41 days - Michelle's summer ended. She sat with Bill in a private room in Aurora Women's Pavilion waiting for the official word on her latest blood tests. The doctor's office had called to tell her that her CA125, the cancer measure she hoped to keep low, had risen from 17 to 66.

"Odds are he's going to tell me it's back," she said.

Johnson entered the room and crouched beside Michelle's chair. There was cancer in her abdomen, he said. "There's some areas in the lung, too."

"Oh no."

"Not a lot," the doctor continued. "There's one area in the right side. There's a little area on the left side. None of these are big. We're talking three-eighths of an inch."

Michelle's eyes went watery. The nurse reached for a tissue.

"You know what? I brought my own," Michelle said, and her smile let everyone know it was OK to laugh. For a moment they did.

Johnson said there was no single area to go after surgically, but Michelle had responded well to chemotherapy. His soft voice outlined the chemo plan. "I'd suggest we start fairly soon," he said. Right after Labor Day.

Michelle bowed her head and Johnson leaned toward her.

"I'm sorry," he said.

During the car ride back to Watertown, Michelle told Bill there was one thing she wished she could do.

"I'd like to be a grandmother. I'd be a really good grandmother."

At home, Michelle wrote six words on her Facebook page:

"Cancer back. Sucks to be me."

35 days.

"I'm going to blow the whistle and you are going to jog."

Staff Sgt. Larry Finefield stood before Bill and half a dozen other recruits on an empty soccer field in Watertown on a cloudless September afternoon. Finefield called out each new exercise. The recruits shouted back in unison, then went to work.

Bill was surrounded by teenagers, kids who could have gone to school with Little Bill - in fact, one had. After 10 minutes of pushups, leg lifts and other drills, Bill's face reddened. Sweat beaded along his forehead. The teenagers were straining, too. Each time they jogged, a chorus of panting filled the air. An hour later, they finished by sprinting pass patterns one-by-one as Finefield hurled the football downfield.

"All right guys," Finefield shouted finally. "We're done."

This was a taste of what Bill could expect at basic training. He was building up his body.

20 days.

Michelle was more than a week into her new round of chemo. The exhausting ritual was familiar and she tried to approach it with humor.

"They have to draw my blood first to see if I'm healthy enough to be poisoned," she said one morning as she waited to be treated.

Chemotherapy destroys healthy cells as it attacks cancerous ones.

That's why nurses had to measure Michelle's white blood cells, red blood cells and platelets to be sure that she had recovered sufficiently from the previous dose and could receive the next without risking life-threatening complications.

And that's why Michelle's stomach churned and her energy vanished. The previous Sunday, she had gone back to sleeping in the recliner for a simple reason: "When you sleep, you don't feel sick."

As she slept, Bill cooked and cleaned. When she woke, he asked what she wanted.

"Who's going to baby me?" Michelle asked, anticipating the days ahead.

Now, as she sat beside Bill, waiting for the next dose of chemo, she still had no answer.

The pale liquid arrived in an IV bag. The pump pulsed, emitting a soft, mechanical whir as the liquid flowed. Michelle talked about going to work at Culver's. Might take her mind off things.

The bag was empty, the poison inside her. On the way to the car, she told Bill she might look for a new hat.

"I have a feeling I'm going to need it."

11 days.

The cake was for Bill, but the party was as much for Michelle. In the chemo cycle - two weeks on, one off - this was her break from the poison. She was ready to feel good again.

Friends and relatives arrived at the Caudles' backyard carrying dishes. Bill shook hands. Michelle wandered back and forth between the kitchen and the yard, smiling and laughing. She stayed on her feet until just about everyone else was seated.

"She's a strong woman," said her mother, Sharon Hutchins.

Both Hutchins and Bill's mother, Marguerite Hemiller, have accompanied Michelle to her cancer treatments. Hemiller, a nurse for 27 years, remembered that during the first months of chemo, Michelle would stand in the parking lot crying, not wanting to go inside.

Now, Hemiller felt conflicted about her son's decision to join the Army.

"One half of me says, 'Go.' The other half says, 'You'd better stay,'" she said. "I know he's got to do it. He's got to get that insurance."

Hemiller lived without insurance for two years after she lost her job late in 2006. When she did not feel well, she diagnosed herself. That would not be an option for her daughter-in-law.

At the party, Michelle wore her birthday present from Bill: a Green Bay Packers jersey with the number of her favorite player, defensive end Johnny Jolly. Her birthday was still a few weeks away on Oct. 20, but by then Bill would be gone.

After dinner, friends and family sliced up a "Farewell Bill" cake decorated with an eagle clutching arrows and a shield. There were no songs, no toasts.

"We're kind of quiet," Michelle said.

By evening, most of the guests were gone. The Caudles lighted a fire in their outdoor fireplace and sat around talking until it was time for bed.

6 days.

Oct. 1, Chelsea's 15th birthday. A balloon and flower bouquet waited for her on the dining room table. Chelsea was at a football game.

In the living room, Michelle lay in her recliner, huddled under a blanket. She had turned the television way down, but the glow from the screen flickered over her, the only light in a dark room.

The chemo, administered two days earlier, had hit full force, nausea overwhelming her. During earlier rounds of chemo, Bill had tried to talk with her, to distract her. Now he knew better. He left her alone.

Posted on the door of the refrigerator were the doctor's orders and the date of her next appointment: Oct. 6. The same day the recruiter would take Bill to Milwaukee before his flight to South Carolina.

"It doesn't seem real yet," Bill said, coming in from the garage where he had been cleaning. "I don't know if I feel anything yet."

In the dining room, he had the list of things to bring: comfortable clothing, socks, underwear, shampoo, soap, deodorant, toothpaste, disposable shaver, \$50, Social Security card, birth certificate and marriage certificate.

"I'm scared for when you leave," his daughter Alysha said.

Bill knew how the family felt. To help them prepare, he had written lists of the tasks they would have to pick up when he was gone. Weekly jobs: "garbage, cleaning the bathrooms and bedrooms, laundry, vacuuming." Biweekly: "dusting, cleaning the shower, recyclables." Monthly: "cleaning windows, running computer disk cleanup."

Seasonal: "mowing the lawn, shoveling snow, switching the furnace from summer to winter, then winter to summer."

Little Bill had arranged the night's dinner, a rotisserie chicken that came free with the purchase of 10 packages of Rice-A-Roni. Bill ate alone at the dining room table. Michelle slept. Then her cell phone began beeping.

A text message from Chelsea. The football game was over. "Get me."

Michelle called to her husband.

Bill grabbed the keys and headed to the garage.

Day Zero.

The separation came sooner than Chelsea had expected.

Her dad was not scheduled to fly to basic training until Oct. 7, but a day earlier he had to report to the recruiting office where a van would take him to Milwaukee. The recruits would be driven to a hotel in the city so that early the next day, they could be processed, sworn in and flown to their base.

Bill's family would not be there on the 7th. Hard enough to face one farewell. No one had the stomach for a second.

Besides, separation wasn't the family's only misery scheduled for Oct. 6. Hours before Bill left, Michelle was to receive her next dose of chemo. Bill planned to accompany her to the hospital. Chelsea, too.

This time, however, Michelle's blood tests were not good. She was not healthy enough to be poisoned. She would have to skip a week.

So, on a rainy morning, everyone, including Bill's mother and stepfather, waited in Watertown, watching the clock tick closer to 1 p.m. and his appointment at the recruiting office.

Less than an hour remained. Bill hooked up the camera to the TV and they watched a slide show of images from the past year.

Here was Little Bill at his high school prom and graduation, and Chelsea at confirmation. Here was the Fourth of July parade, Chelsea marching with the band and holding the flag. Here was the trip to the Great Smoky Mountains - the cabin, four-wheeling with Little Bill, horseback riding with Chelsea.

"This is me dying," Michelle said, smiling at a photo of the climb up Clingmans Dome.

"You made it," Bill said.

When the slide show returned to Little Bill's prom, the family stood up to go. Bill grabbed his backpack. The long goodbye moved to the recruiting office.

The van was late. Michelle straightened her husband's jacket and hugged him. She talked about the last few months, how strange it had felt to have him home during the day instead of away at work. It would feel stranger still not to have him around at all. "I'll find out how many times I say, 'I don't know. Ask your Dad. That's your Dad's department,' " she said.

Just before 2:30, the van arrived.

“Butterflies are coming back,” Bill said, excusing himself for a last trip to the restroom.

The driver checked IDs, consulted his clipboard, then eyed Bill and the other recruit.

“You ready?”

Chelsea and her Dad hugged. It happened so quickly; all she could say was: “Bye.”

In the parking lot, tears streamed down Michelle’s face. She held Bill near the van, unable to find any words at all.

“I love you,” Bill said. “I’ll call.”

And then he was gone.

On the ride home, Chelsea texted her cousin and her best friend.

My Dad just left.

No signature this time. The countdown was over.

Early the next morning, Bill Caudle learned that he would not be going to Fort Jackson, S.C. He was headed to Fort Knox, Ky., instead. He would be half as far from home - 475 miles instead of 950.

The moment he was processed at Fort Knox, his Army health coverage kicked in.

Having missed a week of chemo, Michelle is scheduled to return for treatment Tuesday. Her birthday. “Not exactly where you want to spend your birthday,” she said, managing a grin.

If all went according to schedule, Bill would finish basic training in mid-December. Michelle would still be in the midst of chemo.

She hoped to make it to his graduation.

The New Issue Of Traveling Soldier Is Out, Featuring:

1. Fun Times at Fort Drum: My Story

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/10.09.paul.php>

2. Mailbag: Mass Casualties

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/10.09.mail.php>

3. "If You Are A Private, You Are Treated Like Complete Dog Shit"

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/10.09.dogsh.php>

4. Veterans Call For Immediate Withdrawal From Afghanistan

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FORWARD OBSERVATIONS



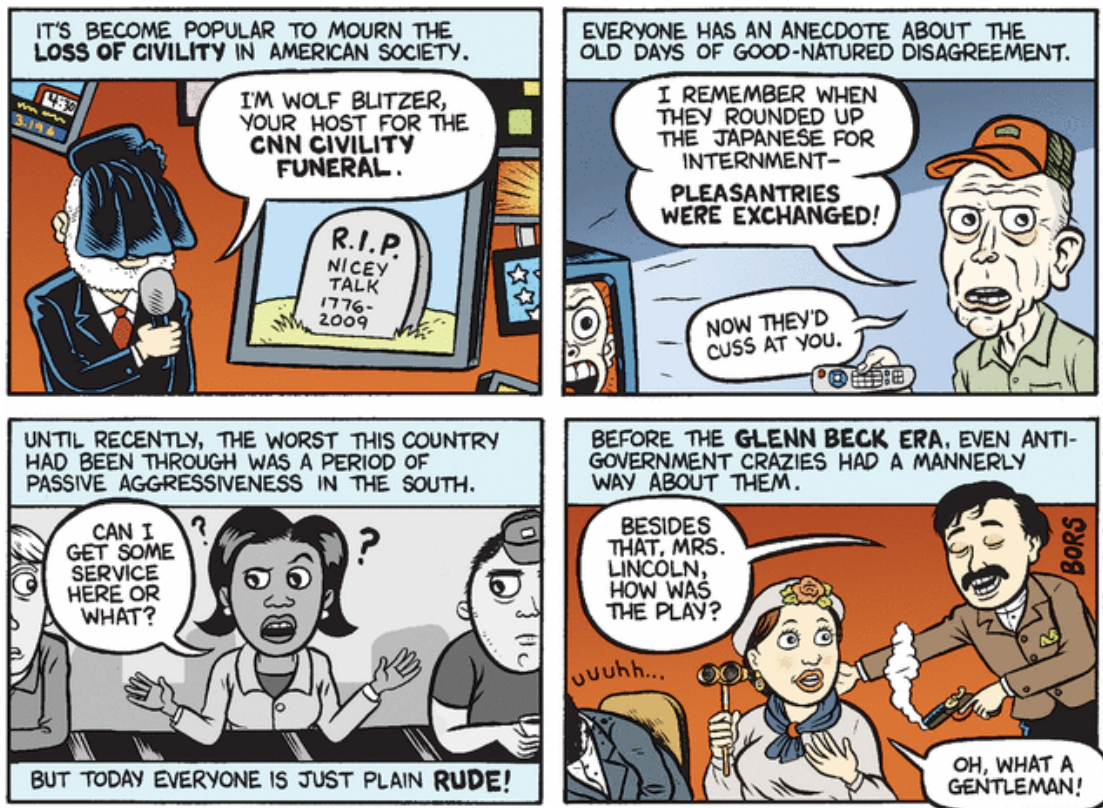
“At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument, is needed. Oh had I the ability, and could reach the nation’s ear, I would, pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke.

“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.”

Frederick Douglass, 1852

“Hope for change doesn’t cut it when you’re still losing buddies.”
-- J.D. Englehart, Iraq Veterans Against The War



Got an opinion? Comments from service men and women, and veterans, are especially welcome. Write to Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657 or send to contact@militaryproject.org: Name, I.D., withheld unless you request identification published.

DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



CLASS WAR REPORTS

CEO's Suffering as Compensation is Cut



Another Unarmed Black Teen Murdered By Filth In Blue



Pastor Charles Nash speaks at a candlelight vigil held for Kiwane Carrington at 906 W. Vine St. in Champaign on Wednesday evening, Oct. 14, 2009. Mr. Carrington was fatally shot at the house on Oct. 9. Photo By Robert O'Daniell

October 20, 2009 By Brian Dolinar, Socialist Worker [Excerpts]

CHAMPAIGN, ILL., police say it will take a month for an investigation into the “officer-involved shooting” of Kiwane Carrington, an unarmed 15-year-old African American youth. There has been an outpouring of support for young Kiwane from friends and family who knew him. The community anxiously awaits an answer to what happened that rainy afternoon.

On Friday, October 9, Champaign police responded to a reported burglary at 906 W. Vine St. The first to arrive on the scene was Champaign Police Chief R.T. Finney, who confronted two 15-year-olds in the backyard.

Classes in the Regional Educational Alternative for Developing Youth program that Kiwane attended were cancelled that day for teacher instruction.

Kiwane, whose mother passed away last year from pancreatic cancer, was staying at his aunt’s home.

He had eaten breakfast there that morning. When he arrived home in the afternoon, the house was locked, and he had forgotten his key.

It was raining outside, and the two were looking for shelter.

When Chief Finney arrived at approximately 1:20 p.m., he knew only that a neighbor had reported a burglary.

Soon after, a witness reportedly heard police yelling out, "Get on the ground. Get on the ground." It had been raining for two days, and the ground was wet and muddy.

When one of the young men tried to walk away, Finney grabbed him and a struggle ensued.

Another officer appeared on the scene--Daniel Norbits, a 14-year veteran of the force.

Although neither of two boys had a weapon, Norbits apparently drew his gun, and, according to a press statement released by Champaign police, it "discharged, resulting in the fatal wounding of one of the subjects."

An autopsy showed that the bullet went through Kiwane's left elbow and passed through his heart.

The News-Gazette reported that Norbits had previously been involved in the case of Greg Brown, a developmentally disabled man who died of a heart attack after he was beaten in an alley by Champaign police back in 2000.

Witnesses said they heard Brown calling out for help that night.

Virtually no other information has been provided by the Champaign police about Kiwane's death; they claim they don't want to impede the investigation being headed by the Illinois State Police.

Yet Chief Finney was on the scene and saw everything that happened.

Did Norbits follow policy as practiced by the Champaign Police Department? Is it police policy to pull guns on youth? Or is this just the way that Champaign police treat Black youth? Chief Finney must reveal the truth of what occurred that day. To remain silent only fuels suspicion. For Kiwane's family, it adds insult to injury.

Champaign-Urbana Citizens for Peace and Justice (CUCPJ) held a press conference on October 12 at the Independent Media Center. Present were Kenesha Williams, the legal guardian and older sister of Kiwane; Christine Williams, his grandmother; Rhonda, his aunt; Deborah Thomas, owner of the house where the incident occurred; Laura Manning, mother of the other youth involved; Aaron Ammons, co-founder of CUCPJ; Terry Townsend, longtime community activist; Seon Williams, owner of The Whip barbershop; and Dr. Evelyn Underwood, president of the Ministerial Alliance.

Behind them was a line of Kiwane's friends holding signs that read, "We want answers." One of the young people stepped up to address the cameras:

"All the police are real slick with their badges. You see this on cameras, but you don't see what we see every day. You don't see how they come harass us every day on the block.

“It’s to the point that I get harassed by my first name. I come outside, they follow me to the gas station. That’s not cool for anybody to live their life. Every boy behind me has been harassed by ‘Champaign’s finest.’”

THE STORY of Kiwane’s death at the Urbana-Champaign Independent Media Center was receiving 1,000 hits per day after the incident. Some of those who knew him left messages. One of them wrote, “God bless you Kiwane and your mother. May both of you rest in peace together.”

On Wednesday, October 14, a vigil was held at the house where the shooting occurred. Several hundred youth, neighborhood residents and community members came to pay their respects to Kiwane’s memory.

After the vigil, the crowd marched up Prospect Avenue, with many of the youth spilling into the street.

Champaign County sheriff’s deputies were there to direct traffic (Champaign police were nowhere to be seen).

The crowd was managed by several members of the Nation of Islam, who had come from Chicago and throughout the region to serve as security for the event.

The other 15-year-old involved in the incident has been released from juvenile detention.

Although a charge of burglary has been dropped, State’s Attorney Julia Rietz has decided to prosecute him for aggravated resisting a police officer--a felony that carries a possible three-year sentence.

His next court date is November 12.

A memorial fund for Kiwane Carrington has been set up at Busey Bank for anyone who would like to contribute. Donations can be dropped off at any Busey Bank location or you can call 217-365-4544. For video and audio of the press conference at the IMC, as well as up-to-date information, go to ucimc.org.

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