

## **Military Resistance 8F7**

**THIS IS HOW OBAMA BRINGS THE TROOPS HOME:  
BRING THEM ALL HOME NOW, ALIVE**



Lance Cpl. Rick Centanni's casket outside St. Martin de Porres Church in Yorba Linda, Calif. April 6, 2010 during services for Centanni and Sgt. Major Robert Cottle. Both were stationed with the 4th Light Armored Reconnaissance Battalion, out of Camp Pendleton, in southern Helmand Province, Afghanistan. Both were from Yorba Linda and were killed by the same roadside bomb in March while on patrol in Afghanistan. (AP Photo/The Orange County Register, Joshua Sudock)

## **BIG SURPRISE – NOT! 53% Of Americans Say War On Afghanistan “Not Worth Fighting”**

June 11, 2010 by Jim Lobe, IPS North America [Excerpt]

According to a Washington Post/ABC News poll released Thursday, 53 percent of respondents said the war in Afghanistan, which last month, according to most measures, exceeded the Vietnam conflict as the longest-running war in U.S. history, was “not worth fighting”.

That was the highest percentage in more than three years.

**Quit Whining And Pissing On  
Everybody In Sight With Your  
Condescending Bullshit About How  
Stupid & Apathetic Americans Are:  
If You Don't Spend Time In The Real World  
Reaching Out To Real Troops, You Have Nothing  
Whatsoever To Sneer At Others About.**

**“The single largest failure of the anti-war movement at this point is the lack of outreach to the troops.” Tim Goodrich, Iraq Veterans Against The War**

## **IRAQ WAR REPORTS**

### **Insurgents Storm Iraq's Central Bank**



Smoke billows from the scene of one of the explosions when bombers and insurgents wearing military uniforms executed a daring raid on the Iraq Central Bank in Baghdad, triggering an ongoing siege with security forces. (AFP/Sabah Arar)

06/14/10 By KIM GAMEL Associated Press Writer

Insurgents wearing military uniforms stormed Iraq's central bank Sunday during an apparent robbery attempt, battling security forces in a three-hour standoff after bombs exploded nearby in a coordinated daylight attack that left as many as 26 people dead. The violence began with the bombings — which sent plumes of smoke over the city skyline — although there were conflicting reports about the number and nature of the blasts.

The first bomb went off on the road near an electrical generator, [Maj. Gen. Qassim] al-Moussawi said. Insurgents wearing army uniforms then tried to enter the bank through two entrances, exchanging gunfire with the guards.

He said three bombers detonated their explosives vests at the main entrance of the bank, while two other militants were killed by security forces at the second gate.

Iraqi security forces then stormed the building, prompting a standoff that lasted at least three hours, according to al-Moussawi's account.

An unknown number of attackers managed to get to a higher floor and set a fire to burn some documents and may have escaped by blending in with the bank employees, he added, saying the motive appeared to be to steal the bank's deposits, then blow up the building.

Local police officers said a bomb in a parked car also exploded about 900 yards from the bank.

Ghayth Abdullah, the 37-year-old owner of a nearby clothing store, said the blast sent people running from the site, including dozens of women who worked at the bank. He blamed the government for failing to protect the people.

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## **AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS**

### **Two Local Soldiers Killed In Afghanistan**

June 13, 2010 WPIX

PITTSBURGH -- Two members of the Army National Guard died in Afghanistan, according to family and friends.

Staff Sergeant Bryan Hoover and Sergeant First Class Robert Fike died Friday in battle.

Hoover was a track coach with the Elizabeth-Forward school district. On Saturday, students gathered at the high school to place a memorial at the school, and to remember their coach.

“He was such a nice, inspirational coach, and he always helped us,” said Braelyn Tracy, a student Hoover coached.

Another student, Josh Gibson, added, "I just graduated this year and I'm going to run cross-country next year in college. I will devote my season to him."

Robert Fike's family remembered him Saturday as a man who wanted to give his all for his country. "He had a great love for the country, a great respect for this country, and he always felt he was doing the right thing. There was never a question of not going or not doing," said Jim Fike.

Jim Fike also talked about what his son was like off the battlefield, saying, "He was a father. He wanted to hunt. He loved to fish, and if he had spare time that's what he did. He loved being in the outdoors and loved being with his daughter."

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## **Danish Soldier Killed, 4 Wounded By Explosive Device Near Budwan**

6.13.2010 The Associated Press

COPENHAGEN — The Danish army says an explosion in southern Afghanistan has killed one of its soldiers and wounded four.

The Army Operational Command says 33-year-old Martin Kristiansen was killed by an explosive device that hit his vehicle near the Budwan patrol base in Helmand province. Kristiansen and the four wounded were taken by helicopter to the field hospital in Camp Bastion.

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## **Roadside Bomb Wounds 2 German Soldiers In Chardara**

Two German service members were injured as a roadside bomb struck their vehicle in Afghanistan's northern Kunduz province on Sunday.

"The incident occurred at 9:40 a.m. local time injuring two German soldiers," Brigadier Webber told Xinhua.

Meantime, locals said the incident took place in Chardara district.

This has been the second incident in Kunduz province over the past two days.

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## **Resistance Action**

June 12 2010 Press Association & June 13 2010 Sapa-AFP & 6.14.2010 Reuters

Six Afghan police officers have been killed by a roadside bomb in the southern province of Kandahar. Provincial police chief Sher Mohammed Zazai said the policemen were riding in a vehicle that struck a roadside bomb today in the Khakrez district.

Two others died in an attack in the south.

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**Taliban militants attacked a police post in central Afghanistan, sparking a day-long battle Sunday which killed ten policemen.**

Insurgents first attacked a police post overnight in the Kijran district of Day Kundi province, killing two policemen and wounding two others, provincial governor, Qurban Ali, told AFP.

Police reinforcements were sent Sunday morning to support the police post, initiating a day-long battle with the militants, he said.

“Six policemen and four locals supporting the police forces in fighting against the Taliban were killed, and two policemen were wounded,” said Ali.

Day Kundi is a remote and isolated province which rarely sees Taliban violence compared with neighbouring Uruzgan and the southern provinces of Kandahar and Helmand, where militant attacks occur almost daily.

**NEED SOME TRUTH?  
CHECK OUT TRAVELING SOLDIER**

**Traveling Soldier is the publication of the Military Resistance Organization.**

**Telling the truth - about the occupations or the criminals running the government in Washington - is the first reason for Traveling Soldier. But we want to do more than tell the truth; we want to report on the resistance to Imperial wars inside the armed forces.**

**Our goal is for Traveling Soldier to become the thread that ties working-class people inside the armed services together. We want this newsletter to be a weapon to help you organize resistance within the armed forces.**

**If you like what you've read, we hope that you'll join with us in building a network of active duty organizers. <http://www.traveling-soldier.org/>**

**And join with Iraq Veterans Against the War to end the occupations and bring all troops home now! ([www.ivaw.org/](http://www.ivaw.org/))**

# Combat: Up Very Close And Personal: [By A Reporter Who Knows How To Be A Reporter]



During a recent battle near Marja, an infantry patrol carried a wounded Marine to a medevac helicopter. Tyler Hicks/The New York Times

June 12, 2010 By C. J. CHIVERS, The New York Times [Excerpts]

MARJA, Afghanistan — The Marine had been shot in the skull.

He was up ahead, at the edge of a field, where the rest of his patrol was fighting. A Black Hawk medevac helicopter flew above treetops toward him, banked and hovered dangerously before landing nearby.

Several Marines carried the man aboard. His head was bandaged, his body limp.

Sgt. Ian J. Bugh, the flight medic, began the rhythms of CPR as the helicopter lifted over gunfire and zigzagged away.

Nearly nine years into the Afghan war, with the number of troops here climbing toward 100,000, the pace for air crews that retrieve the wounded has become pitched.

In each month this year, more American troops in Afghanistan have been killed than in any of the same months of any previous year.

[A]ll seriously wounded troops are expected to arrive at a trauma center within 60 minutes of their unit's calling for help. In Helmand Province, Afghanistan's most dangerous ground, most of them do. These results can make the job seem far simpler than it is.

Last week, a Black Hawk on a medevac mission in the province was shot down by a rocket-propelled grenade, and four members of its crew were killed.

And the experiences in May and early June of one Army air crew, from Company C, Sixth Battalion, 101st Combat Aviation Brigade, showed the challenges of distance, sandstorms and Taliban fighters waiting near landing zones.

It also showed crews confronting sorrows as old as combat. In a guerrilla war that is turning more violent, young men in nameless places suffer wounds that, no matter a crew's speed or skill, can quickly sap away life.

For Company C's detachment in Helmand Province, the recent duty had been harried.

Over several days the crews had retrieved a Marine who had lost both legs and an arm to a bomb explosion; the medic had kept that man alive.

They had picked up two Marines bitten by their unit's bomb-sniffing dog. They landed for a corporal whose back had been injured in a vehicle accident.

And day after day they had scrambled to evacuate Afghans or Marines struck by bullets or blasted by bombs, including a mission that nearly took them to a landing zone where the Taliban had planted a second bomb, with hopes that an aircraft might land on it.

The Marines had found the trap and directed the pilots to a safer spot.

A few days before the Marine was shot in the skull, after sandstorms had grounded aircraft, another call had come in.

A bomb had exploded beside a patrol along the Helmand River. Two Marines were wounded. One was dying.

For hours the airspace had been closed; supervisors deemed the conditions too dangerous to fly. The crews wanted to evacuate the Marines. "I'll go," said Sgt. Jason T. Norris, a crew chief. "I'll walk."

A crew was given permission to try. Ordinarily, medevac flights take off with an older, experienced pilot in command and a younger aviator as co-pilot. The two take turns on the controls.

From Kandahar, the brigade commander, Col. William K. Gayler, ordered a change. This flight demanded experience. Chief Warrant Officer Joseph N. Callaway, who had nearly 3,000 flight hours, would replace a younger pilot and fly with Chief Warrant Officer Deric G. Sempstrott, who had nearly 2,000 hours.

Afghan sandstorms take many forms. Some drift by in vertical sheets of dust. Others spiral into spinning towers of grit. Many lash along the ground, obscuring vision. Powdered sand accumulates like snow.

This storm had another form: an airborne layer of dirt from 100 to 4,000 feet above the ground. It left a low-elevation slot through which the pilots might try to fly.

The Black Hawk lifted off in dimming evening light. It flew at 130 knots 30 to 40 feet above the ground, so low it created a bizarre sensation, as if the helicopter were not an aircraft, but a deafening high-speed train.

Ten minutes out, the radio updated the crew. One of the Marines had died. The crew chief, Sgt. Grayson Colby, sagged. He reached for a body bag. Then he slipped on rubber gloves and sat upright. There was still a man to save.

Just before a hill beside the river, Mr. Callaway banked the Black Hawk right, then abruptly turned left and circled. The helicopter leaned hard over. He looked down. A smoke grenade's red plume rose, marking the patrol.

The Black Hawk landed beside dunes. Sergeant Bugh and Sergeant Colby leapt out.

A corporal, Brett Sayre, had been hit in the face by the bomb's blast wave and debris. He staggered forward, guided by other Marines.

Sergeant Bugh examined him inside the Black Hawk. Corporal Sayre's eyes were packed with dirt. He was large and lean, a fit young man sitting upright, trying not to choke on blood clotting and flowing from his mouth.

The sergeant asked him to lie down. The corporal waved his arm.

"You're a Marine," the sergeant said. "Be strong. We'll get you out of here."

Corporal Sayre rested stiffly on his right side.

Sergeant Colby climbed aboard. He had helped escort the dead Marine to the other aircraft. The Black Hawk took off, weaving through the air 25 feet off the ground, accelerating into haze.

The corporal was calm as Sergeant Colby cut away his uniform, looking for more wounds. Sergeant Bugh suctioned blood from his mouth. He knew this man would live. But he looked into his dirtied eyes. "Can you see?" he asked.

"No," the corporal said.

At the trauma center later, the corporal's eyes reacted to light.

Now the crew was in the air again, this time with the Marine shot in the skull. Sergeant Colby performed CPR. The man had no pulse.

Kneeling beside the man, encased in the roaring whine of the Black Hawk's dual engines, the sergeants took turns at CPR. Mr. Sempsrott flew at 150 knots — as fast as the aircraft would go.

The helicopter came to a rolling landing at Camp Dwyer. Litter bearers ran the Marine inside.



The flight's young co-pilot, First Lt. Matthew E. Stewart, loitered in the sudden quiet. He was calmly self-critical. It had been a nerve-racking landing zone, a high-speed approach to evacuate a dying man and a descent into a firefight. He said he had made a new pilot's mistake.

He had not rolled the aircraft into a steep enough bank as he turned. Then the helicopter's nose had pitched up. The aircraft had risen, climbing to more than 200 feet from 70 feet and almost floating above a gunfight, exposed.

Mr. Sempsrott had taken the controls and completed the landing. "I was going way too fast for my experience level," the lieutenant said, humbly.

No one blamed him; this, the crew said, was how young pilots learned. And everyone involved understood the need to move quickly. It was necessary to evade ground fire and to improve a dying patient's odds.

Beside the helicopter, inside a tent, doctors kept working on the Marine.

Sergeant Colby sat, red-eyed. He had seen the man's wound. Soon, he knew, the Marine would be moved to the morgue. Morning had not yet come to the United States. In a few hours, the news would reach home.

"A family's life has been completely changed," the lieutenant said. "And they don't even know it yet."

A few days later, the crew was barreling into Marja again. Another Marine had been shot.

The pilots passed the landing zone, banked and looked down. An Afghan in uniform crawled through dirt. Marines huddled along a ditch. A firefight raged around the green smoke grenade.

The Black Hawk completed its turn, this time low to the ground, and descended. Gunfire could be heard all around. The casualty was not in sight.

"Where is he?" Mr. Sempsrott asked over the radio.

The sergeants dashed for the trees, where a Marine, Cpl. Zachary K. Kruger, was being tended to by his squad. He had been shot in the thigh, near his groin. He could not walk. The patrol had no stretcher.

A hundred yards separated the group from the aircraft, a sprint to be made across the open, on soft soil, under Taliban fire.

Sergeant Bugh ran back. Sergeant Colby began firing his M-4 carbine toward the Taliban.

Inside the shuddering aircraft, the pilots tried to radiate calm. They were motionless, vulnerable, sitting upright in plain view.

The Taliban, they knew, had offered a bounty for destroyed American aircraft. Bullets cracked past. The pilots saw their medic return, grab a stretcher, run again for the trees.

They looked this way, then that. Their escort aircraft buzzed low-elevation circles around the zone, gunners leaning out. Bullets kept coming. "Taking fire from the east," Mr. Sempsrott said.

These are the moments when time slows.

At the airfield, the crews had talked about what propelled them. Some of them mentioned a luxury: They did not wonder, as some soldiers do, if their efforts mattered, if this patrol or that meeting with Afghans or this convoy affected anything in a lasting way.

Their work could be measured, life by life. They spoke of the infantry, living without comforts in outposts, patrolling in the sweltering heat over ground spiced with hidden bombs and watched over by Afghans preparing complex ambushes. When the Marines called, the air crews said, they needed help.

Now the bullets whipped by.

Cobra attack helicopters were en route. Mr. Sempsrott and Lieutenant Stewart had the option of taking off and circling back after the gunships arrived. It would mean leaving their crew on the ground, and delaying the patient's ride, if only for minutes.

At the tents, Mr. Sempsrott had discussed the choices in a hot landing zone. The discussion ended like this: "I don't leave people behind."

More rounds snapped past. "Taking fire from the southeast," he said.

He looked out. Four minutes, headed to five.

"This is ridiculous," he said. It was exclamation, not complaint.

His crew broke from the tree line. The Marines and Sergeant Bugh were carrying Corporal Kruger, who craned his neck as they bounced across the field. They fell, found their feet, ran again, fell and reached the Black Hawk and shoved the stretcher in.

A Marine leaned through the open cargo door. He gripped the corporal in a fierce handshake. "We love you, buddy!" he shouted, ducked, and ran back toward the firefight.

Six and a half minutes after landing, the Black Hawk lifted, tilted forward and cleared the vegetation, gaining speed.

Corporal Kruger had questions as his blood pooled beneath him.

Where are we going? Camp Dwyer. How long to get there? Ten minutes.

Can I have some water? Sergeant Colby produced a bottle.

After leaving behind Marja, the aircraft climbed to 200 feet and flew level over the open desert, where Taliban fighters cannot hide. The bullet had caromed up and inside the corporal. He needed surgery.

The crew had reached him in time. As the Black Hawk touched down, he sensed he would live.

“Thank you, guys,” he shouted.

“Thank you,” he shouted, and the litter bearers ran him to the medical tent.

The pilots shut the Black Hawk down. Another crew rinsed away the blood. Before inspecting the aircraft for bullet holes, Sergeant Bugh and Sergeant Colby removed their helmets, slipped out of their body armor and gripped each other in a brief, silent hug.

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## **“Most” Kandahar Local Leadership Decline To Back Karzai’s Pitch For Anti-Taliban Offensive: “The Taliban Is Not Your Enemy, Mr. Karzai. Your Own Officials Are Your Enemies”**

June 13, 2010 By DEXTER FILKINS, New York Times & June 14, 2010 by Corey Flintoff, NPR [Excerpts]

KANDAHAR, Afghanistan — President Hamid Karzai flew to this restive city on Sunday and told a gathering of local leaders to prepare themselves for sustained operations to rid the area of Taliban insurgents — and for the pain those operations would exact.

“This operation requires sacrifice, and without sacrifice you cannot restore peace to Kandahar,” Mr. Karzai told the gathering of about 400 leaders from around the province.

**“Will you help me?” Mr. Karzai asked.**

**And many, if not most, stood up and declared they would.**

**[Meaning, in the English language presumably employed in writing this article, “most” did not agree to help Karzai, and thereby help the foreign occupation of their nation. What a surprise. T]**

One man, Haji Naik Mohammed, said bluntly that the president should start reforming his own government first.

The elder said local officials in his district are involved in corruption, and if that doesn't change, "we can expect another 30 years of war."

But Haji Naik didn't seem to blame Karzai directly. In fact, he said his message to the president would be, "the Taliban is not your enemy, Mr. Karzai. Your own officials are your enemies."

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## **As 2011 Deadline For U.S. Forces To Begin Leaving Afghanistan Gets Closer, Pentagon Conveniently "Identifies Vast Mineral Riches in Afghanistan" "The American-Led Offensive In Marja In Southern Afghanistan Has Achieved Only Limited Gains" "So The Obama Administration Is Hungry For Some Positive News To Come Out Of Afghanistan"**

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

June 13, 2010 By JAMES RISEN, New York Times [Excerpts]

WASHINGTON — The United States has discovered nearly \$1 trillion in untapped mineral deposits in Afghanistan, far beyond any previously known reserves and enough to fundamentally alter the Afghan economy and perhaps the Afghan war itself, according to senior American government officials.

The previously unknown deposits — including huge veins of iron, copper, cobalt, gold and critical industrial metals like lithium — are so big and include so many minerals that are essential to modern industry that Afghanistan could eventually be transformed into one of the most important mining centers in the world, the United States officials believe.

An internal Pentagon memo, for example, states that Afghanistan could become the “Saudi Arabia of lithium,” a key raw material in the manufacture of batteries for laptops and BlackBerrys. **[And there’s the foul stench of lying Pentagon rats at work. Bolivia has vast, easily accessible, easily mined, so far untouched lithium deposits, enough to supply the whole world very cheaply. This article can’t avoid mentioning them, below. So why this lying raving bullshit from the Pentagon? Gee, guess. T]**

**The vast scale of Afghanistan’s mineral wealth was discovered by a small team of Pentagon officials and American geologists.**

While it could take many years to develop a mining industry, the potential is so great that officials and executives in the industry believe it could attract heavy investment even before mines are profitable, providing the possibility of jobs that could distract from generations of war.

**“There is stunning potential here,” Gen. David H. Petraeus, commander of the United States Central Command, said in an interview on Saturday.**

The value of the newly discovered mineral deposits dwarfs the size of Afghanistan’s existing war-bedraggled economy, which is based largely on opium production and narcotics trafficking as well as aid from the United States and other industrialized countries.

Afghanistan’s gross domestic product is only about \$12 billion.

“This will become the backbone of the Afghan economy,” said Jalil Jumriany, an adviser to the Afghan minister of mines.

The American-led offensive in Marja in southern Afghanistan has achieved only limited gains.

So the Obama administration is hungry for some positive news to come out of Afghanistan.

The corruption that is already rampant in the Karzai government could also be amplified by the new wealth, particularly if a handful of well-connected oligarchs, some with personal ties to the president, gain control of the resources.

Just last year, Afghanistan’s minister of mines was accused by American officials of accepting a \$30 million bribe to award China the rights to develop its copper mine. The minister has since been replaced.

**The mineral deposits are scattered throughout the country, including in the southern and eastern regions along the border with Pakistan that have had some of the most intense combat in the American-led war against the Taliban insurgency.**

**The Pentagon task force has already started trying to help the Afghans set up a system to deal with mineral development.**

International accounting firms that have expertise in mining contracts have been hired to consult with the Afghan Ministry of Mines, and technical data is being prepared to turn over to multinational mining companies and other potential foreign investors.

**The Pentagon is helping Afghan officials arrange to start seeking bids on mineral rights by next fall, officials said.**

In 2009, a Pentagon task force that had created business development programs in Iraq was transferred to Afghanistan, and came upon the geological data.

Until then, no one besides the geologists had bothered to look at the information — and no one had sought to translate the technical data to measure the potential economic value of the mineral deposits.

**Soon, the Pentagon business development task force brought in teams of American mining experts to validate the survey's findings, and then briefed Defense Secretary Robert M. Gates and Mr. Karzai.**

So far, the biggest mineral deposits discovered are of iron and copper, and the quantities are large enough to make Afghanistan a major world producer of both, United States officials said.

Other finds include large deposits of niobium, a soft metal used in producing superconducting steel, rare earth elements and large gold deposits in Pashtun areas of southern Afghanistan.

Just this month, American geologists working with the Pentagon team have been conducting ground surveys on dry salt lakes in western Afghanistan where they believe there are large deposits of lithium.

Pentagon officials said that their initial analysis at one location in Ghazni Province showed **the potential** for lithium deposits as large of those of **Bolivia, which now has the world's largest known lithium reserves. [And which also already has both the technology and the developed infrastructure to bring the lithium to market with ease, unlike dragging it out of ass-end-of-creation Ghazni Province. This is nothing but a Pentagon propaganda campaign, made up of seamless watery shit, to keep the war going. T]**

For the geologists who are now scouring some of the most remote stretches of Afghanistan to complete the technical studies necessary before the international bidding process is begun, there is a growing sense that they are in the midst of one of the great discoveries of their careers.

“On the ground, it’s very, very, promising,” Mr. Medlin said. “Actually, it’s pretty amazing.”

**Military Resistance Available In PDF Format**  
If you prefer PDF to Word format, email [contact@militaryproject.org](mailto:contact@militaryproject.org)

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



U.S. Army soldiers with the 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment, part of the 82nd Airborne Division, patrol through a pomegranate orchard in Arghandab valley in Kandahar province, southern Afghanistan May 9, 2010. REUTERS/Yannis Behrakis

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**TROOP NEWS**

**Iraq Veteran Billed \$3175.88 By  
Domestic Enemies In Command  
For Equipment Lost In Iraq After  
He Was Shot By Sniper And  
Evacuated:  
“He Lost One-Third Of The Muscle In  
His Left Leg And Will Have To Wear A  
Brace For The Rest Of His Life”**

# **“The Federal Government Began Taking \$120 Out Of His Social Security Disability Checks Each Month”**

[Thanks to Linda O, who sent this in.]

May 28, 2010 By Laura Rillos, KVAL News [Excerpts]

LEBANON, Ore. -- A former Oregon National Guard soldier and Purple Heart recipient is being billed for military-issued equipment he believes was lost in Iraq after he was shot and evacuated from the country.

Gary Pfleider II feels disrespected by the charges. He said he lost sight of the gear when he left Iraq and believes he should not be responsible for it now.

He doesn't remember much about getting shot in September 2007. He knows he was riding in a truck on patrol near Balad, Iraq.

“I remember grabbing ahold of my leg and realizing I had blood on my hands,” said Pfleider. “And from that point on, until I got loaded onto the Stryker, was just a big blur.”

Pfleider was taken to Landstuhl Regional Medical Center in Germany and treated for a week at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, DC, before arriving at what is now called Joint Base Lewis McChord in Washington State.

He lost one-third of the muscle in his left leg and will have to wear a brace for the rest of his life.

After one year, he left the base and the Oregon National Guard. By then, his unit had returned to Oregon.

Pfleider inventoried his belongings and discovered several personal items and military-issued gear, including clothing, canteens and grenades, were missing.

**He believed the supervisors at his former unit in Albany had filed paperwork clearing him of the charges.**

**But in June 2009, Pfleider received a bill for \$3,175.88.**

**Shortly afterward, the federal government began taking \$120 out of his Social Security disability checks each month. Pfleider said his state and federal tax returns were also frozen.**

It's tough for Pfleider, who says he cannot work and cannot afford to visit his young daughters in Vancouver, Washington, to swallow.



"Honestly, I do, I think it's just sitting somewhere on somebody's desk at Fort Lewis and they just don't want to mess with it because they don't think it's a big enough issue," said Pfleider. "It's my livelihood."

Capt. Stephen Bomar, a public affairs officer with the Oregon Military Department, said Joint Base Lewis McChord is billing Pfleider.

He said it is standard for soldiers in similar situations to receive bills for missing equipment.

When a soldier is medically evacuated from a country, his or her chain of command takes responsibility for the equipment.

Responsibility returns to the soldier upon his or her return to the unit, he explained.

"It's one of the processes. That way we keep good accountability for the equipment," said Capt. Bomar.

In those cases, soldiers can submit sworn statements explaining their situation, said Bomar. For example, said Bomar, a soldier would write they were separated from their gear when they were flown out of the country.

Other soldiers might be asked to make sworn statements corroborating the account.

The charges would then go away, said Bomar.

Pfleider provided KVAL News with a sworn statement he filed at the Albany Armory in February 2010.

Pfleider says he is frustrated and just wants to focus on his upcoming ninth leg surgery and adjusting to life after war.

"Car going down a road backfiring, it still sends me into flashbacks of being over there," he said. "But I deal with it because I know it's part of my life that's never going to leave."

## **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 Afghanistan, 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**

## 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**

**“What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms.”**

**-- Thomas Jefferson to William Stephens Smith, 1787**

**A revolution is always distinguished by impoliteness, probably because the ruling classes did not take the trouble in good season to teach the people fine manners.**

**-- Leon Trotsky, History Of The Russian Revolution**

**“The Nixon administration claimed and received great credit for withdrawing the Army from Vietnam, but it was the rebellion of low-ranking GIs that forced the government to abandon a hopeless suicidal policy”**  
**-- David Cortright; Soldiers In Revolt**

**It is a two class world and the wrong class is running it.**  
**-- Larry Christensen, Soldiers Of Solidarity & United Auto Workers**

## **A Cowboy Named Bud**

[Thanks to John R, who sent this in.]

A cowboy named Bud was overseeing his herd in a remote mountainous pasture in Montana when suddenly a brand-new BMW advanced toward him out of a cloud of dust.

The driver, a young man in a Brioni suit, Gucci shoes, RayBan sunglasses and YSL tie, leaned out the window and asked the cowboy, “If I tell you exactly how many cows and calves you have in your herd, will you give me a calf?”

Bud looks at the man, obviously a yuppie, then looks at his peacefully grazing herd and calmly answers, “Sure, Why not?”

The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell notebook computer, connects it to his Cingular RAZR V3 cell phone, and surfs to a NASA page on the Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite to get an exact fix on his location which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo.

The young man then opens the digital photo in Adobe Photoshop and exports it to an image processing facility in Hamburg, Germany. Within seconds, he receives an E-Mail on his Palm Pilot that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses an MS-SQL database through an ODBC connected Excel spreadsheet with an E-Mail on his Blackberry and, after a few minutes, receives a response.

Finally, he prints out a full-color, 150-page report on his hi-tech, miniaturized HP LaserJet printer, turns to the cowboy and says, “You have exactly 1,586 cows and calves.”

“That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my calves,” says Bud.

He watches the young man select one of the animals and looks on with amusement as the young man stuffs it into the trunk of his car.

Then Bud says to the young man, “Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my calf?”

The young man thinks about it for a second and then says, “Okay, why not?”

"You're a Congressman for the U.S. Government", says Bud.

"Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?"

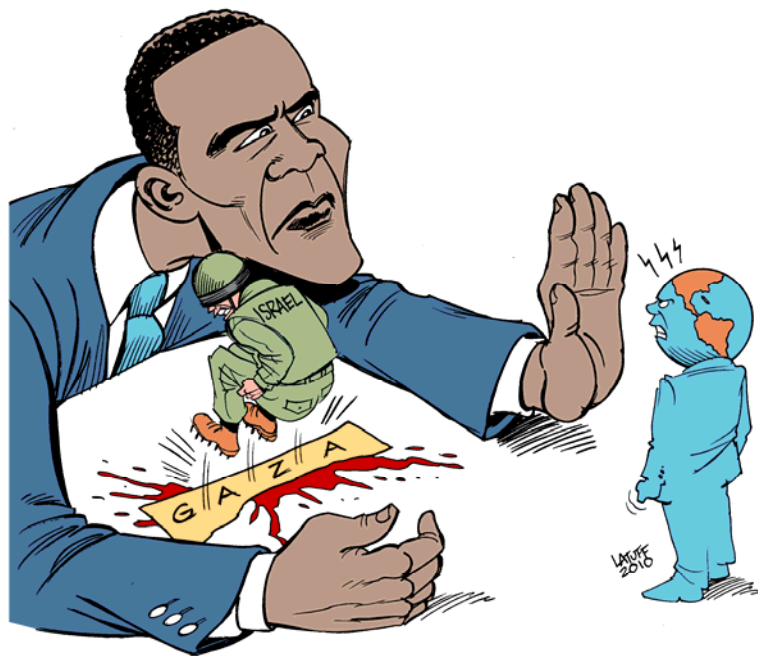
"No guessing required." answered the cowboy. "You showed up here even though nobody called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already knew, to a question I never asked.

"You used millions of dollars worth of equipment trying to show me how much smarter than me you are; and you don't know a thing about how working people make a living - or about cows, for that matter. This is a herd of sheep.

"Now give me back my dog."

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## OCCUPATION PALESTINE



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

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## The Old Gaza Boy And The Sea

[Thanks to Linda O, who sent this in.]

**But despite the pain that is now too deep, the lives that were so unfairly taken, the tears that were shed across the world for the Freedom Flotilla, I know now that my fantasy was not a child's dream.**

**That there were people from Australia, France, Turkey, Morocco, Algeria, the US and many other countries, who were coming to us in boats loaded with gifts from those who, for some reason, really liked us.**

Jun 8, 2010 By Ramzy Baroud, Asia Times

Ramzy Baroud ([www.ramzybaroud.net](http://www.ramzybaroud.net)) is an internationally-syndicated columnist and the editor of PalestineChronicle.com. His latest book is My Father Was a Freedom Fighter: Gaza's Untold Story (Pluto Press, London), now available on Amazon.com.

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I grew up by the Gaza sea.

Through my childhood, I could never quite comprehend how such a giant a body of water, which promised such endless freedom, could also border on such a tiny and cramped stretch of land - a land that was perpetually held hostage, even as it remained perpetually defiant.

From a young age, I would embark with my family on the short journey from our refugee camp to the beach. We went on a haggard cart, laboriously pulled by an equally gaunt donkey. The moment our feet touched the warm sand, the deafening screams would commence. Little feet would run faster than Olympic champions and for a few hours all our cares would dissipate.

Here there was no occupation, no prison, no refugee status.

Everything smelled and tasted of salt and watermelon. My mother would sit atop a torn, checkered blanket to secure it from the wild winds. She would giggle at my father's frantic calls to his sons, trying to stop them from going too deep into the water.

I would duck my own head underwater, and hear the haunting humming of the sea. Then I'd retreat, stand back and stare at the horizon.

When I was five or six, I believed that immediately behind the horizon there was a country called Australia.

People from there were free to go and come as they pleased. There were no soldiers, guns, or snipers. The Australians - for some unknown reason - liked us very much, and would one day visit us.

When I revealed my beliefs to my brothers, they were not convinced. But my fantasy grew, as did the list of all the other countries immediately behind the horizon.

One of these was America, where people spoke funny. Another was France, where people ate nothing but cheese.

I would scavenge the beach looking for "evidence" of the existing world beyond the horizon. I looked for bottles with strange lettering, cans and dirty plastic washed ashore

from faraway ships. My joy would be compounded when the letters were in Arabic. I would struggle to read them myself.

I also learned of such countries as Saudi Arabia, Algeria and Morocco. People who lived there were Arabs like us, and Muslims who prayed five times a day. I was dumbfounded. The sea was apparently more mysterious than I'd ever imagined.

Before the first Palestinian uprising of 1987, the Gaza beach was yet to be declared off-limits and converted into a closed military zone.

The fishermen were still allowed to fish, although only for a few nautical miles. We were allowed to swim and picnic, although not past 6 pm.

Then one day the Israeli army jeeps came whooshing down the paved road that separated the beach from the refugee camp.

They demanded immediate evacuation at gunpoint.

My parents screamed in panic, herding us back to the camp in only our swimming shorts.

Breaking news on Israeli television declared that the Israeli navy had intercepted Palestinian terrorists on rubber boats making their way towards Israel. All were killed or captured, except for one that might be heading towards the Gaza sea. Confusion was ominous, especially as I saw images of captured Palestinian men on Israeli television. They were hauling the dead bodies of their Palestinian comrades while being surrounded by armed, triumphant Israeli troops.

I tried to convince my father to go and wait by the beach for the other Palestinians.

He smiled pityingly and said nothing. The news later declared the boat was perhaps lost at sea, or had sunk.

Still, I wouldn't lose hope. I begged my mother to prepare her specialty tea with sage, and leave out some toasted bread and cheese.

I waited until dawn for the "terrorists" lost at sea to arrive at our refugee camp. If they made it, I wanted them to have something to eat. But they never arrived.

After this incident, boats began showing up on the horizon. They belonged to the Israeli navy.

The seemingly hapless Gaza sea was now dangerous and rife with possibilities.

Thus, my trips to the beach increased.

Even as I grew older, and even during Israeli military curfews, I would climb to the roof of our house, and stare at the horizon.

Some boats, somewhere, somehow were heading towards Gaza.

The harder life became, the greater my faith grew.

Today, decades later, I stand by some alien sea, far away from home, from Gaza. I have been denied the right to visit Palestine for years.

I stand here and I think of all those back home, waiting for the boats to arrive.

This time the possibility is real.

I follow the news, with the stifling awareness of a grown up, and also with the giddiness and trepidation of my six year old self.

I imagine Freedom Flotilla loaded with food, medicine and toys, immediately behind the horizon, getting close to turning the old dream into reality.

The dream that all the countries that my brothers thought were fictitious in fact existed, embodied in five ships and 700 peace activists.

They represented humanity, they cared for us. I thought of some little kids making a feast of toasted bread, yellow cheese and sage tea, waiting for their saviors.

When breaking news declared that the boats had been attacked just before crossing the Gaza horizon, killing and wounding many activists, the six-year-old in me was crushed.

I wept. I lost the power to articulate. No political analysis could suffice.

No news reports could explain to all the six-years-olds in Gaza why their heroes were murdered and kidnapped, simply for trying to breach the horizon.

**But despite the pain that is now too deep, the lives that were so unfairly taken, the tears that were shed across the world for the Freedom Flotilla, I know now that my fantasy was not a child's dream.**

**That there were people from Australia, France, Turkey, Morocco, Algeria, the US and many other countries, who were coming to us in boats loaded with gifts from those who, for some reason, really liked us.**

**I cannot wait to get to Gaza, on top of a boat, so I can tell my brothers, "I told you so."**

**[To check out what life is like under a murderous military occupation by foreign terrorists, go to: [www.rafahtoday.org](http://www.rafahtoday.org) The occupied nation is Palestine. The foreign terrorists call themselves "Israeli."]**

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**DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK**

# Yes, Obama Is “Engaged” – In A Colossal Crime: “Obama Bent Over Like A Contortionist To Pleasure The Oil Barons”



06/02/2010 by Glen Ford, Black Agenda Report executive editor

Corporate media pretend to measure degrees of presidential “engagement” with the Gulf crisis – an “oceanic version of Chernobyl.”

Such superficial reporting is totally disengaged from the truth that screams from the depths of the sea: “Huge corporations are empowered to seek profits with absolutely no regard for the consequences to Earth or Man.”

In a rational polity, the great abomination to Earth and Man in the Gulf would spell the end of the Obama presidency.



We are witnessing cataclysm on a geological scale, an event with the potential to alter planetary destiny, precipitated not by the three hundred million year arc of wayward comets or the incremental slide of continent-molding tectonic plates, but by the routine exercise of corporate power in the United States.

The man in charge of the government that both permitted and abetted the heinous corporate crime ("Drill, baby, drill!") should, by all rights, be in terminal disgrace.

Instead, much of Obama's "base" behaves as if the First Black President is an innocent party – a victim of circumstances – rather than a facilitator of the corporate enterprise that has spawned the Mother of all Pollutions.

But then, Teflon is a petrochemical product.

Any meaningful discussion of the oceanic version of Chernobyl would challenge a political system in which huge corporations are empowered to seek profits with absolutely no regard for the consequences to Earth or Man.

Viewed from that angle – the only sane perspective – questions of whether Obama is fully or only partially "engaged" are ludicrously ill-framed.

Engaged in what, in subduing and caging the corporate animals that are defecating in humanity's only nest? Clearly not: BP is the operative government in the Gulf, with the Coast Guard as its muscle.

BP is also the surgeon in charge of mending the Earth's wound and preventing the spread of septicemia in its life-sustaining fluids – the equivalent of Jack The Ripper tending to his own victims.

Under such circumstances, the more Obama assures us he is "engaged," the greater his confessed complicity in the crime.

**For purposes of assigning culpability, Obama was fully engaged in setting the stage for the atrocity from the moment of his campaign reversal on off-shore drilling in August, 2008 – after he had the nomination locked up.**

**"My interest is in making sure we've got the kind of comprehensive energy policy that can bring down gas prices," said candidate Obama.**

**"If, in order to get that passed, we have to compromise in terms of a careful, well-thought-out drilling strategy that was carefully circumscribed to avoid significant environmental damage -- I don't want to be so rigid that we can't get something done."**

So Obama bent over like a contortionist to pleasure the oil barons.

The full scope of Obama's "compromise" was announced almost two years later, on March 31.

The White House gave Big Oil virtually everything it wanted that was politically possible, with no protections for the public or Mother Earth in the form of a “well-thought-out drilling strategy that was carefully circumscribed to avoid significant environmental damage.”

“The federal government is fully engaged and I am fully engaged,” said Obama, last week.

OK, we’ll accept that he has been engaged in furthering the oil industry’s plans to drill at depths at which current technology makes mistakes irreparable – as the damage from the current ecological holocaust is already irreparable.

Obama has been engaged in killing the planet, in concert with his corporate co-conspirators.

He did nothing more than cosmetic changes at the federal Minerals Management Service, which Obama finally admitted, at last week’s press conference, “had been plagued by corruption for years” and had a “scandalously close relationship” with Big Oil.

The unbroken chain of “corruption” at the agency in both Bush and Obama administrations is one small expression of the continuity of actual rule of the country by sometimes feuding cousins in Big Oil and Wall Street and the Military Industrial Complex – the permanent government.

Obama is “engaged” as their servant, like his predecessors in the Oval Office.

The corporate cousins have raised the stakes of the game. It’s either them or Earth itself.

**When history passes its verdict on the current era, she will not assign much import to the advent of the First Black President of the United States.**

**Rather, history will mark 2010 as the year a servile political operative in the White House exposed the seabed to deep defilement by the oil colossus, from which the world never fully recovered.**

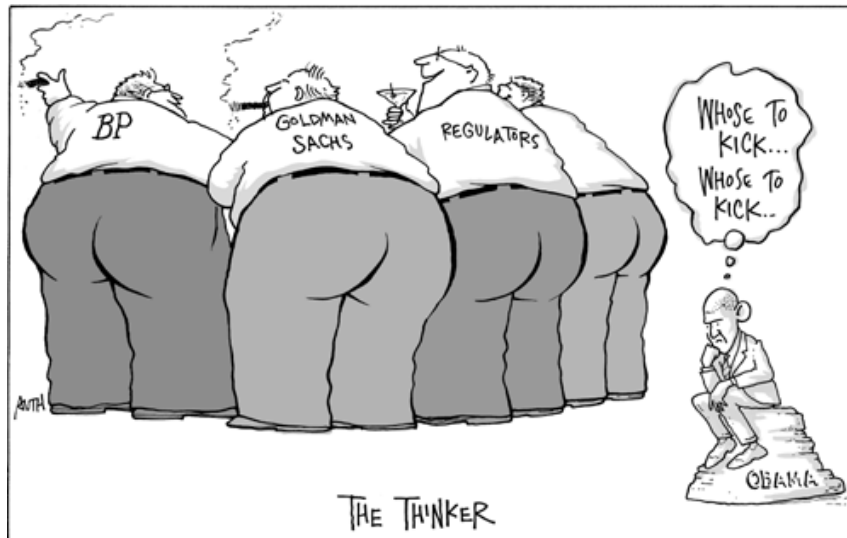
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