

Military Resistance 8K7

**WELCOME TO OBAMAWORLD:
WHERE EVERY DEATH IN COMBAT ACCOMPLISHES
NOTHING AT ALL**



Oct. 10, 2010: U.S. Air Force pararescue team places the bodies of U.S. soldiers who were killed in a roadside bomb attack in Afghanistan's Kandahar province into body bags in the back of their medivac helicopter. The attack wounded three others. (AP Photo/David Guttenfelder)

**The Politicians Won't
Talk About The War:
"There's No Discussion In Any
Detail In Any Campaign That
I've Seen At Any Level, State Or
Federal"**

**“But For The Olechnys, Avoidance Is
Not An Option”
“She’s Not Even Sure She’ll Vote
Tuesday”
“No Candidate Is Talking About A War
She Can’t Stop Thinking About”**



Veda Olechny’s husband, 1st Sgt. Patrick Olechny, is on his fourth tour of combat duty.
(Carolyn Cole / Los Angeles Times, November 1, 2010)

[Thanks to Phil G, who sent this in.]

November 2, 2010 By Faye Fiore and Mark Z. Barabak, Los Angeles Times [Excerpts]

Reporting from Marydel, Del., and Los Angeles

It’s easy to tell 1st Sgt. Patrick Olechny is away.

The freezer is stocked with single-serving dinners.

The TV is off and, at nearly 8 p.m., the living room is dark.

Olechny is at war in Afghanistan, on his fourth tour of combat duty. His wife, Veda, is waiting for his return — in time for Thanksgiving, she prays each night.

War sets the rhythm for military families like theirs: Home by 9, in case he beeps on Skype. Cellphone charged, in case he calls.

No point buying pot roast; she can't finish it herself.

In this turbulent election season — amid the talk of “tea parties” and the economy and President Obama’s approval rating and the fight to control Congress and bailouts and deficits and fear and anger — there is little mention of Afghanistan or Iraq.

“I hate to say we’ve moved on, but politically and from an election standpoint there’s nobody out there trying to prosecute this as an issue,” said Evan Tracey, whose Campaign Media Analysis Group tracks political advertising nationwide.

“There’s no discussion in any detail in any campaign that I’ve seen at any level, state or federal.”

Even here in the shadow of Dover Air Force Base, where the coffins come home, the political conversation is not about war but witchcraft — a youthful dalliance of Republican Senate hopeful Christine O’Donnell — and whether her Democratic rival, Chris Coons, was only joking when he described himself in a college essay as “a bearded Marxist.”

Veda doesn’t blame people for their inattention. They have troubles of their own. “People are busy with their lives because of the economy. It’s understandable,” she says. “A wife sitting at home waiting for a soldier to finish deployment, that’s her focus every day. You want to tell people about it, then you realize they really aren’t interested.”

The United States is now in the ninth year of the longest conflict in its history, fought by 150,000 troops on the ground in Afghanistan and Iraq at a cost of more than \$1 trillion.

That is considerably more than the ultimate price of the much-debated Troubled Asset Relief Program, which bailed out automakers, banks and a handful of insurers.

Yet neither party has much incentive to discuss the fighting half a world away.

Democrats are pleased with the winding down of U.S. involvement in Iraq, but divided over Obama’s decision to escalate efforts in Afghanistan; they don’t want to pile onto a president already in political trouble.

Republicans, unhappy with Obama’s opposition to the Iraq war when he ran for president, tend to agree with his approach in Afghanistan; but they aren’t about to praise the Democratic commander in chief in the middle of the midterm campaign.

But for the Olechnys, avoidance is not an option.

He’s 57, she’s 56.

They live in a double-wide trailer on two acres they bought 37 years ago on the Maryland- Delaware border. They grew up on the Delaware side, where chickens outnumber people 300 to 1.

He used to chase her around the playground in grade school. At 16, she was engaged. At 17, he joined the Army and went to Vietnam. She wrote him every day.

They married as soon as he returned, before she even graduated.

Veda figured her husband's combat days were over, and for 25 years they were.

He trained in Vietnam to fix helicopters, which proved a valuable skill back home. He was hired by the Army National Guard as a civilian mechanic. He also joined the Guard, which meant a weekend a month of soldiering and two weeks in the summer. She was OK with that.

Then in 1996, at age 43, he volunteered to go to Bosnia. Who goes to war at 43? And where is Bosnia? Veda was confused. Nine weeks later he came home in one piece. "I told him if he ever did that again I would divorce him," she remembers, laughing.

Years passed.

Then came Sept. 11, 2001, followed by the war in Iraq.

In the summer of 2004, Olechny's unit was called. "I swear Veda, I did not volunteer," he told her. It didn't matter. He had a skill his country needed. At 51, he was headed back to war.

The way the military is structured, service members and their families can be inconspicuous. The active-duty force is tucked away on far-off installations — Ft. Hood on the plains of Texas, Ft. Benning in the piney woods of Georgia.

"They train in remote areas, then get on a plane and go," said Norbert R. Ryan Jr., a retired Navy vice admiral and president of the Virginia-based Military Officers Assn. of America.

"Out of sight, out of mind."

For members of the National Guard and Reserves — civilians like Olechny called up for war — the isolation seems even more acute.

They are sprinkled throughout 3,000 or so communities across the country, attached to no base, no military housing, no ready group of people like them.

Veda can count on one hand the number of military households in Marydel, population 1,117, a half-hour drive from Dover. Amish buggies are a more familiar site than Army uniforms.

When her husband left, she slept in his T-shirt for weeks.

"I cried an awful lot," she says, lighting a cigarette in the dining room, which serves as a shrine to her husband's service and reflects her efforts to stay busy. His first of two bronze stars is in a curio cabinet. The patriotic birdhouse she painted is a centerpiece.

In the months after the Iraq war began, the country was flush with patriotism and there seemed no end of support for the 1% of Americans fighting for everybody else. Soon enough, the military was showing the strain of multiple deployments and a vicious ground war: amputations, traumatic brain injuries, rising rates of suicide, divorce, prescription drug addiction.

The year her husband spent in Iraq, Veda lived alone for the first time ever.

Their son, P.J., was married and on his own. The separation was different from Olechny's time in Vietnam. Back then, with no cellphones or e-mail, Veda's only connection was the nightly news -- and she stayed glued. This time, she wanted nothing to do with war coverage that would only upset her. She drove straight home from her job as a unit manager at a credit card company and waited.

"I lived around his phone calls, stayed home instead of going out, afraid I would miss him," she says. When she knew his unit was flying a mission, and he didn't check in, she e-mailed: "Car 54, where are you?"

In 2005, Olechny came home to a yard studded with yellow ribbons and flags, four volunteer fire trucks and a gantlet of friends. "I told the general, 'That's it,'" Veda said, already planning her husband's retirement and the traveling they would do.

The retirement lasted two weeks.

Aviation mechanics were in higher demand than ever for two wars that depend on aircraft to move troops and supplies and transport casualties. Olechny was asked back to his civilian job to fix helicopters part time. He stayed in the Guard, determined to serve 40 years.

In December, his unit — Company A 3/238 Aviation Battalion — was called to Afghanistan. Veda didn't bother to try to talk him out of it: "It gets in their blood."

It took a month before their dogs, Butchie and Mattie, stopped waiting for him at the door.

She knew how they felt.

The laptop beeps in the corner of the Olechny dining room and Veda pulls up a chair. It's 9 p.m.

A black clock is set for Afghanistan time: 5:30 a.m. Her husband's image from his plywood hut pops up. This is how he starts his day and she ends hers.

When the phone rings with campaign calls, Veda hangs up.

No candidate is talking about a war she can't stop thinking about.

She's not even sure she'll vote Tuesday.

This spring, Patrick Olechny will have met his goal of 40 years of service and Veda will have seen him through four wars.

She has grown from a love-struck schoolgirl writing letters to her “Soldier Boy” (it was their song) to a battle-tested military wife and support group leader helping others hold on.

People sometimes tell her that after all this time she must have gotten used to it. Veda shakes her head.

“You never get used to it,” she says. “You just get through it.”

ACTION REPORTS

“It Would Seem This Drill And Others To Follow Are Pointing Toward Deployment” [Outreach to New York National Guard]

From: Alan S, Military Resistance Organization
To: Military Resistance Newsletter
Sent: October 23, 2010
Subject: Outreach to New York National Guard

The Military Resistance Organizations; most important task – troop outreach – was renewed Friday, October 22nd at a New York City National Guard armory at a new time: 6:45am.

A new drill schedule (recently obtained) proved accurate as dozens of troops mustered for a new drill destination - Pennsylvania – that entailed at least 10-12 Humvees plus other heavy equipment for a noticeably more disciplined appearance.

It would seem this drill and others to follow are pointing toward deployment for this company of the New York Army National Guard.

Two of us handed out 67 lit packs and all 28 remaining DVDs of “Sir! No Sir!”

This means that the shipment of DVDs supplied by producer David Zeiger are now exhausted. The lit packs consisted of the last three Traveling Soldiers [see below], a GI Rights pamphlet, a 2 sided introduction to Traveling Soldier and the Military Resistance organization and the contact card advertising both groups [see below].

There were less turn downs than usual to our efforts and we saw lots of new faces. Unfortunately, snacks were unavailable and one soldier commented “no cookies?”

He was assured that won't be the case next time.

Another recognized me from a commuter terminal outreach but there was no further communication other than greetings and polite thank yous for the material.

We started at 6:45 although troops were already arriving so next outreach – 11/5 (also Friday) we should begin at 6:30am.

It's a critical time for the National Guard soldiers and for us as well. We need to make every effort to show up in stronger numbers so as to further remind them we mean business. Please circle 11/5 now.

MORE:

ACTION REPORTS WANTED: FROM YOU!

An effective way to encourage others to support members of the armed forces organizing to resist the Imperial war is to report what you do.

If you've carried out organized contact with troops on active duty, at base gates, airports, or anywhere else, send a report in to Military Resistance for the Action Reports section.

Same for contact with National Guard and/or Reserve components.

They don't have to be long. Just clear, and direct action reports about what work was done and how.

If there were favorable responses, say so.

If there were unfavorable responses or problems, don't leave them out. Reporting what went wrong and/or got screwed up is especially important, so that others may learn from you what to expect, and how to avoid similar problems if possible.

If you are not planning or engaging in outreach to the troops, you have nothing to report.

NOTE WELL:

Do not make public any information that could compromise the work.

Identifying information – locations, personnel – will be omitted from the reports.

Whether you are serving in the armed forces or not, do not identify members of the armed forces organizing to stop the wars.

If accidentally included, that information will not be published.

The sole exception: occasions when a member of the armed services explicitly directs identifying information be published in reporting on the action.

MORE:

Military Resistance

Traveling Soldier
Newsletter



www.traveling-
soldier.org

(888) 711-2550

contact@militaryproject.org

Box 126, 2576 Broadway New York, NY 10025

SUPPORTING GI RESISTANCE

[front]

If you are a veteran who supports an immediate end to the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan -- the Military Project recommends you contact:

IRAQ VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR



www.IVAW.org

[back]

[Cards designed by Richie M, Military Resistance Organization]

MORE:

Traveling Soldier

Posted at:

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/TS32.pdf>

THIS ISSUE FEATURING:

INDIANA SOLDIERS ORGANIZING OPEN RESISTANCE TO AFGHAN DEPLOYMENT, "CHARGING THEIR COMPANY IS NOT PROPERLY TRAINED OR MENTALLY FIT FOR BATTLE"

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/9.10.Indiana.php>

**ARMY LIFE:
“UNFORTUNATE TRUTH”**

**By Soldier R, Traveling Soldier Correspondent
Reporting from Germany**

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/9.10.untruth.php>

**MORE ARMY LIFE:
“SUICIDE”**

**By Soldier R, Traveling Soldier Correspondent
Reporting from Germany**

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/9.10.suicide.php>

**WHY ARE US TROOPS KILLING THEMSELVES?
ARMY PRESCRIPTION OF SUICIDE-LINKED ANTIDEPRESSANTS,
ANTIPSYCHOTICS AND ANTISEIZURE DRUGS EXACTLY PARALLELS THE
INCREASE IN US TROOP SUICIDES SINCE 2005**

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/9.10.suicide2.php>

AND MORE!

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/>

Traveling Soldier is the publication of the Military Resistance Organization

**FYI:
Traveling Soldier Is Published By The
Military Resistance Organization:**

Military Resistance Mission Statement:

1. The mission of Military Resistance is to bring together in one organization members of the armed forces and civilians in order to give aid and comfort to members of the armed forces who are organizing to end the wars of empire in Afghanistan and Iraq. The long term objective is to assist in eliminating all wars of empire by eliminating all empires.

2. Military Resistance does not advocate individual disobedience to orders or desertion from the armed forces. The most effective resistance is organized by members of the armed forces working together.

However, Military Resistance respects and will assist in the defense of troops who see individual desertion or refusal of orders as the only course of action open to them for reasons of conscience.

3. Military Resistance stands for the immediate, unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. and other occupation troops from Iraq and Afghanistan.

Occupied nations have the right to independence and the right to resist Imperial invasion and occupation by force of arms.

4. Efforts to increase democratic rights in every society, organization, movement, and within the armed forces itself will receive encouragement and support.

Members of the armed forces, whether those of the United States or any other nation, have the right and duty to act against dictatorships commanding their services, and to assist civilian movements against dictatorship.

This applies whether a political dictatorship is imposed by force of arms or a political dictatorship is imposed by those in command of the resources of society using their wealth to purchase the political leadership.

5. Military Resistance uses organizational democracy.

This means control of the organization by the membership, through elected delegates to any coordinating bodies that may be formed, whether at local, regional, or national levels.

Any member may run for any job in the organization. All persons elected are subject to immediate recall, by majority vote of the membership.

Coordinating bodies report their actions, decisions and votes to the membership who elected them, and may be overruled by a majority of the membership.

6. It is not necessary for Military Resistance to be in political agreement with other organizations in order to work together towards specific common objectives.

It is productive for organizations working together on common projects to discuss differences about the best way forward for the movement.

Debate is necessary to arrive at the best course of action.

Membership Requirements:

7. It is a condition of membership that each member prioritize and participate in organized action to reach out to active duty armed forces, Reserve and/or National Guard units.

8. Military Resistance or individual members may choose to support candidates for elective office who are for immediate withdrawal from Iraq and Afghanistan, but do not support a candidate opposed to immediate, unconditional withdrawal.

9. Members may not be active duty or drilling reserve commissioned officers, or employed in any capacity by any police or intelligence agency, local, state, or national.

10. I understand and am in agreement with the above statement. I pledge to defend my brothers and sisters, and the democratic rights of the citizens of the United States, against all enemies, foreign and domestic.

----- (Signed)

(Date)

----- (Application taken by)

Military Resistance: Contact@militaryproject.org
Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657
888-711-2550

MORE

**You Can Take Action That Makes
A Difference:
Join The Military Resistance
Organization:**

MILITARY RESISTANCE MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Name (please print): _____

Armed Forces? (Branch) _____

Veteran? Years: _____

Union: _____

Occupation: _____

Mailing address: _____

E-Mail: _____

Phone (Landline): _____

Phone (Cell): _____

\$ dues paid _____
(See next: Calendar year basis.)

Armed Forces Members	@	Dues waived
Civilians	@	\$25
Students/Unemployed	@	\$10
Civilian/Military Prisoners	@	Dues Waived

Comments:

NOTE: Civilian applicants will be interviewed, in person if possible, or by phone.

**Military Resistance: Contact@militaryproject.org
Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657
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 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

IRAQ WAR REPORTS



Baghdad's Green Zone Targeted By Rockets

Nov 6 (KUNA)

The heavily protected Green-Zone in the Iraqi capital was subjected to rocket attacks that did not result in any casualties, said police on Saturday.

The police told KUNA that the three rockets hit the Green-Zone. A fourth rocket fell near the area.

The Green-Zone is an area in Baghdad that houses the headquarters of the Iraqi government, a number of foreign diplomatic missions as well as other paramount structures.

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

AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

Afghan Government Soldier Kills Two U.S. Marines On Their Base In Tamirano: “It Quoted Ahmadi Saying The ‘Soldier Fled The Base And Joined Taliban’”

November 6, 2010 By Lynne O'Donnell, AFP [Excerpts]

NATO and Afghan officials were Saturday probing reports a rogue Afghan soldier shot dead foreign troops — said to be two US Marines — on a base in the volatile south of the country, the alliance said.

A NATO official said that two US Marines had been killed in the incident, which took place in Helmand province late on Thursday night.

Speaking on condition of anonymity, the official told AFP the Marines had been shot by an Afghan soldier who had been on the base for two to three weeks and was now missing.

Referring to it as a “green-on-green” incident, he said the Marines “weren’t shot in their beds, they must have been on guard duty”.

“Rounds were fired within the FOB (forward operating base) and an Afghan soldier was found to be missing the next morning,” he said.

The incident was initially reported early Saturday by Pakistan-based Afghan news agency Afghan Islamic Press (AIP).

It quoted a Taliban spokesman saying an Afghan soldier had “shot and killed three foreign troops at a base in Sangin district of Helmand”.

“The ANA soldier opened fire on foreign troops at a base in Tamirano area close to the headquarters of Sangin last night, killing three foreign soldiers, Qari Muhammad Yousuf Ahmadi, spokesman of Taliban, told Afghan Islamic Press,” the report said.

It quoted Ahmadi saying the “soldier fled the base and joined Taliban”.

Foreign Occupation “Servicemember” Killed Somewhere Or Other In Afghanistan: Nationality Not Announced

November 6 AP

A foreign servicemember died following an insurgent attack in southern Afghanistan Saturday.

Soldier Loved The Outdoors, The Army



Army Spc. Tom Moffitt of Wichita was killed in Afghanistan on October 23, 2010. Moffitt, 21, was a 2008 graduate of Northwest High School. He is survived by his parents, John and Brenda Moffitt, and an older brother, Jake, a student at the University of Kansas. Jaime Green, The Wichita Eagle

Oct. 26, 2010 BY BECCY TANNER, The Wichita Eagle

When he was a boy, Tom Moffitt liked to pretend he was a fighting soldier, a Marine, or stationed somewhere with the Navy.

“Even from a young age, he’d talk about the Armed Services,” said his childhood friend Conor Shine. “So it didn’t surprise me when he joined the Army. It made sense, with his personality. He was seeing the world and exploring.”

Army Spc. Tom Moffitt of Wichita was killed in Afghanistan on Saturday.

He was scheduled to come home on leave next month.

His family was notified by Army officials on Sunday that he had been killed. “We are very proud of him,” said his cousin George Diepenbrock, of Lawrence. “We are thankful of his service and what he did. And, that he gave his life for all of us.”

Mr. Moffitt turned 21 last month.

Services are planned for 10 a.m. Saturday at Central Community Church, 6100 W. Maple in Wichita.

Burial will be at Arlington National Cemetery.

He was born Sept. 20, 1989, and at first was a little shy — so much so that in the beginning, friends say, he took his blanket with him almost every day to the West Heights United Methodist Preschool.

“He was sort of a quiet guy when he was young and then, once you got to be his friend, he’d open up and be really goofy,” Shine said. “He had that goofy smile.”

Mr. Moffitt grew up playing little league football, basketball and baseball at the YMCA and also participated in the baseball league at OK Elementary School.

He attended Kensler Elementary and Wilbur Middle School, and was a 2008 graduate of Northwest High School.

He loved to hunt and fish and most recently had a special fondness, friends say, for Kentucky Gentleman whiskey.

“I’ve known him since sixth grade and he was like a brother to me,” said Nick Johnson, a roommate of Mr. Moffitt when they attended a semester together at Hutchinson Community College. “He was an all-around good guy. He loved the Army. His game plan was to go into the Army, save up money and buy up a bunch of land so we could go hunting and fishing together — that’s what that boy loved.”

Johnson, Casey Gegen, Caleb Dykes and Devan Krausch were all good friends.

They’d go camping together along the Ninnescah, catch bass or catfish near Cheney, build roaring campfires, drink beer and, late at night, climb up into an old maple tree they nicknamed “Tom’s tree.”

“Every time we went out to the river, we’d climb up there and hang out and have a couple of beers for him,” Gegen said.

In the past year, when Mr. Moffitt was stationed in South Korea, and then Afghanistan, friends say he quickly turned from a gangly kid into a man.

When he came home for a weekend last summer before deployment to Afghanistan, friends say there were two songs he’d play over and over: “If I Don’t Make It Back” by Tracy Lawrence and “Modern Day Prodigal Son” by Brantley Gilbert.

When they saw him on his last leave, friends said, he was nervous but ready.

“He knew he was about to experience something he’d never seen before in life and it was something he couldn’t talk about with his parents — just his friends,” Johnson said. “He was excited but at the same time nervous. He had no regrets going into the infantry.”

Krausch said of his friend: “He left his mark on everybody. No matter who you were, he had no enemies. That kid made anybody smile.”

Mr. Moffitt was a specialist in Delta Company of the 2nd Battalion in the 506th Infantry Regiment, 4th Brigade Combat Team of the 101st Airborne Division, known as the “Screaming Eagles.” He served as a gunner on a Mine Resistant Ambush Protected vehicle and was stationed in the Paktika Province, in the southeastern part of Afghanistan.

Last week, Mr. Moffitt notified his friends that he’d be coming home and asked to have the beer on ice waiting.

Then, the phone calls came.

“Nick called me, bawling, and told me what happened. I called Casey and he was speechless. He didn’t know what to say,” Krausch said.

Word spread quickly late Sunday and Monday to more friends.

“There are some people you always expect will be there; he was one,” said Bri Tucker, a childhood neighbor.

“My goal as a kid was always to get my homework done and go play with Jake and Tom. I knew they would always be there and always available. I’d go there to hang out, play hide-and-seek, sports or whatever. They were always there.”

Mr. Moffitt is survived by his parents, John and Brenda Moffitt, and an older brother, Jake, a student at the University of Kansas.

Family Mourns Fallen Soldier

October 28, 2010 By Lindsey Ziliak, For the Kokomo Tribune

Logansport — While sitting in the sands of Iraq, Staff Sgt. Kenneth McAninch and one of his fellow soldiers wrote the words, “For I live the life of a hero; Fought war of a warrior and felt wrath of a winner; As I walk a tunnel of light, I chose to take the toughest path.” On Friday, those words will appear on cards being handed out at the soldier’s funeral.

McAninch was killed last week while serving his third tour of duty in Afghanistan.

His body was returned to Logansport Wednesday. His parents say they want people to know their son was a hero. He was more than just a hero who died serving his country, though. He was a father to five small children.

He was a husband and also a son.

“He was just a good kid,” said his mother, Cheryl Nance. “He would do anything for anyone.”

Marvin McAninch, the soldier’s father, described his son as a funny man who was always cracking jokes.

“He always tried to make light of things, even though you could tell he was a wreck,” McAninch said.

The last time Kenneth came home to visit, McAninch said he could tell his son was nervous. He explained that Kenneth was going to be working in a dangerous region in Afghanistan.

In fact, McAninch said his son told him, “Afghanistan is bad, but, Dad, don’t worry.”

Nance said her son was prepared to face the dangers because he loved the Army.

“He always wanted to be in the Army,” she said. “His father might not agree with that, but he did.”

McAninch said he wanted Kenneth to join one of the “Cadillac branches” of the military, such as the Air Force. He said his son had other plans, though.

Kenneth McAninch served in the U.S. Army for 10 years. During that time, he served two tours in Iraq and one in Afghanistan. He was also part of a peacekeeping mission in Africa where he helped to build schools.

His family said he was preparing to re-enlist again before he was killed.

He told his family that he thought he might be stationed at Fort Knox as a trainer where he hoped he could create a more permanent home.

Kenneth’s parents said calls had been pouring in from all of the men he served with. They said their son loved those guys.

Kenneth told his parents that protecting his men was his job.

“He was there to make sure his men came home,” Nance said.

In fact, his No. 1 concern while in Afghanistan wasn’t the danger he was facing. His mother said she talked to him the day before he died, and he was heartbroken because some of his men weren’t receiving any care packages or letters from home.

“He hated that they didn’t have any support,” Nance said.

Any time Kenneth would receive packages, she said, he would give part of the package to his fellow soldiers.

Both parents say they are so proud of their son. "He fought for his country big time," his mother said. "It was No. 1 for him."

His parents said the loss of their son was hard for them, though.

"Nobody wants to lose their child in any circumstance," McAninch said. "It has been tough."

They said they wanted to thank the community for its support and for honoring their son.

"Just keep in mind that there are still other soldiers over there," Marvin McAninch said.

Phila. Native Killed In Afghanistan



Staff Sgt. David Jee Weigle

Oct. 13, 2010 By Robert Moran, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

Staff Sgt. David Jee Weigle, a 29-year-old Philadelphia native, was killed Sunday by a roadside bomb in Afghanistan, the U.S. Department of Defense announced Wednesday.

His vehicle was struck by an improvised explosive Device in the Zhari District of Kandahar Province, a stronghold of the Taliban, the military said. Weigle joined the Army in March 2004 and was a cavalry scout in the 101st Airborne Division.

On his Facebook page, he listed his hometown as Philadelphia and his current address as Clarksville, Tenn., near Fort Campbell, where he was based. He was a member of a group for Phillies fans. He also indicated a connection to Robbinsville, N.J., which is near Trenton.

Weigle is survived by his wife, Miccaela P. Smith-Kanze, and son, Tristan J. Weigle of Oakland, Calif., and father, Raymond F. Weigle of North Salem, N.Y., the military said.

Australian Soldier Wounded In Northern Kandahar

November 6, 2010 AAP

An Australian soldier has been wounded in Afghanistan by an improvised explosive device (IED), the defence department says. The soldier with the Special Operations Task Group suffered a “delayed concussion” by a blast from an IED, which detonated close to him during an operation in Northern Kandahar province on November 1. He is in a stable condition and is being monitored.

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

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

**BEEN ON THE JOB TOO LONG:
HOME, NOW**



A U.S. Marine in his bunk surrounded by photographs of his wife and their daughter after a night of rain at the remote outpost of Kunjak in southern Afghanistan's Helmand province, October 29, 2010. REUTERS/Finbarr O'Reilly



Troops from Eighth Marines the day after a night of rain at the remote outpost of Kunjak in southern Afghanistan's Helmand province, October 29, 2010. REUTERS/Finbarr O'Reilly



Concussed Marines from 8th Marines take cover after rocket propelled grenades exploded near their positions during a battle against Taliban insurgents in the town of Nabuk in southern Afghanistan's Helmand province, November 1, 2010. REUTERS/Finbarr O'Reilly



Marines with 5th Marines, First Marine Division, during a patrol in Sangin, south of Kabul, Afghanistan, Nov. 3, 2011. (AP Photo/Dusan Vranic)

MILITARY NEWS

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



Burial service for Staff Sgt. David J. Weigle, at Arlington National Cemetery Nov. 3, 2010. Weigle, 29, of Philadelphia, died Oct. 10 in Afghanistan, of wounds suffered when insurgents attacked his unit with an IED. (AP Photo/Ann Heisenfelt)

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.”

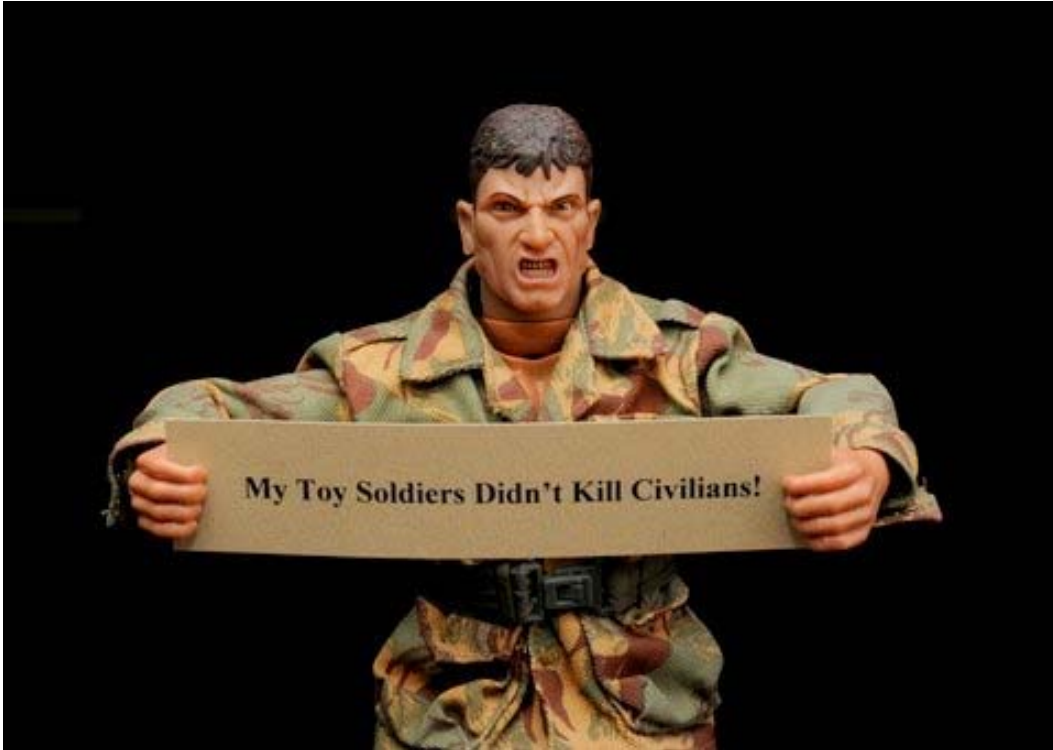
Frederick Douglass, 1852

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

**I say that when troops cannot be counted on to follow orders because they see the futility and immorality of them THAT is the real key to ending a war.
-- Al Jaccoma, Veterans For Peace**

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

What Some Veterans Take To Their Graves



From: Mike Hastie
To: Military Resistance
Sent: October 19, 2010
Subject: What Some Veterans Take To Their Graves

What Some Veterans Take To Their Graves

**What the public knows about war,
you could stick in a thimble.
Geneva Convention Rules are for fools.
The vast majority of people killed in war
are innocent civilians.
That is one reason why there are so many
suicides among active duty soldiers and veterans.
These are some of the secrets that can never
be revealed about war.
What happens in the field stays in the field.
What happens to soldiers and veterans is only
talked about in small rooms at Vet Centers
and VA hospitals.
Or,
they never get talked about at all.**

Shame and guilt become cocked triggers.
So many soldiers and vets drink and drug
because they have to shut up the voices.
The military culture lives in a tomb of silence.
A mother's love is destroyed in basic training.

How is Nick since he came home?
I don't see him that much because he
sleeps in and stays out late.
I'm sure he will be ok--things take time.
I think once he starts school he will be
able to get on with his life.
He just needs to make new friends,
and put the war behind him.

What the public knows about war,
you could stick in a thimble.

Mike Hastie
U.S. Army Medic
Vietnam 1970-71
October 19, 2010

Photo and caption from the I-R-A-Q (I Remember Another Quagmire) portfolio of Mike Hastie, US Army Medic, Vietnam 1970-71. (For more of his outstanding work, contact at: hastiemike@earthlink.net) T

“I Am This Cabdriver’s Daughter”

[Thanks to Felicity Arbuthnot, who sent this in.]

October 3, 2010 By Waheeda Samady, Los Angeles Times

Waheeda Samady is the pediatric chief resident at UC San Diego's Rady Children's Hospital and a committee member of CAIR San Diego. A version of this article appeared in the anthology "Snapshots: This Afghan American Life."

In the morning, before my father and I go our separate ways to work, we chat amiably. "Good luck on your day." "Hope business is good." And our one response to everything: "*Inshallah.*" God willing.

I get into my mini-SUV and head off to the hospital, groaning about the lack of sleep, the lack of time, but also knowing that I am driving off to what has always been my dream.

My father gets into his blue taxi, picks up his radio and tells the dispatcher he's ready. Then he waits. He waits for someone wanting to go somewhere. He waits to go home to my mother, the woman he calls "the boss."

Maybe today will be a good day. He will call her up and tell her he is taking her out tonight. He can do that now that we're all grown up; now that he doesn't have to save every dime for the "what-ifs" and the "just-in-cases."

There is very little complaining in his car. His day starts off with a silent prayer, then a pledge: *Hudaya ba omaide hudit*. God, as you wish. Then he hums or sings. Some songs are about love and some about loss. They are all about life. He sings. He smiles the whole time.

My father is the type of person who is content to listen, but I love it when he speaks. There is wisdom there, although he does not intend there to be.

"What's new?" he'll ask over a Saturday morning breakfast.

"Not much," I reply. "My life revolves around these books, Dad; there is little to say unless you want to hear about the urinary tract."

"You know when Gandhi's minister of foreign affairs died, his only true possessions were books. It is the sign of a life worth living," he replies and begins to butter his toast.

Sometimes, the years of education and learning shine through the injuries and lost dreams.

I get a glimpse of the man who once existed, and the one who never will. Who would he have been, I wonder, if the bombs hadn't come down in 1978? What if I could take away the time he spent in a coma, the years of treatment and surgery, the broken bones and disabilities.

What if there were no refugee ghettos, no poverty, no fear, no depression written in his life history. Who could he have been? The thought saddens me, but intrigues me as well. Is it possible that he is who he is because the life he has lived has been filled with such tragedy? Perhaps these stories were the making of my hero.

Sometimes he'll tell me about his college days, about an Afghanistan I have never known and very few people would believe ever existed.

"In the College of Engineering, there was this lecture hall, with seats for 1,000 students," he says as eyes begin to get bigger. "At the end of the lecture, the seats would move. The whole auditorium would shift as you spun along the diameter. The engineering of the building itself was very interesting." He continues to describe the construction details, then sighs. "I wonder if it's still around?"

There is a pause. For 25 years I have tried to fill that silence, but I have never quite figured out what to say. I guess silence goes best there. He is the next one to speak. "You see, even your old-aged father was once part of something important."

When he says things like that I want to scream.

I don't want to believe that the years can beat away at you like that. I don't want to know that if enough time passes, you begin to question what was real or who you are. I am unconcerned with what the world thinks of him, but it is devastating to know that he at times thinks less of himself.

We are the same, but we are separated. People don't see him in me. I wish they would. I walk in with a doctor's white coat or a suit or my Berkeley sweatshirt and jeans. High heels or sneakers, it doesn't matter, people always seem impressed with me. "Pediatrician, eh?" they say. "Well, good for you."

I wonder what people see when they look at him. They don't see what I see in his smile. Perhaps they see a brown man with a thick accent; perhaps they think, another immigrant cabdriver.

Or perhaps it is much worse: Maybe he is a profile-matched terrorist, aligned with some axis of evil. "Another Abd-ool fucking foreigner," I once heard someone say.

Sometimes the worst things are not what people say to your face or what they say at all, it is the things that are assumed. I am in line at the grocery store, studying at a cafe, on a plane flying somewhere.

"Her English is excellent; she must have grown up here," I hear a lady whisper. "But why on earth does she wear that thing on her head?" "Oh, that's not her fault," someone replies. "Her father probably forces her to wear that."

I am still searching for a quick, biting response to comments like that. The trouble is that things I'd like to say aren't quick. So I say nothing. I want to take their hands and pull them home with me. Come, meet my father. Don't look at the wrinkles; don't look at the scars; don't mind the hearing aid, or the thick accent. Don't look at the world's effect on him; look at his effect on the world.

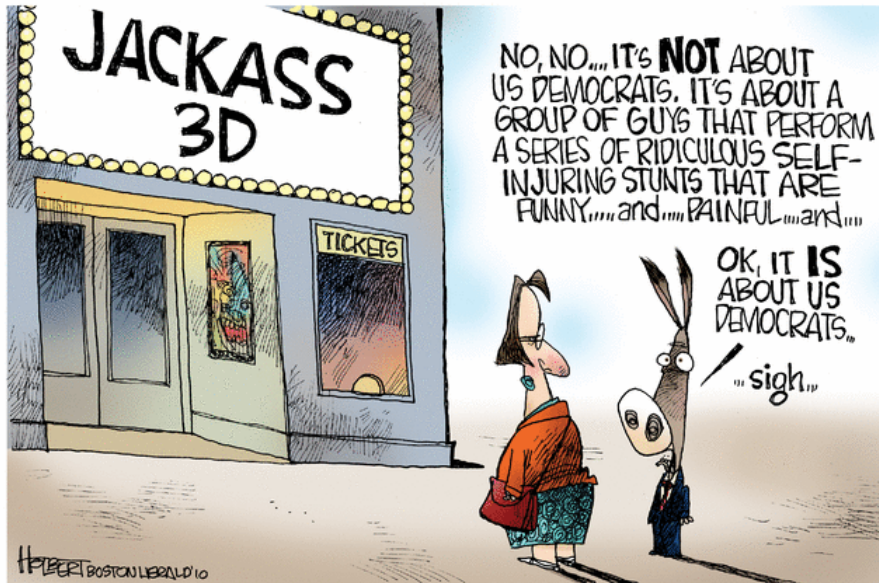
Come into my childhood and hear the lullabies, the warm hand on your shoulder on the worst of days, the silly jokes on mundane afternoons. Come meet the woman he has loved and respected his whole life; witness the confidence he has nurtured in his three daughters. Stay the night; hear his footsteps come in at midnight after a long day's work.

That sound in the middle of the night is his head bowing in prayer although he is exhausted. Granted, the wealth is gone and the legacy unknown, but look at what the bombs did not destroy. Now tell me, am I really oppressed? The question makes me want to laugh. Now tell me, is he really the oppressor? The question makes me want to cry.

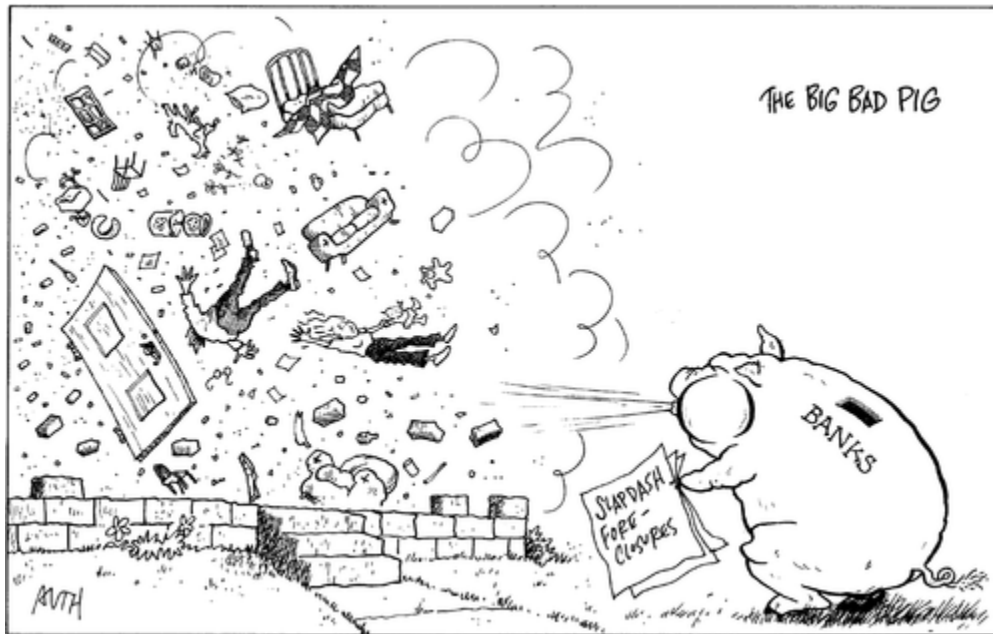
At times, I want to throw it all away: the education, the opportunities, the potential. I want to slip into the passenger seat of his cab and say: This is who I am. If he is going to be labeled, then give me those labels too. If you are going to look down on him, than you might as well peer down on me as well. Close this gap. Erase this line. There is no differentiation here. Of all the things I am, of all the things I could ever be, I will never be prouder than to say that I am of him.

I am this cabdriver's daughter.

DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



CLASS WAR REPORTS



Troops Invited:

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