

## Military Resistance 9A1

### The Once And Future Army:



[Beetle Bailey: Vietnam War Days]

# New Years Resolutions

From: Dennis Serdel  
To: Military Resistance  
Sent: December 31, 2009  
Subject: New Year's Resolutions

Written by Dennis Serdel, Military Resistance 2009

Dennis Serdel, Vietnam 1967-68 (one tour) Light Infantry, Americal Div. 11th Brigade, purple heart, Veterans For Peace 50 Michigan, Vietnam Veterans Against The War, United Auto Workers GM Retiree, in Perry, Michigan

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### New Years Resolutions

**Americans can Not have the same Health Care that the House of Representatives and Senators have Oh Yes we can.**

**Obama lied to get elected, no change, the long Iraq and Afghanistan Wars still go on the Black Hope has withered on the vine of Imperialism. Millions of Americans are still out of work but they can pass the ammo to the Soldiers or take over to rest the Soldiers for a while States are cutting back on all "entitlements" like schools**

unemployment and welfare, Change that.  
Crowded class rooms long lines crime and fires to be  
put out by a Revolution while Americans are still  
losing their homes, the hell with that, protect your  
home with a gun if need be if it comes to that  
Tired Soldiers are being sent to Afghanistan  
by Emperor Obama  
Bush and Chaney and gang are still War Criminals  
kill them  
The fat boys on Wall Street are fatter  
while inflation is eating up Main Street, no more,  
and the Starvation Army is broken  
Two Wars of eight years, nine years and ten years  
and forever last until the Soldiers tire of it  
and end the endless War.  
Let the Taliban have their country  
let the Iraqis have their country  
bring our tired Soldiers home to salvage and fight for  
what is left of America, after a rest, that would  
cure the Blues.  
Don't let every day look the same  
every month look the same  
every year look the same while someone  
is dying needlessly for another man's oil  
another man's stash  
the hell with the Blues  
a Revolution is our New Year's Resolution.

## **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

## **AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS**

# War In Afghanistan Ends Bloodiest Year: More Than 700 Troops Killed

December 31st 2010 BY Richard Sisk, DAILY NEWS STAFF WRITER

WASHINGTON - The ninth year of America's war in Afghanistan has been the bloodiest, with more than 700 allied troops killed battling the Taliban.

At least 498 U.S. troops were among the 709 in the coalition who lost their lives in 2010, compared to 521 last year (317 from the U.S.).

In June, the monthly death toll hit triple digits for the first time as 103 allied troops were killed.

The number of Afghan civilian casualties in the war also jumped in 2010.

The United Nations reported that 5,480 civilians were killed or wounded in the first 10 months of the year

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## Rocket Attack Hits Main U.S. Base At Bagram

December 30, 2010 Star Tribune

NATO and Afghan police say insurgents fired two rockets early Thursday into the main U.S. base in Afghanistan.

Master Sgt. Jason Haag, a spokesman for NATO in Kabul, says "two rounds of indirect fire" were fired at Bagram Air Field, where President Obama made a surprise visit this month. Sher Mohammad Maldani, police chief for Parwan Province where the base is located, said no casualties were reported.

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

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

## **Fuel Supplies For Foreign Troops In Afghanistan Destroyed As Customary**



A burning fuel tanker attacked in Chaman, in Pakistan's Balochistan province, along the Afghan border December 31, 2010. Militants set off explosives destroying fuel supplies for foreign forces in Afghanistan. One injury was reported. REUTERS/Saeed Ali Achakzai

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### **Reality:**

**“The Turret, Perfectly Level, Is Spinning In The Air Toward Alpha”**

**“A Soldier’s Lower Body Follows Behind Like A Wet Towel”**

**“I Stood For Hours With The Rest Of My Unit In A Field Filled With Their Scattered Remains”**

Dec. 30, 2010 COLIN PERKEL, The Canadian Press [Excerpts]

Reluctantly, silently, Sergeant Jimmy Collins lifts his sleeve.

There, tattooed on the inside of his wrist along with images of a palm tree and a maple leaf, are the initials of five fellow Canadians – victims of one wrenching instant of violence on a muddy road in Afghanistan one year ago today.

*Kandahar*

*Always remember*

*GC-GM-ZM-KT-ML*

Garrett Chidley. George Miok. Zachery McCormack. Kirk Taylor. Michelle Lang.

On Dec. 30, 2009, as Canadians at home basked in the glow of the festive season, two light armoured vehicles – Alpha and Charlie – rumbled out of camp at about 2 p.m., each carrying 10 people.

Their story – largely untold before now – still keeps Sgt. Collins awake at night.

“It’s the first thing I think about in the morning,” he says. “It’s the last thing I think about before I go to bed.”

## **“I Broke One Of My Major Rules: Never Take The Same Way Out As In”**

The Charlie contingent consists of Private Chidley, Sergeant Miok, Corporal McCormack, Sgt. Taylor, Cpl. Barrett Fraser, Warrant Officer Troy MacGillivray, Cpl. Brad Quast and Cpl. Fedor Volochitchik.

It also includes two civilians: Ms. Lang, a Calgary Herald reporter, and Bushra Saeed, a policy analyst from Ottawa.

Leading the two-vehicle convoy aboard Alpha are Master Corporal Matt Chinn, Cpl. Steve Tees, Cpl. Taylor Lewis, Cpl. Veronique Girard-Dallaire, Cpl. Regan Yee, Cpl. Adam Naslund and Cpl. Adam Elfner. Sgt. Collins and Cpl. Stuart Shier serve as Alpha’s air sentries, keeping eyes to the sides and rear of the rolling vehicle.

The patrol stops twice to talk to locals.

With the help of an interpreter, Sgt. Taylor asks questions of elders and their fellow villagers while Ms. Saeed, then 25, a newcomer to the Afghanistan assignment, writes down the answers. Ms. Lang, 34, also in-country for the first time, scribbles notes and takes photos. Crowds soon gather, making the soldiers edgy. Ms. Saeed feels uncomfortable as children rush over and begin pressing up to her.

The two women are clearly civilians, making them high-value targets in the eyes of any enemy informants who may be lurking in the crowd. It would be easy to note which vehicle they are in and relay the information to their waiting attackers.

**“A lot of people think (insurgents) just do random things,” Cpl. Shier says. “No. They think things through.”**

On the way back to the base, the patrol encounter a massive traffic jam. It would mean hours of waiting for the road to reopen, leaving the convoy exposed. Sgt. Collins and Cpl. Shier exchange knowing glances.

“We just had bad vibes,” Cpl. Shier recalls. “And you know what? Turns out we should have had bad vibes.”

Sgt. Collins, Alpha’s section commander, turns the convoy around and heads back towards the same muddy path they’d searched just hours earlier.

“It was my call to turn around and drive back down that road,” he says. “I broke one of my major rules: Never take the same way out as in.”

### **‘It’s A K-Kill’**

The platoon known as Call Sign 4-2 is comprised mostly of reservists from the Calgary Highlanders, the Loyal Edmonton Regiment and the King’s Own Calgary Regiment. Unlike regular-force “career” soldiers, they had put their civilian lives on hold to volunteer for the mission, passing a strict selection process before enduring six months of full-time work-up training.

They arrived in the Afghan theatre in the fall of 2009, and were soon “outside the wire” of Camp Nathan Smith, patrolling the surrounding streets of Kandahar city to show NATO’s presence, assess the area for threats and determine the needs and moods of the locals.

The 80 or so Canadian civilians at the base rarely ventured out, a consequence of the 2006 suicide bombing that killed diplomat Glyn Berry. But that was changing, recalls Ben Rowswell, who became Canada’s most senior civilian representative in Kandahar province in September 2009.

“We were often criticized for never leaving the wire,” Mr. Rowswell says. “It was the government’s intention to deploy civilians to do what only civilians can do.”

Ms. Saeed was assigned to shadow Sgt. Taylor, a specialist in civilian-military co-operation whose job was to visit with local villagers to find out what was on their minds. Research was also the goal for Ms. Lang, who had been in-country just two weeks and was hoping for a firsthand look at a dismounted military operation.

En route, Call Sign 4-2 stopped to scour a section of the muddy dirt path ahead of them for any signs of makeshift bombs.

If the area looked familiar, it should have – the soldiers had been there just days earlier, responding to a small IED not far down the road. On neither occasion did they discover anything to give them pause.

Experts who later examined the scene said the soldiers likely never would have found the tremendous peril buried beneath their feet – several hundred pounds of homemade explosive, linked to a remote initiator by a command wire the length of a football field. It might have been there for several weeks.

That assessment would come as cold comfort to the survivors.

“We should have found it,” Cpl. Shier says. “Maybe, if we’d tried a little bit harder, done something a little bit different, things might have been different.”

**The first time the patrol passes through, MCpl. Chinn sees a group of children in the distance, some of them making odd gestures.**

**At first, he thinks nothing of it. Later, however, a realization will dawn: They appeared to be covering their ears.**

After the stops to talk to locals, the LAVs lurch down the road at about 30 kilometres an hour, and Sgt. Collins surveys the landscape and soon recognizes the terrain. He knows the stories about convoys hitting IEDs on roads cleared just hours earlier. So he gets on the radio to Sgt. Miok, whose head he can see poking out from Charlie’s hatch as it follows some 20 metres behind, and recommends stopping to perform another search.

Sgt. Miok, feigning exasperation, responds with an expletive. Sgt. Collins looks at his close friend and good-naturedly gives him the finger. Sgt. Miok returns the gesture.

In the next instant, the affable 28-year-old schoolteacher from Edmonton is dead.

The 20-tonne armour-plated assault vehicle lifts into the air like a toy. It appears to buckle in the middle as it begins to come apart. The turret, perfectly level, is spinning in the air toward Alpha.

A soldier’s lower body follows behind like a wet towel.

“I saw the dirt come out. I saw the tires blow off,” Sgt. Collins recalls. “I saw the grey explosion. I saw chunks of men come out.”

Dirt, shrapnel and debris shower down on the surviving vehicle. It sounds like heavy rain. Alpha’s electronic optical system swivels to the rear. The monitor shows only blinding haze.

“Shit! Shit! Shit! We got hit!” Sgt. Collins shouts into his radio.

MCpl. Chinn, Alpha’s 36-year-old crew commander, hopes the blast has only crippled Charlie’s mobility. “Is it an M-kill?” he asks. [Mobility kill]

Sgt. Collins knows it’s far worse. “It’s a K-kill,” he radios back. [Catastrophic Kill]

**“Then, All Of A Sudden, I Was On A Pile Of Bodies”**

Acutely aware of the risk of a second bomb or ambush, Sgt. Collins is momentarily paralyzed with fear.

He has just seen his friend and comrade blown apart. Right now, he is certain of only one thing: He does not want to die like that.

Eyes wide and hearts thumping, Sgt. Collins and Cpl. Shier head slowly toward the crippled vehicle, eyes wide and hearts thumping. Sgt. Collins peers inside, and lets out a profanity.

It looks like something out of a Friday the 13th movie.

Enclosed in the steel cocoon of the light armoured vehicle, Ms. Saeed had been sitting across from and chatting amicably with Ms. Lang, the Calgary reporter. The day's outing would likely yield three stories, Ms. Lang had been saying.

She did not finish her sentence.

The sound an IED makes when it explodes is nothing like the rich, orchestral expressions of Hollywood's special-effects industry. Ms. Saeed later describes it as "a deafening loud sound, like a very big crack. ... Just the loudest sound I had ever heard. Nothing that loud can be good."

Then, suddenly, the sound is gone, replaced by an eerie quiet. Ms. Saeed finds herself lying flat on her back.

It is dark. She is pinned. Her heart is pounding violently. She is having trouble breathing. She fears she is being buried alive. She wiggles her fingers. She moves her arms. She feels her face, brushing away choking debris. Determined not to panic, she takes a deep breath. It dawns on her she is not dead.

Ms. Saeed twists herself on to her side. She can see silhouettes in the interior gloom. They are not moving. Convinced she is the only one alive, she begins trying to drag herself toward the back of the vehicle, its heavy steel ramp blown open by the blast.

Her rummaging hands find body parts – one of them a severed leg with a seemingly familiar boot.

"I vividly remember moving a leg and thinking that it was mine," she says. "After that, I knew something horrible had happened."

She is more terrified at the thought of being taken hostage, tortured, raped and slowly killed at the hands of insurgents. She spots Sgt. Collins peering inside the vehicle and begins to scream.

"Help me, help me," she cries. "Get me out of here."

One minute, Cpl. Quast had been sitting shoulder to shoulder with Ms. Saeed, his mind drifting idly. He looked across at Cpl. Fraser, who was beside Ms. Lang with his head resting on the butt of his rifle. The next thing he remembers is a loud thump – a heavy, percussive bass sound.



“I didn’t know up from down, left from right,” he recalls. “Then, all of a sudden, I was on a pile of bodies on the ceiling in the back of the LAV, looking out the back of the upside-down vehicle.”

A woman’s screams pierce the silence.

“Help me!”

“The medic is in the other vehicle,” Cpl. Quast answers. “They are coming to help us as soon as they can.”

As he crawls free, Cpl. Quast surveys the scene. Lying a few feet away is Cpl. Volochtchik, who was blown clear. He has three broken vertebrae, he has a broken and dislocated shoulder, and a piece of his buttocks has been torn off. His jaw is cracked; his teeth are broken.

“Fedor, Fedor,” Cpl. Quast calls. He gets no answer.

Pain – “the most intense pain that I have ever felt in my life,” Cpl. Quast later calls it – forces him to take off his boot to make room for the rapid swelling. “I could see the bones pushing out of the skin.”

A couple of metres away, Cpl. Fraser has learned the hard way the dangers of using a rifle as a headrest: As the blast propelled him out the rear hatch, it rammed the butt of the weapon into his face, shattering his nose. “I just remember a loud snap or crack,” he recalls, “and a feeling of getting sucked up to the ceiling.”

Cpl. Yee should have been in Charlie, his regular vehicle. But the 27-year-old reservist was moved to Alpha to make space for Ms. Saeed and Ms. Lang. It was from Alpha that Cpl. Yee had watched the two women shadow Sgt. Taylor, noting the crowds forming around them.

Now, he finds himself edging down Alpha’s ramp with the medic to go see if anyone in Charlie is still alive.

Cpl. Yee spots three men on a low roof a few hundred metres away. He radios Sgt. Collins, who is pondering whether to open fire on the trio when he sees a bewildered Cpl. Volochtchik, half-sitting in a depression on the road and waving his pistol wildly.

Sgt. Collins barks an order at Cpl. Shier to relieve Cpl. Volochtchik of his sidearm. He looks back at the roof. The men have disappeared.

Cpl. Yee is hoping against hope that Charlie has withstood the blast, which has left a massive crater in the road. But as he approaches the wreckage, his heart sinks.

The vehicle is on its roof, its nose buried in the soft earth. The wheels have been blown off and there’s a gaping hole in the undercarriage. Diesel fuel is spilling into the debris-strewn mud.

Sgt. Taylor is clearly in bad shape. There's little visible blood, but he is ghostly pale and barely conscious. The deformities in his lower legs are obvious. He is able to move one arm. He clutches at one of Cpl. Yee's legs. Cpl. Yee looks down and catches a glimpse of Sgt. Taylor's cloudy eyes.

"I don't want to lose my legs," Sgt. Taylor murmurs.

"Medevac's on the way," Cpl. Yee offers. "You're going to be fine."

The sound of Sgt. Taylor's voice surprises Cpl. Elfner, who is nearby. "I thought he was dead."

Not until Sgt. Taylor is back at Kandahar Air Field will the trauma surgeons declare him so.

Meanwhile, Ms. Saeed tries in vain to claw her way out of the vehicle.

Cpl. Girard-Dallaire, the medic, drags her from the wreckage in one swift yank. Cpl. Naslund carries the petite policy analyst to a nearby casualty collection point as Cpl. Shier helps to steady her lifeless legs. Ms. Saeed remains convinced one of her limbs is still lying in the wreckage.

"Go back and grab my leg. Grab my leg," she screams.

"You're fine, you're fine, your legs are on," comes the response.

"No, no, don't lie to me. I know it's off, but it's okay. Just get my leg. I know it's off. Just get my leg."

Finally, to placate her, someone says: "Okay, we have it."

Ms. Saeed's pants are bloody, her jelly-like lower limbs swollen and dark. Sgt. Collins does not think she will make it.

At the casualty collection point, Ms. Saeed lies back. To avoid looking at her lower body, she gazes at the sky. She thinks about her family, fears how they will take the news. She has broken her promise to not get hurt.

Cpl. Shier, who has training in combat casualty care, comes over. He is convinced her legs are done for. "I was feeling her legs to try to find bone to put the tourniquets around but didn't find any," he later says. "That's why I just rammed them up into her crotch as far as the tourniquets would go."

The blinding pain of the life-saving treatment comes as a shock to Ms. Saeed. Then, suddenly, all she wants is a hug. She takes hold of Cpl. Shier's arm, lifts herself slightly, and for a few seconds presses herself close to him. He pats her reassuringly before returning to the carnage.

## **“I Stood For Hours With The Rest Of My Unit In A Field Filled With Their Scattered Remains”**

Sgt. Collins, smoke grenade in hand, is scanning the sky for reinforcements. After what seems like an eternity, the first U.S. Black Hawk helicopter throbs into view. He pulls hard on the detonating string to trigger a plume of colourful, high-visibility smoke.

Instead, the string snaps. “Can this day get any fucking worse?” he says to himself.

Ms. Saeed can see bodies around her, but recognizes no faces. She thinks again of her family. The din of an arriving helicopter brings with it one thought: “I get to go home now.”

The members of 4-2 Bravo help to secure the area and carry the victims to the choppers, which sink to their bellies in the mud of a freshly tilled field. Night is approaching. The temperature is falling.

It is ghastly work. “I stood for hours with the rest of my unit in a field filled with their scattered remains,” says Cpl. Brian Cadiz, with 4-2 Bravo. “Their blood stained my gloves and soaked through the mud into my boots.”

Ms. Lang is found semi-suspended in the back of the shattered LAV. She died instantly, the bomb detonating almost directly beneath her. After nine years of combat, she is the sole Canadian journalist killed in Afghanistan, and the second Canadian civilian after Mr. Berry to die as part of the Afghan mission.

The explosion did more than cause death and destruction. It also marked a massive intelligence failure that cast a long shadow across Canada’s difficult nine-year struggle to win the hearts and minds of the Afghan people.

The bomb was probably an open secret among the locals, and yet none of them said a thing.

**In late 2008, the Department of National Defence chose to stop publicizing battlefield injuries.**

**As a result of this – one of multiple restrictions that bind reporters who embed with the Canadian Forces there – precious little is known about many of the wounded.**

## **“For All The Sweat, Blood And Tears, He Says, Canadian Soldiers Appear To Be Achieving Little Of Lasting Value”**

In the tragic blast last year, Brad Quast got off relatively lightly. His shin was fractured. His ankle was dislocated and broken, and one foot was so badly damaged, the surgeon described what she saw as “bone salad.”

Today, he hobbles around with a cane. In his dress uniform, he looks the stereotypical war veteran, except for the almost absurd incongruence of his youth. "I get a lot of weird looks," he says. "Especially when using a handicapped parking space."

Sometimes there are nightmares. "I'm angry this happened to us," he says. "There's nothing to prepare you for actually getting blown up. You hear about stuff like this happening, but you never expect it to happen to you."

Fedor Volochtchik is back on his feet, mostly. His bolted-together shoulder still bothers him. He thinks about what happened almost every day. "It's like a splinter in your mind," he says. "It's always there."

Troy MacGillivray struggles with an artificial heel. He worries what will happen once the Army deems him well enough to end the contract that keeps him going now.

The blast left virtually no part of Ms. Saeed's body unscathed. Her right leg has been amputated at the knee, while her shredded lower left leg needed extensive rebuilding.

She manages a few hours daily at home with her family and fiancé, but life is still a regimen of physiotherapy and learning basic skills, such as walking with one leg. Two months ago, surgeons finally sewed her core muscles back together.

There's more surgery to come. When she can focus on her future, she frets. Will she ever snowboard again or go for a hike in the hills? How will she raise children?

"I don't want to lie and pretend like I'm very optimistic or happy about this situation," she says.

Despite their ordeal, most of the surviving soldiers say they would jump at a chance to go back – either to finish their aborted tours, or to be back with comrades doing work they feel is valuable, even if it is so far from home.

"It seems more like a sense of duty now to the fallen," Cpl. Volochtchik says. "I just have to go back there at one point. Even if it is 60 years down the road, I want to go there and see."

Not Matt Chinn.

**For all the effort and good intentions, for all the sweat, blood and tears, he says, Canadian soldiers appear to be achieving little of lasting value.**

**Ask him if he'd go back and he's unequivocal.**

**"What, are you drunk?" he says, incredulous. "As of Dec. 31, I wanted nothing more than to go home."**

For Ms. Saeed, one question lingers: Would the bomb have gone off had it not been for her and Ms. Lang? "I always think about the fact that if I wasn't there, maybe they wouldn't have triggered it," she says. "I don't like thinking about that too much."

Other questions remain, too: Who decided on that sunny winter afternoon to proceed with the attack? Was the traffic jam staged to force the patrol to turn back? Whose finger was on the trigger?

For Cpl. Shier, looking for answers is a mug's game.

“You can second-guess everything that you do over there,” he says. “(But) the place is so messed up, you just have to accept it.”

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**Corrupt Piece Of Shit Afghan  
Energy Minister Stays Where He  
Can Loot U.S. Funds Because  
Corrupt Piece Of Shit Karzai Is In  
Love With Him:  
He “Controls \$2 Billion In U.S. And  
Allied Projects”  
“This Former Warlord Is Known For His  
Corruption And Ineffectiveness At The  
Energy Ministry”**



Ismail Khan: BBC

[Thanks to Michael Letwin, New York City Labor Against The War & Military Resistance Organization, who sent this in.]

December 31, 2010 By BRETT J. BLACKLEDGE and RICHARD LARDNER, The Associated Press

WASHINGTON -- U.S. officials pressured Afghan President Hamid Karzai to remove a former warlord from atop the energy and water ministry a year ago because they considered him corrupt and ineffective, and threatened to end aid unless he went.

But U.S. aid to Afghanistan has continued despite the dispute over the former warlord, , in December 2009.

Karzai rebuffed the request, according to secret diplomatic records, and the minister - privately termed "the worst" by U.S. officials - kept his perch at an agency that controls \$2 billion in U.S. and allied projects.

U.S. Ambassador Karl Eikenberry pressured Karzai to remove Khan, a once powerful mujahedeen commander, from the top of the energy and water ministry, according to two State Department reports written at the time by U.S. Embassy officials in Kabul.

**They were disclosed last month by WikiLeaks.**

A Dec. 19, 2009, memorandum distributed internally under Eikenberry's name described Khan as "the worst of Karzai's choices" for Cabinet members. "This former warlord is known for his corruption and ineffectiveness at the energy ministry," the memo said.

**"Our repeated interventions directly with Karzai ... did not overcome Karzai's deeply personal bonds with Khan," one of the reports said.**

**Asked earlier in 2010 about the corruption allegations, Khan, during a brief interview with The Associated Press, did not respond directly to a question asking whether he was profiting personally from the ministry.**

The U.S. continued pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into new energy and water projects that the ministry used to help generate tens of millions in customer fees.

Many of those fees are lost each year partly due to corruption, according to U.S.-funded reviews of the ministry's operations.

Consultants hired to identify problems in the ministry estimated that corruption contributed to the loss of \$100 million or more each year from the country's electricity system that should go back to the Afghan government, according to reports produced for the U.S. Agency for International Development.

Khan had a troubled history before heading the ministry. As governor of Herat province in 2003, he refused to turn over millions in monthly customs fees to the central government.

The ministry deals in tens of millions of dollars in cash annually. Each year, however, it reports collecting far less in revenue than the retail value of the electricity it produces for customers.

The depth of the corruption was uncovered when efforts began to wrest the country's utility from the ministry's control.

Investigators discovered more than 100 bank accounts without any documentation identifying the money coming in or why it was going out.

The accounts were used to handle everything from customer utility payments to the limited financial support the ministry received from some countries and aid organizations, an international official familiar with the effort told the AP. The official spoke on condition of anonymity because the official was not authorized to talk publicly about the matter.

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**FUTILE EXERCISE:  
ONLY 15 MILLION MORE TO GO:  
ALL HOME NOW!**



A U.S. soldier of Bravo Company 2-327 patrols in the Chowkay district of Kunar province in eastern Afghanistan near the Pakistan border, Dec. 26, 2010. (AP Photo/Rafiq Maqbool)

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**MILITARY NEWS**

**Military Kids Paying A Terrible  
Price For Obama's Stupid,  
Hopeless, Useless, Pointless**

**Imperial Political War That Has  
Neither Honorable Justification  
Nor Prospect Of Success:  
“Every Single Day I Think About All  
Those Families And All Those Kids  
That Are Not Going To Have A Dad  
Come Home From Afghanistan”  
“Why Can’t We Just, Like, End The  
War?”**



Sergeant Eisch and the boys at the boys' grandparents' home on his last night before returning. Marcus Yam/The New York Times

[Thanks to Michael Letwin, New York City Labor Against The War & Military Resistance Organization, who sent this in.]

**Siblings and grandparents have become surrogate parents. Spouses have struggled with loneliness and stress. Children have felt confused and abandoned during the long separations. All have felt anxieties about the distant dangers of war.**



December 30, 2010 By JAMES DAO and CATRIN EINHORN, New York Times  
[Excerpts]

WAUTOMA, Wis. — Life changed for Shawn Eisch with a phone call last January. His youngest brother, Brian, a soldier and single father, had just received orders to deploy from Fort Drum, N.Y., to Afghanistan and was mulling who might take his two boys for a year. Shawn volunteered.

So began a season of adjustments as the boys came to live in their uncle's home here. Joey, the 8-year-old, got into fistfights at his new school. His 12-year-old brother, Isaac, rebelled against their uncle's rules. And Shawn's three children quietly resented sharing a bedroom, the family computer and, most of all, their parents' attention with their younger cousins.

The once comfortable Eisch farmhouse suddenly felt crowded.

"It was a lot more traumatic than I ever pictured it, for them," Shawn, 44, said. "And it was for me, too."

The work of war is very much a family affair. Nearly 6 in 10 of the troops deployed today are married, and nearly half have children. Those families — more than a million of them since 2001 — have borne the brunt of the psychological and emotional strain of deployments.

Siblings and grandparents have become surrogate parents. Spouses have struggled with loneliness and stress. Children have felt confused and abandoned during the long separations. All have felt anxieties about the distant dangers of war.

Christina Narewski, 26, thought her husband's second deployment might be easier for her than his first. But she awoke one night this summer feeling so anxious about his absence that she thought she was having a heart attack and called an ambulance.

And she still jumps when the doorbell rings, worried it will be officers bearing unwanted news.

"You're afraid to answer your door," she said.

Social scientists are just beginning to document the rippling effects of multiple combat deployments on families — effects that those families themselves have intimately understood for years. A study published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* in January found that wives of deployed soldiers sought mental health services more often than other Army wives.

They were also more likely to report mental health problems, including depression, anxiety and sleep disorder, the longer the deployments lasted.

And a paper published in the journal *Pediatrics* in late 2009 found that children in military families were more likely to report anxiety than children in civilian families.

**The longer a parent had been deployed in the previous three years, the researchers found, the more likely the children were to have had difficulties in school and at home.**

But those studies do not describe the myriad ways, often imperceptible to outsiders, in which families cope with deployments every day.

For Ms. Narewski, a mother of three, it has meant taking a grocery store job to distract her from thinking about her husband, a staff sergeant with the First Battalion, 87th Infantry, now in northern Afghanistan.

For Tim Sullivan, it has meant learning how to potty train, braid hair and fix dinner for his two young children while his wife, a sergeant in a support battalion to the 1-87, is deployed.

For young Joey Eisch, it meant crying himself to sleep for days after his father, a platoon sergeant with the battalion, left last spring. His older brother, Isaac, calm on the outside, was nervous on the inside.

Isaac and Joey Eisch have also had to adjust to their father's nomadic life. "I don't try to get too attached to my friends because I move around a lot," said Isaac, who has lived in five states and Germany with his father. (Joey has lived in three states.) "When I leave, it's like, hard."

When Sergeant Eisch got divorced in 2004, he took Isaac to an Army post in Germany while Joey stayed with his mother in Wisconsin. Soon after returning to the States in 2007, the sergeant became worried that his ex-wife was neglecting Joey. He petitioned family court for full custody of both boys and won.

In 2009, he transferred to Fort Drum and took the boys with him. Within months, he received orders for Afghanistan.

After nearly 17 years in the Army with no combat deployments, Sergeant Eisch, 36, was determined to go to war. The boys, he felt, were old enough to handle his leaving. Little did he know how hard it would be.

When Shawn put the boys in his truck at Fort Drum to take them to Wautoma, a two-stoplight town in central Wisconsin, Isaac clawed at the rear window "like a caged animal," Sergeant Eisch said. He still tears up at the recollection.

"I question myself every day if I'm doing the right thing for my kids," he said. "I'm trying to do my duty to my country and deploy, and do what Uncle Sam asks me to do. But what's everybody asking my boys to do?"

Within a few weeks of arriving at his uncle's home, Joey beat up a boy so badly that the school summoned the police. It was not the last time Shawn and his wife, Lisa, would be summoned to the principal's office.

The boys were in pain, Shawn realized. "There was a lot more emotion," he said, "than Lisa and I ever expected."

Shawn, a state water conservation officer, decided he needed to set strict rules for homework and behavior. Violations led to chores, typically stacking wood. But there were carrots, too: for Joey, promises of going to Build-a-Bear if he obeyed his teachers; for Isaac, going hunting with his uncle was the prize. Gradually, the calls from the principal declined, though they have not ended.

In September, Sergeant Eisch returned for midtour leave and the homecoming was as joyful as his departure had been wrenching. Father and sons spent the first nights in hotels, visited an amusement park, went fishing and traveled to New York City, where they saw Times Square and the Intrepid Sea, Air and Space Museum.

But the two weeks were over in what seemed like hours. In his final days, Sergeant Eisch had prepped the boys for his departure, but that did not make it any easier.

“Why can’t we just, like, end the war?” Isaac asked at one point.

As they waited at the airport, father and sons clung to each other. “I’m going to have to drink like a gallon of water to replenish these tears,” the sergeant said. “Be safe,” Isaac implored him over and over.

Sergeant Eisch said he would, and then was gone.

Despite his worries, Isaac tried to reassure himself. “He’s halfway through, and he’s going to make it,” he said. “With all that training he’s probably not going to get shot. He knows if there’s a red dot on his chest, run. Not toward the enemy. Run, and shoot.”

But his father did not run.

Just weeks after returning to Afghanistan, Sergeant Eisch, the senior noncommissioned officer for a reconnaissance and sniper platoon, was involved with Afghan police officers in a major offensive into a Taliban stronghold south of Kunduz city.

While directing fire from his armored truck, Sergeant Eisch saw a rocket-propelled grenade explode among a group of police officers standing in a field. The Afghans scattered, leaving behind a man writhing in pain. Sergeant Eisch ordered his medic to move their truck alongside the officer to shield him from gunfire. Then Sergeant Eisch got out.

“I just reacted,” he recalled. “I seen a guy hurt and nobody was helping him, so I went out there.”

The police officer was bleeding from several gaping wounds and seemed to have lost an eye. Sergeant Eisch started applying tourniquets when he heard the snap of bullets and felt “a chainsaw ripping through my legs.” He had been hit by machine gun fire, twice in the left leg, once in the right.

He crawled back into his truck and helped tighten tourniquets on his own legs. He was evacuated by helicopter and taken to a military hospital where, in a morphine daze, he called Shawn.

“Are you sitting down?” Brian asked woozily. “I’ve been shot.”

Shawn hung up and went into a quiet panic. He could not tell how badly Brian had been wounded. Would he lose his leg? He called the school and asked them to shield the boys from the news until he could get there.

Outside school, Shawn told Isaac, Joey and his 12-year-old daughter, Anna, about Brian's injury. Only Isaac stayed relatively calm.

But later, Shawn found Isaac in his bedroom weeping quietly while looking at a photograph showing his father outside his tent, holding a rifle. Shawn helped him turn the photograph into a PowerPoint presentation titled, "I Love You Dad!"

For Shawn, a gentle and reserved man, his brother's injury brought six months of family turmoil to a new level. Sensing his distress, Lisa urged him to go hunting, a favorite pastime. So he grabbed his bow and went to a wooded ridge on his 40 acres of property.

To his amazement, an eight-point buck wandered by. Shawn hit the deer, the largest he had ever killed with a bow. It seemed a good omen.

A few days later, Shawn flew with the boys, his father and Brian's twin sister, Brenda, to Washington to visit Sergeant Eisch at Walter Reed Army Medical Center. At the entrance, they saw men in wheelchairs with no arms and no legs. Others were burned or missing eyes. Shawn feared what the boys would see inside Brian's room.

But Brian, giddy from painkillers, was his cheerful self. His right leg seemed almost normal. His left leg, swollen and stapled together, looked terrible. But it was a real leg, and it was still attached. The boys felt relieved.

Within days, Brian was wheeling himself around the hospital and cracking jokes with nurses, a green-and-yellow Green Bay Packers cap on his head. While Joey lost himself in coloring books and television, Isaac attended to his father's every need.

"I feel a little more grown up," Isaac said. "I feel a lot more attached to him than I was when he left."

One doctor told Brian that he would never be able to carry a rucksack or run again because of nerve damage in his left leg. Someone even asked him if he wanted the leg amputated, since he would certainly be able to run with a prosthetic. Brian refused, and vowed to prove the doctor wrong. By December, he was walking with a cane and driving.

For Shawn, too, the future had become murkier. It might be many weeks before Brian could reclaim his sons. But he also knew how glad the boys were to have their father back in one piece.

"Brian came home," Shawn said one evening after visiting his brother in the hospital. "He didn't come home like we hoped he would come home, but he came home."

"Every single day I think about all those families and all those kids that are not going to have a dad come home from Afghanistan," he said.

“That hurts more than watching my brother try to take a step because I know my brother will take a step and I know he’s going to walk down the dock and get in his bass boat someday.”

It was late, and he had to get the boys up the next morning to visit their father at the hospital again. The holidays were fast approaching and the snow would soon be arriving in Wisconsin. Shawn wondered whether he could get Isaac out hunting before the season ended.

Yeah, he thought. He probably could.

## **Traveling Soldier:**

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**THIS ISSUE FEATURING:**

**“A WAR WITH NO CLEAR OBJECTIVE”**

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/12.10.war.php>

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**“I never wanted my son to be a little old obituary in the paper”**

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## **TRAVELING SOLDIER:**

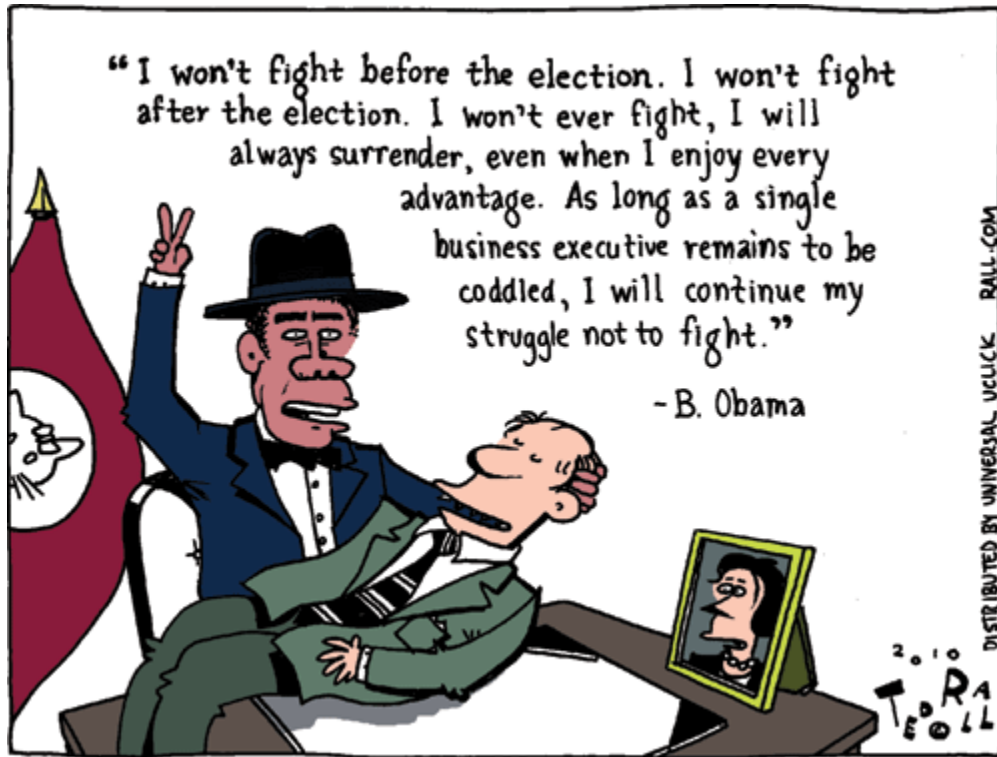
Telling the truth - about the occupations or the criminals running the government in Washington - is the first reason for Traveling Soldier. But we want to do more than tell the truth; we want to report on the resistance to Imperial wars inside the armed forces.

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

## DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



## FBI Hunting For WikiLeaks Partisans: Texas Computer Server Seized In Raid

December 29, 2010 Thesmokinggun.com [Excerpts]

**DECEMBER 29--**As part of an international criminal probe into computer attacks launched this month against perceived corporate enemies of WikiLeaks, the FBI has raided a Texas business and seized a computer server that investigators believe was used to launch a massive electronic attack on PayPal, The Smoking Gun has learned.

The FBI investigation began earlier this month after PayPal officials contacted agents and “reported that an Internet activist group using the names ‘4chan’ and “Anonymous” appeared to be organizing a distributed denial of service (“DDoS”) attack against the company,” according to an FBI affidavit excerpted here.

The PayPal assault was part of “Operation Payback,” an organized effort to attack firms that suspended or froze WikiLeaks’s accounts in the wake of the group’s publication of thousands of sensitive Department of State cables.

As noted by the FBI, other targets of this “Anonymous” effort included Visa, Mastercard, Sarah Palin’s web site, and the Swedish prosecutor pursuing sex assault charges against Julian Assange, the WikiLeaks founder.

On December 9, PayPal investigators provided FBI agents with eight IP addresses that were hosting an “Anonymous” Internet Relay Chat (IRC) site that was being used to organize denial of service attacks. The unidentified administrators of this IRC “then acted as the command and control” of a botnet army of computers that was used to attack target web sites.

Federal investigators noted that “multiple, severe DDos attacks” had been launched against PayPal, and that the company’s blog had been knocked offline for several hours. These coordinated attacks, investigators allege, amount to felony violations of a federal law covering the “unauthorized and knowing transmission of code or commands resulting in intentional damage to a protected computer system.”

The nascent FBI probe, launched from the bureau’s San Francisco field office, has targeted at least two of those IP addresses, according to the affidavit sworn by Agent Allyn Lynd. One IP address was initially traced to Host Europe, a Germany-based Internet service provider.

A search warrant executed by the German Federal Criminal Police revealed that the “server at issue” belonged to a man from Herrlisheim, France. However, an analysis of the server showed that “root-level access” to the machine “appeared to come from an administrator logging in from” another IP address.

“Log files showed that the commands to execute the DDoS on PayPal actually came from” this IP, Agent Lynd reported. Two log entries cited in the affidavit include an identical message: “Good\_night,\_paypal\_Sweet\_dreams\_from\_AnonOPs.”

Investigators traced the IP address to Tailor Made Services, a Dallas firm providing “dedicated server hosting.”

During a December 16 raid, agents copied two hard drives inside the targeted server. Court records do not detail what was found on those drives, nor whether the information led to a suspect or, perhaps, a continuing electronic trail. In a brief phone conversation, Lynd declined to answer questions about the ongoing denial of service probe.

Search warrant records indicate that agents were authorized to seize records and material relating to the DDoS attacks “or other illegal activities pertaining to the organization “Anonymous” or “4chan.”

A second IP address used by “Anonymous” was traced to an Internet service provider in British Columbia, Canada. Investigators with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police determined that the Canadian firm’s “virtual” server was actually housed at Hurricane Electric, a California firm offering “colocation, web hosting, dedicated servers, and Internet connections,” according to its web site.

FBI Agent Christopher Calderon, an expert on malicious botnets who works from the bureau’s San Jose office, is leading the probe of the second IP (and presumably has seized a server from Hurricane Electric). Hurricane’s president, Mike Leber, did not

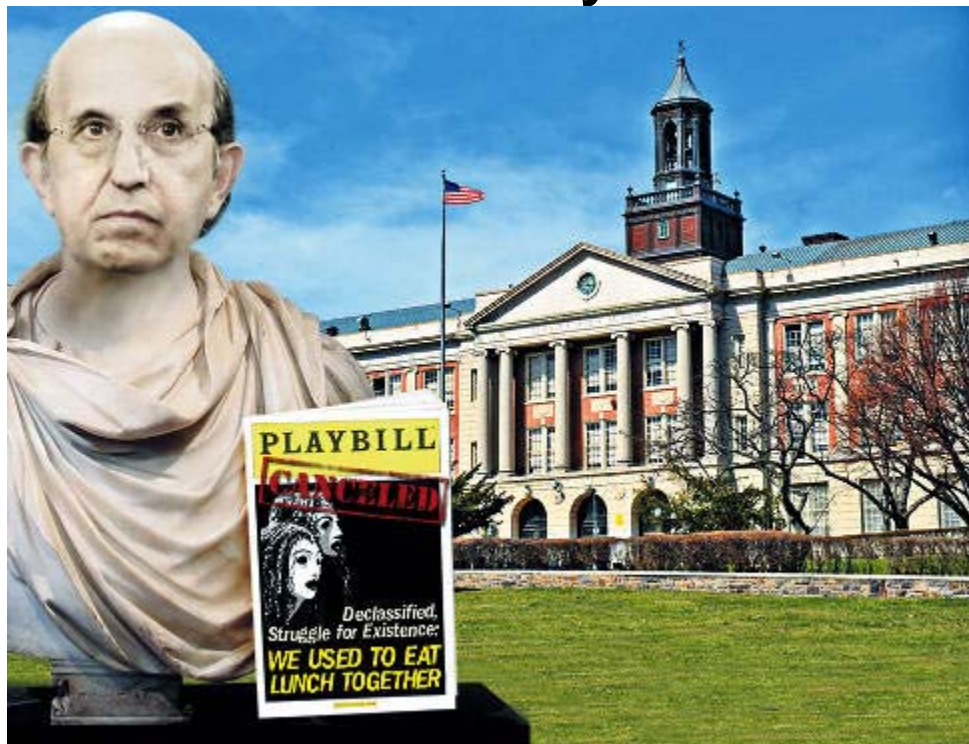
respond to a message left for him at the firm's office in Fremont, which is about 20 miles from PayPal's San Jose headquarters. (5 pages)

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# **Queens School Cancels Student Production Of Greek Classic Because It Criticizes Outgoing New York Schools Chancellor Joel Klein:**

**Said Jamaica Senior Afsan Quayyum, 18, "I Had A Lot Of Hope About This Play"**

**"I Wanted Everyone To Know What We Face In The School Every Day. It Was Our Story"**





[Thanks to Alan Stolzer, Military Resistance Organization, who sent this in.]

**“It is difficult to think of a more educationally and civically unsound action that a principal could take than to order students to refrain from speaking out on a matter of public concern regarding the quality of education they are receiving.”**

December 31st 2010 BY Meredith Kolodner, DAILY NEWS STAFF WRITER

Queens school officials banned a student play this month out of fear that it was too critical of outgoing Schools Chancellor Joel Klein and Mayor Bloomberg.

Principals at Jamaica HS and Queens Collegiate, housed in the same building, banned joint production based on 'Antigone' after deeming it too harsh on exiting schools boss Joel Klein

The Jamaica High School and Queens Collegiate students wrote the play after reading the Greek tragedy “Antigone” in a course called “The Actors Studio,” taught at Queensborough Community College.

**The play paints a picture of unequal treatment at the two schools, which share one building. Collegiate is a new and growing school, while the Education Department is trying to close Jamaica for poor performance.**

Instructor Brian Pickett received an email the day before the performance that principals at both schools had decided to ban it.

“They both had issues with the script and are concerned about implications and negative references to the (Education Department) as well as the chancellor and mayor,” the email stated.

The students wrote their play after reading “Antigone,” in which King Creon decrees that one of Antigone's brothers will receive a proper burial, while the other is “left out for the birds to feed on.”

They also read “The Island,” a play about two political prisoners who stage “Antigone” to protest apartheid in South Africa.

The students dubbed their production “Declassified, Struggle for Existence: We Used to Eat Lunch Together.” Klein takes the place of King Creon, and Antigone and her sister are students at the two schools.

“We were shocked,” said Bibi McKenzie, 15, a junior at Jamaica, who was in the class. “They didn't give us a chance. They said it would cause problems, but students from both schools wrote the script.”

Pickett said that after the class read “Antigone,” he urged students to relate it to current issues. The planned school closing came up repeatedly, as did the difference in resources given to each school.

Students also discussed Collegiate's reputation as the "privileged" school and Jamaica as the "failing" school, and how that affected the way students viewed one another.

"There were no big arguments in class," said Pickett. "We created an alternative to that competitive or contentious environment that existed in the relationship between the two schools."

Neither principal could be reached during the holiday week, and the Education Department declined to comment.

In a letter to Klein and Bloomberg last week, Student Press Law Center director Frank LoMonte wrote, "It is difficult to think of a more educationally and civically unsound action that a principal could take than to order students to refrain from speaking out on a matter of public concern regarding the quality of education they are receiving."

"I felt it was discriminatory," said Jamaica senior Afsan Quayyum, 18. "I had a lot of hope about this play. I wanted everyone to know what we face in the school every day. It was our story."

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## CLASS WAR REPORTS



## 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](mailto:contact@militaryproject.org): Name, I.D., withheld unless you request publication. Same address to unsubscribe.



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