

## **Military Resistance 9K6**



**Veterans Day #1:**  
**“387 Acres Situated Beside The  
Hospital Was Gifted Over 100  
Years Ago To The City Of Los  
Angeles Explicitly And Solely  
To Establish And Maintain A  
Housing Facility For Wounded  
Warriors And Veterans For  
Perpetuity”**

**“It Has Slowly Over The Years  
Been Leased Out, Sold,  
Mismanaged By Pieces”**

**“Bring Your Tent And ‘Occupy’ With  
Us THIS VETERAN’S DAY FRIDAY  
NOVEMBER 11th And Everyday  
Thereafter Until Our Demands Are  
Met”**

**“This Land Was Given To Us, For Use By  
Us, Not For Companies And Profit Of A  
Few”**



homeless individual sleeps outside the VA campus

**This land was given to us, for use by us, not for companies and profit of a few.**

**Our brothers and sisters are in the streets cold and homeless with no hope for the future. Many of our generation (Iraq and Afghanistan) are also without hope, without help, with no housing.**

November 7, 2011 by Wendy Barranco Escalona, #OccupyVeteransAffairs

Fellow Veterans,

**It has recently come to my attention the shameless corruption at the West Los Angeles Veterans Affairs (besides the typical medical malpractice, and bureaucratic madness).**

This plot of land (387 acres) situated beside the hospital was gifted over 100 years ago to the city of Los Angeles explicitly and solely to establish and maintain a housing facility for wounded warriors and veterans for perpetuity.

It has slowly over the years been leased out, sold, mismanaged by pieces.

The campus sits on prime LA real estate along I-405, and shortly after the Vietnam war ended, it began to be repurposed.

Long-term housing facilities were shuttered, and nearly a third of the campus was leased to companies that had nothing to do with veterans.

**As veterans lost their housing and found themselves literally locked out of the campus and refused entrance, car rental companies, hotels, oil companies, and private schools moved in.**

The Department of Veterans Affairs (DVA) and other government officials involved in these deals have not publicly disclosed how much the land is being leased for, how the deals were negotiated, and whether any of that revenue is going to help America's veterans.

**While there is an outpouring of outrage among veterans and supporters we have failed to attain our demands of assuring this land comes back to the veterans, and not for golf courses, businesses, etc.**

While I am not against creating revenue and jobs, I am against the misuse of land appropriated for veterans.

At a time when thousands of veterans are homeless, on the street, and many are committing suicide, the lawmakers and management of the Veteran's Affairs see it fit to lease out the land for other non-veteran usage.

There are today more than 100 buildings on the WLA Campus, many vacant, closed, or underutilized.

In contrast to what once existed, with the exception of geriatric nursing beds, no permanent housing is available to disabled veterans on the WLA Campus, where the actual medical and other therapeutic services for veterans are delivered.

Instead, VA WLA offers only a limited number of emergency or transitional beds and time-limited residential treatment beds on the WLA Campus with qualification requirements that often exclude disabled veterans who are chronically homeless.

Consider this:

**- Los Angeles has more homeless veterans than any other city in this country**

- These agreements allot space for such commercial operations as: the processing of laundry for Marriott hotels;

- use by Enterprise Rental cars and Tumbleweed Charter Buses for vehicle storage;

**- theaters that were once used to stage productions for disabled veterans are leased to Richmark Entertainment to stage Broadway shows, musical concerts, film premieres and theatrical productions for which veterans are charged full price;**

**- use by the private Brentwood School for athletic facilities, including a track, swimming pool, tennis courts, soccer fields and baseball diamonds;**

- UCLA's state of the art baseball stadium and complex;

- a city dog park;

- and commercial oil wells.

**What do I propose?**

**WE MOVE IN.**

This land was given to us, for use by us, not for companies and profit of a few.

Our brothers and sisters are in the streets cold and homeless with no hope for the future.

Many of our generation (Iraq and Afghanistan) are also without hope, without help, with no housing. We fought for our country and it is only fitting that we are provided what is rightfully ours.

**THIS VETERAN'S DAY FRIDAY NOVEMBER 11th and everyday thereafter until our demands are met.**

**Bring your tent and "occupy" with us.**

**If not for you, for your fellow veteran.**

Respectfully,

Wendy Barranco  
Combat Medic  
US Army  
OIF 05-07

wendy@ivaw.org

“Congress should stop treating veterans like they’re asking for a hand out when it comes to the benefits they were promised, and they should realize that, were it not for these veterans, there would be nothing to hand out.”

- Nick Lampson

**MORE:**

## **Veterans Day #2:**

**“We Are Veterans! We Are The 99%! We Swore To Protect The Constitution Of The United States Of America! We Are Here To Support The Occupy Movement!”**

**“I Served Seven Years For Our Country To Defend Our Constitution Only To See It Being Dismantled Before My Eyes”**

**“I Think It’s Time For Vets And Others To Stand Up And Fight Back”**

**“One Of The Occupiers Shouted To The Skies: ‘Hey, Police, The Military’s Here And They’re On Our Side!’”**

November 6, 2011 Tomdispatch.com [Excerpts]

It was a beautiful, sunlit fall morning when the patrol, many in camouflage jackets, no more than 40 of them in all, headed directly into enemy territory.

Their ranks included one sailor in uniform, three women, and a small child named Viva in a stroller. Except for Viva, all of them were vets, a few from the Vietnam era but most from our more recent wars.

As they headed for Wall Street, several carried signs that said, "I am still serving my country," and one read, "How is the war economy working for you?"

Many wore Iraq Veterans Against the War t-shirts under their camo jackets, and there was one other thing that made this demonstration unlike any seen in these last Occupy Wall Street weeks: there wasn't a police officer, police car, or barricade in sight.

As they headed out across a well-trafficked street, not a cop was there to yell at them to get back on the curb.

In the wake of the wounding of Scott Olsen in the police assault on Occupy Oakland last week, that's what it means to be a veteran marching on Zuccotti Park.

Scott Kimbell (Iraq, 2005-2006), who led the patrol, later told me: "Cops are in a difficult position with vets. Some of them were in the military and are sympathetic and they know that the community will not support what happened to Scott Olsen."

Suddenly, the patrol swiveled right and marched directly into the financial heart of the planet through a set of barricades. ("Who opened up the barrier there?" shouted a policeman.)

It was aiming directly at a line of mounted police blocking the way. In front of them, the march halted.

With a smart "Left face!" the platoon turned to the Stock Exchange and began to call out in unison, "We are veterans! We are the 99%! We swore to protect the Constitution of the United States of America! We are here to support the Occupy Movement!"

Then, the horses parted like the Red Sea, like a wave of emotion sweeping ahead of us, and the vets marched on triumphantly toward Zuccotti Park as a military cadence rang out ("...corporate profits on the rise, but soldiers have to bleed and die! Sound off, one, two...")

The platoon came to attention in front of Trinity Church for a moment of silence for "our friend Scott Olsen," after which it circled the encampment at Zuccotti Park to cheers and cries of "Welcome Home!" from the protesters there.

(One of the occupiers shouted to the skies: "Hey, police, the military's here and they're on our side!") And if you don't think all of it was stirring, then you have the heart of a banker.

Soon after, veterans began offering testimony, people's mic-style, at the top of the park. Eli Wright, 30, a former Army medic in Ramadi, Iraq (2003-2004), now on military disability and Viva's dad, parked her stroller when I asked him why he was here.

"I came out today to march for economic justice," he responded. "I want a future for my daughter. I want her to have an education and a job. I served seven years for our country to defend our constitution only to see it being dismantled before my eyes. I think it's time for vets and others to stand up and fight back."

As for two-year-old Viva, "This," he said, "is the introduction to democracy that she needs to see." As a matter of fact, amid the tumult, Viva was soundly and peaceably asleep.

**Joshua Shepherd, in the Navy from 2002 to 2008, told me that, during those years, he came to realize "it wasn't about protecting anyone, it was about making money."**

Now a student, he was holding up a large poster of his friend Scott Olsen. He had been with Olsen when he was hit, possibly by a beanbag round fired by the police, and had flown in from San Francisco for this march.

**"It's important that the people at Wall Street know that we support them. For the life of me I'm not sure why the police escalated the way they did (in Oakland), but the powers that be are threatened.**

**"Income disparities have never been higher and they want to keep it that way. It's my intention to raise my voice and say that's not right."**

Of course, as with so much else about Zuccotti Park, there's no way of knowing whether these vets were a recon outfit preparing the way for a far larger "army," possibly (as in the Vietnam era) including active-duty service people, or whether they were just a lost American patrol.

Still, if you were there, you, too, might have felt that something was changing in this country, that a larger movement of some kind was beginning to form.

## **DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND OR RELATIVE IN MILITARY SERVICE?**

**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 and economic injustice, 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

## **Soldier From 4 YORKS Killed In Babaji**

9 Nov 11 Ministry of Defence

It is with regret that the Ministry of Defence must announce that a soldier from 4th Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment (4 YORKS) was killed in Afghanistan earlier today, Wednesday 9 November 2011.

The soldier was serving with 1st Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment as a part of Combined Force Lashkar Gah.

He was killed by an improvised explosive device while on patrol in Babaji.

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## **Resistance Action**

Nov. 6, 2011 AP & November 7 The Associated Press & 11.9.11 Reuters

**PAKTIKA - A roadside bomb on Tuesday killed the district governor of Sar Howza district of eastern Paktika province and one of his bodyguards, wounding four others.**

Bombers targeted worshippers concluding prayers marking a key Muslim festival in Baghlan, northern Afghanistan, with one of them blowing himself up and killing two local police commanders, officials said Sunday.

A roadside bomb killed a district police chief and his two bodyguards in a restive southern province in the second attack in as many days targeting local authorities in Afghanistan, police officials said Monday. The roadside bomb in Helmand exploded as Mohammad Saifullah, the police chief in the province's Garm Ser district, was driving by Sunday night, said Helmand provincial police chief Mohammad Hakim Angar. All three men were killed by the blast.

There has been an attack on a base in the Barmal district of eastern Paktika province. Insurgents attacked their base using small arms and rocket propelled grenade. Troops fought back, causing "significant" casualties among the insurgents.

<p><b>IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE RESISTANCE END THE OCCUPATION</b></p>
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## **ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT; ALL HOME NOW**



U.S. troops prepare to remove a body from the site of an insurgent attack in Kabul October 29, 2011. At least four people were killed when a car bomber attacked a convoy of foreign soldiers in the Afghan capital, Kabul. REUTERS/Omar Sobhani

**NEED SOME TRUTH?  
CHECK OUT TRAVELING SOLDIER**  
<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/>

Traveling Soldier is the publication of the Military Resistance Organization.

Telling the truth - about the occupations or the criminals running the government in Washington - is the first reason for Traveling Soldier.

But we want to do more than tell the truth; we want to report on the resistance to Imperial wars and all other forms of injustice inside the armed forces.

Our goal is for Traveling Soldier to become the thread that ties enlisted troops inside the armed services together. We want this newsletter to be a weapon to help organize resistance within the armed forces.

We hope that you'll build a network of active duty organizers.

## MILITARY NEWS

### HOW MANY MORE FOR OBAMA'S WARS?



The casket of U.S. Army Staff Sgt. Ari R. Cullers, Nielan Funeral Home in New London, Conn., Nov. 7, 2011. Cullers, 28, of New London, died in combat Oct. 30 in Kandahar Province, Afghanistan. He was a mechanic assigned to the 3rd Brigade Special Troops Battalion, 3rd Brigade Combat Team, 10th Mountain Division in Fort Drum, N.Y. (AP Photos/The Day, Sean D. Elliot)

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# **Veterans Day #3**

## **Subject: Sgt. King Jeremy**

**[From GI Special, 11.11.2007]**

**[NOTE: Information that would identify the writer is removed, which is the standard practice to protect members of the armed forces, and their loved ones. T]**

**From: [xxxxxx; Ft. XXXXX]  
To: GI Special  
Sent: November 05, 2007  
Subject: Sgt. King Jeremy**

**I am a soon to be wife of a soldier, NCO, that served in Iraq with King.**

**He is held in the hearts of many and did more than most in his life time.**

**I found your story while doing research. I am an artist being asked to come up with ideas, and many a tattoo is wanted in honor of King out of 8-10 CAV.**

**It was just as hard to read your account of that day as it is to hear the words of that day being retold from the man I love more than anyone.**

**I remember talking on the phone with my fiancé the day it happened, he was close to King.**

**I pray for Kings wife and daughter.**

**As I sit here while my love sleeps, and I read this, I thank god I can crawl in bed with him, kiss him, letting him know how much I love him.**

**I can't help but feel guilty, and very lucky at the same time.**

**Not everyone understands, I think you know what I mean by that.**

**Thanks again  
[XXXXX]  
Ft.[XXXXX]**

### **REPLY From GI Special: Excerpts]**

**On reading your letter, I was immediately reminded of another from a long time ago.**

**It's reprinted below. [Following the article on Sgt. King. T]**

Your letter, and the one below written 140+ years ago, have in common a clarity and directness of expression, and a fundamental honesty and goodness, that confirms the view expressed from time to time in GI Special that those who serve in the armed forces, and those close to them, are the finest people in America today.

It's an honor beyond measure to receive what you wrote.

Your letter gives good reason to publish again the article in memory of Sgt. King by Iraq veteran Justin C. Cliburn, 1st Battalion 158th FA Oklahoma ARNG, which you found in GI Special, along with your letter.

What you wrote is the finest letter of this war, so far, bar none. There are many troops and loved ones who will find their hearts lifted by your words.

Everyone who has served, or been close to someone who has served, will understand, and thank you.

Limitless respect,

T

**The Radio**  
**“Remember Jeremy King”**  
**“A Soldier’s Death Isn’t Anything Like**  
**The Movies. There Was No Patriotic**  
**Music; There Was No Feeling Of**  
**Purpose. It’s Just . . . Death.”**



**[From GI Special 5H29, August 24, 2007]**

07/25/2007 by Justin C. Cliburn  
[Iraq Veterans Against The War] [[www.ivaw.org/](http://www.ivaw.org/)]  
Branch of service: Army National Guard of the United States (ARNG)  
Unit: 1st Battalion 158th FA Oklahoma ARNG  
Rank: SPC  
Home: Lawton, Oklahoma

Served in: LSA Anaconda: MSR Patrol, one month. Camp Liberty, Baghdad: PSD/IP Training, ten and a half months.

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When I was in Mrs. Riner's junior English class at MacArthur high school, we were required to read a short story titled "The Radio."

The premise was simple.

A couple in the 1930s were given a special radio that allowed them to hear all their neighbors' conversations.

At first they were elated, but, ultimately, they were haunted by the miracle of their ability.

They could hear all the horrors of society that usually go unnoticed or are covered up and sterilized . . . and they couldn't turn it off.

They couldn't change the channel.

It took seven years, but I eventually went back to that story in my head and felt their horror.

August 24th, 2006 was a routine day for my squad in Baghdad.

We had gone to Traffic Headquarters and I had gotten to visit with Ali.

Business taken care of, we started to make the familiar trek back to Camp Liberty.

It was a hot day, over 120 degrees, and I stood up just a little higher than usual with my sleeves unbuttoned to let the air circulate inside my body armor and clothing. It had been a good day.

Back on Route Irish, we were on the home stretch when the call came out over the radio:

"Eagle Dustoff, Eagle Dustoff, this is Red Knight 7\* over"

"This is Eagle Dustoff, over"

"Eagle Dustoff, I need MEDEVAC; my gunner has been shot by a sniper."

The voice went on to recite the nine line MEDEVAC report and I marveled at how cool, calm, and collected he sounded.

My squad leader plotted the grid coordinates and found that this had occurred only a couple blocks away from one of our two main destinations on Market Road.

"Cliburn, go ahead and get down; someone might be aiming at your melon right now", CPT Ray said.

Sergeant Bruesch concurred and I sat down, listening intently to the radio transmissions that I couldn't turn off if I wanted to.

Five minutes in, the voice on the radio was losing his cool.

“Have they left yet?! He’s losing a lot of blood; we need that chopper now!”

In the background, you could hear other soldiers yelling, screaming, trying to find anyway to save their friend’s life. At one point, I swear I heard the man gurgle.

Ten minutes in, the voice on the radio was furious.

“Where’s that fucking chopper!? We’re losing him! He’s not fucking breathing! Where the fuck are you!?”

Every minute to minute and a half the voice was back on the radio demanding to know what the hold up was.

Every minute to minute and a half the other voice on the radio, a young woman’s voice, tried to reassure him that the chopper was the way from Taji.

She was beginning to tire herself; I could hear it in her voice. She was just as frustrated as he was.

All the while, there I sat.

Sitting in the gunners hatch, listening life’s little horrors with no way to turn the channel.

No one in the truck was speaking.

The music was on, but no one heard it. There was just an eerie silence.

All I heard was the radio transmissions; I watched as the landscape passed me by in slow motion.

I didn’t hear wind noise or car horns or gunfire or my own thoughts. I was only accompanied by the silence of the world passing me by, interrupted only by the screams of the voice on the radio.

At this point, I was as frustrated as I had been all year. Where the fuck was that goddamn chopper and why was it taking so long?! What if it were me?

Would I be waiting that long? Would this pathetic exchange be included in the newscast if the guy dies?

I was angry, upset, frustrated, and anticipating the next transmission in this macabre play by play account. Forget about TNT, HBO, and Law and Order: THIS was drama. This was heart wrenching.

Seconds seemed like hours; minutes seemed like days.

Finally, after several more non-productive transmissions where Eagle Dustoff attempted to reassure the voice, after twenty minutes and a few more frantic, screaming transmissions by the voice, the man's voice was calm again.

"Eagle Dustoff, cancel the chopper. He's dead."

. . . and that was that. The voice had gone from being the model for the consummate soldier (cool, calm, collected, professional) to the more human screams and frantic pleading for help to solemn resignation.

Now, the voice was quiet.

"Eagle Dustoff: requesting recovery team. We can't drive this vehicle back; we need someone to come get the vehicle and body. Over."

"Do you have casualty's information?"

"Yes. SGT King, over."

I sat in that gunners sling in a fit of rage that I couldn't let out.

I had to be a soldier; I had to keep my cool.

We all did.

I was so angry, I still am, about being an unwilling voyeur, forced to listen to the gruesome play by play of another soldier's life and death.

**We had been told that the insurgency was in its last throes, that they were just a bunch of dead enders. No, not this day.**

**Today, SGT King was in his last throes, and I was there to listen to the whole thing, whether I liked it or not.**

**A soldier's death isn't anything like the movies. There was no patriotic music; there was no feeling of purpose. It's just . . . death.**

I wasn't there physically; I didn't see him, but I was there.

Any sane person would have wanted to turn the channel. No one wants to hear the screams of a man losing his friend, but I couldn't turn it off. We were required to monitor that channel.

Either way, it didn't take long to become emotionally invested in it; was he going to make it? I hung on every word until I got the final, sobering news.

My truck was the only one in the convoy monitoring that net. When we got back to base, no else had heard it, and SSG Bruesch, CPT Ray, and I didn't discuss it. I don't think we ever did.

A few days later, I felt like I had to find out more about his soldier. I felt like I had lost a friend, yet I didn't know anything but his name and rank.

Looking back on it, I should have just let it go, but I didn't. Using the miracle of the Internet, I found out all I needed to know about the young man.

SGT Jeremy E. King was 23 years old. He was from Idaho, where he played high school football. He had joined the army to get out of Idaho and see the world.

He was one year younger than I was, and he was dead. He sounded like any of a number of teammates I played high school football with.

I've replayed that scene in my head more times than I'd ever want since that day.

I don't believe in fate or karma or any type of pre-destined events, but I often wonder what made that sniper hole up on North Market Road instead of South Market Road, where I often found myself.

I was fortunate enough in my time there to never have to call in MEDEVAC.

**I didn't bury any of my comrades, but I will always remember what it was like listening to the miracle of modern communications, the radio, and for the first time in my life being terrified, much like the couple in the story over eighty long years ago.**

**This August 24th, remember Jeremy King:**

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## **Sgt. Jeremy E. King, 23, Of Meridian Died Thursday In Baghdad.**



Jeremy King

Wednesday, August 30 2006 @ 04:20 AM EDT

Contributed by: River97

Views: 621

Star Telegram -- KILLEEN, Texas - A Fort Hood soldier from Idaho has died in Iraq of injuries sustained when troops came under fire during combat, the Department of Defense said Friday.



Sgt. Jeremy E. King, 23, of Meridian died Thursday in Baghdad.

He was assigned to the 8th Squadron, 10th Cavalry Regiment, 4th Brigade, 4th Infantry Division at Fort Hood.

**MORE:**

## **From Major Sullivan Ballou, Second Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, To His Wife, Sarah:**

*Major Sullivan Ballou of the Second Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, wrote the letter July 14, while awaiting orders that would take him to Manassas, where he and twenty-seven of his men would die one week later at the Battle of Bull Run.*

July the 14th, 1861  
Washington DC

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days - perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

Our movement may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure - and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but thine O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter.

I know how strongly American Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing - perfectly willing - to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.

But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows - when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruit of orphanage myself, I must offer it as their only sustenance to my dear little children - is it weak or dishonorable, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze, that my unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce, though useless, contest with my love of country?

I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death -- and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country, and thee.

I have sought most closely and diligently, and often in my breast, for a wrong motive in thus hazarding the happiness of those I loved and I could not find one. A pure love of my country and of the principles have often advocated before the people and "the name of honor that I love more than I fear death" have called upon me, and I have obeyed.

Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me to you with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when God willing, we might still have lived and loved together and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood around us.

I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me - perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar -- that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed.

If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been!

How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm. But I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the garish day and in the darkest night -- amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours - always, always; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.

As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father's love and care. Little Willie is too young to remember me long, and my blue eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood.

Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care and your development of their characters. Tell my two mothers his and hers I call God's blessing upon them. O Sarah, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children.

Sullivan Ballou

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# **Remains Of War Dead Dumped In Landfill:**

**“My Only Peace Of Mind In Losing My  
Husband Was That He Was Taken To  
Dover And That He Was Handled  
With Dignity, Love, Respect And  
Honor”**

**“That Was Completely Shattered For Me  
When I Was Told That He Was Thrown In  
The Trash”**

November 9 By Craig Whitlock and Greg Jaffe, The Washington Post [Excerpts]

The Dover Air Force Base mortuary for years disposed of portions of troops' remains by cremating them and dumping the ashes in a Virginia landfill, a practice that officials have since abandoned in favor of burial at sea.

The manner of disposal was not disclosed to relatives of fallen service members.

**Lt. Gen. Darrell G. Jones, the Air Force's deputy chief for personnel, said the body parts were cremated, then incinerated, and then taken to a landfill by a military contractor.**

**He likened the procedure to the disposal of medical waste.**

Asked if it was appropriate or dignified to incinerate troops' body parts and dispose of them in a landfill, Jones declined to answer directly.

Jones also could not estimate how many body parts were handled in this way.

Gari-Lynn Smith, portions of whose husband's remains were disposed of in the landfill after his 2006 death in Iraq, said she was “appalled and disgusted” by the way the Air Force had acted. She learned of the landfill disposal earlier this spring in a letter from a senior official at the Dover mortuary.

“My only peace of mind in losing my husband was that he was taken to Dover and that he was handled with dignity, love, respect and honor,” Smith said.

“That was completely shattered for me when I was told that he was thrown in the trash.”

An Air Force document shows that the landfill is in King George County, Va. Officials with Waste Management Inc., which operates the landfill, said the company was not informed about the origin of the ashes. "We were not specifically made aware of that process by the Air Force," said Lisa Kardell, a spokeswoman for the company.

Smith spent more than four years trying to find out what happened to her husband's remaining body parts before she learned of the landfill disposal.

Sgt. 1st Class Scott R. Smith served more than 16 years in the Army and volunteered for dangerous duty defusing and destroying bombs in Iraq.

He was killed when stepped on a pressure plate that triggered a buried bomb.

Initially, Gari-Lynn Smith said she was led to believe that her husband's entire body was returned for the funeral.

When Dover officials told her that his body was too badly mangled for an open-casket funeral, she said she became worried that some of his remains had not been buried with the casket.

**"I knew he was blown up and had amputated limbs, but I was not getting a straight answer from the Air Force about what had happened to his body," Smith said.**

She received her husband's autopsy report in 2007 and learned that some remains had not been found in time to include in the casket.

**In April, Trevor Dean, a senior official at the Dover mortuary, informed her in a letter that some of her husband's body parts were cremated and dumped in a landfill in King George County.**

**In the letter, Dean listed her husband's first name incorrectly, an oversight that Smith saw as yet another sign of disregard for her spouse.**

**"This has been nothing but a nightmare," she said.**

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## **"About One In Four New York City Households With Military Veterans Has Trouble Putting Food On The Table"**

NOVEMBER 10, 2011 By LANA BORTOLOTT, Wall Street Journal [Excerpts]

About one in four New York City households with military veterans has trouble putting food on the table, according to a poll commissioned by the nation's largest food bank.

Veterans in such households are eating less frequently and choosing to pay other living expenses—rent, utilities, medical care and transportation—over food, which they get

more frequently from food pantries and via government assistance, according to the poll by the Marist Institute for Public Opinion.

The poll randomly contacted 827 households by phone, of which 92 were households with veterans. The veterans data has a 10.2% margin of error, which pollsters said was common for a subset of information.

**The survey “paints the picture of what survival looks like,” said Margarete Purvis, president and CEO of the Food Bank for New York City, which commissioned the poll.**

**“Survival was supposed to be about getting them home to their families. But their second level of survival is how to be fed and have dignity.”**

Set to be released publicly on Thursday, the study is the first conducted by a hunger organization to look at the food problems of veterans, said Áine Duggan, head of the city food bank’s research, policy and education. There had been little previous research, making it difficult to draw conclusions about whether the problem is growing for veterans.

The results portray veterans as worried about their ability to buy food, with nearly one in three concerned that they will have to turn to food stamps or government assistance.

About one in 10 didn’t have enough money to buy food in the past year, the report said.

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## **FORWARD OBSERVATIONS**



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

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

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

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

**Frederick Douglass, 1852**

<p><b>A revolution is always distinguished by impoliteness, probably because the ruling classes did not take the trouble in good season to teach the people fine manners. -- Leon Trotsky, History Of The Russian Revolution</b></p>
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**“Guns, Rifles And Munitions  
Are Excellent Servants Of  
Order, But They Have To Be Put  
Into Action”**

**“For That Purpose People Are  
Needed”**

**“And Even Though These People Are  
Called Soldiers, They Differ From  
Guns Because They Feel And Think,  
Which Means They Are Not Reliable”**

**“The People Seize This Moment To Go  
Among The Ranks Of The Soldiers And**

# Convince Them, Face To Face, To Come Over To The People's Side"

**A dictator enjoys no moral support; on the contrary, he runs into obstacles every minute; around him forms a network of contradictory influences and recommendations; orders are given and then withdrawn; confusion grows; and the government's demoralisation spreads and deepens at the same time as it feeds the self-confidence of the people**

**From: "After the Petersburg Uprising: What Next?" (Munich, 20 January 1905) by L. Trotsky [Excerpts]**

As the soldiers file by on their way to the scene of 'military action', people will shower them from the windows with thousands of brief but fervent appeals; the troops will encounter passionate words from speakers on the barricades, who will take advantage of the slightest moment of indecision on the part of the military authorities; there will also be the powerful revolutionary propaganda of the crowd itself, whose enthusiasm will be transmitted to the soldiers through exclamations and appeals.

**Moreover, the soldiers have already been affected by the prevailing revolutionary attitude; they are irritated and exhausted, and they loathe their role of executioner.**

They tremble as they await the malicious command of their officer.

The officer orders them to open fire — but then he himself gets shot down, maybe as a result of a previously agreed plan, maybe just in a moment of bitter resentment.

Confusion breaks out among the troops.

The people seize this moment to go among the ranks of the soldiers and convince them, face to face, to come over to the people's side.

If the soldiers obey the officer's command and let loose a volley, the people respond by throwing dynamite at them from the house windows. The result, once again, will be disorder in the ranks, confusion among the soldiers, and an attempt by the revolutionaries — through appeals or by having the people mingle directly with the soldiers — to convince them to throw down their arms or bring them with them as they join up with the people.

If this fails in one instance, there must be no hesitation in using the same means of fear and persuasion again, even with the same units of troops.

Ultimately, the moral authority of military discipline, which restrains the soldiers from following their own thoughts and sympathies, will break down.

**Such a combination of moral and physical action, inevitably leading to a partial victory of the people, depends more on organised and purposeful street**

**movements than on arming the masses in advance — and this, of course, is the main task of the revolutionary organisations.**

By winning over small units of the army, we will win control of larger units and eventually of the whole army, because victory over one part will give the people weapons.

Both during the Great French Revolution and again in 1848, the army, as an army, was stronger than the people.

**The revolutionary masses triumphed not because of the superiority of their military organisation or military technology, but because they were able to infect the national atmosphere that the army breathed with the germs of rebellious ideas.**

Of course, it makes a difference for the to and fro of street battles whether the range of a gun is only a few hundred sazhen or several versts, whether it kills a single person or hits tens of people, but this is still only a secondary question of technology when compared to the fundamental question of revolution — the question of the soldiers' demoralization.

**'Whose side is the army on?'**

**That is the question that decides everything, and it has nothing to do with what type of rifles or machine-guns may be used.**

**Guns, rifles and munitions are excellent servants of order, but they have to be put into action.**

**For that purpose people are needed.**

**And even though these people are called soldiers, they differ from guns because they feel and think, which means they are not reliable.**

**They hesitate, they are infected by the indecision of their commanders, and the result is disarray and panic in the highest ranks of the bureaucracy.**

**A dictator enjoys no moral support; on the contrary, he runs into obstacles every minute; around him forms a network of contradictory influences and recommendations; orders are given and then withdrawn; confusion grows; and the government's demoralisation spreads and deepens at the same time as it feeds the self-confidence of the people**

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**STUCK ON STUPID**



# **Oakland Enemy Combatants At It Again: “That’s One Of The Most Outrageous Uses Of A Firearm That I’ve Ever Seen”**

## **“It Certainly Looks Like They Singled Him Out To Be Shot ... And There Does Not Appear To Have Been Any Sort Of Attack By The Protester”**

**[This is for all the stupids babbling crap about how the police are part of the 99%.  
T]**

11/07/2011 By Josh Richman and Thomas Peele, Oakland Tribune [Excerpts]

A video clip is raising new questions about whether police used excessive force against Occupy Oakland participants during the fracas after last week’s general strike.

The video by Scott Campbell, 30, of Oakland, shows a line of riot-gear-clad officers at Frank Ogawa Plaza’s north end, near the foot of San Pablo Avenue. Campbell said the video was made shortly before 1 a.m. Thursday, around the time that police moved in after other protesters broke into and defaced a nearby building and erected and set fire to barricades in the street.

**Campbell, holding the camera, moves slowly to his right, filming the line; Campbell is heard twice asking, “Is this OK?”**

**“When I was approaching the line, an officer told me to stop and step back, so I stepped back 5 or 10 feet and started filming, and I asked if that was OK,” he explained Monday.**

**He said there was no reply until an officer raised a weapon and fired, striking him in the upper right thigh with a nonlethal projectile; the video ends with his crying out in pain.**

“At first I was just stunned, and in an immense amount of pain,” he said. “It was just shock. I was extremely shaken. And since then what I’m really wondering is what was going through that person’s head that made him think it was OK to shoot another person with a less-than-lethal weapon for doing absolutely nothing wrong.”

Geoffrey Alpert, a University of South Carolina criminal justice professor who's an expert in police decision-making and use of force, said the video left him "astonished, amazed and embarrassed."

"Unless there's something we don't know, that's one of the most outrageous uses of a firearm that I've ever seen," he said.

"Unless there's a threat that you can't see in the video, that just looks like absolute punishment, which is the worst type of excessive force."

Campbell said his friends saw him get hit and rushed him away to the shelter of a doorway. Someone brought an ice pack while a legal observer took down information, and then his friends helped him get to a taxi.

He saw a doctor later Thursday, who told him to keep the wound bandaged and iced. He said Monday he has a 1½ -inch wound with swelling and bruising around it.

Campbell said he does social and digital media work for a local nonprofit and supports Occupy Oakland. "I don't camp out there, I've been a participant but not an active organizer," he said. "I've come out for general assemblies and marches, and I came out that day for the general strike to show my support."

He said he brought his camera that night to document any excessive force used by police, never imagining that might make him a target.

"I don't know if I was in the right place at the wrong time or the wrong place at the right time."

He said he wants an independent, not internal, investigation of this and other reports of excessive force, and is considering whether to take legal action.

"I've been discussing it with some individuals from the National Lawyers Guild. So far nothing's been decided," Campbell said.

"It's shocking that someone who is a police officer felt it was appropriate to do that. I'm not sure what the options are, but I would like to have the officer identified, and I would like for him to be held accountable."

"It looks terrible," agreed Sam Walker, a professor emeritus of criminal justice at the University of Nebraska, Omaha, who consulted with Oakland police on the federal consent decree emerging from the Riders scandal. "It certainly looks like they singled him out to be shot ... and there does not appear to have been any sort of attack by the protester. Clearly, the camera is not approaching the officers, so they couldn't claim that he posed a threat."

Paul Chevigny, professor emeritus at the New York University School of Law, said it looks like "a violation of his First Amendment rights apart from being a violation of his Fourth Amendment rights. He has a right to take a film of what the police do -- we've been over this thousands of times -- unless he's interfering in some way."

“The basic problem of police retaliating against people who are trying to record what’s going on is perennial,” said Chevigny, adding this occurs all over the nation.

“They (officers) consider it a kind of ‘contempt of cop.’ It’s an expression of the fact that people do not trust the police. The police read it as a criticism of them. It’s not even necessarily that they’re trying to prevent people from seeing what they’re doing.

“But this extreme version (of retaliation) is very unfamiliar to me,” he added. “I can’t imagine what they’re going to say about shooting this guy. Sounds like the Oakland police need a little brush-up on their training.”

There have been other allegations of excessive force against Occupy Oakland participants. Best known is the case of Scott Olsen, 24, an ex-Marine and Iraq War veteran struck in the head by what witnesses said was a police projectile Oct. 25. He suffered a fractured skull but is expected to recover.

Another veteran, Kayvan Sabeghi, 32, of Oakland, claims officers beat him with batons and tackled him early Thursday, then denied him medical care for hours. He underwent surgery Friday to repair a lacerated spleen.

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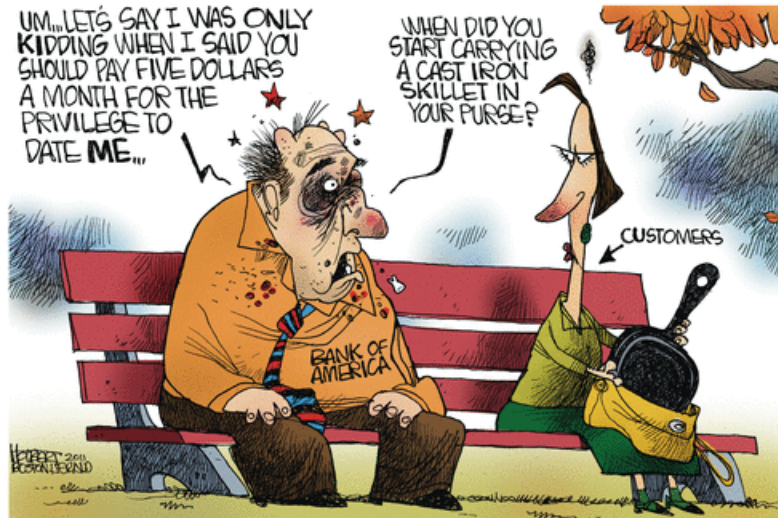
## **DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK**



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## CLASS WAR REPORTS



**“The Fog Has Lifted And The Topic On The Table Everywhere Seems To Be The Morality Of Contemporary Financial Capitalism”**

**“The Protestors Have Accomplished This Mainly Through The Symbolic Power Of Their Actions: By Naming Wall Street, The Heartland Of Financial Capitalism, As The Enemy”**

November 6, 2011 by Frances Fox Piven, Tomdispatch.com/ [Excerpts]

By making Wall Street its symbolic target, and branding itself as a movement of the 99%, OWS has redirected public attention to the issue of extreme inequality, which it has recast as, essentially, a moral problem.

Only a short time ago, the “morals” issue in politics meant the propriety of sexual preferences, reproductive behavior, or the personal behavior of presidents. Economic policy, including tax cuts for the rich, subsidies and government protection for insurance

and pharmaceutical companies, and financial deregulation, was shrouded in clouds of propaganda or simply considered too complex for ordinary Americans to grasp.

Now, in what seems like no time at all, the fog has lifted and the topic on the table everywhere seems to be the morality of contemporary financial capitalism.

The protestors have accomplished this mainly through the symbolic power of their actions: by naming Wall Street, the heartland of financial capitalism, as the enemy, and by welcoming the homeless and the down-and-out to their occupation sites.

And of course, the slogan “We are the 99%” reiterated the message that almost all of us are suffering from the reckless profiteering of a tiny handful. (In fact, they aren’t far off: the increase in income of the top 1% over the past three decades about equals the losses of the bottom 80%.)

The movement’s moral call is reminiscent of earlier historical moments when popular uprisings invoked ideas of a “moral economy” to justify demands for bread or grain or wages -- for, that is, a measure of economic justice.

Historians usually attribute popular ideas of a moral economy to custom and tradition, as when the British historian E.P. Thompson traced the idea of a “just price” for basic foodstuffs invoked by eighteenth century English food rioters to then already centuries-old Elizabethan statutes.

But the rebellious poor have never simply been traditionalists. In the face of violations of what they considered to be their customary rights, they did not wait for the magistrates to act, but often took it upon themselves to enforce what they considered to be the foundation of a just moral economy.

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

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

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