



VETERANS FOR PEACE
HUMBOLDT BAY
CHAPTER 56

THE FOGHORN

APRIL
2014

“Cutting Through the Fog of War”

Team Klamazon Returns: Klamath River Indigenous Youth and River Activists Bring a Message from the Amazon



Team Klamazon on the banks of the Xingu River in the Xikrin - Kayapo village of Poti Kro Photo, Maira Irigaray- Amazon Watch. Press release by Nat Pennington, Klamath river activist and Team Klamazon co-organizer

by Nat Pennington

After eleven productive days in Brazil, the group of seven, calling themselves “Team Klamazon” returned to California with an in-depth understanding of the potential impact of Brazil’s plans to develop the Amazon, and in particular the Belo Monte Dam project. The team, comprised of river activists and indigenous youth from the Klamath River in Northern California and Southern Oregon, agree that it was one of the most enlightening experiences of their lives. They also commented that this feeling of enlightenment was mutual among the indigenous people of Kayapo-Xikrin Tribe with whom they stayed. They traveled to Poti-Krô village where they spoke through triple translation (Xikrin-Portuguese- English) with the help of their guide, Maira Irigaray, Amazon Watch’s Brazil Program Coordinator. Team Klamazon also chartered a plane to film aerial footage of the construction of the destructive dam, then held a press conference for the Brazilian media telling stories of the campaign to remove the Klamath Dams, educate Brazil about the socioeconomic and environmental perils of damming rivers, and share their experiences in the Amazon. The Xikrin villagers at Poti Kro stated “We did not know there were any indigenous left in North America. We saw a movie once, a western; in it you were all being killed. It brings us hope to see you here now standing in front of us.”

In the words of Yurok Tribe and Team member Samuel Gensaw III, “I was born in the struggle, raised in the resistance, I was taught what was right so I know what is wrong. I believe we are in a revolutionary era. No longer will location, language or government segregate us, but let the pain of believing we are alone be soothed by the knowledge that in solidarity we will stand...first village by village, then tribe by tribe, and finally nation by nation.”

After traveling from Rio de Janeiro to a small Amazon Basin town called Altamira, followed by a day long boat ride up the Xingu and Ba-
caja Rivers, the team arrived at Poti-Krô Village, where they stayed for three days. According to Gensaw “Interactions that took place in the village of Poti-Krô were profound. These people are facing a monster, the Belo Monte Dam. If construction of Belo Monte Dam continues, we

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fear for the lives of the, Xikrin, Kayapó, Juruna and Arara Tribes. Not only are indigenous people being affected, but the entire region. The environment and inhabitants are being destroyed by this shortsighted venture. Already, we see deforestation, pollution and mining corporations like the Canadian company Belo Sun moving in. As workers from other areas inundate the area for the short lived jobs offered by the dam's construction company, Norte Energia, the region's inhabitants are being pushed out. If the dam is completed, these people will be forced to work in mines, log in the rainforest, or move to the cities to live in slums. The livelihoods of people who have subsisted from fishing, hunting, farming, and even tourism industries will be lost through the destruction of the ecology of the Xingu River region." Damien Scott 17-year-old Yurok, Karuk Tribe, and Team Klamazon member stated, "It's depressing to see the future of indigenous children depend on this company, which seems to have no idea what it's like to live and depend on the Xingu River."

Upon returning from the village the team chartered a small plane. During their aerial tour of the dam sight the Team witnessed the vast beauty of the Xingu Basin interrupted only by the devastation of Belo Monte Dam construction operations. The impacts of damming a river that drains an area the size of California was clearly visible. The Xingu River, home of the Kayapo-Xikrin people, is one of the more intact tributaries to the Amazon Basin. This basin supports the world's largest river, one-fifth of the world's fresh water, ninety percent of the world's remaining rainforest, and is the size of the continental U.S! According to river activist and one of Team Klamazon's organizers, Nat Pennington, "My heart soared to see the expanses of untouched virgin rainforest as we climbed above the tiny grass and dirt airstrip. We banked left following the Xingu upstream and the enormity of the river became clear. The banks of the braided river were covered by thick forest and the occasional indigenous fishing settlement. My heart sank as the construction site of Belo Monte Dam appeared on the horizon. Shades of green and blue that I had never seen before in my life turned to eroding brown mud fields, yellow cranes, thousands of dump trucks, concrete walls, massive diversion canals and huge levees. The area that the dam will inundate is virgin rainforest. The forest will not be cleared of jungle in time to avoid the release of the greenhouse gas methane caused by the anaerobic decomposition of the dense carbon stores held within. Thus, the Belo Monte Dam will have an effect on climate change equal to that of a coal power plant! Over 600 different fish species call the Xingu Basin home; some of these are believed to be endemic only to the basin. Working as a fish biologist on the Klamath River I witnessed dams sending fisheries like this to the brink of extinction."

Before heading to the capital of Brazil the Team and the local dam resistance groups Movimento and Vivo Xingu Para Sempre held a press conference at the University of Altamira. Over eighty people attended the conference. There was much interest and thanks

for the team's efforts from the local media and townspeople who apparently are very disappointed with the construction of the dam and its far-reaching impact on their lives. The similarities between the genocide and oppression of indigenous cultures happening now in the Amazon and still happening in the U.S. are frightening. Power, mining, logging companies and cattle ranches are wreaking havoc on the Amazon, and their resource extraction operations are disrupting the ecological balance of one of the richest biological hotspots on the planet. They are displacing the lives of people, who have since time immemorial, been stewards of their lands, protecting and enhancing their environment. Displaying solidarity in their struggle, the local indigenous who took part in the conference joined the stage with Team Klamazon. An emotional outpouring ensued and the conference, which had been planned for an hour, lasted over four. Team member, Halle Pennington said, "I believe it's time we learn to unite together as brothers and sisters, for in the end we are fighting the same battles, inequality, injustice and oppression. We live in an era where we have to fight to retain our natural rights and cultures, but our generation is strong and we will not back down in the war against shortsighted greed like what's happening with Belo Monte. We may not win every battle but if we don't fight at all, we have already lost." The Press Conference included; a presentation on the Klamath Dam removal campaign, surprisingly in depth Q&A translated by Maira and filmmaker - Team member Ivan Castro, song, dance, and craft sharing by the local Amazon indigenous and Team members. Much of the discussion revolved around undoing the model of imperialism, colonialism, genocide and environmental destruction that was set up in Europe and the U.S. and is now so clearly present in the Amazon. The local newspapers covered the story of Team's travels and their international campaign of dam resistance. The six o'clock news station headlined, "Dam Resistance Solidarity from Native America".

Team Klamazon has returned from deep within the Amazon Basin to the U.S. tired but inspired, with an urgent message for the international audience. According to 16-year-old Yurok Tribe and Team Klamazon member - Mahlija Florendo, "Rivers like the Klamath, the Xingu, and the Amazon are the bloodlines of every human on the planet. They are our life givers and they run with the same blood through all of us. We need to realize that we are all human and we all need to stand up for our rights, for our rivers, and our mother earth. These people from the Xingu are family and all our blood runs red." The Xikrin, Juruna and Arara are not alone in facing threats to their rights and environments. Many more monster dam and mining projects are on the chalkboard for the Amazon. Directly upstream on the Tapajos River, home to the Mundurucu Tribe, construction of another dam is proposed to begin soon. This Dam would bring more of the same devastation witnessed at Belo Monte. Dania Rose Colegrove, Hoopa, Yurok Tribal member and a Team Klamazon organizer states, "If the destruction in the Amazon continues, not only the indigenous, but the entire world will suffer the same fate. Now is the time for the world to unite against the greed and stupidity of these projects before we lose the world's lungs and its largest river. We plan to deliver the message

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shared in the Amazon through continued educational events in the U.S. highlighting our experience. Ivan Castro is creating a film, which will chronicle our journey and its lessons. It will be made available to the general public as we share information and fundraise for future delegations and support for Xingu based Belo Monte resistance at events in the U.S." The Team, who funded their delegation and provided financial support to the local movement in Altamira through benefits, dinners, raffles and grants, send thanks to their supporters, from their home, the soon to be dam free Klamath River.

For those of you who missed the slide show preview of a planned local presentation of this amazing trip of indigenous people of our area visiting indigenous people of the Brazilian Amazon rainforest in solidarity in fighting the construction of the huge Belo Monte Dam, take heart. There will be a followup fund raising event with slides and a video of their trip. When the event is set I'll send an email to the VFP 56 list with details.

Don Maddox

Dania Rose Colegrove, Nathaniel Pennington, Anna Rose Colegrove, Sammy Gensaw III, Damien Scott, Mahlija Florendo, and Halle Pennington

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For more information and Photos visit:

<http://amazonwatch.org/news/2014/0306-in-pictures-klamazon-brings-unity-and-hope>

<http://amazonwatch.org/news/2014/0223-rivers-like-the-klamath-and-the-xingu-are-the-bloodlines-of-every-human-on-the-planet>

<http://www.klamathriver.org/klamazon/>

A JOURNEY TO FOREVER

The fourth installment of John Mulloy's manuscript

KILLING 'GOOKS' and BURNING VILLAGES

With my graduation from college and the end of my officer training program, I was off to spend the summer of '67' at Fort Lewis, Washington, about 50 miles south of Seattle. Fort Lewis was/is a major staging and training base, one that will probably never be on the closure list. I headed to 'finishing school' for soon-to-be infantry lieutenants. The next step would be Vietnam, unless one could find a bureaucratic hole to slip into. I had always been a good boy scout, so I stepped naturally into the training regimen. I knew that I would never serve in Vietnam, so I just dealt with the situation as it was presented to me.

Every morning at 5:30, our training company would be run-

ning here and there, chanting as a unit, "I want to be an Airborne Ranger; I want to live a life of danger". That set the tone for the whole experience. We investigated a myriad of skill sets, ranging from the mundane (disassembling and reassembling rifles and pistols) to the bizarre (ramming bayonets into human effigies while screaming, "kill, kill, kill!").

Map and compass use; squad, platoon, and company tactics; how to set up ambushes; the use of mortars, machine guns, and grenades; all these and more to keep us on the move. And, of course, my personal favorite (sarcasm), overwhelming a Vietnamese village. Crawling through intertwined rolls of heavily barbed concertina wire to get to the village was a lot of fun (more sarcasm).

The testosterone levels were high, since our ages were 22/23 and we were being trained by stone faced killers. Our Ranger captain was hard, cold to the max. The Special Forces sergeant could laugh at death ("I was running through the jungle with bullets flying past my ass," he said, with much merriment). The camaraderie was powerful, based on the dangers we were training to meet. The whole scenario was to get you to work as a team and desensitize us to the realities that we were going to face. If you screwed up, you'd be yelled at by unleashed maniacs. It was a wild psycho ride.

Fort Lewis is a huge base. They had several mock Vietnamese villages set up, manned by G.I.'s returned from the war. They played the roles of Viet Cong (VC), North Vietnam Army (NVA), and peasants. We'd be graded on our performance as each of us had chances to lead attacks. This whole scenario provided far more than a study in tactics. It was the 'dehumanization' dance.

You had only two responsibilities: fulfill your mission (seize arms caches, grab VC suspects, deal with threats from NVA units) and

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Next VFP56 meeting will be held
on Thursday, April 3rd at
7:00 PM.
Meeting will be held in the
Commons Room at 550 Union
Street in Arcata.
Veterans and non-veterans are
more than welcome to come and
help us dialogue about what we to-
gether can do to bring about peace
in this complex world.



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protect your men. Nobody and nothing else mattered. "If a villager gets in your way, take 'em out." "If you see a boy with a hand behind his back, kill him. It might be a grenade." "If you find a trap door in a hut, toss in a grenade or spray it with gunfire; ask questions later." "After all, they're just 'Gooks', sub human." "If the villagers don't cooperate, if you find too many guns and suspects, burn the damn place to the ground. That'll teach 'em a lesson."

I was given a lot to ruminate on for the rest of my life. The dehumanization is at the core of warfare, The 'Gook' joins the 'savage' (native Americans), the 'kike' (Jews), and in the current era, the 'ragheads'. Massacres like Vietnam's Mylai don't come out of 'nowhere'. They are part of the expected.

That was the summer of '67 for me. I was fully participating, but was also the observer, soaking it all in. I'd been given an opportunity to look into the darkest depths of human depravity, a lesson for my consciousness. Of course, I was hoping for a miracle of deliverance from this evil, but instead found myself on the parade ground, with a general handing me my gold bars and a fancy certificate that read, "Lyndon Baines Johnson, President of the United States, hereby appoints you to be a commissioned officer in the U.S. Army".

I had no regrets. I had looked deeply into the belly of the American beast and took it as a growth episode for my soul. Besides, maybe I learned some field tactics that would come in handy someday. But, I knew that I would never serve Uncle Sam. My fate? I knew that Sweden accepted U.S. deserters; not that I wanted exile. But I did come across a hot lead on a bureaucratic avenue to buy time for more solutions. My goal was to avoid prison, while refusing Vietnam. What cards could I play?

* * * *

WASHINGTON, D.C.

September 1967. The previous spring, I'd applied to a few law schools, in the faint hope that I could free myself from the military reality that was turning so bizarre. I was accepted by George Washington University, in the nation's capital. I had been in D.C. for several months of the 1965-66 academic year, in a political science seminar program. The thought of being in the midst of the federal government's political power, intrigue, and process was an appealing one for me. I didn't know if I wanted to be a lawyer, but law school could be interesting.

As it turned out, the Army had a program, for a small number of new officers, that offered a graduate school deferment of up to three years, before being called to active duty. Thinking, "Just my cup of tea," I applied and was accepted, soon after my summer of '67 training was over. I had shored up my situation; pretty solidly, too. Three years sounded like an eternity. Certainly, some magic would happen, to help my cause in the future. Meanwhile, I put the Army gig on the backburner. I had a seemingly strong *modus operandi* vis-a-vis the military, but how long could it last?

I dove into law school and realized right away that it was not my 'calling'. Yet, I had a three year deferment riding on my staying in school. "Well, I guess I've got to plow forward." "No, I don't want to waste three years." I spent a few days talking with myself. Finally, after an all night stroll on the streets of D.C., with my head in meditative mode, I was ready to make a major move. First thing in the morning, I dropped out of law school. I knew it was the right thing to do. Yes, the Army would order me to active duty right away. But, better to face up to it now (prison or exile), rather than spend three years in a box of no interest and little value to my growth as a SELF entity of mind and SOUL. Despite my bravado, a hint of cold fear welled up in my psyche. "Be strong, new solutions will arise." Little did I know, a rescue plan would reveal itself within a few hours.

I walked the streets of downtown Washington that day, deep in thought, but no regrets. I ran into a good friend, Paul, who had been a fellow student in the previously mentioned political seminar program. I told him my story of the past few days. He suggested that I go to American University (in D.C.), under whose auspices the seminar program had been conducted. "Yes, the times for application and registration are all long gone", he admitted, "but you were a student in a program that they manage and are proud of. Maybe they can help you."

I hopped on a bus and headed to American. I walked politely into the Dean's office at the university's School of Government, explained that I needed to enter a master's (M.A.) program and laid out my academic background. His reaction? "Go register for all the classes you want. I'll call in the authorization." It was an uplifting afternoon. My deferment would remain intact, now worth two years for the M.A.

A person rarely has things go completely their way, but if you stay true to an inner essence that values and trusts a heightened and loving consciousness, good things will happen. React positively when your SOUL is challenged. Don't allow 'authorities' or yourself to create and promulgate a psychological box to contain you. Tough decisions often have to be made. Stand and represent enlightened awareness. Trust your intuitive SELF.

* * * *

D.C. BURNS
and
ASSASSINS STRIKE

During the winter of 67-68, my growth in the realms of political observation and analysis continued unabated. I felt the tension of our fracturing nation within myself, especially knowing that I was an officer, a member of the imperial war machine. Even though I was psychologically adept at keeping this fact on the back burner, losing no sleep to it, I knew that my situation would eventually lead to a final showdown of some sort.

I was reading Herman Hesse, Jack Kerouac, and other writers of consciousness expanding nature. I read widely in the fields of politics and history, gobbling up everything in books and magazines

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about Vietnam and the quagmire that it had become. I was laying the framework for my steady 1968 move from compassionate liberal to passionate radical. Just as in the spring of 1966, I was on the verge of major conceptual change with regard to my societal awareness and the course of my life. The smell of death from Vietnam pushed me relentlessly toward SELF AWARENESS.

In March of '68, I joined up with two major projects: Martin Luther King's Poor Peoples' Campaign and Robert Kennedy's bid for the Presidency. I was a low level worker in both cases, but each allowed me to develop organizational and social people-to-people skills. I began the process of learning how to 'get out of yourself', to work with others toward a common goal, the betterment of the sociological whole. Instead of a society of un-bonded psychological units, we could work toward a civilization of linked individuals.

Both of my efforts were dealt the mystery card of political assassination, but they would be major benchmarks in my life, events that would propel me forward. The worst that could happen did happen, but my future became defined. I was fueled with both extreme rage and calm determination. I was launched toward progressive radicalism as the central tenet of my political character.

The Poor Peoples' Campaign was meant by Martin Luther King to bring a large contingent of the poverty stricken, encompassing all ethnic groups, to D.C. He would show how the Vietnam War was not only a savage pit of murder, but was draining our nation financially, so that federal anti-poverty programs were not able to meet the dietary, health, housing, and educational needs of the citizenry. Dr. King was murdered, not only for his Civil Rights activities, but also for his speaking out against the War. He was extremely charismatic and people listened. He became a marked man, with his leadership skills putting fear into the wealthy and the power brokers. His death created a void that has not been filled. His shoes fit no one else. His charisma is unmatched.

I was in D.C. when Dr. King's murder went down. I watched as the social contract ruptured. This contract was one imposed by the owners on the slaves. Huge clouds of dark smoke were rising from the sections of D.C. that I knew to be hardened 'ghettos' of the 'federal power' plantation. These citizens, boiling over with rage, were those who suffered the oppression of the generations. The slaves were rising. Fire engines, police, screams, pandemonium. National Guard units were called out. Hundreds of fires choked the sky with smoke. Insurrectionist snipers entered the fray. The Guard couldn't control the situation.

A curfew was ordered and martial law was declared. The Army's 82nd Airborne was trucked and flown in. By the fourth day, an aggressive military stance brought the situation under some control, except for spot outbreaks. Machine gun (.50 caliber) emplacements were set up on main access roads into the upper crust white residential and business areas. The troops deployed to prevent the enraged black folks from attacking the rulers and their wealth. I lived in a very mixed neighborhood that included everyone, except the

wealthy. Our block's machine gun 'nest' was pointed at us.

By the end, whole sections of the city were ravaged, the parts of D.C. that tourists never see. A dozen dead, scores wounded, jails full. Similar insurrections occurred in many other cities, as the enslaved populace reacted in rage at the death of such a great man. The reality of revolution raised its head. And yet, no mention of the martial law and insurrectionist fervor is made in high school and college textbooks. Its been eradicated from the mass knowledge pool. Well, here it is, on these pages! It was real, scary, and revealing of the seething anger of those on the bottom of life's economic and racial pile, as the white ruling class wields power. I'm willing to bet that if the white areas had been struck, the story would have been recorded in a much bigger way. For me, I'll never forget it. The whole, wild revolutionary scenario was imprinted on my psyche.

Robert Kennedy. Yes, he was a 'politician' and had an ego; these are very human traits, neither is unacceptable. Robert and his brother John were knowledgeable about many secrets, had stepped on a lot of toes, and were often unpredictable. It was enough to get them killed. For what its worth, I met Robert for a few brief times. I say that he was growing in consciousness, had compassion for the downtrodden, and was a good man. You have to believe in someone, sometime, or it's too hard to take any action. Cynicism must not have the final word. Robert Kennedy was a political poker player, but not at all a bad guy.

Martin Luther King, a very great man, and Robert Kennedy, a very good man who might have become great. I loved their influence on my life and the remembrance I have of them. Their effect on my SOUL was permanent.

* * * *

STANDING UP and SPEAKING OUT

What propels someone to rise up within a crowd and speak to the need for dramatic expression of powerful surges of emotional trauma within all members of the assembled? Not speaking at them, but describing the unifying will of the people.

During the summer of '68, I laid low, digesting the assassinations of the spring and seething with anger at rampaging U.S. aggression in South East Asia. The Chicago Democratic Convention, in August, would provide a transition point in my psyche. "The whole world is watching! The whole world is watching!", was the rallying cry of the protestors as they were beaten by Mayor Daley's minions of innate stupidity and delivered pain. We witnessed the heart-rending scenario on television. It was enough to set the stage for my leap from one level of activism (functionary) to the next. What form that would take would shortly be revealed.

One September day, responding to a leaflet I viewed on a telephone pole, I came to a meeting of a group called Student Mobi-

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lization Committee to End the War in Vietnam (Student Mobe). I would later learn that the gathering was sponsored by the Young Socialist Alliance (YSA), the youth arm of the Socialist Workers Party (SWP). I just wanted to stop U.S. aggression and join in a hoped for revolution of an ill-defined sort. There were about thirty people, all seeking a path they could travel toward peace. The mood was hopeful, but subdued.

With no warning to myself, much less to others, I stood up and launched into a strongly delivered speech about how we had to “get off our butts, start planning a D.C. demonstration, and get on with it. Now is the time for action. We must stop the War and the destruction of our nation’s democratic process that the War brings. We must put an end to the empire of capitalist greed and the manipulative lies. Revolutionary steps must be taken.” The angst of the previous three years poured out of me. Finally, I sat down; the room grew quiet. In a flash of nomination and voting, I was elected to chair the D.C. Student Mobe.

A week later, I went to a Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) meeting at American University. I wanted to recruit demonstrators for our mid-October Student Mobe march. I had no connection to SDS and knew no one at the meeting. SDS was at the height of its drawing power as a result of 1968’s events. Here was a membership base of about 150 attempting to make progressive plans. I gave my rap and received numerous commitments to participate in the march. I explained that our tactical goal was to encircle the Washington Monument, the tower of imperial power. As the SDS meeting continued, there was lot of desultory talk about the War, but the energy was waning. Suddenly, again unplanned, I stood up and did my ‘thing’, denouncing the War and energizing the crowd. For a second time, I was elected as chair of a progressive group.

I had made the transition to instigator/agitator/organizer. A new chapter in my life was being written. Where this new role would lead, I had no idea. But, I was determined to ‘go for it’. New vistas opened up for both personal growth and involvement in societal progress.

During this period, an interesting event occurred that represented the divide between progressive politics and mainstream authoritarianism. I needed to open a Student Mobe bank account, so I headed to a RIGGS bank. I know, it sounds like a Monopoly board bank, but it was real.

I filled out the forms very carefully. No one, from the tellers to the bank manager, would approve opening an account, citing non-existent rules. Finally, I turned to face a crowd of employees and customers. I grew loud. “You’re blocking me for no good cause. Tell me the real reason an account won’t be opened.” The manager looked at the floor, then said, “We don’t want anything to do with a group like yours.” I shot back loudly, “If you don’t open this account within 24 hours I’ll have 200 SDS pickets outside.” With

that, I stalked out of the bank, giving them my best swagger.

I made the trek home and lay on my bed, mulling over what had just happened. I had really laid it ‘on the line’. Could I produce 200 pickets? Who knew? I’d give it a try. Meanwhile, I took a nap. Hours later the ringing phone brought me back to the present. It was the RIGGS regional manager. Obviously he had been told what had gone down; he was initiating a backpedal. “There’s been a ‘misunderstanding’. Just go back to the bank and the account will be established.” I headed off. Reaching the bank I forced the manager to do the paper work, not allowing him to foist it off on a teller. He never looked me in the eye.

I learned from this episode that sometimes you must be aggressive and bold, playing ‘hardball’. Of course, you must size up the situation with common sense and not overplay your cards. I almost did just that, but they cracked first. Sometimes, you have to ‘bluff’, as in poker. And, of course, once in a while you have to ‘fold’. But remember, “Dare to Struggle! Dare to Win!”, a meaningful chant of the era.

GOLDEN RULE REPORT

by Chuck Dewitt

I’m putting together a list of things that need to be done prior to launch. Feel free to add to this list and send on... These are not in any particular order simply straight off the top of my head..

1. Prop, shaft & stuffing box need to be purchased & installed.
2. Safety hand rails built & put in place on cabin top and inside cabin.
3. Safety hand grips on either side of companion way ladder.
4. Companion way ladder.
5. Companion way hatch.
6. Butterfly hatch on cabin top center.
7. Engine box with sink and shelves.
8. Galley with stove, cupboards & shelves.
9. Hatch into forward bunk area forward of main mast.
10. The Main mast.
11. Install anchor windless.
12. Drains in foot well.
13. Floor grate in foot well.
14. Through hole for engine exhaust.
15. Gunnel caps finished & joined with cap over transom.
16. Hardware located & installed (cleats, chocks, etc.)
17. Life lines fitted and installed.
18. Pulpit fitted and installed, connected to life lines.
19. Port holes purchased and installed, (six 6 inch round brass).

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- 20. Wires through out entire boat, 12 volt & 110 volt.
- 21. Cabinet, shelves for electronics, starboard side next to companion way.
- 22. Running & navigation lights.
- 23. Spreader spots or deck lights.
- 24. Dome lights or interior lighting with plug outlets 12V & 110V.
- 25. V bunks in forward compartment, with storage be neath.
- 26. Settee & bunks, port & starboard & mattresses & pads.
- 27. Table, (folding).
- 28. Head with sink.
- 29. Doors, (head, forward cabin, storage lockers, etc.).
- 30. Winches, (not sure if TGR had winches in 58)
- 31. Fresh water tanks.
- 32. Both masts need hard ware fitted, booms also.
- 33. Fixed rigging (stainless wire) needs to be measured, worked & made ready.
- 34. Epaulets secured in place.
- 35. Sails must be procured & fitted.
- 36. All exterior colors must be chosen & painting completed.
- 37. Anything I miss?



One of the fire dancers with her Fireman keeping a watchful eye

Historic Boat Event for Stephanie, Madaket and Golden Rule

March 15, 2015

Photos courtesy of Nate Lomba



A nice day for a party and a nice turnout



Leroy Zerlang holding court (within reach of the Makers Mark)





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LET US HEAR FROM YOU!

If you would like to submit an article, opinion, comment or response to anything you have read which might interest the members of VFP-56, please e-mail it to turtldnccer@aol.com, in word format, or mail to Jim Sorter at 1762 Buttermilk Lane, Arcata, CA 95521. Submissions will be included on a first come basis until the newsletter is full. Late arriving submissions will be archived for future issues.



*Enjoying oysters at the March 15th Golden Rule, Madaket & Stephanie historic boat party.
Photo courtesy of Nate Lomba*

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