



VETERANS FOR PEACE  
HUMBOLDT BAY  
CHAPTER 56

# THE FOGHORN

VOL 21, ISSUE 20  
JANUARY  
2010

*“Cutting Through the Fog of War”*

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## Not Your Typical School Visit

*By ‘Nate’ Lomba*

I didn't immediately return John Mulloy's call. I was apprehensive about the message he'd left on my answering machine. Veterans For Peace visit a Montessori School? What could we possibly say to a group of children ranging in age from five- to nine-years old (kindergarten through third grade)? How could we impart our message without resorting to the harsher realities of war and military service? Realities we all wish to spare children of any age.

Eventually, I relented and agreed to join John and Keith Tanenbaum in a visit to the Redwood Coast Montessori School in Eureka. I resolved to let the children set the tone of the visit. Unbeknownst to me was the fact that our visit was part of a "Meet the Veterans" tradition the school conducts each year around Veterans Day.

As if portending an auspicious omen, the morning of November 10, 2009, was sunny and warm after several days of rain. The three of us met Heather Harmon, a guest an associate of our Chapter in the parking lot and momentarily enjoyed the school's setting in the Cooper Gulch Park; the same location I used to attend Tai Chi classes.

On entering the school the energy in the room was apparent as only a room full of young children can be. Girls and boys were busily setting the tables for the Tea Party. We immediately became a distraction from the children's duties and spent several minutes introducing ourselves to each other. Once the tables were set everyone gathered in a corner of the room, the teacher talked briefly about the school and the Tea Party tradition, we talked briefly about our military service, and listened to the lovely voices while the children sang a few songs they'd rehearsed about peace and love. Then it was time for tea.

While tea and pastries were being served by the children, we were joined by two other veterans; Darrell Jameson, a WWII Army veteran who served in the Pacific, and Thomas McCutchen, who served with the US Army in Bosnia in the 1990s. After most of the pastries were consumed, the teacher encouraged the children to ask questions.

Fortunately, the children asked questions that, for the most part, didn't require graphic or hard responses. Naturally, they wanted to know about getting hurt. This presented us with an opportunity to talk about the mental anguish as opposed to physical injury. I was pleased to hear Mr. Jameson relate his experience. He first talked about the wounds he received but then he reiterated what John, Keith, and I experienced as a result of our service. Mr. Jameson said, "... and it (i.e., the emotional pain) never goes away. You never forget!" I know these things all too well; however, the sorrow on Mr. Jameson's face and in his voice was palpable. I think his comment had a greater impact on me than the children but I believe they understood. I hope they understood! Mr. McCutchen said few words but agreed his military experience left indelible scars on him as well.

Another child's question provided us with an opportunity to discuss a reality of military service the children could easily relate to: Family life, or more succinctly returning home to your family. I talked of leaving my pregnant wife at the dock while my ship departed for a 7-month WestPac Tour (interesting choice of words to describe seven months of bombing North Vietnam). I mentioned how my daughter was three days old before I received the telegram telling me of her birth. And, I described my anguish over my daughter being three months old before I was able to hold her for the first time. I'm confident the girls and boys, who run to their mother's or father's arms each day, understood what that experience meant to me.

Then came the last question of our visit. Not so much because of the time but because the response had a sobering effect on the children. Not just, in my opinion, because of what we answered but because of the nature of the question and how close it is to most, if not all, children. One of the girls—most questions were raised by the girls—asked "... do animals in the forest get hurt in war?"

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I took a deep breath and replied that, tragically, not only do animals in the forest get hurt but so do peoples' pets; their dogs and cats and all other forms of pets. The reaction of the children was immediate and apparent. Their eyes opened in stunned disbelief. You could tell they were trying to process this information. Each child was silently asking themselves: "Why did the animals have to get hurt?"

Then Keith Tanenbaum recounted something from his experience in Iraq that caught all of us by surprise. As painful as it was for the children to hear Keith's story, I believe it was a right and proper thing to mention. One thing I've learned in life is that children don't like to be lied to. They can handle the truth. When they discover they've been lied to the bond of trust is difficult if not impossible to restore.

I urge you to read Heather Harmon's story—Veterans Day Tea at Redwood Coast Montessori School—to learn what Keith said to the children; and their reaction. I believe his experience will have a lasting impact on those children and our visit will leave an impression that will stay with them for a long time; hopefully a lifetime. I truly believe our visit was a genuine success and I now look forward to talking with other young people in the future whenever and wherever the opportunity presents itself.

## Veterans Day Tea at Redwood Coast Montessori School

*By Heather Harman*

I can say truthfully—although maybe not without bias—that I am richly blessed to be the mother of the world's most wonderful and kind eight year-old boy. If someone falls down he is the first person to run to help her up and see that she is okay. If he has any money when we encounter someone who appears down on his luck, he will press it into his hand. He gives Reiki blessings to people on the road as we drive by, and whenever we find a ladybug and make wishes on her spots, his first wish is always for world peace and an end to all wars (it is not until the third wish that he asks for his own pet dragon...).

Given these observations, and everything else I know about how gentle, tender, and deeply caring he is, I am shocked each time he says to me that when he grows up he is going to join the Army, or the Air Force—or whatever branch of the military it is whose commercial he has recently seen on television.

This is not to say that people who join the military are not as gentle, tender, and caring as my son can be. On the contrary—I believe most people join the military out of the honorable and selfless desire to protect their loved ones, and to preserve the ideals of freedom we would like our world to embody. I have profound admiration and

respect for people that are willing to place themselves in harm's way, and deal with the horrors that accompany war as a service to the people and ideals they love.

All of that said, what disturbs me about my son's response to these television advertisements is that he seems to be totally overwhelmed with the "glories" of military service and war without being able to recognize that what is being glorified may be diametrically opposed to his stated desire to help, love, and nurture other human beings, and world peace. I believe he is responding to an intense program of indoctrination which generally begins around birth and is implemented through the institutions that shape our paradigms.

I am frustrated by my son's present seeming inability to grok the inconsistencies in his desire to love others, and create peace, and his "desire" to drop bombs on people by pushing a button. When I slide into my places of fear, I worry that he will become manipulated into joining the military and end up being killed or injured; or, killing or injuring others. When I have tried to explain this to him I have become frustrated by his seeming inability to "get it." I know the reasons for this are legion—the fact that I am "just mom" and not nearly as "glamorous" as the soldiers he sees on TV, with their cool gadgets, super-tough demeanor, and big muscles, who seem to be the personification of "cool" to him; the need he has to individuate himself from me, so that he can grow up and be his own person; the fact that I have never been in the military—so what do I really know anyway...

However, I need for my son (and everyone's sons and daughters!) to have a broader picture of what military service is like, what the true risks and costs are for the individuals involved (and for Creation as a whole), what the true nature of war is, and what the true motivations are for nations to go to war. I want him to have that information immediately, in order to help counter the propaganda that is clearly affecting him.

When it became clear to me that—at least for now—I am not the one who is going to be most effective in helping my son to obtain that perspective, I thought about who might be able to effectively introduce that to him. It occurred to me that real veterans, who are intimately aware of what war really is and what it is really about, would be the very best people to accomplish that goal. I decided to see if I could arrange to have veterans come to my son's school to talk to the kids about what the military and war are really like, from the veteran's perspective. When I explored this possibility with my son's wonderful teacher she mentioned that the school has a tradition of hosting a Veterans Day Tea to honor the veterans in the children's families and community, and that this might be a time and place to try to introduce that perspective. When I talked to John Mulloy about getting some of our local VFP members out to this Tea he was very enthusiastic, and went to work contacting just the right people to help these precious children better understand the realities of war.

So, on November 10, John Mulloy, Nate Lomba, and Keith Tanenbaum were kind enough to come to Redwood Coast Mon-

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tessori School and join veterans Thomas McCutchen, and Darrell Jameson (father and great-grandfather respectively of two students) for a Tea to honor their military service, offer their experiences with the military, and to answer the children's questions.

I think all of us were concerned with how best to present the realities of war in ways the children could understand, in ways that would not be too traumatizing for them to hear, and in ways that would not potentially upset parents and families who might have a different perspective on the military than is generally shared by our VFP community. Fortunately, things went better than I even imagined they would.

After songs, and tea, and snacks, each of the veterans spoke about his experience in the military. There was an interesting range of experiences. Mr. Jameson is a veteran of World War II and received a Purple Heart because of shrapnel injuries to his knees. Mr. McCutchen experienced the war in Bosnia. John Mulloy and Nate Lomba had experiences during the war in Vietnam, and Keith Tanenbaum is a recent veteran of the Iraq war. The veterans shared stories of their military service: What they did in the military, what they enjoyed about military life (which mainly seemed to be the friendship and camaraderie of their fellow soldiers) and the things that challenged them, like injuries, watching friends die, being away from their families, fearing for their lives and well-being, and lots of work with little rest sometimes. John Mulloy very thoughtfully articulated the idea that peace begins on the playground, and in the ways that children relate to each other. He emphasized that it is important that the children learn ways to resolve their differences and conflicts through discussion and compromise, and that these skills and practices are the ways that they can help to create peace in the world.

Then it came time for the children to ask questions of the veterans. There were many interesting inquiries. Several struck me as being very powerful and generated discussion I believe will have a lasting impact on how these children perceive war. One child asked if anybody had been hurt while they were in the military. Each veteran had an opportunity to respond to each question that was asked, and as I recall, each addressed this one. While there was discussion of the physical injuries that some veterans had received, each veteran made a point of addressing the fact that even if they had not received physical injury during their war experiences, every one of them had received injuries to their emotional or mental bodies. To a man, they all discussed how the fear they had lived under, how watching friends and "enemies" get hurt, and die, and the horrible things they had seen and experienced haunted them. It was stressed to the children that this kind of hurt does not go away, and that it continues to hurt even after coming home from war. It was also stressed to the children that it is really important that we be very kind and very gentle to people who come home from war, and understanding of the ways they are suffering—even if we cannot see their injuries.

Another powerful and important point that was made is that war is not at all like the video games the kids might play—in which people are portrayed as getting killed, but half an hour later, when

the game is over, everybody is fine again. One veteran stated very clearly that in a real war people die, and death is not like it is portrayed in video games. The children learned that real war involves watching real people—sometimes ones' friends—bleeding and slowly dying while crying for their mothers. It was a very intense statement—one that was difficult for me to hear and picture, and one that seemed to really sober the children and give them pause to think.

One child asked about the veterans' favorite parts of returning home. It seemed to powerfully affect the kids to hear Nate recount how happy he was to come home and finally meet his infant daughter, who was three months old before he ever got to see and hold her. It seemed to deeply move several of the children to realize that war means daddies (and mommies) have to be far away from their children and families, and that being in the military can mean a father might not even be able to attend the birth of his own child.

One of the final questions was whether or not animals ever get hurt in wars. I noticed very intense, very visible reactions on the faces of several of the children when Keith explained that sometimes soldiers have to go into places secretly at night, and if peoples' pet dogs, and the packs of stray dogs that roam the streets of Iraq, are allowed to bark the "enemy" will be alerted to the patrols and may ambush them—so in order to protect themselves the soldiers sometimes have to kill the strays and even people's pets. This—not surprisingly—seemed to have a profound impact on several of the kids.

I left the school for a short time after the Tea was over. When I returned to the classroom it was clear the kids had been deeply affected by the day. Probably the large number of scones and pastries consumed, and the change in their normal school schedule were factors. However, the amount of children who were crying and emotionally "out of sorts," made me think that the children had been powerfully affected by what they had heard. While it may seem callous to say so (and I promise I am not a person who likes to go around making children cry!), I think that this was an indicator that the Tea successfully accomplished what I hoped it would. Not only did the children get a chance to honor the veterans by serving them tea and treats, and express their thanks for their sacrifices, the kids got to hear about the realities of war—the realities that are nothing like what they may see on military recruitment ads, video games, or war movies. The truth is that these realities are very upsetting—horrifying in fact. As much as I intend to protect the innocence of children—and not pollute their sweet minds with things that are ugly and awful—I believe they need a counter to (what I consider) the false propaganda to which they are exposed on a continual basis. As much as it disturbed me to see children crying, I cannot help but believe it was a small price to pay for the possibility that even one of those beautiful little souls will be able to avoid living out, in their own lives, the kinds of stories they heard from the veterans that day.

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Veterans For Peace provides a wonderful service in sending speakers to the high schools and colleges to help young people understand the realities of war that are not disclosed by the media, military recruiters, and recruitment ads. I believe it is also imperative to start this illumination process when the false-propaganda starts being thrust on children. Early! I am very interested in working with anyone who is similarly interested in developing programs, and taking actions, to reach young children—through the schools, and whatever other forums may be appropriate and available. If you have the same desire then let's get together and figure out what we can do to spread peace, one young child at a time!



*Eureka Courthouse Peace Vigil - Halloween 2003*  
 Left to right: Carl Thomas, Ellen "Dolly" Bryant, Peter Aronson  
 Photo: 'Nate' Lomba

Thanksgiving. It's a grass roots movement intended to make a statement against Corporate Retail America on what is usually the biggest shopping day of the year. When millions of our neighbors are maneuvering their SUVs around Macy's and Target parking lots battling to find the closest spot, the "Buy Nothings" opt out of it completely. We stay home, not even buying a cup of coffee or newspaper on that day.

I feel pretty good about myself when I participate every year, and on this year's "Buy Nothing" day I strolled downtown late in the afternoon just to get some air. I sat on a bench outside of a furniture store and watched with amusement all the holiday shoppers scurrying about as if their credit cards were on fire and they had to spend their limits before they melted.

Then I noticed a homeless man coming towards me whom I have seen around Arcata for the past few years. He is very thin and has a long beard, always travels alone, and hobbles slowly through crosswalks with a walker. As he slowly moved forward we made eye contact and I scooted over in case he wanted to join me. We started talking and he said "You want to know what wonderful thing happened to me this Thanksgiving"? Of course I was anxious to hear anything wonderful that happened to this poor fellow so I eagerly said yes. He pulls out a shiny new imitation leather wallet and says, "I got a brand new wallet and a brand new picture ID"! Then he proudly pulled out both and showed them to me, grinning.

He said that the V.A. had been working with him for a long time, and this latest event was another step on his way to some type of emancipation. His grin was almost toothless and he enthusiastically shared the news that some lump sum settlement was finally coming through for him from the V.A. I don't know how long he had been waiting for it, but the best part was that he would be able to buy his own trailer somewhere down in Fortuna! He already had it lined up, and now is just a few days away from things falling into place. The glow on his face was impossible to ignore, and I found myself grinning right along with him and congratulating him. I even shook his hand.

Since he mentioned the V.A. I naturally asked about his military service. I was shocked when he said he had served in the Army during 79-81. Unless he went in very late, this would make him only a couple of years older than me. He was probably no more than 50, but to look at him you might think he was 75 or 80. His teeth are all rotted out, and the years of being exposed to the outside had left his face leathery and weather-beaten. He was really thin and the whites of his eyes were yellowish. His voice was weak and so quiet I couldn't quite hear everything he said. I figured drugs and/or alcohol must have played some part of his condition but I wondered to myself if I would make different choices had I been dealt the same hand.

The important part was that he was genuinely happy about his news, and I said "How wonderful that you'll have a place to sleep with heat and you'll be able to take hot showers..." then he said "well...no, no hot water. Not yet. I'll still have to get one of

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# Buy Nothing Day our Homeless Vets

By Mashaw McGuinnis

I participate in "Buy Nothing Day" every year, the day after



those tank things...” I think he meant he would need to buy a hot water heater, and it didn’t sound like he was going to have one when he first moved in. But he was so thrilled just to have a place.

I told him I had seen him on the streets for a long time, and it must be discouraging to have to wait so long for the V.A., but he was very nonchalant about it. He said something like “Well you can’t ever give up hope. You just have to keep going” and I was so touched. I stood there remembering the enormous feast the evening before with good friends and all the heat I wanted, then came home to a hot bath and warm bed. I asked him if he had gotten to enjoy a Thanksgiving dinner somewhere and he said he had, at the Vet’s Hall.

As the sun started going down and it got colder, we were running out of conversation. The man asked me if I could spare change for him to get a cup of hot cocoa, but of course I had not brought any money with me. I regrettably told him I had left the house without my wallet so I was unable to help him out. I hesitated, and thought about trying to explain the concept of “Buy Nothing” day to him but finally decided against it. I couldn’t find it in me to look into his eyes and explain how people designate one special day each year to control their urges to spend money frivolously. Participating in “Buy Nothing” day always gives me some insight and perspective but never as profound as it did this year.

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## ACLU BLOCKS ILLEGAL INTIMIDATION OF VET PROTESTORS “ZEN GARDEN” NOT HOUSING FOR HOMELESS VETS IN FATCAT NEIGHBORHOOD

*By Gordon Duff STAFF WRITER/Senior Editor*

Beverly Hills multi-millionaire socialite and retired insurance exec Frank Raab wrote the LA Times complaining that the ACLU was defending veterans opposing his “Zen Garden” project meant to take the place of housing for the 20,000 homeless veterans of the Los Angeles area.

The ACLU stepped in against Raab’s group and their Veterans Affairs partners when political fixers tried to stop protesting vets. Charges against veterans protesting Raab’s project, said to be a “con” meant to keep homeless vets away from the wealthy elite, were dropped when the ACLU announced its support for protesting veterans supported by the American Legion and other groups.

With General Shensiki, head of the Department of Veterans Affairs, calling homelessness among veterans a national disgrace, the Raab project to take land designated for veterans housing and build a “contemplative garden” has an odd ring about it.

Research shown that the group working to block the proposed veterans housing project is made up of millionaire residents of

Brentwood and Beverly Hills with nary a homeless vet among them.

Retired VA official, Ralph W. Eckard, highly decorated Marine combat veteran states:

“In 1887, a time in America when its citizens, politicians and leaders had appreciation and respect for her veterans; families began donating land. This land was deeded for the sole purpose of establishing the first Soldiers Home west of the Rockies. The home was intended to assure that no honorably discharged disabled veteran would be left homeless. Over the years the land donations accrued to approximately 600 acres along what is now known as Wilshire Boulevard and San Samente.(sp)

Over the years, the land has come under attack many times. At one point Route 405 cut through the property, then Wilshire Boulevard itself was laid down reducing the property significantly. Veterans, who are truly the ultimate public servants, understand the need for growth and expansion and the sacrifices were made. The donated and deeded land now, only 128 years later, consist of approximately 16 acres.

In recent years there have been a number of attacks on the property. In 1988, an attack was made when a group wrestled for control of the veterans land under the false wrap of designating it as a veterans Conservancy. No one seemed to know what the function of the Conservancy was to be. The only thing clear at that time is that the intended use was not to serve veterans.

Today the veterans face the “Waxman machine”, supported by individuals employed by the Department of Veterans Affairs. Mr. Ralph E. Tillman, Director of Asset Management for greater LA, is actively involved in this endeavor. It was always assumed that individuals employed by the DVA were selected or appointed to their positions to support and protect the interest of our nations. It now appears that Mr. Tillman and his Waxman machine are doing so to acquire this land.

Due to this, 1 million dollars has been spent to fence in the property which actually has a two sided purpose. The fence not only keeps our nations veterans off the land deeded for their use but additionally beautifies the entrance to Brentwood. Not only has the fence been erected, the ground now has built upon it a police headquarters, and is patrolled by multiple police vehicles all having been procured using funds intended for veteran care.

The grounds are patrolled by un-sworn Department of Veterans Affairs employees dressed in police uniforms. One would have to believe that the facility would have to request additional funding to support such a program from DVA Central Office in Washington, D.C. Since such facility improvements

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and staff would need to come from the Medical Centers annual budget additional funds would need to be granted by Washington. Does anyone wonder what Washington's position is on this matter?.

The individuals wearing police uniforms who work for DVA are not sworn officers nor do they have independent arrest authority. Generally, Police and Security Services within the DVA try to garner authority from an agency within the Department of Justice such as, the Federal Marshalls. The authority can vary from facility to facility as with the authority of these individuals to carry firearms.

In most instances permission to carry firearms is approved or disapproved by the Medical Center Director. In addition, Police and Security Service will have a varied structure. In some facilities the Chief of Police and Security Service will work for the Medical Center Director, in others it may be for the Chief of Engineering Service or even the Chief of Facilities Management Service. Any authority granted to these individuals is restricted to the grounds that the VA facilities occupy and only those grounds.

In consideration of what has been previously stated, it only garners one question, why there are volumes of photographs depicting VA staff in uniform performing functions off the DVA grounds? Case in fact is that these individuals have been executing arrest off DVA grounds."

Billions of dollars of veterans land, designated over a century ago for housing has been used for exclusive private schools, fundraisers, Broadway theatre projects and even storing rental cars, everything but housing veterans.

With a small group of local vets moving toward their 3rd year of protests, under increasing threats of violence, illegal arrest and intimidation, the powerful political groups wishing to wall veterans off from some of the countries weathiest neighborhoods that grew up around the Los Angeles Veterans Home, the threats by the ACLU to stifle illegal intimidation tactics has frustrated millionaire Raab.

Vets involved in the protest report assaults, phone threats and illegal surveillance, admitted by the VA.

## VET LAND USED TO HOUSE VA EMPLOYEES IN STYLE

Aerial photos of the former veteran's home shows an area of private housing rumored to be used by VA employees, housing worth many millions. We are told that, at one time in the distant past, employees of veterans facilities were provided housing on some military posts.

Photos, however, show million dollar properties with acres of private gardens, some worth up to \$100,000 a month in rent, used by

employees, oddly enough, closely aligned with Raab's group and key political leaders in the area. It is possible that millions in back taxes may be owed on "sweetheart" deals like this one.

## TAX QUESTION

With properties of such value being used either "gratis" or for rent that is only a small fraction of fair market value, the protesting veterans have asked if this "value" is being declared on the income taxes of the recipients.

Tax law indicates that, for instance, if an individual uses a company car on private business, even for a trip to the store, the value of that trip is taxable as income. If a VA employee were to receive a subsidy of free rent, let's say, of up to \$1 million a year, would laws that apply to all other federal and private employees apply to them also?

Is there a law that exempts certain VA supervisory employees from Federal Income Tax? Regulations meant to keep doctors and nurses protected from "Indian attack" may now be providing untold luxury on land designated for housing poor veterans.

## INVESTIGATION REQUESTED

Raab's complaint that the ACLU came in to block his Veterans Affairs police from protesting his "pet" Zen Garden project brings to mind a number of potential issues.

With several billion dollars of land in question, the law violations by VA employees are unlikely to have happened unless a pattern of illegality were involved. Trained police officers are unlikely to break numerous laws without, themselves being subjected to threats and intimidation.

Privately, Veterans Affairs police admit to being pressured to force veterans protests to stop, "no matter what."

With so much money involved and the cast of characters, millionaires, politicians and questionable government officials involved, an investigation into all dealings involving this land is demanded.

Zen garden or homes for vets, which makes sense? Why have so many who have so much found it so easy to forget there is a war going on?

*Veterans Today Senior Editor Gordon Duff is a Marine combat veteran and regular contributor on political and social issues.duffster*

*Submitted By: Mashaw McGinnis*



## INVICTUS THE MOVIE

Treat yourself to a special night out and go view *Invictus*, a movie currently showing in local theaters. The movie follows the motives

and inspiration of Nelson Mandela as he becomes the great and beloved leader in South Africa. The inspiring true story of how Nelson Mandela joined forces with the captain of South Africa's rugby team to help unite their country. Newly elected President Mandela knows his nation remains racially and economically divided in the wake of apartheid. Believing he can bring his people together through the universal language of sport, Mandela rallies South Africa's rugby team as they make their historic run to the 1995 Rugby World Cup Championship match.

*Starring: Morgan Freeman, Matt Damon.*

*Below is a brief biography of this noble man.*

Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela (born 18 July 1918) is a former President of South Africa, the first to be elected in fully representative democratic elections. Before his presidency, Mandela was an anti-apartheid activist and leader of the African National Congress and its armed wing Umkhonto we Sizwe. He spent 27 years in prison, much of it in a cell on Robben Island, on convictions for crimes that included sabotage committed while he spearheaded the struggle against apartheid. Among opponents of apartheid in South Africa and internationally, he became a symbol of freedom and equality, while the apartheid government and nations sympathetic to it condemned him and the ANC as communists and terrorists. Following his release from prison in 1990, his switch to a policy of reconciliation and negotiation helped lead the transition to multi-racial democracy in South Africa. Since the end of apartheid, he has been widely praised, even by former opponents. Mandela has received more than one hundred awards over four decades, most notably the Nobel Peace Prize in 1993. He is currently a celebrated elder statesman who continues to voice his opinion on topical issues. In South Africa he is often known as Madiba, an honorary title adopted by elders of Mandela's clan. The title has come to be synonymous with Nelson Mandela.

### *Invictus*

*OUT of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.  
In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.  
Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.  
It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.*  
— William Ernest Henley. 1849-1903

*(Invictus: Latin for "unconquered". A poem purportedly to have given solace, comfort and courage to Nelson Mandela during his 27 year incarceration on Robben Island in South Africa.)*

## COALITION CASUALTIES SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES

### Iraq Coalition Military Fatalities By Year

Year	US	UK	Other	Total
2003	486	53	41	580
2004	849	22	35	906
2005	846	23	28	897
2006	822	29	21	872
2007	904	47	10	961
2008	314	4	4	322
2009	150	1	0	151
<b>Total</b>	<b>4371</b>	<b>179</b>	<b>139</b>	<b>4689</b>

### Afghanistan Coalition Military Fatalities By Year

Year	US	UK	Other	Total
2001	12	0	0	12
2002	49	3	17	69
2003	48	0	9	57
2004	52	1	7	60
2005	99	1	31	131
2006	98	39	54	191
2007	117	42	73	232
2008	155	51	89	295
2009	309	106	90	505

**Iraqi Civilian Casualties**  
between 94,8788 and 103,538  
since the start of hostilities

**Afghanistan civilian casualties**  
are mounting daily. Hundreds are being slaughtered  
to kill or capture 110 known Taliban fighters in the  
country.

**WINNING THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE  
AVERAGE CITIZEN?**





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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 [turtldncer@aol.com](mailto:turtldncer@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.

## WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEETING PLACE

*By John Mulloy*

**Beginning January 7, 2010, Humboldt Bay Chapter 56 will meet in the Commons Room of the Bayview Courtyard Apartments at 550 Union Street in Arcata. The apartments are in a green story complex. If you are coming down Union from 7th Street (towards the bay), it is the first complex on the left after the turnoff to Health Sports. If you come up from Samoa Blvd., it is the last complex on the right.**

**No parking in the complex, as there are just enough spaces for the residents. There is plenty of parking on the street and in the driveway of the Union Charter School next door.**

**At the complex you will find a fenced courtyard with an arched opening. Through the arch you will see double glass doors. You're home free!**

**We are not required to have insurance and there is no meeting fee. See you January 7th. 7:00 PM. Let's get the new year off with a useful, well attended meeting.**

Peace  
For  
Earth