



VETERANS FOR PEACE  
HUMBOLDT BAY  
CHAPTER 56

# THE FOGHORN

JANUARY  
2014

*“Cutting Through the Fog of War”*

---

## 12 Years a Slave vs. 12 Years a Prisoner ... in Guantanamo

*By Col. Ann Wright, Common Dreams*

*21 December 13*

I hope the first African-American United State President has seen the movie “12 Years A Slave.” It’s the story of Solomon Northup, a born-free, educated African-American carpenter and musician who lived in Saratoga, New York. In 1841, during a trip to Washington, DC, Northup was kidnapped by slave traders. He was sold into the slave pens in the nation’s capitol, imprisoned in chains, beaten, and transported by paddle wheel steamer by slave traders to the American south. There he was sold to slave owners and began working as a slave on an American Southern plantation. He was savagely beaten and humiliated on the plantation and remained there for 12 years, unable to escape, except by suicide.

Finally, he was able to tell his story to a traveling Canadian builder who was hired to construct a building on the plantation. The Canadian, who was against slavery, at great personal risk, sent a letter to Northup’s friends and business acquaintances in New York describing Northup’s imprisonment as a slave. One of Northup’s friends traveled from New York to the southern plantation with the papers that showed that Northup was a free man, not a slave, and with the help of the local sheriff, was able, after 12 years, to bring Northup back to New York where he became an abolitionist and helped those attempting to escape slavery. He sued the Washington, DC slave pen owners, but as a black was not permitted to testify in the Washington, DC courts and his attempt to sue in New York those who sold him to the slave pens was not successful.

I hope the movie reminds President Obama of the past 12 years of another American injustice - that toward prisoners in Guantanamo. Most Guantanamo prisoners were kidnapped for a bounty, beaten, tortured, some water boarded, sexually humiliated and transported from all over the world by extraordinary rendition to a prison in Cuba from which escape was impossible except by suicide.

For years, the names of prisoners were unknown to the world, but finally a Navy lawyer, Matthew Diaz, believed all prisoners should be able to have legal defense, at great personal risk, disclosed the names thereby allowing lawyers from around the world to volunteer to be the defense attorneys for the prisoners. Diaz lawyer was court-martialed, sentenced to six months in prison and given a dishonorable discharge.

After 12 years, of the 779 prisoners kidnapped and subjected to extraordinary rendition by the United States government, 693, or 89%, have been freed because there was no evidence against them. 79 more prisoners have been cleared for release years ago but are still being held.

12 years later, 158 prisoners are still imprisoned in Guantanamo: 7 have been convicted by a US military commission of criminal acts against the United States, 6 are facing trial by US military commission and 46 have been designated for indefinite detention, without charge or trial. After no releases of cleared prisoners for several years, 8 were released in the past three months-4 to Algeria, 2 to Saudi Arabia and 2 to Sudan.

I hope President Obama remembers that one-half of those remaining in Guantanamo - 79 prisoners - have been cleared for release - and that he will issue an order for them to be released and that he also will finally order the infamous Guantanamo Prison to be closed... 12 years later.



*(VFP56 member John Mulloy, chronicling his journey from war resister to peace activist, wrote the following manuscript. It will be presented in serialized format over the next year in the Foghorn. It accurately portrays John's life as he lived it during the early 70's onward until the present day. Many thanks to John for sharing his life and experiences with us on all of our quests for peace.)*

## THE JOURNEY OF FOREVER

By John Mulloy  
Forward



*Using "memoirs" as a medium, I've attempted to extrapolate sociological perspectives from personal experiences. A strongly developing political consciousness is nurtured by (and nurtures in return) a broadening spiritual evolution of self, of soul.*

*My primary intent is to inspire current and future progressive activist, of all venues, to bolster their hopes, courage, and intellectual strength, as they struggle to spread knowledge, wisdom and concepts of justice amongst the citizenry .*

*We must embolden the volunteers of peace and justice, in all of their diversity.*

*I lived every event and situation as described, allowing me to use the art of storytelling as the core of the manuscript. I've tried to keep everything tight and to the point.*

### Chapter I: The Bus

By the end of May, 1970, the spring anti-war and anti-imperial offensive had finally dissipated. The domestic insurgency had come on as a powerful wave of anguish over U.S. military aggression, crashing upon the shores of America's political and moral consciousness. This year, protest events in Washington, D.C. had been fueled by the massive bombing and infantry escalation in Cambodia, along the Vietnam border regions. The murders of four demonstrating students at Kent State University, in Ohio, by a national guard unit, turned the protests into especially fervent exercises of urgent moral clarity.

The range of emotions of the individual psyche and the American body politic varied from rage, despair, and pessimism, to love, hope and optimism. These feelings of the heart and soul sloshed back and forth continually. As a fully involved member of D.C.'s revolutionary underworld, I was enveloped by the emotions of the tribal consciousness surrounding my existence.

This period was one of fervent intrapersonal, political, social, and spiritual growth as we grappled within the atmosphere of national upheaval and the inner quest to discern answers to the WHY of existence. Huge questions; real to the max. At no time in our nation's history has this country been more divided, with anger and fear abroad among the populace. Physical and emotion laden civil war lurked.

By the end of the spring, I was ready to head to the San Francisco Bay Area for emotional, cultural, and political renewal. Plus, I wanted to get away from the cloying dark forces of J. Edgar Hoover's FBI gumshoes and operatives. These creeping weirdoes, along with those of U.S. Army intelligence, were hovering all over my case. This was no shock to me, given my occupation as a revolutionary and my status as an army lieutenant who had refused his orders to Vietnam. But, I needed a break from telephone wiretaps, mail openings, and garbage perusal. I'll never forget the day the sanitation guys came to the front door of the collective (a political commune) where I lived. They wanted to let us know that the FBI had them keep our garbage separate from the general collection. This, my readers, was part of the COINTELPRO (counter intelligence program) that was later revealed.

Provisionally, I learned from my myriad street contacts of an imminent free transport to San Francisco. It seems that a school bus had been driven to D.C. with a load of junior high kids, for them to see the U.S. countryside and visit their nation's capital. The kids had been flown home, leaving the bus to be driven back by four teachers (two couples), with a school gas card. The teachers gave

*....continued on next page*



....continued from previous page

48 hour notice of their departure and issued an address and time. All were welcome. This was a classic "either you're on the bus or off the bus" scenario. I never hesitated. In the spirit of life's adventure, I made it a point to "be there or be square".

The appointed hour came and a dozen folks showed up. I knew three of them. No one else knew each other. Joining the four teachers (very hip, easy going), we tramped onto the bus with our backpacks and bags. The junior high kids, obviously from an 'alternative' school, had already painted peace and love signs all over the classic yellow façade. We would add more as the days rolled by.

Well fortified with marijuana, LSD, guitars, bongos, etc., we were fairly representative of the hip counterculture. The adventure across the American stage had begun. We knew our odyssey would be interesting, but we had no idea how powerful and life transforming it proved to be. Images that would last a lifetime awaited us as we set off for a 3,000 mile rendezvous with America. I felt relief of having skipped out of the FBI and army intel purview. They certainly had no idea how I had absconded. Instead, they were left grasping at nothing but vacated space.

A sociologist would have enjoyed witnessing the formation of a micro society within the bus. Little cliques came together immediately. It seems to be one of the basic human needs, the creation of bonds with others, based on self interest and/or shared values. We picked up every hitchhiker who took up our offer of a free ride to S.F., or at least down the road. Since only a few got off, the group eventually peaked at thirty or so. Every new rider was quickly assimilated into our world.

Driving through southern Ohio, we snatched up three long haired, hip dudes from Kent State University, where the four students had been slain by the forces of the Empire. I thought it magical that we were allotted their presence by the higher spiritual realm. Besides, they had a fat ounce of black Nepalese hashish. I became best friends with all.

It was an electric grouping of fine souls, all seeking something new in their lives, willing to share an adventure together. We camped out in parks along the way, pooling our finances to buy food in bulk, sharing what we gathered. Music and marijuana around the campfire, singing and joyful play; the counterculture at its best, Woodstock on wheels. Of course, we attracted a lot of attention along the way. Once we crossed into Middle America, the 'vibe' between our magical mystery tour and the surrounding 'straight' culture rose in intensity, culminating in two of the most dramatic nights of my life.

\* \* \* \*

#### A). PIED PIPER

As we slipped into the heartland of the U.S., we were having a great time, our bus society was blooming, and we were full of group and individual self-confidence. Finding a campground

about fifty miles west of St. Louis, we proceeded to perform our nightly rituals and good vibrations were felt by all.

Soon after dark, a few of us started seeing moving figures, human forms, in the woods surrounding our site. We ventured toward them and made contact with about a dozen boys and girls in the 12-14 age bracket. Our bus had been seen pulling into the campground. Word spread amongst their peer group. Our psychedelic aura attracted them mightily in the rural Missouri of 1970. We were Woodstock, the San Francisco hippies, the radicals; all of it. We were the folks that their parents and the media warned them about, from a negative, "they're bad people," perspective. But the spirit of 'seeking' knowledge and personal growth was alive in their souls. They were so shy, that they were content just to watch us from the night shadows, afraid to approach us. We represented the mysterious, but highly attractive, UNKNOWN.

We invited them to join us around the campfire. As we were totally aware that we had a responsibility both to the kids and to the culture and politics that we represented, all marijuana and other drugs were stashed and became invisible. Our mission was not to get them 'high' but rather to spark their consciousness. We shared food and song, listened carefully to their questions, and gave them the best information and psychic stimulation that we could. All subjects were covered- the Vietnam war, drugs, music, travel, spiritual enlightenment, etc. You could see them eagerly soaking it all in, transforming themselves. Finally, in the wee hours of the morning, they went quietly back to their homes. We felt

....continued on next page

Next VFP56 meeting will be held  
on Thursday, January 2nd 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.



...continued from previous page

blessed to have brought 'the magical mystery tour of life' to their front door, so to speak.

Discussing the evening's events as we drifted down the highway the next day, we knew instinctively that magic had happened. Given a situation where we possessed so much of the best offerings of our 60's culture, politics, and zest for life, it was understood that we, as 'seekers' of enlightenment ourselves, had interacted with these kids in the best way possible. While still growing in ways that were evolving within our minds and souls, we were, as part of our own life journeys, able to reinforce the children's desire to learn of the world and expand selfhood.

As the years passed, I grew to understand what we had done. These youngsters, of their own volition, approached us; we spontaneously treated their souls with great care and equal respect. Their parents probably never knew what had happened. But, the boys and girls shared a life long experiential bond as a result of that blissful encounter. In a rural piece of America, we had left a powerful seed of consciousness expansion that could never be erased. The interaction was so powerful and sublime, that we may well have affected the life force that the kids carried on into the future.

Relating to these blessed youth showed us all, myself in particular, that passing the flame of life's knowledge and progressive human instincts was the most joyous activity we could participate in, for our own growth. From the children we gather energy and the perspective of hope. Give faith and you shall be repaid with the same. We left the seed produced by our souls, our inner essence, with the children. More than forty years later, I'm still reckoning with what happened that night.

While we had not physically stolen the children of the village with our magic flute, so to speak, our aura of the magical mystery bus had allowed us to affect these kids in the ways and means of consciousness development. They would never be the same and we did it unseen, but right in the middle of their unknowing mainstream America milieu.

We were the Pied Piper as represented in the often told story of our youth. Under powerful, impossible to replicate circumstances, myths are proven to be real. Our words and energy were the 'flute.' We took the children away from their narrow world of imposed consciousness confinement, in a most mystical manner. The genie could not be put back in the bottle. The stories of our childhood come from a perspective

of dreamland reality. We were and are the Pied Piper.

#### B). The LYNCH MOB

ELLIS, KANSAS – as middle America as it gets; very suspicious of New York City and California. And here came our bus, setting all the citizenry's components of fear and loathing in motion. The camping site we found was just on the edge of the small farming town. All day we had been on a natural high after our encounter with the Missouri children. Our protective guard was relaxed, leading to failure to make full note of dangerous omens.

Eight or ten of us decided to meander into the downtown section of Ellis, in search of a restaurant. Finding one, we were seated, but the hospitality vibe was set on zero. All conversation in the restaurant came to a halt and heads turned toward us. When we were about finished, 4 eighteen year olds came in and over to our group. They said that while they were cool with who we were, the vast majority of locals were not. They warned us that the sheriff had called in all his deputies and they were waiting for us outside.

Stepping into the evening twilight, we were immediately confronted by the sheriff. "Time to get out of town and keep moving," was his first gambit. We reacted very calmly, explaining to him that we were free and honest citizens on a journey to see our country. The sheriff reacted well to our straight forwardness. He decided to allow our presence until dawn, but "leave then or face arrest." We agreed and walked back to the campsite, feeling good about ourselves.

A few hours later, the four teenagers showed up with a cautionary tale that many locals thought the sheriff had failed to deal with us in an aggressive manner. They reported that there was heavy drinking and anger at the downtown bar. We refused to panic and told the young men not to be paranoid. "Whatever happens, we can deal with it." The teens stayed and partied with us. Our caution levels were below zero.

Just before midnight, chaos descended. I was lying under the bus, smoking hashish with the three Kent State survivors. Suddenly, a thundering rush of vehicles could be heard. Car doors opened. I rolled out, to see roughly fifteen men reaching into car trunks for weapons-chains, tire irons, axes, and at least one shotgun. We were on a knoll as they began to advance on us. The epitaphs rolled out of them. "You Commie perverts! We're going to deal with you!" "God damn hippie faggots!" They were obviously quite drunk, having spent hours drinking themselves up to this. We started picking up whatever weapons we could *muster*. The four teens were go-

...continued on next page



...continued from previous page

ing to stand on our side and fight their older brothers (25-30 years old by my take) in defense of our freedom to exist and be there. I made instant note of that attitude, but had no time to mull it over at that moment.

Just as things were about to explode, INTERVENTION interrupted. Out of the darkness came the sheriff. He certainly knew that these men were drinking and getting worked up. It was obvious that he'd been watching us. He must have seen us smoking pot and he could see that the teens were with us. His main concern was to prevent a scene of mass injury and death. He could not let this small town be spread across the national news. Knowing that the locals were the aggressors, he knew they had to be turned around. The sheriff placed himself between the two groups and told the 'good old boys' to pack it up and go home. One of them responded by pushing him to the ground.

Thankfully, the sheriff was calm and thought quickly. Realizing that they were defiant of his role as law enforcer, the man dropped the sheriff facade and switched to the more primary role of village elder. "Your parents are my friends. They support me. If you do this, I'll make sure you pay for it the rest of your lives." In the light of small town rural ethics, the role of village elder carried great weight. You could see their bravado leak away. Slowly, mumbling, they retreated to their vehicles, got in, and peeled out in a blaze of dirt and gravel. The sheriff turned to us and said, "You won't have any more trouble, just leave at dawn." He went back into the woods, never saying anything about the teens or marijuana.

We left at dawn. Driving off in a chastened, somber mood, we reflected that 'midnight in Kansas' had been far more dramatic than we had bargained for. I knew intuitively that I would be examining this event for the rest of my life.

This episode offered many powerful lessons in the living of life. Transformative energy had been produced. Dramatic, unrepeatable realities allowed oneself to understand historical and sociological conditions on a primal level. This creates a comprehensive overlay that structured textbooks and most other knowledge delivery modes cannot provide. The drama of 'real life' experience drives knowledge deep into our psyche. I felt admiration for the quick thinking, common sense, and maturity of the sheriff. He was a combination of Andy of Mayberry and Marshall Dillon. He just wanted to keep a lid on the situation, and did!! The man kept his even tempered 'cool' and was wise enough to realize that the intrinsic influence of 'elder' carried more psychological weight than the role of law enforcement.

The bizarre starkness of the night's confrontation drove home the sense of desperation that blacks and Jews felt when encountering the KKK, Nazis, or similar hateful souls driven by fear and ignorance. Historically, the blinding human cesspool qualities ended with the persecuted hanging from trees or obliterated in violent pogroms. Our experience drove home the reality of what many individuals and ethnic/religious/political groupings face during the entirety of their existence. The need for love, kindness, and egalitarian justice,

stands in contrast to the depravity of loathsome attitudes that led to: "We're going to deal with you, you Commie hippie faggots!"

In the heightened awareness that this night brought, one could discern how civil warfare could flow from the political and cultural divides in the American psyche. The young teens were willing to fight local citizens in defense of our right to live in liberty, in a situation where injury or death was possible. Brother against brother over basic human rights. The fact that the youngest were willing to stand with us gave me hope that the future could bring positive attitudinal change among the local populace. The reality of Civil War was laid bare in front of our eyes and consciousness. So stark; so real.

\* \* \* \*

The ten day journey came to an end in the Haight/Asbury section of San Francisco. I got off on Berkeley's Telegraph Ave., across the bay. A journey of adventure, a growth of knowledge and perspective; much to chew on. The bus ride served as a classroom of interaction with a significant slice of 1970 Americana. I've told this story hundreds of times as an educational tool. I was forever blessed when I decided to get 'on the bus.' Forever thankful.

*TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH*

## Five Reasons to Ban Depleted Uranium

*Submitted by Peter Aronson, Co-Chair DU/WMD Committee*

The following information is credited to one of the best DU resources in the world, the International Coalition to Ban Depleted Uranium (ICBUW), [www.bandepleteduranium.org](http://www.bandepleteduranium.org)

Given all that is known about DU and the typical response from the public to the thought of using radioactive and chemically toxic materials in conventional weapons it seems strange to have to list five reasons why states shouldn't. Nevertheless, here are five that the users of the weapons have seemed keen to avoid discussing during debates on their acceptability:

1. DU is radioactive and chemically toxic. An increasing number of laboratory studies have shown that as a material it is genotoxic – it can damage DNA – potentially leading to cancers and other health problems. The generation of DU dusts and the contamination of soils and groundwater ensure that realistic pathways exist for DU to get into civilians.

2. Users of DU have been unwilling to make data available on where DU has been fired and in what quantities. This lack of transparency makes assessing the risks its use poses to civilians very difficult. It also impedes post-conflict assessment and clearance.

...continued on next page



...continued from previous page

3. States recovering from conflict find effectively dealing with DU contaminated sites extremely challenging. Huge volumes of contaminated scrap metal, soils and building materials must be dealt with. The radiation does not simply disappear and contaminated materials must be identified, separated and stored indefinitely. This places a huge financial and logistical burden on affected states.

4. Research from Iraq and the Balkans has demonstrated that DU munitions have been used against non-armored targets. The US and UK have always argued that DU is only for use against armored vehicles but the reality from conflict zones shows that the use of DU by aircraft and armored fighting vehicles results in buildings and other civilian infrastructure being targeted. The implications for civilian exposure to DU residues are clear.

5. Systems to monitor civilian health and exposure to environmental contaminants after conflict are usually absent, which allows states to dismiss or ignore reports from medical professionals on the ground. It is clear that DU exposure is a potential risk factor for post-conflict health problems and precaution dictates that it should not be used.

This time last year, 155 countries supported a UN General Assembly resolution that recognized the potential risks from DU. Just four states opposed the text – the US, UK, France and Israel. It called for users to transfer targeting and usage data to affected states when requested to do so. Crucially it requested that states adopt a precautionary approach to the use of DU munitions. ICBUW's research has shown that DU's indiscriminate nature and the persistent failure to adequately manage its post-conflict legacy have demonstrated that its use is wholly incompatible with any definition of precaution.

What would the response from the authorities look like if large quantities of DU were dispersed in London, Washington, Paris, Moscow, Islamabad or Beijing? Would it still be acceptable, would it still be harmless? Would we still delay action while we waited for more research to contamination in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Canberra, Ottawa or Madrid?

## History of 5-Eyes

*Paul Farrell theguardian.com,*

*Monday 2 December 2013 00.30 EST*

***Partnership forged in wartime to monitor enemy radio transmissions now scoops up data about ordinary citizens***

During the second world war intelligence officers from Britain and the US would crouch over bulky radio transmitters listening in on crackling enemy exchanges. In the years since then, communications technology has changed drastically – and intelligence gathering is far easier in the digital age. But despite the changes it

is the same agreement that still governs the sharing of signals intelligence between Britain, the US, Australia, New Zealand and Canada – known in shorthand as the “5-Eyes” countries.

The exchange of intelligence was an important part of US-UK efforts during the second world war.

This co-operation continued after the war, resulting in the UKUSA agreement of 1946. As a British dominion at the time, Australia was not party to the agreement in its own right, but all British dominions occupied a special status that elevated them above other “third-party” countries.

By 1955 the role of the other 5-Eyes nations was formalised when the agreement was updated: “At this time only Canada, Australia and New Zealand will be regarded as UKUSA-collaborating Commonwealth countries,” an annexure in the new agreement reads.

The Defence Signals Branch – now known as the Australian Signals Directorate – was to “collaborate directly”, with tasks as determined by the US National Security Agency, and “will exchange raw material, technical material and end product of these tasks”.

It is not clear how much the agreement has changed since then, and whether Australia is still being allocated “tasks” in such a way – but the nature of those tasks would be very different.

“In the days when the agreement was put together, your main source of signals was high-frequency radio that could be transmitted for several thousand kilometres around the world, so you had a whole network of stations to monitor HF radio,” says Australian National University professor Des Ball, an Australian intelligence expert. “Many of those stations are still here.”

Throughout the 1960s these radio signals were left behind; in their place came satellite or microwave relay communications, and each of the parties began developing interception methods for these. With each leap in technology came new capabilities.

“As communications moved into much much higher of the frequency spectrum with mobile phones and then cell phones, they moved into facilities that could intercept those much shorter range signals, so there has been an evolution which has matched the change in means of communications,” Ball says.

Intelligence gathering has developed even further with digital communication interceptions, and as leaked NSA documents have shown, Australia has been operating listening posts around the Asia-Pacific region, passing data back to the US.

But high-frequency radio transmissions are vastly different from the internet, in both form and purpose. The executive director of

...continud on next page



*...continued from previous page*

the Cyberspace Law and Policy Centre, David Vaile, says the internet should not be seen as a medium designed for this kind of mass data collection.

“With the vast amount of information that’s exposed online there is a greater need for more protection,” Vaile says.

The original agreement was created to share information about intelligence gathered on foreign countries, not domestic surveillance. But that purpose and the scope of the intelligence being gathered also appears to have changed.

The 1946 agreement specifically related to “foreign intelligence”, which is defined as “all communications of the government or of any military, air, or naval force, faction, party, department, agency, or bureau of a foreign country, or of any person or persons acting or purporting to act therefor, and shall include communications of a foreign country which may contain information of military, political or economic value”. It specifically excludes the US, the British Commonwealth and nations, and the British empire from the scope of this sort of information.

But we now know from documents provided by the whistleblower Edward Snowden that the NSA has been able to retain vast amounts of data from Britain and other 5-Eyes nations, allowing information about ordinary citizens to be caught up in the dragnet.

In a draft 2005 directive in the name of the NSA’s director of signals intelligence, the agency prepared policies that would enable spying on 5-Eyes partners, even without permission of the other country:

“[The March 1946 UKUSA agreement] has evolved to include a common understanding that both governments will not target each other’s citizens/persons. However, when it is in the best interest of each nation, each reserved the right to conduct unilateral Comint action against each other’s citizens/persons.

“Under certain circumstances, it may be advisable and allowable to target second-party persons and second-party communications unilaterally when it is in the best interests of the US.”

This shift in the agreement is what Vaile says is one of the most serious risks, because it helps facilitate spying on the citizens of other parties to the agreement.

“If you actually did want to spy more on the local people then it appears that with co-operation of the other partners this is easier, because they would have the legal right in their own domestic law to treat the citizens of the other countries as foreigners, and that appears to be where the rot has set in.”

“There used to be a very clear distinction between intelligence gathering on non-nationals and domestic citizens, but that appears to have changed.”

The limitations placed on the activities of the 5-Eyes countries with respect to the what they can gather on the other partners appear to have changed over time. The question that remains is just how far the partners have gone in conducting surveillance on each other.

---

**VETERANS FOR PEACE  
ORGANIZED LOCALLY  
RECOGNIZED NATIONALLY**

Since 1985, VFP has exposed the true costs of war and militarism, demanding the abolition of war as an instrument of national policy.

“To be hopeful in bad times is not just foolishly romantic. It is based on the fact that human history is a history not only of cruelty, but also of compassion, sacrifice, courage, kindness...

What we choose to emphasize in this complex history will determine our lives. If we see only the worst, it destroys our capacity to do something. If we remember those times and places—and there are so many—where people have behaved magnificently, this gives us the energy to act and at least the possibility of sending this spinning top of a world in a different direction...And if we do act, in however small a way, we don’t have to wait for some grand utopian future. The future is an infinite succession of presents and to live now as we think human beings should live, in defiance of all that is bad around us, is itself a marvelous victory.” -- Howard Zinn

***IT’S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN,  
TIME TO RENEW YOUR VFP 56  
MEMBERSHIP DUES.***

***DUES ARE \$20.00 PER YEAR FOR  
OUR LOCAL VFP CHAPTER 56.  
MEMBERSHIP FUNDS ARE USED TO  
SPONSOR MANY ACTIVITIES  
DURING THE YEAR.***

***PLEASE MAKE YOUR CHECK OUT  
TO VFP HUMBOLDT BAY CHAPTER  
56 AND MAIL IT TO: P.O. BOX 532,  
BAYSIDE, CA 95524***





**Veterans For Peace  
Chapter 56**

Phone 707-826-7124

Email: VFP56@aol.com

WE'RE ON THE WEB:

<http://www.vfp56.org>

**COORDINATING COMMITTEE**

**Rob Hepburn, Steve Stamnes  
Steve Sottong, Jim Sorter,  
John Schaefer, John Mulloy  
Jane Riggan, Ernie Behm**

**EDITOR OF FOGHORN  
Jim Sorter**

**STANDING COMMITTEES**

**DU/WMD: Peter Aronson, Rich Gilchrist  
General Store: Ernie Behm  
FEM: Mashaw McGuinnis  
VEOP: Carl Stancil, Jon Reisdorf  
VSC: Ernie Behm, John Mulloy**

# 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](mailto: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.



*Yes it's official. VFP56 members Carl and Mashaw were married on December 6, 2013 at Requa Inn near Klamath. Their union was celebrated with song, drink and lively stories. All rejoiced that Mashaw and Carl are indeed greatly blessed.*

Veterans For Peace  
Chapter 56  
P.O. Box 532  
Bayside, CA  
95524