



VETERANS FOR PEACE
HUMBOLDT BAY
CHAPTER 56

THE FOGHORN

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2007

“Cutting Through the Fog of War”

IN REMEMBRANCE OF OUR FALLEN BROTHER DEL REDDICK

BY ROB HEPBURN

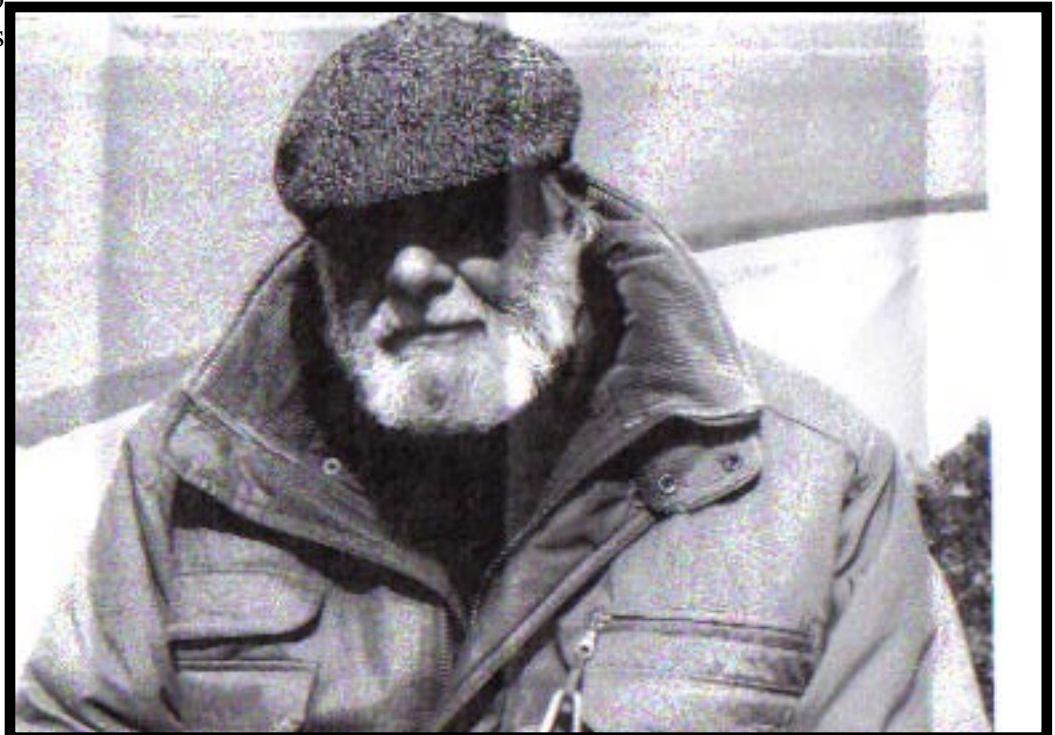
Mom and I first saw you when we got into town in May of 2003. There you were on the side of the road with your big sign; “ End the War — Bring the Troops Home Now!” Every day we’d see you at your post — sitting behind that old shopping cart with your big peace sign! My mother worried about you! We started stopping by. We talked about the human need for peace and justice in this world. We became friends. You told me a little about your life. You grew up on a farm in upstate Washington. At age 19 you joined the Army and went to war in Korea. You came back home disillusioned and against all war! You started drinking a lot! You got married. You protested the “Vietnam War”. You quit drinking. Then at age 62 you got on your motorcycle and drove across this country spreading your message of peace and justice for all. In March of 2003, with the start of the second war on Iraq you started writing your “antiwar stationary.” You always made the point that “War is Not the answer, War Is the Problem!”

Your free poems for peace surfaced in Canada, Europe, Australia, and Japan! I remember you Del at your Post on Giuntoli Lane sometimes dodging stones and bottles; sometimes pellet guns! I remember Del, you always kept your sense of humor, you always could make me smile. When they found you that morning in Motel 6 - Rm.101 you were slumped over the countertop you had made into a desk. Your stationery for Peace was near your hand.

Peace to you my friend!

Peace to you.

Rob Hepburn and all of your brother
Vets



**NEXT VFP 56
MEETING
Thurs., March 1, 2007
7:00 PM
Marsh Commons
101 H Street
Arcata, California
707-826-7124**

KILL A GOOK FOR CALLEY

By Mike Hastie

I took this picture in Vietnam shortly after Lt. William Calley was found guilty for his part in the My Lai Murders. 504 Vietnamese civilians were massacred at My Lai on March 16, 1968. When I went back to Vietnam in 1994, I stood next to a ditch where 175

civilians were shot at point-blank range. Women were raped, and infants were torn apart by automatic weapons.

The My Lai Massacre was a U.S. military operation. It was being conducted by military brass in helicopters.

This kind of hell happened

so many times throughout the war in Indochina. The U.S. military was on a rampage, especially with carpet bombing and artillery fire in Free Fire Zones. Navy ships blew the hell out of everything. The Vietnam War, to include Laos and Cambodia, was "Total Warfare." The reason the norms of society hate veterans who expose this kind of truth, is because we expose National Shame. "Total Warfare," is about destroying anyone or anything that supports the combatant. Geneva Convention Rules are for civilians back home who think there are rules against killing civilians in war. It is a massive lie!! Over one million Iraqi civilians have been killed in both Iraq wars. The magnitude of this war is coming home to America like no other war in American history. I see this country crumbling before my eyes. Every

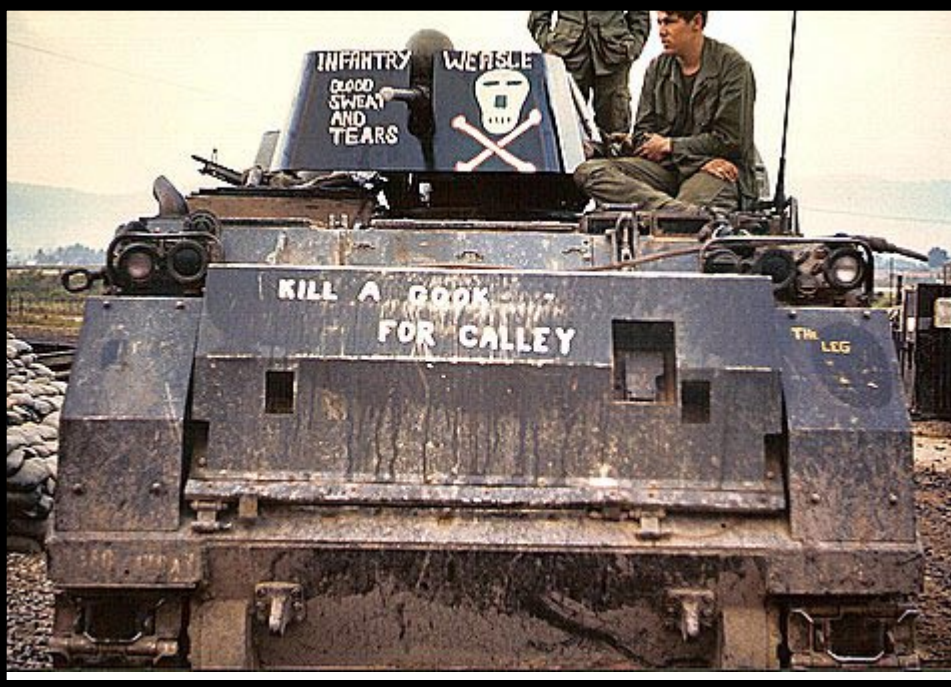
area involving social services in our towns and cities is suffering because our government is spending more money on violence than on kindness. I graduated from high school in 1963, and I know longer recognize this country. America has become an internal car bomb

about to go off. 40,000 gang members in Los Angeles County. 80,000 homeless people in Orange County. Intercity high schools in many large cities across America have a 40-50% dropout rate. Drug addiction in America has become a daily newspaper. Fifty million people in America do not have health care.

The Gulf Coast of America is still in shambles. How many high schools in America are on the edge of seeing more gun violence. How many more little girls are going to be shot at point-blank range. I have three grandchildren, and I doubt if they will ever see the quality of life I saw in my childhood. So, from the My Lai Massacre in Vietnam, to the dinosaur war economy in America. One step for insanity, one giant step toward oblivion. If we do not work for world peace on a new born child's terms, we are doomed. Greed now has the shortest shelf life in world history.

Mike Hastie is a Vietnam Veteran

Submitted by Becky Luening



A SOLDIER'S SADDEST DUTY

Mike Weiss, Chronicle Staff Writer

Friday, February 16, 2007, The call to his cell phone from state headquarters came as Maj. John Preston was driving home from work at the armory in Walnut Creek at 4:45 p.m. The officer told him there was a casualty, a soldier killed in Iraq, from a neighborhood within what the Army called his geographics. Preston was given the grim task of telling the parents of Pfc. Michael Balsley of Hayward their son was dead.

Preston turned around and headed toward his office at the headquarters of the 1st Battalion, 143rd Field Artillery, 40th Infantry Division of the California National Guard.

Since the invasion of Iraq in March 2003, at least 3,133 American men and women in uniform have been killed in that country. So virtually every day somewhere in the United States a military officer — and often more than one -- has to serve as a casualty notification officer.

For Preston, who had signed up at 17 and was now 43 with some gray in his military haircut, this was the first time he had been called upon to perform what was perhaps the most wrenching task facing a stateside soldier. He had never been in combat.

He was, however, trained in casualty notification. That gave him a baseline of knowledge, the proper way to go about telling parents that their child was dead; if there is such a thing as a proper way.

But he also knew, he said, sighing deeply several weeks after that evening of Jan. 25, that “until you experience it yourself, it’s kind of hard to get an idea of what it’s like. You can go to all the classes you want. It’s really a hard task. But faltering is not an option.” In his large, inelegant office at the armory, where photos of his daughters, books and manuals mix with equipment on the shelves, Preston turned on the lights and went to the wardrobe where his class A uniform hung. He changed into the dark green dress uniform, with its sharp creases, polished buttons and spit-shined black shoes.

He talked on the phone to a military chaplain, Capt. Timothy Meier, who would accompany him. It was also Meier’s first notification. Preston went online to review Department of Defense Instruction 1300.18, “Military Personnel Casualty Matters, Policies and Procedures.”

Although he did not know the Balsleys or their fallen son, he did know that the notification had to be undertaken with the utmost care. He was by nature a careful man who paused before

he answered questions and used the fewest words possible. It was clear to him that he was serving not only the parents but the soldier who had been killed. Whatever the personal difficulties the task posed, Preston felt, were immaterial.

He knew almost nothing about the death of Pfc. Michael Balsley, an Army cavalry scout who was 23 when the humvee he was driving in Baghdad rolled over a homemade bomb. The Army wants it that way because the notification is terrible enough without details.

He reviewed the notification protocol, which laid out the language he could use. Regulations forbade him from reading it to the family, but at the same time, he intended to follow it closely. That was his duty and duty was the spine of his life, what held everything together and kept him upright.

As he drove to meet Meier, Preston reflected that there was a certain bearing he would maintain. But at the same time he felt a deep sympathy. He must under no circumstances be detached.

He was not aware that Pfc. Balsley’s father, James, like his own, had served in the military. Nor that just like himself, Michael had always planned to be in the military. But he felt the dead soldier to be a part of his own family, “the Army family.”

In an extreme case, the father of Marine notified at his home in Florida had doused himself with gasoline and set himself afire.

He made his rendezvous with the chaplain at a coffee shop in San Leandro, and the two men drove in separate vehicles to the Balsley home in Hayward. Preston carried a single “sheet of circumstances” that described the bare bones of Michael’s death with him.

It was nearly 9 p.m.

Michael Balsley had been raised on a block of bungalows bunched cheek-to-jowl. There were pickup trucks or panel vans in front of many homes on Victory Drive, and flags were displayed on more than a few. The Stars and Stripes flew in front of the Balsley home.

It was a part of Preston’s training to be prepared for the range of reactions he could expect. In the most extreme case, the father of a Marine notified at his home in Florida had doused himself with gasoline and set himself afire.

The porch light was on at the Balsley home. Preston knocked smartly. The screen door rattled. Inside, Jim Balsley was watching television and enjoying a root beer Popsicle. He opened the door and saw the two officers in their class A’s with looks on their faces that said they didn’t want to be there.

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A SOLDIER'S SADDEST DUTY

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He knew at once, of course. There had been two casualties in his son's outfit — the 3rd Squadron, 61st Cavalry Regiment, 2nd Brigade Combat Team, 2nd Infantry Division — in the three months since they had deployed to Iraq, something he kept from Michael's mother. There was a feeling like a vise closing around his heart and his stomach. He thought: please no, please no.

Preston asked: "Are you James Balsley Jr.?" "I am," he said. "We have some tragic information about your son, Private First Class Michael Balsley. May we come in, sir?"

Preston is tall and rangy, and he seemed to fill the tiny living room with its comfortable chairs and couch and family photos and shelves of bric-a-brac. The officers asked if they could sit. Preston wanted Jim and Beverly Balsley sitting because he was concerned they might faint. Beverly sat on the couch, Jim sat in Beverly's usual chair and Preston sat facing him.

It was hard to get the words out.

"The secretary of the Army has asked me to express his deep regret that your son Private First Class Michael Balsley was killed in action in Iraq today. The secretary extends his deepest sympathy to you and your family in your loss," Preston said.

Until he actually said the words, Preston thought that would be the hardest part. But when he finished he understood it was not. The hardest part was afterward.

"You've just given somebody the most devastating news they're going to get in their life," Preston said later, looking toward the ceiling of his office and sighing. "And there's really not much you can do at that point. There's really nothing you can do for them."

Things were becoming a blur for Jim Balsley. But through his own tears he saw that Preston was also crying. In the weeks since, Preston has served as the casualty assistance officer for the Balsleys, helping them deal with the Army bureaucracy, and coordinating with his counterpart in Colorado assigned to Samantha, Michael's 21-year-old wife of 10 months.

When she was asked by another casualty notification team at her home in Colorado if they could come in Samantha initially said no. "Because if they came in," she said several weeks afterward, "they were going to tell me something I didn't want to hear."

For Jim Balsley, life since that night felt "like a 33 1/3 rpm record spinning at 78." He held fast to his certainty that, "our son's been laid on the altar of freedom."

There were other demanding moments for Preston. A few days later, Jim asked if Michael was viewable, and to describe in

more detail what happened when he was killed. By then, Preston knew the answers, and he told Jim and Beverly what he knew. At Michael's funeral on Feb. 6 the 18-gauge steel coffin was closed.

But that night of Jan. 25 when Preston left the Balsley home after about an hour, he stood briefly in the street talking with Meier. It was cold, and he was exhausted. Preston drove to his home in San Leandro and changed out of his class A uniform and sat down and drank the one beer a day he allows himself. Preston hoped never again to be called upon to give a casualty notification. "But," said the major. "If the time comes. I'll do it."

E-mail Mike Weiss at mikeweiss@sfchronicle.com.

Submitted by David Berman

SIR, NO SIR

By Jim Sorter

Veterans For Peace, Chapter 56 hosted a screening of "Sir No Sir!" and the reception at the Redwood Peace and Justice Center on March 18th was a huge success. The RPJC was overflowing with supporters who got to meet special guests Tom Bernard and Hal Muskey, two veterans whose actions as active-duty GI's helped bring the Vietnam War to an end.

After the reception, all went to the Minor Theatre to view the film.

At the end of the film there was a question and answer session where audience members got to ask pertinent questions involving the Vietnam War and how it might tie in with the politics of today.



If you have not had a chance to view "Sir, No Sir" please take the time to see it. It is very well documented and gives one a different perspective of what was happening in America during that era, on all fronts, to shut down the military machine and bring the troops home from Vietnam.



NORTH COAST STAND DOWN MEETING

By Mark Knipper

The next North Coast Stand Down Meeting will be held at the VFW Hall in Arcata on March 14th and J Streets at 4:00 PM

VA EDITS TALLY OF U.S. WAR WOUNDED

New York Times

For the last few months, anyone who consulted the Veterans Affairs Department's Web site to learn how many U.S. troops had been wounded in Iraq and Afghanistan the numbers shown was 50,508.

But on January 10th, without explanation, the figure plummeted to 21,649.

Which is correct? The answer depends on the definition of wounded. If the term includes combat or "hostile" injuries, the definition the Pentagon uses, then the smaller number would be right.

But if it also applies to injuries from accidents and mental and physical illnesses that developed in the war zone, the meaning that veterans' groups favor, 50,508 would be accurate.

VA spokesman Matt Burns said the change was made simply to correct an error. Burns said the higher figure was posted by mistake in November, when an employee inadvertently added non-combat injuries listed by the Defense Department.

The previous total on the site was 18,586, strictly for combat injuries.

The 50,508 figure caught the attention of the Pentagon when Linda Burns of Harvard mentioned it in an opinion article on veteran's health care on January 5th in the Los Angeles Times. A few days later, said the public finance instructor she had a call from Dr. William Winkenwerder Jr., assistant secretary of defense for health affairs, challenging the number.

Blimes explained that she had used the tally on the VA's site. She faxed him a copy.

A few days later, the number on the site was changed.

A spokeswoman for Winkenwerder confirmed that he had called the VA to have the figure changed.

Submitted by: June Thompson

Molly Ivins, Columnist Dies at 62

By KATHARINE Q. SEELYE

Molly Ivins the liberal liberal newspaper columnist who delighted in skewering politicians and interpreting, and mocking, her Texas culture, died January 31st in Austin. She was 62.

Ms. Ivins waged a public battle against breast cancer after her diagnosis in 1999. Betsy Moon, her personal assistant, confirmed her death. Ms. Ivins died at her home surrounded by family and friends.

In her syndicated column, which appeared in about 350 newspapers, Ms. Ivins cultivated the voice of a folksy populist who derided those who she thought acted too big for their britches. She was rowdy and profane, but she could file her opponents with droll precision.

After Patrick J. Buchanan, as a conservative candidate for president, declared at the 1992 Republican National Convention that the United States was engaged in a cultural war, she said his speech "probably sounded better in the original German."

"There are two kinds of humor," she told *People* magazine. One was the kind "that makes us chuckle about our foibles and our shared humanity," she said. "The other kind holds people up to public contempt and ridicule. That's what I do."

Hers was a feisty voice that she developed in the early 1970s at *The Texas Observer*, the muckraking paper that came out every two weeks and that would become her spiritual home for life

Her subject was Texas. To her, the Great State, as she called it, was "reactionary, cantankerous and hilarious," and its Legislature was "reporter heaven." When the Legislature is set to convene, she warned her readers, "every village is about to lose its idiot."

Her Texas upbringing made her something of an expert on the Bush family. She viewed the first President George Bush benignly. ("Real Texans do not use the word 'summer' as a verb," she wrote.)

But she derided the current President Bush, whom she first knew in high school. She called him Shrub and Dubya. With the Texas journalist Lou Dubose, she wrote two best-selling books about Mr. Bush: "Shrub: The Short but Happy Political Life of George W. Bush" (2000) and "Bushwhacked" (2003).

In 2004 she campaigned against Mr. Bush's re-election, and as the war in Iraq continued, she called for his impeachment. Last month, in her last column, she urged readers to "raise hell" against the war.

On Wednesday night, President Bush issued a statement that

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Molly Ivins, Columnist, Dies at 62

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said he “respected her convictions, her passionate belief in the power of words, and her ability to turn a phrase.”

Mr. Bush added: “Her quick wit and commitment to her beliefs will be missed.”

Mary Tyler Ivins was born on Aug. 30, 1944, in California and grew up in the affluent Houston neighborhood of River Oaks. Her father, James, a conservative Republican, was general counsel and later president of the Tenneco Corporation, an oil and gas company.

As a student at private school, Ms. Ivins was tall and big-boned and often felt out of place. “I spent my girlhood as a Clydesdale among thoroughbreds,” she said.

She developed her liberal views partly from reading *The Texas Observer* at a friend’s house. Those views led to fierce arguments with her father about civil rights and the Vietnam War.

“I’ve always had trouble with male authority figures because my father was such a martinet,” she told *Texas Monthly*.

After her father developed advanced cancer and shot himself to death in 1998, she wrote, “I believe that all the strength I have comes from learning how to stand up to him.”

Like her mother, Margot, and a grandmother, Ms. Ivins went to Smith College in Northampton, Mass. She also studied at the Institute of Political Science in Paris and earned a master’s degree at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.

Her first newspaper jobs were at *The Houston Chronicle* and *The Minneapolis Tribune*, now *The Star Tribune*. In 1970, she jumped at the chance to become co-editor of *The Texas Observer*.

Covering the Legislature, she found characters whose fatuousness helped focus her calling and define her persona, which her friends saw as populist and her detractors saw as manufactured cornpone. Even her friends marveled at how fast she could drop her Texas voice for what they called her Smith voice. Sometimes she combined them, as in, “The sine qua non, as we say in Amarillo.”

Ronnie Dugger, the former publisher of *The Texas Observer*, said the political circus in Texas inspired Ms. Ivins. “It was like somebody snapped the football to her and said, ‘All the rules are off, this is the football field named Texas, and it’s wide open,’ Mr. Dugger said.

In 1976, her writing, which she said was often fueled by “truly impressive amounts of beer,” landed her a job at *The New York Times*. She cut an unusual figure in *The Times* newsroom, wearing blue jeans, going barefoot and bringing in her dog, whose name was an expletive.

While she drew important writing assignments, like covering the Son of Sam killings and Elvis Presley’s death, she sensed she did not fit in and complained that *Times* editors drained the life from her prose. “Naturally, I was miserable, at five times my previous salary,” she later wrote. “*The New York Times* is a great newspaper: it is also No Fun.”

After a stint in Albany, she was transferred to Denver to cover the Rocky Mountain States, where she continued to challenge her editors’ tolerance for prankish writing.

Covering an annual chicken slaughter in New Mexico in 1980, she used a sexually suggestive phrase, which her editors deleted from the final article. But her effort to use it angered the executive editor, A. M. Rosenthal, who ordered her back to New York and assigned her to City Hall, where she covered routine matters with little flair.

She quit *The Times* in 1982 after *The Dallas Times Herald* offered to make her a columnist. She took the job even though she loathed Dallas, once describing it as the kind of town “that would have rooted for Goliath to beat David.”

But the newspaper, she said, promised to let her write whatever she wanted. When she declared of a congressman, “If his I.Q. slips any lower, we’ll have to water him twice a day,” many readers were appalled, and several advertisers boycotted the paper. In her defense, her editors rented billboards that read: “Molly Ivins Can’t Say That, Can She?” The slogan became the title of the first of her six books.

After *The Times Herald* folded in 1991, she wrote for *The Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, until 1992, when her column was syndicated by Creators Syndicate.

Ms. Ivins, who never married, is survived by a brother, Andy, of London, Tex., and a sister, Sara Ivins Maley, of Albuquerque. One of her closest friends was Ann Richards, the former Texas governor, who died last year. The two shared an irreverence for power and a love of the Texas wilds.

“Molly is a great raconteur, with a long memory,” Ms. Richards said, “and she’s the best person in the world to take on a camping trip because she’s full of good-ol’-boy stories.”

Ms. Ivins worked at a breakneck pace, adding television appearances, book tours, lectures and fund-raising to a crammed writing schedule. She also wrote for *Esquire*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Nation*.

An article about her in 1996 in *The Star-Telegram* suggested that her work overload might have caused an increase in factual errors in her columns. (She eventually hired a fact-checker.) And in 1995, the writer Florence King accused Ms. Ivins of lifting passages Ms. King had written and using them in 1988 for an article in *Mother Jones*. Ms. Ivins had credited Ms. King six times in the article but not in two lengthy sentences, and she

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Molly Ivins, Columnist, Dies at 62*continued from page 6*

apologized to Ms. King. Ms Ivins learned she had breast cancer in 1999 and was typically unvarnished in describing her treatments. "First they mutilate you; then they poison you; then they burn you," she wrote. "I have been on blind dates better than that."

But she kept writing her columns and kept writing and raising money for *The Texas Observer*.

Indeed, rarely has a reporter so embodied the ethos of her publication. On the paper's 50th anniversary in 2004, she wrote: "This is where you can tell the truth without the bark on it, laugh at anyone who is ridiculous, and go after the bad guys with all the energy you have."

PRESIDENT'S DAY 2007: WHERE HAS THE INTEGRITY GONE?

By Dr. Wilmer J. Leon III

Monday we celebrated President's Day, I am compelled to compare our current president's character to the presidents we have celebrated in the past. President's Day is a celebration of the birth, accomplishments, and sacrifices of presidents George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. The original version of the holiday was in commemoration of George Washington, the first president of the United States. According to folklore, George Washington (born on February 22, 1732) was the man who "could not tell a lie." Washington was so trusted and revered by his colleagues, as well as the common man, that the framers of the Constitution did not bother to delineate the duties of the president in the Constitution. They trusted that General Washington would know what to do, and would do what was right. Without his generalship during the Revolutionary War, there may not have been a presidency.

On President's Day, Americans also celebrate "Honest" Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth president of the United States (born on the February 12, 1809). The first formal observance of Lincoln's birthday took place in 1865, the year after his assassination. Lincoln, a great orator and considered by many to have been one of America's more cerebral presidents, held the nation together during one of its most turbulent times, the Civil War. Like Washington, Lincoln had been a soldier. He served as a captain in the Black Hawk War. As a soldier, Lincoln clearly understood the ravages of war and did everything in his power to avoid it. He warned the South in his Inaugural Address: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

As I compare the vision, sacrifices, and perception of honesty and integrity in both Washington and Lincoln and look to find those same traits in President George W. Bush, I am astonished at the polling data. According to the Washington Post, Americans now question the integrity of President Bush. The Post's survey found only 40 percent view him as honest and trustworthy. In 2006, according to the PEW Research Center, an independent opinion research group, "The single word most frequently associated with George W. Bush today is 'incompetent,' and close behind are ... 'idiot' and 'liar.'" In a so-called time of war, the commander in chief's competence and integrity should be beyond reproach.

Today, as the Bush administration asserts that Iran is supplying

Shiite militias in Iraq with weapons, many in the intelligence, military, and political circles are questioning the evidence. The inferences that the administration are drawing from general intelligence assessments and their interest in maintaining the anonymity of the officials who are making them is generating skepticism. According to the New York Times, Democratic Senator John D. Rockefeller IV of West Virginia "... sharply criticized the Bush administration's ... stance toward Iran, saying that the White House efforts to portray it as a growing threat are uncomfortably reminiscent of rhetoric about Iraq before the American invasion of 2003." According to the Kansas City Star, Marine General Peter Pace, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, says that he has seen no intelligence showing that the Iranian government is supplying Iraqi militias with explosives. In spite of this, the president continues to promise to "seek out and destroy" Iranian networks that are providing "advanced weaponry and training to our enemies."

The issue here is not the weapons themselves but their sources and whether or not the Iranian government is involved. The Bush administration has provided circumstantial evidence at best. According to New York Times reporter Sean McCormack, the State Department spokesman said: "While they presented a circumstantial case, I would put to you that it was a very strong circumstantial case." Can the American people afford more substantial loss of life based on circumstantial evidence? Again, in a so-called time of war the commander in chief's competence and integrity should be beyond reproach. The information that is presented to the American people in order to support their involvement in war should be rock solid, not circumstantial.

The White House is doing its best to counter the opposition to its recent accusations as being politically motivated, but there are plenty of reasons to doubt the credibility of the administrations accusations. The record is replete with examples of the Bush administration using misinformation and lies to support its positions in the Middle East. Congressman Henry Waxman's report, "Iraq on the Record," chronicles 237 statements made by the five administration officials most responsible for providing public information and shaping public opinion on Iraq: President George W. Bush, Vice President Richard Cheney, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, Secretary of State Colin Powell, and National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice. All of the statements included in the report were drawn from public statements, speeches, press conferences and briefings, interviews, written statements, and testimony by the five officials.

Remember this, as each of the excuses to justify the illegal invasion of Iraq was proven to be false, another excuse was given. There were no weapons of mass destruction (WMDs); there was no link between [former Iraqi] president Saddam Hussein and Osama bin Laden; Iraq was not involved in 9/11; Iraq did not try to purchase yellowcake uranium from Niger, and we have not brought democracy to Iraq.

In her article, "Lies and Obfuscations," Eleanor Clift wrote, "As the president said in his news conference this week, if they're still writing about No. 1 - George Washington - there's plenty of time before the historians can properly evaluate No. 43." But 208 years after his death, no one questions No. 1's honesty; no one questions No. 1's integrity, and more than 3,000 American soldiers and over 600,000 Iraqis have not died from his mistakes, incompetence, lies, and obfuscations.





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Chapter 56**

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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 email 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.

COMMUNITIES FOR PEACE NEEDS YOUR HELP

Communities For Peace needs your help in organizing the March 17th event to be held in Eureka to commemorate the fourth year of this obscene war. Meetings are being held weekly at the Presbyterian Church in Eureka at Del Norte and F at 6:30.

A new strategy for this year is to hold a vigil instead of a parade. The vigil will feature 3000 tombstones held by individuals lining both sides of Fourth and Fifth Streets in Eureka from B Street through and beyond M Street in recognition of the fallen soldiers. In addition banners will be present representing the 650,000 or more innocent Iraqis slaughtered in this senseless war.

Communities For Peace is busily preparing the banners and tombstones, but as you can imagine, it takes a tremendous amount of energy and people to make that many memorials to the victims. We desperately need help to complete our mission. Anyone who can volunteer any time would be greatly appreciated. Come to the weekly meetings and get involved. Also come to our working banner and tombstone parties at the Bayside Grange on Saturdays from 10:00 until ??

There will also be a Shared Peacekeepers Skills Workshop on March 3rd from 12:00 until 2:00 at 1821 Buttermilk Lane for those who would like to hone their peacekeeper skills for the event taking place on March 17th. We need peacekeepers at the Eureka Vigil. Mark Knipper and Mike Avcollie will be the presenters.

Communities for Peace would also like to ask for an endorsement and funds from the VFP-56 for the expenses of putting on this event.