



VETERANS FOR PEACE
HUMBOLDT BAY
CHAPTER 56

THE FOGHORN

MAY
2014

“Cutting Through the Fog of War”

Tribute To Golden Rule

By Ellen Taylor

An article I wrote for Counterpunch. Part I is in Counterpunch too, and was also in the Times Standard, but I'm sending you this because I was so inspired by the Golden Rule project, when we were over there the other day talking to Chuck and Leroy, and I imagined a whole fleet of boats going after the Navy War Games only 12 miles, (if they pay any attention to such boundaries), off our coast.

U.S. Navy Redux Part II

It was clear, from the rigid, entrenched postures of the U.S. Navy officers, during the public comment segment of their NEPA-mandated presentation of the Northwest Testing and Training Plan (NWTT) last month, that similar appearances in other cities along the coast had prepared them to get slammed.

Most of the crowd shuffling through the dark rabbit-warren of the Red Lion Inn knew the whole process was rigged. Anything they could say would have no more effect on the Navy's implacable expansion cycle than it did on the last one five years ago. Even though in September Judge Magistrate Nandor Vadas had determined, in the Eureka Federal District Court, that the National Marine Fisheries Service violated the Endangered Species Act by permitting the Navy's plan, there had been no injunction. Just a few miles west of the Red Lion the deafening sonar, mines, bombs and extensive testing of new weapons systems were continuing to blast on toward the Navy's objective. The NWTT show-and-tell presentation seemed to have no intention to persuade, and basic questions addressed to the public-relations people manning the booths such as the location of the continental shelf at different latitudes, effect of sonar on salmonid migration, and damage to the hearing mechanisms of marine mammals, could not obtain answers.

Yet the crowd recognized this meeting as a unique occasion, though a mere procedural requirement, where a small community had an opportunity to cross the bows of the largest geopolitical force on the planet and it delivered an eloquent, comprehensive and unanimous rejection of the Navy's five-year plan.

The Navy's response exhibited a characteristic famously portrayed by Alec Guinness as Colonel Nicholson in "Bridge Over The River Kwai": so total an absorption in and obsession with the project's progress that he lost consciousness of who the enemy was. We've been practicing out there for 50 years, said the Navy reps. Most of you wouldn't even know about the sonar, mines, explosions and nuclear submarine games happening over the horizon if we hadn't been gracious enough to tell you. We've been brutally honest about our proposed takes on endangered species, and, for you landlubbers, aren't these issues a bit of an abstraction anyway?

The Navy is right. Whales, orcas, leatherbacks and salmon runs are no doubt fatally damaged species already, and thus, minor catastrophes on the death road down which the U.S. military mania is driving us. Greenhouse gas and toxin emissions are making marine environments uninhabitable. The Navy has a command role in the human war on the oceans.

The Armed Forces of the United States are the largest single polluter on the planet. They consume 93% of the U.S. government fuel budget. The military produces more greenhouse gas than all but 35 countries in the world, or about the same as Nigeria, with 140 million people. However, because of stipulations demanded by the U.S. when the Kyoto Protocol was being negotiated, the Pentagon is exempted from all measurement or reporting requirements, and its emissions are not included in U.S. totals. Congress passed legislation exempting the military from such restrictions on the grounds of "self-defense, peacekeeping and humanitarian relief." More recently in an executive order directing federal agencies to reduce their emissions, President Obama again exempted the military.

Added to toxic runoff from Navy bases, underwater mines, submarine dumps and sunken nuclear submarines, the Navy's unregulated

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CO2 emissions are making life more difficult for each generation of sea creatures. Phytoplankton, the base for the ocean's entire food chain, and producing the oxygen for two out of every three breaths we take, has diminished by 40% since 1950. The ocean is 30% more acidic than a century ago, and is predicted, at this rate, to become 2 1/2 times more acidic by the end of the century. Acidification of course affects the lives of marine species at many stages of their development, particularly in vulnerable egg and larval states. For crustaceans, mollusks and corals, it's harder to form shells. One third of the world's fisheries have been depleted, which affects large numbers of the world's human population dependent on fish as their sole protein source.

Like the Obama Administration which proposes more funding for nuclear weapons, the Navy is blind to environmental destruction, the real threat to our national security. Instead, as U.S. geopoliticians execute their imperial pivot, it has titanic plans for the Pacific. \$15 billion has been allocated for a giant buildup on Guam and the Marianas. The Navy is obtaining additional base privileges from the Philippines. "Valiant Shield" naval exercises in the South China and Yellow Seas have alarmed the Chinese government into increasing its military budget and defining its Economic Exclusion Zone. This, in turn, has disturbed Japan, Vietnam and the Philippines, among whom there have been petty conflicts over island jurisdictions. Mutual defense agreements with the U.S. are triggered, which the warmakers can invoke at their leisure. In a recent publication of the Naval Institute, a strategy employing submarines to mine Chinese harbors and interdict trade routes is discussed in tactical detail.

The Arctic, predicted to be open water by 2030, is the object of a Navy roadmap for militarization.

Furthering and perfecting these military strategies, then, are the objective of the NWTT. Confronting the Navy in the Red Lion, listening to local peoples' speeches unyieldingly regulated by a minute hand, it all of a sudden seemed as if the speakers were dressed in the solemn regalia of the northwestern tribes, in deerskin robes, and decorated with dentalia, eagle feathers and whalebones. Here was the Great White Father again, sailing down the coast, enforcing treaties he had no intention of keeping. You could almost hear waves lapping, feathers rustling, and the faint echo of words on the wind like Chief Seattle's.

In Fairhaven, on the other side of Humboldt Bay, an inspirational project is underway. The local Veterans For Peace discovered and raised from the bottom a world-famous boat which had been lost to history for fifty years. In 1958 four men set sail from California aboard a small ketch, The Golden Rule, in an attempt to halt atmospheric nuclear weapons tests in the western Pacific. Their heroic effort resulted in the Limited Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, passed in 1963.

Veterans for Peace is restoring the boat, with the goal of a ten-year voyage in opposition to militarism, "nothing less than to abolish war as an instrument of national policy". It plans to be on the sea by October. What better target, then, than this menacing corridor of weapons testing which wraps our shores? The Humboldt Baykeeper could be recalled, fishing boats engaged, then an entire flotilla could be mustered up and down the coast!

My dad, Brigadier General Telford Taylor, was Chief Prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials. Jackson did the International Trials which was Goering etc. Pop then prosecuted the U.S. trials of 400 or so other war criminals. Britain, France and Russia went to their respective countries where they conducted more tribunals on their own.

In the words of Chris Hedges, "The most daunting existential struggle our time is to accept the awful truth intellectually and emotionally, that the power elite will not respond rationally to the devastation of the ecosystem, and to rise up to resist the forces that are destroying us".

Ellen is a long-time environmental and human rights activist, a Physician's Assistant in Eureka, and a resident of Petrolia. Her father served with the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal following WW2.

It Will Sail Again America's Peace Ship

By LAWRENCE WITTNER

Is there an emotional connection between the oceans and the pursuit of peace? For whatever reason, peace ships have been increasing in number over the past century.

Probably the first of these maritime vessels was the notorious Ford Peace Ship of 1915, which stirred up more ridicule than peace during World War I.

Almost forty years later, another peace ship appeared-- the Lucky Dragon, a Japanese fishing boat showered with radioactive fallout from an enormous U.S. H-bomb explosion on March 1, 1954, in the Marshall Islands. By the time the stricken vessel reached its home port in Japan, the 23 crew members were in advanced stages of radiation poisoning. One of them died. This "Lucky Dragon incident" set off a vast wave of popular revulsion at nuclear weapons testing, and mass nuclear disarmament organizations were established in Japan and, later, around the world. Thus, the Lucky Dragon became a peace ship, and today is exhibited as such in Tokyo in a Lucky Dragon Museum, built and maintained by Japanese peace activists.

Later voyages forged an even closer link between ocean-going vessels and peace. In 1971, Canadian activists, departing from

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Vancouver, sailed a rusting fishing trawler, the Phyllis Cormack, toward the Aleutians in an effort to disrupt plans for a U.S. nuclear weapons explosion on Amchitka Island. Although arrested by the U.S. coast guard before they could reach the test site, the crew members not only mobilized thousands of supporters, but laid the basis for a new organization, Greenpeace. Authorized by Greenpeace, another Canadian, David McTaggart, sailed his yacht, the Vega, into the French nuclear testing zone in the Pacific, where the French navy deliberately rammed and crippled this peace ship. In 1973, when McTaggart and the Vega returned with a new crew, French sailors, dispatched by their government, stormed aboard and beat them savagely with truncheons.

During the late 1970s and early 1980s, peace ships multiplied. At major ports in New Zealand and Australia, peace squadrons of sailboats and other small craft blocked the entry of U.S. nuclear warships into the harbors. Also, Greenpeace used the Rainbow Warrior to spark resistance to nuclear testing throughout the Pacific. Even after 1985, when French secret service agents attached underwater mines to this Greenpeace flagship as it lay in the harbor of Auckland, New Zealand, blowing it up and murdering a Greenpeace photographer in the process, the peace ships kept coming.

Much of this maritime assault upon nuclear testing and nuclear war was inspired by an American peace ship, the Golden Rule.

The remarkable story of the Golden Rule began with Albert Bigelow, a retired World War II U.S. naval commander. Appalled by the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, he became a Quaker and, in 1955, working with the American Friends Service Committee, sought to deliver a petition against nuclear testing to the White House. Rebuffed by government officials, Bigelow and other pacifists organized a small group, Non-Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons, to employ nonviolent resistance in the struggle against the Bomb. After the U.S. government announced plans to set off nuclear bomb blasts near Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands—an island chain governed by the United States as a “trust territory” for the native people—Bigelow and other pacifists decided to sail a 30-foot vessel of protest, the Golden Rule, into the nuclear testing zone. Explaining their decision, Bigelow declared: “All nuclear explosions are monstrous, evil, unworthy of human beings.”

In January 1958, Bigelow and three other crew members wrote to President Dwight Eisenhower, announcing their plans. As might be expected, the U.S. government was quite displeased, and top officials from the State Department, the Atomic Energy Commission and the U.S. Navy conferred anxiously on how to cope with the pacifist menace. Eventually, the administration decided to ban entry into the test zone.

Thus, after Bigelow and his crew sailed the Golden Rule from the West Coast to Honolulu, a U.S. federal court issued an injunc-

tion barring the continuation of its journey to Eniwetok. Despite the legal ramifications, the pacifists set sail. Arrested on the high seas, they were brought back to Honolulu, tried, convicted, and placed on probation. Then, intrepid as ever, they set out once more for the bomb test zone, were arrested, were tried and—this time—sentenced to prison terms.

Meanwhile, their dramatic voyage inspired an outpouring of popular protest. Antinuclear demonstrations broke out across the United States. The newly-formed National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy went on the offensive. Moreover, an American anthropologist, Earle Reynolds, along with his wife Barbara and their two children, continued the mission of the Golden Rule on board their sailboat, the Phoenix. In July 1958, they entered the nuclear testing zone. That August, facing a storm of hostile public opinion, President Eisenhower announced that the United States was halting its nuclear tests while preparing to negotiate a test ban with the Soviet Union.

Even as test ban negotiations proceeded fitfully, leading to the Partial Test Ban Treaty of 1963 and, ultimately, to the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty of 1996, the Golden Rule dropped out of sight. Then, in early 2010, the vessel was discovered, wrecked and sunk in northern California’s Humboldt Bay. Contacted by historians about preserving the Golden Rule for posterity, officials at the Smithsonian Museum proved uninterested. But peace activists recognized the vessel’s significance. Within a short time, local chapters of Veterans for Peace established the Golden Rule Project to restore the battered ketch.

Thanks to volunteer labor and financial contributions from these U.S. veterans and other supporters, the ship has been largely rebuilt, and funds are currently being raised for the final stage of the project. Veterans for Peace hope to take the ship back to sea in 2014 on its

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Next VFP56 meeting will be held
on Thursday, May 1st at
7:00 PM.
Meeting will be held in the
Commons Room at 550 Union
Street in Arcata.
Veterans and non-veterans are
more than welcome to come and
help us dialogue about what we to-
gether can do to bring about peace
in this complex world.



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new mission: “educating future generations on the importance of the ocean environment, the risks of nuclear technology and the need for world peace.”

As a result, the Golden Rule will sail again, restored to its role as America’s most important peace ship.

*Lawrence Wittner (<http://lawrencewittner.com>) is Professor of History emeritus at SUNY/Albany. His latest book is a satirical novel about university corporatization and rebellion, *What’s Going on at UAardvark?**

U.S. Special Forces Struggle With Record Suicides

BY WARREN STROBEL

(Reuters) - Suicides among U.S. special operations forces, including elite Navy SEALs and Army Rangers, are at record levels, a U.S. military official said on Thursday, citing the effects of more than a decade of “hard combat.”

The number of special operations forces committing suicide has held at record highs for the past two years, said Admiral William McRaven, who leads the Special Operations Command.

“And this year, I am afraid, we are on path to break that,” he told a conference in Tampa. “My soldiers have been fighting now for 12, 13 years in hard combat. Hard combat. And anybody that has spent any time in this war has been changed by it. It’s that simple.”

It may take a year or more, he said, to assess the effects of sustained combat on special operations units, whose missions range from strikes on militants such as the 2011 SEAL raid that killed al Qaeda chief Osama bin Laden to assisting in humanitarian disasters.

He did not provide data on the suicide rate, which the U.S. military has been battling to lower. In 2012, for example, more active duty servicemen and servicewomen across the U.S. armed forces died by suicide - an estimated 350 - than died in combat, a U.S. defense official said.

That trend appears to have held in 2013 although preliminary data is showing a slight improvement, with 284 suicides among active duty forces in the year to December 15, the official added.

McRaven’s command, headquartered at MacDill Air Force Base in Tampa, oversees elite commandos operating in 84 countries.

The Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps special operations commands comprise about 59,000 people, according to Pentagon

documents.

Special operations forces have been lionized in popular culture in recent years, in movies such as “Zero Dark Thirty,” about the hunt for bin Laden, and “Act of Valor,” as well as a National Geographic special.

Kim Ruocco, who assists the survivors of military members who commit suicide, said members of the closely knit special operations community often fear that disclosing their symptoms will end their careers.

Additionally, the shrinking size of the U.S. armed forces has put additional pressure on soldiers, whose sense of community and self-identity is often closely tied to their military service, said Ruocco, director of suicide prevention programs for the Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors, an advocacy group for military families.

THE JOURNEY TO FOREVER

By John Mulloy

Part V

(John Mulloy’s story continues in the *Journey To Forever* segment below)

STUDENTS for a DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY

On November 5, 1968, I received a bloodied initiation as an organizer and agitator of confrontational protest. This was Election Day for the U.S. Presidency. While the citizenry was choosing amongst Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey, and the segregationist George Wallace, the SDS brothers and sisters were headed for the White House, with the rallying cry, “Vote With Your Feet!” A struggle ensued between our forces and the D.C. swat team/U.S. Marshalls. Chaos reigned on the streets neighboring the citadel of U.S. political power. I received exposure to the power of the nightstick as wielded by our foes. I became an instant fan of ‘hit and run’ tactics, so as not to be a ‘sitting duck’. Lesson learned!

I was proud to be part of a militant march on the White House, a journey I would take many times in the next several years. I was drawn to the dramatic pulse of street protest. I enjoyed a taste for mass demonstrations that are amenable to crowd agitation. A healthy dose of demonstrations, backed by strong political education of the people, became one of my key political mantras.

SDS was brought into existence in 1962 via an intellectual format of left -progressive position papers, with a creative core of seriously idealistic youth from academia. By the fall of ’68, with an organizing potential at its height following the Chicago Democratic Convention, SDS was striking some degree of visceral fear within the minds and emotions of those steering the Empire. This was the SDS into which I melded that fall. Alas, that was the high water point of the group as a visible counter to the ruling class.

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Internal bickering and delusional, self-righteous attitudes would cause SDS to implode by spring of '69. It was sad to witness, from within, the self-destruction of a potentially powerful anti-war and anti-imperial force.

The 1968-69 academic year is known for its huge amount of campus unrest. Buildings were seized and offices occupied; demands were issued. Often, local SDS chapters spearheaded these actions. My SDS chapter was fully involved. It was an exciting time; the heart raced and strong minds were called upon. Two key issues underlay virtually all of the seething campus anger and incessant actions: 1) the need for expanding rights and powers for women, African-Americans, Latinos, and students, within academia and society as a whole, and 2) the War, and war research contracts between universities and the Department of Defense.

Under the surface, SDS was fracturing. At least half a dozen splinter groups were coalescing unto themselves. Arguing and posturing were the order of the day. Common sense and practicality were swept away.

The folks who would create the Weather Underground were the most dynamic. I was attracted to their energy; I understood their RAGE. But, I seriously disagreed with their intent to drop into the underground and use bombing as their 'direct action' tool. They were intent on going far beyond crowd agitation at demonstrations. Outfront organizing and political education of the citizenry were not on their agenda. They suffered delusions, viewing themselves as the 'Vanguard of the Revolution'. With a little push from 'agent provocateurs' of the FBI, they could be isolated, rendered ineffective, and the bombings used to smear the entire left-progressive, anti-war, anti-imperial movement. And that, indeed, is the way it turned out.

There was no announcement that SDS was dead. It just faded away into history, the reality of it continuing to live in the knowledge of survivors such as myself. Too many of my fellow revolutionaries turned their backs on the all-inclusive SDS organizing soup, just when it was coming to a boil. 1968's events and the ongoing War gave progressives the momentary advantage. It was thrown away in favor of romantic delusions of grandeur.

* * * *
1969/70;
PASSIONATE TIMES

These two unforgettable years represent the ultimate beautiful flowering and culmination of the 1960's counterculture and left-progressive politics. Of course, the seeds for future flowering were lovingly planted as well. No era was more colorful, real, emotional, or spiritually conscious. From massive, loving anti-war demonstrations, to the Kent State murders and the peak of butchery in South East Asia. From the brilliance of Woodstock, to the drug overdoses of Morrison, Hendrix and Joplin. I was thoroughly aware, growing in consciousness by leaps and bounds. Deeply immersed in the political world, I sampled everything good that the counterculture had

to offer. This was the best time of my life.

There have been many events, situations, and people that I have embraced over the decades, with these two years providing a loving, serious addition to the soup of progressive knowledge and ideas. The growth of one's knowledge of SELF and universal concepts was astounding. I was at the height of my joy by being alive, able to soak it all in and grow, grow, grow in awareness and as a compassionate human soul. This precious time frame gave credence to the concept of a Higher Consciousness as mentor/monitor, there being so much to see, hear, feel, even so much to be seemingly assimilated by mental/emotional osmosis.

During '69 and '70, there were a dozen gatherings and/or marches in our nation's capital, virtually all anti-war, anti-imperial, but often with other progressive issues attached. Crowds ranged from a few thousand to half a million. As someone who resided in D.C., as my base camp so to speak, I was able to be in on planning if I chose, be thoroughly intimate with the actual demonstration, and be close up to the aftermath. I always enjoyed the surging crowds, the colorful banners, and the chanting of slogans. "2-4-6-8, ORGANIZE and SMASH the STATE!" Or, the NLF (National Liberation Front) being the political arm of the Viet Cong, "HO, HO, HO CHI MINH, the NLF is GOING TO WIN!"

There was something awe inspiring about the White House, Capital Building, Washington Monument, and Lincoln Memorial as our backdrops. The setting was unmatched and I was quite sure that film footage would be shown around the world, certain to be seen by the forces locked in a death struggle with the U.S. military. Yes, my complete support went to the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong. I felt sorrow for U.S. troops and did not lay blame on them. I too had been deluded by my government. And, 'for Pete's sake', I was still an officer.

I had some memorable moments during these demonstrations, some painful, others fulfilling but always educational. I have a clear vision of November 15th, 1969; late evening, after dark. Ten to fifteen thousand folks pressing against the hastily erected metal fence around the Department of Injustice. Hundreds of U.S. Marshalls and SWAT boys lurked inside, gas masks at the ready, clubs in sweaty palms. John Mitchell, Nixon's U.S. Attorney General, watched from his 5th floor office. Later, he would comment that the surreal nighttime scene startled him. He compared it to the Bolsheviks rioting in Russia in 1917. I was proud of the comparison. We must have been scaring the U.S. ruling class.

Suddenly, "THE GAS!!" Dozens of canisters blasted deep into the crowd. The Blue Meanies waded in, slashing with their clubs. Total chaos; lungs on fire, eyes tearing, sweat covered body stinging. Finally, out of the cloud.

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Doug Huss, my friend, was a severe asthmatic. Taking in too much gas suppressed his breathing. Fell into a coma; never came back. Only 20 years old; a natural leader. Doug was a victim of the Vietnam War, just as the warriors and civilians who died 'in country' in the horror that our nation created in Vietnam. He died because he surged with the protesters and insurrectionists at the Department of Injustice. A monument to fallen anti-war activists should stand next to the Vietnam Wall in D.C.

Came the gathering of half a million strong, in early May, 1970, to protest the massive bombing of and ground incursion into Cambodia, as well as the Kent State murders. My cadre of D.C. insurgents called for a strong student strike of local college campuses to match the national strike. We organized into affinity teams of four people each and hit the schools in the wee hours of the morning, armed with lots of super hardening glue. The exterior locks on the classroom buildings never had a chance. Sometimes, strikes need a little push. We were quite successful. Lots of student bodies were added to street blockades, actions meant to harass 'business as usual'.

Risks must be taken. But, you have to know when you're going overboard. The Stalinist approach must not be allowed to flourish, nor must you dip into insanity. In October of '70, Premier Ky of South Vietnam came to D.C., looking for money, weapons, and, well, maybe some new connections for his flourishing heroin trade. We hosted a militant reception for him, a nighttime action in the upper class Georgetown neighborhood of D.C. The street fighters showed up. While hurling a brick through a bank window, setting off the alarm, I sensed some drool coming out of the corner of my mouth. I knew that I had crossed a line of bad behavior. I pulled back from my out of control stupidity.

If you're timid, you don't get to expand the envelope of possible action and experience. I had several restraining orders to keep me off campuses, but chose to ignore them; I was never challenged. My cohorts and I created many short term organizations with which to do battle, but group names meant nothing – it was just US!

Educational pamphlets were distributed and two 'underground' newspapers were published in D.C.; the Quicksilver Times and Red Earth. Many times, I'd 'hawk' (aggressively sell) these papers on the streets of downtown D.C., near the White House. "Quicksilver Times!! Quicksilver Times!! Free insert shows Spiro Agnew mainlining heroin!!" Of course, there was no picture of Agnew (the Vice President). But, it created a high energy scene. I made human contact, was friendly, and discussed any issues, with anybody. The key to outrageousness is to be friendly and calm. Draw the energy to you, then envelope the person with kindness. I learned to break down barriers with strangers, quickly.

In 1969, I fell into a long string of church speaking engagements,

often literally from the 'pulpit'. I spoke strongly, but gave no blasphemous offense. I found that I could speak in public with very little nervousness and no notes. Using no notes allows you to maintain flowing eye contact with your audience. When you speak to a crowd, you never know who will be affected, so you have to answer all questions with love and care. Everyone deserves your best, because you are equal as sentient beings.

One day, on the streets of D.C., a policeman stopped me and explained that he'd been part of a 7th Day Adventist Church group that I'd spoken to. Before my appearance, he'd thought people like me were Commies and weirdos. But, I changed his mind. He shook my hand. So, you see, one never knows when you might be part of someone's 'revelation'.

The entire era, highlighted by 69/70, created an unbreakable sense of camaraderie for those intimately involved. From the Quakers to the more militant types, the common bond was the powerful struggle to halt the empire and its war machine. Within this creative process lay some of the keys to personal growth of mind and soul. If I hear music from those times, I'm immediately transported back, with a powerful sense of going to the wellspring of HOPE. Bob Dylan, Rolling Stones, Beatles, Moody Blues, etc. – all personalized background for the living play of life that we were creating; our own passionate story.

* * * *

Veterans For Peace, Inc.

Statement of Purpose

We, having dutifully served our nation, do hereby affirm our greater responsibility to serve the cause of world peace. To this end we will work with others to:

- *Increase public awareness of the full costs of war;*
- *Restrain our government from intervening, overtly and covertly, in the internal affairs of other nations;*
- *End the arms race and to reduce and eventually eliminate nuclear weapons;*
- *Seek justice for veterans and victims of war;*
- *Abolish war as an instrument of national policy.*

To achieve these goals, members of Veterans For Peace pledge to use nonviolent means and to maintain an organization that is both democratic and open with the understanding that all members are trusted to act in the best interest of the group for the larger purpose of world peace.





Authors and artists of the Peace Poetry and Art Contest will present their works.



Women's
International
League for Peace
and Freedom



The Ink
People
Center for
the Arts



Veterans For
Peace Humboldt
Bay Chapter 56



Humboldt
Unitarian
Universalists
Fellowship Social
Action Committee



Buddhist Peace
Fellowship of
Humboldt
County

Unitarian Universalist Fellowship Hall, 23 Fellowship Way, Bayside, CA
... a short distance along Jacoby Creek Road from the Bayside Grange





**Veterans For Peace
Chapter 56**

Phone 707-267-8916
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
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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, 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.

HUMBOLDT CRABS BASEBALL



Tracy McCormack
Media Liaison & Marketing Associate
707-496-2948
tracymac68@yahoo.com

Board of Directors
P.O. Box 4422
Arcata, CA 95518
humboldtcrabs.com

*SUNDAY JUNE 6TH
HAS BEEN DESIGNATED "VETERANS' DAY" AT THE CRABS BASEBALL GAME
IN ARCATA. ALL VETERANS WITH PROOF OF SERVICE WILL GET INTO THE
GAME FOR FREE.*

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