



VETERANS FOR PEACE
HUMBOLDT BAY
CHAPTER 56

THE FOGHORN

SEPTEMBER
2014

“Cutting Through the Fog of War”

RIGHT TO KNOW UNDER NO CHILD LEFT BEHIND SECTION 9528

HOW TO RECRUIT CHILDREN INTO THE MILITARY

The US Army’s School Recruiting Program (SRP) handbook offers wide-ranging advice to its personnel seeking to enlist high school students. It declares, “Recruiters—like infantrymen—must move, shoot, and communicate.” Another recruiter handbook states it more clearly: “The objective of the SRP is to assist recruiters with programs and services so they can effectively penetrate the school market.” Advice includes various ways for recruiters to insinuate themselves into the school community to gain access to children:

Be so helpful and so much a part of the school scene that you are in constant demand. Attend athletic events at the HS [high school]. Deliver donuts and coffee for the faculty once a month. Offer to be a timekeeper at football games. [And, in a particularly cynical gesture, given Martin Luther King’s views on war and militarism] Martin Luther King, Jr.’s birthday is in January. Wear your dress blues and participate in school events commemorating this holiday.

The behaviors are remarkably similar to those psychologists characterize as predatory grooming, defined as

...the process by which a child is befriended by a would-be abuser in an attempt to gain the child’s confidence and trust, enabling them to get the child to acquiesce to abusive activity. It is frequently a prerequisite for an abuser to gain access to a child.

Another definition of predatory grooming notes the importance of being “exceptionally charming and/or helpful” while “failing to honor clear boundaries.”

In Seattle, Washington recruiters chaperone dances, tutor kids, coach football teams, and ride buses to and from school—all in an effort to get near kids. In other parts of the state, they volunteer to teach gym classes, sponsor climbing walls, bring large armored vehicles to campuses to create a sensation, and infuse counseling offices with the ASVAB—the Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery test—to assist young people in making career choices (with scores forwarded to recruiters). Nothing in the manual advises recruiters to reveal the risks their prospects face—neither the physical hazards on the battlefield nor the psychological trauma and its aftereffects.

These grooming behaviors (called “prospecting” in the handbook) are only varyingly successful. During the height of the Iraq War, recruitment goals were modestly low; even so, the goals were not met for many months. The recent collapse of the US economy, however, has been just the boon the recruiters needed.

STUDENT PRIVACY PROTECTIONS

The Bush Administration’s No Child Left Behind Act, Section 9528, requires public schools to give military recruiters access

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to students at school and access to students' contact information. It does allow students and their families to opt out of this wholesale release of private information to the military. The privacy of underage students is also ensured under the Family Education Rights and Privacy Act.

Despite these privacy protections, the army's manual instructs high school recruiters to intentionally circumvent the law:

Lead generation is what makes prospecting possible. Asking a school official for a student directory is one example of lead generation. Be creative if the school doesn't release a list. Consider, for example, contacting the company that produces senior photos. If necessary, have your Future Soldiers review your school's yearbook(s). Have them identify their friends and acquaintances with a phone number, an e-mail address, or any other information they can provide. Use the phone book to identify phone numbers. Think! This kind of information gathering can establish contact with an otherwise hard to find lead. Establishing strong relationships with COIs [centers of influence]—such as yearbook photographers, school officials, and Future Soldiers—ensures you have a constant, reliable source of leads.

Many school districts do not inform families of their privacy rights, subjecting some students to aggressive military recruiting at home as well as at school. Make sure your local PTA works with peace groups like Veterans For Peace 707-826-7124, to alert families to the opt-out opportunity, primarily through tabling at open house events each fall.

If your school district does not provide access to the opt-out form during the first weeks of school make sure you contact it to obtain this important information. Contact Veterans For Peace to obtain a copy. You are required to fill out the form yearly for the opt-out option.

The Golden Rule Progress Report for September 2014 By Chuck DeWitt

For the last couple of years I've sent out progress updates to an ever expanding contact list. This month I've added nearly a dozen new names to the list. I would also like to say thanks to all that respond with words of encouragement and suggestions. Due to some

very generous donations this summer and some new volunteers we've been able to accomplish a lot.

One of the most impressive advancements has been the work done by Steve Ninehaus of the Pacific Peacemaker and Greenpeace. Steve has single handed installed nearly all of the boats electronics. He's run wires fore and aft, put in lighting, installed AC and DC switch panels, a bilge pump system with controls and warning lights, the inverter, amp and volt meters, the VHF radio, a stereo system with AM, FM and disk player, battery switches, shore power hook ups and is continuing in an extremely professional manner to install GPS and radar. All lighting is LED and the wiring is inside an easily accessible cabinet for trouble shooting and repairing. Three battery boxes are awaiting installment. They will hold the six deep cell batteries that will keep the Rule bright and alive forever we hope. I wish you all could watch Steve work like I can, he's amazing, a perfectionist and we're very lucky to have him on board.

The Dutchman (Breckin) has returned safely from her Honolulu to San Francisco sail on board a fifty footer all tanned and satisfied having gotten her sailing fix for now. She's now putting the final touches on the companionway hatch. Mike is as usual being the artist he is by constructing the chrome and mahogany pulpit that juts out nearly 8 feet over the bow sprit. His design is a tad different from the original but we feel it will be more impressive visually and safer for the crew at sea. I'm currently working on installing the fore and aft shaft bearings so the shaft will line up with the engine without any vibration. We're also installing a drip less stuffing box that will supposedly keep the bilge dry, we'll see.

In the last month we've gotten two new hands on board. Nelson Camp is from the Quaker community in Philadelphia. Nelson flew out west here to help us with the Rule and stayed nearly two weeks. Nelson is a world traveler and French teacher but his history as a circus performer was really unique. His specialties are tight rope and walking on very high stilts. While with us he ground and polished thirty or so belaying pins to such a high gloss that some people actually thought they were made of gold. We are in the process of having them engraved and hopefully they'll sell, we need the money. Dan Hill saw an article about us in the paper and came out and asked if he could help us and he has. Dan is a professional timber faller with some spare time and he got us started on the belaying pins and then took over cutting and drilling over 80 blocks of wood that we'll use to construct the more than 40 clamps needed to laminate the main mast. The fir timbers we've been drying are now dry and planned and ready to be spliced together. Once glued together we'll have a forty foot long block of fir 8 inches on each side ready for shaping. Mikal Jakubal was able to film the timbers being milled and plans to include it in the documentary of the project.

Bradford Lyttle flew out from Chicago, spent a couple of days here and offered some valuable insight to help with the project. Most important was contacts for sail cloth at a greatly reduced cost.

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He has also offered some ideas that that could effect how *the project* might support itself in the coming years.

All in all, August has been very busy here in the Zerlang boat yard. We've enough materials and personnel to continue restoration for a time yet but money is going to become a huge problem very soon. There are a couple of ideas in the works but any help we can get will be more than appreciated. Locally here, Eric Almquist of Almquist Lumber and Greg Dale from Pacific Sea foods have been extremely generous to the point that we can continue working for at least a few more weeks.

This update is respectfully submitted by Chuck DeWitt, Restoration Coordinator for the Golden Rule Project, Finn Town, Humboldt Bay California.

(More pictures showing the progress of work on the Golden Rule on page 4)

Next VFP56 meeting will be held on Thursday, September 4th 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 together can do to bring about peace in this complex world.



The storage lockers in the main cabin have new molding all around and a fresh coat of varnish.



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The Butterfly hatch is in place and ready to go to sea



Mike is now working on the pulpit, that's the small cat walk looking thing that juts out over the bow sprit on the forward most part of the boat.



JOURNEY TO FOREVER

By John Mulloy
Episode VIII

TRAVELING In
SEARCH OF
KNOWLEDGE
And WISDOM

As a child, the act and art of traveling was programmed into my consciousness. My father was career U.S. Army, with specialties revolving around liaison with the other services. So, from birth until the age of ten, we were constantly on the move. Home was a continual stream, of army, navy, and air force bases, as well as with multitudes of relatives.

My mother and I sailed the Pacific Ocean twice by military troopship, to and from Japan. The first time I was only three years old, but the second time I was five, old enough to have lasting impressions made on my memory bank. I remember watching a pod of whales blowing their air holes in the mid-Pacific. The seemingly infinite distance of sky and sea were awesome to my young eyes. The smell of sea air still comes into my nostrils when I think back. We sailed through the edge of a Pacific typhoon. I can still feel the ship lurching from side to side. Things that weren't tied down slid, rolled, or flew across our cabin. Our senses record all these events and perceptions. Our memory banks hold them for a lifetime. It is amazing how it all works.

Sometimes my mom and I would be living with dad on a military base. Other times, when his assignment was too short, we'd stay with relatives while awaiting his next move. I grew used to the rhythm of moving in and out. During 1950-53, my father was transferred so much that during kindergarten, 1st, and 2nd grades, I went to school in nine different geographic locations. California (several spots), Nevada, Montana, Texas, Nebraska, and Virginia all accepted me as a temporary citizen. I learned how to adapt fast and be ready to leave. You develop the ability to be both outgoing (make friends fast, scope out the scene) and inward looking (depend on yourself for psychic stability). I found a survival balance of extroversion and introversion, still a key to my character.

Fortunately, I relished the journey from one stage to the next. There were no interstate highways yet, just one and two lane roads. Mom and I covered thousands of miles by automobile. Counting boxcars on the trains was one of my favorite things to do. I'd fantasize on all the states they had been to and the freight they had carried. We'd do spelling and number games, but always interacting with the scenery surrounding us. I loved being exposed to the mountains, deserts, cornfields, cattle herds, truck stops, and small towns. The friendly folks we'd encounter in diners and at the motels were compelling sources of information. My mind and soul were observing it all. I was beginning to build a sociological framework,

though it would be a long time before I knew objectively what that concept meant. I fell in love with traveling in America, soaking it all in. As I became an adult, I'd feel much the same way about Planet Earth as a whole.

The journey would become a major theme in my life. As an adult, I've traveled across America, by land, coast-to-coast, at least two dozen times. Additionally, there have been untold numbers of north/south trips, along with travels outside the U.S. I've used every long-distance conveyance except a bicycle (sorry I missed that one). I don't count airplanes as travel.

The events, scenery, situations, and people you encounter, on your journey, are all building blocks of knowledge. There is wisdom in all humanity; everyone has at least a 'kernel of truth'. From all the people you speak with, plus daily realities that you explore and view, the journey piles up knowledge within your mind. Your 'SELF-being' translates this into awareness within the SOUL. Jack Kerouac, an early hero of my intellectual development, knew this. On the Road was reflective of his journey.

Once a person is used to interacting with the experience of travel, we can lay the same imprint on our daily lives. Whatever and whoever is around us can lead to intrapersonal growth. Keep all senses open and you can detect what you may have missed before. There is knowledge and wisdom all around us. Keep a philosophic view of universality and you'll grow in all respects. Knowledge will accrue in your consciousness. From that, wisdom comes forth and the SOUL is deepened in awareness. The ultimate truth of travel is that life is a journey in itself. Go ahead, experience what is out there for you.

Additionally, travel and the consequent journey can provide a person with a meditation stream. As you move onward, you are no longer, at least for now, entangled with yesterday or 'back there'. And, you are not yet at any destination, if there is one. You are in a space that allows you to view past and future from an open, unattached perspective, allowing great insight. This can develop into a full meditation, a clearing of intellect and conceptual self. Meditation is not just a physical yoga position. It is an attitude of the SOUL, a status that can be accessed in an infinite number of ways.

When you travel, don't forget the concept of spontaneity. Maybe you'll change a destination based on a new experience or information. Don't be trepidatious about doing so. That's how I discovered Bisbee, Arizona, a town I've become deeply involved with over the past thirty years. People you meet may lead you to spontaneous change. Work offers, relationships, and side trips may come to you. Always be open and aware. New life choices can present themselves at anytime. Doors to perception can open when you are least expecting.

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In the following short sections, I make mention of a few select adventures, journeys, and destinations that might interest someone's desire or need. Most are highly accessible to the adventurous spirit, without going halfway around the planet.

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A). BISBEE, ARIZONA

On the road, searching for magic in any form, January, 1980, found me driving cross-country, with San Francisco loosely in mind as a destination. I loved, as always, the America that swept past my senses and mental observation antennae. My only general restraint was the desire to be back in D.C. by mid-March for work scheduling. Otherwise, I was open to adventure. I stopped, as I had many times before, in Tucson, Arizona, home to some good friends; also, a city I really liked. After a fun couple of weeks, it was time to head to S.F. My friends asked me to first go to Bisbee (in the extreme southeast corner of the state, a hundred miles away) and give them a traveler's report. "We've never been there, but we hear its really hip."

The next day, I embarked on a two hour drive through beautiful 'big vista' western scenery right out of a John Wayne movie. I was in my element, riding my big Ford LTD through the passes and valleys, checking out Tombstone, renowned for the Earps and the O.K. Corral. Finally, I wound my way through some high cliff mountains, capped by the long Mule Pass Tunnel. Suddenly, there was Bisbee, laid out in a series of compact canyons. Bisbee was a mile high, in rugged mountains, and way off the beaten path. "Wow!"

I pulled into downtown, then put myself into walking mode for purposes of exploration. I poked around, here and there. The commercial district was full of excellent brick architecture. The homes were mainly late nineteenth and early twentieth century utilitarian, in need of restoration and repair. Lots of rubble. I got the feeling that I was in a special hideaway piece of Americana, a small town tucked away. The big blue sky and 70 degree temperature gave a sweet, soft ambiance as background for the OLD WEST setting.

Many countercultural types, several with guitars, had gathered on the veranda of the Copper Queen Hotel, obviously the central jewel of Bisbee. Life was moving at a very languid pace. Something was happening here that I knew I'd find interesting, but the only way to access it was to STOP, STAY and SINK into the intimate environment. Immersion in Bisbee seemed desirable. I followed my spontaneity instinct. I went into the Copper Queen and rented a room. I was 'on the bus'.

After a couple of days, I called my Tucson friends to let them know I was o.k. It would be five weeks before I went back to give them my report. Naturally, I never made it to San Francisco that winter. The five weeks allowed me to be accepted as a solid citizen by a large number of Bisbeeites. Staying at the Copper Queen put me in position to operate out of Bisbee's central hub. The hotel's

saloon is a main gathering place and information station.

Bisbee is loaded with highly individualistic personalities, but the sense of community is powerful. It is a very accepting town. You are encouraged to leave all of your psycho-social negative baggage at the entrance to Mule Pass Tunnel, so your psyche enters Bisbee lighter in spirit. The community allows you to completely reinvent or simply revamp your SELF conception. You are given space and time to recreate your SELF core, if you desire. No one will pester you about your past. You live in the NOW. Each citizen is protected by the community. "Come in, I'll give ya shelter from the storm" (Bob Dylan).

The heritage of Bisbee is one of deep-seated connections to the people of the past and present. For thousands of years, various nomadic tribes lived in equilibrium with these mountains and valleys. This was part of the territory where Cochise and Geronimo led the Apache in the their valiant, but ultimately doomed struggle against the U.S. Cavalry. They left a powerful legacy, including the local county being designated COCHISE. The spirit of the native people is all around.

Additionally, the Spanish colonization of what is now Mexico extended throughout this area. The forces of Coronado passed through during his vain search for the 'lost cities of gold'. The influence of Mexican culture and politics is powerful throughout the southwestern U.S. Bisbee and its surrounding lands are very affected by the Mexican representation of civilization.

During the latter half of the nineteenth century, Bisbee was officially created as an entity. The sudden explosion of mining interests led to the creation of a structured community. By the end of the century, Bisbee was a large, prosperous, and wild town. Copper was the main mineral resource, while the surrounding valleys, with huge tracts of grass, became a cattle ranching habitat. Bisbee was the first home in America for thousands of Italian, Serb, and Welsh immigrant miners and their families. Even as the vast bulk of mining closed down in the early 1970's, descendants of these hearty folks stayed on to help keep Bisbee alive.

The closing of the mines caused rental costs and property values to plummet, with hundreds of homes and commercial buildings sitting empty. Meanwhile, the next wave of immigrants began to break on Bisbee's shoreline. These immigrants came from within America. They were veterans of bohemia/ hippiedom/ counter-culture/ Vietnam, hungry for what they might do for themselves in Bisbee. They would create a new sense of community and also find solitude, to heal spirits and create crafts. With love and hard work, homes were restored and the town reenergized.

Bisbee is an extremely visual town, built on mountain sides and up rugged canyons. Thousands of concrete steps interconnect the homes and commercial buildings. Winding alleyways lead hither and yon. Nooks and crannies abound.

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Walking allows you to ‘feel’ Bisbee and to interact with the citizenry.

Bisbee has flourishing artists of all forms, musicians, poets, writers and craftspeople. While copper is no longer mined, Bisbee is a premier source of turquoise, malachite, and azurite; many excellent silver and gold smiths can be found.

Around the corner from the Copper Queen Hotel is Brewery Gulch, the most rustic section of town. Step into the two drinking establishments, St Elmo and the Stock Exchange, and get a glimpse of Bisbee’s rough and tumble past and present.

The setting and characters could meld right into Cormac McCarthy’s *No Country for Old Men*.

Don’t be surprised to find yourself on a barstool, sandwiched between a U.S. Border Patrol officer and a drug/human smuggler, both off-duty in a neutral den of pleasure and psychic release. Relax and enjoy the adventurous edge, letting it inform you as a teaching episode.

Bisbee will work it’s magic on you. Travelers are welcome and are treated as friends; many find it hard to leave; some never do.

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B). TEOTIHUACAN, MEXICO;

The PYRAMID of the SUN

About thirty-five miles outside of Mexico City, lie the metropolitan remnants of an ancient civilization. A vast City is being excavated, a project that reveals marvelous engineering feats of antiquity. Water was delivered by a carefully designed aqueduct system, geometric considerations were part of city planning, and multitudes of edifices were raised, including two huge pyramids. Who built this astounding creation? How long ago?

During the past forty years, I’ve noted that the conjectured age of the city has been pushed back consistently. In 1974, the ‘official’ claim was of a thousand years; merely pre-AZTEC. Now, 3,000 years is the quote by mainstream archeologists. Considering that the ruins were completely covered with earth debris and vegetation when ‘discovered’, its easy to assume that they could be even older. My intuition, visitation (twice) and research (from Erich Van Daniken to Zecharia Sitchin, and a multitude of other scholars) allow me to reach a figure of ten to twenty thousand years. I compare this find to similar construction in ancient Sumeria and Egypt.

Who was responsible for the engineering of these magnificent works? Well, they must have made use of some form of high tech implements and advanced knowledge. The pyramids were certainly not built by hand. Whoever was responsible had tools and mathematical abilities of high order. So, let’s lay

the cards on the table. Maybe some advanced hominids arrived on Earth from ‘beyond’ and left these legacies, or humanity had made great advances in the past (MU, ATLANTIS) and then suffered some form of natural or social collapse. Either answer is possible, or both together, or, of course, perhaps neither is true. ‘Proof’ and ‘disproof’ are each hard to present. But, the conjecturing is mind stimulation and allows us to expand our modes of thought. It is an ultimate puzzle.

When on site, viewing the scene from the highest vantage points is of paramount importance. This gives you the most visual perspective, which helps intellectual analysis. The Pyramid of the Sun is over 250 feet in height. I made note that one of the four sloping sides had steps – 250 of them, with 12-inch risers. An arduous climb, but I went for it. It was no breeze, but I made it to the top. The climb culminated in a small platform that must have been used for events, astronomic observation, or ‘who knows’. I felt magical vibrations. I was standing alone on top of the third largest pyramid on Earth.

I could see far into the distance, with the city spread out before me in all directions. Looking down all four sides, I felt way up there. It was awe inspiring. I stayed for a long time, feeling that the top of the pyramid was a true connection between Earth and Universe. I knew that the Pyramid of the Sun was O-L-D, from long ago, created by extremely ancient peoples. I felt it in the deepest layer of my soul. If you can and desire, make the journey. It will give you greater perspective on the connection between antiquity and NOW. The experience is a growth factor in your life.

When you make the trip, you’ll stay in Mexico City. Be sure to visit the artwork of FRIDA KAHLO and her husband, DIEGO RIVERA. It is prominently displayed in several museums. RIVERA was known for his huge murals, reflections of the revolutionary struggle and daily lives of the peasants and workers. I spent hours contemplating his works. Safe travels for you.





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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 turdncer@aol.com, in word format. Submissions will be included on a first come basis until the newsletter is full. Late arriving submissions will be archived for future issues.

*There is no trust more sacred than
the one the world holds with children.
There is no duty more important than
ensuring that their rights are respect-
ed, that their welfare is protected, that
their lives are free from fear and want
and that they grow up in peace.*

– Kofi Annan