

GI SPECIAL 6J19:

Wounded In Action



Morgan

October 16, 2008 By Alex Kane, IndyBlog

HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.

As millions of Americans were readying their television sets to tune into the final presidential debate between John McCain and Barack Obama, a much different scene was unfolding outside of Hofstra University in Hempstead, NY where the debate took place.

At least five members of Iraq Veterans Against the War (IVAW), a group of military veterans who are calling for immediate withdrawal from Iraq, were arrested, as well as at least four civilians, according to National Lawyers Guild observers.

Nassau County police on horses trampled one member of IVAW, Nick Morgan, a veteran who served in Iraq from Feb. 2004-2005.

Morgan was knocked to the ground, and according to witnesses, the horse hooves slammed down on his face.



Mounted domestic enemy combatants before the attack on Iraq Veterans.

Troops Invited:

Comments, arguments, articles, and letters from service men and women, and veterans, are especially welcome. Write to Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657 or send email contact@militaryproject.org: Name, I.D., withheld unless you request publication. Replies confidential. Same address to unsubscribe. Phone: 917.677.8057

IRAQ WAR REPORTS

Mom Shares Memories Of Fallen Abilene Soldier's Life

October 16, 2008 By Jared Fields, The E.W. Scripps Co.

Aurora Fernandez misses her son's phone calls the most. A serious and responsible 22-year-old, Cpl. Reuben Marcus Fernandez III also had a funny side.

On leave and staying in Abilene, Reuben called his mother at work in San Angelo and asked if she had lunch plans.

"I said 'I don't know,' and I look up, and there he is walking in the door," Aurora said. "He was funny like that. He drove all the way to San Angelo, and we had lunch."

Known as Reuben to some, Marcus to others and Fernandez to his fellow soldiers, the 2004 Cooper High School graduate died Saturday supporting Operation Iraqi Freedom.

Fernandez's vehicle was struck by a roadside bomb in Majar Al Kabir, Iraq. He was assigned to the 2nd Squadron, 7th Cavalry Regiment, 4th Brigade Combat Team, 1st Cavalry Division at Fort Hood.

Aurora said a funeral date is not set because she does not know when Reuben's body will return home. However, she said funeral arrangements will be with Elmwood Funeral Home and Memorial Park.

"When I got that call I knew he was in charge of that Humvee, and if he'd had a choice, and it could have been one of the other guys going and not him, he couldn't have lived with himself because he felt like he was in charge," Aurora said. "I do know that my son died being a hero and he was there because he wanted to be."

Reuben enlisted in the Army after graduating from Cooper in 2004.

He came home one day with a serious tone and told his mom he needed to talk. He had enlisted in the Army.

"I said, 'Son, are you sure? Right now there's a war going on, and the first thing they're going to do is send you to Iraq,'" Aurora said. "He goes, 'And I know that, Mom.'"

A month later, Reuben was off to boot camp. He was deployed to Iraq in December 2005 and returned the following December.

Deployed for his second tour June 14 of this year, Fernandez kept in constant touch with friends and relatives. Aurora said that she would get two phone calls a day and that she created a MySpace account to see pictures Reuben posted and to write him.

A father figure to Reuben, Joe Esquivel has known him since his son and Reuben were in the first grade.

"He was just a very quiet, funny, real lovable guy," Esquivel said. "I say that from the bottom of my heart. Me and my wife and my son are still mourning him."

Like Aurora, Esquivel said Reuben called him often. The last time was Thursday. Esquivel was trying to get a care package of crackers, Cheez-Whiz and beef jerky to him.

"Reuben to me was a friend; he was a son. And he was my hero," Esquivel said.

But every time Reuben called, he never hung up the phone without saying he loved you. Aurora last talked to her son Friday.

"That's one thing I'm so grateful for," Aurora said. "'Love you. Gotta go. Bye.' That was one of his favorite things to say."

Aurora remembers the last day she saw Reuben -- the day he deployed from Fort Hood.

She, along with her sister and Reuben's younger sister Stephanie, went to Fort Hood to send him off. Aurora, the last person he hugged, couldn't help shedding a few tears, and her son tightly hugged her neck.

"He just kissed my tears and he goes, 'Mom remember, I'm going over there so y'all can be safe here,'" Aurora said.

Then he asked her not to worry about him. She promised.

But like any mother, Aurora couldn't help worrying about Reuben.

"Oh no, there's no way," she said.

Aurora received the dreaded phone call Sunday. However, Aurora still held onto the hope that Reuben was misidentified, or that someone else happened to be wearing his tags.

"When I first found out I didn't even want to call anybody because I wasn't believing it. I had hope," Aurora said. "I didn't even want to make that call. But then it was him. He died protecting our country."

Reuben, although serious and a jokester, was strong-willed.

"He was always saying, 'Mom, don't worry about it. I got it. I got that covered already,'" Aurora said. "I mean he just grew up so fast. He was 22 years old, but you'd never know."

Besides growing up quickly, Aurora said she didn't deal with the typical teenage rebellion from Reuben.

"The most trouble he'd get into -- he'd have 15 people in his room, and they'd be too noisy," Aurora said.

Too noisy playing video games.

Reuben didn't play games in Iraq. He earned several awards while in the service and told his mom about soldiers he had to discipline.

During Reuben's first tour, he re-enlisted while there through 2012. He wanted to make the military his life.

His awards and decorations include the Army Commendation Medal, Army Achievement Medal, Army Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Iraq Campaign Medal, Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, Army Service Ribbon and the Overseas Service Ribbon. He is the 22nd soldier with Big Country ties to be killed in the fighting in Afghanistan and Iraq.

Aurora wouldn't have traded her son for anyone else.

"I know I could have had a million guys to choose my son from, and he would have been the man I would have chosen," Aurora said. "He was like a kid, but he was a great man."

**NEW GENERAL ORDER NO. 1:
ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT:
PACK UP
GO HOME**



U.S. soldiers patrol along a stream of sewage in Baghdad's Fadhil district October 6, 2008. REUTERS/Omar Obeidi

AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

Two German Soldiers Killed By Blast In Chahar Dara

Oct 20 The Associated Press

KABUL, Afghanistan – An Afghan official says a bomber in northern Afghanistan has killed two German soldiers and five children.

The governor of Kunduz province, Mohammad Omar, says two other German soldiers and two children were wounded in the blast Monday.

NATO confirms that some of its soldiers were killed and wounded in the attack in the province's Chahar Dara district.

Omar says the soldiers were patrolling on foot when the bomber riding a bicycle hit them.

U.S. Troops Dying In Vain For A Stinking Sewer Of Corruption: "Afghanistan's New Rich - Former Warlords, Businessmen Who Deal With Foreigners, And Politicians" "The Rich Are On Top And The Poor Are Trampled Underfoot"

11 October by Nick Meo in Kabul, The Telegraph

With its two million dollar mansions, menacing armed guards, and landcruisers with blacked-out windows, the Kabul district of Shirpur has become an ironic symbol of the new Afghanistan for the city's long-suffering residents.

Its gaudy constructions, built in a style derided locally as "wedding cake", are the homes of Afghanistan's new rich - former warlords, businessmen who deal with foreigners, and politicians who can mysteriously find some way to afford the sky-high prices. Afghans wonder, in private at least, whether drugs wealth is invested from the opium trade, which now makes up 50 per cent of the economy.

They complain too that some mansions have been built with money creamed off from the nation's other great illicit activity.

Billions of dollars in donor aid pour into Afghanistan for new roads, hospitals, and schools, but Afghans complain bitterly about the poor results and the muddle is so great that there are no reliable figures on how much is stolen or is simply frittered away in waste.

Finally, however, as doubts grow that the increasingly bloody battle with the Taliban can be won, corruption is being identified as a fundamental problem - a cancer that is eating away at the new Afghanistan, wrecking the credibility of the government and handing the Taliban a potent propaganda weapon.

A draft US intelligence estimate that was leaked last week identified rampant corruption as the main cause of a breakdown of central government authority. It also warned that Afghanistan is on a downward spiral with a government which seems unable to stop the Taliban's rising strength.

President Karzai's only real effort so far to tackle the problem has been the appointment last year of an attorney general who declared war on corruption - but who was removed in July and accused of corruption himself.

"Corruption is the biggest problem for the Afghans and it is our tragedy," said Dr Ramzan Bashardost, a former planning minister who now plans to stand against President Hamid Karzai in next year's presidential election on an anti-corruption platform.

He told the Telegraph: "Corruption is so open now, even inside the government. In the courts the judges want dollars not Afghanis in an important case, and you hear about them holding up bills to the light in the courtroom to check that they are not forgeries. There is no sanction against corruption - nobody big has ever been jailed."

"Building is sub-standard - when I was minister for planning I don't think I ever saw a new clinic, bridge or school that was decent quality.

"The taxes of the British and European people are not going on infrastructure to improve the lives of Afghans - they are going on luxuries, nice cars and good houses. The Afghan people are angry about this, and they are angry with the West for allowing it."

The consequences can be seen at the Khair Khana Hospital in Kabul.

The building was renovated with \$2.2 million of Italian money but the work was so shoddy that big lumps of plaster have already started falling off the hospital's exterior.

Inside is even worse, with ceilings threatening to collapse, and the water supply has never worked properly. An administrator refused to let the Telegraph in to see conditions, but a hospital porter complained that one of the sub-contractors had disappeared with much of the renovation money and he said that staff were bitterly disappointed with the finished result.

All over Afghanistan are similar stories of jerry-built bridges, roads to nowhere, and clinics that threaten to collapse in the first heavy storm, mainly because dishonest sub-contractors skimp on materials or work.

Many of them are ex-warlords who have used their connections to set up lucrative businesses. They exploit the lack of any real scrutiny over spending on most projects.

Hundreds of schools have been built since 2002, one of the successes trumpeted by Western politicians, but many stand empty with no teachers because nobody remembered to make a budget available.

Others collapse during their first winter because snow builds up on their cheap flat roofs.

The high cost of security – hiring gunmen – forces up the price of building a kilometre of road from about \$200,000 in the north of the country to around \$1 million in the south, although there have been cases of roads in Kabul costing as much as \$2 million per kilometre.

Straightforward bribery is also rife. A UN report in August estimated that up to \$250 million in bribes changes hands annually, costing the average Afghan family \$100 when 70 per cent of the population earns only one dollar a day.

At Kabul's main court it didn't take long to find angry litigants.

Alah Nazer, a farmer who had a dispute with a richer neighbour, said he was sure he would lose his court case because he could not pay the biggest bribes.

"We expected better than this after the fall of the Taliban," he said. "The rich are on top and the poor are trampled underfoot. I voted for President Karzai in 2004 but now I hate him, he knows what is happening and he will do nothing to stop it."

Back in Shirpur, a neighbouring community which lives under the shadow of the new mansions is also fighting an unequal court battle.

Before Kabul's most exclusive district was built four years ago dozens of families were pushed out by developers who bulldozed their homes to erect mansions.

Those remaining live on a dusty scrap of land with stinking open sewers in the streets outside their one-storey mudbrick homes. They too have been threatened with eviction, to make way for a park which Shirpur's wealthy inhabitants can enjoy.

"Two years ago the chief of police gave our land to some strongmen, and now we are fighting them," said Mohammed Asef, a 60-year-old with a long white beard.

"Our families have been here for 70 years but we have no land title. We are going to court to try to prove that this land is ours. The problem is there is so much corruption now, so how can we succeed?"

"The government doesn't care about people like us. Even in the Taliban times it was not as bad as this."

Resistance Action

Oct 20 2008 Mail & Guardian & MNN

A Taliban spokesman, Qari Yousuf Ahmadi, confirmed Sunday that the group was responsible for the killings of 27 soldiers that had been taken from a bus three days earlier and executed after appearing before a Taliban court.

A British aid worker was shot dead in the Afghan capital on Monday in a killing claimed by the Islamic Taliban militia which accused her organisation of preaching Christianity. The woman was shot several times by two men on a motorbike as she walked to work in the west of Kabul, said the interior ministry and police. The interior ministry and police said earlier the woman was a South African working with a non-governmental organisation called Serve Afghanistan, and there were some suggestions she had dual nationality.

A Serve employee confirmed the incident but would not give any details. The group's management would not comment.

The group, which describes itself on its website as a British-based Christian charity, works with disabled Afghans. The interior ministry said the attackers had fled immediately and their motive was unclear.

<p>IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE RESISTANCE END THE OCCUPATIONS</p>
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TROOP NEWS

**Fuck Fuck Games:
“I Used To Think The Army Was
Really Efficient”
“Now After Being In For Awhile,
Especially Here For Almost A Year, I Am**

Really Surprised That Anything Gets Fucking Done”

October 17, 2008 By Joe; Fobbits Need Ice Cream Too; Kbrsecurity.blogspot.com/

Age: 23

Gender: Male

Industry: Military

Occupation: Ice Cream Man

Location: An Nasiriyah, Scania, BIAP, TQ, Taji, Balad, Mosul, Baqubah: Iraq

For those not in the military, fuck fuck games is the term used to describe either horseplay or unsupervised chaos in which no one in the chain of command actually assumes command.

Like "knock the fuck fuck games off" or "here come the fuck fuck games." The second definition of the term is what has been going on for the past three days here:

We have a hit time for early evening, and after prepping our trucks and checking the white trucks (because KBR will try to roll trucks with blown out tires and cracked fuel tanks), we are told that medevac is red and no missions are going out.

We are the first push of the night, and we sit at the lot for 3 hours, watching the rest of the Cav troopers in the squadron roll in, then back out to their tents.

We request to go back to our tents to wait for the weather to clear up, and are denied or ignored.

We are sent back to our tents about 20 minutes before our new hit time, so we go grab to-go plates from the chow hall instead. Upon returning, KBR lets us know that their weather charts show that the sandstorm will not be clearing up anytime soon and that they are not pushing anymore convoys out.

Just to note, we (the Army itself) also has access to these weather charts.

We go back by our company TOC and ask for instruction. The SCO is there and yells at us that we do not take orders from KBR and that we need to get back up there and get our convoy rolling.

I laugh out loud; KBR issues the trip tickets needed to leave the base and without one, we cannot go anywhere.

The SCO glares at me; I am laughing/mockng him right in front of him, and also his rules: I have a PT vest on with two PT belts forming an X over it, as well as a PT belt worn over my actual belt, plus a PT armband on each wrist and PT armbands used to blouse my boots instead of boot blousers.

The SCO continues to yell that the Army does not take orders from KBR and that we need to push these supplies out.

Our 1SG walks with us to our trucks, and tells us to go to sleep and prepare for an early morning push. We are on a nocturnal schedule and this means that we will be going out when we should normally be going to bed.

I know arguing this fact is pointless; mission first even if all the drivers are exhausted and falling asleep.

We are woken up at 0600 and push out the gate, just to be called by the squadron (battalion) radio officer and told to turn around because medevac just turned red.

We are given three different hit times and each time we show up, we sit around and then are sent back to the tents. As of right now, the sandstorm outside is worse than before but we still have a scheduled push time.

I used to think the Army was really efficient and now after being in for awhile, especially here for almost a year, I am really surprised that anything gets fucking done.

MORE:

Donkey IEDs, Flat Tires And Ramadan: “Assholes More Worried About What Boots You Have On Or Where Your PT Belt Is Are Getting People Killed In Afghanistan”

September 6, 2008 By Joe; Fobbits Need Ice Cream Too; Kbrsecurity.blogspot.com/

Age: 23

Gender: Male

Industry: Military

Occupation: Ice Cream Man

Location: An Nasiriyah, Scania, BIAP, TQ, Taji, Balad, Mosul, Baqubah: Iraq

So I haven't posted lately because there has been no power in our tent in Kuwait. No one seems to care.

Now I am not going to say that I do not enjoy air conditioning, but living in an insulated tent in the Kuwaiti desert during summer is not the best place to be with no AC. It is hotter inside than outside.

Also, there is now a \$320 fine if you are witnessed eating food in the daylight on the FOB or in your guntruck. And to this I say, fuck Kuwait. These shitheads wouldn't even exist if it wasn't for us. It would be the southern Iraqi province of An-Kuwait or some shit. Not a single person in Iraq gives a shit if we eat during Ramadan; we're not Muslims and most of them are secular as hell.

We spent yesterday sitting on the MSR for about 10 hours waiting for EOD (Explosive Ordnance Disposal) to come and clear an IED out of a dead donkey's asshole that a southbound convoy called up.

I immediately volunteered to go kick it and was denied.

I continued to insist that I be allowed to kick it throughout the night and morning.

EOD left a base about 15 miles away and proceeded to drive at 3MPH scanning for us.

Hey shitheads, we have radios and GPS. Use them next time.

They finally arrived 5 hours after they left their FOB, dug into the donkey's guts for 5 minutes with a robot and left.

No bomb, just a dead donkey. Like I said. I reminded everyone that this is 100% proof that I can kick the next one.

In the process of waiting for EOD, our pussy convoy commander told us to patrol the convoy to check for insurgents.

Ok, whatever.

This guy's been behind a desk for 3 months and has forgot that there are no more insurgents here.

While crossing over the median, we hit something sharp and popped our tire. We spent the next 3 hours changing it because the lugnuts were crossthreaded and we had to strip each and everyone of them with our crowbar.

Thank you KBR.

Then our Patriot Jack took a dump.

If you don't know what a Patriot Jack is, let me tell you. You drive your truck up onto a block of wood, put the e-brake on, and throw this hunk of welded steel under your backside and it is supposed to hold your truck up while you change your tire. Supposed to. This motherfucking thing snapped in two almost instantly.

We called our bobtail up (The maintenance bob, or tractor trailer with all the tools in the convoy for helping the other TCNs fix or tow their trucks if they break down) and this guy changed our tire in 10 minutes with his IMPACT GUN and PUMP JACK.

This dude from Pakistan had more high-tech tools than a U.S. Army gun truck. He tried to tell me his name, but I was way too tired (we had got in from our previous run at 1000 and went back out at 1700 and it was now 0600 the next day).

I tried to give him twenty bucks but he refused so we gave him all the goodies in our cooler instead.

In the process of changing the tire, I ripped open my pants from my cock area all the way to my ankles. Luckily I wear underwear.

Stopping to draw our tent and also for me to change my pants, we are stopped by a random sergeant. He is looking at my dick hang out of my pants, at my face, then back to my dick. I am thinking he's gay, my team leader asks him what the fuck he wants.

He wants to let me know that wearing pants in the condition in the way that mine are in is unauthorized.

Also, he thinks my boots are unauthorized but he's not sure but he has a sergeant major riding with him that he wants me to go see.

I look at my TL and he looks at me.

We are way too tired for this shit.

I laugh in an evil scientist laugh because I just read an article earlier in Stars & Stripes by a 1LT about how assholes more worried about what boots you have on or where your PT belt is are getting people killed in Afghanistan because they aren't checking important shit like ammo levels or if people have plates for their body armor.

Like for instance, our supply doesn't have any impact guns, pump jacks, correctly sized body armor (I have a 2XL vest and I wear a Medium, there is a 6" gap all around my body where the extra kevlar puffs out), but they do have extra PT belts if you lose yours.

I don't even know what to say to this guy.

The TC of the truck we assumed control over from the previous unit here had some wisdom for us, and one little bit was this: when in doubt, just say "roger."

And we did. I said, "roger sarn't" and we walked to our truck and drove off.

I wonder if his sergeant major is sitting in his tent waiting for me to come stand tall to apologize for ripping my pants.

Later, at breakfast, the other 3 gun trucks would tell us they had impact guns and jacks.

They didn't know we needed them.

It doesn't take 3 fucking hours to change a tire with an impact gun and a jack, dipshit.

What was your first fucking clue we didn't need help besides the fact that we're on the same side as you? Asking for help from someone else in the Army seems redundant to me. I'm in the Army, you're in the Army. We're not fucking going anywhere until this tire gets changed, give me your god damned impact gun.

I consumed only pork products at breakfast.

“Since Oct. 3, The Air Force Had Grounded More Than 135 Of Its Approximately 355 A-10s Because Inspections Revealed Wing Cracks” “The Wing Had One Squadron Deployed To Bagram Air Base In Afghanistan”

10.20.08 By Bruce Rolfsen, Army Times [Excerpts]

The Air Force's A-10 Thunderbolt squadrons are scrambling to deal with the grounding of more than one-third of the fighters so inspectors can look for cracks in the wings.

Since Oct. 3, the Air Force had grounded more than 135 of its approximately 355 A-10s because inspections revealed wing cracks.

All were built with “thin wings” prior to 1980. Ground forces in combat areas rely heavily on A-10s for close-air support missions.

Each A-10 will stay grounded until its wings are inspected and any needed repairs completed, officials said.

“We don't know how long this will last,” said Col. Paul T. Johnson, commander of the 355th Fighter Wing at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, Ariz. Half the 355th's 82 A-10s cannot fly.

As Johnson spoke Oct. 8, 355th maintainers had inspected 14 Thunderbolts. All had cracks serious enough that repairs could not be done until more guidance came from the Air Force Materiel Command program office overseeing the A-10 fleet's health.

At the 23rd Wing on Moody Air Force Base, Ga., half the jets were standing still, said wing commander Col. Kenneth Todorov.

As of Oct. 9, the wing had one squadron deployed to Bagram Air Base in Afghanistan and another squadron spinning up for a deployment next year, Todorov said.

The wing's flyable A-10s are now used for combat or by pilots preparing for the deployment.

Inspectors at Ogden Air Logistics Center in Utah, where A-10s are sent for major overhauls and upgrades, first raised concerns about wing cracks in September.

They found troubling cracks in both wings near the center panels of the landing gear trunnions.

While A-10s were designed to last for 8,000 flying hours, many have passed the 10,000-hour mark.

The grounding is the third time in less than a year that the service has stood down a large number aircraft because of unpredicted cracks. The earlier cases were F-15 Eagles in November and T-38 Talons in April.

IRAQ RESISTANCE ROUNDUP

“The Occupation Forces Should GO” [GET THE MESSAGE?]



Iraqis rally in Baghdad Oct. 18, 2008 to protest a draft U.S.-Iraqi security agreement. The mass show of opposition is to a deal that would extend the presence of American forces in Iraq beyond the end of this year. AP Photo/Karim Kadim)



Iraqis burn the effigies of Bush and Rice during a rally in Baghdad Oct. 18, 2008, to protest a draft U.S.-Iraqi security agreement. The mass show of opposition is to a deal that would extend the presence of American forces in Iraq beyond the end of this year. (AP Photo/Karim Kadim)

Resistance Action

10.19.08 AFP & Oct 19 (Reuters)

One roadside bomb exploded near a petrol station in the Al-Zafaraniyah neighbourhood wounding two traffic policemen, the official said.

Another road bomb targeting a police patrol in the Al-Kubaisi market of Zafaraniyah wounded three policemen.

A roadside bomb wounded an Iraqi soldier in Mosul after striking his patrol, police said.

A roadside bomb targeted a police patrol, wounding five people including three policemen in the Ghazaliya district of western Baghdad, police said.

An employee at the Housing Ministry was killed and seven others were wounded when a roadside bomb struck their minibus near Mashtal district in eastern Baghdad, police said.

OCCUPATION ISN'T LIBERATION

ALL TROOPS HOME NOW!

FORWARD OBSERVATIONS

At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument, is needed. Oh had I the ability, and could reach the nation's ear, I would, pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke. For it is not light that is needed, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake. Frederick Douglas, 1852

"What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms."
Thomas Jefferson to William Stephens Smith, 1787.

"When someone says my son died fighting for his country, I say, "No, the suicide bomber who killed my son died fighting for his country."
-- Father of American Soldier Chase Beattie, KIA in Iraq

One day while I was in a bunker in Vietnam, a sniper round went over my head. The person who fired that weapon was not a terrorist, a rebel, an extremist, or a so-called insurgent. The Vietnamese individual who tried to kill me was a citizen of Vietnam, who did not want me in his country. This truth escapes millions.

Mike Hastie
U.S. Army Medic
Vietnam 1970-71
December 13, 2004

Russia's War With An American Proxy Was About Controlling Energy: "Don't Take My Word For It, Take The Wall Street Journal's"

August 15, 2008 By Pham Binh, Prisonerofstarvation.blogspot.com

In an article titled, "Russia Agrees to Halt War," The Wall Street Journal writes:

“Most notably, the war represents a setback to U.S. and European efforts to create new routes to bring the oil and gas riches of the Caspian Sea region to market, bypassing Russia...

While no oil infrastructure appears to have been hit during the conflict, the brief war has dented Georgia’s reputation as a secure energy corridor.

“BP PLC, a major user of the BTC pipeline, announced Tuesday it was halting oil and gas shipments by pipe across Georgia. Kazakhstan has also suspended oil shipments by rail across Georgia because of the fighting.

“The question is whether Russia’s incursion chills efforts to create new routes that run outside Russian control. The Bush administration has thrown its backing behind a huge non-Russian pipeline project called Nabucco intended to deliver new gas supplies to Europe from Central Asia and the Caucasus.

“By bruising Washington’s influence, Moscow has given its own ambitions a big leg up. State-owned gas giant Gazprom, which supplies nearly a quarter of Europe’s growing gas demand, has been sealing new gas deals with Azerbaijan, Turkmenistan and other Central Asian suppliers to divert supplies away from the Nabucco project.

Russia’s war with an American proxy was about controlling energy.

Don’t take my word for it, take the Wall Street Journal’s.

**DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND OR RELATIVE IN THE
MILITARY?**

Forward GI Special along, or send us the address if you wish and we’ll send it regularly. Whether in Iraq or stuck on a base in the USA, this is extra important for your service friend, too often cut off from access to encouraging news of growing resistance to the wars, inside the armed services and at home. Send email requests to address up top or write to: The Military Project, Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657. Phone: 917.677.8057

“It Was The 14th July, 1953. 5:15 Pm. Eastern Paris, Place De La Nation”

“The Shooters, They Were The Paris Police, Had Run Away. Two Or More Of Their Vans Were Lying,

Overtured, On Their Side. Soon They Caught Fire” “But A Year And 4 Months Later The Arabes In Algeria Started Shooting Back”

[This article is from Max Watts, Australia, who began helping GIs resisting the Vietnam War in the 1960's, and has never stopped helping soldiers opposed to imperialism.]

September 22, 2008 By Max Watts

It was the 14th July, 1953. 5:15 pm. Eastern Paris, Place de la Nation.

It had been a miserable, disappointing, boring, afternoon. My first "Bastille Day" in France (1). Somehow I had hoped for more. I had - of course - missed the military parade on the Champs Elysees, the West End. Probably, don't remember, had still been in bed with my new girl friend, Jane. But had hoped for something "else" from the workers' parade, from La Bastille to La Nation (2), in the afternoon.

People, kids, had been letting off firecrackers, and some small rockets, all day. They - even I considered this a rather dangerous habit - had been sticking rockets into empty bottles (coke, wine ?) and using them as launch-pads. Fine, if they were stood upright, but I'd noted they'd often held the bottles almost horizontally, the rockets would fly on a low trajectory, more like horizontal V-1s than parabolic V-2s (3). Dangerous. If you got hit by a stick, in the eye, could be real bad.

In fact what I saw was a shuffling, drab, mass of people, down-at-heels would be the right term, in the rain. If they had any "banners", I don't remember them.

For sure there were no floats, no trucks, as even the now dying American Left, the left Unions, had produced on May Day, guess 1949 - I think that was the last one I saw, went to, in New York. Must already have had the feeling of defeat, decrease, depression, there, then, and in any case got beat up by three kids, lost a fight, somewhere around 23rd St and Eighth Avenue. And the NYC maydays ceased, thereafter, as far as I know. I know I wasn't there. (4)

Somehow had hoped for something else, more, in France.

With a much bigger, not defeated, Left.

Paris, I had romanticised it. Well, I had found two girl friends, Barbara, Jane, in three weeks, so at least that was ok. Though by now Barbara seemed to have given me the chuck. Fortunately there was Jane. Who had just had a new, 3rd, Baby, Nina. And two lovely older daughters, Christie, Annie. And seemed to go for me. Her husband, an

American Negro, Bill Rutherford, had - for (to me) unclear reasons, split. Left me his place, sort of...

But the Parade, the 14th of July demo, was, definitely, a wash-out. And now, at 5 pm, it was over, people were dispersing. I had had my (35 mm, still) camera. Shot off the only roll of film I had with me.

I was on the SouthEast side of the Place de la Nation. The wide Concourse de Vincennes in front of me. I went into the (big) corner Cafe. Ordered a Cafe crème, maybe a croissant. Served at the counter. Heard a lot of noise, behind me. What in hell ?

I turned, went to the door. People were running, off across the square, the wide Concourse..

I stepped outside, and heard a crack, bang, looked, there was a chip off the stone wall, to my right, maybe a foot above my head. I thought those kids, with their rocket sticks, they are getting really dangerous !

People were running, diagonally, across the Concourse. In the rain. Yelling. I couldn't make out what. Figured maybe something interesting was going on, tagged along. Limping, my left knee was still sore, hurting, from the accident I'd had a week before, near Lyons. With, then still with me, Barbara. Another Story.

The rain was pretty heavy, couldn't see what was happening on the other side of the Concourse, the Square. Anyway, I had no more film. I tagged along. Limping, slowly. Often overtaken, by the others. Some quite brown. Noted one carrying a quite heavy Caffee table, like, what had been on the sidewalk. Another, I remember clearly, was swinging a soda water bottle held by the spout (it had a steel net carapace around it).

Many were brown French.

Arabs ? Suddenly, it really was suddenly, a guy to my left clutched his arm, bloody.

Another fell, his neck torn open, bleeding like a pig.

I figured he would soon die, like that.

What was happening ? Going on?

Suddenly, yeah, things were happening quickly, probably speeded up, but at the time... there were long, distinct, moments... the rain (which had been coming down heavily, a blanket) lifted. I looked across the Concourse, in the direction we'd been going, running, limping.

There was a line of men in blue, across our path. Rectangular, As I looked, I saw a lot of white points at their waist level. And suddenly it dawned on me that they were shooting. Shooting at us, shooting at me ! And had been for a while !

The crack on the wall back there had been a bullet, not a rocket stick.

All around me people were running, running towards the fire, the guns. Not away!

I stopped, thought (very briefly) and came to the conclusion that this was a real mugs game. The concourse, the square, was completely open. There was no cover at all.

I lay down, my feet towards the people who were shooting at me. tried to make myself small. Thought: the 14th of July can be quite- exiting. Unboring. Even too much so. I mean, rockets, ok, but bullets ? in an open square ? Really !

I lay on the road. It was cold and wet. and - above all - these others were still running towards the guns.

And not too worried about where they put their feet. I kept getting stepped on, it hurt. And I realised that yes, many were Ayrabs, French Arabs, like from Africa, Algeria, Morocco, Tunisia. ...

The yelling was, often, in Arabic.

I had just come from Israel, where we all knew Arabs were cowardly. Ran away when shot (at). Either I had been told wrong or these were different Arabs, they were running into the gunfire. And stepping on me, while...

I thought if I try and run away, bullets come faster. If I stay, I may be trampled to death. Or at least hurt. So, feeling very very stupid, I got up and (somewhat slowly, my knee now hurt bad) joined the mass. Running northeastwards across the concourse. By the time I got to the other side, the shooting had stopped.

The Shooters, they were the Paris police, had run away. Two or more of their vans were lying, overturned, on their side. Soon they caught fire.

Well, exciting Bastille day, j'etais servi.

I was served.

On the ground was a tin helmet. I picked it up, a trophy! And remembered my cafe-croissant. Limped back across the square, to the cafe.

But the whole cafe floor was now covered with wounded men. Bleeding all over . By the time I got to the counter, there was no cafe, no croissant. (And I had already paid for them!)

Now what ? People were being carried out, wounded, bleeding, to cars, the drivers were asked questions (that they were not flics, cops, pigs.) To hospitals.

As I stood there, cafe-less, clutching my trophy helmet, I noticed new police vans, Citroen 11s, rushing into the Place. from the right. The cops were hanging out of the windows, shooting.

I had proved, to myself, my courage. Enough. Now I figured some intelligence would be ok. Put the helmet under my leather jacket (looked pregnant) and took the metro back to

Sante, Jane. Proudly produced the trophy helmet. Told tales, listened to the radio, which was no help.

Bill (Rutherford) Jane's x-husband, came later, I'd gone, saw helmet, blew up, told Jane she (and I guess I) were insane. If they found it, they'd expell her from France, or worse.

He took it at nite and threw it into the Seine I guess I wasn't his favorite of the month, either.

The next day's papers said: The Figaro: Right wing, Catholic: Fanatical Algerians had attacked innocent police.

L'Humanite: (Communist) The police had attacked Algerians, Arabs ? as they went home from the demo.

Le Monde (Centriste, serieux): The crowd, surprised by a sudden down-pour after the defile, had rushed for the Metro stations, and the police had opened fire. (Why? to get out of the rain ?)

They seemed to agree: 7 killed, but six of these were Arabes, the 7th a Communist. 300 (demonstrators) wounded; 80 police.

I thought the revolution would start soon. There had been 7 killed at the Bastille in 1789, and you see what happened next. Then.

I was half wrong. There was a big funeral, then nothing more. Soon it was August, and everybody went on vacances, holidays.

And the 14th of July defiles, workers demos were now banned in Paris, for the next 15 years.

While they were at it they also banned the May Day defiles, demos. For 15 years. Until 1968. And we know what happened then ! (another story) !

But in the meantime nobody seemed to notice. There was no revo, not in Paris, that summer. 1953.

Arabes and Communists were, after all, used to being killed. By the Police.

I was just too new, there, then. And had got my times mixed-up. It wasn't time...

But a year and 4 months later the arabes in Algeria started shooting back. And that became for some years another, really big, story. For many.

A million Algerians died, then, but after all they were used to it.

Had been, for 130 years.

What did change was that this time French Flag imperialism also was going down the gurgler. Not only French.

After 450 years it was no longer profitable (5).

(1) I had been there 15 years before, but as a kid, that didn't really count.)

(2) Eastern Paris, just as the story of the Great French Revo, the one of 1789, can be defined by three "Places", Squares ??, la Bastille, la Nation et la Republique. One step at a (short, hurried-up) time. Back then there were 2 "defiles", demonstrations, marches. One for the Right, in the Beaux Quartiers, i.e. down the Champs Elysees, a military parade for the government, and the workers parade, in the East. From La Bastille to La Nation. Forget La Republique.

(3) I live in the, my, past. The V-1 was the first "Wunderwaffe", miracle weapon, of the late A. Hitler. A pilotless flying bomb, with a primitive jet engine, shot off from ramps in Northern France towards London, chugged along horizontally until the engine cut off, then dived into the ground, with a ton of explosives. Very imprecise. A distant ancestor of the (refined !) Predator, used by Israel against Palestinians, Americans in Afghanistan and Pakistan. The slightly later V-2 was a rocket, fired on a parabolic trajectory, high up, also towards London, mostly from German-occupied Holland.

(4) I've written about the decline, the end, of the anti-fascist wave, the old left, after 1946. "Wave theory" - available on e-mail, on application from (rosiek@bigpond.com).

(5) My paper: Flag and Dollar Imperialism - is available on em, on application.

(6) a la bastille on aime bien

Nini-Peau-d'chien
Quand elle était p'tite
Le soir elle allait
À Saint'-Marguerite
Où qu'a s'dessalait :
Maint'nant qu'elle est grande
Elle marche le soir
Avec ceux d'la bande
Du Richard-Lenoir (7)

(Refrain)
À la Bastille
On aime bien
Nini-Peau-d'chien :
Elle est si bonne et si gentille !
On aime bien
Nini-Peau-d'chien,
À la bastille

Elle a la peau douce,
Aux taches de son,
À l'odeur de rousse
Qui donne un frisson,
Et de sa prunelle,
Aux tons vert-de-gris,
L'amour étincelle
Dans ses yeux d'souris.

(au Refrain)

Quand le soleil brille
Dans ses cheveux roux,
L'génie d'la Bastille
Lui fait les yeux doux,
Et quand a s'promène,
Du bout d'l'Arsenal
Tout l'quartier s'amène
Au coin du Canal.

(7) Richard Lenoir

October 21, 1837: Betrayal And The Stain Of Foul Dishonor: Courtesy Of The United States Army



Osceola ("Black Drink") (circa 1804-1838) Seminole leader
By George Catlin, 1838

The U.S. Army, enforcing Pres. Andrew Jackson's Indian Removal Act, captured Seminole Indian leader Osceola (meaning "Black Drink") by inviting him to a peace conference and then seizing him and nineteen others, though they had come under a flag of truce.

The Seminole had moved to Florida (then under the control of Spain) from South Carolina and Georgia as they were forced from their ancestral lands, then forced farther south into the Everglades where they settled.

Under the law Jackson urged on Congress, they and the others of the "Five Civilized Tribes" (Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Cherokees) were to be moved, by force if necessary, west of the Mississippi (Arkansas and Oklahoma).

Npg.Si.Edu [Excerpt]

Although neither a hereditary nor an elected chief, Osceola was the defiant young leader of the Seminole in their resistance to Indian emigration.

In 1835 he plunged his knife into the treaty he was asked to sign that would move his people from their swamplands in the Southeast to the unoccupied territory west of the Mississippi.

This action precipitated the Second Seminole War--a seven-year game of cat-and-mouse in the Florida swamps against federal troops.

Tricked into talking peace, Osceola was captured in 1837 while carrying a white flag of truce and was imprisoned in Fort Moultrie, South Carolina.

This treachery so outraged George Catlin that he went immediately to the prison. He and Osceola became friends, and Osceola willingly posed for his portrait.

"This gallant fellow," wrote Catlin, "is grieving with a broken spirit, and ready to die, cursing the white man, no doubt to the end of his breath."

Soon after this portrait was completed, Osceola died of malaria. Osceola's name was derived from the Indian term "Asiyahola," the cry given by those taking the ceremonial black drink that was supposed to cleanse the body and spirit.

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Our goal is for Traveling Soldier to become the thread that ties working-class people inside the armed services together. We want this newsletter to be a weapon to help you organize resistance within the armed forces.

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And join with Iraq War vets in the call to end the occupation and bring our troops home now! (www.ivaw.org/)

DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



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“With Advisers Like These, You Can Be Sure That When Obama’s Promises To Voters Conflict With The Business Agenda, Voters Will Get The Shaft”

October 7, 2008, Editorial, Socialist Worker [Excerpt]

HOWEVER POPULIST Obama may sound in the closing weeks of the campaign, Corporate America will be reassured by the economic advisers on his flank: billionaire investor Warren Buffet, the richest man in the U.S.; former Fed Chair Paul Volker, whose high-interest rate policies drove up unemployment in the early 1980s; and Robert Rubin, the Wall Street executive who, as Treasury Secretary under Bill Clinton, imposed the bankers' priority of slashing government spending.

With advisers like these, you can be sure that when Obama's promises to voters conflict with the business agenda, voters will get the shaft.

**POLITICIANS CAN'T BE COUNTED ON TO HALT
THE BLOODSHED**

**THE TROOPS HAVE THE POWER TO STOP THE
WARS**

CLASS WAR REPORTS



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Got an opinion? Comments from service men and women, and veterans, are especially welcome. Write to Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657 or send to

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