Left Wing

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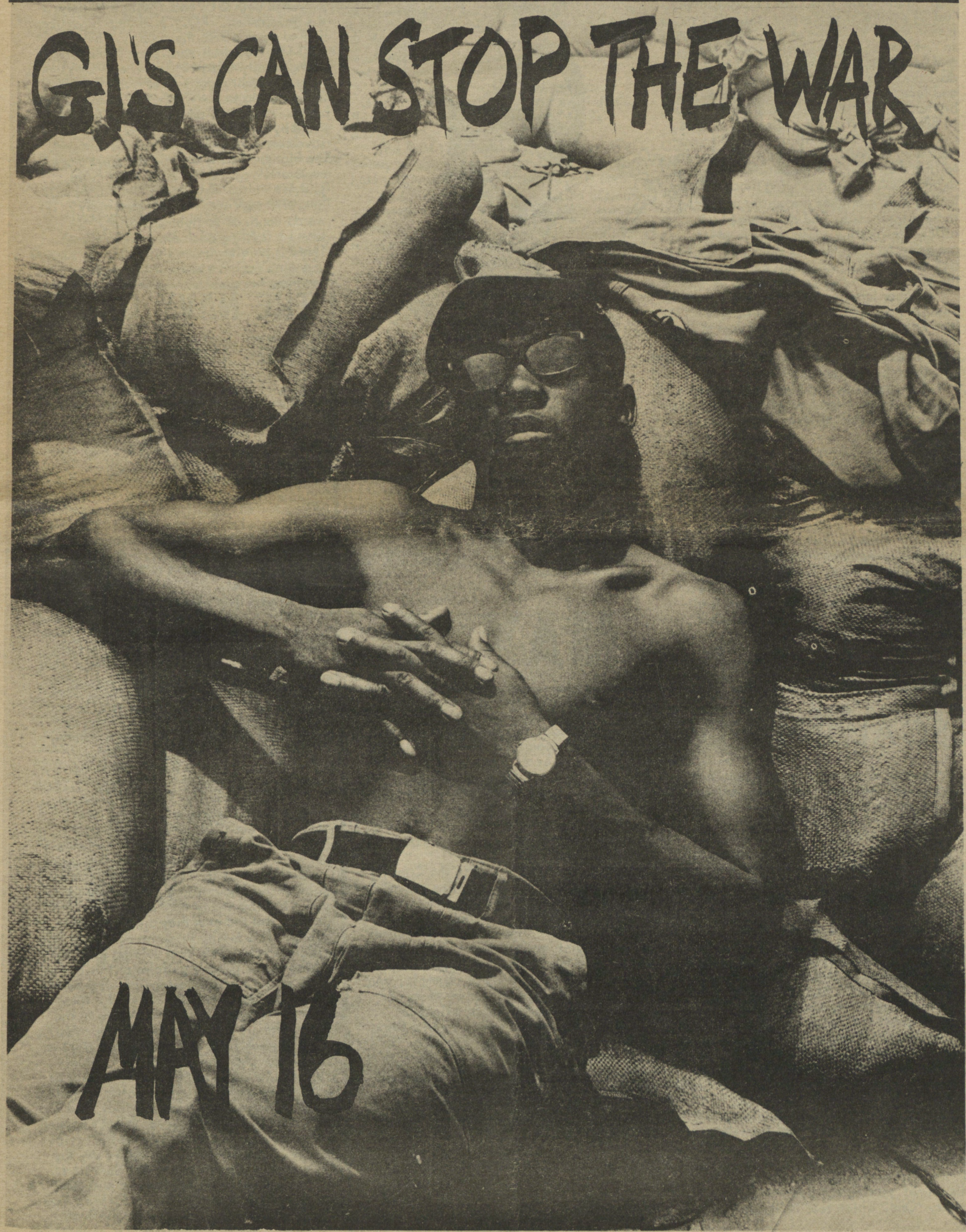
KINSTON, N.C.

UP AGAINST THE BULKHEAD

VOLUME 1 ISSUE 2 MAY 15, 1970 MDM 2214 GROVE STREET, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA PHONE: 549-2172



ARMED FARCES DAY

Isolation is the name of the game. It's the isolation of GI's from each other which the GI movement is successfully overcoming. Think about this. Isn't basic training just 3½ months of separating you from every human value you believe in? They force you to compete against yourself, your buddies, and your friends in other units. Not only does the brass use jealousy, greed, pride, and fear to force us to compete against our brothers. They're never above using racism to divide us. What the brass calls a 'race riot' is usually the result of planned provocation by authorities - lying white officers telling their men that the blacks are going to beat their asses, and lying black officers telling their men that the whites are going to beat their asses, and the lying black officers telling their men that the whites are going to jump them in their sleep. This sick racist tactic proves just how desperate the oppressors in this country are.

Another familiar isolating tactic is the rotating workshift. Making a man work from 7am to 3pm one week, and 3pm to 11pm the next not only keeps that man tired and jumpy. It keeps him from making friends with with the other brothers on his shift. The brass is desperately afraid of GI's getting together and building trust, because strong resistance and solidarity can grow from this togetherness.

Although spontaneous events are sure to occur on SF Bay Area bases, the focus of this action in our area is Fort Ord, training center for 40,000 brothers enslaved by the army and the national guard. Why Ord? Bay Area military installations, as we all know, are close to choice liberty towns like Berkeley and San Francisco. Assuming you can get off base, there's always someplace to go. So isolation from the 'subversive' influence of the civilian world is almost impossible. Fort Ord, on the other hand, is very isolated. Anyone with a weekend pass heads either north for this area or south to Los Angeles. Because Ord is most isolated, civilians are most determined to break that isolation down.

If the government is afraid of the GI movement, they're twice as afraid of the GI movement linking up with progressive movements on the outside. Dig that the American invasion of Cambodia, the US war on Laos, the new bombings of North Vietnam, and the killing of four Kent State University students by the Ohio guard has provoked both GI's and civilians to defy the government. ROTC buildings have been burned down across the country. Between 1000 and 1500 draft cards were turned in at a single rally in Berkeley. There have been three different reports in as many days of GI's refusing to obey orders to invade Cambodia. And there are rumors of a general strike by rank and file members of the labor movement. The whole country is enraged. The big question is can the different movements and organizations get together to fight the source of their oppression, or will they each continue to fight separately? If we do continue to fight separately, we may soon be fighting each other like at Kent. There is no alternative. If we are to survive and win, we have to do it together.

MAY 16

THE NAVY CAN'T STOP ORGANIZERS

The US District Commissioner finally dismissed charges against two MDM organizers accused of trespassing on Treasure Island. On May 3, Inspector Prettyman had tried to give reasons why the two were arrested and could produce no solid evidence. On May 24, the Navy sent two Shore Patrolmen into court, apparetnly the only witnesses willing to testify against MDM. Inspector Prettyman, who made the arrest in the first place, didn't even show up in court this time. The charges were so phoney that to be forced to bring them up in court is humiliating for the 'authorities'.

Although most Shore Patrolmen know that they're being used the same as everyone else, the two witnesses were apparently convinced that they were helping themselves by trying to get the MDM organizers convicted. This was the tragedy underlying the case. One SP said, "We're just doing our job." Somehow these men must be made to realize that a country of people who follow orders no matter what is a country of fascists. We've already fought one war against fascism, and if necessary, we'll fight a revolutionary war at home against it.

The main accusation was that Stevens and Csekey had been leafletting on the base. Now even if this were true, only a pig could regard it as a crime. The leaflets they were accused of distributing announced a crucial meeting for TI sailors. It is becoming clear that the military authorities all the way up to Nixon only care about their own interests, not the men they are supposed to be leading. This is why they are willing to do anything to stop GI's from voicing their opposition to the present policies of this nation. GI's must get themselves together and decide what to do, and this is the reason for these meetings. It may not mean anything to the fascists who are taking control of the country, but servicemen have a constitutional right to assembly for peaceful discussions. The officers who interfere with these assemblies or meetings are criminals who ought to be jailed. Instead of putting these men on trial, the courts are used to try whoever doesn't happen to be in good with the authorities for trivial offenses. This is the reason that we say the system is phoney and only serves the rulers.

The failure to convict the two men led to increasingly desperate efforts by the Navy to keep sailors out of touch with civilians.

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LEGAL INJUSTICE

Someone comes up to you on base and hands you a newspaper put out by sailors, yet not authorized by base command. Your first flash is, "Can I be busted for just accepting it?"

You've just arrived at SF International Airport, and someone gives you a stack of GI newspapers. You read one through, dig it, and decide to pass some out on base. Can you be busted?

You hear about a meeting sponsored by a group called Movement for a Democratic Military. Your chief has told you that this is a subversive organization. You're told that a film will be shown, a brother will rap about MDM, and a Panther will be there to answer any questions you might have about the Black Panther Party. Can you be busted for going to this meeting?

All these questions look like questions of law. In practice, they're not. Actually they're all questions of power. Dig it. CATCH 22: the law is anything they can do which you can't stop them from doing.

Here's how this works in practice. Take the case of Roger Priest. Roger used to be a journalist seaman apprentice in the Navy. His crime: putting out a righteous newsletter, 'Om', which told it like it is. His charge sheet listed two specifications in violation of Article 82 (that he encouraged brothers to desert and overthrow the government) and six specifications of Article 134. He could have been forced to serve thirty-nine years if convicted of all charges. But because his case was so widely publicized, the Navy was only able to convict on two specifications of Article 134, and his only sentence was a bad conduct discharge. Roger is appealling this.

"Wait a minute. I though the Constitution protected our rights to free speech and a free press?" Well, as is customary with the law, you're right and you're wrong. The First Amendment to the Constitution states, "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of people peaceably to assemble, and petition the Government for a redress of grievances." In addition, the right to publish a newspaper is protected in a Dept. of Defense communique 'Guidance on Dissent', dated May 27, 1969. "Unless such a newspaper contains language, the utterance of which is punishable under Federal law (eg 10 USC sec 2387 or the UCMJ), authors of an 'underground newspaper' may not be disciplined for mere publication." A DoD Directive 1325.6 also covers legal rights concerning the publication of political materials or underground newspapers.

But Roger Priest wrote certain things in his paper which some thought to be in vio-

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MDM NEWS

FROM NAS ALAMEDA

It happened on Thursday, April 16, 1970. 'Up Against the Bulkhead' made its first appearance at NAS Alameda

Reactions? Oh, yes, we had a few. But I'll digress. The lifers confiscated all the issues distributed at OMD, and then proceeded to send an officer around giving lectures to the men, telling them how bad the paper was. They were told not to read it, and that if they did, to keep in mind that it was a bunch of left-wing communists who had published it. They did this only for reasons of efficiency, rather than trouble everyone with reading the paper, they figured a brief 'intelligent' synopsis would do.

At VR-30, they threatened that anyone carrying two copies (technically, if you're carrying two, you're liable for solicitation) was immediately eligible for a bad conduct discharge.

There's more. First prize for originality went to the chief in charge of NAS Compartment Cleaners. Chief Lunborg offered twenty four hours free liberty to anyone who brought in, 'dead or alive', anyone of the desperados who published the paper. Right on, chief. We'll help you catch 'em.

We'll close on a sorry note. The first class lifer who confiscated all of the 'Bulkheads' from the recreation hall was seen with this particular armload, and taken in and questioned by Naval Intelligence. It seems they figure he was behind the whole thing. Who can you trust these days?

IRON SCROTUM RAPS FOOD at NAS ALAMEDA

The food at NAS Alameda is so bad that some GI's buy food elsewhere for reasons of health.

Yes, let's get the galley. It's about time. Think of those rotten poor-boy sandwiches. Doesn't that make your throat dry? I think the galley serves them for economic reasons. They serve them because they know no one will eat them and they can cut corners by serving the same ones over and over again. It's months before they start to decay.

How about those goddamn stews and casseroles and other conglomerations? You never really know what (or who) is in them. Speaking of undefinable cuisine, what is snickerdoodle cake? I've been asking this question since those cold winter days in Great Lakes. No one seems to know. It must be one of the best kept secrets in the entire Navy.

NAS Alameda has its own particular culinary problems. How about the infamous 'brown salads' or scrambled egg shells sunny side up?

The next time before you sit down to a hearty meal of barbecued fat ribs and meatball jello, ask yourself where it will end?

And if you answer this question correctly, your meal will have been discretely smeared on the seat next to you. And if enough peopl answer this question correctly, there will be better food, mainly because it will be too expensive to pay overtime to the civilians who clean up. But it's just a thought.

Iron Scrotum

FROM VANCOUVER

The demonstration on March 14 was initiated by the American Deserter's Committee. The main theme was "support for and solidarity with the Movement for a Democratic Military".

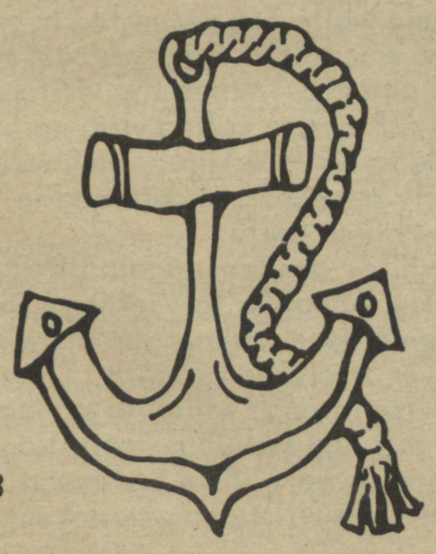
One thousand of us marched in solidarity with MDM to try to bring together all the struggles of the brothers and sisters that fight a common enemy. The parade route was about two miles long. By 2pm approximately 350 people were assembled and by the time we hit the Burrard Street Bridge we had grown in numbers to approximately 500 strong. Immediately upon our arrival on the bridge, a cry rang out - "Seize the bridge, seize the bridge." And that, my friends, is exactly what we did. We took over all six lanes of the damn bridge and backed up traffic for four miles. As we turned off Burrard Bridge, we were greeted by about 250 more demonstrators and the high intensity of emotions and good feelings were greatly increased and all the people began shouting "Seize the time! Off the pig!" together in four part harmony. From there we advanced towards the courthouse and were greeted by another 250 demonstrators. One car with an "America - Love it or leave it" sticker was smashed, slashed, dented and dismantled by the people as it tried unsuccessfully to run into the crowd.

We arrived at the Court House without further incidents and the speakers mounted the stairs to the entrance. Ernest Scott, a very black and very proud Brother from the Movement for a Democratic Military brought us up on the happenings of MDM since the December moratorium and also informed us of MDM's stand against the capitalist, imperialist government of the U.S. I, David Osborne, speaking for the American Deserters Committee told about how deserters are intimidated by immigration officials when applying for 'landed immigrant' status, and how we are discriminated against by Royal Canadian Mounted Pigs acting as American FBI agents. I ended my speech by telling the people that the only way to defeat our common enemy (capitalism and fascism) was through struggle and pleaded with all the brothers and sisters in the audience to SEIZE THE TIME TO UNITE * SEIZE THE TIME TO WORK TOGETHER * STRUGGLE TOGETHER AND OFF THE PIG TOGETHER.

The American Deserters Committee would like to seize this time to thank MDM for their fantastic help in drawing the Left in Vancouver closer together. MDM and especially Ernest Scott were a great help to us in the raising of the level of revolutionary consciousness of all the street people and young working class people in Vancouver.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
Brother Ozzie
MDM in exile

BULKHEAD SCOOPS NAVY !



ANTI-MILITARY ACTIVITIES IA COMTWELVE AREA(U)
A. COMTWELVE INST 4400.1A
1.RECENT REPORTS INDICATE INCREASED ANTI-MILITARY ACTIVITIES IN THE COMTWELVE AREA. THE MOST ACTIVE GROUP IS KNOWN AS THE MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY. THIS ORGANIZATION ADVOCATES THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MILITARY SYSTEM AS IT IS NOW CONSTOTUTED IT URGES ENLISTED MEMBERS OF THE ARMED SERVICES TO DISREGARD LAWFUL ORDERS AND DISGUISES THESE SUBVEERSIVE INTENTIONS IN THE NOME ON MAKING THE MILITAYR MORE EQUITABLE.
2. THIS ORGANIZATION IS BASED IN BERKLEY CALIF. AN AREA KNOWN TO HARBOR MANY SUCH SUBVERSIVE ORGANIZATIONS. TO THE PRESENT, THIS GROUT HAS BEEN MOST ACTIVE AT NAS AAAMEDA AND TREASURF ISLAND. THIS ACTIVITV CONSISTS OF DIDTRIBUTING THEIR NEWSPAPER "UP AGAINST THE BULKHEAD" ON BSAE AND RECRUITING ENLISTED MEN TO BECOME ACTIVE IT THE ORGANIZATION. THERE HAVE ALSO BEEN REPORTS OF ACTIVITY BY ANOTHER SUCH GROUP, THE ASSOCIATED SERVICEMEN'S UNION. THE ASU, HOWEVER, IS NOT VERY ACTIVE AND IT IS DOUBTED THAT THE COMTWELVE AREA CAN SUPPORT TWO SUCH ORGANIZATONS.
3. ALL COMMANDS IN THE COMTWELVE AREA ARE TO BE ALERT TO THE ACTIONS OF THE MOVEMNT FOR A DEMOVRATIC MILITARY. THE POTENTIOA FOR HARMIN SUCH A GROUP CANNOT BE OVER-ENMPAZIED. ANY EVIDENCE OF ACTIVITY OF THIS ORGANIZATION OR ANY SIMILIAR GROUP IS TO BE COLLECTED AND ROUTED THROUGH PROPER CHANNELS.
4. THE PRESENCE OF THE ORGANIZATIONS NEWSPARER ON MILITARY INSTILATIONS IS NOT A VIOLATION OF THE MILITARY REGULATIONS. DISTRIBUTION,RECRUITING ANS ALL OTHER SUCH ACTIVITIES ARE ID DIRECT POPOSTTION TO MILITARY LAW AND OFFENDERS SHOULD BE CHARGED UNDER APPROIATE UCMJ ARTICLES. ALL DOCUMENTED INSTANCEDS OF ACTIVITY OF ANY OF THESE GROUPS SHOULD BF REPORTED TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE ACTIVITY INVOLVEDFRO FOR FURTHER ACTION.

BT #1332

FROM TREASURE ISLAND

DAVID CHAPMAN WRITES

Treasure Island News, letter from Chapman
PRETTYMAN, HANDS OFF OR ELSE

Well, you've heard the old saying, "it can't happen here". Look around you. It's happening everywhere. I used to be a person who thought the government was all right. That is, until I joined the Navy Ever since then, I've been trying to figure out how a democratic country (that's what I thought it was then) could allow such an atrocity to go on. But as time crept on, I soon realized that the government not only did know, but apparently approved of it. Of course, I had suspected this, but what happened here on Treasure Island last Monday undoubtedly proved to me that I am a fool for putting up with all the bullshit the Navy's been alying on me and everybody else in the armed services.

It seems last Monday, there just happened to be the random locker inspections of the administrative and restricted barracks. The reason I say, 'just happened to be', is because on Sunday night, one of our brothers did 'above and beyond the call of duty' rip off ole everlovin' himself, Mr. Prettyman, for a five pound jar of pills. How many of us would rip off a nark?

Can you imagine waking up in the morning to a search party headed by Adolf Prettyman and his Gestapo. Well, that's about the best way to describe it. There seemed to be more pigs in the barracks than there were at Berkeley on April 15. Well, the pigs were courting everybody out of their racks and making them open their lockers. And I guess a few of the brothers hasselled them. When it was my turn to open my locker, I figured I should stick up for my rights. So I told the old man (a first class about 50 years old) that I wanted a search warrant with my name on it and I also wanted to know what they were looking for. The old man gave me one of those evil lifer stares, and went and got Prettyman, who, in turn, told the lifer to go get the lawyer who was downstairs.

Well, when the lawyer got there, I was informed that it was a legal locker inpsection and that I could be placed on report if I didn't open it. Besides, they would cut the lock if I didn't. So I went along with them.

I've never seen anything as thorough as this 'inspection' not even in boot camp. They checked the seams in my pants, all my pockets, and even unrolled my dirty socks. And all they came up with was a match and some aspirin. Prettyman was nice enough to let me off the hook for them. And he even asked me if I wanted his help in getting me out of the Navy. I naturally accepted. I'd take anyone's help in getting out.

After they tore up my locker, I was escorted downstairs and told to leave the compound. We then went and had several cups of coffee trying to clear our heads. While we were doing this, I remembered that I hadn't been informed of what they were looking for. I went back to the compound and found out they were busting the restriction barracks. I asked some brothers what was going on. And they told me that they were still looking for Prettyman's pills.

That's when I decided to try and write a story for the MDM newspaper. I also figured it would be a good idea to get an official statement from Prettyman. I then walked over to a second class guard who looked like he was standing duty on the restricted barracks, and asked him if I could get a statement from the investigator. But as some of you probably know, at certain times, some lifers can't hear or speak. He just completely ignored me. A few seconds later Mr. Prettyman came out of the office inside the barracks, and I asked him if I could get a statement from him. He said, "Why?" and I told him, "Iwanted it for me and some friends of mine (namely MDM and the rest of the barracks)." But before I could say the rest ofit, I was notified that I was being held for interfering with Prettyman. I was then told to stand on the porch by the second class who apparently couldnt tdk or hear before. I stood there for about ten minutes wondering what would happen next. Then Bml Dean and BT2 Blondin came out and told me to put my white hat on and to put my cigarette out. I had no objection to this. So I bent over and started to rub the flame of the cigarette when Bml Dean grabbed my arm and forced it behind my back and put the cuffs on. When he got them on, he forced me to run along with him. Have you ever tried to run with a cast on your foot while some pig's pushing you while he lifts your hands up past your shoulder blades? Believe me, it hurts.

When we got to the patrol truck, he tried to help me in the back of the pick-up by lifting on the handcuffs. At this point, I let go with a few phrases like "you f-----s" and a few more. I was then taken to the investigations office where I waited for approximately 30 minutes. During this time my handcuffs were loosened. After this wait, I was taken to the discipline area, where I was informed I was being put on report for violations of Article 134 (obstructing justice) and Article 91 (disrespect to a senior petty

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TIM AFFHOLDER, PRISONER OF WAR

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Tim Affholder, a 19-year-old GI from Madison, Wisoncsin, was forcibly shipped with his arm in a sling, to Vietnam despite a recommendation for discharge by an Army psychiatrist and attempts by two congressmen to get a congressional hold. Prior to being shipped, Tim tried to committ suicide by slashing his wrists twice. A friend, in a sworn statement, witnessed by an attorney has testified that Tim was seen with his arm in a sling and told his friend he was going to the stockade. Instead of going to the stockade, he was shipped to Vietnam on April 22, at 6pm.

On April 14, Tim saw an Army psychiatrist at Letterman Hospital who made an evaluation which resulted in a Colonel's recommendation for an administrative discharge.

On April 15, he was informed by Major Finch's office that he would be placed under observation for at least two days.

The following morning, April 16, he was confined in room 136, building 794, pending shipment to Vietnam. He requested a friend call West Coast Counselling Service and have them notify his mother and a congressman that he was being shipped to Vietnam. Civilian pressure and a suicide attempt on Tim's part resulted in his being put back on medical hold. He was still confinued under guard.

On April 17, Dr. Imahara of Letterman examined Tim and recommended a 212 discharge. Tim still remained confined under guard.

The following day, a call came from OAB from a friend of Tim's saying that Tim was again in danger of being shanghied. A group of six friends went out to attempt to see Tim. After a short delay Tim was brought over for the visit, and although he had had fears of being shangied, all appeared to now be okay.

On Monday, April 20, Tim called West Coast Counselling Service to say he wanted to see his lawyer immediately. Unable to contact the lawyer, four counsellors went out to see Tim as they had done on three previous occasions. They were falsely told that Tim was being looked for, and while waiting were apprehended by the MP and forcibly removed from the base without legal cause.

On April 21, Attorney Michael Kelley contacted Oakland Army Base and forced an admission that there had been no legal basis for removing Tim's visitors. He listened on the phone while Tim requested to see the visitors and was told that they would be allowed to see him. When the visitors arrived, the MP's were called with no attempt being made to contact Tim. They were subsequently arrested and detained in jail overnight without bail.

Meanwhile, the Army again attempted to hijack Tim Ahholder to Vietnam. Since this was being done without the knowledge of his lawyer or civilian friends, Tim had no legal recourse through which to protect his medical rights and religious opposition to participation in war. As a last resort, he again slashed his wrist and was not sent to

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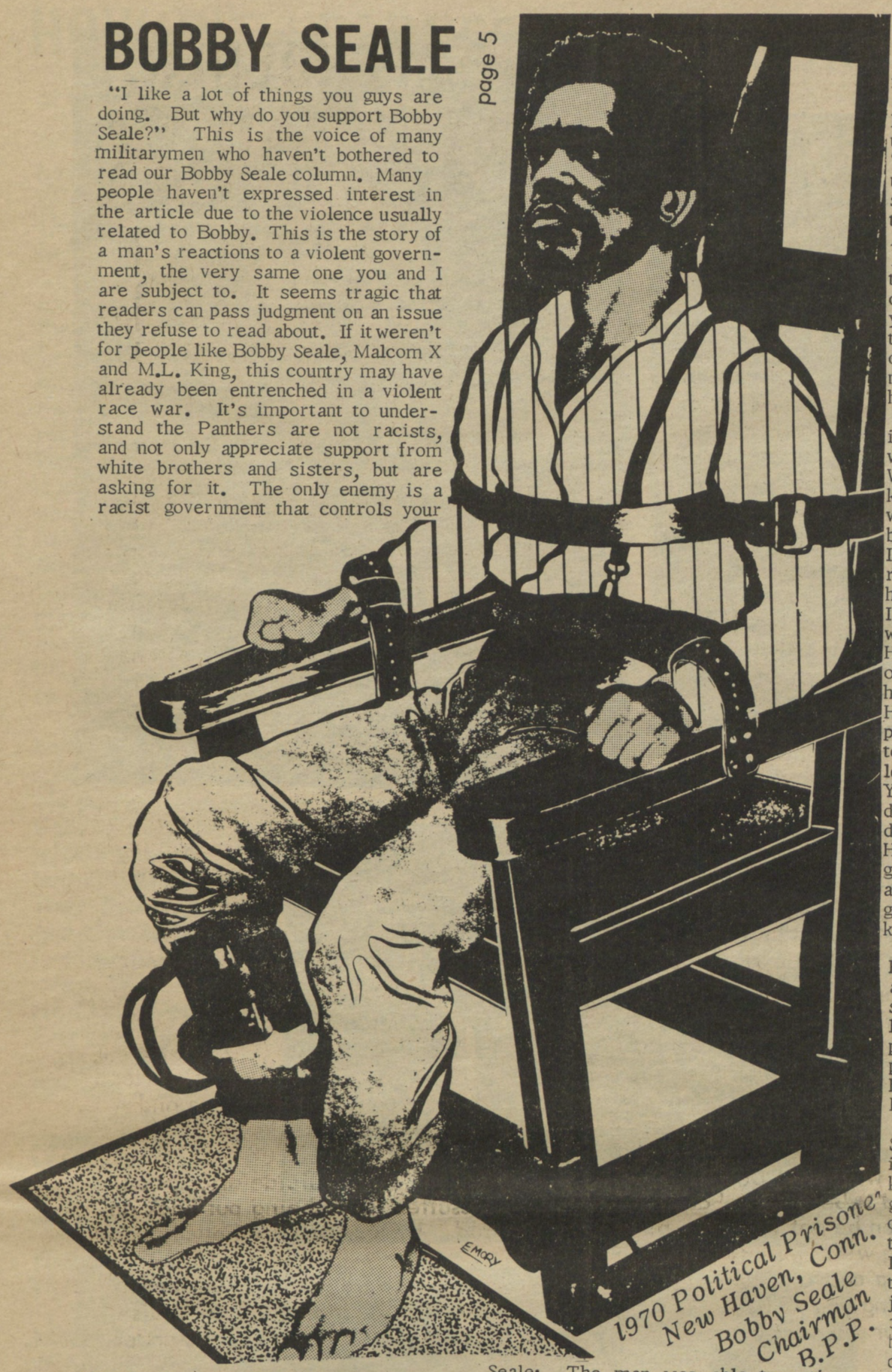
BOBBY SEALE

"I like a lot of things you guys are doing. But why do you support Bobby Seale?" This is the voice of many militarymen who haven't bothered to read our Bobby Seale column. Many people haven't expressed interest in the article due to the violence usually related to Bobby. This is the story of a man's reactions to a violent government, the very same one you and I are subject to. It seems tragic that readers can pass judgment on an issue they refuse to read about. If it weren't for people like Bobby Seale, Malcom X and M.L. King, this country may have already been entrenched in a violent race war. It's important to understand the Panthers are not racists, and not only appreciate support from white brothers and sisters, but are asking for it. The only enemy is a racist government that controls your thoughts by controlling the news media.



1970 Political Prisoner
New Haven, Conn.
Bobby Seale
Chairman
B.P.P.

This is the second installment of our Bobby Seale interview. He was interviewed in February at SF City Prison by KQED. For those of you who missed the TV thing, here it is in writing. In our installment, Bobby rapped about food, other brothers in prison, solitary confinement, and how he learned from Huey Newton how to psych the pigs who tried to break his body and spirit. Our interview picks up with Bobby telling how he met Huey Newton.

F.N.: When you first ran into Huey Newton, what was it about him that made the two of you come together?

Seale: The man was able to articulate and make himself clear. A brother. I call him the brother, the nigger, the black man ...

F.N.: Where'd you first bump into him?

Seale: At Merritt College in front of a rally. It wasn't a rally. He just happened to be blowing to three brothers and about two hundred people crowded around after the rally and was listening to Huey run it down. I happened to walk up. I was just a member of the crowd. I tried to kick off going to Merritt College to get me an education. I wanted to be an engineer, but it turned out that I got interested in black history, anthropology and social science ...

I asked him some questions. I always felt you should ask people questions. I asked him, "What about all this stuff NAACP is doing? Is it really helping us?" And he blows it away. He says, "No, because all that money they'e using they're wasting away to make some law. There's already laws on the books that should be enforced." Ane he cited all the 13th, 14th, 15th Amendments and all these kinds of things that should have been enforced cause they're our constitutional rights, you see. So we have to exercise those laws. And he talked about cooperatives, and what black people need nowadays. They need cooperatives --- housing, marketing, what have you.

Huey was a cat who was interested in life. One day I saw Huey come walking down the street barefoot. Where's this cat been? You know, I'd known him awhile. I said, "Huey, where've you been?" He said, "I've been down to Los Angeles, down south." I said, "What do you mean with that raggedy T-shirt on?" He says, "I've hitch-hiked some freight trains. Man, I've split." He was living in the world awhile. The cat read a lot of Hemingway. He read all the philosophical points of view. He learned how to read by memorizing poetry. He didn't know how to read, so he used poetry. And by focusing on the poetry to understand words and stuff, he learned the in-depth meaning of things. You know, poetry gives a lot of in-depth about life and society ... Huey doesn't read fast like a lot of people. Huey reads very normally. But he can get more out of one sentence than the average of us can get out of a paragraph. That's the way I see him, you know.

F.N.: Well, a lot of black leaders and black people, you know, before, seemed like we're going through a lot of changes. Malcolm X was a pimp and a hustler, and all these people. Who were you before you were Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panther Party?

Seale: Another brother in the community. I went in the service. I got kicked out of military service cause I got in an argument with a white colonel who thought he was God, who tried to mess over me and my drums. I was a drummer. And my father taught me to be a carpenter. I'm a journeyman aircraft sheetmetal mechanic. Let's see. What other trades have I got? I'm a general machine operator. I know all kinds of magnaflux and nondestructive testing for machine parts. I used to work at Kaiser Aerospace and Electronics ... I'm a comedian. I used to be a comedian.

F.N.: What kind of comedian?

Seale: Punch-line comedian. I always was a kid, man. You know, I had a poverty life. But the group of cats I was running around with was always able to tell jokes and make everybody happy. But it ain't like that no more. You don't make people happy by just telling jokes ...

(here F.N. asks Bobby if he's played night clubs. Bobby says yes, and then goes on to describe the kind of jobs he took, the kind of jokes he told.)

... But you can't tell jokes about the revolution. The revolution is real. You can't tell jokes about life all the time, cause life is real. You've got to solve it. I don't tell jokes much no more ...

I got kicked out of the military service after about three years and eleven months in it. I was top honor man in my tech school class, and all this kind of crap. I always went to the end. I didn't graduate from high school. Three days before graduation they kicked me out. So I had to go back to get my high school diploma. It's always jam up. They try to shove me out here, and I want to go over there, to old counsellors, and all that kind of crap. And you live in the ghetto, and you're just normal. Well, when I got kicked out of the service, they gave me a discharge. "Here's your bad conduct discharge, Seale. You won't be able to get a job when you get outside." I said, "What! Why there were no jobs out there before I come in here." It's funny, but it's true. So you live life and you learn that you have to solve things and it's not a joke. Things are real, you know.

They kicked me out of the service. So what, you know? I serviced them fools, and trained twenty-five dudes, you know all for five level aircraft sheet metal mechanics. I know I got my skills, and I'm a top draftsman. But you see that's bragging. But I use my skills for serving the people now. Things I've learned from Huey and the Party, those are the most valuable experiences I've had as a person. I know Huey, Eldridge, and all the Party members, you know. I give a lot of credit to all those brothers and sisters who stuck with the Party. Wherever death may surprise us, we hope another will pick up the machine guns. In the future it's what'll have to happen when fascism comes. We want to implement these programs.

F.N.: How do you face death?

Seale: Well, I've faced death a couple of times in my younger life. Situations happen where I almost got killed a couple of times, everything from getting hit by a car to a cat almost blowing me away with a shotgun, you know --- a mistaken identity. If death comes, death comes. Death is imminent. Like Huey says, you can only die one time, so why die a thousand times? I mean you don't worry about it. You live and you fight and you struggle back. You don't want to die. Don't get the wrong idea. Stupid reports, talking about Black Panthers might have suicidal tendencies. Stupid. The thing is that we don't want to die. We don't want genocide. We don't want to keep living in the wretchedness of the ghetto. We don't want cops brutalizing, murdering, shooting our people down. We don't want this here. So you stop. You stand up like a man. I'm not trying to say that everything you do in terms of fighting and killing is noble. It's not. Sexual activity is more noble to me. Between a man and a woman is the most noble thing in the world, because that relates to life. Human beings, produce, you produce, you see what I mean? Whether you get pregnant or not, sexual activity is the most noble thing. But the well-to-do kids learn to relate to the military.

F.N.: What about jail? I imagine you had a very active sex life while you were coming up.

Seale: Well, you know, my wife knows that in my younger days I used to chase a lot of chicks. Huey used to chase them too. The brother on the block chases chicks, you know. That's a part of life. And them sisters. They're beautiful, especially when they're chasing the brothers. And you grow up, and you get married. There's no such thing as an illegitimate child. A person is a human being.

(There's a relatively unimportant exchange here about sex and prison which has been omitted. But this leads into Bobby's personal conception of struggle.)

... If that cat out there asked me, "What 's the struggle all about," I'd say, "I want to go home. I want to eat some food. I want to have some peace and tranquility. I don't want no cop breaking in my door in the morning at three o'clock cause the Supreme Court said, warrant or no warrant, you ain't got no right breaking into nobody's home at three o'clock in the morning." If I decide I want to go study, if I decide I want to go make love to my woman, that's where it's at ...

Eldridge told this cat, "I want to live in a society one day where there's no more oppressive social obstacles, to the extent where a man and a woman can relate to each other on the basis of natural attraction." Now you start talking about eliminating the economic problems, political injustices and evils, social injustices and evils. Think about a black man and a black woman trying to get along when they start in to fighting each other over a ten dollar bill or because he ain't got a job or he leaves his woman. That's not a man and a woman relating to each other. You have to get rid of the class society. This is what you analyze. This is what you know.

F.N.: As it stands now, looking back on your life ... do you consider yourself a success in life?

Seale: How do you mean a success? I don't consider jail a success. In

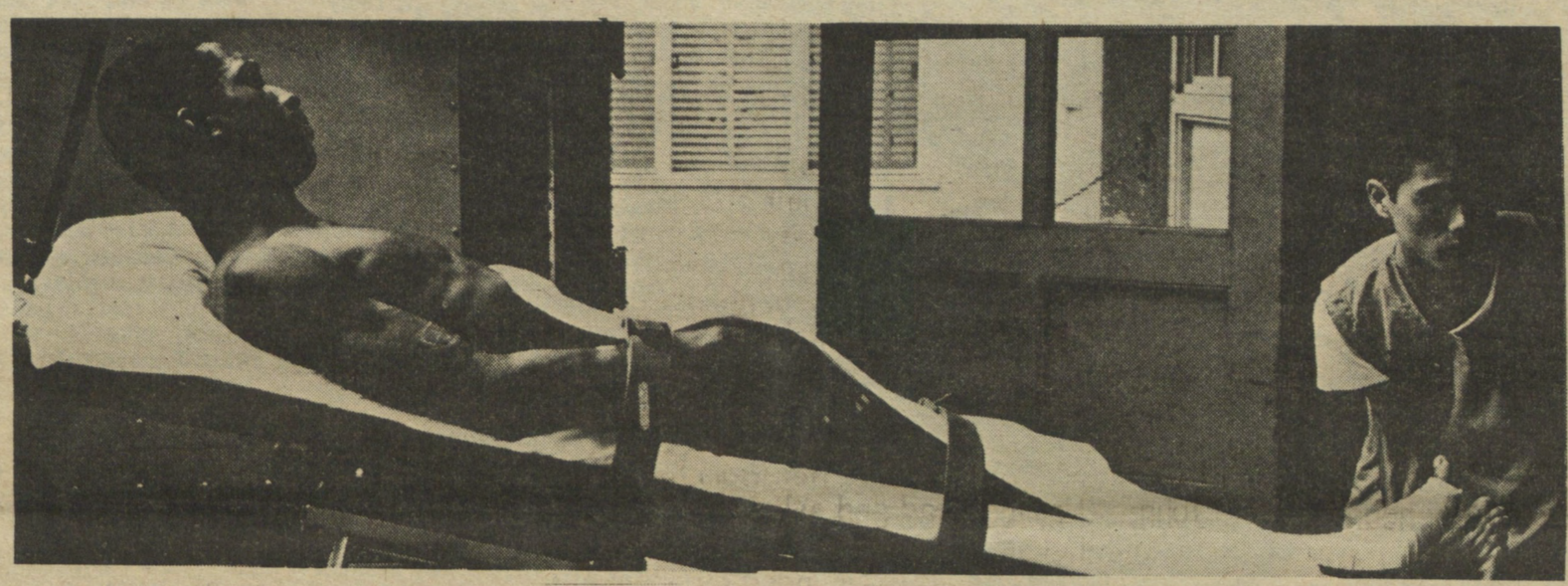
continued on page 10

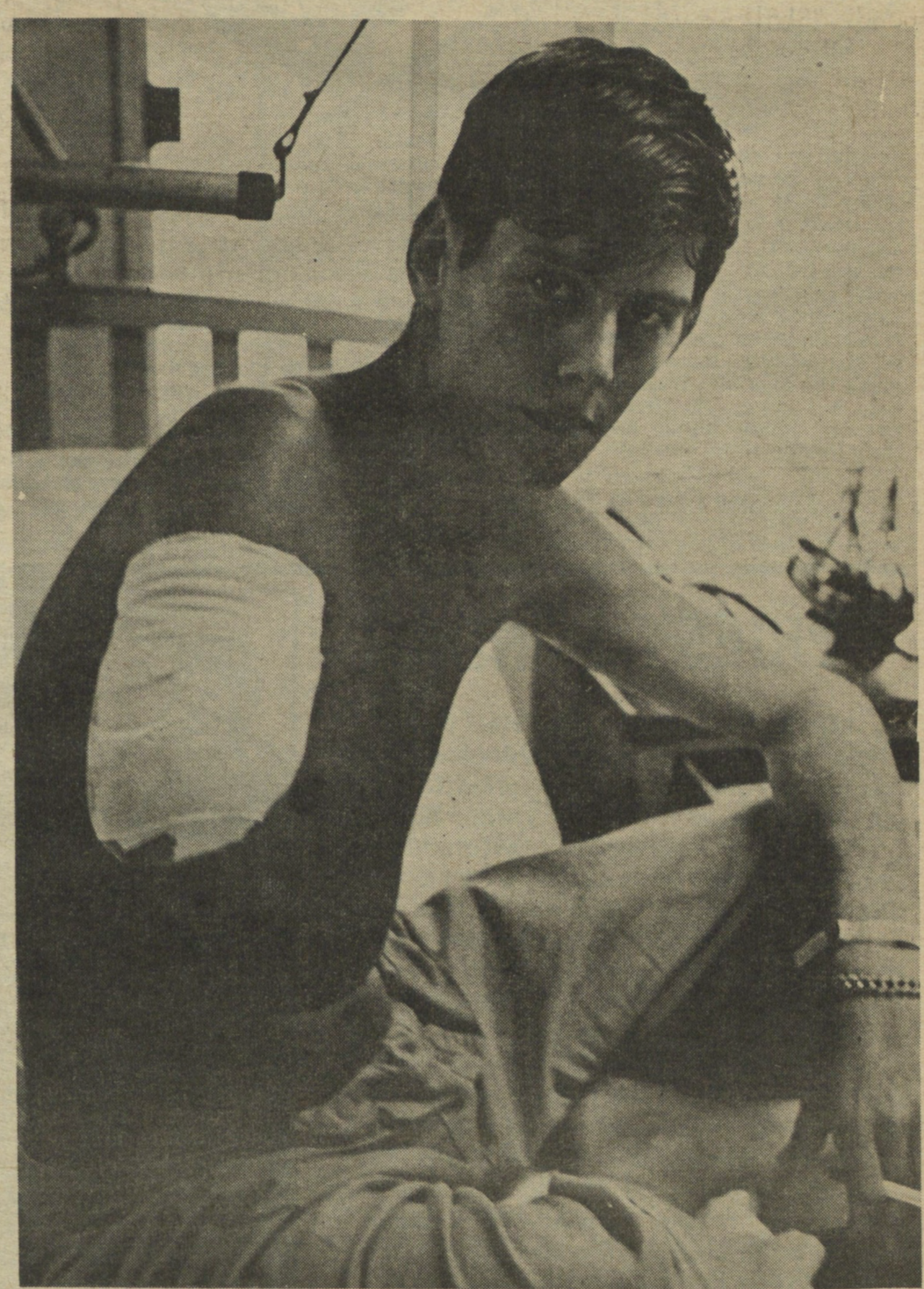
PRIEST VERDICT

US Navy Seaman Roger Priest was convicted two weeks ago in Washington of "promoting disloyalty and disaffection" by publishing the anti-war newspaper "Om".

The Navy court which convicted Priest reprimanded him and ordered a bad conduct discharge for him. Priest said he had expected a harsher sentence, but would appeal anyway. "I view the punishment as unwarranted because all I did was exercise my constitutional rights," said the sailor.

He stated that the "Pentagon is scared shitless" of any anti-military movement among GI's. "They are afraid that the rank of servicemen will be 'infected' with 'subversive' ideas like peace and freedom. And they are right. For right now the cancer has spread throughout the body of the monster and soon the monster will die."





J.C. FEELY, M.D.
KINSTON, N. C.

HOW WE LEARNED TO SUPPORT THE VIETNAMESE PEOPLE

or, The Legendary Hospitality of the Vietnamese People

Two former Marines, John and William, had escaped from a prisoner of war camp. William was young and John middle-aged. They could both make themselves understood in Vietnamese.

For many days, they rambled the surrounding countryside in search of help. But there wasn't a soul or trace of life. A lunar-like landscape surrounded them. The scorched soil on which they tramped with their heavy bare feet seemed to have been recently ploughed, turned over everywhere. Here and there a swarm of flies bustled over a decaying corpse of a buffalo. A putrid nauseating smell lingered over the desolate landscape. The silence and tranquility of the scenery frightened our heroes a little. But though tired, they were proud of the good work that their friends had done. They roamed about until midnight when they stumbled across a glimmering light which seemed to draw them toward help.

It was a miserable thatched hut made of bamboo. They knocked at the door or at something which resembled a door. Two old pasty-faced peasants appeared. At the sight of the exhausted men the door was widely opened. Our heroes entered the house. An oil lamp shed a glimmering light. They discovered an old couple, still healthy and clothed in rags, but clean. They made it understood that they needed rest and sleep. Without any question, the host lead them into a room separated from the first by a thin partition. They sprawled on a plank bed. For silence followed and they fell into a deep slumber.

As in a nightmare John started from his sleep. From the next room a whisper came to his ears. He waked his young mate and listening to the old couple they heard the following conversation:

Husband: "Shall we kill them both?"
Wife: "Of course, it's worth having both killed."
Husband: "How would they be treated?"
Wife: "Chopped into small pieces, it would give much juice. We should make a sauce."
Husband: "The young would be roasted, the other boiled."
Wife: "You know, one is young, the other enough old."
Husband: "Let us sleep. We have enough time. Early in the morning we shall tackle it."

Again stillness fell upon the house. Appalled, our heroes discussed this astounding conversation they had overheard.

John: "Surely it was a question of us. We are caught in a snare laid by our enemies. They would kill both of us."

William: "Perhaps they want to eat us and give the leftovers to their people. Our superiors told us that they may become cannibalistic in some cases. And after such destruction by our armies, I doubt they have anything left for survival."
John: "These words stick in my mind: roasted, boiled, and sauce, and chopped."
Williams: "We ought to flee from here."
John: "I'm too tired and exhausted to take another step. We aren't armed and I'm sure that we are surrounded by enemies. We wouldn't get far away. Let us wait and pray. Our fate is decided by God.

And they prayed until sleep overcame them.

When they started from their sleep, it was nearly midday. The elder touched his head: "Am I living or dreaming?" The younger stretched his legs: "Haven't I been chopped into pieces? Have I got all my limbs?"

With as much tact as they could, the two men slipped towards the door and opened it. How they were astounded and struck by the spectacle before them. On the wall hung a portrait of Ho Chi Minh. On the table there were two chickens already cooked, one roasted, the other boiled, both flecked with red sauce. The old couple, seated on a bench, seemed to be waiting for them. The wife said: "I hope you had a good rest? You must be hungry. We have nothing left to offer you after the last bombing but these two chickens. Please eat them, we should be happy. I shall chop it into small pieces to make it easier for you to use chopsticks. Afterward, you will reach the American area which is not far from here."

John and Williams accepted the gift and ate it hungrily, their eyes suffused with tears.

Were these tears of shame before such high minded forgiveness and hospitality?

Were these tears of humiliation and repentance for all the harm that the USA has done and is still doing?

Only John and William could say. They said nothing, assuaged their hunger and bid farewell to their hosts . . .

Six months later, newspapers reported that John and William had been wounded in an anti-war demonstration in front of the White House and jailed by the justice of their government.

February, 1970 from Nguyen tuan Duong, Paris, France

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

PHNOM PENH—For years, Cambodia has been on the fringes of war. Now, the nation is suddenly a full-fledged battleground. Cambodia wasn't warned, and it isn't ready. Its future now lies in the hands of others.

Yet all remains calm just a few miles from the battle zones where U.S. troops are fighting—and dying—along with Cambodian and Vietnamese soldiers. This French-style capital, just miles from fierce fighting, remains sleepy and serene. People here and in a number of provincial towns and outlying army camps act as if the war were several thousand miles away.

No one knows what will happen here. President Nixon's decision on Thursday to send U.S. troops here to "clean out major enemy sanctuaries" could mark the beginning of another major conflict or could be the key to ending the whole Southeast Asian war.

If no one knows what will happen in the future, neither do a lot of people here know what is happening in the present. And they don't seem to care. Thirty-six hours after President Nixon had made his announcement in the U.S., an important Cambodian colonel at a big command center didn't know of the action. When informed of it by U.S. newspapermen, he wasn't interested enough to ask where, when or how the Americans had intervened. An intellectual here in the capital was more curious. He asked American visitors whether the U.S. troops had come to fight against the Vietcong or the Cambodians. The local press made no mention of the U.S. offensive here until yesterday.

Scout-Like Enthusiasm

The peculiar reactions of the people here are probably due more to innocence than indifference, however. The Cambodians, who have lived near war for so long, are surprisingly naive about it. Indeed, the 40,000-man Cambodian army, which has been mobilizing for war for some weeks now, is enthusiastically acting rather like a Boy Scout troop going off on a jamboree.

Serious as the situation may be, the Cambodian army seems like something out of "Catch-22," or "Laugh-In." The army is so short of military vehicles that troops ride to the front in Pepsi-Cola trucks. Short-range military communications are conducted over megaphones, and longer-range communications generally are handled by runners who hitchhike along the roads between forward positions and headquarters at Phnom Penh. Maps are so scarce that in the midst of one battle a runner was sent to the national archives to find some map on which the battlefield could be located. There was none.

Ammunition is in short supply, and so recruits, most of whom have never heard a gunshot before, are given only 10 bullets during their weeks-long training. They squeeze off the precious rounds with seeming reverence. Most show surprisingly good aim, though one recruit, using five of his bullets, misses his own target with four shots and hit a comrade's target with the fifth. Nevertheless, he gets a pat on the back and a "not bad" from Colonel Lao Vacal, commander of Cambodia's main camp for noncommissioned officers.

The colonel, a small, plump and rather pear-shaped man, darts about the sprawling camp in a 15-year-old American Jeep. He is inordinately proud of this Jeep and has mastered all but the operation of its hand-brake and the art of steering in reverse.

Recalling a Fine Meal

The Jeep is significant as a symbol, for, like many of his brother officers, Colonel Lao Vacal is resolutely pro-American. He speaks glowingly of the year when he worked in the same office as an American general who was part of a U.S. advisory team that was here until 1963. "He was a fine general, the American general. Ah, but I have forgotten his name. He visited me for dinner once and we ate roast chicken. Or was it roast fish? No, it was grilled fish."

Like many of his colleagues, Colonel Lao Vacal proudly wears American Army fatigues. And he proudly announces that his trainees are taught the American salute.

The young soldiers under the colonel's command are kept busy most of the day, though they take a five-hour siesta break from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. There are about 1,000 young men at the base—mostly patriotic young volunteers—and they spend some of their time learning to assemble the base's 100 weapons, which include a hodgepodge of Chinese, Soviet, French, English, Czechoslovakian and American rifles. ("Are the U.S. rifles from World War II?" the colonel is asked. "Perhaps from World War I," he replies.)

They also are taught military theory and tactics. "Why do soldiers walk single file?" the instructor asks. "Because the night is black," a recruit replies. "Why else?" "Because the forest is dense," says another student. "Good," says the satisfied instructor.

Aside from Col. Lao Vacal's prized Jeep and a baby blue Mercedes, there are only three operative motor vehicles on the base. There are several dozen Chinese, Soviet and American trucks, but all lack engines and other vital parts.

TODAY CAMBODIA, TOMORROW?

It's hard to rap about Southeast Asia without getting tedious. But forgetting about it or ignoring it will not make it go away. At this time, it's almost easy for the silent majority to put the problem aside. They seem to believe that 'troop withdrawals' mean ending the war. In fact, 'troop withdrawals' are nothing more than the replacement of battle weary troops with new ones - in other words, troop rotation. The silent majority does not understand that the war in Vietnam is not at all separate from the US war against Southeast Asia. So when troops are taken from Vietnam, they are just transferred to Japan, Laos, Thailnd, Korea, Cambodia, or the Philippines. This ruse is an old one. When LBJ called for a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam in November of 68, he ordered an intensification of the bombing of Laos the very same day, and on a scale even greater than the bombing of the North. Just this month, Nixon dropped the lying mask of peace-seeker when he ordered the invasion of Cambodia and the resumption of the bombing of the North. These are only two examples of how the US government is forced, in time, to trade one lie for another.

But we GI's pay the price of Nixon's lies. We can't be like the silent majority. We can't afford to be caught in Nixon's trick bag. We already pay for their mistakes with our lives and our peace of mind.

Five years of protest have not stopped the war. So what is left that we, as GI's, can do which is still effective? For starters, as military men we could refuse war duty. This is the sticker. It can only be effective if we have the courage to say no. It's not cowardice, as the lifers would like us to believe, but heroism. We could be instrumental in saving the lives of the youth of Amerikkka. It's up to us.

But the problem is a question of power, and like the saying goes, there's power in numbers. In other words, ORGANIZE. Organize to gain back control of our lives. Organize to make the military a democratic military, a military restricted to the protection of the continental United States (not it's colonies), and NOT a military which is the pig force of the world.

by Bobby Bee

Dear Irma,

I've been wanting to answer your letter but it's been difficult. I want to be able to communicate with you on a very real level without offending you.

I've long been in the anti-war movement and you seem to be in the pro-war group.

After reading your letter a few times, I detect no alarm that your sons are going to be swallowed up by the military - or have been already. When they are sent overseas, will they go as missionaries to convert the heathen or as professional killers to protect American corporations owned mostly by those with great inherited wealth? You must know that it's the latter.

Your Bob and Peter will be told that they will be fighting for democracy but fortunately most educated young people don't buy that crap anymore. Look at the record of the US government! Whenever democracy threatens to gain a foothold anywhere in the world, the US rushes in to support the counter-revolutionaries, the fascists.

That do you think of our professional killers in Vietnam? In Laos? In Thailand? In Latin America?

Irma, let me tell you about Jimmy. A few months ago I received a telephone call from my friend Billie on Long Island. She told me that her son, my friend Jimmy, was killed in Vietnam. I knew Jimmy since about 1958, and so it was a shock to think of him as dead.

He was 20 years old and before going into the Army, he was the youngest manager of a McDonald's hamburger place. He thought he would go into the service and "get it over with" and then return to McDonald's. But he came back dead.

I drove Billie to Pinelawn (in Farmingdale) on a wintry day to visit Jimmy's grave. All those young boys in their graves. Acres and acres of them. So many graves being dug. So many more yet to die. Poor boys protecting the rich. Poor boys that have been conned.

Will Bob and Peter "get it over with" like Jimmy? Billie was determined to fight his being sent to Vietnam but her husband opposed her. Her husband "won". Some victory.

We've all been brainwashed for so long in this country, told so many lies by the prostituted media, that it's a real joy for me to meet young working class people who really know what the score is. They refuse to serve the military monster. Some are free as CO's, some are in jail where I have gone to visit with them and some have now gone to Canada. They are beautiful and they are the hope of this country.

Did you read about the recently published memo that Moynihan sent to Nixon about a year ago? He said that the children of the upper middle class will not be conscripted. He might have added that they rarely serve in the armed forces and when they do, it's usually in safe areas. The danger areas are reserved for the poor and the brainwashed.

Oh Irma, have I been reeducated! Do you know by whom? By the US government. Year after year, after year, the government refused to enforce the law against the racketeers. So many union reformers that I knew in other unions in New York were also doublecrossed, victims of that which the US government produces best: Lies and violence.

Do you understand, Irma? People like me are a threat to the rich people of this country who own the US government. We want democracy and can not be bought off. If we were to achieve democracy within our unions, we would then be in a position to demand democracy in our local, state, and federal governments. That's why the ruling class in this country always feels more secure when people like me are murdered.

Yes, it's the ruling class and its puppet US government that's responsible for the Yablonski murders. They conspire to create the conditions wherein working people turn against one another. They know how to divide and conquer, how to set whites against blacks, and whites and blacks against the yellow race.

If you have any doubts about my use of the term "ruling class", read Lundberg's "The Rich and the Super-rich" and study his references. But be wary of his politics; he's obviously afraid of the next wave of McCarthyism.

And now that Yablonski is safely dead, the US Labor and Justice Departments have hypocritically and belatedly decided to support him by temporarily enforcing the laws of the land. They are obviously confident that the next rebel to challenge the corrupt Boyle administration can also be killed.

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DEMOCRATIC MILITARY?

(The following article by SFMFN Gary R. Feichtinger B339456 explains how he feels about a democratic military. This is one of a number of views of how and why a democratic military would operate.)

People ask me, "What do you mean by a democratic military?" To me, a democratic military means, first of all, that all the people in the military are agreed on the necessity of carrying out whatever mission is being carried out. This means a voluntary military.

As part of this, persons in the military must be able to carry out political activity and to stimulate thought and discussion on their installation concerning national policies, especially defense policy. They must must be able to refuse to participate in operations with which they disagree. And if they disagree with the basic direction of national defense policy, they should be allowed to resign from the service. If this left the military without enough men to carry out an operation, or a policy, then obviously that policy is not worth carrying out. Once on a mission, however, instant obedience would be called for.

Secondly, the men being led should have some form of control over who is leading them. Job competence and leadership ability should be equal factors in promotion. Job competence should be rated by superiors, who inspect the job, and leadership ability should be rated by the men being led. Men who can get high evaluations in both areas should be promoted without a waiting period, as billets become available. An officer corps which truly enderstands all aspects of shipboard life and which would deserve genuine respect would be insured. There would be no need for the artificial, forced respect which the present class system attempts to maintain.

-Men who prove too incoompetent, either in job performance or leadership, would be returned to the level at which they were previously competent. This would insure a much more efficient organization, since at present if you are competetent at one level, you get promoted to the next, until you reach a level at which you are incompetent, where you stay. You won't get demoted except through glaring blundering. So the organization gets stocked with deadwood at high levels.

Discipline would be much less of a problem in a voluntary democratic military. A group of people united to carry out an agreed-upon mission can be counted upon to be disciplined internally, particularly in areas in which discipline is a functional necessity. A good leader with the support of his unit can straighten out most problem types merely by talking and reasoning with him. Continuous breaches of discipline should be tried by a jury of one's peers, as provided by the Constitution, meaning those of one's own pay grade. People found to be unreliable or unmotivated should merely be discharged. Anything else is obviously detrimental to both sides.

There are two standard arguments against a volunteer military. One is that the military would become an uncontrolled self-contained entity and could therefore constitute an enormous threat to individual freedom. Personally, I feel that this statement accurately describes the present situation in which the organization is run by people who have lived their lives in an undemocratic, unfree environment and have accepted and supported the values emerging from it. And they teach fantastic numbers of young people these very same attitudes. They have the means to get all the manpower they need and the power to force these men to do their bidding. Sure, we now have all kinds of people in the military who are still civilians at heart. But what control do they have over what the military does, short of refusing orders or mutiny, for which they are ferociously punished?

A volunteer military with the present un-free, undemocratic value system would be a threat to a free democratic society. This is why the democratic changes we are asking for must be a part of any plan to make the military all volunteer. Only if the military reflects the values of the society it is supposed to defend can we feel secure.

The other standard argument is that a volunteer military would not be able to attract enough volunteers to defend the country. To this I have one thing to say. A society which the people will not defend voluntarily is by definition not worth defending at all. All discussion of a military which respects the freedom, dignity, and intelligence of its members and which meets their material needs pre-supposes a supporting society which does the same.

Memories OF VIETNAM

When I first went over there my MOS was 0351 (106 recoilless), but they never put me in a weapons platoon; I was given 0311 (grunt). We went on an operation called "Virginia Ridge". On this operation I received two purple hearts in 25 days. Normally a man who was a grunt would get would consider that he had done his job already. But when they started claiming that my MOS was still 0351, they left me in the field.

After this incident, I had a talk with the sargeant and he guaranteed that I would be pulled out when and if the Third Marine Division went. But when the president said that he was going to withdraw the troops, he didn't really. They had boots that were in-country two or three months who were given orders for Okinawa. But the orders also read that you would later be sent back to Nam. The people back in the states didn't know that. The guys that they actually pulled out were men who had done 10 or11 months out of a 12 month tour. Since the traveling time from Danaang to the states is about a month, they completed their tour anyway. The boat that took the Third Marines home left the men who had a lot of time to go off at Oki. When these men were sent back they were attached to the First, Fifth, Seventh, and Twenty-sixth Marines.

I did not make the trip home with the Third Marines. I was still in the 3-5 in

An Joa. Many of the dudes in my unit were denied R&R because the major operations were supposed to be cancelled by Nixon. But we were sent into the bush on an operation anyway. They call it a sweep, but it was really of operation size. When a battallion goes out with all its men, it should have all its security, its heavy weapons, and stuff. But they took these weapons away from us because we were not supposed to be an operation. This caused many more casualties.

Really, the "sweep" was supposed to last for thirty days but it was extended for two stretches of five days. They tried to make us feel as though we were treated good. When a general came out we were given one quart of ice cream for every five guys.

After that we slid to Hill 65. I was a guard at the gate. I would check the names of the Vietnamese women who worked there (all they had working was women; they were afraid of the men). I would log them in in the day and out at night, to make sure that there weren't any civilians on at night. I learned from this duty, and from checking from friends on guard at other times, that the men from S5 (civic affairs) brought in civilian women to prostitute for the officers and the higher staff NCO's. We were told not to log them in so they could stay all night. They were also checked by corpsmen for VD. Women who washed dishes in the mess hall were actually if they refused to be prostitutes.

I don't know whether the men in S5 forced the women from the villages to come, but I do know that they used to come back during the day crying with tears coming out of their eyes. When it was time for me to leave Nam, one of the guards at the gate who was supposed to rotate the first of March had his orders to return to the rear held up, because he disapproved of what was going on and was trying to find out more about it.

Throughout my tour, it generally seemed to me like the VC and NVA let the Blacks go light. I myself have been waved through a couple of ambushes. The NVA would send leaflets to black Marines to send back word where they were, so that during Arty or ground attack the brothers would not get hit.

Brother Duke

NEWS FROM THE INTERNATIONAL G.I. MOVEMENT

"I will point a gun for my country
But I won't guarantee you which way."
Woodie Guthrie

MANNHEIM, WEST GERMANY: About 100 GI's broke out of the Army stockade on March 13, set fire to stockade buildings, the stockade chapel, and some administrative offices. While one group of prisoners fought with MP's, another group ran through cell blocks with keys, liberating other prisoners. In the stockade yard, the rebels built a barricade out of overturned bunks and defended it for hours against the MP's and German army troops. All in all, $45,000 damage was done.

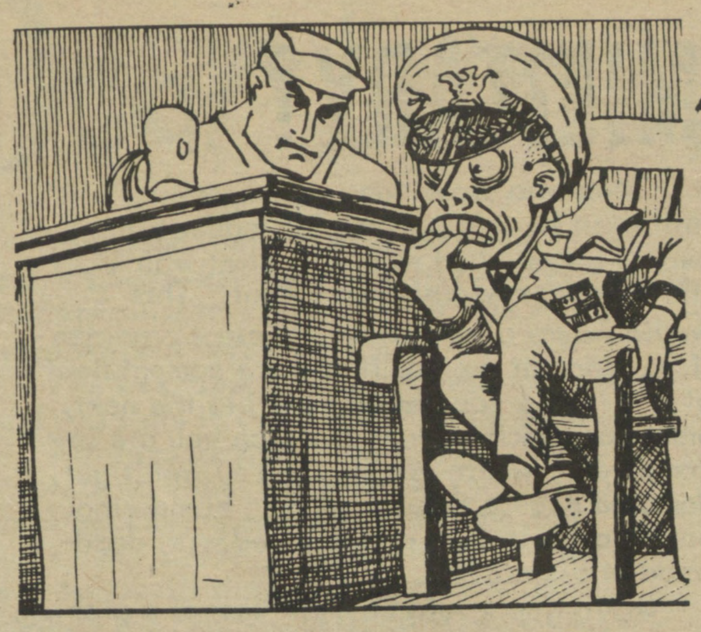
After the MP's finally gained control, over 100 GI's were put in "The Box" --- solitary confinement cells packed with over six people in each. The guards turned off the heat and threw garbage and water onto the men. The Brass tried to buy off some prisoners to rat on their brothers, but nobody squealled.

McCHORD AFB, WASHINGTON: Airman First Class George Larkins began a hunger strike late in March to protest the hypocirsy of our government in Vietnam, the tyranny and repression brought down on political groups in the US (especially the Black Panther Party), and the racism perpetrated by the military.

FORT POLK, LOUISIANA: GI's imprisoned in the slams ransacked the prison library and set several fires in March. The rebellion united black, brown, and white GI's against generally bad conditions in the slams and against heavy repression brought down on anti-war prisoners.

PHUM TASUOUS, CAMBODIA: Sixteen soldiers in the American 25th Division initially refused to leave their rear area base in South Vietnam and accompany their unit on an invasion of Cambodia. All 16 finally agreed to go to a forward command base in Vietnam on the understanding that they would not have to go across the frontier. Of course, their commanding officer lied, and eventually shanghied them to a village four miles inside Cambodia. They are members of A Company, Third Batallion, 22nd Infantry, 25th Infantry Division. Private First Class Harry Veon, 20, of Darlington, Pennsylvania, said, "We have no business here. We have enough troubles in Vietnam. Sixteen of us refused to go. We just sat down. Then they promised we wouldn't have to go to Cambodia. They said we could work on the fire base in Vietnam." Since we received this information through the media, we have also heard of two other instances of GI's refusing to obey orders to invade Cambodia. How many instances will we never hear about?

QUON LOI, VIETNAM: Several troopers were recently court martialled at Quan Loi headquarters of the 1st Air Cav Division's 3rd Brigade, for refusing to fight. During the last four and a half months of 1969, a total of 109 men in the 1st Air Cav faced trial for the same offense. Division spokesmen point out that men who decide to drop out of the war are a small minority. But some observers feel the number is growing throughout Vietnam as anti-war feeling mounts back home and the US government makes clear its intention to expand the war into Cambodian territory. Our next issue



put the PIG in the BRIG

CHAPMAN ....

officer, in as much that I called him a s---head). They placed me in restriction without a captain's mast or any other type of hearing.

Three days later on Thursday, I went to captain's mast. My lawyer and I noted to the captain that my accusers weren't present (my regular lawyer was at a court-martial and couldn't be there until that afternoon). At this point we recessed until 2:30pm. At that time, my regular Navy lawyer was there. Captain's mast was held in Commander Reed's office. When we entered, my accusers still weren't there. But we started without them. I walked in and sounded off, and he came back. "I award you with a summary court-martial." This pretty well shocked my lawyer and me, who thought it would not go past a captain's mast. While walking out of the captain's office, I asked my lawyer why he thought I was given a court-martial and he said that it was because the commander couldn't get the witness he needed, namely my accuser.

My lawyer later went in and asked if I could be let off restriction because it was pretty obvious that I wasn't going anywhere with a broken leg. But that was denied because 'he didn't want to leave things the way they were.'

(an editor's note: at his summary court-martial, David got a not-guilty on the Article 134, and a guilty on the Article 91, disrespect. We can't help but wonder what would happen if they tried to bust everyone who felt 'disrespect' towards the little dictator, Prettyman?)

POWER David Chapman

Bobby Seale

fact, I know I'm not here because of something I've done wrong. I know I'm here because of something I'm doing right against the avaricious ruling class which perpetuates racism, who's been doing wrong against people -- black, brown, yellow, red, white -- oppressed peoples, you know. I know that. The fact that I'm in jail tells me and lets me know that we're on the right track for liberation, for freedom, for a society that makes some sense. A socialistic system of some kind where the people have some power. Then they can relax. That's what I want to do some day, you know what I mean? I want to relax. That'll be when we have, when we all have, the people have success. It won't be me alone. It won't be Huey alone. It won't be ELdridge alone ...

(concluded next issue)

MORE ON TIM

2:30 pm, the afternoon of April 22.

Because of the lack of any information about Tim or from Tim himself, we can only presume that after returning to OAB, he was not allowed to contact his friends, his family, or his lawyer. From a report given by a friends of Tim's on base, Tim was seen wearing a sling sometime during the afternoon after he returned to the base. The following is an authorized statement, witnessed by attorney Dennis Roberts, by Tim's friend at OAB.

I, _____, declare the following: I have known Timothy Affholder for the past two weeks while we were stationed at Oakland Army Base together. During that time he was in a confused state of mind and very nervous. I heard m the NCO's in the Control Room tha twice attempted suicide and I saw his arm ndaged up and in a sling yesterday, April 22, 1970.

On April 22, 1970, between 1400 and 1500 hours, I saw Timothy Affholder being escorted out of the Control Room between two guards. He passed me and said, "They are taking me to the stockade." Ten minutes later, Lt. Welch came to Control Room desk and said to me and the other guys who were working there, "If anyone asks for Timothy Affholder he is at the hospital. If any civilians come around, run them off."

Last night another GI told me they were shipping Timothy Affholder. This morning I saw the article in the San Francisco Chronicle and felt information I had might be of some use.

A few days ago, about Monday or Tuesday, while on Control Desk, Lt. Welch and several NCO's came in and told me and that others that the people under guard in room 136 would not be allowed phone calls and we were not to make calls for them, or deliver messages out for them, that they were not to see anybody. Timothy was one of those under guard in room 136.

When Timothy Affholder was going out the door between the two guards he slowed down his walk to call to me that he was being taken to the stockade. The guards speeded him up. He looked very upset and confused at that time.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing declaration is true and correct.

Not having heard from Tim for some time, sympathetic persons went to the base for the purpose of locating him. No one was allowed to see him or visit him. For example, Rev. Philip Farnham and his friends, who were attempting to visit Tim between 4:10 and 4:45 pm (shortly before Tim was shipped out) were told by Captain Murphy that he thought that Affholder was still on sick call to Letterman at the Presidio (cf. above statement: "If anyone asks for Timothy Affholder, he is at the hospital; if any civilians come around, run them off.")

Shortly after this, it was learned through the information office of the Sixth Army that Tim Affholder had left Oakland Army Terminal at 5:15 pm, April 22, and would fly to Vietnam at 6pm. At that time according to all information, Tim was shipped to Vietnam from Travis AFB.

DISCLAIMER This paper does not represent the views of the US Navy. Neither do the views of the Navy represent us. And that goes for the US government too.

DEAR IRMA...

People of our generation, Irma, have got to be re-educated or they may allow their sons to be killed off in some foreign country without one word of protest.

My own re-education has been painful and almost ended in my being murdered. In fact I might have been killed in the same manner as the Yablonskis and for the same reason. Did you read about them? Yablonski wanted to reform the corrupt miners' union and so he, his wife and daughter had to be killed. The reformers Wilson & Green of the painters' union had to be killed also, just like so many other working people in this country who fight for democracy and fair play. Would it surprise you if I told you that I know who's responsible for these murders?

You'll recall that for ten years when I was on Long Island, I was the most active carpenter in America fighting the union racketeers. When the Landrum-Griffin Act went into effect in 1959, I hailed this as a great blessing for labor that would enable the rank and file to have democratic unions, free of tyrannical control. So I challenged dozens of fraudulent elections, the violence and threats of violence against me and others "within the system" as they say. I had to file appeals with the headquarters of the carpenters' union in Washington, that is with those who were the architects of all union fraud. Then I filed appeals with the US Labor Dept. and would go into court, including the US Federal Court in Brooklyn.

Irma, let me put it very simply. The Landrum-Griffin Act gave us union carpenterms the right to determine our own dues but the US Labor Department refused to enforce the law. Why? Because if we working people were allowed self-determination, soon we might want to determine our own taxes. Think about it. Some socialist leaders in New York are running for office on a platform of a 100% tax on all war profits and a 100% tax on all income over $25,000. What a revolutionary idea for America. Some call it real "democracy". Some call it "Power to the People". OK, let's say you think that living on only $25,000 a year would be too much of a strain for the ruthless rich. So let's say there should be a tax of 100% per year. Do you think that the Rockefellers, the Duponts, the Mellons and their stooges in Washington will allow you and the rest of the people to vote on this? Not without a revolution! This minority of parasites will not release its death-grip on the majority without a bloodbath.

Will they be able to enlist your sons to protect their empire and their prerogatives?

Perhaps you're thinking that this is not a very friendly letter to write to you after five years of silence, but what is more important than keeping your sons alive? And your future sons-in-law? In a few years, Vicki and Michele will perhaps be married. So don't be offended by this letter. I can't write about the mundane things at this time. I must write about what is vital.

People can become part of the fascist power structure in this country without realizing it. For a generation now, your husband has been married to the Sperry Gyroscope Corporation and so you have all been married to the Amerikan Death Machine. Had you remained in New York, your sons might have attended Columbia U and become part of the anti-war movement. But since you've been living in Huntsville, Alabama for the past five years, the headquarters of Dr. Werhner von Braun, I guess you have all become "good Germans" or part of the silenced majority, bought off with the profits of death and the desire for economic security.

I'm sorry your kids ever got involved with the University of Alabama. I don't believe they can be educated there, only trained. You say Bob "enlisted" in the Army? How horrible! And now he's at Officers' Training School at Fort Benning? That's sickening! And Peter's in Advanced Army Reserve Officers' Training Corp?Ugh!

Irma, I know you seem very proud of your sons, but under the circumstances, such pride is not justified. The only reasons that any young man at this stage of history volunteers for the US Army training is because he's woefully uneducated or has serious defects of character, or both.

Now don't be offended. Remember, I want to keep your sons alive. Even more, I don't want them to become hired assassins for the Super Mafia that own the banks and corporations of this country. These bastards are killing off poor people throughout the world who want to be free of the stranglehold of American corporations. They even want to imprison some of the best people in this country for having the "wrong" thoughts in their minds as they cross state lines.

Irma, remember years ago when I gave you some magazines advocating the separation of church and state in support of the First Amendment of the US Constitution? Remember how you hid them lest your neighbors see them and cause you embarassment? Well, please don't hide these periodicals that I'm mailing to you; don't hide them from your children because they are intended to keep Bob and Peter alive, healthy and out of the service of the goddamn Amerikan Gestapo.

So please, Irma, run the risk of being embarassed.

Love to all, Dave

ORGANIZER CONT. FROM P. 2

But these efforts are not going to succeed. The American people are getting ready to end the war, even if this requires a revolution. The government is trying to manipulate the troops into being used against the people. If they are successful then we will be worse off than the Germans under Hitler. We have got to stop this from happening. MDM can do this. If they threaten us we will ignore them. If they arrest us, we will expose them for the pigs that they are in court. If they try to kill us, we will kill them. We will take control of our own lives. POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

FROM CAMP PENDLETON

A little after midnight on April 29 about 25 active duty Marines from Camp Pendleton and civilian GI organizers were gathered in the staff house of the Movement for a Democratic Military (MDM) in Oceanside, California. They talked in small groups about two successful meetings that had been held earlier that evening. Most of the marines had left and those present were either on the civilian staff or on the central committee of MDM.

At about 12:10, night riders directed a long burst of automatic weapons fire from a passing car at the house. Inside, people hit the floor scrambling to defense positions. When the shooting was over, pfc. Jesse Woodard (Shanti) was lying wounded, hit by a 45 caliber bullet.

The reason for the attack is not difficult to find. In its five months of existence, MDM has attacked the military more and more strongly at its weakest point: its cannon fodder, the common soldier.

MDM was formed in November by Marines from Camp P endleton and Sailors from the San Diego Naval complex. It has since spread to military bases all over California, but at Camp Pendleton MDM has grown to be most strong and organized.

In this base, young people from all races in America train to be the shock troops of imperialism. They are the first to be called when the controllers of this country feel their power threatened by any "trouble spot" that appears. From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli to the bunkers of Khesan, Marines have been called upon to give their lives in insane slaughter to put down oppressed people who are fighting for their freedom.

In order to create such a willing mass of oppressors, the Marine Corps reaches out to the most oppressed sections of America's young boys with promises that they will be made men. What happens, in fact, is that the almost unimaginable brutality of Marine Corps training and indoctrination creates not men but robots. But Marines still want to be men, and so they have done the only thing that will allow them to become real human beings: they have joined the revolution and have begun to fight for their own freedom.

In the preamble to its demands MDM states: "... We are dedicated to using every means at our disposal to bring about a prompt end to the war in Vietnam, the exploitation of our brothers and sisters abroad, and the repression -- both physical and economic -- of those in our own land.
W
We feel that by remaining silent, the serviceman has contributed to the denial of this deep-founded right of himself and of people everywhere to live free from intimidation and oppression. We have been silent for a long time. We will be silent no longer."

MDM armed itself with this statement of political beliefs and a set of 12 demands which are aimed both at alleviating and exposing the daily screw that is life in the "Crotch", and at ending racism and the war in Asia. Aided by a civilian staff of organizers called the Green Machine, MDM went out to organize the people. In its first month, 1,000 Marines and 4,000 civilians marched behind MDM banners to support the Black Panther Party and to demand "Bring our brothers home now!" and "Put the pig in the brig."

Since December MDM has pulled itself into a tightly structured organization with collective leadership and a firm strategy to organize Camp Pendleton from the inside. Dealing with racism is the key to MDM's work. The political direction of the organization depends very heavily on the participation of the Black Marines who, along with a lesser number of whites and Chicanos, make up the majority of the leadership.

As MDM moves on an area of the base, organizers show the people that the constant racial battles on the base are almost invariably stirred up by the officers and lifers to stop any form of unity among the Marines. The kind of power that develops through solidarity between races is so strong that white guys tend to accept the more revolutionary third world leadership. Thus in 12 areas an entire company followed an MDM organizer and demanded to be arrested when a black man was busted for calling an MP a pig. The brother was released.

Through its paper, Attitude Check, MDM reaches about 8,000 Marines all over the country.

The advance of MDM has not been unnoticed by the pig. All over the base daily harangues by lifers and officers tell of the evils of "MDM Communism". Every MDM officer is under Courts martial charges for such offenses as being three minutes AWOL and for distribution the Attitude Check.

Its offices, like those of almost all the GI organizing projects, have been subject to almost constant police and terrorist surveillance and harassment. The most recent shooting incident ranks with the bombing of the coffeehouse at Fort Dix as one of the most extreme incidents in the long line of busts, raids and threats that have been used to try to intimidate the GI movement.

MDM has decided not to be scared off by grease-gun toting rightists. It has called for a rally in Oceanside to protest the shooting and to step up its organizing efforts on the base to counteract the fear and to build on the anger created by the shooting of one of MDM's most brilliant speakers.

MDM has decided to move on the offensive and to build even more strongly for the nationwide military demonstrations that will take place during Nine Days in May culminating on May 16 (Armed Forces Day), when civilians and GI's from all over Southern California will converge on Oceanside to celebrate People's Armed Forces Day.

J.C. PEEL, M.D.
KINSTON, N.C.

MDM

What we're for & why we're for it

Believing that ending the suppression of the American Serviceman is an important part of a larger struggle for basic human rights, the Movement for a Democratic Military pledges support for the self determination of all peoples. We are dedicated to using every means at our disposal to bring about a prompt end to the war in Vietnam, the exploi tation of our brothers and sisters abroad, and the repression---both physical and economic---of those in our own land. We feel that by remaining silent, the serviceman has contributed to the denial of this deep-founded right of himself and of people everywhere to live free from intimidation and oppression. We have been silent for a long time. We will be silent no longer.

1. We demand the right to collective bargaining.
2. Extend all human and constitution al rights to military men and women.
3. Stop all military censorship and intimidation:
We demand the right to individual conscience--moral, political, or religious.
We demand the right to refuse politically objectionable duty such as riot control and Vietnam duty.
4. Abolish all mental and physical cruelty in military brigs, correctional custodies and basic training.
5. We demand the abolition of the present court-martial system and NJP:
All cases would be subject to automatic review by a board of civilians elected by military men having one vote each.
Trial by jury and court of one's peers by rank.
Eliminate physical hearings and Nonjudicial Punishment.
Place the military judicial system outside the chain of command.
6. We demand the equal to the federal minimum wage for civilians.
7. We demand the abolition of the class structure of the military.
End saluting and sir-ing and special officer priveleges and segregation.
End all rank priveleges.
We demand the right for an enlisted men's elected review board of officers conduct.
We believe that respect can only be earned on a human-relating-to-human basis.
8. End all racism everywhere.
Bring to immediate trial by the system described above, all officers and senior enlisted men who forment and exploit race tensions with the military.
9. Free all political prisoners.
In return for captured American troops in Vietnam, we support amnesty for Eldridge Cleaver, Huey Newton, the Conspiracy 8, and our brother war resisters at home and abroad.
10. Stop the glorification of war now prevalent in all brances of the military.
11. Abolish the draft and all involuntary enlistment.
12. Pull out of Vietnam now.

subscribe

_____ I'm a GI who wants to subscribe (free)

_____ I'm a civilian who wants to subscribe. Enclosed is $5 for a years subscription.

_____ I'm someone who digs what you're doing and can help with some money.

_____ I'm interested and would like more information about MDM

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

send to: MDM
2214 Grove Street
Berkeley, Calif. 94704

phone: 549-2172

LEGAL COLUMN

lation of Articles 82 and 134. Roger wasn't busted for putting out a newspaper. He was busted for putting out a newspaper which said certain things. Because he was all alone, because he wasn't part of a larger organization of GI's, he was easily picked off. Roger Priest had no rights because he wasn't with a group of people who were strong enough to defend theselves against attacks, legal or otherwise.
strong enough to defend themselves against attacks, legal or otherwise.

Here's another example of the relationship of law to power. Monday, May 4, was a demonstration day at SF City Hall. A photographer for the 'Good Times' tells how a Tac Squader named Yeargain broke his cameras and then began to search him. "Yeargain's men began to search through my pockets. The other officers looked on and joked with each other about how well I'd be 'taken care of.' I told officer Yeargain that this was an illegal search and seizure. He replied, 'You're damn right it is, and you better shut up or we'll get more illegal.'"

The law is anything they can do which you (or we) can't stop them from doing. So there really isn't too much use in my telling you that "mere possession of a publication may not be prohibited ..." (Guidance on Dissent). Even though possession of this paper is not prohibited, even though it is your personal property and cannot legally be taken from you, you can still be put on report or cited with an Article 134 if the Brass feels like citing you. So don't kid yourselves. Although you may have many rights on paper, you have none in practice. The only way to get the rights we all deserve as human beings is to get together with as many brothers as possible and build the kind of trust which everyone can count on. No one individual should ever have to stand alone as Roger Priest did. When one stands to fight, let a hundred more rise with him. When you get right down to it, this is what MDM is all about.

Although we understand that law serves power, we'll soon be conducting a legal class, designed to teach GI's what their rights are on paper, what the laws are, who writes them, how they are used, who uses them, etc. The research is progressing smoothly, and by June 1 we should have found a lawyer to teach the class. It's open to any interested GI.

WEST COAST COUNSELING SERVICE

Many servicemen are discontented with their present status within the military, but unaware of existing alternatives.

Military regulations offer a number of alternatives by which a serviceman can be discharged, ranging from conscientious objection to physical disability. GI's can also receive non-combatant status.

The West Coast Counseling Service informs men of their rights and helps them to obtain these rights.

OAKLAND at 1733 Jefferson Street at 18th.
The phone there is 836-1039

SAN FRANCISCO at 491 Guerrero Street
The phone there is 621-7035

MDM CALENDAR

May 16, Saturday, is Armed Farces Day

Schedule - at 9:30am, come onto Fort Ord to rap with GI's. At 1pm, assemble at El Estero Park in Monterey, for the GI-led march. And at 4pm, the march will end at Monterey Peninsula College (MPC) football stadium. There'll be a rally there, and speakers include Angela Davis (faculty at UCLA, member of Che-Lumumba Club, and Regent fighter), Micha Maguire (an ex-con now with a group called Political Rights for Prisoners, and the Soledad Brothers' case), a speaker from the Black Panther Party, a black Marine with MDM at Camp Pendleton, and various speakers from Bay Area and Fort Ord MDM. For information, call Bay Area MDM at 2214 Grove Street, Berkeley (549-2172) or Fort Ord MDM at 1540 Del Monte, Seaside (408 372-8884). And if you can't make it to Ord, do it wherever you are.

MAY 23, Saturday, at 1:00pm we've set up a meeting to answer any questions you might have about the Panthers. A film will be shown, and we'll give a short talk on the history of the Black Panther Party, what they are doing now, the repression they face. That meeting is at our office, 2214 Grove Street, Berkeley. For info call 549-2172

May 24, Sunday, at 1pm we'll be meeting with anyone who is interested in MDM and has never attended a meeting before. We'll explain what we're about, and you can ask questions if you want. This meeting is at 2012 Pine Street, San Francisco.

SEE YOU THEN!