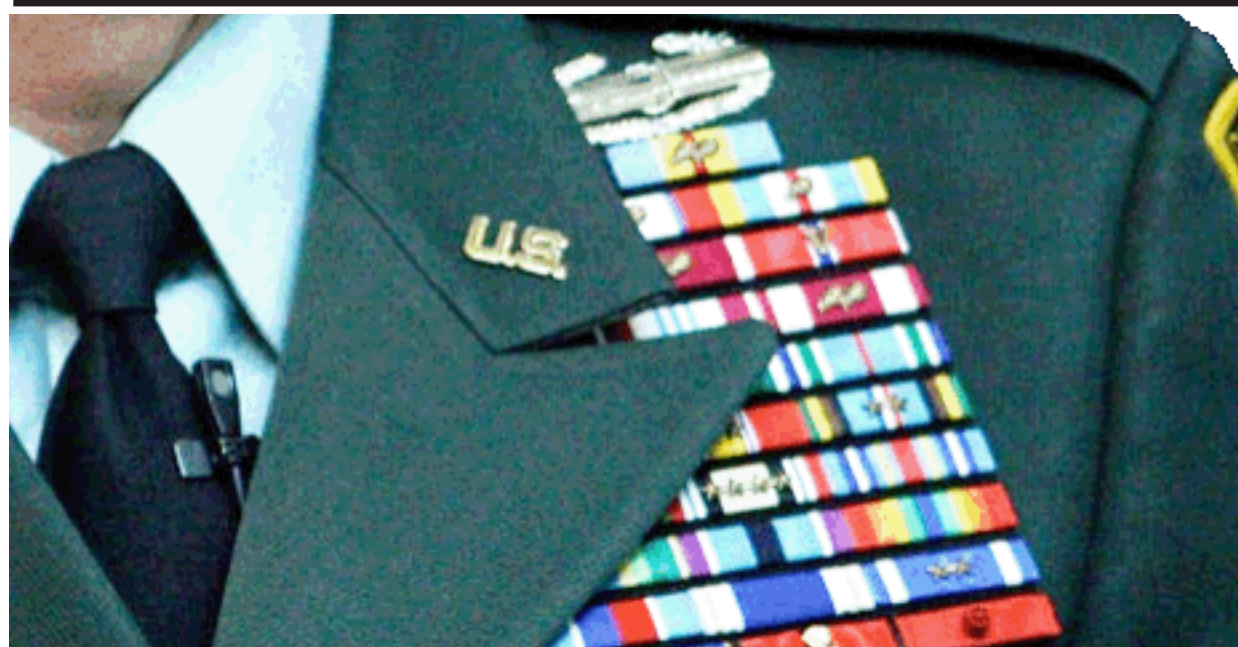


MILITARY INTEGRITY CORNER



By: Michael Jones

Every American should appreciate and admire the sacrifices our military members have made, and continue to make on our behalf. Some twenty years ago, Major Glenn MacDonald who served in Vietnam was encouraged by an army general to start a website called, "MilitaryCorruption.com." Over the years, Major MacDonald has reported on one atrocity after another perpetrated on military members by their own leaders, and the abomination known as the military judicial system.

The military judicial system was designed to render the desired result of a 98% conviction rate as opposed to the 50% conviction rate in our civilian courts. Now, that either says something bad about our civilian courts, or something bad about our military courts. You might ask, where are you coming up with

these numbers? The conviction rate of the military is a closely guarded secret which the military does not publish for the world to see. It's just too embarrassing. After decades of being in the military, and decades more observing our military, a figure of 98% is fairly accurate.

The extraordinarily high military conviction rate tells us the military judicial system is rigged. It's designed to get rid of people the military does not want, for one reason or another. This includes the law-breakers, but also includes good people who witness wrongdoing and come forward as a whistle-blower. Contrary to what the military would have you believe, people are being punished everyday for telling the truth, not for breaking the law. People who suffer the most are junior-ranking officers and enlisted personnel, not the admirals and generals. This disparity in

military justice is so prevalent people in the military laugh about the inequality by referring to it as, "Different Spanks for Different Ranks."

Retaliatory acts occur against our military members over and over with no one to reign it in. The Framers designed our government so that Congress was as an overseer of the military, but Congress has failed miserably in their responsibility, as in most all the other responsibilities they have been tasked with. In a tongue-in-cheek way, we would be OK with all the retaliatory strikes against whistle-blowers if our government would send workmen up to chisel out new words on the fascia of the United States Supreme Court. The words should say, "Equal Justice Under Law, Except for Military Personnel." If all those who consider service to our country were adequately warned about the rights they

surrender upon entering the service, then we would be OK with the abuse of the military whistle-blower. Again, we say this tongue-in-check.

It would be wise for every American keep a vigilant eye on the security team tasked with keeping us safe. Unfortunately, there are not many places to go for trustworthy information about our military. The one organization you can trust is run by retired Army Major Glenn MacDonald. It's called MilitaryCorruption.com. Major MacDonald has over the last twenty-five years or so, developed a network of confidential informants on a world-wide basis. His information is so good, in fact, the Pentagon has an officer assigned to monitor his website twenty-four hours a day. Here is the most recent post...

"I felt sick to my stomach. I thought I was going to die!" a woman testified Monday at the Article 32 hearing of Army Special Forces COL Jeffrey Pounding.

The Texas woman said she learned she had been exposed to the sometimes deadly virus when a public health worker contacted her. So far, she's tested "negative" twice, but that hasn't eased her anger at the man she claimed sweet-talked her into bed on at least three occasions.

Pounding is - to grab the title from a long ago FOX television show - "married with children." No indication yet of what his

wife thinks of this, but you can bet she's going through hell right now.

A HUGE EMBARRASSMENT FOR ARMY

Army investigators are holding the preliminary hearing at Fort McNair since Green Beret Pounding is assigned to the National Guard Bureau as deputy director of Strategic Plans and Policy.

So far, Pounding faces one charge each of assault, adultery, and conduct unbecoming an officer. If this goes to court-martial, it'll make "hound-dog" Jeff Sinclair's exploits look like a walk in the park.

The last thing the Pentagon and Army PAO needs is a senior officer in a mess like this.

There's few ways to "spin" this sordid tale, if true.

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

A number of obvious questions arise, for instance, what was COL Pounding doing having unprotected sex with a woman not his wife while "apparently" knowing his compromised health status?

That is, if he had tested positive for H.I.V. some time ago, and was kept on duty as long as he stayed in CONUS. If Pounding was a low-ranking enlisted man 25 years ago when the AIDS scare was everywhere, he would have been separated in 30 days and tossed out in the street with no benefits or health care.

Did the unidentified health care worker who telephoned the Texas woman about the alleged exposure know the colonel's health condition, and how did this medical professional know to contact her in the first place?

WHAT'S THE REAL STORY BEHIND THIS?


Could the woman be promiscuous and lying in an effort to hurt the senior officer for some reason? What would she have to gain?

If Colonel Pounding deliberately did this, he deserves to go to jail. But there's two sides to every story, so we at MilitaryCorruption.com will keep you informed as to the breaking developments in this sordid case as they happen.

This is just another story among many which can be found on the MilitaryCorruption.com website. Count yourself as fortunate that you have people willing to report on the misconduct of military members. Since we all pay their salaries, we have a right to know what antics are going on behind the scenes. \$\$\$



Col. Jeffery Pounding
United States Army



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Burying the Past, to Protect Our Future

The Cal Poly Credo

By: Chris Welke (graduate of California Polytechnic State University)

Fall 1998. I'm a freshman, immersed in the annual "Week of Welcome," (AKA "WoW") a transitional program that preempts "DAY ONE" of Fall Quarter with activities, events, meetings, speakers, tours and discussion groups designed to acquaint "dormies" with the geography, landmarks, culture, architecture, navigation and history of California Polytechnic (Cal Poly) State University.

If I had one word to characterize the subject matter of WoW; it would be RAPE. What IS rape? How do you know if you've been raped? Where are rapes most likely to occur? What should you do if you GET raped? What should you do if your roommate or friend gets raped? How can rape be prevented? Why do rapists commit rape? How do the authorities handle rape?

Speakers and counselors threw plenty of factoids and suggestions around that seemed outrageous; even paranoid (at the time): *Though physically sexual, rape is an act of violence, not sex. According to WoW counselors, twenty percent of Cal Poly females have been raped at least once during their time as a student.*

Unofficial rumors pervaded the rape-motif: *Female students get raped so often; they're not even aware how much it happens. Rapes and rapists concentrate themselves among the fraternity system; especially at official and unofficial houses off-campus. Women should watch their drinks at all times, especially at frat*

parties. GHB (γ-Hydroxybutyric acid), AKA: 4-hydroxybutanoic acid is categorized as an illegal drug in many countries. GHB is used to treat cataplexy and excessive daytime sleepiness in patients with narcolepsy. GHB is a central nervous system depressant used as an intoxicant, although it produces a stimulant effect at lower doses due to its action on the GHB receptor. GHB is colorless and odorless. It is not used for getting high - it is a tool for rape and used quite extensively for that purpose.

Advice for students: Go to private parties only, and only with people you know. Use the buddy-system. Avoid the big-open parties during rush-week. Avoid open-Frat parties - period.

Seemed like over-kill to the mind of an 18-year-old naive, engineering student. At least until my WoW counselor guided us on HER version of the campus tour.

"See this red-handprint?" she said. [Stenciled and faded], waving at me from the sidewalk of Grand Avenue] "It means that a woman was attacked. Beaten, raped, kidnapped, tortured, murdered or STILL MISSING.... whatever the case, it started on this spot or this was her last known whereabouts."

The numerous and anonymous red-hands adorned the campus and the city.

Whoever stenciled that red hand-print only wanted me to remember. No more. No less. It was effective, however, in raising awareness of the issue concerning sexual assaults involving Cal Poly students.

Cal Poly is a stressful place. Labs, lectures, roommates, midterms, finals, projects, part-time jobs, crashing classes, staying off academic probation, GE requirements, internships, projects and homework manage to fill nearly every spec of time available. Those minor bits of free-time set aside to "blow off some steam" were done so with gusto.

Some of us deal with stress in healthy ways, through meditation, exercise, talk-therapy or group-therapy.... most of us [Cal Poly students] simply get blasted on whatever substance is readily available (usually booze) and hope that we wake up somewhere familiar.

As crazy as it sounds, some students deal with stress by hurting other students. (Not in the way two best-buds get drunk, lose their temper, have a short-lived fistfight, which culminates with hugging and crying "I Love you Man! No.... really... I LOVE YOU MAN!" At their absolute worst, drunken brawls end with cuts and bruises). This ugly portion of the student-body resolves their anger, releases their frustration and satiates twisted fantasies by inflicting permanent, grievous harm on anyone unlucky enough to let their guard down around them. The ease with which these sorry examples of humanity evade justice also attracts serial killers. Where better to carry out extreme violence, but an isolated college town that would prefer to cover up and downplay serious criminal activity. It's a better policy for colleges to see, hear and speak no evil.

Continued on: B-8



CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC STATE UNIVERSITY

SAN LUIS OBISPO *Burying the Past, to Protect Our Future*

Continued from: B-7

Anytime I may have set-aside for quiet contemplation during my Cal Poly days was inevitably scribbled over by a test, a job or a project. Boredom was never on my list of problems.

Spring 2002. A transitional period for my Cal Poly career and Cal Poly itself. This was the first year that San Luis Obispo's annual "Biggest Mardi Gras Celebration West of The Mississippi" came to a head. I knew there was a problem when a crowd-surge along the parade-route pinned me against a brick wall on Higuera Street, leaving me in pained breathless horror as I watched a local elderly couple lose their footing nearby and subsequently trampled by a hoard of college-age party-goers who were definitely NOT local.

On "Fat Tuesday," I attempted to attend a massive block-party at Cedar Creek. My access-point was cut off by barricades and a rank of law-enforcement in riot-gear, shields, saps...I wanted to hit a big party, I did NOT want get whacked, tazed or shot with bean-bag blast (I was shot twice with a bean-bag shotgun trying to return home from a small, private residence on Hathaway Street after being tear-gassed in 2004, but that's another story for another time...) Like in 2004 however, in '02 I was merely returning to my home residence, a third-floor studio in Mustang Village, when disaster struck.

The crowd being chased and scattered out of Cedar Creek was (unfortunately) beginning to reassemble in MY backyard. The riot-gear police followed closely. One of them was standing guard in front of the corridor between the two rows of studio towers, by the mailboxes. He did not notice me, so I scrambled up the fire escape to my deck. I then heard commotion below. An 18-year-old Cuesta student, also a good friend of mine who was 90 pounds soaking wet, was being denied access to her building.

"...but I live here, she shouted!"

It was unmistakably my friend's voice. The officer had no reply but to keep stopping her as she tried to get around his bulk. My intervention from above, "Hey dude! She *lives* here, let her pass!" was also ignored.

Eventually she went for it, tried to cut around him and make a dash for her fire-escape. The officer cracked her midsection with his baton, knocking her down. For good measure, I *again* watched in abject horror as the unknown officer dropped a second [downward] blow just above the hip near her spine - **HARD**. Only then, as she dragged herself to her feet and continued (now limping) towards her outdoor staircase, did he let her by, noticing that a "crowd" of about ten students congregated across the street. I worked for college newspaper (Mustang Daily) at the time, tasked to cover the crime beat and I intended to report on this.

Staff writers for The Mustang Daily have restrictions placed upon them that are both appropriate for professional news reporting and a major hindrance for investigative reporters like me: Facts only (editorializing reserved for editors who appoint themselves "columnists") and TWO sources. This meant I needed HER eyewitness account of the attack and to give SLOPD notice and a deadline to offer

their response, answer questions and/or give THEIR side of the story – to be fair and objective. Of course, SLOPD's response was typical of police departments, and expected. "No comment." It does however, count as one source.

I spent WEEKS convincing my friend to go on-record. The story could not run in the Daily with MY EYEWITNESS account; I'm the objective reporter. The Daily also has a policy: "no anonymous sources," she was happy to give an accounting of the incident anonymously, but without her full name and major, (in this case "Cuesta Student") the story was null and void per policy. I told her that if she went on-record, perhaps SLOPD Internal Affairs would want to know which officer had struck her so violently and needlessly. And who knows, maybe there would be an outcry from the community that would have a cleansing affect. Hell, there might even be some justice.

She agreed and gave a full account of the event including her full name and the fact that she was first-year Cuesta student and resident of Mustang Village.

I thought the story would enhance my career as a reporter; there might even be a chance it would get picked up by wire services or lead to an indictment. I told my friend the story would run FOR SURE because I was careful to meet all the reporting standards for fairness and objectivity and that no one would fault her for calling out the police.

The News Editor at the time, was uneasy about the story, slashed it to bits as was her standard operating procedure for submissions from Chris Welke, Mustang Daily Staff Writer, wrote a WEAK headline BUT placed it *front-page-above-the-fold as I'd hoped and expected.*

The Editor-in-Chief however, killed the story and placed it "in the can" (an archive for "possible" later use) telling me that he would not run the story "... because it would cause too much controversy."

... ← This is ME having "No comment." It's not appropriate for print.

I resigned ON THE SPOT, reporting exclusively for KCPR from then on as far as campus media was concerned. KCPR allowed me to run with anonymous sources, even hearsay, so long as I was honest and stated them as such.

This enabled me to cover a story that occurred that same year that was loaded with rumors, "no comments" and something I was a first-hand witness to:

The Death of Brian Gillis

The morning of this tragic event, I awoke and went outside to the third-story deck, where both my next-door neighbors were waiting. Through the oak trees separating us from adjacent Stenner Glen, a large crowd congregated around "The Cavalry" – usually two fire engines, an ambulance and every black & white within ten miles, standard operating procedure (SOP) whenever 911 is dialed.

"Chris, a kid from Stenner Glen went to a frat party last night. He drank a FULL BOTTLE of Faderade* by mistake, came home and passed out. His roommate found him dead when he woke up."



19-Year-Old Brian Gillis Died in his Cal Poly Dorm Room April 4, 2002

*Faderade – slang for Gatorade® laced with GHB, a well-known rape-tool.

All hearsay, but what my neighbor told me is pretty close to what actually happened. In fact, it's worse; Gillis' death MAY have been not just criminal negligence on the part of the frat, GHB-dealer and the buyer who mixed the deadly concoction. It may have been second-degree murder according California Penal Code 188, which states that the perpetrator of said felony demonstrated an "abandoned and malignant heart." I do NOT disagree.

My little clique that formed out of the Yosemite and Sierra Madre Dormitories in 1998 consisted of myself, an Architect, an Architectural Engineer, two AgBusinessmen, an Aggie, an Environmental Engineer, a Civil Engineer, a Business Major and a Mathematician. As you might expect, we experimented with various mood and mind-altering substances – but we had a pact we have all kept to this day - **No GHB, ever. No exceptions.** The reason for this is simple: *it's not a drug in the traditional sense.* It won't help you study, relax, get high or feel good – it will knock you out and if you are unfortunate enough to wake up – you will find yourself paralyzed until the body has processed enough of it.

I've never seen GHB, I don't know how it is packaged or what it looks like or how much it costs. We avoided frats known to mess with the stuff and one inking that it was present at a party and I was GONE – taking all friends and as many others as I could with me.

Faderade was known to be concocted so the would-be rapist could sneak a SHOT of it into his victim's drink; this will disable the victim for 12 hours. So you can imagine the devastation a full bottle must have wrought on Gillis's circulatory system.

Sigma Chi was known pack of loser-rapists and that for all the rapes they'd gotten away with over the years; Sigma Chi would reap what they'd sown. Let me give credit to two of those "good guy frats," Phi Sigma Kappa and Delta Sigma Phi.

I also walked right over to that house after my initial report. Half to be "fair," half to bang on their door (I was no stranger to banging on doors, public and private at this point) because I wanted answers. The members of Sigma Chi conveniently took a month-long "retreat"...my only official source was the coroner's report that contained cause of death. Cardiac arrest was the immediate cause of death, and GHB overdose was the underlying cause of death. The frat systems PR person-du-jour had... "no comment." Naturally.

This was just one of many major case crime stories I made effectively zero headway on and ultimately gave up on, after all, I was a full-time Cal Poly student with an unpaid full-time job as a News Reporter/Producer AND putting in 20-30 hours a week delivering pizzas. How I kept my OWN head screwed on straight sans a support-structure or a coping mechanism other than binge-drinking is a topic for Neurology, not an investigative reporter.

It's been over a decade since Cal Poly conferred a degree upon me; and with a job and a couch to sleep on waiting for me in the Bay Area...I bailed out of the San Luis Obispo area. It was not because I disliked living there... I simply had no reason left to stay. Nor had a reason, even an inkling, to return to Cal Poly, until recently. By return, I mean not even virtually...I'd not thrown "Cal Poly San Luis Obispo" into a search engine since...EVER!

I read what came back: heavily sanitized and biased versions of Mardi Gras from 2002-2004, one or two sites and clips regarding the Kristin Smart case and archives that were anything but public. The New Times had a public on-line archive going back to: 2004. The Tribune had little to say, unless I wanted to pay for access to it. (to which the academic/computer scientist/private investigator/journalist in me laughs hysterically....Pay? For information? Are you crazy?)

Every story, considered bad PR for the university had been omitted, obfuscated, deleted, buried or missing.

Even the Brian Gillis tragedy was extremely hard to find (I could not remember his name because I never reported his name). I found a link to a New Times article that was posted on frat-life interest Web forum. Daniel Blackburn wrote up a story about this case during the civil trial in 2007. Being "post 2004" the article is still accessible.

Every story that even implies "Cal Poly = BAD" seems to get tampered with in one way or another over time. All but one.

Red hand-prints around campus and the city were being covered up. *Wait...there was something about the red hand-prints I was supposed to remember....* By whom? I know WHY. What I'd been distracted from and repressed for over 15 years came flooding back. The Smart Family, Rex Allan Krebs, GHB, Aundria Crawford, Rachel Newhouse, The Son of Samantha, Remember-Me-Week. Mothers, I'd spoken at length with, in the studio at

KVEC; some seeking justice, some venting anger and frustration. A few with just one plaintive request, "To find my daughter's body so I can bury her."

Incompetent murder investigations. Inadequate murder investigations; cold cases, getting colder.

The Murder of Kristin Smart.

Brian Gillis and Faderade.

Sigma Chi.

David Seminsky and Matt Heinz.

Scott Peterson.

Backyards in Arroyo Grande.

I thought about "Why?" I thought about corrupt systems. Is it possible that another corrupt system had progressed past ignoring the truth or failing to act on it? Had it grown to *condone*; perhaps even *encourage* pure, unadulterated *evil*? Gillis' mother Patricia Gillis referred to Cal Poly as a "death trap." Do you agree? I do. Luckily death did not descend upon ME at Cal Poly, but from day one to day before my last, I felt trapped and a nagging voice kept saying that not only would I never escape Cal Poly; I would die in San Luis Obispo. I realized all of this only recently. It's time STOP repressing memories and sanitizing the past. It's time to fess up:

The system is not just "Cal Poly." **The system is Cal Poly and all those who benefit from its existence. This includes me. It includes you.** We are all swept up in it. Confined within it.

Are we trapped by it? Never. Not you. Not me. Not us. We can atone. Together. I'll begin. Perhaps you will join me.

Winter 2014.

"My name is Chris Welke and for 16 years I did NOTHING to stop the pervasive morally bankrupt bureaucracy called "Cal Poly." It condones rape and murder for the sake of its PUBLIC IMAGE. I don't talk about it or do anything to stop it because of my pride. That ends RIGHT NOW."

I could have done more, but I didn't. I just wanted that bachelor of science (BS) degree so I could get the hell outta Dodge. That degree by the way, is not even accredited. It bears the signature of an actor who could not even pronounce the name of our city after a natural disaster rocked us to our foundation. It's a cliché, a tired and worn-out joke. It truly is "BS"

But I'm not. You're not. I cannot lie to my readers. I can ONLY tell you my interpretation of Truth:

If we admit that we were wrong, careless and lazy with regard to the victims and the families of victims who died in OUR CITY under OUR WATCH, then we can begin to heal. Together. This edition will serve as a guide and a map as to how you can join us.

I urge you to remember what my father always told me, "Evil is allowed to happen when good people do nothing." Confess that you and I are one and the same – and that together – as a community – we will identify this evil – punish it accordingly – and eradicate it entirely. We need to do the one thing the scuffed, faded, no-longer-existing, red hand-prints on campus asked us to do sixteen years ago.

Remember. \$\$\$