

August 2013

# Project Appleseed in Minnesota

Minnesota  
Riflemen

Brian C.

St. Cloud 6-30-13

Mn Total 151

## Upcoming Events

2-day Appleseed

August 17-18

Hinckley

August 31-Sept 1

Winona

September 14-15

Wells

September 28-29

Rochester

More event  
announcements to  
come!

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## A Story From Fred.....

### The Wabbit Supremacy: An Appleseed Parable

Reality is what it is - and what it is, is sometimes what you want it to be, and sometimes is not what you want it to be.

Reality is slippery as an eel, both in concept and definition.

It's not what you *think* it is, and it's not what you *want* it to be.

Guess you could say, reality is when you can't change the channel. In other words, you're stuck with the show you're watching.

So if the Germans send armored vehicles crashing across your border (Poland, 1939; France, 1940; Yugoslavia and Greece, 1941; Russia, 1941), you can't change the channel. You are stuck with the channel you are on.

Similarly, when Japanese dive bombers appear above Pearl Harbor in Dec '41, the only channel being changed was the mental one inside most American's minds. And the new channel was quite a bit different from the old one. The peace movement in America had to go underground, "for the duration" - and another generation.

No, it was not a peaceful world. Nor was America protected from the wolves on this planet by the wide Pacific and Atlantic oceans, like most believed - or wanted to believe.

Yep, there's channel-changing going on, all the time - only it's not out there, in reality.

It's in our heads, where the disconnect between what's out there - and what's *really* out there (as opposed to what we *think* is out there) occurs.

We still live on a planet where all the old rules apply. The aggressor aggresses; the victim defends. The predators prey, and the prey fights, flees, or gives up and gets eaten.

The goal being survival.

And the end result, survival of the fittest.

And the fittest, you can say, are the ones who masters of reality. Or come closest to mastering reality - to understand what the rules are, and determined to win by playing by them.

Pretty simple stuff.

Yet humans have a way of interposing their minds into that equation.

And changing it, they think.

But reality is billions of years old, and human minds think in terms of today, and tomorrow - and maybe next month.

So, in the end, reality wins out.

Thus we introduce our story of Mr and Mrs Wabbit, in a lush garden, eating their fill, and creating more little Wabbits to hop around and enjoy the overpowering richness of their environment.

## Fred...continued.....




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King George III declares the American colonies to be in open rebellion. 22 August 1775



The Wabbits don't know who made the garden, and don't really care. Filling their bellies, enjoying life - that's enough for them.

Whoever built the garden for them has long passed from the scene. So who cares? But meantime, the fox has discovered the Wabbits in their garden, and the fox is lean and hungry - or, in more contemporary terms, the tiger (China).

The Wabbits, of course, don't know, and don't care. Their little refuge of safety is and always has been - and therefore, in their complacent, placid minds - always will be.

Guess you could say, the Wabbits have a disconnect with reality, right?

How does it happen?

How does the end come?

The future is not written, so we don't know.

But we do know the future will come, and it will be written, and Mr. and Mrs. Wabbit are not going to like reading what will be written.

Maybe the predators accumulate, and put pressure on the fence (a gift of the forgotten ones who built the garden, who also set up defenses to protect the inhabitants), and the fence suddenly gives way - and the predators have a field day, and all the Wabbits are eaten (in the real world, dispossessed, and enslaved).

For the predators, it's a day of celebration, of feasting.

For the Wabbits, it's an unmitigated, end-of-the-world disaster.

For reality, it's just another day...

What would have happened if one of the Wabbits was alert, and spotted the danger, and sounded the alarm?

Probably no one would have paid the 'crazy Wabbit' any attention - there's too much to eat, too much to enjoy, too much personal entertainment to spare any attention for anything remote or outside the bounds of the Wabbit's personal world.

What would have happened if the Wabbits were to remember their past?

It's possible they would have discovered they benefited because someone in the past cared enough to seize the garden, chase off the predators, and erect the fence - and understand and feel a debt of obligation to make sure the garden continues, the fence is kept in good repair, that it's important to pass the garden along intact to all the little future Wabbits.

And in the process of remembering, maybe honor the unknown (to the Wabbits) founders of the garden.

When you get to honoring, when you understand the debt, you are likely to also feel something else new to you: determination.

Determination (sometimes, grim) to make sure what those founders did is not forgotten, and is not allowed to die.

"To remember, is to honor."

Now, there is one more scenario to consider, one more alternative future: What if, instead of breaking down the fence, with the ensuing rush of predators into the midst of the Wabbit family, the predators are more clever? What if they sneak in, disguised as Wabbits?

Suppose they believe in the Golden Goose, and simply want to put the Wabbits to work for them, producing more Wabbits - and they arrange in some fashion to harvest a Wabbit or two, whenever there's hunger to satisfy?

What if, as a result, the predators multiply (natural, with all that food around) and the harvesting demand increases and increases, until the Golden Goose is killed, and

## Fred.....continued.....

eaten?

Gosh, by a roundabout way, we've come back to the same end: all the Wabbits gone, and the predators temporarily satiated.

In the endless cycle of predator-prey relationships, over-harvesting the prey results in a scarcity of prey, and the predator population collapses.

Reality. You can't keep it out, even when you're a predator.

Yet, we don't view life in that global sense. As Wabbits, we are concerned solely with the fortunes of the Wabbits, and having the predator population collapse simply because all or most of us are killed and eaten is of little consolation. Right?

Far better to avoid this future in the first place, right?

And how do we do it?

By waking up our fellow Wabbits to the sacrifice of the founders, and the reality that the garden we are in is not ours to squander, but something to be improved upon, expanded, increased - and passed on, to the next generation of Wabbits - and to make sure that what is passed on is not simply the garden - no sir! - but the heritage of the garden, the knowledge of the true cost of that beautiful garden, and the need for the next generation to protect it, to preserve it, to increase it...

Thus, the parable of the Wabbits.

The end of the parable is not yet written, even if in gross outline you can guess the end, should things not be changed. Should the Wabbits not be woken to reality. Should the Wabbits continue to slumber on.

It's up to us, is the essence of the parable.

Some of us Wabbits are awake, and it's incumbent - an obligation so ancient as to extend right back to April 19th, 1775 - upon us to do it - to step up and save the garden - by waking up our fellow sleeping Wabbits.

Which is how and why this is an Appleseed parable.

Not a complete one, because we are still writing the future.

Because we can still write the future.

We have power to influence that future.

And if we have the power, we must use it.

Because the garden is in danger. The predators are gathering. The future of the Wabbits is doubtful...

So we must.



*Fred at the NRA Convention in Houston*

## Revolutionary War History August 1775

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*It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon the supposition he may abuse it.*

George Washington

The idea of conquering Canada was not new to the Congress in August of 1775. Detailed plans to conquer Canada had been advanced in the spring of that year as separate plans by Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen. Congress had held off in the vain hope that Canada would join the rebellion. Once again Congress had disregarded the advice of military leaders for their own plans.

Canada had been locked in by agreement with the London Government at the time of the transfer of authority from France to England. The Quebec Act was merely a formalization of that agreement by which Canada was allowed to retain its French culture, the French language and its Catholic faith as well as a guarantee that the Ohio and Illinois territories would be reserved for the Canadians. Union with the colonies would give them but one vote among fourteen, as well as discrimination against its Catholic religion by all but Catholic Maryland. They also had tasted the military ability of the English colonies during the wars between England and France and feared military action against them without the protection of Great Britain.

Having settled in their mind the problems of a Continental Army, Congress turned its attention to eliminating Canada as a British stronghold to the north which could be used as a base to launch an attack down the lakes and to the Hudson River Valley thereby dividing the colonies into two separate divisions. To this end, they had in June of 1775, instructed Major General Schuyler of New York to raise an army and take possession of Canada using the approach from the Hudson River Valley to Montreal.

Having wasted the spring and summer when an army would enjoy the most favorable conditions for combat, Congress now compounded that error by giving command of what would become the Northern Army to General Philip Schuyler. He was a good enough militia officer but was lacking the dash and fire of a general leading troops in such a large operation as the Canadian expedition. This was particularly true since an expedition equipping in August would have to not only fight the enemy but the devastating forces of winter.

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*The quality of a person's life is in direct proportion to their commitment to excellence, regardless of their chosen field of endeavor.*

Vince Lombardi

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**AAR St.Cloud, Mn June 29-30, 2013 by AFTERMATH**

Well I don't want to rub it in, but anyone who wasn't there missed out big time... This weekend was filled with so much epic awesomeness of awesomely epic proportions that I can't possibly come close to describing the awesomely epic, epic awesomeness... Or perhaps it's just writer's block! 🙄

You decide! But I'll keep this one short.

This was our first event at the [Waite Park Rifle Club](#) and they were excellent hosts! I'd like to thank them once again for allowing us to come plant the seeds of Liberty in central Minnesota! They really do have a top-notch operation there - And we tend to run top-notch events. A perfect match? Perhaps.

Anyway, Instructors from North, South and East descended upon the very heart of Minnesota with only one thing on their minds! But don't worry I quickly diverted their attention to Appleseed! 😊

We made quick progress Saturday morning with set-up and registration - Before long it was time to get started and we didn't waste any time getting started. There were 26 shooter standing up against countless Redcoats and well the outcome wasn't very pretty. After vowing not to let them rout again we got to work.

The shooters were very eager to learn and progressed through all of Appleseeds points of instruction with little resistance. They persevered through the heat and humidity and even my Third Strike. Excellent bunch of students, sat on the edge of their seats through all of our history presentations. I figure they either enjoyed it, or were just happy to get a break from the firing line - Either way, seeds were planted!

By the end of the weekend, one shooter had managed to earn the Rifleman's Patch - Congratulations Brian!

Oh, and those five youths you see in the photo there will make short order of getting their patches as well.

Special thanks to the Instructors who help out with this event you all did a fine job - Even Taylor who sometimes forgets that he's actually from Eastern Minnesota. 😊

Thank you to all who attended! Each and every one of you has the heart of a Rifleman - You've just got to let him out!

As always, I'll see you on the Appleseed Trail!

Alex

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# Appleseed Fee Schedule for 2013

Revolutionary War Veterans Association  
 PO Box 965  
 Morehead, KY 40351

[info@appleseedusa.org](mailto:info@appleseedusa.org)

Mn Appleseed Newsletter  
 Mike Henrion  
 dhenrion@embarqmail.com

Search for "Project Appleseed" on Facebook and join our group

	1 Day	2 Day	3 Day	RBC
Adult Male	50	80	95	200
Adult Female	20	40	60	100
Under 18 *	10	20	30	100
Law Enforcement	FREE	FREE	FREE	FREE
Active Duty Military	FREE	FREE	FREE	FREE

\* Under 18 - One FREE ticket is available to youths under 18 years old with each paid Adult Ticket. Visit the Appleseed website for more pricing information.



## About the RWVA

Project Appleseed is the sole focus and activity of the Revolutionary War Veterans Association, a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization.

Weekend events, Boot Camps and the coordination necessary to make them happen are all conducted by proud volunteers. We are passionate about ensuring

that the Rifleman legacy is passed down to the generations of Americans that follow.

We're on the Web!  
[www.appleseedusa.org](http://www.appleseedusa.org)

