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SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

The Journal of
Professional Adventurers

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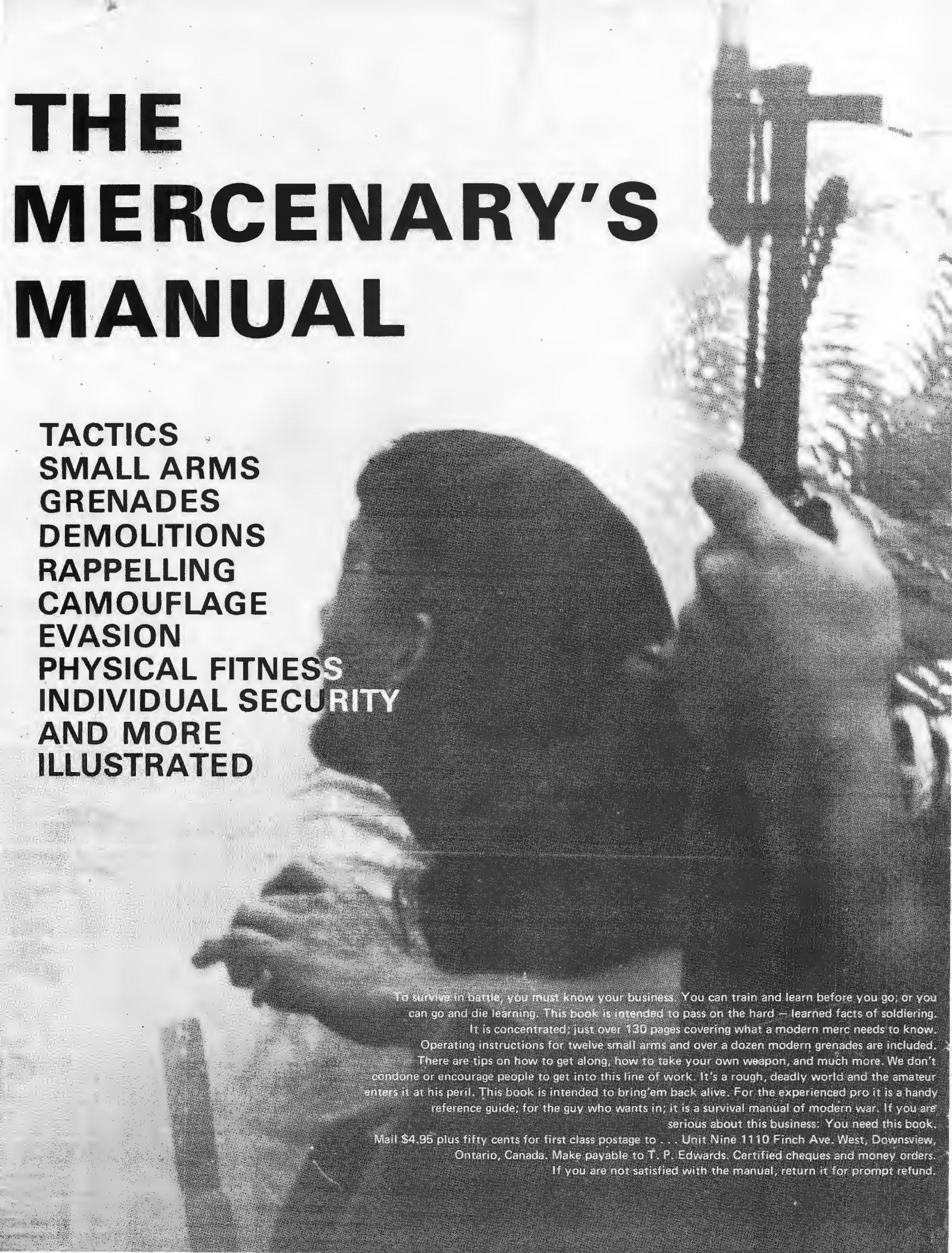
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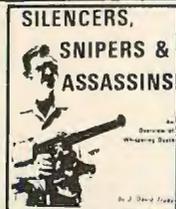
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Fall 1976

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The Journal of Professional Adventurers

Soldier of Fortune is published quarterly by Omega Group, Ltd., 1728 1/2 28th Street; Boulder, Colorado 80302 (303) 449-3750. CONTRIBUTORS: submitting manuscripts, photos or drawings, do so at own risk. Include return postage.

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Bulletin Board . . .



NEW SECOND CHANCE VEST . . .

Trooper with M-16 and 30 round magazine is wearing the new SECOND CHANCE "HARDCORPS" military-style, armored vest which will stop AK-47 AP round at one meter. Address: Second Chance, Dept. M., Central Lake, MI 49622

SOF APOLOGIZES . . .

We apologize to all you SOF'ers who received your summer issue after it appeared on the newstands. The computer firm tasked with providing us with the subscriber print out was late. We have solved this problem and your future subscription copies should arrive prior to newstand distribution.

ATTENTION: AIRBORNE PERSONNEL . . .

The AIRBORNE STATIC LINE is a monthly publication for, by and about Paratroopers and men with Airborne hearts.

This publication is dedicated to the perpetuation of the Airborne ideals of brotherhood, fellowship and camaraderie established in the warfare, strife and duress of World WWar II.

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DON LASSEN
Box 87518
College Park, Ga. 30337

ANGOLAN MERC TRIAL . . .

As we go to press, the English and American mercs captured and tried by the communist-sponsored MPLA have not been sentenced. SOF played a significant part in providing two of the three American mercs with legal counsel. Ed Arthur, long-time soldier of fortune and two-tour vet of Nam, put his attorney, Robert Cessner of Columbus, Ohio in touch with the parents of ex-Marine Gary Acker. Concurrently, SOF brought out Bill Wilson, a young, hard-charging attorney, from St. Louis who coordinated publicity and fund raising operations from our Boulder, Colorado office and later the west coast. Subsequently, Cessner and Wilson flew to Luanda to defend the captured mercs. Anyone wishing to help us defray the expenses in this effort can send contributions to: Committee for American Prisoners in Angola, Box 693, Boulder, CO 80302. Even the smallest contributions will be deeply appreciated as the expenses incurred have been heavy.

MORE RHODESIAN RECRUITING . . .

An outfit called "American Aid for Rhodesia" (AAR) is operating in San Antonio, Texas. In an interview with UPI, Mike Gonzalez, an AAR member, said that the organization is recruiting members and seeking funds and material donations throughout the Southwest. The AAR has set an end-of-summer goal of 1,000 members to form an expeditionary force to aid the white minority regime of Rhodesian Prime Minister, Ian Smith. The Rhodesian Information Office in Washington, however, does not officially endorse any U.S. group seeking to support it.

When an SOF staffmember tried to contact the AAR by telephone, the group's attorney, Joe Chacon, Jr., furnished no information other than a post office box number in San Antonio. Ain't that just like an attorney?

Anyone interested in finding out more about the AAR will have to write: P.O. Box 282, San Antonio, TX 78291.

OVERSEAS JOB WARNING . . .

Two recent occurrences prompt us to warn our readers of possible misinformation or downright lying on the part of international firms hiring Americans to work abroad. While most firms realize the importance of a good reputation, some do try to cut corners by attempting to screw their employees out of wages or benefits. Don't get the idea that it is just the fly-by-nights who have to be suspected: prestigious conglomerates are among the worst offenders. When rumors are verified, SOF will name names. Until then, at least you have been forewarned.

MEXICAN JAILBREAK . . .

Don Fielden, 31, a former Marine and Vietnam vet, lead a successful operation to breakout 14 American prisoners last March from the Piedras Negras jail. Fielden reconed the jail three times and at 0305 hours on 1 March made his move. He and his companion, armed with two shotguns, threw down on 10 Mexican guards, freed the prisoners and everybody "E and E'd."

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WE NEED YOU HELP . . .

Numerous readers have informed us that they have been unable to find SOF on their local newsstand, or in some cases, the entire city. There have been instances where the newsstand dealer has been unable to obtain additional copies from his supplier after his initial issue was sold out. We would appreciate having anyone who has encountered this problem forwarding to us the name and address of the specific dealer and why SOF is not on the newsstand. We need all the assistance we can get on this project and would like to hear from any of you who would be willing to give us a hand.

LATEST ON EL KAMAS PHONIES . . .

Numerous SOF'ers have notified us that they have sent \$25 to El Kamas of Anaheim, CA, and have received nothing in return. We apologize for not determining the credibility of El Kamas before running their ad.

Recently, James A. Scott, one of the two principals of El Kamas, was arrested and charged with arson. He is being held in lieu of \$50,000 bail for setting fire to his own offices. To date, we have no information concerning his motive.

MIDDLE EAST JOBS . . .

Northrop needs qualified supervisor and technicians with 6 to 10 years experience on F-4 and or F-5 aircraft and related equipment. Additional information may be obtained from and resumes sent to Box 108, Lawton, OK 73501

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Flak . . .

SELL OUT RHODESIA . . .

Dear Sirs:

I contacted the BSAP regards a limited field contract and was turned down on that basis only. They are interested, or so I was advised, not so much in the adventurer type as in a person who is concerned with the future of Rhodesia (which makes a helluva lot of sense to me). I'm standing by at this time to watch the overall situation in order not to get involved in another "sell out" situation like Nam. If I felt that there is a firm political commitment to maintain their national will I will probably reapply to either the BSAP or Rhodesian Army. My present cynicism, though, leads me to believe that the Rhodesian people will be sold out by all the politicians (ours, the Western allies, the South Africans, even their own.) This is where I disagree with Lt. Col. McColl in his "Onset of the Dark Ages", in that we will sell out the Caucasian Rhodesians just as readily as we (the Politico types) sold out the Roiential Vietnamese and Nationalist Chinese. He is right about the support for Israel, but only in that it is due to the percentage of Jewish vote money that interests the politicians. I seem to detect a slight anti-Israel tone in his article, but other than that I agreed with the major part of his article.

Again, thanks for a great magazine keep up the good work — all of it.

L.R.
East Lake, Ohio

More On The S&W M76 SMG

I had at least three, and I think four, of these guns, and came to regard them with undisguised disgust and rage. S&W — I verified this in one of many contacts directly with S&W — deliberately engineered an extraordinary trigger pull (over 20 lbs, as I estimated) in order to supposedly protect crowds from nervous policemen.

In other engineering disasters, S&W failed to include a secondary sear engagement notch in the bolt, creating a situation in which the Model 76 was prone to runaway fire when any but extremely hot ammo was used. Older rounds, as so frequently are found in some situations, just didn't have the oomph to slam the bolt back far enough for the sear to engage and turn the beast off. This created embarrassment for me more than once.

I particularly enjoyed the thrill of dismay which I felt when one of these guns failed to chamber a round. The bolt picked up the round and ran it forward, but the case mouth, slightly out-of-line with the chamber (as is normal in most guns), caught on the sharp, inadequately-beveled chamber mouth,

"headspaced", and fired without being contained in the chamber. The bullet lodged part-way down the bore, while the force of the explosion kicked the bolt back far enough to pick up another round, chamber and fire it, and to continue to do so with many more afterwards. A bulged barrel was the result. I mentioned this to S&W, and when I received a new barrel, I noticed that someone had taken it back to the shop for much-needed chamber modifications.

I have many more things to say about the S&W Model 76, but will suffice to say that there are many police departments here who are very unhappy with their 76's, and would love to dump them in favor of about anything — perhaps even, Reisings!

The S&W Model 76 received a well-deserved ditching by its maker, and Never will be too soon for reintroduction. The model is a poor version of better guns — better guns but guns which are now also obsolete in design and configuration. The Model 76 now belongs to the collectors, and they are quite welcome to it.

Don't take one on a bet. If you ever need to use it, you'll very possibly be very sorry.

A.C.
Indianapolis, Indiana

LRRP'S in Nam . . .

Dear Sir,

Received the spring 1976 S.O.F. edition, and was very pleased with the information that it contained. The information on Rhodesia by Mr. Cooper, was interesting, but the loss of citizenship did not sound very good and also I am receiving a pension from the Government and I do not want to lose either one. Mr. Cooper, in his article, stated that the U.S. Government does not forbid travel to Rhodesia, so there is a way around the red tape. At this time I am attempting to get my B.S. degree in Electrical Engineering, so if I go there seeking employment in this field I do have the right to protect myself, so we will see.

Another article that got my attention was the "Recon Team Tennessee," I know that the job was dangerous and was successful at times and the people that did this type of work have my utmost respect, but I served for three years in Viet Nam from Aug. 1967 to Aug. 1969 in the LRRPs and again from June 1970 to Jan. 1971 with K Co. 75th Ranger Group. We operated in the Central Highlands and sometimes in places where we were not supposed to be, but it was a necessity at times for a successful mission. Like the mercenaries hired by MACV and SF we also had our mercenaries, the tribesmen of the highlands; three American Rangers and two of these tribesmen made up a team. At times

three people were sent out — two Rangers and one mercenary. Of the Montagnard tribes, the Rhade were the best. The reason I am writing this is no one knows even about these people and to me as far as I am concerned they were more loyal than the Vietnamese could ever be. I am trying to contact some of my fellow Rangers and get a story about them and the help that they gave us. If I am successful in the effort I will let you have the story if it means anything. I feel that these people are having a hard time of it now and I feel that someone or everyone should know the help that was given us by these people.

I contacted Bart Bonner of the V.V.V. about Angola, I think that organization is washed out. Well I believed I have written enough at this time. Will keep in touch. Keep up the good work and the latest news.

John W.F. Gibson
St. Albans, WV

MORE ON THE BSAP . . .

Dear Sir,

I just returned from a very quick trip to Rhodesia and South Africa. Enclosed is a scale of the basic pay rates in the Rhodesian Army. Please note that the rates quoted have gone up 10% as of April 1st last month.

Last night I got hold of the latest edition of S.O.F. and was reading the flak column. In your magazines reply to officer F.R. it was stated that the B.S.A.P. would not accept individuals over 30 years of age. I've read that also in B.S.A.P. recruiting pamphlets, but I think that's mostly Bullshit! The B.S.A.P. was willing to take me last month and I'm 34 years of age. The men in the 18 to 25 year age group see most the action, I was told.

M.P.
San Francisco, Calif

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT . . .

..In regards to my last letter and the subject of my past employment in Saudi Arabia — I will make the following comments for possible use of the membership:

..I was employed by a British firm — Air Works Services, LTD. — who have many contracts, large and small, throughout the world. I may say, at this time, that this concern has a very sour taste in their mouth, as far as hiring U.S. types are concerned. First of all, they can hire a U.K. type, including Canadians and New Zealanders, for a quarter of what they would have to pay an American. I think that you will find that this is true of any British company with overseas contracts of which there are quite a number. So, unless your membership includes non — U.S. types, this letter is not appropriate.

I have several British friends serving as mercenaries in Oman — again, the line is drawn against hiring U.S. citizens. I have a contact in Singapore flying with their Air Force. The pay is not attractive and the local government takes back 25% of the pay in taxes.

Back to the Middle East — any member who has extensive maintenance, electronic, or fire power systems background, etc., including some pilots, should contact Northrop Aviation in California. These are not mercenary jobs, per se; however, the pay is excellent with good fringe benefits.

I wouldn't advise married types to take families into the Middle East, as it's too rough on the wives and also very expensive to keep them over there. Schooling is a problem above the 8th grade, when kids have to be sent out of the country. — This problem also exists in Iran.

This is about all that I can contribute since my past experience, contacts, etc., are not pertinent, at this time. Cheers!

R.E. Thomas
Clark Ridge, AR

FRED REXER REPORTS . . .

Our "Mercenaries Wanted" ad was cribbed from "Shotgun News" and run in "Trang Den," which is a Viet language publication distributed in the United States.

The response has been terrific! Between 60 and 100 young Viet soldiers have written in. Here are some excerpts:

"I'm a helicopter pilot (Major in Vietnam) . . . I have seven years experience. I volunteer to fight Communists anywhere . . ."

"I was Lieutenant Colonel, armament and airmunitions officer during 21 years and Squadron Commander . . ."

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"I were a former Vietnam Air Force Major. I flew many kinds of helicopter . . . I would love to join mercenary soldiers to fight reds . . ."

The revelation here is that the people you and I led into combat have not given up just because the U.S. sold them out. Like the Czechs, the Hungarians, the Poles and the East Germans these soldiers are ready to fight again! They're ready to tell the world that their country is not in the benevolent hands of unselfish nationalists but that their land has been stolen by a group of bullies armed with all the bombed-in might of the Soviets.



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All these were made for the U.S. Armed Forces. These are not foreign copies. You might note that some of the boys who advertise these type knives for a whole lot less don't tell you where they're made. Of course, their motto is: "Caveat Emptor". Ours is "Satisfaction or your money back".



Marine Corps Combat Knife: This has a 7" blade so strong that 3/4" of it can be clamped in a vise and a 185 lb. man can sit on the handle without breaking the tip! The handle and sheath are treated with preservative to prevent fungus, rot, etc. \$10.50



Air Force Survival Knife, 5" blade, just as tough as the Marine knife above; this one has a saw back blade, and a hammer butt (you use it when the knife's in the sheath). The metal tipped sheath has a lanyard and a sharpening stone in a pouch. \$9.50



Machete, made by Ontario for the U.S. Army; 18" parkerized blade, marked with the manufacturer's name and "US". These are right out of the factory wrap, without sheaths. \$6.50.



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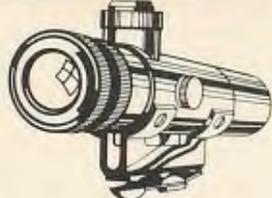
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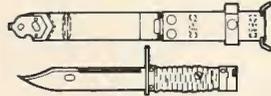
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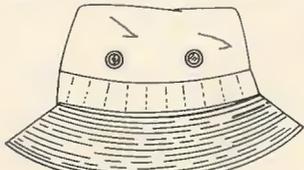
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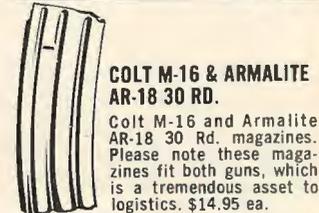
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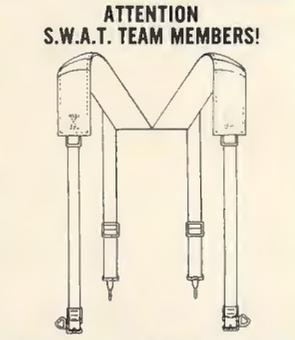
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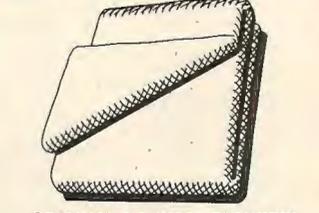
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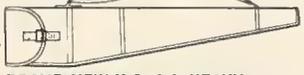
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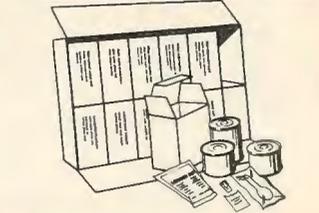
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TERRAIN AND SITUATION NO. 1

By JERRY AHERN

NOTE: The contents of this column will depend largely on you, the reader. If you know of or manufacture a product aimed at personal survival, or if a product you have used didn't measure up, write me, in care of this magazine. Fair game would be individual weapons for emergency or survival situations, survival gear, etc. The arena here is the street or the field. If there's something you want to see in this column, write me.

.....

"Place it over your middle finger and into or against the knuckle. Ball up the fist and start punching. Have you ever looked at a peeled tomato? Rap someone in the mouth with this knuckle duster!" These are the words Lew Booth, custom knifemaker, uses to describe his Model J. All Stainless Steel Knuckle Knife. Both sums up the lethality and simplicity well. Made on one-eighth-inch stainless steel stock and sharp enough to shave with (I've seen it done), it is a combination of the principles of brass or metal knuckles and the striking power of a hand ax. Designed for police and undercover work and fitted with a spring steel clip, it will attach to the clothing almost anywhere or can be used money-clip fashion and carried in the pocket. To accommodate different hand sizes, the fingerhole is made in three sizes — seven-eighths, one inch and one and one-eighth in diameter.

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Safety Developmental Industries, Inc., makes the Wilderness Survival Kit, weighing just 23 ounces, measuring 5½" x 1¾" x 8" and waterproof packaged. For tossing in the car, the backpack, the boat, the plane or snowmobile, it's hard to beat. The contents consist of one eight foot tube shelter (a good gauge of plastic designed to hold up and resist rips), one box of safety matches, two candles, one waterproof match container with flint, five cotton balls, two folding aluminum cups, four packets honey, two packets vegetable soup, two beef soup, two chicken soup, two tea, four salt, one high pitch whistle (which really is high pitched and loud), one signal mirror (metal), one two-bladed knife (sturdy

and well-made), one compass (again, working quite well after considerable knocking around), 45 feet of 170 — pound test nylon cord, 24 inches copper wire, 24 inches electrical tape, two square feet aluminum foil, 24 feet ten-pound test fishline, four fish hooks, eight split shot fish weights, 12 aspirin, 10 adhesive bandages, two anti-bacterial ointment envelopes, 24 inches adhesive tape strips, four safety pins, one single-edge razor blade, three self-locking poly bags, one waterproof vinyl pouch and one Wilderness Survival Kit Instruction Booklet. This latter was authored by Tim Kneeland, Director, Institute for Survival Education. The booklet contains many useful pointers on construction of emergency shelters, signalling for help, starting fires, etc.

Considering what is found in the kit (coupled with your keeping a cool head—the most basic ingredient to any type of survival), — it easily could save your life; therefore, the price of \$20.40 isn't at all high. I got mine through M&N Distributors, 800 West Carson, Building 33, Torrance, California 90502 USA.

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Freebooters Must Die. by Frederic Rosengarten, Jr. Haverford House Wayne, Pennsylvania, 1976. \$12.95.

This is the ultimate biography to date of William Walker "they grey-eyed man of destiny," probably the most famed soldier of fortune in history, and even today the most controversial. In his bibliography, Rosengarten lists no less than 139 other publications as sources — attesting as much to a century and more of enduring interest and curiosity about the man as much as to the author's exhaustive research. There are also 136 illustrations — photographs, drawings, reproductions of newspapers, letters, and so forth — and the author pretty much lets the participants do their own thing and tell their own story. He strives for a "you are there" atmosphere and, for the most part, lets the reader draw his own conclusions.

One obvious conclusion is simply that the soldiers of fortune of the 1850's and those of the 1970's are not all that much different. You will recognize the same types, "the mixed breed coming from all walks of life and ranging from a few wealthy college-educated aristocrats to some lowly ex-convicts." Both generations shared the fanatics and the Freddie Fuck-ups, the fact that your own side is often fully as dangerous as the enemy, misbegotten leadership, the inherent hostility of government — and above all else comes forth the timeless truth that professional mercenaries are a breed which, without need of official status, ideology, politics or other rationalization, can fight like wild beasts in battle.

William Walker, the man, was as confusing to his contemporaries as he was later to his biographers. Rosengarten comes dangerously close in yielding to the temptation, then as now, to focus on Walker and what-he-was-really-like. Rosengarten throws at us all the basic statistics that add up the Walker mystery: howcum this nondescript, 5'4", 120-lb medical student-lawyer-journalist, a freakish and sexless civilian, was able to perform such feats that he's attracted the attention of 140 biographers?

Rosengarten doesn't give us the answer, nor do his 139 predecessors — although they all try to an annoying extent. Like his colleagues, Rosengarten is of the school we have all met. The soldier of fortune bit is something alien to him, a concept he cannot comprehend. Walker and any other mercenaries who run around in other people's boondocks fighting other people's wars are not simply doing what comes naturally; they are either psychopaths or political fanatics. In Walker's case, Rosengarten finds it to be a racist conspiracy by "Anglo Saxon imperialists" to "create a vast slave empire in Central America."

FREEBOOTERS MUST DIE

Review by Robert Roman



The fact is, of course, that most of us are primitives who don't think in such cosmic dimensions — but if it makes the Rosengartens happier if they can pigeon-hole and slap on labels, then so be it. Don't let it turn you off to what is essentially an excellent book and a survival kit as well. Rosengarten will help you diagnose symptoms of an ever-current affliction in this business which might be called "the William Walker Disease."

Walker's career as a freebooter or filibuster, to use the 19th century terms, lasted only seven years. It began in 1853 when Walker, a San Francisco reporter at the time, somehow persuaded 45 frontiersmen and disappointed miners to form up into an army and "liberate" Baja California from the Mexicans. And, in the usual mixture of carnage and comic opera that became a Walker trademark, they damn near succeeded! Walker's warriors actually seized the capital, La Paz, grabbed the astounded governor and hoisted their own flag. Both the Mexican and American governments naturally got very excited by these proceedings. The American officials sealed off the border, cutting off reinforcement and supplies, and the Mexicans counterattacked. Most of the mercs were wiped out; Walker emerged unscathed and something of a hero. Until the end, that was typical.

Walker then ran into an adventurous promoter named Byron Cole who had noted with interest that another business pirate had a good thing going for himself down in Nicaragua: Cornelius Vanderbilt had organized the Accessory Transit

Company to transport goldrush passengers and freight from New York to Greytown at the mouth of the San Juan River in Nicaragua, up the river, across Lake Nicaragua to a Pacific port, then by sea to California. Fares and freight rates were astronomical, of course, but for Vanderbilt it was more of a goldmine than any of the miners would find in California. That interested Cole — and Walker.

In the next scene our hero is off to Nicaragua with a 58-man army to get in on what had previously been a private fight. The Nicaraguans were slaughtering each other with vast enthusiasm and Walker's warriors picked one side and jumped in. The good guys, the side they joined, were the Democrats of the city of Leon who were fighting the bad guys, the Legitimists of Granada. In the Americans' first attack, Walker led his men straight into an ambush. They got clobbered. That was followed by much inconsequential skirmishing. Then Walker attacked the enemy capital itself, Granada. By a fluke, the city had been left undefended and the mercs seized it almost without firing a shot. Loss of their capital demoralized the Democrats and they sued for peace. Walker had won without a single military victory. Nevertheless, Walker was able to convince himself, his men and the Nicaraguans that he was a military genius. Walker was named commander in chief of the Nicaraguan army and hundreds of other American mercs poured in to join him. Then he grabbed Vanderbilt's Accessory Transit Company. Walker was at his apex. It didn't last long.

The mercs actually controlled only two very narrow strips of land and water. One was the thin plain on the Pacific coast running north-south from Leon to Granada; the other was Vanderbilt's even narrower transit route east-west along the Rio San Juan. Both strips are miserably hot and unhealthy. Both are impossible to defend against serious military attack. Walker ignored the healthy and easily defended central highlands — sound familiar? — which constitute most of the country. To Walker, the transit route was his only lifeline to the outside world and holding Granada and the coastal strip meant his legitimacy as dictator of Nicaragua. He was wrong on both counts. In fact, Walker was so consistently wrong that Rosengarten makes it clear that it was the "formidable fighters" and "rough and tumble adventurers" of the mercenary army who were the real substance behind the Walker facade.

Walker proved to be as inept as administrator as he was a military leader. He made a few feeble attempts along the lines of that dismal expression about "winning hearts and minds," but even that small effort was cancelled out by the fact that he was a fast man with a firing

squad — much too fast. He would execute his own men on the spot for looting or sleeping on duty. Firing squad discipline was one thing; it was quite another when he began shooting most of the prominent Nicaraguan leaders who had been his allies. His open executions were no deterrent and instead obliged the victims' friends and followers to repay in kind.

Walker soon managed to acquire a really impressive array of enemies: both sides of the Nicaraguan conflict, the rest of Central America, the British Empire and the United States. Not to mention Cornelius Vanderbilt. The Central Americans attacked first. Thousands of Guatemalans, Hondurans and Salvadoreans came boiling out of the north, Costa Ricans from the south.

It was now real war, carnage not comic opera. The mercenaries fought back furiously. They included such legendary professionals as Roberdeau Wheat, Gen. C.C. Hornsby, Charles Doubleday. Most famed of all was Col. Charles Henningsen. Born in England of Swedish parents, he had served in wars and revolutions throughout Europe. Finally routed in the 1848 defeat of Hungarian rebels Henningsen had come to the United States where he introduced the manufacture of the new Minie rifle. He had then joined Walker.

The mercenaries were well armed but oddly dressed for tropical combat. All carried rifles, pistols and bowie knives. Most were dressed in blue flannel shirts, heavy trousers, miners boots and wide-brimmed black hats. The heat must have seemed murderous to them — and it was. Even more than by battle casualties, the mercenaries were decimated by disease. Rosengarten lets the survivors tell it themselves, horror stories of brave men felled not by enemy bullets but ingloriously ended by cholera, typhus, yellow fever, amoebic dysentery. But the mercenaries continued to fight.

Rosengarten makes no attempt at military analysis, but if you read him carefully, you'll see that Walker had no more concept of combat than a madened bull. He simply pointed the mercs at the objective and charged. Obsessed with Granada, the objective was usually to attack, defend or destroy the city. Yet, in an odd way, he seems a prototype of modern conventional generals who scorn guerrilla warfare and yearn for set-piece battles. Walker apparently did have a military theory of sorts and Rosengarten quotes it.

"The best manner of treating a revolutionary movement is to treat it as a boil, let it come to a head, and then lance it, letting all the bad matter out at once. A war against scattered guerrillas is more exhausting than a contest with the enemy gathered in mass."

One can imagine the French generals muttering this maxim to themselves as they muddled through the Indochina War until 1954 when their death wish came true at Dien Bien Phu — and their American successors then taking up the same refrain.

And even as in Indochina, where lack of talented top leadership was paid for by the losses of the fighting elite, so it was in Walker's Nicaragua. The mercenaries' junior officers and men there have been rated among the best fighting men of any country in any century. Perhaps the man best qualified to make such an evaluation, a connoisseur of combat qualities, was Colonel Henningsen. He went on from Nicaragua to serve as a general in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. Rosengarten quotes him:

I have often seen them (the mercs) marching with a broken or compound-fractured arm in splints, and using the other to fire the rifle or revolver. Those with a fractured thigh, or wounds which rendered them incapable of removal, often (or rather, in early times, always) shot themselves, sooner than fall into the hands of the enemy. Such men do not turn up in the average of every-day life, nor do I ever expect to see their like again. I was on the Confederate side in many of the bloodiest battles of the late war; but I aver that if, at the end of that war, I had been allowed to pick five thousand of the bravest Confederate or Federal soldiers I ever saw, and could resurrect and pit against them one thousand of such men as lie beneath the orange trees of Nicaragua, I feel certain that the thousand would have scattered and utterly routed the five thousand within an hour. All military science failed, on a suddenly given field, before assailants who came on at a run, to close with their revolvers, and who thought little of charging a battery, pistol in hand.

When the end came — Rosengarten dwells too briefly on this — the decisive blow was delivered, appropriately, by a very mercenary individual indeed: the old robber baron himself, Cornelius Vanderbilt. The commodore had vowed revenge against Walker and using the time tested principle of fighting fire and catching thieves, he hired himself a couple good mercs. They were an American named Sylvanus Spencer and William Webster, an Englishman.

Spencer and Webster arrived in Costa Rica with money, arms, ammo and a plan to do in William Walker once and for all. (The weapons, ironically, were Henningsen's Minie rifles). The pair organized and armed a commando force of Costa Ricans and led them in a series of quick, clean assaults on the mer-

cenaries' thin defenses along the San Juan. Within days, Vanderbilt's mercs and their men were in control of the San Juan transit strip and Lake Nicaragua. That was the end for Walker.

The dustjacket of Rosengarten's book notes that he was decorated with the order of the Quetzal by the Guatemalan Government. After this book, however, the only thing Central American governments will be awarding the author will be brickbats. The Walker wars produced a whole generation of national heroes in Central America. The Guatemalans take bows because one of their dictators served for a time as a sort of generalissimo of the armies allied against Walker. The Costa Ricans claim theirs was the victory. The Hondurans want the credit because Walker died before a Honduran firing squad. And in Nicaragua, they never heard of outside help; Walker is a national institution. They did him in all by themselves and now this gringo Rosengarten comes along and rewrites history!

But, unlike Walker, the author has carefully secured his flanks here; again he lets the facts speak for themselves and the only hint of military professionalism in the campaigns against Walker — and or by Walker — comes when WW's whole operation is neatly disemboweled by Vanderbilt's own mercs. In March 1857, Walker and his staff surrendered and were evacuated by an American warship — barely three months after the counter-mercs had taken the field.

This should have been the end but wasn't. Several more attempts Walker made to get back to his Central American turf. Each time he was swiftly blocked by the U.S. Navy and the Royal Navy in scenes which will evoke nostalgia among the veterans of the abortive Miami strikes on Cuba in the 1960's. His end came in a situation remarkably similar to the Abaco thing in the Bahamas which has so tantalized the Miami mercs in recent years.

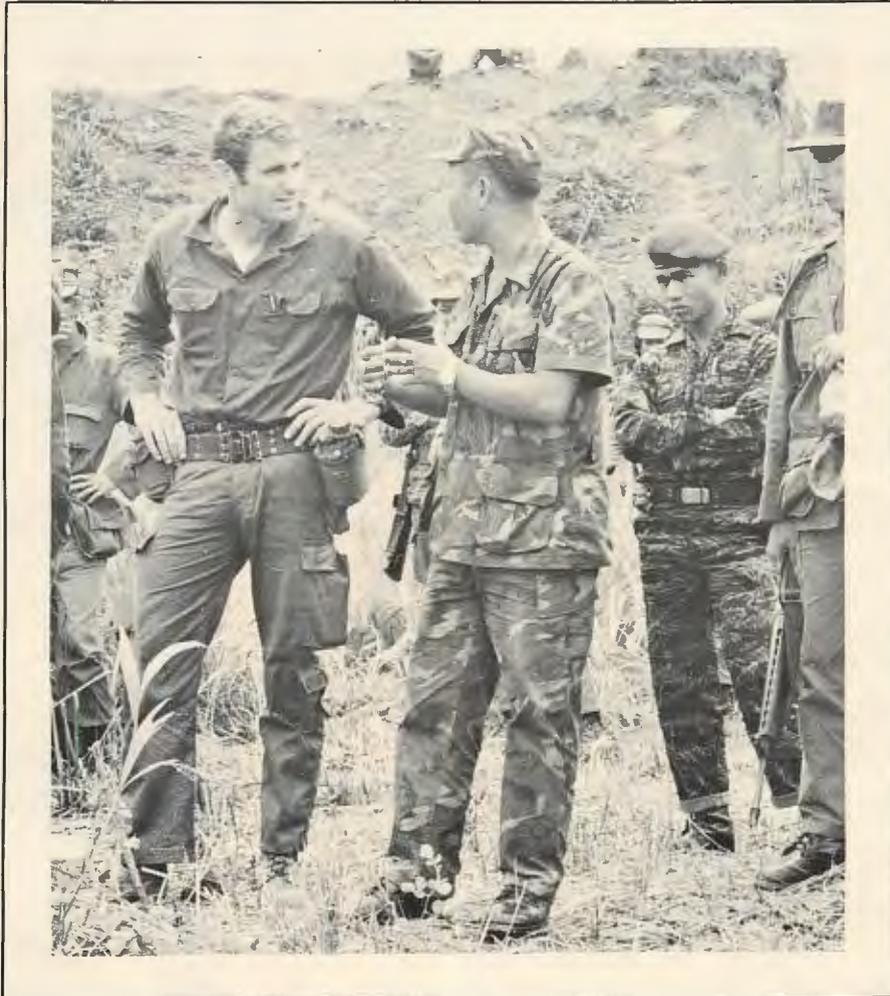
For several hundred years, the British had occupied the Bay Islands, a cluster of tiny islets off the coast of Honduras. In 1860, the British ceded the islands to Honduras — much against the wishes of the British settlers who, even today, refer to the Central American mainlanders as "Spaniards." The Bay Islanders began making noises about independence and Walker was more than ready to lend a helping hand. In August 1860, Walker and some 90 soldiers of fortune invaded Honduras itself.

What followed was the usual mixture of desperate claw and fang fighting by the mercs coupled with Walker's total bankruptcy of command capability. Walker eventually surrendered to the commander of a British warship. That officer and gentleman promptly handed him over to the Hondurans, who just as

continued from page 63

By LTC Robert K. Brown and Robert Hember

The Story of
GEORGE BACON
A Twentieth Century Crusader



Born August 4, 1946, U.S.A.
Died February 14, 1976, Angola



Drab and battered, the Landrover drove slowly down a narrow dirt road winding through the African bush. Its grim-faced occupants, heavily armed and dressed in sweat-stained camouflage fatigues, combed the area for movement. George W. Bacon III and Gary Acker, two of seven Americans who volunteered to fight the communist-sponsored MPLA and their Cuban allies in Angola, were searching for a friendly patrol who had not returned the day before.

Suddenly, fire from AK-47's and RPD light machine guns punched through the aluminum body of the Landrover. A Cuban ambush! Bacon and Acker dove out of the vehicle before it came to a stop. Acker took a round in the leg but Bacon was already dying when he hit the ground, and thus became the only American to die fighting communist aggression in 1976.

George Bacon III, Special Forces medic in Vietnam, CIA Case Officer in Laos, CIA Intelligence Star recipient, *summa cum laude* college graduate, naturalist environmentalist, deep-sea diver and freedom fighter, gave his life so that others might live unoppressed. George Bacon, a 20th Century crusader, was a unique example of the triumph of ethics over greed, of commitment over apathy, and of action over intention.

Perhaps once in your life, if you're fortunate, you meet a man who is bigger than life. A man with integrity, scruples,

commitment who has still managed to keep his sense of humor; a man willing to put his life on the line to fight tyranny. George W. Bacon III was such a man. Sadly, he is more famous now that he is dead than when he was alive. George's parents have many fine memories of him to ease their grief, and have generously consented to share them with SOF readers.

George's compassion was apparent when he was a child. He noticed that his sister didn't have a tricycle, so he bought her a used one at a church bazaar. "He was always doing things like that", George's mother observed. On another occasion, George was visiting his grandmother in North Carolina when he found an abandoned puppy. He took care of it and then gave it to his little sister as a present. These small acts of consideration were the rule for George, not the exception. His mother recalls that as a child George loved animals. She was sometimes apprehensive about washing his clothes because she would often find his pockets filled with worms or frogs.

George loved sports, especially swimming, and throughout his life was good at almost everything he tried. Not that George was necessarily a great natural athlete; his strength was that he tried hard and didn't stop trying until the whistle blew.

When George was in high school, the car he was riding in caught fire, making



Top: Bacon and General Vang Pao.

Center: Bacon and another Case Officer with Air America pilots.

Bottom: Bacon watches as General Vang Pao interrogates North Vietnamese prisoner.

George Bacon Was The Only American KIA In Angola

him late for dinner with his parents. Mrs. Bacon's sister telephoned his home before George arrived and told Mrs. Bacon, "I just saw George on TV in a car that was on fire!" When George returned, he merely said, "Mother, I'm sorry I was late, but we had a little trouble." He was very low-keyed about the incident, but his clothes reeked of smoke. According to George's mother, "It was as though it didn't bother him at all. That's the way George was." This almost uncanny ability to remain calm in hazardous situations was to prove invaluable to George later in Vietnam and Laos.

After high school, Bacon attended Georgetown University where he majored in International Relations at the School of Foreign Service. It was during this time that his commitment to anti-communism and to liberating the oppressed become solidified. Carroll Quigley, one of George's professors, wrote what became Bacon's favorite book, *Tragedy and Hope: A History of the World in Our Time*.

In 1966, after two years at Georgetown, Bacon joined the Army. It was a decision that changed the course of his life. From the abstract world of academia, he plunged into the reality of the wartime Army. The Army suited Bacon much better than university life; it was something he really could sink his teeth into.

Bacon's father wanted the best for his son and advised him to apply for Officer Candidate School. However, Bacon opted for Special Forces. While in training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, Bacon wrote his parents telling them that he was satisfied that SF was a much better choice for him than OCS. He wrote them, "At least now I have found something at which I can become among the very best." It was obvious to Bacon that if he were going to maximize his effectiveness in Vietnam, he would have to learn the language. He began studying Vietnamese on his own and was tutored by Madam Nhu's sister. By the time he arrived in Vietnam, he had become fluent in the language.

His success in Vietnam with Special Forces, and subsequently with the CIA in Laos, was previewed by his performance during his SF training. Commendations began piling up in his 201 file. On 4 December 1967, he was selected as the Honor Graduate of the Special Forces medic course; on 23 February 1968, he was designated Soldier of the Month and selected as the Distinguished Honor Graduate of the Special Forces Training Group (Airborne), Class 68-5.

Jim Whittaker, a Black man from

Ohio, was George's barracks roommate at Fort Bragg in 1967. Jim and George spent a great deal of time together and became fast friends. Jim remembers George as impulsive and aggressive. When an SOF staff member informed Jim of George's death, Jim was shocked but not surprised. Jim felt that if he had been with George, he might be alive today. Jim felt that George and he worked well as a team. "That's the way it is, you know, if you got somebody else there that's looking out for you, they can help you. That's the way the kids got killed in Vietnam. You go to Vietnam, you go with a buddy if you're not there when he needs you, he gets killed."

Bacon was not one to talk much about his combat experiences. His father recalled, "George once mentioned casually that a helicopter he was riding in was shot down. One of the troops was shot through the leg and George bandaged it for him. When the helicopter went down, it was behind enemy lines

War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse.

A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight; nothing he cares about more than his own personal safety; is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself.

John Stuart Mill

and the chopper crew panicked. George said he was able to lay down enough fire power to keep the enemy at bay until another helicopter could land and pick them up."

One of Bacon's comrades in MACV-SOG (Studies and Observation Group — the cover name used by the CIA for their operations into North Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia which were carried out by Special Forces and indigenous personnel) provided insights into Bacon's experiences in Vietnam. He met Bacon in December 1968 at Command and Control North (CCN) located at DaNang. "Before coming to DaNang in August, Bacon had been running "Walkout" recon out of Kahe Sanh", his team member related, "while the Marines would go 100 meters outside the perimeter and get their asses blown away." He flew into DaNang to appear before a promotion board and while there

a VC sapper unit attacked the perimeter. When the attack occurred, Bacon grabbed his M-16, charged outside and began firing. Shortly thereafter, he was hit in the shoulder with a round from an AK-47. After convalescing on a hospital ship in DaNang harbor, Bacon returned to duty and was transferred to FOB 2 at Kontum.

"I worked with George for three or four months in early 1969", his comrade remembered, "and he was always in the thick of things. In February 1969, our team conducted a Bomb Damage Assessment (BDA) of what, up to that time, was the largest B-52 strike of the war — over 100 B-52 sorties in 24 hours on the same target. The strike was directed against the headquarters of the North Vietnamese Army's 27th Regiment's base camp. The last bombs fell at 0730 hours and we were inserted at 0830 hours. We stayed on the ground for less than six hours. Our team consisted of eight men — three Americans and five Vietnamese.

"We were inserted in unmarked H-34 choppers manned by Vietnamese crews. Air cover was provided by four UH-1C gunships. At that time, the rules of engagement prevented tactical aircraft from operating in the area.

"We found numerous bunkers and there were NVA all around us. We had blundered into a hornet's nest. Because of the large number of enemy in the area, the powers that be considered the raid had been a success.

"The second operation took us into the same area on a reconnaissance and prisoner snatch. We were inserted at 110 hours. We had moved only 100 meters away from the LZ when we began taking heavy ground fire. Our point man took an AK round through the arm and two other Vietnamese were wounded, though they could walk.

"George and I stayed behind and held off the enemy while the team leader and remainder of the team withdrew to the LZ and established a tight perimeter on the far side. It was hot and heavy as George and I detonated Claymores, threw grenades and fired bursts of automatic fire — he from his CAR-15 and myself from a silenced Swedish K. We don't know how many we got, though I heard NVA screams after I tossed a white phosphorus grenade.

"On this mission, George was the radio operator and number three in the chain of command, and I was the assistant team leader. During the fire fight, I kept telling George to get out. He would not leave. We began arguing, as we were firing, about who should stay and who should leave. In the end we compromised; both of us stayed. About 15 minutes later, back at the perimeter of the LZ, I said, 'You ass! What are you trying to do? Be John Wayne?' He replied, 'Nope, just George Bacon.'

"When we rejoined the rest of the team, we took the left flank where the



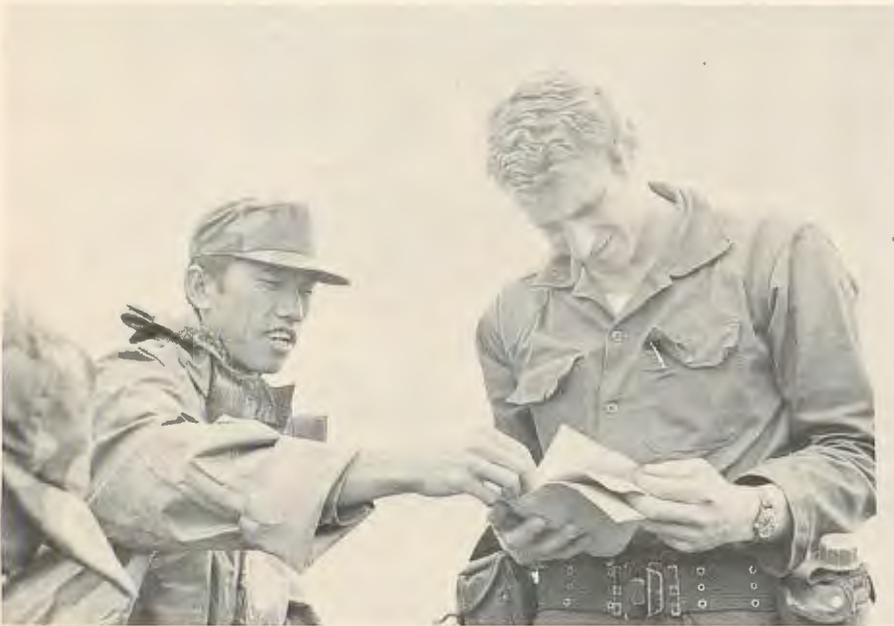
NVA was the closest. The NVA had laid down a base of fire from the route of our withdrawal and were trying to envelop us. Suddenly two NVA popped up out of nowhere with their AK's chattering. I hit the dirt, but George blasted back. I don't know if he got them, but they quit firing. Finally the Charley Model gunships arrived, but before we lifted off, both the gunships and George and I had expended all our ammo. George was carrying 22 20-round mags for his CAR and I carried 17 36-round mags in four ammo pouches with one in the "K."

"George went home in April. I believe he had spent about 18 months in C&C. I remember one letter from George that stated he was displeased with the attitudes of most of his college classmates. In the same letter, he said he was going to work for 'Christians in Action', George's personal code for the CIA. George attended Agency training in North Carolina, Florida and Virginia. He wrote once in awhile, but never said exactly what he was doing."

After only a year at the University of Massachusetts, Bacon was contacted by the CIA and was offered a job which he accepted. Bacon's father asked him why he was interrupting his higher education a second time. George explained that the University would always be there, but that an opportunity with the Agency might not.

After months of training, George was assigned to northern Laos as a Case Officer. He served as an advisor to Meo tribal guerrillas fighting communist North Vietnamese aggression. For more than a decade, the Agency had been conducting a clandestine war against the communist Pathet Lao and the North Vietnamese on the Plain of Jars. Meo tribesmen, led by General Vang Pao, were armed, trained and directed by Agency Case Officers, most of whom were veterans of Vietnam. George was responsible for millions of dollars worth of materiel and for hundreds of thousands of dollars of cash funds. He was promoted three times and was awarded the Intelligence Star, the Agency's second highest award, for setting an example of leadership for the Meo troops while under fire.

Another Case Officer and friend of



Above left: Bacon adjusts artillery as General Vang Pao observes.

Above center: Bacon and his Laotian interpreter examine captured NVA document.



Left: Bacon, center, often disobeyed Agency orders and led combat operations.

George's who cannot be identified because of close ties with the intelligence community, recalls, "I met George early in 1971. One of the things that made George unique was that he was a hard charger. Unlike most of the other Case Officers who went around armed to the teeth, George walked around most of the time with a 45 pistol, if that. Half the time he forgot the pistol. George rallied against the system. The Agency policy dictated that Case Officers were not allowed to participate in combat. George observed neither the spirit nor the letter of the "law". He had a penchant for doing things himself, which meant, more or less, leading a lot of these little operations.

"Late in 1972 or early in 1973, our base at Long Tieng was located in a long valley. We extended out miles and miles from there, but eventually we were pushed back to the point where we were on the floor of the valley. One hilltop belonged to friendly troops and one hilltop had enemy troops; we periodically swapped hilltops.

"The hostile forces looked down on our base from a distance of a couple of clicks. There was an operation mounted to retake a strategically important hill using General Vang Pao's crack troops, if you can call any of them crack troops. Anyway, George led this whole thing himself, unbeknownst to the CIA management, of course.

"This was indicative of the way he did things. If he had been caught doing it (well, he's lucky he didn't get his ass shot off), the CIA would have fired him. Or at least they would have shipped him back home. In any case, George was very dearly loved by the people he worked with.

"I remember George had a problem with the Air America pilots. He was more aggressive than they were. George was in charge of Site 15, which was manned by one or two battalions of Thai mercenaries. It was surrounded for several months and it was very difficult to get him in and out of there. Both George and his supplies had to fly in and fly out; same with the wounded. The enemy had the site ringed with 12.7 mm anti-aircraft guns which, of course, made it a little uncomfortable for the chopper pilots. George was constantly at odds with the chopper pilots because he felt they were very highly paid and they should be more aggressive; at least as aggressive as he was. Most of the pilots didn't agree with him.

"George was super-energetic; he used to run all the time. He couldn't wait to get going. He was always one of the first guys up in the morning, and one of the last guys back.

"At Long Tieng we were under siege several times. Eventually the Agency pulled almost all of the Americans out. The guys used to come in in the morning and leave at night. However, there were



usually three or four of us in the valley at night. George and another guy, though, were in the valley almost all the time. Most of the other guys were happy to get out at night and go on to Vientiane or Thailand.

"But not George. He was there constantly; months on end. The situation got pretty dicey sometimes; there were a lot of artillery incoming and it could be very uncomfortable. George and this other guy just dug themselves a great big hole in the ground and made a bunker out of it. They just hung in there the whole time, for which, I believe, the Agency awarded him the Intelligence Star."

Another Agency Case Officer and friend of Bacon remembered, "I first met him in training with the Agency. The last time I saw him was when he came up

to Anchorage. He stayed with me for about a month after he graduated from college in May of 1974. He was thinking about going to work on the trans-Alaskan pipeline; he had offers to go to work for some geophysical people here and he turned them down. He called Washington, D.C. on a Friday and on Monday there were tickets in the mail, and I knew he was going back to work for the company. I received a letter from him when he was in England, apparently looking for work up in the North Sea but he didn't say much about it.

"I'm surprised the Kayak (Bacon's codename in Laos) made it as far as he did. He didn't have any natural fear of anything; whereas the rest of us were scared shitless 95% of the time. I never saw him carry any weapon other than a

Above: Bacon and General Vang Pao discuss strategy over a meal.

Below: Stern with incompetent officers, Bacon was idolized by Meo E.M.



45. When things were going bad for us in Long Tieng valley, we used to amuse ourselves watching the Kayak through binoculars, walking from one position to another. He was in my estimation, and probably in everybody's, one of the best Case Officers over there. He was a lot more dedicated than at least I was, that's for damn sure. He really never gave up. We'd have long discussions as to the futility of the situation, but he never gave up hope. As a matter of fact, he'd get kind of incensed when you'd start talking about it. He had a kind of never-say-die type attitude, at least as far as communism was concerned.

"He was always where he didn't really have to be. I remember one time when we were defending a place called Skyline Ridge, he was up in one foxhole with a Laotian Colonel and a Thai Colonel. When he received a radio message, he jumped out of one foxhole into another. A mortar round came in right where he was standing and killed one of the Colonels. He carried the other one on his back about three miles down this slope. We could see him coming down the slope; he was taking mortar fire all the way down. The enemy forward observers were adjusting mortar fire on him; they had him bracketed for the whole three miles, but he kept plodding on. That's just the kind of guy he was.

"I can't say all of us over there was so dedicated as George. By that I mean that we all realized we had a job to do, but after a while we could see a light at the end of the tunnel and the light was definitely red. George could never see that light, and because of his convictions he probably put out more than the rest of us. That's the only way I can describe it. By 'put out more' I mean that he did things and exposed himself to situations that, well, he didn't have to.

"I can remember another time when the position he was on took a direct hit by a 2000 lb. bomb. One of our 'fast movers' (jet) dropped a 'long round' and it landed right in the middle of "Kayak's" (Bacon's codename) position. He was with a bunch of Thais and everybody was standing up watching the air strike. It took about two weeks to get all the wounded and dead out of there. Kayak stayed there the whole time, though he could have gone out with the first helicopter. I remember another time when he was caught in the middle of an Arc Light (B-52) strike. He was again in a place where he didn't have to be, and he was very fortunate.

"Some of the sites were very remote. I don't mean that they were any less secure than other sites, but they were remote. When you went up there you were locked in for two or three months at a crack. It was a very undesirable assignment. He was the type of individual who always volunteered for stuff like that.

"The indigenous commanders didn't

car for him much because he always expected them to do their damn job, where the rest of us would try to get along instead of pushing them. The indigenous enlisted men liked the hell out of him because he was always right there. He'd flat tell a commander to his face that he was incompetent. He just kind of spelled it out like it was.

George's father relates, "In George's latter days in Laos, when it was known that there was a negotiated peace settlement coming up, George realized that he would have to pull out of there, and that the job wasn't completely done. He wanted to leave the Laotians in the best possible position that he could. So he set up a saw mill in Laos — the only one in the country. Several years later we heard that the saw mill was still in operation. George also established a cattle ranch and a pig farm; he built two schools and gave the Laotians enough ammunition to stand them in good stead. He always put the men's safety above his own."

Following is a letter to George from his supervisor in Laos. The letter was among George's personal effects returned via the U.S. Embassy in Kinshasa, Zaire. George's codename came from his love of the sport.

16 Oct 73
Long Tieng

Kayak,

I've tried about fifteen times this morning to write you a letter . . . each feeble attempt has turned out to be stilted and artificial, so I'm trying again to turn out a brief and honest communication that will simply let you know that you are missed, and that those of us here who worked with you have not forgotten. (Name deleted) left your letter with me when he left for Missoula, and I have read it a number of times . . . each time marveling at its eloquence and sincerity.

I knew you could write . . . having read your colorful dispatches from Bouam Long . . . but never dreamed that you were a 'writer' . . . ever considered doing it for a living? You'd make a marvelous war correspondent, and should be somewhere east of Suez this very minute. For Christ's sake, change your major to journalism and get with it! All that boundless energy and creative talent should not be wasted on a pedestrian career . . . go spend it, and yourself, somewhere where it will do some good . . . not all journalists are opportunistic assholes, you know. Kipling was a correspondent, also Mark Twain and Winston Churchill . . . to name but a few of the best. God, what a challenge! You could make it, George . . . and we who 'knew you when' would be so damned proud.

Life here, and work, is not worth talking about. There is little field work for anybody, and most of the time is passed with meaningless paperwork and related bullshit. Hog is running the unit (pay no

attention to the published T.O.), but what else is new, huh? The sand is running out rapidly, and by the end of the year there will be only Hog and Mad remaining in Happy Valley. I leave for home on 15 December, having stayed too long by half. I'm old and tired, and should have hung it up two years ago. I'm heading for Washington unless I find something worthwhile in California . . .

I'm writing an end-of-tour report in which you are mentioned as one of the four best Case Officers to serve in Long Tieng during the period '67-'73 . . . during which period over 40 Pm'ers cycled through the valley. (Not that my opinion of you will be of any importance to you . . . just mentioning it in passing.) VP (Vang Pao) mentions you often . . . almost daily . . . and your memory with these people is assured. If you accomplish nothing else of value in your life (which I refuse to believe) you will always have that . . . you were where you were needed at the time you were needed most . . . never mind that nobody will ever know it but yourself and a few that were with you.

Good luck to you, George . . . wherever you go and whatever you do. It was a privilege and a pleasure to have worked with you. Mu Zjong Nuh.

After Laos, George came home and resumed his study of political science at the University of Massachusetts. He was graduated *summa cum laude* in June 1974.

George's father recalls, "When George was a student at the University of Massachusetts, he sprained his ankle while sport parachute jumping, but he had promised to run a relay race (vets versus students), and despite his injury, he ran the race. As it turned out, the foot was broken and he had to have a cast put on it. Even with the cast, George came in fourth in the race. When George got back from having the cast put on, he explained that he knew the doctor was young and inexperienced and that the cast was not properly set. So George broke the cast with a hatchet and put another one on himself."

George was financially prudent. When he was in Vietnam, he had his father open an account with a stockbroker. At one time, this account was in excess of six figures. Jack McCann, his stockbroker, says of Bacon, "He was a very thorough investor. He did his homework and it paid off. I used him as a model for my other clients. His account was very successful. But when the account did lose money, he never became despondent; he figured that was part of playing the market. One of the biggest attributes was that he had strong feelings without having a closed mind.

"George believed in free enterprise: in people working to better themselves. He was almost the Protestant ethic per-

continued on page 76

Citation



**Mr. George W. Bacon III
Is Hereby Awarded
THE INTELLIGENCE STAR**

in recognition of his outstanding services performed under conditions of grave personal risk. While serving as an advisor to a large indigenous force in Southeast Asia, the key strategic military base to which he was assigned was subjected to a massive enemy attack. During the four-month siege, Mr. Bacon and his associates handled a myriad of organizational, logistical and tactical problems experienced by the friendly forces. Despite heavy enemy bombardment, Mr. Bacon volunteered to remain on duty at the base providing moral and physical support, thus inspiring the indigenous defenders to withstand the attack. Mr. Bacon's courageous and professional performance was in keeping with the highest tradition of the Agency, reflecting great credit on him and the Federal service.

WAR IN RHODESIA

An Exclusive Interview With Lt. Gen G.P. Walls, OLM, MBE Commander Rhodesian Army

Reported by A.J. Venter

Peter Walls is regarded by the majority of the men who serve under him as a "tough guy." Dynamic, and totally dedicated to his job, this is the man on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of winning Rhodesia's war against communist-backed insurgency.

Rhodesian born Lieutenant General G.P. (Peter) Walls, OLM, MBE, Commander of the Rhodesian Army, started his professional military career with the British Army. It was to be a brief stint before he got his marching orders.

In 1947 numerous infantry officers, recently retired from the Indian Army had to be absorbed into the British Army. New subalterns, such as Lt. Walls, were told with regret, that in order to make room for these "very experienced infanteers," the newcomers would have to go.

So Peter Walls went, back to Southern Africa and joined the Southern Rhodesian Army as a corporal. "I duly sat the first ever corporal-to-sergeant examination. I well remember it, because I flunked first in order of merit," he recalls.

The year 1949 was Sgt. Walls hoping for promotion to colour sergeant. Instead he was astonished to find that he had been chosen as one of seven men to be commissioned.

Prior to his commissioning, the then Sgt. Walls had been on the staff of the Southern Rhodesian Training School. As a new lieutenant he was posted to the Rhodesian African Rifles (RAR) and soon

received command of a training wing. One of his NCO's at that time was Corporal Mkalazo Tumbare — who is now one of the RAR's two black regimental sergeant-majors.

General Walls and RSM Tumbare have kept up their friendship since those days and often get together at Army parties to reminisce over old times.

During the Malaya insurgency, Lt. Walls was instructed to raise and train a unit which was to be attached as a squadron to the Malayan Scouts (Special Air Services) Regiment, an elite fighting unit.

The first SAS unit fought superbly. Lt. Col. Michael Calvert ("Mad Mike" of General Wingate's wartime Chindits in Burma) commented: "I have seen these Rhodesians at work and have been struck by them."

Their Commander, then Major Walls, was awarded the British MBE for his two years' work in Malaya, but he says, "it was definitely in recognition of the entire squadron's efforts."

Today, General Peter Walls is at the forefront of Rhodesia's campaign against brutal terrorism. He was only 46 when he was appointed Army-Commander and many of the systems he improvised in other theatres of military activity have been applied by him to the Rhodesian campaign. In his first exclusive interview with Al J. Venter, General Walls answered the following questions:





Venter: General Walls, the anti-insurgency war in Rhodesia has been on the go in varying phases of intensity for the best part of a decade. Can you indicate how this campaign differs from other guerrilla wars, particularly Malaya?

Walls: I think the main difference is that the Malayan campaign was fought by the British in one of their overseas territories, if I may use that phrase. I don't know exactly what its constitutional status was at the time ... They had a High Commissioner there, and this was virtually run from Britain through their High Commissioner, and their normal military command system. So you had soldiers from the British

Forces, plus various Commonwealth forces — Rhodesian, Australian, New Zealand — plus forces raised in Malaya such as the Malayan Police, the Malay Regiment and the Federation Regiment, fighting against Communist terrorists.

Originally they were called terrorists, but they were people trying to break down law and order in one of Britain's overseas territories. Rhodesia is our homeland. We've got no overseas troops fighting here for us; we've got no help from overseas or from adjoining territories. This is a case of Rhodesians fighting for Rhodesia.

Venter: What did you bring back with you from Malaya in terms of expertise and new found knowledge of that war

that you have been able to use to advantage here?

Walls: Well, we started a very long time ago, shortly after the start of the Federation, in fact, with training programs concentrating on anti-terrorist operations. A few people who had been to Malaya, plus the odd officer, like Major Putterill, who had been in Kenya to study the Mau Mau campaign and others who had some knowledge or experience of anti-terrorist campaigns, pooled their knowledge an experience which we passed on to the territorial forces and Reserve. So way back in the mid-fifties, we started preparing for counter-insurgency in Rhodesia.

Venter: Were there any particular in-



novations that you personally brought back from Malaya?

Walls: I don't know that I was particularly responsible. I participated in some new techniques, and I think that, generally, soldiers of all ranks and levels are taught to contribute new ideas. We came back with the principles of counter insurgency in our minds, and we tried to adopt those principles from the jungle type of country to Rhodesian bush warfare.

Venter: Latterly, in 1973 I believe, you started introducing the system of protected and consolidated villages. Was that originally a Malayan concept, and of

Below: Well concealed howitzer sees little duty in bush warfare.



Above: Rhodesian troops on riverbank return fire with terrorists.

so, why did it take so long to introduce in Rhodesia?

Walls: We haven't slavishly followed the Malayan way of doing things, though some of our critics have so accused us.

We have studied methods from all over the world. Every now and then, just in case I am getting into a rut, I call for certain books and so on to be brought forward again. On my desk right now I've got 'Quelling Insurgency' which is a British Forces manual on this sort of thing. My previous Chief of Staff, General Rawlings (who now commands the Guard Force) produced a precis of Sir Robert Thompson's book, which I like to look through every now and then just to remind myself of principles. But it's a case of refreshing your memory of basic principles, and then deciding whether your methods are out of date or whether you can try something new, change it, or what have you. This protected village scheme is really part of the civil administrative effort to defeat terrorism. I think that in the Security Forces we probably did a lot to extol the advantages, such as they are, from the

Below: Captured Soviet 14.5 mm ZPU-4 anti-aircraft gun.

protected village scheme, and we may have, to a certain extent, pushed this idea along. Some of the Internal Affairs chaps we deal with say Security Forces were asking for it to be pushed along too fast. But what we were trying to do was separate the law-abiding citizens, who need protection and who have a desire to carry on a normal way of life, from the terrorists who are rather like parasites living off these people. They come (the terrorists) and demand food and information and shelter; they ask for intelligence about Security Forces movements, and when they don't get it,



they resort to brutal intimidation, torture. In the meantime, they make their demands and take what they want from the women. If this isn't given easily, they take it the hard way. Every now and then they murder somebody to make it clear that they are going to demand help, and the very fact that they have to resort to intimidation and murder shows they are not getting help easily in the area where they have to carry out this practice. So by introducing the protected village scheme we were merely separating the terrorists from the local population.

Venter: How much easier has it made your job of controlling terrorists in the area? Is there any way of sucking it out of fresh air. But what I can say most emphatically is that the protected village scheme has worked to a marked degree. In the areas where you have protected villages you still get the odd terrorists, and we still have to look after those areas, but we know for a fact that we've been pretty successful in cutting off the terrorists from the locals.

Venter: What about down in the southeastern operational area? Are you going to start introducing consolidated and protected villages, and if so, how soon?

Walls: The consolidated villages are, of course, not as effective a measure as protected villages, but nevertheless are better than nothing. They are also the first step toward a protected village, which is a good step, and we have started introducing them already.

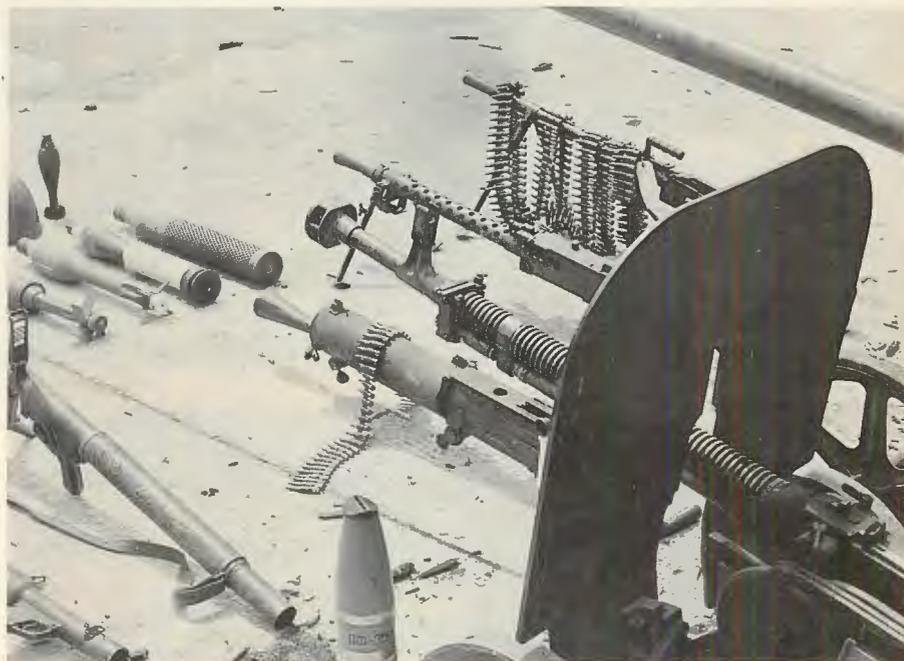
Venter: How far can they be expanded upon? At the moment I understand the terrorists are operating more than a hundred kilometers into the country. That leaves a huge area with a lot of tribal trust land in between. How much consolidation can you carry out over those sort of distances?

Walls: I wouldn't like to be drawn or in any way quoted on numbers and distances, because I believe in counterinsurgency, far too much emphasis is placed on these. I hear journalists at press conferences on television and so on ask, "how many in this area?" I think this is probably because this is a child's guide to how the terrorist war is going. But it doesn't work that way. This simply isn't the way insurgency and terrorism operate. And again, I wouldn't want to be drawn on distances. I don't think you can talk about penetration up to this distance

Above right: Corpses of two terrorists killed in the mountains of the Northeast.

Center: Captured weapons include maxim; Austrian Schwarlose; shielded DShK HMG; and Madsen Model 1950.

Right: Rhodesian soldier makes quick exit from early model obsolete helicopter.





or that distance. But taking your point that there are vast areas of Rhodesia to be looked after to counter terrorism, I would say it's a question of priorities. We have certain resources and finances available to us, and we have to use it to best advantage. What is quite definite is that we are getting the support of government in our military and civil administrative efforts as far as possible, and they are quite determined to give us what we need, so I'm not worried on this score.

Venter: Do you see any comparison here with the emergency in Kenya?

Walls: There are lessons to be learned from the Kenyan campaign, but again it's a different situation. There are certain similarities, but other things are rather different. You are dealing with the same sort of people, who think and operate the same way, perhaps. You are dealing with the same kind of Communist indoctrination, methods, and ideals. You are dealing with the Communist tactics

Above: On patrol in bush country of Southeast. Note improvised sling in FN in foreground.

Left: Rhodesian African Rifles on convoy.

of living off the local population where possible, intimidating them, and avoiding contact wherever possible with security forces, although in places they will make a bit of gesture to try and impress the locals. But generally speaking, they try to avoid any kind of contact, so there are those similarities. But again, this is Rhodesia, and Rhodesians of all races — and I do emphasize all races — are looking after their homeland. This is where our kraals are, where our towns are, where our farms are, and so on. Whereas this wasn't the case with all of the people involved in Kenya. Their government policy came from London. Our government policy comes from Rhodesia.

Venter: What about the man himself? Was the Mau Mau as good a fighter as you terrorists here; was there a similarity in training?

Walls: I don't believe that you can compare terrorists in different parts of the world. You get well-trained terrorists and badly trained terrorists. You get the part timers, the militia, the supporters, the cadres. It is very different to make a comparison. The training methods are perhaps similar, but have been developed along normal Communist lines, and perhaps the terrorists' weaponry is better than the Mau Mau had in Kenya. But again, it's not as good as ours. As their weapons and ammunition have improved, so have ours. So we still have better weapons than the terrorists.

Venter: And in terms of the security forces, how would you compare them with the ones operating in Kenya, bearing in mind that Whitehall had considerable influence there?

Walls: I wouldn't like to upset some of my erstwhile friends in the British Army by making any comparisons. I would merely say that the friends I'm talking about would agree with me 100 percent that practice makes perfect and an army that hasn't fought a war or campaign for a number of years is that much out of date or that much inefficient. This is not casting slurs on people who haven't fought wars. Obviously our whole reason for being soldiers is to avoid wars.

Venter: Because of developments elsewhere — guerrilla wars being difficult to win — why do you think Rhodesians can win this one?

Walls: We don't acknowledge that this is guerilla war. We say this is terrorism. Of this I am quite convinced. If you look at the background to it; the motives of the

Above right: Guarding bridge south of Umtali against terrorist attack.

Right: Wounded soldier being med-evaced to hospital.



people, their methods of operating and so on. You might as well say that in America, in the days of the mafia or in prohibition days, that the forces of law and order couldn't succeed. They did succeed; and we're going to succeed because we are merely supporting law and order. I believe we have a tremendous fund of goodwill in this country amongst the masses that one might call uncommitted (I'm not talking politics now because I don't get involved in politics). But you've got a whole lot of people who are in the middle, if I can use that phrase, and I believe they want desperately to support law and order. This is borne out and shown in so many different ways, but they're jolly well afraid to. I think this is something one has to bear in mind with these masses of people. I believe we've got the goodwill there, we've got the means of doing it, and the people are getting sick and tired of these terrorists who can't even decide amongst themselves who their leaders are, and what they are trying to achieve. There have been recent additional examples of dissidence in the terrorist ranks and even between partners in crime. They've turned to fighting each other. The loyal population, who are not fools, see this. I think we can win simply because we are law and order trying to stamp out criminals. That's what it is in simple terms.

Venter: This fragmentation, can you give me any examples? Is it similar to the Herbert Chitepo (murdered in Zambia by his own guerillas) bomb incident in Zambia?

Walls: The Chitepo incident is a very good example. But take for example Bishop Muzorewa. He trundles round Africa, as somebody said to us the other day, trying on and ordering new uniforms in each capitol he visits and trying to pose as the leader of the terrorists. I think it is pretty evident that he is not accepted by anybody including I would say, possibly the African Presidents), as the leader of the terrorists operating in Rhodesia now. You've got Mr. Nkomo who is not a terrorist but who has been trying to negotiate with the government. He himself would have to concede that he doesn't command the support of everybody who at the moment is carrying out acts of terrorism in Rhodesia. You've got Ndabanigi Sithole, Chikerema, Mugabe, all of these at sometime or other have claimed to be the real leader. I don't think any of those I've mentioned can be said to be the leader. In fact, none of them has the support of the terrorists in the field.

Venter: Who is the leader of the terrorists?

Walls: I think we are now getting in to the intelligence field where I would rather not be quoted. It's not my side of the house and I'd rather leave that question

unanswered, at this time. Apart from anything else, it's difficult to answer because they themselves do not know. Venter: But is there one man who stands out as being the probably leader of the Zimbabwe Liberation Army? Walls: No. There definitely isn't. This is the whole point of what I am saying. There is no man who stands out — and there will be no man. If one comes to light between the time I'm talking now and the time you print this, if he stands up as the leader, within a few months it will be proved that he is not the leader. This is quite definite. This is the whole pattern of their setup.



Above: RWS with 9 mm pistol.

Venter: Do you think President Kaunda has used the Chitepo report as a reason to the other African presidents for not opening that northern border to terrorists again?

Walls: I wouldn't like to comment on President Kaunda's motives. I think we're getting in the political field and I wouldn't want to say anything that was liable to be misconstrued or in any way hinder what I hope are efforts which will take place one of these days to get us all living together as we have done in the past.

Venter: But you don't anticipate having to fight another offensive from the north (Zambia) for the time being?

Walls: I think as a soldier, one is trained to anticipate all possible events and to plan for them, train for them. Which particular possibilities are more likely

than others, I would prefer not to comment on. This all forms part of our planning.

Venter: What makes the Rhodesian a different anti-terrorist fighter from the Portuguese soldier, bearing in mind that Lisbon all but won the war in Angola and the troops in Guinea under Spinoza were in some respects as efficient and dedicated as some of the Rhodesian units?

Walls: Let me say here and now that I think some of the Portuguese soldiers that I have seen, and that some of our chaps have seen and worked with, were first class soldiers, so I would never criticize them for their military qualities, in some cases. But again I think my previous statement covers this one. They were fighting a war in which they certainly didn't have their hearts. In many cases they just longed to return home at the end of their tour. We are fighting for our homeland. If I may go on with that one, they also were inclined, perhaps because they didn't have their hearts in it, to adopt certain orthodox deployments and measures. They were accused by Frelimo of looking after the towns and building themselves, forts which they lived in, and leaving the countryside to be dominated by terrorists. We reckon there is no part of Rhodesia which is dominated by terrorists — we dominate all of it, although we have terrorists in certain areas.

Venter: How much did you learn, perhaps from the Vietnamese war in this regard? I gather just before the whole thing folded they did start to actually go in after the Viet Cong at night. Is this your system here?

Walls: Yes. We operate as much by night as by day. We reckon that 24 hours of the day we've got to be in control of the situation, so there is no difference between day and night as far as our operations are concerned.

Venter: What sort of operations do you mount at night?

Walls: I don't think we should go into that, if you don't mind, because we're getting onto the sort of thing that is likely to be of use to the opposition.

Venter: But it is a constant ambushing and that sort of drill.

Walls: Yes. I think if one uses common sense, one can see the sort of thing we are liable to do: to contact the terrorists; to cut them off from the local population; and to assure the local population that we are there.

Venter: How does the Rhodesian terrorist compare with say the Malaysian terrorist, the people you were up against.

Walls: Again it is very difficult to compare. They've got better weapons than the CT's had. I wouldn't want to be forced to compare them.

Venter: Would you say the ideals and motivating factors are similar?

Walls: They are. From the terrorist point

of view, the best terrorists in Malaya were the Chinese. There was the odd Indian and the odd Malay, but by and large, the toughest chaps we were up against were the Chinese with pure Communist background and driving force. And of course the terrorists we're up against have been trained and armed and driven along by Communists.

Venter: But do they have the same compulsion to carry through with what they are doing as, say, the Chinese have, bearing in mind that they are very different people?

Walls: Do you mean when fighting?

Venter: Yes.

Walls: You get some terrorists who are absolute punk, but others when cornered will put up a reasonable fight. It varies, I would say, from man to man. Whereas you occasionally come across the old hard-core chap, who knows that he's had it if he's captured, or in sheer fright, or in many cases perhaps because he's drugged (marijuana) he will put up a good fight.

Venter: Do you find many drugs being used by the chaps coming across?

Walls: Not to my knowledge. Some, but not many.

Venter: Do you find women coming across as well as they did in Malaysian campaign? There were quite a few women involved.

Walls: There are women running with the terrorists but I would say that in many cases they are the locals who have suddenly thrown their lot in with the terrorists. I don't know how many come over with them.

Venter: But some of them are armed and have been involved in action?

Walls: Yes. I think so. I can't answer offhand. I've never bothered about it. You know, to me a terrorists is a terrorist and I don't really bother much about it. I'm just trying to think back on some of the setups. I don't know off-hand.

Venter: But women have been involved in some of the skirmishes with the security forces?

Walls: Yes.

Venter: And have been shot when the occasion arose?

Walls: Yes. I perhaps should make it clear that as far as I am concerned if we're in contact with terrorists and there are people actively helping them during the contact, they are terrorists. The security forces generally, have been absolutely outstanding, incredibly good, in trying to sort out in some of these skirmishes who the terrorists are, the armed terrorists, in order to shoot only at and or capture them. And in many cases, local civilians have been incredibly lucky. They've gotten away from a skirmish when they've been right in the middle of it and this is what annoys me when you get these accusations, from well-meaning people no doubt, but accusations none-the-less, that we have carried out atrocities. The soldiers have

been absolutely magnificent about dealing with the terrorists and not the civilians who happen to get in the way.

But I must admit that my orders are quite clear. If there's a contact going on, with somebody obviously active in helping the terrorists to fight us, then they are terrorists.

Venter: Do you deny any actual atrocities as such?

Walls: Oh, absolutely. It's quite incredible how these people have gotten away without being harmed at all because the security forces have been careful to discriminate between terrorists and others.



Above: Rhodesian African Rifleman fires burst from a Sterling.

Venter: What are your instructions concerning interrogations, searching of kraals (villages) and so on? Where do you tell the men to draw the line?

Walls: I think interrogations aren't really my side of the house, but I think that one can say quite definitely that any actions, whether interrogations or shooting or anything else, have got to be in good faith. Anything that a soldier or security force member does, has got to be in the cause of eliminating terrorism in general. It's got to be completely impartial and just. The chaps are answerable to me for doing anything that doesn't come within those lines.

Venter: Have you had to deal with any cases of brutality?

Walls: No. Where it is necessary to take disciplinary action against somebody who has not kept within the bounds that

we've laid down, we have taken that disciplinary action. And I'd rather not go further than that, but this is why I don't bother two hoots about the accusations of the Catholic Justice and Peace Commission and so on, because my conscience is absolutely clear. Where it has been necessary to take disciplinary action, we have taken it.

Venter: But having seen the way the war has gone here and having learned by your experiences over a considerable length of time, you must be able to pick up things that if they'd done in Malaya, might have helped matters along.

Walls: I reckon as we go along as individual soldiers all along the line we say we could have done that better or we learnt from this or that — I don't think it is possible to pick out any individual thing, and I certainly wouldn't like to be guilty of criticizing the British for their conduct of the Malayan Campaign.

Venter: And in Kenya?

Walls: The same thing.

Venter: Do you see any real foreign involvement in this war along the lines of the Spanish Civil War International Brigade or something similar?

Walls: There will be odd individuals, perhaps Communist sympathizers or others, who are bound to offer their services. I should say that the Mozambique authorities would probably have to get people to help them with the working of the ports and all the other things which may go to pot as the Portuguese stream away from them. At this particular time, there doesn't appear to be any foreign involvement other than some help which they are getting from Tanzania.

Venter: What sort of help is that — can you elaborate?

Walls: No. Just leave it at that.

Venter: But there are Tanzanians actively involved in this country or on the border?

Walls: No, not in this country. Tanzania is giving more than moral support to Mozambique — shall we put it that way?

Venter: What about the Cubans. Do they pose any real threat to you?

Walls: There may be Cubans. There are some Cubans perhaps helping with various things in Mozambique. They are no particular threat to us at this stage, and I don't foresee any particular problems at this time. I've very good reason to know that they were by no means semi-invincible. They were perhaps a little better than some of the MPLA troops they were working with, but not nearly as good as our soldiers, black and white.

Venter: So if they came in, they'd just be another target. Do you think they are as good as the terrorists you've encountered?

Walls: I've no idea. Certainly I'm not worried about them being much better than the terrorists that we've encountered.

Venter: So they'd just be another person

to shoot at?

Walls: Yes. Probably with a lot of handicaps that our terrorists haven't got.

Venter: What sort of handicaps?

Walls: Well, language to start with. I think perhaps we will just leave that one if you don't mind.

Venter: But they would have quite a few handicaps?

Walls: Yes.

Venter: What makes you so sure that tanks cannot be used in the Eastern Highland, bearing in mind that Soviet tanks were taken in the mountainous areas of northern Angola and used to great effect in routing the FNLA.

Walls: I have never said tanks can't be operated against us in the Eastern Highlands, I've merely said that we're not worried about a tank threat. If they do operate in the Eastern Highlands against us, they will have a number of difficult factors to overcome. And all of those factors work in our favour. The normal logistics problems with tanks are pretty tremendous. The type of ground, the type of cover, and the operating conditions would generally be more favorable to us than to the tanks.

Venter: So overall, you can't see them posing any threat in the immediate future.

Walls: No. They may pose a threat. As I say, we're brought up to consider any type of threat and there may well be tanks used against us one day. But we're not worried about it.

Venter: You've been on the sidelines of Mozambique long enough to form some impressions. How would you rate FRELIMO insurgent forces with your own enemy here?

Walls: I think my best way of answering that would be "no comment," if you don't mind.

Venter: What, in your own mind, is the most recent significant development in your own war vis-a-vis the enemy?

Walls: It is very difficult to answer that one without thinking about it.

Venter: Would it perhaps be Mozambique?

Walls: I'm sorry; I misunderstood your question. I wasn't thinking along the lines of your question. The most recent event, since we started the campaign? Probably the collapse of the Portuguese, and the Angolan episode, combined the two most significant events as far as conduct of our counterinsurgency war is concerned, yes.

Venter: How would you evaluate the opening up of the new front down on the Thrasher zone (southeastern Rhodesia)?

Walls: There's no problem that we didn't expect and plan for.

Venter: I asked that because several years ago you mentioned the northeast and the low veld areas as being brought up to scratch and being good civil defense areas. Yet when I was down there several weeks ago, the local commander said he felt the locals had been caught

with their pants down, as it were, by the sudden insurgent move across the border. Is this so?

Walls: I don't think they were caught with their pants down. He may be one of those enthusiastic young chaps who wishes that everything was absolutely ideal; and this is fine because this is what we must all strive for. But I think perhaps you are quoting from something I said at Wankie when I was giving a bit of a boost to civil defense. I must admit that at the time, I was delighted to see that something was moving and I was giving it a bit of a pat on the back. But I would take issue with anybody who said that nothing had been prepared, because some of the civil measures, anti-terrorist measures, and some of the facilities available to the security forces and the civil population could never have been, if people had not been preparing.

Venter: At the same time, I do notice that some of the ranchers down there have had to send their families into town; they've almost evacuated the properties because of the fact that terrorists are roaming comparatively freely, appreciating that it is very thick bush and so on. Has this set back your defense plans? Obviously, in a guerilla war, you want people to stay in the area. Presence in the area is of vital importance as it was in the northeast. Is it a problem for you now?

Walls: No. I haven't had any great evidence of people evacuating the area. I'm sure they'll flow back as our security measures bear fruit. But naturally the determination that I saw down there recently is very encouraging from our point of view. I believe that in spite of what I've said about being prepared every time a new area opens up, there will be some initial success on the part of the terrorists, because we have tried not to make normal peace areas into operational areas until we've had to. But the measures we've taken now should be successful.

Venter: What are the biggest differences going to be between the northeast operational area and the southeast operational area?

Walls: There is a difficulty in the East which didn't apply in the North inasmuch as the terrorists are able to hit and run, which they couldn't do up at the top. Because they've got Mozambique from which to operate and then bolt back into, they can build up their logistics there, and so on. This perhaps is slightly different, as there have been a lot of instances of hit and run raids which didn't apply in the northeast.

Venter: Carrying on from that point, General, what is the situation on the border at the moment? Just how far is FRELIMO going to be able to continue with their shooting at Vila Salazar, shooting at aircraft, shooting at patrols? How much are you prepared to take from them?

Walls: Well, I'd rather not comment on that. For a long time we have indulged in hot pursuit where we have considered this to be in the interests of the people living in Rhodesia. We did not just start it the other day, although some South African newspapers said, at long last that the Rhodesians have started in hot pursuit. But, at the same time, our Government's policy, and therefore that of the Security Forces, is that we would like to co-exist with whomever is running Mozambique. In the old days, it was the Portuguese, now it's FRELIMO, one day it might be somebody else. For the foreseeable future it's FRELIMO. We'd like to live with these chaps. We'd like to be friends with them, we have absolutely no aggressive intentions against them. Therefore, perhaps we've been putting up with a fair amount, to prove our good faith in this respect. And I believe that so long as it's our Government's policy and ours, to get along with these chaps, we will put up with it as long as we can, in the hope that they will come to the same sort of feeling about us.



Above: Lt. General Walls talking and drinking with a Regimental Sergeant Major.

Venter: What effect does this have on the man on the ground — the man who is getting shot at?

Walls: Nobody likes getting shot at, and everybody would like to shoot back when they are shot at. But fortunately, as opposed perhaps to the people on the other side, we have extremely well disciplined troops.

Venter: I was told by some of the chaps down there that somebody was going to get hit by FRELIMO one of these days, and that if they did, then there was a good chance that the Rhodesians would retaliate — that they would shoot everything in sight around that border post. Is this something that you are worried about — that which could escalate into a major international incident?

Walls: No. I think my instructions and those of my colleagues in the security forces are perfectly clear in this respect. Wherever there's a danger to life and property along the whole border, they know exactly what they can do about it. I'm not worried that chaps don't understand their orders and won't comply with them, and I think we have a pretty good record of discipline. You are probably talking about the Vila Salazar thing in isolation, and I would say that this is a problem which is different to any other and I'd rather not comment on the thing. But I think we've gone out of our way to show our good faith in that area.

Venter: What about your "hot pursuit" operations (into Mozambique); are they continuing now?

Walls: I think I've made it clear that whenever we think it necessary, we indulge and will indulge in "hot pursuit" operations. We would rather that our neighbors behaved as good neighbors and made it entirely unnecessary by not allowing terrorists to operate from their territory against Rhodesia.

Venter: Do you see the possibility of a united OAU bringing an African army into this fray?

Walls: As I say, we consider all possibilities, and whilst I think that there are various factors which affect such a proposition, I'd rather not comment on the likelihood of it or not.

Venter: But it is something that you have to have contingency plans for?

Walls: We have contingency plans for any eventuality.

Venter: But in the event of an OAU army having "go", as it were, do you think you could muster sufficient force in this country, as things stand at the moment, to repel them?

Walls: I think we can counter any threat that is likely to materialize against us.

Venter: What would the biggest threat be at present; what is the biggest problem?

Walls: I honestly don't think you can expect me to answer that. If I were to answer and you were to publish what I had to say, this would be going beyond what any military commander could be

expected to do.

Venter: But you have some problems that are considerably more serious than others?

Walls: I think we can counter any threat that's likely to materialize, as I say. We grade the problems. Naturally from time to time one reevaluate priorities.

Venter: Recently, I believe, you encouraged your chaps to learn as much as possible about urban guerrilla warfare. In the mid-sixties, this was a very big thing in this country. Is this likely to become a serious problem in the near future?

Walls: Again, I would take you to talk about calling it urban guerrilla warfare. I would prefer you to refer to urban terrorism. But all I can say is that as far back as I've been in the army, we have trained and been prepared for urban disturbances, urban terrorism, and we are prepared for it now. Exactly what form it might take or how we would counter it, I don't think you could expect me to comment on. Again, we are ready for eventuality.

Venter: I understand there are more than a thousand, perhaps two thousand terrorists in this country, at present. They aren't doing anything like the damage they apparently could do if they really put their minds to it. Is there likely to be a sort of 'D'-day or are they doing what you would expect them to do?

Walls: Again, I prefer not to deal in numbers. I believe it gives you a completely false picture. I don't think there's any likelihood of a 'D'-day. We've already had 'D'-day. They've already, in the past, made an effort; they're still making a bit of an effort.

Venter: From the military viewpoint, how vulnerable are the rail links in this country at the moment, particularly the one that goes down through Beitbridge? There was an explosive device found on it a week or so ago. How vulnerable is that railway?

Walls: Well, I might ask you a question. How effective have the terrorists been cutting our rail links with Southern Africa? I would say that in any country in the world if you said, "Is there likely to be some outbreak or something where the peace has been disturbed in some way?" Of course you can't guarantee it. Even when you are completely peaceful. We're not worried about our lines of communications, all of which must illustrate we're pretty much on the ball.

Venter: It has been suggested that the terrorists are trying to cut Rhodesia off from South Africa. Have you had any indication that this is what they are trying to do?

Walls: I'd rather not comment on that, because whichever way I answer it it's likely to be misconstrued. I'd rather not answer that question.



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Above West German Walid Armored Car is standard vehicle for Israeli Border Police. Author, behind the .50 cal. MG., writes under *nom de guerre* so State Department will not interfere in future ventures.

An American Mercenary In Israel

After serving with the 1st Cav in Vietnam, I was discharged in 1968. I worked as a cop for awhile after that. It was during this time that Israel began to interest me. I felt my skills could be used by a small country attempting to struggle against outside terrorism. I contacted the Israel Immigration office in Atlanta. They arranged for a reduced-rate airline ticket and I was on my way. Upon arrival early in 1971, I was met at the airport by an immigration official who helped me with processing. I was assigned to kibbutz very near the Jordanian-Israel border quite close to the town of Beit Shean. This all took place at the tail end of the 'War of Stritition' where nightly rocket and mortar attacks befell the settlers of the banks of the River Jordan. In between the rocket attacks,

by Yitahak ben-Ami

Arab terrorists, usually belonging to the El Fatah branch of the Palestine Liberation Organization, would sneak across the frontier in attempts to blow up a school or a medical dispensary. Fortunately for the Israelis, the fedayeen were unsuccessful in most attempts.

Early in that period, trying to learn first-hand about the legendary Israeli soldier, I discovered a little-known combat branch not attached to the Israel Army, but rather part of the police. These troopers are the green bereted Border Police. The primary function of the Border Police, since its creation in 1948, has been to prevent infiltration from across the borders.

Long before the farmer awakes to start

work in his field, he can be assured that the Border Police have already been by and checked the security fence for breaks and the roads for mines.

One aspect that makes the Border Patrol unique is that its personnel is composed of European Jews, North African Jews, Druzes, Moslems, Beduins, and Arab Christians.

There is a unity among these men that is seldom seen in any fighting force in the world. Their morale and energy are high. They have seen the havoc and destruction wrought by Arab terrorists. Druzes and Jews work well together in the Border Police and supply the vast majority of officers, NCO's, and constables. There is simple trust between them, something that cannot really be explained, but has developed since the



Serving with the Israeli Border Police, author spent many hours searching for terrorists trying to infiltrate across the border. Note 7.62 mm MAG light machine gun in background.



Author mans a Belgian manufactured .30 cal. MG. during Yom Kippur War. The 155mm howitzer is mounted on a WW II vintage Sherman tank chassis.

first Druze soldier took up arms to fight, side-by-side with Jewish soldiers during the pre-independence days of 1947-1948. Today they are stronger supporters of the Jewish State than many Jews I have encountered. This is the sole unit in the entire Israel Defense Force where there are so many minorities working and living with the majority. To date, there has not been a trace of prejudice: when fired bullets do not discern between Moslem or Jew. These men impressed me truly as 'brothers in arms.'

The primary missions and deployment of the Border Police is as follows: security along the Jordan-Israel border; security around all major ports including Eilat, Ashdod, Ashkelon, Haifa, Tel Aviv-Yafo; two special anti-terrorists units are stationed at unknown locations; three companies patrol Tel Aviv; one company patrols in Jerusalem; one company patrols in Haifa; one 'flying unit' or reaction force operates in Tiberias or Nazereth or Acco. The 'flying unit' also provides security for visiting foreign dignitaries. The exact strength of each company is confidential.

The primary weapons of the Border Police were Uzi SMG's issued to officers and scouts, and FN FAL's issued to the constables. Most patrolmen were issued

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There is so much money to be made in international business that it boggles the mind why any corporation would want to jeopardize its reputation by penny-anti-greed. Yet it is alleged that Bell Helicopter has done just that. Of course there is no such thing as corporate greed. A corporation is made up of people and people do get greedy.

Why would a company as prestigious and influential as Bell Helicopter International risk its reputation to cut corners on an international contract? Why would Bell pay their overseas pilots \$25,000 a year and stint on benefits? Why would Bell, or any company, risk the lives of pilots and pilots-in-training by not maintaining safety regulations?

The training of Iranian helicopter pilots by Bell Helicopter International should have been a high caliber, professional operation. But it wasn't. What occurred was bad communication between and among all management levels, inconsistent hiring practices, and broken promises. A lot of broken promises.

The result was that no one benefited. The pilots walked out. The American Embassy copped out. The Iranian pilots can't tell their azimuth from their elbow. And Bell lost face, money and that intangible asset: Integrity.

Why did the United States Ambassador to Iran, Richard Helms — the same Richard Helms who once headed the CIA — turn his back on American citizens employed in that oil rich country when they appealed to him for assistance? After more than a year, 103 helicopter pilots and their families, recruited by Bell Helicopter International (BHI) to train Iranian chopper pilots, are still trying to figure out the answer to that question. So are we.

While strongly acclaiming the American Embassy was neutral regarding the grievances employees had against BHI, Mr. Helms did discuss Bell's side of the issue with company officials in Teheran. At the same time he vehemently refused to personally face or even talk by phone with the pilots or hear their views of the dispute taking place in Isfahan, some 200 miles south of the capitol city. Why was this?

Certainly one could hardly conceive he had any personal interest in the more than \$80,000 per pilot the Iranian government was paying BHI for each American flyer recruited in the United States and sent to Iran to train Iranians. So what was it then?

These questions probably will never be answered, for it isn't likely BHI nor the State Department would allow an unbiased scrutiny of all the facts. All one can do is closely judge evidence brought back by the flyers after they were literally kicked out of the Shah's domain, and draw his own conclusions.

While this article deals with intrigue and the part Mr. Helms played, it is not a

cloak and dagger story, although a bit of counter-intelligence work undoubtedly occurred. It is a story vividly pointing out how employees of huge corporations can be shuttled around like pawns, lied to, stepped on, discriminated against, and in this particular instance protected by Secretary Kissinger's hired hands.

Over a period of several weeks, I personally met and talked with twenty-five or thirty of the airmen. Besides what I learned in lengthy conversations — I have in my possession documents to which these men are more than willing to attest in a court of law.

Since space will not permit going into each man's experience of recruitment by BHI, I have selected the fictitious name, Chuck Reynolds, as a representative composite. Other names are those of real people who played a major roll in what took place. It also should be noted that these men are not a bunch of "fly by night" adventurers. Most of them are college educated, and all of those I talked with served time in World War II, Korea and Vietnam with medals and decorations attesting to their loyalty and support of the United States.

Chuck Reynolds left the service as an Air Force officer and pilot in 1973 with some 4,000 logged hours of flying time; not only in helicopters but in fixed-wing aircraft including fighters and multi-engined bombers. He was a university graduate, married with two children. Except for high school and college, most of his adult life had been spent with the military so he did not completely comprehend the intricate travesties and ruthlessness of the business world — often far more terrifying than combat.

Dallas-Fort Worth complex. Through a friend employed there (see, it is who you know) he ultimately met the "right" people. This was the beginning of what proved to be nearly eighteen months of misrepresentation, unfulfilled promises, extremely adverse flying conditions and flying requirements not even sanctioned during war-time conditions.

Jack Gallagher was the recruiter who painted a beautiful picture of what BHI was offering in Iran. Why he thought it was necessary to claim that he had come out of the army as a captain and had been a pilot with TWA, when it was later revealed that his top rank had been warrant officer and he had never flown as a pilot for TWA isn't clear unless it was a part of the glossary which just accompanied the fantasies of how great it would be to fly for Bell in the Middle East. At any rate, he assured Chuck of the fine facilities and good living conditions he would have in Iran. He displayed elaborate mock-up pictures of Bell housing that would be ready by the time Reynolds and his family arrived.

Chuck questioned him as to medical availability and was told, "Medical facilities are excellent. Bell has their own." He asked about the necessity of a Certified Flight Instructor Rating (CFI).

"Don't bother with the CFI; I will see that you get some flying time here to remain current."

This did not happen and in March of 1974, when Chuck and his wife went to the Bell offices to check on a departure date he was told he could not be hired without a CFI. What followed were long, hectic hours of study; the hiring of a helicopter and instructor at \$70.00 an hour and a

Bell Helicopter's

Chuck was intelligent enough and had the educational requirements to hold down a multitude of jobs, but he had become airborne; he had discovered that unexplainable something so many others have found high in the sky. He realized he was happiest in the air. Several months were spent mailing out resumes and sitting in airline employment offices attempting to penetrate the perimeter of secretaries protecting the closed doors of those with the power to put him back above the clouds. As he sat hour after hour he began to comprehend the meaning of the cliché, "It isn't what you know, but who you know," which seemed from his current experiences to carry hours and experience gained in the operational office of an aircraft.

Finally he heard of a "fantastic" flying opportunity offered by Bell Helicopter of Hurst, Texas; a tiny spot on the map almost completely hidden by the vast

final check ride. These expenses came to over \$1,000.00.

As Chuck put it, "This may not sound all that bad except the recruiters demanding this before a contract would be signed were Larry Coates and Jeff Cannon, both hired as pilots and working at Bell in Hurst until departure time. They both went to Iran without CFI's."

Everyone was told there were fine schools for the children and excellent club and recreational facilities for the entire family. As it turned out, none of these things ever materialized.

Chuck admits some of this perhaps sounds like nit picking; the same GI bitching so many of us heard and participated in while in the service. However, put in its proper perspective, he undoubtedly is correct in stating, "I believe recruitment was a very important factor in the eventual outcome. Most of us had faced the hardships and

trials of war. We knew what we were getting into in Vietnam and learned to tolerate it, but when individuals are lead to expect certain things which never come to pass and no apparent effort is made to make them materialize, they become disappointed and somewhat bitter. Almost everything we were told by BHI recruitment personnel was false and just never happened."

On June 5, 1974, Chuck's particular group arrived in Teheran, and after paying \$25.00 each for a hotel room — "class B by American standards" — they began to question the promises of BHI.

"We went to Isfahan the following day where we were met by other pilots on station. We were never given any assistance by the personnel office. If we needed information or help, it always came from others who had been there longer."

It was soon found that the housing, so beautifully shown in pictures, was non-existent. When the more than 100 pilots were ordered out of the country eighteen months later it still wasn't available. Schools were not accredited and they were inadequate and there was little or no medical aid.

"Only the names and phone numbers of two Iranian doctors were provided. However, they were in Isfahan only four days a week. They took three-day weekends in Teheran every week and left no one in charge of their patients. About the time we left there was an American doctor set up in a so-called clinic with no equipment, who also was threatening to leave because of unfulfilled promises. He would see BHI employees on an appointment basis only."

Iranian Ripoff

by Robert Ross

For those who have never spent time in a foreign country, particularly in the Middle East or Far East, this may not seem extremely important. However, Americans are not accustomed to many of the diseases so prevalent in these sections of the world. Vegetables and other edibles are often washed in open sewers which run through gutters in the streets. Diarrhea is a frequent occurrence and typhoid and hepatitis are widespread. Flu, cholera, and yellow fever, among other diseases are common.

Two more or less minor promises to add to the grievances rapidly building up were the assurances they would have PX privileges and APO mailing rights. Neither materialized. One of the pilots, Glen Woods, has in his possession a letter signed by an Air Force colonel in the Pentagon attesting to the fact BHI never requested such privileges.

Adding to their domestic woes, flying conditions weren't as ideal as the men had been led to believe. There was poor maintenance of the aircraft; promotions going to unqualified people; insufficient safety precautions, and most of the Iranian students were "unwashed, unwilling, uneducated, and very often belligerent."

"One important thing which bothered many of us," Chuck stated, "is we were turning out a very poor quality pilot. They were requiring only 200 hours of dual training and ten solo hours. It just wasn't enough. Upon graduation they frankly could not be trusted alone in the aircraft. On cross country flights they often times would fall asleep or get lost, and yet we were being forced to advance students who should have been washed out of the program. Our recommendations fell on deaf ears."

Once each month a meeting was held, arranged by BHI and labeled a "Program Improvement" committee. Each flight sent a representative to meet with George Young, Bell director of flight training. Bob Bedell, a former chopper gunship pilot in Vietnam and a former B52 pilot with the Strategic Air Command, was his flight's representative at the meetings.

"We brought up our problems to Mr. Young," Bob told me. "They were problems that had existed from the beginning such as no radios in the planes; no heaters in the flight rooms or the aircraft; no flight equipment; unsatisfactory rest rooms; poor medical insurance; poor student performance; student disrespect; poor life insurance plan; incentive pay plan out of order;

only ten days of leave a year; no recreation facilities; high rent; no support from the personnel office; no doctors and on and on."

Minutes of the meetings became carbon copies of each other; those a year old revealing the same questions and problems with no results and no apparent effort to solve them.

The credibility gap widened as time went on. It became obvious to the pilots that mid-management of BHI in Isfahan had little concern for their employees. Some of what was going on eventually sifted back to top-management in Teheran and ultimately a spokesman was sent to investigate. He met with the flyers, and as one pilot put it, "fell flat on his butt." He refused to put any of his answers to their disputes in writing.

"I'm not that crazy," he remarked.

He also made the comment to one of the secretaries — a pilot's wife — that

"pilots are much the same as migrant workers." (It is rumored this man was later dismissed for being on the take from the hotel used by BHI in Teheran).

Instead of trying to alleviate the growing discontent BHI management added fuel to the flames by ordering all pilots to have their hair cut in a military manner, "or else," allegedly responding to a request from the Iranian Army. As trivial as it may sound, this truly rubbed against the grain. The "or else" statement was what capped it. The pilots had been recruited with long hair and nothing had been said at the time they were hired. Practically all were ex-military and had become weary of the same type of demands placed on them as in the service. When two of them, John Murdock and Steve Kramer, were laid off a week and fined \$500 each for refusing to cut their hair, they viewed the command as being plain and simple discrimination inasmuch as other employees were not bound by the same directive.

Early in the fall of 1974 the initial move was made which ultimately would prove to be the beginning of the end. Thoughts of forming a union began to take shape. A meeting was called for pilots, maintenance personnel, teachers and any other employees who wished to attend. They felt they had been misled in the United States; were receiving no support from BHI, and their rights had not been violated.

A number of letters were written to several organizations back in the States, but no one seemed to know whose jurisdiction, American Employees Overseas, came under. The National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) did not know if their attempts would be legal in attempting to form a union as one had never been set up overseas. In the past, unions had always originated in the U.S. and then established branches in foreign countries. Weeks sped by without a decision from the NLRB or any other Stateside organizations. Finally early in 1975, J.J. McCauley, a man older than most of the others and highly respected by all, called another meeting of the pilots and discussed the formation of their own union. Officers were elected and a charter drawn up. An attorney was hired in the United States but was actually of little help as there was no legal precedent for what they were trying to accomplish.

But the ball was beginning to roll and membership increased. McCauley and Glen Wood, a USMCR colonel, began to get the pilot's gripes rather than the flight commanders. Public meetings were held and anyone wanting to attend could do so. Members of SAVAK (Iranian Secret Police) covered the sessions and apparently passed reports on to Howard Moore, BHI director of student training, through his Iranian counterpart, General Toufanian, head of the Iranian Army and

second only to the Shah.

In the spring after two pilots were killed in a mid-air collision, two others in automobile accidents and one suffered a heart attack, the lack of proper medical care and insurance benefits suddenly assumed new significance. McCauley, Wood and other officers of the group discussed the union with BHI mid-management and obtained little response other than it couldn't be done. Through wives working as secretaries in Bell offices the union leaders learned their efforts were being ridiculed by management because "they are probably the highest paid helicopter pilots in the world, and only fools would walk out on something like that."

In July 1975, the situation came to a head. The flyers organized themselves into flights with an executive committee, a grievance committee, a bargaining committee, a membership committee, two shadow committees, and four secret members to act as a shadow executive committee. McCauley then went to Howard Moore and presented him with three formal demands:

1. Recognition of the Professional Helicopter Pilots Association (the name they had selected) as a legal bargaining body;

2. A pay raise to the top of the allowed pay scale in the BHI contract. (About \$100 per man);

3. Negotiation of grievances.

BHI was given five days to meet the "demands" which were predictably rejected. The pilots then voted for a "sick out." The following day the morning shift reported for work as usual. The afternoon shift reported sick with the exception of the flight commanders. The next day the procedure was reversed. It was handled in this manner because the pilots had heard from what they deemed a reliable source that if the rotors did not turn for two days, Bell would lose their contract.

BHI was given five days to meet the "demands" which were predictably rejected.

"We didn't want that; we would have had nothing to gain. Working the way we did there was flying every day," commented one pilot.

At the conclusion of the second day of "sick outs" Bell again was given five days to meet the three demands. During this period everyone was on the job, but again BHI refused recognition and 150 men out of 180 went on a permanent "sick out." Bell responded with some demands of its own:

1. Everyone who did not return to work by the following day would be

automatically terminated;

2. A mandatory meeting would be held with General Robert Williams, president of BHI. All pilots would attend. Anyone failing to appear would be terminated.

The flyers completely rejected the first mandate. No one reported for work. However, they did send Clifford Hendryx and another person to meet with General Williams. They were wired and recorded what he had to say. He acknowledged that there had been "some misunderstanding" and "lack of communication" but offered nothing to indicate he would act in good faith in their behalf.

The Iranian Government had informed the embassy that unions were against the laws of Iran.

General Williams revealed to them he had met with Richard Helms and the Ambassador relayed to him that the Iranian government had informed the embassy that unions were against the laws of Iran. The session concluded with Williams stating anyone not at work the next day would be discharged.

"We had no way of knowing whether this was true or not. Whenever BHI got in a bind about an issue they always blamed the Iranians."

McCauley called the embassy and made an appointment to see Ambassador Helms. Bob Bedell was asked to go as spokesman.

"I selected Bob because of his West Point background," McCauley said. I definitely didn't want one of the more radical pilots there, and I knew Bob would not distort nor exaggerate conditions about the situation. If unions were in fact against the laws of Iran, we were through."

Bedell, Ernie Dossey and John Hayes flew to Teheran for what they thought would be a meeting with Helms, but when they arrived at the embassy they were told would not be permitted to see him. They were conducted into the office of John Chere, one of his assistants. Bedell's notes on the confrontation contained the following questions and answers:

Q. What is the United States embassy's position on this?

A. The embassy is neutral. It is a matter between BHI and its employees.

Q. Where does the Iranian government stand?

A. I don't know.

Q. Does Mr. Helms know?

A. Possibly. He met with General Toufanian and Mr. Williams.

Q. May we see Mr. Helms?

A. No.

Q. Didn't you just say Helms saw Williams, the president of BHI?

A. Yes.

Q. If he is neutral why won't he meet with us, then?

A. I don't know.

Q. May we speak with Mr. Helms on the phone?

A. No.

Q. Will you ask Mr. Helms if it is against the law to have our union?

A. No.

Q. Is it against the law to have a union in Iran?

A. No, but it is not advisable.

Q. Who says?

A. I don't know.

Q. Did the Shah or General Toufanian say we could not have a union?

A. I don't know. I was not at the meeting.

Q. Who was?

A. Helms, Williams and Toufanian.

Q. May we talk to Mr. Helms?

A. No. Why don't you see General Toufanian?

A. We will if he will see us.

(Chere gives them a phone number and address for Toufanian. Both proved to be incorrect).

Q. May we make a definite appointment to see Mr. Helms?

A. No.

Q. Where does the embassy stand? Can you do anything to help us?

A. The embassy is completely neutral. We will do nothing for either side.

Q. Did Mr. Helms meet with Williams?

A. Yes.

Money really wasn't the main issue . . . other things came first: safety, better training . . .

Realizing they were getting absolutely no cooperation from the embassy, they left and spent the rest of the afternoon seeking Toufanian at an incorrect address and telephone number.

"We spent the night in Teheran," Bedell said. "We talked with a contact who had studied Iranian customs and qualities. He advised that Toufanian would take sides with the party he believed to be the strongest, and it was up to us to get the point over to him that we were unified and prepared to stand up to BHI no matter what."

The next morning they located Toufanian's office and were readily admitted. Although little was accomplished and the meeting ultimately ended on a sour note, at least Toufanian extended the courtesy of seeing them which is more than was accomplished at their own American Embassy when they

attempted to meet with Helms.

"About the only reason for seeing him," Bedell remarked, "was to offer our assurance we meant no disrespect to the Shah or the Imperial Iranian Army, and that we wished to break no laws of Iran.

"I believe all I got across to him is who we represented. We did a lot of listening, though. Toufanian has an excellent command of English. He can be very cordial. He put us at ease and had soft drinks brought in. He would ask a question, allow us half an answer, and interrupt with a four or five minute tirade. One of the first things he asked was if we wanted more money. I guess I made a mistake because I said the money was not the important thing. At this point our only demand was recognition. Money, in my opinion, really wasn't the main issue. We were well paid. There were other things that came first: Safety, better student training, and a better vacation policy. He asked me if I knew how much he paid BHI per year for each American pilot they brought over. I answered \$80,000. He nodded, yes. I should have let him answer that one for we learned it amounted to several thousand dollars more than that."

Toufanian told them they could not have a union. He would be their union.

Toufanian then went through a long recitation stating he knew "full well how poor BHI management was." He had been telling them that for years. "They cannot control their people. The Americans are a bunch of drunks, thieves, and homo sexuals."

He told them they could not have a union. He would be their union. "You (Bedell) can come see me once a week and I will straighten out management."

"This was stated almost in a rage and would have been a fine deal," Bob remarked, "if he had been serious. Toufanian is one powerful individual. He calmed somewhat and listened to a little of what we had to say. I don't believe we ever got one thing across to him, though. Not even the fact we meant no embarrassment to him or his government."

Toufanian pointed to a large map on one wall and indicated the proximity of the USSR to Iran, stressing that his country was the only thing between Russian and the Middle East and Western Europe. He also made it a point to note that Iran was the "only friend the United States had."

"Actually," Bedell said, "he gave a damn good logical explanation as to why he could not allow a bunch of upstart labor unions to be formed and disrupt the progress being made. He pointed out that

there are many Russians in Iran. In fact, they operate a huge steel mill just outside of Isfahan. He was worried about the subversion they could cause if unions became a big thing. My only reply was that we had tried other methods; we were truly concerned about the quality of the pilots we were turning out and what he was receiving for his money.

"He abruptly dismissed us, but requested we remain in the reception room. We waited for about an hour and a half, then in came General Koserdat, head of Iranian Army aviation, another army general, an admiral, two U.S. Army colonels, Williams and some other BHI officials. They all filed into Toufanian's office while we remained outside. During this time a couple of Iranians in civilian clothes came in and spoke with us. They definitely knew what was going on. We determined it was not against the written law to form a labor union, but as one of these men — SAVAK I'm sure — pointed out, 'we make the law whatever we want.'

Shortly after this they were called back into Toufanian's office. The others were still there. In the reception room they could hear Toufanian giving everyone 'hell' but when they went back he switched his wrath to the pilots. He looked directly at Bedell and stated he had received them as gentlemen, but that Bedell was nothing but a 'liar'.

"He had a copy of the original three demands on his desk. I tried to politely interrupt and correct what I am sure Williams must have told him. There was no way. Toufanian was screaming, 'You are nothing but alcoholics, thieves, homosexuals, liars, cheats, liars, liars, liars!' It was really a humiliating experience. I had not lied or even slanted our presentation to the embassy or Toufanian. A lot of it went back to my West Point training. Williams is a West Point graduate and so is Delk Oden, president before Williams, and it apparently didn't bother them a bit to bull shit us.

My spirits picked up somewhat. Perhaps it could be saved after all.

"We left. Nothing had been accomplished. I felt there was no way we could form a union in Iran. Maybe back in the States by correspondence, but not in Iran. Hell, it was their country and they certainly had the power to run it the way they saw fit."

On the flight back to Isfahan, the pilot — a close friend of Bedell and perhaps best left unnamed as it is believed he is still with BHI — told Bob he had been told not to fly them back.

Bedell recounted, "I was supposedly

going to sabotage the plane — with me aboard. They wanted us to fly back commercial. My friend just laughed at them."

On the flight, Bedell's friend also revealed he had spent considerable time with top-management discussing the problems in Isfahan and he wanted Bob to get with McCauley and he would see Moore to arrange a meeting and perhaps work something out.

"My spirits picked up somewhat. Perhaps it could be saved after all. We could continue our efforts in the States through our attorney and the National Labor Relations Board. This undoubtedly would take a year or two, but what the hell, everyone would have a job in the meantime. All we needed was some kind of bone from management; just anything to show they were acting in good faith.

"We landed and George Young met us to hand me my final termination papers. General Williams had told my friend that the three of us (Dossey and Hayes) would have 24 hours to make a decision, but I guess the word never reached Young. He had to go out of his way to be there when we landed. I turned to my friend and remarked they aren't trying very hard to save it."

A few more meetings were held in an effort to work things out but without any cooperation from management little could be accomplished. They also realized that while there was no set law against a union, the local government just didn't approve and there wasn't much that could be done about it. Howard Moore, BHI's director of training, met with them again and said each pilot would have to submit a letter and he would accept back the individuals he wanted back.

"Right then I got up and went home," Chuck Reynolds remarked, "because I knew there was no hope. That night was by far the lowest point morale-wise. I just went home and told my wife to start packing. I am sure marriages were considerably strained. It was difficult to give up the income and return to nothing for a matter of principle.

"Not everyone had air-fare coming. The policy was you had to be in the country a full year before you were entitled to a ticket home. We tried to charter a plane, but the Iranian government would not allow it. The embassy again offered no assistance. Finally our attorney in the States released some press notices about Bell employees being stranded in Iran. After that, they came through with tickets for everyone to New York."

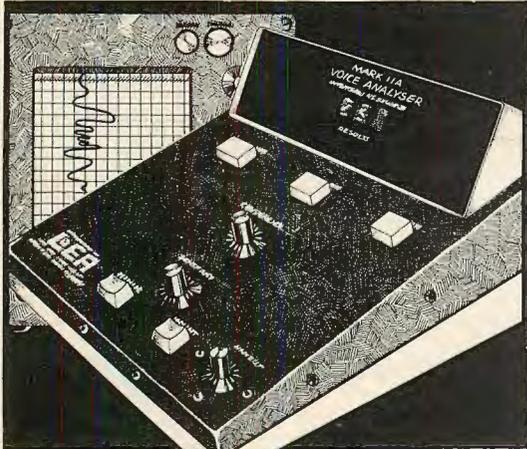
"At this time," Bedell added, "the 'weak sisters' began to desert us. Some of them I just didn't expect it from. They had been with Air America for a number of years and were in good shape financially and had been very vocal and

continued on page 36

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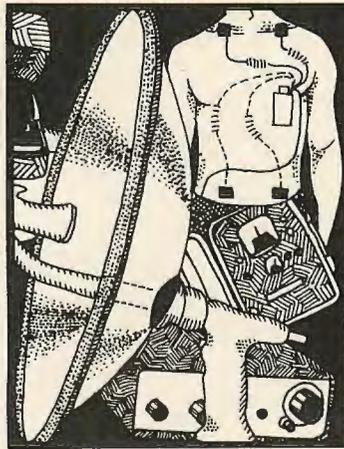
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outspoken during meetings. However, there were those who stood by their convictions and have since suffered real monetary hardship for not staying. Some only had a few days to go before receiving a \$3,500 bonus. (This was money withheld by BHI from first year salaries). Still they did not give in. I was amazed by and very proud of these people. The others were not worth having."

A total of 103 chose to leave. That meant that between 40 and 50 did return to work. This could have been what defeated them, or BHI might have stood firm regardless of how many left. However, it is certain they could not have maintained any operation with 30 pilots, but they could and did function on a reduced scale with 80 until others could be recruited.

In defense of General Toufanian, indications point to numerous alcoholics with BHI and there was an incident where one employee in supply had stolen quite a bit from the supply depot.

It also should be pointed out that Williams and Moore had been in their positions only a short time when things reached an impasse and many feel those they replaced were far more responsible.

Although the pilots were paid an average of \$2,000 per month — some more depending on experience — money doesn't mean too much where life is concerned. Even though these men had flown in combat and faced all the dangers this involves, they objected to allowing aircraft to operate at auxiliary fields without radios to communicate with the control tower; having only one tower operator controlling two traffic patterns landing on six lanes; not having a qualified pilot in the tower during student solo flights; take-off and landing routes at Isfahan over extremely rough terrain — unsafe for auto-rotation in case of engine failure or other emergency; told to fly aircraft with engine warning systems inoperative, and tactical fighters in training area without advance notice.

After researching this article, I spoke with Glen Wood, President of the Professional Helicopter Pilots Association, who told me that a total of 103 lawsuits have been filed against Bell Helicopter International and were pending as we go to press. It is uncertain when the cases will ever come to court.

Meantime many of the men are finding it difficult to find new flying jobs. While they have been unable to determine any concrete evidence to substantiate their beliefs, they have the feeling that someone has caused them to be blacklisted.

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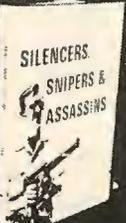
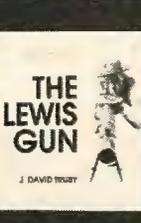
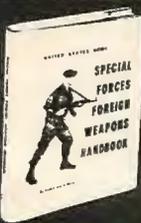


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PALADIN

Arrest In Zaire

by A.J. Venter

Part II

Al Venter, editor of the SOF African Desk, has spent the past decade reporting on chaos in Africa . . . the Portuguese guerrilla wars, the army mutiny in Ghana, the mercenary rebellion in the Eastern Congo . . . covered both sides of the Biafran civil war . . . and is probably the only correspondent to have covered the entire war in Angola from border to border.

SYNOPSIS PART I

"Be certain that if you enter Angola on your own, without the authority of the Allied Supreme Military Commission, and you are picked up by either UNITA or the FNLA, you will be identified as an MPLA spy and will most likely be shot." This admonition was uttered by Lopi, a UNITA official. Thus forewarned, Venter and another journalist, Gilles Hertzog of Le Monde, ventured forth overland to find out exactly what was happening in Angola. (Most of the other journalists were scared off by such warnings and went home.) Venter and Hertzog underestimated the seriousness of their situation at the time and thought their journey to Angola would be arduous, but not impossible or particularly dangerous. A Zairean Consul in Zambia reinforced their cavalier attitude by stating that Venter's FNLA Press accreditation was enough to protect both Venter and Hertzog.

The two reporters blithely crossed the Zambia-Zaire border on foot and spent most of the afternoon persuading immigration officials to let them pass into Zaire without the usual transit visas. The Director finally agreed and provided a car and driver and aide to transport the journalists to Lubumbashi (formerly Elizabethville), where they could acquire

proper credentials. The reporters exchanged knowing looks and congratulated themselves for having obviated so much red tape by their persuasive talking.

On their way to Lubumbashi, they stopped at a bar. An unidentified policeman subtly warned the pair that they were not guests, but under arrest as suspected mercenaries and that their position was extremely grave. Armed with this information, the two now perceived their taciturn escorts as armed guards. The formerly blase reporters were shaken. Their minds raced toward a plan that would get them out of their situation. The best they could do was play for time: they bought drinks all around. The 'escorts', however, soon wanted to leave the bar. The correspondents left their escape plans at the bar along with their money. Back in the car, they discovered through one of their bragging captors that he was called 'Assassin' and that he had earned his name the hard way. About this time, Hertzog realized apprehensively that he was carrying books in his suitcase about Che Guevara. This added fuel to their growing blaze of fear and isolation.

As the car neared Lubumbashi, the desperate reporters tried to bribe 'Assassin' to let them stop at a hotel. 'Assassin' quietly took their money, but when the vehicle stopped, it was in front of the heavy steel doors of a highly secured compound, not a hotel.

There is a government organization in President Mobutu's Zaire known simply as the CND — an abbreviation for Centre Nationale Documentation or National Documentation Centre. The title, innocuous enough for this austere body, does, in fact, handle most official matters involving the issue of government documents.

But mention the CND to any Zairean — or to some foreigners living and working in Zaire — and the likelihood is that you will drive fear into some of the stoutest hearts, for as one diplomat in Lubumbashi described it to me, the CND is the Zairean version of the KGB, the Russian secret police.

There are some people who maintain that CND methods are, if anything, worse than those devised by the Soviets, for while Moscow jails most of its dissidents, or sends them to Siberia, the CND executes the majority of theirs.

In a sense therefore, to be "embraced" by the CND — to receive an invitation to visit their headquarters, or to be visited by them during the night — can be regarded as the kiss of death. For Mobutu's lieutenants are totally ruthless with anyone who opposes the will of the "Wise One" or the "Guide" or "Redeemer" as Mobutu Sese Kuku Bbendu Wa Za Banga is increasingly known throughout this vast African state half the size of Western Europe. Shades

of Nkrumah?

To be fair, white people apprehended by the CND have so far suffered a happier fate than their black counterparts. Whites are known to have been beaten, tortured, starved and kept in total isolation, but in general, diplomatic measures usually achieve their release although this takes a little time and a fair amount of matabish — the “greasing of the palms.”

Very little is achieved in Zaire today without matabish and woe betide the man or woman who attempts to bribe but does not offer enough of an incentive to.

A German arrested in Lubumbashi just before ourselves for attempting to export malachite was held in close custody for three months while the German government tried to sort out his case.

The charge was obscure, for the man had valid export papers (which also cost considerable matabish), but evidently someone within the CND had decided that a little more money was warranted because the German was taking out several tons of the semi-precious copper-based stone.

The German's problem, evidently, was that he offered only a token bribe to the CND official who visited him. This resulted in an additional charge of attempted corruption. By the time the German was released it had cost something in the region of R7 000 in matabish to secure his freedom.

Still more serious is the case of the British pilot who is still held in custody by the CND in Kinshasa. The man had flown

country the British captive had been held for 11 weeks. A diplomatic source indicated that Mr. Harold Wilson, the British Prime Minister had personally intervened and written a letter of appeal to President Mobutu.

Our first contact with the CND was less auspicious. We had never heard of the organization and if we had, we would have viewed our circumstances far more seriously, for it was the first stop after we had been taken to the military barracks on the outskirts of Lubumbashi.



The barracks to which Assassin had taken us was routine enough. It was late and there were not as many troops about as we had expected to see, although it was a little disquieting to see that the majority were drunk; and all were armed.

From the start we were the objects of great interest, like two adventurers who had stumbled on some lost city in the jungle where the inhabitants had never seen a white man before. Scores of soldiers, all dressed in regulation-issue, American-style fatigues surrounded the small office to which we were first taken.

we had and there was little we could do about it.

Assassin spent a long while on the telephone. He did not indicate who he was calling and we could not follow his conversation because he spoke in Lingala, the Lingua Franca of the north. The only word that Gilles recognized was, as before, Mercenaire. He was still on the mercenary kick. Once again Gilles paled visibly for it was clear that we were in serious trouble.

What worried me most at that moment was not so much the fact that we had been arrested, but that we were being kept from making any contact with white people whom, we knew, we could ask to get in touch with our consulates. I broached the subject of going to the hotel to “brush up” with Assassin again, but he dismissed the idea with a scowl.

The telephone calls having been made, Gilles and I waited. I had a rough idea of the routine and spoke softly to Gilles in English.

“Now is the big test” I told him. “He has spoken to his superiors. Now we must wait and see what happens. If more soldiers arrive we are really in the shithouse.”

I tried to explain to Gilles what to do if he was beaten. There was not much I dared tell him for I had seen a few examples of Zairean (then Congo) brutality and even brave men had been awed. Gilles was visibly twitching by now. Still we waited.

Eventually the gates of the barracks were thrown open. From where we sat we could see much of the parade ground and the gates through which we had entered. My relief was genuine when I saw that it was a car that had arrived with only one occupant.

We were never told the name of the man who arrived except that he called himself “Lieutenant” and held a position of personal trust from Mobutu himself in the southern Shaba region. Like Assassin, the Lieutenant was a cool customer who rarely smiled for for that matter showed any emotion whatever. I gathered afterwards from another source that he too was a trusted member of the top secret military police but one gained the impression that if there was any killing to do it would be left to Assassin.

The Lieutenant was not a big man. In a suit he looked like any other Zairois. When he “greeted” us that night — he did not even allow a hint of acknowledgement that we were there — he was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt and his muscles rippled. If Assassin was tough, this man was powerful and he knew it. He also made no secret of the fact that he carried a 9mm service revolver which he had tucked into his belt.

The Lieutenant listened carefully while Assassin spoke. He read the letter from the Director of Immigration at the



Al Venter with the two men who accompanied him during his period of arrest in Zaire; “Lieutenant” on the left and “Assassin” on the right.

from Luanda and landed at N’djili Airport on the outskirts of the capital. He had come from a “hostile” area so it was concluded that he was an MPLA spy. Only, with an aircraft at his disposal, his charge was far more serious than ours.

By the time Gilles and I had left the

We sat on two stools and our surprise was genuine when Assassin produced three beers. The surprise mellowed a little when our unsmiling black guard demanded another 10 American dollars for “payment.”

We were being screwed for the money

border. Then he strode over to where we sat.

He spoke in French. "Who sent you to Zaire? In whose pay are you? For whom have you been fighting? Have you taken any photographs of Zairean military establishments?"

Gilles answered each question — and many more — in precise language so there should be no mistake. Then came the last question, the implications of which we only realized afterwards for it was cleverly phrased: "When last were you in Luanda?"

Before I could comment to Gilles he had answered that we had both been there a few months before, he, to cover independence celebration and me, before that. The look on the Lieutenant's face was sufficient to indicate satisfaction: So we were associated with the MPLA after all!

I tried to explain. The Lieutenant motioned towards two soldiers in the room and ordered them to put our bags in a military transport vehicle outside. Gilles looked at me. My expression must have worried him because he started twitching more than ever. Like me he was terrified of the unknown. Where were they taking us?

We spent the night in an improvised cell on the other side of Lubumbashi. The drive through the city was depressing; not a white face anywhere, in fact, apart from huge numbers of military patrols we saw precious few civilians. The former Katangese capital appeared to have changed radically when compared to my visit two years previously. Then few people went to bed before midnight and Lubumbashi boasted almost as many bars, nightclubs and restaurants as Kinshasa.

At one stage I thought that if I spotted a white in a car and we were fortunate to stop at the same roadblock, I would shout a greeting, as if to an old friend and try to draw him over. I would use the name Pierre, or if it was a woman Yvonne. But we saw no white faces. In the four days of our incarceration we saw exactly four other Europeans, and then only from a distance.

Our "cell" the first night was in a military brothel near the old workings of the Union Miniere, now renamed Gecom. The structure was surrounded by a tall barbed steel fence and guarded by troops on the outside. Both Gilles and I were puzzled at first why they should bring us here when there must have been adequate numbers of jails available. Once we were served with half a chicken and some beer, the truth was clear; we were once again doing the buying at 10 American dollars a time.

Assassin played banker. Each time we handed over the cash he paid in local money, pocketing the difference which would have netted him about R20 a time in local currency on the black market. Obviously we had our uses. A voracious

eater and drinker, Assassin went through about 50 dollars of our money within an hour.

I then called a half. We were tired, we told him. A guard escorted us to our cell and we were locked in for the night.

There was no escape from the brothel. While there were whores about, this was clearly a military establishment. What disturbed us more were the conditions under which we were being kept. The beds, such as they were, had been used for one purpose only and were filthy. Cockroaches and lice crawled about the wall and, once asleep legions of mosquitoes drove home their attack. The stench was awful so we had to keep the barred windows open; more mosquitoes.

To Gilles, a very sophisticated Parisian, this was a totally new experience and he was shocked.

There was little real sleep that night; both of us were awake before dawn and lay for an hour trying to work out a plan. I was moritified by the presence of the Che Guevara books which were still with us and this kept me awake most of the dark hours. Before sun-up I had cut a hole in one of the mattresses and stuffed them in blessing the operation with a silent prayer; if they found that kind of "subversive" literature on us we would certainly have no case to answer.

Daylight brought a change of guard outside our "cell" and Assassin's scowling face. Each morning he would peep through a small hole in the door and shout for us to get ready. This contrasted with times when we were doing the buying and he was a little more pleasant.

The routine we followed the first morning was repeated for three more days, except that on the second morning we were taken to a small restaurant in town for breakfast, whites receive this kind of treatment in most black states, although it is tacitly understood that a price must be paid for such liberties. More dollars; the inevitable matabish.

Then, for the first time we were taken into the headquarters of the CND.

The CND building in Lubumbashi is not a large structure, but it houses a deceptive number of functions including radio transmitter rooms, dungeons in the basement, torture rooms (we were told) on the ground floor as well as a number of sparsely furnished cell-like chambers on the first floor used for interrogation purposes.

There are also a number of cells around the back which housed black prisoners; the entire complex being heavily guarded by units of the militia armed with modern American weapons. Radio masts straddled the roof-top of the headquarters and several nearby houses which, in all probability, were also military establishments.

We were to spend many hours over the next few days at the CND building and impressions are still vivid. Like the old map of Katanga on the wall of the office

of the local CND chief Citoyen (citizen) Yambo; a collector's item if ever there was one, it looked totally incongruous behind the man who played a prominent role in suppressing the Katangese rebellion.

Then there was the large wire wastepaper basket propped full of discarded rubber stamps; thousands of them. Where did they all come from? Whose were they? We could only speculate.

There were other sensations which left their mark: the stark, clear staccato rattle of morse radio transmissions alternating with the cries from prisoners in the cells below. In this modern age one would have thought that the morse key had long ago been supplanted by sophisticated short wave radio equipment. Not in Lubumbashi, at any rate.

There were also the other white prisoners, five of them, all Portuguese. We were not allowed to communicate with any of them although a greeting with the eyes is often as effective as a handshake, especially when your problems are similar. The Portuguese were still at the CND Headquarters when we left, two of them much the worse for the treatment they had received at the hands of their Zairean "guardians." On the last day that we visited the building they had been joined by two other whites, one, an elderly white-haired man who spoke only French and the other, who could have been Rhodesian or South African.

We had no way of telling, for by then we had already been identified as members of the dreaded foreign press and our seeing them was obviously an embarrassment for Citoyen Yambo.

As personalities go, perhaps the most striking individual we were to meet during the entire sojourn in Lubumbashi arrived on the first mornong, shortly after we did. Citoyen Yambo had asked a few questions by he made it clear that it was not his duty to find out the purpose of our visit; that was a job for a man who was known only as Zaki. We were soon to discover that Zaki's reputation extended well beyond the borders of Zaire.

Short, stocky and with slits for eyes, Zaki soon proved to be the kind of man that made Gilles, a pacifist at heart, pray that he would one day visit Paris so that he could arrange for his demise.

Zaki had a few of the aires and graces of the average Zairois. He was brutal and quite frank about his task; his job was to find out for whom we were spying. Every day for five or six hours Zaki would interrogate us, first together, then singly. We would be required to sit upright in a hard-backed chair with our hands on our legs. Zaki would sit behind a large desk and two of his cutthroat henchmen would stand behind us. Any lapse of discipline on our part would result in a clout on the ear, although, to be just, I was only hit twice and Gilles not at all, mainly

because, being French, he understood Zaki's questions better than I did.

Zaki was not a little intimidated by the fact that we may have been journalists and judging by other detainees' experiences, this may have been the reason why we were not overly physically manhandled.

Another prisoner who had been released two weeks before our arrival and who we met after we were able to move into the only respectable hotel in Lubumbashi, was a Hollander by the name of Reinoud von Myhlen, regional director for the Philips organization in Southern Zaire.

In an army search of his office in November, soldiers had "discovered" a radio transmitter. In spite of explanations that the transmitter was soon to be installed in the offices of the CND at Kolwezi, von Muhlen was arrested and charged with espionage. He was savagely beaten and although local whites in Lubumbashi rallied and brought food to his cell in the CND headquarters building, he saw none of it until after his release. The Dutch government apparently played a prominent role in securing his freedom.

Von Muhlen was expelled from Zaire on the same day that we were driven to the border.

The hours spent with Zaki alternated between relatively intelligent conversation and the cold but very real fear of knowing that we were not dealing with rational people. As far as Zaki was concerned we were spies; he told us so. Dozens of times over the days that followed he would ask the same questions about the nature of our activities. He would latch on to some obscure aspect of our statement, like the fact that my father's first names were the same as mine. This he could not understand.

Gilles' visit to Luanda was another point for serious consideration, as were the two visas in my passport, issued by the Portuguese Government to allow me to visit Angola prior to independence. Both of us were aware that Zaki had little concrete evidence to work on, so he had to find something to justify our presence at the CND building.

On the third day Gilles and I were led before three members of the FNLA; three soldiers who were passing through Lubumbashi on their way to Zambia. My FNLA card was produced and then followed an interrogation of a different nature for while Zaki had received an education of sorts and could read and write French, the FNLA troops were illiterate.

Where did I get the card? By whom was it issued? And then came a question which left us floored. It was accepted that the FNLA card was genuine and that I had been in Nova Lisboa during the battle for that city. But, asked one of the men, on whose authority had I left the fighting zone? The implications were

clear; I was an FNLA deserter.

It was pointless trying to explain that when the card was issued conditions in and around Nova Lisboa bordered on anarchy, or that, having got my story and pictures, I left the country southwards with a refugee column. Nothing washed except that I had wavered in the face of fire and had deserted my "brave colleagues" in their moment of crisis. The fact that the card identified me as a non-combatant journalist also did not rate. Either I was for the FNLA or I was against; neutrality as such, they said, did not exist. Such is the nature of African wars.

It was Citoyen Jambo who rescued me on this point, quite fortuitously. I had produced the articles I had written on the Angolan war in Scope and he, at least, accepted my bona fides. Zaki was overruled when it was suggested that I be tortured to find out the "real" truth. Poor Gilles; by this time he was almost in a state of mental collapse for the tension was as taut as a piano wire.

Throughout the interrogation period there were also repeated references to my South African connections. The fact that I lived and worked in Johannesburg confirmed Zaki's worst suspicions about my "mercenary" background. Did not all mercenaries come from Johannesburg? he often asked. That I had a British passport only confused the matter still further.

Throughout this period of four days we were kept in strict isolation from the outside world. We would travel between the military brothel and the CND each morning and once each day, after the initial period, special arrangements would be made to have us eat at a "white" restaurant. The two of us would be escorted to a local restaurant or hotel where a table would be provided for us at the back somewhere; these occasions provided us with our greatest hope that we would be spotted and recognized.

The problem was, though, there was still no one aware that we had been arrested. Although in the company of armed troops, we could have been anyone, and, in any event, no one in Zaire concerns himself too much about the affairs of others, especially not where it involves the CND.

During this entire period we had one break when it might have been possible to get a message to the outside world. We had been taken to the Central Hotel on the morning of the third day for breakfast. Again we were isolated but for once Assassin was in an expansive mood for we bought him beer for breakfast. I asked him halfway through the meal whether I would go to the toilet. He agreed.

It was a God-sent moment. I knew that the Central Hotel had a telephone and instead of taking the door to the toilet I took the one next to it which led to the reception area. The telephone stood on

the desk in front of me; it was a call box.

Novelists often centre their plots on one crucial moment in the story, a moment of chance or of opportunity. This was my moment and all I needed to complete the scenario was a 10 makuta coin which would allow me to talk to the British Consul.

I had numerous coins in my pocket but not a 10 makuta piece. I handed a 50 makuta coin to the receptionist and asked him for change. He did not have any.

A black resident at the hotel strolled through and he took out a pocket full of money after an agonizing period of scratching and scraping. Still nothing. It was unbelievable that my luck should turn against us like this at a time when a single telephone call could have been our salvation. Moments later Assassin came looking for me. He saw the telephone on the counter and snapped a question at the receptionist — obviously — has he used that phone?

The negative answer did not cool his ire. Assassin was angry.

By this time Gilles and I were becoming desperate. Long hours of interrogation each day and bad living conditions did not help our circumstances. Nor did the fact that we were spending huge amounts of our money to achieve such small favours as our daily meals. Assassin always ate with us, he taking half of any food laid on the table and Gilles and I sharing what was left; this in spite of the fact that we were paying the bills.

Then a new complication arose. Gilles awoke one morning to find that someone had been in the room during the night. I had heard movement at one stage but had become accustomed to the guards checking from time to time. After he had dressed he found that all his money had been taken. All he had left between himself and Paris, 10,000 kms away, was 10 American dollars which he always kept in his shoe for an emergency.

We asked Assassin about the theft, for he was the only man with a key to our place of confinement. Nothing.

But it was clear that Assassin was active. A day later he stole 160 dollars from me while I was in the shower. He also tried to steal a small gold pendant around my neck. I was furious and mentioned our losses to Zaki who shrugged and talked about other things. We were dealing with a gang of kleptomaniac psychopaths and from there on the two of us were much more circumspect about where we put things.

When Assassin entered our room we watched his every movement, but he was not intimidated. I was aghast one evening when, in our presence, he slid four rolls of film into his pocket. The man was mad, we concluded.

On the morning of the fourth day we had our first big break. We were certain that it had to come at sometime or

another for, by now, both Assassin and Zaki had become accustomed to us. We were always civil and friendly and invariably preferred a hand in greeting; it must have been clear by then that we were not murderers or thieves, or for that matter, mercenaries.

Gilles and I had agreed that the best action to take would be to try and smuggle a message to one of the consuls. The problem was getting to another white man to pass on the message which we had written on a piece of note-paper in the toilet, English on one side and French on the other.

I kept the paper, folded, in the seam of my trousers for we were often searched. What we were waiting for was that magic moment when we would encounter another white, either in town on our daily meal sessions, or, perhaps, in the CND offices. Europeans were constantly being brought in, some on charges, others to request formalies of one sort or another. So far we had been kept well away from all visitors, but after a few days Assassin was growing lax.

We could use the CND toilet without his officious presence dominating every move. At one stage we were even allowed to sit in the sun with other prisoners in the courtyard at the back.

There we met the Chief Prisoner, a powerful black man by the name of Ilungi. Uncompromising and brutal, Ilungi made no secret of the fact that he despised whites. He had killed many during the "evenements" of the early 'sixties, he boasted.

Later, when we were able to compare notes with the Hollander, von Muhlen, we discovered that it had been Ilungi that had accepted all the bribes and then had deprived him of his food. In our eyes this man was a bastard and what made him worse was that he was also a trusty.

But unknowingly, Ilungi helped in our eventual release. Being a trusty he was allowed out of the CND headquarters from time to time and it was thus that he accompanied Assassin into town in our taxi (for which we always paid) early on the fourth day. Prior to our interrogation session I had asked Zaki for permission to obtain a bank stamp on my currency document; we had spent a lot of money and had no confirmation of this. It was a farce of course, but it was one of many ruses we tried during our period of incarceration to make contact with the outside.

We were taken back to the Central Hotel where Ilungi was to guard us while Assassin took my currency slip to the bank for processing. Ilungi was pleased — so were we.

We settled Ilungi in the largest chair we could find, ordered him the biggest cigar in the house and set up three beers in front of him. Lord Muck was delighted at our servility and made much of the two whites toadying to his every whim. Barely 20 minutes later I excused myself

to go the toilet, as I had done the previous day.

The man at the reception desk was surprised to see me. His hand moved over the telephone; clearly he had been instructed by Assassin that we were not to use it and when the CND issues a directive, it is not worth anyone's life to disobey. My despondency must have been manifest for the man was clearly distraught.

But at that moment a white face entered the front entrance; the first white face I had seen at close quarters in what seemed a year. The man was young and well built. He smiled a greeting.

I moved forward. "Do you speak English?" I asked, my voice hoarse from excitement. "Yes" he answered, still smiling. I had the note ready and pressed it into his hand.

It had taken us four days to achieve this victory.

"Take this" I urged, my voice quivering. The man stopped and stepped back a pace, obviously surprised at my action. The note dropped on the ground.

I picked it up again and pushed it back into his hand. "For Christ sake read it" I said. Without acknowledging the gesture the man moved through the reception area into what I know from a previous visit to be a courtyard at the back.

What happened then we were told after our release the following day. Within 20 minutes the man to whom I had given the note arrived at the office of the French Consul M. Pierre Guth. He demanded an immediate interview with the French government representative and, because it appeared that he was highly agitated, this was granted, even though Mr. Guth was in conference.

Pierre Guth read the note and then, with two of his staff, set about trying to find us.

Lubumbashi is not a big city, nor does it have very extensive government offices, but it was clear that by the end of the day there were very few people in the town who did not know that there were two journalists being held by the authorities. Guth phoned every government functionary he knew. He spoke to Citoyen Yambo who expressed surprise at the news that two foreign journalists were being held. Yambo denied any knowledge of our presence but promised to "look into the matter".

At one stage the French Consul even spoke to Zaki. "Never heard of us", said the interrogator, but if he came upon something, he told Pierre Guth, he would phone him. We of course had no knowledge of these goings on, except that we detected some agitation in the voice of Zaki when he spoke to us a few hours later.

Our final release from close custody to open arrest in Lubumbashi was again a matter of chance. The greedy Assassin, ever eager to coin a few extra shekles, accepted a \$20 bribe so that we would be

allowed to change money at the Park Hotel. It had taken us four days to achieve this victory and we meant to make the most of it.

We need not have worried: For once luck was with us. Pierre Guth was at the hotel hosting a lions Club meeting and, once contact had been made, it was he who took the personal responsibility after speaking to Yambo, that we would be in his diplomatic care.

Eight days later, exactly 12 days after our arrest the joint actions of three governments — the British, the French and, surprisingly, Pretoria — achieved our release. We were escorted back to the Zambian border at Kasumbalesa. By this time all our money had been either stolen or spent but local whites in Lubumbashi rallied and helped pay our bills and provide us with enough cash to make Lusaka.

It was ironic that we were escorted across no-mans-land by the same Director of Immigration who had promised us all the help we needed when we first arrived; there were no regrets or apologies. His last words to Gilles as we bid him farewell were spoken in French. "I hope they did not torture you too much."

We both smiled, and rarely has a Zambian immigration official been greeted with as much enthusiasm by two transients as on that afternoon. It was like coming home again.



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Guerrilla Warfare In



It is said that the lesson men learn from history is that men do not learn from history. This maxim is amply proved within the sphere of military history generally, and terrorist warfare specifically. A consistent theme in history is the persistency with which senior officers ignore the lessons of past wars. To quote an obvious example, the Boer War should have yielded vital lessons with regard to the pattern of future warfare; especially the increasing superiority of defense — founded upon the machine gun (so aptly termed 'the concentrated essence of infantry'), the magazine rifle and heavy artillery — over offence, founded upon mass infantry

and bayonet wielding assaults. Yet it was a lesson totally lost upon the British and French practitioners of 'offence a outrance' during World War I. Within the same context, it was a Boer leader — Smuts (from 1916 until 1917 the Commander-in-Chief of the British East African Expeditionary Force), a brilliant practitioner of guerrilla warfare during the South African War, who fell victim to his own tactics, as practiced by the enemy, within the East African theatre during World War I; in other words, he ignored the second major implication of the Boer War — the terrible effectiveness of evasive guerrilla tactics. To extend the argument, military commanders of

subsequent generations and subsequent wars — French, American, Portuguese — who have been so tragically absorbed and debilitated by guerrilla tactics in Africa and South East Asia, have never heeded the profound military lessons to be extracted from the East African and Arabian theatres of operations in World War I. In this article, I hope to elucidate upon the tactical and strategic messages conveyed by the East African campaign of 1914-18. For it was a European — Von Lettow Vorbeck — who propounded and practiced the guerrilla tactics inherited by his non-European successors. (However, it would be a profound injustice to equate this military leader with



Paul von Lettow Vorbeck, (second from right) at ease with friends at Moshi in early 1914. During the next four years, he led one of the most successful guerrilla campaigns ever waged.

German East Africa 1914-1918



By E. Morock, B.A., A.L.A.

Reference Librarian, National Library of Rhodesia

of the future...

the terrorist of today, in so far as he never practiced — and indeed would have abhorred — the central criminal philosophy of today's terrorist, be he African, Palestinian, or Irish, viz. the creation of a power base within the civilian population by a consistent and cynical policy of terror and intimidation.)

Anyone who has studied this conflict will realize the essential character of counter-insurgency warfare — that it must not respond to the temptation (the ultimate terrorist objective) of over-extending resources. Thus, the East African theatre of war in World War I is of extreme interest to all engaged in COIN operations within the Zambezi salient today. For the Commander of the German forces in this theatre, Von Lettow Vorbeck was, like Lawrence of Arabia, the major exponent of guerrilla warfare during World War I. A combination of two crucial factors enabled Von Lettow, during the course of four years, to absorb 250,000 allied troops with just 2,500 askaris. These four years witnessed the orderly and fighting withdrawal of the German forces from Moshi, overlooking Mount Kilimanjaro, southwards to Numarroe in Mozambique, and ending in surrender at Abercorn, in (then) Northern Rhodesia. These two crucial factors were the basic tactical unit of the German defense force (the "Schutz-truppe") — the field company —

and the strategic objective of — not attack — but absorption of the enemy's energies.

Between 1884, when the colony was founded by Karl Peters, and 1906, the Germany colony of Tanganyika (an area which now comprises Tanzania, Rwanda, and Burundi) was the scene of prolonged warfare between the German colonial powers and indigenous tribal peoples. Between 1889 and 1904, up to 75 punitive expeditions were mounted in German East Africa. The most serious uprising was the 'Maji-Maji' rebellion of 1906. ('Maji' referred to the 'magical water' which the insurgents believed rendered them immune to German bullets; the Congolese Simba rebels of 1964 adhered to a similar theory of ballistics). The rebellion was savagely repressed in 1907. The significance of the rebellion for my theme is that it finally compelled the German colonial defense force to adopt the guerrilla tactics of their former enemy. These tactics are vividly illustrated in the following extract from a Schutztruppe field manual: 'His mobility and incredible marching powers, coupled with accurate knowledge of the country, make him able to carry out apparently impossible detours. He has no fixed line of retreat, for after a defeat his forces break up into small parties, which retire in all directions; and concentrate again at points previously agreed upon, often in the rear

of the victorious troops. After discharging their firearms, the natives retire hastily . . . to get ahead of the column so that they may repeat their attack . . . By continually harassing their enemy in this way they hope, by avoiding serious losses on their own side, to tire him out, compel him to expend his ammunition and gradually reduce his power of resistance till he can be finally overwhelmed by an energetic spear attack'. (Is this not the prototype of the Viet Minh strategy against the French in Indo China, compelling the French Army to adopt a defensive position after a guerrilla war of attrition, and then launching a conventional assault, as exemplified at Dien Bien Phu?).

During the struggle with the tribes — the Wahehe, Wanyamezi, Wagogo, Wasukuma, Angono — the German colonial force absorbed the tactics of their brilliant guerrilla foes. The key to the tactical philosophy of the Schutztruppe was the wholesale recruitment of its former enemies. Prior to 1907, the bulk of enrollment had emanated from the Sudan, the traditional home of the Askari. However, such men were essentially mercenaries, and, after 1907, German field commanders looked on their own doorstep for recruits.

By 1914, an elite corps of highly disciplined tribal soldiers had been recruited, with a high *esprit de corps*, rigidly indoctrinated with allegiance to

the Kaiser (ranking above all tribal loyalties), with a high degree of mastery of European military technology. 'In his smart khaki belt and ammunition pouches, Foreign Legion-type kepi with the bright gold imperial eagle on himself as part of a black master race.' (C. Miller: *The Battle for the Bundu*, London: Macdonald, 1974).

In seeking to counteract tribal mobility, the Schutztruppe had to develop an even higher degree of mobility. The result was the small independent command known as the Field Company — a basic combat unit unique among all colonial armies. The Field Company was neither division, regiment, nor battalion, but a small, independent command, comprising seven or eight German officers and NCO's and 150-200 askaris — with a complement of two machine guns, and supplemented by a large number of tribal irregulars, known as 'ruga, ruga'.

With several hundred porters functioning as ammunition and food carriers, with two collapsible boats for quick passage of river barriers, with its own surgeon (and even with its own cobblers) the Field Company was almost totally uninhibited by supply lines (in total contrast to the unwieldy pursuit columns of the Allies). Whilst it sometimes formed part of a larger (though still flexible) group called 'abteilung', it was logistically autonomous, and able to make long forced marches much more swiftly than the conventional rifle company with its complex administrative and supply links to battalions and regiments. In addition, it had an essentially loose-jointed internal organization which permitted it, if necessary, to emulate the tribal foe and scatter when out-maneuvred, then reform quickly and counter-attack. In essence, therefore, the Schutztruppe Field Company was a self-contained micro-army. It was infinitely more mobile than the King's African Rifle battalions. (Due to the enormous Allied wastage through disease in the course of the campaign, the KAR ultimately emerged as the principal antagonists of the Schutztruppe askaris, being more resistant than European troops to the East African environment.) Moreover, the Germans held a conspicuous edge in fire power, possessing two machine guns per Field Company, as opposed to only one in each KAR company.

The second factor, of a strategic nature, lay in Von Lettow's conception of the war. He did not deceive himself that the Schutztruppe had the remotest chance of victory in East Africa. With the declaration of war, the Royal Navy would seal off troop reinforcements from Germany, while the British (and presumably the Belgians of the Congo) would be free to pour in men and materials until they had attained a decisive quantitative and qualitative

superiority. Von Lettow's strategy proceeded from this very premise. Recognizing that he was powerless to reduce the odds against him, he evolved a strategy deliberately designed to increase them. Von Lettow adopted throughout the war a strategic conception systematically designed to compel the enemy to commit the largest possible force to Tanganyika, thereby diverting troops and resources from the theatre of war in which they were most needed. (This theatre was, of course, the Western Front). The core of his strategy was attack and evasion; initially, attacks upon the Uganda railway — the most sensitive strategic nerve of the British military stance in East Africa — which absorbed increasing numbers of British East African military personnel; and, consistently, hit and run attacks upon the unwieldy columns of the Allied forces which attempted, unsuccessfully, to develop the German forces in Stalingrad-type pincer movements. In short, the East African theatre of war was the



German troopers in East Africa seek out a British recon plane.

classical prototype of terrorist strategy — exploiting his opponent's supremacy of numbers as a feature of his weakness rather than his strength. An important aspect of this process is compelling the numerically superior enemy to commit increasing numbers of troops to a static role (usually in the defense of essential lines of communication), allied with the pursuit of an enemy whose elusiveness is compounded by the terrain.

This was the strategy of the Viet Minh in Indo China and the Frelimo terrorists in Mozambique. It was a strategy propounded by Lawrence of Arabia, and realized in his attacks upon the Hejaz railway, which committed increasing numbers of Turkish troops to its defense, in order to facilitate communication with Medina. B.H. Liddell Hart, in his book, 'T.E. Lawrence of Arabia and After' London: Jonathan Cape, 1934, quotes Lawrence's exposition of guerrilla tactics, so reminiscent of Von Lettow's; tactics which have deceived and

frustrated conventional military commanders with no knowledge of history, who seek to counteract elusive energy with mass force: 'Armies were like plants, immobile as a whole, firmrooted, nourished through long stems to the head . . . It seemed a regular soldier might be helpless without a target. He would own the ground he sat on, and what he could poke his rifle at . . . We must impose the longest possible passive defense on the Turks (this being the most materially expensive form of war) by extending our own front to its maximum. Tactically, we must develop a highly mobile, highly equipped type of army, of the smallest size, and use it successively at distributed points of the Turkish line, to make the Turks reinforce their occupying posts beyond the economic minimum of twenty men. The power of this striking force of ours would not be reckoned merely by its strength. The ratio between number and area determined the character of the war, and by having five times the mobility of the Turks we could be on terms with them with one-fifth of their number.

Herein lies the key to the success of terrorism — representing the efforts of extremely underdeveloped societies against sophisticated military technologies (for this reason terrorism has been termed 'the war of the flea'). Propagandists for terrorism advocate that such victories represent the moral victory of 'suppressed' agricultural societies over industrialized affluent ones (adhering to Chinese Communist doctrine). This is patent nonsense, a mythology founded upon lack of military imagination on the part of sophisticated adversaries. Broadly speaking, warfare in the modern world resolves itself into two major categories. The first is that which assumes the classical configuration of attack and defense.

A classical model of the first type is the Israeli-Arab conflict, in which the geomilitary configuration of the disputed territory — open desert — facilitates the use of armour, electronically guided missile systems, and intensive air strikes. The second category is the terrorist war, which in turn subdivides into sectors. First, one has the conflict in which primitive terrain lends itself to the guerrilla strategy of attrition, and nullifies sophisticated military technologies. The second category is embodied in the urban terrorist offensive, as exemplified in Ulster, and the ghettos of American cities. Because of its bearing upon the Rhodesian situation, this article is focussed upon the first category of terrorist war. The past quarter of a century has witnessed the failure to distinguish between the Israeli-Arab type conflict, and the Mozambique-Indo China variety.

What convinced Von Lettow of the need for this strategy was the pyrrhic victory the German forces gained at Jasin in

early 1915, to the north of Tanga, in which he lost 15% of the regular German officers engaged, in addition to expending 200,000 rounds of ammunition. With so high a rate of attrition and material, Von Lettow calculated that 'with means at my disposal, I could at the most fight three more actions of this nature'. Such a course was out of the question, and therefore the only logical alternative was pursued. 'The need to strike blows only occasionally, and to restrict myself principally to guerrilla warfare was evidently imperative.'

With regard to the Uganda railway, the particularly vulnerable sector was the 100 mile section which skirted the German border within a one-to-three day marching distance of the Kilimanjaro foothills. In 1915, harassment of the railway became an instrument of long range German strategy in East Africa. If enough concentrated damage could be done the British would probably commit increasing numbers of troops — not only to protect their main artery of communications, but, if possible, to drive the Germans well beyond the border and keep them there. This was precisely the British response, and, towards the end of December, 1915, the British High Command in Nairobi was informed that its force was about to be tripled in strength. (These reinforcements were largely the product of the policies of the Union of South Africa's pro-British Premier Louis Botha, and equally anglophilic lieutenant Jan Christian Smuts. In view of their pro-British policies, it became possible to mobilize 20,000 South African troops for service in the East African theatre.)

Ultimately, of course, the German troops were compelled to retreat southwards in the face of the Allied troop concentrations along the Tanganyika Kenya border, which sought to envelop Von Lettow's forces. The course of the war between late 1915 and 1918 was largely the vain pursuit of Allied columns to encircle Von Lettow, whose forces constantly evaded these encircling movements, as at the Taveta gap on the border of the German colony, and Morogoro, situated on the Tanganyika Central Railway. The failure of the Allied envelopment plans was due to three central factors.

The first was the tactical unit of the Schutztruppe Field Company, which engendered great mobility (being logistically autonomous, its independence of supply lines greatly enhanced this evasion of the pursuing troops. Crucial to the effectiveness of this tactical unit was the machine gun. A single machine gun team could, at the very least, hold up a platoon or company for the time it took to get its own Maxim or Vickers gun off its mule and return the fire. By then the Germans would have put up their weapon on a wooden carrying frame and moved it off to open

fire from another position. The emplacements were, inevitably (in view of the dense bush) always invisible. In his novel 'Jim Redlake' (London: Heinemann, 1930), Francis Brett Young (who served as a Medical Officer with the 2nd Rhodesia Regt.) puts into the mouth of one of the officers the words, "I'll hope you see something to aim at. I never have."

Second, one had the disease of infested terrain, resulting in the enormous wastage of European troops, and the debilitating effect upon their military potential. What Allied troops (particularly vulnerable to insect and waterborne diseases) actually endured on the march



Paul von Lettow in Berlin, 1914. He had gained GW experience in China and South West Africa in the early 1900's.

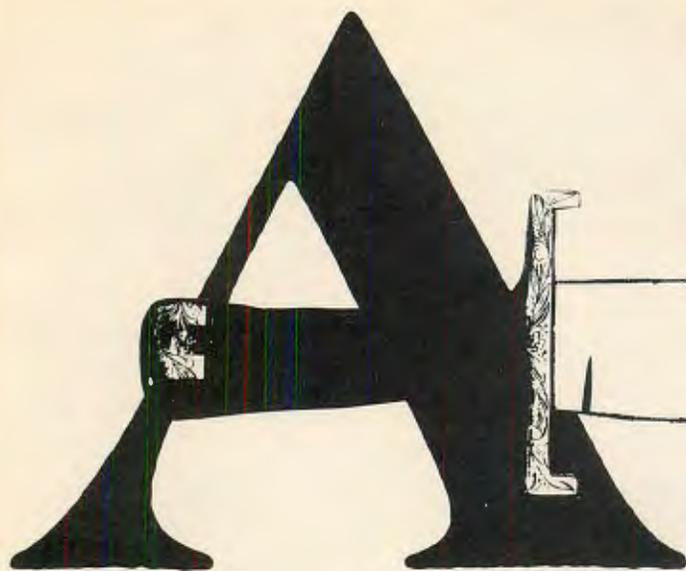
was not actually a great deal worse than anything experienced by a later generation of British and American soldiers in the South-west Pacific, Malaya and Vietnam. However, medical officers in these more recent wars could summon to their aid a multiplicity of antibiotics and other drugs, whereas the combatants in the East African theatre could rely only upon quinine, a helpful prophylactic but continually in short supply, due to communications problems. Malaria was the largest single killer. Virtually everybody caught dysentery — amoebic or bacillary or both

— from contaminated food or the waters of the Pangani, Rovuma, Wami, and other rivers; East Africa had the highest dysentery rate of any theatre in World War I. Also common was blackwater fever, relapsing fever caused by ticks (its symptoms of chills, heat stroke, epileptic seizures, delirium tremens and cardiac failure resembled those of malaria), and small cuts which often expanded into livid, suppurating jungle sores as large as a fist. In addition one had the jigger flea, which burrowed into a man's toe and laid several million eggs. If the eggs were not extracted with a knife or safety pin the toe would presently rot; literally thousands of British, Indian and African toes were amputated on the march to the Central railway. The bottle fly laid its eggs in a soldier's arm or back. These eggs soon grew into large white maggots which, unless removed, would die and form festering abscesses. The bite of the sand fly caused a fever lasting about three days — mild beside the maddening itch which persisted for weeks afterwards. There was also the black soldier ants ('sifa'u') which travelled in vast armies and bit like white hot irons, and scorpions, whose stings made their victims witless with agony for at least twelve hours.

It was this disease endemic hinterland which was to result in the Tanganyika campaign ultimately resolving itself into a black man's war. This was necessitated by the enormous wastage of European troops through disease. Between October and December of 1916, 15,000 British troops were invalided home. (Their numbers would shortly be enlarged by the mass departure of Indian troops.) Hardly a single unit had not been decimated by malaria, dysentery, and blackwater. Among the 2nd Rhodesia Regt. fewer than 70 men could answer the roll call, although more than 1,000 troops had passed through their ranks in various drafts. The worst casualties were the South Africans; whereas 1915 had witnessed 20,000 landing in East Africa, within a year 12,000 were taken aboard the hospital ships. The places of European and Indian troops were taken by black units — Nigerians, West Africans, and, above all, the KAR. (In 1917 the KAR establishment was expanded from thirteen to twenty battalions, formed into seven regiments, giving the force a total strength of 24,000 officers and men.) This wastage was no small feather in Von Lettow's cap, as it was central to his long range strategic objective of wasting the Allied military strength on the Western Front; the vast majority of invalided troops remained permanently unfit for active duty.

Thirdly, the Allied military effort was severely crippled by the problem of communication in an undeveloped

continued on page 53



The Deadly

by Jeff Cooper

mericans

A Tradition of Independence

It is not unusual for critics of the American scene to deplore what they hold to be an uncivilized toleration of personal violence in our society. Violent crime is not so much the issue, but rather the use of violence by socially acceptable persons in self-defense, in the righting of wrongs, and in meeting challenging situations. Such critics feel that Americans are too ready to ignore the police and handle their emergencies personally; and that, further, this barbarous attitude is encouraged, rather than inhibited, by our tradition.

It is possible that such criticism is well-founded. The frontier experience of the Anglo-American, while similar in many ways to that of other colonial peoples, was not identical with it. And with the independence of the United States, it's people split away in various significant attitudes even from their heretofore similarly disposed Canadian cousins to the north. The westward movement of the United States, as placed in time between the Louisiana Purchase and the Battle of Wounded Knee, seems to have developed a notably violent breed of men, probably more prone to homicide than any other generalized group in modern times. This period is only shortly passed, and its memory is still quite fresh in our society. This memory may indeed lead Americans, more than other twentieth century people, to feel that to be a man-killer is not necessarily to be a monster. While a strongly scriptural culture might ponder the Sixth Commandment at length, it would be equally familiar with the exploits of Joshua, Samson, David and a score of other Old Testament figures who seem to have interpreted the tablet's injunction as, "Thou shalt not kill, unless thou hast a very good reason."

It may be impossible to prove, by a

soundly documented statistical survey, that the nineteenth century western American was a more "prickly" man — that is, readier to kill for what he regarded as a good reason — than his frontier counterpart in Canada, Australia, South Africa, Latin American, or Siberia. There is some evidence that this is so, but it is not the sort of thing that is likely to be recorded. The westerner certainly had a reputation for it among foreign commentators, but whether this was founded upon fact or fancy is at least open to discussion. Apart from statistics, however, there may be another way to investigate this idea. Whether or not the westerner was a more light-hearted killer than other people, if we think he was, the ethical residue is the same. If modern Americans are more bloody-minded than other people because of a tradition of violence, the factual basis of the tradition is of only incidental importance. This is nowhere better expressed than in Winston Churchill's sonorous comment on the Arthurian legend, "It is all true, or it ought to be, and more and better besides!"

It is the intent of this article, therefore, to inquire into the concept of the killer in western legendry, and so to discover if our tradition does indeed sanction homicide to a greater extent than our critics can approve.

Man-killing seems to be the natural condition of man. A large body of anthropological opinion holds that it was the predatory carnivorous hominid who took the upward path in evolution, rather than his herbivorous brother, who developed eventually into the great apes of today. Be that as it may, men have been killing men, with only brief interruptions, since they have been identifiable as men. Thus some problem exists even in separating the Cains from

the Abels. For the purposes of this article, however, I shall set forth a concept of the homicidal man — the killer — as he appears as a folk hero, not just as a man who happened to kill another man. To begin, we may discard those hero characterizations which a "killer", in our sense, is not.

The killer is not a criminal. There are certainly Robin Hoods in American legendry, and many of them boasted a long list of victims, but such outlaws, while often eulogized as "good boys gone wrong", are more deplored than defied. The Jesse James, the Billy Bonney, the Joaquin Murrietta have their apologists, but that is just what they are — apologists. They feel the need to justify what is generally held to be a wicked career. And the others — the unjustifiable criminal killers — the Harpes, the Murrells, the Girtys, and the Dillingers — are, for the most part, excoriated. In some cases it is hard to tell where a folk hero stands in relation to the law, but in these cases outlawry is an irrelevant issue and the man is a hero quite apart from any concept of social order.

The killer is not an "Indian-fighter." To the Anglo-American, the American Indian was only exceptionally a human antagonist, and thus did not really count. Partly because of the vast cultural gulf separating the Renaissance European from the Stone Age; partly because of a fanatic protestant Christianity which generally held even a Catholic, let alone a heathen, to be beyond salvation; partly because of the really hideous savagery displayed upon occasion by the Indians; and partly because of sense of guilt about the obvious injustice of the colonists' forcible subjugation of the native people, the Indian was simply vermin. Killing Indians was not the same thing as killing

equals. Thus a famous Indian-fighter might have many human lives to account for, and might be highly thought of as a sort of sanitary engineer, but he was not a killer in the sense of this paper.

The killer is not a soldier. Soldiers normally kill in battle — sometimes with enthusiasm and sometimes with the utmost repugnance. But killing in war is a social duty and not a matter of volition. It is reasonably common for a man who is a veritable tiger in battle not even to own personal weapons when he returns to civil status. Such a man may have killed a hundred times but he is not a killer. Wade Hampton of Carolina, the Confederacy's most prominent "citizen-soldier," felt that, in the course of four years' service in grades from colonel to lieutenant general, he had killed two men with his sword and nine with his pistols, but he was not a prickly man. Nathan Forrest, on the other hand, was; but he was so both before and after his military service. Heroic and sanguinary service in war has always been honored by civilized man. Such honor cannot be considered peculiar to any social ex-

The U.S. Westward Movement seems to have developed a notably violent breed . . .

perience, and is certainly not a unique feature of the western tradition.

The killer is not a policeman. The duly appointed enforcers of the law are normally armed with lethal weapons in modern society — Great Britain being the conspicuous exception — and it is assumed that they will kill, if they must, in self-defense or to prevent the escape of a person who has committed an atrocious felony. Such may be killers, but, if so, it is not part of their job. John Slaughter and Billy Hickok were, Wyatt Earp probably was; Billy Breakenridge definitely was not. Yet all were Lawmen, and all killed many men.

(It is curious to note that a feature of Ian Fleming's celebrated adventure tales is the idea that certain secret agents in the British service, designated by a double zero preceding their serial numbers, are "authorized to kill" in the performance of their duties. This suggests a significant difference in modern British and American attitudes, since it seems evident that any man who is officially armed must be so authorized.)

What the killer is, by the definition I wish to use, is a man who simply does not hold the lives of his adversaries to be particularly important, who is highly skilled with his weapons and enthusiastic about their use, who does not prey upon society and usually obeys its laws, but

whom it is very dangerous to thwart. Such a man can and has become a hero in American legend. In that he serves himself first and cause only as convenient, he is unusual, outside of the United States, in modern times. Historically, his counterparts are the Mycenaean hero, the feudal knight, and the Samurai. He is interesting to Americans in that he exists in our immediate past, not "long ago and far away." Our grandfathers knew him personally — he was the grandfather of some of us. His spirit lies light, and responds to the faintest invocations. If we are indeed a bit too dangerous for "the century of the common man," his example may well be the reason.

Discounting the creations of pure fiction, America has a host of folk heroes. These men, like Herakles, actually lived, but, as with him, it is not always easy to separate what they did from what they are thought to have done. It is the duty of the scholar to try, of course, but such work does not affect tradition. Alexander probably did not cut the Gordian Knot, but tradition says he did. The act is true to his character, as society remembers it, and Alexander's reputed character unquestionably affected more men, over a longer period, than his actual deeds.

Therefore, in discussing the character of American folk heroes, the stories told about them must be given a certain weight, even if they are difficult or impossible to verify. The image, in this case, may be as significant as the reality.

Most American folk heroes killed men. A minority were killers in the rather narrow sense of this paper. However, the

The killer can and has become a hero in American legend.

killer-hero does exist. For a conspicuous early example one may consider the case of James Bowie, of Louisiana and Texas. Bowie led such a wildly romantic life that if he were invented he would be disbelieved. "The deadliest man alive" he was called by Robert Penn Warren (alive in 1835, that is). "By Hercules! The man was greater than Caesar or Cromwell — nay nearly equal to Odin or Thor. The Texans ought to build him an altar!" said Thomas Carlyle. This is extravagant talk, but Bowie was an extravagant character. Details of his life vary according to source, but it seems undeniable that James Bowie was a killer of classic dimensions. One thing that stands out in all the episodes that made him famous is a chilling eagerness to destroy. He was never accused of a crime of violence, but, if he never attacked, his riposte was terrible. Such, at any rate, is the legend.

Bowie was born of Scottish ancestry in North Georgia or Southern Tennessee, probably in 1796. Since he died forty years later in the Alamo — the year Sam Colt patented his epoch-making revolving pistol — he antedates the gunman. He was an exponent of the *arma blanca* — cold steel — which lends a particularly sinister aspect to his saga, to

Cold Steel . . . this gentleman's weapon was never revered in egalitarian America.

American eyes. Americans do not have a tradition of the sword, though one can dig up exceptional cases. Anthony Wayne and Nathan Forrest fancied it, old John Brown put it to ugly use on the Ossawatimie, and there were of course the creole duelists of Louisiana; but in the main this gentleman's weapon was never revered in egalitarian America. Bowie's weapon was the knife, and in his hands it was a fearful thing. "Many a time have I seen a man puke at the idea of the point touching the pit of his stomach," is the comment most widely quoted on the subject.

Bowie appears on the popular scene in 1817 in New Orleans. He is said to have been a remarkably well-built and extremely graceful young man of pleasant manners and good speech. (At this time he spoke French in addition to his native tongue, and by the time of his death he was additionally fluent in Spanish and Comanche.) He was something of a dandy, and affected fashionable clothes when in town. By profession he sold lumber from the family-owned mill in Rapides Parish.

His first lethal exploit reveals much about his homicidal turn of mind. Having become involved in a quarrel with a noted duelist, he found himself challenged and thus obliged to choose the conditions. He proposed scandalous terms. The antagonists were to meet in a pitch dark warehouse, in stocking feet, and armed in any way they chose. Bowie was no duelist — no sportsman — and his aim was not to acquit himself well on the field of honor but simply to kill his opponent. He could not match his man with rapier or duelling pistol, so he set up conditions in which neither was as useful as a knife. A single-shot firearm is a liability in the dark, and a sword is awkward inside arm's length. The intelligent ferocity shown here by a youngster barely old enough to buy a drink (by today's conventions) is either horrifying or heroic, according to the point of view, but in either case it is the attribute of an extremely dangerous man. (Needless to

Shortly after the New Orleans episode, Bowie and his brothers began to smuggle slaves from Jean Lafitte's "robbers' roost" at Galvez Town (Galveston). In the course of an argument with one of the buccaneers, Bowie and his adversary were nailed by their britches, knee to knee, astride a great log and armed with knives. Evidently someone had heard of the young man's feral agility and thought it could be neutralized. But his arms were as good as his legs, and they were again inspired by that lethal mind. The pirate died where he sat.

These two adventures launched Bowie's reputation, while many tales are told about fights in which he participated in the next nine years, they seem to be apocryphal. However, it was during this period that the "Bowie Knife" was created, probably by James Black of Arkansas, and probably to James and Rezin Bowie's specifications.

"It was Bowie, terrible and bloody, scorning wounds, a steel shard protruding from his chest, who drove the party into retreat."

The Maddox-Wells duel of 1827 was the occasion of the next accepted chapter of the Bowie legend. This was a pistol confrontation on the Vidalia Sand Bar near Natchez. Political factionalism was running high at the time, and the principals repaired to the scene of the encounter accompanied by numerous seconds, all of whom were armed and pugnacious. James Bowie and a Major Norris Wright, who had been on the verge of armed combat once before, were seconds on opposite sides. Details are confused, but after a bloodless exchange of shots between the principals, a general melee ensued. Bowie was hit by at least two pistol balls and, as he lay on his back, Wright thrust him through the chest with a sword cane. The thin blade was deflected by the sternum without penetrating the thoracic cavity, and as Wright tried to free it, Bowie seized the sword-wrist and jerked his enemy forward onto the point of the now famous knife. He then struggled to his feet and attacked his remaining foes. Here again is the killer's determination to drive nerves and muscles to a conclusion, with no thought of evasion, disengagement or retreat.

This event added further luster to the legend, and was duly reported in the baroque language of the contemporary press.

"It was Bowie, terrible and bloody, scorning wounds, a steel shard protruding from his chest, yet striding in

spite of a crippled leg, with berserk fury into the teeth of pistol fire, animated only by his deadly ferocity, who drove the Crain party into retreat. To the beholder he seemed almost superhuman; a terrifying and invincible Achilles, an avenging demon, the knife he wielded like a modern Excalibur, irresistible against any human defense".

Bowie, fighting in legitimate self defense, was by no means willing to let it go at that.

Bowie was badly hurt on the sand bar, and his slow convalescence is held by one author to have been the proximate cause of his next encounter. His weakened condition may well have seemed providential to a certain Natchez bravo with a knife reputation of his own, for Bowie was a famous man by this time — perhaps too frightening to be tackled when well, but a valid trophy even if taken at a disadvantage. It was only months after the Maddox-Wells duel that the two men met, armed with knives, and with left wrists strapped together. Sick or not, Bowie nearly severed his opponent's right arm just above the elbow. That he did not kill him seems out of character, and this single case of leniency nearly cost him his life, for Bowie was ambushed in a canebrake shortly thereafter and his assailants were assumed to have been in the employ of the man whose life he spared.

The canebrake episode lent fitting corroboration to the Bowie legend. He and his servant, both mounted, were fired upon at arm's length in full dark. Both were hit, the servant fatally, and one horse was killed. As the three attackers closed in to finish off the wounded men, Bowie killed one with a straight thrust from the saddle, a second as he slid to the ground, and then, as the third tried to flee, the famed knife was thrown and landed solidly in the back of the running man's head. As the noise of the scuffle drew men with lanterns, the call of "Who's there?" brought the storied reply, "Five of us. One alive."

Here, certainly, is a killer. Fighting in legitimate self-defense, he is by no means willing to let it go at that. The terrible concentration of the instinctive destroyer is such that he will risk the loss of his weapon in order to prevent the escape of a man who is no longer a threat. This is the sort of personality that may indeed repel the tender hearted, but it is one which is unabashedly exalted in the folklore of the American West. Score one for the killer-hero.

The career of James Bowie subsequent to 1828 is continuously colorful and romantic, but need not concern us here. His death in the Alamo doubtless added

to his heroic stature and to his popular appeal, but the figure he cut was complete in the public imagination by the time he left the United States to become a Mexican citizen and th son-in-law and adputy of Governor Veramendi of Bexar. His character in legend stands as cultivated, accomplished, amoral, a-political, ambitious, efficient, and lethal.

If we consider the Bowie legend in connection with that of the other folk-hero who died with him in the same cause on the same day, it is clear that homicidal enthusiasm, while certainly acceptable, is not necessary for cultural edification. Davy Crockett, ten years Bowie's senior, was also a frontiersman, also energetic, ambitious, and renowned. But while he probably killed men without any particular remorse, he had not the enthusiasm for the task that Bowie had.

Crockett's biography, as told in the Potter version of 1865, in almost undiluted Whig propaganda, but it is good reading nevertheless. If it is not too careful with the facts, it is a fine, rich tale, portraying a man it would be a pleasure to know. Since it is largely responsible for lay posterity's view of the man, it stands as "authentic legend", if not authentic history. The Crockett of this legend is a genial, robust, witty, egalitarian peasant. He scorns formalism in manners and in language, ("And as for grammar, it's pretty much a thing of nothing at last, after all the fuss that's made about it"), but he is proud of his rifle skill. However, he does not match the humorous braggadocio of the traditional "mountain man" in claiming feats of marksmanship beyond the physical limitations of the weapon. He states that forty yards is about his best range, and when he does a good job at a hundred he modestly implies that this is somewhat better than standard performance.

Twentieth Century Americans may be softening since the demise of the frontier.

Crockett tells (or, more properly, is made to tell by his ghost writer) of his experiences as a militiaman in the Creek War under Jackson, and while he is present in many small actions, he never claims a personal kill. Nowhere in his narrative does he confront an individual antagonist, Indian or white, in mortal combat. He is a hunter and a soldier and an Indian-fighter, but he is not a killer. The closest he comes to real ferocity is during the siege of the Alamo when he takes a vantage point on the wall and carefully slaughters the crew of a Mexican sannon that has been run up within rifle range under cover of

darkness, with relays of loaded rifles handed up from below. In addition to being pure myth (no manuscript is known to have survived the siege) this is the act of a soldier under orders engaged in a desperate defensive action. It is in no sense the mustelike enthusiasm of James Bowie.

This divergence in character of the two most renowned casualties of the Alamo is mentioned in passing only to point out that either type of fighting man is acceptable in the frontier pantheon. Of the two, Crockett is the more attractive today. Walt Disney, a conspicuously tender modern artist, can produce a television series about Crockett, but hardly about Bowie. When the most recent cinema version of the Alamo was produced, John Wayne chose to portray Crockett, not Bowie. This suggests that twentieth century Americans may be softening since the demise of the frontier, but this is merely a suggestion, not a conclusion.

If there were only one really homicidal folk hero in our tradition, he could be regarded as an exception, but this is not the case. Moving forward into the era of repeating sidearms, we may consider the case of James Butler Hickok, known to legend as "Wild Bill". Born the year after Bowie and Crockett died, Hickok was the first of the great gunfighters, and the only one to make his reputation with the cap-and-ball revolver.

*Neither Bowie or Hickok
needed a cause nor a
uniform nor a court order
in order to kill men.*

(Longley and Hardin both began their careers with percussion pistols, but "graduated" readily to cartridge weapons as these became available, circa 1875. Hickok remained faithful to separate loading and cap ignition until his death.)

There are interesting personal similarities between Bowie and Hickok. Each was tall, blonde, blue-eyed and notably well-built. Each was conspicuously handsome. Each was vain of his appearance and fond of fine apparel. Each was quiet in manner and neither smiled readily. Neither needed a cause, nor a uniform, nor a court order in order to kill men. Neither was ever successfully accused of starting a fight, but each became famous in his own life-time because of his efficiency at finishing fights started by others. Each was strong, fast, athletic and immensely skilled with his chosen weapon. And each had a killer's mind.

The killer's mind was more necessary to Hickok than to Bowie, because of the tactical change created by the perfection

of the handgun. The knife fighter, and the swordsman before him, usually had time to make a decision about the degree of peril existing in any given situation. The interval between the manifestation of hostile intent and an actual engagement with hand-held, edged weapons was nearly always a matter of several seconds. But with the advent of the handy, powerful, efficient revolver, together with the development of the theory of its use, the time allowed for reaction to a combat situation dwindled to almost nothing. It is very difficult for a normal man to realize that he is suddenly in danger of death. The time it takes him to realize this and act upon it may be, in a gunfight, too long to save his life. Thus the prime quality of the gunfighter — more important than either marksmanship or manual speed — is the instant readiness to react to a threat. This Hickok had to an extraordinary degree, as we shall see.

*Homicidal enthusiasm,
while certainly acceptable
is not necessary for
cultural edification.*

Bill Hickok was born in LaSalle County, Illinois, in 1837, but moved to Kansas in 1855. He evidently led a violent life as a young man in a violent area, for he was already adept at the techniques of homicide by the beginning of the Civil War.

His first authenticated personal combat occurred at Rock Creek, Nebraska, in 1861, where he was employed as a stable hand by a stage and freight company. The occasion was a dispute between two other men regarding non-payment on a land purchase, and the young Hickok seems to have felt obliged to take sides. There is much contrary evidence as to just what happened for it appears that Hickok's behavior was something less than commendable, and as his legend grew, his supporters attempted to justify their hero by toying with the facts. What is important here is that, at twenty-four, he more or less deliberately killed three men with pistol fire. There is at least some argument as to whether the three casualties were even armed. This episode suggests a criminal personality, and since the criminal does not qualify as an example of what this article presumes to discuss, it should be noted that the Rock Creek fight was not a comfortable part of the Hickok legend. Later versions turned it into an epic struggle of a noble young hero against fearful odds, which seems a bit overdone, considering the existence of sworn testimony to the contrary.

What is true is that Hickok was a

deadly man — an untroubled killer — at twenty-four. The legend makes no attempt to deny this, but rather exults in it. It does try to maintain that his deadliness was on the side of right and justice, if not of law.

Hickok had an interesting, if somewhat vague, war record. He served as a Union Scout in Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian Territories, and appears to have acquitted himself well, though without achieving any rank of consequence. While it is not unheard of to distinguish oneself in war without promotion, it is not customary. A mature man still in the prime of youth, who serves for four years at the front in a sanguinary conflict, usually has something to show for it. One thinks of the example of Henry Kyd Douglas, who, without formal military training and four years younger than Hickok, went from private to brigadier general in the same war. This writer has at least a suspicion that Wild Bill was not quite as indispensable to the Union cause as the legend would have us believe. However, he saw much action and we must assume that the sight of blood did not dismay him.

*The prime quality of the
gunfighter is his instant
readiness to react to a
threat.*

After the war, Hickok drifted, and never lost an opportunity to embellish his reputation. He became quite intimate with Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. George Armstrong Custer, and he particularly impressed the colonel's lady. He also killed, and the records exist. Without going into each example, it is possible to establish the pattern. By 1875, Hickok had become a legendary killer-hero of the first category.

He is said to have practiced constantly with his weapons, and this is not the simple matter with a cap-and-ball revolver that it is with a cartridge pistol. Since percussion revolvers are perilously slow to reload, Hickok habitually carried two. The "Navy" Colt of 1851 was particularly fancied, and this gave him a capability of twelve shots without disengagement. His custom each morning was to fire six shots from one pistol carefully in practice, then to clean and reload, and to repeat the process with the other gun. The advisability of freshly charging a black powder weapon each day for safety is attested by Sir Samuel Baker, the famed British jurist, sportsman, explorer, and ballisticsian of the late Victorian period. And Hickok was always careful.

His skill became a byword, not so much because of anything incredible about it, but because he promoted the stories as

an important part of his effectiveness. It is easy to amaze a non-shooter with one's pistol proficiency, and since most journalists fall into this category, some amazing tales found their way into print. Actually, there is no reason to doubt that Hickok was a fine shot, but his "ace in the hole" was his state of mind far more than his technical proficiency.

Reasonably well authenticated examples of Wild Bill's coldly lethal attitude are not hard to find. The Dave Tutt fight in Springfield, Missouri, in 1865, is a case in point. In this instance the encounter took place at the extreme pistol range of some seventy-five yards. It takes an expert to center a man-sized target reliably at this distance, even under ideal conditions. Hickok, under fire, terminated the action with one shot. This could have been luck, but if so, it was an astonishing example of chance coming to the aid of the bard. If mere chance let St. George slay the dragon, how remarkable that it cooperated at exactly the right place and time!

In the Tutt case, Hickok appears as an extremely intent, deliberate executioner, as the circumstances warranted. In Abilene in 1871, another aspect of his talent was displayed in the Phil Coe episode. Here, before the smoke had time to clear, Mike Williams, a personal friend, leapt up onto the boardwalk behind Hickok, who spun and fired at the sound. Williams was instantly killed. Here is a man who is so quick to alarm that he shoots without an instant's hesitation, knowing that an instant may be a fatal delay.

Hickok's "ace in the hole" was his state of mind far more than his technical proficiency.

It should be noted that Hickok was on several occasions a full-time agent of the law, but this need not invalidate the premise that the killer is not motivated by any zeal for law and order or the protection of the public. Hickok was never one to plead unavoidable duty in his homicides, and his tally lists as many killings as a private citizen as in the capacity of a policeman. It seems that Hickok, like Bowie, killed because the act was natural to him, the best and simplest reflexive response to a serious threat.

And Wild Bill, like Bowie, was a lionized celebrity of his time. Not a soldier, not a criminal, not a brigand — the killer was a hero. His exploits were told, exaggerated, and told again. Men admired him and boys dreamed of emulating him "when they grew up".

It is not, to my knowledge, possible to go on and on in this vein, but that is not necessary to make the point, which is

that an enthusiastic homicide is an acceptable figure in the American tradition. Certainly there are other very deadly personalities who hold high places in our historic esteem. In addition to a number of frontier characters, we may even list John Paul Jones, who brained, with his pistol butt, a sailor who advocated surrendering the Bon Homme Richard. (Presumably he might have stopped the man by less decisive means.) And, on the other hand, we have a great many heroes who, far from being killers, are positively gentle. The face remains that in our tradition, murderousness is not a bar to glory, as some might wish it were.

Is this adulation of the killer unique to the American tradition?

A pertinent question is whether or not this acceptance — even adulation — of the killer is either unique to the American tradition or more evident therein than in other modern cultures. There is always the possibility that the apparent absence of this quality in other bodies of legend is due simply to a lack of a deep command of them. Certainly Zapata seems murderous enough in the folklore of Mexico, and Stalin may eventually appear heroic in the minds of future generations of Russians, but politicians and revolutionists are generally considered to act from altruistic motive, no matter how ghastly the results of these acts may be, so they do not really count. The arresting thing about the American killer-hero is an intense individualism, asocial rather than anti-social, and yet not criminal. In this light his counterpart is not readily to be found elsewhere. When the English Lawrence, for example, found himself coming to enjoy the killing of men, he was horrified. This problem did not trouble the contemporary and equally adventurous American, Burnham. If there are folk heroes in other cultural contexts who parallel Bowie and Hickok they seem to have avoided translation. If they exist, they must be minor figures.

It seems more probable that they do not exist, and that one element of the unique American frontier experience is truly a homicidal bent, which naturally leads to the acceptance of personal violence as a natural hazard of life, like death and taxes.

It may be that today the tradition of violence has been driven to the hills, so to speak. Certainly it seems more alive in the West (outside of the great cities) than in the East, and more rural than urban. It must not be confused with the incidence of violent crime, for to be socially ac-

ceptable the violent man must be morally, if not legally, in the right. The criminal homicides of the big cities rarely meet with resistance in kind (except from an occasional spunky storekeeper who has had reason to expect trouble and has consequently armed himself). But it may be suggested that the eastern urban population is less affected by the frontier tradition than the western rural element, and that immigrant populations that do not share in that tradition tend to gravitate toward our great urban centers. In any case, it is considered a criminal act to go openly armed in New York or Pennsylvania, whereas it is not in Texas or Arizona. It is possible for civilians to hold organized combat pistol competition in California and in the rural South, but out of the question in New England.

Violence — the price to be paid for individual liberty.

The tradition of personal violence may eventually die out, as the entire world becomes urbanized, the frontier memory fades farther and farther into the remote past and the individualist becomes an anachronism. Most will not be sorry to see it go, but there are those who would prefer violence, if it is the price which must be paid for individual liberty, to tranquility, if that may only be had at the cost of freedom. Certainly the fighting bull is a more esthetically satisfying creature than the domestic ox, as the falcon is nobler than the chicken. No man lives forever, and the choice is not between being a live coward or a dead hero, for both will be dead when the tale is finally told. Thus it may be that residual prickliness of the western American may not be an entirely bad thing, nor something we need apologize for. The warning that he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword may have frightened its authors, but it would hardly deter a Viking, and neither does it dismay the inheritor of the tradition of the American frontier.



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hinterland. The geomilitary configuration of Tanganyika in 1914-18 was not dissimilar to that of the Congo in which Major Hoare fought, with widely dispersed urban centres, linked by tenuous chains of communication; in Tanganyika's instance these chains comprise the sea (linking the coastal cities of Dar-es-Salaam and Tanga), and the Northern and Central Railways (the latter linking Dar-es-Salaam with the inland cities of Morogoro and Tabora). However, whilst Hoare could coordinate his dispersed commando units by air (ferrying reinforcements and supplies through this medium), the troops in Tanganyika had to rely upon carving primitive roads through well-nigh impenetrable bush. Obviously, the law of logistics demands that the speed of the army is totally dependent upon the speed with which supplies reach the front. The army's 15-ton lorries had already proved of little use in dry weather, churning dirt 'roads' into fine dust that totally deprived the wheels of traction. In the rains these huge trucks became a total liability, simply sinking deep into the mud, where they had to be abandoned. The lighter vehicles which had to be introduced had a capacity one-fifth that of the 15 tonners, which meant a need for five times as many drivers; these drivers, however, were succumbing to fever by the hundreds. Nor was the problem alleviated by animal transport; tsetse fly claimed thousands of horses and oxen. The capture of the Central Railway — in effective Allied control from September, 1916 — was slow to yield results; the Germans having blown up all the bridges and destroyed all the rolling stock. Until the first real train reached Morogoro from Dar-es-Salaam at the end of November, 1916, Mombasa remained the principal supply base. This necessarily implied a journey of more than 500 miles and nearly two months for a soldier's beef, biscuits, jam and tea. The logistical problem compounded the deterioration of the troops' health, lack of supplies lowering the soldiers' resistance to disease.

After Von Lettow crossed the Rovuma in November, 1917, the Allied logistical problems were intensified, as they became increasingly removed from the captured Tanganyika ports of Dar-es-Salaam, Kilwa, and Tanga, which eased the supply problem; simultaneously, the delayed alleviation afforded by the captured Central Railway diminished. Within this context it is interesting to note that COIN operations cannot function in isolation of the physical development of the disputed territory; insofar as such development undermines the great advantage which terrorist evasive tactics enjoy from primitive communications.

It is interesting to note, within this frame of reference, the close physical resemblance between Tanganyika at this period and the Congo on one hand, and Mozambique on the other. Four hundred years of colonial occupation in Mozambique had witnessed the development of only two major cities and several other urban centres. The contrast with the development within Rhodesia, during the past eighty years, is obvious. For this reason, the construction of roads in the north-eastern tribal trust land areas is vital, it being a crucial aspect of the anti-terrorist drive. For whilst the terrorist must be combated within the terms of his environment, that environment must be simultaneously undermined, thereby nullifying tactics which are dependent upon the terrain, and compelling him either to surrender or adopt European style combat methods, with which he cannot possibly compete.

In point of fact, Von Lettow was never defeated, only surrendering after news had reached him of the German surrender in Europe.

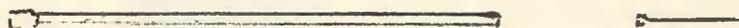
Major General J.F.C. Fuller, the distinguished military theorist and historian, was a consistent advocate of the study of military history as the cornerstone of an army officer's education. In so far as the East African campaign of World War I was the archetypal model of future terrorist wars (i.e., the specifically military aspect of the program of terror and intimidation), this view would appear to have been proved tragically correct through its neglect. The East African war was, more than any other conflict, the watershed between the old style of war and the new. Upon Von Lettow's tactics, in the following half century, would be engrafted the violent anti-western ideologies which ultimately captured Indo-China, Mozambique, Angola and Algeria. If knowledge is indeed power, then our knowledge of our enemy's tactics — determining our response — will halt the erosion south of the Zambezi.

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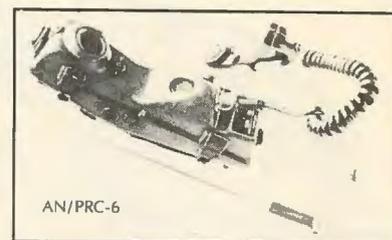
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SNAKE BITE!

Prevention & Treatment

by Anthony J. Kohler

Snakebite! The word alone conjures up images of all sorts of horrible experiences, particularly a slow and agonizing certain death. Don't believe it.

Don't misunderstand me — it's no picnic. But it need not be as horrible as it's reputed to be, and with some exceptions, death is not only not a certainty, it isn't even a probability.

The obvious first step is to avoid being bitten. Those few snakes which will attack on little or no provocation are as a rule both uncommon and highly dangerous.

The best way to avoid being bitten is to avoid the snake, to leave him alone; an appreciable fraction (about 30%) of bites in the U.S. are what are termed illegitimate, meaning that the victim made a conscious contribution by handling the snake, keeping it or trying to kill it. If you see a snake, avoid it. A harmless snake, besides being unable to defend itself, is beneficial in that it preys on harmful animals, and the same defense can be advanced for venomous ones.

Most legitimate snakebites are on the extremities, and most of those bites are the result of carelessness. If you put your hand on a dozing snake, his reaction will be to bite, poisonous or not. If he is stepped on, he will react in a similar

fashion. Likewise a snake in a hole that is disturbed by a searching hand will bite. **IN ALL CASES, THESE BITES COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED.**

The ways of avoiding bites are fairly simple. The first is to see the snake before he sees you. Watch where you are stepping; if you are climbing, look where you are going to put your hands and feet. Don't use your hands to poke into holes, roll logs towards you, and lift the far edge of debris first. This last seems odd, but if you lift the near edge (closest to you), the snake (if there is one there) will see your ankles before you see it. In the same

vein, avoid putting your fingers under debris to lift it; grab it by the edge if possible.

Second, wear pants outside of boots, puttees or the like. Most snakebites are on the legs and feet, and since a snake tends to strike at movement, a flapping cuff may take a strike — rather than your leg. After all, your pants don't need first aid.

Third, don't bother any snake unnecessarily. If you're paranoid, get a pet — cats and coati mundis are both excellent snake killers, and some small-to-medium size dogs show promise. Just remember that people who handle snakes get bitten — it's an occupational hazard. If you are not around buildings (where most dangerous snakes won't stay anyway), use a stick either to flip the snake into another area or to prod the snake until it crawls off. If the snake must be killed, be careful. Reflex muscular action makes a dead snake almost as dangerous as a live one.

If bitten, what do you do? First **DON'T PANIC**. Snakebite is serious, but it is not a panic situation. Far better results come from a calm, rational assessment of the situation and proper action.

What is the proper action? There has been a great deal of debate; tourniquets, ligatures, cuts of varying length, depth



A. J. Kohler

Kohler, a herpetologist and graduate of the University of Colorado, is employed at the Denver Zoo. He served as a door gunner in a Huey in Nam. Is an avid combat handgun buff.

and orientation, ice, freezing sprays, potassium permanganate, suction and even antivenim have been alternately praised and denounced by doctors and other experts. The first point to bear in mind is that, in North America, the death rate for medically treated snakebite is less than 1%, and in one sample decade (1960-1969), 107 people in the U.S. were killed by snakes — less than 11 per year. In the same time span, 120 were killed by bees, wasps, and yellowjackets. Further, of the 107, one was constricted by a python (exotic), one was bitten by a cobra (exotic; also suicide, as it was deliberate), and 36 were bitten by unidentified snakes, at least a portion of which were probably exotics.

Treatment of a bite, per se, should be left to a doctor. However, first aid, meaning supportive measures, is of distinct value. Of the points mentioned previously, forget about potassium permanganate and freezing sprays (e.g., ethyl chloride). They are both as best marginally effective and can do a great deal of harm.

Antivenin, for the layman, is also a poor idea in most areas. In North America, about 85% of bites actually having venom (about 30% involve no envenomation) can be survived without any treatment whatsoever (the percentage usually runs even higher). Only the most severe bites require antivenin — and successful treatment of those requires between 5 and 30 vials. At the time this is written, a vial can be obtained only in a kit (syringe, antivenin, sterile water, etc.) which costs over \$12. Any bite, no matter how severe, can be gotten to a physician without serum. This is not always true overseas — black mambas (Africa), King Cobras (Asia) and Taipans (Australia) may require a different tactic. But antivenin is dangerous, too — allergic reactions and serum sickness are common occurrences, and they can be just as deadly as venom.

What's left — tourniquets, ligatures, ice, cuts and suction — all have some degree of utility. Let's consider them one by one:

Tourniquet — in particularly bad bites, a tourniquet around the upper arm or thigh may be a life saver — at the cost of the limb. It serves to keep the venom pooled in the limb, keeping the body safe, but allowing it to destroy the limb. If you know it is a very severe bite, and you are willing to lose the limb, use a tourniquet. Put it on, twist it tight, and leave it. Don't release it. Releasing a tourniquet will save a bleeding limb from tissue death, but in the case of a snake bite will do more harm than good.

Ligature — a ligature is designed to slow lymph circulation without blocking blood flow. In snakebite, it retards the flow of

venom to the body, giving the body a better chance to cope with it. Again, it causes worse effects on the bitten limb, although by no means as severe as a tourniquet. If first aid is being given or if medical help is being obtained, a ligature is a good idea.

Ice — or more properly cryotherapy — is currently out of vogue, but may be staging a comeback. The theory is that since snake venom is a series of enzymes, its action can be retarded or even stopped entirely by cooling it sufficiently. This is quite true — but the life processes in the limb are enzymatic, too. Neither the venom nor the life of the limb are destroyed by cooling — if it is not maintained for too long a period. There are cases on record of people keeping bitten limbs in ice water for as long as 48 hours — the snakebite would have done far less damage. Current cryotherapy advises its use only for the time necessary to reach medical help — and keeping a bite cold is much easier, psychologically, than cutting it open. In addition, should a bite be one of the many that received no venom, no damage has been done.



Cutting — cutting is of definite value in aiding venom extraction. It is also responsible for nearly as much damage as snakebites in general. Generally speaking, the wrists, hands, ankles and feet are so full of nerves, blood vessels, tendons and other parts necessary for free and unencumbered use of the hand or foot that cutting in those regions is at best foolish for a non-medical person. The arm and the leg are not as delicate; cutting is safer there. However, it is not that important — if you can't do it, go on to the next step. The second point is how to cut. Some instructions would produce an H-shaped cut a half-inch high and one-and-a-half inches long, about half an inch deep. Don't. Present practice indicates that the maximum cut should be no more than ¼-inch long and ⅛ inch deep (just through the skin) parallel to the limb. The rationale for only cutting an eighth of an inch deep is that first, the venom pockets are not as deep as the fangs are long; the fangs curve and cannot be

stuck straight in. Second, it can be dangerous to cut deeper. An eighth of an inch (on a limb) will be through the skin without hitting major blood vessels or nerves. The skin on hands, feet, ankles or wrists is thinner and both blood vessels and nerves are concentrated close to the surface; consequently, cutting to any depth in these areas is risky and should not be attempted by an untrained person. Again, it's better to go right ahead and suck than go through a long process of debate about cutting yourself — time is always more important than cutting.

Suction — it is always valuable, if performed quickly. A substantial amount, even the greater part of the venom, can be removed if the suction is started immediately. The only constraint is that mouth suction cannot be done if open sores exist in the mouth. Venom is harmless internally, if somewhat poor in taste (Florida snakenen often make remarks about "California orange juice"), but if it reaches the bloodstream, by any means, it resumes its damaging aspects.

Evaluation of Snakebite Kits

Many manufacturers of snakebite kits were contacted to see if they were interested in furnishing kits for testing; the only response was from Amerex Laboratores, producers of Snakebite Freeze. Snakebite Freeze (Amerex Laboratories, 307 East Nakoma Street, SanAntonio, TX 78216). The kit comes in a cardboard box, 3-¼" x 5-¼" x 8½" and is rather bulky. It contains two chemical cold-packs, two latex bands, a neoprene wrap and instructions, which are also summarized on the outside of the box. Cost is \$10.98 US (plus \$1 shipping if ordered from the manufacturer); replacement cold packs are available for \$3.69 US plus 1.50 shipping.

Comments: If used as directed, the kit will preclude most unnecessary detrimental effects of snakebite. It is not intended as treatment, however — it is designed to allow transportation to a medical facility. Each pack is good for approximately half an hour at 0 C; this time may be extended somewhat by wrapping the applied pack with handy cloth. The packs are fairly durable; dropping one onto asphalt from a second-story balcony did not affect it; nor did repeated thawing and freezing. The pack is not operable when frozen (but being cold; it will still cool, if uncomfortably, anyway), but if frozen in normal storage, snakes should not be any problem then, either. A pack exposed to the sun had the granular substance melt; this pack was activated with the chemical melted and DID NOT FUNCTION. Another pack allowed to melt and resolidify functioned

normally. Overall, the instructions are clean, the technique is good if not prolonged more than a few hours (1 kit - 1 hour, but any cold item may suffice; ice bags (NOT bare ice) are also recommended, and a 6-pack of cold beer strapped around a bitten leg is on record), but the kit is bulky and should be kept cool.



Step 3: The activated pack is applied to the bite, label side out (the label is backed with a sheet of foam which has an insulating effect).



Step 4: Bind the pack to the bite with the neoprene wrap. It can then be covered with towels or other handy cloth to help keep the cold in.

Cutter Snake Kits (Cutter Laboratories, Inc., Berkeley, CA 94710). The present kit, the Hi-Lo (\$2.98 US), is 2 9-16" x 1-5-16"; the earlier kits, the Compak and the Snake Kit, are comparable in size. The kits all contain 2 large suction cups, 1 small finger toe cup, a ligature, a blade, a vial of antiseptic and an instruction sheet. Comments: All three kits were obtained for evaluation, as certain areas may have such low demand that old kits may still be stocked. The Compak kit has been discontinued for some time (10 to 20 years), but the kit examined was still in perfect condition, outside of a replaced blade. The Snake Kit, which followed the Compak, had cracked suction cups, indicating poor survival of the rubber compound. Before purchasing an old Cutter kit, this would be a point to check. The Hi-Lo kit is too new for any evaluation of its life expectancy. All three kits are for cut-and-suck first aid, and because of their size, composition and wide availability, are the most common kits. Moreover, they are convenient to carry and almost indestructible. Last, the manufacturer will replace it free if you need it and the attending physician will furnish details. The instructions furnished with the kits are adequate, although like most they advise unnecessarily deep cuts and do not advise sucking immediately if you can't bear cutting yourself.



Snakebite Freeze - Top to bottom: Cold packs (2), neoprene wrap, ligatures (2).

Below, left to right: Cutter Compak kit, Cutter Snake kit, Cutter Hi-Lo kit. Top to Bottom: Main suction cups, finger cup, blade (Compak kit has a replacement blade), antiseptic swab, instructions, ligature.



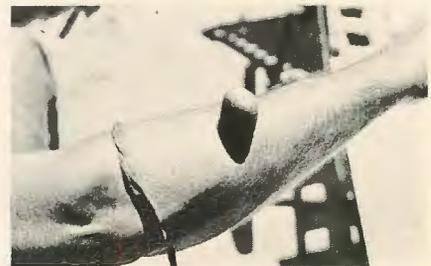
Use of Snakebite Freeze kit. The marked area indicates the presumed site of the bite. Step 1: Ligatures are applied both above and below the bite to retard the spread of the venom.



Step 2: The cold pack is activated by squeezing to break the inner bag, then shaking.



Use of Cutter kit. Step 1: After applying the ligature above the bite, it is cut per the instructions.



Step 2: Suction is applied. The cup should be left on the bite until it falls off; it is then emptied and reapplied.

B-D Snake Bite Kit (Becton, Dickinson & Co., Rutherford, N.J.) Kit is in a yellow plastic box 2-1/4" x 1-7/8" x 1-1/4", cost is \$2.95 US (Kit is rumored to be discontinued). Contents are one spring-loaded suction device adapter, ligature, antiseptic swab, blade, ammonia inhalant and two Band-aids.

Comments: The suction device has a tendency to pop apart after a period of time, popping the case open. The case itself is fairly large, slippery and brittle; it will break if dropped. The ligature is this author's favorite; it is large enough to handle easily and, if used as directed, cannot be made too tight. The instructions, again, advocate too deep a cut.

P-T Snake Bite Kit (Kit Industries, Tulsa, Okla. 74145). Kit is identical to the B-D kit except: no inhalant and a foil packet of First-Aid Cream has been substituted for the antiseptic swab.

Comments: see B-D Kit. Additionally, the instructions have not been changed to reflect the changes in the kit's contents; therefore they do not correspond.

South Bend Sportsman's Snake Bite Kit (Gladding Corp., South Otselic, N.Y. 13155). Kit is in a red plastic hinged box 1-1/2" x 7/8" x 2-15 16"; cost is \$1.49 US. The kit contains a gauze compress, a sterile

blade, a ligature, Merthiolate swab and a cut-off 2 cc. plastic syringe to serve as a suction device.

Comments: The suction device was the most difficult to operate with one hand (nearly impossible). The sterile blade is a nice touch, although infection is the least of the victim's worries. The instructions advise a tourniquet, as do most, but this ligature would be easy to make into one, as it is not rigged to be a ligature. Additionally, the instructions advocate too much cutting.

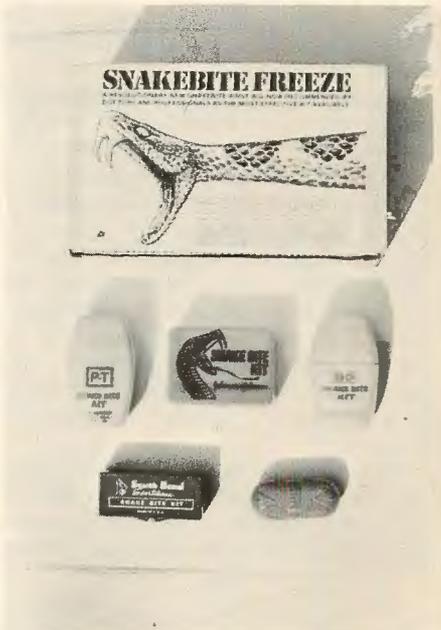
Johnson & Johnson Snake Bite Kit (Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903). Kit is in an orange plastic hinged box, 2-3/8" x 1/3-16" x 3" (unbreakable); cost is \$2.95 US; also available in the Sportsman First Aid Kit for \$12.95 US. Kit contains a spring-loaded suction device with curved surface adapter, ligature, blade, antiseptic swab, inhalant and two Band-Aids.

Comment: The instructions do caution that the ligature is not a tourniquet. However, they recommend cutting "a good 1/4 inch deep" — twice the accepted depth. The blade has an offset which would prevent deeper cuts, which is a good safety factor. The curved surface adaptor, rather than having a long curved opening, has an essentially round 1/4" hole, which gives it about half the

coverage of the other kits. This might be handy on a child, but it is distinctly less handy on an adult. Also, the suction device on the test kit was so oily that it could cling to skin only half as long as a comparable but dry unit. Finally, the instructions recommend more cutting than is now considered advisable.

Cutter Compress (Cutter Laboratories, Inc. Berkeley, Calif. 94710). While not considered a snakebite kit, this is included because of its similarities to the cold-pack contained in Snakebite Freeze. It is a single small cold-pack in a cardboard box 1/7-16" x 2-1/4" x 2-1/4", costing \$.89 US. It produces cold by (apparently) the same chemical reaction as the Amerex Laboratories packs; this pack is good for 10-12 minutes of cold.

Comment: The package is smaller than the Amerex box, largely since it contains fewer ingredients. For somebody close to a hospital, this pack, with some ligatures, might be a better buy than Snakebite Freeze. Its best advantage, though, is for someone carrying the big kit in their vehicle. This box and the ligatures and wraps from the Amerex kit tuck very nicely into a pocket. If the pocket is kept cool enough to keep the pack operable, it gives another 10-15 minutes to move the victim to the location of the Amerex Kit.



Above left: Becton-Dickinson kit. Left: case. Center, top to bottom: antiseptic swab, inhalant, suction device, curved surface adaptor. Right: bandages, instructions. Bottom: ligature.

Center left: South Bend kit. Top: gauze pad, case. Center, left to right: suction device, antiseptic swab and safety pin, ligature, blade (in foil). Bottom: instructions.

Left: Johnson and Johnson kit. Top: bandages, case. Center, left to right: suction device, curved surface adaptor, ligature. Bottom, left to right: instructions, inhalant, antiseptic swab, blade. The blade has an offset limiting it to a 1/4-inch deep cut.

Above center: P-T kit. Note similarities to the Becton-Dickinson kit. Note also the first-aid cream and lack of an inhalant capsule.

Above right: The kits compared for size. The Cutter kit pictured, in addition to being the smallest, is the author's personal kit.

Situation Report

The Future of Civilian Gun Ownership In The U.S.

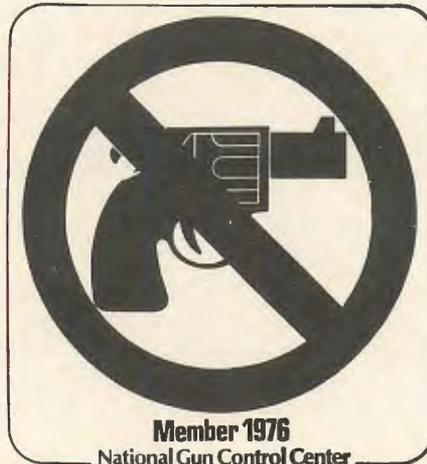
by Gene Crum

As United States citizens loll before their television sets, a ruthless political battle is underway to further suppress private ownership of firearms. Due to a near-blackout of reporting by the national media, little news of this battle has been reaching the public. The outcome of the gun issue is, however, one of the major keys to other political changes now being prepared for this nation.

In the United States, the question of whether civilians should continue to be permitted to own firearms — any kind of firearms, but especially handguns — has been a hot issue for decades. Since the assassination in November, 1963 of superfluous President John F. Kennedy, the “liberal” political element on the national level has made “gun control” — the enforced disarmament of the American public — one of the basic goals of that movement.

The program of imposed disarmament has shown relatively careless organization and considerable overconfidence among those supporting it. Zealous anti-gunners have generally failed in a sequence of aggressive legislative pushes to gain the goals of national-level gun registration and licensing, and ultimate termination of ownership, as have been stated at the onset of each campaign. However, each push has been successful in imposing progressively more restrictive legislation.

Resistance to these legislative drives has been mounted by a very loosely-organized coalition of pro-gun elements: the National Rifle Association, Citizens



Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, several lesser national-level pro-gun groups and conservation organizations, a few political groups (primarily on the U.S. “right wing”), and an increasing number of State and local organizations formed for the specific purpose of dealing with the gun issue. In the sense that any sensible opposition to the anti-gun effort is better than none at all, these grassroots organizations have had a number of successes. However successful they may have been, an observer is forced to

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. . . . Gene Crum, the author of the article appearing here, is — among other things — Associate Editor (Legislation) for GUN WEEK newspaper, and Legislative Officer for the powerful Indiana Sportsmen’s Council. He also holds a Directorship on the Board of a major national-level U.S. firearms association.

. . . Crum is a freelance journalist and semi-retired adventurer. His major specialty area since the late 1950’s has been the gun issue. His expertise in this area has gained international recognition. His writings in GUN WEEK newspaper have had massive impact relative to the gun issue, and have contributed significantly to the growing popularity of that weekly.

. . . Persons interested in maintaining a continual update on the progress of the gun issue, and in following Crum’s writings, can do so by subscribing to GUN WEEK, c/o P.O. Box 150, Sidney, Ohio, 45365. Subscription rates for GUN WEEK are \$7.50 for one year; a free three-week trial subscription is available on request. GUN WEEK is independently owned by Amos Press, Inc., and is not controlled by any other organization.

conclude from the record through 1976 that pro-gunners remain on the losing side, and that the future for private gun ownership in the United States is increasingly bleak.

In the United States, the political significance of this is far greater than is now understood by the general public. However, experienced observers believe that certain political circles fully understand what is involved:

According to extensive scholarly research by a number of persons, culminating in a deep study by attorney David I. Caplan called: “The Second Amendment: A basic underpinning in the Constitutional system of checks and balances”, the Second Amendment of the U.S. Constitution (“A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.”) is a recognition of a basic liberty which existed even before the founding of the U.S.

Caplan also noted that this liberty was necessary not for the convenience of hunters and target-shooters, but rather so that the ultimate reservoir of power would remain with the great mass of the people. According to Caplan, the letters and notes of those who were responsible for this amendment — names which include Thomas Jefferson — clearly express the view that this protection for civilian arms ownership was necessary in order to build into the U.S. political system a necessary precondition for a potential insurrection or revolutionary situation. The view of the Founding

Fathers was that if the government ever became tyrannical, the people had the duty to rise up and overthrow it — or at least remove the offending leaders.

This startling view is more easily understood when one remembers that Jefferson and his comrades were, in fact, successful revolutionaries who were still consolidating their successes, and who clearly understood — long before the publication of the ramblings of a certain 20th-Century Chinese peasant — that power indeed grows from the barrel of a gun.

Experienced U.S. political leaders are fully aware of the potential of an armed citizenry, and many have been active in projects intended to blunt, then remove,

this threat to their well-being and plans. A handful of leaders have been resisting the deviationism of the "liberals". At the present time, many feel that the philosophical leanings of the bulk of the U.S. leadership are anti-gun, but that these tendencies are being restrained while the election year of 1976 passes. The 1977 legislative year will expose matters more clearly.

Political considerations have prevented the advancement in 1976 of severe anti-gun proposals now in the U.S. Congress. Submitted by three primary sources — President Gerald Ford, Senator Birch Bayh, and Representative John Conyers — closely similar bills would drastically reduce the potential for

gun ownership in the U.S. . . . particularly handgun ownership. Of these three bills, the Conyers bill — H.R. 11193 — has shown the most action, but at the time this report was being prepared, the Conyers bill had not made it to the floor of the House. The Conyers bill and its competition all have been condemned by the pro-gun forces.

On the Judicial level, a courageous court case undertaken by Ohio resident Francis Warin has challenged the constitutionality of the U.S. 1935 National Firearms Act, now a part of the omnibus "Gun Control Act of 1968". Warin arranged to suffer arrest, in order to overcome certain technical handicaps involved in pushing a court appeal to the

A Canadian View Of Gun Control

By Joa Fromhold

Over the past few months, there has been considerable debate throughout Canada both for and against the proposed gun control legislation.

One of the common points that has been frequently raised is the idea that Canadians, like the Americans, have a right to bear arms. In the United States, this right is written into the Constitution but, as is pointed out by Canadian pro-control factions, this is not so in Canada.

Nowhere in the British North America Act, or any other legal code of Canada, is there any mention of such a right.

The fact that it is not formalized does not mean that they do not have this right, however.

Canadians are proud of the fact that, unlike the United States, we do not follow a formal written code of laws. Canada, instead, follows the principle of Common Law, as inherited from Great Britain.

In this type of system, tradition and usage form the nature and intent of the law. Tradition and usage define the law.

Clearly, in Western Canada at least, there has been a tradition of bearing personal arms for almost three centuries. Even the early missionaries, of less than a century ago, made frequent statements about the need and usefulness of having a firearm at their side.

A similar tradition of bearing arms exists in Eastern Canada, specifically in rural areas, and in the frontier areas.

Here, however, this tradition has been undergoing change for the past two centuries.

During the 19th century, cultural shifts decreed that it was no longer "proper" to carry arms in urban areas. Without legislation, it became traditional that arms were not to be carried in urban areas.

A similar tradition has also evolved in

Western Canada, although only over the past century.

It might also be argued that Western Canadians have the right, and need, to bear arms, to defend themselves against unjust or discriminatory legislation of the federal government, which traditionally sees things from the standpoint of Eastern Canada.

Twice during the colonization of the Prairies, in 1870 and 1885, the native residents of the Prairies were forced to arms to jolt an injured government into relinquishing unjust laws, and to enact laws that were in keeping with the wills and needs of the people of the region.

Had it not been for these rebellions, it is most probable that the land rights, and the property, of the early settlers would have been totally ignored.

The fact that in both instances the rebellion was caused by virtually identical mismanagement on the part of the federal government only compounds the seriousness of the case.

The government of Canada has also recognized the rights of the Indian peoples to bear arms, right from the first treaty with Western Indians. All these treaties contain provisions not only for the rights to hunting, but also for the provision of supplying the Indian peoples with shot and powder, or ammunition.

At the time, of course, hunting equated with the use of firearms.

Occasional attempts have been made by the government to have the Indian peoples relinquish their guns. No attempts have been made to have them give up firearms; the intentions had been to replace the rifled guns used by the Indians with smooth-bore shotguns and bird guns.

Now that big game had virtually disappeared, it was felt that the Indians no longer had any need for high-powered

firearms. No attempt was made, however, to deprive them of firearms altogether.

Recent payments of ammunition money, on which the government had defaulted for almost a century, reinforces the rights of the Indian peoples to bear arms.

If we look at the law, then, there is indeed no law that gives the non-Indian Canadian a right to bear firearms.

If we look at the tradition and convention of Canadian law, however, there can be no doubt that Canadians have the legal right to own and bear arms.

In view of this right, then, any legislation to the contrary would be an infringement on that right.

In order for such legislation to be acceptable, there must first develop the tradition of not bearing arms. Once the population at large has ceased to own and bear arms, then the question of gun control legislation could more properly be put forward, although a question of individual right would still present problems.

Legislation that infringes on the personal rights of a significant part of the population is unacceptable under the Canadian system of law, without good justification.

This is not to say that gun control could not be implemented in a different form.

Regulating and limiting the availability and the type of firearms might be a possible alternative. Proper enforcement of current firearms legislation already on the books, such as in the case of criminal use of firearms, would also aid in the avowed attempt to curb criminal use of firearms.

While firearms control would be feasible, firearms legislation concerning individual ownership can not be accepted as the proper route.

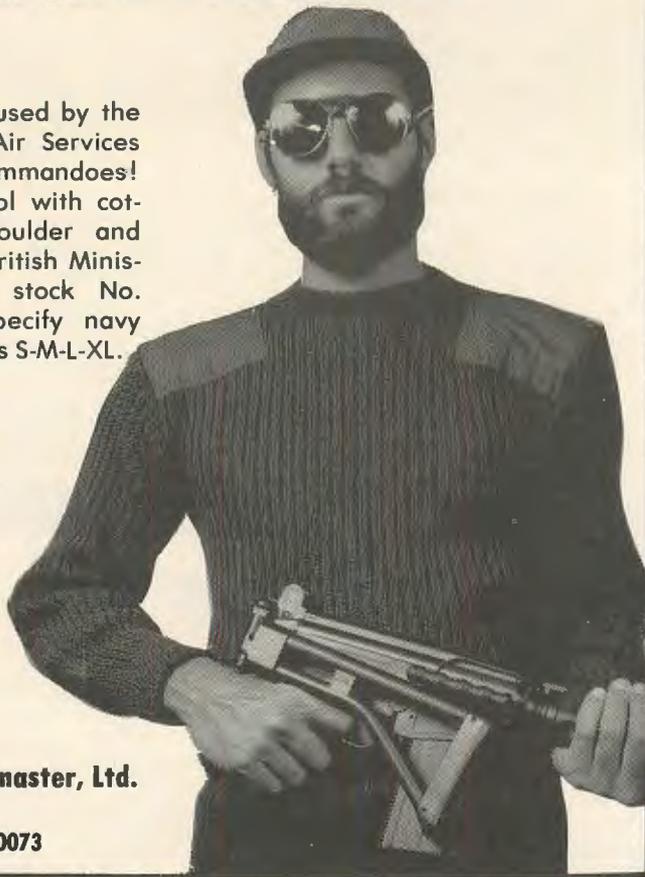
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U.S. Supreme Court. Warin, suffering the expected losses on the appeal level, is now preparing to appeal to the Supreme Court. The decision of that body likely will define the immediate U.S. civilian gun ownership situation.

Contrary to the claims of anti-gunners, research by Warin, Caplan and others has indicated that the U.S. Constitution's Second Amendment is perhaps the only amendment among the document's original ten additions which has not been subjected to court definition. In every prior case, the Supreme Court has carefully avoided the core question: Does the private citizen have a right to possess and carry arms? Warin contends this right exists, and insists that the Court so rule.

However, in its briefs against Warin, the official position of the U.S. Government is that no such civil right exists, and that the Second Amendment merely permits the States to have armed National Guard units. Again, the Federal government flatly states that the U.S. citizen has no right to own guns — no right whatsoever. The Warin case is expected to linger in court channels for many months before decision, if the Court will hear it. U.S. political watchers believe that the decision on the Warin case may be heavily influenced by the trends shown by the November, 1976 elections: if the voting trend is "liberal", Warin may well lose; if significantly

otherwise, the possible outcome is considerably more cloudy.

The American gun-owning public is not entirely unaware of the legislative situation, although the Warin case is virtually unknown. Since January, 1976, national-level press discussion of the gun issue has been very limited. Informational reporting has been tight, almost circumspect. Feature reporting also has been restrained, with several exceptions primarily on television. As has been the case for nearly 20 years, such reporting as has been provided has been slanted in favor of the anti-gun point of view.

This is scheduled to change: a "liberal" political organizer and fundraiser named Morris Dees, a McGovernite, associated with the Presidential campaign of James Carter, has organized under tax-exempt status a group named the "National Gun Control Center", headquartered in Washington, D.C. The announced purpose of Dees is to "concentrate on massive public education" for the purpose of halting the private ownership of handguns — and, to break the political power of the pro-gun movement, such as it is.

In effect, the Dees anti-gun effort is being constructed as a massive political crusade.

Dees has issued an extensive mailing, appealing to "liberals" for cash and political support. Dees is a highly-

regarded political worker, known to be especially adept at raising funds and organizing. His appeal to the "liberals" expresses the following program:

1. Monthly public gun reports, numbering handgun deaths, injuries and purchases, claiming relationships;
2. Public interest commercials for television and radio, intended to "educate" Americans as to the anti-gun view, emphasizing how absence of "controls" is a personal threat to each citizen;
3. Providing "gun debate facts" for TV talk show guests, letters to newspapers, debaters and speech makers;
4. The providing of films, pamphlets and tape cassettes for free distribution to schools, churches, civic and social clubs, union halls, public meetings and other groups, for the purpose of attacking handgun ownership;
5. The establishment of a "National Turn-In Arsenal", to be established in the trust department of a major bank, for accepting free-will surrender of privately-owned handguns, pending a Federal law which will either provide direct compensation or a tax credit to the owners;
6. Distribution of millions of "STOP HANDGUN" decals, actually pressure-adhesive stickers intended to focus public attention on the anti-gun effort. A reproduction of this sticker is shown with this report.

Dees claims in his literature, which is issued over the signature of Atlanta, Georgia Mayor Maynard Jackson, that other anti-gun lobby groups include the liberal "Common Cause", "Disarm", and the American Civil Liberties Union. Dees hopes to collect \$25 million dollars from public donations in order to finance his campaign. By way of contrast, the National Rifle Association is claimed to have a budget of "over \$7 million", according to Dees.

Because Dees will be working with already cooperative national media, and because of his proven fund-raising and organizational ability, coupled with the remarkably lavish funding capability of the U.S. "liberal" political movement, it is believed by this reporter that Dees will provide the necessary organization and skills needed for driving the gun issue to the crisis point. Dees is hoping to gain this goal by no later than 1978, preferably earlier.

It remains to be seen whether the American public will support to fruition the disarmament efforts of the anti-gunners. However, much will be determined by the willingness of gun owners and their philosophical supporters to leave their domestic comforts and actively work for pro-gun political

candidates in 1976. The failure of the gun owner to be a self-starter, going out and determining by personal contact the views of specific candidates — and actively working to get favorable candidates elected to office — will probably determine whether the anti-gun efforts will meet with success through legislative means.

At the present time, a slow-growing swell of pro-gun grassroots political activity has been noted in some areas. However, this activity has been marked by considerable disorganization and inexperience. Regardless, the surge of activity which has been generated by pro-gun elements has established this group as a political factor which must be considered as significant, particularly in some areas.

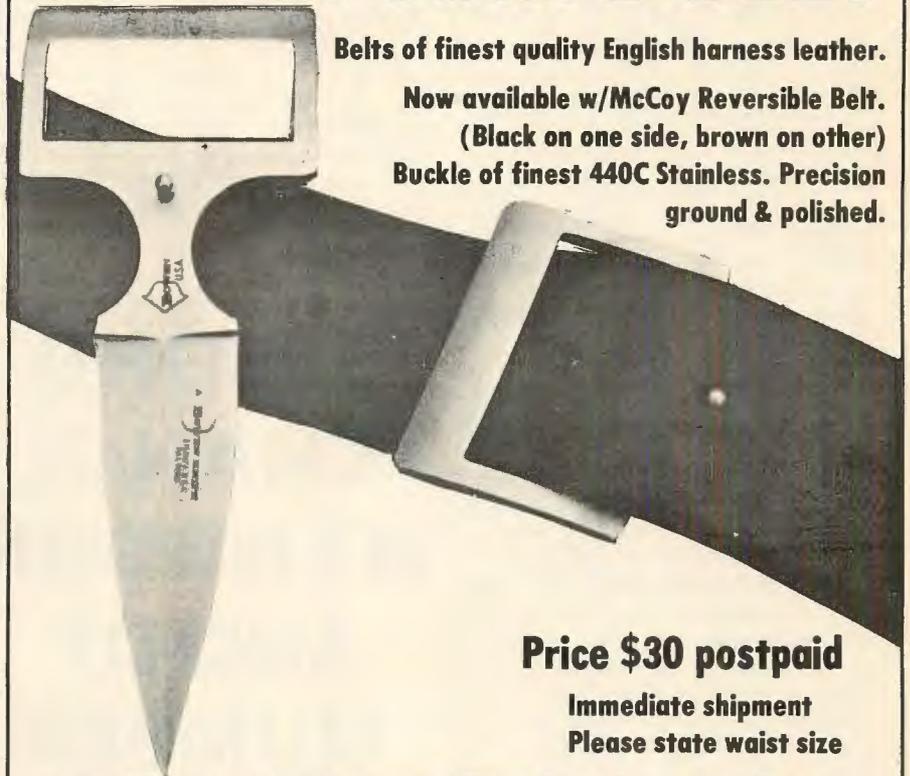
Even more significant has been an increased willingness of pro-gunners to donate cash to friendly political candidates and to activist organizations such as the National Rifle Association. In both cases, these cash gifts are hard evidence of grassroots commitment in favor of gun ownership.

However, the political situation relative to the gun issue is unstable: roughly 30% of the politically active electorate can be classed as "liberal", and philosophically attracted (as a group) to gun bans. A somewhat lower percentage can be classed as so-called "conservatives", philosophically attracted to the concept of popular gun ownership and use. The remainder of the public is middle ground, from which each side can be expected to snatch supporters.

The large size of this middle ground promises a major propaganda confrontation between the anti- and pro-gunners during the forthcoming year. For short-term legislative gains, the anti-gunners need only to score immediate advances in attracting converts and agitating them to pressure Congress — particularly if the makeup of Congress remains similar to the present. For long-term gains, the anti-gunners need mainly to retain adherents and keep them reasonably active, until enforcement of anti-gun laws disrupts the freedom and social patterns of the gun owners and their respective supporters. The latter can be accomplished within as little as two years, possibly less.

Conversely, pro-gunners are in a tougher position: they not only need to establish an ongoing political presence with organized direction and goals, these goals must include a massive public education campaign which focuses on both the root causes of crime and on the failure of "liberal" political leaders and theorists to cope with crime. Moreover, gun owners are already suffering from excessive laws, many of which are already based on the premise that "there is no right to bear arms". The

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cumulative impact of these laws, and harrasing enforcement, has left many gun owners in a defeated frame of mind. Aside from a few symbolic acts, such as hiding a favored gun in a secret place, these individuals have been nearly useless in the political struggle. Many do not exercise their right to vote, let alone offer their services as fighters for pro-gun candidates, or donate cash to pro-gun needs.

This apathy is precisely what has been desired by higher-level U.S. politicians. Amounting to self-disarmament throughout the political process, this apathy has removed one of the single most important barriers to major governmental changes: an aroused and concerned — and involved — public.

The fruits have become evident during the past decade: the U.S. now lives under two major governmental systems, is virtually unsuspected by the apathetic public. The former is the system familiar to most, consisting of a progression of elective, representative governments beginning with the local level and progressing through county, State and Federal tiers. The latter government was imposed through Presidential Executive orders signed in several different years, the most important being in 1972. At that time, a Federal system was imposed, dividing the U.S. into regional districts.

These districts bypass State and even many local governments, administering extensive Federal programs, enforcing Federal laws, all with boards which are basically appointive, not elective. Right-wing U.S. political elements have extensively documented this "shadow government", and continuously warn of it in many publications.

Critics have described this shadow government alternatively as Soviet and fascist. The labels are less important than the understanding that at the present time, the flow of U.S. Federal governmental power increasingly is surging through these "shadow" channels, rather than through the Constitutionally-constructed grid.

In a short time, radical "liberal" elements plan to begin a long-term push for a new Federal constitution. The document has been written, is widely known in political circles both left and right, and is deplored in the latter. In addition to establishing a wholly central governmental system, the proposed constitution expressly forbids the possession of privately-owned arms. This proposed constitution is linked with a so-called "Declaration of Interdependence", aired in Philadelphia in July. The latter involves a call to national

continued on page 80

How fast do you think you could hit five targets roughly three times the height and width of your front sight blade? That's what the **SECOND CHANCE POLICE COMBAT SHOOT** is all about.

The answer of the above question, Ron Chiles of Sidney, Ohio Police Department was able to squarely hit five bowling pins from 25 feet in 4.95 seconds. And the impressive fact is that he did it with a 6½ inch .44 magnum using factory loads!

The event is designed to test three elements: **SPEED, ACCURACY, and POWER.** Over 135 people attended and those who shot eight seconds or less received substantial prizes which included: \$500 in cash, a 6½ inch .44 magnum (Model 29), \$300, a Colt .45 commander, and a folding-stock Remington 12 ga. There were over \$4,000 in prizes.

Most competitors used .45 autos, but a Model 25 (.45 revolver) took 6th place. The event appears much easier than it is, as many contestants will tell you. You start with your gun touching the waist-high rail in front of you and when the command is given, you fire until all five pins are knocked off the table. (The distance from the pins to end of the table is three feet.) Best time wins.

Contrary to street situations, expanding bullets had no advantage over full metal-jacket rounds. GI hardball was the most common .45 round. One shooter placed in the top 15 using a .45 with a 340 grain (that's right! Three hundred and forty) bullet. He said he used 6 grains of Bullseye, but in a specially modified automatic. (Don't try it in yours.)

There seem to be three primary ob-

stacles:

NERVES: Many contestants were highly skilled shooters who had practiced for the event on their own ranges and a few reported being able to clear the table in three seconds. But when the pressure was on — with everyone watching — no one did that well. It's one thing to maintain your calm when shooting all alone and it's another when the world is watching and there's money at stake.

SECOND CHANCE HANDGUN SHOOT NUMBER TWO

By Alexander Jason

FIRST SHOT: Probably the most difficult and time-consuming is the first shot — when the gun has to be brought up swiftly, stopped abruptly, sighted properly, and then fired. There appeared to be a positive correlation between a shooter's ability to quickly place his first shot and his overall score.

LUCK: There is no doubt that luck is an identifiable element. There were times when a pin was hit but did not roll or fly off the table because of a combination of elements: The angle at which it was struck, the bullet's deformation characteristics, and the damage to the pin's surface caused by the bullet which may have slowed its roll of the table. Also a few shooters were doing quite well until a flying splinter or piece of lead knocked over another pin making it a rolling or just sideways target.

Each shooter was allowed five tries (\$5 each try) and a surprising fact was that only three contestants (Norm Sieloff of the Detroit Police Department; Bill Stenbeck on the Michigan State Police; and Massad Ayoob, the writer) were able to clear the table in each of the five tries.

There are few rules in this match: Any handgun can be used (including autmags and Bushmasters, but good luck!) Any position can be used (kneeling, sitting, prone, etc.) as long as it is unsupported. The gun must be touching the rail at the start. Any ammunition may be used except .38's or below as they cause ricochets. And no full-automatic weapons. (Sorry, all you Broomhandle freaks.)

We are, however, going to have a new event in June of 1977: An unlimited class



Sizeable crowd of observers watched the competitors. Next year, contest will have automatic weapons category.

in which any weapon can be used to clear 12 pins off the table. Full automatics, muzzle-loaders, potatoe-digger water-cooled .50 calibers; anything firing a non-explosive shell. (There will be a five second penalty for destroying the table). A half-second will be taken off a score if a silenced weapon is used. (It's so much nicer when ear muffs are not needed.)

Among those attending were cops and friendlies from as far away as California, Texas, and New York. Writers Mason Williams, his protoge Massad Ayoob, and perhaps the greatest combat hand-gunner of them all, Jeff Cooper.

One of the purposes of the SECOND CHANCE SHOOT is to have a good time. A large tent was set up where beer was available for five-cents a glass (to keep out the riff-raff.) Many contestants commented favorably on the relaxed atmosphere and the brevity of the rules.

The event will be held again in '77 during the first week on June. A few changes may be made including a prize for the best average instead of just the best single time. And Jeff Cooper has been after us to have the shooters draw from a holster instead of simply raising their guns. We're thinking about it.



continued from page 14 promptly sent him to the wall. Walker was shot 12 September 1860. Age: 36.

Finding modern parallels, however pale, to William Walker is all too easy. Last year, some public-spirited citizen exited Cuban exile Rolando Masferrer from this world via a bomb. Like Walker, "Pussycat" Masferrer had a deserved reputation for getting people killed in his endless idiotic adventures. Still more recent are the British and American promoters who sponsored the mercenary debacle in Angola — and they may well go the Masferrer route.

All of us in the trade should study Rosengarten's book. Its lessons are clear and many. Rosengarten himself is obviously well-equipped to do a follow-up, the definitive book on the other side of the coin (which is yet to be written) on Nicaragua's and Central America's greatest military genius, Cesar Augusto Sandino. It was Sandino who reversed Walker's military principles. He established his guerrilla strongholds in the healthy, easily defended central highlands, struck at will at the coastal strips Walker had so frantically and futilely contested, and in general wrote the textbook for guerrilla warriors, mercs and otherwise. Bien hecho, Frederic Rosengarten, with your Walker book you've made clear what to avoid; now lets hear it from you on Sandino.



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COMBAT PISTOL CONFERENCE



Jeff Cooper, chief honcho of the American Pistol Institute, gives Frank Havlicek a few pointers. Cooper was elected President of the International Practical Shooting Confederation.

The Columbia International Combat Pistol Conference convened at Columbia, Missouri, U.S.A., on the week of 24 May 1976. Its full proceedings are being prepared and are being provided to all delegates to the Conference, as well as all A.P.I. affiliates, whether or not they were represented. Meanwhile, this bulletin may serve as a synopsis of what was accomplished.

Organization of I.P.S.C.

The International Practical Shooting Confederation was founded for the purpose of organizing, promoting and regulating practical pistol competition. The word "pistol" was not used in the title since it was held that the Confederation may in the future address itself to practical competition with the rifle.

The first president (who may not succeed himself in office) is Jeff Cooper, of Gunsite, Arizona, 86334, U.S.A. Administrative Secretary is Captain E.W. Estes, Hurst Police Department, P.O. Box 247, Hurst, Texas, 76053, U.S.A.

A preamble, by-laws and rules were prepared in outline form and will be submitted to all member organizations

when ready. These directives will govern all sectional, inter-sectional, regional and world events, including postal matches. They need not apply to local contests. There will be no shooting classes in major competition.

Organizations already affiliated with the A.P.I. are ex-officio affiliated with the I.P.S.C. The organizational chart is attached to this bulletin.

Targets

The new international standard targets were devised, both using the same outside dimensions. The "O" target is graduated in circles, while the "I" target is graduated vertically. Both targets are so graduated as to grant a certain advantage to major caliber weapons. These targets were devised jointly by the power and the target committees. A description and specifications of these standard targets will be included in the full proceedings. Either target may be used at the discretion of contest organizers.

Power

There will be two power categories in competition: "major" and "minor". The "minor caliber" power floor is the 9mm

Parabellum cartridge in its service loading. To qualify for competition in the minor caliber category, a load must move a ballistic pendulum as much or more than it is moved by the 9mm Parabellum round. To qualify as a "major caliber", the load must move the ballistic pendulum as much or more than it is moved by the 45 ACP cartridge, in its standard service load. Thus it is that a full 357 loading, while of 36 caliber, may qualify as a major caliber cartridge, whereas a lightly loaded 45 ACP may not. It is also possible that a maximum loading for the 30 Luger cartridge could move the pendulum as much as the standard loading of the 9mm Parabellum. This would also apply to the 30 USC cartridge, if used in a pistol. A description and specifications of the ballistics pendulum will be included in the full proceedings of the Conference. Contest organizers may use two systems for power control. The first system is to issue all competition ammunition at the contest and to charge the cost against the entry fees. The second system is to allow the contestants to furnish their own ammunition and to test it on the ballistic pendulum.

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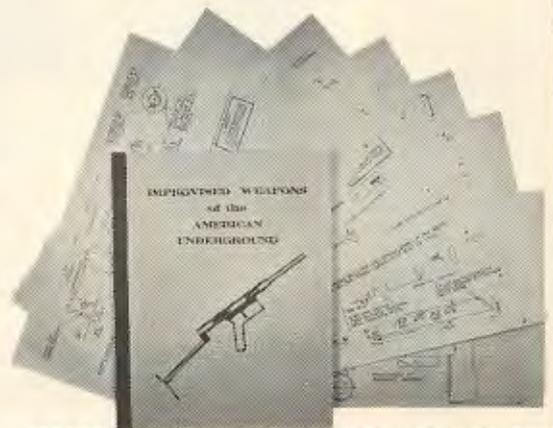
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Holsters

Holsters will be regulated as follows: Any type of holster may be used which retains the pistol in place as the shooter executes a full backward roll. If a retainer is used to hold the pistol for this test, it will be used throughout the course of fire. Tiedowns, if used, must be

standard uniform equipment, or invisible to spectators. Cross-draw and shoulder holsters are specifically allowed. Any organization which deems such holsters to be unsafe will provide appropriate shooting bays for contestants who desire to use them.

Program

It was decided that sectional competition will be conducted in the fall of 1976, regional competition in the spring of 1977, and a world competition in the fall of 1977. After 1977, sectional competition will be held in the first year, regional in the second, and the next world match in the third. Thus there will be a world championship match every three years. For the purpose of uniform qualification, the first qualification course of fire will be used in the first sectionals and regional matches. The world match will utilize a different course. Thereafter both qualification and championship courses of fire will be changed each time around. Action Regional Direction, who have been appointed specifically for this purpose, will immediately initiate plans for the conduct of sectional matches specifying locations and dates. All participating clubs will have an equal voice in the selection of these factors. The number of qualifying shooters from each section will depend, first, upon the total number of participants in the sectional contest; and, second, upon the scores fired. The sites for the first regional qualifications will be determined at the conclusion of the sectional programs. The site for the first world championship to be held under this program will be announced in the autumn of 1976.

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Course of Fire

The qualification course for sectional and regional competition is as follows:

Stage 1 — 10 shots from the leather at 25 meters, 2½ seconds each. (This is Stage 3 of the Advanced Military Course.)

Stage 2 — 12 shots at 10 meters on 3 targets, 2 shots on each, followed by a reload, followed by 2 more shots on each, commencing back to the target. (This is "El Presidente".) Scoring will be by the Comstock Count, i.e. numerical score on the new standard target, minus double maximum value for each miss, divided by elapsed time.

Stage 3 — This will be one-half of the new man-against-man course used at Columbia, known as the "Columbia Fumble". It will be fired three times, total low time to win. Regional directors will have details and diagrams which will also be published with the proceedings of the Columbia Conference.

Training

It was decided to establish an instructor certification program which will, in due course, provide qualified instructors in practical pistolcraft for all parts of the world. Present A.P.I. certification will suffice. Those desiring such certification may apply to the A.P.I. for details.



Cooper and his API, in conjunction with the Colorado Combat Pistol League, are sponsoring the 1976 Rocky Mountain Sectional Championships of the International Practical Shooting Confederation on Sept. 18-19 in Denver, Colorado. A five day advanced weaponry clinic will be held by Cooper in conjunction with the sectional shootoff, Sept. 13-17, and will be limited to the first 20 paid entries. SOLDIER OF FORTUNE magazine, along with several other national and local firms will sponsor the sectionals and provide prizes.

For additional information, contact: Daniel Predovich, 7383 S. Vance St., Littleton, CO 80123. Phone: 303-973-2174.

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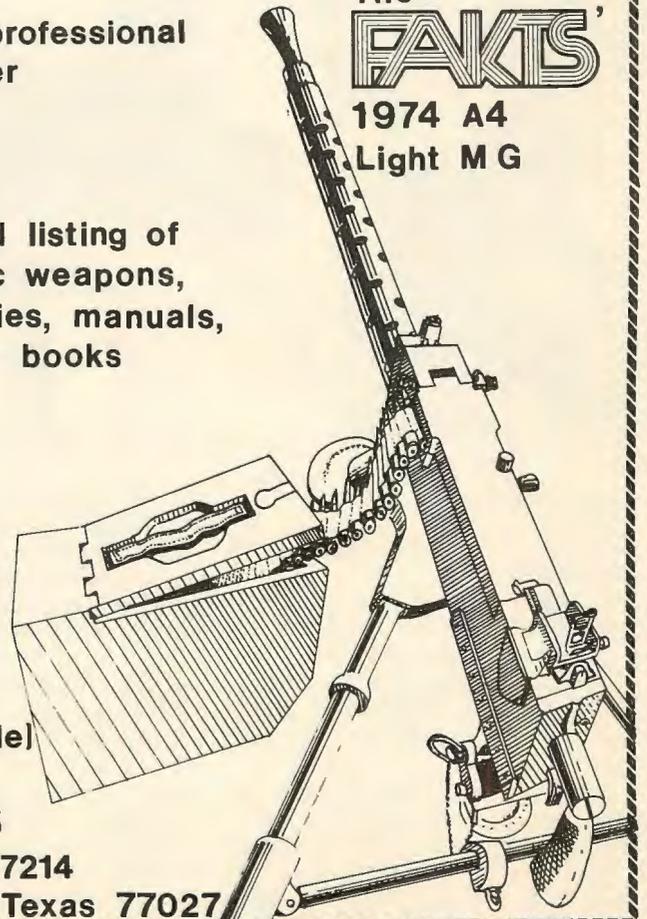
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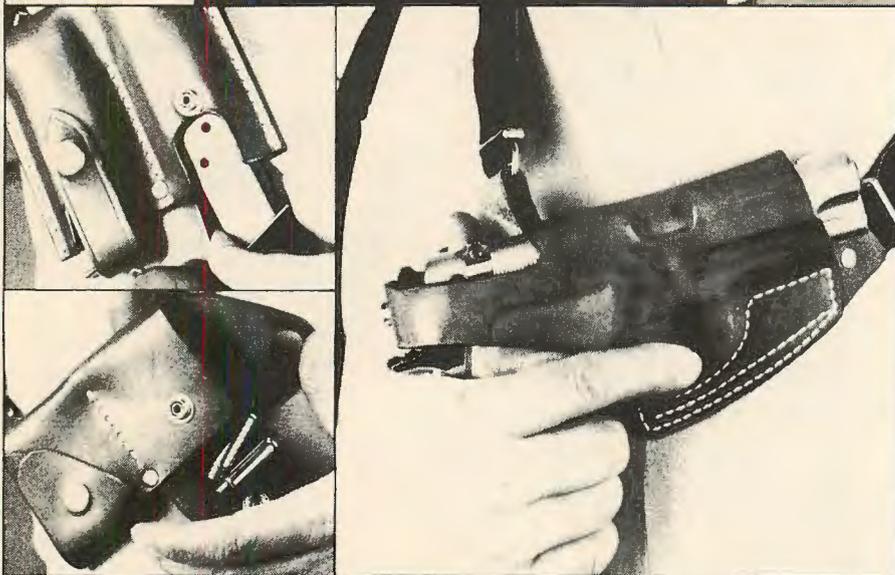
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continued from page 31

the new Galil assault rifle manufactured by the Israelis.

Jordan border produced more casualties than the Sinai front. The majority of these casualties were incurred by the men of the 'Zion' Company of the Border Police. There were KIA's daily from either sniper fire or tank fire from the Jordanian side.

On October 6, 1973, I was on leave at my agricultural community where I first tasted Israeli life. Of course there was no radio or TV on that day because it was the most important Jewish holiday. We learned of the war through Army and

Border Police communications which were monitored by every kibbutz or moshav (types of agricultural settlements) on the Jordanian border. Code words were broadcast over Israeli radio stations which were manned by Army troops soon after the outbreak of hostilities. I didn't wait for my codeword to be broadcast, because I knew it was the duty of each soldier to report to his unit as soon as humanly possible. I started for my unit which was then operating at minimum strength in the Golan Heights. I was stopped at an Army base near Rosh Pina at the B'not Yaakov bridge which crosses the Jordan River separating Israel from the Golan

Heights. I was advised that my unit had been overrun, and those troops that remained were either killed or taken prisoner. Those taken prisoner were later found gagged and executed by decapitation.

I was then assigned to a hastily organized battalion; reinforcements of our type of mobile artillery (mine was a 155 mm cannon mounted on a Sherman tank chassis) arrived from central Israel, and we initiated a counter-attack. Late that evening, we reached out assigned firing positions, but due to a SNAFU in intelligence, we were unaware that a platoon of Syrian T-55's had reached our area. We found ourselves surrounded.

The Syrians opened up on us at point-blank range. Fortunately, no Syrian shell entered the exposed rear of my vehicle, where 20 tons of TNT were stores. I jumped from the driver's position with only my Uzi SMG and two magazines. I ran about 50 yards into deep woods, and began firing my Uzi (what good a 9mm round would do against two inches of steel, I did not know, but the thought did not enter my mind). The next morning I found that the entire battery to which I was assigned had been destroyed and of the 45 soldiers assigned to the unit, only seven survived.

While I was in the woods, harmlessly spraying tanks with bullets that wouldn't penetrate both sides of a steel pot, the military command headquarters located near the Ashdot Yaakov base of the Border Police instructed patrol vehicles to a vital crossroads. The two vehicles went to the location and stood by. Late in the evening of 6 October (still the 1st day of war), infrared and SLS units attached to the APC's observed tank movements, and due to silhouettes, were able to determine that there were four Syrian tanks bearing down on the crossroads, located only ten kilometers from the large city of Tiberias. One APC circling to the rear of the tanks, the other to the southern side, overheard communication between the tanks and discovered that the tankers were confused, lost and unorganized. Border Police opened fire from their moving vehicles with 52mm mortar and .50 cal. Browning HMG's, causing the tankers to believe that they were completely surrounded. This also caused the first tank to retreat, with the others following it. During the battle, Border Police vehicles and patrol commanders were also causing confusion among the Syrians because they were shouting orders in Arabic over the Syrian communication net. The Border Police vehicles returned to their base with no casualties and two kills to their credit.

After the October 1973 war, I found myself broke. I had been discharged from the Israeli Army and given \$75 discharge pay. After sight-seeing for a few months, I joined the Border Patrol.

Due to previous experience with the Israeli Army, and being a Vietnam vet, I was assigned to the Ashdod-Yaakov unit that I mentioned earlier, without attending the three month Border Police Academy.

After a trial period of two months, I was promoted to Senior Constable and put in charge of an outpost station on the Jordan border. While I was in command, we were able to thwart two attempted crossings of terror groups hell-bent on killing civilians. Later, I was promoted to Second Sergeant and commanded patrols along the border.

On one occasion, we observed a team of terrorists crossing a mine field after they had swum the river and cut through four feet of concertina wire. We immediately opened fire and killed all of them. My machinegunner was killed and my scout was wounded. I searched the bodies of the terrorists afterward and found, in addition to their AK-47's and rations and propaganda, a copy of **Quotations from Chairman Mao**. Another had a locket around his neck containing photos of Yassir Arafat and Mao.

In March of 1975, I arrived at the outpost to relieve the night-shift at 5:00 AM with two other constables. I was signing for the equipment from the night-shift commander, when one of my men spotted a terror group trying to cross the border. I advised the night commander

to man the light machine guns with his two constables, while my men and I left the outpost to hit the terrorists on the flank. We drove down the side of the cliff armed with our FN FAL's and hand grenades. As we left the outpost, the night commander and his troops opened fire on the terrorists, pinning them down. We were able to locate and approach the terrorists without the vehicle's lights by ascertaining direction from the phosphorous tracer bullets aimed at the terrorists. (Ours were the NATO red, whereas the terrorists used the Russian Chinese green.)

We got within 100 meters of them when we were fired upon. We bailed out of the truck and attacked their position on foot. After approaching to within 30 meters of the terrorists, I ordered three grenades thrown by each man at five second intervals. That ended the attempted infiltration.

A new branch of the Border Police was established about a year ago, and just recently graduated its first class. It is a special anti-terrorist branch. Members have undergone nine months of intensive physical and combat training. They are specialists in assaulting locations where hostages are held. This branch of the BP is very similar to the American police S.W.A.T. units. Although the primary functions of the Border Police are counter-terrorist activities, often terrorist

infiltrators are observed too late: the terrorists have already reached their objective, killed as many civilians as possible and have holed up somewhere, often with hostages. Israel's policy is, of course, not to deal with the terrorists by any means other than point of a gun. So, it becomes the duty of the special unit to "storm" a building and deal with the terrorists while keeping civilian casualties to a minimum. Courses include: Arabic language, marksmanship, tracking, hand to hand combat, foreign weapons, patrol techniques, ambush and counter-ambush techniques, and map reading. After rigorous physical exams, written exams and agility tests, there was a washout rate of 60 .

After two years in Israel, I was discharged and returned to the States. I still think about the Border Police and the job they are doing.



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A *Brown Shoe Soldier* Evaluates Today's **BASIC COMBAT TRAINING**

Lt. Col. Alexander M.S. McColl

There were nine of us, myself, a lieutenant, a sergeant and six soldiers, armed and helmeted, crouching in the tense stillness of a hot stuffy bit of open-canopy woods. One could hardly call it a forest but it was definitely more than scrub-brush. To our front was a long mound of earth, perhaps ten or twelve feet high, and beyond that apparently an open space. Behind us the woods sloped away. We had already been fired upon once that morning, single shots and from a distance, and pursuit of our mission had not permitted us to locate and deal with the sniper. We had no information as to what other enemy were in the area,

where they might be, or what doing.

Without warning the silence was riven by explosions that could have been incoming grenades or mortar fire and by the unmistakable and very loud hammering of an M-60 machinegun quite close and evidently firing into the other side of the long earth mound to our front. Flying dirt and a few broken twigs filled the air. A quick huddle, sharp com-

It all happened at Fort Knox, Kentucky as part of a very routine training exercise for soldiers in their fifth week of Basic Combat Training, 1975 Model. It's called the Overhead Attack Course, and it has about as much Realism in Training as you can get without killing people. That accounts for the sergeant-instructor and the six soldiers. The lieutenant was the Officer-in-Charge who was taking me around, a 1st Lt. Wayne Cottrell, from Vanderbilt, Michigan.

But what was the undersigned, a Reserve Lieutenant Colonel in the US Army Special Forces and Contributing Editor Military Affairs for *Soldier of Fortune* magazine doing there, and in civilian clothes?

The answer goes back a long way. No doubt, even in the victorious Phalanxes of Alexander the Great there were old soldiers who were wont to grumble that the young recruits weren't getting the kind of discipline and training they got when Philip was King of Macedon. And in these latter days with all the bad news about race and drug problems, fragging of Officers, militants and malcontents, and the gentle, happy smiling faces on the recruiting advertisements, a lot of us who took Basic Training in one or another of its various forms over the last thirty-five odd years, and still believe that the security of the Republic is ultimately a function of the discipline,



D.I. evaluates target with WAC trainee on the range. Marksmanship training only lasts six weeks; no longer classic field firing on KD range.

mands, and the sergeant, followed by the six soldiers moved off to the left at a rapid low crawl past the end of the earth mound and with machinegun bullets snapping over their heads, to deal with the problem.

After such a promising beginning I almost regret having to tell the reader that this is not another combat epic from Vietnam or some other untidy little war.



Major Alex M. S. McColl
Military Affairs

McColl is probably the only *cum laude* graduate of Harvard Law School who is also holder of a Military Parachutist certificate from the RVN Airborne

Div . . . 11 years active duty in the Army including service as CIC Special Agent, Operations Staff Officer for SOG, Tank Battalion Commander and International Liaison Officer . . . 2½ years in Nam . . . led only successful night counterattack ever conducted by VN Popular Force . . . graduate of CG&S . . . speaks French, Russian, Vietnamese and Spanish . . . private pilot, sky-diver, deep water sailor . . . Army Reserve assignment with Special Forces . . . recently participated in a free-lance para-medical operation in Honduras.

Sergeant") of B 16 4. This conversation turned up the points that the troops get no bayonet instruction, and that in his opinion, things are being done now very much better than 1973, that somewhere about two to three percent of the trainees probably shouldn't be in the Army, and that possibly five percent could be made into NCO's. I was not able to get any over-all statistics on how many that are accepted for enlistment later have to be washed out, but if it's only two or three percent, Mother Army is in pretty good shape. It didn't seem to be the time or place to get into a long discussion with SFC Brown on the NCO potential of his troops; my own guess is that with experience, maturity (19 years old is really awfully young) and a good NCO Academy, a lot more than five percent would make quite passable sergeants.

At last, after all these things, I had finally got in to see the High Priest of the whole enterprise, Master Sergeant Ross, NCO in Charge of the whole Basic Rifle Marksmanship program. He is a very impressive character, so much so, in fact, that I forgot to ask and note down his first name, home town and the other usual items. So his first name is "Master Sergeant, alias First Sergeant", and his home town, at least since 1951, has been "US Army". He is a big, tall man, Black, with long, heavy arms, big, but obviously active and skillful hands, a long face and a deep, resonant voice. For a man of his size and power, his movements are surprisingly quick and active. He obviously knows his business and has strong views.

And these were the things that he said, comparing the training now with 1951 (which is even before my time):

Things have changed immensely. Training is now less challenging than it was. Next war we're either ready or we're zapped. At present they are teaching more defensive and less offensive tactics. The basics of basic training and marksmanship haven't changed. The training now is a little over six weeks, and unlikely to go back to eight. In the marksmanship training of twenty years ago they spent much more time on the range. PRI and dry firing have been cut back immensely (this seemed to be one of his favorite words). There is no longer any of the classic Field Firing on a Known Distance range. Trainfire at silhouette targets is an improvement. The ideal course would consist of (1) PRI and dry firing, (2) zeroing, etc., on the 25 meter range, (3) Field Firing on the KD range, and (4) Trainfire. The sling is not used to brace the weapon because it is shorter and lighter, and has less recoil. Sitting and squatting positions are no longer taught; the emphasis now is on the foxhole, prone supported and prone unsupported positions.

Comparing the M16A1 with the M14 rifle, he said that the M16A1 requires

more maintenance, but is lighter, and you can carry more ammo for it. It is a much better weapon for full-automatic fire than the M14 with auto switch, but this raises problems in the areas of control (i.e., everyone hosing down the landscape and wasting ammunition), and ammunition resupply. It is also a very poor bayonet handle, not as good for long-distance shooting, and the bullet is more subject to being deflected. But in any event, troops don't engage targets at over 300 meters.

MSG Ross also pointed out that the marksmanship training in BCT is merely the basic course for all types of soldiers, and that the advanced marksmanship skills are taught elsewhere. He went on to say that the discipline now is much better than four years ago, but this is not the strict Army that we used to have. With its emphasis on education the Army today is the best opportunity for a young man 17 and up.

With men like Ross and Higginbotham in charge, one gets the impression that the Army is in pretty good shape when it comes to recruit training.

Somewhere along I also picked up the fact that the only night marksmanship training involved firing on full-auto at silhouettes at 25 meters; this is a pass-fail exercise and is the only full-auto firing in the cycle. The cycle also includes a 15-mile cross-country march, which usually includes a bivouac and some tactical training at the discretion of the Company commander.

What conclusions from all of the above? First of all, BCT was never intended to produce a fully qualified Infantry rifleman, much less any kind of para-commando super-soldier. Its function is to lay a foundation on which the Army can train infantrymen, tank soldiers, paratroopers, missile technicians, cooks, clerks, or whatever. In a later article or articles we hope to explore some of these higher forms of training. Second, for better or worse, the M16A1 is the basic individual weapon of the Army. The M14's are entirely out of the hands of the Active Army and fast disappearing from the Reserve Components.

In general, I saw very little to offend the eye of a brown-shoe soldier. The indications are that with the end of the draft and all the hassle and troubles between drafted anti-military militants and the "Green Machine", things are rather rapidly moving back to a properly run state of affairs, beginning about two years ago. In some ways the training now is much better than what I received in 1953: the Physical Training is much better (we are finally getting away from the idea that the touchstone of good PT is the amount of pain inflicted); the troops are much better informed and treated much less like cattle. The enthusiasm and obvious professionalism of the Drill Sergeants is impressive; there

is much more of a sense of the worth and importance of the job. "Herding recruits" in 1953 was an unpleasant and unrewarding job; and the Cadre routinely took out their dislike of it on the trainees; being a Drill Sergeant has been made into something of a Calling. This is a great change for the better. The Army is finally making serious efforts to get rid of the M1 pencil; this has been a great bane of training for far too long.

Things that we did in the old days that were better (subjective opinion): Each Company had a drum, and it is good for recruits to march to a drum, for several reasons. There was quite a lot more formal discipline and a lot more marching. We were taught how to use the Bayonet and at least verbally infused with the Spirit of the Bayonet. We learned a little bit about a lot of weapons in addition to the M1 rifle: pistol, carbine, submachinegun, light machinegun, and rocket launcher. We got a dandy work-out in the combat-in-towns range and some pretty serious map-reading instruction. Also, of course, in a sixteen-week cycle that was supposed to train us as tank crewmen, we did learn a little bit about how to drive a tank and shoot the main gun, and quite a lot about how to take care of it. At the end of the cycle, as tank soldiers go, we were damn well qualified Infantry riflemen.

You can't compare the marksmanship training "then" and "now" without first comparing the weapons. As against the M1 or M14, the M16A1 is shorter, lighter, handier, permits more ammunition to be carried and, compared to the M14, is much more easily controlled on full automatic. But it lacks range and hitting power, the bullet is much more easily deflected (a serious defect when fighting in heavy scrub-brush), and it requires quite a bit more maintenance. Also, in the event of a blown primer, little flakes of brass get into the locking recesses and can cause a bad jam, as the bolt has to be fully forward before the rifle can be taken apart. Also the locking lugs on the bolt, especially those each side of the extractor, seem to be subject to cracking, and it makes a very indifferent bayonet handle. George S. Patton said somewhere that very few people have been killed in battle with bayonets but many have been frightened by them.

Within the limitations (1) that the M16A1 is definitely not a long-range weapon or precision like the M-1 or M14, but is more of an assault rifle, and (2) that the intended end-product is not a fully-qualified infantry rifleman or a Camp Perry competitor, the Army seems to be doing fairly well within the time limitations which they have placed on themselves. Since we are now on a basis of three and four year enlistments, rather than a two-year draft, one is permitted to ask whether it might not be good to add a week or two to BCT.

The three most notably good points are

marksmanship and prowess in battle of her soldiers, were concerned and more than a little curious to find out What is Really Going On in today's Army, and especially in Basic Combat Training, which is the foundation for good or ill, of so much that follows after.

Like everyone else, of course, I am an expert on military training, especially marksmanship training. Well, I did take the old sixteen-week Basic Training back in 1953, and my year as a Tank Company Commander at Fort Hood in 1966 did involve putting two cycles of draftees through eight-week cycles of the 1966 version of Basic Combat Training (BCT). How a Tank Company of an Armored Division got into the business of what used to be called "herding recruits" is a long story that I will bend your ear with at another time. Also a couple of trips to 'Nam which did include getting shot at once or twice. And other things . . . including a willingness to venture as far as Fort Knox for a look round.

Now, contrary to what some of the Treasury johnnies may tell you, guarding what's left of our gold reserve isn't really the main activity at Fort Knox, at least so far as the Army's concerned. The main thrust of Fort Knox is training soldiers and Officers for Armored Cavalry, Air Cavalry and Tanks. They have also been herding recruits at Fort Knox since well before I got there in 1953.

The Public Affairs office of Fort Knox, chiefly in the persons of Major Jerry Gantt, Mr. Kyle Ridgeway and Sergeant First Class Jerry Tucker, was extremely hospitable and helpful. This made it a lot easier to get to see what I had come to see. Perhaps one saw mainly what it was desired that one should see, but the eyes that were looking had been around the Army a while . . . Also, most Americans, especially the kind you run into in the Army, are damn poor liars, and have the sense to know it.

As is customary in such things, the canned itinerary started out with a couple of briefings. First, a Major Ward of the arm of Post Headquarters that runs the training, gave us the "short version" General Briefing. What used to be Headquarters US Army Training Center, Armor (USATCA) had been more-or-less merged into Post Headquarters. At Fort Knox, there are two BCT Brigades, the 4th and 5th, eight battalions and 36 BCT companies; at any one time they have about five thousand BCT's being trained — about 220 trainees per company. The companies are on a nine-week cycle consisting of a preparatory week, seven training weeks, and, after the trainees leave, a week for "maintenance and stand-down" so the cadre can catch their breath.

There is also the 1st Training Brigade giving Advanced Individual Training (AIT) to Armored Cavalry and Tank soldiers, a Committee Group of specialized instructors, a Special

Training Company for trainees with temporary physical problems, an NCO Academy for training Drill Sergeants, and a course in basic English reading, given between BCT and AIT to troops with reading problems.

In principle, the BCT at Fort Knox is the same as given at the other BCT posts: Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, Fort Ord, California, Fort Jackson, South Carolina, Fort Polk, Louisiana, and Fort Dix, New Jersey. One of the new things is that the cycle is divided into phases: Phase I, the School of the Soldier, the first two weeks, bears down on discipline, dismounted drill, physical training, esprit, military customs and courtesies. As I found out a little later, they do bear down, and more than just a bit. Phase II, the third and fourth weeks, is where they learn to shoot and take care of the M16A1 rifle; they call this Basic Rifle Marksmanship or BRM (at least they haven't sunk to the level of thinking up cute acronyms for these things).

Phase III mainly emphasizes individual tactical training, marches and bivouacs, and so on, culminating in a Military Stakes Course that combines the joys of a cross-country run of several miles — with full field pack and all equipment — obstacle and confidence course and hands-on-equipment type final examination on everything other than marksmanship.

It was at Major Ward's briefing that I linked up with my "escort NCO", i.e., the man who was supposed to take me around and explain what was going on. I very much doubt that I was the first member of the Fourth Estate to be taken round and shown the training at Fort Knox. This was a Sergeant First Class Walter Higginbotham, of Bakersfield, California, Platoon Sergeant of the 4th Platoon, "B" Company, 17th Training Battalion, 5th Training Brigade. He is quiet-spoken, wiry and obviously very competent behind a neat moustache (there are moustaches and moustaches; this was the moustache neat and military). As befits the man selected as Drill Sergeant of the Year for Fort Knox, his manner is confident, enthusiastic, dedicated and not doubting either of the importance of the task of training soldiers, or of the methods and procedures used to reach that end. He told me that he had been 12 years in the Army and had just returned from a competition at Fort Monroe to select the Drill Sergeant of the Year for the whole Army, where he had come in second. After a couple of day's acquaintance with Sergeant Higginbotham, all I can say is that if the contest was fairly judged, the competition must have been really pretty formidable. All the Drill Sergeants that I saw — and they are very conspicuous in their big brown felt campaign hats — seemed tough, competent and quite sufficiently confident of their ability and authority not to have to swagger and

bully to make the point. As a group, very impressive folk. And, sensibly, conduct of BCT is very much a matter of NCO's generally and Drill Sergeants in particular. The relatively few Officers involved have such important tasks as high level planning, signing the Morning Report, and making sure that visiting reporters are wearing earplugs when they approach the firing line on a rifle range.

Next came a briefing and visit to the Reception Station — the inevitable darkened hall, slides and statistics, while outside platoons of "receptees" (not even trainees yet) were making some very traditional noises counting cadence while marching from one to another phase of their in-processing. Except for using computers instead of clerks to file and sort information, there is really only one major change: even at this stage, the recruit is treated as a human being and not as cattle. Regardless of their hour of arrival, they get eight hours sleep before beginning processing, take proficiency exams in an air conditioned room, and so on.

I suppose you could call it coddling. I don't, but then I'm also one of those dangerous radicals who doesn't adhere to the idea that the object of basic training is to see how much misery, pain and hardship you can inflict on an individual in eight weeks. At the Reception Station, I also managed a sentimental visit to Building T-7050, a very standard two-deck wooden barracks, where I had been housed as a trainee in 1953. In those days it was part of B Company, 7th Medium Tank Battalion, 3rd Armored Division. For reasons that were not indiscreetly disclosed to mere recruits, but probably a matter of keeping unit names and numbers alive, the command at that time conducting the recruit training at Fort Knox was designated as the 3rd Armored Division; but I digress into war stories and ancient history.

After the Reception Station, you go to Phase I, School of the Soldier. We went to SFC Higginbotham's unit, B 17 5, which was about four days into its first week of training. He explained to me that the philosophy here was "absolute control", on the very sound principle that, before you teach the man to shoot or whatever, you first get into him the idea that he's a disciplined soldier.

Four rather large platoons were standing under a hot sun on a gravel parking lot, learning about right face and left face, and the eye at least of this brown-shoe soldier was not offended. The troops stood straight and tall; the two or three Drill Sergeants per platoon gave instruction and made individual corrections in a very traditional manner, and the trainees were definitely getting the idea. Even the haircuts were short — some ways, to be sure, from the traditional "skin-head" but very, very definitely not long and flowing. In the

center of the hollow square was a two wheel cart serving as a stand for the Company guidon and the four platoon guidons.

Sergeant Higginbotham explained to me that at the beginning to the cycle, the Company guidon and each platoon guidon was awarded a red streamer that remained there only so long as there were no AWOL's. I noticed that the Company guidon was without its streamer, and that one of the platoon guidons not only lacked the streamer but also had been rolled up and was held by a rubber band. Higginbotham observed: "They must have done something really bad for the old man to have taken away their streamer and curled their guidon."

Later, Captain Richard V. Barbuto, of Dunkirk, New York, the Company Commander, explained that this was a result of one of the recruits in that platoon going AWOL, and that several of the troops had actually been crying in ranks at the dishonor this had brought on their platoon. And this only the first week of training.

At a break (yes, they still take a ten-minute break every hour), two troopers were summoned out of one of the platoons for me to "interview", both Black, both very stiff, very polite, and not relaxed. I cannot say that the conversation resulted in any profound degree of communication; it is fitting that trainees should not be relaxed and communicative in the presence of Drill Sergeants.

Pvt. Rondel Stockton, age 19, of Glasgow, Kentucky, will become a missile repairman. He stated that he joined the Army because of the challenge. Pvt. Scott Victor, age 17, of Chicago, Illinois, is being trained as a tank crewman, and stated that he joined because he liked the money and opportunity offered by the Army. Men who enlist for the Combat Arms get a bonus of \$2,000 on joining. He also wanted to get out of Chicago.

Somehow, the whole setting and conversation brought on the reflection that the ordinary 17- or 19-year-old is a follower, not a leader. If you tell him to grow his hair long and be a hippie radical, that's what he'll do; if you cut off his hair and tell him he's going to be a soldier, and a damn good one, then he'll be one. At least with the end of the Draft, the Army is no longer getting people who are firmly convinced that they don't want to be soldiers and resist every effort in that direction.

The Fourth Platoon's barracks, a fine specimen of 1943-vintage wooden two-decker, was, to the eye of the brown-shoe soldier, in very fair shape for mid-week and the first week of training. Oh, I could have spent two hours finding small things wrong and writing down gigs, but so what? The furniture consisted of double-deck bunks — these were the wide,

hospital-style bunks; the old narrow style are gone — wide wall lockers with shelves in one side, and a red-painted .50 caliber ammunition can per man for inflammables such as shoe- and brass polish. The most notable features of the building were the vivid red-white-and-blue stripe paint job in the latrine and stair well, and a plaque on the outside reading:

"Discipline is taught at home, polished in school and church, perfected in basic training, and pays off in combat."

One began to understand some of the reasons why SFC Higginbotham had been selected as Drill Sergeant of the Year for Fort Knox.

We also had lunch at the Company mess hall, a very standard 1943 model wooden mess hall, serving quite edible and very standard GI chow. Apparently the highly advertised policy of offering everyone a selection of Soul, Spanish or White-folks type food has not penetrated to BCT. After their morning's exertions, troops of all complexions seemed to be having no difficulty getting it down.

This afternoon and most of the next day were spent at various rifle ranges; we saw several different units doing the various phases of the Basic Rifle Marksmanship course. They start, of course, with mechanical training and PRI. Not so much dry firing as of yore, but they still do triangulation drills and the drill where you put the dime on the barrel of the weapon and try to snap the trigger without the dime falling off.

At a 25-meter range (we used to call it a 1000-inch range) I talked with Lt. Col. Gary Warner, of DuQuoin, Illinois, Commander of the 11th Battalion, 5th Brigade. He said that the emphasis is on hitting a combat target, rather than marksmanship in the classic sense, and that the M16A1 is a good weapon for this purpose. Also that, aside from the M16A1, the trainees qualify with hand grenades, spend four hours mechanical training and familiarization with the M60 machinegun, and see demonstration firing with other weapons.

This range was of interest for several reasons:

— In addition to the Regular Army Drill Instructors and other cadre, there were a number of NCO's from the Army Reserve 70th Division, of Livonia, Michigan, helping run the range. Except for the shoulder patches, it was hard to tell the Regulars from the Reservists. For a moment I had an awful feeling that they had actually put the One Army Concept into effect.

— There were several WAC's — including a couple of real cuties — getting a zero on their M16's. For the Army has decreed that, beginning 1 September 1975, female personnel must also know how to shoot, at least to some degree. Somehow, this does not offend my Male Chauvinist principles. These WAC's were permanent party, not trainees.

— Most important, the rather numerous cadre of marksmanship committee personnel, Drill Sergeants, etc., seemed to be really working effectively with the troops to insure that each individual was (1) shooting a really tight shot group on the target, and (2) knew how and was doing what was required to move the shot group onto the point of aim. I saw an encouragingly large number of shot groups that you could cover with a half-dollar.

Unless you are dealing with a very experienced shooter who knows that type of weapon, getting a good shot group and a good zero is a laborious business, but they seemed to be taking the time to do the job right. At the 25-meter range, they spend two days to zero, and a third on positions; the emphasis is on the prone supported, prone unsupported and foxhole positions. The sitting and squatting positions are not taught and the others brushed over lightly.

The balance of the marksmanship training consists chiefly of firing at silhouette targets that pop up at varying ranges. This progresses from firing at more to less visible targets and from stable (e.g., prone supported) to less stable (e.g., standing) firing positions. The targets are constructed so that a hit causes it to drop, and there seems to be quite a lot of serious attention given to prevent, or at least cut down on pencilling of scores, not only in marksmanship but throughout the training.

The last range we visited was B Company, 16th Battalion, 4th Brigade, was firing "Record II", the second half of qualification firing with the M16A1. This includes firing from stationary positions and also walking forward and engaging targets that pop-up at various ranges somewhat to the right and left of straight ahead. It's certainly not gnat's eyelash marksmanship in the Camp Perry sense, but given the limitations imposed by safety and scoring, it's a pretty fair simulation of actual tactical shooting.

Captain Lawrence Woicott, of Arcade, New York, the Commander of B 16 4, explained to me that from time to time they "lock" the targets, that is, throw a switch that prevents them from falling when hit, and then check the scorers to see who is pencilling hits on targets that didn't fall. After half the instructors and Drill Sergeants on the range were from B Company, 2d Battalion, 397th Regiment, 100th Division. This is a US Army Reserve unit from Kentucky; they spent a year's active duty during the Vietnam War, were here for their two-weeks' active duty, and are very well spoken of by the Active Army people that I talked with. The One Army Concept strikes again.

I also chatted with Sergeant First Class Robert Brown, the senior Platoon

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In this photo we find a man walking down an alley with a cane. It could just as well be an umbrella or a broomstick. He is about to be confronted by the toughs just waiting for the easy appearing 'mark.'



When the hood in the light shirt starts to take his swing, the good guy uses his extended reach to strike him in the tender area just below the punching arm. This serves to block the oncoming blow as well as hurt like hell.



Having temporarily st find #2 coming after h to the temple gives # about.

URBAN STREET



Looking back, defender finds #2 trying to get up and back into action. So he applies his cane (forcefully) to the bony ridge on the top of the forearm, thereby dumping #2 to the ground once again. Hopefully, this will break the arm.



Tenacious #2 tries to roll over and get at the defender again, only to run into a sharp blow (straight down) of the fast moving cane. This strike is across the eye ridge and upper nose. With enough force properly placed, this blow can be fatal.



Defender uses a fast a ward to the hood's gi commission for the t away. Note the palm through this series.



opped #1, he spins to
im. A full swing blow
#2 something to think



A very sharp rap to the FRONT on the knee or upper shin will add much to the day of #2, and none of it good. Note that this blow logically follows the one before. Defender swings first left to right, then right to left.



Having dumped #2, the defender returns to #1, applying his cane to the area just behind his ear with lots of force. This should be it for #1.

SURVIVAL = PART 4

by
Art Gitlin



nd powerful jab down-
roin to put him out of
ime he needs to get
down grip he uses all



Never one to hang around when the job is through, defender goes off on his merry way untouched by human hands, leaving the two injured hoods behind to ponder on an easier way to make a living, and to inform the authorities at his leisure.

This issue's photo series deals with the use of a common walking stick or cane. It could just as well be an umbrella or any other similar device. This weapon is very useful yet legal in just about every city in the world. It is very important that the "cane" type weapon be thought of as a sword rather than a club. Use it as if it had an edge and a sharp tip.

Man has been using such weapons since the first half-ape picked up a fallen tree branch and smacked his over-bearing next-cave neighbor for trying to steal food. In some parts of the world the use of the fighting stick has been developed to the level of an art. If our anti-gun "law makers" have their way, law abiding U.S. citizens will have need of such skills in lieu of owning a firearm for self defense.

Note that in the photos the defender uses the greater reach of the weapon against his attackers. Also note that he uses a two-hand grip with both palms facing the same way. This grip allows for faster and stronger movements, as well as making it easier to use both ends of the weapon. Always try to strike a bony area like the forearm or knee or wrist and most parts of the head. Shins also make a fine target.

Have any comments, questions, or suggestions? Please send them to: Art Gitlin c/o SOF Mag.

sonified. He was a doer rather than a talker." When Bacon's father called to inform Jack of George's death, Jack said, "Mr. Bacon, your son is undoubtedly the highest principled young man I have ever known."

Bacon was not a person solely obsessed with fighting communism. Among other things, he was an ardent naturalist. He would often go to the ocean or to wildlife sanctuaries to photograph birds. He was interested in ecology and organic gardening. His father recalls that George could often be found at Washington parties off in a corner explaining the ins and outs of a compost pile to someone.

Just before the fall of Saigon in 1975, George wanted to return to fight alongside the Vietnamese who still resisted the Viet Cong. The most expeditious means of achieving this was to contact Bart Bonner, head of Veterans and Volunteers for Vietnam. Bonner, ex-Marine and Vietnam vet, met Bacon in Washington, D.C. in the waning days of the Thieu regime. Bonner, who owns a telephone answering service in a small town in upstate New York, went to Washington to establish the VVV with the objective of recruiting personnel to return to Saigon and fight the NVA invasion. (See issue No. 1, SOF. — ed.) Bacon sought Bonner out, offering his assistance.

Bonner recalls, "We hit it off right away. He was enthusiastic and competent. We chose him to organize the military aspect of our effort. He was strong, honest and dedicated to the cause . . . just a fantastic person."

According to Bonner, Bacon felt that the U.S. had betrayed the peoples of Southeast Asia; that the government and the Congress had 'betrayed their word of honor'. Bonner was aware that Bacon had worked for the Agency in Laos, but stated that he was close-mouthed about his current employment with them. Bacon was learning Cambodian and was scheduled for an assignment in Cambodia prior to the fall of Phnom Penh.

Bonner noted that Budkin had told them on the phone that there were between 150 and 200 Americans already in Angola, and that there were plenty of weapons, including French anti-tank systems — neither of which was true.

"We met Bufkin and the other recruits at the Air France terminal in Kennedy Airport. No means of identifying Bufkin had been agreed upon, so we just looked around and picked him out," Bonner said. "Bufkin was wearing big sunglasses and cowboy boots. We just went over and asked him who he was.

"I took one look at Bufkin and said to George, 'We've got a loser', and he replied, 'You're right.'"

"The other six or seven Americans

were all walking around playing super-spy, like nobody was supposed to recognize anybody else. They weren't even cool enough to buy tickets to Brussels; they had all gotten tickets for Zaire.

"George called me from Kinshasa confirming his arrival, and said that he had talked to the FNLA leaders but they were not willing to organize a formal recruiting program in the U.S. because they claimed they were unable to fund it.

"He advised me not to encourage others to go over, as the situation did not seem to be on the 'up and up'. Anyone that did come over should be professional and experienced. This was the last time that I talked with him.

In a letter to SOF publisher Robert K. Brown, dated 16 October 1975, George says, "Don't be shocked by the connection I had with the CIA — when I was working with Bart on the VVV, I was doing that completely on my own and, at first, without their knowledge. It's illegal for government employees to engage in political activities; thus the Agency took an especially dim view of my connection with such an explosive and renegade outfit as VVV. I was going to resign from the Agency anyway, because I couldn't get back to Southeast Asia with them."

In another letter to Brown, dated 29 September 1975, George is responding to Brown's suggestion that the VVV be reorganized as a clearing-house providing information on opportunities to fight Communism, and that it be renamed Veterans and Volunteers for Freedom. George states, ". . . I have seen no opportunity existing at present that would be suitable for the injection of a force of American volunteers with the possible exception of Angola. I feel from my own limited reading of the scant news available, that Angola is the only area today where American volunteers could be employed to fight Communism, and that your magazine could be an excellent way to spread the good word about this opportunity."

Bacon spent two months with the VVV and, after their efforts were terminated, attended the Commercial Diving Center at Wilmington, California where he completed the advanced course in skin and scuba diving, air mixed gas diving, and underwater photography. While completing diving school, Bacon authored "The Challenge of Deep Sea Diving", which appeared in the Summer 1976 issue of SOF. After graduating first in his class, he worked awhile for a diving firm in Louisiana, then flew to England where he unsuccessfully attempted to sign on with oil firms operating in the North Sea.

He then flew to South Africa in early December 1975, where he met SOF African correspondent A.J. Venter. Bacon's idea was to do a freelance photo-journalism piece on the Angolan

situation. But this never came to pass. He then went to Lusanka, Zambia, where he offered his services to Dr. Savimbi's UNITA organization. Some of Savimbi's lieutenants were receptive, but when George met with Savimbi's number two man, he was turned away with no explanation. Undaunted, Bacon returned to the U.S. and in January linked up with a group of Blacks who were recruiting for Angola and sponsored by the Congress for Racial Equality (CORE).

Bonner, who met Bacon and members of the SOF staff in D.C. on 4 February 1976, commented, "George felt the CORE people were a bunch of jerks. Though apparently dedicated, they were phony. Everybody was "Colonel-this" or "Captain-that". Everyone went out and bought \$11.00 red berets. He initially thought that somebody might have something going, but there was no money. He dug into his own pocket for the phone deposit and to buy food."

Subsequently, Bacon and Bonner contacted David Bufkin, self-styled recruiter for FNLA forces in Angola, and discovered that he was planning to leave for Angola. During their trip to New York to meet Bufkin, they decided that Bacon would offer to organize an effective recruiting program in the U.S. for the FNLA, as it appeared that Bufkin's operation was slipshod and disorganized.

"Bufkin obviously had no funds available. He operated out of motels. He had no office. Potential recruits had to pay their own travel expenses", Bonner explained. "It was definitely a shoestring operation. You couldn't expect men to pay their own way over there. Our plan was to offer to provide the FNLA with as many qualified men as we could, if they would guarantee \$1,000 for each man recruited. We then would pay everything — open an office, pay for the recruits' plane fare and expenses while we processed them, etc. It would have been a strictly non-profit deal, as one-way airfare was \$700."

Bonner is quite disgruntled about the whole Angolan operation: "The Africans just used George and the rest. They had nothing to fight the Cuban tanks with. Their own people weren't fighting. I feel partially responsible for letting George go, because I had a feeling when I saw Bufkin that it was a bum operation. I told George not to do anything that would endanger him — just get in, look around and get out . . . no matter where he was, I'd get money to him to get out. But apparently he got there, they sent him out, and he got ripped off. It was such a waste!"

"I think if George had been told the truth, he wouldn't have gone. He was expecting to go over there and find an active company of Americans. Instead he went over there and found about half-a-dozen men trying to stop a Cuban armada. It was stupid and he should have

just got out. But I guess he went back and tried to save some other people."

Michael T. Sharpley, an English ex-Paratrooper who served four years with the Territorial Reserves and is a veteran of the Rhodesian Army, met Bacon on 12 February 1976 in Angola. When asked his initial impression of Bacon he recalled, "George was a fireball, man. Once he made contact with FNLA forces and arrived in San Salvador, there was no stopping him; he really went to town. Bacon and the other Yanks were equipping themselves to leave for the bush on the day they arrived.

"The next time I saw Bacon, he was mining a bridge. Acker, myself and the rest of the patrol left Quimba Junction about a half hour after first light. It was on our way to San Salvador that we met up with Bacon and an Englishman and about six Africans.

"There were two flat concrete bridges. George had dug two trenches, one at either end of the first bridge. He packed it out with 500 pounds of TNT. I assisted with setting the charges; the fuses were already set and run back, so we packed earth on top and ran Landrovers back and forth over it. The mining of one bridge was complete, so we stopped work and had a skimpy breakfast. Afterward, our patrol left and went on to San Salvador, leaving Bacon and the others to mine the second bridge. That was the last time he was seen alive.

"On our way to San Salvador, we met another patrol coming from the opposite direction going to Quimba. Both patrols stopped and Acker crossed from our jeep to the other that was heading toward Quimba. Acker was armed with a light machine gun as I remember.

"Our patrol reached San Salvador at about 3:00 in the afternoon. It was then that learned that the Cuban's vast strength was only four miles away. Upon hearing the news, we evacuated San Salvador and reached Zaire about three days later.

"Back in England, I learned from the newspapers that Acker was shot in the leg and his patrol was completely wiped out on the 14th of February. There were four patrols on that day; ours was the only one to survive."

Thus did George W. Bacon III live and die. He was an exemplar to those that knew him. He was, in the most generic sense, a freedom fighter. He was a ball-out free thinker. He was, in the final analysis, many things. I don't think it would be too old-fashioned or too trite to call George W Bacon III, yes, a hero.



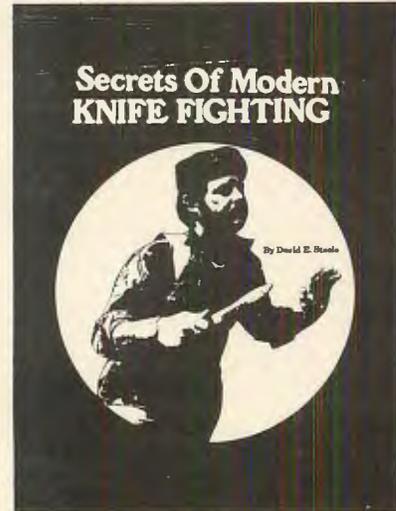
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these: the evident care taken in seeing that everyone gets a good zero before going on to the next step, the efforts to cut down on pencilling scores, and the firing for qualification against realistic pop-up silhouette targets.

Areas for possible improvement: Time should be found or made for a lot more PRI and dry-firing, and for a fairly extended stage of Field Firing at Known Distance targets before going on to the pop-up targets. The basis of individual self-confidence and courage in combat are physical fitness and marksmanship, that is knowing that one knows and can apply the basic skills for staying alive and getting the job done. Very few trainees have ever fired any kind of weapon, and a KD range is a good place to learn what it's all about. Finally, I am not convinced that at least the hasty sling doesn't have a place in M16A1 marksmanship.

But when all of this has been said, I remain encouraged by what I saw at Fort Knox. Of course, all the bad news in the media and those lovely smiling faces in the recruiting ads had not built up any very high expectations, which made what I found all the more of a pleasant surprise. In good faith, the Army can and should now put its recruiting pitch on the basis of:

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submission to a new world economic and political order.

Those elements, cited by many as being primarily influenced in the U.S. by Rockefeller interests, apparently hope to press for adoption of the new constitution both through orderly channels, and through a call for a Constitutional Convention forced by a series of contrived crises. A Constitutional Convention is an extraordinary meeting. The last such was called to correct defects in the Articles of Confederation of the liberated 13 colonies; the outcome was the presently familiar Constitution of 1789. In short, in a Constitutional Convention, anything goes, and anything can come out. The least which can be expected from a modern Constitutional Convention will be a police-state document.

This then, is part of the reason for the current urgent push for "gun control" in the United States: even if compliant media turn loose their full powers, it is likely that at least some armed pockets of popular resistance can be expected. With "gun control", the effectiveness of this resistance can be weakened, at least according to theory. However, in the face of the current political apathy by the public, and the limited organization of the various "resistance" elements — a term which can include gun owners — it is entirely a matter of question as to whether "gun control" is even a necessary political move in the U.S.

Such questions aside, the major indication as to how things will go will be determined by the degree of political involvement by individual citizens, beginning now and continuing through the November 1976 U.S. elections. Experienced observers, not all of them friendly to the U.S. and its system, will be watching, weighing the performance of the U.S. citizen against the practical knowledge that certainly, if a person is unwilling to be active when there is no personal risk, he will be very unlikely to be involved when bullets start flying.

The bets are that the Americans will lose their guns — and their country.

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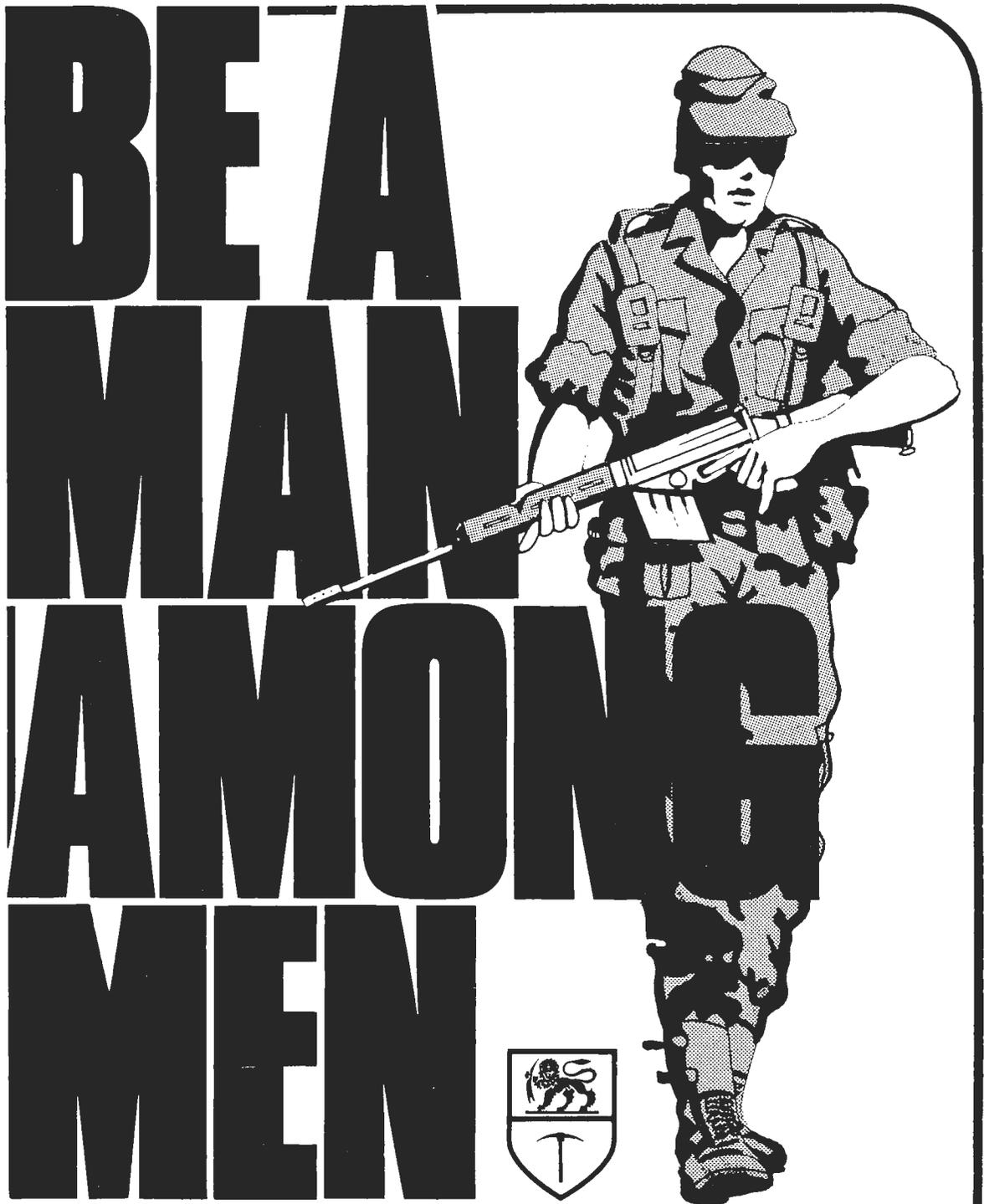
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