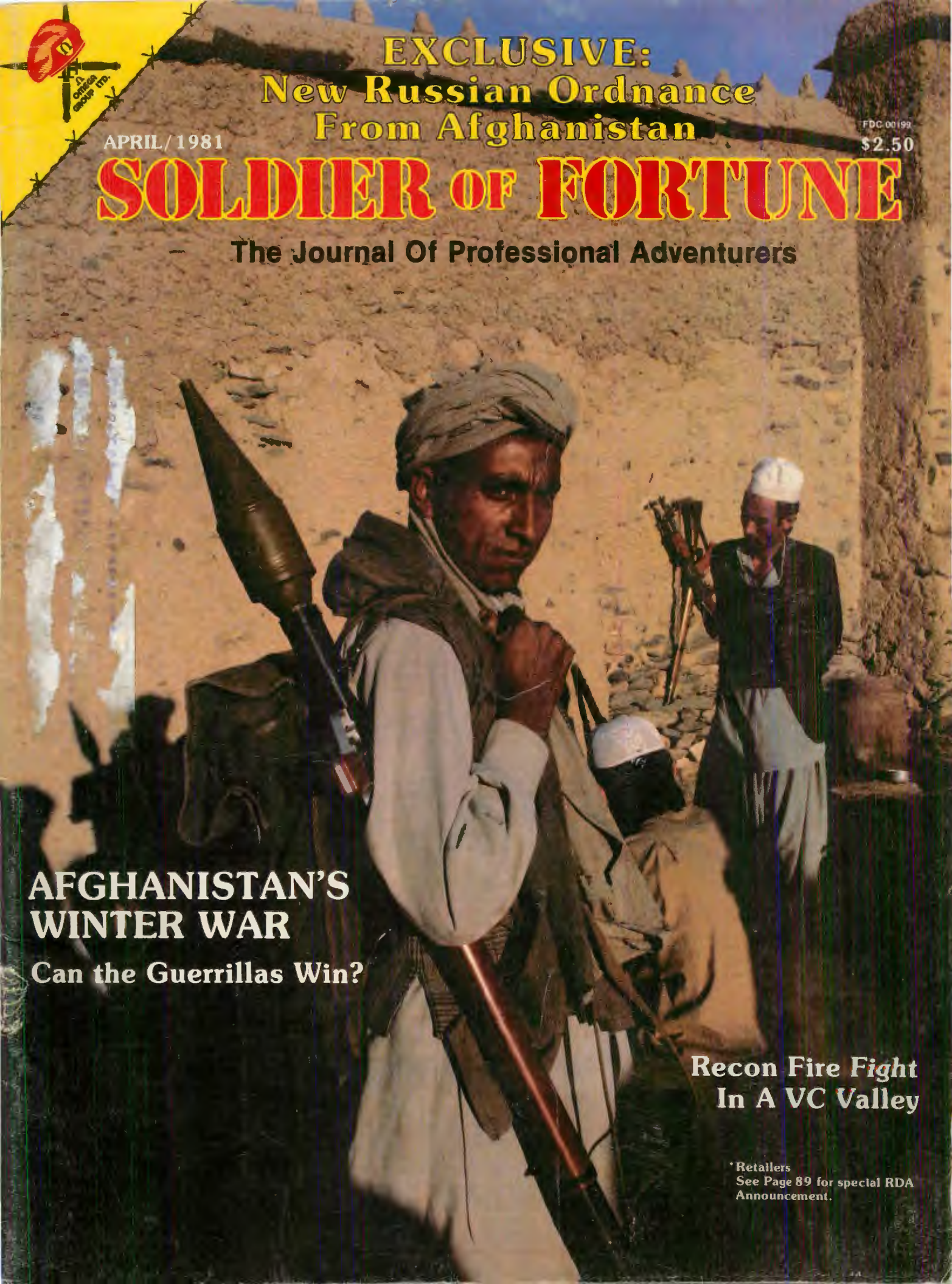

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The Journal Of Professional Adventurers

AFGHANISTAN'S
WINTER WAR
Can the Guerrillas Win?

Recon Fire Fight
In A VC Valley

*Retailers
See Page 89 for special RDA
Announcement.

Introducing

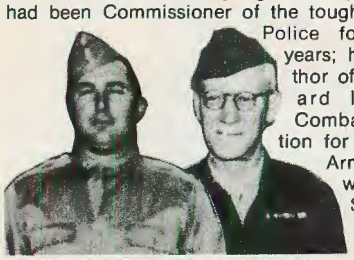
The Applegate-Fairbairn

It was a classic before the first prototype was made. Conceived of and designed by two of the greatest close-combat experts of all time. Built by a craftsman whose reputation for uncompromising quality is known throughout the world. The new Applegate-Fairbairn is possibly the most exciting combat knife to debut since World War II.

Rich History

In 1943, at the height of the war, OSS Major Rex Applegate and British Capt. W. E. Fairbairn came together to design an ultimate fighting knife for the Allied Troops.

Both men were already legends. Capt. Fairbairn had been Commissioner of the tough Shanghai Police for thirteen years; he was author of the standard Individual Combat instruction for the British Army, and, with E. A. Sykes, co-designer of the now legendary Fairbairn-Sykes Commando knife. Major Applegate had just published *Kill or Get Killed*, still considered to be the most definitive book on close combat and knife fighting ever published.



OSS Major Rex Applegate (left) and British Capt. W. E. Fairbairn in 1943.

Their purpose in joining forces was to design a more combat-worthy successor to the Fairbairn-Sykes Commando knife, which Capt. Fairbairn himself had acknowledged was seriously deficient in three critical areas: (1) It was a "stabber," not a "slasher"; the narrow, thick blade did not take the edge necessary for the best "thrust-slash" style of attack. (2) Combat reports showed that the Fairbairn-Sykes was weak and tended to break at the tip and cross guard area. (3) The round handle would slip in a sweaty palm; it was not possible to draw the knife and know, by feel, whether the cutting edge was in the proper position.

The result of the collaboration between Applegate and Fairbairn was a pure fighting knife design that met every criteria of these demanding men.

Due to the changing circumstances of war, the Applegate-Fairbairn never entered production. Capt. Fairbairn died a few years after the war, and the valuable Applegate-Fairbairn blueprints were left with Col. Applegate, where they remained in a trunk on his Oregon Ranch for the next thirty years.

Enters Production

Due to the resurgence of interest in fighting knives over the past few years, Col. Applegate decided to have his knife produced. In February 1980, after negotiations with leading knife works in England, Germany, Japan and all over America, the Colonel announced his decision to enter production of the Applegate-Fairbairn with T. J. Yancey of Estes Park, Colorado, a custom knifemaker known throughout the industry for his flawless craftsmanship.

And today, 37 years after the original conception and design, after months of testing materials and perfection of prototypes, the Applegate-Fairbairn combat knife is available, in two special limited editions.

We believe you'll agree that this exquisite weapon was worth the wait.

The Blade

As you would expect, the blade of the Applegate-Fairbairn is hand manufactured from the finest American made 154cm stainless steel. The length of the blade is sufficient for reaching vital areas deep in the body. The width and strength are correct for all thrusting and slashing combat maneuvers. The grind is gradual, and feathers out, enabling a razor edge and easy maintenance. The thickness is maintained out to the point, so the risk of breakage is minimized. The tang is strengthened to withstand any conceivable combat abuse.

What the Critics Say About T. J. Yancey:

"An exceptional craftsman sometimes comes along who is so good that his name, like cream, rises to the top."
Jim Carmichel, Outdoor Life

"Master knifemaker."
Jack Lewis, Gun World

The Grip

The grip, made of virtually indestructible Lexan®, is designed for across the palm, fencer-type grip, which enables cuts, thrusts and slashes from all angles. The grooves running lengthwise on the handle are unique in knife design. They are of sufficient depth and width to enable the flesh of the palm to be compressed into them when held in a combat tense grip. This eliminates the "rolling" effect and, along with the thumb cross notches, insures that the blade is always in the cutting position in either hand.

The Cross Guard

The cross guard is curved toward the point, enabling the thumb to index in the correct hold. This forward curve prevents the knife from snagging on your harness or clothing when it is drawn. In the event of a one-on-one knife fight this curvature also engages the assailant's blade in such a manner that it will not slide off.

The Balance

Balance and "feel" are all-important in a fighting knife, and there are differing opinions as to where the balance should be. The Applegate-Fairbairn features in-place lead weights that produce the recommended handle heavy combat balance. If you desire to change the balance you can adjust the weights to meet your particular preference.

Limited Edition Presentation Model

A numbered, limited edition Presentation Model of the Applegate-Fairbairn is also available at this time. The Presentation Model features an ivory Lexan® handle and comes in a custom built, solid wood case. Price for the first 100 serial numbers is $500.

The Value of Excellence

What is the finest fighting knife ever made worth? You can own the custom made Applegate-Fairbairn Combat Knife for **$350**. It is not a cheap knife. In fact it's probably the most expensive knife of its kind ever made. And you'll appreciate that every time you draw it from its sheath, correctly position it in your hand, and experience the confidence it inspires.

Unusual No-Risk Offer

The only way to truly appreciate this exquisite weapon is to examine it firsthand, and we'll be happy to give you 15 full days to do just that. Show it to your friends and fellow knife lovers. Compare it to any other knife ever made, and read everything you can find on what a fine fighting knife should be.

Then, within 15 days, decide. If the Applegate-Fairbairn is not everything we've led you to believe, send it back. We'll return your complete purchase price and thank you for your time and interest. That's how sure we are that you'll treasure the Applegate-Fairbairn as one of your finest possessions.

Now You Can Own It!

To order your own Applegate-Fairbairn plus exclusive Yancey multi-purpose sheath simply follow the easy instructions below.

Here's fair warning: A lot of excitement is being generated over the Applegate-Fairbairn. Yet production of this handmade knife is, by necessity, slow. To insure prompt delivery of your Applegate-Fairbairn we advise you to place your order immediately. All blades are serial numbered for production and quality control.

If you appreciate the pride and excitement of owning a truly fine weapon, the Applegate-Fairbairn is for you. There isn't a better designed, better built pure fighting knife in the world. Order your Applegate-Fairbairn for a no-obligation 15 day examination today.

The Applegate-Fairbairn

Combat Model—154cm stainless steel, dull parker-type finish (bright satin finish available upon request), black Lexan® handle, with multi-purpose sheath. Comes with copy of William Cassidy's famous *Complete Book of Knife Fighting*, autographed by Col. Applegate. **$350**

Presentation Model—154cm stainless steel, mirror finish, ivory Lexan® handle, with solid wood case. Comes with autographed copy of *Kill or Get Killed* by Col. Applegate. **$500** for first 100 serial numbers.

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EULOGY TO A HUMANITARIAN

EDGAR (Pop) Buell, a retired American farmer who engaged in a 15-year struggle against a communist takeover in Laos, is dead at the age of 67.

Buell, who left his prosperous Indiana farm in 1960 to go to Laos as a farming consultant to the International Volunteer Service, rose to become the senior U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID) representative in the little, landlocked Southeast Asian nation. He remained there until the North Vietnamese communist Pathet-Lao victory in 1975.

Buell began by organizing relief efforts that aided hundreds of thousands of Muong tribesmen in the hills and mountains of northern Laos. In this capacity he became closely associated with Gen. Vang Pao, the only Muong general in the Royal Laotian Army and winner last year of the first annual *Soldier of Fortune* Magazine Bull Simons Award, bestowed on an outstanding Soldier of Fortune or on someone who has displayed remarkable bravery.

Buell was once credited with obtaining food supplies, clothing and medicine that kept half a million Muong alive when the communists drove them from Laos' Plain des Jarres.

But Buell was an activist and not satisfied with limited refugee-aid work. He was instrumental in helping Vang Pao organize a 5,000-man Muong-guerrilla force that rescued shot-down American airmen and interdicted the Ho Chi Minh Trail, ambushing North Vietnamese convoys and troops, thereby relieving communist pressure on U.S. forces fighting in Vietnam.

After the communist victory in Laos, Buell established himself in Bangkok, Thailand, where he once again organized relief efforts for the thousands of Muong fleeing from virtual genocide by the North Vietnamese.

Buell died of unknown causes while on a short vacation in Manila.

Pop Buell became the most respected American in Laos and one of the most respected in all Indochina. It is with regret that SOF bids farewell to this courageous man.

ANOTHER "GOER AND DOER" JOINS SOF

SOF is happy to welcome aboard Fred Reed: former Marine, avid scuba diver and, by his own admission, "the world's worst parachutist."

Reed, 35, left college in 1966 to join the Marine Corps. Disabled by an eye injury from shrapnel while serving with an Amtrac company near Danang, he returned to and finished college.

Reed then spent several years on the road both in the U.S. and abroad.

Reed's journalism career began when he covered the aftermath of the 1973 Arab-Israeli war for his hometown paper, the *Free Lance-Star* of Fredericksburg, Va.

Then he found himself back in Southeast Asia — as a stringer for the *Army Times*.

Reed was the last journalist to make the ammunition run from Vung Tao on the Mekong River to beleaguered, anti-communist Cambodian forces in Phnom Penh, from where he was evacuated when Cambodia fell to the Khmer Rouge, Cambodian communists.

And it would seem Reed had a penchant for being among the last out of cities falling to advancing communist forces. The same happened to him in Saigon. This time he brought with him a young Vietnamese woman who was in danger of being executed by the VC because of her work for American officials. He claims he accomplished this by telling the State Department more lies in a shorter time than anyone else in history.

Reed's wanderings then took him to Taipei, Taiwan, where, as he puts it, "I lived in the back alleys, learned half-assed Chinese, drank a lot of rice wine and tried to eke out a living as a freelancer."

Once again, Reed found himself back in the Land of the Big PX, where he worked on the *Army Times* staff until launching out into fulltime, freelance writing. He did this until recently joining SOF.

Reed backs up his claim of being the world's worst parachutist by the fact that he broke a leg on his first jump. His wife, a musician, landed without mishap.

Besides being a scuba diver and physical-fitness buff, he speaks Spanish reasonably well.

Reed says he was attracted to SOF because it is the only magazine on earth that wouldn't bore him to death before lunch.

Welcome aboard, Fred.

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APRIL/1981

VOL. 6, NO. 4

COVER: Veteran Mujahideen guerrilla of the Afghan National Liberation Front returns from night-ambush position near Jalalabad carrying RPG-7. See Afghanistan articles, p. 24, 42. Photo: Jim Coyne

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Page 26

CUT AND SAVE FOR FUTURE SAVINGS!

BAYONET BONANZA — ALL BRAND NEW!

SI-1

COLT AR-15/M16 Bayonet & Scabbard

Blade length: 7." Features: Wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachments, sure-grip handle and tie-thongs.

$29.95

SI-2

COLT AR-15/M16 Bayonet & Scabbard

Blade length: 7." Features: Bottle opener, wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachments, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

$32.95

SI-3

COLT AR-15/M16 Bayonet & Scabbard

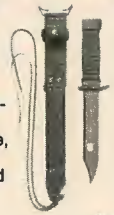
Blade length: 10" (Long). Features: Wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachments, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

$37.25

SI-4

COMBAT KNIFE with Scabbard

Blade length: 7." Features: Wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachments, sure-grip handle, and tie thongs.



$25.95

SI-5

COMBAT KNIFE with Scabbard

Blade length: 10" (Long). Features: Wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachments, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

$32.95

SI-6

SWISS SIG Bayonet & Scabbard Model 510-4 7.62 NATO

Blade length 7." Features: Wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and tie thongs.

$29.95

SI-8

M4 CARBINE BAYONET with M8A1 Scabbard

U.S. Caliber .30 M1 Carbine. Blade length: 6½." Features: Belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

$19.95

SI-9

M5A1 GARAND BAYONET with M8A1 Scabbard

U.S.Caliber .30 M1 Garand Rifle. Blade length: 6½." Features: Belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

$20.95

SI-10

COLT AR-15/M16 M-7 BAYONET with M8A1 Scabbard

Blade length: 6½." Features: Belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

$19.95

SI-11

COMBAT KNIFE M3 Bayonet with M8A1 Scabbard

Blade length: 6½." Features: Belt attachment, sure-grip handle,and tie thongs.

$16.95

SI-12

G-3 RIFLE* (HK 91/93) Bayonet & Scabbard

Blade length 6½." Features: Belt attachment and sure-grip handle.

*(NOTE: Bayonet adapter for rifle is separate. See item no. SI-20.)

$26.95

SI-13

G-3 RIFLE* (HK 91/93) Norwegian Model) Bayonet with M8A1 Scabbard

Blade length: 6½." Features: Belt attachment and sure-grip handle.

*(NOTE: Bayonet adapter for rifle is separate. See item no. SI-20).

$26.95

SI-14

G-3 RIFLE* (HK 91/93) Bayonet & Scabbard

Blade length: 10" (Long). Features: Woodgrain scabbard, belt attachment and sure-grip handle.

*(NOTE: Bayonet adapter for rifle is separate. See item no. SI-20).

$32.95

SI-15 SI-16

COMBAT AUSTRIAN ARMY Knife and Scabbard

Blade length: 6½." Features: Bottle opener, belt attachment and sure-grip handle. Colors: SI-15 O.D. Green, SI-16 Black.

$14.95

SI-17

BELGIUM FAL Bayonet & Scabbard

Blade length: 6½." Features: Belt attachment.

$36.95

SI-18

GERMAN ARMY MK III Boot Knife & Scabbard

Blade length 5." Features: Quick release safety snap, belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and leather scabbard.

$19.95

SI-21

M-6 BAYONET M14 RIFLE with M8A1 Scabbard

Blade length: 6½." Features: Belt attachment, sure-grip handle and tie-thongs.

$20.95

(not shown) SI-19

New COLT AR-15/M16 Bayonet with M8A1 Scabbard

Blade length 6½." Features wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachment, sure-grip handle and tie thongs.

$25.95

SI-20

G-3 Adaptor

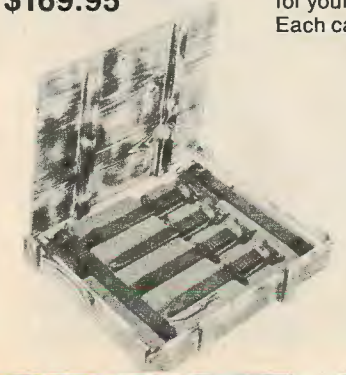
G-3 Adapter for SI-12, SI-13 and SI-14 for attachment of bayonet to rifle.

$7.95

SI-7

COLLECTORS' PRESENTATION CASE

$169.95



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SI-10 COLT AR-15/M16 Bayonet & Scabbard. Blade length: 6½." Features: Belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

SI-3 COLT AR-15/M16 Bayonet & Scabbard. Blade length: 10" (long). Features: Wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and tie thongs.

SI-4 COMBAT KNIFE Bayonet & Scabbard. Blade length: 7." Features: Wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

SI-11 COMBAT KNIFE Bayonet & Scabbard. Blade length: 7." Features: Belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

SI-5 COMBAT KNIFE Bayonet & Scabbard Blade length: 10" (long). Features: Wire cutter, razor back saw blade, belt attachment, sure-grip handle, and tie-thongs.

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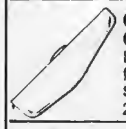

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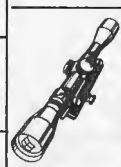

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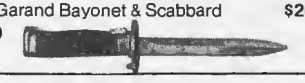

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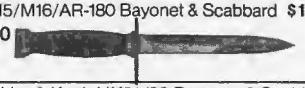

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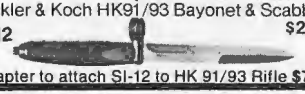

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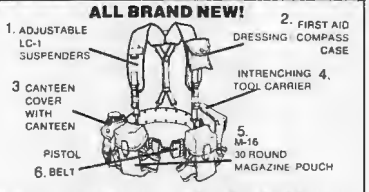

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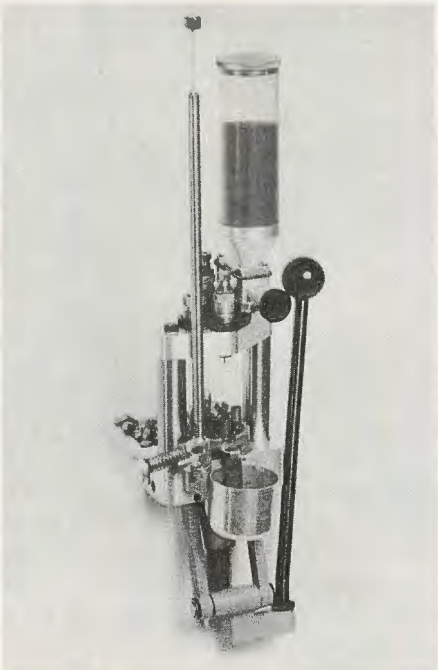
by Bob Poos

PHOTO SWITCH . . .

Peter G. Kokalis, marketing director for Dillon Precision Products, writes: "We were pleased to note your fine coverage of our new RL 300 progressive loading tool in the Adventure Quartermaster column in your January 1981 issue. The response has been absolutely phenomenal from your loyal readers (of whom I happen to be a charter subscriber.) However, the photograph [used] was that of the RL 1000, a professional tool which costs considerably more than the RL 300. I hope that you might be able to correct the error." SOF is happy to do so.—The Eds.



RL 300

CLUES CONCERNING SOVIET STRENGTH . . .

Last fall during the Reagan-Carter presidential campaign, the Soviet Union held its most portentous military exercise in more than a decade.

What is important about the Warsaw Pact wargames is that, during them, they simulated the firing of the SS-18 strategic missiles — and then the reloading of the silos with new projectiles.

In order to grasp the significance of this, it should be noted that the SS-18 is by far the largest nuclear missile in the world. The 308 "heavy" missiles permitted to the Soviet Union under SALT II carry more destructive power than the entire U.S. Minuteman force.

The SALT treaty negotiated by Jimmy Carter and Paul Warnke would ban the U.S. from producing or deploying such "heavy" missiles.

The clear meaning of the Soviet maneuvers is that they have, in fact, more than the 308 heavies they are permitted.

Furthermore, the treaty does not limit missiles but missile launchers — the silos. It prohibits a capability for "rapid reload" and, since the reload exercises took from two to five days, there will be much debate about just what is considered rapid.

Intelligence sources now know that the Soviets have built SS-18s not just for the silos but for stockpiling also. And the intelligence people have no idea how many the Soviets may have hidden in "warehouses."

What this all means is, of course, that America faces a potentially enormous shift in strategic nuclear balance — all thanks to former President Jimmy Carter.

And other examples have surfaced, indicating the Soviets apparently violate treaties at will and without conscience.

The 1979 epidemic of anthrax, for example, indicates to intelligence analysts that the Russians have systematically violated the treaty on biological-warfare experiments.

They have apparently violated more than once the 1974 Threshold Test Ban Treaty which limits testing to 150 kilotons. U.S. sensors have indicated that Soviet experiments have run from 110 to 440 kilotons, with one giant estimated at 640 kilotons. These are only estimates because America lacks the sophisticated monitoring devices that could accurately gauge Soviet nuclear tests. We don't have them because the former president didn't want them.

Other treaty violations reported by reliable sources include:

Tests of SA-10 and SA-5 radars against re-entry vehicles — a violation of SALT I. Tests of a cruise missile with a range of more than 600 miles from the Backfire bomber which would violate SALT II as long as the Backfire is not considered a heavy bomber.

All these indicate the Soviets' absolute contempt for treaties. The question, then, is: Why negotiate treaties with them regarding defense?

NICARAGUAN "PLOTS" ...

British mercenary John Banks, best known for recruiting English mercs for Angola, has testified that former President Carter and his security advisers were behind a plot to assassinate Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza just before his overthrow in 1979.

Banks' testimony came during his trial in London for attempted extortion from the Nicaraguan Embassy of $250,000 to stop the alleged plot.

Banks said he was contacted by a CIA agent who named Somoza as an assassination target and asked if Banks was interested in leading a hit team.

Banks said the agent, whom he identified as a "Colonel Sturgess," told him American security people wanted Somoza eliminated so that a moderate government could come in that would not be dominated by Cuban communists.

Banks said, however, that the chosen "hit men" did not want to take out a right-wing president, and he was chosen to expose the operation to the then Nicaraguan authorities.

A spokesman for the former President called the allegations "too absurd to comment upon."

SIDEWINDER'S NEW HOME ...

People wishing to inquire about the "Sidewinder" submachine gun should no longer address letters to inventor Sid McQueen. The exclusive manufacturing and sales rights to it in North America have been acquired by Craig Improved Armaments, Inc., Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 595, Coushatta, LA 71019. The firm also publishes a periodic newsletter on the "Sidewinder," which it will be happy to send to persons interested in this unusual weapon.

McQueen says he still receives inquiries about the gun weekly, despite the fact that it has been more than a year since the last article on it was published in SOF.

Continued on page 64

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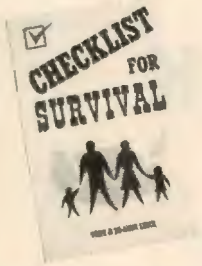

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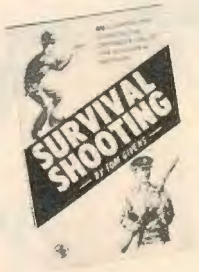

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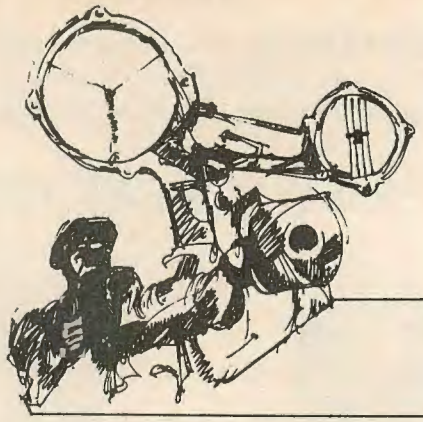

FLAK

MINI-14 COMBAT TEST ...?

Dear Sirs,

I especially enjoyed H.C. Davids' article on the Mini-14's auto versions. I would very much like to see an article written by a combat GI on the civilian Mini-14 — an evaluation of it as a combat weapon. The U.S. has done a heck of a lot of fighting using semi-auto rifles and, in my opinion, their best fighting. I'd value an opinion from an ex-GI who knows the value of *aimed fire.*

I can see the value of fiberglass or nylon handguards, different sights and a flash suppressor — but a good, sturdy wooden stock with a steel buttplate can sometimes be as good a weapon as the "business end," and I seriously doubt the ability of a folding stock to withstand a healthy clout to the enemy's teeth.

I'd also like — in a no-nonsense magazine like yours — to read what the .223 Remington or 5.56mm does to an enemy soldier from the viewpoint of a U.S. combat vet. Does it or doesn't it do the job?

Sincerely,
Ted Powell
Canton, Texas

Any vets out there care to comment?—The Eds.

HATS OFF TO "JIMMIE" HOWARD ...

Dear Sirs:

I hope I'm not too late to tell you what an outstanding article on Jimmie Howard you put out in the December issue. I interviewed Howard for a history class last month. He's still in great shape and one of the best storytellers I know.

A couple of corrections are due on the article though. Under his photo you called him "James." Wrong! Always "Jimmie" — never "James" or "Jimmy" like our last national leader. Also, that .50-caliber round that bounced off the rock — he still carries it near his left nut. Ask him! He may even show you the scar. Hope to see more articles like this in future issues of SOF.

Sincerely,
James H. Gregory
San Diego, California

PRISON CENSORSHIP ...

Sirs:

Recently, I received a check from your organization in reimbursement for the remainder of my current subscription to *Soldier of Fortune.* My sincere thanks to you and your organization for the courtesy which was extended to me by that act. The sad part is that it should not have been necessary and that the action was entirely precipitated by the highly suspect actions of the staff at the federal correctional institution where I am presently incarcerated. The unwarranted and possibly illegal endeavors of prison officials to censor mail and publications received by those incarcerated represent another covert act by the United States government to exercise complete control over citizens of a once-proud land.

This unfounded, indiscriminate censorship not only violates the rights of those incarcerated, who cannot in fact take effective steps to stop it, but it also severely infringes on the rights of free enterprise and freedom of the press as outlined and guaranteed by the constitution of the United States. Many prisoners now held by the U.S. government are former soldiers who were once considered a credit to this country, since they served with dedication and honor. Obviously, their respectability is only acknowledged as long as they are positioned where their blood might flow. Prisoners should not be subjected to the whims of censorship as imposed by a staff and prison warden who can't recognize the tenets of "freedom of the press," "free enterprise" or "democracy" if any of the same hit them in the face.

Yours,
T.G.
Butner, North Carolina

We'd like all our prison readers to know that we do our best to get the magazine in to you and that we continue to support your right to read what you choose.—The Eds.

Continued on page 86

HIGH FINANCE on a Low Budget

"You don't need to earn more money to become financially independent."

Recently, a man from Ohio retired with an estate worth over $1 million—yet he never earned more than $15,000 a year during his entire lifetime. . . . A young man from Massachusetts has over $25,000 in investment funds, even though he inherited *no* money from his family and has been employed only a few short years. . . . A housewife I know has invested over $6,000, saved from her household budget.

These are not isolated cases. Thousands of savvy investors have built small fortunes from practically nothing—without depending on getting a raise, a second job, or real estate for additional income.

How did they do it?

These people have discovered the simple but little-known formula for successfully managing their own money. In my research as a financial consultant to thousands of investors, I've uncovered the key to that success. I call it the *art of high finance on a low budget.*

Now, for the first time, I offer this formula in my new book, *High Finance on a Low Budget*. It's a step-by-step program that anyone can follow, using current income. You don't need a big salary, or a large bank account, to get started. Begin with $1,000 or $10, it's up to you. My plan works even if you're heavily in debt, or without a savings plan. It's ideal for wage-earners, salaried employees, housewives, retirees, students, or the self-employed.

How does it work?

Automatic Savings Plan

First, my book shows you how to save large sums of money *automatically and painlessly,* no matter how small your budget is. This technique is so effective that it will easily cut your *cost* of living without reducing your *standard* of living. Many people are astounded by the amount of money they are able to save by using this proven technique. Here at last is a financial "diet" plan that works in *your* favor, without gimmicks and without making impossible demands.

Invest Like the Rich

Second, my plan shows you how to multiply your hard-earned savings just like the rich do. The wealthy make big profits in gold bullion, stocks and bonds, commodities, fine art, oil and gas, and foreign investments—and now, you can, too!

My program shows, for the first time, how the small investor can match the wits and performance of Wall Street insiders, *without* having to invest thousands of dollars.

No Minimum Investing

To prove my point, I created the incredible $100 investment portfolio. It's made up of specific, high-performing investments that can be purchased for $100 or less. They are:

1. *Buy gold bullion* from one of the largest, most reputable brokerage firms in the country. Pay only 5½% commission on a $100 order (compared to 20% or more charged for small gold coins!). They'll even store your gold free of charge.

2. *Invest in top-performing stocks* through a mutual fund that has no minimum, charges no commission, and was recently rated "A" in both bull and bear markets by *Forbes* magazine.

3. *Earn 10-16% on a money market fund.* (Two of these funds have *no* minimum requirement!)

4. *Open a Swiss franc savings account.* The franc has tripled against the dollar over the past decade and remains the world's hardest currency. (Two reputable Swiss banks require *no* minimum to open an account.)

"Mark Skousen has a great gift for clear and honest prose, a rare gift. I strongly urge you to read his new book, *High Finance on a Low Budget*, and profit from Mark's sound advice!"

—Howard J. Ruff

My $100 investment portfolio proves that you can make 20%, 50% or even 100% on your money in very little time. (Names and addresses of these investments are given in my book.)

High finance isn't just for the rich, as some small investors have believed. Indeed, my research shows that there are dozens of investment opportunities available to the small investor.

Consider these highlights, taken from my book:

- *Gold, silver and gold shares.* How to buy a diversified portfolio of gold shares starting with only $500; pay no commissions to buy or sell. Names and toll-free numbers of reputable coin dealers that sell individual coins at low commissions (pay as little as $10 over cost for Krugerrands, even less for smaller gold coins).
- *Stocks and bonds.* How to invest in energy, high technology, and growth stocks *without* a broker and *without* paying commissions. Names and toll-free numbers of low-minimum mutual funds that have returned 100% a year or more! How and when to switch from one fund to another for maximum profit, simply by calling a toll-free number. Why using a stockbroker can be disastrous for the small investor (and where to find a reliable *discount* broker).
- *Foreign investments.* How to speculate in fast-moving foreign stocks in Europe, the Far East, and Latin America, starting with $1,000. How the small investor can earn high interest in German marks, Swiss francs, British pounds, and Mexican pesos.
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- *Real estate.* Earn up to 20% on second deed trusts. How to buy a posh resort condominium at Holiday-Inn prices! How to profit in the stock market from a real estate boom.
- *Commodity trading.* How the small speculator can make big profits trading mini-contracts through a discount broker. How the little investor can get into managed commodity accounts.
- *Tax shelters.* How to buy tax-free municipal bonds with only $1,000. How to manage your own Keogh or IRA pension plan at lowest cost. How to defer taxes on stocks, bonds, and money funds. Plus a little-known danger in tax shelters that could be fatal to the small investor—and a way to avoid it.
- *Consumer debt.* How to get out of debt the "easy" way. How to borrow like the rich—instant, unsecured credit at below-market rates!
- *Need monthly income?* A better alternative than bonds and utilities—how to earn high dividends *and* high appreciation, too.

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High Finance on a Low Budget is full of practical, how-to advice, with dozens of toll-free numbers, addresses, and places to invest.

This 170-page, hardback book is priced for the small investor—it costs only $10. It makes an ideal gift for friends, relatives or business associates.

If you order right away, I'll also send you a copy of my popular speech, "30 *New* Investment Tips in 30 Minutes," which was delivered to 5,000 investors in New Orleans recently. It's all new and practical.

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COMBAT PISTOLCRAFT

The New Bren Ten

Ken Hackathorn

WHAT will the ultimate combat pistol be like? The Bren Ten answers this question. Its design was conceived by Jeff Cooper, and the pistol was engineered and developed by Tom Dornaus and Mike Dixon, whose final design includes the combat-proven features of the Colt 1911, Browning P-35, Sig 210 and the Czech 75. Not only have they employed the best qualities of an ideal service pistol, but they combined them with a potentially excellent new cartridge.

A 10mm auto-pistol cartridge is planned that will drive a 200-grain, jacketed, truncated-point bullet at a velocity of 1100- to 1200-feet per second. The 10mm should please both big-bore, heavy-bullet and high-velocity fans.

Since the Czech 75 9x19mm pistol is clearly one of the best-designed sidearms produced, it has served as a basis for the new Bren Ten service pistol. Note that the CZ75 has a selective double/single-action system. If double-action autos are your favorites, the CZ75 is one of the smoothest made. However, if you prefer the condition-one carry, the CZ75 can be carried cocked-and-locked with the ease of a Colt 1911. All the CZ controls are ideally located.

The Bren Ten has scaled the CZ75 up to the 10mm cartridge. Taking a Czech-designed weapon and modifying it for another nation's use is not new. The British decided to use the excellent ZB-26 light machine gun for their military before WWII. Taking the first two letters of Brno — the Czechoslovakian plant — and the first two letters of Enfield — England's arms plant — they called the resulting gun BREN.

Because the Czech Brno plant is still a source of fine weapons — such as the CZ75 — Jeff Cooper recommended the name Bren for the hybrid pistol being evolved from the Brno CZ75 and modified for 10mm. Of key importance is the fact that the Bren Ten will be made in the U.S. and offered for sale on the free-world market. *Continued on page 83*

New 10mm Bren Ten in condition-one cocked-and-locked mode. This double-action auto can also be carried with hammer cocked and manual safety on. Safety can be switched from right to left, depending upon individual needs. Magazine will hold twelve 10mm rounds. Author found prototype one of finest handguns produced.

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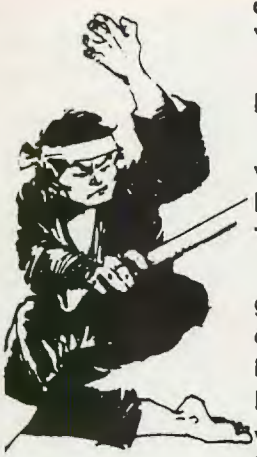

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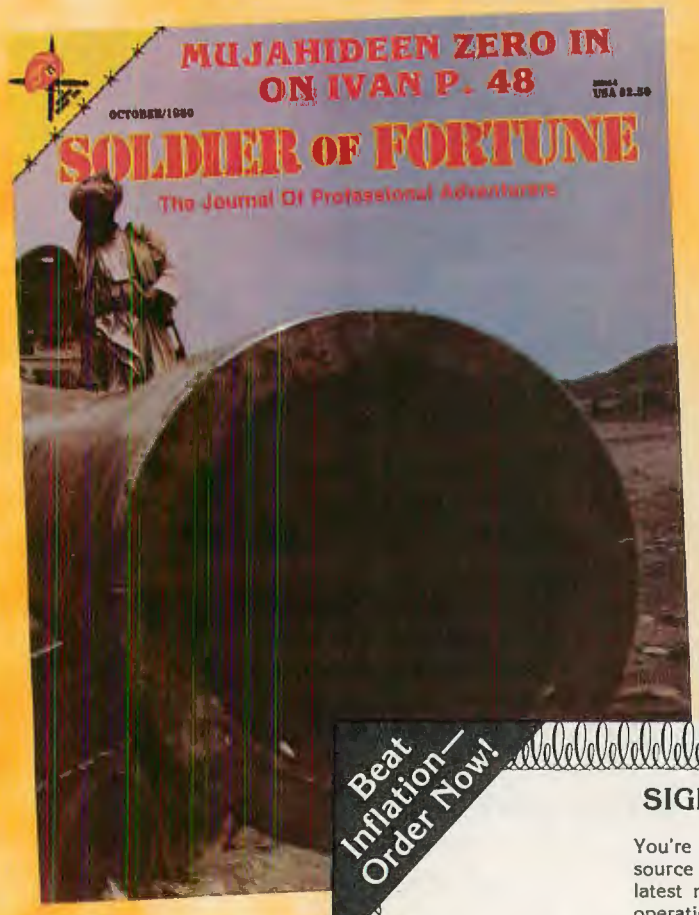

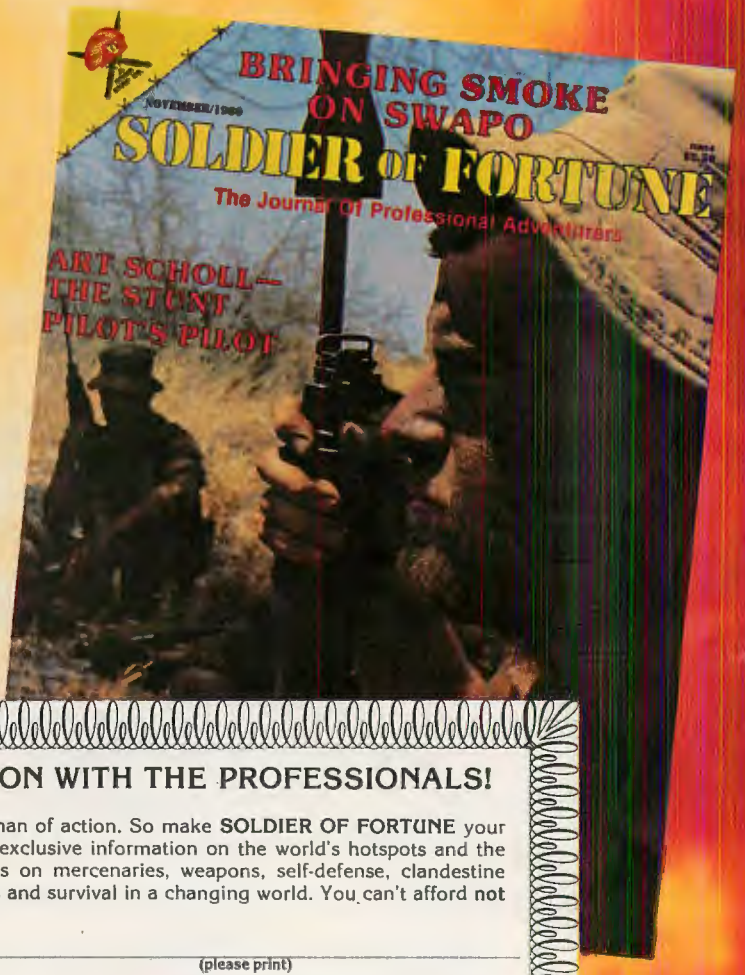

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IN REVIEW

CORSAIR: The F4U in World War II and Korea. By Barrett Tillman. Annapolis, Md.: Naval Institute Press. 1979. 187 pp. $15.95. Review by Dana K. Drenkowski.

MOST books dealing with a single piece of military equipment contain pages of charts and statistics, describing each model created by the factories and its difference in interminable, boring detail. This book is a pleasant exception.

Barrett Tillman has managed to list details of development and production briefly, while dwelling at length on the actual combat use of the famed F4U Corsair. He weaves in details concerning modifications or factory variants in his continuing tale of the Corsair's significant air role during World War II and Korea. He keeps the reader's interest with first-person accounts of such units as the Marines' VMF 232 "Death Rattlers" or VMF 214, the Marine squadron better known to television viewers as Pappy Boyington's "Black Sheep" (whose aces shot down more Japanese planes while flying the Corsair than any other squadron). His history of Corsairs in combat is also the history of U.S. Army and Marine air warfare in the South Pacific and U.S. Navy and Marine air warfare off the fast carriers in the Central Pacific.

A short chapter covers the Korean conflict, in which a Corsair engaged a MiG-15 jet fighter in air-to-air combat, downing the latter before being shot down by another MiG. The Corsair's development as an effective fighter-bomber is covered in depth, as are its contributions to the role of radar-guided night interceptor — a role for which the U.S. Air Force almost adopted the Corsair after seeing its effectiveness for the Navy.

Tillman covers the Corsair's use by other allied air forces up to the present, including action in Indochina (with the French in the 1950s), Algeria, Tunisia, Suez (1956) and in the infamous "Soccer War" between Honduras and El Salvador in 1969. My only complaint with the author of **Corsair** was about his coverage of that last action, in which he showed the conflict from the point of view of Honduras' national hero, Capt. Fernando Soto. Soto managed to shoot down three El Salvadorian fighters: a P-51 Mustang and — irony of ironies — two Corsairs. I found myself wishing Tillman had interviewed American soldier-of-fortune pilots, who fought on both sides of that quick war, for their version.

Otherwise, I enjoyed **Corsair**, its many photos and its narrative. Students of military history will find it a good investment.

Barrett Tillman, whose book is reviewed above by SOF's aviation editor, Dana Drenkowski, made his debut in SOF's pages in July 1980 — see "Down But Not Out," an account of escape and evasion during the Pacific air war of WWII.

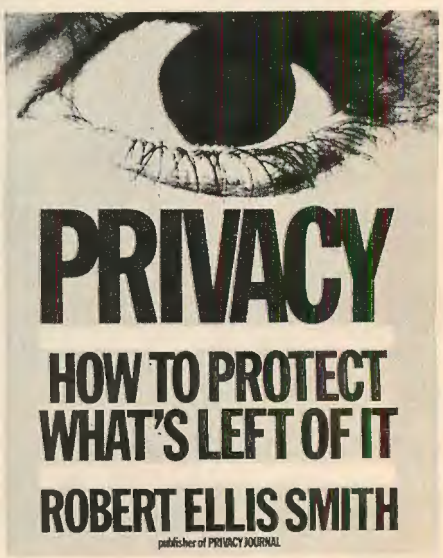
PRIVACY: HOW TO PROTECT WHAT'S LEFT OF IT. By Robert Ellis Smith. Garden City, N.Y.: Anchor Press/ Doubleday. 1979. 346 pp. $10.00. Review by Alexander McColl.

EVEN the least paranoid of persons is dimly aware of a vast, organized "they" of government agencies, corporations, credit bureaus and other entities with the resources to maintain computerized files of information on millions of private citizens. One does not have to be actively paranoid or an anarchist to perceive in all this at least a vague threat — not only to one's privacy but also to such tangible interests as one's relations with police and other officialdom, insurance companies, actual or potential employers and creditors. The risks of misuse of information, undue credence being given to outdated or downright false reports, dissemination of private, sensitive information to the gossip mills and so on, are all too real. The general reader's lack of specific information on this subject makes the threat seem even more ominous.

After you read Smith's book, you may be alarmed and outraged, but at least you will be better informed on this subject that touches nearly every one of us — that is, unless you don't have a Social Security number, or a driver's license, or a school record, or a bank account, or insurance....

Smith, the publisher of *Privacy Journal*, is not only an articulate advocate of privacy rights, but also an informative expert on the subject. The main part of his book, after a short chapter on the historical and legal background of the "right to privacy," is a factual discussion of the various governmental and non-governmental systems for collecting, storing, exchanging and manipulating information on individual citizens. A few of the chapter headings indicate the scope of the book: Bank Records, Criminal Records, Consumer Credit Bureaus, Federal Government Files, Mailing Lists, School Records.... After each chapter, he adds a section on "What can you do?"

Continued on page 65



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IT HAPPENED TO ME

by Charles F. Patchin as told to M.L. Jones

Charles F. ("Pappy") Patchin, now a Veterans Service officer in Syracuse, N.Y., spent 1962-70 on active duty with the U.S. Army. After basic, he was assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division where he served in artillery and forward-observer (FO) sections and as a nuclear-warhead and rocket-motor specialist with Honest John rockets.

Upon re-enlistment, he was assigned to an FO section in the 173rd Airborne Brigade (SEP) in Vietnam. During his 32 consecutive months in-country, he worked with U.S. line infantry companies, long-range reconnaissance, ARVN ranger units, U.S. Air Force defense control, Australian artillery units and U.S. Special Forces teams.

Orders then transferred him to officer candidate school (OCS) at Fort Benning. Upon completion of OCS, he served for two years in Germany with the 509th ABN (Mechanized) Infantry. As he tells it:

"BREAKER 44, this is Breaker 40. Over." The PRC-25 crackled, ruining a beautiful morning outside Dak To. The war was back and work had started. Neither a fire mission nor request for a location of station, the message was to report back to the battalion executive officer for a special assignment.

My radio-telephone operator (RTO) and I were replaced by a full forward-observer section with a new lieutenant, reconnaissance sergeant and RTO. They would come in on the morning logistics flight. We would leave on the same ship.

The Huey came in, discharging water cans, C-rations, mailbags and three passengers. After quickly introducing the new men to the infantry company commander, ground tactical orientation, plotting of preplanned defensive concentrations and giving advice on special restrictions in the area, my RTO and I departed.

The Huey ride took longer than expected, since we stopped at other companies before dropping into the fire base at Dak To. When I walked into the fire direction center bunker, the chief computer went white.

"You're dead. We just killed you!"

I quickly checked myself for signs of death. I found none and so I tried to joke with him, but hordes of officers and noncoms immediately converged on me to find out what happened and who, in fact, was dead.

The new lieutenant initiated a fire mission — and literally committed suicide. His call for fire placed him on the gun-target line, a safety violation, and his target was at a minimum range which required a low charge and maximum elevation. After all the fudge factors were thrown in, fate put two 105mm howitzer rounds into the company area. Not only was he killed, but so were the recon sergeant, RTO, company commander, first sergeant, one company RTO, both engineers, one Special Forces adviser and eight Montagnards who had been attached the preceding day.

I had to file the investigation report since I was detailed to conduct the crater analysis and interview survivors. I did not relish this job, because I knew almost everyone killed or involved; I'd been with that company in that area for some time.

The real twist came a few weeks later, while I was awaiting a flight for the States for my third extension leave at Clark Field in the Philippines. I was approached by a Navy lieutenant who asked if I were with the 173rd Airborne and if I knew the lieutenant who had been killed.

I told him, yes, and that he had been killed a few weeks before. The Navy lieutenant then asked about the circumstances of his death. I told him the sad story.

He listened quietly, then asked me how I knew so much detail. I explained my involvement.

He sighed, thanked me and said, "I'm glad I know now. He's my brother and I've just come from his funeral."

I WAS THERE

by W.J. Vogel as told to M.L. Jones

W.J. Vogel is staff fire-control officer on the Yakima Indian Reservation in south-central Washington state. He has been an auxiliary on the Toppenish Police Department for more than six years. As he tells it:

TOPPENISH, Wash., lies on the eastern edge of the reservation and has a population of approximately 6,000. It often experiences violence unknown to towns of like size — and on 1 April 1979, it outdid itself.

The dispatcher announced shots fired in one of the taverns to patrolling city units. My partner, Officer Greg Larson, and I responded with a ho-hum feeling of "here we go again." Shots fired in local taverns are not unusual and they're mostly aimed at ceilings.

Upon arrival, we found the shooters had already departed on foot — and they had fired at a tavern patron. Since that couldn't be tolerated even in Toppenish, we began cruising the vicinity, looking for them.

Dispatch soon reported shots from a nearby residential area and the first responding unit added that officers were down, ambulance requested.

When we reached the scene, we found two officers on the ground near an empty Indian Police patrol car. They had spotted the suspects walking along the street, and one of them had foolishly approached and taken one man by the arm, intending to place him in custody. As he touched him, the suspect turned and shot him in the side. Standing over the downed officer, he pumped another shot at his head — and missed.

Then he turned and shot the other officer in the leg as he was running toward the patrol car. The two suspects then disappeared. The shooter was identified as an Indian wanted for shooting another officer in western Washington.

Dispatch then advised that a local resident had reported a man hiding behind a nearby woodpile. When we responded with numerous other officers, we quickly scattered when we saw the woodpile was less than 50 yards away. My partner and I moved to a nearby intersection to help seal off the block.

A probing spotlight from a Toppenish patrol car revealed a man with a gun crouched behind the woodpile. After he ignored demands to surrender, the area erupted in a fusilade of shots. My partner and I, almost directly in line with the officers and the woodpile, hugged the ground behind our patrol car as .357, .44 and .45 slugs — and buckshot — whistled over our heads.

Chief of Indian Police Joe Young went down from a bullet in the face, but as he fell, he saw the suspect hurtling a fence behind the woodpile and hit him with an accurate snap shot from his .45 — catching him in midair and tearing his hip joint out.

The arrested man subsequently hanged himself in the county jail while awaiting trial for the shooting of three officers. His companion was arrested within a week by the FBI and is presently serving five years. The two Indian officers have returned to duty much wiser and their chief is slowly

Continued on page 82

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GRINGO GENERAL IN HONDURAS

Ice Fortress and Armored Car in 1894

by Francis X. Sculley

HE was a combination of Francis Marion, Quantrill and Baron Munchausen. During the Roaring '20s he was the favorite subject of a score of Sunday supplement writers. Railroad tramp, drunkard, barroom brawler and bedroom athlete of international renown, he was a failure at almost everything but soldiering. That he was one of the most brilliant partisan soldiers in Western Hemisphere history is generally accepted — at least by those who have heard of him. Perhaps it is fitting that he should be born on February 22, 1863, and bear the impossible name of Lee Christmas.

How this son of a Mexican war veteran became a general in the armies of the Republic of Honduras is one of the most fantastic tales in Central American history.

Fermented Fruit

In the midst of a monstrous drinking bout on the night of November 29, 1891, engineer Lee Christmas was summoned to move a carload of bananas for the Illinois Central Railway. It took half the bar patrons to get the reeling 28-year-old into his working clothes and steer him in the direction of the New Orleans station. Lee was "lit up like a Christmas tree" as he headed toward his cab, and almost fell out the other side.

He was handed a pot of black coffee in hopes of a sobering effect, but this was wishful thinking. With a rookie fireman at the post, Christmas fell fast asleep at the throttle. He roared through a holdover warning at Sarpy, despite the frantic efforts of the station master, and plowed into an oncoming train. Although knocked from his cab, Christmas miraculously escaped death. In the investigation that followed, he was charged with criminal negligence and banished from American railroads.

For three years, in between drinking bouts and fits of depression, he worked at whatever he could find. In the midst of a king-sized hangover in the summer of 1894, he learned that the Republic of Honduras needed engineers — no questions asked. The assignment would be to haul bananas from the interior to coastal ports. He left for Central America in early autumn and was given immediate assignment upon arrival.

Catapulted Into the Center Ring

The 90-kilometer run three times a week gave Christmas job security, but it also bored him silly — and he became a familiar patron of numerous bars.

But Christmas was about to be catapulted into the center ring of the Central American circus. For the next two decades he would be the most famous soldier of fortune in the history of war-prone Latin America.

Christmas was headed for the coast with his tiny engine, trailed by four boxcars; two loaded with bananas and the other pair with ice cakes. (Ice was manufactured at Pimienta, the only plant of its type in Central America.) The Yankee's freight was consigned to Barrios and Guatemala City. Christmas was halted at a Laguna siding by General Duron, heading up 13 men. He was informed he was a prisoner of war and his train and cargo were to be confiscated as war contraband. Whipping out *una pistola*, Duron informed Christmas that he had been drafted by the revolutionary army. He also made pointed references to the fate of deserters or malingerers. Christmas, no fool, became a devout patriot.

The Christmas Car

To the astonishment of his new-found comrades-in-arms, the gringo turned to his work with vigor. Not desiring bullet holes in his head — from any direction — Christmas built an armored car, perhaps the world's first. He built up a double wall of sandbags around the edges of a flatcar and filled the space in between the stacks with scrap iron. After mounting a Hotchkiss gun on the front of the car, Christmas assigned infantry to man it. The firepower of this ingenious device was tremendous. To the utter amazement of Duron and his tiny army, Christmas captured the entire rolling stock of the Honduran government.

When Colonel Giron of the Honduran Federal forces heard of the "invasion," he moved on Laguna at the head of a small army. The revolution would be squashed in a day, and all traitors executed. As word of the size of the oncoming force reached Duron, he had second thoughts about the war — but it was too late to escape.

Duron stood in mute shock as Christmas supervised the building of a fortress from ice cakes, laying the blocks in a brick-like pattern so that they would not topple. When complete, the barrier was several feet thick, and would repel a bullet. The Yankee had created the world's first air-conditioned fortress.

Though astounded, Giron was not deterred by the wall of ice and promptly attacked. Had he waited, within three hours the fort would have disappeared in the 100-degree heat. But Latin leaders are seldom patient. Moving awkwardly across the trestle, the federalists were mowed down in windrows and, when Giron fell, the enemy retreated.

Following the burial of the dead and a two-day victory celebration, Lee Christmas was hailed as a hero and given the dubious distinction of promotion to *capitan* in the "new" Honduran army, in

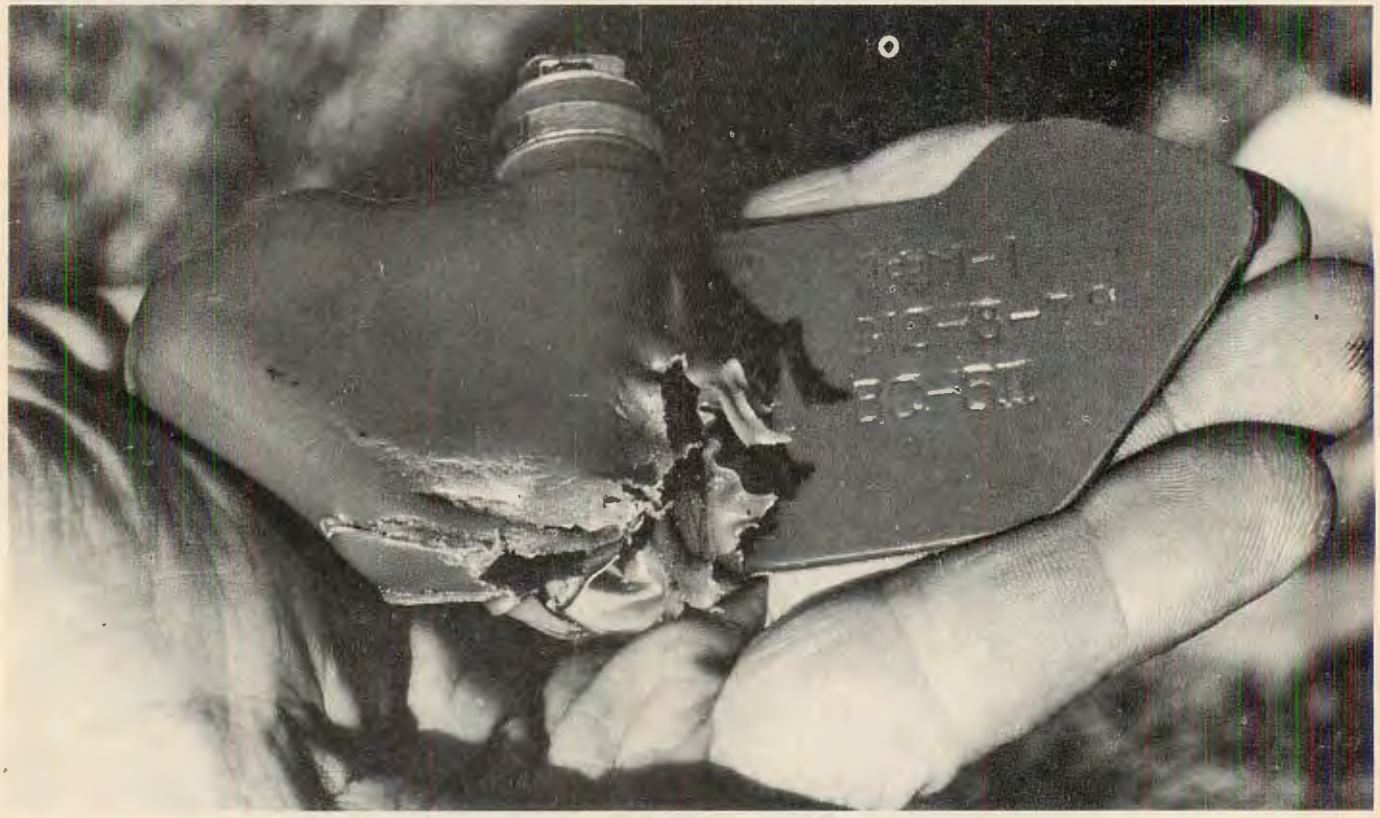
Continued on page 78

General de Brigada Lee Winfield Christmas (1863-1922). Photo: Honduran National Archives.

EXCLUSIVE: ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL AFGHANISTAN TREASURE HUNT

SOF Liberates New Russian Ordnance

by Jim Coyne and Bob Poos



FOUR hundred meters ahead, I saw one of the two point men stop. The flankers stopped. Everybody stopped.

The only man who spoke English said, "It looks weird and green, and it'll blow your foot off." He definitely had my attention.

I was with a patrol of 14 Afghan National Liberation Front guerrillas when the men in front of me began looking at the ground.

We had been walking toward an ambush area, in bright daylight, through a broad, barren valley — observed, I was sure, by every Russian FAC and LRRP team within 40 miles. I could see peaks 80 miles away!

After steadily stepping up and over rocks for five miles, my legs had turned to jelly. We had gone higher and higher, finally reaching the base of what I estimated to be a 1,500-meter ridge. I couldn't believe it. We were going over it. There was a road on top which a Russian mechanized infantry unit had been using for three days.

"Watch your feet," my guide said, as we continued to move up. We would stop at the faintest whisper of a foreign sound. In my mind I heard that ever-present rotor chop of helicopters which had permeated the air in Vietnam. It seemed odd that there were none here now. It made me uneasy.

We had reached the military crest of the ridge, and something of a road, when we stopped again.

The man beside me said, "You're in luck," and pointed off the road. There lay an object which was *certainly* weird, and green. It looked to me something like a large green plastic maple seed.

Everywhere we looked there were fragments of green plastic. There had been helicopters around all right and, not too long ago, they had dropped thousands of these small anti-personnel mines along this crest.

In daylight they're not too hard to spot. At night they're deadly.

Filled with an as-yet-unspecified liquid explosive, and armed with a cock-spring impact trigger, they have taken their toll along the border of Pakistan and Afghanistan.

Russian logic is as flawless as it is deadly. In a place like Afghanistan, where medical treatment is virtually nonexistent, blowing somebody's foot off is better than killing them — it requires at least two or three people to carry a casualty and, within a week, the wounded will probably die from gangrene.

I brought one of these mines back with me to the United States and it is currently undergoing analysis.

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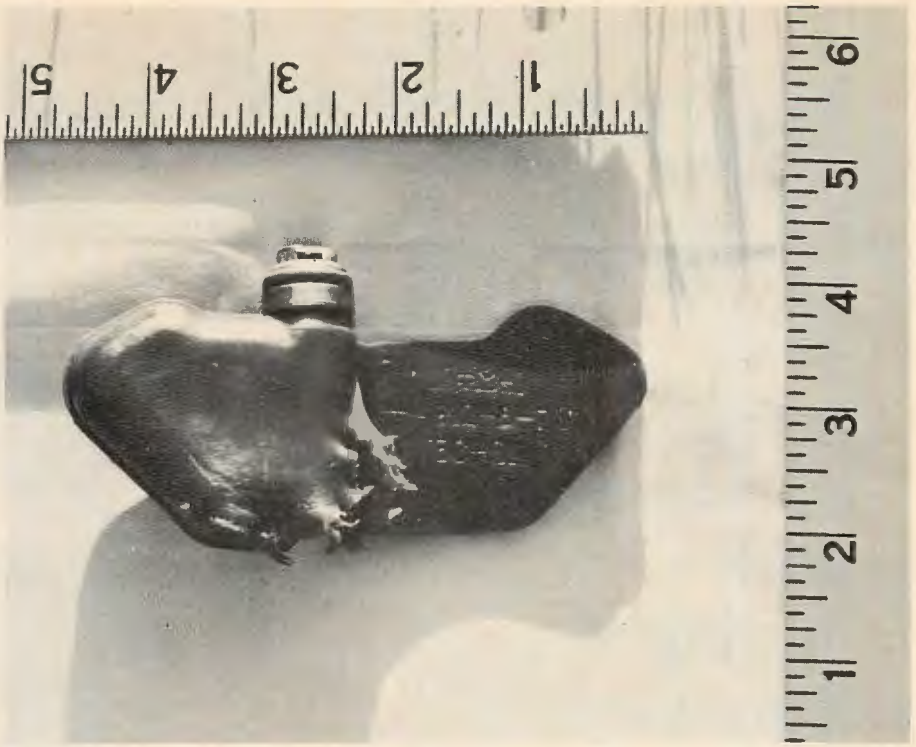
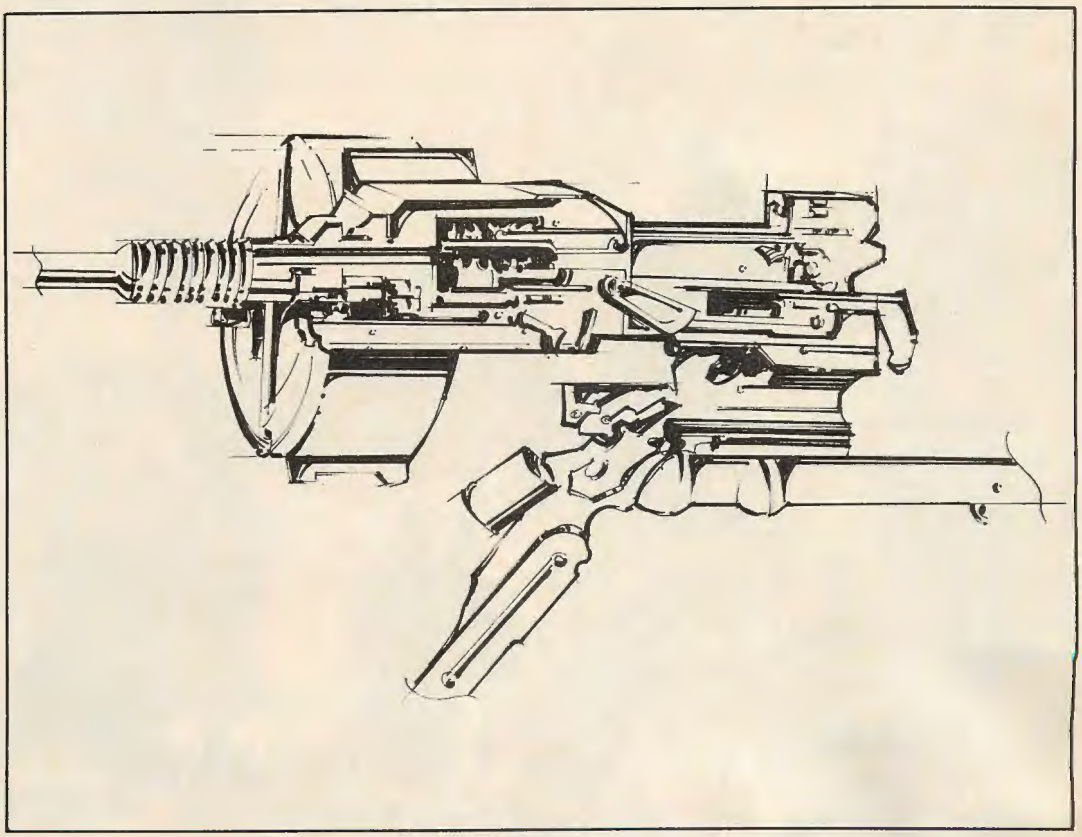
—Jim Coyne

An upcoming issue of SOF will feature an in-depth, action-filled report on developments in Afghanistan by photo-journalist Jim Coyne, who recently returned from there. He accompanied Afghan freedom fighters near Jalalabad where the Russians have established a large force of armor and infantry.



LEFT & UPPER RIGHT: Soviet Anti-Personnel, Non-Detectable Plastic Mine (APNDPM), nicknamed "Squashy." This one, brought back by SOF photojournalist Jim Coyne — first of its kind to reach the U.S. — measures 4½" by 2½" and is made of green plastic. The Soviets reportedly are also making them in white and brown for camouflage purposes. Western intelligence agencies and bureaucracies are notoriously slow in notifying those who need it most about new weapons used by a potential enemy. Because the volatile world situation increases the possibility of a clash between U.S. or NATO troops and Soviet or Warsaw-Pact forces, it is imperative that our ground troops be familiar with the above mine. Therefore, SOF is going to tell them about it — immediately. Photos: C.E.D. Kite



ABOVE: Believed to be the 30mm round fired by the Soviet AGS-17 "Plamya" automatic grenade launcher widely used by Russian infantry in Afghanistan. This one, brought back by an SOF staffer, is the first to enter the U.S. RIGHT: Artist's rendering of AGS-17 "Plamya."

THE Soviets have introduced a new infantry weapon to the fighting in Afghanistan — an automatic grenade launcher.

It is described as a 30mm weapon, either belt-fed or employing a circular drum magazine. Tripod mounted, it weighs about 88 pounds and has a firing rate of some 80 rounds per minute.

The drum magazines are believed to have a capacity of 30 rounds.

Some sources say that the weapon is capable of firing a shaped-charge anti-tank round plus a cluster "beehive" type missile. However, David Isby of *Strategy and Tactics* Magazine and author of the accompanying article on Soviet tactics in Afghanistan (see pg. 42), says that employment of such rounds would be a change in basic Soviet military policy. Isby says it is more likely that the Russians are using simple high-explosive and fragmentation rounds in the Afghan fighting.

Official designation of the weapon is AGS-17, but it has been nicknamed the *Plamya*.

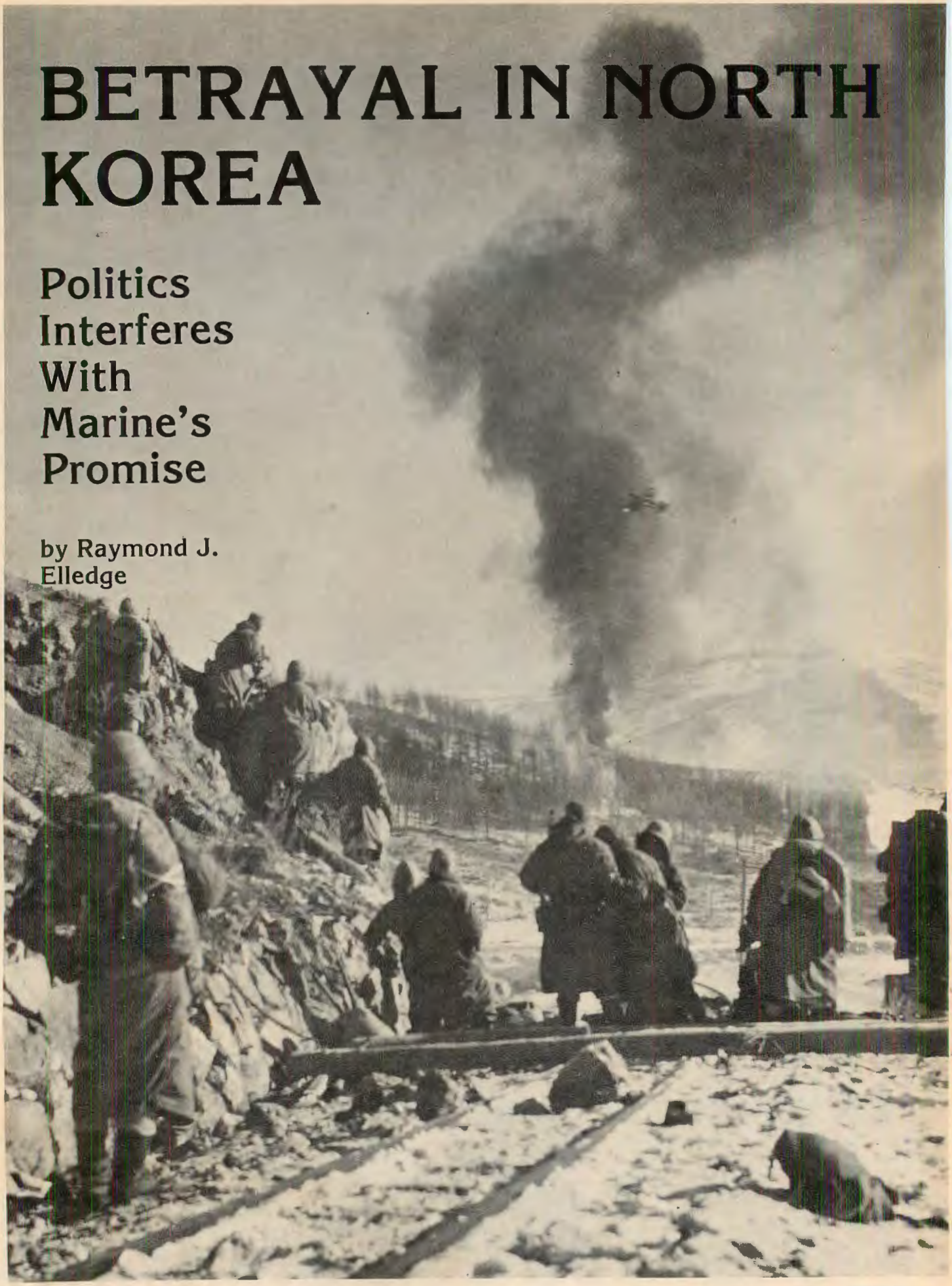
Maximum range is believed to be about 1,500 meters with best accuracy being achieved at around 800 meters.

—Bob Poos

BETRAYAL IN NORTH KOREA

Politics Interferes With Marine's Promise

by Raymond J. Elledge



THIS story doesn't have an ending yet — although it happened over 25 years ago — but it is my hope that someday it will. As you read, you will realize that there are countries and people that have gone, and are going, and will go through almost the same horrors, again and again.

It was November 1950 when, for one nation — North Korea — throwing off the communist shackles almost became a reality. And now that Southeast Asia, the Near East, Africa and other areas suffer from internal, external and civil strife which could result in more enslaved peoples, I would like to relate the following episodes which have remained in my thoughts and memory for these past years.

Korea 1950

In November 1950, I was a U.S. Marine lieutenant and leading the anti-tank platoon of the 7th Marine Regiment, lst Marine Division. Under orders of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, the lst Marine Division was spearheading the United Nations Forces, attacking inland from the east coast of North Korea — the UN's final blow against the North Korean "People's Army."

The lst Division Marines, made up of the lst, 5th and 7th Marine Regiments, plus our support units, were confident of victory. After our recent bloody amphibious landing at Seoul, our smashing of the North Korean forces up the "alley" to the city of Uijonbu, north of Seoul, and the sea voyage and bloodless landing at Wonsan, we felt sure that the "police action" (quoting ex-President Truman) would soon be over.

I was back in Seoul the day I first encountered Kim: a young Korean, 21 years old and a senior at the University of Seoul, majoring in the humanities. He stood about five feet, two inches tall, was of medium build, dressed in civilian clothes and showed perfect gold-capped teeth through a quick and frequent smile. (I learned later that Kim's father had been a professor of languages at the university. His mother and father were shot by the North Koreans at the time of the first invasion.)

That day we were fighting our way to the "Citadel," the last stronghold held by the NK in Seoul. The *USS Missouri* was broadsiding with its 16-inch guns, forcing civilians to flee south — bewildered, afraid and in a state of near panic. I was becoming frustrated by the difficulties encountered in our progress when I heard a voice at my elbow saying, "Sir, could I help you?"

We were authorized to appropriate the services of interpreters, contingent upon clearance through G-2, at a wage of 36,000 won per month. Kim agreed to help. I supplied him with uniform, boots and necessary toilet articles. A strict directive from Gen. MacArthur stated that under no circumstances were Korean nationals to be armed. However, after a week had passed, I felt Kim had proved himself. I "requisitioned" a carbine and told Kim to clean it. He was soon totally familiar with the weapon. I took him aside and taught him to shoot, fully aware that if his security check were in error, he might well have shot me. My trust in Kim's ability was completely justified, for in the weeks that followed he proved himself a stalwart friend and ally.

A Hut Near Koto-Ri

After landing at Wonsan, our objective was the Yalu River. The Siberian tundra's sub-zero cold and driving winds — powerful and numbing — did not discourage us as we punched farther into this ancient alien land, almost unknown to the rest of the world. Attacking up the unpaved, narrow, twisting, deeply rutted road on the way to Koto-ri, Hagaru-ri, past the Chosin Reservoir and on to Udamni, we fought our way to the Yalu River and the Chinese border.

We warmed ourselves with the thought that this, the harshest of all campaigns, was almost over. The NK forces were breaking and in shambles. We felt we would be on our way home soon; our fervent and often-vocalized hope: "Home for Christmas."

Some days and many vicious fights later, in mid-November, as dusk fell, our unit pulled up a few miles north of Koto-ri, near a NK farmer's small mud hut. A smaller, similar hut stood a few yards away.

After posting security and a road block, I sent Kim to the farmhouse to ask permission to use the shanty as a warming station. Kim returned, having conducted a lengthy discussion with the apprehensive farmer who stood partially concealed in the doorway of his hovel. Kim said, "He says all right, but would like to know more about us."

Some of my men crowded into the small shelter to build a fire, heat our C-rations and set up for the night. We had barely finished our rations when the farmer, a wizened peasant in a tattered but clean quilted coat, appeared. He bowed politely and spoke rapidly in Korean to Kim, who

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Maj. R. John Elledge (USMC-Ret.) was platoon commander, 75mm Recoilless Rifle Platoon, Anti-Tank Company, 7th Marine Regiment, when this story occurred. Maj. Elledge spent 22 years in the Marine Corps and was both a fixed-wing-aircraft pilot and infantry officer. He is now a full-time student in a doctoral program in clinical psychology at Newport College in Newport Beach, Calif. — Bob Poos

turned and said, "We are invited to his house for tea, sir."

I gestured to some of my men and, pleased and a little unsure — but very curious — we accepted the invitation. We followed the little farmer, who, like a "yo-yo," bowed us into his tiny oil-lit hut.

Jostling together around the glowing brazier, we added C-ration sugar and gratefully sipped the steaming tea from homemade clay cups. I offered a box of C-rations and cigarettes to the farmer, who was squatting, watching us closely with an expressionless face. His brown, almond eyes, fathomless and bright, shifted from one to another of us. He suspiciously examined the C-rations, asking Kim many questions. (He had never eaten anything from a can.)

He finally seemed convinced that he had nothing to fear from us or the tin cans and wrapped foil packs in the Cs. He visibly relaxed and engaged Kim in animated conversation, which Kim translated for us.

It was now obvious to me that this isolated farmer knew almost nothing of the outside world; only of this bleak mile-high valley in which he had lived all of his life. Without electricity, radio, cars, machinery or telephone, his world was Hagaru-ri to the north and the hamlet of Koto-ri to the south.

He vaguely grasped that there was a war going on. But about what, he did not know, nor did he know what the UN was, or even who we Marines were, or what the Chinese were doing there in his valley, or anything about the strange foreigners with the red stars on their caps.

He Asked What We Were Doing In His Country

He asked Kim who we were, what the blue flag with the white wreath represented (our vehicles all flew the UN flag) and what we were doing in his country. Why had the Chinese come to his valley? Why had they slaughtered his only bullock, beaten him, raped his daughter and taken all the food they could find? He had many more questions.

To all his queries I replied — through Kim — as best I could. We told him that North Korea had attacked South Korea, of the Chinese involvement in the "war," and that our mission was to defeat communist NK and unseat Kim-Il-Sung, NK's communist puppet of Mao Tse Tung, the communist Chinese puppeteer.

He wanted to know where the Japanese had gone (they had occupied NK since early in the 20th century). He asked the meaning of the strange and, to him, unreadable signs he had seen on some buildings in Hagaru-ri, and whose flag he saw flying on those same buildings. He described the flag as red, emblazoned with a hammer and sickle.

We tried to explain about the Russians. I also showed him a Russian flag I had liberated during the fighting at Seoul. "Yes," he said, "that is the one."

I could not readily tell how much he really understood or accepted of what we told him, but as Kim translated our answers, the farmer occasionally nodded, his face impassive.

"Skipper," asked my stomach-conscious radioman, in an aside to me, "can Kim ask if we can buy some eggs or something?"

Kim turned to me. I nodded, so he queried the farmer. As Kim translated the request, the farmer's expressionless face suddenly broke into a beaming, gap-toothed smile at his realization that there was to be some profit in this unexpected encounter, and he wasn't to be pillaged or beaten. Darting over to the assorted pots and bowls on the hearth, he proudly produced about two dozen eggs, offering them to me and bowing deeply. I took them and pulled a wad of won notes from my pocket, counting out 4,000 UN South Korean won. (The exchange rate was 6,000 won to the dollar.)

Unknown, Worthless Money

He hesitantly reached for the money and held it up closely to the oil lamp. His smile froze, his face clouding and turning expressionless. Suddenly, he launched a volley of sibilant words at Kim. After the interchange, Kim turned to us and explained. "The farmer thinks we are trying to cheat him with this unknown, worthless money." Quickly it dawned on me that he had only seen North Korean money, that only NK won was legal tender to him. I explained that henceforth only South Korean (UN) won would be used. We tried to explain about freedom and democracy and the UN, and what a better life would be his once the victory over the NK communist forces of Kim-Il-Sung was complete. Peace and freedom would return to his county, the "Land of Morning Calm."

The farmer subsided into silence, squatting on his haunches, in the familiar pose of the Asiatic, digesting the info which Kim was translating to him. Occasionally he furrowed his brow in deep thought, fingering his horse-hair hat, picking his nose, continually puffing hard and deeply on the cigarettes we had given him. Except for the occasional soft crackling of the burning charcoal, all was quiet. Finally, after smoking three cigarettes down to the last, stained half-inch, he rose and spoke to Kim.

The Farmer Decides

Kim turned to me: "He wants to know whether we are absolutely sure that the communists will not return and if he can also be sure that the money you have

given him will be of value from now on." After a shocked silence, we assured him that victory over the communists was certain, and that he could be sure his "egg" money was good. Finally something close to a smile lit up the farmer's oriental features. He had reached a decision.

He quickly bowed, turned and silently padded across the dirt floor. Prying up a flat stone from the hearth, he lifted from a cavity beneath it a small earthenware pot and held it up. As we silently crowded around the glowing brazier, on which the old peasant had brewed the tea, he started to pull wadded, tattered NK won notes from the pot. One by one, he straightened and dropped the bills, pausing between each one, onto the charcoal embers where they flared, crispened and became ashes.

After he had burned the last bill (there must have been 600 or 700 in various denominations) he squatted silently, lighting another American cigarette. He then delivered a short speech, at the same time shifting his gaze from one Marine to another. The gist of his words were: "I believe that you are good men from America and have spoken honestly. You have paid me for my eggs, instead of just stealing from me as the Chinese soldiers have done. I also hate the communists of my own country as much as the Chinese. Therefore, I have burned all the money I saved from my lifetime of working."

It was a totally unexpected, impressive, deeply moving moment for us. By his impromptu tableau, this North Korean farmer had dramatically demonstrated his hatred for the communists and his trust and belief in us. Embarrassed and put slightly ill at ease by his confounding display of emotion, we could think of nothing appropriate to say in reply. Lingering a few minutes longer and giving our profuse thanks for the tea, we quietly straggled back to the shanty.

Next morning, we mounted up and moved out northward to the large town of Hagaru-ri, located at the south end of the Chosin Reservoir. We encountered no enemy on the way. Our host of the night stood before his doorway, smiling and waving until we were out of sight. That was the last time I ever saw him.

The North Korean and Chinese resistance had evaporated, and communist officials and party members had followed the flight of their army. The UN forces began to make good their promises — to give North Korea a free, democratic government. We Marines, assisted by an Army civil-affairs team, supervised the local elections in Hagaru-ri in which, for the first time in decades, NKs were able to freely choose and elect their own candi-

Marines from 1st Division patrol capture two Chinese communists just outside Koto-ri. Note Chicom soldiers wearing white padded uniforms for camouflage. Photo: Defense Dept.

dates. I watched as the newly elected mayor and councilmen of Hagaru-ri, proud and dignified in white clothing and traditional woven-horsehair, stovepipe hats, were inaugurated into office in a frigid open-air ceremony. They shared the flag-draped platform with senior UN and Marine officers. Despite the snow and sub-zero weather, an almost Fourth-of-July atmosphere prevailed.

The freedom of Hagaru-ri and North Korea was as short lived as our "victory." The Chinese communist armies of Mao Tse Tung had, in spite of continual announcements of denial to the rest of the world, crossed the Yalu en masse and engaged our troops. UN units on both of our flanks crumbled, as did the U.S. Army on the west coast of North Korea, and we were swiftly and totally surrounded by five Chinese divisions.

Lt. Col. Raymond G. Davis fought his way through the Chinese back to Hagaru-ri from Yudami, leading his lst Battalion, 7th Marines, in an epic fight to rejoin the 5th Marines at Hagaru-ri. For this action Davis was awarded the Medal of Honor. The lst Marines tried but could not break through the encircling Chinese who surrounded the 7th and 5th Regiments at Hagaru-ri.

The Breakout

After many days and nights of fighting the encircling Chinese (whose orders were to annihilate all of the Marines), we were ordered to fight our way out and return to Hungnam and our U.S. fleet. So we began our historic breakout — that never-to-be-forgotten December fight to Hungnam and the sea. Back down the narrow twisting "road" we fought. The temperature was hitting 25 below zero and was cruelly compounded by high altitude and driving winds of up to 50 knots — an almost unbelievable nightmare.

By early morning of the first day, helped greatly by the magnificent close air support of our planes, we had pushed miles southward, fighting all the way, knocking out roadblocks and machine-gun nests by continual direct frontal attacks, all under continuous Chinese fire: bazookas, machine guns, mortars and artillery.

Back At The Hut

Late in the afternoon, as I wearily pulled myself from a sheltering, frozen, snow-filled ditch, while our aircraft roared low overhead napalming a Chinese strongpoint on a spur commanding the road, I found myself near the now-shattered, burning mud hut where I had spent the night only a few days before. It was the home of the farmer who had pledged his faith and life on the victory of the UN forces by burning his life savings.

With the snap of machine-gun fire and the crumping of incoming mortars, I had to move my platoon forward again. There were more Chinese ahead. Continuing our fight — with the long column of men and vehicles, many carrying the frozen-solid dead — bringing up the rear, we lurched and stumbled, fighting southeastward toward Hungnam where the Navy and our ships awaited us.

The next day and night a blizzard off the Russian tundra roared in with gales of howling wind. Soul-chilling temperatures dropped below our thermometer's range. Due to the weather, we were without our close-support aircraft and the night became a sleepless nightmare.

The killing and killing — no quarter given or taken — oncoming waves of Chinese using hand grenades, mortars, bayonets and rifle fire — hunger and thirst weakening us that much more — the screaming of the wounded and dying — Chinese bugles blaring in the night.

In the morning's grim first light, the silent stacks of frozen dead — theirs and ours — sprawled grotesquely in the snow. But frost-bitten, bearded, filthy and half starved, angry and unbeaten, with many wounded, we fought through to Hungnam: Litzenburg's 7th, Murray's 5th and Chesty Puller's lst had made it. In making it, the lst Division had destroyed Mao's most prized 10th Route Army.

Into Hungnam

As we passed through the UN perimeter outside Humhung-hungnam, with our wounded riding and our dead lashed to our vehicles, a small, pert, white woman,

Astonished Marines of 5th & 7th Regiments, who hurled back three Chinese divisions at Koto-ri, were ordered to retreat down this road with all wounded, equipment — and their dead. Marine column covered 15 miles in sub-zero weather on icy roads defended every foot of the way by Chinese troops. Photo: Defense Dept.

standing in a jeep waving, shouted: "Marines, you have made it, God bless

Continued on page 70

1st MARINE DIVISION 1950-51

The First Marine Division, 1950-51: It is quite possible that this was the only division of any army in existence that could have made a successful breakout through 10 Chinese divisions. Certainly no U.S. Army division up north did.

One reason it was able to accomplish this fighting march — that military historians have equated with a similar one by Xenophon's 10,000 — was because of its three regimental commanders. Those men were perhaps the three finest, fightingest colonels ever assembled in one division at one time.

And their regiments all had personalities. The enlisted men were a magnificent mix of hard-core regulars, privates and corporals with one, two or three years' service, noncoms who were veterans of WWII and hastily-called-up reserves, also all WWII vets. (One platoon in the 5th Marines had a millionaire as a BARman.)

The colonels. One was Homer Litzenberg. As a sergeant, he had terrified bandits and guerrillas in Haiti and Santo Domingo. He was a firm believer in discipline and the 7th was perhaps the best disciplined of all regiments in the First Division. Besides Litzenberg's personality, this was also partially due to the fact that the 7th arrived in Korea as a unit. It had been the 6th Marines at Camp Lejeune before the war. The other regiments were thrown together from men at posts, stations and ships' companies from all over the world.

The 5th Marines. Lt. Col. (later colonel) Raymond Murray commanding. Peculiar mixture. Ray Murray was the epitome of the southern gentleman. Courtly, soft spoken, physically brave almost to a fault. His men were probably the raunchiest, rowdiest, hardest-drinking bunch of roughnecks in the entire Marine Corps. But colonel and men loved one another and they worked beautifully together.

And then there was the First Regiment. All other Marines in the Marine Corps figured that the First Regiment was composed entirely of madmen. Its colonel was Lewis Burwell (Chesty) Puller, the most highly decorated Marine in the history of the Corps. Puller genuinely liked combat and his personality permeated down to his men. There was probably no other infantry regiment on earth as aggressive, vain and as sure of themselves as the First Marines.

—Jim Graves

TOP: Marine infantrymen take cover behind large boulders while engaging Chinese communists trying to halt breakout. Photo: Defense Dept. MIDDLE: Chinese communist troops, wearing rags and American footgear, surrender to Marines from Charley Company, 7th Marines, south of Koto-ri. Photo: Defense Dept. ABOVE: Exhausted 1st Division Marines take advantage of break in fighting near Yudam-ni on 1 December to brew up cup of coffee. Photo: Defense Dept.

A NIGHT AT Keeping

by Capt. Jerry Lee

Capt. Jerry Lee, USAR, was a guest of the Rhodesian army for three months in 1977 (and still won't say how he arranged that). He was given the honorary rank of captain in the Rhodesian Artillery, and accompanied various units of the Rhodesian army on operations throughout the country. This is one of his more unusual experiences. — The Eds.

"...Villa Salazar was again subjected to rocket, mortar and small-arms fire from Mozambique. There were no casualties, and no damage was sustained."

That was the conclusion of nearly every situation report released by Rhodesian Combined Operations Headquarters in the latter part of 1977. Villa Salazar had been bombarded almost every night for months, and had the distinction of being the most shot-at place on the African continent. And now I was headed for this small, isolated post on the southeastern border, where a 40-man detachment from the Rhodesia Regiment faced a 300-man Frelimo garrison just across the border.

VILLA SALAZAR

Freddie Fired Up

The only other *friendly* in the area was a four-gun troop of 25-pounders from the Rhodesian Artillery, constantly roaming the bush nearby, but always within range of the border post to dissuade the *Freddies* (Frelimo troops) from any naughtiness.

I arrived in the evening, as the Rhodesian troopies were downing Lion Lagers and checking weapons in anticipation of a night's entertainment. The Freddies had learned not to cause trouble until well after dark (unknown to them, a television camera mounted atop a 100-foot mast monitored all their daylight movements). As darkness fell, the troopies picked up weapons, donned steel helmets and filed into the trenches surrounding the few remaining buildings.

A Portuguese-speaking soldier began reading a propaganda message to the Frelimo over the loudspeaker. The Freddies showed their appreciation by lobbing over a few 60mm mortar shells. (I was told their response was feeble compared to the night they had been read their own mail, captured by the Selous Scouts.)

As the Frelimo mortar shells began to get close, I jumped into a shallow mortar pit where a sergeant was returning fire with a British 60mm mortar. "They're shooting pretty good tonight," he told me. "Must have some of their East German advisers in town."

The Rhodesian mortar fire seemed to stir up the Frelimo troops even more. Soon the sky was filled with streams of green AK tracer and RPG-7 rockets, most of which were fired harmlessly overhead, and an occasional 122mm rocket.

The Rhodesian commander, Captain Richards, dropped in and announced, "We're going to take a small patrol forward with a MAG and give the Freddies a squirt. Care to come along?" I had some doubts as to the wisdom of leaving the trenches to wander around in no-man's-land with so much steel pollution in the air, but the captain assured me the Frelimo troops posed more danger to themselves than to us.

We formed a five-man patrol — two to man the MAG and three riflemen for security — crawled out of the trench and stumbled 200 meters through the wreckage of the border post to a partially destroyed house. The machine-gun crew climbed onto the roof where they could get better observation over the flat terrain, and the rest of us found positions around the house where we could watch for any flanking attempt.

After our machine gun had fired a couple of belts at the sound and flash of the Frelimo mortar, the Freddies shifted their fire onto us. One round landed 25 meters to my left, the next 30 meters to my right. I wondered if they were bracketing. When the next round came whooshing down straight for me, I knew they were. I ducked behind a brick wall, hoping the shell would choose to land on the other side of it — it did, showering the area with steel splinters.

The mortar switched back to the garrison behind us and the Freddie riflemen began to spray us with AK fire, using full magazines of tracer. None of it passed any less than 20 feet overhead. Then a burst slammed into the roof of the house, peppering the MAG crew with chips off the brick fireplace. The gunners slid quickly to the ground, cursing.

"That was no Freddie," exclaimed one of them. "That bugger was using ball ammo and shooting with his eyes open. It must have been one of their European advisers shooting that time." It was time to go.

We returned to the trenches. The sergeant manning the mortar showed me a mortar shell which had landed on the edge of his pit near where I had been crouching earlier. It was a dud.

The Frelimo fire had slacked off, so the Portuguese-speaking troopie announced a contest: a prize would be awarded to the first Freddie to hit the loudspeaker. The air filled with green tracer and RPG rockets once more, but the safest place in the camp was the loudspeaker.

Eventually the firing died down and stopped. The Frelimo troops were not ones to let a war interfere with a good night's sleep. We left the trenches to survey the extent of Frelimo handiwork on the camp.

The mess hall had been hit twice, and a hit on a barrack building had slashed several sleeping bags to rags. But the only critical target at Villa Salazar, the beer cooler, was undamaged.

"... *Villa Salazar was again subjected to rocket, mortar and small-arms fire from Mozambique. There were no casualties and no damage was sustained.*"

VC VALLEY

On Recon Near Que Son

by Dean W. Scott

Demolitions man holds M79 on captured VC soldiers in Que Son.

In November 1967, I was a rifleman with the U.S. Army, Company A, 1st Battalion, 35th Infantry, 4th Infantry Division attached to of the Americal Division near Chu Lai, Vietnam.

On 22 November, my battalion was airlifted to a region known as Que Son — or VC — Valley. For the next six days our mission was to search out and destroy a North Vietnamese hospital and an R&R center suspected of being in the area. This is my diary of those days.

November 22—Recon Patrol

I've always prided myself on being alert and trying to stay one step ahead of the enemy. I keep my eyes open. As soon as we arrive in the area and go on patrol, I know it's active with enemy soldiers. I see numerous potential ambush sites capable of containing a company of men or more.

November 23— Airlift Into Enemy Territory

At approximately 1100, we're airlifted to a downed helicopter. When we arrive, we spot its crew nearby. Within minutes, the sky's dotted with choppers to protect them.

We start to draw sniper fire from a village about 100 yards away, and a two-hour fire fight breaks out. The helicopter gunships fire their rockets around both our perimeter and the village and at enemy positions 300 yards from us.

One bold pilot swoops down to within 25 yards of an enemy position to draw their fire. On the third pass he hovers, points the nose down and releases his rockets — silencing the position. When he flies over us, grinning from ear to ear, I'm sure he hears the infantrymen cheer. That night the downed chopper gets blown away by "Charlie" with an RPG rocket launcher.

November 24— "Charlie" Moves Out

The enemy force withdraws from the

village. The villagers, NVA sympathizers, are uncooperative. Our orders are to relocate them, take inventory and shoot and burn all animals, cattle and huts.

My squad flushes a VC soldier from the village. I see him trot toward a bush 300 yards from my position. I fire my M79 grenade launcher and hit the bush dead center. The round hits him in the heel, holding him there. When we search him, we find he's carrying four Chinese grenades in his satchel.

November 25—No Surprises

Everything seems quiet, until dusk, when "Charlie" throws a grenade into our position, striking our demolitions man in the back. Seven of us carry him two miles from the CP (Command Post) to be picked up by a medevac 'copter. It's dark. A perfect time for an ambush. Mentally, I prepare myself for the unexpected — for hand-to-hand combat. Nothing. We make it back to the CP safely, seeing nothing but a water buffalo en route.

Vietnamese ARVN interpreter, Kim, takes break, eating can of C-rations. Note .30-caliber M1 carbine at feet.

November 26—I'm Going To Die Here

We're airlifted to an area where the 1st Armored Cavalry is fighting, a company of the meanest, toughest warriors I've ever seen. Our orders are to follow the armored personnel carriers into the enemy position. We throw our packs on the APC's splashboards. After crossing several rice paddies, we approach a wooded area. Suddenly, all hell breaks loose. We can't retreat, so we advance rapidly into the woods. Men are fighting within 25 feet of us, and I think to myself that this will be my last battle. I'm going to die here.

An NVA soldier bursts from a hole 15 feet away. He's cut down by our APC's .50-caliber machine gun. Seconds later, an RPG rocket hits the APC in the middle of the splashboard. I see smoke and hear men screaming. I'm amazed I'm alive. I climb over to the driver, who's in great pain. He's holding his right leg above the knee. I pick him up and shove him over the side to a medic. I think about the claymore mines, afraid they'll explode. The track commander and another man are unconscious. Our numbers are diminished, but we hold our position and, as darkness falls, the fight continues.

I can't believe my ears when I hear the engines rev up about two hours later. Orders have come down to follow the APC even deeper into enemy territory. What a fierce fighting unit that 1st Cavalry is! The .50-caliber machine guns fire simultaneously as we work our way forward. When the sun rises, "Charlie" gets his ass kicked.

November 27—Ambush

We're on routine patrol. As we slog our way out of a rice paddy, we approach a lone hut and see an old couple with a young child by their side. They have their arms around each other and their eyes on us. The old man's so scared he's shaking. I know the VC and NVA are nearby and seeking revenge. When I get about 200 yards past the hut, I hear mortars going off, then automatic-weapons fire and explosions. Our men are pinned down in the rice paddy by enemy fire.

I think of the old man. He knew we were walking into an ambush and, in silence, watched us do it. A sympathizer. I draw my .45 and run to the hut. No one's there. I dodge inside the hut and check out the bomb shelter. The old man's disappeared.

About seven of us run to the edge of the ambushed paddy. I hear automatic fire close by. Then I see the grass shake as a weapon is fired. I crawl to within 30 feet of the spot and blow away the three-soldier position. Then I start running and crawling back toward my squad.

The next thing I remember I'm lying on my back. I get to my knees. My left hand's mangled and I'm bleeding from the chest near my heart. My M79 grenade launcher has two holes in the barrel. They'd be in my chest if I hadn't been carrying my weapon in the port arms position. The NVA sniper who shot me from his tree position is subsequently killed by M16 and M79 fire.

To this day, I can still see that child, and the old couple with their arms around each other, standing by their hut — watching.

EDITOR'S NOTE: On 18 January 1968, disabled Sgt. Dean W. Scott was awarded the Silver Star by the U.S. Army for his heroic and distinguished participation in the above operation which aided greatly in the accomplishment of the unit's mission.

LET 'ER RIP!

SOF Tests New Parachute System

by Joe Tragger

SOMETIMES it's amazing how elusive something can be, when all the while it's been in your own hip pocket.

Several months ago I heard rumors of a new parachute that deployed at low speed and altitude — 100 knots and 300 feet. Those of us who jump know that is damn low speed and altitude. I inquired of everyone I knew at Ft. Benning but could not turn up anything. I checked Ft. Bragg and the 18th Airborne Corps, but again drew a blank.

While at Bragg, I talked to an old acquaintance, Col. Lee Mizes. When I asked about this new 'chute that was jumped at 100 knots and 300 feet, he wanted to know if I'd been smoking dope — or if this was just one of my normal, recurring lapses into insanity. When assured I was sane and hadn't taken up a habit he would disapprove of, he made several phone calls trying to track down the elusive parachute. No luck.

Col. Mizes assured me that if it was happening at Ft. Bragg, he would know about it. Knowing him as I do, I took his word for it. I filed the rumor of the new parachute away in the back of my mind, mentally noting that, although it apparently didn't exist, it was a grand idea.

Missing Links

That was months ago, before fortune smiled on me in the form of Sgt. Maj. Charles "Buddy" Blue. When I mentioned the new 'chute to him, he was surprised I didn't know all about it.

It had been developed by Jimmy Caser, a parachute rigger from my old National Guard unit. Caser and I both left the unit a few years ago, and he is now with the Air National Guard. To add insult to injury, I found out that Wynn Smith had flown the test jumpers — and Smith and I had done some dreaming together recently.

Even this humiliation was not enough. Having checked all over the south and southwest for the 'chute, having overlooked Jimmy Caser and Wynn Smith, I discovered that the test jumper was John Kelsey, the commo sergeant from my old Special Forces detachment.

(With my record of success, I could easily be mistaken for a government employee. I did eventually track down the 'chute, so even had I been employed by the government, it couldn't have been as a senior official.)

The project got underway about three years ago. Christian Koenig, a retired Army officer and sportjumper, brought his new parachute idea to Caser, a master rigger, after which the original concept underwent considerable modification before the present system was evolved.

PIAD Project

It employs from four to seven PIADs (parachute inflation assistance devices) spaced evenly around the 'chute. These PIADs are additional panels that run from the skirt to the apex and are not stressed, as are the inner panels.

As the 'chute canopy leaves the deployment bag and achieves line stretch, the PIAD is not under stress. The PIADs act as canopy-opening devices. PIAD canopies open from skirt to apex, as opposed to the standard 'chute which opens from apex to skirt. By opening the skirt first, air is trapped in the canopy at a faster rate; therefore quicker opening is achieved. Even at this faster rate, the opening remains smooth. The additional PIAD panels help slow rate of descent.

Tried And True

Caser and his people tested the system extensively, and several hundred jumps were made without malfunction. It has been packed every way possible: It was rigger-rolled and shoved into the pack. It was packed wet. Yet it always came out with a full canopy.

This system has been tested with all the standard military parachutes in use today: the 28-foot canopy used by the Air Force and Navy, and both the 35-foot main and 24-foot reserve used by the Army and Marines.

Putting this system into mass production would add only an estimated $75 to the current model.

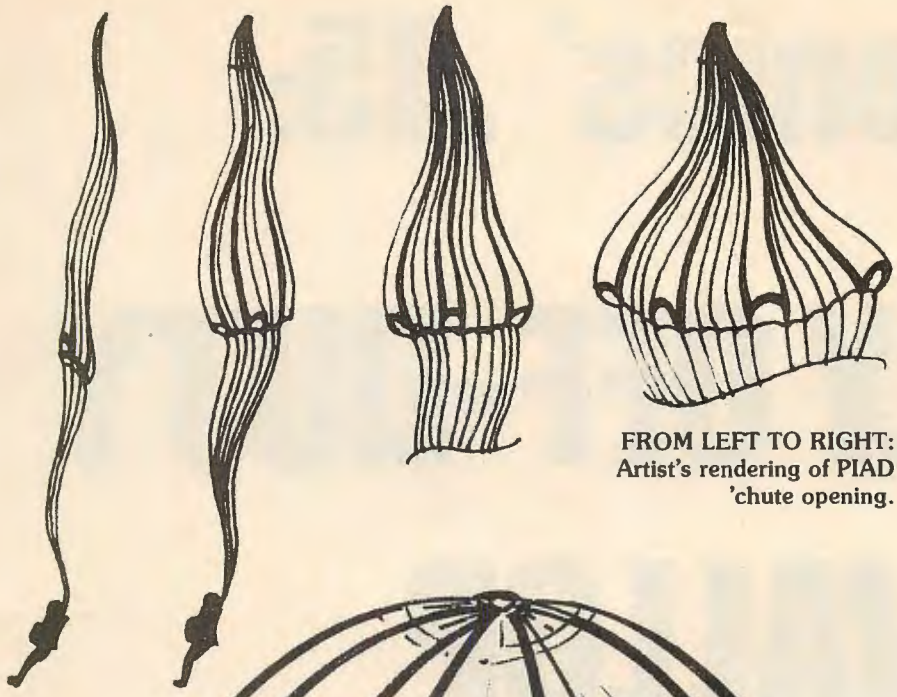
An Exceptional Experience

I stood on the wheel and gripped the strut of a Cessna 182 on a jump run — no big feat. Certainly nothing to write about. It's common at drop zones all around the country. What made this jump an exception — and exceptional — was the altitude.

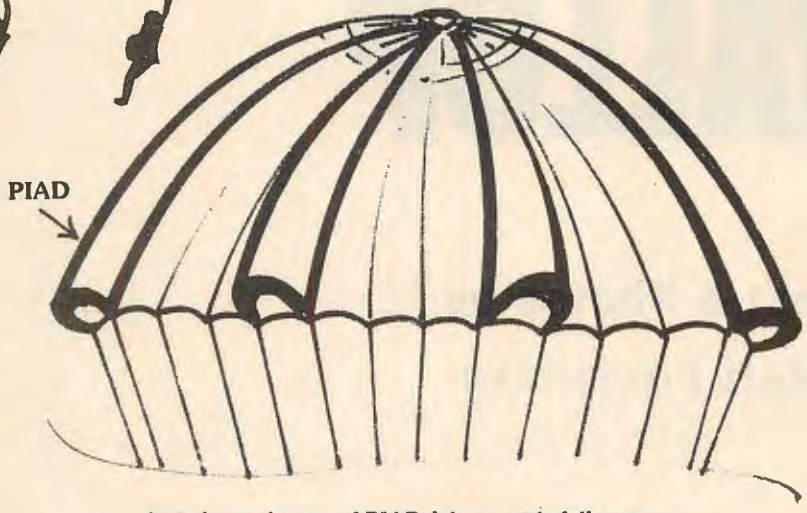
On the other end of my static line, Dwain Calhoun gave me a once-over and a nod. I looked at Caser, the pilot. He held up three fingers and nodded. Three fingers: 300 feet. I kicked off, getting a good arch.

A DZ from 300 feet is crystal clear. In an instant — for that's all the time you have jumping from 300 feet — I saw Jessie Woodard, a photographer, recording the jump on video tape, and Tom Boswell, owner of the Cessna, standing by the edge of the DZ waiting for me to hit it. No one could miss a DZ from 300 feet — and neither would I.

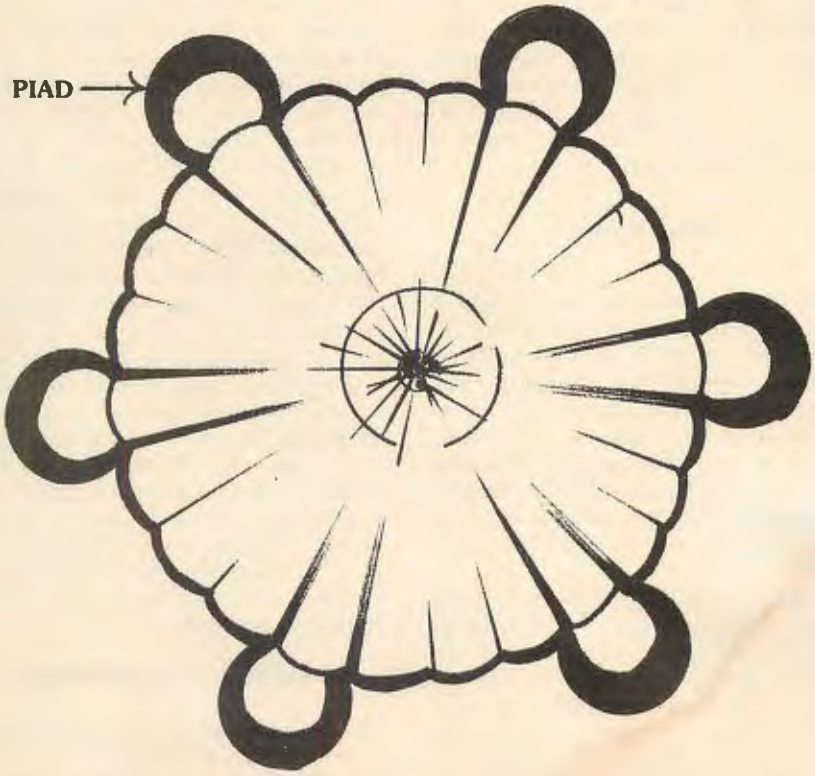
The 'chute opened with surprising smoothness. Even better, I dropped only 75 feet before I had almost a full canopy. After a few swings I touched the ground. Touched. Not hit. It was without a doubt the lightest touch-down I have ever experienced. (If one tries a PLF with this system, he'd better be able to balance on his toes.)



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: Artist's rendering of PIAD 'chute opening.



Artist's rendering of PIAD 'chute with full canopy: sideview (above), topview (below).



At that point, I was the seventh person to test-jump this new system. After the way it performed, I'd feel comfortable jumping at 200 feet.

This was no daredevil, sideshow stunt. There is damn good reason and much need for a parachute that can safely deploy at 300 feet — or less — if necessary. Those who have been involved in airborne operations know what I mean.

When people are scattered from one end of a DZ to the other, getting them to the assembly point becomes a major problem. And not just on mass tactical jumps: I have seen good Special Forces "A" Teams spread all over DZs, without being able to do anything about it.

You Can't Miss

This new system would enable teams, companies — or whatever size unit — to jump and land in the same small area. From 300 feet, not even some of the turkeys I know could fly a parachute off a DZ.

But this system has other important points in its favor. The 300-foot drop significantly reduces the time a paratrooper spends swinging, exposed, beneath a canopy, like a target in a shooting gallery. More important, however, is that it is difficult for radar to track an aircraft at that height. No radar, no missiles. Radar is to missiles what sights are to rifles.

Supply Drop Solution

Use of this system also has tremendous potential for supply drops. The U.S. probably air-dropped more supplies to the enemy than to its own people from WWII through Vietnam. On D-Day, 1944, the 82nd and its supplies were scattered all over the French countryside. It took days before some units could link up.

In the Korean War, Marine Corps Gen. Chesty Puller, one of the finest soldiers ever, commanded the perimeter at Koto-ri. In one drop, the Air Force scattered supplies over three to four miles. Many of these supplies fell behind the Chinese lines, but some of them fell into Puller's own camp and killed and wounded several Marines. After this no-no, Puller got on the radio and had some of the Air Force personnel involved in the drop placed under arrest.

Vietnam was no better. Although we got supplies by Army C-7 Caribous and HU-1 helicopters, we lost many aircraft and their crews to enemy gunfire during delivery.

PIAD 'chutes may solve the problem of successful delivery of men and supplies to small DZs and of drops in adverse conditions.

Detonics' .45:

DEADLY OFF-DUTY WALLOP

Text & Photos by Matt Fredericks

As a member of a large law-enforcement agency, I've found that off-duty shootouts are not as uncommon as one would wish. Unfortunately, most members of the police community don't share that opinion. They consider going armed off-duty an unnecessary hassle, because they believe that "nothing ever happens off-duty anyway," or "I'm never going to get involved off-duty." Such statements, however, could come back to haunt them.

The .38 snub is the overwhelming choice of most officers and many armed civilians. To state that it is inadequate for its intended purpose is to belabor the obvious. Almost every gun writer has a favorite .38-snub horror story, and I'm no exception.

An off-duty copper was reposing in his favorite watering hole when an antisocial type entered, pulled out a sawed-off .22 rifle and announced a holdup. The officer bided his time until the robber got to him. When the demand was made for his money, the officer pulled his .38 snub and shot the holdup man twice with a popular +P 110-grain, jacketed-hollowpoint load. Both rounds were dead-center chest hits, but the holdup man's reaction was to beat the officer to death with his rifle. Then he staggered outside and died.

I too used to rely on the short-barreled .38 revolver until one night in a local grocery store, when I found myself confronted by two heavily armed holdup men. Multiple hits with .38 hollowpoints seemed only to irritate them, and if it hadn't been for the prompt arrival of officers responding to the shots, my wife would probably be a police widow.

Hot Spots

The very next morning, I went to a local gun shop and bought a lightweight Colt Commander .45 ACP. The Commander is a superb weapon, but it's not perfect. Eight months out of the year, it's an excellent choice for off-duty or plain-clothes use. When the weather gets hot, however, it begins to lose its attractiveness. At such times, I find the Commander a hassle to conceal despite my six-foot, 200-pound frame.

In hot weather, I went back to carrying a snub. This, however, proved to be an unsatisfactory arrangement. Twice I had to pull it in off-duty situations. While I didn't fire any shots, I was less than happy with having to rely upon a weapon that had failed me in the past. I switched to a .357 snub, but was still dissatisfied.

The obvious solution to my dilemma was a weapon with the Commander's stopping power in a concealable package. Custom "chopped and channeled" .45s have been around for years, but they're not all they're cracked up to be. First of all, they're extremely expensive. Several custom pistolsmiths quoted me prices in the $750-$1,000 range. Second, they have not proven the most reliable weapons.

Several friends have had to return their down-sized .45s to the gunsmith before reliable functioning was achieved. It's not just a matter of chopping so much off the grip and so much off the barrel and slapping it back together again. There's a delicate balance that must be achieved and maintained. Third, they're routinely offered with all sorts of features of limited — if not questionable — advantage. Hooked trigger guards, adjustable sights and accuracy jobs are useless frills on a weapon designed for close-range self-defense purposes. Fourth, they're usually available only after a waiting period of months, if not years.

Detonics' New Auto

I was aware of the Detonics .45 auto, but I've always been leery of new weapons. The first runs invariably have prob-

lems and many new firms develop terminal financial trouble and disappear as quickly as they come. The first Detonics put on the market were of questionable reliability but, in all fairness, the firm was sincere in its efforts to correct these problems and stand behind the product. The guns eventually became reliable, but were only offered in blue steel, a finish of limited rust resistance.

When I first heard that Detonics was going to offer its .45 in stainless steel, I contacted the firm and obtained one for evaluation. The Combat Master Mark VI comes in a lined zipper case with warranty card and an extra stainless-steel magazine. The weapon is not substantially bigger than the .38 snub I previously relied on.

Match Proof

The proof of a weapon designed for self-defense is, of course, in the shooting.

Detonics MKVI is an excellent concealment piece.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Matt Fredericks is the nom de guerre of a police officer in a major U.S. city. He is a recognized expert on police-officer survival. He has taught regional police seminars and written about street survival for professional-police magazines. One major police journal has praised his "realistic approach" and delineation of "practical options" in potential police combat. This pragmatism is also apparent in his evaluation of Detonics' new stainless-steel .45.

We are pleased to welcome Fredericks aboard as an SOF writer.

—M.L. Jones

I have constantly been dismayed by gun writers who put 25 to 50 rounds through a weapon and pronounce it reliable. So I took the weapon to an IPSC match I designed. It was a "specialty" match in which the 30 competitors shot the same weapon: the Detonics. They each put 50 rounds through the weapon without a malfunction. The loads ranged from 200-grain semi-wadcutter handloads to factory-jacketed hollowpoints.

The weapon was also tested for accuracy at reasonable ranges. Since the overwhelming majority of lethal confrontations take place at distances of under 20 feet, it seemed a pointless exercise to spend time shooting 50-yard groups. The Detonics performed excellently at normal combat distances.

The weapon comes throated for high-performance ammunition, with an enlarged ejection port to insure that the empties don't hang up. The piece handled

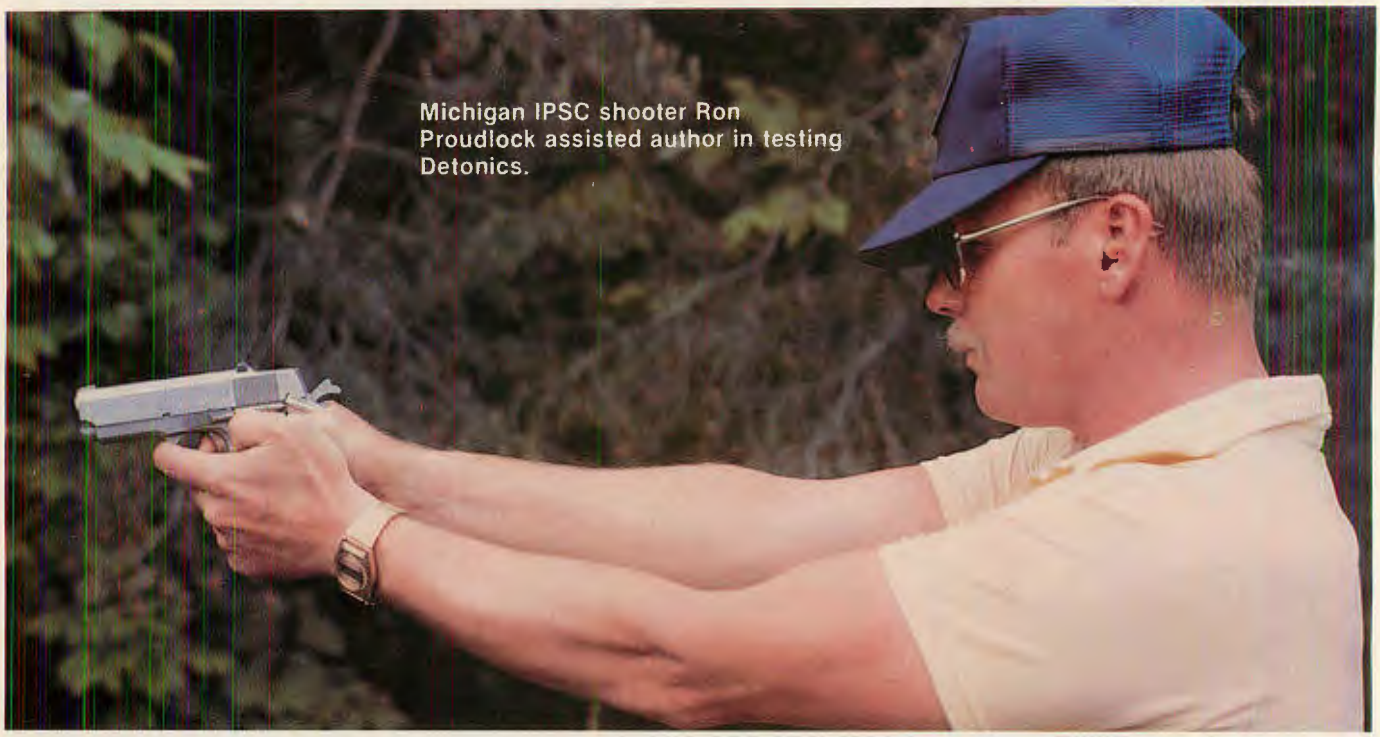
all currently available, high-performance .45 ammunition easily. Because I was curious about the velocity loss from the Detonics' shorter barrel, I chronographed a number of factory loads and checked them for expansion by firing them into a 20-pound block of ductseal.

The results are listed below:

	Load	Velocity	Expansion
1. W-W	185-grain jhp	903fps	.603"
2. Speer	200-grain jhp	823fps	.634"
3. R-P	185-grain jhp	819fps	.487"
4. Super Vel	190-grain jhp	916fps	.576"
5. Federal	185-grain jhp	931fps	.667"
6. Federal	230-grain fmj	762fps	.452"

As the testing revealed, the .45 doesn't lose much velocity from the shorter barrel. Actually, since the .45 obtains its excellent stopping power from the heavy bullet and large diameter, a noticeable loss in velocity isn't critical.

While the Detonics stainless has proven



Michigan IPSC shooter Ron Proudlock assisted author in testing Detonics.

Detonics rides snugly in Davis holster designed for Colt Government Model.

to be a reliable performer, it's not quite perfect. The smooth front strap makes it difficult to control in rapid fire. Fortunately, while I was in the process of wringing out the Detonics, Pachmayr shipped me a pair of new rubber grips for it. They make all the difference in the world.

Since Detonics already offers a Pachmayr mainspring housing, we can hope they'll soon offer the grips as standard issue. Out of the box, the gun had a nine-pound trigger pull. While I brought this down to a five-pound pull rather easily, one would expect a weapon as expensive as the Mark VI to arrive with an acceptable trigger.

Although there is considerable debate over what weapon provides adequate stopping power, there should be little argument that the Detonics is an excellent choice for those who prefer big-bore stopping power in a compact package.

ABOVE: Pachmayr mainspring housing helps absorb .45's recoil.

ABOVE: Fully loaded indicator protrudes from bottom of magazine to indicate weapon's status to shooter.

RIGHT: Rear-sight blades are available in different heights to allow proper setting for elevation.

BELOW: Enlarged ejection port is worthwhile feature on weapon designed for self-defense.

AFGHANISTAN'S WINTER WAR

Russian Goals in War's 2nd Year

by David C. Isby

Soviet troops move out from landing zone. Mi-8 "Hips" that inserted them hover overhead, able to deliver supporting fire from 57mm rocket pods. Photo: V.M. Martinova

BY the time this is in print, the Soviet army will probably have launched and concluded a number of offensives in Afghanistan. These offensives may not attract the attention of the press, for they will be launched under tight security and will lack massed tanks or hub-to-hub artillery. Instead, the Soviets will attack with limited but specific objectives — to clear Afghans from strategically valuable areas and prevent further anti-Soviet activities in those areas. The Soviet goal is to completely eliminate the opposition in a given area by destroying not only the Afghan guerrillas, but the food they eat and the society they defend.

In the spring of 1980, the expected all-out Soviet offensive did not materialize. Apparently, the Soviets have concentrated on consolidating their hold around important areas such as roads and cities, building up support and logistical facilities, purging the Afghan army and launching a series of limited offensives. The winter of 1980-81 should see more intense offensive combat. Soviet anti-guerrilla operations ("anti-partisan," as the Soviets refer to them) emphasize winter offensives.

Historically, winter campaigns have proven effective. The U.S. Army brought its most elusive Indian opponents to decisive battle through long and hard winter campaigning. The Germans mounted their most successful attacks against Soviet partisans in the depths of the Russian winter.

In winter, the Afghans will be at a disadvantage. Their ability to move cross-country is greatly reduced, while the Soviets can rely on helicopters and tracked vehicles. Afghan villages and camps become more vulnerable in winter — moving the women, children and old people who support the guerrillas with food and supplies would be a hellish task. This limits the guerrillas' ability to react to Soviet attacks or to avoid encirclement. Even if the guerrillas left those people

behind in order to evade the Soviets, they could not fight long without the food and aid they provide, plus worries about the security of their families would surely damage morale amongst the guerrillas.

Not having the logistical support of a western-style army, the Afghans rely on the food provided by their supporters. In winter, the Afghans must depend on stored grain. Fodder for the sheep and goats that provide much of their diet and clothing is also stored. Moving grain, flocks and fodder from an area under Soviet attack would be difficult in winter. Those critical stored supplies will be the objective of any Soviet offensive as much as the Afghans themselves.

The Opposing Forces— Winter 1980-81

The Soviet army in Afghanistan includes those divisions that invaded the country in 1979 (the 5th, 54th, 66th, 201st, 346th and 360th Motorized Rifle Divisions and 105th Guards Airborne Division), but most of their enlisted personnel have since been rotated out.

Before the invasion, the motorized rifle divisions were stationed in the Central Asia and Turkestan Military Districts in the Soviet Union. They were brought up to strength for the invasion by mobilizing large numbers of reservists who lived in these districts. These divisions, therefore, included a larger-than-normal percentage of Moslems and Asians who might sympathize with the Afghans. These recalled reservists, upon completion of their required service, returned to civilian life, being replaced by conscripts from throughout the Soviet Union.

An army-level headquarters has been established near Kabul to command operations in all of Afghanistan. Additional units have been sent in from the Soviet Union, including *Raydoviki* brigades — equivalent to U.S. Ranger battalions (see "Ivan's Elite," SOF, October '80). Other units, not likely to be of use in Afghanistan (such as some air-defense units), have been withdrawn to the Soviet Union. The KGB has increased its presence in Afghanistan, collecting information on Afghan activities and making extensive use of agents and infiltrators.

While the Soviets apparently fulfilled most of their first-year objectives in Afghanistan, they still had to deal with Afghan ambushes and their own tactical failures — which resulted in the loss of some very impressive hardware. The weapons and tactics of the Soviet army are intended for mechanized combined-arms offensive combat — for war fought by large units against NATO or China — rather than the company- and battalion-sized forces, often operating on foot, that must characterize any anti-guerrilla campaign in difficult terrain.

Lessons Learned

Reportedly, the Soviet army has realized that much of its small-unit tactical training has proved inadequate in Afghanistan, and crash improvement programs have been instituted. Even if motorized rifle units are out of their element in Afghanistan, the Soviets have many other forces at their disposal. The paratroopers and *Raydoviki* — tough, well-trained troops — will give Soviet winter-offensive operations a sharp edge.

Helicopters have proven as indispensable to the Soviets in Afghanistan as they were to the Americans in Vietnam. Big Mi-6 *Hooks* provide heavy-lift capability, while the multi-purpose Mi-8 *Hip* is used as the main troop carrier and has been seen fitted for aerial minelaying (see pg. 24), a good way to reinforce a defensive perimeter quickly. It is also used as a heavily armed attack helicopter, similar to the ACH-47A "Guns a Go-Go" gunship

Soviet BTR-60PB APCs in Afghanistan. Afghans have discovered that bursts of automatic-weapons fire into forward tire of standard Soviet APC will not only deflate it, but at least one round will penetrate mild-steel wheelwell — and kill driver.

Photo: V.M. Martinova

version of the basic Chinook used by the U.S. Army in Vietnam. But the most important Soviet helicopter used in Afghanistan has been the Mi-24 *Hind* attack helicopter. Heavily armed and armored, *Hinds* are impervious to most Afghan weapons unless fired at from above by weapons positioned on mountaintops.

Hinds From Above

Hinds are a key element of Soviet offensives in Afghanistan. They provide close air support for ground troops and, along with Soviet fixed-wing aircraft, make airstrikes against Afghan villages and armed-reconnaissance missions to detect and attack guerrilla groups — missions that will become easier in winter, when they can follow tracks in the snow, and the number of alternative routes for Afghan movement is limited.

Many of the roads in Afghanistan are narrow and snake through valleys overlooked by mountains — perfect ambush situations — so whenever a Soviet troop column or supply convoy moves in guerrilla territory, it is accompanied by *Hinds*. While half the *Hind* force remains overhead, watching for Afghan activity, the other *Hinds* land troops on crests ahead of the column (in addition to its powerful armament, each *Hind* can carry eight to 16 troops). These troops — which belong to standard motorized rifle units rather than special airmobile units — secure any ambush positions, providing flank security until the column has passed.

These outposts are protected against Afghan attack by *Hinds* hovering overhead. They are then picked up and inserted on a crest farther along the route. Other *Hinds* range ahead of the column to detect and strike Afghans concentrating for an attack.

These tactics — combined with restricting supply convoys to daylight movement and consolidating small convoys into larger ones — will make it difficult indeed for the Afghans to halt Soviet offensives by striking at their supply lines.

New Soviet Weapons

In addition to the helicopters, the Soviets have introduced a wide variety of new weapons into action in Afghanistan. These include the T-64 and T-72 main battle tanks; the RPG-75 hand-held, single-shot, anti-tank weapon — similar to the U.S. M72 LAW; the AKS 5.45mm assault rifle (see "AK-74," SOF, February '81); a new reloadable anti-tank weapon, probably designated RPG-9 or RPG-16; and the AGS-17 30mm automatic grenade launcher.

New weapons or field improvisations of existing systems are logical responses to the fighting conditions in Afghanistan. For example, BMD airborne-infantry combat vehicles have been seen, with their 73mm gun — intended to kill tanks — replaced with what appears to be an AGS-17. Indeed, the AGS-17 appears a most effective weapon in Afghanistan, providing firepower for dismounted troops in places where normal artillery cannot reach.

Evidence of Soviet use of gas in Afghanistan is considerable (see "Invisible Enemy," SOF, November '80), especially when viewed in the light of convincing reports of the use of Soviet-supplied gas by Vietnamese forces in Laos in 1975-80. Soviet writings seldom deal with offensive-chemical-warfare tactics, but it appears that the Soviets are inclined to employ it against an enemy most likely to suffer from its use — troops without anti-gas equipment or training (such as the Afghans), or an enemy unable to retaliate with chemical warfare of its own.

Just the *threat* of Soviet chemical warfare, however, creates Afghan morale problems, since the Mujahideen have neither effective defense nor response. Although there have been reports that the Soviets have used binary chemical munitions in Afghanistan, it is doubtful that they would risk having their most modern gasses compromised when a less advanced gas would be just as effective. Reports emerging from Afghanistan imply that the standard gas in Soviet use is a concentrated form of CS-type gas, rather than a nerve agent. However, an escalation of Soviet chemical warfare in Afghanistan cannot be ruled out.

Soviet Control System

Today, the Soviets are apparently attempting to rebuild the Afghan army — training troops, installing officers of proven political loyalty and creating a control system throughout the command (to make sure they remain in charge), much as they did with the armies of Eastern Europe after 1945. It is a process that may take some years. While Afghan units will no doubt continue to be deployed against their countrymen, the burden of offensive combat in the winter will probably fall upon the Soviets.

The strengths and weaknesses of the Afghan guerrillas have been detailed in previous issues of *Soldier of Fortune* (see "Assignment Afghanistan," September '80; "Jihad in Afghanistan," October '80; "Prayers Replace Pushups," and "The Tie That Binds," November '80). Since then, there have been reports that the guerrillas have been using SA-7 *Grail* man-portable, heat-seeking surface-to-air missiles. Films from Afghanistan, seen on British television, show guerrillas carrying what appear to be SA-7s, probably received from Afghan army deserters, although they may have been obtained from other sources. The possibility of Afghan use of SA-7s would force the Soviets to alter their helicopter tactics, reducing helicopter vulnerability at the expense of accuracy in weapons delivery.

Soviet offensive operations in Afghanistan are intended to surprise, surround and destroy guerrilla forces and remove their base of support.

Soviet passion for secrecy becomes pronounced in these operations. The troops themselves are not told of their mission until they have been committed to action, preventing any sympathizers — always a possibility, especially amongst Moslem soldiers — from informing the Afghans. To avoid increased radio traffic that might indicate an impending attack, and to deny useful information to Western listening stations in Pakistan, the Soviets will use courier aircraft and helicopters to deliver plans and orders. Ground couriers will normally not be used due to the danger of ambush.

Surround and Conquer

The Soviet attack will develop quickly. Troops will be inserted by helicopter or road to form a cordon surrounding the objective. The cordon, initially established at least one day's advance from the objective — and usually more — will secure naturally strategic terrain and dig in, with each sub-unit in visual contact with those on its flanks, creating a total encirclement. Mobile detachments will be held in reserve behind the cordon to pursue any guerrillas that might break through. With the cordon in place, Soviet aircraft will drop leaflets on all the villages within it, calling on the Afghans to evacuate at once and assemble at designated concentration points.

The cordon, followed by its reserve pursuit detachments, will then close in on its objective, advancing perhaps as little as two or three kilometers a day due to Afghanistan's winter. The countryside will be combed for arms, food caches and guerrilla hideouts. In winter, the Soviets may advance both by day and night, ideally during a full moon. They are alert to night-breakout attempts and, if one is expected, they may halt to assume a defensive position before twilight. Night security will be emphasized, with widespread use of infrared-vision devices and outposts to spot any breakout attempt.

Troop Support

Tanks will be used whenever possible to support the advancing Soviet forces. It may be difficult to use artillery in much of Afghanistan, but it will follow directly behind the main elements wherever possible. Artillery will be used for psychological effect, to fire illumination rounds at night and for support in any pitched battles that may result. Most of the firepower, however, will probably have to come from the troops themselves, and they may receive additional machine guns and AGS-17s for extended dismounted

Mi-24 "Hind-A" attack helicopter. These heavily armed aircraft and newer "Hind-Ds" play important role in Soviet unconventional operations and have been heavily used in Afghanistan. "Hind-As" use 12.7mm machine gun under the nose and 57mm rocket pods, mounted on stub wings, against soft targets, and can carry up to four "Swatter" or "Sagger" ATGMs. Cabin, aft of cockpit, accommodates eight to 16 troops. Small-scale operations will probably use "Hinds" to provide fire support and carry troops. Photo: U.S. Army

operations. *Hinds* and fixed-wing aircraft will provide constant reconnaissance and airstrikes.

The Soviet ring will tighten slowly but inexorably. It will take a lot of time and a lot of troops, but anyone still at the objective when the Soviets reach it will be on the receiving end of airstrikes, artillery barrages and finally a ground assault. Soviet anti-guerrilla tactics characteristically use simple, straightforward, effective methods, utilizing Soviet numerical superiority, their undisputed command of the air and their ability to insert troops swiftly by helicopter in otherwise inaccessible places.

Once the cordon has tightened around an area, the Soviets will probably want to make sure it cannot be used for guerrilla operations again. This goal will probably be achieved by destroying local agriculture and forcing the people to move to areas where they are more easily controlled.

Draining The Water

It would be a logical step for the puppet Afghan government to set up "strategic hamlets" or other resettlement centers. If, as Mao said, the guerrilla must move amongst the people as a fish swims in the sea, the Soviets intend to drain the water. It may come to pass that only vultures will be able to find sustenance in much of Afghanistan, and only those guerrillas operating from bases inside Pakistan would be able to continue the struggle. This would limit guerrilla operations to the border, where the Soviets would then commit the bulk of their troops.

The border area may never be peaceful, but the Soviets have the military potential to contain the fighting there at what they consider an acceptable level of intensity. Indeed, the Soviet army may find, as the British Indian Army did years ago, that there is no better place for live-fire training than the northwest frontier area, and that it may be a good idea to maintain the conflict.

In the past, the Soviets have been willing to fight counter-guerrilla campaigns for as long as it takes to achieve victory. Regiment-sized operations were still being mounted against post-WWII, anti-communist partisans in the Ukraine and the Baltic states as late as 1953. Afghanistan may last even longer, but unless there are some dramatic changes in the future, the outlook for the Afghan people is grim.


AIR

Blimps May Be Wave of Future

AIRSHIPS COME OF AGE

Text & Photos by Marv Wolf

It's something like conning a large boat in a stiff breeze. Left full rudder — and for a while nothing happens. Nothing at all. Then the horizon slowly swivels. The nose drops. I spin the heavy wheel at my right side, and I know that the huge elevator surfaces are moving somewhere behind our gondola. The nose rises, swiftly — too swiftly.

Goodyear's Los Angeles-based airship pilots and crew keep "Columbia" flying. Above, counterclockwise: Joe Nick, Jr., senior rigger (left), receives 20th anniversary award in informal ceremony; John Crayton, senior pilot, at airship's controls; Joel Chamberlain, assistant pilot-in-charge, prepares for takeoff; Capt. Tom Matus leans against mooring mast's rigging as "Columbia" rests between flights; Dick Peck, chief of electronic maintenance, checks airship's sign system in maintenance trailer.

ABOVE: Crew readies airship for launching by holding lightweight ship down as pilot brings nose into wind. RIGHT: After launch, crew breaks down mooring mast, before storing it underground.

"Careful now," warns Captain Joel Chamberlain from the chair on my right. "There's LAX traffic in a crossing pattern overhead at 1,000 feet, and you want to keep some separation. Hold it at 900 if you can." I spin the wheel forward, and the nose drops. Too far.

"You don't want to get too low either," cautions Chamberlain. Below us are schools, shops, factories, homes, 10,000 rooftops. I bring the nose back up and study the nose attitude indicator, an unfamiliar instrument on a strange panel.

Now the airship has come too far left, much too far, and I hurriedly push down on the right rudder pedal. I'm trying to follow the concrete conveyor of the Harbor Freeway, eight lanes of autos streaming north and south. Those heading south, the way we are, leave us behind quickly as we cruise at 35 knots. The nose swings back and, just before it gets to where I think it should be, I counter with the left pedal, and we are headed about 15 degrees west of due south — the nose is anyway. The airship, bucking a 10-knot wind, is crabbing south along the freeway at 900 feet. I realize I'm sweating.

"That's the ticket," says Chamberlain, his 6,000 hours of airship flight in evidence. "Understeer. Let her have a chance to respond."

Ahead, in the murky haze that passes for Los Angeles air, is a large green field with a concrete circle near the center. It's the blimp base, and it's time for a real pilot to take the helm. Chamberlain settles down into the comfortable seat like an executive returning from a coffee break. We begin a wide downwind turn. On the ground a dozen men, more or less, are visible, moving with studied purpose toward the upwind side of the concrete circle.

The Moment Of Truth

In ordinary, heavier-than-air craft, landing is the ultimate moment of stark terror, relieving the previous hours of boredom. It is the moment of truth, belonging to the pilot alone — who has to slow down, descend, decide at which instant to cut power and drop to the runway, wrestle the controls if needed, to keep the ship rolling straight and true and gently apply the wheel brakes. Blimps, on the other hand, require all that concentration and skill by the pilot, but they also require a ground crew. You cannot land a blimp just anywhere — that is if you ever expect to take off again.

BELOW LEFT: Launching airship requires coordination and teamwork. Chief rigger (right) watches windsock, and when "Columbia" is right into the wind, orders "up ship." Men holding nose lines drop them, crew holding cabin scatters, pilot guns engines and puts the nose up.

BELOW RIGHT: Rail at bottom of blimp enables crew to hang on to ship after landing and before takeoff.

ABOVE: "Columbia" cruises over Anaheim, California.

BELOW: Instrument panel of "Columbia" shows complexity of airship control.

We slow to about 10 knots, and so skillfully has Chamberlain descended that the gondola suspended beneath the great shining gasbag is but 20 feet off the ground. The ground crew has somehow arranged itself with almost military precision. Four stalwarts stand at each side of the descending nose. At a signal from the crew chief they dash forward, snagging one of the two long ropes trailing from the airship's nose, racing off at 45 degrees to a hundred feet or so, then digging in. Behind the cockpit window, Chamberlain's feet are busy on the pedals, keeping the Fat Lady, as the airship is affectionately called, squarely facing a shifting wind. The throttles controlling the twin pusher props are advanced and the elevator wheel run forward to full stop. The pilot drives the Fat Lady into the ground, resting precariously on its single wheel. Three more crewmen dash up with a ladder, and the cabin door is opened from outside.

"Keep your seats please. We're going to put three passengers on, then we'll take three off," shouts Joe Nick, the senior rigger. We nod obediently, and three passengers are hoisted up the steps into the cabin. We go down the stairs, brawny arms assisting us, then move swiftly out beyond the men straining at the Fat Lady's tether ropes. The door is closed and the steps pulled away. The crew chief stands under the massive nose, signaling with his arms.

ABOVE: Wings worn by airship pilots. (There are only 20 in existence.)

BELOW: Passengers watch landing field as "Columbia" takes off for trip over Los Angeles.

Men dash to and fro with 25-pound sacks of lead shot — ballast. When the airship weighs about 125 pounds, the crew chief motions everyone clear. The rope handlers release their grips. The Fat Lady surges forward. Twin engines howl in unison. The nose rises to a steep angle and the airship "Columbia," one of the four Goodyear blimps, leaps upward at nearly 45 degrees, climbing rapidly into the California sunshine.

It will cruise, this time, for another half hour, before returning to its base for another landing, another half-dozen passengers, another takeoff, another routine day in the lighter-than-air life of the world's best-known advertising symbol.

Goodyear has been building airships since 1917 — more than 300 so far, including 250 built for the military. Goodyear is still building blimps and plans to continue turning out one handmade airship every two years. Since there are four Goodyear airships ("Europa," based near Rome, Italy; "America," at Houston; "Enterprise" at Pompano Beach, Fla.; and the "Columbia," at Los Angeles), and each has a useful life expectancy of about eight years, Goodyear is commissioning and retiring an airship every other year.

Nobody else builds airships. Nobody. There is one other blimp in the world, owned by a German concern, but it flies only a few months a year. Each of the Goodyear airships is named for a winner of the America's Cup sailing races, and all are direct descendants of the world's first powered aircraft — the 145-foot airship powered by a three-horsepower steam engine built by Henri Giffard of France in 1852.

Airships were part of the U.S. arsenal until the early 1960s. Both the Army and Navy used airships, but it was the Navy that used most of them. During WWII, hundreds of Allied convoys crossed the Atlantic and the Caribbean under airship escort. Not one airship-escorted convoy ever lost a ship; the German wolfpacks wisely steered clear of airship escorts or hid in the safety of the deep.

But today the airship is mostly a benevolent ambassador of goodwill for the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, and airship pilots and crewmen are chosen as much for their public-relations qualities as their air worthiness.

HOW AN AIRSHIP WORKS

THE "Columbia" and her sister airships each have a main gasbag and two smaller bladders, called ballonets, inside the outer envelope. At sea level, the ballonets are filled with ordinary air. As the ship rises, the helium expands due to the decrease in air density. Excess helium feeds into the ballonets, displacing air. As the ship descends, the helium returns to the main bag.

The engineering design permits the "Columbia" to reach 10,000 feet above sea level on a "standard" day. At this time, the ballonets are completely full of helium. If the ship climbs higher, the still-expanding helium will have to be valved into the atmosphere. When the ship ultimately descends, the helium lost to valving is unavailable for lift — one second of valving reduces the ship's payload by 12 pounds — but the ballonets are filled with air, which is heavier than helium by a factor of seven.

If the "Columbia" is taken to 10,000 feet on a standard day, some valving of helium occurs, but when it returns to sea level the ballonets are completely full. Suppose, however, the ship went to 10,000 feet. Then when it returned to 200 feet, the ballonets would be full of air, but there would be no way to return to the ground and maintain the same helium pressure. The bag would deform, and landing would become hazardous.

The envelope, or outer bag, is shaped like an airfoil. Wind passing over the bag creates lift. The wind is supplied by the two 210-hp pusher-prop engines behind the cabin, which propel the airship forward. A pilot carefully calculates his landing weight before takeoff, based on how much fuel he intends to burn. A flight of 30 minutes will burn off about 50 pounds of fuel, for example, and so the ballast is added to a rear compartment to give the ship enough weight to compensate. A weight of about 125 pounds is desirable for landing.

The ship is steered with foot pedals which control twin rudders, on top and bottom of the fins at the rear of the envelope. Up and down is controlled with elevator surfaces on fins at either side of the envelope. The elevators are controlled by a vertical wheel at the right side of the pilot's chair.

Engine speed and synchronization are controlled by twin throttles on the left side of the pilot position. Speeding up one prop and slowing the other can be used to steer the aircraft in an emergency. The synch function is used mostly to reduce the amount of engine noise. There is only one pilot position; the copilot's spot has no controls. Under ideal conditions the "Columbia" can cruise for about 500 air miles, though trips of 350 to 400 miles are more common. —M.W.

Goodyear's Los Angeles pilot-in-charge, Capt. Nick Nicolary, with 30-year-old helium purifier. "It still works well, but it's almost impossible to get spare parts. We have to fix anything that breaks by either fabricating a new part or repairing the old one. But they don't make anything like this any more, so we keep using it," explains Nicolary.

Chief of the "Columbia," its crew, support facility and base is Capt. Nick Nicolary, pilot-in-charge. In the quasi-military atmosphere required to safely maintain each airship, Nicolary is something like the base commanding officer. But the blimp operation is comparatively low key, and although there is a dress code and uniforms for the crew, the close-knit camaraderie of shared tasks and dangers, and the sense of discipline required by the nature of the airship cause the pilot-in-charge to lead more with the carrot than with the stick.

Nicolary learned to fly in the Army, first in L-19s, then in the OV-1 Mohawk. He got a little time in behind the stick of a T-33 jet trainer. When he left the Army he found work with Douglas Aircraft as an engineering tech writer. Thirteen years ago he spotted a classified ad that someone had tacked to a bulletin board: Wanted: Blimp Pilots — We Will Train.

The rest is a long tale of interviews, more interviews, check flights and a year as a student pilot, experiencing all kinds of flight conditions on the "Columbia's" annual odyssey around the Western states. Nicolary became the "Columbia's" commander in 1971 and, although he is only one of four pilots-in-charge, he's probably the best known. He's been in a number of Goodyear TV commercials and been interviewed by newsmen all over the country. But his most famous role was as the copilot in the motion picture "Black Sunday." He was also the technical adviser for the film.

Luck, Skill And Looks

What does it take to become a blimp pilot?

"Well, there's a certain amount of luck involved with even getting an interview. We have an opening somewhere for a pilot maybe every 18 months to two years," he explains. "The 'Columbia' has even less turnover than that — the junior pilot here has six years with us. Myself and two of the others have over a dozen years each. But when there is an opening, we advertise, and usually get hundreds of applicants.

"The pilot-in-charge will screen all the resumes to get that down to a workable number. We might actually interview 30 to 35 pilots. We're interested in pilots with the right qualifications as airmen, of course — instrument ratings, multi-engine experience, and so forth. We're also looking for the right breed. We don't want to invest a lot of money and time training a pilot who will leave us in a couple of years for a better-paying job with an airline.

"By the time we get the interviewees down to maybe 10, any of them would be highly acceptable, highly qualified." The final selection, however, isn't made by a flier. It's made by the head of Goodyear's public relations department.

The pilot chosen has *not only* to be a superb flier, but must also represent the company wherever he goes. So he must look good, sound good. All of the Goodyear airship pilots have that quality; it's part of the reason the blimps are so successful as advertising tools. Goodyear blimp pilots can earn as much as $50,000 a year, though most earn somewhat less. The amount is contingent upon longevity with the company.

Becoming a crewman is somewhat easier. Newcomers begin as "field wages" — part-time workers who manhandle mooring cables, tote 25-pound bags of lead-shot ballast, wash and clean the cabin and help erect and dismantle the mooring mast. A newcomer, typically a young man 18 to 22 years of age, might start at $1,000 a month, plus considerable overtime during several months a year. Other crewmen are hired for their skills in maintaining aircraft engines, the airframe and the radios, as well as the plethora of special support equipment, such as the computer that drives the lighted "Goodyear" night sign.

The "Columbia" travels as much as 250 days a year. The crew travels with it, for the airship must return to a base when it lands. The base requires only 400 square feet of landing area, but it must have a mooring mast and some ground support. Goodyear has developed a highly organized approach during its 25 years of advertising-blimp experience. The support crew's ground route, via the road network, determines the airship's flight route, since the traveling support team must try to stay within 35 miles of the airship at all times.

Another major factor is the terrain. While the "Columbia" and her sister airships can ascend to as high as 10,000 feet, the crew tries to keep her under 4,000 feet as much as possible. Rising above that altitude causes the helium in her bag to expand, and some must be vented. When the airship descends, the helium contracts, and the lift decreases. Helium is expensive, of course, but the main reason for conserving it while traveling is that it's hard to find in sufficient quantity: the bag holds 202,700 cubic feet of the inert gas. So "Columbia" crosses mountain ranges at passes, and sticks close to the roads.

Blimp Entourage

The support element travels in a special, 22-passenger touring bus, an 18-wheel semi-trailer and a van, all painted with the familiar blue-and-white company colors. Some of the crew travel in their own cars and are paid a mileage allowance. The trailer truck has both a complete motor-maintenance and an electronics shop tucked into its innards. The bus is built by the manufacturer of those in Greyhound service.

"We've found this to be the solution to our bus-maintenance woes," explains Nicolary. "No matter how small a town we visit, there's a Greyhound depot somewhere close where we can get all the parts we need."

The front portion of the air-conditioned bus is standard. The rear opens into a field office — with desk, typewriter and storage cabinets. There is also a highly sophisticated radio and radio-relay system.

"We can communicate between the Fat Lady and the bus, wherever we are, with this setup," explains Nicolary. "And we can use the relay capability to transmit messages from a ground crewman with a handheld radio, through the bus and to another portable in the crew chief's hotel room. That way, if the crewman on watch needs help, he

After launch, crew of riggers, field wages and pitch-in Capt. John Crayton collect unused ballast. Photo by Marv Wolf

BLIMP – WHAT'S IN A NAME?

OF all the words that have entered the English language because of man's development of powered flight, the term "blimp" seems to hold exceptional fascination for etymologists, those savants who study the origin and history of words.

A blimp is defined as a non-rigid airship with the shape of its envelope, or bag, entirely maintained by the internal pressure of the lifting gas.

How did such a flying machine come to be known as a blimp?

Zeppelins, those huge airships with rigid, internal frameworks, like the "Akron," "Macon" and "Hindenburg," were named for the man who developed such aerial behemoths, Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin. But tracing the origin of the word "blimp" has not proved quite so simple.

For years, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, a pioneer in the production of lighter-than-air craft in the United States, has been telling people that "blimp" is a contraction of the military designation of the World War I British airship known as "Balloon, Type B, limp."

This wasn't just Goodyear's story. It always has been the most popular and widely accepted account of how the word came into being. Even dictionaries list this as the probable origin of the word.

Now Goodyear is ready to admit that this explanation is just so much hot air.

The man who burst the historical bubble — or balloon, if you will — is Dr. A.D. Topping, an expert on the history of lighter-than-air craft, which provided man with his first form of flight.

Dr. Topping serves as editor and historian of The Lighter-Than-Air Society, which draws its membership from all over the world.

In shooting holes in the "Balloon, Type B, limp" theory, Dr. Topping claims that the British never had an airship with a "limp" designation before, during or after World War I, nor did they have anything referred to as "Type B."

Topping also discounts another theory that "blimp" is a contraction for "bloody limp," as some etymologists contend, claiming that this misconception stems from the British habit of liberally lacing their speech with the adjective "bloody."

After considerable research on the subject, the LTA historian says he believes the truth about the origin of the word "blimp" can be found in the pages of the British magazine, "The Aeroplane," which carried a series of correspondence about the matter between July and November, 1951.

This material singles out not only the man who coined the word, but also the time and place the event took place.

The credit, according to Topping, must go to Lt. (later Air Commodore) A.D. Cunningham of the Royal Navy Air Service, who, in December 1915, was commanding officer of the British airship station at Capel.

On Sunday, 5 December 1915, Lt. Cunningham was conducting his weekly inspection of the airship station. One of his stops was a large shed, or hangar, which housed His Majesty's Airship SS-12 (the SS was for Submarine Scout). The shed was constructed with a deep recess in the floor to accommodate the airship car, permitting crewmen and others to walk along the floor at the same level as the bag of the airship.

During his inspection of the SS-12, Cunningham broke the solemnity of the occasion by playfully flipping his thumb at the gasbag. He was rewarded with an odd noise that echoed off the taut fabric.

Cunningham smiled, then orally imitated the sound that his thumb had drummed out of the airship bag: "Blimp!"

According to "The Aeroplane" account, the commanding officer then "straightened his face — and so did the midshipman commanding the SS-12, the first airship to be called 'Blimp.' "

The young midshipman, who later became Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, repeated the tale of this humorous inspection interlude to fellow officers in the mess before lunch that same day.

Topping believes that by this route — Cunningham to Goddard to the officers' mess and then to the world — the word "blimp" came to enrich the language of flight.

While "blimp" is now common to our language, the type of aircraft which it describes is not. There are only four non-rigid lighter-than-air craft operating on a regular schedule in the world today. These are the "America, Columbia, Enterprise" and "Europa," all owned and operated by Goodyear.

Goodyear News Bureau

just pushes a button and a loud alarm goes off. We can be there in minutes."

The airship is always attended, day and night. At least one crewman stands watch, making hourly checks of lashings and helium pressure. The pressure is affected by atmospheric conditions but, more importantly, the possibility of a leak is always present. Catching a leak before the bag collapses is crucial.

"If the bag is deflated — which can happen either accidently, as in a puncture, or on purpose when we pull the rip panel to make a forced landing — then we have to take the whole ship apart. We ship the bag off to the factory, where they inspect and repair it. Every square inch has to be checked, and then rechecked, for even a pinhole," explains Nicolary. "It puts the ship out of action for six to eight weeks. So we try not to ever let it happen."

The bag contains two helium balloons, and is made of double-thickness Neoprene-coated Dacron. It's about the same thickness as a shirt collar and is comprised of hand-cemented, machine-sewn panels, each three feet by six feet.

The "Columbia" is 192 feet long, 59 feet high and 50 feet wide. She's handmade, of course, since there isn't much reason to set up an assembly line. "It cost us about $1.5 million to build her. But if someone wanted to buy a blimp, the cost would be closer to $4 million. That's because we'd have to make a profit and because most of the hardware — the cabin, the engines, all the fittings — is refurbished each time we build a new airship. For someone to buy a new one, we'd have to build or subcontract for all this gear. And we'd want to make a profit, too."

So far there have been no commercial customers. Part of the reason is the initial expense; another is upkeep, estimated at $1.5 to $2 million a year for one blimp.

"And anyone who wanted to fly her would have to either have us train the crew and pilots or hire away some of our people. We have pretty good pay and excellent benefits, so they'd really have to come up with a lot of money to get someone to leave," smiles Nicolary.

Preferred Passengers

The airships can carry up to six passengers. Nearly every day the receptionist at the Los Angeles base gets dozens of phone calls and requests from ride-seekers. Most are turned down.

"Rides aren't available to the general public," explains Bob Urhausen, the "Columbia's" PR man. He started his association with the Fat Lady 13 years ago, as a field wage. "We do invite certain good customers of the company to come out for a ride. We'll entertain requests from the news media, especially from TV stations, to use the blimp for a camera platform to cover sporting events." This service is performed without charge, and the tradeoff is that millions of TV viewers see and hear announcers refer to the airship as it orbits the stadiums where events are televised.

But to the hundreds of weekly visitors who turn off the freeway and walk into the office to ask for a ride, the answer is almost always no. Some come up with wildly implausible stories: They are considering buying an airship; they are movie producers; they are friends or relatives or otherwise connected to some celebrity. Most of these are turned away, politely. Once in a while someone comes up with a perfect con job, as the time, not so long ago, when a telephone caller convinced Urhausen that he was the son of a top-level executive of the Goodyear company. Urhausen didn't find out he'd been conned until he later checked with the executive, who told him he didn't have a son.

When the Fat Lady is moored for the night at its base, a mooring mast is erected. Tightly secured to it, the blimp rolls in circles before the wind on its single wheel, which rides on a caster resembling that on a typewriter table. When the crew sets up its mobile base, the bus anchors the mast, which folds down for storage when the bus is on the road. A pair of stabilizing wheels are affixed to either side of the bus chassis. They look like oversized training wheels on a kid's bike, but they serve to keep the bus from turning over if a high wind catches the blimp.

Perfect Safety Record

The airship's safety record is impeccable: Goodyear has never had a passenger fatality on any of its advertising airships. One blimp was lost in a 90mph wind in the midwest a few years ago.

"It was moored to a mast, but the wind was just too much. It picked up an airplane and threw it through the air," recalls Urhausen. "The airship was blown into a cornfield. By the time the wind subsided, it had flattened

about four acres of corn. Paying for the corn was cheap, compared with replacing the bag. But we salvaged all the hardware and fittings, so it wasn't a total loss."

The airship flies nights with a lighted sign. A computer aboard directs the different colored lights on the sign to spell out messages. Often they are public-service messages, and a keyboard console permits the sign operator to spell out almost anything. The computer and lights require more power than the airship's twin 210-hp engines can spare for electricity, so an auxiliary power unit (APU) is carried for night-sign operations. The combination of sign computer, technician and APU makes it impractical to carry passengers.

How different is airship flying from heavier-than-air craft flying?

"The biggest thing is getting used to the fact that we're so slow," explains Nicolary. "It's partly a mental adjustment that's required. I have to think of myself as a ship of the air, where 35 knots cruising, 50 knots max, is pretty fast. It also makes you tremendously conscious of the weather. Weather is a big factor in airship operation — and becoming weather conscious makes you a better pilot in any kind of aircraft."

The "Columbia" and its sister ships are so big, according to Nicolary, that in a heavy rainstorm the weight of the water falling on the bag adds about 400 pounds to the ship's weight. Ice, which can form at higher altitudes, is even heavier and can be dangerous. The airship usually lifts off at about 125 pounds. The bag itself is a huge airfoil, and as air flows across the bag it exerts lift. As fuel is burned off, the ship is lightened and handles differently as the pilot returns to base for landing.

For cross-country flights, measured in hours rather than ground miles, two pilots are required. There is a pilot-relief tube for urination, but no other toilet facilities. The cabin is large enough to stretch out, walk around and limber up in. Since its length is shorter than the airship's center of gravity, moving about doesn't affect aircraft attitude.

AIRSHIPS, DIRIGIBLES, BLIMPS AND ZEPPELINS

THERE are three kinds of airships: rigid, semi-rigid and non-rigid. Rigid airships include such famous ones as the "Hindenburg" and the "Graf Zeppelin," which used metal frameworks within their envelopes to maintain their shape. The lifting gas — in the case of the two mentioned above — was highly-explosive hydrogen, carried in a series of separate cells within the framework.

Semi-rigid airships feature rigid or jointed keels running the length of the ship. The pressure of the lifting gas within the envelope gives the bag its shape.

Non-rigid airships, including all current Goodyear blimps, maintain envelope shape entirely from the pressure of the gas inside.

A dirigible is a lighter-than-air craft that is engine-driven and steerable. This exactly describes the definition of a blimp. Thus all blimps are dirigibles, and vice-versa. But only a "rigid" airship is a zeppelin. All blimps, dirigibles and zeppelins are airships. —M.W.

SOF contributing editor Marv Wolf at the controls of the Goodyear Airship Columbia, 900 feet over Los Angeles. Photo: Michele Rosen

Each of the airship pilots maintains instrument proficiency by flying fixed-wing aircraft for a couple of hours a month. "Since there's almost no way to turn an airship over — short of a tornado — you tend to get a false sense of confidence in airships. So that's one reason we go back to fixed-wing for instrument flying," says Nicolary.

The "Columbia" and her sister ships have full instrumentation: glide-slope indicator, automatic direction finder, markers, transponders — full IFR. But because of the airship's 10,000-foot ceiling (see "How an Airship Works," p. 51), blimps cannot fly above most weather. They either fly through it or don't go. As a rule of thumb, airships won't fly in wind over 20 knots.

Ups And Downs

"The worst thing I can think of that could happen to an airship would be to be sucked into a thunderstorm. It's never happened to me, but I've been under one a few times," recalls Nicolary. "Several years ago the 'America' did get sucked into one. Try to understand what helium does: Temperature increases, helium expands. Temperature decreases, it contracts. Same thing with altitude. Helium expands as altitude increases.

"They got sucked into a storm, got caught in an updraft. They had the nose down, but they kept going up. They were worried that they'd get sucked up so high that they'd valve off too much helium — they'd have to keep valving if they kept rising — and that when they went down they'd have lost the helium, lost the lift, and be much too heavy when they went to land.

"But what saved them was that as they got sucked up higher and higher, the temperature kept dropping. For every foot of altitude they gained, the temperature got lower, and a balance was struck. They ended up valving off only a little helium, so they were able to land safely. They were extremely lucky," says Nicolary.

Another airship found itself flying through freezing rain, which coated the car structure and the envelope. The legal limit of lift for airships like the "Columbia" is 800 pounds heavier than air, but when the ice-coated ship landed, hurried calculations revealed she had carried an amazing 2500 pounds of ice.

Slogging Away

"It's nice to know there's that much of a safety margin," says Nicolary. He also tells of flying in inversion layers, where the air at high altitude is hotter than at ground level. "You're taking off at 1500 feet of climb a minute, and all of a sudden the nose starts to rise. That's because the helium is cooler in relation to the outside air. All you can do is just keep slogging away until the helium warms up or until you climb through it."

Nicolary's closest call in an airship came at the edge of a Texas thunderstorm. "It's frightening. There isn't much you can do but put your nose into the wind. It's like being at sea in a storm — you just come around into it, try to keep it steady as you go and wait it out. Pray a little, maybe. In an average thunderstorm there is one big oscillation, the leading edge of the storm, and you just go to full power, put your nose into it and ride it out. Maybe you get pushed back some, for the first three or four minutes, and then it rides over you. At least the envelope gets washed off."

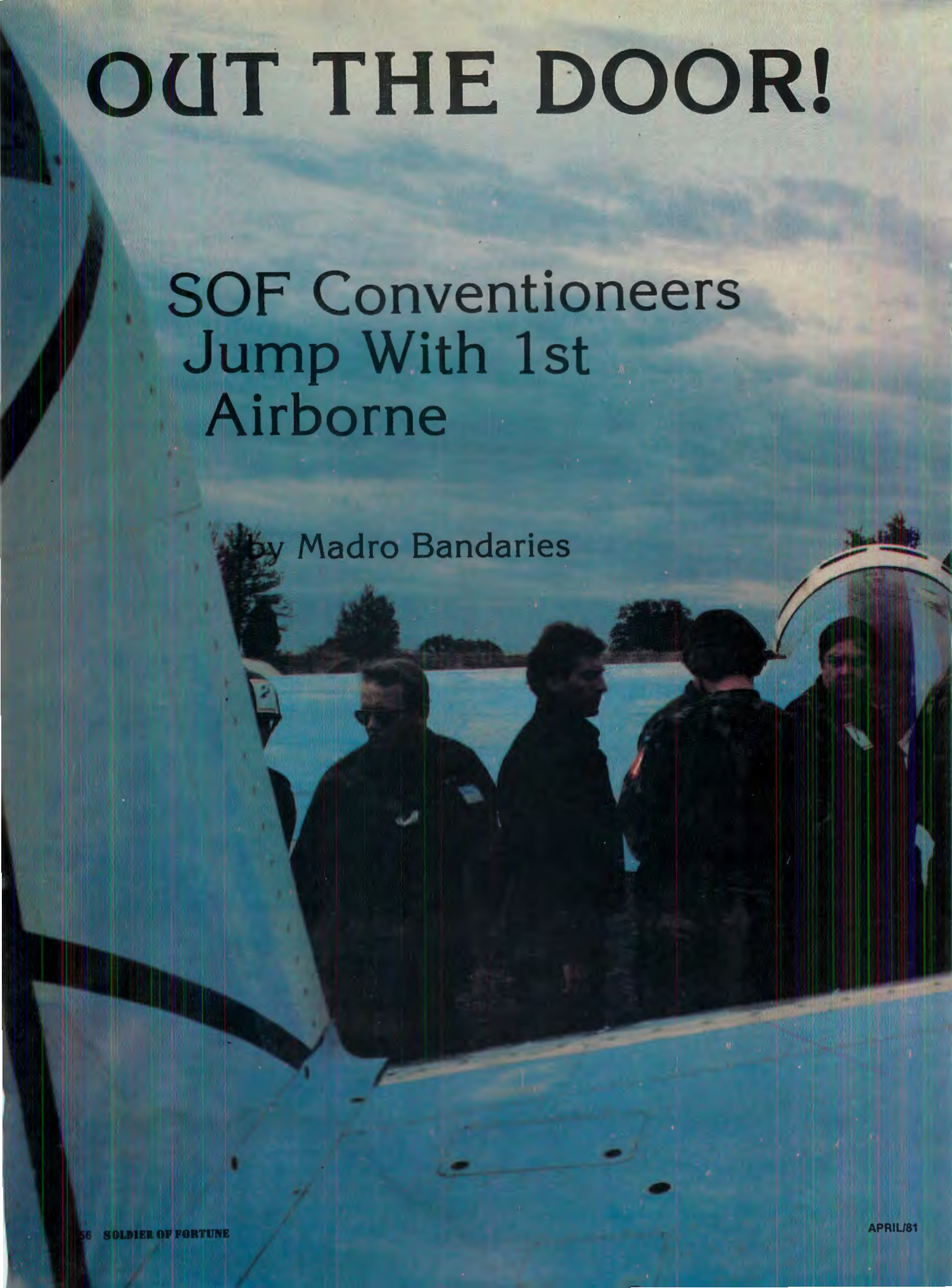
How long will Nicolary keep sticking his airship's nose into the wind? "I can't speak for all the pilots, of course, but I'm sure most of them feel this way. Airships are addictive. There aren't many of them, and not many pilots. I think most of us will fly the Fat Lady as long as they let us."

Continued on page 71

OUT THE DOOR!

SOF Conventioneers Jump With 1st Airborne

by Madro Bandaries

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TOP: 1st Airborne demonstration team with SOF Editor/Publisher Robert K. Brown. Clockwise: Glen Thibodeaux, Robert K. Brown, Guy Richards, Frank Novotny and James Burke. ABOVE LEFT: Conventioneer expresses his feelings about the jump to come. MIDDLE: After receiving final equipment check, jumpers "relax" while awaiting plane. ABOVE RIGHT: SOF Art Director, Craig Nunn, practicing parachute landing fall (PLF) at Woods Memorial Airport. Note Canadian parachute wings earned in 12th Special Air Force Group.

"STAND in the door" — an order that has made many a young man wish he were elsewhere — became quite common at the 1980 SOF convention in Missouri. The order was given 119 times, followed by the simple word: "Go." Not one member of the SOF training class hesitated to take that giant step that separates an individual forever from the world of non-jumpers.

Issuing the commands were 15 men from the 1st Airborne Division, Ltd. — a non-profit, non-governmental parachute organization composed mostly of former members of the now-defunct airborne division of the Confederate Air Force (CAF). I am its commander. Deputy commanders are J.R. Lee, a 12-year veteran of the 82nd; Jack Joubert, currently a captain in the United States Army Reserve, and chief pilot is Bruce Deville, a veteran of the 173rd Airborne.

Airborne Info

The division has 600 members all over the United States and Mexico. There are brigades in Louisiana, Missouri, Colorado and California. Unlike most jump organizations, the 1st Airborne is primarily interested in the military style of jumping and does most of its demonstrations in current American airborne uniforms, helmets and equipment. An average trooper will make five times as many jumps per year as the average trooper on active duty.

We also spend a large amount of time promoting the heritage of the American airborne, as well as pushing for a strong American military posture. Our newsletter, *The Maroon Beret*, provides a central source of information on activities and many articles about airborne history.

Relations have been close between the 1st Airborne and Robert K. Brown, publisher of SOF, for some time. Brown, a member of the division, has also taken part in operations, as have many employees of SOF (see "SOF Jumps With A Ghost Squadron," March '79). Therefore, when it was decided to hold jump operations at the first annual SOF convention, planners chose the 1st Airborne to direct the activities.

Safety 1st

The 1st Airborne had aircraft available and more than 50 of the latest Army T-10 parachutes as well as reserves. In addition, its training staff, directed by Deville, a United States Parachute Association instructor and area safety officer, is probably the busiest training cadre in the country, holding jump operations every weekend. Over the years, the 1st has developed a program combining military training and experience as well as a training manual that enables a student to receive adequate training and make his first jump the same day.

Safety remains the primary concern of the training staff — and no student is allowed to take that first great step until they feel he can handle it. No 1st Airborne student has ever suffered a serious injury. After 119 student jumps at the SOF convention, no injuries were reported to the training cadre.

Planning Ahead

Plans for the training cadre and the operational schedule were developed four months before the operation by Joubert, who was appointed ground-school commander. Joubert, a graduate of LSU where he played center on the Tiger's football team, is now in the oil business in Lafayette, La. Well organized and concise, Joubert's time schedules for the school contributed greatly toward its ultimate success.

Personnel were under the direct command of Lee, owner of a construction company in Shreveport, La. By delegating authority, Deville and I had ample time to oversee the complete operation.

It was also part of the operational plan to dispatch Supply Officer Sean Dill with half of the required training cadre and all of the equipment two days before the start of operations. Dill, a typical Irishman, served in the 82nd. His instructions called for him to approve and prepare the drop zone (DZ) and coordinate all activities with Convention Director Steve Schreiner. Schreiner, also an 82nd veteran, approved the decision to change the DZ from the Chapman Range to the Woods Memorial Airport, since one of the requirements for our training schools' locations is a spot that allows rapid jumper recovery.

All Aboard

The remainder of the cadre flew in the night before operations were scheduled to begin. Joubert, Deville, pilot Mike Phillips and I brought photo equipment and assorted supplies. It was a direct flight from Louisiana — and well within the range of the Beech 18 (formerly a Navy C-45).

The plane, used only for jump operations, has no seats in it. (Depending on the type of equipment used, the craft can carry up to 15 jumpers.) The plane also carried jumpmaster James Burke and Shreveport policeman Rick Buckley.

The camera plane (a Cessna 182), piloted by 1st Airborne member John Graber, was scheduled to arrive early the next morning with my wife, Amy — who is airborne-qualified — as passenger. She was to be responsible for keeping the jump records straight.

The flight's only problem occurred when we tried to land on the small, single runway at Woods Memorial.

Strip Glitch

Landing in the middle of the night at what I hoped was the right airport was no way to build confidence at the start of an operation. Nor was reaching the end of the runway while we were still at max landing speed. Phillips immediately pulled back on the stick and we climbed. I remember noticing a fence in the glare of the landing lights as we climbed over it.

(The only problem facing the training cadre of the 1st Airborne while directing airborne operations at the convention was to be the exceptionally short length of the runway at Woods Memorial Airport in Columbia, Mo. The 2400-foot strip was to prove a constant problem in getting a fully loaded Beech 18 (C-45) off the ground.)

At one end of the single-lane strip was a grove of trees and, at the other, a hill with a fence on top. Turning the aircraft around, we made a long, low pass around the perimeter of the airport and slowly dropped down over the trees, giving ourselves ample runway this time.

By then, everyone on the plane was awake except Deville, who proved again that he could sleep through anything.

Ready to go! Jumpers are double-timed to waiting Beech 18.

Joubert crawled to the front of the plane and inquired as to where we were.

Buckley answered, "On the ground I hope."

Jumpschool Discipline

Friday morning found the 1st Airborne preparing the complex paperwork needed for each student. By 1000 hours, the class was ready to begin. The first day's activities consisted of forming seven sticks of nine troopers each. Sticks were separated by color and were marched to each area of instruction. The operational plan required adherence to military discipline. (To learn to jump, your mind must be alert at all times. A piece of information you miss could save your life.)

After general instruction on the history, theory and application of the parachute, the sticks were moved to separate areas for harness training, parachute-landing-fall (PLF) training, aircraft-exit procedure and parachute recovery. The first jumps were planned for 1500 hours.

In addition, a demo jump was scheduled each day at 1300 hours over the Chapman Range. Only 1st Airborne members were allowed to participate because of the skill required. Maj. Frank Novotny, active Army and former member of an SF demo team, acted as team leader. Both demo jumps were excellent and were followed by a buzz job from the aircraft which, because of the low altitude and the size of the plane, made a big impression on the crowd at the range.

By 1500 hours, the first sticks were ready and the troopers were issued their gear. After being thoroughly inspected, each stick was lined up in exit order and checked again for equipment problems. Safety was foremost in our minds — if there *was* a problem, we wanted to be sure it did not stem from neglected equipment.

The excitement at the airport intensified and the crowd of onlookers grew larger. (It seemed like every other person there was with the news media.) As the engines of the C-45 started up, everyone turned toward the first stick.

Joubert turned them around and double-timed the stick to the waiting aircraft. Tension was high, as stick members realized that in less than 14 minutes they were going out an open door 2800 feet above the airport.

The aircraft climbed fast. Recovery teams were quickly dispatched, and our chief Medical Officer Neal Lancon, a resident of the rice fields and swamps of southern Louisiana, prepared his assistants. The plan of operation included several recovery teams, equipped with ropes and a gas-powered saw. In addition, Lancon was prepared for any potential medical problem.

The aircraft leveled off and came over the DZ at the required altitude, releasing its wind streamer. On its second pass, according to plan, it would release three jumpers, turn quickly and release another three upwind. The remaining three members of the stick would jump on the final pass. Upon landing, the plane would immediately take on the next stick waiting by the runway.

The moment arrived, and the first body came out the door, followed quickly by two others. Before the third man had exited the plane, the first man had a complete parachute. There was a roar from the crowd as three individuals earned a maroon beret.

Sidelights

The quality of the individuals in jumpschool training was of a level that would make them desirable in any active unit — individuals like John Beauchamp, chief of police from Warrenton, Mo.; former SF officer and writer Jim Morris; and Craig Nunn, former 12SF member and art director of SOF Magazine. These people are only a few examples from a group with equal qualifications.

The sticks all landed safely, although very few jumpers zeroed in on the DZ. In fact, on the last day, one of our jumpmasters decided to spread troopers all over the field adjoining the DZ.

Student Stunts

One trooper landed in a tree and had to be recovered with the aid of a long rope. (The parachute took even longer to recover.)

Another student scared us out of 10 years' growth by landing smack in front of an electrical power line. His main started folding rapidly across the lines. Instead of cutting it away and running in the opposite direction, he just stood there in amazement. Our recovery-team leader, John Woods, late of the 75th Infantry (Ranger), ran toward him with his knife drawn. The student finally cut away, then realized that he had neglected to disconnect his "Stevens System" — as the riser of the now-free main chute proceeded to deploy his reserve at his feet. Naturally, he was still connected to the main chute — still over the lines. Having seen more than one jumper burned by electrical current, Woods used his knife to disconnect the "Stevens System." Only the dryness of the lines and main prevented the current from traveling down it. Very carefully, we recovered the main.

Deputy Commander J.R. Lee gives jumper final approval.

Jumpmaster Joke

For those who wonder how you go to the "head" in a plane that has no facilities, let me first assure you that it is not out the open door. For the purpose, there is a device called the "relief tube." In effect, it is a rubber tube with a funnel on one end and, with the help of gravity, it usually drains out the other end. The tube provides a perfect opportunity for a practical joke — jumpmaster style. While simple in design and efficient, it also looks like the old-style "speaking tube" used in ships. The odor coming from it is predictable and, on a full load, a jumpmaster is hard put to keep himself from suggesting that the nearest novice jumper "pick up the speaking tube and tell the pilot 10 degrees left." I apologize now to those individuals for the unresponsiveness on the part of the pilot.

More Of The 1st

Other members of the cadre that participated were Finance Officer Chris Pettus, Jumpmaster James Burke, Property Officer Tom Hunt, former SF trooper Guy Richards — who was on the demo team and also writes for *The Maroon Beret* — and Glen Thibodeaux of Louisiana. In addition, Jim Waddell of Houston, Texas, and C.J. Harper of the Harris County Sheriff's Department showed up. (Harper must have had information that the Hilton Bar was going to be held up, as he spent so much of his time guarding it.)

Notwithstanding a late and noisy entrance into the banquet hall, we of the 1st Airborne, as usual, minded our manners. We did, however, set a new record for the number of bodies that will fit in a Chevy truck — and this included Alex McColl who had a seat to himself. In the bulging truck, it was a long and interesting trip from the DZ to the banquet, and Sean Dill managed to get us lost twice. It was, however, time well spent, as it allowed McColl time to expound upon the role of St. Michael in the Christian religion.

The trip also reinforced our belief that camouflage uniforms have a unique effect on young women and, in the case of two of our members, not-so-young women.

We found ourselves well treated in Columbia — the one exception being some protesters, and those kids actually were treated more poorly by their local peers then by our group. (It was interesting to see local university students protest our being there. Not surprisingly, they were organized in the best Chinese-fire-drill fashion. Apparently, they were ejected first from a campus movie, then after a day of reorganization, they found the SOF headquarters hotel where three of them proceeded to march back and forth with signs.)

We also boosted the local economy, especially through our beer purchases. It was, as well, a personal victory for those members of the 1st Airborne who worked all year to prove that you can have safe jump schools and a good time simultaneously.

A Job Well Done

The 1st Airborne completed its mission at the SOF convention by jumping 119 individuals, the majority of whom had never made a jump before. In addition, two demo jumps were made at the Chapman Range. By 1500 hours Sunday, we had begun the long trip home — not only to Louisiana, but to Texas, Ohio, Kansas and Colorado. The only complications were that the C-45 flew all the way on instruments with no ceiling and the Cessna 182 was forced to spend two days in northern Arkansas, waiting for better weather.

It is anticipated that the 1981 SOF convention will draw over 2,000 registered participants and at least 300 people who wish to jump. The 1st Airborne has accepted the challenge and will meet it.

We are on the road — and have room for any person willing to accept the challenge. In more ways than one, we practice our motto: To Strive, To Seek and Not to Yield.

TOP: 1st Airborne commanding officer Madro Bandaries (left) and Maj. Tom Hunt talk to ABC newsman. MIDDLE: Attentive jumpschool attendants during one stage of training. RIGHT: 1st Airborne jumpmasters (in berets) making final equipment check before jump.

EGO INTERFERES WITH MARSHALL'S MEMOIRS

BRINGING UP THE REAR. A Memoir. By Samuel Lyman Atwood Marshall. Edited by Cate Marshall. San Rafael, Calif.: Presidio Press. 1979. 303 pp. $12.95. Review by J.D. Coleman.

THIS is a book that can stir up some of the classic "mixed emotions." It reads fast, because Marshall, as always, writes extremely well. The passage of years had not dulled his adroit pacing, his deft turn of a phrase. The memoir is about his life, yet in reality it is a 70-year chronicle of this nation's military history, as seen from the perspective of a uniquely qualified observer.

The mixed emotions are called forth because the reader is constantly confronted with the massive Marshall ego, and the initial inclination is to dismiss the whole thing out of hand. Yet, without question, "SLAM" Marshall was a man of towering achievements. He authored 29 books on warfare, and his early works have been widely quoted and used as texts and the basis for training manuals in several armies. Marshall originated a form of historical combat reporting that preserved much of the essence of the battles of World War II, and served as a model for historical research in Korea and Vietnam.

Then, just as the reader is about to be won over by the sheer weight of the man's genius, his egotism begins to wear on the mind and, presto, the reader is back at square one.

In his foreword, Marshall states categorically that he was the only American to know combat in four wars — World Wars I and II, Korea and Vietnam — and, in so doing, he was the only American to figure in half the wars of the United States. He also declares, "I have known well a larger number of military commanders and had personal experience with more troops in the field, by the tens of thousands, than anyone in our history." Strong stuff indeed, but how does one prove or disprove statements of that enormity?

His statement about knowing a lot of military commanders probably is true. **Bringing Up The Rear** is a book of names. The late Brig. Gen. Samuel Lyman Atwood Marshall knew a lot of people in his 77 years of life, most of them apparently general officers. The book reads like a

Who's Who of War for the 20th century, with most of the principals enjoying a close, personal relationship with the author. More than 100 general officers are named and almost all of them, save the handful of Hitler's commanders, have their names preceded by the line: "My old friend." Add to that a dozen or so naval flag officers, a score of Israeli luminaries, and the presidential and congressional leadership of the United States, and it's not difficult to see why the index abounds with names.

This is not to say that "SLAM" Marshall didn't, in fact, know these folks. He did; but how friendly the relationships were will probably never be known. If everything in this book occurred exactly as related, Marshall deserved far more credit — official credit — than he ever received. But there is that nagging "if" — a skepticism born of personal experience, of being a subject of the famous Marshall interview technique.

I was a First Cavalry Division rifle company commander in May 1966, when my company was flown back to the An Khe garrison after being badly bloodied in an engagement with the NVA. My troops and I were delighted and honored to be singled out for the famous post-battle interviews by the esteemed historian. And, although his interview with me was conducted alone in my hootch and in less than an hour, I bared my soul to the old gentleman — and so did my officers and NCOs when they were interviewed. But none were interviewed in depth or in a group environment, which the general points out is the essence of his technique.

While this was proceeding, in the back of my mind was a warning uttered by my battalion commander, Lt. Col. John Hemphill, who, himself, was the subject of a Marshall interview and the victim of erroneous reporting in the book, *Pork Chop Hill*. Said the doughty Hemphill: "Don't expect too much from this guy."

He was right. The book, *Battles in the Monsoon*, which ensued from the 1st Air Cav's fight in the Vinh Thanh mountains in May 1966, and the 101st Airborne's battles at Toumorong, was replete with inaccuracies — of fact, of name, of situation, of location.

So, from that personal recollection, there remains a nagging doubt about the precision of the memoir.

It was in the *Battle of the Monsoon* that Marshall elected to indict the working press of the world, and that of the United States in particular. He reiterates those allegations several times in **Bringing Up The Rear**, exempting only a few reporters from his accusations of self-serving, craven mediocrity. And he blasts them not only for Vietnam, but for Korean war coverage as well. Marshall went to Korea ostensibly as a correspondent for the *Detroit News* but, using the good offices of "my good old friends," found all sorts of interesting military chores to perform and, in his own words: "I was given a military staff, a van, a chopper and three sergeant assistants to bird-dog stories for me so that I could meet the requirements of the *Detroit News*. In effect, I was serving as an extra ADC, done without pay, but with all the backing I needed."

The same essentially was true of Vietnam. Again, accredited as a reporter, Marshall flitted from base camp to base camp in helicopters provided by division and corps commanders, ate in the generals' messes, was given top-level briefings, had ground vehicles made available to him any time he desired, and made sure everyone subordinate to him knew he was a general, even though he had retired from the Army Reserve nearly two decades earlier. There are many who served in the press corps in Korea and Vietnam who would submit that any of them could have done as well with equivalent support and assets.

For the reader expecting to find keen insights into the workings of a combat historian; for the person hoping to glean personal tidbits about the great and near-great; for the "SLAM" Marshall fan who wishes to know more about his idol .... there is a little bit for everyone in this book. Yet, as Marshall himself put it in his foreword, when discussing the accuracy of obituary notices: "One thinks of obits only to recall what the Sphinx

replied when asked by the Anzac for the digested wisdom of the ages: don't expect too much."

Bringing Up The Rear is pleasant reading, if you don't get mad; has a few surprises for even the most avid historian; will open a couple of memory banks for many; may send some back to the library to reread some of the earlier Marshall works; and will look nice on a shelf.

But, overall, don't expect too much.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lt. Col. J.D. Coleman (USA Ret.) served tours in Vietnam both as a public information officer and as a rifle company commander in the First Air Cavalry Division. He now operates a public-relations firm in Atlanta, Ga.

I can verify Col. Coleman's allegation that S.L.A. Marshall got treatment from the Army not only preferential but unconscionable. Army brass fawned all over him. I was an AP correspondent at An Khe during the incident reported here. Marshall comandeered the only jeep the public information office had, plus a driver to chauffeur him around. He was royally wined and dined by the commanding general and afforded accommodations in that officer's tent. And, of course, he had the power to command an entire company of troops to appear for private interviews. The only way other serious correspondents in Vietnam could get their stories was to accompany troops into combat. More than 50 of them got killed doing that and a couple of hundred of them were wounded. And this is not sour grapes — I was one of the correspondents Marshall praised.—Bob Poos

BULLETIN BOARD

Continued from page 9

SFA GULF CHAPTER ...

A chapter of the Special Forces Association has been formed and chartered in the Central Gulf Coast area.

It is Chapter XXX, the Col. A.J. (Bo) Baker Chapter. Any former Special Forces trooper living in the central Gulf Coast area interested in joining can get further information from William Twitty, acting secretary, Chapter XXX, SFA, P.O. Box 53002, New Orleans, LA 70153.

SOF SEEKS RAID, OATES INFO ...

SOF wants to contact anyone, military or civilian, who took part in cross-border raids from Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) into Angola, Mozambique or Zambia. Respondents should write to SOF Editor/Publisher Robert K. Brown at P.O. Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306.

Tom Oates. Imperative you contact Bill Wilson or SOF.

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IN REVIEW

Continued from page 18

I suspect I would find myself on the other side from Mr. Smith on most of the substantive social and political issues of the day, and his writing style is pedestrian. But the book does contain a well-organized mass of useful information of value to the ordinary person confronted with application against himself of computer-generated information, specifically in the following areas:

- Ascertaining accuracy and reliability of information that goes into one's file, including such matters as purging all affected files, e.g., the record of an arrest that later resulted in an acquittal or the charges being dropped.
- Control over dissemination of sensitive medical and other personal data to persons — for purposes other than those originally intended.
- Access to and review of one's files to check on the accuracy of its data. On this subject Smith tells us some real horror stories and also some ways we can get a crack at seeing our various files and trying to get them corrected.
- When and where you have the right to refuse to disclose your Social Security number.

Part III goes into such subjects as electronic surveillance, "lie detectors" and other creations of modern technology that can impact on the individual. This contains instructive and sometimes alarming information, even for those of us who do not share Mr. Smith's extreme sensitivity to this subject.

Part IV is entitled "Physical Privacy," with descriptive chapter headings which include "Sexual Privacy," "In the Mails," "In the Home" and so on. It's something of a "purple bag" on such things as the right to practice odd forms of sex in the home, the law of search warrants, plant-security systems and mail interception.

The last section details Smith's ideas about the psychological aspects of privacy. Even if you don't agree with all of them, the ideas here are interesting and provocative. The process of working out just why you disagree with him on any particular point will at least bring your own ideas into focus.

Bottom line: This is a useful and informative book. I definitely recommend you buy, read and retain it for reference—against the day when you may have to do battle with one of the tentacles of the bureaucratic information explosion.

Alexander McColl is a Contributing Editor/Military Affairs for SOF. He is also an investment manager, lawyer, Secretary-Treasurer of Parachute Medical Rescue Service and a colonel in the U.S. Army Reserve Special Forces. His first novel, Valley of Peril, *based on his experiences in Vietnam, will be published soon.*

THE FILIPINO MARTIAL ARTS. By Dan Inosanto. Los Angeles: Know Now Publishing Co. 1977. 176 pp. $9.25. Review by David E. Steele.

THIS is a "concept" book of the Filipino arts of *escrima* and *Kali* as taught by Dan Inosanto. The book was compiled by Inosanto, Gilbert Johnson and George Foon. Most of the pictures are posed by Inosanto and his training partner, Richard Bustillo.

Dan Inosanto is probably the best known Filipino martial-arts instructor in the United States. He is also the most famous student of Bruce Lee, and Inosanto's school in Torrance (Filipino Kali Acadamy, 23018 S. Normandie, Torrance,CA 90507) is one of the few places one can study *Jeet Kune Do* (JKD), Bruce Lee's system.

This book illustrates the technique taught in the first six months of Inosanto's *escrima* course (length of time depending on the talent and persistence of the student). However, more than mere technique is contained in this book. It is designed to be what Gilbert Johnson calls a "concept" book. As he says in his

Author Dan Inosanto

foreword, "Until recently, most martial-arts technical books have struggled with laborious descriptions of martial-arts poses and Oriental terms. They were 'technique' books, 'terminology' books, 'form' books. And as chronicles of 'style' they served a purpose. But now . . . a new kind of book is possible — the concept book. *Movement* concepts that follow physical laws of motion aren't confined to styles or systems. Consequently, anyone can benefit from them."

The idea in JKD and in Inosanto's *escrima* training is to fit the instruction to the individual. The instructor can teach techniques, but his main job is to open the student's mind to basic concepts, and to let the student build a personal style from these principles.

The parent art of the Philippines is *Kali*, an early form of fighting with edged weapons. Today *Kali, escrima* (from the Spanish word for fencing) and *arnis de mano* are taught primarily with the 24-inch *baston* made of bamboo or rattan. However, the system does not limit itself to just one weapon, since its basic principle is that any weapon with a handle can be used. The knife, spear, bolo, *sai, bo, nunchaku,* yawara stick and empty hand can all be used with *escrima* techniques. In fact, Inosanto is credited with introducing Bruce Lee to the *nunchaku* (called *Tabak toyok* in the Philippines), and so we have Inosanto to thank for the most dramatic scenes in the movies, *Game of Death* and *Enter the Dragon.*

Inosanto's book is not perfect. Some of the techniques shown are too complex for someone to follow with only the book to learn from (I've always felt that a martial-arts book should be so clear and simple that an Eskimo finding it in the snow could teach himself everything in it — my own book on knife fighting has been banned in South Africa, apparently because even illiterate terrorists could put it to use). However, the more complicated routines shown do serve as a refresher for Inosanto's students, as well as a rare reference book for *escrima* students in other parts of the country.

Also, some of the historical information is questionable. For example, Magellan was killed in the Philippines by natives loyal to Lapu Lapu, but how anyone could determine that he was killed with a rattan stick is beyond me.

Inosanto lists 43 styles or systems of training — probably a conservative estimate since there are about 80 different peoples on the 700 islands of the Philippines. He discusses in detail those men he feels are most important in bringing the art to America and those "grandfathers" who passed on the art to him.

My only real disappointment in the book was the comparative lack of knife techniques. As Inosanto says in the book, he has omitted 98 percent of the *escrima* dagger techniques upon the request of the publishers and some elderly *escrimadores.* Of course, as he points out, most of the empty-hand and *baston* techniques described can be adapted to the dagger.

In all, **The Filipino Martial Arts** is one of the finest fighting books I have ever read. I would recommend it to anyone who is interested in a really cohesive, practical system of self-defense that fills the ground between empty hand and firearms. Remember that an 8-ounce stick can easily make up for a 50-pound weight differential between opponents, especially when it is wielded with the skills of the *escrimador.*

SOF contributing editor David Steele studied with Inosanto for almost a year. The two also recently completed work on a martial-arts movie epic as advisers, Inosanto providing his expertise, Steele providing the knives. Steele says that Inosanto is well educated, open to new ideas and sincerely concerned about the welfare of his students — but begins every class with a rope-skipping event to eliminate undedicated disciples.

SAS trooper lays out kit for extended jungle patrol for inspection. Note short-barreled, 12-gauge, 5-shot, slide-action shotgun — SAS found it most effective weapon for jungle fighting. Photo: Imperial War Museum.

SAS AT WAR IN MALAYA

Jungle Lab of Counterinsurgency

by Leroy Thompson

SAS patrol moves upstream in Malaya. Note assorted armament — lead scout holds Sten SMG, other troopers carry Browning automatic shotgun, U.S. M1 carbine. Next to last man in column carries Bren .303. Photo: Imperial War Museum

ALTHOUGH the maximum number of British Special Air Service personnel committed at any one time in Malaya was less than 600, they had an effect on the campaign against communist terrorists far out of proportion to their numbers. Even more important was their influence on subsequent special units fighting terrorist-guerrillas. Many doctrines which became SOP with the U.S. Special Forces in Vietnam were, in fact, developed by the SAS in Malaya.

When the SAS arrived in Malaya in 1950 — after being detoured en route to the Korean War — they brought with them an enviable reputation as fighters, but certainly not as jungle-warfare experts. Their origins were, instead, far removed from the jungles of Southeast Asia. Formed in the Western Desert by David Stirling during World War II, the SAS raided and harassed Rommel's supply lines, penetrating hundreds of miles into enemy territory. Later in the war, operating from forests in occupied France, SAS jeep patrols roamed the German rear, attacking supply depots and gathering intelligence for allied armies advancing out of Normandy.

Though inexperienced in jungle warfare, the SAS' high level of individual motivation and training made it adaptable, and it is likely it could have become just as skilled in arctic warfare as in jungle fighting. (SAS units assigned to NATO today are, in fact, trained to operate above the Arctic Circle.)

Gen. Douglas MacArthur realized this ability to operate behind enemy lines could be valuable and asked for an SAS unit in Korea. But conditions at the time indicated that D Squadron of the 22nd SAS Regiment would be more useful in combating Communist Terrorists (CTs) in Malaya. The CTs, who had waged an escalating war since 1948, proved to be more than conventional troops could handle. Malaya's wealth of rubber and tin (one-third the world supply of the former and one-half of the latter) looked as if it might end up under communist control. Three-quarters of Malaya was jungle, and between 5 000 and 10,000 CTs used it as their operations base.

A high proportion of the British line regiments in Malaya served in static defense roles and had little real effect on the CTs. CT leaders — many of whom had fought with the British against the Japanese and were familiar with British military techniques — followed a policy of terrorizing aborigines who lived in the jungle and frightening them into giving warning whenever British patrols approached.

Such was the situation when the first SAS squadron arrived in Singapore and joined up with the Malayan Scouts. Officers M.M. Calvert of the SAS and J.M. Woodhouse of the Scouts soon decided there were two keys to defeating the CTs. First, they would have to win over the aborigines and move them to safe areas. Second, they had to set ambushes for the terrorists when they emerged from the jungle, then send in patrols to attack the CTs in their own territory.

To prepare SAS troopers for stalking the CTs in their lair, Calvert and Woodhouse developed an intensive, realistic training program. One of the most effec-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Leroy Thompson, a frequent contributor to SOF's In Review, served as a special and base security officer in the U.S. Air Force. He has also worked as a deputy sheriff, a bodyguard in Europe and the Caribbean and a security chief for a large grocery chain. His academic background includes graduate studies in military history at the Universities of Oxford, Edinburgh and London.

Thompson now runs a military book business that supplies books to universities, military academies and military installations throughout the world. As a writer, he draws upon his military and police background, specializing — as in this article — in military and arms topics.—M.L. Jones

SAS parachutists dropped directly into trees in Malaya, using 100-foot coil of rope they carried to lower themselves to ground. Photo: Imperial War Museum

tive exercises consisted of arming two troopers with air guns and sending them into a prearranged area of jungle to stalk each other. They wore fencing masks to protect their eyes and face, but when hit on bare skin or a lightly clothed torso by a high-speed pellet, a man remembered the lesson well and worked to perfect quiet movement and stalking skills. In these training sessions, and later in jungle operations, the SAS learned to move slowly, quietly and observantly.

As SAS patrols began to penetrate more deeply into the jungle, they disproved the previously held misconception that European troops could only operate there for three weeks at a time. Eventually, SAS units remained in the jungle indefinitely. Carrying minimum rations and ammunition and living off the country, they needed little outside support. If resupply were necessary, it was via airdrop. The SAS also developed the 7-to-14-day ration, forerunner of the British Battle Ration.

Hand in hand with their deep penetrations into the jungle went the SAS "hearts and minds" campaign in which, much like Special Forces work with the Muong or Montagnards and the Buon Enao experiment which evolved into the CIDG program, the SAS worked with the aborigines, providing medical and defense assistance.

In return, the aborigines stopped informing the CTs about SAS patrols and gave them active support instead.

The SAS normally used Iban tribesmen from Borneo as trackers. However, as they gained experience, many SAS troopers became experts at following terrorists through the jungle themselves. One of the best was a Sgt. Turnbull, who many times followed a track for weeks at a time to a successful kill.

Sgt. Turnbull was also known for his skill with the short-barreled 12-gauge shotgun favored by the SAS in Malaya. Loaded with special "Malaya Loads" containing buckshot surrounded by smaller shot, these shotguns were deadly at close range in the jungle. Turnbull, it is said, could empty the pump gun's magazine so fast it sounded as if he were firing an automatic. Another favorite trick of Turnbull and other SAS trackers was to booby-trap CT fish traps. Once, in fact, they booby-trapped a turtle caught in one of the traps to blow up when the CTs prepared to eat it.

Final Mop-up

By 1958, after eight years in Malaya, the SAS grew accustomed to the heavy rainfall, high temperature and high humidity. They had adjusted to living and operating in the swamp, even developing a technique of building *bashas*, or lean-tos, in the roots of large trees which grew above the water. Not only did these *bashas* furnish dry sleeping places, but it was impossible to approach them through the water without making noise and alerting the occupants. This helped protect SAS camps from ambush. Even leeches, an SAS nemesis throughout Malaya, did not prove to be as bad in the swamp as expected.

Continued on page 76

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BETRAYAL
Continued from page 31

you." She then tossed me a quart of "Old Crow." I later learned she was Maggie Higgins, the famous war correspondent and author of *Our Vietnam Nightmare.*

We got some hot food, then embarked on LSTs to go out to the waiting troop ships which were to carry us south to Pusan, South Korea. On board the transport there was once again time for reflection. As we sailed south, my thoughts were those shared by all of us — home, family and the close friends I had lost. I also thought of the "free" peasant who had burned his life savings to show his belief and faith in our words and the UN mission.

Never To Be Forgotten

The "Frozen Chosin" campaign will never be forgotten by any of us who were there and came back alive. The battles and skirmishes were nothing short of dramatic:

My platoon — ambushed by four Russian T-34 tanks below Koto-ri — knocked out three of them.

The Chinese blowing up the spillway bridge south of Koto-ri, which if not spanned by us would have resulted in our being killed to a man, and the flying boxcars (C-119s) dropping a fully assembled steel bridge (the first time it was ever done) so that we could cross.

The TBFs flying into the unbelievably high, short airstrip at Koto-ri, with the LSOs standing bravely under continual sniper fire, with their brilliant paddles guiding them in with supplies and out with wounded.

Being held up by a mine field going into Wonsan and finding Bob Hope and Marilyn Maxwell entertaining there.

The eeriness of the bugling and the Chinese soldiers chanting in unison and in English as they attacked: "Sonofabitch Marines, we kill. Sonofabitch Marines, you die."

Our tankers painting "14-13-12 etc. shooting days until Christmas" on their tanks.

Army Gen. Lowe (President Truman's personal in-the-field representative) arranging for a fresh quart of milk for each Marine at Wonsan.

The unprintable language heard when we were told that the father of a Marine in our division, who owned a bakery in Boston, had specially baked 19,000 one-pound fruit cakes, soaked in rum, to be shipped to us and, at the last moment, the Women's Christian Temperance Union pressured Truman into short-stopping our Christmas cakes in Japan.

"Is he still alive?"

But, of all of these, the one event which I think of most was the night I spent in a

crude mud hut, five miles south of the Chosin Reservoir and watched an old peasant truly experience his first and maybe his last feeling of freedom.

I often wonder if he is alive, or if his fate was that of other North Koreans who accepted the promises of UN forces. If he is still alive, does he still have the UN won we gave him in the jar under his hearth? Does he sometimes gaze down at the rutted track passing his farm and look for the UN flag?

I have the fervent hope that there will never again be a farmer in another land, left with nothing.

Most of all I wonder, does he still hope?

BLIMP
Continued from page 55

LIGHTER THAN AIR: PAST AND FUTURE

THE "Columbia" and her sister ships are the biggest things in the sky (a Boeing 747, for example, is 195.6 feet long but is only a third the volume of the "Columbia," which is 192 feet long), but are small compared to blimps of the past. They're about one-tenth the size of the last active-duty Navy airships, the ZPG-3Ws, four of which formed part of the nation's early-warning-radar network until 1962, when they were replaced by conventional airplanes, and later by earth satellites.

But even the ZPG-3Ws were midgets compared to the "Hindenburg," which was 804 feet long and had 35 times the gas capacity of the "Columbia." The "Hindenburg" floated on hydrogen gas — the U.S. had most of the world's helium and wouldn't sell any to Hitler's Germany. Although helium can lift only 90 percent of what hydrogen can, it is inert, and hydrogen is highly explosive. The "Hindenburg" was an accident waiting to happen. That finally occurred in 1937, cause to this date unknown, just 200 feet from its mooring mast at Lakehurst, N.J.

Other airship crashes, those of the Goodyear-built "Macon" and "Akron" in the '30s, gave airships a bad name. But lighter-than-air advocates point out that it was weather that did in the two large helium airships — weather that no airplane of the times would have dared to venture into.

If airships are now just an advertising gimmick, the future may hold much more for them. It has to do with energy. Airships are fuel efficient. A blimp like the "Columbia" can operate for nearly a week on the amount of fuel that a jumbo jet takes to crank up and taxi to the end of the runway. Giant improvements in weather forecasting also make

it safer for airships. Satellite weather pictures provide accurate weather data almost instantly, and highly reliable communications systems combined with navigation improvements make lighter-than-air craft safer to use. What remains is for some organization to invest the money required for research and development.

Nick Nicolary thinks that airships can outperform conventional aircraft in many ways: "Look at what you have to do to put a million pounds of payload into a 747," he explains. "You have to break it down into packages small enough to fit inside. With an airship — it would take a very big one, but there's no doubt it could be built — you don't have that problem. You could carry an entire factory in one piece — just sling it below, the way we've been doing with helicopters."

A transcontinental crossing could be made in about 24 hours, he explains, which is more than the 4½ or five hours that a 747 would take, but much less than a train or truck. And much more efficient, because there would be less loading and unloading time, while fuel consumption would be about ½ or ⅓ the amount consumed by a jet.

The Coast Guard is interested in the lighter-than-air concept. Adm. Alfred Manning, commander of the 11th Coast Guard District and formerly involved with the Coast Guard's Washington, D.C.-based research-and-development activity, says airships could be used to patrol the country's sea frontiers out to the 200-mile limits. "We could put them 100 miles out to sea, equip them with radar and have them sit out there for days at a time, keeping track of everything going on over a vast area of ocean. It would take very little fuel." The Coast Guard has spent over $200,000 in research-and-development funds on feasibility studies for airship operations.

"That's a step in the right direction," says Nicolary. "But let's face it — you can't develop an industry for a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of R&D. It took hundreds of millions to develop the Boeing 747. We haven't had any significant airship research in nearly 50 years, and in that time we've discovered all kinds of new ways to fabricate aircraft. It's going to take a major investment, maybe half a billion dollars, to get airship technology to where we can start building huge air freighters and have them operate at a profit. Somebody or some company is going to have to be willing to front that kind of money, or nothing is going to happen. I think as the price of fuel continues to go up, you'll see it start to happen. Airships could cross the Atlantic, the Pacific — any ocean — carrying the kinds of cargoes that sea-going vessels now carry, but more quickly and more

efficiently. There could be a tremendous rebirth of lighter-than-air, but somebody's got to put up real money first," he says.

One agency that has put up some money is the U.S. Forest Service. They plan to spend $10 million over the next three years to demonstrate a hybrid airship called the Heli-stat. The first one is an off-the-shelf assembly of surplus, somewhat antiquated components: four Sikorsky H-34 helicopters and a Navy ZPG-3 gasbag. The bag, originally built by Goodyear, is 240 feet long and will lift 15 tons, which is almost what the four H-34s and the rigid airframe assembly that links them together, plus a crew of five, will weigh.

"The Heli-stat will take off with about 95 percent of its weight supported by helium," explains George M. Leonard, who oversees the project for the Forest Service. Other government agencies involved are the Department of Transportation (the Coast Guard is intensely interested), the Navy (which supplied the old blimp and the helicopters), and the Federal Aviation Administration.

The Forest Service is in charge of the project, which is aimed at demonstrating the feasibility of such a hybrid. "One of the big problems facing the forest industries today is increasing the lumber yield without adverse effects on the environment," explains Leonard. "Most of the existing timberland is being harvested at capacity. To get into remote areas means building logging roads. They average around $50,000 to $60,000 a mile, and they damage the watershed and wildlife.

"Loggers work some of these areas now, but using conventional helicopters means a practical range of about one-mile radius from the staging area. That calculates to 3,300 acres. We think the Heli-stat will give us an effective range of five miles, which would open up 43,000 acres to lumbering," says Leonard.

The Heli-stat is being built at Lakehurst Naval Air Station in New Jersey, the site of the 1937 "Hindenburg" disaster. The Piaseki Aviation Co., of Philadelphia, is building the craft. The Heli-stat will be flown from the left rear H-34 by a single pilot, but flight engineers will be stationed in each of the four helicopters. All controls will be linked to the pilot's location, with the flight engineers standing by to take over if a problem develops. The Heli-stat will lift 25 tons of payload.

"We don't envision it coming in much lower than 150 to 200 feet when it's being used for logging. We'll use a steel cable and a self-actuating hook to sling-load the lumber out. We think the concept is sound, and it will greatly reduce the amount of fuel needed, because when the ship is in ferry mode, returning empty, it will not have to keep a

heavy load in the sky. We'll need to study the logistics of support for this, because it will need an open area about 600 feet in diameter to land and take off. But we think this will not be a problem," says Leonard.

The Heli-stat's three-year testing period is intended to demonstrate the practical application of the concept. "To build just one, as we are, it's cheaper to use old gasbags and helicopters. But if you wanted to start producing these on a large scale, it would be cheaper to develop an engine/transmission/rotor module specifically for the aircraft. Goodyear Aerospace is very interested in this and is working on design concepts now," says Leonard.

"There are many possible applications for a hybrid," explains Leonard. "For example, we now take powerline suspension towers, in as many as six sections, into remote sites by helicopter. Taking it in completely assembled would not only save fuel, but also shorten and simplify crew support while it's being assembled. A machine like a Heli-stat could be used to take a factory-assembled house, for example, and move it hundreds of miles to a waiting foundation.

"But we're concentrating on the logging application because these machines will be expensive to build, and since logging goes on almost all year, we think that might make it profitable for companies to buy them — if they can keep them busy," adds Leonard. The Forest Service thinks that there

may be a worldwide market for as many as 1,000 Heli-stat-type craft. Goodyear's designs are based on payloads of up to 100 tons — giant airships that could be used by the military or as freighters of the sky.

There is more interest in lighter-than-air now than there has been in nearly 40 years. The chances, say airship advocates, are that the soaring cost of fuel and increasing concern about the environment will encourage a marriage between the 19th-century invention and current aerospace technology. One day soon, they feel, a giant shadow will fall upon an upturned face, and it "won't" be the Goodyear blimp, but one of the other guys.

—Marv Wolf

THE "COLUMBIA": PHYSICAL DETAILS

Length: 192.1 feet

Width: 50 feet

Height: 59.5 feet from landing wheel to top of upper fin

Lifting Gas: 202,700 cubic feet of helium

Passenger Capacity: 6 persons in addition to the pilot

Power: Twin 210 hp., fuel-injected six-cylinder, pusher-type engines

Cruising Speed: 35 mph.

Maximum Speed: 50 mph.

Range: 20 hours

Altitude: 1,000 to 3,000 feet normal; 10,000 feet maximum

Envelope or Bag: 2,400 square yards of two-ply rubber-coated polyester fabric

SAS

Continued from page 68

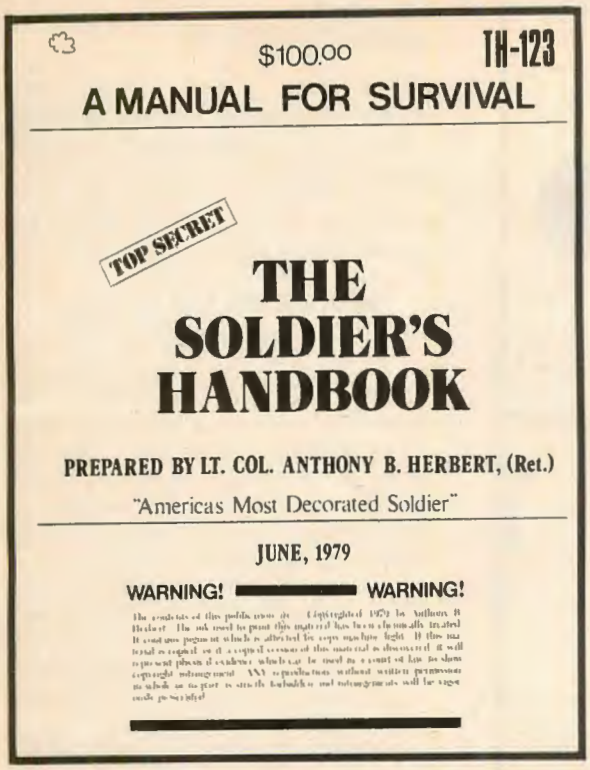
By 1958 the CTs had been in retreat for years, and the SAS learned that many of the hardcore remnants were camped in a large swamp. That year, the SAS decided it was time to go after this group and sent a squadron — slightly more than 100 men — after them. Soon found by the SAS and Iban trackers, the CT hideouts were burned and most of the leaders killed.

By the summer of 1958 the situation was well in hand, and the SAS squadrons in Malaya were redeployed or rotated back to the United Kingdom. Although the maximum SAS commitment to Malaya had been only five squadrons of 112 men each, it had a great impact. Besides killing lots of terrorists, the SAS set an example for other Commonwealth troops, who now realized it was possible to stay in the jungle for extended patrols. And examples of SAS mental toughness — like troopers who marched their feet almost to the bone rather than drop out of a patrol — gave other units a standard to strive for.

SAS jungle patrols were also much more productive than they might appear sometimes when judged by the number of enemy dead. Far more important was the psychological shock to the enemy — he wouldn't feel safe no matter how deep in the jungle he hid. Once the CTs lost their safe refuge they went from the offensive onto the defensive. These patrols also accounted for hundreds of dead CTs who were driven into ambushes set by the Ghurkas or other crack British regiments.

Finally, the SAS established precepts which became accepted doctrine in counter-terrorist or guerrilla warfare. The U.S. Special Forces' concentration on learning indigenous languages and giving medical treatment to local populations resulted from SAS experience in Malaya.

Other techniques developed by the SAS while in Malaya included parachuting directly into the trees in heavily forested country rather than looking for a clearing. Each parachutist was equipped with a 100-foot coil of rope which he could then use to climb down. Malaya experienced the first major use of the SAS after World War II and the first of the communist guerrilla wars. There, the SAS proved that its emphasis on intelligence, mental and physical toughness and realistic training was justified, and that units like it or the U.S. Special Forces were a necessity in dealing with communist guerrillas.



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HONDURAS

Continued from page 22

spite of comments made by "old" army members about gringo captains. It was to be the start of a 20-year career, the record of which is difficult to believe, but very, very true. Before he had much of an opportunity to brush up on soldiering, he was summoned to Tegucigalpa.

Revolution Upsets the Apple Cart

Terencio Sierra, minister of war — promoter of several — was about to succeed Policarpo Bonilla as president, but the revolution had upset his apple cart. Duron and his gringo captain *(El Aventurero)* were the idols of all Honduras. Even then they were on their way to the capital and a monstrous welcome. Sierra was in no hurry to take on the *insurrectos* at the moment; a victory within two or three weeks would have a more profound impact upon the upcoming election and would almost assure his victory.

To the delight of Sierra, Duron's army was beaten at Puerto Cortez when a cannon exploded in its midst, killing and maiming several. Republican forces drove through the breech, overwhelming the rebels. Duron's army melted like the ice cakes at Laguna. Christmas escaped to Nicaragua on the back of a mule. Opportunist Sierra marched on the rebels at the head of a force of more than 2,000.

Intrigue followed intrigue in Honduras, and it was not long before the citizens, reeling under Sierra's tyranny, were plotting revolution. Led by Manuel Bonilla, one of the most beloved men in the nation's history, the movement to overthrow the regime began. Patriots recalled the feats of *El Capitan* Christmas, who had almost won the previous war single-handed.

Terencio Sierra was also aware of the Yankee's popularity and abilities. He scooped the opposition by giving the American a secret assignment in Guatemala. Upon completion of this assignment, Christmas would be permitted to return to Honduras. Sierra made the surly, foul-mouthed gringo director of police of the Republic of Honduras. The position involved the command of 185 seedy-looking men. Duties consisted of escorting drunks to jail — hardly a position for an aspiring Napoleon.

Sierra promised to turn the reins of government over to Manuel Bonilla at the expiration of his term — a commitment he had no intention of fulfilling. He kicked Bonilla upstairs by assigning him to a Pacific Coast command. Bonilla declined — he had a higher post in mind. But with Christmas out of the way, Sierra hardly counted on problems with Bonilla.

Police Commissioner Christmas did a fabulous job with his force. He whipped them into a well-drilled, well-disciplined

unit. Sierra was delighted with the transformation. His personal security was insured with such a body of men at his beck and call, though he shuddered when he heard the cost of their luxurious blue and gold uniforms.

When the long-awaited election returns came in, Manuel Bonilla had 28,850 votes, Arias 25,518 and Soto 4,857. None had a majority, and the crafty Sierra sprang his coup — he would be president.

And so another civil war was born.

On the night of 31 January 1903, at the head of his police force, Lee Christmas slipped out of Tegucigalpa. Each man was equipped for a long campaign in the field.

Showing considerable skill in maneuvering around a large Sierra garrison at La Cruz, he headed for the coast and union with Bonilla, the duly elected president of Honduras. In an epic march through a country swarming with hostile forces, Christmas made junction with his new leader without losing one man.

To complicate the picture, defeated candidate Arias outlawed Bonilla and named himself *el presidente* and his predecessor commander-in-chief of all Honduran armies. Christmas was named a traitor to the nation and sentenced to death by hanging — when captured. A price was put on his head. This had little effect on the American, who moved on the capital heading an army of 12,000 men. Encircling the city, Christmas delivered a surrender ultimatum which a dejected Arias accepted. He was granted asylum in El Salvador.

Clemency For Christmas

Lee Christmas was now *General de Brigada*, and the idol of all Honduras. To prove he was no flash in the pan, he routed two more dissident armies. For his gallant service he was presented a custom-made sword and a new gold-braided uniform. Christmas looked every inch a soldier.

A few months later, Christmas was shot from his horse while leading a charge against invading Nicaraguans. Surrounded by the foe, and the hated enemy of the Bonilla regime, Policarpo Bonilla (no relation), Christmas attempted to use the bullet he had saved for himself, but the weapon misfired. The general, in his gray corduroy field uniform, was taken before Policarpo who summarily pronounced the sentence of death upon him.

"Shoot me now, if you've got the guts. But do me one favor, don't bury me," raged Christmas.

"But why not, Senor Gringo?" grinned the captor.

"Because I want the buzzards to eat me, and shit all over you," ranted the wounded man.

"In a few days we will shoot you," warned Bonilla.

When Christmas was told that the armies of the republic had been crushed,

with few surviving and the president banished, he was certain he would face the firing squad. But Policarpo respected courage and ordered the prisoner taken to a hospital in the capital.

With four claimants for the office of president, Terencio Sierra once more led an army on Tegucigalpa, but was defeated by Policarpo forces. The man who had schemed for years was solidly entrenched and a new era of despotism and misrule was established in Honduras. Executions took place almost daily. Policarpo stifled all opposition, but underestimated Christmas. The wily Yankee escaped from the hospital one night in his torn corduroy uniform and made for neutral Guatemala City.

While in Guatemala, Manuel Bonilla and Christmas kept up endless correspondence, all bent on one subject — the liberation of Honduras. At this time, Guy Molony of New Orleans cast his lot with the revolutionary movement. An expert with the machine gun, and an artificer of some renown, he was a hero of the Spanish American war, and a rifleman in Queen Victoria's war with the South African Boers. Molony was a soldier of unflinching courage.

In a masterpiece of smuggling aboard the cabin cruiser *Hornet*, Christmas managed to sneak arms and ammunition out of the United States, almost under the nose of the Navy. Jubilant with the success of the mission, Christmas was dismayed to learn that one of his trusted aides, Gen. Juan Marin, had gotten gloriously drunk and revealed the invasion plot to Policarpo. He even mentioned names and places. Arrests and executions followed.

In the meantime, President Davila, the dummy who sat on Dictator Policarpo's knee, had endeared himself to American bankers. He asked for American intervention against the invaders, promising to sign a treaty which would have given the J.P. Morgan interests control over Honduran financial matters. The republic was outraged at the sellout — but Uncle Sam was not buying the deal.

Versatile Gen. Christmas, in a new, United States-made corduroy uniform, led a naval expedition against the government-held island of Utila, capturing the garrison. Invasion of Honduras was imminent, and both the United States and Britain issued warnings to Christmas. Then came 25 January 1911.

The Federal army had laid several lines of barbed wire across a bog. Beyond this stood a rampart fortified with 12 x 12 timbers and reinforced with sandbags. A short distance beyond the redoubt was open ground, bisected by a railroad track. The government army could sweep all avenues of approach with devastating fire. The position was impregnable and Honduran commander-in-chief Pedro Diaz hoped that Christmas would be foolish enough to attempt a frontal assualt on La Ceiba. Diaz had 400 troops, with more on the way, several machine guns and two Krupp guns.

As Christmas moved on the position, his army was met with murderous, high-trajectory fire.

"General, the barbed wire does not extend to the sea. By wading into the ocean, and following the narrow neck of land, we can come ashore with the wire behind us," explained Molony.

"If we maintain fire-superiority plus a diversionary attack we can do it. We must keep them pinned down," ordered Christmas.

As the defenders turned to sweep the road upon which the diversion was being made, Christmas, at the head of a small force, moved into the almost neck-deep water. Moving around the tip of the tiny peninsula with their rifles held overhead and the barbed wire at their rear, the revolutionaries reached shore.

Firing in bursts, Molony swept the trenches with withering fire. Pressure was maintained on all sides. With an exultant shout, Christmas unsheathed his sword to direct the charge against the works. To his utter dismay, roly-poly Diaz abjectly surrendered.

Although the victory cost Christmas dearly (he lost more than half of his little army in the diversionary charge led by General Leiva), it had been a brilliant triumph — one that was to hit the magazine section of a dozen American

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newspapers in the months to follow.

Manuel Bonilla returned to the presidency and Christmas was rewarded with a handsome salary and title of Inspector General of the North Coast. He was the toast of Honduras and respected throughout Central America. He had defeated several armies, established five presidents, remodeled the national police force and restored national dignity. Honduras was now a Central American power — no longer a doormat.

Fame is fickle, and within a few years Lee had lost his personal fortune and taken another wife — his fourth. He fell into disfavor with the new regime that succeeded Bonilla. His resignation was accepted, to his surprise. In April of 1917, the great soldier applied for a commission in the United States Army — war with Germany being almost a certainty.

Making a formal application after an audience with President Wilson, Christmas was certain he would be granted a commission. In October his application was denied, many claim due to health reasons. Christmas stood on the sidelines throughout the war, bitterly commenting that he could "lick the entire lot that turned me down."

Christmas never recovered from the rebuff or the ingratitude of the Honduran nation. He died in 1922 at the age of 59. The desperately ill soldier passed away during the midst of an argument over hospital rules. He was a rebel to the very end.

History has not been unkind to General Lee Christmas, Commander in Chief of the Armies of the Republic of Honduras. It has just forgotten him.

I WAS THERE

Continued from page 20

regaining use of paralyzed facial muscles.

It was a gunfight that won't soon be forgotten in this small, rough western town on the Yakima Indian Reservation.

If you have a combat or adventure story for "It Happened to Me" or "I Was There," triple-space type it and send it to SOF, P.O. Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306, Attn: M.L. Jones. All stories should be 500 words or less. Upon publication, SOF will become owner of all publication rights. Submitted articles are subject to editing and revision, although their content and theme will not be changed. Photos (with captions and credits) are also helpful. Captions should be typed on a separate sheet of paper and keyed to each photograph. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope so we can notify you of acceptance or return of your story. Article payment is $50, upon publication. All entrants will receive an SOF patch.

COMBAT PISTOLCRAFT

Continued from page 14

People have been interested in a 10mm pistol cartridge for a long time. In fact, Colt first considered a 9.8mm cartridge for the Government Model pistol back in 1910. A prototype was made up in this caliber and tested in the Balkan countries prior to the adoption of the 1911 in .45 ACP. But the 1911's success and the ensuing demand for it left the 9.8 in the shadows. More than a decade ago, some *Guns & Ammo* staff people started playing with the idea of a .40-caliber autopistol cartridge, and the result of their experimentation was the .40 G&A cartridge.

Now, with the coming of the Bren Ten pistol, interest in a modern 10mm cartridge has been revived. The Bren Ten prototype pistol — offered by Dornaus & Dixon Enterprises, Inc., Dept. SOF, 16718 Judy Way, Cerritos, CA 90701 — is well thought out. All its controls are located for easy use, and the standard gun should not require any custom features.

The Bren Ten is a large pistol, but not unhandy. It is designed to hold 12 rounds of 10mm ammo in the magazine. Production Bren Tens will be made of both stainless and regular carbon steel. Standard features include a safety that can be converted to either right- or left-hand use, a selective magazine catch, high visibility and rugged, fully adjustable sights. The front sight is replaceable — and comes in various shapes and colors to suit individual taste.

The Bren Ten's design insures that — like its pattern gun, the CZ75 — it will be inherently accurate. Non-snagging sights have the popular three-dot aiming system. Design features that should make the competition shooter happy include a built-in recoil buffer, screwdriver set and replaceable barrel bushings. Overall length of the pistol is 8.53 inches; height is 5.50 inches, and width is 1.48 inches at the grip. Weight is 38 ounces empty — nearly the same as the Colt 1911.

The prototype pistol had a Barsto barrel of outstanding quality. Fit and finish are far better than most normally seen in the industry. However, as with any prototype product, the finish is expected to be exceptional.

The key to the manufacture of the Bren Ten is the use of tape-controlled machinery that will hold very close tolerances and produce well-finished parts with minimal need for handwork — a decision that is a positive step forward, since the track record of guns with investment-cast parts has not been what many "experts" would lead us to believe.

Tape-control means a high-quality pistol at a reasonable cost ($450 projected at this time) that will be competitive on the market. Southern California has many high-quality, precision manufacturing plants, as a result of the location of the aerospace industry there. These manufac-

turers are skilled makers of close-tolerance parts made of quality materials.

Tom Dornaus is the man in charge of the manufacturing end of the Bren Ten project, and his skill in this field is second to none. The work and details of the Bren Ten reflect a professional attitude not often found in U.S. weapon design. American arms producers have been reluctant to become involved in new handgun designs that have merit.

The H&K P-7 (PSP) is a good example of how far ahead of the U.S. other countries are in arms manufacturing. American companies, not part of the New England big four, have had a hard time making it, as the history of the AutoMag and Wildey shows. Smaller corporations have difficulty getting into the business.

The Bren Ten uses an already perfected pistol design and is a weapon for serious application. It need not be marketed as a plaything. For a new pistol design to be successful, it must result in a sidearm with superior function and action. The weapon must be reliable and easy to operate. It must provide enough punch to do the job. The Bren Ten does this job with ease.

I was only able to fire the prototype Bren Ten with a .45 ACP conversion kit attached. Firing it was enjoyable. It is accurate, easy to use and controllable. Although its grip size is large, it is comfortable. Anyone who handles a S&W M-59 or P-35 will find the Bren Ten manageable. The double-action stroke is short and smooth — in fact, one of the nicest I have ever tried on an auto pistol. But this is expected on a prototype pistol — the final proof will be in a production piece.

As of now, the Bren Ten is still in its infancy. There will most likely be some hard times ahead — but I sure hope that this one makes it. Historically, only a few handgun designs really stand out. John Browning's work still remains on top after all these years and the H&K P-7 is the most recent weapon to gain the respect of the practical pistolero. Now, with the prospect of the Bren Ten, the future looks much brighter.

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FLAK

Continued from page 12

RUSSIAN WOODPECKERS ...

Sirs:

SOF is gutsy, informative and very much to the point. The article, "Airwave Warfare" (SOF , December '80), was extra-special to me. I was a high-speed field radiotelegraph operator. In the Army Signal Corps, I was in radio relay and carrier operations, providing commo for Hawk missile units in West Germany.

The damn Russkies are using an "over-the-horizon" radar that transmits up and down over the high-frequency radio spectrum. The signals they put out sound like a woodpecker. As an amateur radio operator, having to put up with Ivan's "woodpecker" gets to be a pain. The Russkie signals not only interfere with our "ham" frequencies but also with other international radio communications.

Governments around the world have filed complaints with Ivan. Ivan does not even acknowledge the radar signal is coming from him — but it is. The Russkies, unlike the unemployed "peanut farmer" from Plains, Ga., do not give a damn about world opinion and do damn well as they please.

Sincerely,
John J. Wallace
Minden, Louisiana

FAN MAIL FOREVER . . .

Sirs:

I've never written fan mail before so this may be overenthusiastic, maudlin, bizarre or all of the above. I have no military background, haven't shot a gun in 12 years and am generally thought of as apolitical. In spite of all that, I find your magazine the most satisfying periodical on the market for several reasons: your articles are consistently well written, well researched — and only rarely suffer from pedantry or sophistry — you do your homework; you go where the action is (Rhodesia, Afghanistan, etc.), you seem to have a healthy sense of humor about yourselves and the people who make you out to be mangy, bloodlusting, terminal syphilitics with gun permits.

Many thanks for your
fine magazine,
Lawrence Hooper
Palo Alto, California

We really should let this letter stand on its own but we can't resist the impulse to take a bow.—The Eds.

Continued on page 90

SALUTE

The Lafayette Gun Club of Virginia, Inc. would like to recognize and express its appreciation to each of the supporters listed below for their contributions and direct support of the highly successful 1980 United States Practical Pistol Championship. We salute each of you for both your support and your kindness.

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BULLETIN BOARD

Continued from page 64

ON JOINING FRANCE'S FOREIGN LEGION ...

Want to join the French Foreign Legion?

Tips for those interested in joining the Legion: Try to get some French language background before you go. Recent returnees from France indicate difficulties in finding English-speaking types at the Legion recruiting center. If you go to France, make sure you have money for a return ticket to the United States — some Yanks were rejected for enlistment and had to borrow money from friends to make it back home.

Following is the address of the French Foreign Legion:

French Foreign Legion
Poste d'Information de la Legion
B.P. 78—13673
Aubagne, France

We hope the above information will be helpful.

MSC FORMED IN ILLINOIS ...

Three midwest combat pistol clubs have formed the Midwest Shooters' Coalition (MSC) to hold joint matches and other activities. The MSC member clubs are: Illinois Valley Firearms Association (IVFA), Northern Illinois Shooters Association (NISA) and the Outdoor Sportsman Practical Pistol League.

The initial event was held 21 September 1980 at the IVFA range in Utica, Ill. More than 70 people competed in three events.

Plans are being made for another match to be held in April 1981. It will be open to all qualified combat shooters, regardless of club affiliation.

For further information contact Larry Goldberg, Midwest Shooters' Coalition, 7500 Elmhurst Road, Des Plaines, IL 60016 or call (312) 680-8080.

'NAM OIL BEACHHEAD . . .

Reports from Vietnam say that some Western oilmen who have been working out of the old resort town of Vung Tau have left, but that others are still trying to establish a presence there. However, the scramble to get back into Vietnam after it went communist in 1975 has not borne fruit thus far.

The three Western firms that had contracts for offshore drilling operations were Deminex of West Germany, Agip Overseas Ltd. of Italy and Bow Valley Consortium of Canada.

Soviet technicians reportedly replaced most of the Westerners, but Western oilmen do not believe that the Soviets have the expertise to conduct successful offshore drilling operations. This leads them to believe that Hanoi might still be open to further negotiations with Western firms.

The Western oilmen say they believe the Vietnamese would welcome the return of American offshore technology as a balancing factor in its international-trade relationships. However, this is forbidden at the moment because of the existing U.S. embargo on commercial relations with Vietnam.

The Western drillers say they believe there is plenty of oil offshore Vietnam and that it is only a matter of drilling in some new areas to bring it up.

ATTENTION CHICAGO AREA READERS:

Due to a shipping error, January 1981 copies of *Soldier of Fortune* did not arrive in Chicago. Those Chicago-area readers desiring a copy of the January 1981 issue may obtain one by sending $2.50 to: Soldier of Fortune, P.O. Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306.

FLAK
Continued from page 87

RX FOR ADVENTURERS ...

Sirs:

My experience should be a red light for all SOFers. We are faced with an enemy as silent as a Ninja and as deadly as any VC. We have the means to contain it but usually ignore it and become casualties — either dead or maimed. My recent encounter with this killer made me aware of our vulnerability.

I'm 45, a member of a top reserve unit with 28 years' service. I'm not the man I was at 28 but have remained active. Even though I don't jump out of airplanes every day, I do manage a four-mile speed walk every morning, warm-up exercises and weight lifting. I've been blessed with good health except for some broken bones and bruises that are to be expected in our business. Most of us, particularly the he-man type, ignore doctors unless we're wounded or very ill — we think anything can be handled by a good, sharp Gerber or Colt Commander.

In December, I was anticipating a short-term job in the Far East. It had been some time since I'd had a real physical. I made an appointment with an internist friend of mine. I told him where I was going (not why) and that I wanted a real exam, not just a "turn-your-head-and-cough job." The doctor started with the usual blood-pressure check.

I usually say, "Like a teenager's, huh?" but this time the answer shocked the hell out of me. "Not hardly," said the doctor. He took readings from both arms, waited until he did more of the exam and took it again.

The previous May I'd had a blood-pressure check and the military doctor had remarked, "Yep, like a teenager — you'll never have to worry about high blood pressure." I took him at his word and later ignored the occasional ringing in my ears, headache and shortness of breath. I wrote the symptoms off to temporary stress.

I am fortunate the enemy was caught in time. Many aren't as fortunate. They have strokes, heart attacks or kidney failure and are left crippled or with months of rehabilitation — or in the small farm in the big local cemetery.

Age or sex is no protection. Anyone can develop high blood pressure. It can be controlled but not cured. Some people are more prone to it than others but everyone is vulnerable. As SOFers, adventurers or plain guys, our best asset is our good health. After my experience, five of my associates went for physicals. Two of them had high blood pressure. SOFers, do yourself a favor and get your blood pressure checked — or better yet, have a complete physical check-up. It takes a healthy man to soldier.

Sincerely,
Lee Holt
Arroyo Grande, California

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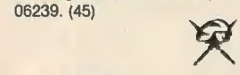

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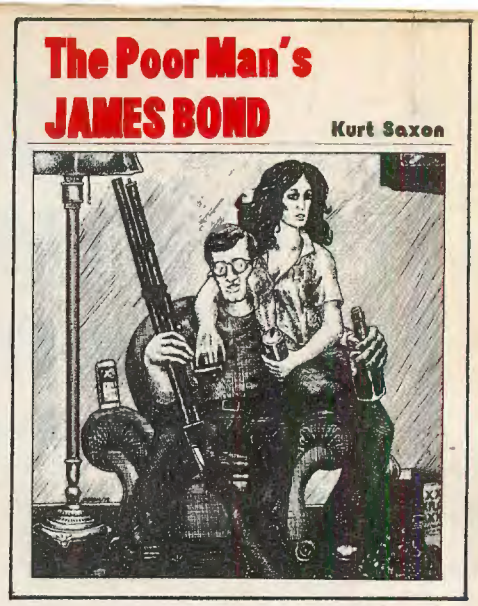

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