MAY 1991
48493

POW ESCAPES

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

The Journal of Professional Adventurers

DESERT STORM:

BATTLE FOR KHAFJI

APACHES AT WAR

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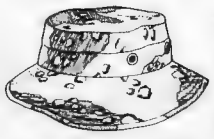

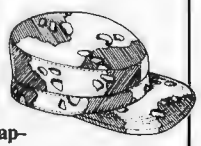

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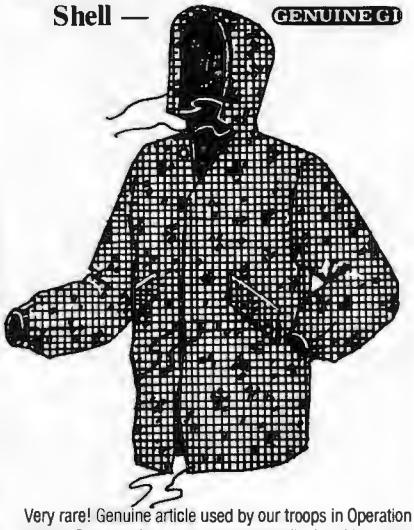

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COMMAND GUIDANCE

by John Coleman

WE were all stunned earlier this year when Iraq dragged shocked and beaten American, British, Italian and Kuwaiti prisoners of war on television. What Saddam Hussein hoped to accomplish by putting on public display men brutalized by their captors is lost on us here at the magazine. What *we* hope to accomplish is to make him fry for it.

No matter how the war turns out, no matter what other atrocities Iraq will have to answer for, bringing Saddam and his cohorts to task for their treatment of POWs must become a key goal of the international community. The first goal, of course, is the return — alive and in one piece — of all POWs held by Iraq: immediately and without conditions. No bargaining for reparations as happened with the North Vietnamese. No behind-the-scenes political maneuvering for return based upon linkage. No "hostages."

George Bush must look Baghdad straight in the eye and demand immediate accountability for and release of every single POW in Iraqi hands, or held elsewhere through Iraqi concurrence. And if Iraq fails to comply? We will have more than enough ordnance left in our military stockpiles to ensure that they do. We can, if we're so inclined, begin destroying the entire Iraqi military, political and economic infrastructure until all POWs are released. We can turn Iraq into one large, sandy ghost town.

Yes, Mr. President, that's a draconian measure, and it wouldn't play well on the international political stage. But if you do less, Iraq will spit in your face. And every other two-bit dictator will know beyond a doubt (if there ever was any doubt) that Americans are fair game, to be abused and publicly exploited — and that we won't do anything about it. Korea, Vietnam, Iran —the other side has learned we're weak, that the U.S. government will dance to any tune when it comes to POWs and hostages.

Perhaps you can do better this time around, Mr. President. Perhaps you can make Saddam Hussein fry for his treatment of our POWs, one way or another, and get the message out that your "New World Order" doesn't have room for those who play political chess with human pieces.

If Saddam doesn't join the piles of bodies atop the destruction he has caused, then your only other option should be to try him and his cohorts as war criminals. Yes, Saddam's boys will say they are innocent, that they were only "following orders," as did most of the Nazis on trial at Nuremberg. That was unacceptable then and it's unacceptable now. Unfortunately, Hitler wasn't around for sentencing. With any luck, Saddam will be.

The POW issue is vital to us, Mr. President, and no doubt is to you, too. After all, you came close to becoming one yourself in World War II. What we're afraid of, however, is that our men and women held POW now will become lost in the grand political game plan later, as has happened to so many of their predecessors —including those still in Lebanon.

When quiet returns to the Persian Gulf, let's make the POW issue a new game for Iraq, a game called "lose-lose."

And Saddam — you're it.

Editor/Publisher Robert K. Brown is on-station in the Middle East covering the war.

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SOF

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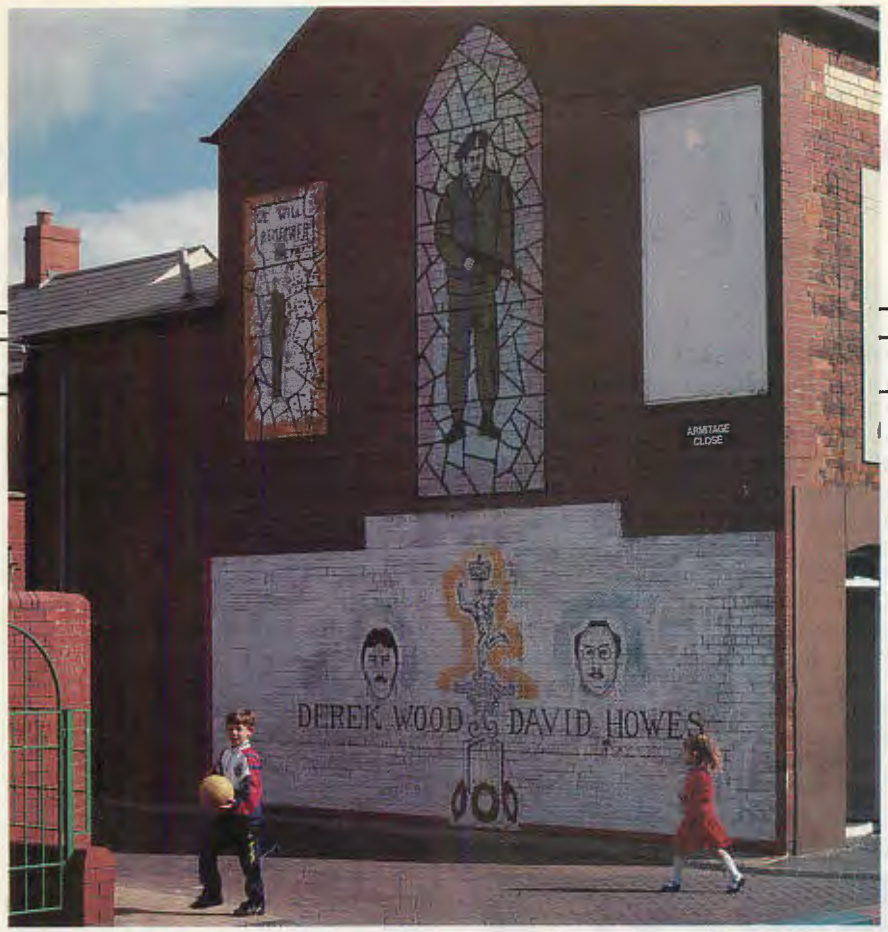
FEATURES

Kashmir — Page 56

Photo: Mike Winchester



Northern Ireland — Page 32 Photo: Stan Martin

PUBLISHING EXCELLENCE AWARD 1990 Nominee

COLUMNS

Desert Storm — Page 44 Photo: Dale B. Cooper

COVER

Whether it's troops on the ground, pilots in the air or in this case, Tomahawk cruise missiles launched from the nuclear-powered crusier USS *Mississippi*, Coalition forces unleashed such a military firestorm against Iraqi forces in Kuwait that thousands opted for a new battle flag — white on a white background. In this issue we continue our coverage of Desert Storm, from the little known — how Uncle Sam turned U.S.-based Kuwaiti college students into "Kit Carson" scouts in a mere eight days — to the exclusive — how two U.S. Army officers managed to survive the onslaught of Saddam's war machine. As we've said, as long as there are U.S. forces in a hostile area of operations, we'll continue to give them the coverage and support they deserve. Photo: U.S. Navy/MMCS(SW) Henderlight

INSET: Escape. It's the first thing on any prisoner of war's mind. Many have tried but few actually succeeded, and with our article "Great Escapes" we'll give you the stories of those which worked. We've done a lot in this issue on the POW/MIA situation — from Korea to Vietnam —because the U.S. government's track record in this area has been particulary poor. We hope it gets better this time around. Photo: National Archives

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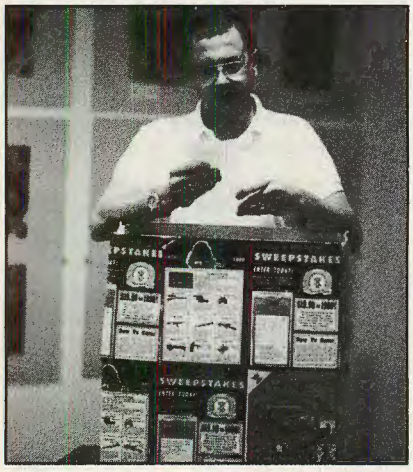

SOF SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS!
At a drawing held 31 January at *SOF* by the accounting firm of Hayward, Carson and Sober, the following winners of the *SOF* 15th Anniversary Sweepstakes were drawn: *Grand Prize* — (Free trip to 12th *SOF* convention in Las Vegas, plus $1,000 spending money): William Conville, Philadelphia, PA. *Second Prize* — (Action Arms Classic Woods Rifle): Gene Anderson, Longmont, CO. *Third Prize* —(B-Square BSL-1 laser sight): Robert Ahrendt, Tarawa Terrace, NC. *Fourth Prize* — (Steiner 7x35G binoculars): Michael Dzikowski, Bayonne, NJ. *Fifth Prize* — (Mitchell Arms AK-22 rifle): Frank Weiss Jr., Chicago, IL. *Sixth Prize* — (Al Mar Knives "Alaskan" Bowie): Ray L. East, Grandview, MO. *Seventh Prize* — (Barnett International Wildcat XL crossbow): Shawn A. Albertson, Walhalla, SC. *Eighth Prize* —(Aimpoint Series 1000 electronic sight): David Whitefield, Las Vegas, NV. *Ninth Prize* — (Outdoor Edge Cutlery Game Skinner): Steven R. Beckstead, Sandy, UT. *Tenth Prize* —(Collector's Armoury Model 1883 Gatling Gun): Alberto Rodriguez, Los Angeles, CA.

Our congratulations go to these lucky winners, and our thanks to all who participated in *SOF's* 15th Anniversary Sweepstakes!

DRI-SLIDE UPDATE
Due to the tremendous response to Chuck Fremont's *Combat Craft* article on dry lubricants ("Dry Lubes for a Desert Shield," February '91), Guardsman, Inc., manufacturer of Dri-Slide, is taking phone orders for shipments directly overseas. Their phone is (616) 924-3950. Guardian advises us that Dri-Slide dry lubricant has been assigned a federal stock number (FSN), which is: 9150-00-933-4621.

And, since last Fall, Guardian has sent thousands of individual bottles of Dri-Slide *free* to our GIs in the Gulf who needed them. If your unit does not yet issue Dri-Slide, you can call Andy at (800) 647-1206 and have an individual bottle sent directly to your GI in the Gulf. Units gearing up for Gulf deployment can order through the usual local-procurement drill, at the same number. Kudos all around, guys! Isn't it funny how guys with a good product also turn out to be good dudes?

Florida-based anti-Castro group Alpha 66 managed to peeve both Washington and Havana, and get shot up in the process. Last January the Alpha speedboat *Trinero I* was dumping plastic bottles filled with leaflets into the Gulf Stream in international waters north of Las Villas Province, when two Cuban vessels approached and opened fire. In the ensuing exchange, Pablo Garcia Roqueta was wounded. Alpha taped the event. Castro denounced them as "terrorists." Washington glommed their boat and guns pending investigation. Photo: courtesy Alpha 66

BOOKS FOR THE TROOPS
SOF took pleasure in panhandling books from our generous readership, packaging them for shipment, and spiriting them to our troops in the Gulf via cooperative Air National Guard units. The program was a resounding success, with tons of books sent in by you, being sent on by SOF. Thousands of free copies of SOF were also sent to our troops.

The program is *still continuing*, in modified form. Books you generous readers now send in are being repackaged and sent to the Red Cross at the U.S. Air Force hospital in England. Send 'em along to *Books for the Troops, c/o SOF, Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306.*

You readers can give yourselves a pat on the back for a job well done. Typical was Kevin Harris of Ferndale, Washington, who sent books slated for a library sale — and helped organize a community rally in support of the troops, well attended by locals and our Canadian cousins just over the border. When they passed the hat to videotape the rally for the troops, there were a couple Canadian $100-dollar bills in it. *Thanks, neighbors, for your solid moral support, and for the fine fighting forces you sent to the Gulf on this wolverine hunt.*

REUNIONS
FIRST SPECIAL SERVICE FORCE, August '91, Hamilton, Ontario; contact Bill Story, 11815 Quarter Horse Court, Oakton, VA 22124. FOURTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION, June '91, Bloomington, MN; contact Frank Gregory 7031 James Ave. N, Brooklyn Center, MN 55430; phone (612) 566-3369. NAVY/USMC ANGLICO ASSOCIATION, November '91, Washington, DC; contact L. Jack Summerfield Jr., RD 6, Box 376, Indiana, PA 15701; phone (412) 463-3215.

Recent peace demonstration at local recruiting office here in the People's Republic of Boulder confirmed our suspicions about peaceniks. Photo: John Kreiger

FLAK

"BAGHDAD PETEY" 1

When President Bush said the Persian Gulf conflict wouldn't be like the Vietnam war, he was wrong. During the Vietnam war, Peter Arnett was noted for his slanted reports from Hanoi. He just accepted the propaganda that was being fed him, and reported it as reality.

Here he is again, in Iraq, acting surprised that there is damage to civilian areas of Baghdad, "due to American planes." Why won't he, as a reporter, examine any fragments in the damage? The Iraqis have put up a lot of antiaircraft fire.

As far as I know, just about everything that goes up, also comes down. The Iraqis have also fired a lot of rockets, and few of them exploded on American aircraft. Where did they land? Don't ask Peter Arnett; he's too busy handing out enemy propaganda.

Bob Steiner
Upland, California

"BAGHDAD PETEY" 2

As history has proven, that country with the most will to win a war, wins. CNN's Peter Arnett in Baghdad, in the guise of news reporting, has become the voice of Iraqi propaganda.

In my opinion, he is doing more damage to the American will to win than Tokyo Rose did in World War II. CNN should either eliminate Arnett's broadcasts or identify them for what they really are: enemy propaganda. "Cleared by Iraqi censors" is misleading, at best.

I suggest *SOF* readers call or write CNN and protest this extremely influential distribution of enemy propaganda on American television. We are already seeing the beginnings of a Vietnam repeat.

Donald McElfresh
Dallas, Texas

CNN is not only influential in the United States, but around the world. More than 65 million people in 102 countries gather around their tubes at night to tune in Arnett and his gang for the "most accurate" information available on the Persian Gulf war. To tell CNN how you feel about the way they're reporting from Iraq, you can call them at (404) 827-1500.

IRONIC BUT TRUE

As I write this, the United States is at war with Iraq. It is ironic that as we fight for the freedom of people overseas, at home, our rights continue to erode.

The Supreme Court has let stand the 1986 ban on the manufacture of machine guns for civilian use. If the logic here is that the Founding Fathers could not foresee the development of machine guns, it could be said that freedom of the press applies only to newspapers — not to radio or television.

The men and women serving in the Persian Gulf cannot legally own the same weapon to protect their freedom here as they are using to protect someone else's in the Middle East. How ludicrous.

Bill Hall
Denver, Colorado

SOFski in Red Squareski? Da, English photojournalist John Evans gives Gorby even more to worry about on a recent trip to the worker's paradise. Photo: courtesy John Evans

UNIFORM ADORNMENT

While watching TV the other night, I happened upon a game show with many military personnel as guests. I noticed that almost all of them sported at least a full row of ribbons on their chests. One female in particular had more than three rows, which would not be too strange, except that she couldn't have been more than 25 years old.

My question: What the hell is going on? Has the military turned to handing out ribbons like cracker jack toys? Do you get a ribbon these days for making muster? Hell, I did a tour in the South Pacific during World War II, and one in Korea from '51 to '53, and I ended up with a grand total of six (6) ribbons.

Seeing this kind of thing makes me want to take my ribbons and throw them in the can. When they were earned, they represented a ton of blood, sweat and tears. Damn, this whole thing makes me sick.

R. Langdale
Naches, Washington

SOF *called Colonel Terry Atkins, Chief of Military Awards for the Army, Alexandria, Virginia. According to Atkins, the primary reason military personnel are wearing more ribbons these days is simply because there are more ribbons to wear. He pointed out that there was only one award available in the Civil War (the Medal of Honor), and two in World War I. Since then, many more have been created, especially since 1980. The system was "refined," he said, to recognize peacetime service and achievement.*

Good enough, but ribbons are only symbolic of achievement. Symbolism is cheap; achievement is not. Veterans such as R. Langdale can take comfort in the thought that, ribbon or no ribbon, nothing can diminish their achievements.

RETURN TO SENDER

My Dearest President Hussein:

I hope this letter reaches you in the best of health. We think of you often, so I decided to write to let you know that I am doing well and that Barb's sledding accident was not serious.

I understand we don't see eye to eye on this Kuwait thing. I am sure that after I explain my feelings on the matter, you will undoubtedly see my point.

Let me get straight to the meat of the matter and say Read My Lips: Get the hell out of Kuwait, you smelly, son-of-a-camel-humping bitch, before I turn my Air Force loose and make a multinational parking lot out of your camel

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FLAK

dung country and use the Army and Marines to paint the lines on it. I won't even need my Navy, because by that time, your sorry ass will be sitting next to Allah and you won't be too concerned about much of anything anymore.

Well, Barb is calling me for dinner, so I'll close. Give my best to your slimy buddies. Keep in touch. All my love.

George
Washington, D.C.

FUEHRER DINKINS

New York City Mayor Dinkins has decided that simply banning guns in our fine city is not enough. He has just proposed legislation that would give lawful owners of semiautomatic rifles "90 days to get rid of them, period!" Since he cannot bring himself to punish criminals, law-abiding citizens will have to do.

Bad enough? Not quite. Police Commissioner Lee Brown announced today that police will no longer be permitted to wear American flag patches on their uniforms as a sign of support for our troops in the Persian Gulf. Translation: You can burn the flag in New York, but you can't wear one if you're a cop.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

HOSTILE ATTITUDES

I am writing in response to the letter written by Jesse Moore in your February issue. I am also a young reader of *SOF* and experience the same hostile attitudes from people because of it.

I think that police officer was right: No ordinary kid reads *SOF* or wants to be a soldier in the Special Forces. Kids who do must be brave, enjoy challenges, and have high expectations for their futures. I want to have a career in the Special Forces some day, so I read *SOF* because it is a vital source of information on world military affairs.

Many people, including my parents, are narrow-minded and stereotype your magazine even though they have never read it. They also said you would never publish my letter because, according to them, Americans don't give a shit about what Canadians think.

Brad Blois
Nova Scotia, Canada

CREDIT WHERE IT'S DUE

Give me a break! I've enjoyed *SOF* for more than 10 years, but a couple of lines in your February '91 issue really chapped me. Quote: "Because many officers these days have no knowledge of weapons beyond limited military experience, your platoon leader may not understand dry lubricants."

Granted, the opinion of a typical lieutenant isn't that good, but give us some credit. As platoon leaders, officers and soldiers, I think I and other lieutenants have a better understanding of weapons than you give us credit for. I am an avid shooter, and think I know more than the average bear when it comes to firearms.

Anyway, thanks for the info on dry lubes. As for the men in my platoon, they'll have it on their weapons in the Persian Gulf if I have to buy it with money from my own pocket.

2nd Lt. Kendrick McCormick
Fort Polk, Louisiana

BOOKS FOR THE TROOPS

I would like to thank you for your letter thanking me for the books I donated to your "Books for the Troops" program. In this selfish day and age, I was glad to know you took the time to see that everyone who donated books was sent a courteous thank-you letter. God bless you, Mr. Brown. I hope you and *SOF* continue to bring us in-depth coverage of the world's fight against corrupt dictators and related topics.

Doug Merkel
St. Louis, Missouri

Thank you for thanking us for thanking you, Doug.

GOOD QUESTIONS

I am writing about the current protest movement in the United States. In one breath the protesters declare their support for our troops in the Gulf, and in the next, damn them for being there and burn the American flag.

What have these pathetic protesters ever done for the men and women of our military and their families? Don't they realize that burning the American flag is like shooting our troops in the back? Don't they realize that their actions give aid and comfort to Saddam Hussein? Must pro-Iraqi terrorists murder American citizens in our streets before they realize that their entire agenda is misguided, misdirected and malevolent?

Why don't they damn and curse Saddam Hussein for the torture of captured American pilots? Why don't they protest the barbaric and inhumane atrocities inflicted on Kuwaiti citizens, the rape of teenagers and other degradations? Iraqi atrocities are no longer rumored — they are documented.

Since the second week of Operation Desert Shield, I have been organizing a volunteer mail project that has helped get over 5.2 million cards, letters and care packages to the troops. Our troops need our support now more than ever. Show them you care.

Bill Hermann
"The America Cares Campaign"
Ladson, South Carolina

Something on your mind? Write and tell us about it. We reserve the right to edit for content or brevity. Send letters to: FLAK, c/o SOF, PO Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306

PERSONAL & BUSINESS PRIVACY AND SECURITY

ISRAELI INSTINCTIVE SHOOTING METHOD — Revealed!

Learn to shoot FAST, safely and with deadly surgical precision. This video reveals for the first time, the step by step training method used by all of the "special units" of the Israeli military.

These techniques have been proven to work in "real world" situations time and time again. Anyone can learn the Instinctive Shooting Method after watching this video with just a few hours practice.

Fast moving one hour video is a complete condensed version of the Israeli Instinctive Shooting course as taught by ISDS, an Israeli government approved company that specializes in counterterrorism and VIP protection.

Produced and filmed on location in Israel with Israeli instructors.

Learn from the best! Be prepared when it really counts.

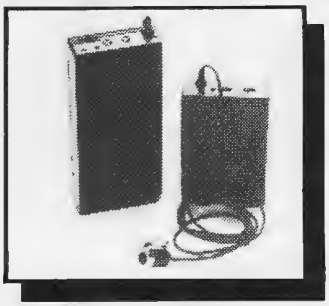
Instinctive Shooting Video
Retail $69.95
Introductory Price $49.95 (Ship/Insur. $4.)

SPY TECH VIDEO

Watch as each product is demonstrated, learn how they can give you the "edge." 30 minutes — VHS only.

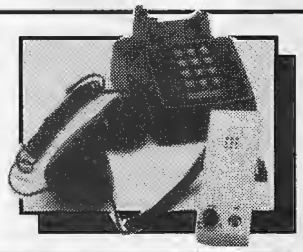
Spy-Tech Video Catalog $14.95 (Ship/Insur. $3.)

BODY WIRE TRANSMITTER — Room Monitor



EP-151 transmits your voice or other sounds up to 1,000 feet away to the matching receiver (included) with this small (cigarette pack size) crystal controlled VHF transmitter. (See warning.)

Reg. $399. SALE $299. Complete (Ship/Insur. $10.)



VOICE CHANGER

Fits over the handset of any telephone and electronically changes your voice to protect your identity. **$298.** (Ship/Insur. $5.)

ALSO AVAILABLE

- **Body Wire & Bug Detector** Transtec silently vibrates when it detects a hidden transmitter. Pocket size. Reg. $795. **Sale $695.** (Ship/Insur. $10.)
- **Scrambled Walkie Talkies** VHF, 5 watt, 4 channel, hand held, 3-7 miles, rechargeable. **Model VHF-30 $595. ea.** Minimum two required.
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- **Shotgun Microphone** With amplifier and headphones. Hand held, directional. Range varies with conditions. **$249.** (Ship/Insur. $10.)
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- **Telephone Ear** Listen in by telephone! Just attach to telephone line in home or business, dial up and enter secret code, now you can listen to room sounds from any telephone in the world. **$249.** (Ship/Insur. $10.)
- **Long Term Storage Food** One year supply. **$1,076.** (Ship/Insur. $154.)
- **Weapons Detector** Garrett Super Scanner, hand held. **$179.** (Ship/Insur. $7.50)
- **Narc Bag** Looks like a standard waist pack, but one quick jerk on the front and a hidden holster compartment is revealed. This system is fast and well concealed. For small revolvers and medium autos. Black nylon only. **$39.95** (Ship/Insur. $5.)
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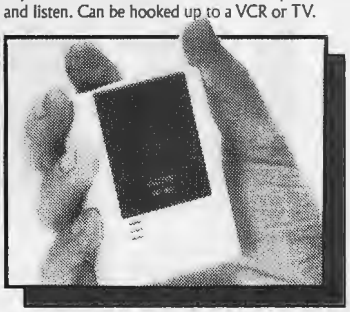
MICRO SURVEILLANCE TV CAMERA

Size of a cigarette pack. Pin hole lens will see through a ¼" hole. Camera can be hidden almost anywhere and has built in lens and microphone. See and listen. Can be hooked up to a VCR or TV.



Complete $699. (Ship/Insur. $10.)

"TELEPHONE 'TAPS' & 'ROOM BUGS,' How They're Done, How To Defeat Them"

This exclusive video clearly demonstrates how easily wiretapping and room bugging can be done and what you can do to protect your privacy.

A leading expert in countersurveillance begins with a detailed examination of telephone taps. The major fallacies of "tap detection" devices are exposed, followed by a discussion of the ONLY reliable methods to detect taps and safeguard your communications. Learn the major features of common taps, including slaves, parasitic and nonparasitic devices, telephone recorder devices and more. Also included is an examination of how cellular and portable phones and even FAX machines can be tapped.

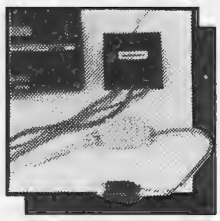
Part 2 of the video examines the ins and outs of room bugs, including transmitters, wired microphones, laser listening devices, contact and parabolic mikes and body wires. See how these insidious bugs can be disguised as electrical outlets, smoke detectors, pens, calculators and cigarettes.

The video concludes with a look at the best countermeasures against tapping and bugging, including how to detect transmitters, sweeping and detection gear that works and tips on how to perform a physical search of a room.

Don't let others invade your business or personal life. Find out how to protect yourself today!

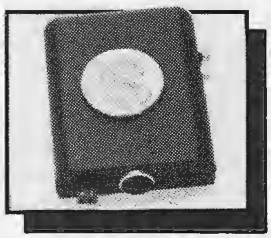
Available in VHS format only.
Reg. **$99. DIRECT $49.95.** (Ship/Insur. $4.)

PHONE RECORDING SYSTEM



Totally silent, starts and stops automatically, our exclusive, specially modified, selectable 8 or 12 hour long play recorder every time any telephone on the line is used. Records both sides of the conversation. (See warning.) **Long Play 8/12 Hour Recorder $125.** (Ship/Insur. $7.50) **Autostart $59.95** (Ship/Insur. $3.50) **SAVE — BOTH UNITS ONLY $165.** (Ship/Insur. $10.) **Optional Alligator Adaptor Clips** for attaching anywhere on the line. **$10.** (Ship/Insur. $3.50)

ULTRA II TRANSMITTER



Small, powerful. Microphone will pick up a whisper 20 feet away. Works with any FM receiver, tuneable 88 to 128 Mhz. Up to ¼ mile or more!

Powered by 9 volt battery for several days. Easy final assembly required. No soldering, takes 5 minutes. For use as security room monitor or testing and experimentation only. See warning. **Ultra II $99.** (Ship/Insur. $3.50) **110/9 Volt Continuous Power Supply $29. ppd.**

New EXPANDED 1991 Catalog $3.

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ADVENTURE QUARTERMASTER

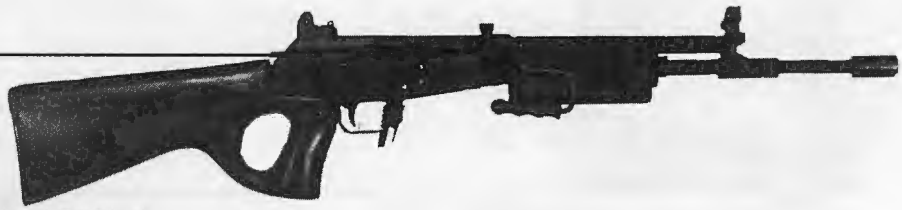
"REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR" KNIFE

Camillus Cutlery is continuing its line of World War II commemorative blades with their limited edition "Remember Pearl Harbor" knife. This new model, based on the U.S. Navy Mark 2 combat knife that Camillus made for servicemen during the war, has a 7-inch, high-luster, blue-finish blade with an 18-karat gold inlay of the USS *Arizona*.

The blade also lists the other ships on "battleship row" at the time of the infamous attack. Overall length is 13 inches. Only 2,000 of these commemoratives will be offered, each packaged in a solid oak display case with a brass plaque denoting the year and number of pieces produced. For more information, contact your local Camillus knife dealer or Camillus Cutlery Company, Dept. SOF, 54 Main Street, Camillus, NY 13031; phone (315) 672-8111.

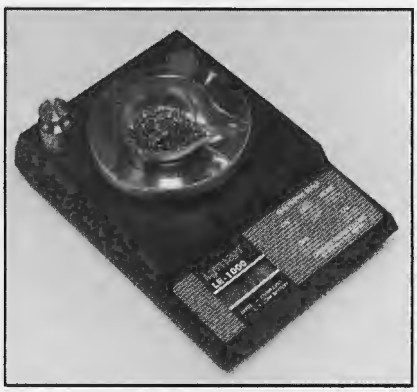
ADVENTURE QUARTERMASTER

If you have a product you wish to have considered for inclusion on this page, send a brief description, suggested retail price, black/white photo, and if possible a sample (samples normally not returned after testing).



GALIL SPORTER

Springfield Armory, through a special marketing agreement with Israeli Military Industries, the designers and manufacturers of the original Galil, has introduced the new Galil Sporter. Available in two popular caliber options, .223 Remington or .308 Winchester, Galil Sporters come equipped with a handsome thumb-hole sporter stock and a five-round magazine. Suggested retail price is $1,423. To see the new Galil Sporter stop by your local gun store, or for more information contact: Springfield Armory Inc., Dept. SOF, 420 West Main Street, Geneseo, IL 61254; phone (309) 944-5631.



ELECTRONIC SCALE

Lyman Products Corporation has a new electronic scale with some improved high-tech features. Accurate to 1/10th grain, the new LE1000 will measure up to 1000 grains of powder, and easily converts to the gram mode for metric measurements. A push-button automatic calibration feature eliminates your need for calibrating with a screwdriver. The compact design allows the LE1000 to be easily transported into the field or to your buddy's home. The scale works either with a single nine-volt battery, or plug it into the wall with the included power adaptor. Also available is an (optional) sculpted carrying case. Suggested retail price is $310. For further information or a free catalog, contact Lyman Products Corp., Dept. SOF, Route 147, Middlefield, CT 06455; phone (203) 349-3586.

ORIGINAL DIRTY HARRY

Cathey Enterprises, the world's largest manufacturer of leather holsters for the U.S. armed forces, is now the manufacturer of the Original Dirty Harry shoulder holster. This is the first production holster designed for the S&W Model 29 .44 Magnum. Since this rig was made famous by Clint Eastwood's movie character "Dirty Harry," companies have tried to keep up with demand. Now that production is in the hands of one of the largest U.S. Department of Defense leather holster contractors, with a capacity to produce 18,000 holsters per month, you should encounter no problems obtaining this legend. Contact Cathey Enterprises Inc., Dept. SOF, 3423 Milam Drive, Brownwood, Texas 76801 (send $2 for their catalog); phone 1-800-633-7129.

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World's Largest Survival Knife

This is the knife you've been waiting for! Made tough, it features a big 10 inch 420 stainless steel blade. Sports men, hunters, fishermen, and campers will find "The Big One" can take it no matter how tough the task. It's more than just a knife. Features:
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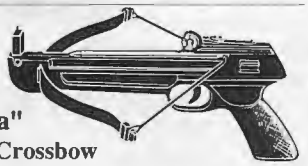
Improvised Munitions Handbook-the most sought after here-to-fore impossible to obtain Army Manual. Revealing chapters on: Mines & Grenades, Small Arms Weapons & Ammo, Mortars & Rockets, Incendiary Devices, Fuses, Ignition & Delay Mechanisms. Tells how to make Rocket Launchers, Pistols, Shotguns and Recoilless Rifles from easy to obtain materials and more! #BB **$10.00**



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Compact, silent and deadly. Powerful 40 lb. draw. Micro-adjustable sights. Aluminum body, contoured pistol grips. 11-1/4" overall. Comes with 3 - 6" bolts.
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Not a toy! You must be 21 to order!

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Amazing device automatically starts your recorder whenever the telephone is picked up and stops recorder when phone is hung up! Attaches anywhere along the line . Plugs into any recorder. Creates no interference or noise on line. 1"x2"x2". ***Warning:*** Not to be used for surveillance!
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I WAS THERE

Thieves of Baghdad

by Clayton Williams

THE faded blacktop road leading west from Baghdad across the narrow neck of Mesopotamia was showing the same signs of decay that characterized much of the Middle East. It was 0300 and I'd slowed to 15 mph to lessen the chance of blowing a tire in the pothole-strewn right of way.

It would have been less than wise to tempt fate by breaking down on the lonely, 50-mile stretch of road leading back to my American headquarters at RAF (Royal Air Force) Station Habbaniyah. There had been talk of banditry among my English friends at the officers' mess but I hadn't put much stock in it.

After all, the discussion with them was academic. They had mostly been restricted to base since the German-instigated Iraqi attack on Habbaniyah a few years ago. Also, I was armed and figured to shoot if necessary.

In the subdued beams of the headlamps a pile of rock, only barely discernible, appeared in the road ahead. Our army staff car's six-year-old battery was on its last legs and low rpms emphasized its ineffectiveness. I shifted into second and gunned the engine, seeking to better define the roadblock and possibly speed around it — mother had counseled against such stops.

Muzzle flashes alongside the road, like tiny splotches of heat lightning, were followed almost instantaneously by the unmistakable, staccato burping of a Sten gun. I eased up on the accelerator as my companion peered intently ahead. In the darkness, I sensed his disapproval. "Better stop, lieutenant. They could be bandits."

I only half believed that this was possible, but my Armenian office manager, Sargam L. Sargas, had proven himself to be a friend and, as an ethnic minority dwelling in Arab Baghdad, a reliable interpreter of the local scene. His very survival had depended on it. I slowed to a crawl.

"All the way, please, lieutenant. Those first shots were in the air only because they wanted to avoid damage to the car."

Sargam's message was clear. I'd already learned the value of life, or rather the lack of it, in a short six months in the Middle East. Almost any property — a penknife, cigarettes, even a perceived insult, could be worth more. Our six-year-old Chevy staff car, unadorned except for a coat of olive drab paint to cover the big "U.S." in white letters, was worth infinitely more — 800 Iraqi dinars or more than $3,200. I braked to a complete stop. Almost immediately a shouted order came in Arabic to douse our headlamps.

Going through my head was a kaleidoscope of impressions, confused somewhat by a less than temperate participation in a party at the American legation in Baghdad that past evening. Major events were stirring in the Middle East. Within weeks, Amir Abdullah of Trans-Jordan, great uncle of the 10-year-old king of Iraq, Faisal II, and grandfather of another 10-year-old, Hussein, himself fated to be crowned when his grandfather was assassinated in 1951, was due to be crowned king of the new Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

It had proven difficult for the Baghdad diplomatic corps to squeeze in all of the requisite celebrations in the short time between pronouncement and fulfillment.

Upon taking leave of the Baghdad party, the Iraqi prime minister, Nuri as-Said, had welcomed me to his country and promised immediate help if I ever needed it. In my slightly befuddled brain, a thought formed. If he'd only supplied a lamp, now would be the time to rub it. I glanced at Sargam.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

"It's hard to figure, lieutenant. They seem to know exactly what they are doing."

At that moment a small searchlight came on and commenced moving slowly toward us, wobbling slightly as its carrier crossed the desert.

At about 30 yards away, the other vehicle's dark form, silhouetted against a new moon and starlit, mostly clear desert background, took on some distinctive features. It looked like a Bren gun carrier, a low-slung, lightly armored personnel carrier of a general type in use by British League of Nations-mandated countries.

On a ring mount at the rear, the vague outlines of a heavy machine gun could be seen. I could discern the shadowy figure of a man crouched behind the gun. I couldn't distinguish anything in the front where the blinding searchlight was mounted. A moment passed as I set the hand brake and throttle to insure the engine didn't die. The first overture came from "Sten gun."

It was in guttural Arabic. "Who are you?"

Guessing at the meaning of the question, I answered in English. "This is a United States Army vehicle. I am an American. What do you want?"

The answer came back, again in Arabic. "You will respond to questions in the tongue of true believers."

Sargam whispered in my ear, "Shall I answer? They wouldn't be surprised at us speaking Arabic. Doesn't everyone?"

I said to Sargam, "We must establish our identification," and yelled back, "I ask you again what you want and why you are endangering us with gunfire."

The answer was in a universal language — a short burst from the Sten gun which shredded the blacktop in front of us. Bits and pieces of road debris rattled against the fender and windshield. "Now," he said, "would you please respond to the question and in Arabic?"

"Answer 'em, Sargam."

"I am Sargam Sargas," he responded, "and with me is Lieutenant ..."

There was a sudden barrage of Arabic originating from the Bren gun carrier. Sargas briefly interpreted. "They say to get out of the car and come forward."

"Sten gun" approached and, in the light of the searchlight, looked me over carefully. After a few seconds he spat and turned to his comrades in the Bren gun carrier. *"Englaiz!"*

I looked at Sargam in surprise. "He's in uniform. Iraqi soldier?"

Continued on page 70

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"By far, your knives are the best money can buy. I've carried mine since April when our unit went to Saudi.... I'm proud to own an Ek. Even more, I feel safe with an Ek."

— SSGT A.A., U.S. Army

A new generation of Americans has gone to war – and they are engaged in *desert* combat. So, who better to create their *desert* combat knife? Ek Commando Knives have been tested—and proven—under the toughest combat conditions in American history, in World War II, Korea, Vietnam, and now, the Gulf! Since 1941, Ek holds the record as America's leading private-purchase military knife.

Now, Ek brings you the "Desert Patrol,"™ a new combat knife created especially for our troops engaged in Operation Desert Storm.

Mission-Tailored for Desert Warfare

The new Ek Desert Patrol™ is mission-tailored for desert warfare. Tests show that the Ek *Paragrip*® is easily the finest hilt design ever available for a desert combat knife. Even in 120° heat, the grip stays cool, resilient, non-slip and combat ready. Plastic-like grips like Kraton® can soften and literally melt under extreme heat, while leather grips can dry and crack.

Included with your Ek Desert Patrol™ Knife is an American-made, desert-tan web sheath with Velcro® retaining strap. Considered the most versatile of its kind, the sheath fits all military-style belts, or it may be fastened to leg, pack, etc.

New Double-Edge Combat Bowie

American servicemen selected Ek's new *double-edged* Combat Bowie blade for the Desert Patrol Model. It's ground and polished from a 1/4"-thick slab of full-length, full-width HCS1718 high-carbon surgical stainless steel. The blade is hardened to Rockwell C57-59, bead-blasted so it won't reflect in the desert sun—and *both* edges, main *and* back, are honed shaving sharp.

How to Order

Ordering is easy: simply call toll free 1-800-468-5575 or write the Ek Commando Knife Company. Order a Desert Patrol for yourself, or have us send one directly to a family member or friend on active duty. We'll even enclose a special gift card from you, at no extra charge, if you wish.

1. Desert-Camo *Paragrip*®—18' of desert-camouflage parachute cord custom-made expressly for this knife to 550-lb. tensile-strength military specification. Can be quickly unwrapped for utility, tie-down, etc.

2. Desert-Tan Guard — The solid brass, downswept crossguard is Teflon-coated to a non-reflective, sand-colored finish.

3. Two Razor-Polished Edges — Both edges of Ek's newest blade style are honed shaving sharp. So, with a 6-7/8" blade you actually get a full 11" of cutting edge. The point is reinforced, giving it the ability to pierce a steel oil drum.

Operation Desert Storm symbol is permanently etched on the blade reverse, a proud reminder for future generations.

TOLL FREE ORDERS
1-800-468-5575

Ek Desert Patrol Model shown smaller than actual size.

Length Overall:	13"
Blade Length:	6-7/8"
Steel Type:	HCS1718
Rockwell:	C57-59

Order Form

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Return in 45 Days for Full Refund.

For the fastest possible service, simply call us with your credit card, toll free 1-800-468-5575. Or, write, fax or send coupon to:

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601 North Lombardy Street, Dept. C65
Richmond, Virginia 23220
Telephone: (804) 257-7272 Fax: (804) 358-2179
TOLL-FREE ORDERS: 1-800-468-5575

☐ Yes, please rush me____ Ek Desert Patrol Knives with desert-tan military web sheath, at only $149, plus $3 shipping charges to 48 states (free shipping to active-duty military, APO's and FPO's).

☐ Also, kindly personalize my knife by engraving my name and/or other information on the blade. My written request is enclosed on a separate sheet (two possible lines; 30 characters and spaces available each line). I have added $19 for this.

☐ This is a gift. The delivery address is enclosed on a seperate sheet along with my gift card inscription request. Let me know in writing when the knife has been shipped.

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Please charge my: ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard ☐ Am. Exp.

Card No: _____ Exp: ____

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Street: _____

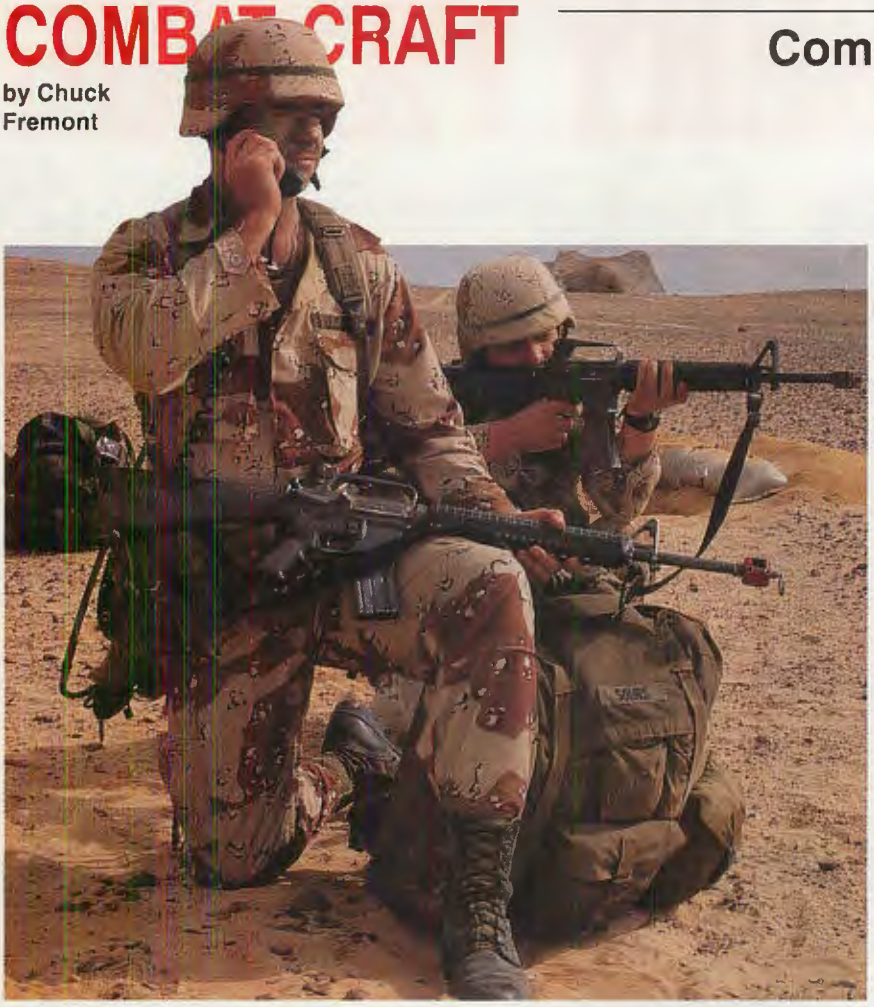
City, State & Zip: _____

For Virginia deliveries, please add $6.71 tax, or $7.11 tax if personalized engraving also ordered.

COMBAT CRAFT

Complete Combat Camo

by Chuck Fremont



Desert BDUs and camo paint are effective at camouflaging these 82nd Airborne Division paratroopers, but their black M16A2s stand out in sharp contrast to the desert terrain of Saudi Arabia — and to their own uniforms. Photo: Scott Defries

IF the enemy can't see you, he can't kill you — that's the idea behind combat camouflage. The U.S. Army and Marine Corps are becoming increasingly sophisticated about camouflage — day and night desert camo battle dress utilities (BDUs) and infrared-defeating dyes are all designed to lower the infantryman's combat profile.

But if you look at pictures of American combat troops in Desert Storm, the one thing that really stands out is that black M16A2. For the most part, only U.S. troops carry the M16A2; other Coalition forces use desert camo on their weapons. The Iraqis are aware of this.

This is nothing new. During the Vietnam war, Viet Cong trainees were told to look for the "black sticks," then shoot at what was connected to them: American GIs. At night you were OK, but the smooth black plastic of that M16 contrasted sharply with jungle foliage the rest of the time. Yet camouflaging the M16, other than maybe wrapping it with some tape, wasn't generally permitted.

Soldier of Fortune Managing Editor John Coleman, a Vietnam veteran, noticed a big change in attitude toward camouflaging weapons when he later served in the Rhodesian Light Infantry. "We cammied everything. It was not only standard operating procedure, it was common sense. We called black guns 'shoot-me sticks.' They stood out like sore thumbs in the bush. But we weren't allowed to camouflage our weapons in Vietnam."

I suggest the U.S. military policy on not allowing weapons to be camouflaged be reconsidered. Plastic-stocked weapons won't be damaged by being painted with proper finishes. Individual GIs, with guidance from their NCOs, could cammie their own weapons following a general pattern.

Metal parts don't need to be painted, but stocks and handguards should be camouflaged in accordance with the terrain and mission. Using BDU patterns and colors should usually work just fine. The cost would probably amount to a dollar or two per weapon.

TOP: M1A with leaf-pattern camouflaged fiberglass stock from Springfield Armory. This is the classic jungle camo. Broader-banded pattern might be more effective in forest environments. Stocks and handguards interchange quickly on the M14 family of weapons, making it simple to adapt a weapon to several environments (with the exception of the glass-bedded M21). Photo: Chuck Fremont

MIDDLE: AR15 fitted with ART II scope on Leatherwood mount, standard military black finish. Fine for its original role as an airfield security weapon, the standard M16 black finish is not a smart choice for desert warfare. Black contrasts sharply with desert sand and gets too hot to handle in intense summer sun. Photo: Chuck Fremont

BOTTOM: Springfield Armory M1A with day desert camouflage pattern on fiberglass stock. Jim Leatherwood's [phone: (817) 965-3253] legendary automatic ranging telescope (ART II) is mounted on a commercial see-through mount by K-Loc [phone: (303) 422-2050]. Note wide bands of contrasting earth tones, designed to break up the distinctive shape of the rifle. Sniper weapons certainly should be camouflaged. Photo: Chuck Fremont

The main idea of camouflaging a weapon is to break up its shape. Thus, for a long gun, you want to get some vertical bands in contrasting shades that still blend with the terrain. The U.S. day desert "chocolate chip" pattern works well on a rifle, giving the impression at a distance of an irregular, shadowed surface.

You may be wearing the most sophisticated camouflage uniform that modern technology can produce, and your face may be masterfully cammied with dull earth-tone paints. But your combat camouflage is incomplete if your weapon stands out against the terrain.

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Open the hood of the '57 Corvette for a look at the then revolutionary fuel-injected engine.

The '56 Thunderbird complete with porthole windows and Continental Kit rear-mounted spare wheel.

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Cars shown approximately actual size.
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IN REVIEW

by John Coleman

LIKE you, we're keen military readers here at SOF. But in our case, we're lucky that dozens of military-oriented books cross our desk each month for review. You're probably not so fortunate. We try to select the best of the bunch and pass that information along, but unfortunately space limits us to reviewing only a few titles; many more good books usually go unmentioned.

You could, if you had unlimited time, browse through five or six book stores each month, checking out each new military title and hoping to pick a winner or two. That's if you had the time, and few of us do.

We think we've found the answer to that problem. Former SOF staffer and Navy Reservist Bob Ogilvie has put together a quarterly catalogue, **MILITARY BOOK REVIEW**, which gives you the option to one-stop-shop for military books from your easy chair. This 24-page mail-order catalogue contains more than 200 military-related titles including biographies, terrorism, intelligence, strategy and tactics, weapons, general military history, conflicts ranging from World War II to Panama — in essence, an outstanding selection of the best of current military books.

You'll find not only non-fiction in **MILITARY BOOK REVIEW**, but you'll get the latest and best fiction from authors such as Tom Clancy, Stephen Coonts, W.E.B. Griffin, J.C. Pollack, Kent Anderson, Mark Berent, Harold Coyle, and many others who are shaping the current genre of military writing.

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This is a good product whose time has come, and you can order your catalogue by writing **MILITARY BOOK REVIEW**, 6482 Jib Court, Boulder, CO 80301. Include $2.00, which also covers postage and handling. For that price, **MILITARY BOOK REVIEW** is one of the best investments you'll make this year.

In the meantime, we've got our own selection to present this month.

THE WAR IN 2020 by Ralph Peters (Pocket Books) happens to reflect a comment I made back in our October '90 issue when I wrote that "our military writers [will] need to refocus their battle zones," with the likelihood of a major Soviet/United States confrontation diminishing. Peters certainly does with this book: The United States becomes militarily *allied* with a crumbling USSR, which faces the onslaught of a Japanese-backed Islamic war machine pouring across the Central Asian steppes. What a helluva scenario to contemplate, and Peters pulls it off brilliantly.

George Bush has been talking much lately about the "New World Order," and if **THE WAR IN 2020** is even a faint glimmer of what might come, it's time to saddle up and head for New Zealand. Peters starts out in 2005, with a haggard deployment of a gutted XVIII Airborne Corps deploying to southern Africa to defend against South African expansion north into Zaire. It's here we meet Captain George Taylor, an Apache-flying Air Cav company commander who suddenly confronts high-tech war (courtesy of the Japanese) face-to-face — and along with most of his fellows, comes out a distant second best.

As Peters winds us through the intervening years, Taylor grows hard and cold as he soldiers on for a United States on a fast downhill slide toward internal disintegration and international also-ran status.

But all, as they say, is not lost, even though Greater Japan has become the hegemonic world player, using revenge-hungry Soviet Islamic satellite forces to crush the remnants of a Soviet Union wracked by civil war — a situation decidedly not in the best of U.S. interests. Enter Colonel George Taylor and the U.S. Seventh Cavalry, armed with the finest high-tech air-war machinery the United States can field, tasked with brunting, then breaking, the Japanese-inspired drive.

I've read few books as technically, tactically and strategically on-target as **THE WAR IN 2020**. Peters, who's already hit the mark with his earlier **RED ARMY**, keeps the adrenaline pumping with this tour de force of war in the next century. A lot of people lose and few win — but that's always the way of war.

That's what we found in Vietnam, too, but revisionist history has made us — the men and women who fought that war — *all* losers. Not so. Against all odds we did our best, and a new PBS television program, **WARRIORS**, finally gives those who fought their chance to tell the war as they saw it.

This three-part series is an oral history of the battles of Dak To, Khe Sanh (check out our article in this issue on Khe Sanh revisited), and Lam Son, told by the U.S. and South Vietnamese troops who fought them.

Coordinating producer Doun Rose, himself a 173rd Airborne Brigade Vietnam vet, and staff from Public Television station WFUM traveled across the country interviewing vets for this series, and integrating military and governmental archival footage, have put together an outstanding 120-minute series focused on the grunt's-eye view of the war.

WARRIORS presents an opportunity for you Vietnam vets to get involved and get your story told, by contacting your local PBS affiliate and requesting they air the program. For suggestions on approaching public television stations, or finding the station closest to you, Doun Rose recommends contacting WFUM Program Director Jim Gaver at (313) 762-3028. To order your own copy of **WARRIORS**, send a check or money order for $31.45 (which includes p&h) to WFUM/

TV28 (Warriors Tape), The University of Michigan-Flint, Flint, MI 48502-2186.

Two new titles to watch for in the next few months — **HAZARDOUS DUTY - An American Soldier in the 20th Century**, by long-time SOF associate and friend Major General John K. Singlaub, under the Summit Books imprint and available in June; and **LEAD POISONING - 25 True Stories from the Wrong End of a Gun**, by Chris Pfouts, published by Paladin Press, (303) 443-7250, here in Boulder, available in May. You can't beat Pfouts' dedication: "To the one person without whom this book could not have been written: the little asshole that shot me". Both will get full reviews in upcoming issues.

DUEL OF ASSASSINS (Pocket Books), by **LAIR OF THE FOX** author Daniel Pollock, will hit your bookseller this month, and this we'll rate as a must buy. Take one American soldier of fortune who defects to become a Soviet Spetsnaz operative, add a Soviet Spetsnaz officer who defects to the United States, then pit them against each other in a duel over the life of the Soviet president. This is well-researched and edge-of-the-chair writing, about as good as it gets in the action/adventure field.

Finally: Is the world coming to an end? Not likely, but there is much concern about the war/post-war era and our recessed economy, and how we can make it through in one piece. With that in mind, the editors of SOF are compiling a special magazine entitled ***PRACTICAL SURVIVAL*** which will give you the knowledge necessary to carry you through, or prepare you for, hard times.

This is not a "dig the bunker and buy out the gun store — the end is nigh" kind of magazine. What you'll find in ***PRACTICAL SURVIVAL*** are intelligent, useful articles ranging from recession-proofing your life to preventative medicine and natural remedies, city survival to creating a survival garden, weapons you may need (if you need them at all) to the sorts of survival kits you should have at hand.

PRACTICAL SURVIVAL will hit your newsstands in late May, so watch for it — it's a magazine you shouldn't be without.

WORLD SITREP

1 ARGENTINA
Fourth military insurrection in three years crushed by troops loyal to President Menem; 21 killed, 331 soldiers and armed civilians arrested. Former Argentine Col. Mohammed Ali Seineldin, still in prison for earlier uprisings, admitted responsibility.

2 BANGLADESH
Police shoot more than 100 demonstrators at campus in Dhaka...Deposed President Ershad barred from new elections...Prison riots spur officials to promise release of tens of thousands.

3 BURMA
Dry season offensive by government taking its toll on freedom fighters.

4 CAMBODIA
Overshadowed by events in Persian Gulf, low-key conflict continues in its 12th year despite continuing efforts and "agreements" among the four warring factions.

5 COLOMBIA
ELN and FARC Communist guerrillas continue attacks on Colombia's infrastructure...Cocaine cartel leader Jorge Luis Ochoa surrendered in exchange for promise of no extradition to U.S.

6 ČECHO-SLOVAK FEDERAL REPUBLIC
Deploys army units along border with USSR; fears hard-line takeover in USSR will bring Soviets seeking their old slave states back.

7 GERMANY
Bundeswehr officially drops plans to procure G11 caseless-ammo rifles; H&K (developer) negotiating for corporate buy out...Problems with former East German weapons incorporated into pan-German stockpiles...Former KGB agent claims still some 700 active agents in Germany.

8 INDONESIA
Together with Malaysia, announces it will undertake joint air patrols in the Malacca Straits.

9 IRAN
Dickering with PRC to buy a nuclear submarine.

10 LATVIA
Communist troops gun down unarmed protesters.

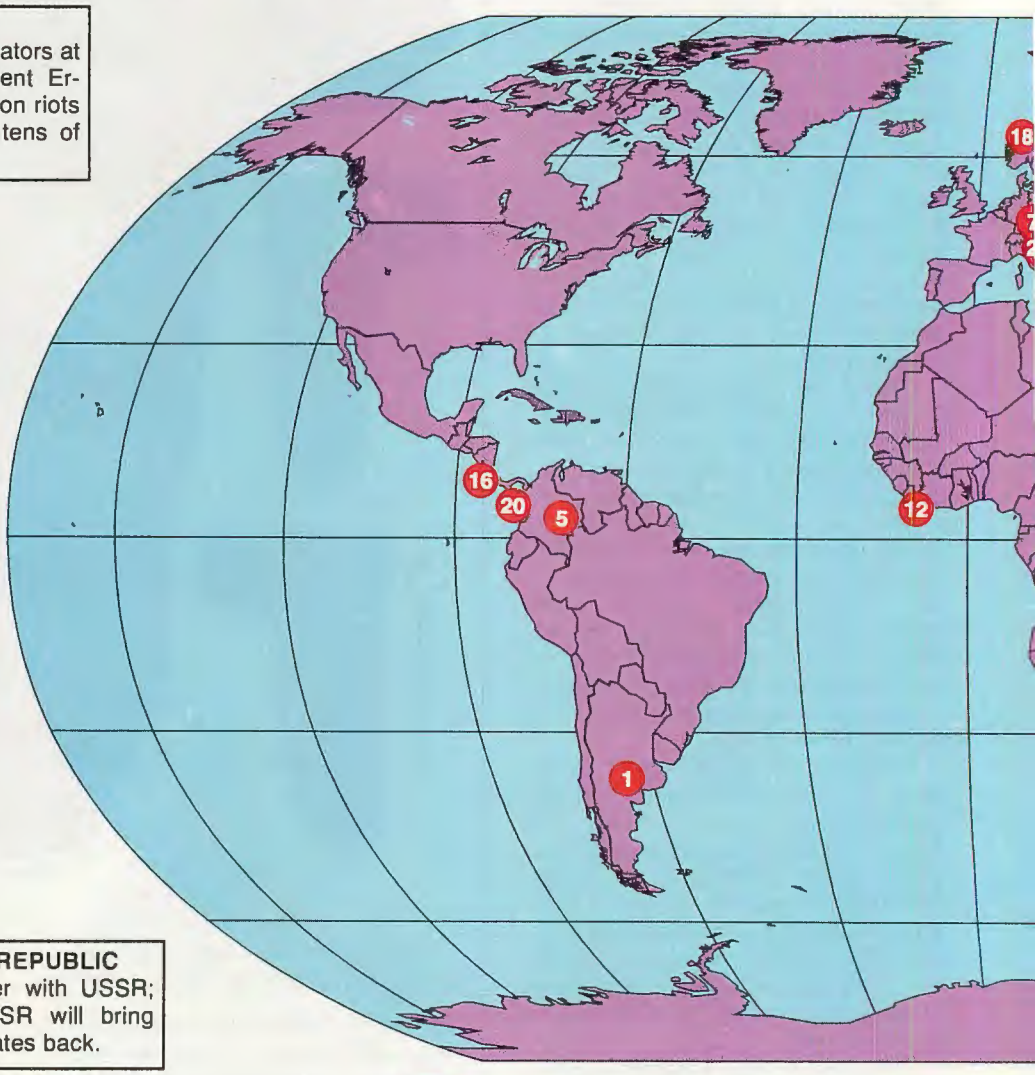
11 LEBANON
Two Israeli F-15s attack Arafat's PLO FATAH base 12 miles south of Sidon, killing 12.

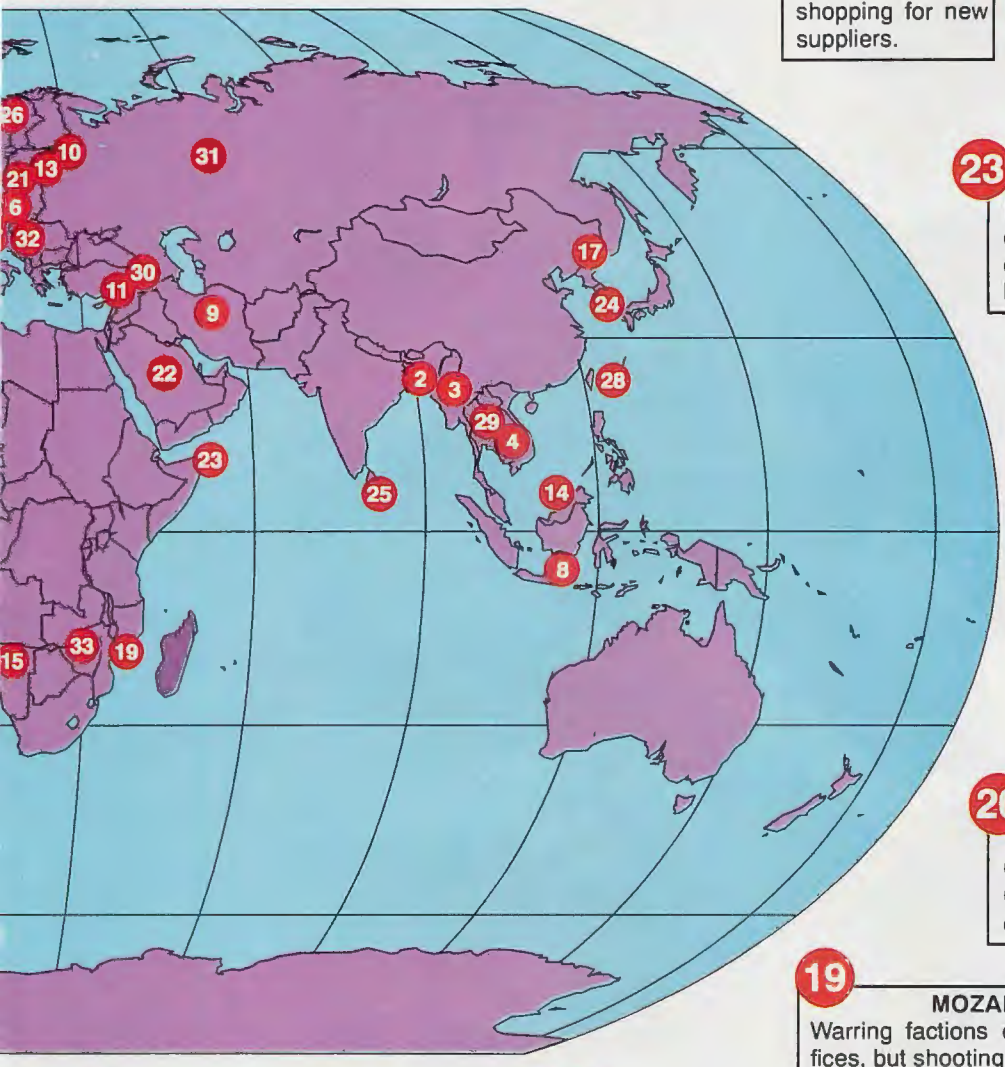
12 LIBERIA
Harry Moniba, Samuel Doe's VP, declares himself president; calls for resignation of Amos Sawyer's West African-backed interim government.

31 USSR
Gorbachev urges suspension of recently enacted Soviet press freedoms.

32 YUGOSLAVIA
Rebel provinces Slovenia, Croatia threatening civil war; central government trying to disarm them.

33 ZIMBABWE
Millions facing starvation amid plenty because of governmental inability to distribute existing and plentiful food supplies.





30 TURKEY
Communist antigovernment group overpowers guards at NATO maintenance facility; explodes bombs causing extensive damage.

28 TAIWAN
Offers $100 million for our Gulf war chest; Foggy Bottom turns it down for fear of offending PRC.

26 SWEDEN
Selling Saudis NBC protection gear, gas masks; selling United Arab Emirates antidote kits.

29 THAILAND
Increases rice sales to Iran — double-bagged to withstand suspected transshipment to Iraq...Cabinet shakeup in progress.

27 SWITZERLAND
Oerlikon canceling weapons deals with Turkey; Turkey buying from Oerlikon subsidiary in Italy, shopping for new suppliers.

25 SRI LANKA
Tenuous cease-fire broken as Tamil Tiger rebels open fire on two military bases with mortars and small arms.

24 SOUTH KOREA
Shipping rice aid to North Korea through intermediaries in Hong Kong...to save face for the North.

23 SOMALIA
Rebels continue fighting after rejecting country's choice of new premier...Foreign doctors say more than 1,500 civilians killed in first two weeks of 1991.

22 SAUDI ARABIA
50 U.S. Army trucks feared stolen by terrorists found; "terrorists" who stole them were U.S. Marines...Kuwaiti army-in-exile now training with new Yugoslavian M-84 copy of Soviet M-72 MBT.

21 POLAND
Considering purchase of U.S. arms; Washington says such sales "not ruled out."

20 PANAMA
Guerrilla camps along border with Costa Rica broken up; five government officials arrested.

19 MOZAMBIQUE
Warring factions establish liaison offices, but shooting continues.

13 LITHUANIA
Communist troops gun down unarmed protesters.

15 NAMIBIA
Angolan MiG-23s bomb targets in Caprivi; pilots evidently thought they were attacking UNITA camps.

18 NORWAY
King Harald V ascends to throne after death of King Olav...Worldwide king business otherwise slow.

14 MALAYSIA
Police arrest Vincent Chung, from Sabah, in connection with alleged plot to have East Malaysia secede.

16 NICARAGUA
5,000 march to demand Chamorro fire Sandinista army chief...Contras getting impatient with lack of promises kept.

17 NORTH KOREA
Announces it will build nuclear weapons if relations with USSR don't improve.

GUNSTOCK

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AS SEEN ON TV

SAVE GAS! CUT ENGINE WEAR IN HALF!

Slick 50, the space-age miracle engine treatment applauded by Consumer's Digest magazine, prestigious independent laboratories throughout the world, and over 15-million satisfied automobile, truck, RV, boat, and heavy equipment users, is now available to you.

One treatment with Slick 50 can cut your engine wear in half and make your engine run smoother, quieter, faster, and cooler than ever before. Slick 50 makes an unmistakable difference you can hear and feel in both newer and older cars.

The Secret Is PTFE

PTFE is an abbreviation for polytetrafluoroethylene. The Guinness Book of World Records calls PTFE the slipperiest solid substance known to man—the equivalent of wet ice on wet ice. The Space Shuttle Columbia uses PTFE in its gears and bearings because it's the only chemical lubricant that can withstand the heat and corrosive elements of space. It won't rust, is immune to acids and alkalines, and the more pressure it's under, the more slippery it becomes.

Slick 50's unique actuated formulation bonds these powerful PTFE resins to the mechanical surfaces of all internal combustion gasoline and diesel engines, creating a strong, protective coating that can dramatically reduce friction and wear.

7 Ways Slick 50 Can Save You Money and Increase Reliability

Although individual results may vary, tests have shown that Slick 50 effectively:

1. Reduces gas consumption.
2. Prolongs battery life by decreasing drag on starter, resulting in less amperage being required for start-up. (Makes cold weather starts faster and easier.)
3. Helps extend the life of internal metal, mechanical engine parts.
4. Lowers peak engine operating temperatures, helping to prevent overheating and oil breakdown even under the most demanding conditions.
5. Increases horsepower and compression (especially important for small economy cars and large RVs).
6. Lowers maintenance costs, reduces repairs, and minimizes or eliminates costly overhauls.
7. Makes an automobile last longer and keeps its resale value high.

How to Conquer Your Engine's #1 Enemy—Lubrication Starvation

Slick 50 is a metal treatment that bonds actuated PTFE to all mechanical moving engine parts, creating a strong, durable, lasting, dry-film protective coating that provides full-time lubrication even when there is insufficient oil on the parts like at start-up and when engine heat has broken down the oil. Instead of metal rubbing against metal, PTFE glides against PTFE, reducing friction and wear. It is this unique ability of Slick 50 to dramatically reduce friction that's responsible for its cutting engine wear by 50% or more.

Most Often Asked Questions About Slick 50

How is Slick 50 applied?
Slick 50 is easy to use. At your next oil and filter change, simply substitute one quart of Slick 50 for one quart of new oil being added. Drive the car for 30 minutes, and leave Slick 50 in the crankcase. As the engine operates, the oil will carry Slick 50 throughout the engine where it bonds to the porous metal surfaces.

Does it have to be used with every oil change?
Certainly not. One treatment with Slick 50 provides anti-wear protection for more than 50,000 miles. It remains bonded to the engine parts no matter how many times the oil is changed.

Does Slick 50 have any affect on automobile warranties?
No. The use of Slick 50 does not in any way affect a car's warranty. Petrolon, the manufacturers of Slick 50, has letters on file from automobile and engine manufacturers to document that fact. Slick 50 carrier oil meets or exceeds all specifications that Detroit applies to products added to an engine. New engines need at least a 3- to 4-thousand mile burnishing-in period. Slick 50 should not be added until the first oil change.

Internationally-Recognized Labs Unanimously Agree on Slick 50 Benefits

■ ***Consumer's Digest Magazine*** in the March/April 1982 issue, stated: "We were somewhat skeptical at first, but it turns out that Slick 50 does exactly what Petrolon, the manufacturer, claims it does. In fact, the more we looked, the more facts stacked up on the product's side. The substance does, in fact, suspend the oil and will adhere to engine parts. The process by which this is accomplished is a closely-guarded secret.... Slick 50 does reduce engine heat and ordinary wear, and our informal tests indicate that it will improve gas mileage by about 2 or 3 miles per gallon."

■ **TUV, the West German equivalent of our Underwriter's Laboratories and foremost automotive testing authority in Europe,** found substantial increases in both gas mileage and horsepower resulting from a reduction in friction.

■ **Nordisk Motor Test Center, Sweden's most advanced motor-testing facility,** reported a 10% to 17% decrease in fuel consumption and attributes to Slick 50, "better sealed engines, performance increases and cleaner exhaust."

■ INCREASE POWER
■ IMPROVE PERFORMANCE
■ SAVE THOUSANDS OF $$$ ON REPAIR BILLS, MAINTENANCE & OVERHAULS

■ **The premiere EPA-recognized engine and lubricant testing lab in the U.S.** conducted a strictly-controlled experiment using industry standard ASTM procedures. They found that a Slick 50-treated engine showed 50% less engine wear than an untreated engine and fuel consumption was reduced. To our knowledge, it is the only product of its kind to pass the punishing wear reduction tests conducted by an EPA-approved lab using nationally accepted ASTM standard procedures.

■ **The Automotive Services Council for Pennsylvania** torture-tested Slick 50 and televised the astounding results on WTVE. Three cars, with 75,000 to 129,000 miles on their odometers, were treated with Slick 50. Six months later, the oil was drained from each vehicle, and the cars were driven, without the oil plugs, for about a half hour. The water temperature never rose, and the engines sustained no apparent damage.

Testimonials

■ Increased Power Wins Races

Dirt track champion, winner of over 40 modified stock car feature racing events and recent winner of 11 races in 15 starts, says: "We've tested lots of products and found Slick 50 to be the best there is. It allows us to push the car to the limit and not be worried about hurting the motor."

Andy Belmont, NASCAR "Rookie of the Year"
National Champion NASCAR
Charlotte/Daytona Dash Series

■ Increased Gas Mileage by 20%
■ Fewer Repairs & No Major Breakdowns in 200,000-Mile-Plus Fleet Vehicles

"Our newspaper has a fleet of 65 vehicles that have been completely treated with Slick 50 products, including engines, automatic or manual transmissions and differential drive gear boxes. As a result of the treatment, gasoline mileage increased by 20%, and engine breakdown decreased tremendously."

■ Eliminated Repairs on Police Cars
■ Fuel Savings

"Thank you for the cost-effective, budget-saving benefits of Slick 50 engine treatment. I bought the product about four years ago for treating our city police cars. Since that time, we are happy to say, all car engines have been virtually trouble free. They haven't needed any repairs at all. Also our fuel savings have been noticeable."

Money-Back Guarantee

Now your car can run better, faster, quieter, smoother, and last longer than ever before. And you could easily save thousands of dollars in gasoline, maintenance, and repair bills. Find out for yourself why over 15-million people are excited about Slick 50. We're so sure you'll be excited too, that we offer a 100% money-back guarantee. Call or write today.

100% Money-Back Guarantee Order Form

Yes, I want to extend the life of my engine, improve performance, and save money. Rush me risk free:

___ One quart of Slick 50 at $29.95 plus $3.95 shipping & handling.
___ Two quarts of Slick 50 at $59.90. Free shipping.

Enclosed is my: ❑ Check ❑ Money order ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard
Please make your check or money order payable to SLICK 50.
California residents add $2.02 per quart sales tax.

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FORGOTTEN IN A FORGOTTEN WAR

Why Were American POWs Abandoned in Korea?

by Susan Katz Keating

THREE days before Christmas, 1953, Hugh M. Milton II wrote a decidedly uncheerful memo to the Secretary of the Army. In his capacity as assistant secretary, Milton was something of a civilian point man on POWs held from the Korean War.

And though he would later become involved in war prisoner issues, and would be among those to help formulate the code of conduct carried in the wallet of every American fighting man, Milton was at the time focused on one crucial aspect regarding POWs. Namely, where were they?

It had been more than three months since the close of operation Big Switch, in which all prisoners held by both sides were to have been returned. The repatriation of prisoners had been a major point of armistice negotiations, delaying the end of hostilities until all details could be worked out.

The United Nations Command (UNC) lived up to its end of the bargain. The communists did not. Only three days after the 6 September 1953 final exchange of prisoners, in which 88,596 personnel were exchanged, the UNC presented the communists with a list of 3,404 known prisoners who had not been accounted for. The list included 944 U.S. personnel.

There followed a rapid-fire succession of communist denials and UNC demands for answers. It became obvious the answers would not be given at any time in the foreseeable future. When Milton sat down to compose his 22 December memo to his boss, it was not to report that the men were coming home for Christmas.

Instead, he wrote that large numbers of UNC prisoners were still in communist hands. He further reported that the Neutral

Based on analysis of forensic anthropologist, dark-haired American in center of photo, taken in a North Korean POW camp, is Sgt. Lewis William Sowles Jr. U.S. government says no, Sowles died in battle. Such contradictions do nothing save frustrate families with sons missing in action. Photo (taken from captured Chinese film): courtesy Susan Katz Keating

Nations Commission, charged with handling the prisoner exchanges, had declined to investigate these allegations.

Hear No Evil, See No Evil

Over the years, the UNC continued to press for information on the missing prisoners. The efforts were at first well-publicized. After a time, the issue faded from public view, and what was once common knowledge has now become clouded in mystery. Even the Pentagon seems to be in the dark, as if its own experts haven't seen the files.

In June of last year, Rear Admiral Ronald F. Marryott, deputy director of the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), testified before Congress that "no such evidence has ever surfaced" regarding American prisoners not returned from World War II or Korea.

There is much to indicate otherwise. Evidence compiled by a cadre of researchers and family members shows that a number of Korean War soldiers survived beyond their supposed dates of death. Others, reportedly killed in battle, were in fact captured and held within a netherworld whose nightmarish reach spread as far as China and the Soviet Union.

One of the most compelling POW cases from Korea is that of Private First Class Roger Dumas. An electrical cable splicer and heavy equipment operator with the 19th Infantry Regiment, 24th Division, Dumas was reported missing on 4 November 1950 following a firefight involving Chinese troops northeast of Anju, in North Korea.

He was not among those exchanged in Big Switch or its sister operation, Little Switch, which consisted of the sick and wounded. Dumas was classified as missing in action. On 26 February 1954, the Army issued a presumptive finding of death.

In September 1956, Dumas' name appeared on a list of prisoners compiled by the International Red Cross in Pyongyang, North Korea. Dumas' brother Robert requested that his status be changed from missing, presumed dead, to POW. The Army refused, claiming there was no evidence to indicate Dumas had ever been taken captive.

March To Oblivion

But Roger Dumas did not simply vanish from the field of battle. Bobby Caruth of Redding, California, recalls quite clearly what happened the day Dumas was reported as MIA. "He was in Charlie Company, and I was in Dog," Caruth said. "Whenever the Chinese came in, we were on opposite sides of the road. This time, a large number of Chinese troops came in, and we were captured together. Our hands were tied behind our backs together. From there we marched to Death Valley."

The two were moved from camp to camp in the same group, Caruth said. On 21 January 1951, they went to Camp 5 in Cunchon, and in August 1951 were moved to Camp 3, where they remained for two years. On 21 August 1953, the bulk of the Camp 3 captives were freed.

Nearly 40 years later, Caruth is deeply troubled by what happened next. "When we were released on 21 August," he said, "they pulled Dumas out. I came home. He never has come out. Why did they pull him out? This is the darkest secret. Why did they pull some 380 men, and let the rest of us go?"

Dumas was not pulled out on account of illness, Caruth said. "As much as the rest of us were, he was in good health. He was not injured that I know of. We carried litters together. You have to understand, we all lost about 50% of our weight. I went down to 80 pounds. But he was walking out, with his bedroll. I said, 'Where you going, Dumie?' He shrugged his shoulders, as if he did not know."

The missing man's brother heard this tale from Caruth, along with other stories from men who were captive with Roger Dumas. George Rogers of Terlton, Oklahoma, wrote to Robert Dumas that he had seen Roger at prison indoctrination sessions, and also at camp sports activities.

Lloyd Pate of Grovetown, Georgia, swore that he had treated a wounded Pfc. Dumas in Camp 5 in March of 1951. Pate said that Dumas was suffering from a large, rotted flesh wound to the left side of his body. Pate extracted maggots living in the waste of the prison latrine, and bound them into Dumas' wound so they could eat the dead flesh. Later that summer, Dumas encountered Pate at a river bank, and thanked him for saving his life.

Back in the States, Robert Dumas confronted the Army with these and other stories. It was still no go. "They wouldn't budge an inch," he said. "They kept saying there wasn't enough evidence."

"I Know What I Saw"

Caruth also tried to get the Army to listen. "I told them this story so many times I'm nearly black and blue in the face," he said. "The government kept saying they didn't have enough information. They said I didn't know what I was talking about. I know what I saw. I know who we buried, to a certain extent, and he was not one of them. The Chinese had him."

Robert Dumas methodically compiled reams of sworn statements and official documents. He finally took the Army to court, seeking to have Roger's status changed to POW. The Army dug in its heels. At one point, Robert obtained a copy of an internal memo from the Secretary of the Army's office, stating, " ... the Army will not turn over the documents Dumas is seeking under a court order. Because of the nature of this case and the undesirable precedent that might occur, [this] course of action seems appropriate."

Nevertheless, the weight of evidence convinced the court that Roger Dumas had indeed been taken captive, and in 1984 ordered the Army to change his status from missing, presumed dead, to POW. Robert was yet to learn where his brother was taken by the Chinese guards. A U.S. official told Robert privately that Roger was likely among a group of men shipped to the Soviet Union, but so far Robert has been unable to chase that lead.

Another compelling case from the Korean War is that of Sergeant Lewis William Sowles Jr., a medical technician from the 8th Army's 2nd Division, 38th Infantry Regiment Medical Company. Sowles was reported missing in action on 30 November 1950, in the battle of Kunu-ri, North Korea. This was among the bloodiest and most decisive battles of the war. The entire regiment was overrun by Communist Chinese Forces.

When the dust settled, and Sowles was nowhere to be found, the Army declared him missing in action, presumed dead. His family was sent a posthumously awarded Purple Heart, with a citation "for wounds received in action, resulting in his death in Korea." The family also received another citation, in grateful memory of Sgt. Sowles, "who died in the service of his country."

Faces From The Past

In January 1990, Sowles' son, Bill, was attending a chapter meeting of his local VFW in Seattle, Washington. Sitting in a front row seat of a darkened auditorium, Bill Sowles had come to watch a documentary on the Korean War. But when the projector started rolling, the younger Sowles received the shock of his life. There on the movie screen, depicted among a group of American prisoners, was the glowering visage of Sgt. Lewis William Sowles Jr.

"The minute I saw it I recognized him," the son said. "So did my mother. It was absolutely clear that it was him."

Bill did some rapid footwork and learned that the film had been taken by the North Koreans in Pyongyang in 1951 or 1952. The film was captured by the U.S. Army in 1953, and was then turned over to the Army's Psychological Operations branch. The film was classified "not for public release" on the grounds that it would bring anguish and mental torture to relatives. At some point it was declassified and housed in the National Archives.

Sowles obtained the film and had still photographs made from the sequences depicting his father. He packaged the photos with earlier family pictures of his

BUREAUCRATS, VIETNAM WAR POWs AND B.S.

American men missing in Vietnam is political dynamite.

At *SOF*, we feel that's the way it should be, especially when an issue this important has been so surrounded by government cover-ups and bureaucratic ineptitude over the years.

Political dynamite can be educational, and upsetting.

A few months ago, the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Relations received a report from its minority Republican members on an evaluation of the methods used by the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) and the Department of Defense (DoD) in accounting for those categorized as POW/MIA in Southeast Asia.

The report represented the first time in 17 years that an independent branch of the U.S. government has had an opportunity to conduct such an evaluation.

Discoveries made by the staff investigating for the report were not good if you: a) trust politicians, b) believe there were no Americans being held against their will in Southeast Asia after April 1973, or c) think there is no chance Americans POWs could still be alive in that part of the world.

For nearly two decades, DIA, DoD, the State Department and other executive branch government officials have emphatically insisted that there is no evidence of living American POWs in Southeast Asia.

In July 1990, for example, the DIA's chief of the Special Office for POW/MIAs, Colonel Joseph A. Schlatter, said, "If we look at everything we've collected since the war, we don't find any evidence that Americans are captive."

In October 1990, an unnamed "senior State Department official" was quoted in the press as saying, "The U.S. government has no evidence of living American prisoners in Southeast Asia."

What did the report delivered to the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Relations say? In essence, it said someone — perhaps many someones — had not been telling the truth.

After pouring over hundreds of classified, unclassified and declassified documents, going through thousands of DIA live-sighting reports and conducting interviews with government and private sources, the evaluation staff reported that: *"Living U.S. citizens, military and civilian, were held in Southeast Asia against their will after the U.S. government's statement in April 1973 that no prisoners remained alive."*

Documentation and information gathered by the evaluation staff all confirmed one fact perhaps more startling than the rest. According to the report: *"The DoD, in April 1974, concluded beyond a doubt that several hundred living American POWs remained in captivity in Southeast Asia."* This was a full year after DoD spokesmen were saying publicly that no prisoners remained alive.

The evaluation staff found that in a "disturbing" number of cases, the DoD made "too many" and "significant" errors in drawing conclusions about live-sighting reports, the presumed deaths of individuals, or about individuals that were unaccounted for at the conclusion of the war.

"DoD appeared to be more anxious to declare a presumptive finding of death than in following up reports of sightings with creative investigative work," the report continued. *"DoD spent an excessive amount of effort in discrediting live-sighting reports, while exaggerating or mishandling forensic data ... "*

What resulted from such bungling? Caskets were sometimes buried containing the "remains" of individuals, with full military honors, with absolutely nothing in them, among other things.

Of perhaps more importance to those concerned about the 2,285 Americans still missing (according to statistics from the National League of Families) as a result of the Vietnam War, the report says: *"The information available to the U.S. government does not rule out the* probability *that U.S. citizens are still being held in Southeast Asia."*

Since it was official U.S. policy in 1973 that all Vietnam War MIAs be considered dead, the report says that it became a *"bureaucratic necessity for the U.S. government to favor a presumed finding of death in all 'unresolved' cases"* concerning American MIAs.

Therefore, in order to discredit any information which might undermine the government's political thesis, the report concludes: *"The analysis of intelligence files fell into a systematic pattern of debunking information contrary to the thesis ... and, if all else failed, the arbitrary disregard of evidence"* on American POW/MIAs.

Vietnam may seem far away at a time when the Persian Gulf seems so close. The POW/MIA issue, however, will not go away. Saddam has already paraded beaten American prisoners through Baghdad. The last thing American families will need to hear after the Gulf War has ended are bureaucrats going about saying, "Everybody's home. The MIAs are dead. Case closed."

If this kind of thing happens again, it is up to every American with a doubt to demand as accurate an account as possible for every U.S. soldier, sailor, airman and Marine captured or missing in the Gulf.

The absolute least we should expect from our bureaucrats is that they don't lie to us about them.

— John Kreiger

Beginning with crude attempts such as this in the 1950s, no nation on earth has become as imaginative and expert in the use of propaganda as North Korea. To this day, only fractions of information the country puts out can be believed. Here, Americans are portrayed in what was supposed to be an average day in the life of a North Korean POW camp. Photo: courtesy Susan Katz Keating

father, and sent them to his state senator, Slade Gorton. Gorton dispatched them to the FBI for analysis. Sowles also sent a similar package to a noted forensic anthropologist, Dr. Michael Charney of Colorado State University.

While awaiting the results of the analysis, Sowles hit the veterans' networks in search of anyone who could remember his father.

"It was like searching for a needle in a haystack. His company was decimated, and only a few survived and returned to this country. But I have been able to locate some of the living who were in the film. One remembered being filmed. He said

Operation Big Switch, POW exchange at the North Korea-South Korea border at Panmunjom, August 1953. Photo: National Archives

they were rounded up for the film, and were not part of a group that had been captured together. It was taken when the North Koreans turned over the POWs to the Chinese, and were taking them to camps near the Yalu."

The prisoners were later marched around by a commander nicknamed Colonel Tiger, because of his cruelty. He would pull the sick and wounded from the march, and kill them on the spot. Out of the original group of 700 men, only 200 completed the march.

Frustrated Families

Sowles' son was understandably frustrated when he finally heard back from the FBI that its analysis was inconclusive. But Dr. Charney's findings were solid. Based on a series of ear and skull measurements, and utilizing super-imposition techniques, Charney concluded that the surly dark-haired prisoner in the captured film was Sgt. Lewis William Sowles Jr.

This family, too, was told unofficially that the sergeant was likely imprisoned in the Soviet Union. Bill and his mother have printed up reward posters in Russian, seeking information on the soldier's last known whereabouts. They also hope to have his status changed to POW.

Another frustrated family member is Rita Van Wees of the Bronx, New York. Her son, Corporal David Van Wees, was serving with the 179th Infantry Regiment when he vanished on 30 November 1952.

"He did what he had to do," Mrs. Van Wees said. "He went into the enemy trenches, and was awarded a Silver Star for bravery. About a day after the battle, they started searching for the men. They never found a trace of him." Corporal "Dutch" Van Wees was declared missing, presumed dead. The following year, Mrs. Van Wees saw his photograph in Life magazine. "He was such a poor young boy," she said. "He stood out. Everybody said it was him. It wasn't just us."

Eight years after Van Wees' supposed death on the battlefield, a member of the White Russian underground contacted

Free at last, free at last. Former American POWs smile their way out of brutal North Korean captivity. These three were among the lucky ones; thousands of their countrymen were simply never accounted for. Photo: courtesy Susan Katz Keating

Mrs. Van Wees, and told her that her son had been seen in a Soviet prison. The Russian said the young corporal was among other Americans captured in the Korean War. The group was spotted in September 1959, in Krasnoyarsk Oblast.

"For 38 years, the government told me they were doing everything they could to get an accounting," Mrs. Van Wees said. "They really never did." She filed suit in Federal District Court, hoping to have her son's status changed, but the judge ruled that he had no authority to force an action.

In other cases, repatriated American servicemen have reported their knowledge of men left behind. Steve Kiba of Camden, South Carolina, was an Air Force radio operator aboard a B-29 shot down near the Chinese border on 12 January 1953. He and 10 of his crewmen were released in August 1955, two years after the armistice. His case is particularly significant because he is living proof that men were held after the final Big Switch exchange.

> 2,285 Americans are still listed as MIA in Southeast Asia as a result of the Vietnam War. For each country, the numbers missing are:
>
> Vietnam (North): 587
> Vietnam (South): 1,080
> Laos: 529
> Cambodia: 83
> China (territorial waters) 6
>
> Source: National League of Families

"I Saw Him — He Was Alive"

Kiba and others from his 14-member crew were captured within 18 hours of being shot down. Kiba believes the tail gunner was trapped inside the aircraft and killed, but that the 13 others were taken to Mukden, in Manchuria. Their captors split the group in Manchuria, telling Kiba that one man in particular, radar instructor Lieutenant Paul Van Voorhis, was dead. "Seven months after our capture," Kiba said, "I saw him. He was alive. I saw Van Voorhis."

Kiba also spent about three weeks in prison with John Downey and Richard Fecteau, two CIA agents eventually held for 21 and 19 years, respectively. After his release from China, Kiba reported the sightings of Van Voorhis, Downey and Fecteau, as well as other Caucasian prisoners. He gave his information to Air Force Intelligence, the State Department and the CIA.

"It was suggested that perhaps I had imagined that I had seen these men," Kiba wrote in a statement. "Some time during my debriefings I was ordered to forget what I had seen ... and never to discuss this matter with anyone. Of course, there was no way I could ever forget these men. After all, I had just been released from that indescribable hell that these men were suffering and enduring."

Retired Air Force Colonel O'Wighten Delk Simpson of North Palm Beach, Florida, has frequently told his story of mass shipments of American POWs through China and into the Soviet Union.

Simpson was the Air Attache in Hong Kong in 1954 when he received a report from a Polish railroad worker who said he had seen about 700 Americans on a train headed for Siberia. The railroad worker said the prisoners spoke English. He

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FISTFUL OF DOLLARS

Overseas Jobs Promise Adventure, Big Bucks

Text & Photos
by William Wilson

and Benefits

STANDING with Alfonso on the outskirts of our camp in the arid, desolate wasteland of northern Colombia, I was asking myself what the hell I was doing here. An old buddy I'd worked with in Israel called from Baranquilla a few weeks before and asked if I wanted a job. I said yes, but now, looking at the barren terrain, I wondered.

One of my responsibilities was transporting 800 Indians from their tribal areas to work each morning and returning them in the evening. The Indians didn't care much for gringos, and frequently vented their frustration and anger on us. All of the Indians wanted to live in their tribal areas and not the work camp: all except Alfonso.

Alfonso was a congenial old Indian, a member of the Guajiro tribal council. He'd been here a long time and I was curious why he stayed on. "What would happen if you left the camp?" I asked.

"They kill me with hatchet," he responded with a curious look. "My brother killed a royal member of Tairona tribe and left province to work in Bogota. I am only living member of family so I must pay with blood."

He paused, looked aside and smiled his Christmas tree smile, his teeth decorated with numerous gold spots. "If they catch me!"

"How long do you intend to stay in this camp?" I asked.

"As long as I live," he answered. "They won't come after me here. I will never give you reason to fire me, señor. If you do, you have written my death warrant."

My memories are probably typical of an industrial mercenary abroad. I have worked under five contracts in four countries in the Middle East and Central America. These jobs are in hardship areas: hard work that fits the mercenary life but pays well. My annual salaries including bonuses ranged from $46,416 to $79,000.

All employment contracts were with American corporations except for one Arab company on the Persian Gulf. Interestingly, I found many former military men working on these projects. In fact, all American security personnel I met were prior military.

A big advantage in working abroad is that though government employees' income tax remains the same regardless of their place of work, this is not true with civilians. For them there is a blessed provision called "foreign income exclusion."

This exclusion has increased considerably since my first overseas job. The foreign income tax credit in 1989 stipulated that up to $70,000 of your foreign-earned income may be tax free if you satisfy the foreign residence and physical presence test. This means you must be a U.S. citizen who is a bona fide resident of a foreign country for an uninterrupted period that includes one tax year.

To qualify, you must show that you were physically present in a foreign country for 330 days in any consecutive 12-month period. Travel time does not count. This provision was a primary reason for my desiring to work abroad.

Al Khobar, Saudi Arabia

My first contract was with Arabian Refrigeration Industries (ARI), (P.O. Box 294 Dhahran Airport, Saudi Arabia; phone Dammam 26529). This company is owned by the Al Zamil family of Saudi Arabia and Bahrain. The real director of this organization was Bob Butler, the American operations manager. Bob had advertised for Americans to fill certain spaces in ARI. I saw his ad in the Atlanta Journal. I mailed my credentials and he asked that I come to Arabia for an interview.

A short time later he notified me he would interview in Atlanta with two other Americans. All three of us were in Arabia within two months. The other two were also former military. This was the only job I had that was not acquired through networking or the Group Fischer organization. In all jobs, the Americans were primarily managers or supervisors. Together with the Europeans, they are called "expats," an abbreviation of expatriate.

I was provided a Plymouth sedan and a "chalet" on arrival. The "chalet" was really a two-bedroom townhouse on a dirt road, but it was new and comfortable. There's no booze in Arabia and they still flog at the stake.

Since this was a foreign company, U.S. taxes were of no interest to the Arab owners. The contract stipulated that the Zamils would not pay American income and social security taxes, but Arab taxes would be covered.

On completion of this employment my annual salary was $46,416 with all expenses paid except food. Monthly payment was in Arabian currency requiring local bank transfer.

Desert Hell, Israel

The Camp David Agreements required the United States to build two air bases in Israel's Negev Desert — one at Ramat Matrad near Beersheba and a second in the Ovda rift of the Negev Desert. The specifications stated that each Israeli base would have the capability to operate two fighter aircraft squadrons under combat situations.

The Ovda project was awarded to Negev Airbase Constructors, a consortium of Harbert, Perini, Herbert and Berger construction companies which joined their expertise to acquire the venture. The consortium was dissolved after completion of the project.

"Your responsibility is to support a workers' camp. Professional and

Deep sea diver maintains oil pipeline in North Sea. Photo: Jim Joiner, Commerical Diving Center

GROUP FISCHER

A good way to secure overseas work is to contact a placement organization such as Group Fischer, 110 Newport Center Drive, Suite 150, Newport Beach, CA 92660; phone (714) 759-3374. Group Fischer is a management consulting firm.

The Fischer Report is arguably the foremost newsletter in its field. It contains current information on contract awards, bidding, concession agreements, proposals, contract negotiations, and planned and contemplated projects worldwide with an address and phone number for each company. Many "hobos," as those placed by George Fischer call themselves, are employed by direct contact with the companies announced in the report.

Fischer also offers a computer-generated data base called MANLINK, which uses numeric codes to identify job classifications and resume particulars of subscribers. The cost of MANLINK and the Fischer Report is $400 for 12 months of service. Renewal each 12 months is $300. Fischer maintains this data base free of charge to all international companies, and distributes procedures to sustain data base usage. Many corporations access this base at no cost to seek employees as well as satisfy bids or project requirements.

George Fischer is a remarkable man who dedicates maximum effort to his enterprise. From chief executive officers of the world's largest international companies to maintenance supervisors in the Arabian desert, Fischer knows his contacts. SOF recently interviewed him.

SOF: What jobs are available overseas for security personnel?

Fischer: There are jobs for security professionals: people with strong administrative, management and surveillance system backgrounds. There are very few jobs for "gun-toters." The strongest demand for ex-military personnel are on the operations and maintenance projects. Congress is not going to be inclined to provide money for paramilitary operations. The bottom line is that there will not be many opportunities for military-oriented work. But the situation in the Middle East could change that.

SOF: Can you comment on the prospects for the individual with a military background seeking employment in this area?

Fischer: The market has become so totally globalized that American companies think of themselves as global companies. They employ a hell of a mix of people, not only Americans, but Europeans, Asians, etcetera. It's almost like a small United Nations out there.

You have to understand that American companies are bidding against foreigners. When companies like Bechtel or Lummus go out to bid a job, they have to consider that they are bidding against Hyundai of Korea or John Brown of Great Britain or Chiyoda of Japan. You have to be realistic and not get hoodwinked. There are some so called "job placement services" that will tell guys, "Oh Christ yes, spend your money and we'll get you out." That's baloney.

There are a lot of people from the military we would like to have. We have companies coming in looking for people with backgrounds in electronics, managerial, administrative and technical fields. We're not building bases overseas anymore but we are operating and maintaining them. People from the military are exceptionally well-qualified for operations and maintenance work.

SOF: How do you see the future for international operations?

Fischer: It's a different market today. We have seen a huge turnaround in overseas work, partially due to our competitiveness, followed by the reduction in the value of the dollar. The bottom was 1985 when the dollar was trading at 260 yen to the buck and now it's about 159. We were in deep trouble five years ago, but today our companies are back on top. Common sense is going to tell anybody that if they can hire a Filipino for $300 a month, why the hell hire an American for $3,000.

Having said that, I also must say that we received more requests last year for people than we have ever had in the history of this company. We processed almost 12,000 files from MANLINK. We only have about five to six hundred files in our data base.

SOF: What effect will the Gulf war have on overseas employment?

Fischer: You're going to see an impact on security requirements, not only in the Gulf and Kuwait, but elsewhere in the world as well. Many countries sympathize with Saddam Hussein and some will follow his call to carry out terrorist acts, therefore requiring additional security. Construction work will also be lucrative. Eighty percent of the companies working to rebuild Kuwait will be American, and between $40-100 billion will be spent according to Kuwaiti estimates. And that's just Kuwait; Saudi Arabia and Iraq will need help as well.

A second data base, of unknown effectiveness and without a newsletter, is the Career Placement Registry (CPR), 302 Swann Avenue, Alexandria, VA 22301; phone (800) 331-4955. Ask for Rick Myrick. The CPR data base is available online to businesses, organizations and government agencies that subscribe to Dialogue Information Services, the largest online database vendor in the world.

The resumes list 52 occupational preferences that may not describe your exact military occupational specialty (MOS), but is based on the same principle. These preferences are expanded by work experience, special skills, geographical preferences, citizenship status, availability and salary requirements. CPR says that their subscribers select more than 2,000 resumes a month for review.

Myrick advised last May that CPR has from 2,000 to 3,000 experienced, and 1,500 student resumes in the system.

CPR is less expensive than Fischer ($15 to $45 for six months; $20 renewal), but for those seeking foreign employment, the Group Fischer and its newsletter probably are the best.

— W.W.

supervisory personnel will be from the United States," I was told at a briefing in New York. "All labor will be from Thailand. In Israel, we will work a 10-hour day, 6-day week. It is urgent that camp construction start immediately so Israeli forces can complete their withdrawal from the Sinai. The personnel ratio living on site will be about 3,000 Thais to 300 Americans and Europeans."

As the size of the job began to sink in, I had to interrupt. "That's not a camp, that's a city," I said. He continued as if a tape recording was reactivated after a temporary pause. "You are correct, and in the middle of the desert. It will be completely self-contained. We are scheduling employees from here and Thailand to arrive in planned increments within the next few months and they must have a place to live and eat at the work site. You are not responsible for construction."

I was relieved, and wondered if the construction crew chief knew how to squeeze water from silt. Many years before, I learned from the Arabs that a man lives much longer without food than without water. It was there that I developed a permanent thirst.

After leaving New York, we worked in Tel Aviv for several weeks arranging immigration for the Thais. All the U.S. employees received either a Blazer, sedan or pickup for business and personal transportation. We made an occasional run to Elat about 80 miles south.

Security on this job was critical, being close to Jordan and subject to raids. The large security force was all expat (predominantly ex-military American). This was unusual because foreign security organizations are usually manned by expat supervisors and indigenous guards. But because this contract required that all personnel be non-Israeli, and the area was unstable, only American personnel were used. The camp was sealed after dark. No entry, no exit. Night perimeter watches and road patrols were standard operating procedures.

At 0400 each morning the camp came to life. Breakfast started at 0500. An hour later, work began. Lunch lasted about an hour, from 1130 to 1230. Work continued until 1600 and dinner was served at 1700. The 50-hour work week was a back-breaker but it got the job done faster. At the completion of this employment my salary was $79,000 per year, including completion bonus.

Yanbu, Saudi Arabia

I had two contracts in Arabia. The

second was with Lummus Construction Company (1255 Broad St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003). I was contracted by the Saudi government to build a liquid gas petroleum storage and processing facilities at their new port city of Yanbu on the Red Sea. Bachelor quarters were on a large barge anchored near the site.

The barge, built in Singapore and towed to the Red Sea, was an ingenious idea. It was constructed with prefab metal buildings and mobile homes stacked to a height of five stories. Each deck had two or more dining and recreation rooms. Accommodations: two men sharing one mobile home with a bath in the middle.

There was no critical security on this job. We were on the Red Sea, away from Iran and Israel. Also, Saudi has minimal crime.

As with most other jobs, there were no expenses for bachelors. Housing, food, cleaning, laundry, fuel and transportation were furnished. I received a car when I arrived. Our Korean labor was billeted on another barge.

On completion of this contract my salary was $58,000 per year including a 20% bonus. I was carried as a permanent employee and took early retirement with a small life pension. This struck me as peculiar since I worked for the company for less than 12 months. I remembered being constantly criticized in the military for the 20-year reduced pension retirement program. I hold Lummus close to my heart.

Special Forces Camp, Honduras

In 1983 the government of El Salvador, suffering severe communist insurgency, contracted the U.S. government to train its army under the Foreign Military Sales (FMS) program. The concept of this project emerged with the use of Army Special Forces as the training element, and a civilian company as the operations and support element.

Honduras was the training site. Locating the camp in El Salvador would have exposed it as a prime target for guerrilla attacks. We would have spent more time fighting than training. Although intelligence reports indicated that Salvadoran guerrillas had infiltrated into Honduras and were en route to assault the camp, nothing materialized.

Several weeks after returning from Arabia, I received a phone call from Dr. Les McFarling, whom I later learned was the Litton Manager for Central American support programs. He explained the situation and asked me to meet him in New Orleans with jungle clothing to last for three months. When I saw him at the airport, he was in the company of two other Americans. Our briefing began that afternoon and continued, in intense detail, deep into the night.

"We rushed this project," Dr. McFarling said, shuffling papers in his briefcase. "We need you down there fast. We've partially constructed the camp. All the troops, including the Special Forces, will live in general purpose 12-man tents. The Green Berets will not depart the United States until you have completed the camp for the Salvador trainees."

The next afternoon we boarded a plane for Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. On arrival, a short, well-dressed, stocky individual in civilian clothes met us. His appearance, complexion and manner blended exactly into the local environment.

"I am Colonel Emelio Borrego, Deputy Project Manager," he said. He spoke with a definite Spanish accent and stepped forward to shake each hand. I later learned that he had been an officer in the Cuban army, became a naturalized citizen in the United States, was commissioned in the U.S. Army and, subsequently, retired as a lieutenant colonel. Although I never questioned him on his background, he was probably commissioned in our Army after being a member of Brigade 2506, composed of the Cuban exiles who courageously invaded Cuba during the Bay of Pigs debacle.

"I take you now to Maya Hotel," he said. We were led to the terminal's

TOP: Living space aboard ship was cramped, but comfortable.

ABOVE: Workers' housing in Negev Desert, Israel.

BELOW: Author outside work camp in Colombia.

GETTING THAT OVERSEAS JOB

Practical American know-how has been in demand around the globe for years. Fortunately for the world, skilled and adventurous U.S. citizens have always been there to help. This tradition lives today and is certain to continue well into the next century.

To get work overseas, the first step is to sit down and list your background and capabilities. Be specific. If you have a resume, it's already done. Don't hesitate to have a professional help you with your resume; it's money well spent. Networking and associates are extremely important, and helped Colonel Wilson with two out of five jobs. Networking, often termed the "good ol' boys net," is not a dirty word.

Just maintaining contact with former associates is enjoyable, easy, and sometimes productive. You should also read, of course. Military retiree magazines, for example, carry advertised vacancies and are not encumbered by deceiving hustlers. Service newspapers have an employment section, but these are paid advertisements, and are often flavored with con artists.

From engineering and computer programming to all levels of security work, a broad range of well-paying jobs are available and waiting. With the income tax exemption mentioned by Col. Wilson, the prospects you may enjoy become even more lucrative. While the work is often hard, it's rarely too hard for a hard worker.

Getting foreign employment is not as difficult as it might initially seem. There are a number of corporations that provide or specialize in international employment opportunities. Unless you already know the right people, you probably need to work with one of them. They'll want a complete and detailed resume including references. The key organizations include:

Vinnell Corporation, 10530 Rosehaven Street, Suite 600, Fairfax, VA, 22030; phone (703) 385-4544. Vinnell is a privately held firm that is a big player in the military contracts market. Like so many in their line of work, they generally decline to discuss their clients. They currently have operations in "the Kingdom" (Saudi Arabia). Most of their employees are former U.S. military personnel who do essentially the same things for Vinnell.

Wackenhut Corporation, 1500 San Remo, Coral Gables, FL 33146; phone (305) 666-5656. Probably the third largest commercial security organization in the world, Wackenhut operates in 37 countries. Much of their security work is antiterrorist in nature.

For example, in the November 1989 offensive by the leftist El Salvadoran FMLN guerrillas, Wackenhut's uniformed personnel came under direct fire while protecting U.S. personnel and assets. In terror-stricken Colombia, they provide security for Avianca Airlines (the largest in South America). Recently, in Liberia, they helped protect the U.S. Embassy at the height of the Monrovia fighting.

Wackenhut employees receive considerable training throughout their careers, and the corporation maintains its own large training facility. Wackenhut also operates the Department of Energy's Central Training Academy, which provides antiterrorist training as advanced as any in the world (see SOF, April '91).

Moreover, the organization protects American strategic petroleum reserves and many of the nation's most important nuclear facilities. In addition to security operations, Wackenhut offers technical and administrative services, executive protection, security analysis and risk assessment.

Pinkerton Security Investigative Services, 6727 Odessa Avenue, Van Nuys, CA 91406; phone (818) 782-5400. Pinkerton has more than 40,000 employees stationed in the U.S., Canada, the United Kingdom and Mexico. Additionally, the firm has liaison contract agreements with agencies in more than 90 countries and is currently negotiating to expand into continental Europe.

Pinkerton Services does the world's largest contract security business (providing fierce competition for Wackenhut and Burns). The organization provides training throughout its employees' careers. This includes college-accredited security course work with book and written exams supplemented by audio and video tape presentations. Pinkerton Services does considerable investigative work and has more than 40 offices in the United States.

The company sends its investigators to a southern California location for special training in human intelligence techniques. The firm employs a lot of former secret service people, police officers and military personnel. They tend to recruit investigators with government experience and "professional demeanor." The firm has found that "women make outstanding investigators, especially in undercover and surveillance work." Pinkerton Services recruits all the time.

By policy, the company doesn't handle domestic cases (they don't care who's sleeping with whom), but does a fair amount of business in insurance investigation. Other activities run the gamut from employee honesty testing to consumer attitude testing.

Manpower Inc., P.O. Box 2053, Milwaukee, WI 53201; phone (414) 272-8500. Manpower operates in 32 countries in Western Europe, Latin America, the Far East and North America. The organization has been operating overseas since the early 1950s. It provides technical support to governmental bodies and private enterprises. In the period of a year, Manpower deals with a million people worldwide.

Manpower firms maintain separate data base networks by nation, so you'll need to send your resume to a Manpower office in the country where you desire employment. (Ask to be added to the national data base and enclose a second resume for this purpose.) The organization employs and bonds everyone from aerospace to X-ray technicians. Manpower technical offices in California, Michigan, and Texas employ large numbers of former U.S. military personnel.

Burns International, 2 Campus Drive, Parsippany, NJ 07054; phone (201) 397-2000. Burns employs more than 45,000 people and operates in the U.S., Canada, the U.K., Colombia and other South American locales. Burns works mainly with commercial industrial firms and has more than 5,000 clients.

They also protect U.S. nuclear power plants, but most of their postings are unarmed. Although they most often recruit specifically for a contract, recruiting goes on year round. Previous security experience is beneficial, but not required. Applications are available at any of Burns' 150 offices.

Vance International, 10467 White Granite Drive, Suite 210, Oakton, VA 22124; phone (703) 385-6754. Vance is a security firm that works primarily in the U.S., but does some international work. It is likely that their tasks are specialized. They claim to be "the best in what we do" and argue that "our competitors are chasing us in recruiting." Spokesmen offered little to back this up.

When you send your resume to these firms be certain that it is complete and factual (background checks will be made). Also, have the resume done by a professional service. You can greatly improve your chances of getting a job if you include detailed task descriptions, company telephone numbers and the names of superiors.

— James McQuaid

baggage area. "You will be ready tomorrow morning for Trujillo flight. I pick you up at 0930." He had two cars waiting.

Borrego impressed me, initially. Everyone at the hotel seemed to know him and hold him in high esteem. The maids curtsied and the bellboys fumbled. We checked in and turned to Borrego. He threw a hand dramatically into the air, bellowed a loud "adios," and vanished.

My travel companion from New Orleans was Dick Cotton. We signed the Litton contract at the same time. He turned out to be the only one on the project who was not former military. Dick was a geologist and had spent 20 years in Latin American jungles exploring for Occidental Petroleum.

The next morning, Borrego transported us to the airport and loaded us into a five-passenger chartered plane. He stiffly waved us goodbye and returned to his car. Dick turned to me and said, "I'd like to see Borrego's job description because I want to be his replacement. From what I heard about Trujillo last night, I'd take a pay cut to stay in Tegucigalpa."

Trujillo was on the northeast coast of the Caribbean Sea, a two-hour flight from the capital. It was the nearest "village" to the jungle camp. There were four telephones in town. We activated radios to

This barge housed workers during construction of port at Yanbu, Saudi Arabia.

Sand dredge at work in Saudi Arabia.

communicate with Washington. The plane landed on a concrete strip running parallel to the beach: no hangars, no fuel, no lights, no terminal. There was nothing except a rather tall, mature man standing by a jeep. He walked toward the plane while we unloaded our luggage.

"Welcome to Trujillo," he said. "I'm Bob Rollier." He seemed to be a pleasant person and pumped each hand with more enthusiasm than we received in Tegucigalpa. There was a definite contrast here. Bob Rollier was a retired full-bird colonel who did not use his title; Borrego was a rank below Rollier and always used his title, without the lieutenant prefix.

Rollier looked at the three of us and said, "You gotta get transport. Go out to the road and see what you can flag down."

I soon found that Rollier could not speak Spanish and the number of people around Trujillo who spoke English could be counted on one hand. Later, I learned the reason Borrego was so powerful with the Hondurans was because his boss couldn't communicate. When Rollier was replaced by a retired U.S. Army colonel fluent in Spanish, his power vanished.

Dick and I came back with a pickup and a small sedan. Rollier reached in his pocket, pulled out some Honduran bills, and told Dick to pay the drivers and follow his jeep. After everything was loaded, we proceeded to a quasi-Honduran civilian/military navy base. This was to be the port area for off-loading the Special Force's equipment arriving by sea. The Green Beret battalion commander and two of his staff officers were at the port.

At the time we finished the contract, my annual salary was $51,953 including bonus and all expenses.

Wasteland, Colombia

One of my military posts before going to Vietnam placed me on temporary duty in the Congo to provide logistic support to the army of the Congo which included Col. Mike Hoare and his mercenary commandos. Flying out of what was then Leopoldville, we transported all supplies, food, weapons, munitions and vehicles on our C-130 aircraft to the interior. On return, we usually had either wounded mercenaries, or some allowed a few days off. I ran into one of them later as a civilian security chief on a job in Colombia, South America.

Nine years ago, elements of an American company moved to Colombia to build the massive infrastructure for a 90-mile standard gauge railroad, a new Caribbean port, an extensive surface coal mine and two cities to house 6,000 workers. The company was Morrison Knudsen International, (P.O. Box 12, Boise ID 83707), and the facilities are located in the state of Guajira. Geographically, this area is in the northern part of the country. It is sandy pampa with very little precipitation, strong winds, barren terrain, low trees and a wide range of temperatures. It is semiarid and has the closest terrain to Arabia I've seen.

Security was critical here. The two construction camps were named "Port" and "Mine." The Port camp was at the extreme northern tip of Colombia. It was Indian country. They still controlled most of the area and governed it according to tribal law. When we first arrived, the 80-mile trip between the Port and Mine camps had to be made in convoy with armed security vehicles front and rear. The camps were locked in after dark. Patrols were on the perimeter day and night. Mobile patrols were also tasked to protect our interests at Maicao, near Lake Maracaibo and the Mine camp. You didn't want to be on the street after dark; it was a lawless town.

The project headquarters and main security office were in Baranquilla, some 300 miles south of the two camps. This

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TROUBLE IN TYRONE

Armed and Dangerous in Ulster

Text & Photos by Stan Martin

SOMEWHERE along the narrow country road between Dungannon, in County Tyrone, and Cappagh, in County Armagh, we crossed over one of those invisible lines in Northern Ireland (N.I.) that you have to be a local to know about.

The changes were almost imperceptible at first. The civilian car we were in began to accelerate from the pleasant, country-drive pace, to bat-out-o'-hell pace — the narrow, twisting road notwithstanding. The jokes my Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) friends had been sharing stopped, their gaze shifting to outside the car, scanning the green blur that was now whizzing by us. I knew something was up when my three companions simultaneously drew their Ruger .357 magnum revolvers and held them in a ready position.

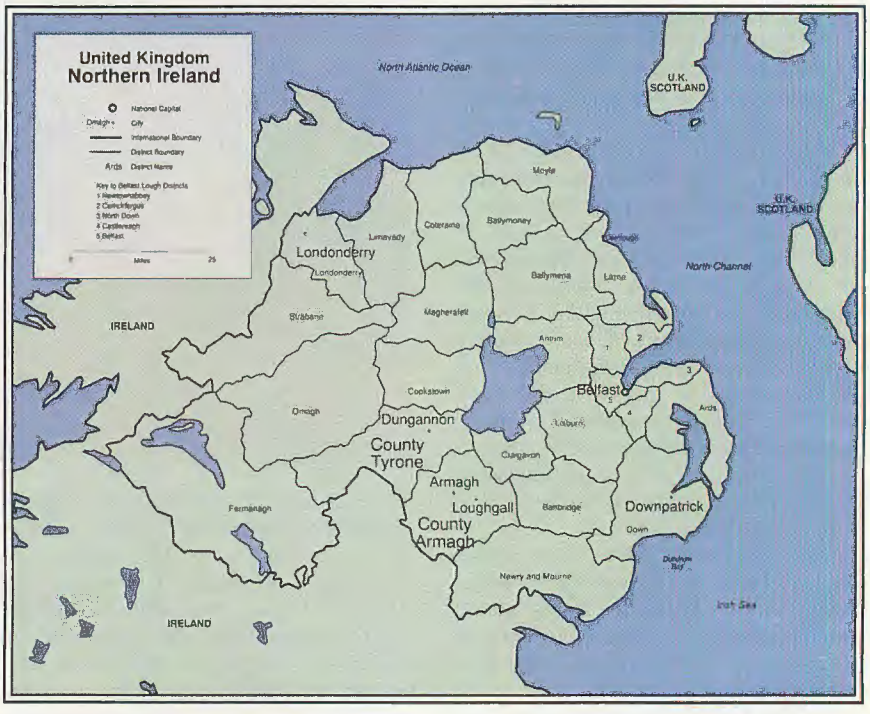
"You know, now I wished we had brought the SMGs," one of them said, referring to the Sterling 9mm submachine guns now located miles behind us. We had discussed bringing them with us prior to our departure, but decided the risk of ambush was not high enough to warrant the extra firepower. Not to mention our little country tour was on our own time and in plainclothes. Obviously they were concerned now. The driver was still accelerating.

I turned to him, noting he had his revolver tucked between his legs.

"I take it we're no longer in a loyalist area?" I asked.

They all laughed.

"When we patrol this area on duty we usually helicopter in or use the armored cars," the driver said. "PIRA (Provisional Irish Republican Army) will set up ambushes on these roads and just wait for us. They know all the local people and cars, so we better hope they don't see us today."



"It could be very interesting if they spot us," agreed one of the constables in back. The others laughed again. We continued to race along, speed being our first line of defense against ambush. We were heading for a cemetery of all places, knowing if we ran into trouble, we may well end up in one ourselves.

Suddenly the driver slammed on the brakes and slid into a gravel lot next to a small church. One of my guides jumped from the back seat, waving for me to follow. As we walked up to a small knoll to the graveyard, the driver turned the car around, ready for a quick exit.

We found a grave marked with a large cross on a base bearing crossed rifles, the plot decorated with fresh flowers. The headstone read: VOLUNTEER EUGENE KELLY, KILLED IN ACTION AT LOUGHGALL, 8 MAY 1987, AGED 25 YEARS, R.I.P.

"PIRA got their ass kicked at Loughgall," my guide said. "SAS (British Army Special Air Service) killed them all. PIRA gives them a nice grave though. Let's go." I followed him back to the car.

Ambushes, counterambushes, bombings, assassinations and constant security considerations are just a few of the myriad of elements that comprise the threat to N.I.'s security forces. During my time with the RUC and other security elements, I became acutely aware of the toll being

Royal Army Air Corps (RAAC) door gunner scans deceptively serene countryside of County Armagh for terrorist activity. Helicopter is a Wessex; gun is an L7A1 7.62 GPMG.

exacted on them and N.I. society by "the troubles" which have plagued the area for more than 20 years.

The PIRA offensive of the late 60s and 70s has become, over the past 10 years, a simmering terrorist conflict. It is a war where the level of violence allows neither relaxation nor major counteraction by the security forces. As the policy makers in Belfast, London and Dublin debate the various issues surrounding the political situation in N.I., the Irish Republican Army (IRA) continues its attacks on police, military and civilians, not only in Ireland, but also in England and the European continent.

It is a war without borders, based on centuries of hatred and misgivings, armed by Libyan dictator Khadaffi. Since 1969, approximately 3,000 people (police, military and civilians) have lost their lives. And no solution appears in sight.

A Different Kind of Cop

The RUC has a very important, and dangerous, role in "the troubles." While typical police duties such as car thefts, robberies and domestic disputes are their responsibility, the RUC also plays a very active role in the counterterrorist activities of the security forces. It is a role that is very different from the law enforcement work of most police officers.

The threat of PIRA violence places pressures on the RUC which would make a lot of other police officers change careers. There were 168 RUC personnel killed between 1969 and 1988, from a police force that maintains a regular strength of about 8,000 constables.

During my stay in Belfast, the RUC killed one PIRA terrorist and captured another who had entered the backyard of a constable's home. The PIRA ASU (Active Service Unit) was on an assassination mission. It appears, however, that its mission was compromised. The RUC had been waiting for them. The dangers in N.I. are real and constant.

Safely back in Dungannon, where I was visiting members of the MSU K-4 (Mobile Support Unit), the RUC headquarters is located in a castle overlooking the town. The compound is surrounded by high metal and concrete walls, topped with concertina, to keep prying eyes out. The inner security measures are classified, but clearly are based on years of experience dealing with terrorist attacks. While random mortar attacks and sniper fire are the greatest threat to personnel inside RUC compounds, "all out" attacks do occur.

Danger in Dungannon

It was the Loughgall RUC station in County Armagh that the eight-man ASU attacked in May '87 (see March '91 issue). The SAS, suspecting an attack, had been waiting. All eight, including Eugene Kelly, were killed. "PIRA watches us come and go from the castle. They try to keep track of us and our vehicles. They watch us and we watch them," one of the constables told me.

In Dungannon, the RUC is responsible for regular police duties, but the majority of its time is spent in counterterrorist operation, both in the city and surrounding countryside.

The six constables and their sergeant, the basic section of an MSU, were preparing for the evening's assignment. The main role of an MSU is to act in support of all other RUC units, and as such demands the constables be prepared to perform any of a variety of tasks on short notice. Tonight we would begin the tour of duty acting as roving security on the roads surrounding Dungannon.

During the evening commute hours, PIRA may set up ambushes to kill people they've decided are "legitimate targets." These could be off-duty security

ABOVE: PIRA maintains strong ties with terrorist organizations around the world, including South Africa's African National Congress (ANC). Wall murals, such as this one in western Belfast, are used not only for morale purposes, but also to denote turf.

RUC on patrol in the streets of Dungannon, County Tyrone. Even while conducting routine police duties, constables must be on constant alert for ambushes, counter-ambushes, snipers, bombings and assassinations.

Bitterness and hostility run deep in Northern Ireland, as PIRA terrorist Eugene Kelly, killed by the British SAS at Loughgall, probably would have testified. Since 1969, more than 3,000 people have been killed in the country's civil war.

personnel, suspected IRA informants, or businessmen or laborers who have a business or contracting arrangement with the government — a crime punishable by death in the eyes of the IRA.

After a short, informal briefing, the constables changed into their uniforms. The RUC uniform is the same for both urban and rural duties: wool pants, shirt and tie, sweater, leather coat and boots. Some of the men pulled hard body armor on over the coats. While the uniform is not functional for rural ops, the RUC doesn't want to appear to be a military force. They are policemen first and foremost, and don't want to be mistaken for army troops. Unfortunately, PIRA doesn't care about this difference.

Next we checked out weapons. The three constables I would accompany each selected their personal favorite for a primary weapon. MSU members are qualified to carry a variety of weapons and they have a selection to choose from.

Tonight, the driver would carry a Sterling 9mm SMG, the man in the "shotgun" position a Ruger AC556 rifle with night vision scope, and the third man would carry an Enfield L2A1 7.62mm SLR. All three carried their Ruger .357s as backups.

We quickly drove out of the castle in an unmarked car. We spent the next few hours on the surrounding roads, constantly on the watch for possible ambush positions, suspicious vehicles and people. Occasionally we would stop for a period to

watch an intersection for possible IRA activity, or patrol the town streets on foot. Whenever we stopped, the constables quickly exited the car and took up defensive positions, never leaving the car unattended for fear of a bomb being planted.

They were always looking, always aware, always covering their partners. Tough, comprehensive training had prepared these constables for ambush-oriented conflict. After being accepted into the RUC, constables are sent to a three-month basic police training course in Belfast, which covers laws, police investigations and firearms training.

After basic, which all new constables attend, those desiring a posting to an MSU go first to a three-week firearms course, then spend one week with an operational training unit, which acts as a mini MSU course. Then they attended the actual MSU course for advanced training in foot patrol operations, vehicle ops, small unit tactics, search techniques and other counterterrorist skills. A variety of advanced schools are available to MSU members, including tactical weapons use and boat ops.

After their training, they are posted to an MSU, which consists of one inspector, four sergeants, and 24 men, which can be divided into halves and then sections, each consisting of one sergeant and six men.

Later, after darkness settled over the countryside, we hooked up with the rest of the section and headed for the border between County Armagh, well-known bandit country, and the Irish border. This is an area of high cross-border activity and pro-IRA sentiments. As we started our foot patrol along the quiet town streets, the constables professionally deployed on both sides of the street, maintained their intervals and kept their weapons at the ready. Our countersnipers, carrying night vision-equipped rifles, stopped occasionally to scan the shadows ahead. This, I thought, was not typical police work.

I fell in next to the sergeant. As we talked quietly in the night, he discussed his years of experience in the area, the losses with too-few gains, and the sadness of such a beautiful country torn by conflict.

Death Comes Quickly

He told me what I had already heard several times before, that the vast majority of people in N.I. could live in peace, if only those doing the killing would stop. Ironically, I heard this from Catholic and Protestant alike, each pointing fingers not so much at each other, but at the few in the IRA who continue to desire violence for a variety of reasons, and at the loyalist paramilitaries whose counterviolence only keeps the embers glowing. Everyone in N.I. I met, regardless of religious or political belief, when speaking of "the troubles," spoke with obvious sadness.

As our conversation trailed off, leaving us momentarily in our own thoughts, the eyes of our patrol continued to scan the dark streets. Death comes quickly in N.I., and while the streets seemed clear and quiet, I could not shake the feeling that I was being watched.

I felt the same way in Belfast each time I entered the Donegall Pass RUC station, the guard's concrete bunker pockmarked from a recent attack by an ASU bearing AKMs. I spent several days with RUC personnel in Belfast. They performed more typical police duties than their rural MSU counterparts, but still faced the same PIRA threats.

It was not uncommon to see a constable strolling down the street helping tourists with directions. (A lot of people visit Ulster for all the same reasons they visit the republic. Very rarely are tourists ever exposed to violence.) A constable could also be seen helping a shop keeper with a petty theft report, all the while being shadowed by a heavily armed army patrol, there to protect him from ambush.

It was in Belfast that I found myself drinking late into the night with an RUC inspector who had extensive experience both in Belfast and Londonderry. We discussed the military/political situation in N.I. that made it so difficult to bring "the troubles" to an end, which left the RUC and other security forces in a position of constant threat.

Keeping a Lid On It

The concept of an acceptable level of violence is what the people of N.I. have come to live with. It was a concept I found being discussed by security personnel and civilians alike. "Aye, it's been going on for 400 years, it's not going to stop now. You learn to live with it," I was told by a civilian woman who works for the RUC in Belfast. She was not old enough to remember the times before "the troubles."

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of N.I. has been the evolution of a society that has become accustomed to acts of violence, while the political elements have been unable, or unwilling, to bring the killing to an end.

As is too often the case, it is the police

Continued on page 71

WHO'S USING WHAT IN NORTHERN IRELAND

A variety of equipment from a variety of sources finds its way into battle in N.I. Below is a summary of the various parties to the conflict and the weapons they most often use.

The police element of N.I., the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) uses a variety of weapons, but will not carry weapons that are in use by the British army or Ulster Defence Regiment (UDR), in an effort to maintain a distinct visual difference from the military.

Weapons used by the RUC are the Sterling 9mm SMG, Enfield L2A1 7.62mm SLR, and the Ruger AC556 5.56mm rifle which has a three-shot burst capability. The Ruger is often fitted with night vision equipment. The standard sidearm is the Ruger Speed Six .357 magnum revolver with a 4-inch barrel. The RUC is considering a change to Heckler and Koch rifles and SMGs in the future.

The mostly part-time UDR operates in a paramilitary role, often assisting the RUC. UDR personnel carry the Enfield SA80 5.56mm Bullpup rifle. Since they carry the same weapons and wear the same camouflage uniform as the British army units, the two are often mistaken for each other by the press, and are generally referred to as "the army."

The British Army Special Air Service (SAS) is greatly feared, but almost never seen, in N.I. Its role is probably much smaller, though very important, than most believe. This is often due to nationalist press crediting the SAS with every shooting they can, in an effort to force SAS withdrawal from N.I. Pronounced "sass" by the locals, SAS men carry whatever their mission dictates.

The Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF), the Ulster Freedom Fighters (UFF) and the Ulster Defence Force (UDF) are loyalist paramilitary groups that generally target suspected Provisional Irish Republican Army (PIRA) members. They have also killed innocent Catholics, as well as themselves, over internal differences. The most well-known loyalist attack was made by Michael Stone at Milltown Cemetery in March 1988, when he used hand grenades and a handgun to kill three and wound several, at the funeral for three PIRA members killed in Gibraltar. The paramilitaries use a variety of illegally obtained arms.

The vast majority of PIRA weapons were obtained from Libya between August 1985 and September 1986, when four successful shipments were carried out. This came to light only after the seizure of the freighter *Eksund* in October 1987 by French authorities. It is estimated that the smuggling missions delivered 120 tons of arms and munitions to PIRA. While some of the armament has been recovered by security forces, most of it has not. The main worry for security forces are SAM-7 missiles — it is believed 12 were delivered to PIRA. None have been found and, so far, none have been used.

Other goodies donated by Khadaffi were RPG-7s, AKMs, 12.7mm "Dashika" antiaircraft guns, pistols, ammo, hand grenades and over a ton of Semtex plastic explosive. PIRA also uses a variety of homemade mortars.

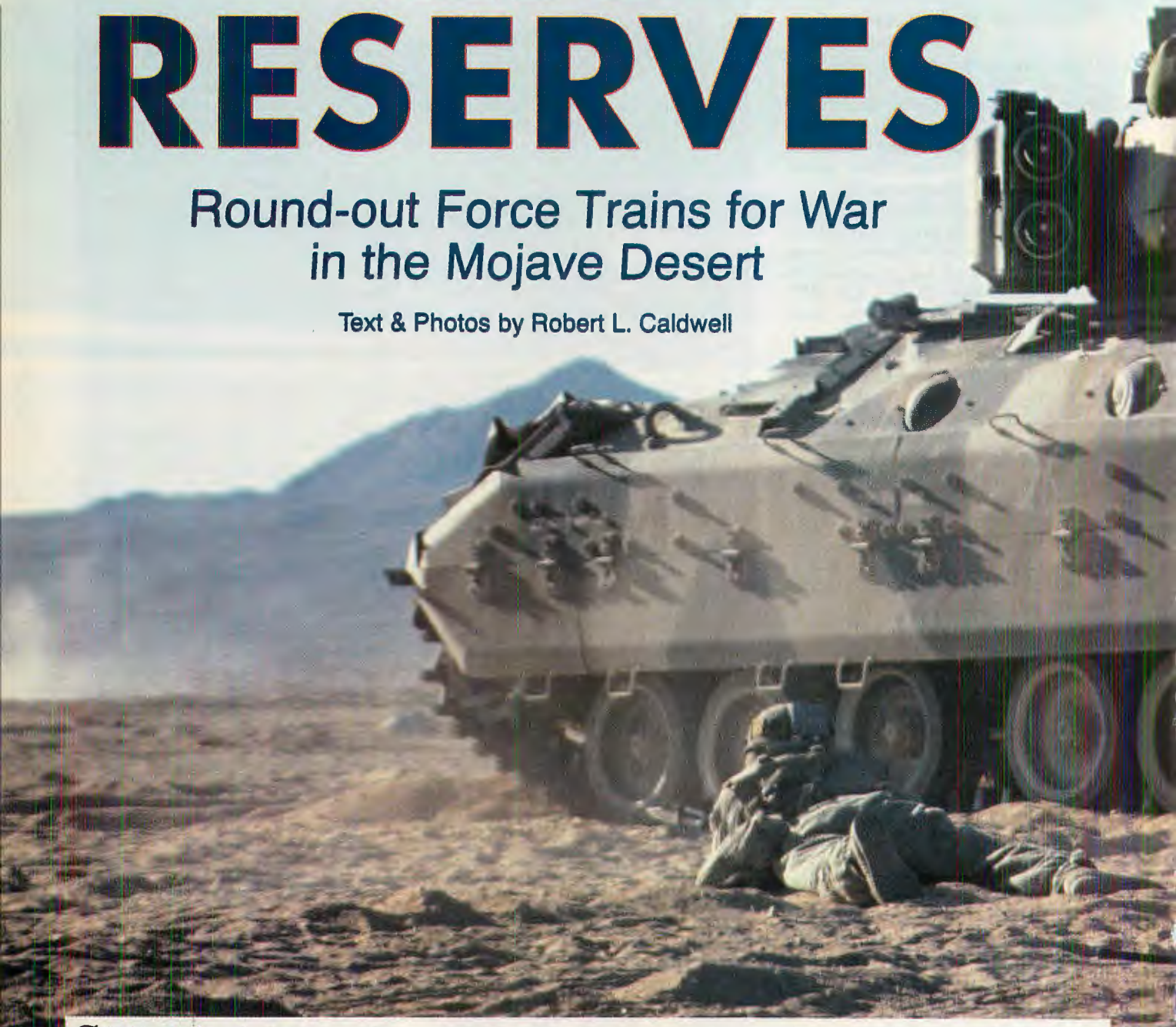
Recently, PIRA has been using the culvert bomb. After packing a road culvert with Semtex, terrorists detonate the bomb as a car passes over it. It was a bomb of this type that killed four UDR soldiers in April 1990. The UDR armored car was blown 30 yards off the road.

— *S.M.*

REBEL RESERVES

Round-out Force Trains for War in the Mojave Desert

Text & Photos by Robert L. Caldwell



SPEED, shock and violence are the hallmarks of successful armored assaults. This one had all three.

M1 Abrams main battle tanks, Bradley infantry fighting vehicles (IFVs), and M113 armored personnel carriers (APCs) roared into the Iraqi-style fortifications at speed, making smoke and churning up a huge dust cloud.

Machine gun fire from the tanks and Bradleys swept the mock-Iraqi trench lines. The boom of 105mm guns on the M1s signaled that pop-up tank targets down-range were being engaged. Long strings of "pop-pop-pops" from the Bradley's 25mm chain guns added to the maelstrom of fire.

Within minutes, the rear ramps of the Bradleys dropped. Infantry sprinted a few meters from their vehicles, belly flopped in the sand, and opened fire down the trench line with their M16A2s and M249 squad automatic weapons (SAWs). On command, they rose again, sprinted to the trench, and rolled in.

Georgia Guard Shows Its Stuff

Tanks and Bradleys shifted fire down-range while one M1 machine gun laid down grazing fire across the top of the trench about 20 meters ahead of the troops. Then the infantry proceeded, yard by yard, to clear the trench complex with live fire.

Georgia's Army National Guard 48th Mechanized Infantry Brigade was showing its stuff.

In the audience were observers/controllers from the National Training Center (NTC), assorted colonels and a brigadier general — chief of staff of the 2nd U.S. Army, headquartered in Atlanta.

They were all after an answer to the same question: Is the 48th ready to fight? A second, larger question hinged on the first: Will the Pentagon's decade of investment in a supposedly combat-ready National Guard pay off in the crunch? In the vernacular, was the Guard "good to go?"

The 48th, together with the Mississippi National Guard's 155th Armored Brigade and the Louisiana Guard's 256th Mecha-

Bradleys and infantry lay down suppressive fire while assault units close on trench line. Guardsmen did well considering their limited and infrequent training.

nized Infantry Brigade, are round-out units for active-duty Army divisions. The theory of "round-out" units is that the United States can field more divisions for less money by having components made up of part-time National Guard personnel. Pentagon policy calls for these Guard brigades to be ready 30 days or so after mobilization to join their parent divisions, ready for war.

It didn't happen.

The 48th was put on stand-by status in August, just days after Saddam Hussein sent the Iraqi army into Kuwait. On 15 November, the brigade was alerted. On 30 November, it was mobilized. By 2 December, the brigade's 44 units were arriving at Fort Stewart, Georgia, home base for the 48th's parent division, the 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized).

At Fort Stewart, the Guardsmen were processed through preparation for overseas movement. They received refresher training on basic survival skills, including chemical warfare drills. They requalified on individual and crew-served weapons. On 27 December, the brigade began its cross-country deployment by air to Fort Irwin in California's Mojave Desert.

Welcome To The Sand

By 3 January, the entire brigade was in the Mojave. At 0700 on 4 January, the brigade's 4,500 troops began rolling out onto the 1,000-square mile vastness of the NTC.

The 155th Armored Brigade and the 256th Mechanized Infantry Brigade, meanwhile, were reporting to Fort Hood, Texas, for unit training in preparation for their own cycles at the NTC.

Why the NTC? Because it is the Army's best combat training base, a virtual high-tech laboratory for training and evaluating battalion and brigade-size units of armor and mechanized infantry. Coincidentally,

it also closely approximates the climatic conditions and some of the terrain found in the Saudi Arabia-Kuwait theater of operations.

The NTC also boasts the Army's best OPFOR (Opposing Forces), the 177th Armored Brigade. The 177th simulates a Soviet-style motorized rifle regiment complete with M551 Sheridan light tanks visually modified to resemble T-72 tanks, BMP IFVs, 120mm self-propelled howitzers, and ZSU-23-4 antiaircraft guns. There are also the now-ubiquitous "Humvees" (high-mobility, multipurpose, wheeled vehicles, or HMMWVs), modified to look like Soviet BRDM-2 reconnaissance vehicles.

As it happens, the Iraqi army has all of these Soviet-built weapons in its inventory.

The NTC's OPFOR spend 250 days per year in the field. Predictably, they don't often lose to the active-duty Army battalions rotating through for training. Just as predictably, the Georgia National Guard's 48th Brigade had a rough initiation.

Rigorous training and the intense operational tempo at the NTC uncovered serious deficiencies in the 48th.

Making The Best Of It

Some of the troops lacked basic fieldcraft skills. Maintenance on the NTC's well-worn M1s and Bradleys (the 48th left its own vehicles at Fort Stewart) was often poor. Civilian contractors had to help maintain the tanks and IFVs to keep enough in the field for exercises.

Some tank crews lacked the cohesion one might expect from Guard units in which members serve together, in theory, for years. And the overall quality of enlisted men and officers alike in the 48th was found to be, shall we say, uneven.

The latter fact, in particular, was apparent on my own visits to the 48th in the field during February. One company I visited was led by a captain who graduated from West Point, served eight years active duty, and had more than a year with the 48th. A spot check of the nearest squad turned up two enlisted men with prior service, one former Marine and one ex-Navy man. A 29-year-old sergeant in the same company had 10 years of service in the Guard.

A second company was led by a captain, a graduate of a Georgia military college, with 11 years in the guard but no active-duty service. One of his platoons counted almost half its infantrymen veterans as prior service, mostly from the Army. Others had only a sprinkling of prior-service men.

And, of course, virtually every unit in the 48th had its share of pure citizen-soldier types: the hardware clerk, mechanic, textile worker, student or farmhand who may have served several years in the National Guard without ever seeing much hard soldiering, to say nothing of combat. But then, what else would one expect to find in the National Guard?

Let this not be construed as a put-down. A generation ago, the National Guard was, in part, a convenient shelter for men evading conscription for active duty or combat in Vietnam. Today, absent the draft, those in the Guard are all volunteers.

The 48th is full of men in their 20s, 30s, even 40s, who joined the Guard because they like the military and wanted to serve their country. That, after all, is a tradition in the South where patriotism and respect for soldiering remain strong.

Georgia On My Mind

As one Guard officer told his troops, only half in jest while briefing them for an assault exercise at the NTC, "We got artillery, we got tanks, we got Bradleys, we got air cover, we got Georgia boys."

Admittedly, some of the Georgia boys were adjusting only slowly to the reality that they may be going to war. And some said as much. But, if my limited contact was any guide, most were ready to do what their country asked. Even brief visits to platoons and companies in the field demonstrated some measure of the social cohesion that keeps troops fighting for each other longer than any ideological abstraction.

"I grew up with these guys," one Georgia Guardsman said, looking around at the members of his platoon. "We went to school together, partied together, dated the same girls, and live close to each other back home." The patriotism, pride, and sense of duty manifest among most of the Georgia Guardsmen commands respect, especially from those who would never get any closer to the Persian Gulf than their television screens.

Even at the NTC, the Georgia Guardsmen were soldiering hard: living in the field for weeks, sleeping on the high desert floor in nighttime temperatures as low as 20 degrees, subsisting on Meals-Ready-to-Eat (MREs) and T-rations, and putting in dawn-to-dusk days with only a weekly shower, occasional mail, and an infrequent day off to lighten the load.

But the 48th's real business at the NTC was learning to fight. And learning they were, but not fast enough to meet the Pentagon's optimistic schedules. A planned 41-day training cycle — active-duty battalions on regular rotations spend only 14 days at the NTC — was extended to 49 days, then to 55.

Obstacles Everywhere

Meanwhile, the 48th was taking heavy losses against both regular and ad hoc OPFOR units defending the Iraqi-style fortifications built last fall at the NTC. Typically, field fortifications included simulated minefields, lots of barbed wire, antitank ditches, sand berms, and trench/bunker complexes.

A featured tactic in these exercises was something called "lane clearing." It presumed that the Iraqi army's extensive fortifications in Kuwait would be assaulted only on narrow fronts. Once breaches were opened in the fortifications, teams of tanks and mechanized infantry would advance rapidly into the Iraqi rear. Their targets — traditional in any deep armor penetration — would be Iraqi artillery, headquarters, lines of communications and support units.

The 48th's assault teams were learning just how costly it could be to open lanes through some of the most extensive field fortifications built anywhere since World War II.

The first exercise I observed pitted a mechanized infantry platoon mounted in Bradleys and supported by two M1 tanks (two other M1s in the tank platoon were non-runners that day due to maintenance problems) against Iraqi trenches defended by about 50 OPFOR soldiers from the 9th Infantry Division based at Fort Lewis, Washington.

First came a dry run, with the NTC observers/controllers coaching the assault platoon through the attack step by step. The scenario presumed that the minefields, barbed wire, antitank ditch, sand berm, more minefields and more barbed wire had already been breached. The assault team would consist of two M1s leading, followed by four Bradleys carrying the infantry.

The walk took an hour. The unit from A Company, 1st Battalion, 121st Infantry Regiment (Mechanized), earned mixed grades in the after-action review (AAR) that follows every exercise at the NTC. One observer/controller called the mounted phase of the attack "a bit of a Chinese fire drill." But once out of their Bradleys, the infantry did reasonably well assaulting and clearing the trench line.

After an hour for debriefing and MREs, known in the Georgia Guard as "Meals Rejected by Ethiopians," the A Company team was ready to "go wet." One Bradley had a spare seat, so I went with the troops.

Ducks In A Row

Buttoned up in the dark cocoon of our Bradley, we were soon doing 30 mph in a thundering charge across the desert floor. One by one, the breached barriers flashed past the Bradley's vision ports — minefield, barbed wire, antitank ditch, another minefield, more barbed wire. Artillery simulators lent authenticity to the mounted assault.

Proper spacing between vehicles is vital in a single file, column assault. I learned later that we bunched up crossing the antitank ditch. "Ducks in a row," an observer/controller called it. Sitting inside the Bradley's cramped troop compartment, I wondered if anyone could survive a hit from a rocket-propelled grenade (RPG) or a tank-fired high-explosive antitank (HEAT) round. Doubtful. Not being able to see much outside made the waiting worse.

Suddenly, the Bradley's driver slammed on the brakes and pivoted left on the

Getting inside the trench line is only the first step. Troops now work to clear out the fortification. Clearing Iraqi trenches would be dirty work — at every turn, perhaps only a few feet away, the enemy could be waiting in ambush.

tracks. For two long minutes we sat in the darkness while 25mm chain guns and machine guns worked over the trench line and its OPFOR defenders.

This was a multiple integrated laser engagement system (MILES) firefight, so everybody was firing blanks. Each soldier and vehicle was fitted with laser receivers and every weapon had a laser sight. Hits set off a beeper behind a soldier's Kevlar helmet or activated a strobe light fixed to vehicles. The MILES system, pioneered at the NTC during the early 1980s and since adopted Army-wide, eliminates guesswork about casualties.

Finally, the assault team leader, A Company Commander Captain John Hornick, shouted, "Drop the ramp, dismount left." Mech infantry are trained to dismount quickly and advance on the objective in three-second bounds. It's an updated, mech infantry version of the grunts' traditional fire-and-movement tactic.

Out in the bright sunlight, the dismounts from each Bradley were pouring fire down the trench line. Fire and move. Fire and move. The Bradley's chain guns and machine guns killed half the OPFOR, but A Company's simulated ordeal was just beginning.

Trouble In The Trenches

Hornick led the assault down into the first trench. A SAW gunner backed him up. The number three man carried the "bicycle flags," plastic pennants on a wire pole to mark their forward progress. The Bradleys were to keep sweeping the trench line with fire 20 yards ahead of the pole.

Clearing Iraqi trenches this way would be dirty work. Every grunt's basic load for trench clearing was 400 rounds of ammunition and a dozen grenades. Each bunker and firing position off the main trench would have to be grenaded, then sprayed with M16s or SAWs.

With the enemy only yards or feet away, every turn of the trench, every intersection, could hold an ambush. If the Iraqis fought at all, American casualties would be heavy.

Forty-five minutes after A Company's assault team went into the trenches, the exercise ended. Hornick had eight of his 25 men still fighting. The rest were "dead or wounded," their weapons silenced by laser hits, their helmets emitting beeps that indicated they were casualties. The OPFOR still held the far end of the trench complex and had an ambush ready to spring at a T-intersection.

Still, it was something of a victory. "This is the farthest they've gotten with the most men left," noted a public affairs officer who observed the exercise.

In the AAR, observers/controllers and members of the OPFOR noted errors. Assault vehicles bunched up at the breach in the antitank ditch and adjacent sand berm. Vehicle dispersal at the trench was slow. So were dismounts from the Bradleys; 42 seconds had elapsed before anyone emerged from the first Bradley. Our squad had sat in its box for a full two minutes.

Once in the trench, Hornick's men had trouble maintaining momentum and adequate suppressive fire. An OPFOR antitank missile knocked out two of the Bradleys and one M1. Even so, Hornick was thinking positive. "We get better every day. I think we're close now. I am confident we can do the job," he said.

A few days later, it was someone else's turn from the 48th. A group dubbed Team Charlie would assault another Iraqi-style fortification with two platoons of Bradleys, an M1 tank platoon, and several M-113 APCs. This time, the fire would be live, the targets pop-up infantry, tanks and antitank missile launchers. Team Charlie had been drilling in hasty attacks and meeting engagements, barrier breaching, and trench warfare.

Lieutenant Blaine Samples of Metter, Georgia, a Bradley platoon leader, said his men could fight and win, but that morale comes and goes. "Some of our guys are saying they didn't join the Guard to go to war. But it's come to this, and they're taking the training more seriously now. We kicked some butt against the OPFOR," Samples said, with perhaps only a hint of exaggeration.

Mixed Results

That afternoon's full armor assault was preceded by a morning exercise — infantry trench clearing using live fire. Down went a platoon into the trench. M16A2s on three-round burst, SAWs and dummy

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Mines and barbed wire are the first obstacles to be breached, after which infantry must engage the fortification's defenders at close range.

EYEWITNESS TO INVASION

Hiding Out in Occupied Kuwait

by Chuck Fremont

Iraqi troops as seen from Dave Forties' second-story apartment, across street from Kuwait Bay. Photo: Dave Forties

"At about 0515, about half awake, I heard some booming off in the distance. Then I heard two fast-movers come over, I mean right at rooftop level, just smokin' right along..."

— Major Frank Hawk, U.S. Army, on his wake-up call the morning of 2 August 1990, in Kuwait City.

"I was lying in bed, and I thought to myself, 'That is not a Kuwaiti Airlines jet taking off.' I heard that sucker come whippin' down the Gulf and I thought 'If that guy's playin' he's gonna piss off a lot of people.' I had a real bad feeling in my stomach, and I didn't get out of bed right away..."

— Chief Warrant Officer Dave Forties, U.S. Army.

TWO U.S. Army officers — Major Frank Hawk (not his real name), looking like a young Abe Lincoln with his clipped beard and moderately long hair, and Chief Warrant Officer 4 Dave Forties, with thinner hair but a bushy Hemingway beard, were recalling the opening assault on Kuwait City by Iraqi forces.

As members of U.S. Liaison Adviser Kuwait (USLAK), Forties had been in Kuwait for three years, Hawk for the past year, working with the Kuwaiti army. They knew Saddam Hussein was moving his forces close to the northern Kuwaiti frontier, and they thought there was a good chance he would move into Kuwait. But they — and Western intelligence agencies — didn't really expect him to invade Kuwait City.

The two witnessed the invasion from their homes in Kuwait City. On 23 August, they convoyed to Baghdad as part of a 27-car caravan of 54 diplomats and their families. Major Hawk departed Baghdad in a daring and dangerous escape, details of which remain classified, to test a possible pipeline for evacuating other Western "guests" from Iraq. But before it was activated, Saddam Hussein allowed Forties and the other American hostages to leave for Europe.

SOF correspondent Chuck Fremont interviewed Forties and Hawk in Atlanta following their return to the United States.

SOF: What were your first reactions when you realized that this was an invasion?

Hawk: I heard those two fighters come over, and I turned out of bed and the phone

rang. It was about 0515, and Tom Funk called me up — he was our boss, a lieutenant colonel, and he said he'd just gotten word that Iraq had invaded. Our orders were just to sit tight and we'd hear from the embassy later. I had my Motorola — we all had radios for fallback communications.

I turned on the radio, turned up the volume, took it off squelch, and I mean I could just hear pandemonium at the embassy — yelling and screaming. I guess the Marines were outside shredding and burning stuff and I could just hear broken transmissions back and forth. I called Dave's house and he said, "Yeah, no shit, I heard 'em come over," and we could hear all these explosions. I guess around 0500 or so they started putting air strikes in on the airport.

Forties: I went up on the roof of our apartment building, and I could see two hits on Kuwaiti Towers (main landmarks in Kuwait City; one is a water tower, the other a revolving restaurant) and fighting going on at the Sea Palace.

Hawk: I lived a little further south, across from the airport. I could see stuff going in on it.

SOF: This was strictly a civil aviation airport?

Forties: Well, they kept some C-130s out back.

Hawk: Right. Now, I kept watching the Fahil expressway, and I couldn't see anything. I'd talk to Dave, and he'd say, "Yeah, man, I got tanks rolling down the road and BMPs and everything." I said, "Well where the hell are they? I can't see any of these guys." And then it was pretty quiet, at least down in my area, from about 0700 until about 0930. That's when I saw the assault on Bayan Palace.

I think they had attacked it earlier because I'd heard a lot of artillery around 0530 or so, all booming. The windows were rattling. But I think the Emiri guards were putting up such a tough fight they had to bring in extra air assault troops. I think air assault troops went in initially to secure the oil refineries. It looked like probably about a battalion's worth. I counted about 30 helos.

SOF: Mostly Hips? (Soviet Mi-8 transport helicopters)

Hawk: Yeah, mostly Hips. Now the attack helos were either Pumas or Gazelles, French. After the air assault went in, I saw basically nothing the rest of the day. Once in a while I'd see a military truck zip down the road.

SOF: What were you seeing, Dave?

Forties: I lived just off the Gulf, right across from Kuwait Bay. And all the way around the bay, all the way along the coast, they strung the whole works with tanks and air defense artillery. Later on, they set up beach umbrellas over their fighting positions. They weren't always real tactical.

SOF: Did they really think there was going to be a counterattack right away?

Forties: I don't know whether it was just giving the troops something to do or whether they honestly thought they were going to be assaulted, but they were set for a sea assault. And they were constantly moving this stuff — tanks, artillery — from the time they came in to the time we went into the embassy on 6 August. On the 2nd, there were three tanks real close together, across from my house. By the 3rd, it was one tank every so often. By the 4th, more tanks were pulled out and moved around.

SOF: Did there seem to be any purpose to these movements?

Forties: They were just shuffling around. A lot of the troops who first came in were airborne — Republican Guard and airborne types. They had the patches, wings, everything.

SOF: But none of them jumped in?

Stranded Americans watched Soviet-made Iraqi armor take over Kuwait City. Photo: Tom Funk

Forties: No. I think Saddam uses his airborne as an air assault group. These guys came in on the helicopters.

SOF: Can you tell if someone is Republican Guard by looking at the uniform?

Forties: Yeah. If you see a red triangle, the guy is Republican Guard. But not every Republican Guard has his uniform up to snuff.

SOF: What about headgear?

Forties: Berets. The red berets were supposed to be some kind of special forces.

SOF: It doesn't sound like you two were worried about your own safety.

Hawk: No. I've been in the Army for 15 years and Dave's been in Vietnam. I've been on enough firing lines, heard enough artillery going off — now if rounds had started impacting in the neighborhood, I would have been worried. But I felt pretty safe. I went up on the roof, and didn't see any troops, but Dave's calling me up telling me he's got Republican Guards in his backyard.

Forties: Yeah, Frank was getting ready to come over to my place. He wanted to see some action.

SOF: What about the Kuwaiti Resistance?

Hawk: We'd be out driving and we'd see a big Mercedes 500 with the windows blacked out pull alongside an Iraqi truck or BMP. The sunroof would slide open, and a flaming Johnny Walker bottle would be tossed into the BMP. Then the Mercedes would scream off down the street.

SOF: When did the Resistance actually get organized?

Hawk: Well, around the 3rd or 4th of August, they started going around taking down street signs and removing house numbers. The Iraqi troops didn't know their way around, and with the signs gone, they were really lost. But the Resistance didn't really get active until the 7th or 8th of August.

Forties: There were some skirmishes early on. But the Iraqis rounded up all the Shi'ite Moslems when they invaded — they were the main force in the Resistance — and weren't released from their temporary prison camps until the 4th or 5th. Second, they hadn't killed off enough Iraqi soldiers yet to get very many weapons. They did get some weapons from the police stations.

Hawk: Right. In fact, on 3 August, when Adel (a Kuwaiti army officer and Resistance fighter) stopped by my house, he asked me, "Do you want any weapons?" He said that the police station in Mishrip housing area was handing out weapons. Each neighborhood had its police station, and the Iraqis had run a ring around the city, but they hadn't gone into

Forties shot photos out his window as Iraqis strung tanks all along Kuwaiti coast. Later they set up beach umbrellas over their fighting positions. Photo: Dave Forties

the neighborhoods yet. So the Resistance organized along neighborhood lines, and they'd either raid police stations for weapons or the police would just pass out pistols or shotguns.

SOF: Did you take him up on the offer?

Hawk: No. We were still under the impression that Saddam Hussein was going to permit all the Westerners to leave.

SOF: Did the Iraqis direct any psychological operations [PsyOps] at the Westerners?

Forties: They were broadcasting that the invasion would not be a problem for Westerners, and that they shouldn't worry about it. They started broadcasting on the 4th and 5th that they were pulling out, that a popular army had now taken over in a coup against the Sabbahs. And there were news pieces on TV of vehicle after vehicle — BMPs and trucks — leaving Kuwait.

Hawk: The "big pullout" started on about the 8th or 9th, and it got real quiet in the city by the 10th or 12th. We really thought that was the window of opportunity. We were in the embassy at that time, and we had heard that the 82nd was in Saudi Arabia, which was a big morale boost. We thought the 82nd or the Rangers could jump in and take the airfield. We even prepped a landing zone on the embassy grounds for Delta Force — we figured Delta would come in for us.

SOF: Were you disappointed when that didn't happen?

Hawk: At first, yes, but in retrospect, it was probably just as well that they didn't try a rescue. There were still a lot of American citizens in country besides all of us on black [diplomatic] passports, and they were scattered all over the city.

There would have been no way to get all of them out, and there's no way to guess what the Iraqis would have done to them if the embassy had been evacuated. I think all of us — especially Ambassador Howe — felt responsible to those people.

SOF: How did the Iraqi forces react to the Kuwaiti Resistance? How did they actually go about controlling the city?

Hawk: All that first week, they went after the government buildings. They seized them, looted them, burned them, trashed them. Then they started taking over police stations, later on that week. They imposed a curfew from dusk to dawn, but people were still free to go about the city during the day. In fact, they tried real hard all through the month of August to get people to go back to work and open up their shops.

Forties: They wanted to get people back into the banks, ministries, everything else. But the Resistance started putting out the word that if you went back to work, you might not have a house to come home to. The ministries were also getting out the word to Westerners: "Don't go back to work; they can't keep your contract, but we'll keep it going."

"A BMP was hauling ass north on the Basra road, pulling a boat trailer with a cabin cruiser."

And I have to say this: There are still people getting money from the Kuwaiti government in exile, people that are back here in the States. The Kuwaitis tried their best to maintain all their contracts.

SOF: Did the Iraqis seem to have any plan for pacifying the city?

Forties: They were trying to give Kuwait City the appearance of a normal, functioning city — trying to convince everyone that they weren't looting. But it wasn't working; it was getting worse. The systematic looting of the marketplaces was obvious to everybody.

Hawk: You're talking hundreds of little shops, just filled with gold — necklaces, chains, rings — and I mean 22- and 24-karat gold.

Forties: Right. Imagine hundreds of shops, each one just glowing with gold. I drove down in my Blazer and watched the looting. The Iraqis would back up a truck to the storefront, cut the security gate off with a cutting torch, go into the store with sacks and just load up everything. There was an officer there, too. They had a scale in the truck, and they weighed each sack and logged it all down in ledger books.

SOF: So this looting was an organized part of the military operation, not rampaging by troops?

Forties: Right. And they did the same thing with the banks.

Hawk: They placed a military official in each bank and would only allow a certain amount of money to each customer. They established control of the banking system very quickly.

SOF: This aspect of the occupation sounds pretty well-organized — more so than the actual military operations.

Forties: It was. Let me tell you a story. The head of the five-star hotel in the city told me that one month before the invasion, he had several Iraqi people that were very well-qualified to work for him, so he hired them. Didn't think anything of it; a lot of Iraqis worked in Kuwait. When the invasion went down, the Iraqis walked right in and set up military headquarters there — they knew where every Westerner was in that hotel, knew everything about it.

Hawk: I think a lot of that went on — intel collection. The border had always been relatively open between Kuwait and Iraq, particularly for Iraqis coming into Kuwait. There's no doubt in my mind that they prepositioned people at the airport and along the roads.

SOF: It sounds as though the two of you functioned pretty independently during the first days of the invasion, without much contact with the embassy.

Hawk: Well, the diplomatic community was in an absolute panic in the beginning — I'm talking about civilians who for the first time in their lives are seeing people firing shots in anger, and there are tanks and artillery and troops all up and down the Gulf. I don't want to say they forgot about us, but I guess they figured we were pretty much able to take care of ourselves. The thing that irritated us was that they wouldn't permit us to E and E [escape and evade] out of there the first couple of days.

SOF: The embassy ordered you specifically not to leave?

Hawk: Right. In fact, we went into the

embassy very reluctantly, because just by monitoring the radio we knew it was a pretty bad scene in there. A lot of people, a lot of confusion. Panic. And we felt it was going to get worse, so why go into the lion's den? The embassy's located in the central part of the city, right on the coast, and they couldn't tell us whether we could drive up there without being picked up by the Iraqis.

Forties: From their perspective, all hell was breaking loose, and the rest of the city was relatively quiet. And they had this scorched earth policy that everything had to be burned, right now.

Hawk: By the evening of 2 August, the embassy had probably damn near destroyed everything including computers. All of the documents were shredded, even the evacuation plan.

SOF: How did you guys feel about going into the embassy?

Hawk: I think all of us, to a man, were skeptical about going in. I had a real fear of entrapment — the Iranian thing. I really thought my family and I would be better off outside. And all of us, when the call came to go in, said, "By whose order?" They said "the ambassador," so we just saluted and moved out smartly.

SOF: What was the situation in the embassy when you first arrived?

Forties: They had fortified the chancellory building as an operations center. Filing cabinets were shoved up against the windows, that sort of thing. The Marine barracks were being used to house families.

Hawk: Dave, Tom and I sat down and said, "What's going on here logistically?" They were basically just living off the food that was left in the snack bar.

Forties: They just weren't looking at logistics — they were concerned with the immediate crisis. I went out foraging for food to the Sultan Center, a big shopping center, on the 2nd, but these guys hadn't been out at all. There were 175 people in that compound, and they had essentially no food left. So I went out right away and stocked up on food, talked to the guys at the stores about the situation, gassed up the Blazer and so on.

Hawk: Dave's a gourmet cook — those stories you heard about living off tuna fish and water? Maybe before we got there, but Dave scored some real food. He even had a refrigerator truck lined up, but the embassy shot that idea down.

SOF: What about the living conditions for those 175 people?

Hawk: It was tight. Each family pretty much had a one-man room in the Marine barracks. My family — my wife, two children and I — slept in a storage room. It was maybe 6 feet wide and 10 feet long. And later, back in the States, the Army wanted to cut our per diem because they said we had "government quarters."

Forties: Most of the people in that embassy never left the grounds until we convoyed out on the 23rd. They just weren't prepared for the change from a functioning city to a battleground.

SOF: What did you do while you were in there?

"If some of those women had been carrying weapons, there would have been some dead reporters."

Forties: For one thing, we had the USLAK administration NCO go around and start collecting money from everyone. See, they had shredded all the money...

SOF: Shredded the money?

Forties: Yeah, on the 2nd, when all hell was breaking loose and they thought they were going to get overrun, for some reason they just shredded all the money. But you needed money to buy food, so we were dependent on whatever personal funds people still had.

SOF: But money isn't a security risk in the sense that classified documents are.

Hawk: Right. But this was the same mentality that ordered the Marines to destroy all the weapons later on.

SOF: You're kidding.

Hawk: I'm not. They ordered the Marines to smash all their weapons. They also smashed all the comms [communications equipment] — not just the crypto stuff, everything. We had a direct link to central communications in the USLAK office, and that went down. They even ordered the [CIA] station chief to destroy his comms, but he refused — he told them only the DCI [director of central intelligence] could order him to destroy that equipment — and that ended up being our only link to Washington.

"Dave's calling me up telling me he's got Republican Guards in his backyard."

SOF: When did this happen?

Hawk: After the night of 8 August. Some hellacious firing started outside, all around the embassy, and we suspected it was the Resistance guys, running down the Gulf road, firing up the Iraqi positions. And when the Iraqis returned fire, the embassy was right in the crossfire. There were tracers flying everywhere.

SOF: What color tracers?

Forties: Both red and green.

SOF: So both Western and communist bloc ammo?

Forties: Right.

Hawk: And they sent a message to Washington that the embassy was under fire, and the next day Washington sent a message to disable the weapons, meaning take out the bolts and so on. Somehow, this got interpreted to mean "destroy" by the State Department people.

Forties: I watched them take a four-pound sledge to the receivers.

Hawk: Smashed them all. But when we got to Baghdad, they had received the same order, and they had just pulled out the bolts, firing pins, and so on.

SOF: How did the Marines feel about this?

Forties: They were not happy campers. They did not want to do it. It pretty much came down to: "This is a direct order." Then the ambassador took the Marines out of uniform.

Hawk: He said he didn't want this to turn into an Alamo, what with women and children there. And I can understand that. But I still think it would have been smart to keep a few weapons.

SOF: What did you do from the 9th to the 23rd, when you pulled out to Iraq?

Hawk: Well, Dave and I went out into the city about every day, stocking up on provisions, keeping up on the situation. Our beards were coming in pretty good, and we looked fairly local. And we'd see these T-72s, heading north to Iraq, with couches and refrigerators strapped on the back.

We saw a BMP hauling ass north on the Basra road, pulling a boat trailer with a cabin cruiser. Around the 11th or 12th, we started seeing these gypsy caravans of trucks and cars loaded down with loot, heading back to Baghdad.

Forties: And about this time, we started seeing trucks loaded with Iraqi civilians driving into the city, just being unloaded and told to go find a place to live.

Hawk: We ran into the Russian — actually Georgian — colonel who headed the Russian advisory team at the Sultan Center one day. Aeroflot had a flight out every week, and he told us he could get our families out on that flight if we wanted. He was a pretty good guy.

Forties: Yeah, the Russians there were good people. He was very serious about getting us and our families out.

SOF: How did the convoy to Baghdad go?

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"You can run, but you can't hide."

Apache is the most sophisticated aircraft in the Army's arsenal.

APACHES
ON THE WARPATH

Text & Photos by Dale B. Cooper

IT was no accident that the United States lost only one warplane, an F/A-18 Hornet from the USS *Saratoga*, on 17 January 1991 when U.S.-led Coalition forces gave Baghdad a bloody nose.

Army Apache helicopters blinded Baghdad by blasting a path through Iraq's outer ring of air defenses on the first night of the Persian Gulf War.

The AH-64s fired Hellfire missiles into two of the air defense command centers, putting the installations out of order. Radar in those centers scan the sky for hundreds of miles to warn Iraq of approaching aircraft.

By punching out their eyes, the Pentagon says the Apaches effectively knocked a hole in Iraq's air defense system and paved the way for the first wave of attacking fighter-bombers. Air Force officials say they had expected to lose between 25 and 40 planes in the first air assault on Baghdad, but were pleased to learn only one aircraft was lost.

"The Iraqis have no idea what happened to them," a Pentagon official who did not want to be identified said. "They thought they got hit from above by supersonic aircraft, not below by slow-flying helicopters." Army Special Forces participated in the attacks against the two command centers that were located near the Iraqi border with Kuwait, and formed part of Iraq's outermost line of air defense.

The Pentagon won't say what exactly the troops did, but acknowledged it is standard operating procedure for them to have helped illuminate targets for the Hellfire missiles.

Laser Tag

Although it's possible Special Forces troops on the ground that night shined laser beams on the command center so Apaches could send Hellfires through the front door, the most likely scenario involved a couple of OH-58 Deltas, the ugliest but deadliest helicopters in the Army inventory.

The OH-58 Delta is used to "lase" targets for aircraft, not only Apaches, Cobras and Blackhawks, but also Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps attack aircraft and fighter-bombers.

As far as avionics are concerned, these little choppers are a generation ahead of their big brothers. The Bell Jetrangers are equipped with a laser range finder designator in a mast-mounted sight that gives OH-58 Deltas a science-fiction style appearance. The round ball containing the laser range finder designator looks almost human with two big eyes.

First Lieutenant Bruce S. Ramsey of Spartanburg, South Carolina, is an aerial fire support officer in Alpha Company, 3rd of the 24th Aviation Brigade. Ramsey acquires targets on a video display screen mounted in the dash on the left side of the Jetranger where he sits.

"Lasing targets is similar to playing a video game," Ramsey said as he described how he lays the cross hairs on a target such as an Iraqi T-55 tank and paints the target

Capt. Jerry Pearman up front and rear-seater CW2 Jim Douglas get ready to go in their Apache.

Vipers' AO is known as the "Snake Pit" because of many sand vipers in the area.

with a small laser spot. "It's like a red dot sale at your local department store."

"If I'm lasing for artillery, I bounce a beam off the tank, a beam that forms a cone of light in the sky," he explained. Hellfire missiles are designed to seek out those cones of light and ride the beams to the source of the reflection. A seeker head on the missile locks onto the cone of light and terminally guides the missile to the target. In this case, the Iraqi command centers.

Once the target acquisition is made, there is very little chance of breaking a lock, especially if the target is warm. Since the sight is thermal in nature, anything on the horizon emitting heat is vulnerable to attack — even armored personnel carriers, tanks and trucks that have been shut down for hours.

"Lasing takes the guesswork out of firing for effect," Ramsey said, "because the first round we fire, artillery or missile, hits the target." There's no need to fire for effect and make corrections. Ramsey and other aerial fire support officers who sit on the left side of the aircraft and focus on the video display screen are also trained to direct naval gunfire from battleships, cruisers and destroyers.

In addition to the OH-58 Deltas under his command, Captain David S. Milton, Perry, Florida, also has EH-60 Blackhawk electronic warfare helicopters at his disposal. "This is going to be an all out campaign," Milton claimed. "No holds barred. We've turned the big dogs loose."

Apaches on the Warpath

Once the Iraqi air defense threat has been eliminated, OH-58 Deltas will search Kuwait for target-rich environments. When tanks, armored personnel carriers and mechanized infantry are located, Apaches will go on the warpath.

"Strike To Kill," is the motto of the Vipers, the 1st Attack Helicopter Battalion, 24th Aviation Brigade. "We can kill 24 hours a day," Lieutenant Colonel Tom Stewart stated as he stood on a bluff and surveyed his desert airfield. "The Iraqis will never know what hit them. Never! It will be so sudden, they'll be left wandering in the desert, totally confused."

Captain Jerry Pearman, a flight platoon leader from Merrillville, Indiana, who's been flying the Army's most sophisticated aircraft for two years added, "Flying the Apache is awesome."

The Apache is protected by guns and missiles, and something Pearman calls a "disco light," a multicolored dome of mirrors behind the rotor hub on the helicopter. The disco light is officially known as ALQ-144, but whatever you call it, the light sends out false signals that lure enemy missiles away from the aircraft. The multicolored mirrors confuse enemy missiles by offering false images.

Captain Kevin Woods, commander of Bravo Company, said four OH-58 Deltas and six AH-64 Apaches under his command are also painted with a substance that lessens its infrared signature. The helicopter's powerful engine is also shielded with special metals that allow less heat to be emitted.

You Can Run, But You Can't Hide

The Apache is the heart and soul of the 24th Aviation Brigade of the 24th Infantry Division from Fort Stewart, Georgia. It's Woods who puts Pearman and other Apache pilots into position where they can do the most damage. According to Capt. Woods, the Apache sends a clear message to Iraqi soldiers: "You can run, but you can't hide."

The Apache is the most sophisticated aircraft in the Army's arsenal — perhaps too sophisticated, say its critics, who claim the Army tried to hang everything including the kitchen sink on the Apache. Tom Stewart is glad the so-called "kitchen sink" is hanging on his Apaches, because it makes his job easier.

Night vision capability is the Apache's strong point. "It has the ability to sortie under any kind of illumination," Stewart said. Like a wide receiver in the NFL, Vipers can go deep inside enemy territory and strike terror into the Iraqis — as they did on the night the Gulf War got underway.

Apaches carry 16 Hellfire missiles on wing pods. Hellfires can penetrate all known enemy armor. In addition to Hellfires, Apaches carry 38 2.75-inch rockets and a 30mm cannon under their chins, which gives pilots 1,200 rounds of armor-piercing, incendiary and high explosive warheads at the touch of a gun button.

Read Headlines 3 Klicks Away

A 122-power scope in a swivel mount on the nose of the aircraft allows the two-man crew to read newspaper headlines from 3 klicks away. With image auto-track, the pilot can pull the trigger and send his prey to paradise.

The AH-64 has significant standoff capability, something the AH-1 Cobras didn't have. "We can kill Iraqi tanks out to 8 kilometers (about 5 miles)," Chief Warrant Officer 2 Jim Douglas from Williston, Florida, said.

"The Iraqis don't have anything on their tanks or armored vehicles that can detect us from 8 klicks," Douglas said as he climbed into the back seat of his Apache. "I sure wouldn't want to be an Iraqi tanker when an Apache pops up from behind a sand dune and launches a Hellfire missile which has a first hit, first kill capability."

The Hellfire is the best antitank system in the world. The flight path it takes after launch makes it unstoppable. The Hellfire's ability to kill on the first shot is because of the angle it takes. Most tanks are designed for tank-on-tank type warfare: heavily armored up front and along the sides of the turret, but not up top where it counts.

After launch from an Apache, a Hellfire missile climbs to an altitude of about 2,000 feet where it finds the bean that's been lased, and comes down on top of the tank. Jerry Pearman, who has a ringside seat of the action from his armor-plated seat in the Apache, said, "They don't stand a chance against us."

Back-seater Jim Douglas added, "We can see them long before they can see or hear us, and by the time they realize we're in the area, it's too late. They're dead." Douglas, 34, has spent almost half of his life in the Army. His call sign is "Viper 173." Every pilot is assigned a number when he enters the unit. It follows him to the grave.

From his rear seat, Douglas stares at 17 pieces of information that appear on his helmet-mounted device (HMD). The HMD gives Douglas vital flight information such as altitude, airspeed, magnetic heading, and acceleration cue so he can fly even if there is zero illumination outside the cockpit.

When pilots like Douglas first climb into the Apache and begin to stare at 17 bits of information through a monocular eyepiece attached to their helmets, there's a tendency to suffer what is called "binocular rivalry," a condition where the left eye tries to become dominant.

Some pilots get splitting headaches staring at a constant flow of updated flight information in their right eye, but according to Douglas it isn't long before a pilot learns how to "fly" with his left eye, and "fight" with his right.

Pilots in the 1st Attack Helicopter Battalion are affectionately known in aviation circles as the "Vipers" because pilots from that battalion flew AH-1 Cobras when the unit first formed. Stewart said the battalion liked the name so much, pilots refused to change it when they transitioned to AH-64 Apaches.

The battalion's base camp in the Saudi Arabian desert is called the "Snake Pit" because of an abundance of sand vipers in the area.

Troubles With Sand

However, sand, not snakes, caused the most grief among the Vipers. Until the 3M Corporation from Minnesota sent a team of "tech reps" to the "sandbox" in Saudi Arabia to apply a special adhesive tape to the leading edge of helicopter blades, sand kicked up by whirling blades wore them out in 50 hours. Under normal conditions, helicopter blades should last about 200 hours, but conditions are far from normal in Saudi Arabia.

"The sand eats the leading edge of the kevlar-coated blades away like a grinder," Stewart said. At night, pilots say the spinning blades give off a shower of sparks, creating a halo effect which allows pilots to see which part of the blades are pulling in the air to give the helicopter lift.

Specialist Dennis Gibbs, a helicopter

CW2 Jim Douglas wears monocular HMD which supplies 17 bits of information.

mechanic from Easely, South Carolina, explained that the sand also wears out vital engine parts. That's why Gibbs and other mechanics on the flight line hose down their birds at least twice a week.

Stewart, who also ordered some changes in the way helicopters are pre-flighted added, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness out here. Engine health indicator tests are usually conducted on the ground prior to takeoff, but that requires pulling in the power and spooling up the engine to see how healthy it is."

When a helicopter sits on the ground with its blades whirling in the desert, it creates a sandstorm, and all of that sand is sucked into the engines. That's why Stewart's men conduct engine health indicator tests in the air, not on the ground.

First Sergeant Robert Howell, Bosque Farms, New Mexico, uses diesel fuel to keep down the dust from rotor wash on helipads. "It costs less to use diesel fuel than water," he said. Colonel Burt Tackaberry, the commanding officer of the 24th Aviation Brigade said, "Every little bit helps."

Mast-mounted laser range finder designator.

Fifth Generation Army Brat

Tackaberry is a fifth generation "Army brat," who has stars on his family tree, and probably in his future. "My father, Lieutenant General Thomas Tackaberry, retired as commanding officer of the 18th Airborne Corps, which is with us here in Saudi Arabia," Tackaberry told me. If Col. Tackaberry continues to lead the 24th Aviation Brigade to victory, his first star could come at the end of the Gulf War, if not before.

"I believe a commander has to fly," Tackaberry said. He can fly every aircraft in his brigade: Apaches, Blackhawks, Cobras, Hueys and Scouts. "The only chopper I'm not rated in is the CH-47 Chinook," he said. Tackaberry spends most of his time in a Blackhawk, because

Capt. Kevin Woods, commander of Bravo Company, next to Apache rocket pod.

it's configured for command and control. Blackhawks can take a licking and keep on ticking. They are armor-plated and have struts that can absorb a lot of shock should they fall out of the sky.

Tackaberry's boys have been busy in Saudi Arabia. In addition to blasting holes in Saddam's air defenses, they have been attacking Iraqi armor in Kuwait. Unlike some of his pilots, who thought the war against Iraq might be a replay of the Six-day War of 1967, Tackaberry knew it was not going to be easy.

"Anyone who talks about war and thinks it will ever be easy is wrong," he said. "The fog of war is going to get a lot of people hurt. War is hell, but in combat there will be pockets that will never see a bullet fired, and some that will see vicious combat. When you've got tanks fighting each other, it ain't going to be pretty. It's not Grenada, Panama, or Vietnam. This is maneuver warfare with tremendous firepower, and it's going to be *ugly*."

Dale B. Cooper is a freelance writer who has been in Saudi Arabia since the beginning of the war.

COMBAT IN KHAFJI

PRIOR to 16 January 1991, the town of Khafji, Saudi Arabia, was a scenic seaside resort 6 miles south of the Kuwaiti border. It boasted posh hotels, an imposing water tower and a population of some 35,000 which varied with the tourists that came to enjoy the sea.

At 0300 on the 16th, all that was to change. It started with a handful of people leaving the town. By 0400 the trickle of departing people had swelled to a flood. One eyewitness described the exodus of refugees as looking like "the Memorial Bridge in Washington, D.C., during the rush hour on a Friday afternoon." The only people remaining were members of the fire brigade.

On the morning of the following day Iraqi artillery began shelling the town. Rounds impacted on oil storage tanks containing 65,000 barrels of petroleum; flames and smoke roared into the sky. Stray rounds landed in the ocean, raising geysers of water.

As the day wore on, Iraq fired Brazilian-manufactured multiple rocket launcher system (MRLS) rockets that overshot Khafji and exploded in the red sand to the south. Artillery fire continued. Based on the size of the craters, the guns were believed to be 155mm howitzers.

Saudi and Qatari Forces

Saudi Arabian National Guard (SANG) units together with troops from Qatar dug in south of Khafji to await further orders from headquarters. The Saudi command had decided not to garrison the town, but see if the Iraqis were going to attempt to follow up the artillery and rocket barrages with an armored thrust through the urban area.

The SANG forces consisted of the 7th and 8th Battalions of the 8th Brigade, numbering approximately 800 men per battalion plus logistical support units. SANG forces were armed with Cadillac Gage V-150S "Commando" armored cars mounting 90mm guns, older model antitank guided missiles (ATGM) and 84mm Carl Gustav recoilless guns. They also had 15 U.S.-made M-60 tanks.

The Qataris had an armored battalion including tanks and armored personnel carriers (APCs). Their table of organization and equipment was similar to that of the Saudis in terms of strength and equipment. Initially trained by the British and later by the Jordanians, they are professionals in every sense of the word.

All their positions were sandbagged with overhead cover, vehicles were dug-in, and camouflage nets with spreaders protected tanks and APCs. Fighting positions were connected by commo trenches, and old tires were placed at 100, 200 and 300 meters to mark small-arms ranges.

The Qataris' guns were immaculate: Artillery tubes were oiled, elevating mechanisms were greased, and aiming stakes were in place. While these preparations were carried out, the Saudis had begun to dig-in with a vengeance: Commercial earth-moving equipment and engineer assets were dispatched from Riyadh, and the SANG started constructing berms.

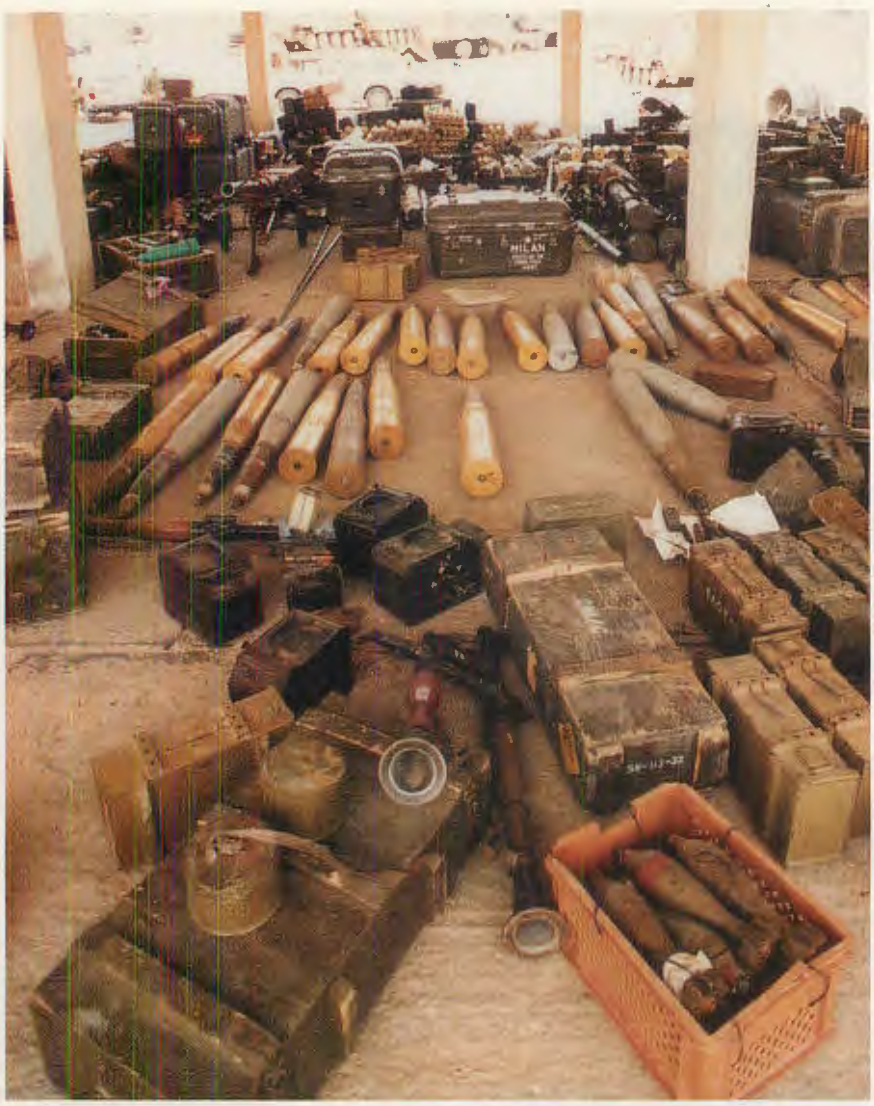
The night of 17 January was eerily quiet. There were no sounds from Khafji — the place resembled a ghost town with gas stations closed, shops secured with shutters over the doors, and not a living

The battle of Khafji left many parts of the seaside resort town in shambles. A U.S. Marine who watched the battle described the exchange of fire as "hellacious." Here, a Saudi recovery vehicle moves into position to tow away a knocked out Iraqi T-55 tank.

INSET: Victorious SANG troops celebrate the battle of Khafji from their Cadillac Gage V-150S armored car with 90mm gun. Shown here are Browning .50 M2HB on flex mount, and 7.62x51mm NATO FN FAL rifles.

Coalition Troops Draw First Blood

by Mike Williams



Iraqi ordnance captured at the battle of Khafji.

soul moving on the streets.

From the 17th to the 30th of January, days and nights were punctuated by artillery duels between U.S. Marine 155mm howitzers supporting the Saudis and Qataris, and Iraqi batteries firing from within Kuwait. On one occasion the Marines staged a lightning raid by displacing their batteries forward and plastering the enemy with close-range fire, then returning to their original firing positions as rapidly as they'd displaced forward. Marine gunners' morale was sky-high.

The Battle Begins

During the late hours of 30 January, a 12-man Marine recon force in Khafji noticed Iraqi vehicle movement near the border. Under a full moon in a cloudless sky, an Iraqi lead element of five Soviet T-55 tanks accompanied by 150 infantry started down the main road toward the town.

The tanks moved into position on the outskirts while infantry occupied buildings; they took over the water tower to use as an observation post. The stage was set for the coming battle for Khafji.

The Marines began to call in artillery and air strikes on the Iraqis with devastating results. Cobra gunships and Harrier jets joined with the leathernecks' 155mm howitzers in tearing huge holes within the ranks of the enemy force.

The invaders made a serious tactical error by occupying Khafji. Apparently they either ignored or were unaware of the presence of Marine artillery and air assets — ready and waiting for just such a target.

Cut off by the Iraqi troops moving into Khafji's streets and houses, Corporal Jeff Brown of Cincinnati, Ohio, and 11 other members of his recon team played a deadly game of cat-and-mouse with the enemy. At one point, Iraqi soldiers searched the main floor of a building in which Brown and his fellow team members were hiding on the floor above.

As the desperate search was carried out by the Iraqis, the Marines succeeded in calling in continuous air and artillery strikes. During their 36 hours of dodging enemy search parties, Cpl. Brown and the team also destroyed classified signal codes they were carrying.

By early Wednesday morning, 31 January, two Iraqi armored brigades numbering 4,000 troops and 80 tanks joined in the attack. While they were moving to contact, an additional 60,000 enemy troops and 1,000 tanks mobilized for a large-scale attack against Saudi Arabia. That mobilization never succeeded. As tanks and APCs formed up in a column of more than 100 vehicles trying to take advantage of the cover of darkness, a squadron of A-10 Warthogs appeared and methodically began destroying the column.

The Warthogs trapped the formation by pinpoint bombing. They first knocked out the lead and last tanks in the column, effectively blocking movement. They then proceeded to destroy every tank and APC in the entire unit.

One pilot, Major Richard Pauly of Mandeville, Louisiana, recounted seeing the chaos on the ground through infrared night-vision scopes. In his statement he said the attack reminded him of a school of sharks in a feeding frenzy. Iraqi soldiers were seen pulling bodies from burning tanks and APCs and running away from the exploding vehicles.

SANG troops fire at Iraqis with Browning .50. Burning Iraqi vehicle at left is a Chinese-manufactured YW-531 APC.

Marines of the 1st Marine Division established blocking positions south of Khafji in an effort to prevent Iraqi units from gaining access to the road leading to Dhahran, further into Saudi territory.

Saudi soldiers from the 5th Battalion of the King Abdul Aziz Brigade established listening posts near Khafji with communication nets to Saudi and Qatari troops dug in along the Khafji-Dhahran road. They formed an early-warning system to alert friendly units against a possible Iraqi attack.

Defections by enemy troops accelerated rapidly — there were a total of 100 during the three day period. B-52s pounded the enemy with tons of high explosive ordnance that shook the earth as far back as Marine artillery positions to the rear of Saudi and Qatari troops.

The decision to attack and re-take Khafji was made on the 31st; Saudi and Qatari armor jumped off and roared up the road into the town. A Marine observer who watched the battle said the exchange of fire between the attackers and the Iraqis was "hellacious."

Attacking elements of the SANG included V-150Ss, two companies of infantry, 15 U.S.-made M-60 tanks, and remaining tanks and APCs from the 7th and 8th Battalions. The Qataris attacked with tanks and APCs from their armored battalion.

Infantry, tanks and APCs on both sides exchanged fire at point-blank range. As the fight intensified, the streets of Khafji erupted into an exploding, flaming mass of burning hulks of every conceivable type.

During the heaviest exchanges of fire, two U.S. Army high-mobility, multi-purpose, wheeled vehicles (HMMWVs) apparently took a wrong turn and drove into town ... and into the fire storm. One driver was killed by small arms fire; his passenger escaped. The second vehicle, carrying two soldiers —one female — braked to a halt near a wall.

A rescue effort by Marines of the 1st Marine Division was quickly mounted using LAV-25s with Cobra gunships providing air cover. A member of the rescue patrol, Staff Sergeant Don Gallagher, a 30-year-old Marine from Great Falls, Montana, jumped from his vehicle and looked into the interior of the deserted Humvees. He found neither occupants nor weapons. He yelled, "U.S. Marines! U.S. Marines!" but received no answer.

Suddenly across the street appeared two Soviet BMPs and green-uniformed Iraqi soldiers. Gallagher and the Iraqis stared at each other in surprise, but the Marine recovered quicker than the Iraqis. He jumped back into his vehicle and sped away down the street to a gas station that was being used as a rally point. Once there, a quick look at an ID chart of enemy vehicles confirmed that the BMPs were indeed the "bad guys."

Sergeant Gallagher got on the radio and called in the Marine Cobra gunships that were orbiting the area. They responded by flying in at power-line level and took the BMPs under fire with six missiles. One BMP exploded; the surviving vehicle limped away, burning.

Iraqi patrol boats got into the action during Tuesday night's combat, firing machine guns into Khafji's seaside buildings. The three Sawari-4 boats were then taken under fire by Saudi patrol vessels that had been patrolling offshore. One Iraqi boat was sunk and the remainder were chased back toward Iraq.

One factor that initially caused the Saudis confusion during the approach of the enemy armor was the ruse used by the Iraqi tank commanders. They traversed their main tubes to the rear — the Saudis mistakenly took this to mean that the Iraqis were attempting to surrender. Unfortunately, that was not the case, and when the Iraqis closed to point-blank range, the tubes were quickly traversed to the front and the gunners began to fire on the Saudi troops.

When the Marines heard about the trick, one disgusted leatherneck snorted, "Screw

THE BATTLE OF KHAFJI

	IRAQ LOSSES	SAUDI/QATARI LOSSES
TROOPS		
Killed	32	18
Wounded	35	32
MIA	(N/A)	11
POW	463	8
EQUIPMENT DESTROYED		
Tanks	11	1
APCs	51	(N/A)
Trucks	4	(N/A)
Jeeps	1	(N/A)
Rocket Launchers	(N/A)	1
Ambulances	(N/A)	2

N/A: Numbers unknown or not available
(Source: Saudi Arabian National Guard)

Saudi soldier holds what's left of an AK found inside destroyed Chinese-made YW-531 APC in background. Must have got a bit hot inside.

Brown of Arabia and party find an MP roving patrol in the Saudi desert. From left, men are Pfc. Butler, Spc. 4 Crowe, Paul Fanshaw, Mike Williams, SSgt. Smith, Spc. 4 Davis, and SOF Publisher Bob Brown.

that! All those mothers are gonna die!"

On 1 February 1991 at 1830 hours, Khafji was declared secured. Saudi-Qatari forces occupied the town. There were still mopping-up actions to be completed, and some sniper fire was observed within areas. Saudi APCs patrolled the streets and their commanders used bullhorns to call upon Iraqis hidden in abandoned houses to surrender.

"Iraqi brothers give up! Your Saudi brothers are outside. Saudi authorities will furnish all medicines, food, everything you need and you will not be harmed ... Come out with a white flag."

While Saudi, Qatari and U.S. air and artillery were smashing enemy armor and infantry, a psychological operations (PsyOps) radio unit was broadcasting messages to enemy troops. The Voice of the Gulf was operated by U.S. PsyOps personnel twice daily: 0700 to 0900, and 1030 to 1230 on AM and FM bands.

The message was: "O heroic Iraqi soldiers, your leader Saddam Hussein took you through eight years of a costly war, then before you had a chance to recover your legitimate rights, led you into a conflict with a neighborly, brotherly country even though that country was standing beside you.

"O heroic Iraqi soldiers, this is an invitation from the high command of the Joint Forces and its theater of operations to give you complete assurance of an Arab welcome with security and safety and medical attention and a return to your families as soon as we put an end to the situation that Saddam Hussein has you in... Brother heroic Iraqi soldiers, this is an open-ended invitation to you to join with us and save your beloved country from further harm."

What was the purpose behind the ill-fated Iraqi attempt to seize and hold Khafji? The Saudis feel that Saddam made an effort to lure the Coalition troops into an open fight in which the Iraqis could inflict heavy casualties. A second possibility was the need — because of the unrelenting and devastating Coalition bombing attacks —to show the Iraqi people that his forces were capable of fighting the Saudis and capturing their territory in spite of the forces arrayed against him.

Whatever the reasoning, the attempt to hold Khafji was a tactical mistake of monumental proportions: It demonstrated to the world that the Saudis and their Qatari allies were more than capable of defeating Iraqi armor and infantry without the need to call upon U.S. ground forces to support them.

The Saudis and Qataris have proved themselves beyond any doubt. They are truly combat-capable and have a high degree of professionalism. These qualities put them on an equal footing with the best that Saddam Hussein can field.

Mike Williams, an old friend and correspondent for SOF, *is in Saudi Arabia with Editor/Publisher Robert K. Brown covering the war in the Persian Gulf.*

The battle for Khafji probably was supposed to be a way for Saddam to prove that his army could conduct an effective attack against the Coalition. It didn't work. When the smoke cleared in late January, much of his attack force was in the same condition as this Chinese-manufactured Iraqi YW-531 APC.

ADIOS, ENRIQUE BERMUDEZ

1933-1991

by Marty Casey

A TRUE Nicaraguan patriot and longtime friend of SOF, Colonel Enrique Bermudez, was murdered Saturday night, 18 February 1991, in front of the Intercontinental Hotel in Managua, Nicaragua.

The lone assassin escaped on foot after murdering Bermudez, who was shot Sandinista-style: two shots behind the ear and one in the chest. The left-wing press wasted no time in spreading disinformation, e.g., Bermudez was a member of the Medellin cartel and other contras were angry at him because he kept all the money, Bermudez was responsible for "well-documented contra human-rights abuses," Bermudez was responsible for the contras' killing of two nuns earlier this year — ad-predictable-nauseum.

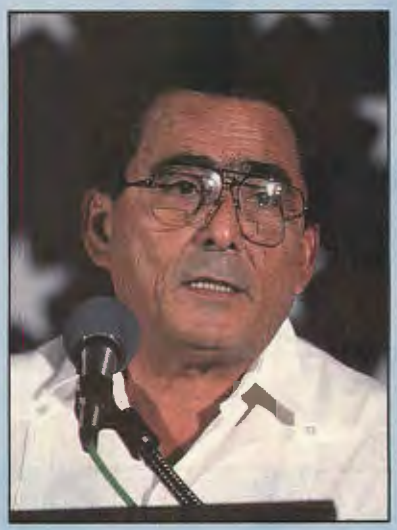
Earlier this year, when SOF asked Bermudez what the worst part of being the contra commander was, he replied, "The stories the media puts out about atrocities and drugs." Writer Glen Garvin commented on these stories. "Even in death they mount their campaign against Enrique," he said.

Enrique Bermudez, 58 at the time of his assassination, came from a humble background. He went on to graduate from various military courses, including the U.S. Army Command and General Staff School, the School of the Americas, and a military engineering school in Brazil.

When the Somoza regime fell in 1977, Bermudez was the Nicaraguan military attache in Washington. Even the Sandinistas did not attempt to associate him with the abuses of the Somoza regime, but the media did.

Bermudez was well aware of the threat the Sandinistas posed to the Western hemisphere. In 1979, he sold his house in Washington, D.C., and with that money founded the contras. He rented a house for his wife and three children in Miami (an older, married daughter was living in Hawaii), and went off to war against the communist Sandinistas.

The following 11 years tested the mettle of the man, but he came through with flying colors. With plenty of volunteers chafing under the Marxist Sandinista regime, growth of Bermudez' resistance was curtailed only by lack of adequate funds.



Colonel Enrique Bermudez, Nicaraguan patriot and martyr, when he addressed the Soldier of Fortune convention banquet in 1989.

The success of the contra movement was met by a concerted effort from the left and the U.S. Congress to kill off the movement in order to let the Sandinistas survive. A gutless U.S. Congress voted to cut off aid in the spring of 1983. Aid was to be cut and restored numerous times, but the largest guerrilla army in Latin American history, save for in the Mexican revolution, refused to die.

In 1986 Congress voted a large contra aid package totalling $100 million. By January and February 1987, the contras had reinfiltrated their homeland, and were causing the Sandinistas serious problems.

By the summer of 1987, contras controlled more than half of Nicaragua and the Sandinista army was in a shambles. All this time Bermudez was there. About every three months he would have to go to Washington for meetings, also spending a day or two with his family, which by that time hardly knew him.

In the fall of 1987 the contras pulled off two spectacular actions that made the hair on Danny Ortega's head stand straight up. In October, 7,000 contras infiltrated the southeast quadrant of Nicaragua and attacked military quarters all along the important Rama road. Numerous bridges were blown up and the *piricuacos* (rabid dogs) ran all the way back to Managua.

The balance of 1988, 1989 and 1990 was pure hell for Bermudez, as the State Department maneuvered to get a more "manageable" contra leadership in place to facilitate their manipulations.

In early February 1990, after some heavy prodding from State, contra commanders abolished the position Bermudez had held. That action backfired when the man chosen as top contra, "Franklyn," sold out to the Sandinistas. "Ruben" and Aristedes Sanchez then moved "Franklyn" aside, but neither one had that rare, special quality of leadership that Enrique Bermudez always had.

Bermudez returned to Nicaragua in the fall of 1990, spending more than two months in the lion's den. He complained to President Chamorro that his life had been threatened, but nothing was done. The civil resistance movement, made up of former contras, their supporters, and a majority of non-Sandinista leaders, asked Bermudez to lead them. With the *piricuacos* breathing down his neck, Bermudez was forced to leave Nicaragua.

Two weeks before his assassination, he returned to Nicaragua and started to organize an effective political movement. He knew the risk, but took it anyway. He told his wife Elsa he was not going to give up the fight until all Nicaraguans were free. He laughed when he was told of the white Lada (Soviet-built Fiat) that followed him everywhere he went. "They are not here to protect me. I know who they are." We know who they are, too.

Good-bye, Enrique Bermudez. We will sorely miss you.

WAR 101

From College to Khafji in Eight Days

by Ed Brown

Outfitted in woodland BDUs and issued new M16A2 rifles, volunteers entered a crash course in "soldierization." Photo: Ed Brown

IT would be a challenging mission, and a novelty, for the drill sergeants of the 2nd Battalion, 26th Infantry at Fort Dix, New Jersey. As experienced training cadre, they were accustomed to the diverse requirements of their task — but this was something else, even for instructors who thought they'd seen everything. They had eight days rather than eight weeks to cram the essentials of recruit training into a bunch of civilians who were immediately headed into harm's way.

These raw recruits were 291 Kuwaitis, mostly students at American colleges and universities, along with a number of tourists and businessmen who had found themselves marooned in the United States after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait last August. Around Christmas, as the situation in the Gulf was heating up, they had volunteered for a special unit of the Kuwaiti army. They were a mixed lot, ranging in age from 20 to 50. The group even included Prince Fahed Al-Sabah, the son of Kuwaiti Emir Sheik Jaber Al-Ahmed Al-Sabah. Another member of the Kuwaiti royal family was also in their ranks.

After what must have been the shortest stint of basic training since the days of Hannibal and his elephants, a day and a week after their arrival at the 26th Infantry, the Kuwaitis were newly appointed sergeants in the army of Kuwait. Wearing chocolate chips and carrying brand-new M16A2s, they were ready to climb aboard C-141B Starlifters at McGuire AFB for their rendezvous with destiny.

The whole idea of this program, designated "Task Force Desert Owl," and apparently the brainstorm of some bright mind at the Kuwaiti Embassy, was to provide our forces in the Gulf with interpreters and people who knew the nature of the terrain. These Kuwaiti shake-and-bake sergeants have already been deployed, divided up, and assigned to any number of U.S. units, hopefully undergoing a vigorous program of on-the-job training from their American comrades in the essentials of staying alive on the battlefield.

With more than a little doubt that an eight-day training program, no matter how compressed, could prepare anyone for what might be expected of these people, *SOF* spent some time with the Kuwaitis at Dix. To our surprise, we came to believe that given their motivation, fired by a desire to recover their country from the clutches of a rapacious invader, the Kuwaitis had a fighting chance to accomplish their mission. Their heads-up, volunteer attitude was also impressive.

"They've had a tough, tough week," Lieutenant Colonel William S. Knightly, commander of the 3rd of the 26th said. "They've been up at 0500, on the go all day, and at no time did they get into the sack before 2200 — and on most nights it was midnight. It has been intense. We've concentrated on getting them as ready as possible, but we necessarily had to forego such things as PT. We focused on basic 'soldierization,' stressed NBC skills, especially instruction in the mask and suit, and how to survive in that kind of environment, and, of course, BRM (basic rifle marksmanship)."

Although the Kuwaitis stopped short of qualifying with the M16A2, they fired it extensively, and determined the battle zero of the rifles they would be carrying to Saudi Arabia. They also got a dose of battlefield first aid, and three of them checked out on the 9mm pistol.

When asked if the Kuwaitis would serve in "Kit Carson" roles with grunt units, Knightly could not answer. "I really don't know, but there's no guarantee they won't be on the front line over there," he said. "The two big U.S. formations that get them will have to make that judgment, but I would think that some of them, anyway,

While those stranded in the United States by the Iraqi invasion trained at Fort Dix, their brothers who escaped to Saudi Arabia trained in the desert sand. Photo: Gamma Liaison/Gilles Bassignac

are going to be right up front."

In the battalion area, watching the Kuwaitis march, it was obvious to any onlooker with a military background that the drill sergeants had made their influence profoundly felt during this long week. The Kuwaitis, in woodland BDUs and Fritz helmets, looked like American recruits, and even sounded like them, with the same cadence chants. They had "Kuwait" stenciled above their left jacket pockets, and their first names above the right. Given the fact that many have kin remaining in their beleaguered country, surnames are out.

The Kuwait army traditionally marches and salutes British-style, but these Dix trainees learned it the American way. And there were some special dispensations for the Kuwaitis. The mess hall refrained from serving any pork, ham or shellfish to the troopers, and time in the frenetic daily schedule was set aside for the three traditional Moslem prayer sessions: 0530, 1230, and 1730. Some, but by no means all, of the Kuwaitis took advantage of this.

Many of the Kuwaitis had been attending universities in the Sun Belt, and were unaccustomed to cold weather. A spell of old fashioned south Jersey weather prepared them for a winter war in the desert. It snowed at least twice during their stay at Dix, each snowfall followed by a cold rain. On the day *SOF* went to the range with them, where they were firing at pop-up targets at 75 and 175 meters, the temperature was in the 30s and the wind was blowing at 20-23 knots — just like the desert this time of year after the sun goes down.

The drill sergeants had good things to say about the Kuwaitis at the end of the abbreviated training cycle. "They were motivated, I promise you that," Staff Sergeant Holmes said. "And they were quick learners; you showed them a couple of times and they had it. I was surprised myself to learn that we could take a group of people, no matter where they came from or what language they spoke, and train them to be soldiers. They did well here and will do well wherever they're sent."

Staff Sergeant Paramore had the same opinion. "You can tell they're eager to go and in good spirits. I got to know some of them individually and found out a lot from many of them. Some were in Kuwait at the time of the invasion and had real stories to tell."

One of these was a Kuwaiti in his late 20s who told *SOF* he was in-country when Saddam came rolling in, and that owing to the poor training of the Iraqi troops, was able to cross and recross the border into Saudi Arabia, ferrying various members of his family to safety. "Some of these Iraqis didn't want to do anything," he said. "They'd like to surrender, but can't figure out a way to do it without being caught by their own people and shot. There was a camp of about 200 men near the border that a Kuwaiti resistance group hit and destroyed.

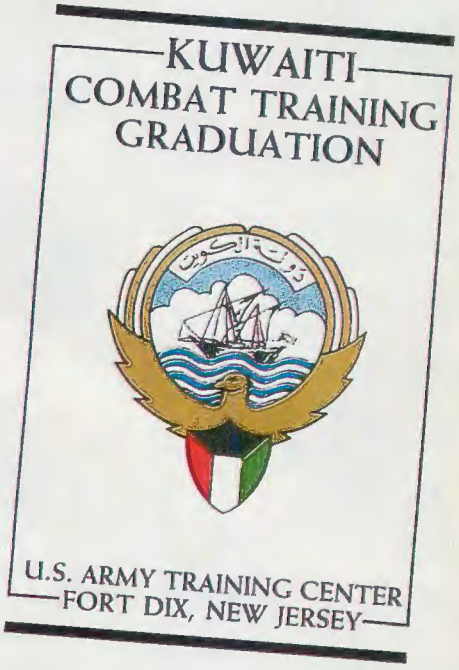
"These Iraqis are not qualified soldiers — they'd shoot you a dozen times when a single shot would do. Saddam Hussein has no chance. I think 60-70% of his army is going to give up when shots are fired. And there's one more thing I know," he concluded. "We're not going to let him get away with this. If we have to go all the way into Baghdad, we're going to finish him off personally."

A Kuwaiti from the University of Miami, new to snow and cold, nevertheless took to the training with no problem. "I enjoyed this new experience," he said. "This was a real change from studying business administration. Though few of us knew one another before this week, we Kuwaitis who took the training here are now one team, and I'm looking forward to getting over there."

Another volunteer told *SOF* that earlier this year, in the fall term at his university, he felt terribly embarrassed every time he read of another batch of Americans being deployed to Saudi Arabia. "Here I was, a Kuwaiti, and doing nothing while your countrymen were going over there perhaps to risk their lives," he said. "When the call for volunteers reached me from the embassy, I was glad that I could finally do something. I think our two countries are going to be very close after this is all over, and I just hope that someday we can do something for the United States in return."

SOF learned that the full cost of the Kuwaiti training program, including uniforms, weapons, equipment, even transportation to Saudi Arabia, has been paid for by the Kuwaiti government-in-exile. Fort Dix Commanding Officer Major General James A. Wurman got the request for this mission before Christmas, and was ready with an almost immediate "can do." After that, things moved fast with the Kuwaitis' arrival, their eight-day training cycle and subsequent deployment to Saudi Arabia.

Prince Fahed Al-Sabah, a graduate student at the University of Minnesota, married and the father of three children, expressed the desire that Saddam simply "disappear off the face of the earth," and promised to help him do just that. His wife, Marrahib, came to Fort Dix to cheer her husband on.



The Kuwaiti ambassador, Sheik Saud Al-Sabah, came to the graduation ceremony from Washington to compliment his countrymen on their patriotism and steadfastness. "We are facing difficult times ahead, and your actions and dedication are a source of pride for every Kuwaiti," he proclaimed.

As the band started its last number, the Kuwaitis marched to the buses that would take them to McGuire AFB for their flight to Saudi Arabia — and the challenges which were waiting for them.

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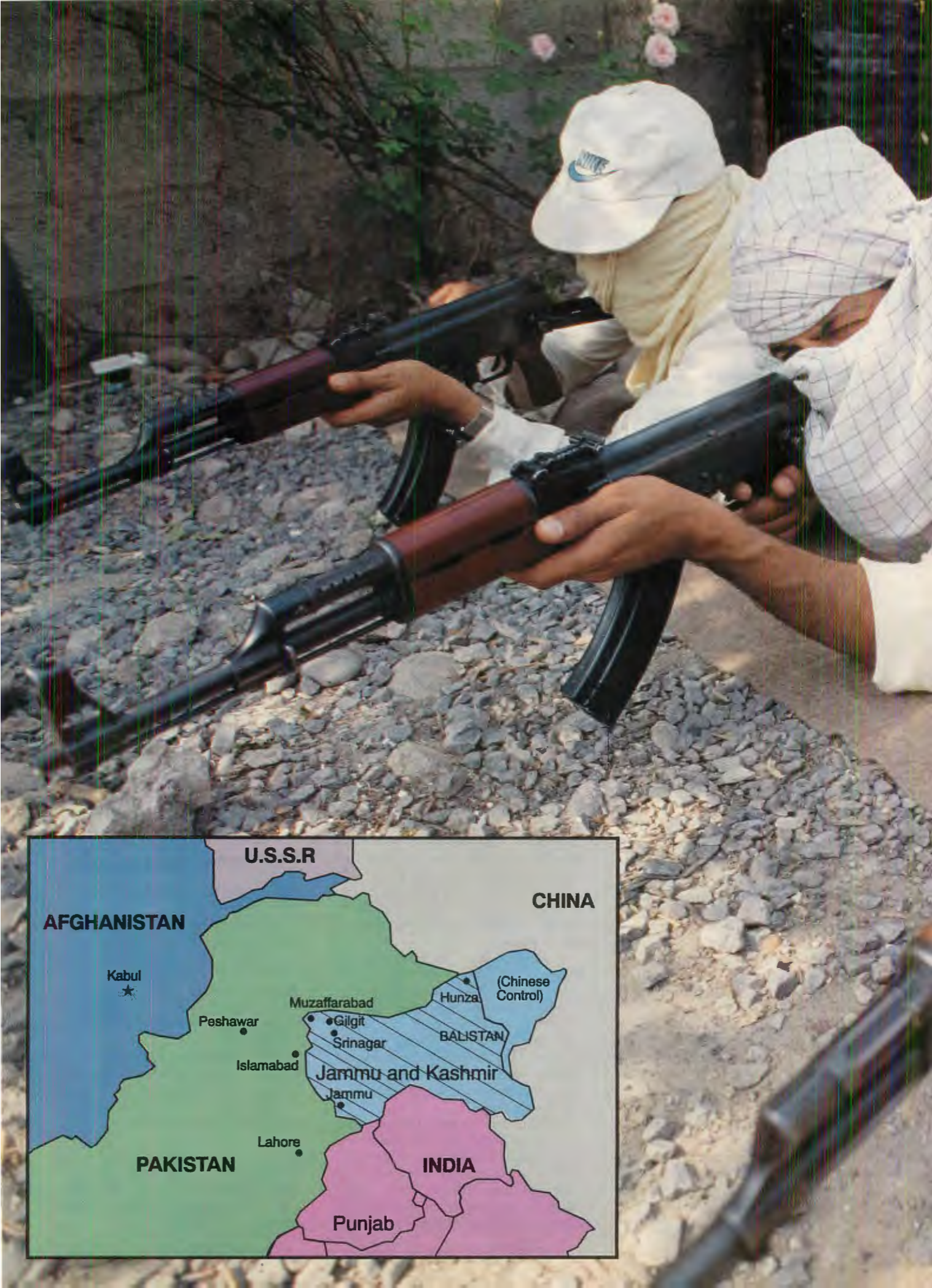
U.S.S.R
CHINA
AFGHANISTAN
Kabul
(Chinese Control)
Hunza
Muzaffarabad
Peshawar
Gilgit
Srinagar
BALISTAN
Islamabad
Jammu and Kashmir
Jammu
Lahore
PAKISTAN
INDIA
Punjab

CHAOTIC KASHMIR

Between a Rock and a Hard Line on the Roof of the World

Text & Photos by Mike Winchester

TO call it torture would be an exaggeration. It was more like a preliminary softening up, prior to more serious damage if answers were not forthcoming and seemed satisfactory.

If the sounds coming through the wall were anything to go by, additional pressure probably wasn't going to be necessary. Raised voices raised in angry interrogation and sobbing and whimpering suggested the guy on the receiving end was not about to go down in a blaze of glory minus his fingernails.

I was sitting on the floor of what had once been the living room in a bleak, unfurnished house in the town of Muzaffarabad, capital of "Azad," or Free Kashmir — that part of the state administered by Pakistan. Looking from the lane that ran past the iron gate, it was just another scruffy suburban bungalow, not far from the flowing water of the Neelum River. Inside it was something rather different.

I had arrived late for my appointment and the residents obviously had more pressing matters to attend to than sitting around waiting. Outside in the yard, protected from prying eyes by a wall, a bunch of attentive beginners were being taught how to strip down and clean the basic tools — the Chinese Type 56-1 assault rifle and the Chicom copy of the Soviet Tokarev pistol — of their new vocation. Inside, their seniors were polishing up on a little information extraction technique — a live-fire exercise.

The single guerrilla sitting in the room with me did his best to avoid my gaze, fidgeting with his AK and staring intently at the stained walls, daubed with graffiti in Arabic script. The words *jihad* (holy war) and *namaz* (prayer) recurred. Listening to a man being reduced to a broken wreck in the next room is a curiously embarrassing experience.

Kashmiri militants, armed predominantly with Chinese weapons, receive basic weapons training.

Not The Best Of Times

Five minutes later, the boss came out. He was a small, thin-faced man with sallow complexion and a cigarette protruding from his mouth which looked as if it belonged there on a permanent basis. At the best of times he would not have been in any Father Christmas competitions, and this was not the best of times.

He looked grim. Seeing me sitting on the floor, fingering a Nikon camera with "foreign press" stamped all over me, didn't improve his humor. He threw a glance at the Kalashnikov-wallah and muttered something in Kashmiri. This I translated to mean, "What the hell is he doing here?"

But he gathered his composure fast, displayed a row of nicotine-stained teeth in an attempt at a smile, and shook hands. Introductions were made and he answered the first question before I'd even asked it: "We have to take precautions, you understand." My eyes must have reflected that I didn't.

"Every week now we have hundreds of new fighters coming to join us. They want training and weapons. The Indians are trying to put their spies among them. We think that he ..." — he nodded toward the sound of low sobbing from the next room — "is a spy. We need to find out — and we will find out."

Welcome To Paradise Lost

Welcome to Kashmir, Pearl of the Orient, Paradise on Earth — Paradise recently and irretrievably lost.

Massive demonstrations in Srinagar and other cities in the Indian-held sector of the disputed states of Jammu and Kashmir have been alerting the world to the fact that the locals were not enjoying life in Hindu-dominated India's only Moslem-majority state.

Security forces shooting unarmed demonstrators informed the world that New Delhi was less interested in the average Kashmiri's political opinions than in holding onto some of the most strategic real estate in South Asia — that rugged corner of the Eurasian land mass where the might of India, China, Pakistan, Afghanistan and the USSR meet.

The problem in Kashmir, said New Delhi, was a terrorist outbreak, armed and instigated by Pakistan. The problem in Kashmir, said Islamabad, was that India was not willing to hold the plebiscite stipulated in the U.N. resolutions of 1948 and 1949, and the Kashmiris have had a belly full. The two heavies of South Asia squared off for what suddenly looked like round four of the 42-year-old subcontinental slugfest.

But in two crucial respects, 1990 was not 1948, 1965 or 1971. In 1990 both India and Pakistan were close to military nuclear capability. A war would not be just another lil' ol' Third World brawl where Washington and Moscow would drag the boys apart. This time around it just might be bye-bye Karachi and/or bye-bye Delhi — a glimpse of the future which scared a lot of people no little. When U.S. intel picked up on Pakistani F-16s being readied with new, "special" bomb-racks, alarm bells began ringing loud and long.

A History of Hostility

There was also the small matter of popular mood among the Kashmiris themselves. A brief look at the genesis of the conflict provides some perspective.

With the end of British colonial rule and the partition of the subcontinent between India and Pakistan in August 1947, the ruler of Hammu and Kashmir, Maharaja Hari Singh, like scores of other princely rulers dotted across the subcontinent, had enjoyed almost complete internal autonomy. What he wanted was neither Pakistan nor India, but rather independence for his state along the lines of the Himalayan kingdoms of Nepal, Bhutan or Sikkim. For three months he sat on the fence.

Pakistan pushed him off. Other autonomous princely states, ruled by Moslems but with majority Hindu populations and situated within India's borders, were being steamrolled by New Delhi into joining India. Logically, argued the Pakistanis, Moslems should accede to the new Moslem state. Finally, in October 1947, the Karachi government secretly organized a "spontaneous" invasion of Hari Singh's domain by Pathan tribal fighters from the northwest frontier to stir the masses in support of Pakistan.

This clumsy Pakistani attempt to seize Kashmir promptly panicked Hari Singh into fleeing his capital, Srinagar, and signing on with India. A rapid airlift of Indian army troops then secured Srinagar before the tribals — typically preoccupied more with the delights of rape and pillage than with their military objective — could reach the city and raise the Pakistani flag.

Significantly, during the war which followed, the Moslem population in Indian-held areas failed to rise in support of Moslem Pakistan. A cease-fire in 1948 left the state divided along a line of control (LOC). Pakistan held a western strip (now called Azad Kashmir) and the sprawling "northern areas" of Gilgit, Baltistan and Hunza.

Confusion in Kashmir

But India still possessed the lush heartland of the Vale of Kashmir with the cities of Srinagar and Jammu, and the bulk of the state's population. It was in the years that followed that India refused to abide by U.N. resolutions stipulating a plebiscite in which the people of Kashmir might choose their own destiny.

Similarly, prior to the war of 1965, Pakistani infiltrators moved across the LOC and attempted to stir a popular revolt of Kashmir's Moslems against Indian rule. The attempt fell flat. Nor did the Moslems of India-held Pakistan stir in 1971 when Pakistan lost its eastern wing.

But by 1990 a dramatic change had taken place. Blatant manipulation of state politics by New Delhi and the imposition of central rule suspending the state's own legislature had eroded India's popular standing in Jammu and Kashmir disastrously. A new generation of Kashmiris — educated, articulate, and restless — were looking for new solutions.

Some favored accession to Pakistan, others a Kashmiri state independent of both Pakistan and India. Radicalized by the Afghan war and the Palestinian uprising, many saw Islam as the ideology to stiffen a newly assertive Kashmiri identity.

When in January 1990, Hindu security forces found themselves confronting Moslem demonstrators calling for *azaadi* (freedom) and yelling "Indian dogs go back," they were facing crowds numbering in the hundreds of thousands. In the subcontinent, the art of crowd-control has never been sophisticated. Forget about water cannons, tear gas, rubber bullets and assorted wimpery. Stage one: wade in with the *lathi* (swagger stick). Failing results, proceed to stage two: open fire. In Kashmir, proceed directly to stage two.

To no one's great surprise, this crackdown pushed moderate Kashmiris directly into the arms of the militants, fuelling a growing insurgency and a massive exodus of young men and refugees over the mountains dividing Indian from Pakistani-held Kashmir. India had on its hands all the makings of an insurgency with a single goal: separation from the Indian Union.

From then on, the deterioration was rapid and vicious. By the end of the year, India had something approaching a people's war on its hands — and a threat to its security that made the strife-torn Punjab and perennially restive northeast look like weekend training exercises.

Militants Take Up Arms

Increased infiltration by trained guerrillas from Pakistani-held Azad Kashmir along with a dramatic spurt in the number of local recruits boosted separatist numbers. In early spring, Indian intel estimated there were some 600 armed militants. By November, the estimate had risen to 3,000-5,000, backed by an additional 4,000-5,000 still waiting to cross back from the Pakistani side of the line.

The militants themselves claimed to have nearly 5,000 men operating in and around the state capital of Srinagar alone, and close to 10,000 altogether (not including those still on the Pak side of the line). What neither side disputed was that Delhi was looking at a war rather than a spot of civil commotion. By the fall, the death toll was pushing 2,000.

Another worry for security forces was the guerrillas' growing punch. On top of the ubiquitous Chinese Type 56-1 folding stock assault rifle, the separatist arsenal included stick grenades, rocket-propelled grenades (RPGs), and antipersonnel and antitank mines. Western intel sources believe that some groups may now even field Stinger-type surface-to-air missiles (SAMs), the new models manufactured in Pakistan.

But the most decisive element in the escalation was the old RPG-7 — or Type 69 in its Chinese incarnation. It first made its debut in a June attack launched by militants on paramilitary barracks near Srinagar's scenic Dal Lake. By the end of 1990, the RPG — described by a leading Afghan muj commander of my acquaintance as the most important weapon of the Afghan war — was being used across the Vale of Kashmir.

From Afghanistan With Love

Virtually the entire insurgent arsenal pointed to sources close to the Afghan war. Some of the more exotic pieces such as Soviet AKS-74s (the folding stock version of the 5.45mm AK-74) and AKR "Krinkov" submachine guns (SMGs) of the same caliber, had apparently passed through the arms bazaars of Pakistan's tribal areas.

But a high volume of overwhelmingly Chinese weaponry — notably the Type

Kashmiri farmer in Azad refugee camp shows leg wound into which Indian troopers rubbed chili peppers in an attempt to extract information.

Chinese grenades and other materiel used by the Kashmiris are believed to have been diverted from weapons procured in China for the Afghan mujahideen, but delivered through Pakistan.

56-1 assault rifle, Chicom copies of the Tokarev pistol, stick grenades and Type 69 RPGs — all pointed to diversion of bulk consignments intended for the Afghan war.

With Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence controlling distribution of weaponry headed to the Afghan muj, and taking more than a passing interest in India's foul up in Kashmir, there are no prizes for guessing how or why Kashmiris and Afghans are using almost identical hardware.

Over the latter half of 1990, improved weaponry saw a significant increase in the frequency of insurgent-initiated contacts as well as a growing boldness in the choice of targets. Firefights and ambushes soon became daily routine. One Western visitor to Srinagar counted 10 to 15 incidents involving the use of RPGs each night over several nights. The tempo of conflict was mounting.

Tactics were evolving, too. The conflict began with scattered urban clashes — typically drive-by attacks on paramilitary personnel from motorbikes. But by midsummer, the militants were moving into outlying districts to hit military installations and lines of communication.

In part, the extension of the conflict into the rural areas of the lush, mountain-ringed Vale of Kashmir appears to have been a planned development. In the spring, militant commanders had talked of the need to widen the focus of the insurgency to avoid suffocating under the Indian security blanket thrown across Srinagar and other towns.

"Complete Guerrilla Warfare"

My chain-smoking contact in the Muzaffarabad safehouse had done his homework on modern guerrilla warfare. "The stage of setting up a resistance movement with popular support is complete," he said. "We are now entering the second phase: complete guerrilla warfare. We need to expand the space of the war, to move the struggle into the countryside."

An added incentive was the mayhem the Indians were unleashing in the towns. Reprisal burnings of civilian houses in the vicinity of guerrilla attacks began in July 1990. By the end of the summer, some 1,500 families were homeless and hundreds of dwellings were sacked in several major towns. The effect was to push guerrillas who were concerned over civilian losses, and their support, out of the towns.

The sheer intensity of the government's assault on its own citizens was unprecedented, and a major factor in fanning the insurgency. The Indian army — the world's fourth largest — is itself a highly professional force. Along with the Pakistanis, the Viets and the Burmese, it ranks as one of the most effective fighting forces in Asia.

But at the sharp end of much of the Kashmir conflict have been Indian paramilitary formations — in particular the Border Security Force (BSF) and the Central Reserve Police Force (CRPF). At this level, you are looking at an altogether different level of training, competence and discipline — as Kashmiris have found to their cost.

By early spring 1990, reports of rape, torture, looting and wild retaliatory rampages targeted on civilians had become a grim staple of reports filtering out of the valley. These were not only the tales of embittered refugees. Sober reports from Western journalists and, in far greater detail, from Indian civil rights organizations, all told the same story. Unsurprisingly, the result was a situation in which, as one young fighter put it, "Every Kashmiri is an untrained militant."

Licensed Killers To The Rescue

By the second half of 1990, some attempts were being made to control the raping and looting that generally accompanied house-to-house searches. But moving to the fore were arson and disappearances. The disappearances — frequently terminal — were often the work of a special forces unit of the National Security Guard (NSG) called the Black Cats.

One Western military analyst, an old Vietnam hand, saw the Black Cats as India's answer to the Phoenix Program: "licensed killers" tasked with decimating the insurgents' civilian support network.

It soon became brutally clear that Indian commanders not only could not control the excesses of certain units, but in all probability would not. The civilian population of the valley was being taught an officially winked-at lesson: The price of revolt is a burned house and a raped wife or sister. Diplomatically, Delhi spoke of Kashmir as an inalienable part of the Union; militarily, it saw it as conquered turf where its soldiers were permitted the rights of victory — as defined by Genghis Khan rather than the Geneva Convention.

None of which is to say that Kashmir's guerrillas are not capable of a little terrorism of their own. Indian intel operatives were targeted early in conflict and shot down without mercy. Inevitably, the field widened to include suspected or actual informers who were summarily murdered. By late 1990, civilians, both Moslem and Hindu, assassinated by guerrilla hit squads, almost certainly outnumbered the fatalities inflicted on Indian military personnel.

But politically, if not morally, there was a difference. While Indian state terrorism was viewed by the population as general, indiscriminate and invariably anti-Moslem, that of the militants, even when savage and misdirected, remained selective and specific.

The second factor behind the startlingly rapid growth of the Kashmir conflict has received a good deal less attention in the press or in the propaganda of either side. And for good reason. This comprised the slow build-up in the state of trained militants and supplies of weaponry — prior to the outbreak of hostilities.

The state's leading militant faction, the Jammu and Kashmir Liberation Front (JKLF), dates the beginning of the armed struggle from a bomb blast in August 1988. Incidents gathered pace in late 1989 and early 1990. But there is no doubt militant plans to launch a revolt were laid by several organizations long before that. Indian intel failed disastrously, however, to alert the politicians to what was going on. Or, if it did, its warnings were disastrously ignored.

According to militant sources, Kashmiris began military training with the Afghan mujahideen as early as 1982. Certainly by the middle of the 1980s, significant numbers of them were being trained and gaining battlefield experience in Afghanistan. Weapons began moving across the LOC dividing Pakistani and Indian armies from 1988 — a flow that gained pace during 1990 as thousands of trained militants trekked back across the line.

A Kashmiri refugee family in Azad, Kashmir. Tired of the way they have been treated by India, such displaced people are a fertile recruiting ground for various militant groups.

It's tempting to conclude that given Indian blundering, the rapid growth of the insurgency and the nearly universal popular support the guerrillas enjoy, it's just a matter of time before Delhi negotiates its way out of the no-win situation. Tempting but premature.

Delhi With No Direction

The political, diplomatic, and ultimately the moral weakness of Delhi's position in Kashmir has been matched only by its brute determination to hold on militarily. In the corridors of South Block — Delhi's Foggy Bottom — there is a haunting fear that self-determination for Kashmir, now tantamount to the loss of Kashmir, will mark the beginning of the unraveling of the Union as a whole. Deployments have been made accordingly.

Before the conflict began, five regular army divisions were stationed in Jammu and Kashmir. Three more were added in the spring. One, 57 Division, is a formation with considerable counter-insurgency experience in the Indian Northeast, the Punjab, and Sri Lanka. It was assigned a central counterintelligence role in the Vale itself.

In addition to regular reinforcements, paramilitary forces have been boosted to a point at which the BSF fields 27 battalions in the state; the CRPF, 24; the Indo-Tibetan Police, 14; and the Assam Rifles, two. That amounts to a force in the region of 300,000 personnel — a lot of bodies to handle, say, 8,000 guerrillas.

Force deployment has been targeted on two very different areas. First, a security blanket has been imposed on urban areas and highways. Second, scores of regular and paramilitary battalions have been committed to stemming infiltration across the 755-mile long LOC.

Unlike Soviet and Afghan attempts to interdict muj infiltration into Afghanistan, India has avoided relying on air power and high-tech gadgetry backed up by special forces. The local method is man-intensive with scores of battalions moving up close to the line. A layered defense system comprises stepped-up patrols to plug identified infiltration routes across the rugged Pir Panjal range.

In villages close to the LOC, nighttime curfews have been imposed and a new system of ID cards for villagers introduced. Where popular support for the militants has been strong, population relocation has also been used to create a *cordon sanitaire.*

By the time the first snow was falling in late October 1990, infiltration — while impossible to prevent altogether — had unquestionably become far riskier. Against a backdrop of high tension between Indian and Pakistani regulars along the LOC, punctuated by heavy artillery exchanges, clashes involving reinfiltrating guerrillas on or just behind the LOC rose sharply over the summer. As one militant told me, "Where there were five Indian troops before, there may now be 50. We now have to cross in groups as small as possible."

One of the tenets of successful classic guerrilla warfare is that insurgents have a support base outside their country. In this case, that support comes from Pakistan.

Strap In For Kashmir

In the Vale itself, the clampdown has inevitably hampered insurgent mobility. Road checkpoints, street corner pickets, house-to-house searches, curfews, and round-ups of youths for interrogation have all been implemented to keep the guerrillas off-balance. That appears to have been one important reason behind the failure of the militants to form the standing guerrilla units they had planned. As it is, they continue to operate in loose bands.

On top of the Indian build-up, the Kashmiris have also had their own problems to contend with. If the subtle distinctions between factions of the Afghan muj had you confused, strap in for Kashmir. By October 1990, according to one count, the number of guerrilla groups claiming a separate identity and name had risen to a mind-numbing 112.

Broadly, however — and at the risk of some oversimplification — the militant groups fall into two categories: nationalists, fighting for a sovereign Kashmir independent of both India and Pakistan, and Islamists, interested primarily in establishing a (more or less) fundamentalist Islamic order.

Spearheading the nationalist trend is the largest insurgent force, the JKLF. Founded in 1977 by Kashmiris exiled in the United Kingdom, it's also the oldest of the militant groups.

Both militarily and politically, 1990 was a rough year for the JKLF. In March, it lost its 29-year-old commander, Ashfaq Majid Wani, in a drive-by attack in Srinagar. Then in August, Wani's successor, Yasin Malek and Malek's deputy, Hamid Sheikh, were both caught in a security force cordon during a commanders' conference in a Srinagar suburb.

All of which would have been bad enough without the challenge on its flank from the Islamic fundamentalists. The group spearheading this wing of the movement, the Hizb-i-Mujahideen (Party of Mujahideen), is committed both to an Islamic order and to a plebiscite that would offer the population of Kashmir a choice: accession to either India or Pakistan. Effectively, then, for religious reasons, it champions accession to Pakistan.

In mid-1989, no one had heard of Hizb-i-Mujahideen. One year later the party was pushing a line on accession to Pakistan, a long way from the JKLF's goal of an independent Kashmir. Suffice to say a little help from well-connected friends in Pakistan had rather more to do with its success than the appeal of Islamic theology.

Indians on the Horizon

Inevitably, the meteoric rise of Hizb-i-Mujahideen raised tensions within the militant camp. The seizure of the JKLF's leaders in August did nothing to dampen that. The snatch was clearly the result of a tip-off to Indian intel. As a lot of people saw it, the JKLF's loss was the Hizb's gain.

A lot of people were inclined to put two and two together and come up with four. Surprisingly enough, however, there has to date been no infighting — due largely to the fact that with 300,000-odd Indian troops breathing down their necks, the lads have had more pressing business to attend to.

Even so, Indian intel operations have been targeted consistently on efforts to further divide an already fragmented opposition. And compared with the often blundering efforts of the military, the intel boys have managed to get their act together.

Credit for that goes mostly to the state governor, G.M. Saxena, who took over what looked a political suicide post in May 1990. At 63, Saxena was no newcomer to security and intel work. He'd served both

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Downtown Washington D.C. as seen by Soviet spy satellite. Photo: courtesy FTO Soyuzkarta

OPERATION Desert Storm was just a few hours away and many of the pilots who would be involved were sitting around watching movies.

They weren't watching *Flying Leathernecks* or *Flight of the Intruder*, however. Instead, they were watching film taken from satellites showing how their bombing runs would appear from their cockpits when it came time to fly over Iraq. This was their opportunity to familiarize themselves with approaches and targets before the distraction of surface-to-air (SAM) missiles and antiaircraft artillery entered the equation.

How good were the movies? According to one aviator, "They were like being there." They proved to be a "smash" in Baghdad, as well. American pilots were able to heavily damage key Iraqi command and control locations and air defenses in the first few hours of Desert Storm. American casualties were on par with a training exercise.

Where did the United States obtain these films? Stealth fighters? Reconnaissance aircraft that secretly penetrated Iraqi airspace?

No. They were the product of commercial satellites and a little computer wizardry. In fact, it's the same material used by farmers, geologists, city planners, forest rangers and scientists; and some of it can be bought for as little as $100.

Today, satellite intelligence isn't just the preserve of major powers and spec ops units with top secret clearances. The growth of commercial satellite imagery gives this tool to other countries, police departments, even private security forces and individuals.

Commercial satellites, however, aren't just for those without a space program. The Department of Defense, for instance, uses commercial satellite photographs even though it has its own top secret spies in the sky (a fact some in the government don't like to advertise).

Why does the United States use commercial products when its own satellites are better? One reason is money. The best commercial photographs cost a few thousand dollars and the military only has to pay for what it wants. That makes them a bargain compared to the billions spent on acquiring secret photographs.

The second reason is increased coverage. America only has a few military satellites; many less important sites can be viewed with commercial products while spy satellites are used for more critical targets.

Although the images aren't as crisp, commercial photos are adequate for many missions. They can photograph military installations, help identify SAM sites, count equipment such as ships, tanks and aircraft, and help make military maps more accurate. The CIA even uses them to forecast the size of Soviet harvests.

Commercial satellites also allow the Department of Defense to release information without revealing the capabilities of military spacecraft. For instance, the Pentagon published a photo from the French SPOT *(Satellite Pour l'Observation de la Terre)* in its annual "Soviet Military Power" report.

Military intelligence is only one branch of the growing commercial satellite imagery business. For years, farmers, geologists and map makers have been using satellites to find mineral deposits, make crop forecasts, and improve maps. As a result, many of the best photographic interpreters and analysts aren't found in the military, but in fields like geology — a tank sticks out like a sore thumb compared to a copper deposit.

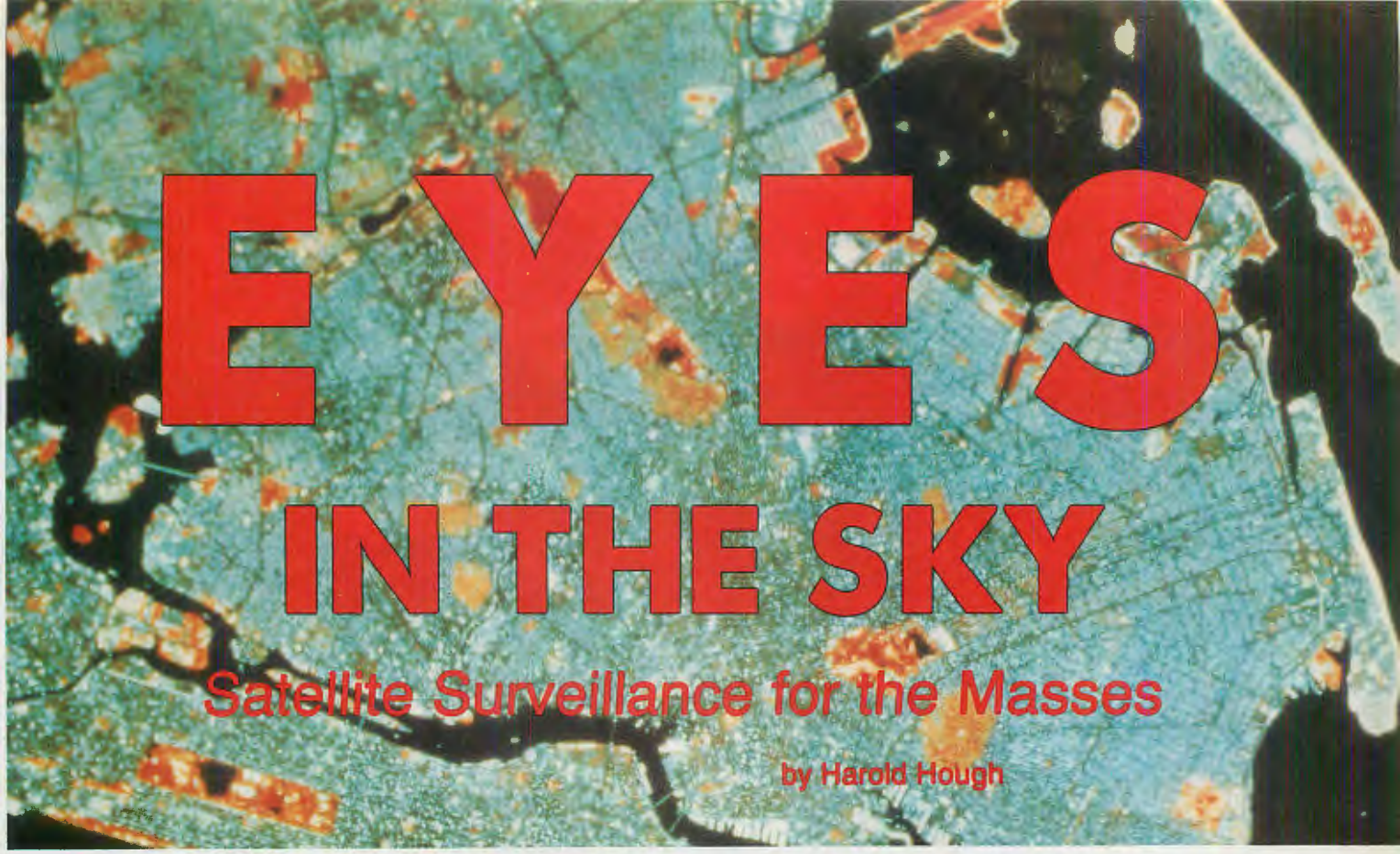
Satellites can find difficult targets like mineral deposits because they can detect more than the eye or photographic film can. While the eye can see three bands of light (red, green and blue), and film can detect some infrared light, satellites can register over half a dozen different bands of light. That allows interpreters to analyze a picture not by looking at shapes, but by the type of light the object reflects, similar to a soldier separating camouflage from vegetation with an infrared viewer.

The commercial satellite that registers the most bands of light is the United States' *Landsat*. It can see the three visible light bands and four infrared bands, and is preferred by many analysts.

The first *Landsat* was launched in 1972 and has been followed by four others. The two that are still operating have better sensors and can detect objects as small as 30 meters in diameter. Next year, *Landsat 6* is scheduled to be launched. Improved sensors on it will be able to see objects as small as 15 meters in diameter.

While *Landsat* is improving its resolution, the French SPOT can already see objects as small as 10 meters in diameter. This makes it a popular tool for the media, which has used it to cover events in the Iran-Iraq War and other parts of the world.

Resolution is the size of the smallest object that the satellite can sense. But resolution isn't the only factor in recognizing features. The amount of light reflected from an object can make smaller objects easy to detect much as a signal mirror, just a couple of inches in diameter, can be seen many miles away. Consequently, many man-made features such as roads and vehicles are easily seen, even though they



EYES IN THE SKY

Satellite Surveillance for the Masses

by Harold Hough

New York City Harbor. Ships and piers stand out against black water. Red areas are vegetation. Photo: 1990 CNES/SPOT Image Corp.

are smaller than the satellite's resolution capability.

Statistics on commercial satellite resolution are widely advertised, but are jealously guarded secrets on America's spy satellites. Although the government has managed to keep details from the public, the formula is so simple that the Soviets (and anyone else reading a book on aerial photography) can estimate them quite accurately.

To determine resolution, all you need to know is focal length, the size of the sensor, and the distance. If we use the recently launched Hubble space telescope (which looks at the stars instead of the earth) as an example of current spy satellite technology, we can use the focal length of 57.6 meters and sensor size of .0015 centimeters. If this satellite operated at the same altitude as the KH-11 reconnaissance satellite (275 kilometers), the smallest object the satellite could see is 7.16 centimeters, or less than 3 inches in diameter.

That would also correspond with what former CIA director Colby told a Senate committee in 1979: "You can see the tanks, you can see the artillery, but you may not quite see the insignia on the fellow's uniform."

Of course, the technology of the Hubble telescope is over a decade old, so the latest sensors are smaller. But, that doesn't mean the newest satellites can see more. The atmosphere hinders any attempt to improve the resolution beyond a few centimeters. However, the improved vision allows a higher orbit and longer lifespan.

Scientists won't allow the atmosphere to limit resolution. Computers can sharpen resolution and extract more information out of the picture. In fact, because commercial satellites have poor resolution, the civilian sector has developed many of the computer enhancement techniques for satellite photos.

Interpreters have found that by mathematically blending information from different wavelengths, they can see more. By looking at blue light and infrared, the interpreter can detect water and mud. This would help units find a dry path through a jungle or swamp, for example.

Commercial satellite photos are an ideal reconnaissance tool. A few hours with some satellite photos will tell you more about an area than a map, and give you an idea of enemy positions without risking a

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"CAN I INTEREST YOU IN SOME SATELLITE INTEL?"

Three countries sell photographs from their satellites: the Soviet Union, France and the United States.

Before buying satellite photos, you might want to know more about interpreting them. An excellent place to start is the *Multispectral Users Guide*, published by Autometric Inc. and 3M. Although expensive ($975), you won't find the information or quality of photographs elsewhere.

The guide explains how satellite images are manipulated for information, and illustrates this with more than 250 pictures taken over communist countries. This is an excellent book for the defense contractor or serious student of military intelligence. Write: Autometric Inc., 5301 Shawnee Rd., Alexandria, VA 22312-2312.

The best resolution and lowest prices come from the Soviet Union. Soviet resolution is four times better than the French, and the cost is as little as $100. Unfortunately, the Soviets don't sell photos of the USSR or their allies, so your selection is limited. Their images are also produced from film, not electronic sensors, so they can't be manipulated by computer. The company that sells their photos is: Central Trading Systems, 5724 Cedar Creek Rd., Ft. Worth, TX 76109.

The French have done for satellite imagery what they did for food: made it among the best in the world. Although prices are higher, the SPOT Corporation provides the best service. Write: SPOT Image Corp., 1897 Preston White Dr., Reston, VA 22091-4326.

The Earth Observation Satellite Company (EOSAT) sells data from the U.S. *Landsat*. Since they have been acquiring information for 18 years, the company has a larger data library than its competitors. You can find out about the products they offer by writing EOSAT, 4300 Forbes Blvd., Lanham, MD 20706.

— H.H.

GHOSTS OF KHE SANH

Text & Photos
by Philip Edwards

ONE staff member in the Vietnamese government tourist office in Hue is a pretty, former Viet Cong woman named Miss Mai. She explained to me the problem of visiting Khe Sanh. "Sometimes one is allowed there, sometimes not. It depends if there are military exercises in the area."

If Miss Mai had asked, it would have been difficult to explain why I was expending effort and precious visa time to see Khe Sanh. It wasn't nostalgia — I was only 15 when the last U.S. troops left Vietnam; it was an ill-defined desire to touch a place of American history. And Khe Sanh was a place of near-legend in the history of the United States in Vietnam.

The Vietnam War did not yield many historic battle sites along the lines of Gettysburg or Omaha Beach. Most Americans lost here died in ones and twos, on jungle trails long since overgrown and hilltops long forgotten. The enemy rarely massed troops and confronted U.S. troops in number. At Khe Sanh they made an exception.

The 26th and 13th Marines made Khe Sanh a focus of world attention and an obsession of President Johnson during the 77-day siege they endured in the opening months of 1968. But they were not the first troops there. Army Special Forces had their Lang Vei camp in the area before the Marines, and the French had a military post at Khe Sanh during their own war in Vietnam.

Supposedly the Marines were sent to the mountains at Khe Sanh to disrupt the Ho Chi Minh Trail, which veined through Laos several miles to the west. They were also sent as bait. General Westmoreland hoped that a northern U.S. base just under the DMZ and shouldering communist sanctuaries in Laos would draw the North Vietnamese army (NVA) like ants to honey. If that happened, and they were concentrated, he would unleash flights of B-52s to shred them.

And the NVA came. Twenty thousand quickly surrounded the few thousand Marines at the Khe Sanh combat base. The enemy may have numbered 40,000 at the height of the siege. In the first months of 1968 they slammed up to 1,300 shells and rockets a day into the Marines. They overran Lang Vei and dug trenches to within 350 feet of the Marines' perimeter. A cascade of American artillery and 24,708 sorties by fighter-bombers and B-52s held the red tide outside the wire, but failed to annihilate it.

After 2 1/2 months the surviving NVA seeped away through the forest. The Marines had endured and held, but at a cost of some 500 dead. The North Vietnamese later claimed that the remote siege had been a diversion for their Tet Offensive against the cities. After the siege lifted, the Marines quietly evacuated Khe Sanh, just several months after they had arrived.

American forces returned to Khe Sanh in early 1971. This time it was the Army's turn. They reoccupied the base in support of Operation Lam Son 719, the South Vietnamese army (ARVN) invasion of NVA base areas in Laos. The NVA attacked the new tenants of Khe Sanh, but again failed to take the base. They did a fair job of slicing up the South Vietnamese in Laos, however. Historians still debate the success of the ARVN invasion. When it ended in April '71, the Army left Khe Sanh. American forces never returned.

On Highway 1 Along the Coast

After my talk with Miss Mai, two friends and I left Hue in a rented Soviet car. The Vietnamese driver took us north on Highway 1 along the coast past Quang Tri to Dong Ha, fewer than 20 miles south of the old North Vietnamese border. There we turned left and headed inland on Route 9.

Route 9 marks the transition west of Dong Ha where the pavement disappears into a rust-colored powder. At that point, mountains burst from the plain in thousand-foot spires of thickly vegetated rock, the sort of vaguely mythical mountains painted in Chinese landscapes. Gone suddenly are the lithe lowland Vietnamese with their conical straw hats, poles balanced on their shoulders.

In their place, stocky, broad-faced Montagnard tribesmen hike the road, carrying their loads in baskets on their backs. The women cover their heads with folds of black and red cloth, and puff long-stemmed pipes like Mammy Yokum.

The jungle grows unevenly on the slopes that look down on the road. Vines smother the tallest trees, forming tall, slack-shouldered clumps that brood over the canopy. It looks bad and unwelcoming even through an air-conditioned car window in the 1990s. I can only imagine how it looked to the first grunts who humped the road to reopen it after the '68 siege.

Route 9 is an easier, quieter road now. We took time to stop for a hitchhiker, a grinning Vietnamese soldier. We took him down the road and dropped him at an isolated hut occupied by a couple of lazing enlisted men. In '68 or in '71 their comrades may have waited, hidden and less bored, at the same point in the road.

Two hours after leaving Hue and still climbing, we pulled into a small village. The driver, who spoke no English, seemed to think it was Khe Sanh. We rolled along looking for a sign that this was the place. Up ahead we saw a pile of what looked like enough firewood for a winter in Manitoba. When we pulled closer we realized they weren't logs; they were old artillery shell casings, U.S. 105s and 155s, hundreds of them, many feet deep. We agreed this must be Khe Sanh.

The Village That War Built

At the end of town a heavy Russian truck was backed up to an even larger pile of American shell casings. Three Vietnamese in a bucket line were shifting the pile to the truck bed. More than 19 years had passed since the last U.S. shell was fired here, and the Vietnamese were still salvaging the remains.

The huts and compounds here were unlike others in Vietnam. They are built in part from bits and pieces of Khe Sanh combat base. Concertina wire, which sometimes kept NVA sappers out of the base, now keeps livestock out of vegetable gardens. Instead of bamboo, animal pens are made of corroded, pierced metal planks that used to form the base's runway.

C-130 crews struggling to resupply Marines through sheets of enemy fire landed on the same planks that now corral pigs. Several hooches are roofed with corrugated metal leftover from base bunkers.

There are more piles of expended firepower in the compounds — artillery casings, shells and the torsos of rockets. The residents along this quiet land have collected thousands. Some lie in head-high heaps and others in loose stacks that run for dozens of yards and curve around the huts. Thanks to the military's fondness for numerical detail, we know that Marine and Army artillery crews airmailed 158,891 shells to the NVA during the '68 siege. It didn't look like the citizens of Khe Sanh missed any of them.

In front of one compound the flat, round ends of American 105 shells stick a few inches out of the red ground in neat, parallel rows, forming steps leading to a gate. Other houses have steps made by simply terracing 105s and 155s on their sides.

After a mile of this bizarre architecture the compounds, junk piles and trees all end. The road spills onto a wide, bare hilltop. It is covered only by thin grass no higher than your shoes and minor tufts of brush. The red clay shows through many

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Communist victory in Vietnam meant the victory of poverty for the Vietnamese. Peasants make do with what they have. Here, expended American artillery shell casings are used for steps.

INSET FAR LEFT: Vietnamese kid holds up American boot found at Khe Sanh combat base. Two NVA divisions were decimated in the battle here which, compared to American losses, resulted in one of the most lopsided military defeats in the history of warfare.

INSET LEFT: Artillery shell casings can still be found near Khe Sanh more than 20 years after U.S. Marines pulled out. 23 February 1968 was the toughest of many tough days during the siege of Khe Sanh: more than 1,300 enemy shells fell on the base on this day alone.

GREAT ESCAPES

POWs Break Through the Wire

by Bill Roskey

Allied POWs at Bad Sulza, Germany, wave and cheer as American tankers of the 6th Armored Division arrive on 11 April 1945. Photo: National Archives

"If I am captured ... I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape"
— Article III, Code of Conduct

WHEN Special Forces officer Nick Rowe was captured by the Viet Cong on 29 October 1963, he remembered that the Army field manual on escape and evasion said that the best time to escape is shortly after capture. Rowe wryly observed in an interview given years later that after the VC had tied his hands behind his back and had begun to march him off, he suddenly realized that "... whoever wrote [that] didn't put in a paragraph on how to do it."

But Nick Rowe *did* escape, and even though he wasn't successful until his fourth attempt five years later, it was in time to save his life. Rowe was being taken to VC Zone Headquarters to be executed when he escaped.

Capture by the enemy constitutes a combat emergency, but unlike clearing a jam in your weapon or opening your reserve chute or bandaging a sucking chest wound, there is no set procedure to follow. Nevertheless, Rowe and men like him have found ways to escape. In doing so, they have demonstrated certain qualities which serve not only as an inspiring testimony to the human spirit, but as a practical guide to anyone who may someday find himself in similar circumstances.

Some have been extremely creative, while others have relied upon a simple approach. Some escapees took weeks or even months to prepare. Other made no plans; theirs was a spur-of-the-moment decision to exploit an unforeseen opportunity. Some have demonstrated uncommon resourcefulness and perseverance. As Nick Rowe observed, there are no field manuals that provide detailed escape plans. There are, however, ways of thinking and acting, and ways of looking at things, that have led to many successful escapes.

Resourcefulness

Not many men would look at a bottle cap and see in it a means of escape, but Gerald Coffee did. Coffee was a Navy pilot who was shot down over North Vietnam. His captors were transporting him to Hanoi when they took time out to celebrate Tet with beer and opium. They put Coffee in one room of a two-room hut, handcuffed his right wrist to his right ankle, then adjourned to the other room to begin partying.

Coffee had burns on his face, neck and both arms, as well as a broken arm and dislocated elbow (his right arm and shoulder were swollen to twice their normal size). He had also been beaten severely. Nevertheless, Coffee had the presence of mind to recognize this as an excellent chance to escape.

As a boy, Coffee had listened to "Terry and the Pirates" on the radio. Remembering one episode in which Terry had used a bamboo sliver to extricate himself from a horror chamber, Coffee used a bottle cap to strip a piece of bamboo from the hut's wall. He then picked the handcuffs with the bamboo sliver, tunneled out, and was off and running. Although he was subsequently recaptured, Coffee's escape, recounted in his book, *Beyond Survival: A POW's Story*, is a perfect example of resourcefulness (and incredible courage).

Equally resourceful (and equally courageous) was Charles Coward, a British sergeant major who was captured by the Germans in World War II. He, too, had the ability to see possibilities in common objects. In his last escape attempt, he and a fellow POW used a wheelbarrow to great advantage. Making their way to American lines, they posed as workmen cleaning up debris left from bombings. Whenever they heard a vehicle coming, they would start to load the wheelbarrow. After the vehicle passed, they'd empty the wheelbarrow and continue westward.

Finally, they got to within a mile of the American lines. The problem was that the mile was filled with thousands of German soldiers. Although some would have given up, the ever resourceful Charles Coward stole a fire engine. Then he and his friend put firemen's helmets on, started the bells,

Tabletop scale model of Son Tay prison camp used in planning 1970 Special Forces raid. On 21 November 1970, Green Beret assault force attacked Son Tay prison, a compound only 23 miles from Hanoi. Their mission was to rescue 61 American POWs believed to be held there. The raid was brilliant and daring, the men who carried it out, brave and tough. Everything went as planned, but, tragically, all the prisoners had been moved. Photo: USAF

Former POWs rejoice aboard Air Force C-141 Starlifter. Plane has just left Hanoi en route to Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. Photo: U.S. Army

and raced up the main road toward the American lines. The German troops, tanks, staff cars and trucks obediently pulled off the road to let the fire engine through. The details of Coward's exciting escapes are told in *The Password is Courage*, by John Castle. In 1962, this book was made into an excellent movie of the same title.

Originality

Possibly the most creative escape was pulled off during World War II, when two American POWs broke into a supply shed and stole a transit, stakes and other surveying equipment. Then they began to lay out a road in the center of the camp. They worked slowly, methodically and professionally, and when they came to the main gate, simply motioned for the guards to open it. The guards did, and the POWs continued to take measurements and drive stakes.

They moved on out the gate laying out the road the whole time. The guards continued to watch the "surveyors" until they went around a bend. Then, after a while, somebody got the bright idea to check on them. All they found was the discarded surveying equipment. This not only illustrates the importance of originality, but also shows how it doesn't hurt to have gonads the size of grapefruit.

In his book, *When the Snow Comes, They Will Take You Away*, Eric Newby, a Special Boat Section commando, talks about his days in an Italian POW camp. He relates that two British soldiers had themselves buried in the exercise field, which was outside the main perimeter wire and unguarded at night. When night fell, they simply dug themselves out, and were off and running.

A truly innovative POW was the World War II German fighter pilot Franz von Werra, who, during one escape attempt from England, succeeded in passing himself off as a Free Dutch aviator at an RAF airfield. He was minutes away from taking off for the Fatherland in a British fighter when he was recaptured. Von Werra was shipped to Canada, where he escaped again and managed to make it all the way to back to Germany via the United States and South America. The complete story of his escapes are told in the book *The One That Got Away*, by Kendal Burt and James Leasnor. In 1957, it was also made into a movie of the same title.

Tackling the "Impossible"

When Corregidor fell to the Japanese on 7 May 1942, they weren't too concerned about the possibility of some of their 11,000 prisoners escaping. The Japanese simply herded most of them into an area about the size of two city blocks and posted some guards around the perimeter. The prisoners were hungry, exhausted and defeated. Besides, where could one escape to on the postage-stamp-size island?

The nearest land was the Bataan peninsula, which was more than 2 miles through shark-infested waters. How would someone escape? Swim? One night two POWs slipped into the water and did just that. Army Air Corps navigator Edgar D. Whitcomb and Marine Lieutenant Bill Harris succeeded by doing the impossible, or at least the unthinkable. Whitcomb recounts this daring escape and his subsequent adventures in survival and evasion in his book, *Escape from Corregidor*.

Lieutenant Lance Sijan was shot down over Laos on 9 November 1967. He received a severe head injury, a mangled right hand, and a compound fracture of his left leg, as well as other less serious injuries. Crawling through the jungle, he nevertheless evaded capture for 46 days. By the time he was captured, Sijan was also suffering from shock, exposure, extreme weight loss, and lack of treatment for his original injuries. In short, he was more dead than alive when he was taken to the North Vietnamese army camp at Ban Kari Pass.

Since he was obviously dying, his captors decided not to even waste time trying to treat the pathetic skeleton of a man. Even guarding the man was absurd. Or so his guard thought. Moaning, Sijan motioned for the guard to come close. When he came, Sijan moaned again and whispered something. When the guard bent over to hear, Sijan felled him with a powerful karate chop to the base of his skull, took his rifle and web gear, and escaped into the jungle.

He was recaptured, but his escape under almost impossible circumstances is a testimony to what one man of courage and determination can accomplish. The complete story of Sijan, who was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor, is told by Malcolm McConnell in *Into the Mouth of the Cat.*

Not Overlooking the Obvious

Many have found that even the most obvious methods of escape, such as going under, over or through the fence, can sometimes work. *The Great Escape* was not just a terrific Steve McQueen movie—it really happened. In March 1944, 76 Allied POWs escaped from Stalag Luft III through a 340-foot tunnel. These men overcame great obstacles, not the least of which was how to hide 200,000 pounds of

Prisoner of War medal. Photo: DoD

POWs IN IRAQ

As we go to press the following men are being held as prisoners of war in Iraq:

Marine Lieutenant Colonel Clifford Acree, 39, Oceanside, CA

Air Force Colonel David E. Eberly, 43, Goldsboro, NC

Air Force Major Thomas E. Griffith, 34, Goldsboro, NC

Marine CWO Guy L. Hunter, 46, Camp Pendleton, CA

Air Force Captain Harry M. Roberts, 30, Savannah, GA

Air Force Major Jeffrey Scott Tyce, 35, Sellersville, PA

Navy Lieutenant Lawrence Randolph Slade, 26, Virginia Beach, VA

Navy Lieutenant Jeffrey N. Zaun, 28, Cherry Hill, NJ

sand. (They scattered it throughout the compound, pocketful by pocketful.)

Although going over a fence or wall is extremely dangerous because it is the most obvious escape route, many men have done just that successfully. They have usually gone at night, and have usually chosen dark and cloudy nights. Typically they've used diversions created by fellow POWs to focus the guards' attention on another part of the compound. Men have climbed over, pole vaulted, and used ropes and homemade ladders. In one case, a POW even had himself thrown over.

An equally obvious method, but one which has been used successfully time and again, is cutting through a fence or filing through bars. Douglas Collins was a British sergeant who was captured by the Germans in 1940. In the years of captivity that followed, he made 10 escapes, which took him all over Germany, Poland, Slovakia, Hungary, and Romania. Not a single one of his escapes were exotic "Mission Impossible" affairs. All involved simple things — cutting through or going under a wire fence, tunneling, and so on.

Men who have opted for the simple and direct approach of going under, over, or through that damned fence have oftentimes made their way to freedom, leaving their more "sensible" comrades behind in captivity.

Perseverance

Successful escapees never give up trying. Nick Rowe escaped on his fourth attempt. Many others have tried unsuccessfully before making it. The 10 escapes of Douglas Collins (detailed in his book *P.O.W.*) prove that multiple escapes are possible. Dieter Dengler was a Skyraider pilot who was shot down over Laos.

In his book, *Escape from Laos*, he recounts how, as punishment for his first escape attempt, the Pathet Lao beat him almost to death. Then, evidently considering that this punishment wasn't severe enough, they hung him upside down from a tree, beat him almost to death once more, and smeared his face with honey.

Next, they broke a watermelon-size ant nest over his face, spreading thousands of angry black ants all over his body. Such a treatment could understandably discourage a man from making any further escape attempts. After all, what would the punishment be for a second attempt? But undaunted, Dengler tried again as soon as he was able, and he made it all the way back to his aircraft carrier.

Preparedness

Successful escapees have always been alert and ready to exploit any opportunity — especially the unexpected. In his book, *Five Years to Freedom*, Nick Rowe tells about how an unexpected B-52 bombing raid and a subsequent helicopter gunship attack provided the confusion and opportunity he needed to escape. Gerald Coffee could not have foreseen the New Year's Eve party that gave him an opportunity to escape, but he was ready to seize it and take quick, decisive action when it presented itself.

In the film documentary, "P.O.W. — Americans in Enemy Hands," two brothers relate their World War II escapes. One, Morris Shoss, was captured by the Japanese, while, on the other side of the world, his brother David was captured by the Germans. Both escaped because they were prepared to seize unexpected opportunities.

Morris Shoss was being transported to Japan in a prison ship, when the ship was torpedoed and began to sink. He immediately recognized this as an opportunity to escape, and did. His brother David was a downed aviator who, on the day after his capture, saw opportunity in the form of a three-legged stool in the back of the truck in which he was being transported. There was only one guard in the back of the truck with Shoss, and, as the truck rattled along, Shoss noticed that the stool kept sliding closer and closer.

He watched it carefully, and, when it was close enough and the guard was looking in the other direction, David Shoss exploded into action. In one swift movement, he snatched up the stool and bashed the guard over the head with it. When the truck slowed down, he leaped

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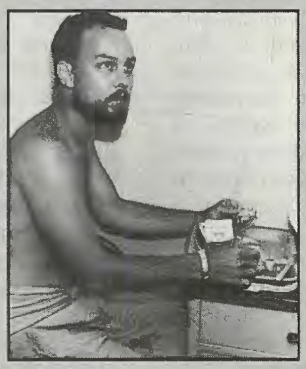
ESCAPE FROM A VIET CONG PRISON

Colonel James Nick Rowe of Army Special Forces was one of the most heroic figures to emerge from the Vietnam War. Captured during a firefight with Viet Cong guerrillas in 1963, Rowe remained a prisoner for five years.

During that time, he was subjected to torture, starvation, disease and deprivation of water. He was held 23 months in isolation. He made three escape attempts and was brutally punished after each recapture. On New Year's Eve 1968, while being escorted to his execution, Rowe spotted an overflight of U.S. helicopters, prompting him to make a final, dramatic bid for freedom.



James Nick Rowe shortly after his escape from the Viet Cong on 1 January 1969. He had been a POW for more than five years. Photo: U.S. Army

He overpowered a guard and was able to flag down a chopper, which took him to safety. Rowe recounted his experiences in a bestselling book, *Five Years to Freedom*. He eventually returned to active duty, but was assassinated on 21 April 1989, while serving in the Philippines.

In 1987, while still in the United States, Rowe discussed details of his confinement. Despite the obvious factors of disease and physical torture, he maintained that psychological torture was the hardest thing to deal with.

"When you're in the middle of it, it's really hard to figure out," he said. "I was always trying to stay ahead of them, to figure them out. But they knew more about us than we knew about them." The Viet Cong were able to exploit their knowledge of Americans based on two great failings: "Impatience and the inability to focus on any one thing for a length of time," Rowe said.

The communists were good at tightening the psychological ropes. "They had two types of isolation: perceptual and social. If you can't take being alone, for example, that's an effective way to break you. Or, they would find individuals who had personality conflicts and put them together."

His captors attempted to erode his values and faiths, Rowe said. "The average American has a reasonable idea of what he is opposed to. But many have no idea what they are for. A communist cadre can exploit that."

Rowe credited his upbringing with giving him the means to survive mentally. "I grew up in a small town, and had a strong view of my country and the world. My mother talked about World War I and the Bolshevik Revolution, so I understood what communism did to people. I had already lost a brother and a sister. I was the last. I was determined my parents were not going to lose me."

Even after his three failed escape attempts, Rowe did not lose his will to try again. "Under the conditions I was in, I was simply fighting to stay alive. I knew I had to get out somehow. Each time they caught me, it only strengthened my resolve."

When he finally made his break, he was nearly killed by friendly fire. Wearing the standard issue Viet Cong black pajamas, Rowe at first was taken for a guerrilla. Once the chopper came in close, however, his shaggy beard marked him as an American. Had that attempt failed, he said, he would have done his best to evade recapture.

He went on to help organize the Army's SERE (survival, evasion, resistance and escape) course. But even that expert training could not entirely prepare servicemen for what they might encounter in captivity.

Said Rowe: "There were no John Waynes or Rambos in those camps. You are scared and alone. There is no cheering or shouting. You have to do it yourself."

— Susan Katz Keating

I WAS THERE

Continued from page 12

For my intelligence I received a shove from the muzzle of the submachine gun. "Silence!" The order, delivered in Arabic, was unmistakable. Sargam shrugged his shoulders and looked meaningfully at the western horizon where a sliver of moon was breaching the horizon. I got his message — "moonlighting."

Two Iraqis got into the Chevy and quickly stalled it. I laughed silently, and thought, "Now you've done it." Out loud I said, "Unless you've a jumper cable it's stuck." Sargam translated and added a few more words of explanation. There was some heated argument, after which we were ordered into the back of the Bren gun carrier.

More soldiers looked us over, pulling at our clothing and dropping my pistol belt. "Sten gun" had already removed my .45 caliber automatic. I jerked my hand free as one attempted to remove my watch. "Sten gun" repeated, *"Englaiz,"* spat again, and pointed into the desert, making meaningful motions with his submachine gun. The single word accompanying the gesture galvanized Sargam. He pointed at me and shook his head.

"No, American. Not *Englaiz."*

An Iraqi with stripes peered at me intently. "American? Prove it."

Sargam translated and added, "Lieutenant, if you have any way to show you're American, please do it quickly. Otherwise both of us ... "

I wracked my brain while they discussed our future, or lack of it. It wasn't argument, just cold, objective dialogue, like "when" and "where." The noncom, looking first at me and then Sargam, waited.

I extracted my wallet and showed them my Army ID card. An Iraqi produced a flashlight and they studied it carefully. Finally, the noncom held out his hand and demanded the wallet, letting the card fall to the ground. Sargam interpreted again, needlessly. "The ID means nothing to them. All English words look alike. The money they understand."

I was becoming desperate and the Iraqis were obviously impatient. "Sten gun" was making meaningful gestures toward the desert once again. There was one desperate chance. The Chevy had once been assigned to a brigadier general, my predecessor in the Persian Gulf command. There might just be a chance ... I pointed back at the now silent staff car and made a meaningful move to jump off the truck. The noncom nodded agreement. He and "Sten gun" followed me, close enough that I could occasionally feel the gun's muzzle in the small of my back.

I opened the trunk and, sure enough, therein was a box of miscellaneous odds and ends. I rummaged in the dark through rags, spare auto parts, and some tools, finally contacting something with the right feel — cloth wrapped around a stick. I pulled it out and walked around to the front of the car, where there was a small receptacle attached to the front fender.

I unrolled the cloth and inserted the wooden shaft into the receptacle, then stood back to let the Bren gun carrier's searchlight play full upon it. The stars and stripes were unmistakable. The Iraqi noncom's face split into a broad grin and he turned and slapped me full on the chest.

"Not *Englaiz!"* He gathered me up in a great bear hug. Even "Sten gun" was caught up in the spirit of the unveiling, repeating more or less the noncom's actions with Sargam, the latter glad enough to assume instant American citizenship. The burst of Arabic, which Sargam quickly translated, clinched it.

"He says, 'You're Americans, not hated *Englaiz.* And why didn't you say so? You will please come with us to our camp near Al Fallujah and we will celebrate your narrow escape — a correction of our most terrible error.' They can't tow or push us but our car will be guarded until they can return with jump-start cables. Well, lieu-

tenant, what do you think?"

"The poor English," I said. "A hundred years as the world's policemen and what does it get them?"

Sargam smiled. "In the Middle East, there are no permanent members of the good guys' club, lieutenant."

FORGOTTEN WAR

Continued from page 25

sketched insignia he had seen on the sleeves of the men, leading Simpson to conclude they were U.S. servicemen. Many were black.

The Pentagon did not discredit the basic report. Rather, it placed a different interpretation on it. According to them, the Caucasian soldiers were French POWs from the Indochina War, being repatriated to France via China and Siberia. The blacks were Senegalese troops who had fought with the French.

Simpson checked with the French Military Attache in Washington, D.C., and was told that all French prisoners from the Indochina War were exchanged through Thailand.

A Ray Of Hope

Over the years, numerous other reports have surfaced, detailing the names and locations of Americans held in Chinese or Soviet compounds. The sheer body of evidence has influenced a number of congressmen to cosponsor pending legislation, nicknamed the Truth Bill. This measure would require military and intelligence agencies to declassify all information on U.S. prisoners held after World War II, Korea and Vietnam.

The bill is viewed as a ray of hope by POW families, but is regarded with suspicion in certain military quarters. In March 1990, U.S. Senator Slade Gorton received a letter from James S. Van Wagenen, the DIA's assistant deputy director for external affairs.

The Truth Bill "would provide for the public scrutiny of reports leading to a plethora of amateur analysts and junior G-men promulgating their own pet theories," Van Wagenen wrote. He also described the agency's concern that declassified documents could be culled selectively, in order to fit a preconceived mind set.

The DIA maintains there is no evidence that live Americans were not returned after the war. Officially that agency concedes there are "389 Americans that we know were held by the North Koreans at one time and are still unaccounted for."

Unofficially, things may be starting to move, at least in the direction of more attention to research. The DIA's Special Office for Prisoners of War and Missing in Action has a new chief, Col. Millard A. Peck, who is said to be taking his mandate extremely seriously. Six new slots have been created for the purpose of examining the issue of POWs from Korea and World War II. So far, the slots are for a branch head, four analysts and one technician, with a seventh slot to be opened some time this year.

Bobby Caruth, meanwhile, would like to see another source examined. Caruth was imprisoned with some of the 21 American "turncoats," as they were called then, who elected to stay with the communists. Most of those turncoats have long since broken faith with communism, and have returned to the United States.

"What I want to know from those who came back is what happened to the POWs," Caruth said. "I'm sure they could provide a key. I would like to know where the turncoats are now — not to do them any harm, just to solve the mystery."

Susan Katz Keating writes on military and intelligence topics for Insight. *She has written on POW issues for five years, and is a U.S. Army veteran.*

TROUBLE IN TYRONE

Continued from page 35

and the military who must shoulder the burden of being the expendable element, and who must continue to do their jobs in

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Photo Gary Cook

a situation without any foreseeable conclusion. Also as usual, it is the professionalism and dedication of those who are willing to face the threat that gives peace any chance at all. Even in light of the constant killing of security forces, including four UDR (Ulster Defence Regiment) men killed in Downpatrick during my stay, there is no shortage of recruits.

"Keeping a lid on it, my boy," the inspector said to me, even though there were only a few years difference between us, "keeping a lid on it." So, trying to "keep a lid on it," the boys of MSU K-4 initiated a hasty vehicle checkpoint just a few hundred yards from the Irish Republic border.

The section quickly set up security as two members began stopping cars to identify the occupants. All RUC members are responsible for knowing the local PIRA "players," as they are called, and had we stopped any they would have been questioned and a complete vehicle check made. The RUC must follow the strict laws that govern police investigations, search and seizure. This doesn't make their job any easier in a counterterrorist role.

We could only maintain the checkpoint for several minutes before we started walking again. It would have been unsafe to stay in one position for too long. PIRA is organized to deploy ASUs quickly, if they decide to attack RUC or military patrols. A roving patrol is harder to hit than a static checkpoint. Eventually we made our way back to our vehicle and the safety of the castle.

The men of the MSU and the other RUC units are a professional, hard-working group. Their devotion to duty, and each other, is tremendous. They have a difficult, dangerous job, which they take on with the pride and healthy sense of humor that is needed to "keep the lid on it."

Shortly after the author returned to the United States, members of MSU K-4 were ambushed by a PIRA ASU. One constable was hit with more than a dozen rounds of AKM fire. He is expected to live, though with permanent, serious injuries. One PIRA terrorist was captured.

Stan Martin is a police officer with a major police agency on the West coast. When not in uniform, he winds up in places such as Northern Ireland to take a look at how other agencies conduct law enforcement.

KHE SANH

Continued from page 65

scars in the turf. The driver stopped the car, turned in his seat and looked at us with an expression of "We're here."

I got out. I had never seen the combat base and I could see no remains of anything, but I knew immediately the driver was right. I knew this was the place

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because it was so clear why the French, Marines and Army had all chosen it. The hilltop is a broad and level plateau with a commanding panorama of the green, forested hills that sweep away from Khe Sanh. Every approach to the site, except the one we'd just followed, is up.

It was also easy to see, however, why the place was such a bitch for its defenders. Across a ravine to the northwest several hills rise higher than the plateau. From these perches the NVA poured rocket and mortar fire onto the base and spotted for their big guns hidden in Laos. The Marines and historians know these places by names such as Hill 861, Hill 881 North and 881 South. Small Marine units moved onto some, and many Americans spent the last days of their young lives holding them against North Vietnamese assaults.

Walking around, I discovered that the base wasn't completely gone. Sections of rusted barbed wire still mark the old perimeter. The red scars are shell craters, old trenches and half-filled bunkers. One bunker I looked into may be where Army Specialist 4 Michael Fitzmaurice won the Medal of Honor in 1971. On the night of 22 March, the NVA attacked and sappers got inside the perimeter.

They threw three satchel charges into a bunker Fitzmaurice shared with three other GIs. Fitzmaurice tossed out two of the charges and threw his flak jacket and himself on the third. The explosion didn't kill him; he staggered out, wounded, into the trench. There he emptied his M16 into two sappers and killed three more with a machete.

I realized that the debris of war was scattered everywhere, things the NVA had passed over and the local salvagers and architects didn't want because they were too small, too rusted or would blow them up. You couldn't take two steps without finding something. Sticking from the ground near my feet was a .50 cal. ammo box, filled only with red dust. Near it lay a U.S. grenade. It was rusted, minus the pin and spoon, but unexploded.

Boots in the Dirt

There were unfired M16 rounds and more bits of barbed wire lying in the thick grass. I found an M79 grenade and a Chicom mortar round intact. Strewn across the road in front of the car were a handful of artillery fuses. It was like treading an archaeological site.

A few village kids started to follow along and pick up things to show me. One boy brought me a rectangle of plastic. I flipped it over and found in raised letters, "BACK M 18 A1 APERS MINE" — it was the back of a damn claymore.

Wondering what else might remain, I asked one of the kids in my best hotel Vietnamese, "Where is a helicopter?" He said something I missed completely and pointed across the ravine to one of the hills. Perhaps it was 881 South — five choppers went down on that hill alone in '68. But there was no going there now, even if I had the time. When I wandered close to the old perimeter, the kids encouraged me to stay on the inside by mimicking an exploding mine.

On the way back to the car I found something that stopped me for a few moments. It was a shredded jungle boot. What does a Marine grunt or GI live by if not by his feet? But he was denied that at Khe Sanh, where he was forced to live and die in place. I doubt that any Americans who survived Khe Sanh in one piece left behind their boots. This one could have rotted in the trenches and been tossed away, but that's doubtful because the resupply crisis kept the men from getting more. More likely, a medic cut the boot away from a leg shattered by incoming.

Intense, Undeniable Emotion

In such bits of flotsam and in furrows in the red ground, Khe Sanh combat base is still there to see. The jungle hasn't devoured it and it hasn't been usurped by the army of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. There is no memorial, no visitor center, and no tour guide. One of the most famous battle sites of America's longest war is a picked-over scrap heap, a forgotten junk yard with a view.

What's left besides debris, however, is a sensation. As you walk around Khe Sanh, toeing the rusted water cans and looking out to Hills 881 and 861, the red ground reverberates with a feeling, deep and low. Because the site is undisturbed, the sensation comes through unfiltered, and strong. I realize now it was this feeling that drew me to Khe Sanh, just as it draws others to Gettysburg or any other place men died fighting.

It is a sensation of life. A human being is never so alive as he is in combat. He may feel terror, or he may not, but the prospect of losing his life makes it surge and flare within him. At no other time do his senses more acutely perceive the world. At no other time do his nerves fire with such spark. Never again will he feel as tight an emotional bond to others around him.

The Marines at Khe Sanh knew these feelings well. They were alone, cut-off and surrounded by tens of thousands of NVA and the echo of Dien Bien Phu. Enemy shelling killed some of them every day, and every day the survivors expected to be overrun. And so they wished like they'd never wished for anything in their lives to be anywhere else, back in The World.

Yet many of us who were never at Khe Sanh secretly wish we had been. It's foolish, to be sure, and also undeniable. The World is safe and The World is comfortable, but we know we have missed something. We know we will never feel life as intensely as did the miserable grunts at Khe Sanh. The best we can do is retrace their steps and hope to absorb some of the intensity of life they left behind among the grenades, barbed wire and boots. It lingers

there still, like the warmth in the earth around an old volcano.

Philip Edwards combines a career as a freelance photojournalist with professional training in ornithology (the study of birds). His last article for SOF, "Death of an Afghan Village," appeared in the November '87 issue.

GREAT ESCAPES

Continued from page 69

off, made his way to a French resistance group, and ultimately rejoined his unit.

Starting Early

Besides illustrating the value of being prepared to seize unexpected opportunities, the story of David Shoss illustrates the validity of the principle that Nick Rowe recalled being taught in training: starting to look for every opportunity to escape immediately after capture.

This is a characteristic that the U.S. military tries hard to instill in its people. The logic behind this is that at no other time during a POW's captivity is he likely to be as close to friendly lines or assistance as at the time of his capture. In addition, unless he is very sick or seriously wounded, he is probably the healthiest he will ever be as a POW.

Had Edgar Whitcomb and Bill Harris been prisoners of the Japanese for any length of time, they never would have been capable of making the incredible swim from Corregidor to Bataan. Some 40% of the American prisoners held by the Japanese died in captivity. The average American POW held by the Japanese lost 61 pounds during captivity, and fully half of the surviving ex-POWs from the Pacific receive disability checks.

Although Lance Sijan was in bad physical condition when captured, he only got worse, and, in fact, ultimately died in captivity. Gerald Coffee and David Shoss escaped soon after capture, as did Charles Coward and Dieter Dengler. All these men knew that delay in attempting to escape could only work against them.

Courage

Finally, we hardly need point out that every one of these men was courageous. Human nature being what it is, it is tempting to try to talk oneself out of an escape attempt. The very best escape plan is a risky proposition that could easily cost a man his life, and, in fact, has killed many men. Even if not killed in an attempt, the POW can usually expect draconian punishment if caught — beatings, solitary confinement, reduced rations, and perhaps, as in the case of Dieter Dengler, worse.

When considering these things, it can be all too easy for a POW to begin

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rationalizing – "the guards are too alert," "the war will end soon," "there'll be a rescue," "there'll be a prisoner exchange," "I'm too sick" or "too injured," "I'm not physically strong enough," "the weather isn't right," "friendly lines are too far away," and so on. It takes real heroism and strength of character to strike out for freedom regardless of the risks, but in the end, this is the most important quality of all.

In combat, it comes from a man's total commitment to the things he's fighting for. It comes from a man's deeply held conviction that there are not only things worth fighting for, but worth dying for. The POWs who have risked everything to attempt escape have wordlessly but eloquently demonstrated their belief that there are things bigger and more important than themselves. And this is the source of all courage.

Bill Roskey served as a Korean translator with U.S. Army Intelligence. A novel based on his experiences, Muffled Shots: A Year on the DMZ *was published by Dell in 1988. A previous contributor to SOF, Bill is currently writing a history of the Korean War.*

EYES IN THE SKY

Continued from page 63

reconnaissance mission.

Satellite photos can identify all roads in an area and, with interpretation, tell you if they are blacktop or dirt – as well as their condition. They can even see many foot paths, which would never show on a map.

If there aren't any roads, satellite photography can tell you where to travel. The photos can identify rough terrain and the most likely routes of advance. With their ability to see infrared, they can also tell you where ground may be too wet to support vehicles, or where vegetation is too dense.

Photos also reveal enemy strength. Even with the poor resolution of commercial satellites, you can see large vehicles, ships, emplacements and aircraft. By manipulating the information, you can learn if certain buildings are occupied, or if equipment is real or decoy.

Computers can manipulate an image so a photograph taken from 100 miles in space can be reconstructed to give a three-dimensional view of terrain from ground level. This allows soldiers and pilots to study the "lay of the land" even behind enemy lines. You would even know what terrain is hidden from enemy positions.

Of course, satellite intelligence can cut both ways. Here are a few hints for evading some unwanted attention:

The most obvious suggestion is to be where "they" aren't looking. Probably

every square inch of dry land has been photographed by satellites, but there is so much data that no one will ever look at a particular piece of ground unless something is suspected. That means the Soviets are more likely to notice troop deployments in West Germany than Burundi.

Hiding from a satellite is like hiding from an enemy. Camouflage must break up the shape and blend into the background. Man-made shapes like squares and triangles draw an interpreter's attention. Since he can see the difference between foliage and camouflage, a square or other "unnatural" shape will readily appear. You will attract less attention by using irregularly shaped camouflage netting and covering it with some freshly cut vegetation.

Beware of equipment with flat surfaces. Even a surface covered with camouflage paint will reflect light, so it stands a good chance of being seen, even if it's smaller than the satellite's resolution. Such surfaces should be hidden under shelters made of natural material.

Satellites detect plant health because healthy plants reflect more infrared light than sick vegetation. Therefore, interpreters can follow a mechanized unit across an open field just by following the path of injured plants. Try to avoid damage that would show the enemy your location or route of travel.

The final suggestion is to hide in a confusing background. For instance, buildings are strong reflectors, so tanks parked among many small buildings are harder to find. In the same manner, if you hide in a forest containing many tree varieties, your irregularly shaped camouflage will be less likely to stand out. This can even be applied in open farmland. If you park your equipment along a fence between two different types of crops, such as corn and soybeans, a low resolution satellite would be less likely to notice you.

Commercial satellites have been a boon to military intelligence. This was especially true in the late 1980s when the space shuttle accident and a couple of rocket failures kept the U.S. government from launching as many photo reconnaissance satellites as it wanted to.

Commercial satellites also give us a look at the secret world of spy satellites and their capabilities. For the first time, the American soldier knows a great deal about his enemy's strengths and weaknesses. That knowledge may be decisive in a future conflict.

Harold Hough served as an officer aboard the USS Saratoga *before turning his attention to writing. To date, he's published more than 100 articles and his first book,* A Practical Guide to Photographic Intelligence, *is available from Loompanics Unlimited, Port Townsend, WA.*

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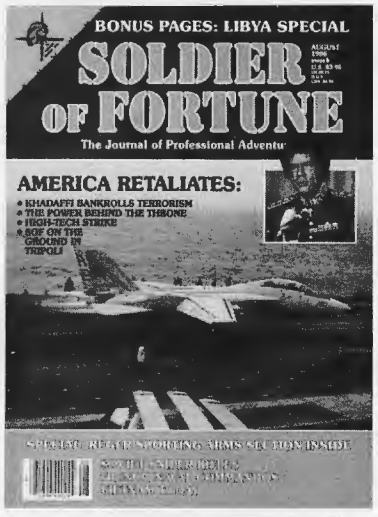

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OVERSEAS JOBS

Continued from page 31

was the location of the South African security chief who formerly served under Col. Hoare in the Congo. Each camp had its own security organization, both headed by Americans. After the convoy requirement was eliminated, we still had vehicles stopped by roadblocks, drivers removed and vehicles stolen. Vehicles would later be found with different colored paint across the border in Venezuela. In addition to the Indians, there were drug wars and communists.

The work schedule was a 10-hour day, six-day week. This program required a special concession from the Colombian government. My annual salary at completion of the project was $78,230 including a 20% bonus, all expenses paid.

The Bottom Line

In summary, for those of you who have military and/or mercenary backgrounds, it is worthwhile to explore the feasibility of international employment. That is why companies like Group Fischer are so important, because when international companies receive a contract, they move immediately to recruit large numbers of personnel for the job. Most of these contracts are manned by ad hoc organizations with only a few personnel from the contracting company.

I was an infantryman with no technical qualifications, so if I could do it, you can. You will note a difference in my annual salary from job to job. There are many reasons for this variance, but primarily, they are: location of project, job responsibilities, work to be performed and length of work week. It's hard to get started, but once you do, the follow-on is easier.

William Wilson retired from the U.S. Army as a colonel before he began working overseas assignments. He speaks Spanish and Arabic and has written for a number of publications, including American Heritage *and* Vietnam *magazines.*

CHAOTIC KASHMIR

Continued from page 61

as a boss of the Indian External Intelligence Service in the research and analysis wing, and as a prime ministerial security adviser.

Saxena moved fast to revamp the demoralized and fragmented intelligence network in the Vale, inducting specialists with counterintelligence experience from the Northeast. He also began coordinating a plethora of civilian and military agencies operating in the state.

Results weren't long in coming. By late summer the reorganization was reflected by more frequent seizures of arms caches, along with stepped-up efforts to "turn" captured militants and reinsert them into insurgent organizations as spies.

Forecast of Fear

Just how the conflict develops over the medium term is likely to hinge on two factors, the first being the effectiveness with which, at the time of the spring thaw in 1991, the Kashmiris can step up infiltration of weaponry across the LOC. This is already a high-risk proposition, but it's going to be crucial to any escalation of the war that would force New Delhi to rethink its hard-line position.

Also critical will be the wider internal security situation in India. With insurgences now bubbling in Punjab and Assam, as well as Kashmir, and the explosive communal divide between the country's Hindu majority and Moslem minority widening, New Delhi is looking down the barrel of its gravest internal security crisis since the partition in 1947.

And if Kashmir's militants have anything to do with it, India's luxury of keeping the bloodshed tucked away in far-flung places may be short-lived. As one JKLF man put it, "You have already seen [bomb] blasts in Delhi. If necessary, we will spread this struggle all over India."

New Delhi has made it clear it believes that allowing Kashmiris to enjoy the right to decide their own future as stipulated by the U.N. in 1948 would amount to the beginning of the end of the Indian Union. The question they may soon be confronting is whether a long-term struggle to hold Kashmir captive would not lead in the same direction — only faster.

Photojournalist Mike Winchester frequently covers stories for SOF from Asia.

REBEL RESERVES

Continued from page 39

grenades cleared the trench in half an hour. Again, suppressive fire lagged occasionally and grenade throwing left something to be desired.

In the AAR, an observer/controller told the troops that some of their weapons were filthy, that a dirty rifle or SAW could jam and get someone killed. In fairness, it should be noted that a weapon in the desert can't be cleaned often enough. Three or four cleanings a day would not be unreasonable. A Kalashnikov might fare better than the precision-machined weapons our troops carry.

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grenades are the key to trench clearing. Team Charlie had a ways to go, but was learning.

The combined-arms, live-fire assault that afternoon was impressive if hardly flawless. The tanks and Bradleys charged hard. The trench system was saturated with fire. The targets down range were shredded, and quickly. There were no obvious snafus. Again, suppressive fire lagged on occasion after Team Charlie's infantry was in the trench. And some of the dismounts hobbled out of their Bradleys with less than the dash and elan one expects of armored infantry.

Next Stop Saudi?

Still, it would have taken some very brave Iraqis to keep fighting under such a hail of death. So, where did all this leave the Georgia National Guard's 48th Brigade? The decision on whether the 48th, 155th and 256th Guard Brigades would deploy to Saudi Arabia would be left to Defense Secretary Dick Cheney.

Brigadier General Donald L. Scott, the 2nd Army's chief of staff, spent much of January and February at the NTC observing his Guard units. His judgments in mid-February were upbeat, but measured. "Our goal is to get them ready to [assault] the Saddam line because they're a heavy brigade. But realistically, I think that they would probably need a little bit more training."

That suggested that the Guard brigades may eventually go to Saudi Arabia (assuming the war continues into April or May), but not be given the more taxing, dangerous missions.

For the longer haul, the Pentagon and Congress are almost sure to reconsider the policy of relying on the National Guard to produce armored and mechanized brigades that would be quickly needed to round-out active-duty divisions in time of war. Guard units typically get one two-week period of summer training per year plus a dozen weekend drills. Clearly, this isn't enough if the goal is to have combat-ready heavy units ready from 30 to 60 days after mobilization.

As for the Georgia Guardsmen themselves, Capt. Ronald L. Hammock of Milledgeville, Georgia, spoke for many at the NTC when he said, "We were disappointed at first that we didn't deploy with our division. But after we got out here, we learned how much we didn't know. We know now. This is deadly business, and we will be ready."

We can only hope he's right.

Robert J. Caldwell is a Vietnam vet who specializes in national security issues. He has covered counterinsurgency operations for SOF from the Philippines and Guatemala, and covered the Khmer struggle from Cambodia. Caldwell has traveled extensively in Asia and Latin America.

EYEWITNESS

Continued from page 43

Hawk: On the night of 22 August, we topped off all the tanks, numbered all the cars, and taped a big "X" on the roofs of the vehicles so maybe we could be tracked by the recon satellites. A guy from the Iraqi Embassy came down to escort us. And Ambassador Howe decided he would accompany us to the border in his armor-plated Cadillac.

Forties: We had planned originally for a five-minute interval between each car, but then they decided we should just leave en masse.

Hawk: The ambassador took off out of there like a bat out of hell, and Charlie, the guy from Baghdad, blasted after him. We had the classic accordion effect. It was a demolition derby going through the city, everyone weaving through burned out hulks in the intersections.

Forties: Then there was a chain reaction crash when someone thought an Iraqi soldier hitchhiking was a checkpoint and slammed on the brakes. One lady, Odessa Higgins, broke her hip in that crash. They took her back to the embassy, then to the hospital.

Hawk: I was in the lead group, driving my Isuzu Trooper, right on the ambassador's bumper. When we got to the border, it was an absolute bottleneck. There were five-ton dump trucks loaded with Thai and Filipino civilians, no overhead cover, and it was 120 degrees. We waited about an hour at the checkpoint while the Iraqis checked with Baghdad on what to do with us. Then they let us through.

Forties: At about 100km into Iraq, the road turned into a bad two-lane road.

Hawk: And there was a huge staging area, full of Iraqi troops and trucks. After maybe another 100km, I started noticing that the grain elevators were camouflaged.

SOF: Were there many military checkpoints?

Forties: There were checkpoints on the outskirts of every city, maybe a few klicks out.

Hawk: It was usually a military vehicle and three or four numbnuts standing around with AKs, generally next to a little building with a telephone.

Hawk: When we got near Baghdad, we saw streams of busses loaded with troops hauling ass south. We stopped on the outskirts of Baghdad at about 0100 and waited for the go-ahead to head into town. About 45 minutes later, we pulled into the U.S. Embassy. They told us to catch some sleep before heading on to Amman, Jordan. About four hours later, they woke us up and told us we weren't going to Jordan.

Forties: I honestly think if we had kept going, a lot of them wouldn't have made it. Some of them were like walking dead after the drive.

Hawk: Then on 25 August, Joe Wilson, the charge d'affaires — he was a good guy — told us only the women and children were leaving, but that they were going north to Turkey. The American Embassy in Ankara had busses waiting for them across the border. They were held there for a while by the Iraqis.

Forties: Someone said he was going to kill some CNN reporter when he caught up with him. This guy made some smart remark to his wife about taking her dog out but leaving her husband in Baghdad. And the guy was waking up her kids so they could shoot film of them. If some of those women had been carrying weapons, there would have been some dead reporters.

SOF: How did you guys deal with being in Baghdad? Did the Iraqis suspect that you were military?

Hawk: No, and we did our best to keep it that way. We tried to look like Western Europeans. We got haircuts, but not too short, and kept our beards. Except for the Marines. Marines being Marines, they kept their hair high and tight.

Forties: And the gunny [gunnery sergeant] — he looked like a Marine poster. I don't care what you would have done to him, he walked like a Marine, talked like a Marine, nothing would have changed that.

Hawk: We went out with him once. Here we were with three weeks' growth of beard, no one's paying any attention to us, and there's Gunny Smith with his whitewalls and Ray Bans, looking like Lou Gosset Jr. All these Iraqis are looking at him. After that, we said never again.

SOF: Did you get out in Baghdad much, like you did in Kuwait?

Hawk: Yeah, we got out into the city about every day to keep the food lockers stocked up. Took the press out to dinner one night.

SOF: When did you get out of Baghdad?

Forties: I was there until the bitter end. My flight went out on 10 December to Germany.

Hawk: I went out before that, clandestinely, to test a possible railroad in case Saddam didn't allow everyone else out. But that was a pretty sensitive operation, so we'd better not get into any details. I'm allowed to describe it as "a daring and dangerous escape."

Epilogue

By the time you read this, Maj. "Frank Hawk" probably will be in Saudi Arabia. He may even be back in Kuwait if things have gone well. CWO Forties will be at his next duty station at the U.S. Army Aberdeen Proving Grounds, where his expertise on armaments is needed.

Hopefully, they will also have been recognized as the first heroes of the U.S. Army's campaign against Saddam Hussein's brutalization of Kuwait. Their actions in Kuwait City and Iraq in the weeks and months following the invasion certainly deserve such recognition.

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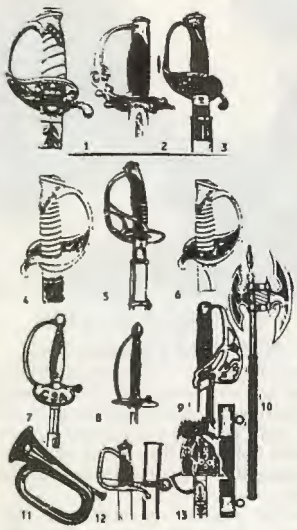

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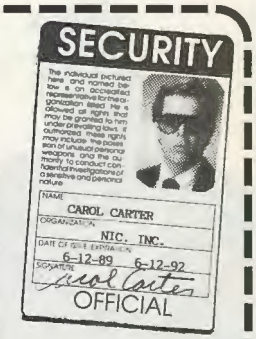

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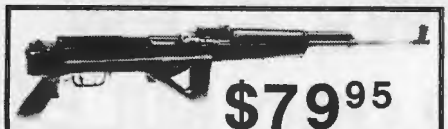

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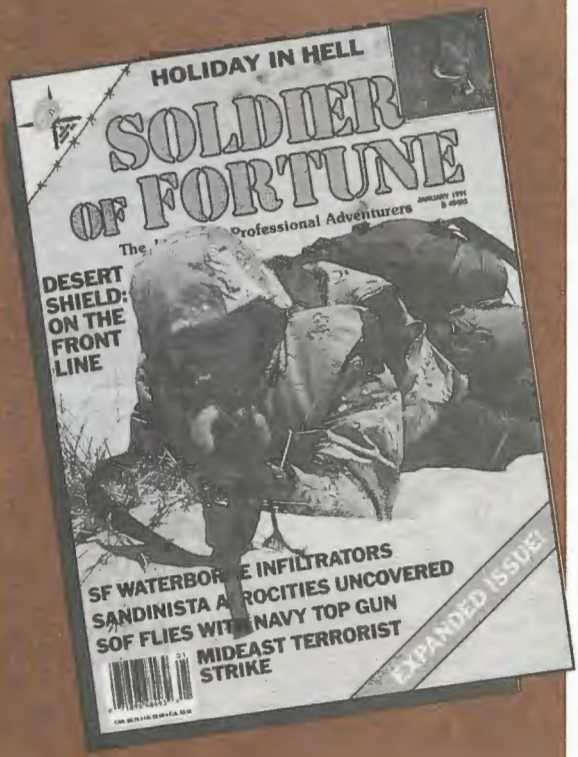

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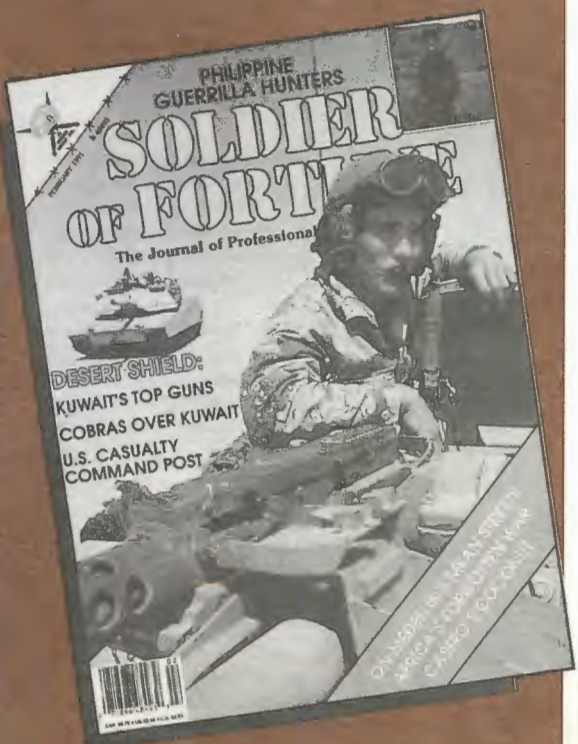

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