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AFRICAN CROSSROADS by Barrett Tillman How could Zimbabwe fall this far? Tillman chronicles the drastic slide from peaceful nation to a murderous and savage no-man's land - with its government's blessings.

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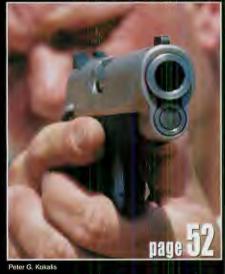
SAY GOODBYE, COMRADE JAWS by Jim Coyne Brown & Company have had many strange adventures ... but few more bizarre than a 1982 Bangkok luncheon, courtesy of the KGB.

THE STING by Tom Reisinger

Newman and Redford couldn't have orchestrated this better. SOF, bloated with great intentions, bolts to Thailand in a search for American POWs — and gets seriously scammed several times by a former CIA operative.

THE IMMACULATE CONSCRIPTION by Roger Charles. Sandy Berger, of Clinton's NSC staff, might be guilty of irregularities - even severe illegalities - pertaining to his Vietnam-era military service.

FEATURES CONTINUE ON NEXT PAGE





courtesy Col. Millett



25th Anniversary Issue



SCAF Arctines

MY WAR IN EL SALVADOR by Peter G. Kokolis SOF's Technical Editor recounts his 21 missions to train and assist our Salvadoran allies.

THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE by Tom Reisinger Read about the valiant lives and courageous deaths of four of SOF's — and America's – finest: George Bacon, III; Michael Echanis; Lance Motley; and Bob MacKenzie.

ONE MAN, ONE VOTE by Junius Come Election Day, can you really make a difference? Perhaps you won't guarantee victory but you will cast a dagger against the irrational and ruthless forces of the left.

COMBAT MEDICS by SOF Stoff Refugee Relief International, Inc. has operated in war zones worldwide since 1982. Despite tight budgets, its staff has repeatedly distinguished itself by venturing in harm's way to provide life-giving medical aid.

LOW LIFE IMITATES ART by James L. Pate Apparently, John Ross's Unintended Consequences has struck a nerve — BATF's. And they're out to put some intended hurt on this straight-arrow author.

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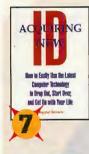
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If You Don't Vote Like a Gun Owner, You Suck

s has been obvious to all, my devotion to the Second Amendment as the cornerstone of our Bill Of Rights and its survival has been my greatest cause. I place such importance on this, that I am devoting my column in our 25th Anniversary Issue not to SOF's history, but to our nation's future. This is reprinted with permission from Mike Dillon's Blue Press (www.dillonprecision.com).

-R.K.B.

According to most estimates, there are between 75 and 80 million adult gun owners in the United States. That's more people than voted in the last presidential election. So why is it, when there are so many gun owners, that we are not the dominant voting bloc in this country? Because most of that 75-80 million are stupid, lazy, hypocritical barfbags. Well, I'd like to say something to that group.

Sure, you drive around in a pickup truck with a gun rack and some hairy-chested bumper stickers, and you talk big at the gun shop or the Legion Hall. But will you shell out \$35 and join the NRA? Oh, you don't agree with the NRA's stance on this or that, or the NRA is too soft on something or too unvielding on something else? Or maybe long ago the NRA didn't send you your free cap or bullet key ring on time. Well, you know what? That's a dumb cop-out and you're an asshole. Whether you like it or not, the NRA is the only ... I repeat only, effective representation you have in the cesspool of Washington politics. Even the NRA's worst enemies - your worst enemies if you have the capacity to think about it - agree that it's one of the most powerful lobbying forces on Capitol Hill. That means no one else fights your battles for you better, and if you don't understand that simple fact, you're too dumb to exist!

Okay, you don't give a damn about the NRA but you still want to keep your guns. So why, in the name of all that is holy, do you vote for anti-gun candidates? Oh, you don't? So who does? Maybe it's all those other people who were voting while you were sucking a brewski and watching the game on TV. Or maybe you're a good union guy, and the union votes Democrat. Some years ago, Mario Cuomo, a dedicated anti-gunner who happened to be Governor of New York, described gun owners in a most uncomplimentary fashion. But the most damning thing he said about gun owners is that they don't vote, and, therefore, should not be considered as a factor in any election. How about that? Mario Cuomo is a liberal Democrat and, as such, is wrong about most everything, but he's absolutely right about you. And I can prove it. If you non-voting gun owners in New York state did get off your asses and vote like gun owners, obscenities like Mario Cuomo couldn't even be elected as dogcatcher. The same goes for Charles Schumer; he wasn't bad enough as a congressman from Brooklyn; you dumb schmucks had to let him become a senator! Who's next ... Hillary?

Then there's my old home state of Massachusetts. Over one million Massachusetts gun owners must be really proud to claim Teddy Kennedy as their senator. And John Kerry, the Kennedy clone, is no better. The entire Massachusetts congressional delegation, both gay and straight, is anti-gun. And you Bay State gun owners are the dildos that put them in office! Because you sat on your fat asses, you've got Chapter 180 - aptly named because it turns your gun rights around 180 degrees — and you've got an attorney general who wants to be governor and thinks every handgun is a faulty consumer product. Once again, Massachusetts gun owners, where were you on election day?

Look at every state with asinine, repressive gun laws and a preponderance of antigun politicians — California, New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland to cite several horrible examples — and you will find enough gun owners to form an unbeatable voting bloc, if they would get their thumbs out of their butts and vote, for a change. Jeez, what a concept!

We all know the excuses: I'm too busy,

Continued on page 98

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE (USPS 525-810, ISSN 0145-6784), November 2000, Volume 25, Number 11, is published monthly by SOLDIER OF FORTUNE Inc., 5735 Arapahoe Ave., Suite A-5, Boulder, CO 80303-1340. Periodicals Postage is paid at Boulder, CO and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, Subscription Department, POB 348, Mt Morris, IL 61054-0348 or call 1-800-877-5207. U.S. and APO-FPO subscription rate for twelve monthly issues \$29,95. Canada add \$10.00/yr. additional postage (includes GST tax registration business number: 12847 6249 RT). All other countries add \$21.00 U.S. FUNDS ONLY. Single Issue Price -- U.S.: \$4.99; United Kingdom: £2.60; Canada: \$5.99. PRINTED IN THE USA.

CONTRIBUTORS: Manuscripts, photographs or drawings are submitted at the contributor's own risk. Material should be mailed to Articles Editor, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, 5735 Arapahoe Ave., Suite A-5, Boulder, CO 80303-1340, and cannot be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage. Any material accepted is subject to such revision as is necessary to meet the editorial requirements of SOF. All manuscripts must be typed double-spaced. All photographs must be credited and be accurately identified. Payment will be made at rates current at time of publication. Editorial office phone number is 303-449-3750.

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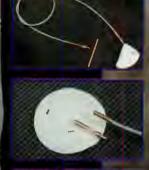
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White House: Don't Ask, Don't Bleat

While the Dems and the muck shovelers of Hollywood were gamboling about selling a two-faced line of family values to conventioneers in Los Angeles, World Net Daily was breaking a story by Washington Bureau Chief Paul Sperry of what the Y2K computerupgrade technicians found upon reviewing Clintonistas' machines in the West Wing of the White House: Staffers spending a lot of government time — and risking security — bringing "teen-age" "gay" and "bestial" (as in, "donkeys, goats, dogs") real-time porno videos through computer-system firewalls.

Well, maybe it's not all bad news. At least while these sickos were giving themselves a local on company time, they weren't busy destroying the Bill of Rights, gutting our defense capability, plotting more armed assaults on eccentric religious groups, or carrying out the other appalling programs of the Clinton Administration.

Both Clinton and Gore have mouthed denouncements of cyberporn, and pushed so-called "E-chips" to block the internet's "purveyors of pornography," as Gore called them last year.

- To which we have three questions:
- Does this include the White House?
- Are PETA and Friends of the Animals for or against this?
- Just exactly what does the Democrat party mean by "inclusive"?



At the recent NRA Convention in Charlotte, *SOF* Publisher Robert K. Brown (center) met with Col. Lew Millett, MOH (right) and Governor Joe Foss, MOH (far left). Don't miss Col. Millett's story "A Cut Above the Rest," starting on page 56.

Million Moll March: Screaming Hypocrisy #2

According to a story in the *Washington Post*, one Barbara Lipscomb, an organizer of the "Million Mom March," was charged with assault with intent to kill for shooting a man whom she "believed to have caused her son's death." It gets better: It was later determined that she had shot the wrong man. It gets even better: Police recovered three handguns and a TEC-9 at her home.

Meanwhile, From the Land of the Holocaust ..

Two lawyers from Bavaria, a Christian Sailer and a Gert-Joachim Hetzel, have petitioned German Family Minister Christine Bergmann to reclassify the *Bible* as a book "considered too dangerous for children because of its violent content." Wow. Even worse than Grimm's *Fairy Tales*?

OK. But let's start with the nightly news, and then maybe we'll consider hiding the history of Nazi Germany and other gory tales to which there is no point.

And Don't Download the Porno, Either

The USG's current problem of laptops with legs has been exacerbated by the disappearance of a laptop loaded with "highly classified information," from a sixth-floor conference room at the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research.

Spokesman Richard Boucher announced a \$25,000 reward for information leading to the recovery of the laptop, saying he hoped the reward would generate leads of use to the FBI and State Department's Bureau of Diplomatic Security. Boucher said the disappearance of the laptop was a "potentially serious breach of security." Other officials told reporters that the computer contained information on the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction, and on technologies for launching such weapons.

If you see a black Dell laptop with a five-digit serial number ending in "Q," located on a sticker on the back near the ports, you are officially encouraged to contact the State Department at 202-647-7277. It is not certain if the machine was misplaced or stolen, and if it stolen whether it were stolen for the classified information it contains or for its value as a computer.

Smoke and Mayhem

Agents from the FBI, BATF, INS and CIA raided homes and businesses in Charlotte, Kannapolis and Matthews, arresting 18 and seizing computers, papers and cases of cigarettes. Of those arrested, 17 were illegal aliens and 12 were from Lebanon. Federal agents said the ring was smuggling cigarettes and using the profits to bankroll an international terrorist organization. Those arrested face charges of money laundering, smuggling, and conspiracy.

Identified as the group's ringleader was Mohammad Youssef Hammoud, who sources indicated was well connected to *Hezbollah* members in Lebanon and is believed to have gone through Hezbollah-sponsored training. In affidavits filed in connection with the case, a source was quoted as believing "... that if Hezbollah issued an authorization to execute a terrorist act in the United States, Mohammad Hammoud would not hesitate in carrying it out." Investigations in the case continue as we go to press.

Conspicuous Gallantry ... and Chutzpah

According to a story in the Newport News Daily Press, by Jim Spencer, the Air Force has passed out 246 Bronze Star medals — 192 to field grade officers — for "participation in the Kosovo campaign" to hundreds of recipients who never even got close to Kosovo. Wrote Spencer, "... a dozen of the warriors ... never left Missouri. One "fought" from Dayton, Ohio. Four others gutted it out at the Pentagon. And another 212 received recognition for fighting in Kosovo while in Italy, England, Germany and Spain."

Does seem the USAF medal-grinders might be stretching things a bit, although in all fairness, under "Criteria," paragraph C of the regs states, "Awards may be made to recognize single acts of merit

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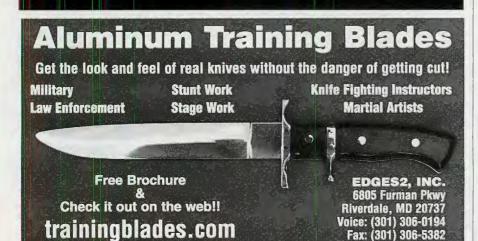
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or meritorious service ... "

Interestingly, the Bronze Star was initiated during WWII as an award specifically for the grunts, the guys in the mud and the blood, who felt slighted when the Air Medal was initiated for those in the Army Air Corps risking their necks overhead.

In closing, Spencer proposed a new medal: "... the Tin Star. Destined to become America's fifth-highest combat decoration, this award will go to the public affairs officers who will soon be policing nosy reporters asking questions about the dispersal of gratuitous medals."

No Yellow Journalism?

After considerable uproar - including proposed legislation (the Chinese News Agency Divestiture Act of 2000, and a House amendment to the State Department Appropriations Bill), the Xinhua News Agency is selling the Pentagon Ridge Apartments property at 1515 Arlington Ridge in Arlington, Va., which it bought without notifying the State Department as required by the U.S. Foreign Missions Act. Their purchase of the property, on high ground near the Pentagon, stirred considerable concern that the government-owned "News Agency" would be in a position to use the property as a base for spying on the Pentagon. Chinese representatives denied there was any basis for concern, although Congressman David Vitter called the building "a spy tower ideally suited to capturing our military secrets." The Vitter Amendment to the 2001 appropriations bill passed on a vote of 367-34 with seven voting "present."

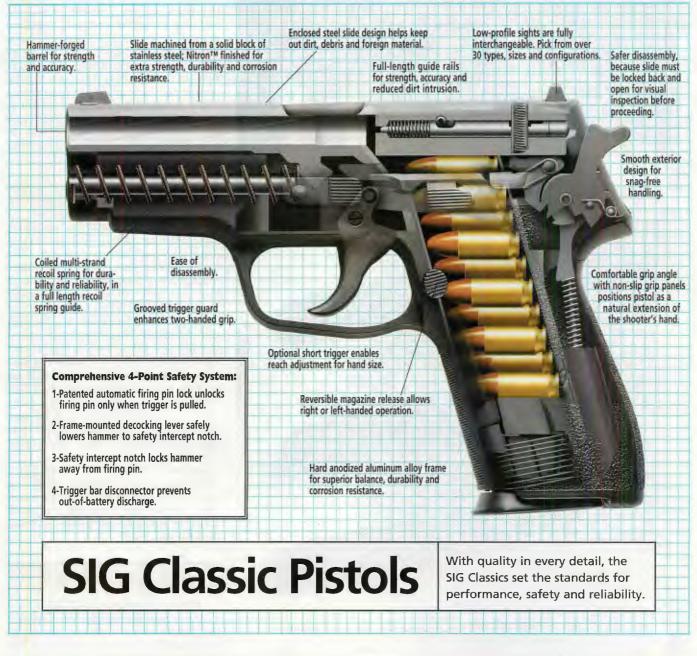
Described by Western intelligence experts as a front for the Chinese Ministry of State Security (MSS), Xinhua also functions as a commercial news agency. The function of the MSS is to conduct security operations at home, and espionage ops overseas.

Brit Owners To Sell S&W

Smith & Wesson Corporation, claimed to be the largest U.S. manufacturer of handguns, is being put up for sale by the London-based Tompkins PLC. With its core business being auto parts and home-building materials, Tompkins said it will divest itself of S&W and various food-oriented businesses.

The prospect that Tompkins will unload S&W raised concerns among state and federal officials that successors might renege on its highly controversial deals with officials. The deals, made to garner a safe haven for S&W against possible liability suits, as proposed by various government officials against various segments of the firearms industry, were not greeted favorably by the gun-owning public. "The Deal" struck last March has made S&W an industry and consumer pariah, and if the deal is

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made part and parcel of any sales agreement to subsequent owners, the company may well not be a marketable item.

Now There's a Soldier

When an increasing proportion of new recruits never make it through basic training, and a staggering number do not complete their term of enlistment, it is refreshing to recall the case of Jean Theurel, who was probably the most dedicated "G.I." of all time. He first enlisted in the French Army to fight the Dutch in 1699 at the age of 15. He remained on active duty, distinguishing himself in hundreds of various battles, until he was deactivated in 1802 at the age of 118, by the Emperor Napoleon. Theurel is believed to be the only soldier to have served in three centuries.

Help a Helper

Bonnie Kline continues her legal struggle against the Clinton-Gore Administration. Her workplace was transformed into hellishly hostile environs after she testified truthfully at Congressional hearings on a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service scandal where hunting and fishing excise taxes were illegally diverted into political slush funds (see "Taxation With Misrepresentation," October '00). Kline narrowly avoided eviction from her home since you last read about her, and she is going further in debt so her daughter can enroll this fall at the University of Virginia, in Charlottesville. She hasn't gotten a government paycheck since February and desperately needs your prayers and financial support. Contributions may be sent to: The Bonnie Kline Legal Assistance Fund, c/o Robinson & Associates Law Office, The Title Building, 110 St. Paul Street, Dept. SOF/Suite 302, Baltimore, MD 21202. It's a crying shame when those who act in the public interest get plowed under. Do what you can.

Prestigious Award for SOF

Although perhaps not the biggest paper in SOF's hometown of Boulder, Colorado, the Boulder Weekly is obviously one of the more insightful, as it recently awarded SOF Magazine Headquarters the "Best of Boulder" award for the Best Dead Animal Collection. The referenced collection represent the remains from various African safaris, and does not, as mentioned in the story, contain a shrunken human head. What their examination must have seen was one of the editors.

Finding SOF

SOF was recently approved for distribution in the following major retail chains in the Southeast: Cub Foods, Food Lion,

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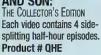
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These rates apply to domestic orders only; Canadian and foreign orders call for shipping information. Ingles, Kroger, Piggly Wiggly, Winn Dixie, Harris Teeter, Hannaford, Eckerd and Circle K. Look for it there when you pop in for some biscuits.

SOF readers in the Midwest will be able to find us in all 400 Dairymart convenience stores, starting with the October 2000 issue.

However, our distributors have been meeting with fierce resistance from Publix Supermarkets. If you are in one of their stores, politely ask why SOF is not available and request that the store manager order copies: Customer requests are given high priority by store managers.

Real "Survivors"

If you are genuinely interested in jungle survival, but not particularly impressed with the popular but wildly unrealistic soap-opera currently on TV, check this out: at the 2000 SOF Convention in Las Vegas this 11-15 October, Randall's Adventure and Training will give away an all-expense paid trip (including air fare from Atlanta) to the Amazon jungles for a real jungle survival training class with the Peruvian military.

Jeff Randall, owner of Randall's Adventure and Training, has spent many years in the Peruvian jungles working with local villagers and military personnel. His company and clients have been invited by the Peruvian Air Force's *Escuela de Supervivencia en la Selva* (Jungle Survival School) to participate and graduate from their school.

The class will run from 24 March — 3 April 2001 in Iquitos, Peru and the surrounding jungles of the Amazon river. For more information, contact: Jeff Randall, 60 Randall R., Gallant, AL 35972; of visit the web site www.jungletraining.com.

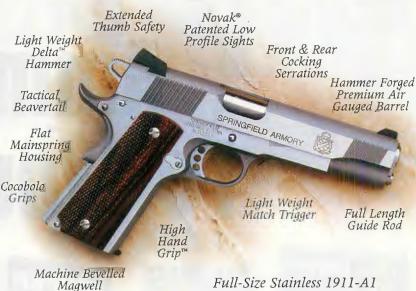
Righteous Rap

If you think Wolfgang Mozart is an animal rights group and John Phillip Souza is a record-breaking home-run hitter, do we have some sounds for you. Even if your regular diet is Bach, Beethoven and Benny Goodman, you just gotta love a hip-hop CD featuring titles such as "Gun Control is Racist," "Liberal Democrats are Racist," "Liberal Democrat Education is Wack," "Liberal Hollywood Hypocrites," "Communist Coddlers," "Section 705 The Liberal Choke Hold" and 18 others, such as — no less — the "Bill of Rights." Now this is a CD that can rattle your car windows with something worth hearing.

Racism Exposed is produced by Don Kennedy and Rocco Gotti and stars hip-hop performer Shoanna Zealand, with singer Tionna Day. Released by CORAD Records (888-850-5087; or on the web at www.coradpress.com), "Racism Exposed" is available at Best Buy, or your local record store. Ask for it! \Re



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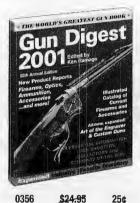


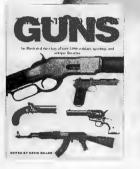
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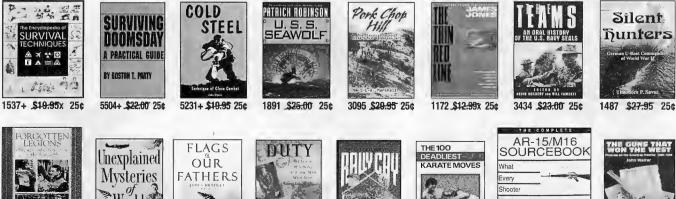


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by **Clint Smith**

Bright Lights And Bad Guys

On the planet we inhabit, with the exceptions of the extreme northern or southern latitudes, there is a good chance a portion of each 24-hour period will have some form of low light or darkness. With the urbanization of the planet, built up areas around cities and towns normally produce ambient light sometimes equal to sunlight. In times of power failures or civil unrest, disruption of services can create a true maze of buildings and structures immersed in darkness. In third world countries there are large population centers that simply turn into black holes when the sun goes down.

If all the above is true, then why is the majority of our firearms training done in daylight? One, it may be convenient for the guy running the range and training program. In the case of a five-day course at Thunder Ranch, I can tell you from personal experience if you change "shifts" on people, say work Monday and Friday 0800 to 1600 hours, no problem. Run Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from 1800 to 0200 hours and you can develop a training/safety can of worms. It is not that people in training aren't willing or even able, it is simply the transition to a changing lifestyle, switching sleep habits or behavior modification. So there is no misunderstanding, I didn't say it couldn't be done or that people are not willing. Sometimes their bodies or brains just won't back up their heart.

From a training standpoint, one way to help resolve the issue is by having a simulator that allows low or no light environments that can be used during daylight hours. For training applications closer to home maybe approaching the local indoor range owner about lowering the lights for some firing to provide you with valuable exposure to low light training. Where there is a will, there is a way.

The primary focus of this article is to provide the reader with some introductory techniques and concepts to applying a rifle to a fight in altered light environments. These are not my ideas and I didn't invent anything or name anything after myself. These concepts come from many places over many years. They may or may not work for you based on environment, application, occupation and/or experience. Like all good craftsmen you should have many tools in your toolbox, and you should always be looking for good tools to add.

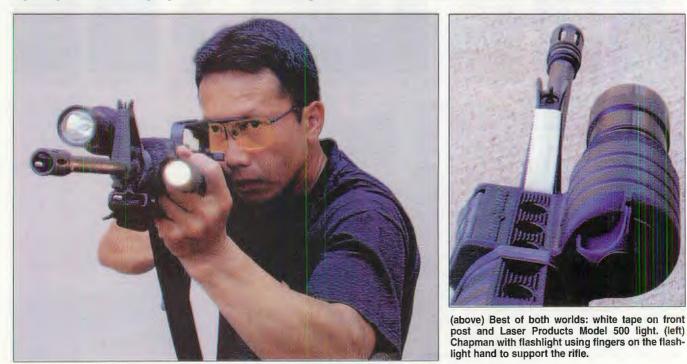
Most rifle fights take place inside what could be considered pistol ranges. Operators will probably be moving to get cover, out of the line of fire or to get better target acquisition. Threats may be moving for the same reasons. The fight won't be what you want it to be. It could be dark, quick and ugly.

Since AR-15's are so prolific I will address them, all of these techniques are transferable to other weapons systems. Try them all, use what works for you.

Large Apertures

Most ARs currently come with a large and small aperture sight (you can buy them by the gross at gun shows now). In the Vietnamera, these larger sight apertures became available, but I personally in 18 months (circa '68-'69) did not see one mounted on a rifle. The larger aperture is better because it allows a wider field of view and

Continued on page 24



Vicious Russian "Top Secret" Spec Op Military Fighting System Finally Revealed By Defiant "Underdog" U.S. Businessman!

This exciting news is going to blow the lid off the "self-defense" industry. Due to some unbelievably complex (international) breakthroughs...

I Now Have Videotape Of Russian Spec-Op Unarmed Combat Secrets!

Despite spending millions trying to steal them, the U.S. military still doesn't have these amazing fighting secrets! This stuff is hands-down the best-kept secret among "insiders" in the world of serious combat.

But I found him — the <u>ONLY</u> former-Russian Special Forces "super-soldier" willing to reveal the fighting techniques that made Soviet elite soldiers the most feared fighters on the planet.

Navy SEALS, DELTA soldiers, Rangers... they're tough guys, but even they admit they NEVER want to have to face anyone trained in the brutal killing arts of SPETSNAZ. (SPETSNAZ is Russian for "Special Forces", but the organization is actually more elite than even our SEALS — only one out of 3,000 Soviet spec op soldiers ever reaches this level... and NO ONE but these "eliteof-the-elite" soldiers in Russia ever gets this advanced training!

Ninety-six percent of the Soviet military doesn't even know these secret killing arts exist — due to intensive government coverups! Even the more-famous KGB agents — Russia's version of the Nazi Gestapo — are terrified of SPETSNAZ operatives and their skills.)

The guy I found is named <u>Vladimir</u> <u>Vasiliev</u>. This is the most important "find" in all my years of working with worldclass fighting arts. You see, Vladimir wasn't just a Spec Op soldier... no... Vladimir was so "high up" he taught this astonishing Russian fighting system to other SPETSNAZ agents and then led them in the most chilling and dangerous missions I've ever been briefed on (all still classified Top Secret by the Soviet Army)!

Vladimir is so tight-lipped about his past it took me 6 months to get this deal together... but I did it. And now...

I Have To Move Fast To Make Sure These Amazing Combat Secrets Are Available To Civilians Like You!

You see, my little company has been stopped before by "high up" interference despite being in the <u>right</u>. (These "higher ups" want to keep this information only for cops and soldiers, and out of the hands of civilians like you and me.) I don't care what anyone says — the Cold War is over, and if these "top secret" Russian hand-to-hand techniques are now "fair game" to be shared with you... well, that's what I'm gonna do.

Now... I realize all this sounds like some weird "spy" drama you'd see on television. But most men in my position would just close up shop, and not try to ruffle anyone's feathers. I'm not like that. I love being an American, and it feels good to do the right thing... even if I'm taking an enormous risk.

You risk absolutely nothing.

But, are you ever going to be blown away by these tapes Vladimir made! If you value your self-defense (and the protection of your family and loved ones)... you have just discovered the easiest... yet most effective way to beat any attacker (of any size), anywhere, anytime... even if you are surprised, outnumbered, or bare-handed against a weapon!

Here's why everyone who's seen it is so excited about this new fighting system:

- There are NO moves to memorize or practice — the entire system works by using your natural movements (and just "lethalizing" them with a few "twists"). This is the only system I've ever seen where you look like you're having relaxed FUN kicking serious ass!
- No one has a clue how defend or attack this system — even the handful of U.S. fighting experts who have seen it can't find a way to beat it! There are no "stances", so you're never unprepared... and cannot be taken by surprise!
- It's so ingeniously simple, you can MASTER it in the shortest time humanly possible! (Russian spec op soldiers spent minimum time in training — a fraction of what SEALS do — and yet the Russians quickly attained better hand-to-hand fighting skills!) There is NO other fighting art you can learn in a shorter time anywhere on the planet!
- You don't need to be in shape, or have fast reflexes, or any previous training at all — in fact, being buffed-out and having athletic reactions won't help you master this any faster at all! (Vladimir loves training women, first-time fighters, and people you might be tempted to call "weak" or "small".) In fact... this style is so fluid and natural that it easily adapts to your particular strengths and...



Vladimir Vasiliev was so "high up" in the Soviet Military that he taught his astonishing Russian Fighting System to SPETSNAZ agents... then led them on the most chilling missions imaginable!

Instantly Eliminates Your Weaknesses!

You learn it fast, it's easy to use, and yet even casual training in it will allow you to rub the noses of bigger, meaner, and more skilled black belt/streetfighing thugs into the dirt. It's so deceptively dangerous, people will think you're using magic to knock opponents out!

Sounds like a Hollywood bullshit movie, doesn't it. Well, it's not. I checked it out — by hiring two expensive "investigative reporters" to see if all this was the truth. Here's what they found:

First, Vladimir is the "real thing." He was a champion boxer and karate competitor in his home town of Tver (2 hours east of Moscow). When he reached the Army, his special talents as a fighter got him placed in officer training with SPETSNAZ. He spent 10 years with that elite operation, running multiple special missions... including eleven deep reconnaissance and POW recoveries behind enemy lines (this was during the brutal Afghanistan War — Russia's nightmare version of our Vietnam).

On top of seeing more bloody face-toface combat than any American soldier I've met, Vladimir was so skilled at these special hand-to-hand combat arts that he trained other SPETSNAZ operatives, KGB hit-men, Kremlin bodyguards, elite paratroopers and Russian big-city SWAT teams.

But it's WHAT he taught that's so interesting. This Russian fighting system

is like NOTHING you've ever seen or heard about before. There are very good reasons why the U.S. military spent mega-millions of dollars trying to steal this amazing system.

First, it's just hands-down the most devastating fighting system anyone's ever seen. (This is freely admitted by martial art experts in every discipline.) Second, it's simple to master, and not based on strength or conditioning — the equivalent of handing you a loaded revolver to face an unarmed attacker:

No contest!

Third, there's the amazing "short cut" learning process. Russian scientists discovered long ago how to quickly "download" even the most vicious training directly into your nervous system — so it's part of who you are, not just something you've memorized. That means, in a fight, while the other guy is thinking about his next move, you've already made yours... and ended the fight.

Fourth, this new system prepares you with physical, psychological and PSYCHIC training ... stuff our boys haven't even begun to understand. Vladimir trained with knives held to his back, fighting live prisoners using live ammo, suffering mind-game torture (like being stuffed in a small sewer pipe so tight he could barely breathe, and left there for long hours) ... and - coupled with the devastating hand-to-hand skills you're also about to learn - it was this training that got these soldiers so tough, so dangerous, and so skilled that they got through bloody fights victorious and safe.

What's more... it was GUARANTEED these elite Russian soldiers would never meet a better hand-to-hand fighter...

Anywhere On The Planet!

The amazing thing is, my researchers

discovered that civilians who learned (even casually) this system seemed to absorb all the attributes of the "super soldiers". Here are just a few stories we learned:

It's amazing, too, what happens when "ordinary" people train with Vladimir. Businessmen suddenly find themselves influencing people with their confidence and intuition... and... without a word said... suddenly no one wants to get in your way in the street. It's like "loading up" your body and your confidence with...

Mysterious <u>Power</u> That Others Can Sense In You!

What Vladimir does is teach your body to "think"... this training goes straight to your nervous system, and operates automatically whenever you're in danger!

Here are some details of what you're about to learn:

- Where to find the "handles" on your opponent so you can lead him into your elbows and knees and inflict more immediate damage than any karate kick or ju jitsu take-down known!
- How to deliver a "punch" (without ever forming a classic "fist") that will do more devastation than hitting your opponent with a hammer! (You'll look like a blur of motion, but in reality you're only making very simple, natural movements — easily learned — which you can use regardless of your fitness level or body type!)
- How to unleash the natural "whips" in your body to take out even attackers who have advanced, high-end athletic quick reactions! (They can be twice as fast as you and still not be able to defend themselves from the brainnumbing blows you deliver!)
- How to use your belly to deflect formal and street-level strikes — even if you've got a large gut! (You've never seen a fighting art that allows you to be so out

of shape, and still deadly!)

- Special <u>"one-strike" fight-enders</u> especially developed by the Russians to be used when you are exhausted, drained of energy, even wounded! (You only want to know this vicious stuff for when your life is in danger! The games are over...)
- New target areas you never knew existed that will instantly leave your attacker numb and useless! (A simple "tap"... and he's limp!)
- How to take out <u>multiple opponents</u> with the Russian version of the "bitch slap"
 an unbelievably deadly strike that "multiplies" itself... perfect for taking out 2 attackers at once!
- How to turn the fact you're shorter, smaller, fatter or weaker than your opponent into an advantage!
- The incredible Russian "Trinity Shot" a rapid-fire explosion of hands and feet that <u>no one</u> can defend against! (And yet it's simple to learn, completely adaptable to your body type and level of fitness!)
- How to use ingenious "test kicks" to find out how scared your opponent is! (He may look confident and tough, but you'll know the truth in seconds.)
- How to knock someone completely off balance... by spitting at them! (Yes, there's a trick to it, but you only need to see it once to understand how to use it effectively!)
- How to stay relaxed (literally, loose as a goose) during the most dangerous attacks... allowing any fear to simply dissipate into thin air! (Quickly, you'll learn how to never "feel" fear again!)
- The most devastating "finishing moves" you've ever seen — easy to learn, utterly final for ending a fight fast!
- <u>Everything</u> the Russians know about <u>body language</u> during a fight — secrets that will give you a 100% advantage

Here's What Happens When Real People Learn This Devastatingly Simple Fighting System...

- One young Canadian who Vladimir trained for a short time is so small, and so "fragile" looking (5'6"-, 140 pounds soaking wet) you might mistake him for a girl from across the street. Yet... he's now banned from competition fighting because he hurt all his opponents too seriously! (Black belts don't like to get their noses broken by a "boy" who doesn't seem to actually have any fighting skills they can identify!)
- Another Canadian guy named Mike Sapiz (5'9"-, maybe 160 pounds) ran afoul of 7 beefy bouncers in a European nightclub — the biggest one was a bodybuilder with 17 inch arms and a serious attitude problem... but the "fight" took about 8 seconds — Mike took the big jerk down and held him there, helpless, for the other bouncers to see, and they backed off, all their macho attitude suddenly gone. Mike's life had been threatened, and his training

with Vladimir literally forced him to react in the most brutally effective way.

- Another Canadian (James Pomerants) was vacationing in the Caribbean, minding his own business, when the guy at the next table pulled out a knife and waved it in a woman's face. No one else in the bar moved... but James took the knife away and "convinced" the wildman to calm down with a nerve-shattering move no one saw. His brief Russian System training just "leapt" out of him, automatically and savagely.
- A 32-year-old cop arrived at a scene just like the Rodney King incident — this crackcrazed thug wasn't fazed by pepper spray or nightsticks, and was terrorizing 3 armed policemen. He stepped in and put the maddog on the ground without hesitation... using a simple move he had only recently learned from Vladimir. (Needless to say,

those other cops are now among those hounding me for these new training videos.)

A Russian soldier (name withheld) had been parachuted behind enemy lines in Afghanistan, and hadn't seen food for days. He was exhausted, and struggling with a 130-pound pack of explosives - a stiff breeze would have taken him down. Afghani mountain warriors attacked with Khyber swords (long, curved blades as sharp as razors) ... no contest. The Afghani's are feared the world over for their viciousness and courage and delight in killing ... but this time they had picked the wrong "easy target". This soldier was trained in the Russian System, and even dead-tired, hampered by 130 pounds of metal and leather, starved and surprised... he disposed of the attacker in seconds.

over anyone who's never been told these critical facts! (Find out who's more scared, who's more skilled, who's going down first!)

- Totally unknown (in the U.S.) knee strikes that will give you an instant advantage over better-skilled fighters! (Especially in tight places, like a crowded bar or a narrow alley or between parked cars.)
- Filthy Russian "dirty tricks" that will turn cocky black belt fighters into unconscious lumps of meat at your feet! (You won't believe these "one-second discussion enders" until you see them for yourself!)
- And lots more!

I'm also throwing in an extra bonus video -- this extra footage really "pushes the line" -- it contains Russian military "dirty tricks" about fighting with improvised weapons.

This made sure that SPETSNAZ soldiers were never farther away than their belt, jacket, wallet or even a simple magazine from possessing an amazing weapon that can defeat and disarm even a skilled attacker holding a gun or knife on them.

In this special FREE bonus video you'll learn:

- How to make a instant set of "brass knuckles" with a magazine and four quarters! (Better than a brick or baseball bat for inflicting pain and damage against multiple attackers — includes specific "best targets" map for strikes.)...
- How to use your wallet to take out a knife-wielding attacker! (Perfect "dirty trick" for turning tables on a mugger.)...
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- How to use your jacket to take away a knife, to strangle multiple opponents (astonishing technique, easy to master!), and to literally tie-up a conscious attacker so he can't get free!...
- 11 ways to use your belt more effectively than a knife or bat! (Plus, the Russian Army "official" way to use a belt to truss up an opponent so he can't move, can't get away... and will go anywhere you want him to go! Perfect info for taking care of attackers after you've subdued them!)...
- How to make a "noose" out of almost anything... to make sure your opponent stays down after you've put him on the ground! (Answers the question, finally, of what to do until the cops arrive!)

Look... I could go on for another 20 pages... but if you aren't convinced by now, you never will be. I've done all I can to bring these amazing video tapes to you. It cost a small fortune to fly a professional crew up there, do the 3camera shoot (on top equipment), clear Customs with unlabeled bags, and get the master-copies made. I've already slashed the price to 50% of what everyone else will pay Plus, you get the most generous guarantee l've ever offered anyone at any time — you can order these tapes, watch them, train with them... for an entire 3 months... and, if you're not satisfied, for any reason, just send 'em back for a complete refund of your entire purchase price.

<u>Here's what you need to do now:</u> Call my office at <u>1-800-899-8153</u> (Dept. RC-93) and tell whoever answers you want the "Unedited Russian System" videos. The price is \$99 (that's half of what everyone expected to have to pay)... <u>AND</u>... you get the Bonus video on "Improvised Weapons"... and you can KEEP the bonus video no matter what you decide to do later.

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"Cops and bodyguards (like me) train with us here in Canada, and they use this system every day. The training is exactly at 'street level' intensity, a real fighting tool for real life. I have disarmed crazed men threatening women with knives in the Caribbean, taken out 3 robbers with one move in Europe, and more. I KNOW this works in the real world." - James Pomerants, 37, professional bodyguard

"Even as a black belt in Kung Fu, I was still scared of confrontations or of getting into a fight. That all changed with V ladimir's teachings — I'm now totally confident, and I know that whatever happens, I will survive. I can handle any kind of confrontation now." -- Elad Saji, black belt instructor in Kung Fu, Toronto

"This Russian fighting system is the best I've found — completely different from anything else you've ever seen. There are no special movements, like in karate all moves are natural and instinctive, so it's easy to learn." — Igor Davidov, professional boxer, trained with Canadian Olympic Boxing Team

"The best system to handle multiple attackers you could ever study. I've studied Ju-Jitsu, Tae-Kwon-Do, Phillipino martial arts, you name it... and I plan to stick with what Vladimir taught me! This is the ultimate confidence booster." — Dr. Brett Jacques, 43, Portland, Oregon (Professional Sambo fighter, former Army Ranger)

"Vladimir only teaches you what he knows will work in real-life situations. I've got 20 years of blackbelt fighting experience and I've never seen anybody do what he does — this system is several steps higher than any other martial art!" — Den Brinkley, 50, Salt Lake City, Vietnam veteran

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the rear sight obstructs less. The small aperture is more accurate in precision shooting and for longer ranges. The larger aperture requires some work to be accurate at mid to longer ranges. Most fights take place at short range and with moving threat targets. The best way to use this type of sight is a proper butt placement to the shoulder and cheek weld, look at the sights superimposed over the threat and hit them. Only hits count.

Tipped Sights

If the light is bad (and it may be) and the range is short (and it may be), say, 25 yards or so, this technique works with practice. Tip the

rear sight so that it is half way between the large and small aperture settings. Using the outside edges of the carrying handle that protect/adjust the rear sight, look through the handle at the front sight. Keep the butt to the shoulder and get a correct cheek weld to make sure you have proper alignment of the rifle. The outside edges of the rear sight protector serve as the rear sight and the whole front sight assembly serves as the front sight. In altered light it is not unusual to not be able to see the front sight post, but still be able to see the front sight assembly. This works on gross moving targets at shorter ranges. It is not for precision shooting. In actual fact you are simply looking over the rear sight at the front sight assembly. You maintain a proper cheek weld to minimize tipping the front sight so high that projectiles go over the top of the threat. Perfect? No. It is, however, functional with practice and applied in the correct place it works. You can apply the same technique without tipping the rear sight after you program yourself to look just above the rear sight while finding/focusing on the front sight assembly.

Tape Or Paint?

Using the above technique the rear face of the front sight assem-



Harries, or Crossed, technique with an AK.

bly can be highlighted with paint or white medical tape to help you get a better visual on the front sight assembly. This paint/tape adds a great deal to the effectiveness of this technique. I try to use the top 1/2 to 3/4 of an inch of the white front sight. Before the tape/paint concept in one particular application in Vietnam there were several of those people (NVA) moving laterally from left to right across our front at about 15 to 25 yards. There was a bunch of rifle fire applied, both aimed and unaimed without much success. In a daylight review it appears that we "killed" many trees at the 6- to 10-foot height range from ground level. This wasn't really bad except we weren't trying to hit the trees and the "little"

people were below the line of fire. Yeah, I know, hand grenades and claymores ... learn as you go. We added the tape first and then the paint as it stuck better in the unfriendly climate.

Weapon-Mounted Lighting

If it has batteries or a bulb, plan on it not working when you need it. If you need a flashlight, you had better have *two*.

Because of job requirements or your occupation you may have to light the threat up to confirm weapons and correct suspects. Private sector people need to confirm weapons, be in fear of their life (and able to convince the grand jury that they were in fact in fear of their life) and be ready to hire a lawyer.

With that said, we can go on.

The best AR mounted light I have seen is the Laser Products Model 500. I have seen the light bulbs fail in these systems. Then again the light bulb in your house doesn't last forever. The issue is not if they don't work, but what you do if they don't work. Tools in the toolbox, remember. Train to the fact the rifle may work but the

Continued on page 100



A Father's Advice

If a sportsman true you'd be Listen carefully to me...

Never, never let your gun Pointed be at anyone. That it may unloaded be Matters not the least to me.

When a hedge or fence you cross Though of time it cause a loss From your gun the cartridge take For the greater safety's sake.

If twixt you and neighboring gun Bird shall fly or beast may run Let this maxim ere be thine "Follow not across the line."

Stops and beaters oft unseen Lurk behind some leafy screen. Calm and steady always be "Never shoot where you can't see."

You may kill or you may miss But at all times think of this: "All the pheasants ever bred Won't repay for one man dead."

Written by Mark Beaufoy of Coombe House, Shaftsbury, Dorset, England, in 1902, on presenting his eldest son, Henry Mark, with his first gun. Reproduction here by permission of the author's granddaughter, Mrs. P.M. Guild.



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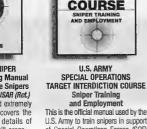
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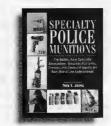
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Greetings And Thanks

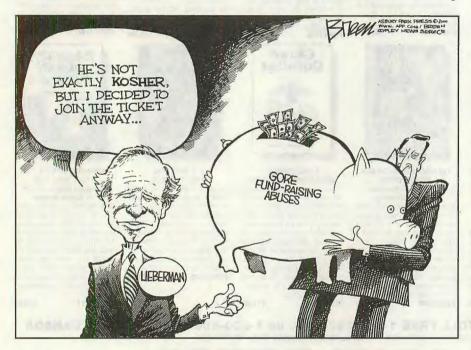
Tomislavgrad 1 Aug 00

Dear Sir:

By the end of 1991, the Serb-dominated Jugoslav National Army had disarmed the Territorial Defense forces in the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina, just as it had previously done in Croatia. Over one-third of Croatia lay under the Serbian yoke and the partitioning of Bosnia and it's forced union with Serbia seemed imminent. tion to the soldiers of the King Tomislav Brigade that they were not forgotten in their fight for biological survival. Their presence was more of a morale boost than any UN resolution to date.

It is apparent that Col. Robert K. Brown understands the simple fact that tyranny can only be stopped by the use of force. It took the international community countless broken cease fires, ineffective economic sanctions, unenforceable arms embargoes and two hundred thousand dead in Bosnia alone to realize this fact.

From all the members of the King



Unlike the West's indecisive diplomats, the SOF leadership at the onset of the conflict clearly knew who the aggressor was. The historical significance of the decision to send SOF teams and personnel to Bosnia between 1992 and 1995 cannot be underestimated. Their arrival pre-dated their country's, and State Departmentbacked Military Stabilization Program, whose mission is to train and equip the Federation Army of Bosnia and Herzegovina by four years.

The SOF training teams and those who fought alongside the Croatian minority in Bosnia, brought with them not only decades of military expertise, field manuals, medical supplies and other badly needed kit. In those dark days of 1992 when liberation was still three years away the arrival, of these Americans was confirmaTomislav and First Guards Brigades of the First Croatian Corps, we wish the Colonel, his SOF staff and all those present a memorable anniversary and to their families and friends a long and happy journey through life. Keep up your fight for the right, the light and the historical truth.

Lieut. Gen. Zeljko Glasnovic Brig. Gen. Drazan Milic

Grey Uniforms No Longer Issued

Believe it or not, I was denied entry into the United States Marine Corps because I have a Confederate flag tattooed on my arm. I have tried to join all the other branches of the Armed Forces, but was also denied for the same reason. I am a 26-year-old white male, I scored 70 on the ASVAB, and did very well on the entry level physical fitness tests (ran 1.5 miles in 9.50, 12 pullups, 50 situps in 2 minutes).

Is there any other army in the world, besides the French Foreign Legion, that will take a young man from another country?

Leslie J. Nash

By "any other Army" we assume you don't mean the Confederacy. It would appear the department of political corrections has been at work, deciding the Stars and Bars represents something bad for morale or who-knows-what. Such ignorance, or kow-towing to such ignorance, is really pitiful, but it's a reality, so live with it. You might want to consider laser surgery to have the tattoo removed, and taking up your First Amendment rights and expressing your affection for Dixie when you get out of the service. Or, you might want to consider service with the Legion. I doubt if they would find any tattoo offensive, but you do have to speak French.

Not Keeping Tabs



I just wanted to thank you, and Jug Burkett (author of *Stolen Valor*). I had to run out and buy the book, after reading your article ("Hunting Phony Vets," November '98) and it really caused me to question some people a

little more. You may find it amusing (or disgusting as I do), but a certain overweight braggart in my unit (National Guard) has been wearing the SF tab, Pathfinder Badge, Master Jump Wings ... and is now headed for a reduction board, and discharge. He still maintains his innocence among his circle of friends, using the "Top Secret" schooling story as the cover for why he has no records - but he has removed all trace of the offending patches from his uniform. What kind of Green Beret would remove his tab just because he was challenged? What kind of NCO would lie to his troops (i.e., trained with French Foreign Legion, served in an SF Group in Germany, but interdicted drug smugglers in Bolivia ...)? Thank you again for a great mag, and for making people open their eyes.

Guard Specialist

The Ultra CDP 45 ACP has a three-linch barrel and weighs 25 cunces.

Never, ever compromise.

With that in mind, Kimber announces the CDP Series.

Never compromise on the quality of your carry pistol. The new CDP (Custom Defense Package) .45 ACP pistols from the Kimber Custom Shop combine custom features with the three most popular carry models at a savings of over \$500! Each CDP features a beveling treatment that rounds corners, Tritium

The Compact CDP A5 ACP has a four-inch barrel and short grip. I it weighs 28 ounces.

three dot night sights, stainless steel slide and small parts, checkered front strap, ambidextrous safety, Premium Aluminum match grade trigger, hand-checkered double diamond rosewood grips and special Custom Shop markings. Each pistol has a lightweight frame machined from solid bar stock of 7075-T7 aluminum, the hardest and strongest available. These frames have been tested to 20,000 rounds without measurable evidence of wear. Also standard are Kimber features like match grade barrel and chamber, beveled magazine well and high ride beavertail grip safety.

Kimber pistols are made in America in our state-of-the-art factory. Every one of them has tolerances as much as three times tighter than the other brands. See the CDP Series pistols at your nearest Kimber Master Dealer, because there is just no reason to compromise.

The Pro CDP .45 ACP has a four-inch barrel and standard length grip. Weight is still just 28 ounces.



For complete information on Kimber pistols and rifles please send \$2 to Kimber, Dept. 458, One Lawton Street, Yonkers, NY, 10705, call (800) 880-2418 or visit www.kimberamerica.com

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Bountiful Hunting

I have been a fan of your magazine for a long time, and would like to see more on my chosen profession. We are looked down upon by the public as some sort of menace to society, but that is far from the truth. I'll be the first to admit that there are those out there that deserve the reputation that has plagued us all, but I have been in this line of work for more than five years, have been run over, shot at, cut and cursed, but I have never treated anyone badly, stuck them in a trunk or used excessive force of any kind.

Most people I have arrested will tell you that I treated them in such a manner that they almost didn't believe I am a bounty hunter. I would just like to get the word out we're not all "cowboys" looking to kick doors and asses. Of course if needed I have and will kick doors and fight — I just choose the better method by first letting them know they're caught and give them a chance to do the right thing and come peaceably.

Bill

Only one bad apple among a legion of good men can create a stench that sticks to them all, which is why outfits such as the National Association of Bountyhunters that seek to upgrade the professionalism of their members are worthwhile. Incidentally, the NAB is joining forces with SOF's 25th in a combined convention in Las Vegas 11-15 October this year. You should be there!

Well, You Asked



With respect to the Elian Gonzales case, let's try a little "thought experiment." Let's say that the fed had not snatched Elian and instead waited until after the legal system (whatever that means, in this case) had worked it all out. Do you

think that the surrogates, and their supporters, would have surrendered him peaceably?

And let's try it the opposite way. Let's say that the fed had had custody from the get-go (or even, as they did, from the snatch) and the decision came down to release him to the surrogates. Do you think there would have been a problem with that?

I think the fed's primary concern, re the snatch, was public safety. Don't you?

Charles K. Hockett

Our best guess to your questions, in sequence:

• surrogates, yes; supporters didn't have him to give up

• problem, yes; non-compliance, no

• not in the least; at no time did Elian pose a threat to "public safety" — only to the prestige of the emperor

Take All Your ComplicatedOriental Martial Arts SystemsAnd Throw Them Out The Window...They're All Hopelessly Obsolete!

Amazing "New" (Re-Discovered) Fighting System Used By The Gladiators In Ancient Rome Is *Super-Easy* To Learn And MEGA-Easy To Use — <u>And It Kicks Butt</u> On Every Other Martial Art Ever Created. <u>It Even Beats Bruce Lee's Jeet Kune Do</u>!

by CHRIS CLUGSTON

Professional Fighting Champion, Black Belt in 5 Martial Arts, and Bouncer

It's true! There's a fighting system you've probably *never heard about before* that actually **BEATS** *all* the "Oriental" martial arts ever developed—<u>hands down</u>!

It even beats **Bruce Lee's** awesome and wellrespected "Jeet Kune Do"!!!

What is it? It's the "lost" (but recently rediscovered) fighting style that was used by the gladiators of ancient Rome back in the time of Julius Caesar! These guys fought to the death every day of their lives — so they had to have a fighting method that would really work under actual "mortal combat" circumstances. And the system they developed is unlike anything you've ever seen or trained in before. And get this: It's known as "Comhrac Bás" — a Gaelic term that means...

"Death Fighting"!

You won't believe your eyes when you see what you can do with "Comhrac Bás" fighting techniques. You can take everything you've ever learned in the martial arts and throw it out the window. Comhrac Bás makes everything else *OBSOLETE*!

I'M SERIOUS! And I'm not "blowing smoke" here! Finally... there's a fighting system that actually *DOES* what all the other systems "claim" they'll do for you: Make you *invincible* and *unbeatable*... and one of the most feared fighters on the planet!

How Do I Know?

It's very simple. My name is **Chris Clugston** and I'm a professional fighter, bouncer, and trainer. I've been a student of the martial arts all my life. In fact, by the time I was 20, I had already earned *five* black belts in *five* different martial arts.

I've won more national and state-wide fighting championships than I can remember. But more important, as a full-time bouncer at a rough-and-tumble "country" night club in Oklahoma, I get in at least <u>three nasty</u> fights every weekend. So it's *crucial to my survival* that I know how to fight and **WIN** whenever I'm faced with a hostile situation!

Starting many years ago, I was <u>so obsessed</u> with finding the absolute *best* martial art style for real-life fighting, that I went to the trouble of learning 7 languages and traveling the world in search of the "Holy Grail" of fighting styles. I even lived with a hyper-secretive "society" of fringe-dwelling super-fighters (probably the most feared group of "unknowns" in the modern world — *no one* gets in without a personal invitation)... and after a life-long search for the world's greatest fighting system, *I've finally found it!*

And compared to the Oriental martial arts, this one is...

The Easiest and Most Effective Fighting Method <u>Ever</u>!

If you've been training in the "Oriental" martial arts for any length of time, you already know what their "root problem" is: They're very complicated and take years of painful effort and dedication to master. And even then, they require your attacker to also use an Oriental martial art (preferably the same one you're familiar with) so you can use the moves you've been practicing!

Well, in the real world, it just doesn't happen that way! As most Oriental martial arts "experts" will tell you (*IF* they've ever *been* in a real life-threatening fight—most have not), they simply never got the chance to <u>use</u> all those fancy moves they spent so much time learning and perfecting in the dojo.

That's pathetic! In fact, it's not uncommon for these martial arts "masters" to get the snot beat out of them by some crackhead who's trying to rob them for \$10! The painful lesson that we all have to admit is simply this: The Oriental martial arts (yes, even Bruce Lee's "Jeet Kune Do") typically <u>DO NOT WORK</u> for the average guy in real life!

What DOES Work?

Fortunately, after my life-long quest, I discovered the fighting system used by the revered gladiators of ancient Rome — "Comhrac Bás." It's a "lost" art that hasn't been seen or used for <u>thousands</u> of years.

I was simply *astonished* when I realized what I had discovered. Immediately, my training partners and I "put to use" the moves and techniques that we discovered. We were blown away by how *powerful* and how *simple* they were!

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And I guarantee it — you'll be blown away too when you watch my new video! I describe *in detail* how to perform each and every move (and the principles behind them) that the gladiators used *every day* in the life-and-death struggles they engaged in for Caesar's entertainment!

Takes 3 DAYS To Learn It, NOT 3 <u>Years</u>!

What makes Comhrac Bás so unique? It's simple: It's based on REALITY, not fantasy! It uses only what really works in real fights and it stops there! It doesn't even pretend to get fancy or sophisticated!

As a result, it doesn't lend itself to having "schools" or "degrees" or "belts" or any of that other stuff that drives the martial arts industry. It can be learned in **3** *DAYS*, not 3 years. So obviously, no one is going to get rich teaching it like they do with the Oriental martial arts where you end up paying *thousands* of dollars to some "master" and you have to be his "student" for life!

I know I'm stepping on a lot of toes here by saying all this, but I don't care! I'm only concerned with teaching people what *really works* in real life. Nothing else! And I predict that "Comhrac Bás" will soon take the martial arts world by storm. In fact, be prepared to have all your pre-conceptions (and <u>mis</u>-conceptions) about fighting *surgically removed* when you watch my new 2-part training video on this amazing system. Comhrac Bás is *so unique* that not even the Oriental martial arts masters have a *clue* as to how it works or how to defend against it!

It's a "cut-the-crap," down-and-dirty fighting method designed to *defeat your opponent* in the easiest way possible—even under the *worst* conditions imaginable, such as when you're attacked by surprise by *multiple opponents*!

Learn How To DEFEAT "Multiple" Attackers!

If you know anything about the way most street scum operate these days, they almost *never* attack you one-on-one. It's *always* 2-on-1 or 3-on-1. Basically they're cowards, and they don't like to take chances. They know it's best to keep the odds in *their* favor as they beat the crap out of you!

Logically, if *you* don't know how to defend yourself against a surprise "multiple" attack or if you've been practicing those complicated moves that require your opponent to *cooperate* with you... and give you *slow motion* punches or just *stand* there <u>as dumb as dirt</u> while you go through your intricate maneuvers—well, I'm sorry to say it, but you're in **BIG TROUBLE** if you ever get attacked *for real* by two or more thugs who are *hell-bent* on doing you serious bodily harm and taking everything you've got... including, perhaps, your life!

Listen: **Comhrac Bás** is designed for exactly this kind of "worst case" scenario—because that's what the gladiators faced every day! It's not for "sport." It's not for show. It's for **survival** and **victory... plain** and simple.

In fact, if you're *not serious* about learning what it takes to *really survive and WIN* a hostile street attack, then don't bother reading any further. Comhrac Bás is not for you!

But if you want more than just "sport" or "art" from your fighting system, then I strongly urge you to get my new video tapes right away and *immerse* yourself in Comhrac Bás. It's going to change your life!

Forget Everything You *Thought* You Knew About Fighting!

Comhrac Bás is truly "revolutionary." You'll see what I mean the moment you pop the first tape into your VCR.

No longer will you be wasting your time with those Oriental martial arts that have you endlessly kicking the air, throwing slow-motion punches at your opponent, wearing silly pajamas—and wondering deep down if that stuff would really work in real life.

I have news for you. No, it *won't* work in real life. And yes, you ARE wasting your time!

But Comhrac Bás will put an end to all that nonsense. And once you learn how to use it (again, it takes just **3 days** to learn), YOU will put an end to *any* fight or hostile confrontation you ever encounter for the rest of your life—

bar none!

You Can Trust Your Life To It!

If you're tired of wasting your time (and pissed off that all the stuff you've worked so hard to learn won't matter a fat rat's ass in a real fight), get your hands on my Comhrac Bás tapes today.

Here's What You Get

TWO professionally-recorded, high-quality tapes that total nearly <u>3 hours</u> of instruction time. The first tape gives you all the basics and transforms your mindset so you can switch from the Oriental fighting style to the Roman gladiator style.

The second tape takes you to a hyperadvanced level of skills and effectiveness unlike

"It's a 'cut-the-crap,' down-anddirty fighting method designed to defeat your opponents in the easiest way possible!"

anything you've ever seen. You'll be able to defeat guys who are twice your size and strung out on PCP. It won't matter—once you know how to use Comhrac Bás.

Comhrac Bás Works. You Can Trust Your Life To It.

As a professional fighter and full-time bouncer, I wouldn't be here today if Comhrac Bás didn't work. And I wouldn't <u>use</u> it if it didn't work. I mean it! My life depends on it!

But to show you how *confident* I am that Comhrac Bás will change your life and the way you look at the martial arts, I'll give you an *unconditional* 100% Money-Back Guarantee when you purchase my new video tape set. If you don't like it, you don't pay!

Plus, I'm also going to give you—as a *Soldier* of *Fortune* reader—a special discount that will **never** be repeated again!

Normally, my Comhrac Bás tapes sell for \$99 for the 2-tape set (a fraction of what you'd pay for 3 hours of training with me). But now—for a limited time only—as a *Soldier of Fortune*

Clip and mail this form TODAY and SAVE \$30!

RUSH <u>DISCOUNT</u> ORDER FORM for *SOLDIER OF FORTUNE* readers ONLY! For Fastest Service,

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LIYES, Chris! I want to learn the devastating, super-simple fighting system used by the ancient Roman Gladiators for unarmed mortal combat! Please send me your mind-blowing 2-tape set on "Comhrac Bás" and let me in on this "lost" art that blows away all the complicated Oriental martial arts systems! But if I don't feel "Comhrac Bás" is everything you say it is and more, I have a full 90 days to return the tapes and get a complete, <u>no-hassle refund</u> of every penny I paid. On that **RISK-FREE** basis, how can I resist? Here is my order and how I want to pay:

□ Send me the "Comhrac Bás" videos— <i>normally</i> \$99; MY PRICE: JUST \$69! <u>I Save \$30</u> ! □ Enclosed is my check or money order <i>(Make payable to OTS)</i> in the amount of \$69 + \$5 s&h (<u>Total: \$74*</u>). □ I prefer to pay with my credit card. Please charge my: □ VISA □ MC □ AmEx □ Discover for \$74.00.			
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reader, you can order your very own set to watch in the privacy of your home...

For Only \$69! YOU SAVE \$30!!!

This is an *incredible* savings designed to help overcome your skepticism. I want you to place your order for my Comhrac Bás tapes RIGHT NOW and start seeing what the martial arts world has been missing for the past 2,000 years—then decide for yourself!

Order Now!

It's easy to order. All you have to do is pick up the phone and call this **TOLL-FREE** number at any time of the day or night:

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Ask for Dept. CB-57. Have your credit card handy. Call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week!

Or, if you prefer, simply fill out the Priority Rush Order Form at left and mail it with your check, money order, or credit card info. Remember: You're covered by my **90-Day Money-Back Guarantee.** You have nothing to lose, and a lot to gain by watching these tapes and trying Comhrac Bás.

Then get ready to KICK... SOME... ASS!

Listen To What These Experts Say About "Comhrac Bás"

"Comhrac Bás is more devastating than anything I've ever learned in 10 years of intense military action (Falklands War, terrorists in Northern Ireland, SWAT training, etc.). It's so easy and simple, anyone can master it quickly. It's the real thing!"

Dave Smith, Tactical Firearms Instructor, former Corporal in Royal British Army

"As a private investigator who has to serve summons on very angry people late at night, Comhrac Bás gives me a definite advantage in real situations. It's practical, easy to learn, and it works. I've used it to defeat violent criminals and to defuse dangerous situations. This is something you can rely on with confidence."

Roy Allen, Private Investigator • Oklahoma "I went to see some good friends who work as undercover agents for the DEA and the Fugitive Task Force. They asked me to share your Comhrac Bás training with them, and they were amazed at its simplicity and effectiveness. I usually don't trust anyone, but you earned my trust. Thank you!"

Bruce Dudas • Ohio

"I've been in martial arts for 28 years. I must confess I was quite apprehensive about ordering your tapes. I suspected they would just be someone selling yet another martial arts system. Well, I was wrong! Never did I expect something so simple and practical that could be learned from video tapes without years of training in complicated moves! Chris Clugston is exactly what he claims, and he goes beyond Bruce Lee in perfecting a fighting style needed in today's society."

Donald Autry • New Jersey

"There is no way to defend against these moves! They're simple, yet devastating beyond belief. I've only been practicing Comhrac Bás a short time, but I've already used it successfully in the field. *It works*?"

Greg Brittan • Texas

"This is exactly what I've been looking for—a practical system that would work in the street. I now have more confidence in my ability to handle a confrontation than I got from 6 years of formal martial arts training. ...it's so simple and allows you to control any situation."

M. John Andrews • Utah

"You are <u>real</u>. Everyone else is living in a fantasy world! My fear is *gone!* You've destroyed it. I've spent thousands of dollars learning various martial arts, but your training replaces and blows away years of idiotic "trial and error" training. I can't thank you enough for what you've done for me."

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Yugo Togs

I have 5,000 Yugoslavian soldier's uniforms in plastic bags. Brand new, never worn, with the ranking insignia etc. on them. They're gray camouflage and winter weight. Looking for a buyer for the whole lot.

Mike Mneimneh m.mneimneh@cais.com

Don't know how much market there would be for those! Why not try and see if some Hollywood costumer could use them for a future movie. Or, if you have a bill of sale for them, you might find a market in Belgrade ... Or (see "Bulletin Board" this issue) you might be able to sell them to the Air Force as "captured war souvenirs."

More Blatant Dem Bashing

I am sure everyone agrees that the Democratic National Committee has taken the high moral ground since they refused money from big tobacco, but isn't Presidential candidate Algore a third-generation tobacco farmer?

They also refused to take money from gun manufacturers or the NRA but if 1996 is any indicator, they will take money from the Red Chinese Army!

They won't take money from guns or tobacco, both legal products, but they will take money from a communist regime that murders its prisoners to sell their organs to the highest bidder!

From Rosie to Dianne Feinstein, from Algore to our "hapless boy president," hypocrisy thy name is Democrat!

Michael A. Pacer Glendora, California

Local Satisfaction

I just wanted to tell everyone involved with SOF and its related works, job well done! As an enlisted military man, an auxiliary sheriff's deputy, a true and proud American, and an avid SOF reader, I always anticipate the next issue and believe that the people responsible for all aspects of its publication deserve the greatest respect and applause for their efforts.

Derick Hicks

International Satisfaction

I just wanted to share with you my complete satisfaction with the international exposure our Israel Shooting Tour has obtained as a result of our advertising in your magazine. I understood *Soldier of Fortune* magazine had a considerable following worldwide, but I continue to be simply "blown-away" by the ever-growing list



STEINER MILITARY/MARINE

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They've stood up to some of the toughest conditions in the world. That's what makes these rugged, lightweight Steiner binoculars the free world's leading military binoculars. So whatever action you have in mind—whatever environment you challenge— Steiner stands ready with optics that deliver sharp, crisp images with German precision.

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RMAN

Y





of countries from which I receive requests from your readers for my tour brochure.

I received many requests for information from within the United States, and by e-mail and facsimile I also heard from your readers in countries as diverse as Albania, Argentina, Australia, Bahrain, Brazil, Canada, England, France, Germany, Guatemala, Hong Kong, Malta, Netherlands, Portugal, Qatar, Russia, and Singapore. This list, which is partial, continues to expand. Even though my last advertisement was in the September '99 issue, I still hear from your readers. For example, my most recent request for a brochure came just last week, by facsimile, from a fellow in Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, East Africa.

As far as reaching the international audience to whom I wanted to introduce my Israeli Tours, *SOF* more than surpassed my expectations. I would highly recommend it to anyone needing to reach an international readership in shooting, arms, ammunition and related gear.

Howard (Hanan) Linett, Israel Action Shooting Tours

90 Degrees Off

A quick question from Switzerland: What's the thinking behind holding a handgun in a 90-degree angle (ejection port down) while shooting (as seen here in Europe on countless U.S. TV shows lately).

Thomas Raymann Switzerland

The thinking is, at least among some directors, that it looks cool. A few years ago, every ignoramus on the screen was holding the gun in a "cup and saucer" grip. Unless you have a broken ejector or some grotesque orthopedic condition, this writer sees no practical use to holding a pistol with the ejection port down. Fire a few strings yourself and see what you think. It has been offered that since most errors in alignment are up and down as opposed side to side, such a weird grip helps get the elevation right. This writer does not think that is the case. A Libertarian when it comes to shooting technique, this writer thinks you should do whatever works for you. But I don't think holding the pistol 90-degrees off - which automatically precludes effective use of the sights --- is more than a celluloid affectation, and an invitation to Carpal Tunnel Syndrome.

Biff! Wham! Pow!

I would like to take this time to address my ongoing displeasure with your magazine, for which I have a subscription ... The main point I would like to make is that your magazine has become a tool of the NRA and the Republican Party rather than an informative magazine that is open to all people. I don't remember your magazine in the 1980s constantly referring to the NRA, the GOP and a bunch of other right-wing crap. I consider myself a conservative person but your magazine is now some political propaganda machine that is turning off everyone ... I never remember your mission statement being about politics.

How about a little positive attitude in your magazine, too. In your most recent [issue] every article was a bunch of pessimistic bitching. Your writers seem like a bunch of whiny old dinosaurs who are sitting around complaining about the good old days and poor little them. It seems you want some bleeding hearts to care about you.

Some tough guys you are. Your magazine used to be positive and make you proud of your country, your military, and your veterans. Now you got people like Mr. Hackworth who consistently complain about everything ...

I was also wondering why it is necessary for your boss, Mr. Brown, to have his picture plastered on everything in your magazine. Sounds like you got a real prima donna, self-promoting king in charge. Maybe when it isn't the 25th anniversary next year we can stop seeing his portrait. Thank you for your time and I look forward to a response.

Scott Hinz Monona, Wisconsin

Thanks for your candor. Our mission statement has always been to do whatever we can to defy the enemies of liberty. The lynch-pin right in this country that defends our liberties is the Second Amendment: The primary force that defends this right today is the NRA. And if you think we've gotten too "Republican," be advised that our publisher and owner Bob Brown is a registered Democrat. Bring back Harry Truman and we'll put him on the cover. In the meantime, we'd be remiss in our job if we didn't deal with the abuses of government, which, like it or not, have been mostly "democratic" in the last decade. As for using our company icon as an icon, well, that's too bad. We'd like him to be better-looking, too: But we don't throw away dollar bills just because Washington's teeth didn't fit.

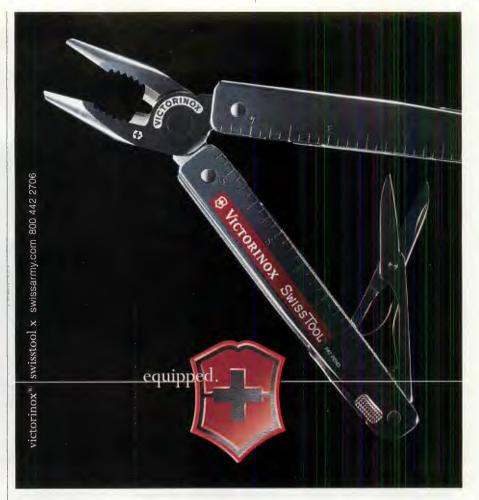
Argentina Calling



My colonel, your magazine is the best in the world. I am an ex-soldier, hunter and shooter from Argentina. Here we are fighting for the right to keep and bear arms too. We are millions of shooters, but we are not so unit-

ed as you are. Congratulations to P. Kokalis, 10 points to his article on Vector rifles. Please publish my name and e-mail dos patria omuerte special forces lema.

Pablo Pozzi fpozzi@sf.cordoba.ar 🕱





- ADVENTURE-QUARTERMASTER=



Duane Dieter CQD SpecOps Tactical Folder

The "beauty of functional design" acknowledges the fact that a maturely engineered design which functions well, invariably will also look good. Of course, this applies only to what man has wrought, not any particular body part, and we should acknowledge that in manufactured objects the inverse is not necessarily true. For instance, there are many knives on the market — as designed for Hollywood or the inexperienced user — that *look* gorgeous or effective, but whose "design" features only hamper practical use. As in, complications added for an esthetic, with no useful purpose, which get in the way of the functional features.

Having pontificated on that point, let's sort out the difference between simple and simple-minded. A device comprising a "complex" assemblage of simple components or features, if adroitly engineered by a savvy man who knows from experience what is important, can remain simple to use. If cleverly combined, the various features and the overall demeanor of the implement can be kept facile. Simple (not simplistic) is best, because when the adrenaline flows only the simple features will be used. When the heat is on, bells and whistles sometimes just get in the way.

The difference between cumbersome bells and whistles and useful options usually lies in the talent — and experience — of the designer.

Which brings us to one of the most well-conceived multi-featured duty knives we have yet seen, the Duane Dieter Close Quarters Defense SpecOps Tactical Folder. Truly a masterwork of design, the Dieter QCD is essentially a basic folder, *but with nuances of engineering that make every familiar feature perform to the max, while never getting in the way of another function*. Every feature and the manner in which it has been wrought is useful: Some features are seen on no other knife, and on no other knife we have seen are any of the individual features better executed. The overall result is called by its maker "the most advanced tactical folder of all time." It may well be. For certain, it will become a benchmark in duty cutlery engineering.

The numerous features, and the way they work in concert with

the other features, are too numerous to detail in a short review (we suggest you write for their brochure on this knife: They are justifiably proud of this new implement, and not bashful about extolling its virtues).

Genuinely ambidextrous and readily moveable, the sturdy spring clip that secures the knife to LBE or wherever the mission requires can be mounted on either side of the grips. The grips themselves are shaped with a prominent swell forward, which serves as an effective hilt, and a unique feature which illustrates how well thought-out this tool is, are the side hilts forward on either grip that come into play when the blade is used in a horizontal attitude, as it is on many tactical moves. If anyone has ever addressed this before, we missed it!

The ergonomics of grip are further enhanced with two "Wing Walk" sharply textured inserts on each side of the grip, and precisely cut-through diagonal grooves in the middle of those CNC-milled aluminum grips. These cutouts serve also to expedite cleaning, especially if you happen to be working in the surf or on the bottom where sand drifts into everything. Of further interest to those working under water or in the air is the lanyard hole in the butt, and the "support blade" built into a notch just forward of the extended pommel, which serves to cut shroud lines, seat belts, commo wire, fabric, etc. The broad grip has faux finger grooves on the underside, so the operator's tactile senses let him know the attitude of the blade in his hand, important in low-visibility or when an operator doesn't take his eyes off the target/workpiece.

The polymer-coated blade jumps from the grip with a forward nudge to the ambidextrous thumbstud and a flick of the wrist, locking securely (there is also a secondary safety lock), and is readily retracted by pushing a button. Automatic versions are available for appropriate professionals.

The broadening, spear-point bade is almost cuneiform, wide at the base in relation to its length for strength all the way forward. The rear spine is grooved as an aid to retracting the knife from the workpiece. The blade is available double-edged to law-enforcement professionals, or false-edged. The face of the blade may be had plain or serrated to suit your duties. It comes out of the box *very* sharp, with blade and grip polymer coated to obviate reflected light. Blade ten-

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sion is precisely adjustable.

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Photon Micro-Light

TOL

Some long-in-tooth editors remember when a portable light that didn't use kerosene was high tech. Even though we have gotten accustomed to technology surging forward, every now and then we come across something you just have to see to believe. Such is the Photon Micro-Light, manufactured by L.R.I. and distributed by Essential Gear, Inc. Believe it or not, this pocket light is the size of a two-bit piece and can be seen for a mile on a clear, dark night. It is not a poacher's light, but it will serve admirably to light any dark path or show you the way out of dark spots. Of equal importance is that because of its incredibly small size, you will have it with you. It comes on a key ring, and has a squeeze switch and a handy on-off switch.

It comes in color beams of yellow, orange, red, infrared, green, white, blue and turquoise. Batteries have a shelf life of 10 years. It will shine from 12 hours to 5 days, depending on color (yellow, orange, red are best) and type of usage.

We tested it thoroughly and give it three thumbs up (our guitar teacher always said we had three thumbs). Micro-small, light, rugged, effective, dependable, trouble free: how good does it get? Less than \$20 from Essential Gear, Inc., Dept SOF, 22 Cleveland St., Greenfield, MA 01301; phone: 800-582-3861; fax: 413-772-8947. Check out their web site at www.essentialgear.com.





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RLD SITRE

UNITED STATES

Genocidal To The Core: Responding to question by Leslie Stahl on 60 Minutes if she thought deaths of 500,000 Iraqi children was price worth paying for UN sanctions, Madeleine Albright says " ... yes, we think the price is worth it." • Clinton's Friends: The Washington Times reports, "Hackers suspected of working for a Chinese government institute in Beijing broke into a computer system at Los Alamos National Laboratory and pilfered large amounts of sensitive information, including documents containing the word 'nuclear" ... • Not So Stealthy: Some reports are in that the F-117's shoot-down over Belgrade might have been due to aircraft's flying trademark NATO "common way-point" (flight path to target) and to Serb "observers" reporting take-off times from bases in Italy. Or, maybe it just can't fly through clouds of shrapnel. • Rapist In The White House: According to new book, Sellout: The Inside Story Of President Clinton's Impeachment, by David Schippers, appointed by Judiciary Chairman Hyde to head the inquiry, our pres admitted to Juanita Broaddrick's husband in the mid-'80s that he raped Mrs. Broaddrick. • Osprey, Away! USAF's new CV-22 tiltrotor "Osprey" aircraft unveiled at Bell's Arlington, Texas, plant. Cause of USMC crash months ago is blamed on pilot error.

ZIMBABWE

New Lows For Squatters: 17 schoolchildren, ages 12 - 14, are kidnapped from white-owned ranch and held for several hours with girl captives being sexually harassed. The Commercial Farmers' Union (CFU) claims that police were deaf to local residents' pleas for help. Things continue to worsen.

MOROCCO

When It Rains, It Pours: King Mohammed VI announces discovery of estimated 20 billionbarrel oil field which could bring in \$800 million annually to this primarily agrarian country. Many new friends expected to visit.

CHINA

Neighbor Helping Neighbor: PRC helps Pakistan, North Korea, Iran and Libya develop missiles during 1999, says recent CIA report. • Partial Stand-Down? Announces temporary five-year halt in attacking Taiwan; Beijing cites economic goal of gaining access to Taiwanese capital. Africa, Here We Come: Four military delegations dispatched to Africa, which could trigger destabilizing "Dark Continent" arms race. Ports of call included Namibia, South Africa, Tanzania, Angola and Botswana.

COLOMBIA

No End In Sight: Men, materiel and money flood in, but will U.S. let Colombians fight their own war or continue to mismanage?

EGYPT

An Ally Becomes Pragmatic? Signs contracts with \$400 million to become Iraq's leading trade partner. Could be back-channel U.S. effort to keep pressure on Baghdad since latter has signed on to upgrade Egypt's air defenses.



RUSSIA

The *Kursk* Incident: 118 Russian submariners lose their lives after Oscar-11-class vessel goes down following explosions. Harking back to Cold War days, leaders held off offer of foreign aid until too late. Russia demands U.S. kick-in for salvage expenses. Troubled waters lie ahead for Russian leader Putin who vacationed on a beach while Russian sailors were dying.

鎌

ENGLAND

Red-faced MI6: David Shaylor, former British operative, faces charges he violated Official Secrets Act, two of which are that MI6 bungled hit on Col. Muammar Gaddafi and that security services failed to act on alert of large IRA bomb in City of London.

PAKISTAN

India, Look Out! Thousands of villagers near Quetta shocked at apparent largesize meteor shower but which is more-than-likely initial testing of new 75-foot, 1,800-mile range Ghuari III missile, similar to North Korea's Taepo Dong I.

PHILIPPINES

Libya reluctantly agrees to pay entire multimilliondollar ransom demanded by Philippine Muslim guerrillas in last-ditch effort to win release of 12 foreign hostages. Members of negotiating team said privately that deal to free all 24 captives held by separatists in southern Philippine jungle fell through earlier because Libya offered only \$700,000 for each foreigner instead of the \$1 million rebels wanted. Libya, which has long had ties with Philippine Muslim separatists, has played prominent role in negotiations with the Abu Sayyaf, hoping it can improve its international image.

UZBEKISTAN

Mercs, Dope And Little Hope: Islamic militants, with assistance from outside military trainers, again start up following 9-month Iull. Islamic Movement of Uzbekistan (IMU) offs Uzbek guards, takes hostages, including Japanese geologists, and traffics in dope to raise funds for their goal of converting the Ferghana Valley into an Islamic state.

KOSOVO

When In Doubt, Redefine: Stuck in its NATO quagmire, U.S. still aims at repositioning its peacekeeping role. What's the old joke? NATO is to keep the Russians *out*, the Germans *down* ... and the United States *in*.

BURMA (MYANMAR)

Only Second Place: Finishes 1999 runner-up to Afghanistan in tons of opium produced (1,200). Only 1% of production is estimated to be intercepted; 99%, therefore, makes it to world markets. Military regime in Rangoon promises eradication of opium trade by 2005. But the Wa, fierce northern tribe led by remnants of old Burmese Communist Party (BCP), have virtually their own nation near Chinese border, economy of which revolves around dope. Now diversifying into production of methamphetamine (*Yaba*, or "The Mad Drug"). A tablet costs \$.08 to produce in Burma but sells for \$3.00 on streets of Bangkok.

World Sitrep is compiled by the *SOF* staff with information from various media and correspondents.

I Was There

by Robert K. Brown

"How Not To Make \$1,500!"



Editor's note: The following account originally appeared as a sidebar to the article "SOF Tech Scoops," by Peter G. Kokalis, in the October 1990 (SOF's 15th Anniversary Issue). We figured you readers would like to read it again.

fter turning over the AK-47 rounds to representatives of a certain government agency (not the CIA), we discussed what kind of deals we could make for the future. They gave me a list of Russian equipment they wanted and a list of the prices they would pay for each item. A container of nerve gas, for example, would bring \$250,000; a container of incapacitating gas, \$125,000; an AGS-17 grenade launcher, \$65,000, and so on.

Running around Pakistan with pockets full of money did not seem like a good idea, so I asked if they would pay me, in cash or gold, for each item as I turned it in. This way, I could pay for something from the list with money received from a previous sale, leaving me with little to carry around, Still, I anticipated the Afghans would demand sizable sums of money for any items purchased from them.

They agreed, then instructed me to check in with the Defense Attaché's Office (DAO) in the American Embassy to let them know I had arrived. They instructed me to have no dealings with the State Department, as State had tried to take credit for obtaining the NBC filter that Galen Geer had brought out of Afghanistan. No problem, or so I thought at the time. Checking in at DAO, a young nincompoop lieutenant colonel began huffing, "I'll have to contact the DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency) first." And to hell with you, too. "Whatever," I replied. It was time to head back to the local Holiday Inn.

Lieutenant Colonel Nincompoop shod up the next morning to officially tell me, in an officially staccato voice, that, "We will not pay you in cash, and any payment we do make will have to be in the United States. Also, you should not go into Afghanistan, as neither the American ambassador in Afghanistan nor in Pakistan will be able to help you."

I asked Lt. Col. Nincompoop what the security was like on



Robert K. Brown (left) in the first picture of tripod of Russian lightweight 12.7mm heavy machine gun taken in Darra in December 1988. (above) Brown in the first published photo of French antitank Milan missile somewhere in Afghanistan.

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the road between Peshawar (where the SOF team was based), and Islamabad, where I had flown in.

"The road is secure. There are no checkpoints, no roadblocks, no problems." (I later found out that English is the second language of Pakistan. Everybody, including Lt. Col. Nincompoop, says "No problems" and "I understand." The translation for these is invariably, "There is a problem, but I don't understand.")

I flew back to Peshawar where the sevenman SOF team was training Afghans and looking for goodies from the agency list. The agency had offered to pay a dollar a round for an addi-

(larger photo) Soviet 5.45mm (right) and 5.56mm U.S. round (left) for comparison. (inset) Sectioned view of the Soviet 5.45mm bullet.



tional 10,000 rounds of AK-74 ammo, but days turned into weeks, and we were finding zip. A couple of days before it came time to say, "Byebye," however, our luck began to change.

John Donovan, who had been teaching the muj how to fuse and place land mines and Mike Pate, our ordnance expert, were able to buy 5,000 rounds of AK-74 ammo for 70 cents a round in Darra. They successfully smuggled the ammo past Pakistani Army checkpoints into our hotel in Peshawar, then took off for the States.

Dr. John Peters and I returned after being temporarily "detained" for trying to get into an off-limits refugee camp to find the 5,000 rounds packed into knapsacks, lying on the bed.

Peters and I were scheduled to leave soon, so instead of driving the three-and-a-half hours back to Islamabad, we decided to unload our goodies on the U.S. Consulate in Peshawar, even though we had been instructed otherwise. I mean, we were supposed to be on the same side, right?

I called the consulate, where we had earlier been given the standard dog and pony show briefing, and said we had some items to deliver. No problem. Now it was "James Bond" time. Taxis were switched, and we constantly checked for a tail.

Our anxiety roller-coastered as the driver "I understand" and "no problemed" us past every army post and police station in Peshawar on our way there. I had no idea how many years in a Pakistani slammer carrying 5,000 rounds would merit, and did not particularly wish to find out.

After finally getting the rounds to the consulate, we breathed a sigh of relief and returned to the hotel. Mission accomplished - or so we thought. At 0730 the next morning, the phone rang.

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"This is the consulate. I have been informed by my superiors in Islamabad that we cannot accept the goods you delivered. You will have to come back and pick them up."

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I was very tempted to tell him to take the 5,000 rounds and insert them into the body orifice of his choice, but if he did that, we'd be kissing off \$3,500. Ah, what the hell, I thought ... let's taxi it to the U.S. Embassy.

So we hired some Abdul with an old Mercedes and headed out.

Continued on page 98

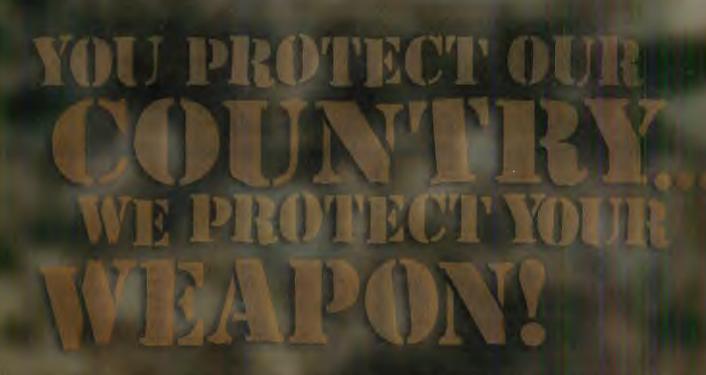
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he visa clerk at Bulawayo Airport literally rubbed his hands. "Money, money, money!" he exclaimed as the pile of American greenbacks grew on his counter. The \$30 entry fee required of each visitor was payable only in U.S. currency, but most of us just off the South African

Airways 737 reckoned it worthwhile. We were hunters, photographers, a diplomat or two, and probably a couple of aspiring spooks, judging by their nervous demeanor.

Welcome to Zimbabwe.

As in every other commercial and government building we saw in-country, the formal portrait of President Robert Mugabe looked down upon the teeming masses yearning to breathe free. After 20 years of rule by Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union (the ZANU party), a possible end was in sight. With the parliamentary election only a month away, the growing tension was palpable.

Can Zimbabwe Avoid Civil War?

by Barrett Tillman Photos: AP/Wide World

With nearly 11,500,000 people, Zimbabwe has not quite the population of Illinois in an area almost as large as California. It is a beautiful country teeming with wildlife, which accounted for the hunters among us. However, several months of adverse publicity about the depredations of black veterans from the independence war that ended in 1980 had taken a toll. Tourism was down 85% from the norm, as was hunting, which typically accounts for two-thirds of every tourist dollar.

At the heart of the current trouble is land reform. The Mugabe regime had long ago promised property to war veterans at the expense of the nation's white farmers, who own about one-third of the arable ground. A few well-publicized incidents resulting in the deaths of white farmers somehow overshadowed the far greater crime and murder rate in neighboring South Africa. Whatever the actual threat, tourists have been staying away in droves. It is a dilemma with 20-year-old roots.

Busting The Boycott

While the 1980 transition from Ian Smith's white-dominated government to Mugabe's black majority was nominally "peaceful," the strain was considerable. By then, the country had been at war for more than a decade, internally and externally. The army was worn out: As just one example, Rhodesian SAS troopers commonly spent six weeks in the bush and 10 days at home before hitting the boondocks again. Despite a kill ratio of between seven and 10 to one, not even the sustained efforts of the SAS, Selous Scouts, and Rhodesian Rifles could offset the massive enemy numbers.

Of necessity, Rhodesia produced small arms, ammunition, 60 and 90mm mortars, and trucks. Additionally, despite the 15-year United Nations boycott (1965-1980), direct military assistance came from South Africa and West Germany, among others. Some former grunts still have the G3s they took home with them, figuring there may yet be a need for battle rifles.

Equipment was necessarily treated with kid gloves. "You got a hiding from the sergeant if you drove a truck without warming it up properly," recalls one infantryman. "And you probably never drove a vehicle again." Rhodesian military aircraft were counted among the best maintained fixed- and rotor-wing birds on the continent, as the need for sorties and flight hours never abated. Outside agents helped ease the crisis, as in 1973 Air Rhodesia obtained three Boeing 707s "from an undisclosed source." Five years later, near the end of the war, 11 Bell 205s (civilian model Hueys) somehow fetched up in Rhodesia as well.

In one of the better-organized procurement ops, at least eight Soviet T-55 main battle tanks intended for Uganda somehow found their way to Rhodesia. "Navigational error" was one theory advanced on the subject. So did 106mm recoilless antitank rifles and assorted other hardware. Every bit helped.

Despite the outside aid and internal innovation, at length the long war came to a negotiated end. By 1980 more than 27,000 Zimbabweans on all sides had been killed: The number of wounded and displaced probably remains unknown.

Meanwhile amid today's turmoil, somebody at some level ("Don't ask, don't tell") has been laying contingency plans if things turn too hash. Twice during my stay, former Rhodesian army personnel asked if I knew any mercenaries looking for work. I didn't, not being in the merc recruiting business, but I promised to spread the word just the same. "Informed speculation" held that such free agents would be funded by the British, some of whom reportedly feel an obligation to help clean up the mess they created and then walked away from.

Whatever the British government's current attitude, certainly there's evidence of lingering resentment on the part of many white Zimbabweans over what they regard as Britain's betrayal and abandonment. One of Dutch ancestry spoke for many when he said, "It's a bloody shame the bloody Brits were allowed to escape from Dunkirk." Asked why so many Rhodesians fought for Britain in two world wars, the old soldier shrugged his shoulders. "No accounting for taste," he grumbled.

After The Fall

In 1980, at the end of a bitter guerrilla war, the former Rhodesia was on the ropes. An uneasy peace settled over the country as ZANU members gained positions of authority. In one case, a pickup was flagged down by an AK-toting policeman who ordered the white farmer to take the constable wherever he wanted to go. The driver produced an illegally carried Browning pistol and promised the cop nine millimeters of lead if he touched the Kalashnikov. Turning onto a side road, the driver forced the cop to get out and undress. The farmer then motored away, leaving the once-uniformed hijacker naked, unarmed, and alone - in lion country.

In addition to such overt resistance and covert distrust, the economy was in a shambles; Rhodesia badly needed outside help. Britain pledged \$55 billion for land reform and actually paid most of it before freezing the fund in 1990 when Zimbabwe began forcing farmers to sell at extortionist prices.

The worsening situation prompted some measures, however reluctantly, from creditor nations. In 1998 Britain and New Zealand offered to accept 100 displaced white farmers at a "donor conference" intended to alleviate Zimbabwe's financial crisis. However, Mugabe demanded resettlement of 1,500 people, which was a considerable portion of the country's 4,000 white farmers.

The ZANU Party, knowing that its monumental corruption and inefficiency had finally worn thin with the population, began seeking options. In February Mugabe called for a referendum on a con-

is a tragedy transcending race. Encouraged by the Mugabe government machine, squatters invaded the farm of David and Maria Stevens, abducting and shooting David Stevens - the first of many such murders of European farmers during the occupation/attacks on some 1,000 farms. His wife and two surviving sons are seen at his memorial service (above). Verna Banda, widow of Peter Banda, stands outside the ruins of her burned-out home in Nehanda Village (right). Banda was a leader in the opposition **Movement for Democratic** Change party until he was murdered by agents of the Mugabe regime.

The present turmoil in Zimbabwe







Zimbabwean President Robert Mugabe (center) holds a press conference with Commercial Farmers Union President Kim Henwood (left) and "war veterans" leader Chenjeria "Hitler" Hunzvi, right. Squatters pledged to end reign of terror, promptly followed it up with further armed occupations, beatings, killings of farm workers and farm owners.



Dr. Chenjerai Hunzvi, M.D. (left), leader of war veterans who are forcibly occupying farms in Zimbabwe, is cheered by supporters as he leaves Harare High Court, after appearing on charges he forged medical reports to receive benefits of more than \$400,000 Zimbabwean. He had earlier appeared in the same court on contempt charges, for ignoring court order to tell his followers to vacate occupied farms, stop attacks on workers and farmers. (right) Zimbabwe's Commissioner of Police, Augustine Chihuri, prepares to address a news conference in Harare last spring, regards the ongoing political violence in Zimbabwe. Observers note that, aside from a willingness to patrol opposition political rallies, Zimbabwean police authorities have done little to stem the tide of violence against farmers and farm workers.



Morgan Tsvanguirai, a former trade union leader and leader of the opposition party Movement for Democratic Change, addresses a rally in Dzivaarasekwa last May Day.

stitutional amendment allowing the government to seize whiteowned farms without compensation.

The measure was defeated but the government tacitly approved "war veterans" (some of whom apparently went to war in diapers) to begin forcible occupation of some farms. Parliament passed legislation in May that legalized the process.

Countdown To Election

In an atmosphere of growing electoral tension, both black and white Zimbabweans were vocally concerned. No firearms have been legally sold for months, and ammo prices are extravagant: \$1.85 for a 7.62 round is typical, and big-bore cartridges such as .500 Express have gone for upwards of \$500 U.S. At that rate it's hardly worth zeroing your elephant gun. This May the exchange rate ran around 38 to 40 Zimbabwe dollars for each U.S., compared to about 6.5 for a South African Rand. Consequently, everything in Zimbabwe is spendy. If you're outraged at \$2.00 gasoline in the States, how'd you like to count out \$38 for every gallon of fuel? Even at those prices, shortages existed during our trip in May: Diesel was nonexistent.

Meanwhile, Zim's external problems have accelerated. Mugabe dispatched as many as 10,000 troops to the Democratic Republic of Congo, in support of Kinshasha's army against Ugandan and Rwandan-backed rebels. In contrast to Rhodesia's excellent armed forces with black and white troops, Zimbabwe now has very few white soldiers. One estimate placed the number of white air force pilots at three, who have stayed on "because they really want to fly." If the crunch comes, and ZANU wins the election, nobody doubts that most of the army will support Mugabe.

However, there is a potential barrier to military rule. Zimbabwe sources note that the army is mainly composed of Shonas and Matabeles, who hold little regard for one another. Mugabe's Shona faction reportedly killed thousands of Matabeles during the 1980s. Although perhaps as a hedge against rising opposition, Mugabe dispatched large numbers of Shona troops — as much as one-third of the army — to fight in the Congo, those units are scheduled to return in the near future, and if they rotate home to a Shona-dominated coup, civil war could result.

According to press accounts, the lone farmer "dragged himself out of the flames and kept shooting" until he was beaten to death.

A contrary view was expressed by Colonel Chancellor Diye, a ZDF (Zimbabwean Defense Force) spokesman who recently stated that the army is "professional" and "will never get involved in partisan politics." There is little credence behind that statement, considering that army chief of staff Vitalis "Fox" Zvinavashe was on Mugabe's central committee through 1998, and that General Perence "Black Jesus" Shiri commanded the North Korean-trained Fifth Brigade during the Matabeleland atrocities of 1983-87. Shiri, more recently head of the Zimbabwe Air Force, reportedly played "a significant role" in meetings with white farmers, acting as an advocate of the war veterans.

The Economy, Stupid

In spite of the fact Zimbabwe's economy is heavily dependent on agriculture, Mugabe's policies have undermined productivity. The country is the world's second largest exporter of tobacco, which is crucial for much needed hard currency. Typically, Zim ships \$400 million worth of tobacco annually, or one third of total exports. Yet on one April night, government-condoned thugs seized a farm and burned 1,000 bales worth \$240,000 U.S. Two black workers were set afire in the process, prompting Oliver Gawe of the Zimbabwe Tobacco Association to tell the *Wall Street Journal*, "It is obvious



Riot police keep a close eye on rally for the opposition MDC party in Chitunwiza last April, but despite court orders, have done nothing to evict invading squatters.

that the damage will run into millions."

The potential mechanization of agriculture was partly stumped by the native labor movement: More machines meant fewer field hands. "It really was cutting off one's nose to spite his face," says a retired farmer. "But few of these people look very far downstream — they're only concerned with today."

Consequently, both black and white farmers figure prominently in the nation's largest — indeed, almost only — opposition party, the Movement for Democratic Change (MDC). By late June some 1,631 farms had been adversely affected; one-third of them victims of violent occupation resulting in 2,400 assaults, 430 people hospitalized and 31 known dead. Media reports focused upon the five



In a string of attacks on the political opposition, the offices of *The Daily News*, the only independent Zimbabwean paper, were bombed on 22 April. Fortunately, the building was empty at the time.

whites killed, seldom mentioning that black on black violence accounted for 80% of the fatalities, as black "veterans" attacked blacks who lived and worked on the farms.

The most widely reported incident occurred in April when 43year-old farmer Martin Olds was confronted with some 70 "veterans" intent on seizing his land. Olds possessed four weapons: a rifle and shotgun plus a 9mm pistol and .357 revolver. His opponents' weapons included AK-47s but Olds defended himself for two hours, despite repeated wounds including a broken leg. He applied a hasty splint and continued the fight until the ZANU thugs torched

Continued on page 120

It has been said that in the West, the first job of a politician is to get re-elected. In the Third World, that translates to "the first job of a politician is to stay in power; elections are secondary and may only be a means to that end, when convenient."

A week before the election, MDC (Movement for Democratic Change) leader Morgan Tsvangirai stated that the country needed stability, and assured military and security forces that they would remain in place if ZANU was defeated. The transition could prove orderly or otherwise: Mugabe's term runs two more years, and what he may do with

ELECTION RESULTS

that opportunity remains to be seen.

Mugabe enjoyed considerable latitude going into the election, being able to fill 20 seats in parliament by direct appointment while 10 others are chosen by tribal chiefs.

Therefore, MDC felt it would need more than a simple majority: it would need two-thirds or more to compensate for the inevitable corruption and ballot-box stuffing on the part of ZANU.

Outside observers from the European Economic Community and elsewhere openly conceded abuses before the election. Farm workers who arrived in cities intending to vote were often directed to ZANU-dominated "education camps" while local press reports mentioned more overt actions. Reportedly, some outlying areas were canvassed by ZANU partisans saying that they had already bribed ballot counters and they would report anyone voting contrary to the party line.



At a weekend news conference, Pierre Schori of the European Union team said, "The term 'free and fair' is not applicable to these elections." He cited ZANU violence and intimidation leading up to 24 June, and charged Mugabe's operatives with "deliberate administrative obstruction" of Zimbabwe's 15,000 election monitors.

> While independent observation was conducted of many polling places, in other areas there was no guarantee of objectivity. European observers admitted that there were too few personnel to guard ballot boxes, and some polling stations were left entirely in government hands overnight. Removing any doubt as to the government's attitude, ZANU-PF chairman John Nkomo said, "There will be no opposition in government" regardless of the results.

> Despite the problems, turnout from among the disaffected population was heavy. Long lines were present at polling places Saturday and Sunday, 24-25 June, and the heavy turnout among 5.1 million potential voters delayed announcement of the polling for two days. On the following Tuesday the official results (based on a 65% turnout) showed MDC leap-

ing from three seats to 57 while ZANU held 62 and the ZANU-Ndonga Party gained one. MDC's Morgan Tsvangirai announced that recounts might be requested in some 20 districts with less than a 500-vote margin, but it was unclear whether the process would go forward.

What was clear was proof that Robert Mugabe and the ZANU-PF party had outlived their welcome. Tsvangirai has declared his intention to run for the presidency when Mugabe's term expires in 2002, saying, "Zimbabwe will never be the same again."

One can hope.

-B.T.



A partial paraphrase of General MacArthur's statement might read, "Old(er) adventurers never die, nor do they prefer to fade away." Over the years, SOF has been fortunate to witness a variety of individuals pass through its portals, some having stayed on for a relatively short period of time, others for much longer. Here are some of those personalities you might have known in years past — and what they're up to today.



Harry Claflin



John Coleman



Tom Cunningham



Bill Brooks

Bill Brooks, former SOF Convention Director and Editor: Our in-resident former French Legionnaire and Convention honcho currently resides in the Southeastern U.S. and is involved in the collecting and sale of military memorabilia. \aleph Harry Claflin, member of SOF training teams in El Salvador and elsewhere in Central America: Is extremely active in SOA (Special Operations Association). Lives in the Midwest.

Solution John Coleman, former SOF Managing Editor: Left the helm of the good ship SOF over a decade ago. Now resides on the West Coast, aiming to earn his Ph.D. in History within the next year and to continue teaching on the university level.

Tom Cunningham, former Director of Phoenix Associates and SOF editor/author: A highly respected SOG veteran (lost a leg in Laos) left SOF nearly two decades ago to return to his native Northeast U.S. He graduated law school and is now a judge.



Bill Guthrie



Jim Morris



Dana Drenkowski



David Isby



Bob Poos



Dale Dye



Alexander M. S. McColl



Kevin Steele



Tom Goltz

Dana Drenkowski, Aviation Editor and former staffer: Like his amigo, Tom Cunningham, Dana attended law school, but on the West Coast, and now practices in the Bay Area, and still contributes an occasional article.

X Dale Dye, former Managing Editor: Left SOF in the mid-'80s for the movie industry. He's appeared in and has been Technical Advisor on such projects as *Platoon, Under Siege* and *Saving Private Ryan*.

Tom Goltz, author: An investigative reporter who's completed the well-received *Azerbaijan Diary*, a penetrating look at the war between Armenia and Azerbaijan and the accompanying grab for oil in the burgeoning Caspian Sea region.

🕅 Bill Guthrie, former Senior Editor: Has finally settled down to teach English in Macau.



John Metzger

X David Isby: A renowned authority on Russia and the Middle East, as well as on Russian weaponry and ordnance: David now practices international law on the East Coast.

Col. Alexander M. S. McColl, Harvard Law School grad., RF/PF advisor in Vietnam, former President, Refugee Relief International, Inc. and SOF's Contributing Editor for Military Affairs: Now in semi-retirement but active in Christian, Second Amendment and global freedom issues.

✗ John Metzger, former SOF Assistant Editor: Still lives in Boulder where he is owner of a successful public relations firm.

 Maj. Mike Williams

1966 Vietnam Buddhist uprising; former Managing Editor: Currently lives and writes in the Washington, D.C. area.

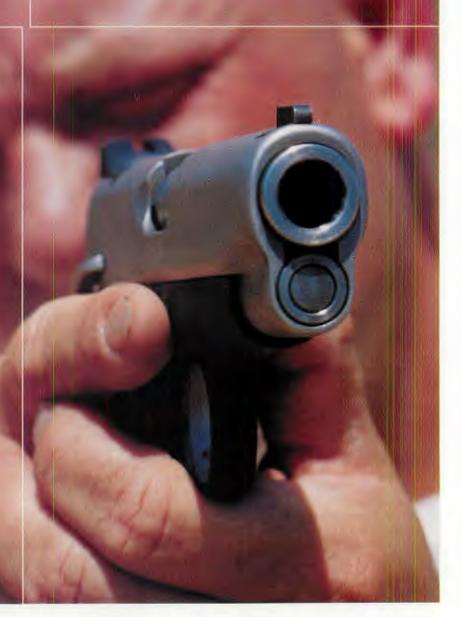
Kevin Steele, former Vice President, Publications: Now resides on the West Coast and is Group Publishing Director, EMAT, U.S.A.

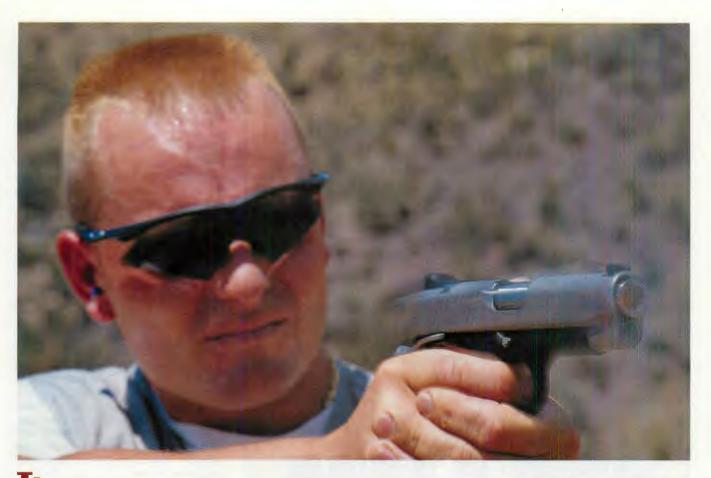
Maj. Mike Williams, former Grey's Scouts Tactical OIC; U.S. SF 1952-60, including a combat tour in Korea; fought in the Congo during 1964: Now a land baron in Florida and Father Confessor to the SOF staff.

GUSTOM DEFENSE PACKAGE

Ultimate Options Make An Unbeatable .45

Text & Photos by Peter G. Kokalis





has been a little more than four years since Kimber Mfg., Inc. (Dept. SOF, 1 Lawton Street, Yonkers, NY 10705; phone: 800-880-2418; fax: 406-758-2223; Custom Shop: 914-964-0742, ext. 228; website: www.kimberamerica.com - 2000 catalog \$2) introduced their first .45 ACP caliber M1911-type pistol in May 1996 - an all-steel, full-size Government Model. In the short time frame since this occurred, Kimber has placed a virtual strangle hold on the M1911 market. No one sells more production series M1911 pistols than they do. They have now shipped well over 100,000 1911type pistols. No one sells a more reasonably priced M1911. And, no one sells a more reliable production series M1911. In short, Kimber owns the M1911 market place lock, stock and barrel. Their latest effort, the CDP (Custom Defense Package) from the Kimber Custom Shop, has already caused considerable gnashing of teeth and wailing among those who turn out so-called "custom" M1911s. And with good reason, as the CDP series will certainly put some of them out of business.

Soldier Of Fortune was recently sent one of each of the three pistols in the CDP series for test and evaluation. The Ultra CDP is the smallest of the three. It has a 3-inch barrel with an overall length of 6.8 inches. The height is approximately 5.6 inches, including the sights. The sight radius is 4.8 inches. The weight, empty, is 25 ounces. The magazine capacity is six rounds. At the other end of the scale is the Pro CDP, which is similar in size to a so-called Commander type. It has a full-size frame, providing it with a magazine capacity of seven or eight (depending upon the magazine type) rounds. It has a 4-inch barrel with an overall length of 7.7 inches. The height is approximately 6.2 inches. The sight radius is 5.7 inches. The weight, empty, is 28 ounces. In the middle is the Compact CDP that combines the Ultra's frame with the Pro CDP's slide. This later model has been popular with a number of U.S. Navy SEALs. The width of all pistols in this series, at the grip panels, is 1.25 inches. The forged barrels have six grooves with a left-hand twist of one turn in 16 inches.

All three pistols share the following Kimber Custom Shop features. A "meltdown" is performed on the slide and frame Firing the Kimber Pro CDP .45 caliber pistol. All three of the Kimber CDP models exhibit only a modest increase in perceived recoil over that of a full-size, all-steel Government Model. (below) Kimber Pro CDP M1911 pistol, left side — note match-grade aluminum trigger and hand-checkered, double-diamond-pattern rosewood grip panels.

of the CDP pistols. This involves removing all of the sharp edges that might snag or catch on clothing and equipment or abrade the shooter's hand during the draw stroke, which must always be smooth and fluid. This feature is becoming ever more popular with those who carry in deep concealment. It leaves the pistol with a soft, rounded



Custom Holsters For Custom Defense Package

Nobody, and I mean nobody, in the United States has been making gunleather longer than El Paso Saddlery Co. (Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 27194, El Paso, TX 79926; phone: 915-544-2233; fax: 915-544-2235; website: www.epsaddlery.com; catalog: \$5).

The number of famous lawmen, military personages, gun writers and infamous gun fighters that have worn El Paso Saddlery Co. gunleather over the past one hundred and twenty years is almost overwhelming. The list includes John Wesley Hardin, General George S. Patton, Jr., Ed McGivern, Tom Threepersons, Bill Toney, D.A. "Jelly" Bryce, Bill Jordan and Charlie Askins.

From the almost incredible array of holster designs available from El Paso Saddlery Company's catalog, I selected the #88 "Street Combat" holster (\$50) as best matching the Kimber CDP series quality and intended application as concealment handguns. It was developed in 1988 after a number of El Paso Saddlery Company's law enforcement clientele requested a concealment-type holster without safety straps. In compliance with this appeal, the #88 was designed specifically for concealed carry and has no thumbreak. Instead, the user can adjust steel tension straps, hidden under leather at the muzzle end to keep the pistol secure. To increase the tension, remove the pistol and squeeze the muzzle end of the holster. To decrease the tension, place an unloaded pistol in the holster and twist it slightly from side to side.

While 1.75-inch belt slots are standard, I asked for 1.5-inch slots on the CDP holsters since I prefer a narrower belt for wear with blue jeans. Suede lining is also standard on the #88 holster, and together with the bonded nylon thread, both assist the steel tension straps in guaranteeing the retention required of a holster made for gunfighting. This hol-



ster has an open muzzle. Usually provided with a muzzle rearward rake (also sometimes referred to a an "FBI forward cant"), a vertical cant for crossdraw is also available at no extra charge. I have mated this holster with a #2-FD open double-magazine pouch (\$20) and the #200 "New Ranger Belt" with smooth lining (\$85). All three pieces are floral carved, an option at extra cost.

Why floral carving? During the 1940s and 50s a significant number of peace officers in the Southwestern United States packed their service sidearms in floral carved leather. I had always dreamed of owning such a rig. Unfortunately, this type of exacting handwork seems to be almost a lost art form, except at El Paso Saddlery. What passes for floral "carving" today is most often done on machines or with embossing plates. Not so at El Paso Saddlery. Their highly experienced craftsmen, some of who have been with them for considerably more than a quarter-century, do this work entirely by hand and to special order only. Three styles are offered: regular floral carving, frontier carving which duplicates the early low-relief carving done in western shops such as Main & Winchester of San Francisco during the 19th century, and extra fancy floral carving with lacing and dyed backgrounds. All of this work is done completely by hand and thus no two are exactly alike. The quality and artistry of my belt, holster and magazine pouch are outstanding. You have to go back half a century to find carved leather that compares with this and the nostalgia associated with this leatherwork is almost overwhelming.

This is great custom leather work and a perfect fit for Kimber's superb CDP series. I can recommend anything in the El Paso Saddlery Company's catalog without reservations of any kind. No other holster maker in this country has been handcrafting leather gear for armed professionals for well over a century. appearance. The frame's front strap is provided with 30 LPI checkering.

An extended *ambidextrous* thumb safety has been installed. The ability to fire with the support hand only is an essential fighting skill. During Thunder Ranch's Handgun 3 course, we spent many hours with a "sleeve" — made from a section of PVC pipe with a bolt through it — on either the firing hand or support hand. The drawstroke and all three malfunction drills were practiced in this manner. Practice of this type is made much easier if your pistol is equipped with an "ambi" safety.

The fixed, high profile combat sights are equipped with two tritium self-luminous green dots at the rear — one on each side of the open square-notch, and one on the front sight blade. Both sights are dovetailed to slots in the slide and can be adjusted for windage zero. The rear face of the rear sight has horizontal serrations to help reduce glare.

Pistols in the CDP series have handcheckered, double-diamond-pattern rosewood grip panels. The grip panels on all Kimber 1911s are now held to the frame by attractive stainless steel, hex head grip screws. Kimber CDP pistols carry Custom Shop markings on the left side of the slide.

CDP pistols have match-grade aluminum triggers with stainless steel rails and vertically serrated front faces. Trigger pull weights on our test specimens of the Ultra, Compact and Pro were exactly 4.25, 4.5 and 3.75 pounds, respectively. The trigger pulls are as smooth as glass with very crisp



The Kimber CDP .45 ACP M1911 series: (from top to bottom) Pro CDP, Compact CDP and Ultra CDP.



Extended ambidextrous thumb safety improves ability to fire with the support hand — an essential fighting skill. The left side thumb safety (below) has been extended slightly to enhance manipulation. The beavertail-type steel grip safety is internally skeletonized for weight reduction and has a slight bump on the bottom to insure that it is disconnected even if not depressed completely. It entirely cups the hammer to prevent "hammer bite" and permit as high a grip as possible.





A "meltdown" is performed on the slide and frame of the CDP pistols. This involves removing all of the sharp edges that might snag or catch on clothing and equipment or abrade the shooter's hand during the draw stroke, which must always be smooth and fluid.

let-offs. There are dual internal tangs to furnish take-up adjustment and an allenhead screw at the front to adjust backlash. All of the trigger mechanism components are of match-grade quality.

Custom Carry Features

The concept behind the CDP was to "package" Kimber's most requested custom carry features in such a manner that the customer saves a significant amount of money. The suggested retail price of any of the three CDP pistols is \$1,109. Ordered separately, even from Kimber, the savings realized are over \$500. The same features ordered from one of the pricier custom pistolsmiths might easily exceed \$1,000. By performing the custom modifications at an appropriate point during the manufacturing process, Kimber is able to save a great deal of money by avoiding "double work." They

Kimber CDP

SPECIFIC ATIONS

Caliber: .45 ACP.

- Operation: Locked-breech, short-recoil, semiautomatic, single-action trigger system with framemounted thumb and grip safeties.
- Weight, empty: Ultra 25 ounces; Compact and Pro 28 ounces.
- Length, overall: Ultra 6.8 inches; Compact and Pro 7.7 inches.
 - Width: 1.25 inches at the grip panels.
 - Height: Ultra and Compact 5.6 inches; Pro 6.2 inches.
 - Barrel: Forged, six-groove, left-hand twist with one turn in 16 inches.
- Barrel length: Ultra 3 inches; Compact and Pro 4 inches.
 - Magazine: Ultra and Compact six-round; Pro seven-round; both single-column, detachable box-types without removable floorplates.
 - Sights: Fixed high profile combat sights equipped with two tritium self-luminous green dots at the rear — one on each side of the open square-notch, and one on the front sight blade. Both sights are dovetailed to slots in the slide and can be adjusted for windage zero. The rear face of the rear sight has horizontal serrations to help reduce glare.
 - Sight radius: Ultra 4.8 inches; Compact and Pro 5.7 inches.
 - Finish: 416 Stainless steel forged slide; frame machined from 7075-T7 aluminum alloy bar stock with a matte black, hard-coat anodized finish.
 - Price: \$1,109, complete with one magazine.
- Manufacturer: Kimber Mfg., Inc., Dept. SOF, I Lawton Street, Yonkers, NY 10705; phone: 800-880-2418; fax: 406-758-2223; Custom Shop: 914-964-0742; website: www.kimberamerica.com
- T&E summary: Lightweight with relatively mild recoil; reliable; accurate; reasonably priced as the CDP series is based upon the concept of "packaging" Kimber's most requested custom carry features in such a manner that the customer saves a significant amount of money.

have passed these saving onto the customer.

Kimber slides are CNC mill-finished with plus/minus 0.001-inch tolerances from a 416 stainless steel forging and heat-treated before the rails are machined to prevent the possibility of warpage. Kimber .45s are provided with the tightest slide-to-frame tolerances of any M1911-type pistol manufactured today, without any compromise in reliability under the most adverse conditions.

The lightweight frames are machined from 7075-T7 aluminum alloy bar stock – the hardest and strongest available. This is a stress-relieved version of T6, which is more commonly employed in the manufacture of firearms and is less expensive. The frame's hole spacing is exceptionally precise and the holes are machined at perfect right angles to the frame's surface. These frames have been tested in excess of 20,000 rounds without exhibiting any meaningful wear. CDP frames have a matte black, hard-coat anodized finish.

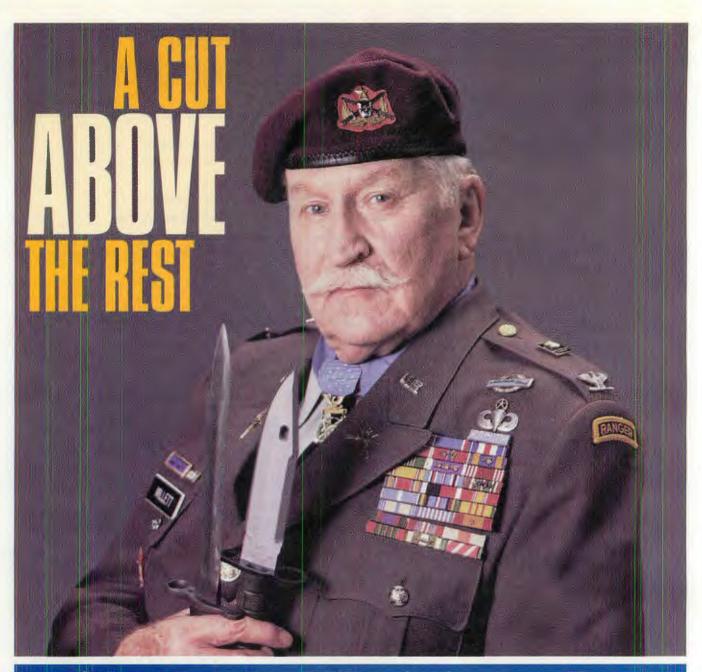
The magazine-well is beveled to assist changing magazines. The frame's feed ramp has been opened and polished, by now a standard feature on customized M1911s.



Complementing that, the barrel's chamber opening has been radiused slightly and lightly polished to remove high spots. The beavertail-type steel grip safety is internally skeletonized for weight reduction and has a slight bump on the bottom to insure that it is disconnected even if not depressed completely. It entirely cups the hammer to prevent "hammer bite" and permit as high a grip as possible. As the front strap has also been slightly relief-cut just under the rear portion of the trigger guard (a so-called "kidney cut"), the high grip permitted by these two features lowers the bore line in relation to the shooter's hand and reduces the perceived recoil somewhat.

The flat-type mainspring housing direct-

Continued on page 115



Colonel Lewis Lee Millett: An American Hero

He's been shot at more times than most, awarded a chestful of decorations, achieved several battlefield promotions in three wars — WWII, Korea and Vietnam — and used enough cold steel to send God only knows how many Chicoms to the land of their forefathers, and he's still at it.

Colonel Lewis Lee Millett, who is to be honored at *Soldier Of Fortune's* 25th Anniversary convention, volunteered for duty during Operation Desert Storm but



was not accepted. Something to do with age, he recalls.

His life reads like an adventure story and it is surprising that Hollywood hasn't slapped an offer on his desk.

The Early Days

His career spanned the early days of World War II when, in 1938 as a Private First Class in the U.S. Army Air Corps, he went AWOL from his American unit, 1st Recon Sqdn. USAC, Westover, Mass. Young Millett had heard President Roosevelt make a speech declaring that no American would fight on foreign soil. No problem, he recounts today, he slipped into Canada where he enlisted and went to war in Europe, first as a tanker and then in a radio location unit spotting *Luftwaffe* airplanes.

When the U.S. finally entered Hitler's war, he asked to transfer back to the American flag. He saw real action in North Africa, where he won his first medal for gallantry, the Silver Star. At Kasserine he improvised an anti-aircraft gun, hooking up two .50-caliber machine guns which he used to shoot down a Messerschmitt 109. It was also in the desert that Millett and another soldier, Jesse Martin, drove the very last vehicle left in their battalion over what was then listed on the maps as "impassable mountainous terrain" and evaded a German

He's been shot at more times than most, awarded a chestful of decorations, achieved several battlefield promotions in three wars — WWII, Korea and Vietnam — and used enough cold steel to send God only knows how many Chicoms to the land of their forefathers, and he's still at it.

Panzer attack that had surrounded his combat command.

Italy came afterwards, with Anzio following Salerno and his third stripe before Monte Cassino, where he also had his first Bronze Star pinned on his lapel. Meanwhile, he received a battlefield commission to second and then to first lieutenant.

One of the curious anomalies of war took place while he was in Italy: It took that long for his records to catch up with him. In October 1944, Sgt. Millett was court-marshaled for his original desertion, found guilty and fined \$52. Two weeks later he was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant.

He gave an impressive showing in the Korean War where he was awarded the Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, two Bronze Stars and three Purple Hearts. These were added to the Silver Star

and Bronze Star that he had already earned before. He was promoted to Captain after only 90 days in combat. He is the only American soldier *SOF* knows of who deserted his unit, joined a foreign army and then went on, a dozen years later, to be awarded the Medal of Honor, America's highest award for bravery, 10 years later in Korea.

Then came Vietnam. Almost half of the almost six years he spent in Southeast Asia were in classified assignments which included 5 jumps in Laos and 11 in Vietnam.

The rest of that war, he worked in intelligence. His last duty assignment in Vietnam was as an advisor to the *Phung Huang* (Phoenix Intelligence Program). Interestingly, he refused all U.S. decorations in Vietnam with a statement that he was there "to provide freedom for people under attack by tyranny and not to gain recognition." Notably, while in the Police Intelligence, Phoenix Program, he was held hostage by a North Vietnamese battalion while its commander arranged to surrender to the South Vietnamese Army.

Subsequently, he served as an advisor in Vietnam, Laos and Thailand as well as to the governments or armies of Japan (Director of Education Nara and Wakyama Prefectures) and Greece (advisor to three training centers, National NCO Academy, Infantry Heavy Weapons training center and the Raiding Forces).

In-between, Colonel Lewis Lee Millet organized special elite combat forces in the 101st Airborne's Recondo School, the 82nd Airborne Raiders of Vietnam, the Commandos of Laos and spent time as an instructor in the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College. He is a graduate of the U.S. Army's Infantry, Ranger and 11th Airborne Schools, the Command and General Staff College and the Army War College. The Colonel also holds a B.A. degree in political science and a Doctor of Humane Letters from Emerson College, Boston, Massachusetts.

Korea

The question begs: What else then is there to say about somebody who was the *first* man to rappel from a helicopter in Vietnam and the *last* to lead an American Army company in a bayonet charge which drove more than 200 Chinese communist troops off a hill.

On that exploit — which has since entered the annals of American folklore as The Battle of Bayonet Hill — he led, as always, from the front. In a brief profile of Millett a year later, *Reader's Digest* had details of the official after-action report of E (Easy) Company. It said: "... after the hill was secured, 47 enemy dead were counted on the forward slope, 30 of them killed by bayonets. On the reverse slope another 50 enemy had died of bayonet or gunshot



What else is there to say about somebody who was the *first* man to rappel from a helicopter in Vietnam and the *last* to lead an American Army company in a bayonet charge which drove more than 200 Chinese communist troops off a hill?

wounds." It was a sizable tally, for the loss of nine of his own.

Once it had picked up the pieces, E Company of the 27th (Wolfhound) Regiment, 25th American Infantry Division received another Unit Citation. Earlier, a Medal of Honor had posthumously been awarded to Captain Millett's predecessor, Captain Reginald B. Desiderio, who was KIA a short while before.

Over the years, a number of publications, including *Saga*, *VFW Magazine* and several books including *Battle at Best* have carried Millett's story. To most it is known as The Battle of Bayonet Hill and to understand all the implications, it is necessary to start at the beginning.

On 25 June 1950, North Korean infantry and tanks — after being involved in years of a fractious, uneasy ceasefire — crossed the 38th Parallel into South Korea. In the absence of the Soviet Union in the Security Council, the United Nations — at America's behest — quickly pushed through legislation establishing the largest multi-national force assembled since the end of World War II. General Douglas MacArthur, flawed genius though he was and then headquartered in Japan, was given the task of countering North Korean aggression. With the benefit of half a century of hindsight, it was, everybody agrees, a tough option.

What happened in Korea combines a gripping story of failure and success that should be required reading for every high

school student in the country. It encapsulates an astonishing level of arrogance, unpreparedness, personal courage and resourcefulness on the ground with both greatness and hollowness at the top ranks of the American command. MacArthur, well past his prime, had unfortunately surrounded himself with a band of brownnosed sycophants. Ultimately, he paid a price because his control wasn't, as it should have been, hands-on.

Having been taken completely by surprise, though there was more than enough intelligence reaching his headquarters in the *Dai Ichi* building in Tokyo that something serious was going on, the Allies were quickly beaten back — at heavy cost in lives and materiel — into a tiny defensive perimeter- around Pusan in the extreme southeast of the country.

It says something of MacArthur's myopia that the CIA had issued a report the previous March that predicted a massive push from the north within three months: They even provided him with the actual date of the invasion. But General Charles

Willoughby, MacArthur's G-2, chose to ignore it. In retrospect, he should have been court-martialed for dereliction of duty because of the number of American lives that this stupid bit of culpability eventually cost the nation. It is interesting that among his own, the German-born Willoughby who changed his name from Weidenbach after he emigrated to the U.S. was known as "Sir Charles" for his pomposity.

For a while, having ignored the obvious, it seemed that the communists might drive the defenders — including the entire army of the Republic of Korea (ROK) — into the sea. It was a close-run thing.

Less than three months later, on 15 September, in a bold move to relieve the pressure in the south, MacArthur pulled off the landing at Inchon, the greatest coup of his life. For him it was more glorious than the Côte-de-Chatillon of 1918 or Leyte in 1944.

Against all odds, this 70-year-old veter-

an was able to persuade the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington to allow him to do the impossible: to launch an amphibious assault that completely reversed the fortunes of war.

It should never have happened. The tides in the narrow approaches to Inchon harbor range more than 30 feet *twice each day*, which meant that berthing and unloading the hundreds of ships involved in Operation Chromite, were constantly interrupted. And the weather at that time of year was precarious: There was actually a cyclone heading for the peninsula, but it veered north a day before the landings.

Also, the place was not only Korea's second largest port; it was only 15 miles from

Seoul and should, in theory, have been powerfully defended but was not. Add to that, the fact that in 1950, Inchon was the most important road and rail hub in Korea: a vital link in the main North Korean People's Army (NKPA) supply line to their forces around Pusan.

"Take Inchon," Mac-Arthur argued with characteristic vigor to his colleagues on the JCS (almost all of whom, at one time or another, had served under him) "and the Commies in the south will starve."

While almost none of it made sense just then, there was nobody strong enough in Washington to oppose him: MacArthur had an annoying and consistent trait of keeping everybody — including the President — in the dark as to how exactly he was going to pull it off. More surprising, the JCS allowed it to happen, even though there were powerful arguments to the contrary.

As we now know, MacArthur did exactly what he said he would and with surprisingly low allied

casualties. Someone commented of Inchon afterwards, that though much smaller than the Normandy landings, it was a dozen times more difficult. In a tactical masterstroke for which MacArthur got full credit, it went off without a hitch.

Yet, what neither MacArthur nor Washington had counted on, was the effect of his forces pushing north, virtually to the Yalu River would have on Beijing. Both Korea and China share the Yalu as a common border. Mao Zedong reacted promptly not long afterwards by sending southwards a million of his own Red Army troops. The result, as we now know, was in excess of 37,000 Americans killed in the three year Korean campaign or a rate of attrition almost three times as high, proportionately, as America suffered during 12 years of fighting in Vietnam.

Cold Steel

Early December, a couple of months after the Chinese invasion, Captain Millet was flying north of Pyongyang as an observer for the 25th US Division in a U.S. Army L-Y Piper Cub, piloted by a Captain Jim Lawrence. Two South African Air Force *Flying Cheetah* F-51 Mustangs had been tasked with knocking out a string of UN rail cars loaded with ammunition that had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

One of the planes, piloted by Captain J.F.O. Davis, came in too low and his rockets struck the train amidships causing a

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress March 3, 1863 has awarded in the name of The Congress the Medal of Honor to

CAPTAIN LEWIS L. MILLETT, USA

for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy:

Captain Millett, Infantry (Artillery), Company E, 27th Infantry Regiment, distinguished him self by conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action on 7 February 1951 in the vicinity of Soam-Ni, Korea. While personally leading his company in an attack against a strongly held position he noted that the 1st Platoon was pinned down by small arms, automatic and antitank fire. Captain Millett ordered the 3d Platoon forward, placed himself at the head of the two platoons, and with fixed bayonet, led the assault up the fire-swept hill. In the firece charge Captain Millett bayoneted two enemy soldiers and boldly continued on, throwing grenades, clubbing and bayoneting the enemy, while urging his men forward by shouting encouragement. Despite vicious opposing fire the whirlwind hand-to-hand assault carried to the crest of the hill. His dauntless leadership and personal courage solnspired his men that they stormed into the hostile position and used their bay on ets with such lethal effect that the enemy fied in wild disorder. During this fier ce onslaught Captain Millett was wounded by grenade fragments but refused evacuation until the objective was taken and firmily secured. The superb lead ership, conspicuous courage, and consumate devotion to duty demonstrated by Captain Millett were directly responsible for the successful accomplishment of a hazardous mission and reflect the highest credit on himself and the heroic traditions of the military service.

Harry Herrica

tremendous explosion. For a few seconds he was knocked unconscious, but he did manage to clear some hills that lay directly ahead and crash-landed immediately afterwards.

The problem now facing the remaining South African Mustang was there were no rescue facilities available. Fortuitously, the Piper Cub was in the vicinity, and after appraising the situation, it landed skillfully on a narrow, twisting road. Captain Millett climbed out and gave the injured Davis his seat.

Unarmed, well behind enemy lines and with enemy troops all over the place, Millett came under artillery fire several times before the little plane returned to haul him to safety. Again he had a bit of luck. On the ground, the Mustang started burning furiously, 'cooking off' .50 rounds from its six or eight machine guns. A Chinese Army group nearby kept their heads down, believing that they were purposely being fired at. When one of them eventually did decide to investigate, Millett — still in hiding — shot him in the head. After that, the Reds stayed away until Jim Lawrence returned and he was rescued.

For this action, Millett was mentioned in UN despatches and the event chronicled with his photo — in the South African War Museum in Johannesburg.

On eventually taking command of Easy Company — he requested an infantry posting after having been a forward observer who had made a bit of name for himself with

> the 8th Field Artillery Battalion - he initiated a few changes of his own. This included the order that each soldier was to carry half a dozen grenades (preferably more) and not the customary two. He also put two BARs in each squad. Last, he stressed the usefulness of the bayonet in close-quarter contact. Trouble was, few Americans in Korea carried them at the beginning and he had to scrounge blades from units that regarded them as superfluous.

> Physical fitness against an enemy that believed that Americans "were weak, afraid to die and haven't the courage to attack or defend" also became an important part of the daily regimen. Captain Millett had seen the document captured from a prisoner from the Chinese 66th Army that declared that Americans "specialize in day fighting ... they are not familiar with night fighting and hand-to-hand combat. They are afraid of our big knives and grenades; also of our courageous attack, regular combat and infiltration."

The ultimate insult was that "when in defeat they become dazed and completely demoralized," which was odd since Mao's people must have been aware of what took place barely five years before against Hitler's divisions.

In preparing for the offensive that was shaping up, Millett would point at a 7,000ft. hill and tell his men to follow him up it. It wasn't long before the men could run fulltilt down a treacherous snow-covered ridge or bound like mountain goats over rocky outcrops and high points. This effort, tough and unpleasant to begin with, was to stand the unit in good stead.

The morning of 7 February 1951 was crisp and clear when Captain Millett received his orders. The week before, he



When asked what motivated him to lead what was an almost impossible bayonet charge against a well dug-in and fortified Chicom position, Colonel Millett replied that he had seen their propaganda claiming that Americans were afraid of hand-to-hand action. "That sure riled me, and I was all for proving otherwise," he said. "Anyway," he added, "my grandfather fought in the Civil War and he was pretty handy with a bayonet. I thought I would emulate him and I reckon I did."

and his men had been in two hot actions, one of which blooded his bayonet fighters. This time he was ordered along a stretch of road near the Korean village of Soam-Ni, in advance of the main body of troops.

The notorious Hill 180 was one of a series of three knobs overlooking the U.S. route of advance and there appeared to be no enemy presence. The entire unit had almost passed when one of his men, Private Victor Cozares in the 3rd Platoon — which was supposed to give covering fire in the event of being attacked — scanned the ridge. Something wasn't right, he recalled: There was just too much foliage at the top of what was otherwise a barren hill. He alerted the Captain on the company's SCR-536 radio.

By now others, following Cozares example, had spotted movement along the high points: It soon became clear that there was a powerful Chinese communist force dug into defensive positions along the crest of the hill. Observing that their cover had been blown, the Chinese started shooting.

Within 10 minutes Millett had ordered

his two accompanying tanks off the road and told them to zero in with their guns half-way up the hill. They were to lay down fire until he signaled for them to stop. That would give him a chance to get where he had to. Moments later he ordered his men to fix bayonets and detached 14 of them from the group. He lead this squad at speed across the frozen fields to avoid enemy rifle and machine gun fire, which, by then, had become heavy.

While the battle didn't last long, the slog uphill was hard, interspersed by a complex array of honeycombed trenchlines and tunnels that required clearing. At one stage Millett called for more grenades and these were pitched at him, like baseballs, by those following behind. By now other elements under his command had begun encircling the hill and the Reds realized that this was no feint.

Several times Millett and his men came under point blank fire and had to duck behind and below overhangs or use enemy fox holes for cover. Twice the Chinese turned buffalo guns (anti-tank weapons) on them in a desperate bid to dislodge the Americans. Slowly, Millet and his men inched their way upwards, but not without taking casualties: four of the 14 were killed, others were wounded. By the time it was over the main body of Chicoms had fled over the other side of the hill.

When a nearby village fell the next day, the natives told intelligence officers that at least 60 of the North Korean survivors had been injured in the fight and had to be evacuated. Captain Millett continued to lead his unit until the main force bucketed into the outskirts of Seoul.

Asked by SOF what had motivated him to lead what was obviously an almost impossible bayonet charge against a well dug-in and fortified Chicom position, Colonel Millett replied that he had seen their propaganda claiming that Americans were afraid of hand-to-hand action. "That sure riled me, and I was all for proving otherwise," he said from his home in August 2000.

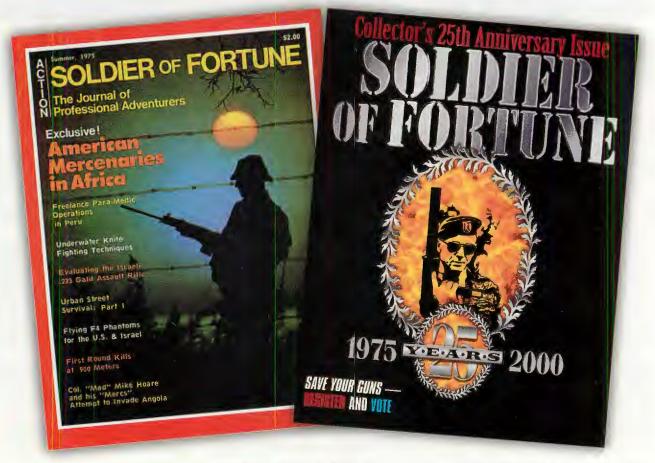
"Anyway," he added, "my grandfather fought in the Civil War and he was pretty handy with a bayonet. I thought I would emulate him and I reckon I did."

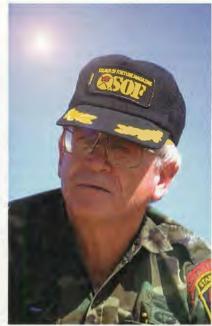
Al J. Venter is a long-time contributor to SOF and resides in the Northwest. \Re



A Camera In One Hand, A Rifle In The Other Soldier Of Fortune's 25 Years of Action Journalism

by Al J. Venter





is crusty, blunt, and at times cantankerous. He is loved by some, abhorred, even ridiculed by others, but for nearly a generation Lieutenant Colonel Robert K. Brown, USAR (Ret.) has made an industry of attacking the "evil empire" through the finger-in-your-eye style of his magazine, *Soldier Of Fortune*. Whether perceived as an icon or nemesis, with this Silver Anniversary Issue Brown and *SOF* have been in Uncle Sam's and everybody else's face for a quarter-century. To the

glee of many, and the chagrin of most, their favorite maverick publication has just turned 25.

Brown's pursuit of a cause with an intractable mind set, often contradictory as hell and always vociferous, drove the KGB to label him an imperialist propagandist. To Brown, whose favorite lapel pin used to read: "I'd Rather Be Killing Communists," that KGB gesture signaled success.

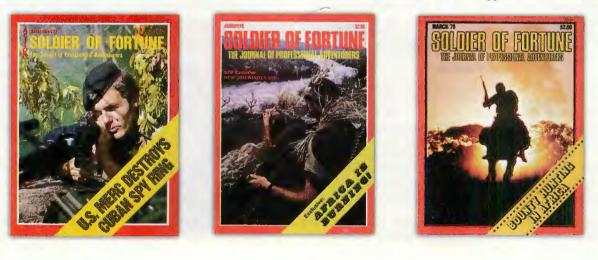
Ask Brown how the magazine began, and his eyes will shoot fire: "At the end of Vietnam, for the first time in U.S. history, U.S. soldiers who had risked their lives for their country — the heroes whom the Vietnam saga produced — came dragging home in shame, confusion, and bewilderment. And the ultimate outrage some spat on men in uniform when they returned from Southeast Asia. What we were witnessing was the consequences of the denigration of an entire generation of fighting men. Once back on American soil, the guys couldn't get into civvies quickly enough. "The American public was unforgiving the Vietnam vets were used as scapegoats for the fuckups of the politicians who had lost their war. The media portrayed nightly images of the slaughter, bad-mouthed the U.S. military and in many cases actually supported the enemy. The academic community and the entertainment industry, as exemplified by the traitor Jane Fonda, further undercut the public support for our war," says Brown.

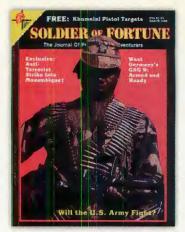
"It was not uncommon for members of the 'peace generation' to wish them, the Vietnam vets, dead. They would say as much, most often in public, usually to the accompaniment of guitar music." Brown recalled placing his curse: "A plague on all their houses!" He decided the veterans needed a voice, and the adventurous needed a message board.

A Voice For The Vets

Overnight, SOF offered Vietnam vets the recognition they deserved, a home in a sense, a meeting place for like souls. Like a banner, it acknowledged their sacrifices and continues to do so, loudly and loyally.

And through the years, Vietnam has featured prominently in the pages of *SOF*. *SOF* readership is now older and a little more mellow, but the magazine is never afraid to resuscitate the past. Although *SOF*, in line with just about every other print publication, has seen its circulation fall, the support from veterans and law





enforcement (roughly 12% of its readership, from the FBI on down) is unwavering.

When Colonel Brown, against all odds, began this endeavor a quarter-century ago, he was fully aware that for publishers, that era was sounding the death knell for some of the old standards our granddads read — titles like Argosy, True, Blue Book, Saga and a halfdozen others, some of which had survived World War II.

"I needed to be sure that I had enough working capital to

publish four issues in a year," Brown recalls. "I set a target of 4,000 prepaid subscriptions. If I didn't reach my goal, I would simply return the owners' checks," which he kept in a shoe box hidden in his car. The rest is history.

What emerged with issue Number One, published in July of 1975, was the template that he and his editors would follow in all subsequent issues. Brown's objectives have always been clear-cut.

His enemies, invariably, were oppressive regimes to the left of the political spectrum: Russian, Chinese, Iraqi, Iranian, Cuban, Vietnamese, Palestinian - you name it. He tackled their agendas with gusto, usually in the pages of his magazine, or, preferably, in what he refers to as his own brand of "participatory journalism" on their home ground, often with the help of the local underground or resistance movement. SOF has trained troops, militias, revolutionaries and dissidents in more than a dozen countries in Africa, Asia,



the Middle East and the Americas. "No doubt," he muses, "if I were to pursue the same sort of thing today, Clinton and the nosepickers in the State Department would probably have me behind bars. Of course, if I decide to get involved in a future worthy cause, we simply won't write about it or identify the personnel involved."

Afghanistan

"The most exhilarating experience in the world," Churchill said, "is to be fired at with no effect." To that famous maxim, the infamous Robert K. Brown added "... and to fire back" as he led an *SOF* team into Afghanistan in 1982 when the war was dramatically escalating.

"You want kill Russians?" offered one of the *mujahideen* leaders. Brown leaped at the irresistible offer, the prospect of firing into a heavily fortified Soviet strongpoint in the valley below. "After all," he declared afterward, "one waits a lifetime for such an opportunity."

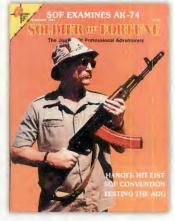
Never mind that the Red Army might retaliate, or that Soviet Air Force Mi-24 attack helicopters were undoubtedly searching for them across the battle front. Jim Coyne, author, contributing editor and Brown's partner in the boondocks, well-programmed after 12 years of experience as a TV cameraman, prepared to document the live action.

The muj started hammering away at the grubby Russian fort located in the valley below with a captured Russian 14.5mm heavy

machine-gun perched on a ridgeline. The only other weapon with enough range to reach the fort was an antiquated British 3-inch Brandt-Stokes mortar that had been manufactured in 1936.

Brown walked over to the mortar and dropped a round down the tube for the hell of it. "That's for Vietnam," he muttered.

The Soviets were wellaware of Holy Fighters' positions. As Brown recounts, "It didn't take us long to realize that the bastards were accurate. Remarkably so. We



scrambled out of there with the Afghans before Russian air support could arrive."

But Stingy With Stingers

In 1989, Brown asked the Afghan rebel leader General Safi to let him shoot down a Russian aircraft with a Stinger missile. The CIA had provided the Afghans Stingers in 1986. (Many military analysts believe this was the beginning of the end for the Russians in Afghanistan). "When General Safi, who was an old buddy, refused, I said I'd settle for knocking out a Russian tank or two with a Milan missile. Again he said 'No.'

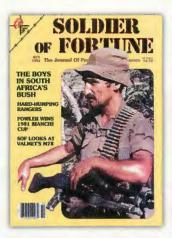
"I said, 'Safi, we're old buddies, we just about got napalmed together, why won't you let me blow up a Russian tank?' Safi explained that he didn't want to run the risk of having American journalists killed. And that was the end of that. I'm still pissed off."

The first time Brown and SOF visited the Afghan rebels was in September 1980. The mission was to cover the war, conduct some ad hoc training, and cause the Russians as much grief as possible. SOFer Galen Geer already had gone farther into Afghanistan than



any Western reporter, and had brought out never-before-seen Russian military equipment.

One of the team, Major John Donovan, SOF's explosives and demolitions contributing editor, was told by the rebels that the anti-tank land mines were not working. "The mines are all duds. They look good, but they no boom, they said." It took a New York second for Donovan to rectify the problem: Showing how it was done, Donovan patiently explained to the Afghans that in order for the mines to go boom, they first had



to have a detonator screwed in.

How many Russian tanks and APCs Donovan and *SOF* indirectly destroyed in Afghanistan will never be known.

Many of the weapons the rebels deployed in their war of liberation — apart from mines, Stingers, mortars, artillery pieces, claymores, booby traps, triple-A guns and much else including training — came from the United States, although China also contributed, mostly small arms and automatic weapons. In their own way, the Russians also did their bit: A lot

of what reached muj forces courtesy of the Soviet Union was captured from them in battle.

AF

In mucking about Afghanistan, Brown and his crews noticed that a good deal of the hardware reaching the rebels had been dug out of some long-forgotten Pakistani ordnance depot. For instance, while following a truck carrying ammunition, Brown discovered later, that on board there were cases of linked .303 aircraft rounds manufactured in 1944.

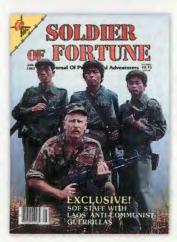
Going Where The Action Is

Brown has either personally led groups of his own people or sent them independently into Afghanistan, the Sudan, El Salvador, Uganda, Rhodesia, Angola, the Congo, Lebanon, Mozambique, Burma, Laos, Chad, Nicaragua, Sierra Leone, Israel, Croatia, Bosnia and a good few others that he'd rather I didn't write about.

One of these adventures involved researching the feasibility of overthrowing the oppressive dictatorship of Surinam — this time with direct CIA involvement, coincidentally, which included money.

Another of his efforts was to try to take over the Island of Abaco in the Bahamas immediately after the Bahamas decolonized from the British government. His plan was to set up an independent rule and appoint himself Minister of Defense. The self-styled Robin Hood planned to give the country's impoverished peasants a piece of the action in a society dominated by tourists, corrupt politicians and big money.

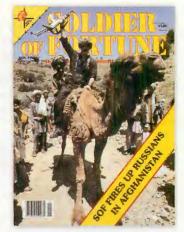
Had Brown chosen less conspicuous places in some remote corner of the world, rather than stage his activities in Uncle Sam's



backyard, this kind of activity might have been commendable. It could also have happened had it not involved Americans. Perhaps it's perhaps just as well that both efforts came to naught. The coup in the Bahamas would have prompted a vigorous reaction from the Royal Navy, including a period in residence for Brown and his crew as guests of Her Majesty's government.

Brown was later informed by a former Delta operative that the U.S. government actually had contingency plans to take over Surinam, very much as it had done with Grenada. The Pentagon was concerned that Surinam's leader had crept into bed with a variety of leftist regimes. The operation was canceled because the Surinam dictator, Bourterse, sent home all his Cuban advisers after the Grenada invasion, fearing the same fate as his counterpart.

Perhaps Brown's inspiration in part was having missed out on one of Fat Ralph Edens' adventures, except for the visit to a U.S. jail, that is. Fat Ralph had attempted to make the world a better place



Department or with an estab-

lishment that, at best, could

sometimes be duplicitous in

setting its own agendas. But

then most times, the man

tended to champion the

Did Well, Done Good

different now, there was a

time when RKB was the soft-

est touch east of the Rockies.

If you had a cause, obscure,

but worthy - or a problem ----

you came to Uncle Bob. The

number of people he has

helped (and a fair proportion

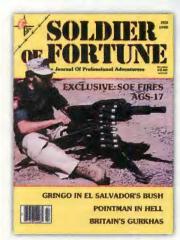
Although things are a bit

by bombing the palace of "Papa Doc" Duvalier, the Haitian tyrant. Hoping to mount a popular insurrection, Edens and his pals rolled out 33-gallon drums of homemade napalm from the door of an antiquated Lockheed Super Constellation.

Unfortunately, only one of the improvised Molotov Cocktails exploded in the palace courtyard. The rest exploded in downtown Port au Prince, setting half the city on fire. Edens claims that he was responsible for a Haitian urban renewal program.

That he quite often succeeded didn't hang easily with the State

underdog.



he had never met before) is legendary. Many, particularly some of the individuals from the Vietnam epoch, had physical disabilities. Others had personal problems. If warranted, Brown would lend a hand. And sometimes unexpectedly, as in the case of Giang Bang La, who had been Brown's interpreter at Tong Le Chon, his Special Forces A-Camp during the Vietnam War.

Giang's story takes place several years after the Vietnam War ended. Before being posted home, Brown had given Giang his card and told him that if he ever got Stateside, he should look him up.

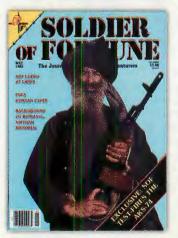
Giang buried the card near the mango tree in his garden. Seven years later, having organized a boat and an escape party, Giang and his group headed out to sea. The refugees were spotted by a West German merchant ship, the *Kap Anamour*, and taken aboard.

Any ship that snatched people from the sea was held to be responsible for them. Unless they could show that they had a sponsor, the refugees were taken to the flagship country. Although the merchantman's first port of call was the Philippines, the other 698 Vietnamese boat people were taken to Hamburg, Germany:



Everyone, that is, except Giang and his family of five. Giang flashed Uncle Bob's yellowed, mildewed old card that probably once had mushrooms growing on it to show that he had friends where it mattered.

Within days, SOF's offices had been contacted and Brown agreed to sponsor the family to come to the United States. Giang worked for some years in the magazine's mail department before he moved on. He's still in Boulder, his children have received an American education and joined the all-American dream — a house, two cars and a television. Brown subsequently contacted a personal friend, Bill Bell, who was assigned to a POW/MIA recovery task



force. Brown explained that Giang's mother would not get a visa application approved for several years and asked, "Bill, will you give me a hand on this?" Bill replied, "I'll take care of it." Bill went down to the visa office, took Giang's mother's visa application off the bottom of the pile and put it on the top of the pile, accelerating the process by two or three years. Brown was invited to her 80th birthday party as this issue was going to press.

Official Scrutiny

Occasionally, the antics of

the founder of SOF got him into trouble. He has been investigated — occasionally at the instigation of Congress — by just about every security establishment in the country, including the Justice Department. The FBI has questioned him a dozen times. He reckons that more than once they tried to set him up, using provocateurs to advocate ridiculous schemes that would certainly have landed him in prison.

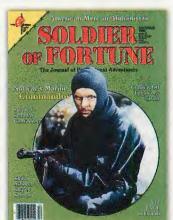
One time a gray-suited adventurer "with the requisite shortback-and-sides and patent leather shoes," offered him a number of AR-10 automatic weapons, claiming that he had smuggled them into America concealed in a container of oil drilling equipment and that there was a lot more where that consignment came from. Another time it was a silencer for a firearm, at a SHOT Show.

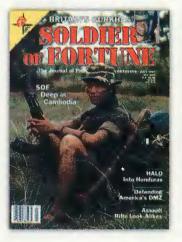
The ultimate irony, perhaps, was that with the onset of *perestroika*, the colonel eventually cut a deal with a group of businessmen in

Moscow to publish a Russian edition of *SOF*. That crashed when the economy went down.

Almost 300 editions since it first appeared, *Soldier Of Fortune* has, over the years, developed a remarkable personality. It has always been in an ill-defined category of its own, offering a combination of armchair adventure yarns, weapons scoops, war stories, political commentary and much more.

The magazine has maintained an editorial policy that is patently independent, often fiercely so. At the instigation of





Brown, SOF has conducted its own investigations into a variety of scandals; some of them botched FBI operations such as at Waco and Ruby Ridge. SOF also exposed the fact that the BATF was developing its own air force. What came out of that scoop; as a result of a congressional inquiry, resulted in the BATF being ordered to terminate their fledgling air operations.

He has had his share of getting into the hair of the military, one of the reasons, no doubt, why *SOF* was never

invited to participate in media pool activities during Operation Desert Storm.

Professional Outsiders

When it needed to, the magazine has also taken a strong line on the shortcomings in some of the scrapes in which U.S. forces have been involved. Among these were Panama, the Somali debacle, Desert Storm, and the Balkans. Consequently, as far as the Pentagon is concerned, *Soldier Of Fortune* does not rate comment. And while it would be unusual for any serving officer to admit that he actually subscribes to the magazine, many do.

An iconoclast to the last,

Brown — erstwhile armored car guard, health studio instructor, freelance photojournalist, ditch digger, cowboy, trail crew foreman, private investigator, logger and hard-rock miner — usually responds to unwarranted criticism by telling his adversaries to "go and fuck" themselves.

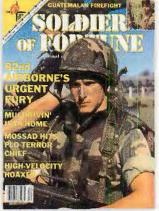
While Brown has his share of detractors, there are also those who appreciate what the magazine has done, and have gone to bat for him.

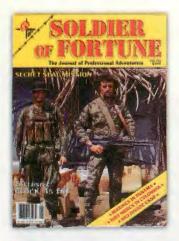
Joseph Goulden, a former deputy-director at Accuracy In

Media, a conservative watchdog organization, admitted that he regularly read the magazine. "They report [on events] at a depth you don't find anywhere else ... and I can't see myself spending a comparable amount of time with *Time* just to see what [its chief political correspondent] happens to think. I just don't care that much," he stated in an interview in the publishing trade magazine *Folio*.

So, too, did the *Detroit Free Press* laud his role in blasting rightwing militias for their extremist views in an article titled "Leading the Charge." It went on: "Lately, in columns and articles, Brown's magazine has been attacking domestic terrorists as enemies of liberty (and as a director of the NRA) of law-abiding gun owners."

Soldier Of Fortune, it said, had devoted long articles to debunking two widespread myths that were then being promulgated by militia-type conspiracy theorists. The first of these was a fleet of black helicopters had been readied for use as part of a crazy New World Order by UN stormtroopers or American soldiers under UN





command. The other was that a train of flatbed cars carrying UN tanks and armored cars had been sighted in Utah.

The St. Louis Post Dispatch was possibly closest to the truth when it declared that SOF derived pleasure "from tweaking the nose, not only of the establishment but also the liberals." Not many are aware that Brown is a registered Democrat simply because he votes in the primaries for a pro-gun Democratic county commissioner.

The Right Stuff

Unlike today, when a person's CV might include something about having flown combat or served as a grunt in Vietnam — people are proud of having been there — you don't need the memory of an elephant to recall that the '70s were bad news for those who had been involved in the longest war in America's history. But Brown's editorial formula was more than support for veterans: He took his magazine a step further, and SOF's formula, its raison d'être, was as basic then as it is today.

SOF incorporates healthy dollops of rip-roaring action which, though sometimes a little over the top, are always based on fact. Many of its articles are set in exotic locales. There are also, when

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the occasion warrants it, exposes of as many shortcomings in Washington, D.C., as in what was then the communist world. All of it is packaged in the kind of page-turning, "I was there" wide-eyed combat adventure that provides an immediacy that no other publication in America enjoys. A large part of the magazine's strength is that its style allows veterans to relate to events that might currently be in the news.

Brown's latest venture included sending a staffer on a five-week assignment to Sierra Leone, where he flew combat

in a Russian Mi-24 attack helicopter piloted by a South African mercenary with an Ethiopian ground staff. The eclectic flight crew was supplemented by a *Shi'ite* Lebanese gunner, a former British SAS operative who holds an OBE from the Queen for his role in the Iranian embassy drama in London some years ago, and a "volunteer" sidegunner who could only have been attached to French intelligence.

It has been that way from the start. Having established the magazine, *Soldier Of Fortune* was the new boy on the block and the magazine quickly proved a hit. His choice of name, too, had a mystique that a lot of people — especially former servicemen — liked.

The new publication also made Brown enough money to afford him the ability to do his own thing, such as building a full-sized military base inside Laos, then in a state of war with its neighbors, with a 130-man army of H'mong tribesmen for protection.

The initial idea was to provide an *SOF* team with a headquarters which could be used to snatch a group of perhaps 22 POWs in the north of the country. The Pentagon took him seriously enough for Admiral Alan Paulson, then director of the POW/MIA program under the Defense Intelligence Agency to offer Brown a list of all the missing pilots' call signs if he were to come up with specific names from the war era. It was not only the first time it had happened, but the gesture was essential. In negotiations with the governor of one of the Laotian provinces, Brown had agreed to pay \$20,000 for each POW that the man handed over. At the same time, to avoid being



stung, he had to know what he was getting for his cash.

As he says, "without some sort of identification, those mothers could have handed me every junkie in Southeast Asia and I wouldn't have known better."

As it happened, little came of the enterprise, though he admits that it was interesting. With China just then sparring with Hanoi (and Laos a client state of the Vietnamese), "we had our share of scrapes." In the end he struck camp before the Laotian Air Force napalmed them.

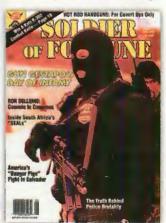
Editorial Impact, With Impact

Another war in which Brown and his colleagues were seriously involved was Rhodesia. SOF staff members made many trips there, and John Coleman, one of the mercenaries who served in the Rhodesian Light Infantry — already a budding writer — eventually became editor of the magazine. Brown was told by a Rhodesian army recruiting officer that the majority of the 450 or more Americans who fought with the Rhodesian armed forces signed up because of SOF. This did not win any friends in the liberal Carter Administration, who sniffed that SOF may have been within the letter of the law, but not within the spirit.

While most things that Brown and his boys have done in the past

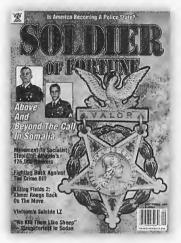
quarter-century were exciting, none of the more serious implications linked to international power politics escaped this graduate of the University of Colorado, who holds a Master's in political science.

His regular reading list includes, among others, *The Wall Street Journal, Foreign Affairs, Middle East Policy, The New York Times* and *The New Republic.* He also likes to get into many of the publications put out by Britain's Jane's Information Group, which are also circulated among his staff.









Go to his house and Brown is invariably reading half a dozen books concurrently: Most are histories. As might be expected, the man is a war buff. He has, over the years, accumulated an encyclopedic store of knowledge about all the conflicts in which America has been involved.

Now, close to 70, his memory is phenomenal, even if his hearing is, as one of his old buddies commented, "Shit!"

He's met presidents and kings, mixed with reprobates and revolutionaries of all shades and, for a while, even

went to Cuba to join in Castro's revolution, which caused him endless security problems in later years. Yet Bob Brown is emphatic: "I'm just a simple country boy."

Blue-collar though his background may be — and there were times when his family was so poor they were kept alive on a com-

bination of stewed prunes and eggs — the publisher of *Soldier Of Fortune* has come a long way. Over the years, the popularity of the magazine has allowed him to do things that most people can only dream about.

These have included operational visits to Africa, helping hurricane victims in the Dominican Republic, a succession of insertions into Afghanistan, training sniping teams with the Christian forces in Lebanon, hunting guerrillas in Rhodesia, visits to the Sudan to find out if the Khartoum government was



using nerve gases against southern Christian/animist insurgents, support for dissident Karen tribespeople against the Burmese and many more.

Finding Its Niche

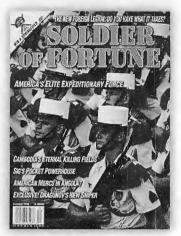
What became manifest after the first handful of issues appeared was that Brown had suddenly made an important breakthrough in the coverage of events that you don't often see on your neighborhood newsstand. Within four years the magazine's circulation had topped 100,000. A few years later it had risen by another 50%. One year, fairly early on, *SOF* grossed \$7 million.

As anybody involved in the business will tell you, this was unusual in the convoluted world of magazine publishing and it was clear to all that the colonel had read his market correctly. Most of his support — then and now — came from people who had served in the armed forces or in law enforcement.

Those most closely involved with its production claim that its readership remains in a higher income bracket than most other mag-

azines that are not into finance, tech or something high-falutin'. Case in point: At last year's *SOF* Convention, one of the exhibitors, gunmaker Ronnie Barrett, was selling a .50 caliber Ultra-long-range rifle. He took orders for more than 20 at well over \$5,000 a piece.

Also, as incumbent editor Dwight Swift points out, its subscription renewal rate is proportionately higher than most better-known magazines "There are not many publications that can make that claim," he declares.



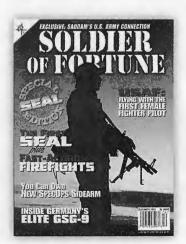
As Brown would say, "We're into adventure, goddammit. Only we do it first, we do it better, and most important, we do it." He backed that up with an anecdote:

Great Grenada Grab

After the U.S. invasion of Grenada in 1983, Brown and Jim Graves, another of his editors, returned to the States with a suitcase full of captured documents — most of them secret. All had been rifled from the offices of the Grenada Deputy Minister of Defense and the prime minister's office. Notably, Brown and his group hadn't been the first ones there: U.S. intelligence agents who had landed with the invading force had visited both places before them and obviously hadn't done a very good job.

The material that Brown chanced upon indicated that Cuba and the Soviets were turning Grenada into a strategic military base, a kind of Cuban/Soviet military and intelligence fortress in the Caribbean, and at a time when the Cold War was on boil. On his return, Brown called *Time* magazine and told them what he had. They flew out an editor and photographer to Boulder to evaluate the material. The next issue of *Time* carried a feature piece on what Brown and Graves had found.

An interesting aside here is that, among hundreds of journalists who had gathered in Barbados and who were clamoring to make it aboard the final USAF C-130 that took the media contingent to the

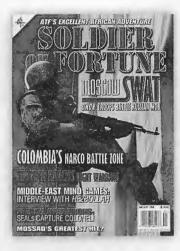


island, Brown was the last to board. Bear in mind that journalists eager to get to Grenada were five-deep: Every man jack hoped for a seat on an aircraft that, at best, can only take about 100.

As always, Brown had a plan. He had no intention of being left out and Jay Mallin, one of SOF's specialists on South and Central America, just happened to have two sets of press credentials, both heavyweight. Consequently, when the name "Robert Brown — Readers Digest" was called, the cumulative gasp from his fellow hacks could be heard on the far side of the runway.

As Brown says with a characteristic evil smile: "You've got to know a few tricks in this game, sonny. If you don't, you're sunk."

He has an equally outrageous tale to tell of how, in 1991, by now almost 60, this tough, leather-skinned, tobacco-chewing veteran conned somebody into believing he was a combatant in the Gulf War. Despite numerous frustrations prior to the invasion, he became

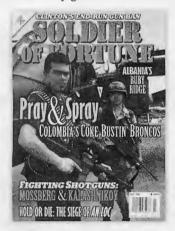


the first Western journalist to enter Kuwait City, and did so as the guest of a Saudi prince. Brown was part of the Royal entourage at the head of a combined Saudi/Kuwaiti armored brigade that entered Kuwait City.

Finally, A Triumphal March

American forces, by then, were already on the outskirts of the city. As a courtesy — as had happened a couple of generations before, when General Eisenhower allowed future President de Gaulle and his men to precede U.S. forces into Paris — the Arab army was allowed to lead the way.

His Gulf War assignment was not a happy one. Tony Horwitz of *The Wall Street Journal* wrote patronizingly about this old war horse, frustrated by the machinations of a multinational military bureaucracy gone berserk. In his article he referred to *SOF* as "a



sort of trade magazine for mercenaries and the lunatic fringe" and took an almost vicarious delight at Brown having been shoved aside by the military together with the rest of the media *lumpenproletariat*. That was a pity because it's certainly not the *Journal*'s style. Also, Horwitz hadn't done his homework.

He highlighted Brown's almost brazen disdain for journalists who knew little about the military or the task that faced Coalition Forces against a nation that everybody was

aware had stocks of chemical and biological weapons. The Iraqis also had an advanced nuclear weapons program. Horwitz told his readers that Brown had taken to labeling his colleagues "boobs and dorks." What he didn't say was that for the first time in more than a century, the majority of the media covering the war hadn't the vaguest idea of what it was all about, except that the enemy was Saddam Hussein and that Kuwait had to be liberated. Most wouldn't have been able to tell the difference between a BRDM and a BQM drone.

To pass the time, said Horwitz, Brown and his two associates

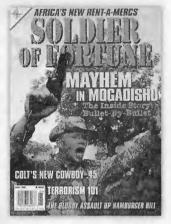
— ex-Legionnaire Paul Fanshaw and former Deputy Commander of Rhodesia's Grey Scouts, Major Mike Williams — kept a list of "Boobs of the Briefings," reporters who asked dumb questions at the daily news conferences: "Can you give us the bridge philosophy as regards the bridge targeting?" (Answer: to destroy bridges). And "How long a war can you tell the American people to be prepared for — weeks or months?" (Answer: Weeks or months).

Horwitz said that the trio fantasized about asking shocking questions like "When do you plan to start dropping napalm?"

An interesting aside here, as Brown observed in one of his columns, was that while coverage of the Gulf War was bad — abysmally so — and very few of those who had been accredited as correspondents had even begun to master the fundamentals of modern-day conflict (never mind the terminology, which is a

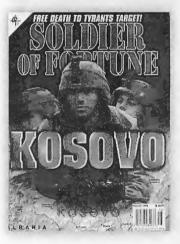
given in any discipline) most editors, when Kosovo came along, did at least make an effort not to repeat past mistakes.

But it hadn't happened by the time the Balkan war broke out. On assignment in Sarajevo with Bob MacKenzie, the two men were present when a woman reporter from one of New York's prestigious glamour magazines complained about Serb sniping activity in the city. "For Heaven's sake," she exclaimed with indignation, "why doesn't somebody throw landmines at those snipers?"



"Rewarding" Journalism

A few other events, which made news in the pages of *SOF* over the years, included a \$100,000 reward for the first Nicaraguan pilot to defect from the Central American state with a Soviet-built Mi-24 helicopter gunship. After a meeting with Lt. Col. Oliver North in the Old Executive Building, that amount was upped to a million dollars, with North's office vouchsafing to underwrite the balance. While no Nicaraguan crew ever took the



bait, one of the immediate results — once that issue hit the newsstands — was that the Nicaraguan Air Force suspended operations against the Contras for almost a month while trustworthy Cuban pilots were brought in as replacements, which was the objective of the project in the first place.

Before that, Brown had offered \$10,000 in gold for the return "in one piece" of the Ugandan tyrant, Idi Amin. There were no takers there, either, though an SOF staffer was one of the first



foreign journalists to go through Amin's bedroom after it had been pillaged by Tanzanian troops. What he discovered was a bag full of gold-plated medals, which he grabbed and took back to his hotel with him: Some of these, incidentally, eventually ended up in Colorado.

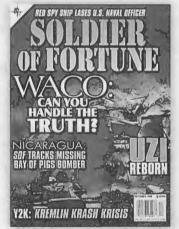
Later that day, the SOF man returned with another group of "journalists" — Russians, Israelis, Americans, British and others, none of whose bylines he recognized — and went through an adjoining house

on Kampala's Nakasero Hill. It had been used by a PLO terror group as a bomb-making factory. Lying innocuously on one of the window sills, with a European address on it, was a letter bomb.

Deciding to grab it on the way out — nobody at SOF had ever been able to examine one of these devices up close — he was beaten to the draw, probably by the *Mossad*. The local KGB "journalist" was excluded from the chase because it was, after all, Moscow's money that had been funding the Palestinians.

Another offer made in SOF not long afterward was \$100,000

to the first person who could bring back a sample of "yellow rain" from Southeast Asia. Though there were quite a few fake offers, including a con, who for \$10,000, sold the Australian Broadcasting Corporation an alleged "yellow rain" round that appeared to be an RPG-7 that had been painted yellow. On analysis it was found to be an RPG-7 round painted vellow. It was SOF staffer, Jim Coyne, who eventually brought the first "yellow rain" sample back to America. It was later



handed to a government office for analysis.

Coyne was eventually called to testify on the matter before a Congressional sub-committee. Though Washington was reluctant to acknowledge, horror of all horrors, that SOF might have had a hand, Brown did eventually get a back-handed complement for his efforts from one of the Congressmen involved, Congressman Leach, of Iowa. That was one of several such episodes.

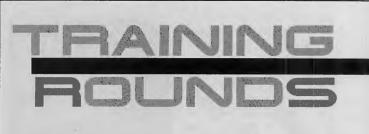


Intelligence Georg

Intelligence Scoops

Looking back, it is evident that today there are few, if any other publications that have been able to match SOF's record of intelligence firsts. Having outfoxed the KGB and several times scooped the CIA, the magazine has consistently beat other defense journals on both sides of the Atlantic in coming up with something new. Eventually, it happened so often that it

Continued on page 104



egular readers of *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine are familiar with *SOF*'s continuing support of the freedom fighter. What is not as well known is that for the last 25 years the same writers you have

trusted for the real story, from where the action is, have volunteered for active-duty, training the ground-pounders who have been the buffer between tyranny and umbrella drinks.

Often times the distant bureaucrats do not have the proper perspective and send too little, too late. *SOF* publisher Robert K. Brown and his band of happy hoodlums (actually highly trained professionals, most of them Vietnam vets) have frequently stepped up to the plate to fill in the training gaps where they could.

From El Salvador to Bosnia, the more things changed, the more they stayed the same. Robert K. Brown was given the same basic request: Turn the locals, many lacking in formal training but brimming with enthusiasm, into a cohesive fighting force. A force to be reckoned with. A force that could staunch the wounds of tyranny.

The only hurdles would be time, money and incoming fire.

Naturally, these special projects would require improvisation, because it was Uncle Bob, not uncle Sugar, footing the bill. Combat and tactics will always boil down to this universal mission statement: Inflict the most damage with the least expense. Given the limitations imposed on the *SOF* crews, they had to focus on unconventional warfare, small-unit tactics, ambushes and sniping.

Casualties are one of the inevitable products of combat. In the underdeveloped areas of the world the concept of medivacing is more science fiction then reality, thus the skills of the medic and the supplies of the field hospital are of critical importance. Many of the medical missions of RRII (see story, this issue) focused on training local medics and doctors.

The following is a brief overview of SOF training missions suitable to appear in the pages of SOF over the last 25 years. Many of the back issues are still available (call SOF Back Issue department at 303-449-3750 to inquire about specific issues).

"Embattled El Salvador: Has The U.S. Forgotten How To Win A War?" by Robert K. Brown

(Appeared in September 1983, Vol.8 No.9)

When the Special Forces advisers proved insufficient, Soldier Of Fortune magazine quickly stepped in to fill the void. SOF team included: Robert K. Brown, Alexander M.S. McColl, John Early, Peder Lund, John Donovan, Peter G. Kokalis, Ralph Edens, Dr. John Peters.

"Update From El Salvador," by SOF Staff

(Appeared in January 1984, Vol.9 No.1)

When communism was knocking at our back door in Central America the United States asked Salvadoran grunts to fight the good fight for us. Robert K. Brown and *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine felt it was the least they could do to provide them with support. *SOF*'s team included: Robert K. Brown, Alexander M.S. McColl, John Early, Ben Jones, Cliff Albright, John Donovan, Peter G. Kokalis, Ralph G. Edens, John Padgett, Philip Gonzales, Thomas D. Reisinger.

"Arms And The Atlacatl: SOF Trains Salvadoran Immediate Reaction Battalion," by Peter G. Kokalis

(Appeared in January 1984, Vol.9 No.1)

SOF Technical Editor waged a personal war against communism in Central America. Read more about Kokalis's 21 missions to El Salvador starting on page 83.

"House-To-House In Morazan: SOF's Legionnaire with the Cazadores," by Paul Fanshaw (Appeared in June 1984, Vol. 9 No. 6)

SOF staffer finds that some times the student becomes the teacher when he is placed in a training role with the 217-man Cazadores (hunter) company in the Morazan province of El Salvador.

"Refugee Relief International, Inc. Prescription For Central America: Teamwork Spells Relief for Needy," by SOF staff-

(Appeared in August 1984, Vol. 9 No. 8)

Not all training missions include Death From Above. SOF, Refugee Relief International, Inc. and individuals made a difference in fighting communism by helping the people of Central America, Southwest and Southeast Asia with desperately needed medical supplies and know-how.

"Taking It To The Streets: SOF Trains Salvadorans in Urban Warfare," by Steve Salisbury

(Appeared in August 1984, Vol. 9 No. 8)

In the mid '80s in El Salvador, urban combat was a way of life. SOF staffers Bill Brooks, Ben Jones, Dennis Daly, John Donovan and Steve Salisbury teach the Salvadorans the latest U.S. doctrine of how to attack and clear a town.

"SOF Trains Contras: Under Rockets Red Glare" by Harry Claflin

(Appeared October 1990)

SOF and General J. Singlaub organize a training mission for select units, for a deep-penetration operation into Nicaragua: Team Liaison, Robert K. Brown; Team Leader, Devin Benson; Team Medical Specialist, Phil Topaz; Demolition Specialist, I.W. Harper; Marksmanship & Operations Specialist, Jack Thompson; Weapons & Communications Specialist, Harry Claflin.

"Return Of La Pantera Rosa: SOF's Tech Editor Trains Salvo SWAT," by Peter G. Kokalis

(Appeared November 1990, Vol. 15 No. 11)

Peter G. Kokalis and Mark Evan give 24 members of the 45 man Equipo de Reaccion Especial (Special Reaction team, or ERE) a five-day crash course in small arms.

"Sniper School: SOF's Technical Editor Trains Salvador

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(Appeared August 1992, Vol.17 No.8)

Three American doctors, Dr. David Crowder, Dr. Forrest Smith and Dr. John Peters travel to Thailand and Burma to instruct Karen physicians in battlefield surgical techniques.

"On The Firing Line With Bosnia's King Tomislav Brigade," by Col. Robert K. Brown

(Appeared April 1993, Vol. 18 No. 4)

When no one else can get the job done SOF sends a Training team to war-torn Bosnia. For two weeks Col. Brown and his crew do what they can to battle "the Nazis of the '90s." Crew includes: Advance Team/Support And Logistics, Col. Alex McColl and Robin Anthony, Demolition Specialist, Maj. John Donovan, USAR, Ret.: Machine Gun Specialist, Peter G. Kokalis; Sniping and Reconnaissance Specialists, Col. Mike Peck, USA (Ret.), Major Robert Jordan; Staff Management, Artillery Fire Control and Crater/Fragment Analysis Specialist, Col. Alex McColl, USAR (Ret.)

"Classic Arms, Croatian Courage: SOF Tech Editor Trains Balkan Machine Gunners," by Peter G. Kokalis (Appeared April 1993, Vol. 18 No. 4)

Kokalis gives the King Tomislav Brigade with their eclectic collection of weaponry a crash course in the finer points of machine gun technique.

"Looking For A Few 'Pretty Good' Shots: SOF's Crash Course For Bosnian Volunteers," by Bob Jordan

(Appeared May 1993, Vol. 18 No. 5)

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Mike Peck and Bob Jordan conduct a sniping workshop as part of Soldier Of Fortune's trip to Bosnia in December 1992.

This overview has not been inclusive. Perhaps two examples of many individual staffers will serve to illustrate the whole. Harry Claflin, for example, spent nine years in El Salvador and nearby environs, as: military adviser to El Salvador Airborne, military adviser for G.O.E. projects, weapons trainer for El Salvador Air Force pilots, military adviser to El Salvadoran Airborne S-2, military adviser to El Salvadoran Air Force S-2, military security adviser for base security at Ilopango and Comalapa Air Bases in El Salvador, a couple training missions with the Contras (one of which was in Nicaragua).

Some staffers were involved in various aspects of training both as a paid professional and as a volunteer. A good case in point is Rob

Special Reaction Team," by Peter G. Kokalis (Appeared September 1991, Vol.16 No.9)

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Peter Kokalis and Chris Mayer teach the good guys to squeeze the trigger at a first-level sniper class.

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"Reach Out And H.I.T.T. Someone: SOF's Kokalis Upgrades Salvadoran SRT Skills," by Peter G. Kokalis (Appeared March 1992, Vol.17 No.3) N. 45 19 19 19

Peter G. Kokalis and Chris Mayer rack up the frequent flyer miles in another trip to instruct the ERE in a Level-II Counter-Sniper Course based on the principals of Louis Awerbuck and the Yavapai Firearms Academy. sealing.

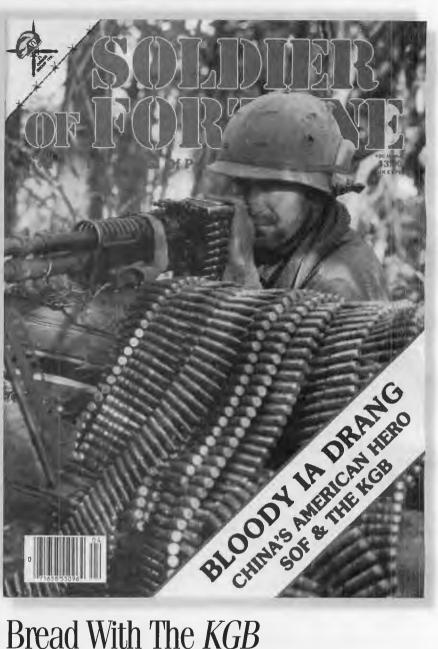
"Combat And Caring: SOF's Medical Team Coaches Karen 'Doctors,'" by Dr. John Peters South Storic 12

Krott, who over the past decade has been a civilian volunteer teaching an M60 course in El Salvador, adviser/instructor to a Croatian Commando unit in Sisak, assistant team chief of a Somali linguist unit during Operation Restore Hope, infantry tactics instructor for the King Tomislav Brigade in Tomislavgrad, instructor in bodyguards skills course in Estonia and Latvia, adviser to SPLA in Southern Sudan, assistant instructor in a scout-sniper course in Kawthoolei (Burma) for the KNLA, instructor in special ops skills in Estonia, trainer of 120-man security force in Angola for Chevron, and a combat medical skills adviser to the SPLA in the New Sudan.

If you pick a common thread through the past 25 years of SOF lending some experience to those in need, it is that it has always been in defense of Liberty — and almost always at the magazine's own expense.



Say Goodbye, Comrade Jaws



SOF Breaks Bread With The KGB

Editor's note: this feature first appeared in the April '83 issue of Soldier Of Fortune magazine.

The pallid wire-service reporter next to me at the bar of the Foreign Correspondents Club of Thailand, in Bangkok, whispered through the foam of his Amarit beer, "The *KGB*'s here." He rolled his eyes toward the crowded FCC bar behind him.

by Jim Coyne

"You mean TASS?" I named the Soviet "news" agency synonymous with spying. "No," he repeated, "the KGB." His eyes darted around as he spoke. "Him. The big smiling guy with the beer."

The "big smiling with the beer" noticed my curiosity immediately. What the hell, I thought; I raised my glass as a toast. Wise men learn much from their enemies," Aristophanes said, and "Stubbsy," my old high-school football coach, once said, "Don't tie your shoelaces during the kickoff." Both statements seemed oddly appropriate now.

The burly man, in his late 30s or early 40s, genially returned my gesture, but his eyebrows arched with consternation as he sipped and studied the situation. It was unique, even for Bangkok.

Robert K. Brown, Editor and Publisher, of *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine, sat at a dais with two panelists in a room crowded with journalists. The panel was going to discuss the issue of "cheque-book journalism."

Brown was all for it. What he didn't like was hypocrisy and incompetence. There's nothing wrong with paying for information, he reasoned, but one need not go about it like a drunken sailor. American television networks and others with megabuck budgets to spend have muddied the water with checkbook journalism on a number of sensitive and important stories: The "money talks, bullshit walks" school of journalism. The consequences are dangerously unpredictable to serious investigations regarding the continued existence of American prisoners of war in Southeast Asia, and the use of chemical and biological weapons by Vietnam or the Soviet Union. Brown was mad.

I assumed that was why the big guy with the beer was present. Word of this Wednesday night fight had been on the street for weeks.

"SOF is going to be here," I heard an Irish journalist near me say.

I looked over my shoulder as the big guy drained his beer. I told the bartender to buy him another one. Why not, I thought.

The panel discussion flared up. Brown and Alan Dawson, another panel participant and author of the book 55 Days: The Fall of *Vietnam*, verbally eliminated some wimp panelist billed as "a former State Department spokesman." No contest. Bored, I looked around the room for some action.

The big guy was buying me a beer.

"Anatoly Korolev, Soviet Embassy," he said, and offered his hand. His grip was firm and friendly. "Jim Coyne," I said, "Soldier Of Fortune magazine; no doubt you've heard of us."

He laughed. "Of course. I've read your magazine, but it's very difficult to get." We both laughed.

"What brings you to Bangkok?" he asked me.

"Chemical and biological warfare violations by Vietnam and the Soviet Union," I replied with a smile.

Oh, that," he said, and shrugged. "We're not using any of that stuff."

His voice contained no trace of an accent. He spoke and understood English perfectly, even the idioms.

"I wouldn't expect you to confide in me if you were," I said.

The panel discussion degenerated into a joint attack by both the panel and the audience on the "former State Department spokesman, who was reduced to incoherence.

Anatoly said, "We should have lunch sometime," then wrote his name, telephone number and address on a cocktail napkin. I hesitated, but gave him my telephone number in return. I noticed his address was only four blocks from SOF's apartment.

"I don't often have the opportunity to meet Russians socially," I said.

"You should," he answered. "It's important to understand both sides of the issue. Perhaps next week."

My mind went into neutral.

Brown and I were scheduled to leave for Pakistan, possibly even Afghanistan, the next day. We had told no one. "We're going to Aranyaprathet," I said, quickly naming the Thai-Kampuchean border town 200 kilometers east of Bangkok. "I'll call you when I get back."

"Fine," he said, preparing to leave.

"What exactly do you do at the Soviet Embassy, Anatoly?" I asked. I expected some sort of "cultural attaché" smoke screen. "I'm chief of the Political Section," he answered and smiled. He offered his hand again. "Until then."

Chief of the Political Section? I thought, as we shook hands. That makes him at least a colonel. Why did I give this guy my phone number? He wasn't worried about blowing his cover, that was certain.

Bob Brown was happy. The panel discussion was over, and it had been, in his own words, "Another small, humble victory over the forces of darkness and tyranny."

"Who was that?" Brown asked, as Anatoly excused himself and walked away.

"Chief of the Political Section at the Soviet Embassy," I said, dryly.

"No shit? KGB!" Brown beamed. "What did he want?"

"He wants to have lunch next week," I said. Brown looked at me as if I were Kim Philby, the British intelligence agent who defected to the Soviet Union in the 60s.

"Fuck a bunch of Russians," Brown replied, and walked off to the bar.

I thought that was the last of it.

Brown and I boarded a JAL flight from Bangkok to Pakistan the next morning, and were in Karachi by noon. Crows circled like predatory hawks above the port of Pakistan's southernmost city, wheeling and cawing endlessly above the noise and dust. In one week we would be far north, in action inside Afghanistan. The memory of Anatoly in Bangkok faded, replaced by clearer, more immediate dangers (see "SOF Inside Afghanistan," SOF Nov. '82).

Weeks later exhausted after, two sharp skirmishes inside Afghanistan, and days in the sun along Pakistan's rugged Northwest beer. "Been in Afghanistan, saw some Russians."

"Oh," he said, and changed channels on the television set. *Benny Hill* flickered on.

"Bob," I said, "the KGB guy's been asking for me."

Brown spat Skoal into a bar glass. "Fuck 'im. Tell 'im that we were in Afghanistan."

Robert Moberg seemed to stoop low as he ambled through the door into the crowded bar. "Mo" flew anything the U.S. government would give him for more than nine years, based out of the American Embassy in Bangkok. Before that he flew for the U.S. Army for many years in Vietnam. He wore a U.S. Special Forces Decade lapel pin on his western-cut jacket. He sort of looked like *McCloud*, only nastier. He spoke with the low whisky drawl known only to southerners and army aviators. "I am," he often said humbly, "a legend among my peers."

Moberg commanded the 281st Aviation Company (AML/AHC) in Vietnam from 1966 to 1967. Twenty-five helicopters known only to me as radio callsigns: "Intruders" for the slicks, and "Wolfpack" for the gunship platoon. They were always in the shit. I hadn't even known that there

"Who was that?" Brown asked, as Anatoly excused himself and walked away. "Chief of the Political Section at the Soviet Embassy," I said, dryly. "No shit? KGB!" Brown beamed. "What did he want?" "He wants to have lunch next week."

Frontier Province, Brown and I returned to Bangkok.

We headed straight for the Grand Prix, a favorite watering hole in Bangkok's notorious Patpong District. Any number of itinerant journalists, may be found there on a given night hard at work on perverse, often strange, subjects.

The Grand Prix serves the purpose of a foreign correspondents club in Bangkok far better than the official one. "If they're not in here," one old-timer, told me, mesmerized by the music and the dance, "they're dead."

"Don't come here," a dancer flirted, "unless you want to have fun."

Rick Menard, the American owner of the Grand Prix for more than 16 years, said to me, "Anatoly's been asking about you." I choked on my drink.

I had not been in-country 48 hours.

"He comes in here?" I asked, surprised. "What did he want?"

"I don't know," said Menard. "What have you been up to?"

"Same old thing," I said, and drained my

was a name for Delta Project then.

I first heard of Moberg in 1966, when the gunship I was gunner on was dispatched south along with one other ship to assist the 5th Special Forces in Nha Trang. Two "Shark" gunships from the 174th Aviation Company (AML/AHC). Temporary duty (TDY) in Nha Trang: Nothing could be finer.

We flew some of the hairiest missions of the war during the day, and were often parked in Nha Trang by nightfall. Nha Trang was most beautiful from the air at dawn, when it sparkled in the rising sun, a jewel set in the crescent bay of the blue South China Sea.

"Jackie," a local lady with whom I was deeply and profoundly in lust, was also the most beautiful girl in Nha Trang, maybe even Vietnam. *Playboy* eventually photographed her for one of their "Girls of Vietnam" stories.

One night Jackie told me she was "dating the commanding general of the airbase." I couldn't believe it. Jackie was the bestlooking rail in the entire country. I never



had it so good --- and I was only a Sp/4.

I never had the chance to find out more; I TDYed to "Gang Bang Fuk" somewhere in the Central Highlands with the 174th. The war got worse; Jackie and I lost touch. I left for good in December 1967.

Fifteen years later, Moberg and I shared a beer while he waited for a flight to Bangkok. I told him Jackie's story and mentioned her real Vietnamese name as we sat in the quiet air terminal at Chiang Mai. "You son of a bitch," he said. "It was you! I told her I was a goddamn general!"

"Mo" works for United Oilfield Rentals/United Oil and Gas Services in Sinagpore now. Thousands of drilling platforms dot the surface of the Gulf of Siam. Times are good for the off-shore oil business.

He knew all the players as well as anyone in Southeast Asia, I reasoned.

"Mo," I said now, over the bar noise at the Grand Prix, "the KGB wants to see me." "Fuck the KGB," he said. He raised his "Good," he said. "One o'clock." He hung up.

"Brown get up!" I yelled. "The KGB wants to meet us!" I heard fumbling movement from the other room.

"The KGB's awake!" I yelled. "We're burning daylight!"

Brown's door opened a crack. "What are you talking about?" he growled. "It's not even eight o'clock!"

"Anatoly just called," I said. "Guess who's coming to lunch?

"Who's Anatoly?" Brown asked.

"The KGB guy," I replied.

"Fuck 'em, I'm not talking to any Russians." He slammed the door.

"I'm not going alone," I said. "It's just not done. Besides, I told him we were in Afghanistan." Brown's door swung open. "Let's go meet him and get it over with, or he'll just keep calling. Let's see what he's up to," I reasoned.

"OK," Brown asserted, "but I'm not

Anatoly was good. He spoke with warmth and conviction. His manner was charming and informal, and he lied through his teeth. No aparatchik here. This guy could be a cubmaster in the Bronx.

glass, "Here's to Jackie."

We closed the bar. Outside the evening dissolved into the silver-misted dawn of Bangkok.

The telephone rang and I blinked awake in the bright morning light. "Hello," I said groggily.

"Jim, this is Anatoly, remember? I've been trying to reach you. Where have you been?"

I was wide awake with a jagged pain between my temples. "Oh, well, actually, Anatoly, I've been in Afghanistan."

There was a brief pause on the other end of the phone.

"I thought you said you were going to Aranayaprathet?"

"Something came up," I said. "Apparently the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan a few years ago. Maybe you remember reading something about it in the papers?"

I could hear him laugh on the other end of the phone.

"How about lunch at one o'clock, the Narai Coffeeship, Sukhumvit Road, Soi 56?"

"Sure," I said, as I massaged my eyes. "Why not." shaking his hand."

After breakfast, we discussed our strategy. "I don't want to go," Brown stated. "Why don't you go alone?"

"I want a witness," I said.

Even if you told him everything, he'd never believe you," Brown joked. We decided to walk to the Narai Coffeeship, a decaying tourist-rate hotel and guesthouse nearby.

At lunch hour the place was deserted. Inside, it was as cold and quiet as a morgue, chilled by some mammoth, hidden air conditioner. None of the waitresses spoke English.

Brown sat down next to me in a rear booth. "I'm not sitting next to him," he said. We sat together in the rear booth, facing the door. I wasn't sure I could remember what Anatoly looked like. I ordered two Bloody Marys.

At precisely 1330, Anatoly walked through the door alone. He hesitated while his eyes adjusted to the dark interior of the coffeeship. In a few moments he spotted me and walked toward our booth; Brown and I stood. Anatoly and I shook hands wordlessly; there was a measure of uncertainty in his manner. I believe he thought I would be alone.

"This is Robert Brown, Editor and Publisher of *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine," I said. "Bob, this is Anatoly Korolev from the Soviet Embassy." Anatoly extended his hand, and after a moment's hesitation Brown shook it. A minor reduction in tension followed. We all sat down.

The awkward pause was interrupted by the arrival of our drinks.

"So," Anatoly began, "I understand you've been in Afghanistan?"

"Yeah," I said. "We just got back."

"Well," he laughed, where were you? What did you see?"

"We were in the countryside with the guerrillas," I replied. "We watched a T-62 get hit. A couple of mortar attacks. A couple of doomed outposts of the Kremlin."

He shrugged. "What could we do? We were invited there to help the government put down an insurrection."

We all laughed; it was too absurd. I imitated a pistol with my thumb and index finger. "I can 'invite' anyone this way," I said.

"Afghanistan is not my area of specialty," he said, and frowned.

"How long have you been in Bangkok, Anatoly?" Brown asked in an attempt at civility.

"Oh, for a few years now," he said. "Before that in other areas of Asia." He smiled.

"It must be difficult to go back to Moscow after Bangkok," I said, unable to imagine the contrasts.

"Not at all," he laughed. "I just get on an airplane. You should come to the Soviet Union," he joked, "see for yourself."

"I don't think I would be welcome there," I said. "I doubt if I would be free to wander around."

"Well," he answered, "every country has its restrictions."

I let it drop. That's not what we were there to discuss. I was not planning a tour of the Soviet Union.

"Why did you want to meet with us, Anatoly?" Brown cut straight to the heart of the matter.

"Well, I was ... curious. I wanted to see what *Soldier Of Fortune* was really like – I'm here for the same reasons you're here," he said. "You know."

He relaxed and leaned back confidently into the booth and ordered a beer. I noticed a small, wiry Thai man with sunglasses sit down in the booth behind Anatoly, facing us.

It was Anatoly's treat: We ordered lunch on the Soviet Union. Brown ordered white wine on ice, and the most expensive



seafood entry. I did the same. We settled in for out tête-à-tête with the KGB. The game was about to become interesting.

"What are you going to do when someone, somewhere, holds up one of your checmical and bioloical rockets, and says, 'Here it is'?" I asked. "What about the flagrant CBW attackes by the Vietnamese in Laos and Kampuchea, assisted by the Soviet Union?" He didn't even register a hit. I could see he was used to fielding the CBS issue. "Oh, Jim, really," he said. "we could never do anything like that. The consequences would be too, how shall I put it, expensive for us. We stand to lose too much. This material you have mentioned, it is extremely dangerous. We cannot allow it to be given to anyone; especially not the Vietnamese. Why should we? No one will produce such a rocket, or evidence, because there is none." His assertion was cordial.

He was good. He spoke with warmth and conviction. His manner was charming and informal, and he lied through his teeth. No *aparatchik* here. This guy could be a cubmaster in the Bronx.

"Well, Anatoly," I said, "it's only a matter of time."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Communism is dead," I said. "Finished."

I went to the core of the matter, where I hoped he was vulnerable. "Marxism is a joke, Anatoly," I said. "Russia itself is a contradiction of the 'workers' paradise.' If Marxism were paradise, workers wouldn't be in the streets of Warsaw. If it were a paradise why would anyone want to leave?"

I warmed-up, prepared for a time-on-target multi-battery barrage. "Your 'client states,' such as Poland, Cuba, Angola, Nicaragua, Laos and Vietnam, are literally on the edge of bankruptcy. The false economic and ideological principles upon which your nation is based might best serve a models of mismanagement." Anatoly lit a cigarette.

"Furthermore," I continued, "the anachronisms of Marx no longer appeal to the unaligned people of the Third World. They are now well aware of the internal and external conditions imposed by the acceptance of the 'Gospel According to Moscow.' They need only take a look at the condition of your 'clients.' The ideal of 'sovietism' is a fraud. It's all over," I concluded. "I hope Brezhnev has a sense of humor."

I was certain I had scored some hits, but Anatoly registered no surface damage.

The Thai man behind Anatoly laughed to himself and played with his ice-cream sundae: We'd crossed into weird territory again. "Jim, you needn't take this all so personally," Anatoly said, and lightly tapped my knee. "I wouldn't want to have you arrested for anti-soviet acts." His humor was forced.

"We're in *Thailand*, Anatoly, remember? Not Kabul, or Moscow," I replied.

"We've just come from Afghanistan, Anatoly," Brown said, and spat Skoal into an ashtray. "You're in deep shit. Excuse me." He wandered off in search of the men's room.

"Changing tapes?" Anatoly laughed as Brown disappeared.

"What?" I asked.

"We joke," 'he's changing tapes'," he repeated, pointing to the men's room.

"Oh," I said.

I sort of liked Anatoly, but I waited for the feeling to pass. This was not softball. As Brown returned, I sensed the meeting was over.

"Well," Brown said, standing over the table, "thanks for the lunch. I have an assist you in the ways you've mentioned. If you are serious about defecting to the United States, however, I suggest you contact so-and-so at the State Department for further information, etc. etc.' He's probably picking potatoes in a windy field in Poland somewhere."

The taxi banged over the curb in front of our apartment building.

"I'm going to the American Embassy," Brown said. "You want to come along?"

"No, thanks," I answered, and got out of the cab. "See you by the pool when you get back. I've had enough spooks for one day."

The cab lurched away into the traffic, toward the American Embassy. On the same tree-lined boulevard as the U.S. Compound, the red and gold Vietnamese flag hung limply above the silent, shuttered Embassy of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, submerged in the shade of the tall white Imperial Hotel.

"Communists," someone once told me,

"Jim, you needn't take this all so personally," Anatoly said, tapping my knee. "I wouldn't want you arrested for anti-soviet acts." His humor was forced. "We're in Thailand, Anatoly, remember? Not Kabul, or Moscow," I replied.

appointment in one hour." Anatoly and I abruptly rose.

"Anatoly," I said, and shook his hand, "don't let them send you to Afghanistan."

"Never," he laughed, "unless you print this story."

We stepped from the cold, quiet darkness of the coffeeshop into the hot, bright afternoon of Bangkok's busiest, noisiest street. Brown and I flagged down a taxi, then crammed inside. I told the driver to make a U-turn and *lao-lao* out of there. He cornered the cab on two wheels. We careened through traffic back the way we had come.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I 'helped' some Bulgarian diplomat 'defect' from his consulate in Chicago?" Brown asked. He smiled out the window, braced in the back seat of the cab. Faces flashed by on a motorcycle.

"No," I said.

Brown laughed. "Some bozo under-secretary of the Bulgarian consulate in Chicago writes me a letter, on their stationery, requesting all these technical weapons manuals, right? Well, I wrote back and thanked him for this letter, 'but,' I said, 'I cannot "are people who have nothing, and are eager to share it with you."

As I floated on my back in the cool water of the pool, I heard a faint yell. I looked up. Brown loomed above me, silhouetted by the blue sky and white clouds. He looked agitated.

"What?" I said, pulling my head above water.

"Listen to this!" Brown bellowed. He was getting ready for his daily afternoon run through the alleys of suburban Bangkok. "I was at the Embassy, right? Someone made a crack about Anatoly Korolev, as an aside. I said, 'Who's this Anatoly Korolev?' They didn't want to tell me. Finally, one guy warned me never to go near him. He wouldn't tell me who Korolev was, only that he was 'brilliant. The Kiss of Death. Maybe one of the few men authorized to use the big sleep as a bargaining chip." Brown laughed. "He told me I was probably being watched, only I'd never know it. It was perfect." He laughed again, then jogged off into the streets of Bangkok, a happy man.

Jim Coyne now spends his days goin' fishin'. 🕱

SHEING.

SOF, Bill Young, POWs And A World-Class Con

1981, Bob Brown was flashed an unofficial green light by Admiral Alan Paulson, the late courageous Deputy Director of Defense Intelligence Agency, to pursue the hunt for American POWs in Laos.

In a previous article, "Liberty City" (SOF, August '85), I detailed events culminating with the establishment of FOB 81, a virtual A-camp minus the claymores and concertina, inside communist Laos. Far from being a symbolic gesture toward publicizing the POW/MIA issue or ink-qenerating Hollywoodese hype for *Soldier Of Fortune*, the outpost, constructed under the on-site supervision of former U.S. Army Special Forces personnel, was a bona fide launch site for a planned armed foray to Muong Sai, where intelligence *SOF* had gathered suggested that between 18 and 22 American POWs were incarcerated.

Over the next several years, more than \$350,000 (in today's currency) was expended from *SOF* coffers to fund this — and other – POW/MIA related projects, hardly the least of which was support of Laotian revolutionary movements in exchange for a hoped-for recovery of American prisoners. Of this, over \$70,000 was doled out to one William Young, ex-CIA, or so we were told.

Before beginning construction of "Liberty City," Fred Zabitosky, Medal of Honor recipient and friend of Senator Jesse Helms; *SOF* correspondent Jim Coyne and myself had been on-hold for several weeks at Bangkok's Nana Hotel awaiting back-channel clearances to get our armed reconnaissance off square-one. Once "Mr. Lieng," a Thai Border Security operative and liaison to host country intelligence, was dropped in our laps we set about tackling the logistical cobweb of feeding, clothing, equipping and training upwards of 90 "enlistees" who had drifted into the campsite.

To our chagrin the Laotian grapevine continued full-bore and more troops trickled in weekly. Our dead-time in Bangkok had led to the spreading of many rumors and dramatically rising expectations on the parts of the indigenous irregulars (who just *knew* we were CIA). This belief prevailed as the weeks wore on, especially during Brown's arduous late-summer trek up to review the troops and inspect the A-camp his money had bought. His "Honest, guys, we're not CIA!" bit was met with repeated smirks and winks among the gung-ho indig. Try as we did I doubt we ever convinced the true believers that ours was but a private operation totally *un*anointed by Uncle Sam.

With an able assist from the "old boy" net in Bangkok and up-country, materiel was finally procured and OKs passed down the line for the supplies to be humped into Laos. "Liberty City" was, of necessity, constructed directly across the Mekong River from elements of a Vietnamese battalion. Planning for a worst-case scenario (i.e. airstrike), bunkers were hastily dug and explorations made of a nearby cave complex.

Our final option, a wild dash back into Thailand for a quick lawyer-up prior to being snagged by hostile Thai and American authorities, loomed as a bottom-of the-scale alternative: Envision vastly outnumbered Thai border security forces and their *Kuomintang* Chinese irregulars trading fire with totally pissed-off Vietnamese/Pathet Lao chasing after "Round-Eye" scalps. The initiation of probable large-scale hostilities between two Southeast Asian nations would assure our names memorialized atop the American Embassy's shitlist — spilt blood (likely ours) — tall time in some dank Thai or Viet slam, or a few seconds against a cold concrete wall.

Bob Brown, forever cognizant of the dicey



downside, had, weeks prior, pondered our collective futures for a moment (less, actually) smiled, then fired-off, "Fuck yeah, continue to march. Build the goddamn camp. I'll finance it myself." Enough said.

A hurried overseas call to then-SOF Managing Editor, Jim Graves, got the ball rolling and I picked up nearly \$18k in greenbacks in a Bangkok bank after a 72-hour request turnaround.

From Tiny Seeds Mighty Scams Grow

The seeds of Brown's and SOF's involvement were sown months before, in February 1981, with the pullout from retired Colonel Bo Gritz's "Operation Velvet Hammer" of former Gritz loyalists Medal of Honor recipient Fred Zabitosky, retired SF Captain Jim Monaghan (with four Nam tours and a beretful of decorations) and Earl Bleacher, retired Son Tay Raider.

This formidable trio, perturbed at not seeing a shred of evidence on the presence of Americans at Gritz's target, Nhommarath, Laos, told the oft-decorated Lt. Col. to perform a long piss up a short rope, bid adieu to his "Florida Follies" and cast its lot with Bob Brown.

Coupled with the astute shipjumping of Monaghan, et al. was the arrival in Boulder, Colorado, of Lao resistance honcho General Vang Pao whom, in Brown's den, dangled the enticing offer to hand over to SOF 17 sets of American remains in exchange for a sample of "Yellow Rain," the mysterious airborne toxin which was being unleashed by the Vietnamese to decimate Vang's people in highland Laos. The courageous H'mong, who had paid a heavy toll for their unceasing loyalty and support of the United States and, like our Cambodian and South Vietnamese allies, had been unceremoniously shitcanned by yellow-spined American policymakers.

Vang Pao hankered to expose Vietnamese use of this deadly sub-

stance to that august body of justice, the United Nations, which would presumably stick the dagger of world opinion into the communist hearts of the thugs from Hanoi, and their Moscow supporters.

A concluding little demand, though, in addition to the aforesaid "Yellow Rain," sent Brown and the rest of us reeling: How about Bob Brown arming and equipping a group of Vang Pao's men ... say, maybe a fucking battalion? What a good idea.

Brown, ever resilient, abruptly ceased rolling his eyes then seriously considered the General's offer; his mind no doubt conjuring up heady scenarios of *SOF* teams firmly entrenched in Laotian soil with ready access to POW lockups.

Brown tossed the dice — mostly on-spec — propped up solely by a feeling of personal duty and the seemingly credible accounts by two straightforward Laotians, each of whom claimed to have seen gringos while breaking rocks at a small prison at Muong Sai, Laos. "Shao Sonanee" and "Nha Songkham" had been warned under penalty of death to steer clear of the *farangs* (foreigners) so thus were not privy to names or additional data.

Bob's devotion to American MIAs resulted in a heavy financial drain which affects *Soldier Of Fortune* to this day.

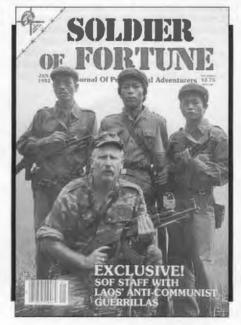
Particularly at first, there was much flag waving and emotional ranting from several quarters relative to kicking-in sizable bucks to assist Brown: Oval Office aspirant H. Ross Perot comes immediately to mind.

After agreeing to take a look at Brown's information and making overtures of offers of generous support, the eager Editor/Publisher and two companions, at *SOF*'s expense, hopped a flight to Dallas believing they would be ushered into Perot's presence. Instead, they were shunted off to Perot's Number Two who matter-of-factly told them that without "concrete evidence" Mr. Perot would not be endorsing any checks.

Why the "concrete evidence" requirement was not tabled before the wasted Dallas visit, we can only surmise. The bottom line, though, was that the princely sum of zero dollars was forthcoming, from anywhere, to



Photo taken in SOF's Sukhumvit Road apartment, summer 1982. (from right) Bill Young, Bob Brown, "Col." Bounleut and "Sam."



assist Bob Brown in his risky undertaking.

During the following months, five of us slogged our way up the eerie, cloud-caped mountains of northern Laos, passing through Kuomintang Chinese strongholds amid late-night thunderstorms — locales where white faces just weren't seen: Brown, Zabitosky, Coyne, myself and one other: A gung-ho — if off-center — loner and self-styled soldier-for-hire, Mingo Applegate, a hothead who later crashed a flower vase against Zab's skull during a brawl at our Chiang Rai homestead.

"Okay," you ask, "after all the hassles, after all the expenditures of time and money, and after all the risks, where's your proof that Americans were — or are — held at Muong Sai?"

My response? "Ask the CIA." Fred Zabitosky swore that an agent and polygraph tech. were dispatched from Langley to interrogate our pair of Lao eyewitnesses (who swore on the souls of their mothers that they saw four Americans at Muong Sai) — men who sought not a dime.

Their reports checked-out positive with no deception.

Why, then, was nothing done? Or was something done? After nearly 20 years, we continue to wonder.

Nearly 570 Americans were then MIA in Laos (just nine were returned in 1973). Hundreds, thus, remained unaccounted for.

The Senate Select Committee seemed all too eager to write-off these men by saying, "Since we can't locate 'em., they must've all been snuffed by irate villagers. Oh, well."

(Editor's note: SOF did, in fact, obtain a "Yellow Rain" sample which was brought to CONUS in a toothpaste tube, then turned over to American officials. Jim Coyne later testified about this sample before a Congressional Committee. We're still awaiting General Vang Pao's promised set of 17 American remains.)

Back To July 1981 — Chiang Rai, Thailand

Ensconced In a former D.E.A. safehouse (unknowingly selected by us as *our* safehouse) during that eventful summer, Fred Zabitosky and myself confronted a myriad of heavy problems, *numero uno* being a nasty newly-received rumor via our Lao intell net that a Thai narcotics kingpin had selected two specific heads to roll: Those attached to the *farangs* residing in the manse on Utrakit Road (i.e. us!) whom he fingered as being new sheriffs in town.

With roving correspondent Jim Coyne down in Bangkok polishing articles, and Bob Brown shuttling between CONUS, South America, Thailand and the Republic of South Africa, dabbling in big game stalking and doing the "Lord's work" for nary a Rand, Zab and I sought to defuse the situation.

All in our net were advised that probes into Thai-Burmese heroin operations did not reflect our job descriptions and, therefore — we respectfully requested —



"Please. Hoist the fucking contract!"

For several days thereafter, stifling the urge to trot down to the Wiang Inn and get decisively hammered, we opted to hole-up at home, .45s within reach and bodyguards in-place.

A week later word of our reprieve was delivered via messenger to the old front door with an oblique apology.

Apparently, we'd instilled fear of God into the soul of the poppy-picker who had anted-up the bounty. *Right*.

Upon our arrival in Chiang Rai, we'd determined that playing cloak in dagger would only serve to attract undue attention from already-suspicious neighbors and to amuse the local "John Waynes," who even now were more than likely keeping tabs on the comings-and-goings at our cozy digs, since Zab and I often left for several-day periods to supervise construction of our "village in the clouds," "Liberty City." During our time spent in town, over meals or while browsing through shops, we let slip our cover: Just journalists in to churn out magazine pieces on off-the-beaten-path tourist getaways.

Brown, cackling from his Boulder offices (easy for him) over our brush with impending doom, chided, "Hell, you guys should be paying *me*! A lotta people would shell out thousands to be where you are right now! Catch ya in a few days. Out."

Our precious hides now safe, we refocused on our primary mission: infiltrating into Laos to the desolate burg of Muong Sai, some 160 kilometers distant, where our intell had placed four Americans only several months prior.

As our band of tattered musketeers continued to beef-up defenses and living quarters up at "Liberty City," disconcerting word arrived that *several hundred* Yao tribesmen from farther north wanted to hook-on for rice, beans, and a crack at the North Vietnamese.

Then, came more *welcome* news of a force of some 340 KMT which was offering back-up support for ... our *offensive* into Laos! The truth of our situation was venturing as far from reality as one of Bill Clinton's explanations after being found buck-naked on his knees in the Oval Office.

The KMT commander really wanted to get it on with the Viets just across the Mekong and thus promised that his guys would back us, guns ablazing, should we stumble into deep shit and need to beat feet toward the nearest friendlies.

It seemed now that my late-night medical housecall to aid one of the commander's ailing NCOs had not been forgotten. So, now into our laps had fallen hundreds of armed allies just in case we should ignite a very large war!

Brown was, at this time, U.S.A.-bound,

jetting home on the wings of man from a Chilean cesspool called Tierra del Fuego. Unless we politely squelched the kind offers of troops, within 96 hours he'd be filling out our pink slips.

Defuse it we did so that upon his touch down at Don Muang three days later, all was settled and righteous up north at his privately funded A-camp.

Enter William Young

Bill Young had been presented to us with glowing bona fides by an old DEA hand, "Mo Steinberg." Over drinks in Bob's hotel room he tossed out Young's name relative to his extensive earlier background in and around "The Golden Triangle." His family had been missionaries and Bill was known to weave tales (presumably true) of precarious horseback sojourns for God through hell-raising Kuomintang Chinese bastions; 1949 Burma having been every whit as deadly as 1880 Tombstone. The guy had a dazzling rep. and it was that reputation plus current contacts and expertise — that Brown wanted.



Poor-quality Polaroid shot of initial recon to locate suitable location for what became "Liberty City." (right) Mingo Appleton, Zabitosky's nemesis but an extremely hard worker; (second from right) nephew of General Vang Pao; (far left) Tom Reisinger. (below) So-called Agent # 2, who steadfastly claimed to have been incarcerated with American POWs at Muong Sai, Laos. Zabitosky was told that his polygraph exam – as well as Agent #1's — checked out positive.



After a couple of days in Bangkok, up to Chiang Rai we went where Brown and Young were to meet and, with the rest of us, kick around some ideas. Since we'd never laid eyes on him, we didn't know whether to expect a swashbuckling plant sent our way from "Spook Central" — or a burnout who'd bang the table as he embellished war stories or bitch about how the world had screwed him around.

Bill, looking more a university professor than a renowned Communist-hater, climbed out of his late-model pick-up accompanied by his sweet and attractive girlfriend, "Lek." We repaired to the living room for cocktails and immediately hit it off. Bill, now a non-drinker, joined Lek in a Coke. Years earlier in Laos, Young confessed, he'd had a run-in over something or other with his CIA superior, a well-known backstabber ever eager to bolster his career. Bill, well into his cups, paid the SOB a visit, thoroughly kicked his ass and was thus told, "You'll never work in this town again," before being whisked off to Washington, D.C. for "further training."

Speculation had it that from 1967 onward, he went freelance, picking up investigative assignments or other types of work whenever he could. He must have fared rather well since we heard not one disparaging word about him. His low-key and very polite manner put off few, save for Zab, who considered anyone who didn't take a drink or light-up had two strikes against them.

Talk continued into the wee hours regarding our plan to photo recon Muong Sai after firming up guidelines for future recruitment and training of our "Liberty City" contingent. Our major worry was the initiation of armed hostilities between Thailand and Laos, thereby dragging Vietnam into the fray. It was Brown's "Super Bowl" and he wanted a tight disciplined unit with no Rambos getting creative and slipping across the Mekong to settle personal scores.

Young pondered our overall project: A site recon to Muong Sai, with 30 indig accompanied by Brown, Zab, myself, Coyne and Mingo. If we could confirm American POWs then, we assumed, some heavy cash and favors could be called in to finance a snatch op.

Bill concurred the plan had merit and was especially intrigued by the pan-tribal coalition Zab had instigated, repeatedly stating that it could provide dividends in other areas at some future date. (A gold star for Zab and future residuals for Young.)

In addition to acting as native-speaking liaison between us and our Laotian volunteers, Young proposed serving as intermediary between SOF and the powers that be, Thai and American, down in Bangkok. The U.S. Embassy, we suspected, had been duly alerted that Brown was in country and up to some shady doings in Chiang Rai and parts north. While given assurances that all was "no sweat," we hadn't as yet been flashed the unofficial green light to press on with our planned recon. However, our always-efficient Mr. Dieng had expertly secured road clearances enabling free-access to and from our "Liberty City" training site for transport of non-lethal materiel.

Loving what he'd seen of Bill, Brown ordered him put on the SOF payroll. Fluent in four northern dialects (Meo, Lu, Lao and Lahu) as well as Thai, Young seemed to be *the* linchpin to cement the diverse (and oft-times warring) elements of our newly formed Lao "conglomerate" and dispatch them quickly down the road to Muong Sai.

Zab, via sources he kept to himself, had formulated the theory that Muong Sai prison might hold a missing Air America crew downed by hostile fire on 27 Dec 71 — for which the CIA had offered 2kg of gold per man. Whether Roy Townley, George Ritter, Edward Weissenback and non-A.A. pilot Clarence Driver or four other U.S.-types were held there remained uncertain. What was crystal clear was the fact that we faced 30 very rugged days in, at least 30 out ... and God knew what in between.

Chinese "Checkers" And Shan Nasties

Days later, Young dispensed some disturbing news: Some at the PRC Embassy, said he, were salivating over our growing in-place armed force up at "Liberty City" and danced around the idea of joining hands to do a major number on the mutually despised Vietnamese.

Confirmation being impossible, we dismissed it as but the first of Bill's overdramatizations and he never again brought it up.

Young continued (he said) to grease the skids with our Embassy. The officials there were cordial enough but we had to remember that Bo Gritz and his coterie, back in March, had made the news for their over-the-border incursion into Laos on a POW rescue attempt of their own. During the shitstorm which followed, veiled warnings were tossed our way: "If you guys try anything, for Chrissakes keep it low-profile. And watch your asses. 'Cause if you get grabbed inside Laos, there won't be anyone coming to get ya." These words to live by were later echoed by the American Vice-Consul from Chiang Mai who dropped by the house to impart similar big-brotherly advice from on-high. Suspiciously, his visit came only days after Bob Brown's in-depth D.C. briefing to the late Admiral Alan Paulson, DIA's Deputy Director, after which we were greenlighted to continue with our search for MIAs. Keeping Young on board was seemingly a necessity.

We'd assumed since entering Thailand the CIA had been tracking our movements and knew generally what we were planning. Since the Gritz debacle Embassy-types were a trifle testy over independents roaming at will over Thai turf with the potential of inflicting diplomatic black-eyes or setting off nasty bloodlettings with neighboring dictatorships.

Untrained in diplomatic signal-watching we were slow to pick up on gentle hints, but Young clued us in: He'd heard, invented (or



(left) View toward KMT camp on Thailand-Laos border. Our units passed through this location on every trip into Laos, save for one, when an Australian VIP was touring the area. *Farangs* with Laotians would have raised many antennae. (right) H'mong village in Thailand which marked the quarter-way point during our treks into Laos.

had been spoonfed) a vicious little rumor that the Shan National Army from over Burma way was into offing Americans and that any gringos venturing north out of Bangkok were apt to get themselves whacked.

Was our Embassy — via Young — saying, "We have empathy for your objectives ... but don't get careless": translated, "You're on your own, boys. We never knew ya?"

Zabitosky and I sensed mixed signals. Had the Vice-Consul's visit been to warn us off from bringing a POW back or to simply alert us to a genuine danger posed by anti-American elements? As difficult as it was to digest, we were advised by several, who shall remain nameless, that there were those in the State Department, Pentagon, CIA and DIA who didn't relish seeing any MIA Americans staggering out of the Laotian bush. Whether down-the-road diplomatic maneuvering was higher priority than locating live Americans, we hadn't the foggiest. But something seemed amiss when U.S. civilians were attempting to pull-off what American intelligence agencies and the American military should have been permitted to carry out years before.

"A **COLONEL** OF TRUTH"

For a con to be successful it needs an element of truth. Colonel Bounleut Saycocie, Bill Young and their majordomo, Sam, tossed in a kernel of truth in the form of an extensive position paper designed no doubt to impress and befuddle, but especially to cause Bob Brown to cough up additional monies to get a revolution rolling.

The position paper, a 24-page *tome* dated 25 March 1982, was intriguing. (Author's note: For a copy please send \$5.00 to *SOF*; we'll pay the first-class postage.) Brown envisioned his providing the seed money for an eventual takeover of Sayaboury Province, Laos, by anti-Communist forces and thus be in a position to run further forays into remote AOs where American POWs might be held.

We'd heard firsthand from totally credible sources — and had *seen* — that the PRC was continuing in its attempt to erect difficulties for the Vietnamese, especially in Laos, where we did confirm that Col. Bounleut and a cadre of Laotian troops, not under his command, and then cooling their heels up in "Liberty City," had indeed received formal military training near Kunming, China.

Putting the search for bona fide evidence of American POWs, as always, absolutely *first* we opted to play along with Young & Co. in their game of "Wheel of Fortune."

The Paper began its tantalizing spin. "How can a Lao insurgency have any chance of success? Vietnam has 50 million people with one of the most powerful and experienced armies in the world with massive support from the Soviets. I would certainly seem that encouraging an insurgency in a small country of 3,500,000 people that is poor and undeveloped and which lost a war against the Vietnamese only seven years ago, will only cause more suffering and death. But, [the] Lao insurgency is an established fact this is ongoing and will not cease until it is successful. [Translation: "Jump in boys, and don't forget your credit cards."]

But, hey, Young was an American in his heart of hearts - or so we surmised.

Bob Brown has stated about the position paper, "It was professional to the extent it could have been authored by the NSC."

Some weeks ago, I sent retired U.S. Air Force Brigadier General Heinie Aderholt a copy of the 24-page Paper. Heinie had been CO of MACTHAI, at Nakon Phanom, Thailand, and knew from whence he came in regard to military ops plans.

His reply said in part, "... this whole concept is based on false assumptions. There never was any established Lao insurgency. The Lao did not fight during the recent war, even with unlimited United States assistance. The H'mong did most of the fighting but they have not, since 1975, been a factor in any [significant] resistance because there was no stay-behinds or caches of weapons.

"This paper is a well-conceived and concealed plan to get some financing." -T.R.



The very most we could hope for from our "official" contacts were that they were stand-up guys who shared our attitudes and aspirations.

While certain elements of State and the intell agencies undoubtedly desired us to pack our tent, leave Thailand and jet on home, others — we came to know — covertly supported our efforts. Still, doubt began to crowd our days giving way to the unsettling feeling that we didn't know for sure who was who.

Bill Young seemingly said and did the right things. But we knew that virtually few really leave Agency employ or association. We fervently hoped he was one of the good guys, not a career suit who'd kiss-off any confirmed POWs to garner points with higher-up puppetmasters. For now, we needed him in the fold. If he was somebody's inside man, we'd have to chance it.

We were tipped by Bill that nosey Thais

were getting curious about our operation and that Agency operatives had likely latched on to us even before we cleared customs at Don Muang Airport. But our focus remained on Muong Sai, not cafe intrigues. We therefore opted to submerge any paranoia and concentrate on the mission at hand.

Zab voiced repeated assertions that the Agency was highly interested in the Muong Sai area and had conceivably blinked its green lights to Brown thereby allowing us to proceed with our missions.

China was still doing a bit of low-key saber-rattling relating to launching their Lao-led insurrection. It was, therefore, imperative that we get to Muong Sai, obtain confirmation photos of Americans and put operational our project to snatch these guys. If we failed, they'd be relocated — or dead.

We couldn't have cared less about the PRC expanding its sphere of influence but we did care about any Americans up there twisting in the wind.

But we, meanwhile, were stuck in the "no sweat" world of Bill Young whose, "Just hang in a bit longer, Bob" routine was wearing thin. But he was hardly the only barracuda circling the good ship *SOF*.

TIMELINE OF SOF INVOLVEMENT:

February 1981: Fred Zabitosky receives a telephone call from retired Lt. Col. Bo Gritz inviting his participation in a POW rescue attempt. Zab is requested to recruit other Special Forces-types.

March 1981: Pullout from Gritz's "Operation Velvet Hammer" by Zabitosky, Jim Monaghan, Earl Bleacher and others.

April 1981: Yang Pao meets with Bob Brown and *SOF* team members in Boulder. Zabitosky, Bleacher and Monaghan go on *SOFs* payroll; Monaghan to remain as a Stateside coordinator. Zab, Bleacher and Jim Coyne dispatched to Bangkok.

June 1981: *SOF* team meets and recruits Mingo Applegate and his cohorts, Messrs. Buni and Tor, who provide intros. to the two Muong Sai eyewitnesses, each of whom was exhaustively interrogated. They also promised to order contacts inside Laos to retrieve a chemical gas artillery round and a grenade with like contents (i.e. the infamous and elusive "Yellow Rain.") Yours truly arrives in Bangkok.

July 1981: Establishment of Chiang Rai safehouse. Team receives Brown's OK to scout location of and to initiate construction of "Liberty City" pending Thai approval (granted by 7 July 81).

August 1981: American Consul from Chiang Mai visits our Chiang Rai safehouse. Bill Young brought aboard via recommendation from "Mo Steinberg," a former Air America pilot. Young soon begins to divert attention from POW issue to urging Browns support of the anti-communist Laotian resistance.

31 August 1981: Thai Intelligence pulls the plug on *SOF* involvement at "Liberty City" due to danger of open hostilities with Viet Nam. Zabitosky, et al. depart for CONUS leaving Bill Young to honcho close-down of "Liberty City" and the POW project.

February 1982: Bob Brown continues to hang in. Second SOF team arrives Thailand to link with Bill Young.

March-July 1982: Because of lack of progress on POW front and staggering costs, Bob Brown reluctantly decides to cease all *SOF* involvement ... until Young proposes all-out support of Lao Resistance. August 1982: *SOF*'s Bangkok "penthouse" closed. Bill Young retained on payroll after Brown's team departs Thailand.

15 March 1982: Brown cables Young terminating his employment ... and any further association. — *T. R.*

"Mountain Man Mingo" Appleton, ordered by Zab to oversee the goings on up at "Liberty City," trotted out another Laotian, "Ko Long" (name *not* changed), an engineer who was supposedly tight with a Pathet Lao governor at guess where? Muong Sai.

Mingo's amigos, Tor and Buni, whom you'll recall were responsible for producing our two witnesses, also swore this guy was legit. They said Ko could arrange a mass jailbreak should Brown decide to play and pay — along. Ko's buddy, the governor, see, would get his Pathet Lao buddies to ice the NVA guards, then grab the American prisoners, pile 'em into trucks, drive at breakneck, bone-wracking speed to the banks of the Mekong, then send 'em across one at a time as Brown simultaneously launched bag-fulls of U.S. greenbacks across to the governor's waiting arms.

Bob again spun the wheel even though Buni & friend were not exactly batting a thousand: We were still without confirmation from Muong Sai and receipt of the "Yellow Rain" artillery round and grenade was "delayed." However, it was thought, all bases should be covered. Thus, with the first \$500 installment of Bob's dough, Ko Long codenamed "Brave One," set out for the wilds of Laos to plot buy-out possibilities.

Meanwhile, our armed troops at "Liberty City," many of whom had trekked down from China, were antsy to get on with the recon at Muong Sai. Young, however, prolonged the waiting game, citing diplomatic difficulties in getting his official OK for us to launch for Muong Sai.

With Bob and Coyne heading back to CONUS to take care of other business, Zab and I settled in for the wait; two weeks stretching to nearly three months. Buni and Tor, and then Young, coughed up all sorts of excuses: Monsoons, sick relatives, noncooperative Thai border guards, *ad infinitum*.

Brown, having returned to Boulder, was frantically lining up some heavy-bread business-types to whom he was pitching this latest buyout proposal. There was a good deal of interest — but no forthcoming cash.

One stalwart beacon of hope, however, remained in D.C. whom Brown could count upon: A gallant career member of our intelligence services, Admiral Alan Paulson, laid his pension on the block and promised to provide certain data pertaining to positively IDing any rescued Americans should Ko's scheme bear fruit.

No chance of that, though, since Ko Long, the conniving little bastard, finally slithered from his hole in late August mouthing just four words: "Governor say not interested."

Here are four back at him: "Fuck you very much."

With Mingo's, Buni's, Tor's and Bill Young's credibility sinking, only their two Muong Sai eyewitnesses could save them from being sacked. Young, I suppose in desperation, latched onto Brown's support to the "ever-growing," but thus far invisible, to us at least, Laotian resistance movement,

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which had now (allegedly) targeted Sayaboury Province as kick-off for their grand offensive.

Bill continued to shift focus from the POW effort, saying that now was a bad time to perform our recon since our Thai hosts were getting cold feet. But while we just waited, why not thrill the Supreme Command and up the Resistance to front-burner priority?

So, what to do?

Shutdown

Austerity measures were put into quick effect: Our Chiang Rai house was closed and Young was placed in overall command of *SOF*'s efforts. Zab was understandably miffed at being replaced. But Brown thought Young possessed the contacts and expertise to *permanently* weld the tribal coalition and keep his ear to the ground for any POW intelligence.

Assured by Bill that all would again turn butterside-up with the Thais, Young insisted on giving our boys up at "Liberty City" the bad news personally ... with cash bonuses for their efforts.

We reluctantly folded our bedrolls and headed for the Don Muang Airport, our future solely in Bill's questionable hands.

Cutting through the afternoon clouds on the JAL 747 en route to Tokyo's Narita, my thoughts raced back through the previous four months. We thought we'd made headway but it had cost more than \$125,000 of Brown's bucks to do it. I should know; I picked up the money. In relative terms, though, we hadn't seen nuttin' yet.

For time zones away in Chiang Mai, Bill Young was laying out his mother of all schemes: Bob Brown's *sole financial takeover* of the Laotian Resistance Movement!

Stateside — Fall/Winter 1981:

Young kept Bob Brown and yours truly abreast of *alleged* goings-on within the Resistance via cables, phone calls and MOPSUMS (Monthly Operational Summaries) which were very elaborate, very by-the-manual. Wishful thinking ruled so there was a chance — however slim that Young now was flying straight. Caring only about the any POWs, Brown bit the slug and continued forwarding monthly pay and expense checks (covering everything from new tires for Bill's pick-up down to the last bowl of rice and copy of *Time*).

SOF's other financial obligations were formidable but Young's fledgling proposal of supporting the Resistance "on a very limited scale" (his words) to the *subtle* tune of *only* \$10,500 monthly (plus, of course, his salary and expenses). For the average 30day period, Brown was laying out about \$13,500 minimum.

From financing a POW hunt — to backing construction of "Liberty City" and supporting more than 130 armed troops — to this new nest of snakes!

Brown felt we were being shafted bigtime, but he nevertheless opted to saddle us up for another Southeast Asian go-round.

Young's latest "viable" backburner project percolating in the wings — the backing of a *no-shit, sure-thing* Wa tribal insurrection over in Burma — was immediately vetoed by Brown: "My resources are limited so I trust you'll understand that I can finance only one fucking revolution at a time!"

Wanting to pursue to the nth degree *any* potential route to information on living American POWs Bob decided for us to hit Bangkok for only a short period.

Bill had, indeed, given our loyal "Liberty City" troops their "discharges," placed Mingo on waivers and had him shipped out of country. He also gave Buni and Tor unceremonious heave-hos before expanding his dual role as *SOF* liaison and gentleman schemer.



7 July 1981: Lahu troops who resided at "Liberty City" long after Bill Young shut it down.

Zabitosky Returns

Unbeknownst to us, Fred Zabitosky had already arrived back in Thailand, still in a snit over being replaced by Young, but more than eager to get things boiling up at what was left of "Liberty City" after the Thais and Young orchestrated its demise.

Zab was still palling around with Tor, scrounging for hard MIA intell, but employed this time by PROJECT FREE-DOM, an outfit Brown liked and to which he time-to-time contributed. *SOF* had its show to run and Zabitosky had his, with Muong Sai still very much on all our minds.

So, again, Zab trekked up to "Liberty City," where, surprisingly, 20 to 30 troops were still hanging about, talk of POW rescues and Laos insurrections still thick in the air.

But his stay in Thailand was short-lived. After several weeks, PROJECT FREEDOM opted to stand-down his activities due to extreme financial pressures back in CONUS.

So out of luck and ready cash, Zab was forced to head home.

Before his departure, Zabitosky and I ran into one another at the Nana Hotel where he filled me in on some interesting information: The previous summer, after I'd departed, the Agency sent over an interrogator "Dave Klaxton," and a polygraph technician who did some studies on the hand-drawn maps produced by our two Lao. According to SR-71 aerial shots of Muang Sai, our witnesses' diagrams were one building off. If the CIA wanted photos of Muong Sai, there had to be something hot up there — and our Laotian eyewitnesses had to have been there.

In addition, the previous winter, while leafing through some files at a friend's New Mexico home, he discovered a 1969 CIA document pertaining to a Pathet Lao prisoner of war camp — at Muong Sai, Laos!

Why Zab didn't drop this on us before, I don't know. But I can guess it had something to do with Young's replacing him as *SOF*'s in-country Project Director.

Zabitosky continued saying that the Agency couldn't get near Muong Sai during the Vietnam War; that it was completely controlled by the Red Chinese and that they had poured *beaucoup* work and people into that vicinity. It was — and still might be loaded with high tech commo and radar gear and maybe anti-aircraft systems.

The road north of Muong Sai leads into Yunnan Province, PRC, and was constructed completely by the Chinese. For some strange reason, it was put off-limits to American bombers during the War.

There had been one aircraft to go down right at Muong Sai and the pilot had been a Taiwanese civilian, Chi-Yuen. His name appears on the Alpha Roster where he was listed at Category 1 (i.e. missing). What Zabitosky could not confirm — but strongly suspected — was that the crash sites within our 1981 area of operations were where aircraft — with civilian crews only — were downed (i.e. Air America planes).

Why were we treated with kid gloves? Because there existed a good possibility that we were secretly being utilized by the Agency to go after some of their missing personnel, something they hadn't been able to do.

Klaxton never insinuated that we'd been wasting our efforts in focusing on Muong Sai.

There were six civilian MIAs in our area, with one being listed as KIABNR (Killed In Action Body Not Recovered), from three different aircraft. With other crash sites so close to Pak Beng, it would make sense to take all prisoners north up the highway to Muong Sai.

The two missing Americans closest to Muong Sai are James Ackley and Clarence Driver, who went down in a C-123-K at QB 230980 near Pak Beng on 7 March 73. At a second site another C-123-K crashed; its missing being Roy F. Townley (his daughter, Janet, was part of the Gritz operations) and George L. Ritter. Presumed dead was Edward J. Weissenback. They went down in *Sayaboury Province* at QB 410610 on 27 December 71.

Combined, our two Laotian eyewitnesses saw four Americans; but each saw just two. Other reports, some from their friends, attested to 10 to 18; possibly even 22 POWs at Muong Sai.

Continued on page 108

THE IMMACULATE CONSCRIPTION

Why would a senior member of the Clinton Administration — widely criticized for its dearth of military veterans in highlevel positions — not list his military service in his official White House biography? This simple question started an investigation that has gone on for more than a year and a half. In this article, SOF will provide previously unpublicized historical information and an analysis of that data to assist SOF readers in gaining a better understanding of why the Clinton national security apparatus has functioned as it has.

Washington, D.C., is a town of perverse reality. Myths are accepted as truth. Baldfaced liars are enshrined as political icons (if not presidents). And relatively anonymous staffers are granted extraordinary power and influence based solely upon personal connections to people who can waive the stringent background checks normally required for such staff assignments. Sandy Berger And The *Very* Selective Service

by Roger Charles

The case in point involves Bill Clinton's National Security Advisor, Samuel R. "Sandy" Berger. This article focuses on irrefutable irregularities and serious indications of violations of the Military Selective Service Act of 1967 relative to Berger's gaining a draft deferment in March 1968 while a freshman at Harvard Law School.

In the first weeks of Clinton's presidency, Berger was the number two official on the National Security Council staff when the new administration sent armored vehicles to assault the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas. Less than six months later the same national security *apparatchiks* refused a field commander's request for nearly identical armor to protect U.S. troops in Mogadishu, Somalia. Eighteen Army Rangers and Delta Force commandos died in a disastrous firefight that ended only after armored vehicles were borrowed from Pakistan and Malaysian allies.

DUSE

Based on his record of these and other accomplishments, Berger was promoted and during the second Clinton term has been the number one man on the NSC staff — Bill Clinton's Henry Kissinger.

Berger's hawkish role in the Wag-The-Dog cruise missile attack on a Sudanese "aspirin" factory received widespread media attention. As did his fervent support of the air war against Yugoslavia, which produced among other triumphs, the precision guided munitions attack on a Belgrade television station, followed by the bombing of the Peoples Republic of China embassy in the same city.

Given the still unresolved questions about the wisdom of the cited actions, there is more than sufficient justification for the national media to have examined Berger's personal military record. Yet, until this article, he has received a pass on this issue.

The Conventional Wisdom

In the fall of 1998, a former senior national security official mentioned that he had just learned that, contrary to conventional wisdom inside the Washington Beltway, Al Gore was not the only senior Clinton White House official with military service. Sandy Berger had actually been in the Army Reserve during the Vietnam era.

A visit to the White House web site revealed that Berger's official biography did not list any military service. A major profile piece in the Washington Post (6 December 1996) by John Harris had no mention of Berger's military service. Likewise with a major New York Times profile (25 August 1999) by R. W. Apple, Jr. - no mention of any military service in Berger's past.

In a town where exaggerating one's achievements and padding one's resume is the norm and not the exception, Berger's reverse action of not claiming military service seemed rather strange.

A telephone call to Vietnam vet B.G. "Jug' Burkett confirmed that Berger had indeed been a member of the Army Reserve. Burkett is an acknowledged expert on military service records for the Vietnam period, having co-authored and self-published a great book, Stolen Valor: How the Vietnam Generation Was Robbed of its Heroes and its History. (Using a credit card for payment, you can order a copy by calling 800-253-6789.)

Burkett even provided a copy of Berger's Army Reserve record, obtained under the Freedom Of Information Act from the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis, Missouri.

Using information contained in Berger's Army Reserve records, this author sent a FOIA request for a copy of Berger's draft records to the Selective Service System headquarters in Arlington, Virginia.

And, as described below, a close examination of Berger's Army Reserve and draft records answered the simple question that started this investigation: Why would a senior member of the Clinton Administration - with its dearth of military veterans not list his military service in his official White House biography?

The analysis showed that Berger had every reason to avoid even mentioning his draft and military history, much less calling attention to it by including it in his biography on the White House web site.

There are clear irregularities pointing to possible illegalities concerning Berger's receiving a March 1968 draft deferment.

The most serious discrepancy in

Berger's draft and military history was evident almost immediately after constructing a timeline of key dates.

The Miraculous Braft Deferment

Berger's Selective Service System records showed that his draft board, Local Board #21, Poughkeepsie, New York, reclassified him from "2-S" (student defer-ment) to "1-D" on "3-21-68." The 1-D deferment is granted for status as a "Member of a Reserve component or student taking military training." The federal law in effect at the time stipulated that a reservist was entitled to a 1-D deferment while satisfactorily performing his 6-year obligation.

But, Berger's Army Reserve records show that he did not enlist, i.e., officially commence his Army Reserve service, in the 114th Personnel Service Company, Boston, Massachusetts, until "28 May 68." According to federal law, Berger's 1-D deferment should not have gone into effect until some date on or after 28 May.

The anomaly was almost breathtaking in both its stark simplicity and its serious

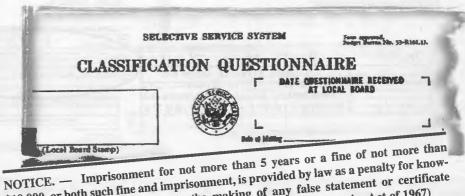
so - Berger would be allowed to complete his freshman year of Harvard Law School. The bad news was black indeed - Berger and his draft-deferred peers would almost certainly be inducted since the Selective Service System at that time was inducting first those who were oldest, i.e., who had enjoyed their student and other deferments for the longest period.

Berger had already enjoyed four years of undergraduate deferment at Cornell University from 1963 to 1967, and was well over half way through his first year at Harvard Law School.

Contemporaneous writings and subsequent historical treatments provide vivid descriptions of the reaction to Lyndon Johnson's ending the graduate school deferments — a rush of pure terror through the hearts of those directly effected.

Their feelings of dread were only exacerbated as the post-Tet 1968 casualty lists soared with several hundred Americans being listed as "KIA" each week for much of the period under discussion.

The enormous effect of the 16 February



\$10,000, or both such fine and imprisonment, is provided by law as a penalty for knowingly making or being a party to the making of any false statement or certificate regarding or bearing upon a classification. (Military Selective service Act of 1967)

import. Somehow, someone had improperly - and perhaps illegally - manipulated the Selective Service System so that Berger gained a 1-D draft deferment based on his being a "Member of a Reserve component" nearly 10 weeks before he qualified for such a deferment by joining the reserves!

To put this incredible sequence of events in proper historical perspective it's important to note that on 16 February 1968, President Lyndon B. Johnson ended graduate school deferments for 260,000 law school students, future professors and kindred souls living the good life in their heretofore draft-proof safe havens.

In his award-winning biography of Bill Clinton, First in His Class: The Biography of Bill Clinton, Washington Post reporter David Maraniss wrote that Clinton's peers referred to the 16th as "Black Friday."

For those like Sandy Berger who were in their first year of graduate school, Johnson's decision was stereotypical good news-bad news. The good news was only moderately presidential edict is well represented by quoting the then-President of Harvard University who said the only people entering graduate school in the fall of 1968 would be "the lame, the halt, the blind and the female." With heated rhetoric like this from such a respected (and not directly effected) public figure, it's easy to understand the near panic among those whose "2-S" deferments were shortly to expire. Berger and his peers faced a very stark reality - carrying rifles in the rice paddies and jungles of Vietnam.

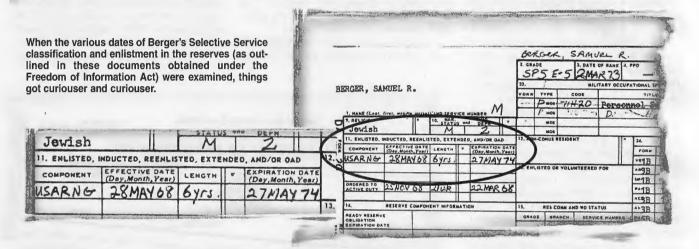
While such a future was not an absolute certainty, later statistics show that Berger had every reason to be concerned. By 1969 nine out of 10 draftees were serving in Vietnam where draftees made up over 80% of the infantry riflemen - known as "11 Bravos." In 1965 draftees had comprised only 28% of battle deaths, but by 1967 draftees were 57% of combat deaths - and 1968, the year of heaviest fighting and casualties, was yet to come.

SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM EXTRACT OF REGISTRANT CLASSIFICATION RECORD The following information concerning the Selective Service registrant named has been extracted from the Classification Record (SSS Form 102). Unless otherwise noted, all entries on this record are included, See reverse side for brief explanation of classification descriptions. Name of registrant: SNY DER, ALLEN ROGER Date of Birth: 1-26-46 Selective Service No.: 18 . 53 . 46 . 85 Classification Questionnaire: Date Mailed 2-10-64 Date Returned 2-17-64 Classification and Date of Mailing Notice: Date 10-6-67 Date 2-19 -64 5. Class 1. Class Date 3-29-2-5 Date /2-64 6. Class 2. Class Date 8-16 11-24-65 7. Class Date 3. Class 9-13-68 Date 1-6-67 8. Class Date 4. Class -16-7 Regults Armed Forces Physical Examination: Date(s): Alont (Qual - Qualified; Acc - Accepted; NQ - Not Qualified; Rej - Rejected) Dation Challen Harkis Datasis Nooll

According to sources familiar with the 114th at the time Berger joined, the unit was loaded with well-connected Boston Brahmins and even included a sprinkling of professional athletes.

William Strouse, who co-authored a definitive work on the draft, *Chance and Circumstance*, confirmed this picture of the post-"Black Friday" draft scene and has said it was almost impossible to get into a Boston reserve unit at this time. Indicative of the scramble to secure a 1-D deferment, Strouse and his co-author wrote that, "At the end of 1968, with the draft still in full force, the Army National Guard had a waiting list of 100,000."

Another source, currently an Army civilian personnel specialist at an Army post in Massachusetts, and who also had 30 years in the Army Reserve, said "the only way to get into the 114th was to buy your way in,"



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Had "the system," as defined by law (and by Selective Service regulations that had the force of law) worked for Berger as it was supposed to have worked, he was in dire danger of wearing olive-drab fatigues by late summer, maybe sooner.

No Comment

Not surprisingly, Berger has opted for the standard Washington response when faced with questions about some unpleasantness not easily susceptible to being spun in a favorable direction. Berger has made no direct comment.

So let's have the facts speak for him.

In only 24 working days after LBJ killed the graduate school deferments, Berger's draft board had received and acted upon some sort of invalid certification that Berger had joined a Reserve unit. Since he did in fact join such a unit 68

days later, it's reasonable to assume that the unit was one and the same — the 114th Personnel Service Company, U.S. Army Reserve, Boston, Massachusetts.

The 114th was not a combat or even combat support unit. The unit, with an authorized strength of four officers, four warrant officers and 210 enlisted soldiers, provided administrative and personnel services to an Army Reserve infantry division. The only sound of action in the 114th was the *clickity-clack* of the typewriters. either literally with money or figuratively with political influence.

Retired Army Reserve Colonel Frank DaMico (who later served with Berger in a second reserve unit in Rockville, Maryland — the 2287th Reserve Dental Detachment) confided that a former commander with the New Jersey National Guard told him that the price had been \$1,500.00 to get in a New Jersey guard unit during the latter period of the Vietnam war.

One scholarly tome on the Selective Service System reported that a New York City draft board member was arrested and convicted of selling Vietnam-era draft deferments for as much as \$30,000.00 per deferment.

So how did the law school student from a small town in New York get head-of-theline privileges to join a Boston-based reserve unit, at a time there was near desperation among graduate students to avoid

Continued on page 96

25th Anniversary Issue . SOLDIER OF FORTUNE X NOVEMBER 2000

Of all the reasons to vote this year...

Clinton-Gore Diverts Hunters' Trust Fun

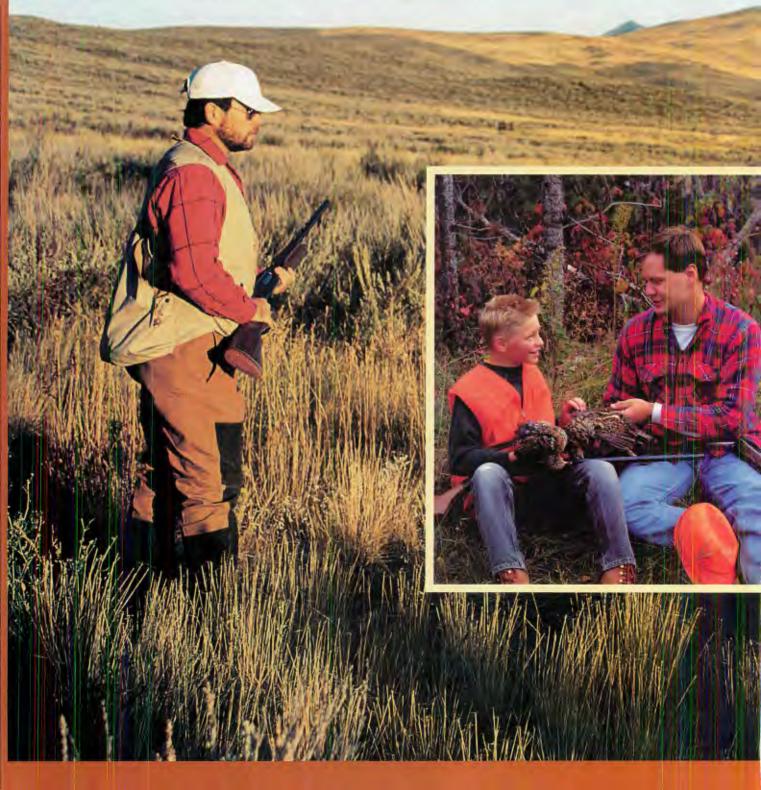
Reno's Justice Dept. Says Individuals Have No Right to Own Guns

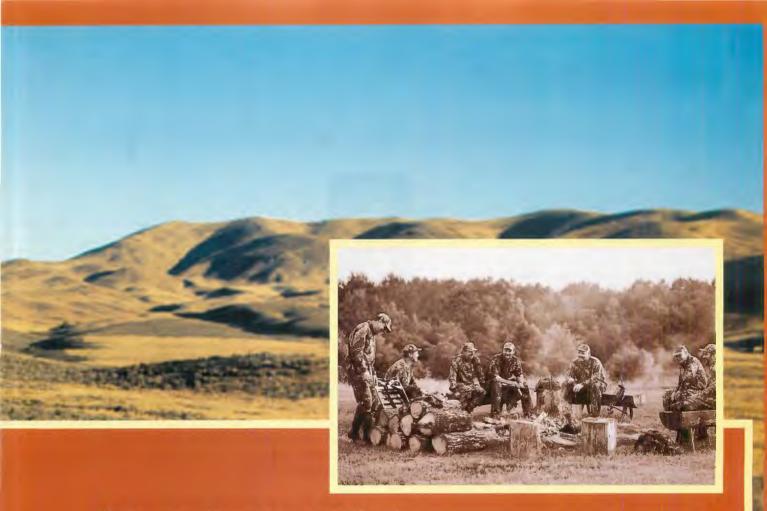
White House Blames "Hunting and Sport Shooting Culture" for Violence in America

Lawsuits Could Shut Down Firearms Industry

More Public Lands Closed To Hunters

On Election Day, your children and grandchildren are depending on you to defend hunting and preserve our cherished way of life.





On November 7th, make your voice heard.

You'll never forget when your father gave you that first gun, or the first time he took you in hand to teach you what it meant to be a responsible sportsman. For millions of families, hunting has forged bonds that can never be broken.

But at the dawn of the twenty-first century, our heritage is under attack as never before. Janet Reno's Justice Department says you have no right to own a firearm. Politicians blame the hunting culture for the problem of violence in our society, while the media portrays our sport as barbaric and outdated. Meanwhile, unwise development and new government regulations have closed millions of acres to outdoor enthusiasts.

Future generations are counting on you to preserve our cherished way of life. On Election Day, November 7th, make your voice heard. Vote for candidates who respect our firearms rights and support our hunting heritage.

Tomorrow's hunters will thank you.

For more information, call 1-800-392-VOTE.



Only by voting can we save our hunting heritage

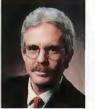
Today, we live in a society that is less and less receptive to the pastime that is so special to us. With every passing day, the United States is becoming more urbanized, less knowledgeable about wildlife management issues, and more hostile to our way of life.

The future of hunting can only be assured by those of us who live it and practice it. That's why this year's elections are so important, and why it's absolutely essential for every hunter to vote this November.

For the past eight years, we've seen our rights come under repeated attacks from opportunistic politicians in Washington. Time and again, Bill Clinton and Al Gore have shamelessly preyed on the misplaced fears of the American people, never missing an opportunity to exploit tragedy to further their own anti-gun, anti-hunting agenda. In the Clinton-Gore world, the criminal who misuses a firearm to injure or kill is not the problem. Rather, it is America's gun and hunting "culture" that is to blame.

Under this administration, the once non-partisan U.S. Fish and Wildlife service has been twisted into a political instrument to further the White House's social and political goals. Millions of dollars collected from hunters and fishermen in excise taxes and earmarked for the enhancement of our nation's fish and game populations were diverted to fund pet projects of Bill Clinton and Al Gore. They've so corrupted the sportsmen's trust fund that government investigators recently called it "one of the worst managed programs we have ever encountered."

The misuse of government resources is not limited to the Fish and Wildlife Service. Under the direction of the White House, the Department of Housing and



Urban Development is spearheading the effort to bankrupt the American firearms industry through frivolous lawsuits funded with your tax dollars.

But the most telling indicator of the Clinton-Gore Administration's contempt for our heritage was revealed in a Second Amendment case before the U.S. Court of Appeals in New Orleans earlier this summer. Before a panel of federal judges, the government lawyer from the Department of Justice stated that only persons serving in the National Guard were entitled to own firearms, and then only those firearms necessary for their duties. In the eyes of this Administration, you have no right to own any firearms, regardless of their suitability for hunting or self-defense.

If we don't stand together against this assault on our heritage, our children and grandchildren will never know the kinship and tradition that have made hunting such an important part of our lives. And that is why on Election Day, we must put an end to the anti-gun, anti-hunting policies of Bill Clinton and Al Gore.

I hope you will take the time to learn where the candidates stand on the future of hunting, the Second Amendment, and other sportsmen's issues. And I urge you to go to the polls on Election Day and support those candidates who share our views. Nothing less than the future of our outdoor heritage depends on it.

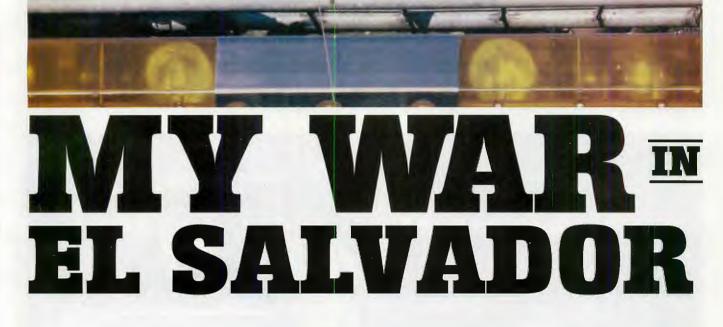
Vote.

James Jay Baker Executive Director, NRA-ILA



For more information, call 1-800-392-VOTE. www.NRAILA.org

National Rifle Association–Institute for Legislative Action 11250 Waples Mill Road, Fairfax, Virginia 22030



A Decade Fighting The Evil Empire

TEXT & PHOTOS BY Peter G. Kokalis

went to El Salvador to fight the Evil Empire 21 times, more than any other member of the SOF staff. It became personal, very personal. My first trip was in 1983. My last occurred in 1992; just before the peace accord was signed. My decade in El Salvador was the seminal experience of my life. I wrote about my experiences 15 times in Soldier Of Fortune. Although nothing I wrote could ever convey the emotions and memories I hold so close to my heart, what follows is a brief, more or less chronological summary of my training missions, including the issue of SOF in which my account appeared.

September 1983

The first and last words of the first article I ever wrote about El Salvador bear repeating as they eerily set the tone for my entire decade in that tormented land.

Four companies of men pile out of new, tan-colored Ford, 3-ton trucks and fall into formation in front of the headquarters building at Ilopango Airport, El Salvador. The usual grunting and straining is accompanied by the clatter and banging of field equipment and infantry weapons.

My attention is drawn first to their cammies, a pattern I do not recognize. My eyes sweep upward and lock on their faces regal Mayan features, covered by death masks applied with black face paint.

"Who are they?" I ask, turning to the MilGroup adviser standing next to me. "The Atlacatl Battalion," he replies. "Bad asses, the toughest unit in El Salvador — an immediatereaction battalion. They really kick ass. When they move in, the Gs [guerrillas] move out or die.'

.. While forever attracted to its implements, God, how I loathe war. And yet ... no wine gives fiercer intoxication, no drug more vivid exaltation."

My first full day in country I trained the antiaircraft/perimeterdefense battery at Ilopango Airport on the disassembly-assembly/cleaning and maintenance of the M16A1 rifle. The following day I worked with the doorgunners of the helicopter squadron and their M60D guns. Afterwards, I walked over to where the company from the Atlacatl Battalion was assembled and began to examine and work on their badly abused M60s. That evening First Lieutenant David Koch of the Atlacatl Battalion stopped by the hotel and asked if I could help them with Las Cincuentas, as they called their .50-caliber Browning M2 HB machine guns. The next day I did and the day following I worked with the Atlacatl M60 gunners. It was the beginning of my long association with the Atlacatl Battalion.

Under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Domingo Monterrosa Barrios and their executive officer Major Jose Armando Azmitia Melara they were without doubt the finest combat unit in El Salvador.

January 1984

I conduct an intensive three-week retraining cycle for the elite Atlacatl Battalion. Since its inception on 1 March 1982, the battalion has seen more combat than any unit in El Salvador. The year prior to my training cycle the battalion had spent almost 80% of its time on combat operations. I had timed my arrival to correspond with the battalion's return from a two-month operation in guerrilla-infested Morazan Province. I trained the battalion armorers. conducted a section weapons seminar for all the officers and NCOs, trained the M60 GPMG and .50 caliber Browning M2 HB crews in depth, and conducted intensive ambush/counter-ambush drills.

March 1984

Assignment to Salvadoran Cavalry Regiment - work with French AAT 7.62 NF1 GPMG, coaxial gun on the Panhard Armored Car, and the earliest version of Heckler and Koch's HK21 GPMG, as well as the Argentine FMK 9mm submachine gun.

June 1984

Back to my beloved Atlacatl Battalion, this time in Indian country - just east of





SOF's Kokalis watches TOC and guerrilla camps fade as he leaves combat zone by chopper. June '84

In the classroom and the field, SOF Technical Editor Peter G. Kokalis tirelessly trained troops and inspected the small arms of Salvadoran armed forces. September '83.

the Rio Lempa in Usulutan Province, El Salvador. The rugged terrain was infested with communist guerrillas, swarming gnats, tall grass and choking heat. I was part of a 217-man relief column, commanded by 1st Lt. David Koch. Our objective was the Atlacatl TOC (Tactical Operations Center) established the day before, after fierce and bloody fighting, on a hill called Hacienda El Carmen, 4.4 klicks from the village of San Marcos Lempa where we had left the trucks, which had carried us from the battalion cuartel. Humping up and down hills for several days, I carry an FN FAL in combat for the last time. Its weight as I climb up the last hill to the extraction UH-1H is almost unbearable. Men all around me have fallen — silent for eternity — to the M16. I become committed to the M16 and its 5.56x45mm cartridge and consign so-called .30 caliber battle rifles to the armchair experts of the popular gun press.



"The cornfield is black and wet. No moon, thank God. Corn stalks slap against me as we glide through the field, painting my face, hands and the M16A1 carbine with rain drops. It's a recon patrol with a platoon of El Salvador's famed Atlacatl Battalion ... I glance rearward once more to confirm my rough back-azimuth on the red lights atop the antenna towers adjacent to the Atlacatl Battalion cuartel. ... Several hours before, the Estado Mayor had called the Atlacatl OD informing him they had monitored radio traffic. Apparently the Gs were moving around our cuartel and those of the cavalry regiment and artillery brigade located nearby." We arrived back at the cuartel at approximately 0300 hours. There had been no trace of the Gs.

I had spent two weeks prior conducting weapons research and repair with the battalion at their *cuartel* outside San Salvador. I also conducted trials comparing the M79 and M203 40mm grenade launcher. While the M203 when mounted on an M16A1 returns a rifleman to the platoon, its principal sighting system is a plastic quadrant sight that mounts to the left side of the M16A1 carrying handle. It's entirely too fragile and would return from 90 days in the bush in a paper bag. It was my recommendation to Major Azmitia that they decline the replacement of their M79s with the



M203. He concurred.

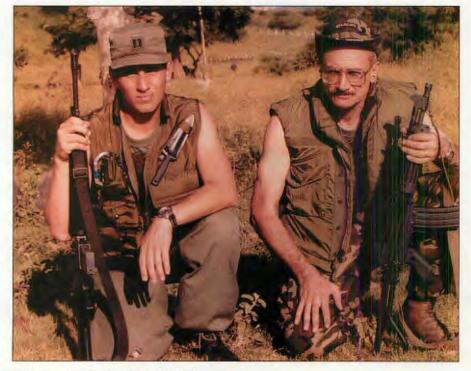
While training troops of the 3rd Infantry Brigade in San Miguel, I uncover eight FN MAG 58 GPMGs abandoned by the Somozistas when they fled Nicaragua.

Unfortunately, they were set up for the German DM1 non-disintegrating belt so they departed with me on the helicopter back to the armory at the Atlacatl Battalion cuartel. The extractor groove tab on the DM1 link is located upper dead-center and therefore the rear cartridge stop was positioned on the bottom of the feed tray. The U.S. M13 link has its

extractor groove tab on the right side. Working with a hack saw, swiss files and a Moto tool, I converted all eight feed trays to reliably accept the M13 link. Cannibalizing parts, five of these guns were put back into Lt. Col. Mauricio Staben of the Cavalry Regiment, SOF's Kokalis and Atlacatl 1st. Lt. David Koch pose with Panhard AML 245 armored car. March '84

SOF Technical Editor Peter G. Kokalis fires M2 .50 caliber Browning aircraft gun from left cupola of M114 tracked vehicle. July '85.

Kokalis (below, right) and Atlacatl Bn., 7th Company CO 1st. Lt. David Koch lead ambush training. Kokalis carries Beretta SC 70 SHORT and Koch holds M16A1 while wearing Combat Equipment Sales, Inc. combat vest with Gerber Mark I combat knife. March '84



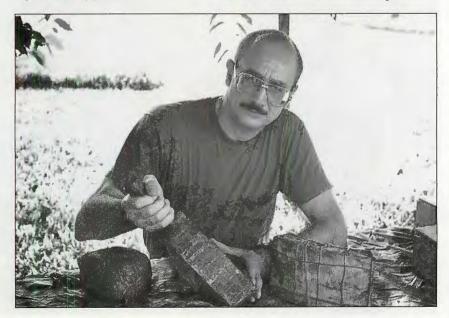


Kokalis passes out SOF badges to Salvadoran helicopter squadron at Ilopango Airbase. September '83

"I went to El Salvador to fight the Evil Empire 21 times, more than any other member of the *SOF* staff. It became personal, very personal." the choir to sing loudly for the Gs.

July 1985

I'm in an "A" camp on a hill 300 feet above the surrounding countryside, just eight clicks from the Honduran border in northern El Salvador and part of Destacamento Militar No. 2 (Military District No. 2). We are providing security for a CIA communications center on top of the hill and training NCOs. There were only 50 of us and we were expecting to be hit by a guerrilla force of 500 to 1,000. There was TacAir in the form of A-37 Dragonflys at Ilopango Air Base and an infantry company had been sent to probe the northern base of our position. As I sat in a slit-trench cut with great effort into the powdery red volcanic soil full of stubborn boulders, I had very little time to contemplate my future prospects, as I was entirely too busy stacking belts for the M60 GPMG assigned to me, straightening pins on my half case of M67 grenades and lining 40mm high/low pressure grenades for my M79 on the side of the trench. Using a broken antenna pole, I set a limit stake to the left to avoid firing on the Ma Deuce crew which we had positioned



for better cover and concealment about 100 meters to my front. Intercepted radio traffic indicated the Gs would probably attack our position that evening.

David Koch (by now a captain) borrowed my Galil loaded with 100% tracer for fire-direction purposes. He threw a few rounds into the hill across the saddle. The mortar crew began to plot on-call fire for the 60 mike-mike. They had the line and range after only two rounds. Our two demo men set AP mines along the perimeter. I was assigned a secondary sector of fire 20 meters behind my pit at the edge of the hill, where I stashed more ammo for the M60.

At about 0100 hours, dogs began to bark all around the base of the hill. Someone was active in the area below our camp. Lights and movement on the south slope of the hill crept



toward my secondary sector. Rather than disclose our firing positions by opening up, we heaved grenades down the hill. The guerrillas — if that's what they were — failed to make their play. Another night in El Salvador with my boots on and my eyes open.

During this time frame, communist Radio Venceremos announces that the fascist government of the United States has sent the infamous mercenary, Peter Kokalis, to El Salvador to slaughter the innocent masses. They declare he has been tried in absentia, found guilty and sentenced to death. I live to spit on their graves.

On 23 October 1985 Col. Domingo Monterrosa Barrios (by that time commander of the 3rd Infantry Brigade, in San Miguel, and Major Jose Armando Azmitia Melara, then commanding officer of the Atlacatl Battalion, were killed in a UH-1H helicopter by a command-detonated explosive device hidden in captured radio equipment by FMLN communist terrorists. Bob Brown and I attend Monterrosa's funeral and I swear venganza (revenge). I never again step foot in the Atlacatl cuartel. The poignant memories are far too overwhelming. Years later I fly over the former Atlacatl cuartel and see the statue of the Pipil Indian with an M16 raised over his head and standing above the plaques of the battalion's dead. Uncontrollable tears blind me.

March 1986

Flying combat missions aboard the ancient AC-47 with three AN-M3 .50 caliber Browning machine guns mounted in the two windows adjacent to the left cargo door. Circling in "pylon turns" and blasting communist guerrillas to pieces was a rewarding experience, but after firing no more than 2,300 rounds all three of our original guns had failed and we were forced to call upon the spares. The mean rounds between failure



was less than 700. There were also more than one dozen feed stoppages — cleared almost immediately by manual cocking. Why all these problems with the usually incredibly reliable Browning?

After the mission I spent a day in the air force armory inspecting maintenance, repair and calibration techniques used on these weapons. Not instructed otherwise, the Salvadoran armorers submerged the back plate assembly, without disassembly, into the cleaning solvent. Solvent seeped into the buffer housing and got trapped between the Belleville washers that then acted as a solid wall during the gun's recoil cycle, robbing the system of all buffering action. The consequent stress overload on the reciprocating components caused parts to break with alarming frequency. The immediate fix was to disassemble the back plate with the correct spanner, remove the solvent, dry and lubricate the washers and all reciprocating



Bundles manhandled on board UH-1H for Atonal Bn. resupply sortie. June '84

parts in the bolt and feed assemblies with the proper lubricant. As a consequence, the number of failures was reduced to acceptable levels.

August 1986

Training the Salvadoran Airborne Battalion I am afforded a rare opportunity to examine and study captured small arms, including Cuban FN FAL rifles, bolt-action center-fire military rifles of many types, Heckler and Koch G3 rifles and HK21 machine guns, M16s modified in field work shops, hand grenades (mostly Soviet, but also Czech and even a few Belgian types), and small arms ammunition from many countries.

May 1988

Working with the "PRAL" a highly secret clandestine infiltration group funded by the CIA and based at Ilopango, I study a wide range of land mines, anti-personnel and vehicular, but mostly improvised. They range from the *Mina Atlacatl* (named after the Atlacatl Battalion which first encountered it), *Mina Anti-Transporte Arce-1* (named after the Arce Immediate Reaction Battalion), *Rayo de la Muerte* (Ray of Death), *Papa* (Pope or potato), to the *Mina Caza-Yanqui* (Yankee-Chasing Mine).

While the U.S. left-wing press never ceased its cacophonous chant about the socalled human rights abuses of the Nicaraguan contras, they remained totally silent about the thousands of innocent *campesinos* maimed and murdered by Marxist mines in El Salvador.

May and July 1990

Training both the Airborne Battalion and the ERE (Equipo de Reaccion Especial — Special Reaction Team) of the Policia Nacional, I am provided with the opportunity to examine in detail the clandestine ComBloc 7.62x62.8mm low-signature cartridge designed for assassination — another of SOF's many unique small arms exclusives. In addition, between these two units I am able to examine close to 200 Kalashnikovs. By November of 1989, intelligence estimates put the number of AKs in El Salvador at almost 20,000. I also study both Vz23 (fixed wooden stock) and Vz25 (folding stock) Czech 9mm Parabellum submachine guns. I individually examine approximately 5,000 captured caliber 7.62x39mm cartridges and determine that at least six countries have manufactured this ammunition and supplied to the FMLN. They were Cuba, the Soviet Union, North Korea, Romania, East Germany and Bulgaria.

November 1990

I designed an intensive five-day course for the *Equipo de Reaccion Especial* (Special Reaction Team or ERE) of El Salvador's *Policia Nacional* (PN), which would provide training in the handgun, MP5 submachine gun, combat shotgun, and M16A1.

The ERE more than proved its mettle in combat during the November 1989 FMLN offensive in San Salvador. During an intense three-hour contact in Colonia Santa Marta, four men of the unit were KIA one of them ran out of shells for his shotgun when they were struck down 25 meters in front of a terrorist base of fire. Realizing they would have to take care of their own, 16 members of ERE broke through the FMLN lines to recover the bodies after four days of unrelenting contact without resupply, water or food and equipped with no more than their basic load. No amount of training can duplicate the fire discipline instilled in troops forced to fight for extended periods with only the ammunition they bring into contact.

September 1991

Consisting of 50 enlisted personnel and one officer, ERE's mission included sniper incidents, barricaded terrorists with hostages, VIP protection and counterterrorist operations in general. In addition, the ERE continued to raid Farabundo Marti Liberation Front (FMLN) safe houses on an almost daily basis, capturing terrorists and large caches of weapons, munitions and explosives. All of these scenarios provided potential applications for highly skilled marksmen with scoped rifles. A three-day course was developed for the ERE that would offer Level 1 training in basic marksmanship, maintenance and the urban tactics required of police countersnipers.

October 1991

Training the ERE of the *Policia Nacional* presents the opportunity to test and evaluation the previously unknown M26A2 30mm shoulder-mounted grenade launcher. The system uses a unique VOG-26 30x28mm high-low pressure grenade developed from

Continued on page 112



The Ultimate Sacrifice SOF Correspondents Killed In Action

Over the past 25 years, our correspondents have suffered many near-misses. Tragically, several have met death.

by Tom Reisinger

It was my pleasure — and extreme privilege — to have known three of our fallen comrades: George Bacon, with whom I served during Special Forces medical training at Fort Bragg;

Mike Echanis, with whom I became acquainted during my first tour at SOF; and Bob MacKenzie, with whom I and several others from the magazine worked in El Salvador and other war-ripped AOs. They died for their principles — not for journalistic adventure and acclaim. They made us "survivors" better men for having crossed their paths, however brief that intersect.



George Bacon, III

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

(See also "The Story of George Bacon," by Robert K. Brown and Robert Himber, *SOF*, Fall 1976.)

George, if anything, was a Renaissance Man: schooled at Georgetown, self-taught in Vietnamese, an extremely likeable yet intense individual who cut his own swath through the triple-canopy of life, and placed himself in harm's way, first in South Vietnam with Special Forces, then in Laos with the CIA and, finally, in Angola.

I first met him at Fort Bragg in 1967. We were in the same Special Forces medical class. I recall his complete devotion to his studies (medicine and Vietnamese language), and his undying determination to Vietnam. I believe he found academia not only boring, but ambiguous, and he yearned for the opportunity to serve where he could defend his personal principles: those of freedom for his nation and those under Communist threat, personal honor, and dedication to duty and his comrades. From "The Story of George Bacon:"

volunteer later on for duty in South

Said a former Agency case officer, "I first remembered him in training with the Agency. The last time I saw him was when he came up to Anchorage. He stayed with me for about a month after he graduated from college in May of 1974. He was [then] thinking about going to work on the Trans-Alaskan Pipeline; he had offers to go to work for some geological peo-

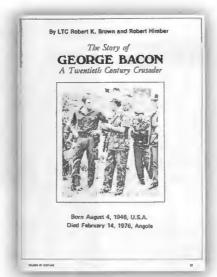
ple here and he turned them down. He called Washington, D.C. on a Friday and on Monday there were tickets in the mail, and I knew he was going back to work for the Company. I'm surprised the 'Kayak' (Bacon's code name in Laos) made it as far

SOLDIER - FORTUNE

as he did. He didn't have any natural fear of anything; whereas the rest of us were scared shitless 95% of the time. ... "

Michael T. Sharpley, an English exparatrooper who served four years with the Territorial Reserves and is a veteran of the Rhodesian Army, met Bacon on 12 February 1976 in Angola. When asked his initial impression of Bacon he recalled, "George was a fireball, man. Once he made contact with FNLA forces and arrived in San Salvador [Angola], there was no stopping him; he really went to town. Bacon and the other Yanks were equipping themselves to leave for the bush on the day they arrived.

"The next time I saw Bacon, he was mining a bridge. [Gary] Acker, myself and



the rest of the patrol left Quimba Junction about a half-hour after first light. It was on our way to San Salvador that we met up with Bacon and an Englishman and about six Africans.

"There were two flat concrete bridges. George had dug two trenches, one a either end of the first bridge. He packed it out with 500 pounds of TNT. I assisted with setting the charges; the fuses were already set and run back, so we packed earth on top and ran Landrovers and forth over it. The mining of the bridge was complete, so we stopped work and had a skimpy breakfast. Afterward, our patrol left and went on to San Salvador, leaving Bacon and the others to mine the second bridge. That was the last time he was seen alive."



Born 16 November 1950, U.S.A. Died 8 September 1978, Nicaragua

(See also "Tribute To A Professional Warrior," by N.E. MacDougald, *SOF*, February 1979.)

Mike was in every sense a professional warrior. His understated and polite demeanor threw many people off when they first met him; they likely expecting a bombastic, pre-*Rambo* caricature of the modern soldier. But somewhere under the calm exterior you could sense a definite "presence;" nothing sinister, mind you, but the kind of vibes which told you if you were ever in deep shit this is the guy







you'd want slugging it out beside you. From "Tribute To A Professional Warrior:"

Echanis finished high school in 1969, but skipped graduation ceremonies to do something he'd wanted to do for years: Join the Army. His years in service included an infantry tour in Vietnam where, in 1970, the truck in which he was riding was ambushed by NVA in An Khe Pass. Wounded almost immediately in the foot by an AK-47 round, Echanis returned fire while being hit three more times by small-arms fire. He received the Bronze Star with "V" device for his heroism. He also received devastating damage to his right calf and foot.

After several delicate operations and eight months in a hospital, an Army doctor told Echanis that he'd probably have only limited use of his leg after several months of intense physical therapy. Dr. [Wilford] Sanders [father of Chuck Sanders, a close boyhood and adulthood friend of Mike] recalls, "When I

Michael Echanis continued on page 99



Lance Motley

Born 1957, U.S.A. Died 31 May 1989, Thailand

(See also "Killed In Action," by Alain Haas and accompanying sidebar "Lance Eugene Motley, 1957-1989," by John Coleman, *SOF*, November 1989.)

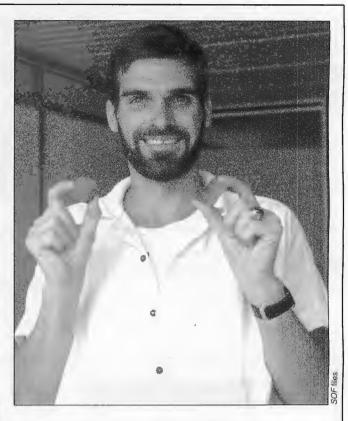
From Coleman's sidebar:

I was at home when Lynne, our receptionist, called and told me Lance was dead. In those few seconds before I could answer her, I had one of those weird, real-as-reality flashbacks, the kind where the subconscious kicks in and plays it right in from of your mind's eye. We were at a party over at our managing editor's house. Lance and I were in the kitchen talking editorial nonsense at the topic changed to his upcoming trip to Southeast Asia, to Burma, to cover the Karen rebels. He was excited about it. He was kind of burned out on Central and South America, and was ready for a new adventure. After which, he told me, he was looking forward to coming home to attend his 10-year class reunion at the military academy at West Point.

He made it, because that's where they buried him.

I .got to know him [Lance] pretty well during our weeks together in Honduras. ... Lance needed to have things happen now if not sooner. He couldn't abide anyone who wouldn't make a decision. He'd drive rear-echelon military types from Salvador to the Philippines batty because when he wanted to go to the field he wouldn't accept a bureaucrat-

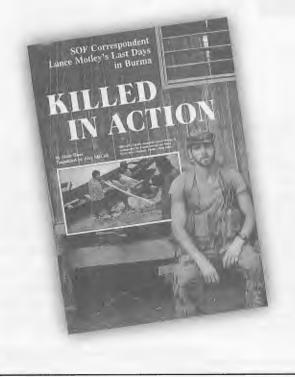


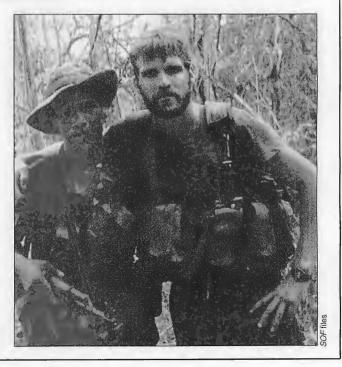


ic put-off. They didn't care for him much, but that didn't bother Lance a whit.

Lance was doing his job — photographing the Karen defenses — when a mortar bomb impacted next to him. ... Whether it was a random harassment-and-interdiction round or plotted fire becomes a moot point because the damage was done and Lance died from it the next day" [after being carried by litter into bordering Thailand].

. Lance Motley was on his way toward becoming one of the world's best combat correspondents, and I'm damned glad we were able to help him along. Whether the job would have palled for him in time is something we'll never know; the adventure and camaraderie of combat may have been only a stepping stone toward whatever he would have chosen as his final calling.





Colonel Robert MacKenzie

Born 1948, U.S.A. Died 24 February 1995, Sierra Leone

(Please see "Death Of A Warrior," by his wife, Sibyl MacKenzie, SOF, July 1995.)

At 17, Robert C. MacKenzie joined the U.S. Army. He had just finished high school and was awarded an appointment to the Air Force Academy. But it was 1966 and a war he didn't

Death

Colonel Robert MacKenzie 1948-1995

want to miss was raging in Vietnam. He chucked the Air Force, went down to the Army recruiting station in San Diego, California, and enlisted as an infantryman. By 1967 he was Airborne, had completed the jungle operations course in Panama, and was on his way to Vietnam. On 29 May 1967 he was hit by a bullet storming Mother's Day Hill: After a year in the hospital he was permanently retired from the U.S. Army for medical disability.

All of MacKenzie's life he had wanted to be a soldier. Just because the U.S. Army declared him 70% disabled, he wasn't about to give up. In 1970 he traveled to Rhodesia and, passing the rigorous selection course, joined the Rhodesian Special Air Service (SAS). From 1970-1980 MacKenzie rose through the ranks from a private to captain and SAS squadron commander. He received the Bronze Cross of Rhodesia for "gallantry

and determination in action," and the Silver Cross of Rhodesia for "conspicuous gallantry and leadership in action."

Politicians ended the war in Rhodesia and in 1980





Zimbabwe was born. MacKenzie resigned from the Zimbabwe army and joined the South African Defense Force as a special

forces major. In 1981 he joined the Transkei Defence Force as second-in-command, Transkei Special Forces Regiment. By 1985, after 15 years abroad, he was ready to come back to the United States.

> SOF's Robert K. Brown gave Mackenzie a job as a contributing editor for unconventional operations, and MacKenzie continued his unconventional career. In Mozambique he worked in support of REN-AMO, the guerrilla freedom fighters, securing the release of seven Western hostages; he trained and fought in Central America; he fought in Coatia and in Bosnia. He visited many bizarre placed for SOF, contributing articles on Russia, Thailand, Suriname, Taiwan and Cambodia, to name a few. In February 1995 he went to Sierra Leone to command a training team of 60 Gurkhas, and on 24 February 1995 he was shot and killed in an assault on the Malal Hills.

For his entire career Robert MacKenzie was a professional. He fought only for causes that he deemed good, and always resisted the term "mercenary. He certainly never took the field for money alone. His style of command was to lead, and his most

cherished moment was to stand and say "Follow me" and have his men follow him into battle. He was calm and capable under stress and brave in the face of danger. He was a soldier — and he died a soldier's death.





(above, left to right) MacKenzie, Peter G. Kokalis and Robert K. Brown in PRC. (right) In Bosnia, the short-term training team rotated, but there remained a job to do and MacKenzie returned to continue training troops of the Tomislav Brigade, as adviser and second-in-command to Brig. Gen. Zeljko Glasnovic.

ONE MAN, ONE VOTE

Can You Really Make A Difference? by Junius

have written before, in these pages, of the importance of the presidential election this November. I have explained why I think that will be the most important election of your life, regardless of your age. In this, the last column you will see from me before the election, let me explain why your single and solitary vote is of prime importance. First, let me remind you

what is at stake. Standing opposed to us are the forces of the extreme left. They have shown themselves to be unrestrained by any moral or legal consideration. Remember when Al Gore answered the charge that he had made fund raising phone calls from his White House Office, responded that there was "no controlling legal authority" which held that what he had done was illegal? He did not say that what he had done was lawful, which any normal person would have done if that were the case. He could not say that because the clear and unambiguous language of the law said that such phone calls were forbidden. Instead he said that there was "no controlling

legal authority," by which he meant that no court of record had ruled that it was illegal. In other words, no other Vice President has made illegal phone calls from the White House, gotten caught, been prosecuted and convicted, and appealed to a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals and had his conviction upheld. It does not mean that the action was lawful.

We know that they are ruthless and greedy for power. What will the extreme left do if they are allowed to remain in power? To answer this, first look at America's colleges and universities where they have been firmly in power for the last generation. There the values of Western Civilization are under attack and are losing ground. Significant figures in Western thought are dismissed as "dead, white, European males." On

were the case. He could not say that because the guous language of the law said that such phone en. Instead he said that there was "ho controlling which he meant record had ruled. In other words, ssident has made is from the White the taght, been proseed, and appealed Court of Appeals iction upheld. It

enemy, Western Civilization.

In short, the issue in this election is whether we will permit a lawless and ruthless band of left-wing, anti-intellectual extremists — extremists who are openly hostile to our social values — to retain the power they need to finish the work they have set out upon. I have told you before what is at stake. We stand to lose it all unless we can elect George Bush and Dick Cheney.

In the past, when we have sought to get out the vote for our side, we have heard the excuse that "my vote is only one vote, and that won't count for anything." Such thinking is wrong. In the election of 1880, James Garfield defeated former National Rifle Association President Winfield Scott Hancock. Garfield's popular vote majority was less than 2,000 more than Hancock. The difference of one vote per precinct in the states of New York and Indiana would have made the difference. In the election of 1876 Rutherford B. Hayes defeated Samuel Tilden by one electoral vote. The difference of one vote per precinct in California, Delaware, or Oregon would have made the difference. The election of 1960, again, would have gone to Nixon, instead of Kennedy, had one voter in each precinct in a few key states voted the other way.

You should never make the mistake of thinking that a small number is not important. Let me give an example from history of a small number whose actions preserved the very concept of democracy and elections. In 480 B.C., Xerxes of Persia was moving

against Greece. In the historical note to his book, The Gates of Fire, Stephen Pressfield quotes Herodotus as saying that the Persians had an army of 2 million. In order to give Greece time to prepare, 300 Spartans were sent to the narrow pass at Thermopylae and ordered to hold the pass against the Persians for as long as they could. They were given no orders which would have permitted retreat after a respectable time. For several days they fought, inflicting a terrifying toll on the Persians. Although every Spartan was killed, they gave the rest of Greece the time that was needed. Eventually the Persians were defeated and the infant civilization which gave birth, eventually, to our own, was preserved. Pressfield reports that there is an ancient monument at Thermopylae on which are

most college campuses a normal student must choose his words carefully. Speech codes have been imposed which restrict how ideas may be discussed, and which ideas of the extreme left must never be questioned. The orthodox belief system on most campuses is that the values by which our society has lived since colonial times, indeed, since ancient times, are all bad and must be overturned.

Or you can read Al Gore's book, *Earth In The Balance*. The book packages the beliefs of the extreme environmentalists, much of which borders upon rank superstition, and presents a call for action for the extremists. Indeed, it is difficult to tell the difference between Al Gore's book and the "manifesto" of Theodore Kaczynski, the convicted environmental extremist who is also known as the Unabomber. A critical reading of the book can lead a normal person to no other conclusion than that he sees, as his inscribed the words of the poet Simonides: "Go tell the Spartans, stranger passing by, That here obedient to their laws we lie."

You have only to look at the record of the last eight years, at the endless and seemingly irrational demands of the extreme left, to realize that it is not exaggeration to say that once again there is a savage barbarian horde at the gates, and the future of our society depends upon America having time to repair and restore the social values that the left has worked so hard to destroy and which are essential to our continuation as a civilized society. You don't need to die to save civilization this time. You only need to vote. Save America. Vote.

"Junius" was the pen name of 18th century English libertarian political writer John Wilkes. 🕱



"My vote is only one vote, and that won't count for anything." Not true: The election of 1960 would have gone to Nixon, instead of Kennedy, had one voter in each precinct in a few key states voted the other way.

Combat Medics

Refugee Relief International by SOF Staff

While many relief organizations welcome the warm glow of video and TV cameras to show the world their good deeds, others are too busy. Too busy saving lives. Just as most reporters cover current conflicts from the hardship of a hotel room, *SOF*'s correspondents are literally dodging bullets. It should come as no surprise then, that *SOF*'s humanitarian efforts, although ignored by the media, follow a similar code. You probably won't see anyone from Refugee Relief International, Inc. (RRII) on television, they are too busy.

What makes RRII unique in the field of humanitarian assistance organizations is that their team's go where other charity groups cannot, or will not. They go where their assistance is desperately needed, be that a denied combat environment or remote jungle dispensary. RRII is proud that over 90% of donated funds go directly to assistance.

Founded as a non-profit corporation in 1982 by SOF Assistant Editor Tom Reisinger, the first several years' efforts were primarily concerned with direct medical and surgical support, training local health care providers and the provision of



What makes RRII unique in the field of humanitarian assistance organizations is that their teams go where other charity groups cannot, or will not. They go where their assistance is desperately needed, be that a denied combat environment or remote jungle dispensary.

medicines and equipment to the victims of armed conflict in Central America. During this phase, RRII transported and distributed over \$5 million of medical and relief supplies to rural clinics and refugee centers in remote contested areas. RRII's volunteer clinicians treated over 11,000 sick and injured war victims at that time, and classes were given in sanitation, maternal and child health and basic medicine and surgical skills.

When RRII first became involved in El Salvador, there was no medical evacuation



(MEDEVAC) system, so RRII's volunteers taught Salvadoran helicopter crews first aid lifesaving skills to allow them to stabilize wounded patients until they could be delivered to the hospital. One incident on 12 August 1983 saw two RRII volunteers save the lives of two critically wounded Salvadoran Airbrne troopers at the contested airstrip at San Francisco Gotera. In April 1986, during the Sandinista's "Holy Week Offensive" incursion into Honduras, an RRII team came under hostile fire while working on the border. It was not the first or last time.

During the same general period, RRII Medical Director John Peters, MD, led several training and medical support missions to assist the Afghan Freedom Fighters in their struggle against Soviet occupation of their country. Dr. Peters labored under primitive and hazardous conditions to assist land mine and gunshot victims that would otherwise have had no access to care.

In 1994, RRII took over the assets and mission of Parachute Medical Rescue Service, an agency founded in 1975 to provide parachute qualified rescue teams to inaccessible areas.

In 1995, RRII obtained 20 Scott Pack breathing apparatus, a device that enables firefighters to work in smoke or toxic environments. These were delivered to the United Nations Fire Department in Sarajevo, Bosnia, after RRII volunteers ran the Serb blockade under hostile fire.

Continued on page 102

s y **APPL** imitates life, the old saying goes. And sometimes life imitates art. But in the case of John Ross, author of *Unintended Consequences*, his life is imitating his art imitating life. By any interpretation, an ugly picture is painted of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

As if the BATF hasn't gotten enough criticism for their reckless, incompetent and often corrupt enforcement of federal law under the Constitution's Second Amendment, some of its agents and supervisors apparently have decided they should try their luck at the First Amendment as well. The allegations leave little room for doubt about the malicious and mendacious nature of the bureau's management.

If allowed to pass unchallenged and unpunished, the latest acts of BATF's contempt for the U.S. Constitution and the law point to chilling implications for the future. If they get away with this, can gun confiscations and even book burnings continue to be considered wild-eyed paranoia?

A retired Justice Department prosecutor alleges in a harshly

vate practice specializing in federal firearms law.

"It has long been clear, from repeated court decisions and congressional committee reports, that your agents have no familiarity with the Second, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Amendments to the United States Constitution," Jeffries states in the three-page letter to Buckles. "Now it appears that they have not even been introduced to the very first Article of the Bill of Rights."

Jeffries expressed "outrage" over alleged conduct he characterized as an "unconstitutional abuse of power." He said he has asked for an investigation by the Treasury Department's inspector general and referred a copy of his letter to the Justice Department "to determine whether ... civil rights are being violated..."

"What kind of people are you?" Jeffries asked Buckles. "Is there no honor within the ranks of your agency? ... I am writing to express our outrage about this conduct and to formally demand that your agency cease and desist from this unconstitutional abuse of power."

Ross, of St. Louis, Missouri, is a gun collector licensed to buy

What Are The ATF's Intended Consequences?

worded letter to Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Director Bradley Buckles that federal firearms agents have violated Ross's First Amendment rights in their alleged attempts to suppress his novel. A lawsuit may be pending.

In this work of fiction, with a plot portrayed against a backdrop of such real-life events as the Randy Weaver tragedy in Idaho and the Waco massacre, corrupt BATF agents arrogantly trample the rights of honest citizens and routinely break the laws they are sworn to uphold. Art imitates life.

The protagonist of the Ross novel, a patriotic member of the "gun culture," stumbles upon what he believes to be gang members involved in a crime, only to discover they are actually BATF agents — involved in a crime. A gun fight ensues and the agents are killed.

As the plot evolves, several more corrupt agents are also gunned down by the hero.

Now, Ross says, the BATF, after trying to intimidate gun dealers selling his novel at gun shows, have stooped so low as to try to recruit his estranged wife to say that his book is actually a thinly disguised how-to manual that encourages people to murder federal agents. Life imitates art.

Because the book, Unintended Consequences, "is highly critical of the [BATF], it appears that some in your agency have undertaken to suppress it and to intimidate its author," wrote James H. Jeffries, III, of Greensboro, North Carolina, a lawyer who worked almost 28 years as a federal prosecutor before retiring to enter a pri-



Zimbabwe, 1983. John Ross is pointing to the exit wound on a 1,700pound Cape Buffalo made by the 1/3-pound conical bullet from his 1882 English 4-bore double rifle. The weapon weighs 24 pounds empty. On the same trip, Ross took a second buffalo and two elephants with the massive rifle. He is the only living person in the world who has successfully hunted dangerous game with one of these guns. These experiences served as inspiration for some of the African hunting scenes in *Unintended Consequences*.

and sell all kinds of firearms. With degrees in English and economics from Amherst College, Ross is by profession a securities broker and financial adviser with a St. Louis investment firm. He comes from a Missouri family well-known and respected. His grandfather, the late Charles Ross, was a lifelong friend of President Harry Truman, and served as Truman's first press secretary, dying of a heart attack while Truman was still in office.

Like his grandfather, Ross has been active in public affairs and politics. In 1998, John Ross was the Democratic Party candidate for the U.S. House of Representatives in the state's Second District. He lost to the Republican incumbent, U.S. Rep. Jim Talent.

In a telephone interview with Soldier Of Fortune, Ross said his book, first published in 1996, has resulted in what he described as

> "longterm harrassment" by persons he believes to be ATF agents, apparently unhappy that in the course of the novel, more than a dozen federal firearms agents are killed by the book's protagonist.

> "The first thing to remember here is that, although the plot is set against a backdrop of real events, such as the ATF cases involving the Randy Weaver family in Idaho and the Branch Davidians in Waco, this is manifestly a work of fiction," he said.

Ross said that, at last count, there are 50,000 copies in circulation. The 861-page novel, published by Accurate Press in St. Louis, is now in its fifth hardcover printing. It has been advertised in *The Washington Times*.

Special Agent Tracy Hite

with the firearms bureau's pubic information office declined Wednesday to comment on Jeffries' letter, except to confirm its receipt by Buckles. She said she has read a copy of the letter.

"Mr. Jeffries has submitted a Freedom of Information Act request on Mr. Ross's behalf, and the bureau's response is not complete. So, unfortunately, we don't comment about the contents of FOIA requests by private individuals or corporations," Hite said.

According to Jeffries' letter to Buckles, the most recent incident of alleged harassment was by two agents, a man and a woman, and occurred 24 May, in what the lawyer described as "an official effort to enlist Mrs. Ross, who is amicably separated from her husband, as an informant against her husband.

"At about 7:30 a.m., two agents approached Mrs. Ross on the street while she was walking her dog, identified themselves by displaying their BATF credentials, and proceeded to inquire what she thought about her husband's book," the letter to Buckles states. "When she was noncommittal, the agents terminated the conversation and departed."

Citing his experience as a federal prosecutor, Jeffries reminded Buckles that "disgruntled former spouses are a prime source of intelligence for law enforcement, having as they frequenly do a both a strong bias against the subject of the investigation and proximity and intimacy to know many things not available to others

"A structured approach such as this required, according to your manuals, formal agency approval," Jeffries asserted. "It required the investment of time and effort in setting up the approach: determining Mrs. Ross's new address, learning her new telephone number, physical surveillance to determine her routine so that she could be approached in a way that she could not simply shut the door and where there would be less risk of confirming witnesses, the use of a female agent to lessen any apprehension at being approached publicly by strangers

In the weeks leading up to the 24 May incident, according to the

With a foreword by T.J. Mullin, author of Training the Gunfighter John Ross' book Unintended Consequences may have wrought intended consequences from the BATF. Not satisfied with gutting the 2nd and 4th Amendments to the Constitution, is the BATF now dismantling the 1st?

letter, Mrs. Ross received "pretext phone calls ... in an attempt to draw her out about her husband's book. An agent, using the pseudonym Peter Nettleson, and pretending to be a great fan of Unintended Consequences, sought Mrs. Ross's agreement that the book was, in fact, 'a manual for the murder of federal agents.' "

Mrs. Ross declined to comment, referring questions to the attorney.

John Ross said he first became suspicious that BATF agents, apparently angered by the book, were orchestrating a campaign of harrassment, when he and his publisher began getting phone calls and e-mails from book vendors in three different states in 1997.

"These calls came from people I didn't even know who were selling my book at gun shows," Ross said. "They all said they'd been approached by men claiming to be BATF agents, who threatened them with 'problems' if they continued selling my book."

As a result, Ross's publisher took out a full-page ad in Shotgun News, a nationally circulated trade publication for gun owners and dealers, offering a \$10,000 reward for information that would identify any government agent making such threats. After the reward was offered, these type of incidents ceased, he said.

Provided a copy of Jeffries' letter, Robert E. Sanders, a retired director of BATF's law enforcement division, said the allegations remind him of COINTELPRO, an illegal surveillance and harrassment operation conducted by the FBI against the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. in the 1960s, later documented in congressional hearings by the late U.S. Sen. Frank Church.

"There are two elements required before any federal agent can conduct surveillance against any individual," Sanders UNINTENDED said. "First, there has to be a credible allegation that a violation

CONSEQUENCES

of the U.S. Code has occurred and. second, credible evidence that a specific individual actually committed such a violation.

"This sounds like a fishing expedition," Sanders said. "It sounds like government money, time and authority were used - or, in this case, abused - in an attempt to punish a citizen, not for a violation of the law, but because that person expressed ideas in a work of fiction that agents did not like.'

As of this writing, Jeffries and Ross have received no response from BATF and two letters from the Department of Treasury, both dated 3 August. Both letters, one from treasury's special agent in charge of the Enforcement Operations Division, Donna M. Spiewak, and assistant inspector general Mike Tarr, said they referred Jeffries' complaint letter to Richard J. Hankinson, assistant director of the Inspections Division at BATF.

Once again, the BATF will investigate itself. Can there be but

little doubt that it will be a thorough, unflinching and completely unbiased investigation.

Jeffries chided the BATF director in his letter's conclusion with a reminder about best-selling novelist Tom Clancy.

In several of Clancy's books, the author "has [had] murdered a director of the FBI, the President of the United States, the entire Congress, the Supreme Court, the entire cabinet, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a few lesser functionaries.

"I presume," Jeffries said, that Clancy "has not thereby become subject to investigation by your literary critics."

John Ross' book, Unintended Consequences, is available from Accurate Press, Dept. SOF, Box 86, Lonedell, MO 63060; phone: 800-374-4049. Visa accepted. 🕱

Immaculate Conscription

Continued from page 82

the draft and a likely combat tour in Vietnam?

This may be an unanswered question, but copies of his official records provide irrefutable proof that his 1-D deferment was in direct violation of requirements specified in the federal law in effect at the time.

The Great Escape

To understand just how irregular, and possibly illegal, was Berger's escape from the dreaded draft, we must first look at how the system was supposed to work, and did work for the great majority of young Americans. Here's the normal, legally mandated procedure, for gaining a 1-D deferment:

1. The "registrant" enlisted in the Reserves, i.e., joined a Reserve unit and began satisfactorily performing his 6-year obligation as specified in federal law.

2. The registrant sent a written request to his local draft board asking for a reopening of his Selective Service System file in order to obtain a reclassification (in this case, from 2-S to 1-D). The registrant also included "written information" sufficient to demonstrate to the draft board that a reopening of his file was warranted. (The registrant may have completed either Selective Service System Form 127 [CURRENT INFORMATION QUESTIONNAIRE] or SSS Form 100 [CLASSIFICATION QUES-TIONNAIRE] and forwarded this certification of the individual's status as a "Member of a Reserve component" to his local draft board. On both forms, above the signature block, this notice is printed:

"NOTICE — Imprisonment for not more than 5 years or a fine of not more than \$10,000, or both such fine and imprisonment, is provided by law as a penalty for knowingly making or being a party to the making of any false statement or certificate regarding or bearing upon a classification." SSS Form 100 adds this citation after the quoted notice, "(Military Selective Service Act of 1967.)"

3. Upon the registrant's "Enlistment or appointment in a Reserve Component of the Army," the unit which held his Military Personnel Records Jacket (DA Form 201) completed DD Form 44 (RECORD OF MILITARY STATUS OF REGISTRANT) in triplicate and distributed the copies as specified in Army Regulation 135-90:

"(1) Original copy to the appropriate [local draft] board.

"(2) Duplicate copy to the individual concerned ...

"(3) Triplicate copy to be placed in the member's DA Form 201 ... "

4. The local draft board first determined that a reopening of the registrant's file was merited and then examined both the written

information submitted by the registrant and the confirming written documentation (in this case, the DD 44). Next, the board took a formal vote of the board members on the registrant's request for reclassification. The board recorded their vote by listing the identity of the registrant, the date on which his case was considered, and the decision reached.

5. The board then mailed to the registrants the notice of their decision, using SSS Form 110 (NOTICE OF CLASSIFICA-TION). It was common for this form to be mailed on the same day that the local board voted on the reclassification request. Federal law required that each registrant "must keep in his personal possession ... at all times" SSS Form 110 and SSS Form 2 (REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE).

In the 1968 version of The Student's Guide To Military Service, Michael Harwood discussed "Enlistment in the Reserves" and said, "As of March 1968, applicants were accepted into ready reserve units in this order ... " He then listed seven categories of applicants for joining such units, starting with Category (1): "Members of the ready reserve who desired to reenlist." The final, and lowest priority category of the seven, was the one in which Berger found himself: "(7) Non-prior service applicants over 18-1/2 years old, and then only after a unit commander had determined that there were no available and qualified applicants in the first six categories."



Lotteries Are For Losers

The evidence is overwhelming and compelling that Berger did not obtain his deferment through the normal chance and circumstance of routine application to the 114th Personnel Service Company.

Again, the above five-step procedure is how the law and Selective Service System and Army Reserve regulations specify the system should have worked.

And here again are the key dates, recorded in Berger's Selective Service and Army Reserve files, of his Miraculous Deferment: • 21 March 1968: Berger reclassified

from 2-S to 1-D.

• 28 May 1968: Berger enlisted in the Army Reserve.

Note that this reversal of normal procedure meant that Berger didn't join the 114th AG Personnel Services Company until 68 days after gaining his coveted deferment. This 1-D deferment allowed Berger to finish his Harvard Law School degree with relatively minor disruption. But far more importantly, it ensured that Berger did not participate in the Southeast Asian War Games.

The most likely explanation for Berger's Miraculous Deferment is that his draft board received a bogus certification (DD Form 44) that the Harvard law student was a "Member of a Reserve component. ..." (The legal responsibility for reporting accurate and timely information on a change in the registrant's status fell fully and squarely upon the registrant, under penalty of being declared "delinquent." Being placed in that status meant a strong likelihood of immediate induction.)

Since we're dealing with events in the days before faxes and e-mail, the reclassification date of March 21 meant that Berger's letter requesting reopening of his file and reclassification was mailed to the respective local board some several days before the reclassification took place. Add in an unknown number of days for processing time by the local boards and it is reasonable to assume that Berger's request was mailed by 15 March or thereabouts.

The available records are incomplete and critical documents — DD Form 44, SSS Forms 2, 100 and 127 — are not available. It is important to note that there is no direct evidence that Berger directly participated in what amounted to fraudulent manipulation of the Selective Service System. But, it's ludicrous to imagine that he was not aware of the proper and normal sequence of requesting that his file be reopened and that a reclassification action be conducted to obtain the coveted 1-D deferment.

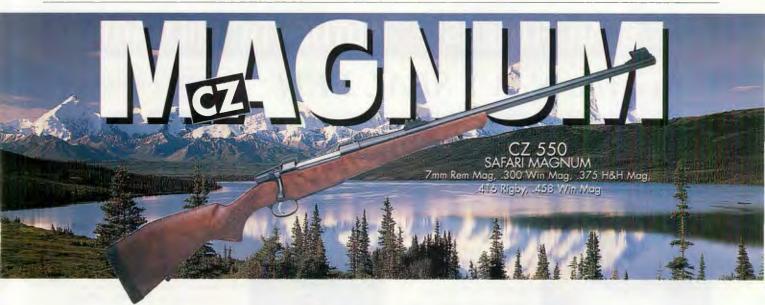
When the SSS Form 110 (NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION) arrived with the new 1-D deferment, Berger had a positive duty to report the error to his board. Failure to keep the board accurately informed on a timely basis (10 days was the specified legal requirement) of "any fact that might result in the registrant being placed in a different classification" could have placed him at risk of being declared delinquent and being immediately inducted.

Given the serious potential consequences that being drafted might well have had, it's difficult to believe that the Harvard Law School student was not aware that his reclassification to 1-D on 21 March 1968 was based upon erroneous (at best) or even false information. Identifying the person who supplied the bogus information to Berger's draft board that he had enlisted in the Army Reserve sometime prior to 21 March is probably the key is understanding Berger's own role.

In the August 1999 New York Times profile mentioned above, reporter R.W. Apple, Jr., quoted Berger on how growing up in a small town in New York had affected him:

"My perspectives are still more Millerton 1960 than Washington 2000. The small town sense of community and social responsibility — that's the lasting imprint of Millerton on me." Spoken with all the sincerity of someone truly in tune with the values of his boss, William Jefferson Clinton. Slick Willie is no doubt proud of his good friend, Sandy Berger, who did just what Clinton had done — sent other young Americans to serve, and perhaps die, in his place.

Roger Charles is a former Marine Corps officer and a frequent contributor to SOF. 🕱



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Command Guidance

Continued from page 4

my vote doesn't count, they're all crooks and it doesn't make any difference, I gave \$5 to Quail Unlimited so I don't need to vote, yadda, yadda, yadda. Well, here's the bottom line ... your vote does not count if you don't use it. If you don't vote, then effectively you are on the same side as Rosie O'Donnell, Sarah Brady, Bill and Hillary, Al Gore, Teddy Kennedy, Charles Schumer and every other low-life bottom feeder who knows what's good for you. If you don't vote like a gun owner, you are a butt-boy for the anti-gunners, and you bend over to please them.

Think about it. 75-80 million gun owners in this country; only 3.6 million NRA members, and who knows how many active pro-gun-voting gun owners. You can argue all you want about your inalienable rights. Rights are like body parts; they only work if you exercise them. And yours are looking pretty flaccid right now. If you don't vote in the next election, your enemies will elect a president who will be able to name three or four new Supreme Court justices. Which means that by the 2004 election, you will have no guns. And shortly after that, you will have no vote and no rights. And you know what? If you let that happen, it will be exactly what you deserve! 🕱

I Was There

Continued from page 44

The anxiety level started creeping up again as our driver 1) had to check his oil, 2) get something to eat, 3) get gas and 4) find something to drink. On top of this, we had been informed that all taxi drivers were Pakistani police informants. So what do I do if our friend, Abdul, 5) "has to make a phone call?" Cold-cock him or just go quietly to jail?

No phone call was made, however, and we were soon on the road to Islamabad. I reclined back into the cracked leather seat, until ...

"Driver, what's that up ahead there about 200 meters?" I queried. "Ah, *sahib*, nothing to worry about, is only army roadblock checking for guns and drugs to Islamabad."

I came out of my seat like a shot. Guns and drugs to Islamabad my ass! It's Brown and Peters to the slammer, and Lt. Col. Nincompoop had said, "No problems." I was going to strangle the little son-of-a-bitch when I got to the embassy. I was getting ideas ... boiling oil, the rack, bamboo splinters, disembowelment ... maybe even make him listen to SOF Technical Editor Peter G. Kokalis evaluate the merits of the Thompson and the Sten for a whole day. Ouch!

Over the next three hours, there were five, maybe six, more checkpoints like the first one. "Abdul, what is ...," I would ask, only to hear, "Oh no problem, is only being checkpoint for ..." My anxiety level was now on white-hot rage. I wouldn't have the patience to torture poor Lt. Col. Nincompoop. I was going to fire 5,000 rounds of 5.45 up his ass in one big glorious burst.

The last roadblock came into view. "And THIS one, driver?" I asked, smoke wafting slowly from my ears. "Ah, to check driver's papers and license. I have neither. No problem." Ah, well, maybe we can con the authorities to send Abdul to jail with us, too. That would be some consolation, anyway.

Strangely, we made it through all the checkpoints. How? I don't know. Maybe Allah does. Maybe the guards just thought gringos in a Mercedes shouldn't be screwed with. At any rate, after getting lost on his way, Abdul finally pulled up at the embassy.

Fortunately, the good Lt. Col. Nincompoop was not there. So the delicately colored Persian rugs would not have to be cleaned of bloodstains, and I would not end up in jail, after all.

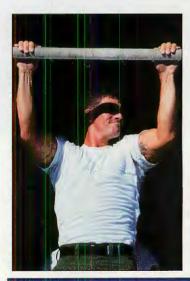
Colonel Harold Mauger, Defense and Air Attaché, greeted us, calmed me down, and the ammo counted, gave me a receipt and promised a letter of appreciation. Doc Peters just looked on and smiled. He hadn't cracked a single expletive during the entire trip over. A cooler dude than he, I know not. Maybe he had taken some weird Pakistani pills.

So the mission was accomplished. The ammo was delivered and SOF was \$1,500 richer. Was it worth it? Not in your wildest dreams, *sahib*!" \Re

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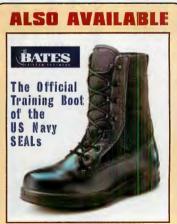
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Michael Echanis

Continued from page 89

saw Mike, he was looking badly. I said, 'Mike, you've got to exercise and use those muscles. You've got to really get on it.' Mike did more than an average individual would do. If he hadn't he would have been a cripple."

After many months of painful and frustrating rehab, Mike began pumping iron and resumed an activity which became a vocation — martial arts. He eventually relocated to LA to study under Joo Bang Lee, Supreme Grand Master of Hwarang Do, an "... esoteric [Korean] martial art stressing mental training as much as physical. Echanis became so proficient that he was promoted to Sul San, master of infiltration, thus becoming the first American so honored."

His martial arts career burgeoned and he eventually went under DoD contract to teach his unique hand-to-hand fighting techniques to the U.S. Army Special Forces at Fort Bragg, NC, as well as to Rangers and Navy SEALs.

While at Bragg, both Mike and Chuck Sanders were recruited by Anastasio Somoza Protecarro, son of Nicarguan President Anastasio Somoza Debayle. After journeying to Nicaragua, then of course experiencing the horrors of guerrilla warfare, Echanis became chief instructor (and leader) of the Nicargauan Anti-Terrorist Commandos and of President Somoza's personal bodyguard cadre.

Mike was a dedicated anti-Communist and he strongly felt that the Somoza regime was the only thing standing between Nicaragua and Communism and that's how he justified his position there. He was certainly not a mercenary. He liked money and wanted to be well paid but he was in no way there solely for it alone.

During the seizing of the capitol by Sandinistas on 22 August 1978, Echanis led several truckloads of his 70-plus blackbereted commandos to the scene. Echanis had drawn up plans to retake the capitol [the National Palace] for the chiefs of staff.

The enemy shot up the lead truck and killed one of Echanis' captains. Although Echanis wanted to attack at once, the radio ordered him to hold off.

"My unit could have taken the building in less than 20 minutes. I estimated up to 200 to 300 hostages would be killed. The plan was to attack the building with tanks and blow the doors with recoilless rifles. ..." His plan was not to be, and his career was nearing its end.

On 8 September 1978, whether due to political intrigues, or perhaps guerrilla action, Mike Echanis, Chuck Sanders, Nguyen van "Bobby" Nguyen and Brigadier General Jose Ivan Alegret Perez, Operations Chief of the Nicaraguan National Guard were killed as their Aero Commander exploded and plummeted into Lake Nicaragua.



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Combat Weaponcraft

Continued from page 24

flashlight won't. Train to the fact that the flashlight may work but the rifle won't. Train to the fact the light may come *on* and, I am drawing incoming fire and the light won't go *off*.

With practice and exposure about all of the current handgun flashlight techniques will work with the rifle. Some techniques may require a slight modification based on the rifle operator's upper body strength.

Harries, Or Crossed

Using the same technique as you would with a handgun, the Harries, or Crossed, wrist technique contacts and supports the underside of the forearm on the rifle. The flashlight hand elbow may be required to be slightly higher than with a handgun to help support the rifle weight. As with the handgun, this techniques works great for everything except clearing hard right corners.

Uncrossed

Using this technique requires the user to have pretty decent upper body and arm strength. In this method the operator simply uncrosses the wrist from under the forearm of the rifle and has the flashlight parallel to the rifle barrel along side the forearm. The reason you need more upper body strength is because in reality you are holding the rifle with one hand. This is a quick fix to the over exposure of the operator on right hand corners. As the operator approaches the right hand corner in the crossed technique, simply uncross, minimizing body and head exposure as you clear the right corner. Once clear and around the corner the operator can cross under the forearm and reacquire wrist contact and support for the front of the rifle.

Rogers / Ayoob

Upper body strength or the weight of the rifle can affect both the Rogers and Ayoob techniques. The Rogers style requires a flashlight with a rear activation button while the Ayoob usually addresses an older style light with pressure switches on the body of the flashlight. In both techniques the strong hand and arm is holding the rifle while the opposite hand holds the light along side the forearm of the rifle. These are functional but can be tiring.

Chapman

Chapman modified for the rifle is very similar to the Rogers/Ayoob. The light is in the same location as the Rogers/Ayoob technique but the variable is that some of the fingers of the support hand holding the light are extended to contact the underside of the forearm so there is some support for the rifle.

Fuentes

The Fuentes is a good combination of support for the rifle and the flashlight. In

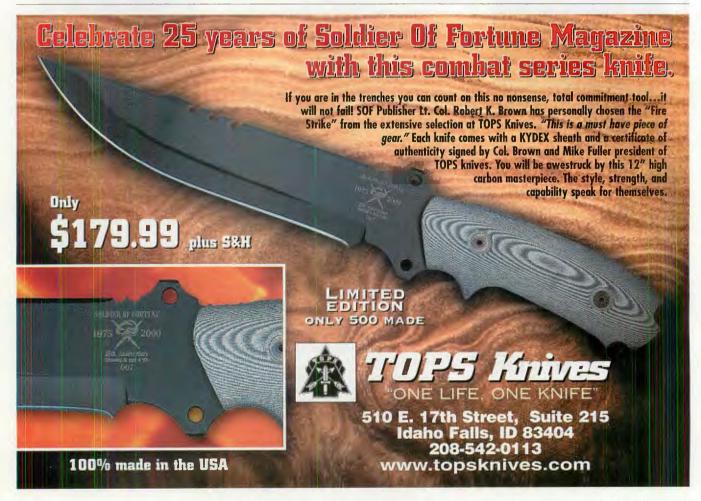
this technique, which requires there either be no sling or that the sling is moved out of the way of the underside of the rifle forearm, the rifle is held by the strong hand and the flashlight is centered under the rifle with the opposite hand. The flashlight with a rear-mounted switch is compressed by the left hand rearward so that pressing against the front of the magazine well activates the switch. The move turns the light on for searching and forward movement releases pressure letting the light turn off. In the process the opposite hand is helping to support the weight of the rifle.

Muzzle Signature

As a closing thought please make an attempt to shoot your rifle in low- or nolight environments to see for yourself what kind of muzzle signature or flash you project. The people you encounter may be stupid, but they probably won't be dumb. When you fire, if you have excessive muzzle flash there is a strong likelihood that people can and will shoot at this signature. Shoot and test as many kinds of ammunition as you can so that you can get what works best in your rifle. Pre-ban and post-ban barrels with flash suppressors or a barrel without a flash hider can project extremely different kinds of signatures.

You might be wise to consider putting altered light rifle firing techniques into your toolbox now.

Before you need them. 🕱



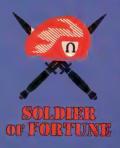
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Combat Medics

Continued from page 93

Since 1992, RRII has sent teams on an annual basis to the Thai-Burma border area to assist the Karen, an ethnic minority hill people who have been the victims of ethnic cleansing by the military dictatorship in Rangoon. These teams are usually led by John Peters, MD, a Nevada physician with over three decades of humanitarian service, or by RRII's current president, John Padgett, PA-C, a former Special Forces medic with extensive Southeast Asia experience. RRII's trauma management capability was significantly upgraded in 1994 when David Mohler, MD, an orthopedic surgeon and trauma specialist, joined the organization. The teams have also provided humanitarian assistance to other hill tribes such as the Karenni and Shan, who are also resisting the tyranny of Burma's military government.

In 1995, PA Padgett began expanding efforts in Southeast Asia, working with the National Hospital and physicians in Cambodia, where the medical situation is somewhere between grim and disastrous, to provide medical equipment and training for those who care for victims of the Khmer Rouge terror, to include mine injuries and tropical medicine cases.

In 1995 Dr. Peters led the first of a series of annual teams that have brought significant help to Nicaraguan health organizations, serving the medical needs on the underserved east coast, where some 85,000 indigenous Indian and Creole people live. In this remote and poverty-stricken area, RRII has provided medical treatment, and large amounts of medical equipment and supplies, as well as training the local health workers and lay people.

RRII has also had teams in Rwanda, Kosovo and the portion of Afghanistan not occupied by the *Taliban* militia.

All of RRII's team members and leadership are unpaid volunteers; most are military veterans. Most of the time they are working at trying to make a living, but they will take what time they can to go to some malaria ridden jungle or bombed out village to render medical care or instruct others in lifesaving techniques; to start a jungle hospital or medical evacuation system; to save the lives of perfect strangers.

RRII, tax number 74-2255573, exists with the tax-exempt donations of its supporters. Corporate sponsorship is welcome, as are donations of any amount. Federal employees, please look for RRII on the Combined Federal Campaign for charity giving. It also welcomes donations of nonperishable medical supplies and equipment.

RRII cannot accept any controlled drugs or expired medications.

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25 Years Of SOF

Continued from page 68

became impossible to ignore what was being done by the maverick publication.

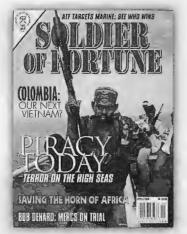
One of the consequences is that there are governments, defense departments and diplomatic offices all over the world on the magazine's subscription list.

Among some of the intelligence coups notched up over the years, was the test and evaluation of the first Russian 30mm automatic grenade launcher round, brought Stateside by Tom Reisinger, then being used to effect by Soviet forces in Afghanistan. Washington had known about the AGS-17, dubbed Planya (flame) for a while, but until then, American defense experts hadn't been able to gain reliable information on the weapon.

An SOF team solved that. After a year of negotiations

and the crossing of many palms with greenbacks, a staffer got hold of an AGS-17 in Darra in Pakistan's Northern Frontier District. SOF's Technical Editor Peter Kokalis test-fired it, stripped it down and made an evaluation of the weapon on video which was eventually offered for sale in SOF for \$39.95 a copy. It's still available!

That came only after a complete report had been clandestinely handed to the defense attaché at the U.S.





Embassy in Islamabad, Pakistan.

Also to emerge from that exercise was the first report, together with photos (which appeared in the February '83 issue) of Russia's RPG-18, a direct copy of the U.S. Army's light anti-tank weapon or LAW. According to Soviet specialist, David Isby, then on the SOF masthead, the RPG-18 had been built by Russian scientists, as usual resorting to reverse engineering to copy Western weapons' advances. One of

Isby's conclusions was that "it had greater penetration than would otherwise have been expected from a weapon of 63.5mm caliber."

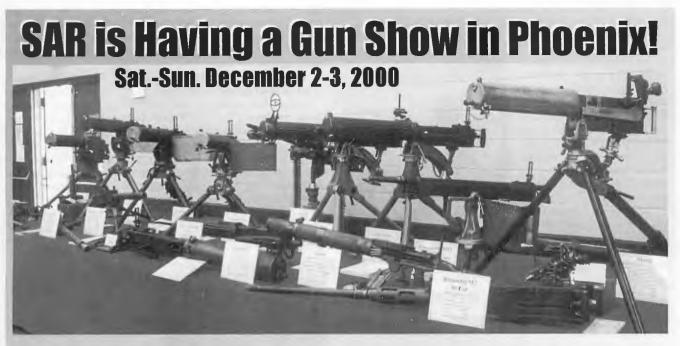
Ploys 'R' Us

Other tech intelligence reports brought out of Afghanistan by Isby included the OG-7 high explosive anti-tank (HEAT) grenade for the RPG-7, an RPO-50 flame rocket launcher, a Valilek 82mm self-propelled mortar as well as a revolutionary new ShM gas mask which indicated that the Soviets contemplated using deadly nerve agents in that war (see August '83 edition).

That was followed, in short shrift, by a sound suppressor for the AKM carbine, an MON-50 Soviet Claymore-type mine, a rocket-propelled RPG-16 HEAT grenade, a particularly deadly flechette-type shell for the AGS-17 and the AKM-mounted BG-15 40mm grenade launcher (see "Soviet BG-15": July '85).

Another time, a highly decorated, multi-tour Vietnam veteran, Larry Dring, arrived in Boulder after a training mission in Lebanon and gently deposited half a dozen UZRG detonators





Small Arms Review readers have been asking us to do this since SAR started about three years ago. After about six months of careful planning and talking with many of the readers to see what they really wanted, we came up with the following format for the SAR 2000 Gun Show.

The SAR 2000 Gun Show is being attached to the December 2-3, 2000 gun show put on by Crossroads of the West Gun Shows. This is at the Arizona State Fairgrounds in Phoenix, AZ. Bob Templeton from Crossroads runs scores of the best gun shows in the Southwest United States, and SAR has been a regular at some of them. The SAR 2000 Gun Show will be in buildings adjacent to the regular show, with plenty of signs and announcements to encourage the attendees into our display areas.

Other events at the show- we are not running a shoot, but hear that there may be one put on locally that week on Wednesday and Thursday. There will be cash prizes for the "**Collector's Display**"- contact *SAR* for more info if you would like to participate in that. Saturday night there will be a gathering- we haven't finalized on a banquet or a barbecue (Tickets will be available ahead of time). Booths are available for those interested. If you wish to have tables set up at the show for sales, please contact Joanne at *SAR* at (207)876-1141. Deadline to reserve booth and table space is November 3, 2000.

Show Hours: Saturday 9am to 5pm, Sunday 9am to 4pm Admission: \$8- per person

Greater Phoenix Chamber of Commerce: for those who wish to find out other activities in the Phoenix area, the chamber of commerce website is www.phoenixchamber.com

There are many hotels in the Phoenix area. Here are some that have agreed to give SAR attendees a special rate. Please mention the SAR show when you make your reservations:

Super 8 1242 N. 53rd Ave, Phoenix 602-415-0888	\$53.99 night
Ramada 401 N. First St., Phoenix602-258-3411	\$69.00 night
Budget Suites 611 W. Indian School Rd, Phoenix 800-932-0044	\$59.50 night
Comfort Inn 5050 N. Black Canyon Hwy, Phoenix 602-242-8011	\$55.95 night

Behavior: SAR does not wish to tell people how to act. However, since this is our show, and we expect it to be very public, we reserve the right to ask people who act detrimentally towards our public image as responsible firearms owners to leave our show.- Dan

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from a Russian F-1 grenade.

Just then, with these deadly and possibly unstable devices on his desk, Brown had to decide what to do. He called an FBI agent that he knew in Denver. The conversation went something like this:

"Pete, let's say, just hypothetically, that I have just had some Soviet explosive devices from Lebanon delivered to my office. That's all pure conjecture, of course."

"OK, so it's hypothetical. Why do you think the FBI might be interested?"

"Because, this hypothetical

stuff, being Soviet and something new, would probably be of interest to the guys in Washington who deal with these things"

ВИТЯЗЯ»

- стр.

"Yes, then I suppose the FBI would definitely be interested," the agent answered.

"And, still being hypothetical, you wouldn't be able to remember where you got it."

"Yeah, exactly. My mind would go completely blank, especially if it's that valuable."

"Well Pete, then I think you better come on over and collect it." End of story.

Future Shocks

By then Brown had struck up a good working relationship with the Defense Department. Sensing the possibility of making a few bucks in future entrepreneurial weapons deals, he eventually persuaded the DoD's little known Foreign Science and Technology Center (FSTC) — which has the responsibility for obtaining foreign military equipment — to give him a "shopping list" of their more immediate needs. He also asked for the prices that the DoD was willing to pay for some of the more cherished items in Ivan's armory.

The result was a fascinating insight to some of the machinations of a U.S. intelligence organization.

For instance, Brown was told that a container of Soviet nerve gas would fetch \$250,000. He would get half that for a bottle of incapacitating gas. They told him that a complete AGS-17 grenade launcher would bring in \$65,000. This was almost as much fun as being a pirate with a letter of marque, and although not all Brown's successes can be editorial grist, for a recounting of one such episode, see "I Was There" on page 42 of this issue.

But over the years the most valuable commodity SOF has brought out from behind the lines is the truth, as Brown and his intrepid band of "participatory journalists" observed it at grunt



level. Brown intends to charge headlong into the next Millennium and the next 25 years of SOF, continuing the journalistic battle with all enemies of liberty — foreign and domestic. "It's been a helluva a ride so far," he notes with a gleam in his eye, "... but there's lots more work to be done."

A quick perusal of any day's headlines confirms that he is right.

Al J. Venter is SOF's Contributing Editor for Africa, and has been with the magazine since its early days. \Re



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The Sting Continued from page 79

Two Americans were spotted working on Vietnamese or Russian light aircraft that flew into Muong Sai. Whether they were housed at the prisoner compound or at a holding area 3 to 5 kilometers away at a cave complex called *Na Do* — we're unsure.

Zabitosky said, "I waited for a report that one of those Americans was black (Driver was an African-American) but neither came up with that. Since I'd seen a recent photo purporting to be Roy Townley in a hospital bed, gut feeling told me that the two Americans were Townley and Ritter. See why the Company was so interested in Muong Sai? They were *their* boys!"

But what then of the "4" or "10" or "18" or "22" others? We may never know, since Dave Klaxton zippered his mouth, secured his wallet in-pocket — and kept his massive ego firmly engaged.

Not a *baht* was shelled out to Zabitosky or our witnesses to even defray personal travel expenses to Chiang Mai, where interrogation sessions were conducted at The Prince Hotel; the polygraph exams were administered at The Railway Hotel ... all of which Zab was *not* allowed to attend, CMH or not.

One irate and disenchanted Medal of



SOF medic Tom Reisinger (former SF) teaches medical class while men of Laos United Liberation Front watch. Medical assistance was direly needed. Many men had never seen a westerner before.

Honor recipient departed Bangkok just days after.

A "Boun" To Bill's Efforts

Bill Young, meanwhile, was polishing up his icing-atop-cake scam: One "Colonel" Bounleut Saycocie, future savior of Laos, was just down from China with an alleged bevy of troops aching to utilize their recent training.

Young, laughing off any comparision to Zab's former *rabble* at "Liberty City," crowed that Colonel Bounleut's guerrillas (yet to be seen) were the only officially ordained and feasible unit to take Sayaboury Province.

Altering the face of Laos was hardly Brown's objective but snagging some MIAs and generating income for his magazine (in exactly that order) was. He, therefore, decided to play another round with Bill Young, on the off-chance that supporting Bounleut would finally pay-off.

Retired Air Force Brigadier, Harry C. "Heinie" Aderholt, paid a visit to Bangkok on a furniture-buying expedition and threw in with us for a few days. Skeptical of Young, he utilized some of

his contacts who warned Brown to be wary. Locating a five-bedroom penthouse apartment on Soi 48, Sukhumvit Road, Bangkok, we moved in lock, stock and typewriters. A full-time cook went on the payroll, courtesy of Bill Young (one of his Wa buddies from parts north).

Promising that Bounleut's "army" was just about to pull off the Sayaboury Province caper, Young again had us playing his waiting game while — as always cautioning us against meeting directly any of the key Thai or Laotian players. Mo Steinberg was still vouching for Bill, as were others, so we checked our attitudes at the door and allowed Bill to deal the hand.

He stuck to his game plan, bringing to town from Chiang Mai an intell operative named "Sam," then began chairing lengthy



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In Mere Hours My Men Were Destroying 'Gurus' With 20 Years In The Martial Arts

I'm a former Navy SEAL (the US Navy's Elite Commandos) and in 1987 we were introduced to one Jerry Lee Peterson. This guy came to us from some, let's just say, 'highly credible' sources within our government. At the time the SEAL's were searching to standardize the way they taught handto-hand fighting to the hard charging SEAL combat platoons. We faced the same problems you face today; we didn't have twenty years to become effective fighters. Our guys needed a program, which got them to fight with or without weapons and guaranteed they could not be defeated, no matter what the attacker knew about fighting. It needed to be quickly learned and easily retained, based on natural body movement and had to work regardless of size or strength.

Needless to say EVERY martial art and fighting system we tested (and we tested them all: Karate, Kung Fu, JKD, Jui Jistu, Sambo...) all failed the test. They either took way to long to learn, could not handle modern weapons, failed against multiple attackers or required excessive athletic coordination. More importantly these 'arts' or 'sports' were all DEFENSIVE in nature, a term we didn't know was a <u>problem</u>... until we met Jerry.

This guy comes in and takes 14 SEALs with very little hand-to-hand experience and announces after a few hours of training them we could put his guys up against the most highly experienced fighting gurus of the SEAL Teams. I mean some of these 'gurus' had been trained practically from birth in the martial arts. These dudes were feared within the tight community of the SEALs and anyone who has spent anytime around the "Teams" knows SEAL's fear next to nothing. But Peterson insisted and the demo went on; to the amazement of all in attendance the Peterson-trained SEAL operator DESTROYED each and every of the 'gurus' quickly and effectively. Not only that, these guys easily adapted whether the attackers used fists, kicks, grapples, chokes or weapons... it just didn't matter. Jerry's fighters seemed to just focus on taking out

the attacker (more about this in the FREE report). And you too can be just like the Peterson-trained SEAL commandos, when your armed with the knowledge of his AMAZINGLY effective yet simple to learn fighting system (more on that later).

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So who is this Jerry Peterson dude and what can his revolutionary fighting system do for YOU? Only give you the confidence to never waste another day of your life fearing another man. Ya see this system of his wasn't developed by some ancient 'grandmaster' with some mystical (or should I say questionable) background. Nor was it something that was watered down into some 'ultimate competition' that pretends to be real yet has rules and a ref. No this system was developed in the harsh jungle combat of the Vietnam War. That's where a 19-yearold soldier was literally dropped into a horrific firefight after only his 3rd day 'in country' (as they say) and what did he do? He felt the paralyzing fear of imminent death taking hold of him...why? Because the 'combat training' he had received failed him... he was waiting for someone, anyone to tell him what to do, to lead him, yet no one did. So if he was going to survive this, it was up to him and guess what he did? He got mad, I mean hellfire and brimstone MAD, and right then and there promised himself he would never wait for another man to tell him what to do. He then looked and found the enemy who pinned them down, CHARGED and took them out in one smooth action. That was the dawn of Special Combat Reactionary Systems (SCARS®).

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That 19-year-old kid was Jerry Lee Peterson. He went on to serve 2 tours as a 'pointman' with 173rd Airborne Charlie Company. That unit is credited by historians as seeing some of the MOST <u>fierce combat</u> of that war and Peterson arguably held the most dangerous job at 'point'. It was in those jungles that he saw what a <u>defensive mindset</u> did to men, how it caused them to freeze and die. He survived numerous overrun situations (where the enemy outnumbers and actually overruns you) requiring hand-to-hand and hand-to-weapon killing. This was due to the revelation of what he was later to call the Offensive Mindset. *The ability not to worry or fear what your enemy may do to you and only focus on what you are going to do to him.*

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Alas, ill winds were soon blowing. The revolt in Laos was put on "indefinite hold" and, "No, it's not possible to visit the areas and involved players. That might upset the Thais, you know." (We knew! We knew!)

Brown talked repeatedly about shitcanning Young while wading through a mountain of paperwork that Bill & Party produced. Whatever the guy was he was an efficient typist; his reports and MOPSUMS, extraordinary in volume, content, and imagination, were pouring forth with regularity, but with no tangible developments.

Though his operation was stalled, Bill's and his boys', salaries and expenses mounted until, Bob decided, during a late-afternoon parley, that Young and cronies would be jettisoned forthwith ... and *SOF*'s pricey entanglements in POW and Lao Resistance projects would be re-evaluated.

Brown: Okay, T.R., what've we given Young?

Reisinger: To date, 72 thousand and change.

Brown (gulps): Okay, what's he given us? Reisinger: Close to zip. You brought him aboard to gather MIA intell. Then ...

Brown (b/p rises): When I talked of shutting things down he latched onto that bullshit revolt in Laos. My money's accomplished nothing!

Reisinger: Yeah, Bob, it has.

Brown (eyebrow arches): Yeah?

Enlighten me.

Reisinger: Just found out from Young himself. Ya know that safehouse you were payin' \$275 a month for?

Brown (eyebrow arches higher along with his b/p): Yeah, yeah, up-country somewhere.

Reisinger (pause): It's his family home ... the one in Chiang Mai.

Brown (goes absolutely ballistic!): I've been paying that rat bastrard's fucking mortgage?

Young became downright aggravated over his reputation's unraveling. But Brown had a final card to play.

Jim Coyne had got friendly with a retired Thai military officer and gently broached the subject of our renowned "Colonel" and was assured a check would be run. Brown, ever a fan of palace intrigue and one-upmanship, then convened a dinner party at an upscale eatery, "The Two Vikings," at which Coyne's chum would "unexpectedly" turn up.

The lot of us, including Mo Steinberg, listened while Bill prattled on about Bounleut's potential of becoming virtual czar of Laos, when in strides Coyne's Thai amigo. Young's potentate turned as white as his mentor.

Drinks and dinner were a tad strained but Brown had Young in a vice. Bill and Bounleut avoided our looks, obviously finding their entrees more inviting.

Our Thai guest later confirmed that

Bounleut was an out-and-out fraud. No question.

The Summing Up

Bob Brown, God knows how, remained remarkably self-controlled. Minus undue fanfare and raving, he ordered our projects halted and calmly booked a flight home. Young stayed on the dole for another few months, tying up assorted loose ends including the closing of our Bangkok headquarters. William Young, the guy who betrayed Brown's trust and who got to him for over 70 grand was nearing his Waterloo.

We speculate that William Young actually believed his projects were viable but needed embellishment to access Brown's ear — and wallet. In a misguided vision of midlife grandeur he may have envisioned himself as *the* operator to take back a portion of Laos; maybe even produce some genuine info on surviving MIAs.

But whatever his true motivations no excuse shall suffice.

A few of years back, Jim Coyne dined in Bangkok with a clued-in American ex-pat and recounted the Young affair.

"A real shame," sighed the retired operator. "What he promotes always has its grain of truth but this is expanded upon until. I think, he really starts to believe his own tales; that his projects will succeed if sufficiently nurtured and financed. The man's many things ... he's just not like us. He's just not an American." \Re



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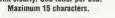
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B

My War In El Salvador

Continued from page 87

the VOG-17 high explosive grenade used in the Soviet AGS-17 automatic grenade launcher. While it is believed the grenade itself was developed and produced in the Soviet Union, I am convinced the crude M26A2 launcher was of Cuban origin.

March 1992

Back in country to provide Level II countersniper training to the ERE, we participate in a house search that included 26 ERE members. We served a search warrant on a house where kidnappers were suspected of holding Billy Sol, a TACA Airlines executive and friend of SOF, who had disappeared several months earlier. Warned that the alleged kidnappers were heavily armed and would probably resist, we raced across San Salvador in PN pickup trucks, armed to the teeth with everything imaginable, up to and including several M203 40mm grenade launchers attached to M16A1 rifles. The ride across town proved to be more dangerous than our encounter with the house occupants. Driving the streets of San Salvador was always potentially more lethal than a firefight with the FMLN.

This proved to be my last training assignment to El Salvador. Shortly there-



Salvadoran trooper sports SOF decal on M16. July '85

after the peace accord was signed. All of the immediate reaction battalions, including the Atlacatl, were demobilized. The army was removed from control over the national police and they became known as the *Policia Nacional Civil*. However, their civilian General Director was an *SOF* reader and a weapons enthusiast. He invited me to provide an MP5 operators course for the PNC swat team. A close friend of mine who was a highly experienced police helicopter pilot was asked to offer pilot training.

During this time frame a U.S. Customs agent, who invited himself into my home

without a warrant, visited me. He informed me that it was no longer possible to train in a foreign country without State Department approval. SOF obtained the required registration and I applied for a permit to train the PNC. Four months later it was returned with a form letter indicating it had been filled out incorrectly. With their assistance, I reapplied. Four months later my application was rejected again. I was informed that I had failed to provide a detailed course syllabus. I did so for both the MP5 course and helicopter pilot training. Four months later we were rejected again, this time because we had failed to include a copy of our "contract" with the PNC. Since we were donating our services, there was, of course, no contract.

It was now obvious that the Clinton State Department was stonewalling us. In addition, they inserted false allegations about me into the U.S. Customs computer and now every time I return to the United States from overseas assignment, I am stopped and searched as a potentially "noncompliant traveler."

This recent U.S. Government harassment will never rob me of my memories of El Salvador. No war that I participated in before or since, including Afghanistan, Angola/Southwest Africa or Bosnia-Herzegovina came even close to the total commitment I gave to El Salvador and its people. It was my war. *Siempre Atlacatl.* God, how I loved them! \Re



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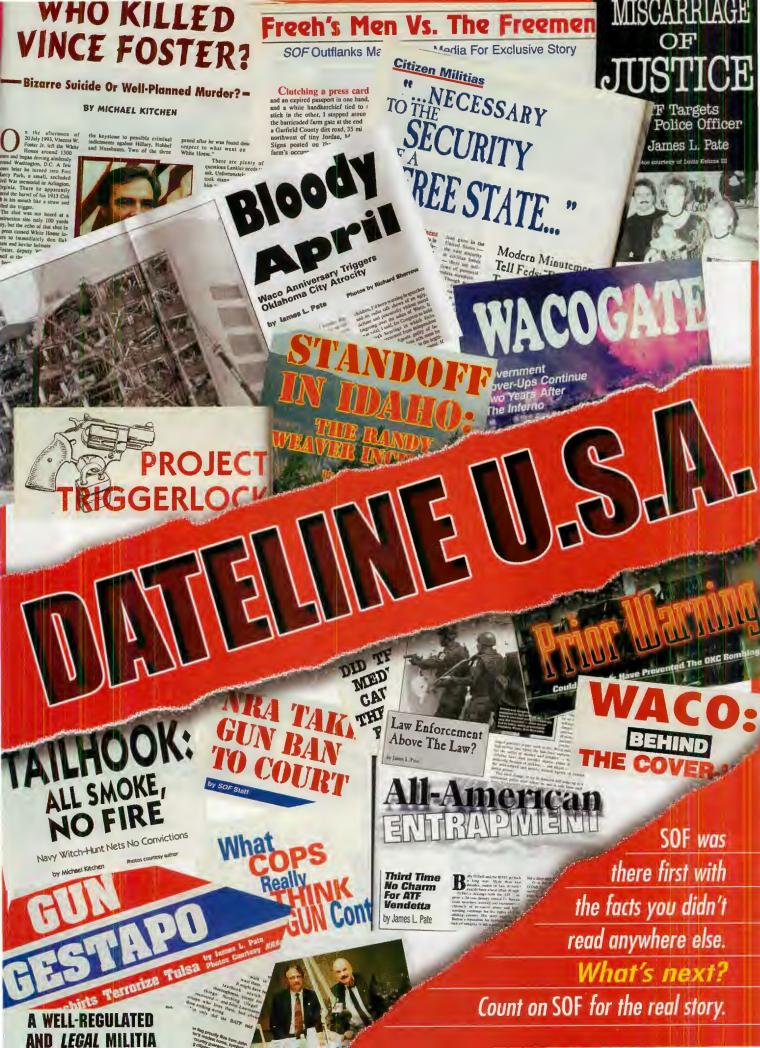
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Kimber's CDP

Continued from page 55

ly below the grip safety is sharply checkered and made of silver-colored Nylon 6/6 composite. It will do, but for strictly cosmetic reasons, I always change that out with a stainless steel Ed Brown mainspring housing with 30 LPI checkering that I obtained from Brownells (Dept. SOF, 200 South Front Street, Montezuma, IA 50171; phone: 515-623-5401; fax: 515-623-3896).

The Kimber checkered steel magazine catch/release button is slightly higher than usual to offer access by the thumb without altering the firing grip, but not long enough to induce an accidental release. The pistol is equipped with a McCormick skeletonized Commander-style hammer.

A number of the pistol's small components, such as the hammer, sear, disconnector, grip safety, ambidextrous manual safety, slide release and rear sight assembly, are made by means of a process called Metal-Injection-Molding (MIM), which was developed by NASA and first used by Kimber in their Model 82 .22 rimfire rifle. Delivering almost all the structural strength of steel forgings at much less cost, this process also permits the manufacture of intricate components with tight tolerances. In this process powdered chrome-moly steel is combined with a polymer carrier and then injected into a somewhat over-sized mold. During a sintering process, high temperatures extract the polymer and cause the part to shrink to exactly the desired dimensions. The resulting grain structure is denser than that achieved by standard investment casting techniques and after heat-treating the strength is significantly greater.

The single-column, detachable box-type magazine is an M1911-type without a removable floorplate. Those of the Ultra and Compact CDPs hold six rounds and those of Pro CDP hold seven (but will accept eight-round M1911 types) and there are numbered indicator holes, from "2" to "6" (or "7") on each side of the magazine body. This magazine has a long, single coil follower spring (with some smaller diameter coils at the top) that was designed to give sufficient stripping pressure for totally reliable operation. All Kimber M1911 pistols come with one magazine. Extra magazines are available for \$17.75 each.

The slide's ejection port has been lowered and flared — and the front and rear beveled — to enhance ejection reliability and protect empty cases from denting. The firing pin stop has been beefed up to offer a snug fit in the slide's extractor notch and prevent the heat-treated, custom-type extractor from rotating in the slide. A socalled "tactical"-type ejector has been mounted in the frame.

The coned barrel does not interface with a conventional M1911-type barrel bushing. Instead, when in battery, the muzzle locks into a precision-milled hole in the front of the



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slide. In theory, this should increase the Kimber CDPs' accuracy potential. A coned barrel configuration was first used on the ill-fated Detonics .45 ACP pistol several decades ago.

The Key To Reliability

All three of the CDP pistols feature a telescoping recoil spring system. The concept of telescoping recoil spring assemblies is not new. Examples can be found going back as far as almost 60 years ago. The first example of a telescoping recoil (or "operating") spring assembly, that I know of, was that of the German MP38/40 series of 9mm Parabellum submachine guns, which were developed in the mid-1930s. Telescoping recoil spring systems have been employed in the Spanish Star Z-45 and British Sterling submachine guns as well. The Swiss SIG AMT and PE57 infantry rifles, developed during the late 1950s, also made use of telescoping recoil spring assemblies. In most instances, designers have used telescoping recoil spring assemblies when one of the design priorities was a compressed, or compact, envelope.

The Ultra CDP's slide has been engineered to have the longest possible slide travel in a determined effort to ensure positive functional reliability. With the shortrecoil, locked-breech M1911 series, as the frame and slide dimensions are reduced, the distance the slide travels during a complete recoil and counter-recoil cycle is correspondingly diminished, as is the time frame during which this takes place. If everything does not happen precisely as it should, there will inevitably be a stoppage. If the magazine follower spring does not drive the next round up against the magazine's feed lips quick enough, a failure to feed and chamber will result. If the empty case is even delayed by a millisecond in extraction from the chamber, that case will never make it completely out of the ejection port. And so on. I think that the Kimber Ultra pistols represent the practical limit in M1911 envelope reduction and that a telescoping recoil spring system was necessary to further maximize reliability. As an additional benefit, this also reduces felt recoil, muzzle rise and rotation to a small degree, and thus accords more rapid target reacquisition after each shot.

The main, or inner, guide rod of the Kimber CDP series is of the so-called "full-length" type, which means it protrudes out the front of the slide when the slide moves rearward in recoil. The rear configuration of this inner guide rod duplicates that of the M1911 series in general. It has a U-shaped sheet-metal end plate that rests on the barrel directly in front of the swinging link. The front end of the inner recoil spring is held captive by the hollow outer guide rod. In turn, the outer, larger diameter, recoil spring is held captive by a recoil spring plug with a hole in the front that permits the inner guide to pass through during the recoil stroke.

Because of its telescoping recoil spring system, disassembly procedures for these pistols vary somewhat from those employed to field strip a conventional M1911-type.





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First remove the magazine and safely clear the pistol. Lock the slide to the rear. Note that there is a small disassembly hole in the middle of the inner (smallest diameter) recoil spring guide rod. While the slide is retracted insert the tool supplied or a bent paper clip into the hole. Carefully and slowly release the slide and move it forward until the semi-circular tab at the rear of the slide stop is aligned with the disassembly notch on the slide. Remove the slide stop from the left side of the frame. Separate the slide from the frame by sliding it forward off the frame. Remove the telescoping recoil spring assembly by withdrawing it rearward and then separating this group from the slide. Tip the barrel's link forward to clear the recoil spring tunnel and then pull the barrel clear of the slide.

Remove the grip panels from the frame (a 3/32-inch allen head wrench is required to remove the hex head grip screws). No further disassembly of the frame components is usually required for routine maintenance. However, removal of the firing pin and extractor should be performed with some degree of frequency. With a drift of appropriate diameter, push inward on the springloaded firing pin and slide the firing pin stop down and off the rear of the slide. Remove the firing pin and its spring. Gently pry out the extractor. The extractor claw should be cleaned thoroughly and the extractor inspected for loss of tension, one of the most common causes of malfunctions in the M1911 series. The magazines should be disassembled as well. After cleaning and lubrication, re-assemble in the reverse order.

SOF has now fired several thousand rounds through the three CDP pistols submitted to us for test and evaluation. There have been no malfunctions of any kind with a large range of ammunition types (185grain, 200-grain and 230-grain JHP and 230grain Full Metal Jacket ball and hard cast round nose reloads) and makes. There is very little difference in recoil between the three CDP models and only a modest increase in perceived recoil over that of a full-size, all-steel Government Model. I feel certain that the telescoping recoil spring system is somewhat of a factor here. All the Kimber's I have ever fired have been held to very tight tolerances and, as a consequence, shot superbly small groups. At 7 yards, the distance under which the majority of gunfights with a handgun take place, and firing offhand from a strong Weaver position, the Kimber CDP series will place all rounds into a 1.5-inch group. That's more than good enough for government work.

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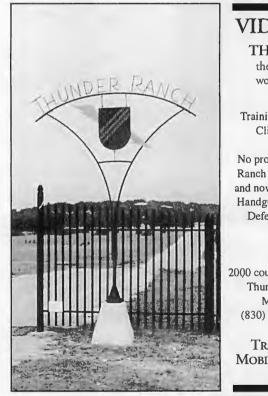
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African Crossroads

Continued from page 49

his home. According to press accounts, the lone farmer "dragged himself out of the flames and kept shooting" until he was beaten to death.

The day after Olds' murder, reports from Harare, the capitol, recalled an event a decade before, when Olds had leapt into a river to rescue a friend from a crocodile an heroic act that had earned him a medal from Robert Mugabe.

An internet correspondent aptly described Martin Olds as "a tyrant's nightmare, and a man and a half."

Some 500 mourners at Olds' funeral learned the same day that Mugabe had declared white farmers to be "enemies of the state."

Throughout much of the country, other overt acts have been committed on behalf of the government. In Harare, a bomb exploded near Zimbabwe's only independent newspaper, *The Daily News*. Previously, two reporters had been seized by ZANU Party youths and threatened with death.

As the election neared, government actions became more draconian. Mugabe's "enforcement czar," Polish-trained Dr. Chenjerai "Hitler" Hunzvi, directed the forceful seizure of private farms, a policy largely unopposed by the South African government. Additionally, many former Rhodesians held two passports, but Mugabe's regime declared that henceforth U.K., South African, or other papers would not be recognized. The ability to leave the country thus became a tacit method of thought control. Similarly, covert reports from Zimbabwe stated that the government would cancel the e-mail accounts of anyone found criticizing the government "in any way," with a fine of one million Zim dollars (\$25,000 U.S.).

Neither does anyone doubt that most whites and some black Zimbabweans will oppose a ZANU effort to negate the electoral process. The whites we interviewed generally trust the judiciary, which is perceived as inefficient but honest, and it's unlikely that Mugabe will find much support from that quarter. A Gweru farmer said, "Our judges are mostly honest and generally we trust them. Trouble is, they're horribly inefficient." He paused for a moment, obviously thinking, then added, "Or maybe just lazy." The gentleman knew of a case still pending after 12 years, which most Americans would consider intolerable.

"On the other hand," he added, "maybe we should be grateful that we don't get all the government we're paying for."

Barrett Tillman is a professional journalist specializing in aviation and firearms topics. This report from Zimbabwe marks his return to SOF after a long absence. \Re

NewsMax.com Breaks Liberal Media Monopoly

The Internet revolution will re-define America

BY ROBERT R. REGNAN

ontrol of the media by the liberal elites is almost history.

For more than five decades the left has controlled the major media outlets. Out was the "old journalism" based on facts and objectivity. In was the blatant propaganda masquerading as news.

Consider that in 1992 the Roper study found that 89% of the Washington press corps voted for Bill Clinton. Let that sink in. Almost 90% of the media elites in Washington wanted the Democratic candidate for president. Consider also the danger posed by such a fact.

We know that the founding fathers enshrined freedom of the press in the First Amendment. It is among our "first" freedoms because without it democratic societies will die. But the idea of a free press presupposes a diverse press.

Despite a plethora of media – broadcast TV, cable, print and radio – the liberal establishment had kept a lockgrip on news and information. Consider when one watches the major network news programs on ABC, NBC and CBS. They lead with the same stories, use the same talking heads, and have the same slant.

Major news organizations all seem to be on the same page. Look at coverage of the Elian Gonzalez controversy. Can anyone deny the coverage has been almost totally slanted against the boy's Miami relatives and the Cuban-American community?

One might have believed that

the profusion of media outlets would have led to a media revolution. It didn't. In fact, the power of the media establishment has multiplied because biased news reports can now be bounced many times through the liberal media echo chamber of TV, radio, print and cable.

The Internet was hailed as a break through, but once again, major media outlets are scrambling to dominate the news market in this new arena. But their efforts may be in vain.

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Talkers magazine says NewsMax.com is "incredibly impressive" and now "the staple" for radio and TV hosts and producers across the country for news and story ideas. The Wall Street Journal Business Report recently featured NewsMax.com as one of the country's top alternative news sites, reporting it was revolutionizing "the information flow like Gutenberg's press." Prudential Securities Washington newsletter describes NewsMax.com as "a must read" and "one of the world's truly great news sites."

Noted journalist Arnaud de Borchgrave says NewsMax.com is a "news site for opinion-makers — a source for new news." Former *Times of London* Editor Lord William Rees-Mogg serves on NewsMax.com's advisory board. He says "it's one of the few outlets for news I trust in the U.S."

Edited by award-winning journalist Christopher Ruddy, NewsMax.com offers an array of writers with hard-hitting commentary, including former U.S. Congressman John LeBoutillier, Carl Limbacher, David Limbaugh, radio hosts Barry Farber, Neal Boortz and Michael Savage. Because NewsMax.com believes in diversity, it even offers columns from the likes of Hillary Clinton, Molly Ivins and others.

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SOUNDLE

by Gol. David H. Hackworth (Ret.

Here We Go Again

nother fun-filled week of balloons and baloney as the Democrats try to outpitch the Republican snowjob-a-thon.

Besides wanting to frag the Bush-Cheney parade, Gore and Lieberman are distancing themselves from President Clinton as if he had fleas.

Smart idea. But this separation shouldn't just be limited to issues of character: It must also include how, if elected. Gore and Lieberman intend to defend America. We-the-people deserve to know their vision before November; what kind of folks they'll put in the Pentagon's top civilian slots and how they'll excise the rot. Rot always starts at the head. And for the past eight years, the Pentagon's been headed up by dilettantes, social engineers and racketeers. These so-called leaders have allowed our forces' readiness level - the ability to get there quickly and whack an enemy with a club before he knows we're standing behind him - to reach a new post-Cold War low.

But throwing big bucks at the Pentagon, as both major parties plan to do, isn't the answer. How this largesse is wasted — since there's never been more money per serving person in our country's history — is another story.

Any solution must start with proper leadership.

The way our system works is that this leadership must come from the civilians who run the Pentagon. But since 1993, no way has Clinton's defense team at the secretariat level been selected for their proven leadership skills. Not one past or present Clinton-appointed Pentagon head could lead a troop of scouts into a barn during a snowstorm. And they certainly weren't picked for their defense expertise — few would know a Stinger missile from a snack bar. None of Clinton's three SecDefs held a leadership position in our armed forces. Only one wore a soldier suit.

Clinton's selection criteria was simple: an A Team that would push his agenda to make our military politically correct via max sensitivity training and a women in every foxhole. Equality and consideration for others over fighting skill became the password. Meanwhile, the B Team remained the same old Military-Industrial-Congressional Complex (MICC) porkers, still into greasing the greedies who play the defense money game — like major Clinton contributor, defense contractor, and friend of Red China, Loral.



Col. David Hackworth (Ret.) also writes a syndicated weekly column titled "Defending America." "Hack" doesn't pull any punches and many liberal rags won't carry his writing. If your local paper falls into that category, call the editor and let him know you'd like to see "Defending America" on the Op-Ed page. It's syndicated by King Features, 235 E. 45th St., New York, NY 10017.

William Cohen would have to be the worst SecDef since Louis Johnson. He runs the bloated Pentagon as if he were still a U.S. senator — lots of hot air and too many VIP trips at taxpayer expense. Then there's his predecessor, William Perry, who seldom saw a gold-plated, high-tech system he didn't want to buy. And once he took care of the players, he flashed back to his high-paying MICC job like a rocket. Before Perry there was Les Aspin, a bumbling academic who got canned because he refused to send tanks to Mogadishu, Somalia — a bad decision that caused a lot of good men to die.

And remember Professor Sheila Widnall, of MIT, the disastrous Secretary of the Air Force? A smart engineer, maybe, but she didn't have one leadership bone in her body and became a total puppet of the generals. Or try Togo West, a slick Washington insider who as Secretary of the Army spent his time arranging burial plots in Arlington National Cemetery for top contributors — when he wasn't pushing Clinton's kinder, gentler agenda. Or his assistant, Sarah Lester, who referred to our valiant Marines as "extremists" because they're willing to die for our country.

This is just a sampling of the harebrains Clinton put in key Pentagon slots. They and the many house-trained generals and admirals who wouldn't stand tall have driven

morale so far down that our warriors are now crawling through it.

An Army sergeant from Fort Stewart, Ga. — who asked to remain anonymous — sums it up for many: "I'll be happy when Mr. Clinton and Mr. Cohen and their ilk are excused from their positions. Perhaps then our military will be treated with respect and dignity from the people at the top and given the right missions. For the sake of my fellow soldiers, I pray that quality, caring leaders who can put our military back on the right track will soon take over."

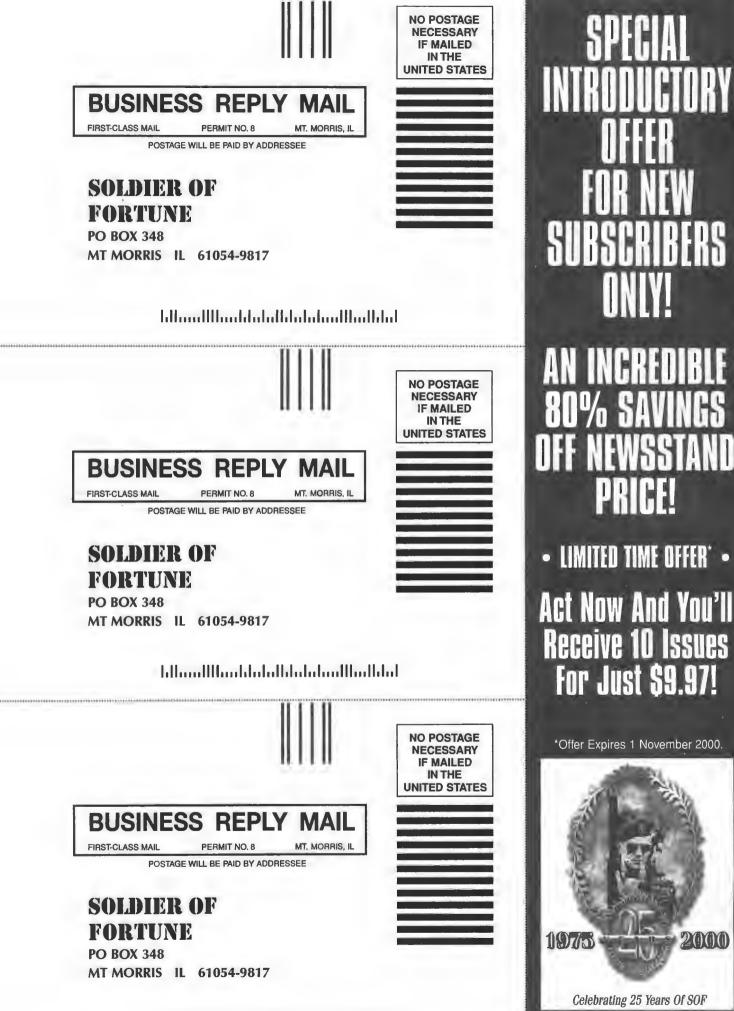
Amen, Sergeant.

http://www.hackworth.com is the address of David Hackworth's home page.

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Hackworth's new book, a novel, The Price of Honor, is now available. \Re

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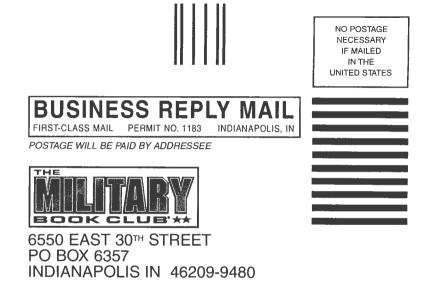
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