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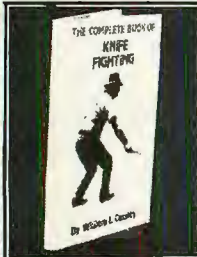


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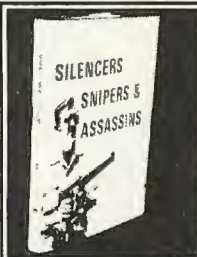


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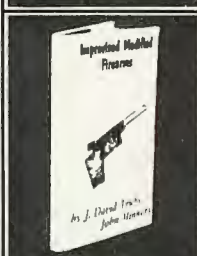


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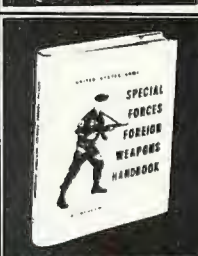


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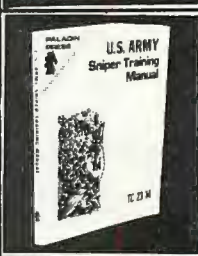


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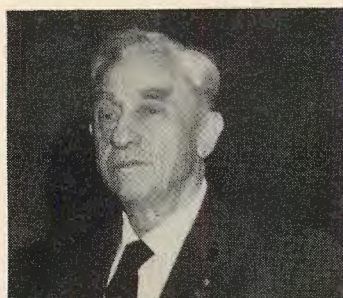


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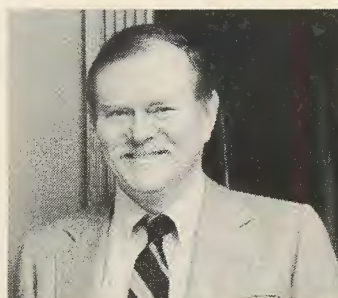
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Summer 1976

Vol. 1, No. 3

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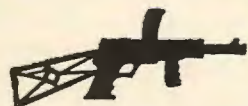
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Operation Diablo

The Secret Story of How William Randolph Hearst's New York Public Relations Department Engineered the 1954 Guatemalan Revolution (. . . not the CIA)

Robert Roman

16

Angola Flashbacks

A.J. Venter views the Confusing Events that Culminated in a Communist Victory

A.J. Venter

20

SOF Interviews a Nam Vet/FNLA Merc

22

Mad Dog Callan - A Merc Runs Amuck

27

Angola Now . . . Where Next?

The Cuban Invasion of the Dark Continent.

Devin Benson

29

Rhodesia is Ready.

It's Elite Forces are on Red Alert

Lt. Col. Robert K. Brown

30

Arrest in Zaire

A.J. Venter

34

The Murderous Skies of Mozambique

Death from Above and Below

Rocky Kemp

36

The Vietnam Disaster

Truths and Fallacies

Bui Anh Tuan

38

Spy Watch

The Iron Curtain Raised on Czech Spies' Actions

42

The Challenge of Deep Sea Diving

George Bacon

44

The Bushmaster

Two Experts Report on a New U.S. Assault Weapon

David Steele

48

S.W.A.T. Remote Control Explosives Technique

Nicholas Ludwig Ladas II

50

Robert D. Allman

Silhouette Pistol Matches

George C. Nonte, Jr.

52

The Welrod Story

Thirty Years of Silent Death

John Minnery

54

The Demise of the S & W M-76

J. David Truby

56

The Jackass Shoulder System

Jerry Ahern

59

Urban Street Survival - Part III

Art Gitlin

62

Memo from the Publisher . . .

10

Bulletin Board . . .

4

Reviews . . .

10

Flak . . .

6

The Journal of Professional Adventurers

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Bulletin Board . . .

BOMBS AWAY . . .

International Assoc. of Bomb Technicians and Investigators will hold their fourth annual conference May 30 to June 4, 1976 at the McCormick Inn, Chicago, Ill. Feature subject of this year's convention will be terrorism. Write: IABTI, P.O. Box 643, Main Post Office, 7th and Mission Streets, San Francisco, CA 94101.

One of our staff received the following letters from a Director of the Cambodian camps in Thailand. If you wish to join other SOFers in supporting the Cambodians and or Loas, please write "Refugees" c/o SOF.

Director of Refugee Relief
Surin Cambodian Refugee Camp
Surin, Thailand
6 December 1975

Dear Sir,

I have just received your kindly letter dated on 3 December, 1975. I am very pleased and surprised with your well-being which you have pity on Cambodian people at the time of falling.

I am sorry to say that those are not present here. And which one of them I did not know before and so did the other Cambodian refugees.

I would like to engage with you that I will try to ask the Cambodian people who will escape themselves from the iron yoke of the cruel Khmer-Red to Thailand. And I will send you a letter to tell what you want.

All Cambodian refugees at Surin, Liboq, Sisakel and Boriram in Thailand will send to this camp. Going out side the camp we must have a permission from the Thai authority, and we can only spend a day and a night.

The problem of getting money is very difficult. We can get seven to ten bahts, if we harvest from morning till night.

Today, the Red Cross shares the rice every Tuesday of the week. We got two kgs. of rice per person and two cans of sardines per person, one can of meat packing per person. Those are not enough for one family who has 6 members for a week.

We have no health center, physician and nurse. The severe illnesses must be sent to the hospital at Surin.

Educational system, we have no school for the young small boys and girls. Nowadays, we start to teach four languages to those. They are: English, French, Thai and Cambodian. All teachers are Cambodian who volunteer to help this work.

I require first some teaching materials such as: English and French Grammar books, diary books, dictionary and simple conversational books, writing materials as: bic pen, paper, envelopes and stencil paper and so on.

In order to relief the sadness and boredom, we form a group of orchestra to please the refugees. But now we have few musical instruments.

The music will be able to be hired by the people who take the ceremonies. And we will be able to get the small amount of money to accelerate our camp.

Please help me in asking to all International humanity organizations to increase our new life. Thank You.

Sincerely yours,
Ching-Nam Yeang

Mr. Ching Nam Yeang
Director of the Khmer
Refugees Camp, Prasat
Surin, Thailand
4 January 1976

INDOCHINA REFUGEE UPDATE

As we go to press, between 75,000 and 85,000 Vietnamese, Cambodian and Lao refugees are located in camps in Thailand. The U.S. government has requested Congress to allow 11,000 of these unfortunate individuals to enter the U.S. However, the House of Representatives Judiciary Subcommittee on Immigration, Citizenship and International Law has recommended that only 3,000 be admitted.

Individuals who wish to sponsor and or located a specific refugee should contact their local branch of the Red Cross. For those interested in sponsoring an unspecified family, indicate the size of the family you desire to sponsor and write anyone of the following organizations:

1. American Consul for Nationality Services 20 W. 40th St., New York, NY 10018
2. American Fund for Czechoslovakian Refugees 1790 Broadway, Rm 1316, New York, NY 10019
3. Church World Service 475 Riverside Drive, New York, NY 10027
4. United Hebrew Immigration Air Society 200 Park Ave., South, New York, NY 10003
5. International Rescue Committee 386 Park Ave., South, New York, NY 10016
6. Lutheran Immigration and Refugee Society 315 Park Ave., S, New York, NY 10010
7. Tolstoy Foundation 250 W. 57th St., New York, NY 10015
8. U.S. Catholic Conference 1250 Broadway, New York, NY 10001

Dear Sir,

I would be very pleased with your kindly letter dated on December 18, 1975 which has just reached me December 25, 1975. It was late, because I must prepare my answers to your questions. I'm very surprised and full of thankfulness for you will send me some needed items such as money. And hope you will also take a courtesy visit to Thailand, especially to my camp in the short future.

I had already sent many letters to the directors of each other camps above to ask them for your friends, but I did not get any reply.

The types of sicknesses in my camp are: malaria, bad cold, typhoid, stomach-ache, giddy, cough, sore-throat, itches, diarrhea and some pregnant women. Nowadays, we have a small amount of tablets of medicines which were given by the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Thailand and none of injectable medicines. Some severe illnesses were sent to Surin hospital by private car and pay the money for their cures. There are also some wounded people who have just escaped themselves to Thailand. Those are caused by grenade hand break trap which is set up along the border between Cambodia and Thailand. And some are shot by the Khmer Rouge. The others died of starvation because of losing themselves in the thick forests.

It's true that Cambodians who were killed by Khmer Rouge could reach the numbers of more than one million. They are mostly soldiers of all ranks with their family and a part of civilian people, too.

In Siemreap Province, there were 70% of civilian people died of starvation. Some of those were died by malaria and pest. And the others were killed by striking with the head of hoe. I was very upset over the news of the innocent Cambodian people who were not only forced to work like the engine, but also had no freedom, no food to eat, and they were always sentenced without mistakes.

I did not know how to find a word to describe about the sadness of my lovely Cambodian people. Today, Cambodian people inside the country stood in their minds with guard to our activities outside. During the time of waiting for us, a great many of them were killed one by one. Going abroad was not compulsory for me, because of the above cases.

In the accurately of time, I eagerly want first some supply from you and other charities. Although those are the materials, medicines or the most important one is money. Something let us find in Thailand such as the guns and ammunitions, but cost much money.

I would like to emphasize you that I have not yet find some aids from foreign countries or other organizations who love freedom and democratic one.

At the end of the letter, I would express my gratitude for your kind spirit which let me tell you about what I want to say. I will try to look in all areas in Cambodia for your friends as possible as I can.

I wish you and your family with good health, Happy New Year and prosperous mission to you always. See you later.

Sincerely yours,
Ching Nam Yeang
Director

SOF'er MIA . . .

One of our authors has been reported MIA in Angola. When Cuban MPLA forces surrounded the last FNLA stronghold in northern Angola, Sao Salvador, the FNLA forces and British mercs E & E'd north into Zaire. The four American mercs did not arrive at the rendezvous point.

BOYCOTT GILLETTE . . .

Gun Owners' Action League of Massachusetts (GOAL) has decided to boycott the Gillette Company. As Gillette supports an anti-gun group in Massachusetts which initiated a petition to ban and confiscate firearms. GOAL advises all gun owners to take notice of Gillette's stand, and to let Gillette know by forsaking their products that we believe their position on gun confiscation is improper and clearly wrong. Tell Gillette you're upset. Write: Office of the President, The Gillette Company, Prudential Tower Building, Boston, Massachusetts 02199. Send copies of your letters to GOAL, 11 Main Street, Southboro, Massachusetts 01772.

SNIPERS . . .

Army Advanced Marksmanship Unit, Ft. Benning, Ga. is converting 342 M-14 into sniper rifles. For use by the XVIII Abn. Corps headquartered at Ft. Bragg. When rebuilt, the weapons will be designated M-21's. When married up with an adjustable ranging telescope, these rifles will enable snipers to register first-round hits on targets up to 1000 meters.

SECOND CHANCE . . .

Second Chance Police Combat Shoot will be held June 3 - 6, 1976, at Central Lake, Michigan. Over \$4,000 in cash, guns, and other goodies will be awarded as prizes. Law enforcement only. For further information, write: Second Chance Body Armor, Inc., Central Lake, Michigan 49622. As we go to press, Second Chance concealable body armor vests have saved the lives of 72 policemen.

BILL JORDAN

OUTSTANDING HANDGUNNER . . .

Bill Jordan, ex-marine and retired Border Patrol Inspector received the Fourth Annual Outstanding American Handgunner Award Trophy from Lee E. Jurras. The award was presented at the Handgunner banquet held recently in Chicago, Ill. Previous winners have been Elmer Keith, Col. Charles Askins and William Ruger. The man behind this award program is SOF editor Jurras, who presently resides in Roswell, New Mexico. The award program has been recently formalized as part of the Outstanding American Handgunner Award Foundation, Inc.

Membership is open to anyone interested in handgunning. For further information concerning this worthwhile project, individuals may contact the foundation at P.O. Box 846, Roswell, New Mexico 88201.

PMRS UPDATE . . .

Parachute Medical Rescue Service (PMRS) sent a 12 man team to assist in the aftermath of the Guatemalan earthquake. The team was lead by PMRS director Dr. John Peters and Col. Daniel Baldwin, (USA, Ret.) and included SOF staff members George Speakman, Tom Reisinger, Robert Allman and Nick Ladas. SOF'er Ralph Edens served as Miami coordinator. LTC Alex McColl and LTC Robert Brown served as general coordinators. Upon arrival in Guatemala, the PMRS unit was split up into three teams and inserted by chopper into the back country.

Initial after action reports indicate that the mission was successful in regards to both the number of individuals treated as well as identifying problem areas. SOF will carry a complete after action report on the Guatemala operation in the next issue.

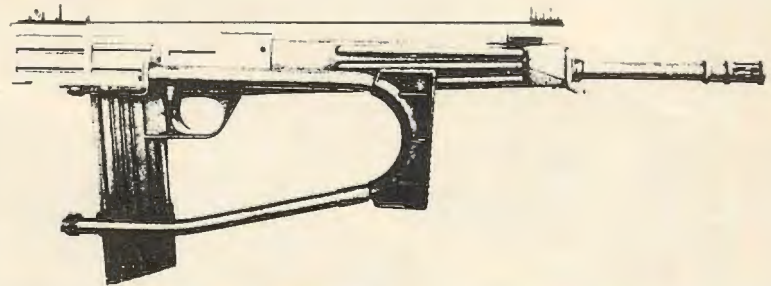
Dr. John Peters, SOF Paramedic Operations Editor and PMRS Medical Director, inspects a Guatemalan Airforce P-51D.

Guatemalan's have 20 P-51's which are scheduled to be phased out of their inventory in the near future. Dr. Peters lead one unit of the 12 man PMRS team which operated in the rugged back country.



NEW SWEDISH ASSAULT RIFLE . . .

A Swedish firm has developed a new 5.56mm assault rifle designated the MKS. The weapon was designed to replace the G-3 rifle and the Carl Gustav SMG, more commonly known to Vietnam vets as the "Swedish K." The manufacturer claim that the MKS is the most compact 5.56 rifle presently available. No further information is available at this time.



Technical Specifications

	MKS Rifle	MKS Carbine	X Rifle ¹⁾
Ammunition	5,56 mm	5,56 mm	5,56 mm
Weight, unloaded kg	2,75	2,36	3,3
Weight of loaded 30 rd. magazine	0,53	0,53	0,6
Weight, fully loaded with sling	3,36	2,97	4,0
Length mm	868	751	940
Length with stock folded	634	517	720
Barrel length	467	350	470
Muzzle velocity m/s	975	925	975
Cyclic rate, rounds/s	12 to 18	12 to 18	12
Sight settings m	250 and 400	250 and 400	100 to 400

1) Average values of 9 known 5,56 mm rifles.

STAFF ADDITIONS . . .

Robert B. Allman and Nick Ladas have been appointed SWAT editors. Both participated in recent PMRS operations in Guatemala after the earthquake. Yitahak ben-Ami, a *nom de guerre*, has been appointed Middle East Terrorism editor. An American citizen and Nam vet, he served with the Israeli army during the Yom Kippur war and later with the Israeli border forces. He will describe his experiences in our mid-east section in the next issue.

AIR COMMANDOS . . .

Former Air Commandos are invited to join the Air Commando Association, (ACA). The ACA has been organized to further the principles of USAF Special Operations, and to promote periodic reunions of former and present-day air commandos and special operations personnel of all ranks. For further info, write: ACA, P.O. Box 7, Mary Ester, Florida 32569.

continued on page 14

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Flak . . .

Lt. Col. Robert K. Brown
Soldier of Fortune Magazine.

Dear Colonel Brown,

After the publication of my pictures on your story on the Bayo-Pawley affair and the quoted remarks of the exLIFE regional editor I accompanied on the trip, I think a few explanations are needed. Also, to Mr. Pawley who says he has a letter from LIFE agreeing not to use the story without his permission.

The negatives were passed on to LIFE by the CIA who, in turn, returned them to me in 1973 along with all my other film, for the purpose of resale. So, the copyright of the film belongs to me.

Much more important is the moral question of my allowing the publication of these pictures 13 years after the event.

I had no illusions of the sensitive nature of our mission in 1963. Apart from the plan to rescue two alleged Russian defectors from Cuba, I knew nothing of the story until I read it in your magazine — far less about any suggested involvement of LIFE magazine itself.

I know of no agreement in connection with the use of my pictures. It is unlikely that one was needed as far as I was concerned since I handed the film over to the CIA on instructions from the LIFE regional editor.

For 12 years I never breathed a word about this mission, not even to my wife. The negatives were returned to me ten years later without any note that they should not be used. They had been cut and edited, presumably by the CIA, and I could see nothing in the remaining pictures that could be a security risk to the U.S. nor even an embarrassment. Furthermore, Philip Agee and others had discussed similar operations in great detail.

Because of the sensitive nature of the story my, otherwise detailed, diary contained only a broad outline of the trip so that when it comes to the regional editor's details of what happened versus mine, I would accept his. He kept notes and wrote the picture captions. I kept nothing.

Perhaps, I can dispose of three of the theories you put forward as to the fate of the ten Cubans. I seem to remember that it was a calm night when the men went ashore and unlikely "they ran into heavy seas" nor were they released "too far from shore". Lastly, they certainly were not shot from a recoilless rifle aboard the Flying Tiger. I heard no shooting that night. It would have been suicide to have loosed off even a fire cracker in that locality.

Yours sincerely,
TERENCE SPENCER
London,
March 15, 1976.

Dear Sir:

I have done a bit more research into the Merc possibilities in Timor. It does not look good. The "good guys" (anti-communist forces) have the full support of the Indonesian Armed Forces (who are doing most of the fighting) and do not have a requirement for mercs. The "commies" call themselves "Fretilin," they could, and probably would use mercs. However, their preparedness and ability to pay is doubtful, what is more important is that their political aims are unacceptable and contrary to U.S. and Australian national interests.

M.D.

Rosanna, Australia

.. Thanks for the update. Please keep us advised regarding opportunities as they arise.

Gentlemen:

Having looked at both your issues, Summer 75 and Spring 76, I must comment on the quality of your publication which I find to be No. 1, first rate. Especially enjoyed the two articles on the Para-medical Operations, one in Peru, the other in Honduras. Support of such operations and the publication of such articles by SOLDIER of FORTUNE are in themselves of great worth and reward and may also in time help to overcome the negative stereotyping generally associated with "soldiers of fortune" and other professional adventurers. Please send me the necessary application blanks and copies of the organization meeting minutes as I am very interested in supporting these activities of PMRS. I would also like to write to Dr. John Peters concerning PMRS, its organization, capabilities and in helping to establish the best manner I can support this effort.

• • •

Was immediately attracted to the article by "Spider" (Spring 76) on CCN Recon team Tennessee. I ran with team Tennessee in 1968 when C&C Det was organized around or into FOBs (Forward Operational Bases) and CCN was FOB 1 and was located at Phu Bai just south of Hue. The major organizational difference in '68 seems to be that the teams were commanded by E7 NCOs rather than officers. We found, as illustrated in "Spider's" pictures, that the standard issue ammo pouch was too small and did not suit our requirements but that an issue canteen cover made an excellent ammo pouch, carrying more M-16 or CAR-15 mags without adding significantly to the bulk we had to carry. We also used "sawed-off M-79s" dispersed throughout the team; using anti-personnel, WP or HE loads —

usually on an availability basis, as emergency close contact breakers. For insertion and extraction we could usually count on our own air support: some rather old UH-34s, flown by indigenous pilots hired directly by C&C Det. Communications was supported by "Covey" — a single-engine fixed high winged aircraft piloted by an American pilot. Accompanied — for various reasons — by one of the members of the FOB. This aircraft, flying within several miles of the teams AO gave long range communications capability during the missions and greatly extended our operation range and capabilities. If interested I will try to write up a small article for you on Team Tennessee 1968. I do fully agree with "Spider's" assessment of the indigenous personnel who worked for C&C; they were all highly motivated, skilled and experienced soldiers and were "mercenaries" in the best sense of the word.

Concerning the Viet Nam S.E.A. refugee situation: I would be most interested in getting together with others who may not be able to provide individual sponsorship but would be interested in some type of group sponsorship arrangement. I know that I cannot sponsor by myself and am sure that there are many others in similar situations but do feel that I could contribute to some group effort.

T.C.

Boulder, Co.

.. Note the address of the Cambodian Refugee Center in the Bulletin Board section. We will be glad to serve as a clearing house for other like minded individuals who wish to assist Cambodian or Laotian refugees.

Gentlemen:

I still cannot believe the overwhelming response our very small advertisement in the 1st issue of Soldier of Fortune Magazine, we received over 450 inquiries!

This magazine is one of the most well-written publications I have ever seen — not to mention the fact that it "Tells it like it is."

The picture on Page 25 of the Spring-1976 issue is very worth comment, it appears that the Portuguese Commandos turned Mercs are armed with nothing but the best — the AR-10, which brings to question how have they been able to get this weapon, with the Standard Bi-pod type Handguard and grenade launcher and flash hider combination. This is the Netherland/Armalite of the 1960ish production — which was produced in very small quantity for export-military use.

I have in my personal collection the weapon that the Merc is carrying — a very valued collectors' item.

I guess a weapon of war is a weapon of war — no matter what war.

Armalite is known to have exported the AR-10 to some strange parts of the world as has FN with the Portuguese FN/FAL Short Barrel Assault Rifle.

The magazine is great . . . keep up the fine outstanding work.

R.J. Perry

R.J. Perry & Associates, Inc.

Park Ridge, Illinois

Dear Sirs,

In your spring issue, Dr. John Peters mentioned a native Honduran villager who gave your medical team a pig, to protect them from poisonous snakes. This gent knew what he was doing!

The considerable volume and percentage of volume of fat present in a pig retards the spread of snake venom so much that it is safely and slowly absorbed over a long period of time.

I admit it would seem rather unusual to parachute a 100-200 pound pig as part of a medical team into a snake infested area. But let's face it, medical personnel are just too valuable to allow them to be picked off by some damned snake!

Pigs aren't the dumb animals that they are often accused of being. Their intelligence and ability to absorb discipline training approaches that of a dog.

Don't worry about pigs being unclean. Just give a pig a chance to practice proper physical hygiene and it will look after that problem itself very effectively.

While having a medium sized pig prowling around a field hospital may at first seem offensive, the snake eating watchdog potential of even some of the smaller breeds should not be overlooked.

Ronald Lank

Kingston, Ontario

Canada

Hmmmm . . . Would you recommend a Poland-China or Yorkshire?

Dear Sirs:

What is the address of the American International Corporation? I am interested in the Laser Lok Sight. Please put the address of the product seller next to product mentioned.

Ken Nordstrom

Anoka, Minnesota

.. Sorry. We ran out of space. You can contact AIC at 103 Social Hall Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah 84111.

continued on page 9

ORIGINAL WWII GERMAN ARMY, SS AND LUFTWAFFE HELMETS

LIMITED QUANTITIES AVAILABLE. ORDER NOW BEFORE SUPPLY EXHAUSTED.

VERY GOOD. WITH FULL LINER AND CHIN STRAP.
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GERMAN WWII M35 or M42 COMBAT HELMET: Repainted complete with chin strap. Available with decals for: (A) Army, (B) Luftwaffe, (C) Waffen SS, (D) Luftschultz. Good condition. \$19.95

These are not postwar Grenzschutz or Spanish reissues but ORIGINAL WWII German manufacture. Money back guarantee if not completely satisfied (Please specify decals desired as all helmets are repainted. Your choice of Army, Luftwaffe, SS or Luftschultz FREE with helmet.)

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER — Buy one of each type (M35 Rolled Rim, M42 Unrolled Rim) with your choice of decals FOR ONLY \$36.95 OR

Three helmets FOR ONLY \$54.95 (SORRY, NO SIZE SELECTION AT THESE SPECIAL PRICES) DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED FOR QUANTITY ORDERS

ACCESSORIES FOR THE ABOVE:

- A1. Camouflaged Helmet Cover. New, made from original WWII Wehrmacht Cammo material. Excellent copy. Good Condition. (cover only) Each \$24.95
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Separate decals for German Helmets (per pair).
D1. Army, D2. Luftwaffe, D3. Waffen SS, D4. Luftschultz (single). Each pair \$1.00

AFRIKA KORPS M43 FIELD CAP. Tan cotton replica of the famous field cap worn by the men of Field Marshall Rommel's Afrika Korps. Complete with insignia. Available in small, medium or large size. \$34.95

GI COMBAT STEEL HELMET. WWII to present day type US Steel helmet. Complete with adjustable liner and chin strap. Used, good condition. Each \$9.95
Camouflaged GI issue helmet cover for the above. Used, good condition. Each \$4.95
Order together: GI helmet with Cammo cover. ONLY \$12.95

GI ISSUE PARATROOPER JUMP HELMET. Complete with special paratrooper type, adjustable liner and chin strap. Camouflaged helmet cover comes with this model. Good condition. Each \$17.95

BRITISH WWII-TYPE COMBAT STEEL HELMET. Flat (British) steel helmet used by the "Tommys" and "Desert Rat" of WWII Fame. Complete with liner and chin strap. Excellent condition. Each \$12.95

BRITISH PARATROOPERS HELMET. Famous paratrooper helmet worn by the "Red Devils" of WWII Fame. Complete with special adjustable jump chin strap and liner. Good condition. Each \$14.95

GERMAN PLASTIC TRAINING HELMET. A hard plastic copy of the WWII German combat helmet. Complete with liner and Wehrmacht decals. New. Each \$11.95

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GERMAN GRENZSCHUTZ HELMET, look like WWII types, complete with liner and chin strap, used but fair condition three for only \$30.00

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LUFTWAFFE OFFICER'S DRESS DAGGER. Model 1937 dagger as worn by the officers of the German Luftwaffe (Air Force). This decorative dagger has a 10" blade and comes complete with ornately embossed metal scabbard. \$99.95



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FAMED DAGGER OF THE BROWN SHIRTED "STORM TROOPERS" (SA): Sturm Abteilung motto on blade "Alles fur Deutschland" (everything for Germany). Enlisted man's model 15" overall, 8 1/2" blade. These daggers were assembled after the war from remaining stocks of surplus parts. Brown wood handle with the "SA" emblem and eagle, nickel plated fittings, and brown metal scabbard. RZM markings on the blade. Only. \$79.95
CONDITION OF ALL DAGGERS & SCABBARDS GOOD. ALL REQUIRE SOME POLISHING DUE TO LONG STORAGE.

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These are assorted types of Green 4 pocket service tunics with open collars, similar to the late issue Army and Waffen SS Tunics. All are complete with all correct insignia, and have a ribbon in the button hole. All are used but in good to very good condition.

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Available in your choice of Size (Small, Medium or Large)	
Enlisted man.	ARMY \$39.95 WSS \$49.95
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PLEASE SEND NEW FREE COLOR CATALOG OF OVER 500 ITEMS.

Dear Sirs:

I've been appointed a Captain in the Rhodesian African Rifles. I haven't received a specific assignment yet I'm in the operational area for an orientation tour. There are several other American ex-officers with Vietnam experience serving in the Rhodesian Army. I haven't met any yet.

I'd like to give you the latest information on Americans obtaining commissions in the Rhodesian Army. They need officers and NCO's and welcome well qualified Americans, but this isn't any "mercenary" trip.

I had to pay my own way over. They gave me \$340 Rhodesian (\$1 Rhodesian equals \$1.61 American dollars - eds.) and \$300 R for uniforms. I was appointed a third year Captain and receive about \$600 R per month. On that amount you can live very well in Rhodesia. They give most new foreign officers an initial three-year tour. My wife will also receive \$340R when she arrives.

From my limited observation I can only state that the RAR, RLI, and Territorial Force units are all well trained and motivated.

Obviously this is a potential career for me or I would not have come.

Not all Rhodesians fit a standard mould. Most are conservative by U.S. standards, but there's a place here for an ex-Catholic-turned-Unitarian and his "hippie-wierdo San Francisco wife."

Captain A.G.

1 RAR, Methuen Barracks
Bulawayo, Rhodesia

.. Thanks for your input. We are interested in hearing from anyone serving with the Rhodesian security forces. All correspondence is destroyed upon receipt. Get a couple of "terrs" for us.

6 March 1976

Dear Sirs,

I have been watching with interest lately the news concerning Rhodesia, and find myself sympathizing with the government to the point of wanting to actively participate in solving its problems.

I have six years of U.S. Army combat arms experience, to include a stint in Vietnam, and I believe this training might be valuable to the Rhodesian armed forces.

However, before I pack my bags and take off, I would like to gather as much information about Rhodesia and its military as I possibly can. I believe the best way to accomplish this would be to write there directly, but I do not have the address of the correct branch of government to which my inquiries should be directed.

Therefore, sirs, I would greatly appreciate any information or addresses you could send which would assist me in accomplishing my goal.

I would also like to compliment you on your article concerning the Rangers in Vietnam and Sergeant First Class Gary Littrell.

I had the privilege of knowing SFC Littrell at least professionally, if not personally. For a somewhat taxing 54 days, SFC Littrell was the TAC NCO of my Ranger Class, 11-72 ("Spearhead of the Dead").

J.W.C.
Amarillo, Texas

Additional information of the nature you desire may be obtained by writing:

*Recruiting Officer
British South Africa Police
General Headquarters
P.O. Box 8007
Causeway
Salisbury, Rhodesia*

and

*Recruiting Officer
Army Headquarters
P.O. Box 7720
Causeway
Salisbury, Rhodesia*

.. You may expedite your problem by calling the operator in Salisbury and requesting the telephone numbers for the Army or BSAP recruiters. All correspondence should be posted airmail.

Dear Sirs:

Please note that I and several of my companions enjoy your magazine but are wondering if sometimes you are putting us on. I sent a complete file of past decorations, schools, citations and other valuable information to the B.S.A.P. and still haven't heard from them at all. Also two letters were sent asking if anything had come across yet, and still no answer. A friend of mine from a neighboring P.D. also sent an application similar to mine and also no reply. We have lately come across other veterans who are also interested but are patiently waiting to see if we get a reply first before they commit themselves. Please let me know if this is for real or if just fiction. Rest assured that I will still enjoy your unique magazine either way.

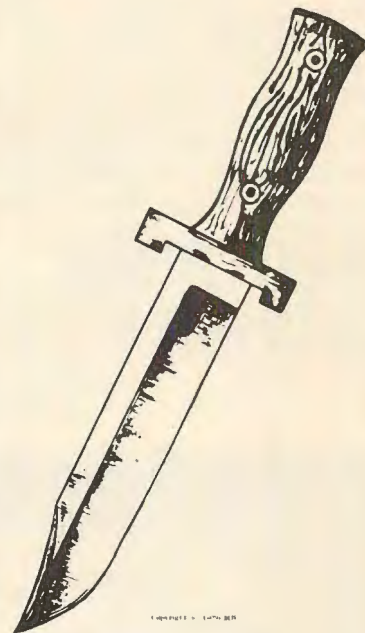
Officer F.R.
Chicago, Illinois

.. To expedite your quest, we suggest that you place a long distance call to Rhodesia. The Rhodesian information operator will connect you with BSAP Headquarters. We have no explanation regarding the delay you are encountering. Be advised that the BSAP will not accept individuals over 30. If you do not get a response, let's hear from you.

continued on page 71

THE FIGHTING BOWIE

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REGD. T.M.



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Memo From The Publisher . . .

Angola is now lost and firmly in the Communist camp, thanks to a timid Congress who naively cried, "Angola is not important to our national interest," wailed, "We cannot get involved in another Vietnam," and then sanctimoniously cut off funds from the anti-Communist forces, letting them drown in their own blood, courtesy of Russian rockets and Cuban bullets. In so doing, they have ignored the increasing threat to Southern Africa, the fall of which will place in hostile (Red Russian) hands, the sea lanes around the Cape, and also, that it was in the national interest of the Russians and their Cuban Africa Corps to move into Angola. So what if the Marxist MPLA only controlled the allegiance of 20 per cent of the population? But then, they are just blacks, just like the Laotians,

Cambos and Viets are just Asians, and therefore not worthy of our national interest. Talk about racism!

What the hell! As far as funding the anti-Communist forces go, all we had to do was sponsor a few hundred mercs and pull the same ploy that Castro did with the Bay of Pigs' prisoners — capture 1,200 and hold them for \$56 million in ransom.

The Angolan debacle is also illustrative of how the CIA has been emasculated by the "goody two-shoes" of this country. For instance, compare it with the CIA's operations in the Congo during the mid-'60's. They funded Mike Hoare's Com-mandoes and provided B-26's flown by Cuban exile pilots, which defeated the Communist-sponsored Simbas, who, at one time, controlled more than two-

thirds of the Congo, when in the Angolan war, they couldn't even come up with a few hundred mortar rounds and anti-tank weaponry for the FNLA mercs in the waning days of the struggle.

The knee-jerk liberals in Congress are not the only ones to blame. Conservatives deserve a few knocks, too. For instance, Bart Bonner, head of the VVV, was an observer at a meeting in Washington, D.C., attended by congressional aides of several conservative congressmen and two representatives of the FNLA, who were seeking support. The aides were interested in and sympathetic with the FNLA delegates, but non-committal. They felt that "nobody wanted to get involved in another controversial foreign adventure."

In January of this year, we contacted some leading conservatives in the country, in an effort to raise funds to establish a "Free Angola" committee, whose mission would have been to lobby for congressional support of the anti-Communist forces and generally promote their cause. Results? Little interest and no money.

However, as per usual, the radical left wasted no time in rallying to the cause of the Russian Cuban-supported MPLA. Cora Weiss and other anti-Vietnam peaceniks demonstrated in Washington for the MPLA, while other radical leftist groups quickly organized to support the MPLA.

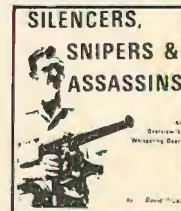
So, we lost a magnificent opportunity to turn Angola into a Vietnam for the Russians and their "running-dog Cuban lackeys," and now wait in a trance for the Russian bear to start gobbling again. We desperately need a "backbone" transplant — and in a hurry!



Reviews . . .

Silencers, Snipers & Assassins: An Overview of Whispering Death, by J. David Truby, Paladin Press, P.O. Box 1307, Boulder, CO 80302, \$15.95, 8½" x 11", 214 pp., 200 photographs and illustrations.

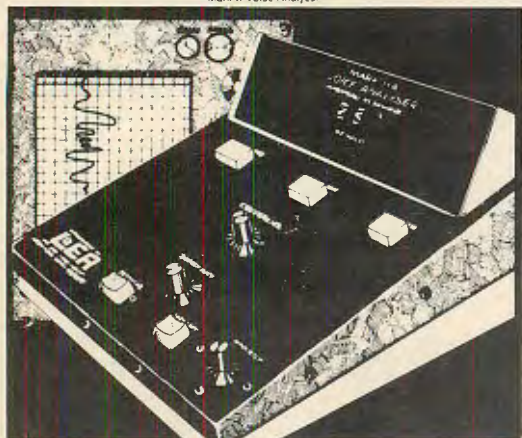
Author Truby, an investigative reporter for **SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**, has written the most comprehensive work yet published on the intriguing and shadowy world of silent death. He thoroughly covers the historical development of silencers and vividly details how silencers have been effectively used by CIA agents, Special Forces and U.S. Army Snipers, Marine snipers, V.C. assassins, Mafia "contract killers," the West German Gehlen In-



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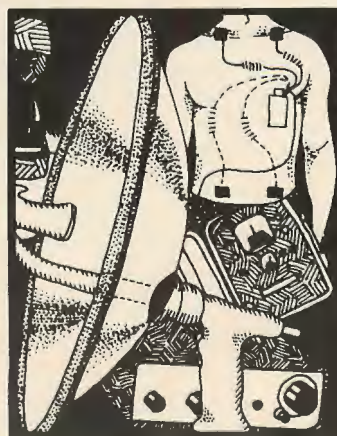
The MARK II operates directly from a microphone or from any tape recorder providing an instantaneous digital display of stress reactions of the speaker.

Ten years of intensive research & development has resulted in a revolutionary new electronic digital device providing an instantaneous numeric value of stress in speech.

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- Weapons Detectors

telligence Bureau and U.S. law enforcement agencies who employ them in a counter-sniper role.

One of the supervisory editors of *Silencers, Snipers & Assassins*, is SOF publisher Robert K. Brown, who provided a large number of photos which accompany the text. This book makes for extremely interesting reading for the spy and military buff as well as serving as an invaluable reference for the ordnance expert.



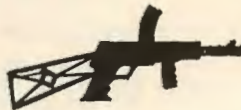
The Mercenaries by Anthony Mockler, Macmillan. New York, 1970. \$6.95 300 pp.

Mockler's 300 pages of history and analysis contain a wealth of background information for the scholar or soldier of fortune. His chapters include readable accounts of the medieval Free Companies, the Renaissance Condottieri, the infamous Swiss pikemen, the Hessian mercenaries in the American Revolution, the French Foreign Legion, and merc operations in the Congo, Biafra, and Yemen.

But it is Mockler's philosophy of the mercenary soldier that is most intriguing. Mockler feels that (p. 14), "... (I)t is only with the growth of the nation-state in Europe that mercenary soldiering has become disreputable and that it is only with the introduction of universal conscription that it has fallen out of use. (P. 15) After the French Revolution it was considered correct that every man should fight for his own country and dishonourable that a man should serve under another flag." Further, he feels that a great deal of hypocrisy is practiced by modern nations, drawing fine distinctions between foreigners subsidized to fight and foreigners directly hired to fight. For example, Gurkhas fighting in the British Army, not to mention a variety of colonial regiments, could be considered mercenaries under some definitions. Mockler could as easily have used as examples the large numbers of South Koreans, Thais, Meos, Laotians, Montagnards, Nungs, etc., subsidized by the American government to fight in Indochina.

Mockler says, (p. 21) "... (T) he real mark of the mercenary (is) a devotion to war for its own sake. By this the mercenary can be distinguished from the professional soldier whose mark is generally a devotion to the external trappings of the military profession rather than the actual fighting." The professional soldier can look forward to a lifetime of peace and security, broken for brief periods by combat, while the mercenary prefers a life of constant risk.

Finally, Mockler maintains that the future of mercenary soldiering lies in technical mastery of modern weapons. Underdeveloped nations can usually supply their own infantry, but for some time to come they will require pilots and training officers from advanced countries.



Survival Guns: A guide to the selection, modification, and use of firearms and related devices for defense, food gathering, predator and pest control, under conditions of long term survival, by Mel Tappan, Janus Press, P.O. Box 75455, Los Angeles, CA 90075, \$7.95, 5½" x 8½", 459 pp., 200 plus illustrations, perfect bound.

Survival Guns is one of the most important books on practical weaponscraft to appear in a decade. Whether or not you agree with the author's premise that we may be facing an imminent socio-economic collapse, you will certainly find his detailed analyses of defensive and hunting arms for long term survival use both timely and provocative.

Mel Tappan, the Survival Editor for SOF and an independent survival consultant, is well qualified to deal with this highly specialized area of weaponry and his book encompasses a broad range of subject matter from handguns, rifles and shotguns to practical air guns, the latest in unusual hideouts and improvised arms. More than 200 excellent illustrations accompany the lively, well written text.

Tappan contends that long term survival conditions require highly specialized tools for both defense and hunting rather than the compromise weapons usually recommended for short-term emergencies, and his chapter on modifying off-the-shelf products for this purpose is alone worth the price of the book.

The latest methods of combat pistol shooting and defensive tactics are also covered in some detail and extensive information on holsters, ammunition and accessories is included. As an added bonus, Jeff Cooper, Col. Burt Miller and Brad Angier have contributed listings of their respective personal survival batteries.

One might wish that the lengthy section on assault rifles were even longer or that body armor and sniping techniques had been covered, but at 459 pages, *Survival Guns* is already quite a long book. It is a bargain at \$7.95 and a must for anyone seriously interested in the practical use of weapons. It could save your life.



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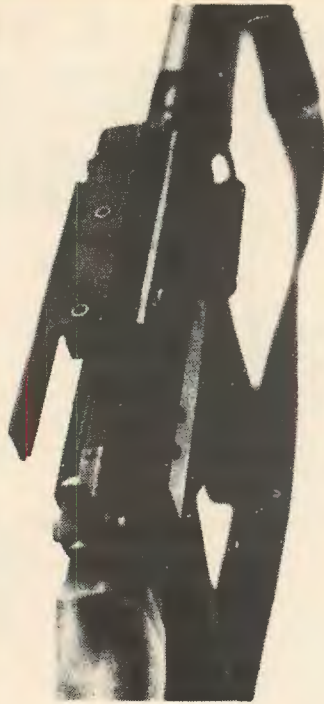
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LOSS OF CITIZENSHIP THROUGH FIGHTING FOR A FOREIGN POWER

In *Afroyim v. Rusk*, 387 US 253, 18 L Ed 2d 757, 87 S Ct. 1660, U967, overruling *Perez v. Brownell*, 356 US 44, 2 L Ed 2d 603, the Supreme Court held that a citizen cannot be expatriated without his voluntary assent.

Like *Perez*, *Afroyim* concerned a Department of State decision that an American loses his citizenship when he votes in a foreign election. *Afroyim* was a naturalized American whose citizenship was revoked when he voted in an Israeli election in 1951.

Justice Black found that the Fourteenth Amendment, which states "All persons born or naturalized in the United States . . . are citizens of the United States," is an absolute bar to any action by the government in attempting to revoke that citizenship.

"There is no indication in these words of a fleeting citizenship, good at the moment it is acquired but subject to destruction by the Government at any time. Rather the Amendment can most reasonably be read as defining a citizenship which a citizen keeps unless he voluntarily relinquishes it. Once acquired, this Fourteenth Amendment citizenship was not to be shifted, canceled or diluted at the will of the Federal Government, the States, or any other government unit." (18 L.Ed. 2d 757, 764)

Nevertheless, the citizen may lose his citizenship by renouncing it. The court did not make clear what constitutes a sufficiently definitive act as to amount to renunciation, in either *Perez* or *Afroyim*. Neither has the court ever passed on the explicit fact situation of fighting for a foreign government. However, *Afroyim* is a broad holding, and it appears that the government cannot, under any circumstances, revoke the citizenship of a native born or naturalized American.

One can certainly imagine conduct that the Government could reasonably construe as amounting to a renunciation, as when one fought in a foreign army engaged in a war against the United States. But *Afroyim* seems to say that employment as a mercenary or fighting for some organization like the International Brigade could not be punished by revocation of citizenship.

Since the specific situation of an American in arms for a foreign power has never been ruled on, this is conjectural. But *Afroyim* does provide extremely broad protection, as long as the citizen does not renounce his citizenship.

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We have received a letter from the advertising agency retained by a "Captain Miller" who stated "that he would furnish to his customers information on adventurous situations in all parts of the world." The agency went on to say, "We feel that he has failed to live up to his promises, and therefore we have severed relations with him. We have cancelled all ads and have notified each magazine that we are no longer associated with him."

It has come to our attention that several firms and or individuals have been marketing information on merc employment overseas. We intend to identify frauds in this field when we can prove to our satisfaction that they are indeed ripping people off. We would like to correspond with individuals who feel they have been taken advantage of by such unscrupulous persons.

One firm which has received a great deal of national publicity regarding mercenary employment is El Kamas, Anaheim, CA. James Scott, director of El Kamas Enterprises, has claimed this his

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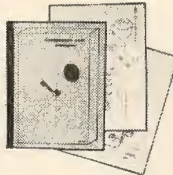
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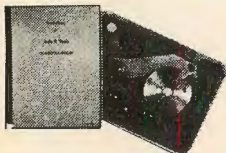
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firm has served as a "nerve center" for a coast-to-coast recruiting network with subsidiary offices in Miami, New Orleans and Houston. We have not been able to verify these claims to date. Several SOF-ers have told us that they have written El Kamas but have not received replies.

For instance, we received a letter from M.K. who wrote, "As an ex-mercenary who flew in the Congo, '64-67, Biafra, '68-'70, and Oman, '70-'71, I contacted "El Kamas . . . They sent me an application with a request for \$25 as a processing fee, and since then I've heard not a word from them."

MORE DOMINOS . . .

Reports emanating out of Hanoi indicate that the North Vietnamese government has officially endorsed revolutionary efforts to overthrow non-Communist governments in Southeast Asia. Feature article in Nhan Dan (The People), the Communist Party daily stated Hanoi would "fully support" such efforts. Said that Communist victories and U.S. defeats in the area had combined to produce a climate that never has been so good for revolt in Southeast Asia.



PROJECT PHU QUOC . . .

We stated in our last issue that we were dissatisfied with the official government explanation as to why tens of thousands of Vietnamese refugees were left stranded on Phu Quoc island off the coast of Vietnam. One SOFer contacted his congressman concerning this matter who in turn received a reply from Robert J. McCloskey, Assistant Secretary for Congressional Relations, Department of State. McCloskey admitted that the US "... assisted in moving some 28,000 . . . refugees to Phu Quoc Island." However, apparently only one American ship, the SS American Challenger, assisted in evacuating 2,500 refugees. The Challenger, arrived on the 27th of April and departed the 30th, the day the Saigon regime fell. McCloskey's letter failed to explain why only one American ship was used in the evacuation of Phu Quoc or more important, why a concentrated effort could not have been mounted to remove all the refugees — especially since Phu Quoc lay 15 miles off the mainland and such an evacuation could have been executed without direct interference from Communist forces. We intend to pursue this matter until we determine precisely who was responsible for failing to carry out this evacuation.

We would like to contact any individuals who have direct or peripheral knowledge of this debacle to include members of the crew of the SS American Challenger, and of U.S. Navy ships that transported refugees from Vietnam to Phu Quoc.



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OPERATION DIABLO

The Secret Story Of How William Randolph Hearst, Sr.'s New York, Public Relations Department Engineered The 1954 Guatemalan Revolution (... Not The CIA)

A few members of the cast of thousands, conscripted on location by Clements advance-men, staging peasant support for the revolutionaries for photos to be "leaked" to the Arbenz government forces. These men have never before seen the unloaded Danish Madsen model 46 sub-machineguns they're posing with, let alone fired them. On loan from the prop department, the weapons will be handed out to new actors in a new village for new photos to be used as new ammunition in Clements "paper" war.



by Robert Roman

Everybody agrees with the advantages of a college education — but sometimes funny things can happen along the way. Take Robert Roman. There he was happily hitting the books at the University of Miami in 1953 when he was suddenly awarded a scholarship to Nicaragua. It was a vague sort of "cultural interchange" and Roman headed south in hot pursuit of Nicaraguan culture. The search proved elusive, however, so Roman got a job as reporter for a Managua newspaper owned by the President of the Republic, Gen. Anastasio Somoza.

In the course of events, Roman met his boss, the General, who had served with the American Marines in the old days. Somoza was intrigued to discover he had an ex-Marine on his staff. And then the General introduced Roman to a third veteran of the Corps: John Clements. Clements, Somoza and the Hearst organization were working up a dandy revolution- to overthrow the Guatemalan Government and who could resist getting involved? Not Roman.

As SOF publisher Brown can testify — he was simultaneously a freelance writer, University of Colorado student and participant in the Cuban Revolution — it is possible to combine college with reporting and Caribbean cloak and dirking. But it's not advisable. It can become a permanent affliction. See what happened to Brown and Roman!

The "war" over, Guatemala happily "liberated," Clements returned to New York and his duties with the Hearst Corporation, which included publishing one of Hearst's magazines. Now a bright-eyed college grad, Roman went off to New York hoping to take a bite out of the Big Apple. About all that Roman accomplished in New York was to take a bite out of Clements by making him buy a few magazine pieces. That established a life-long pattern.

Like most of SOF mag's characters, Roman soon found that earning a 9 to 5 living is too much of a strain. He went back to the Caribbean to work for Generalissimo Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. This time it was Clements who turned up. He was renting Hearst's International News Service to Trujillo — yes, troops. renting; in this business you find you can rent the damndest things; Trujillo, for instance, also rented a swarm of American Congressmen and other people whose names you'd recognize — and Clements and the Generalissimo were involved in several other fascinating projects.

Roman later joined International Services of Information. Except for Clements' operation, ISI was the only American-based private secret service on a global scale. The founder, Col. Ulius Amoss died, and ISI slowly went bankrupt. Clements did his best to help, financially and with contacts, but ISI expired. Virtually until his death, Clements continued to assist Roman in myriad ways.

Below: This is a typical John Clements — cigar, bow tie, half-smile, screw-you posture. In Guatemala, Clements and his PR agency successfully organized the overthrow of a pro-Communist government.



him over the years. John Clements was a kind of living legend in this business and he was a power in Washington; he knew where the bodies were buried."

Two hours after Clements died of a heart attack, Hearst executives burst into Clements' Washington office in the National Press Club, ransacked it and broke open his locked desk and files. They seized all his papers and tapes. Apparently frightened by what might be exposed in an investigation, Hearst then tried to sever all possible legal connection with the late John Clements. His terminally-ill (bone cancer) wife was even denied a pension by the company her husband had served for more than 40 years. Harassed, terrified, Mrs. Clements wants it known that she has destroyed all the records and correspondence Clements kept in their Watergate apartment from which the Hearsts have now evicted her.

The wanderers of the world must regret the passing of the old Gran Hotel in Managua, demolished in the 1972 Nicaraguan earthquake. It was a monument to a dying era. Grim, stolid and ugly on the outside, the rooms were just as bad inside; the service was poor, the food terrible. Still, for years it was about the only real hotel in town and was usually crowded with foreigners. For

Below: William Randolph Hearst, grandfather of Patty Hearst and scion of a huge publishing empire, utilized his International News Service as a private intelligence agency.



"It was a curious relationship," Roman said. "It wasn't a father-son thing, by any means, but he was childless and he had a sort of paternal interest in keeping me alive and out of jail and things like that. He also taught me a lot. I reciprocated to some extent. I funnelled a lot of information to

that reason, and because it was also one of the biggest buildings in Managua, it was occasionally seized by rebels who held the guests hostages.

But it was the lobby of the Gran that made it an institution. A huge high ceiling with overhead fans that actually

battled somewhat successfully with Managua's numbing heat. Thirty or forty tiny tables were clustered among parrot cages, strolling peacocks, an occasional marimba band, the service bar, the hotel desk, and anything else Mr. and Mrs. Jacobsen, the managers, could think of to add to the scene. Once, possibly to baffle the guests, they dragged into the lobby a giant tree stump. For a while there was also an ambling ape; he had to go when he started biting people and pulling out the birds' feathers.

But it was the human zoo that was most fascinating. They came from everywhere and for every possible reason. Crop duster pilots like grizzled "Lucky" Penny down from Texas, high-priced whores up from Argentina, political exiles huddled over little bottles of thick, black coffee, would-be speculators who wanted to open casinos in the Corn Islands, treasure hunters who

*U.S. participation in
Diablo was not even
wanted.*

had heard there was gold buried along the Rio Coco, European arms dealers angling for an interview with one of the Somozas, foreign newsmen in to cover the latest guerrilla uprising, fishermen eager for a shot at Lake Nicaragua's freshwater sharks — people of both sexes able and eager to offer you any type of goods or services. All that was lacking was a sweating Sidney Greenstreet and a mumbling Peter Lorre.

But they were the transient trade. More important were the Gran regulars. There you'd find the giant Hungarian, Lazlo Pataky, ex-everything — ex-Foreign Legionnaire, ex-colonel in the Israeli Army, ex-commander of Pres. Teodoro Picado's bodyguard during Costa Rica's 1948 revolution, ex-gunrunner and ex-a few other occupations that a friend shouldn't mention. There would be American coffee and cotton planters in sweaty khakis; perhaps most spectacular was the massive gringo who had a finca near Matagalpa. Once when he was at Managua's Las Mercedes airport he was accused of peeing on the Nicaraguan flag flying there — which would have been a mighty feat since the flagpole is 50 feet high. He was attacked by a mob. In a fight which wrecked the terminal building, he cracked a score or more of skulls and walked out on two feet. The incident became a local legend.

An ever more legendary regular in the Gran Lobby was Jerry DeLarme, who had flown in the same Costa Rican revolution. He had piloted a DC-3 with two machineguns poking through the floor. It was the beginning of a rather

spectacular career as a flier of fortune, but, like Lazlo, DeLarme picked the wrong side in the Costa Rican caper. But he was to be a blazing success in an operation organized by another Gran Hotel regular. DeLarme's future employer was named John Clements.

Clements was hardly a natural for the Gran lobby. He looked square — literally: stocky body, square Irish face topped by a flat crewcut of stiff white hair. His outlook on life was also essentially square; he was strictly honest, highly moral, considered himself a businessman, and was as deeply patriotic as a colonel of Marines, which he was during World War II. But he was also essentially a soldier of fortune, an outlaw like the rest of us, and the man who set in motion the operation known as "Diablo," the conspiracy to overthrow the Communist-dominated Jacobo Arbenz government of Guatemala.

A Guatemalan Government spokesman charged January 29, 1954: "The conspiracy to overthrow the Guatemalan government, known to the plotters as Diablo, has Nicaragua as its base.

"General headquarters is in Managua. Operational headquarters is at Puerto Cabezas on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast. Saboteurs, assassins and other terrorists are being trained on the estate of President Anastasio Somoza, Tamarindo, and secret radio stations are being set up in the Nicaraguan capital. The Nicaraguan government is collaborating with the Castillo Armas group, the United States, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Venezuela, and the United Fruit Co. In alliance with Guatemalan revolutionaries, they are planning to unleash a reign of terror."

The charge was substantially true. A shaky international coalition was preparing to take action against the Communist-controlled regime of Guatemalan president Jacobo Arbenz. The coup had the blessings of President Eisenhower. The meeting at which Eisenhower green-lighted the operation

*For years, the Hearst
operation was the only
real American
intelligence service . . .*

has been described by former Kentucky Senator Thurston B. Morton, then Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations.

The President called the nation's top political and military leaders to a White House conference. Present were Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson, Central Intelligence Agency chief Allen Dulles, the Joint Chiefs of Staff: Adm. Arthur W. Radford, Adm. Robert B. Carney, Gen. Matthew Ridgeway and Gen. Nathan Twining.

"When the plans were laid to overthrow the Communist government of Guatemala," Morton recalled, "I remember his (Eisenhower) saying:

Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, chosen by Clements to be the revolutionary leader and new President of Guatemala. He was subsequently assassinated even though warned in advance.



'Are you sure this thing is going to succeed?' And everybody in the room said, 'Yes, it is bound to,' and they gave their reasons. And he said, 'I am prepared to take any steps . . . to see that it succeeds, for if it succeeds it is the people of Guatemala throwing off the yoke of Communism; if it fails, the flag of the U.S. has failed.'

The foregoing statement is bullshit.

U.S. participation in Diablo was not even wanted. When the U.S. finally did join in, its participation was belated and minimal. Washington's main contribution was money. Over the years the Company has quietly taken credit for ousting the Arbenz regime; the fact is that the only Americans directly involved were privateers, outlaws, not a Fed among them.

There were two people directly

responsible for Diablo. One was John Clements, who died in New York of a heart attack in July 1975, and Gen. Anastasio Somoza, President of Nicaragua, assassinated October 1956. Somoza, particularly, opposed U.S. intervention; he merely wanted pledges of non-interference from Washington. The U.S. did get in on the act eventually but its only important role, apart from money, was in supplying two badly needed replacement aircraft. Arms were also airlifted in but were never used.

An incredible array of other outsiders



Guatemalan peasants, hastily recruited as "extras" for the Hearst-Clements production, fumble with their bolt-action Mosin-Nagant M1891-30 rifles for the photographer.

did get involved in the Guatemalan revolution. Apart from Clements and Somoza, there was Gen. Marcos Perez Jimenez of Venezuela — he put in a bundle of his oil money — Generalissimo Trujillo, who had a handy spy network that covered the Caribbean, a very shaky Honduran government, Washington lobbyists like Thomas Corcoran, friendly U.S. Congressmen, American soldiers of fortune of the old breed — and, above all, the global organization of the Hearst empire.

That's right — the Hearst empire, William Randolph Hearst. The Hearsts must have a thing for private armies. But while Patty Hearst was only a private in the so-called Symbionese Liberation Army, grandpa William Randolph was commander in chief of a private global

intelligence network based primarily on the old International News Service and with plenty of contract mercenaries on tap. Chief of staff was Hearst Corporation vice president John Clements. For years, the Hearst operation was the only real American intelligence service and even long after the CIA was established it was basically non-functional in Latin America.

This story could never be told in Clements' lifetime. He wouldn't permit it. Now it can and should. It's the James Bondish story of a one-of-a-kind "public relations" firm — John Clements Associates — and a client who wandered in one day. The client was an official of the United Fruit Company and he had heard that there were public-relations people in the Hearst Building at 959 Eighth Avenue in Manhattan who offered unusual services. He was right; when you retained John Clements as your PR man, it was like renting a war machine.

The history of the thing began back in 1934. Old WR, "the Chief," thought the sky was falling in — world-wide depression, surging fascism and Communism. And the United States had no intelligence service. The lord of San Simeon castle was not one to do things in a small way and he decided to organize his own undercover agency. It would serve both the Hearst organization and the country. It would be called a "public relations agency" because neither Hearst nor anybody else has ever figured out what "public relations" means (that includes me and I work for a PR firm; at least that's what it says on my businesscard.)

The Chief selected a bright young reporter to head the corporation: John Clements. Not much effort was made to conceal the fact that it was a Hearst enterprise and that factor also helped attract a small clientele of people in top government and business circles. Basically, Clements relied on a world-wide network of International News Service correspondents, stringers and contacts. They forwarded reports to the Hearst Building for analysis and compilation into in-depth studies. The

The CIA and State Department were completely passive as the situation in Guatemala and all Central America rapidly deteriorated.

material was then put into the hands of what was probably the world's most select list of the power elite.

Long before the term became current, Jack had the theory that there was really an "establishment." There was, he was

convinced, a hard core of about 50 really key decision-makers in the United States. Expanding on that nucleus there were about 750 other top establishmentarians — get enough of them on your team and you have it made. There were people in government, business, the press, finance, civic groups and so forth. Clements developed his list and cultivated contacts with his shakers and movers for nearly 40 years.

"What you have to have in any major project you're pushing," Jack used to say, "is a Bible." What he meant is that you had to come up with a single document packed with pertinent facts succinctly outlining whatever position you're trying to put across. One such "Bible" was a 221-page mimeographed publication entitled "Report on Guatemala - 1952."

Bickering and rivalry reach lethal proportions.

The report was commissioned by the United Fruit Company. Its huge holdings in Guatemala were being imperiled by the country's headlong rush into far leftist extremism. And it wanted that report placed in the hands of Clements' blue chip list. Fee paid: \$35,000.

Clements took off for Central America, the first stop being Nicaragua for the first of many sessions with the older Tacho Somoza. They formed an immediate partnership. Clements and his associates then studied Guatemala, conferred with officials in the other countries, then returned to New York to produce the report.

The document eventually became a spectacular success and is a classic example of how the U.S. Government itself can be made a "proxy" and not vice versa. Word for word, it was used in the State Department's 1954 "White Paper" on Guatemala, the State Department's report on "Intervention of International Communism in Guatemala," in speeches and reports to the United Nations and other official documentation. But it was to be much later that the official agencies incorporated the material presented to them by private intelligence. CIA and State tagged along — reluctantly — at a very late date in Diablo. Meanwhile, Clements made clear, they knew very little of what was going on in Central America — and didn't want to know.

The CIA and State Department was completely passive as the situation in Guatemala and all Central America rapidly deteriorated. Guatemala was increasingly being used as a base to

continued on page 28

ANGOLA FLASHBACKS

A. J. Venter Views The Confusing Events That Culminated In A Communist Victory

The Angolan debacle — a civil war which reached international proportions, has ended with a serious defeat for the West. Artillery and ground battles reached Middle East proportions and the death rate is estimated in authoritative circles to be well over 100,000.

For the most part the Angolan war was a confused mass of facts and contradictions with front lines moving forward and backward in almost organized disarray. One town in the northern sector, Caxito, was captured and recaptured no less than 16 times in four months.

But every war spawns anecdotes and Angola is no exception although some of the tales are more credible than others.

Take the story of General Bombo. Commanding a force of 4,000 Katangese who have spent almost a decade in self-imposed exile in Angola, General Bombo and his men suddenly threw in their lot with the communist-backed MPLA.

Totally opposed to General Mobutu who for years has planned and threatened their destruction, the Katangese move seemed logical enough at first, even though much of the time these former Congolese soldiers fought in their homeland during the early 60's they were opposed to communist-backed Simba rebels.

These same Katangese had once fought under the banner of South African mercenaries led by the mercurial "Mad Mike" Hoare and they were a welcome and needed addition to the MPLA.

The truth of how they came to MPLA allegiance is almost farcical but graphically illustrates the changing fortunes of war, for the Katangese played a stirring role in propping up MPLA defenses before the Cubans and Russians arrived in force.

General Bombo, a mercenary at heart, was amenable to any offer during the early days of conflict. He owed trust to no one and would have fought for the highest bidder. First on the scene was Dr. Jonas Savimbi of UNITA who desperately needed a hard core fighting force to counter MPLA gains.

General Bombo said he would fight for the cause if Dr. Savimbi would deposit \$500,000 in a Belgian bank of his choice. Of this figure the general would get 10 per cent; his men would share the balance. But UNITA was bankrupt.

MPLA intelligence meanwhile, being far superior to anything either UNITA or the FNLA could muster, heard of the offer. Within days they clinched a deal with Bombo and his 4,000 Katangese and all came under MPLA command.

This small though highly trained and mobile force succeeded in beating a number of combined UNITA and FNLA assaults on the town of Luso for almost four months, inflicting heavy casualties on the anti-communist forces.

The winds of war, fanned by the international community shifted from South East Asia to the west coast of Africa. Like a bush fire out of control this growing internecine struggle threatens to set all of Africa ablaze.

The line-up, imperceptible at first as more than two dozen nations jockeyed for position, reached insane proportions, involving not only the Great Powers but many smaller countries as well, including the Republic of South Africa.

The roll call for the MPLA read like a quorum at an international communist rally; Russia, Cuba, Algeria, Bulgaria, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, North Vietnam, Libya amongst others, as well as a few of the more radical black states including Congo-Brazza (which is used as

a base for Russian supplies) Mozambique, Tanzania, Guine-Bissau, Sakou Toure's Marxist Guinea Republic and, more recently, Nigeria, a nation whose military leaders threatened to send troops to Angola to fight "racist South African troops."

Other states known to have provided financial aid to Dr. Agostinho Neto's radical MPLA movement include Denmark, Sweden, Holland and Finland.

For their part the Western-orientated UNITA and FNLA armies — known collectively as the Allies — gathered together a strange array of partners. Apart from the United States and South Africa, British interests gave UNITA more than \$10 million in financial aid during the last two months of 1974.

President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire provided the Allies with bases, training establishments, part of his regular army together with artillery, armoured cars and other equipment for the thrust from the north.

Like the Americans the French pumped in as much hardware as the electorate would allow while president Kenneth Kaunda allowed UNITA to operate an external headquarters in his Lusaka capital.

Also active with the allied UNITA-FNLA forces to varying degrees of commitment were such unlikely stablemates as Tunisia and Communist China as well as North Korea and Rumania, ostensibly, another communist state.

Each one of these nations played a role in the bitter and continuing war of attrition. For almost a year Peking provided the bulk of the weapons and munitions used by Holden Roberto's often flagging FNLA army. Although denials by the Chinese that they were



South African troops, located in southern Angola, receive a patrol order in a "Beau Geste" type fort. South African units remain in Angola protecting a hydroelectric installation.

involved in the war were commonplace (and often heated, especially at the United Nations), Mao's merchandise streamed in until toward the end.

Like China, North Korea also cornered a stake in the action. North Korean militiamen and instructors, including some of the most experienced veterans in the North Korean Army, provided the FNLA and the Zairean armed forces with tough but subsequently futile training.

Both the Tunisians and the Rumanians provided logistical aid, mainly within the framework of UNITA activity. Informed circles stated that a fair proportion of the unmarked aircraft flying in supplies to Huambo, the Allied capital in the Central Highlands (formerly Nova Lisboa), were Tunisian.

But in the shadow of war there were other forces at work, including a sizeable number of former Portuguese veterans, many of them Angolan born who lost everything and who apparently had nothing more to lose by backing the anti-communist cause. Many of these men spent years fighting terrorists in the African bush and, in spite of reports to the contrary, a number proved their mettle under fire.

Although classed as mercenaries, those Portuguese were not the true mercenary as depicted by the media; although these were also represented, the majority having been recruited in France, Britain and other African countries.

UNITA troops and white mercs await orders to load up and lift off somewhere in southern Angola. Trooper in foreground is armed with Heckler & Koch Model 21 belt-fed machine gun.



SOLDIER OF FORTUNE



Portuguese merc with H & K assault rifle "takes 10" during heavy fighting in southern Angola. Most Portuguese mercs fought with the anti-Communist forces.



These poorly trained and under-equipped FNLA troops with their FN assault rifles, proved no match for Cuban troops armed with 122mm rockets and T-54 tanks. Note Portuguese merc at right.

One of the more prominent true mercenary participants in Angola was a swashbuckling hero of a number of African campaigns, including the Congo and Biafra. Colonel Bob Denard headed a sizeable mercenary strike force ranged against MPLA positions in Cabinda which was soundly defeated by the MPLA and their Marxist allies.

Operating out of neighboring Gabon, to the north of the oil-rich enclave, Col. Denard and his toughnecks fought with FLEC, the Cabindan movement which demanded independence for the territory. Reports have it that Denard and his forces were financed by Parisian interests.

Probably the biggest irony of the Angolan war was that the two most prominent leaders with the opposing MPLA and FNLA forces were white Portuguese.

Holden Roberto's top commander was Colonel Santos E. Castro, a stocky blue-eyed man with a black beret at an angle over his thinning grey hair and a pistol belted around his faded blue denim fatigues.



Two Portuguese merc officers with UNITA forces. Portuguese mercs, who had seen extensive service in both Mozambique and Angola, fought with the MPLA as well as UNITA and FNLA.

Colonel Castro was the former Portuguese commando leader who created — in Colonial times — the Portuguese commando battalions and later formed the "fleshas" (arrows), the black Angolan shock troops used against the liberation movements active in the disputed territory.

The MPLA counterpart to Colonel Castro was another former Portuguese regular officer known only as General Juju. Born in the Nova Lisboa region of Angola and roughly the same age as the FNLA commander, General Juju embraced communism early in his career and played a major role in helping in the establishment of a conventional MPLA military force known as FAPLA (Forces Armadas Populares Libertacao de Angola).

More than any other factor it was Soviet equipment which allowed MPLA forces to achieve their moderate gains towards the end of 1975 and totally defeat the anti-communist forces by the end of February 1976.

continued on page 66

SOF Interviews

A Nam Vet

SOF: Why did you decide to go to Angola?

M: I wanted to get a crack at the Russians and Cubans; also for the money.

SOF: What happened as you processed through customs in Kinshasa?

M: We flew to Kinshasa, Zaire via New York City, Paris and Nice. It cost me about \$30 in bribes to clear customs. I don't know how much it cost the other guys. Just about everybody paid a little bit. A couple of guys were picked up because they didn't have adequate shots. Customs officials took them into another room, supposedly to give them shots on the spot. They paid the customs officials a few bucks and were squared away. I don't think they even got any shots. None of us had visas. But because we declared ourselves with the FNLA, they kept our passports and went ahead and let us in the country with departure cards. At that time, if you were with the FNLA they let you in, no sweat. It's just that it cost you a little bit of money.

SOF: Were you met at the airport by anyone?

M: No. There was a total lack of communication.

SOF: How did you identify yourself as being with the FNLA?

M: Approaching Zaire the steward gave us a form to fill out — your residence, passport number, citizen, place of birth, reason for visiting, etc. We all noted that we were soldiers and that we were with the FNLA. We then gave our forms to the custom officials.

SOF: What happened after you processed through customs?



SOF has been monitoring the merc situation in Africa for the past year. Consequently, we were extremely interested and intrigued by the reports of several hundred Americans serving in Angola. We have since determined that said reports were nothing less or more than pure unadulterated bullshit. To the best of our knowledge, no more than seven Americans managed to find their way to FNLA headquarters in Kinshasa, Zaire. Less than two weeks after their arrival, five were reported killed. We established contact with one American Nam vet of the seven who joined the FNLA who agreed to give us an exclusive report. For obvious reasons, he desires to remain anonymous. We will simply refer to him as "M" throughout the interview.

M is 25; served in Nam in '69-'70 as an E-4. The first four months of his tour were with the Fifth Mech as a tanker; the last eight months with Company P, 75th Rangers during which time he was awarded a Bronze Star with "V" Device and the usual "ash and trash." He's bitter about our pull-out in Vietnam . . . lost three close friends and about 25 other "good friends." Back in the States, M is looking for work again while keeping his eyes open for merc opportunities.

FNLA Merc

M: I had some porters carry all the luggage out about 20 feet and that cost me ten bucks. The seven of us jumped into two taxicabs and took off for downtown Kinshasa where the FNLA headquarters was.

SOF: What happened when you arrived at headquarters?

M: We went inside and waited for General Garcia. He really wasn't a general, that was just a title. The consensus was that you couldn't really trust him and that he wasn't competent; he was just an aide to FNLA President Holden Roberto. Garcia finally showed up and took us to the Palace Hotel. While having dinner we overheard some British mercs talking very openly about the executions. One of our guys got scared. He took off, went to the American embassy and turned himself in and was telling them all about us and how cruel we were and how we were going to kill him and all this shit. He really got psyched out.

SOF: What happened?

M: The U.S. Embassy tried to get us deported. Finally the FNLA agreed to give him money to return to the U.S. The American embassy took the attitude, "The rest of you can stay, but we don't want to know anything about you and if anything happens you're on your own." That kinda deal.

SOF: What was the background of this guy who went home?

M: I don't know but he had to be some helluva pansy.

SOF: Well what happened after dinner?

M: While we were there Nick Hall came in. He was the administrator for the

mercenaries. He coordinated the British recruiting for the FNLA. He stayed in Kinshasa. And he had somehow worked himself into a position of confidence with President Roberto. We returned to FNLA headquarters where we had our initial briefing on the situation.

SOF: And what did the briefing consist of?

M: Hall told us what supplies were available; described the deteriorating military situation.

SOF: What was the reaction to the briefing by the Americans?

M: We thought, "My God, we've just arrived and the war is already lost. And we don't have anything to fight with."

SOF: Elaborate.

M: The Cubans were advancing on all fronts with T-54 tanks and supporting infantry. We had seven Americans and approximately 50 British mercenaries. All the rest of the British had been killed or were going home. All we had to fight the T-54s were LAWs, which according to the Brits were ineffective, 3.5 rocket launchers but no rounds, 4.2 mortars but no rounds, 81mm mortars, but no rounds.

SOF: How many 4.2's?

M: We had two 4.2s and five 3.5's. We received 12 more 3.5's but still no ammo.

SOF: Where did the launchers come from?

M: The 3.5's and most of the equipment were in crates with Chinese markings. Some of the equipment was U.S.

SOF: Such as . . .

M: We had some TOW type missiles.

SOF: Did you ever get any of those into operation?

M: Nobody knew anything about 'em. Some mercs fooled with them but they almost got themselves killed, because we had no way of launching them.

SOF: Did you have any explosives?

M: Basically no. There were a few blasting caps, but they were electrical and we didn't have any batteries. Unless the guys would take the battery out of the truck and detonate it and then put the battery back in the truck and take off.

SOF: What happened after your briefing?

M: We waited for President Mobutu to make an appearance. He finally showed up, told us how glad he was that we came. Then we went to the Intercontinental Hotel in Kinshasa where we all got rooms. Everything was free; the rooms, booze, food, anything you wanted you got for free.

SOF: How about broads?

M: There weren't any worth wanting. Anyway, we weren't in the mood. We had come to fight.

SOF: What happened next?

M: The next day we fooled around drinking, talking to the Brits. They were going home, some of them because they were scared, some because they were wounded, others because of the executions.

SOF: What did they say about the actions they had participated in?

M: The general consensus was that the war would be easy to win if they had something to hit the T-54s with. Not tanks but just anti-tank weapons. They said every time the Cuban troops were fired on they ran or jumped in ditches and hid — wouldn't leave the road.

SOF: Did the Brits engage in any fire fights with the Cubans?

M: Yes. The Brits usually set up some type of ambush. Of course they didn't have enough men, adequate supplies, or equipment to execute an ambush of the type needed for what the Cubans had equipment-wise.

SOF: How many Cubans were in a column?

M: The Cubans never advanced without tanks. Usually a column would consist of three to six tanks supported by 150 to 600 infantry.

SOF: What type of tactical movement did they utilize?

M: A bulldozer, which had an armored compartment for the operator, would lead the column. The blade would plow up the road to detonate any land mines. The infantry never got off the road more than a few meters. At night they pulled into a tight perimeter.

SOF: What could have been accomplished if you had had ammo for your crew-served weapons?

M: Oh my God! What we could have done with one well trained mortar crew and a

hundred rounds of 81mm. We could have, would have torn them apart. We could have turned the war around!

SOF: Why no ammo?

M: We never did get a satisfactory answer. We knew that the FNLA's major supply bases had been overrun before any of the mercs arrived.

SOF: Did they make any attempts at sniping at the Cubans?

M: No, there were no weapons effective for sniping.

SOF: What was the background of the other American mercs?

M: One was Special Forces, another was a Marine who had three tours in Nam. The guy who basically got us over there, I guess you would say, he was more or less just a pilot. The most I ever found out about him was that any ground action he had was when he had been shot down and was running for his life. Another had been a professional cop until he got shot up while he was on the force. He was collecting some kind of compensation.

SOF: What happened the second day?

M: The first day we were screwing around, the second day screwing around again, but we're getting impatient. We told Nick Hall we wanted to know what's going on, we want to get going, we don't want to stay here, we want to get down to Angola. So the third day we got our first pay. Everybody got paid a thousand dollars.

SOF: Who paid you?

M: Nick Hall. From the way I understand it, there were only two people in the FNLA who had access to money. That was President Roberto and Hall. About this time, my buddy and myself were unhappy. We felt that we were being jacked around by the recruiter.

SOF: Jacked around in what respect?

M: He screwed over us. That's a book in itself. He was not actually an official recruiter for the FNLA but he was trying to work himself into such a position. And in the course of so doing, he used people. He used me and my buddy in his attempt to become an FNLA recruiter. He cost me my job. He cost us a lot of money and had jacked us round for a month and half in the States before we actually got to Angola.

After we got paid, I explained to my buddy what the recruiter had done.

SOF: Elaborate.

M: When he first contacted me in early January, he claimed he was an official recruiter for the FNLA, which, I later found out, was pure bullshit.

After several weeks, he sent a telegram to General Garcia claiming that he could recruit 1000 American vets.

SOF: How did he establish contact with Garcia?

M: I don't know. He said he made contact with the FNLA when the Portuguese pulled out of Angola last fall.

SOF: Could the recruiter produce 1000 volunteers?

M: Hell no! I knew that was bullshit because I'd been with him the whole time. I was familiar with how many men were available and what their qualifications were.

Anyway, he sent the telegram to Garcia at a time when they needed guys bad over there. A lot of the Brit mercs recruited turned out to be 17-year-old kids, 53-year-old men, many of whom had never fired a gun in their lives. Naturally, when all of a sudden they're told they could get 1000 mercs from America, they were impressed.

The FNLA told the recruiter to bring over whoever he could. So he started telling guys to pay their own way over and they would be reimbursed on arrival in Kinshasa as he was an official recruiter.

"B" had already taken the cop for about \$4000 as the cop let B use his credit card for airfare and expenses.

SOF: Flying B over?

M: Yea. B promised to pay the cop back right away. He never did. There were others of us that B had cost money, too. I was the only one that I know of that B paid the way over. I think the only reason he was willing to pay my way was because I was the one who organized and maintained the files.

SOF: Where did he obtain the money to pay airfare?

M: He and the cop flew over first. They were the first two Americans over there, from what I understand, period. When they went over neither one had gone down to Angola. They were just in Kinshasa. They'd both been paid \$2000. They agreed to pool their money to bring over more volunteers. When B returned to the States, he told me that he sent \$1000 home and used the remaining \$3000 plus his expense money from the FNLA, which was nominal, to take guys over. But B did not send any money to the cop's wife.

After we got paid the cop came up to my room and asked my buddy and I if we

had been screwed by B. During the following conversation it started coming out just how much and to what degree B had abused and deceived everyone. The three of us decided that we were going to get with the other Americans and find out how much jacking around they had suffered. There were six of us left besides B, right?

B was supposed to return to the States the next day with FNLA money and recruit. It was at that point that they were going to hire him as a recruiter.

When you're in a deal like this, you have to adopt basically whatever government you're fighting for as your government while you're there, right? Our feeling was that this guy is going to be representing us, and he's jacking us off, he's screwing us. Not just personally but also the people we're working for.

So we decided we were going to find out what's going on before he leaves with the FNLA's money. We opened up his bag that he was taking back, and found an Israeli UZI and two 9mm pistols.

We took the weapons out and went up to my room, went out and got B and held him at gunpoint while the cop and myself interrogated him. We told him he had screwed us and we weren't gonna let him go back to the United States. We couldn't leave him in Kinshasa because he'd just screw things up for us there because he was so screwed up himself and that the only alternative was that he was definitely going to be going down to Angola.

His plans were not to go to Angola unless it would be as a pilot. We decided in the room that he was going to do down to Angola all right, but as a grunt. But since nobody wanted to fight with him, we didn't really know what to do. The only thing we could do was decide he was going to Angola.

We went down and got Nick Hall because a lot of doubt had been cast on him. He always carried this little black pouch containing a loaded pistol and money. The feeling was that he was ripping off our government, the FNLA. So we didn't know how to handle him. At that time B and Hall were rooming together, so we thought that they might be in together. So we got 'em both up there and I told Hall to empty out his bag and see what was left in there. He did have money but it was just the right amount for two guys who had not been paid. We had no reason to suspect him but we really didn't trust him.

That evening, we went to Holden Roberto's palace, which was right across the street from President Mobutu. It was up on the high side of the hill from Mobutu, and nowhere as classy. At dusk we got suited up, got our guns and equipment. We took off in two taxicabs with Roberto leading in his car to a rendezvous with a convoy going to Angola.

We took off in three cars down through Zaire towards the border and short of the border a little ways we stopped — it was like in the wee hours of the morning — we slept in the cab. About four or five o'clock in the morning the convoy came. There was an armored car, and one deuce and a half loaded with ammunition, another deuce and half with ammunition towing a 105 howitzer. And then there was a Land Rover. Everybody jumps on the trucks or Land Rover.

My buddy and I jumped on the armored car. Its ammo wasn't hooked up, so I couldn't talk with the driver. The rest of the convoy dropped behind. I'm not really sure where we are but we're way out in the countryside, and I don't even know if we're in Angola or what, and there's nobody else around. I finally climbed down the front, made him stop, and I went out in front of the armored car a little ways and pulled a listening post, until the convoy caught up with us. The armored car wasn't running right, so finally after jacking around with it we just ditched it. Then we hopped on the two trucks and the Land Rover and we took off and landed up in Sao Salvador.

SOF: And what happened when you got there?

M: When we arrived the merc commander, Colonel Mac, had the whole FNLA forces inside one courtyard located at the edge of town. I couldn't understand why he was doing it that way instead of covering the whole town. He had us all inside this walled area, which was like a death trap. There was only one entrance to it.

SOF: How many troops were there?

M: There was us Americans, about 50 Brit mercs, about 15 Portuguese and probably 100 blacks.

SOF: That's all there were?

M: Yeah. There were more blacks in the field that were under FNLA. And there were some more Portuguese. I'd say probably, about 10-20 at the most. But the Ports weren't effective anyway. The Ports we had inside Sao Salvador operated two Chinese T-34 tanks. The tanks were ineffective; they never went into combat from what I understand. They had had them for two weeks and they looked like they'd gone through three wars. We sacked out on the floor of a huge mansion that was being built for the former Portuguese provincial minister.

SOF: Then what happened?

M: The first day we got down there we didn't do much. We had two briefings by Colonel Mac. One briefing described the

situation, which was while we were up in Kinshasa they had lost San Antonio. They had lost Tomboko, took it back, and lost it again. The situation at that time was the Cubans were coming up around north of us and already, basically, had us encircled. And they were suspected of trying to pinch us off at the north. So that was the briefing of the situation.

SOF: What about the second briefing?

M: The next briefing was on our basic plan of action. And that was, if we were encircled, how we were gonna break out. Which made us feel real good.

The code name for it was "Break Out." There was no reciprocating code word. If we broke out and it was dark and you came across someone they called for a code word, you said "Break Out" and they let you through. The idea was that if we got cut off and they attacked us at Sao Salvador we would break out of Sao Salvador and take off running through the bush north to the border. We would then establish a base in Zaire and run guerrilla operations into Angola.

SOF: What happened after the briefing?

M: Keep in mind this whole time we hadn't even fired our weapons yet. We don't even know if they fire. So the next day we were told to go around with all the equipment but there wasn't a whole lot to familiarize ourselves with.

SOF: What kind of equipment was there?

M: We had one 105 howitzer, a 106 recoilless, two T-34 tanks, we had the TOW missiles about which there was nothing we could familiarize ourselves, we had the LAWs. We had some mortar tubes, but no rounds for them.

SOF: Was there any explanation from Colonel Mac or Hall, why they didn't have ammunition for these weapons?

M: They said that during the early part of the war that everything was down south and had been captured by the Cubans.

SOF: Did they say why there had been no resupply?

M: No.

SOF: Did they explain?

M: No.

SOF: Did they have any speculation?

M: They blamed it on the U.S. Congress.

SOF: What happened then?

M: Later on that day we were told that two Americans were coming down and we were supposed to have a complete list of every bit of equipment we had to give them so that they would know the situation and so that they would be able to take care of the situation.

SOF: Did they give you any more information on these Americans?

M: Well, they tried to make it very vague, but it was also quite apparent that they were telling us that they were CIA.

SOF: Did they ever show up?

M: They were supposed to show up the next day. I don't know if they did or not. The third day the Americans were split up. They were bound and determined not to have the Americans together.

SOF: Who was?

M: Colonel Mac.

SOF: Why?

M: He just didn't want the Americans together. He felt like we wanted to remain a separate force or whatever. We knew each other so naturally we wanted to stay together. But it didn't make a whole lot of difference, but it sorta pissed us off.

SOF: What was his background?

M: He was in Borneo. I don't know if he was an officer. He really didn't seem capable of being the commander in the field in a mercenary war. He seemed very capable as a company commander. And that's only under a well-disciplined army. That was his main hangup, he was not really geared, I don't think, mentally, for a mercenary war. I was growing a beard and he was making us shave. At one of our briefings he told us to get our minds geared for guerrilla operations and then two hours later he's telling us to shave! The third day we were split up and sent with different units. Some of the Americans were told to beef up the perimeter.

SOF: Why were they doing that?

M: One American was pissed off because there was nobody even standing guard except at the front gate. After he bitched about this, he and two other Americans were designated to form a perimeter guard around the town with black troops.

SOF: What did the rest of you do?

M: B went off with some other Brits. He seemed very leery of us other Yanks. Of course we were of him too. Anyway, that

third day another Yank and I were sent out on patrol with three Brits, an Angolan, and another Angolan that was the head black for the FNLA in the field. He was also the black advisor to Colonel Mac. We went on a recon and we went out to Quiende, towards Tomboko, which had been taken over by the Cubans. Our mission was to muster all the black troops, check out their weapons and equipment, organize them, and send them out on patrol to establish an advanced warning system.

SOF: How many were there?

M: I'd guess 150 armed blacks in that village. While we were organizing them, another patrol with B came up behind us and stopped and talked to us. They had entered a village near Tomboko where they found blacks that had been killed by the Cubans because they had fought for the FNLA.

SOF: Had they been executed?

M: The villagers told our patrol the Cubans had just taken a random selection and executed them, because they knew that the village had been controlled by the FNLA at one time.

SOF: How many did they kill?

M: About 20. It was a small village.

SOF: What happened next?

M: About five o'clock I was told to put B under armed guard and relieve him of his weapons as he was to be court-martialed. We Americans wanted him to be charged for misrepresenting himself as an FNLA recruiter. However, he was tried and convicted for misappropriation of FNLA property and fined \$200.

SOF: What types of personal weapons were available?

M: Either Israeli UZI's, M2 carbines, or FN assault rifles. I took an M2, another American took an M2, two others FN's and three chose UZI's.

SOF: Why did you select an M2?

M: Because there was plenty of ammo. I felt the FN's were too bulky for the bush.

SOF: How well-trained were the black FNLA troops you came in contact with?

M: They weren't! For instance, apparently someone impressed upon them the necessity of keeping dirt out of the barrels of their weapons. So they had rammed cloth all the way down the barrels! One dude had a cleaning rod with brush stuffed in his barrel and

wrapped cloth over the flash suppressor to keep it in place.

SOF: Were you able to remedy this problem?

M: We tried. We took all the troops out in an open field and divided them up into groups according to what types of weapons they had. We then divided all the ammo and magazines up evenly. One guy would have ten magazines, another would have only one. Some of them didn't carry their spare magazines with them and we tried to impress upon them the necessity of keeping their magazines with them at all times. We told them to take their magazines with them even when they went to take a shit.

SOF: What types of weapons were they carrying?

M: The troops, if you could call them that, in one village were armed with SKS's, AK47's and FN's. One trooper was carrying an M2 but had no ammo for it. He did, however, have five FN magazines.

SOF: Had they fired their weapons?

M: The impression I got was that a lot of them had never fired a gun in their life. We were afraid to have them test fire their weapons because we felt that even if it was their own weapons being fired, they were going to run.

SOF: What was your impression of Holden Roberto?

M: A very sincere individual. Of course there's a lot of con artists that appear pretty sincere, too. He was very sincere and well-liked by the blacks. Like at Sao Salvador, when he was there at camp, the locals were grouped outside the camp and yelling his name, "Long live the FNLA," and all that good shit. And he just went straight out into them, spent some time with them, talked to them. They were chanting, cheering, which was risky because we didn't know if the MPLA was nearby. He seemed to be a good leader-type individual. But then he also seemed to be the type who could be a con artist.

SOF: How did you communicate with the FNLA when you returned to the U.S.?

M: I was told to keep in touch in one of four ways. By Telex, by calling Nick Hall during the daytime, calling President Roberto at night, and the fourth choice and least desirable was calling General Garcia. And it was impressed on me that if I had to get ahold of General Garcia to

tell him as little as necessary, which gives an indication of his status. When I got back I sent a Telex and told them that it looked bleak as far as recruiting. A few days later I called Nick Hall and he said he had never received a Telex.

SOF: Did he elaborate?

M: No. He said they had given up Sao Salvador and headed back to Zaire to establish a base camp to start conducting guerrilla warfare. Then I sent another Telex shortly after that telling him to hurry up and wire me some money; that I had guys ready to go. And also that I had to get in touch with them in order to get their tickets. We were going to buy the tickets from New York to Zaire. So, no reply on the Telex, then I kept calling three different phone numbers. All I would get is some joker on the other side who said "Hello?, Hello?, Hello?," and that's the only English he could speak. One time I got across that nobody there at FNLA headquarters had ever heard of a Nick Hall. One time I talked to General Garcia and this was like talking to a brick wall, because he couldn't understand too well. He told me to call back later and I called back later and there was no Nick Hall and there was no General Garcia. Just a total runaround.

I called the President's palace and was told that the president would be in later. I kept calling. One time I spent all day calling, at least once every hour. Never got ahold of anybody. I even called the Intercontinental Hotel. I was told that B was registered in a room on the first floor and that he wasn't around. I left a message. I called back about five hours later and they said there was no B registered in a room on the first floor and that he wasn't around. I left a message. I called back about five hours later and they said there was no B registered and that there was someone else in that room and it was not him. They called that room and the party said they didn't know any B. I told them to call room 106, which was the permanent FNLA room and they said no FNLA but they went ahead and called the room, the people in there saying they knew no B or anything. It was at that point I started realizing I wasn't getting anywhere, and then I decided to go on over and find out what's going on.

SOF: And so you went to New York, and what happened when you got there?

M: I flew straight out of New York to Belgium and went down to Kinshasa. They wouldn't let me out of the airport. The customs officials wouldn't even let me call the embassy. They were going to make me get back on the plane which was going on down to Joburg. But I couldn't get back on the plane because I couldn't get a ticket. So the rep for

Sabina came out and tried to help me get in, but they wouldn't let me in because I was with the FNLA.

SOF: Did you tell them you were with the FNLA?

M: When we went down the first time, we got in by identifying ourselves as being with the FNLA, and everything was taken care of. So I go down there and tell them I'm with the FNLA and that blew it. The custom official said "No FNLA, no mercenaries allowed in." But if I told him I was a tourist and was only going to stay for 1 or 2 days he would have confiscated my passport and given me a departure card and let me stay. But he wouldn't let me change my story mid-stream. I offered him \$40 and he still wouldn't take that. Mobutu must have clamped down hard for him to refuse a \$40 bribe.

SOF: Are any mercs still operating with the FNLA?

M: The latest word I've got was that guerrilla operations are being run over there, but that most Brits who had been recruited were sent home. They've only kept a few guys, from what I understand.

SOF: What's your source?

M: From a guy who is over there.

SOF: An American or a Brit?

M: An American. And second hand information was relayed to me from another party. They are still running guerrilla operations but they are not taking any American mercenaries. There are two Americans still over there running the operations. Apparently three died over there, in Sao Salvador when they were surrounded.

SOF: Now B told an NBC reporter that five out of 6 Americans had been killed over there.

M: There's no way that story could have been true. Because at that time there were only five Americans there. And he was one of them. Well, if he wasn't dead then the maximum that could have been killed was four. But apparently another one of them is safe and still running operations, and that leaves three. And this friend of mine stated three had been killed.

SOF: Do you plan on giving merc work another shot?

M: It all depends on the deal.



Mad Dog Callan

A Merc Runs Amuck

In the middle of January, a recruiting program was kicked off in England to enlist British mercs for service with the FNLA in Angola.

A mysterious organization called Security Advisory Services (SAS) operating out of an office over a laundromat ran a series of ads in English newspapers for merc recruits. SAS was headed up by a trio of nefarious and or incompetent individuals — Leslie Aspin, John Banks and Norman Mervyn Hall.

Aspin is a former smuggler and double agent who negotiated an arms deal for the Irish Republican Army in 1973 and then tipped off the police.

The other partner in SAS is John Banks, a former British paratrooper claimed last summer that he was recruiting a group of mercs for operations against the Rhodesian government. The abortive venture attracted some 300 inquiries which were subsequently used for the initial merc recruitment for Angola.

Banks and Aspin were contacted by Norman Hall, a 24-year old former paratrooper who had been cashiered from the army after selling weapons to the Ulster Volunteer Force, an extremist Protestant Group in Northern Ireland. Hall, who had served as FNLA President Holden Roberto's personal chauffeur, arrived in Britain with \$25,000 in cash and a letter of accreditation signed by Roberto. Hall and the SAS representatives promised prospective recruits \$1200 per month with a \$1000 bonus for each enemy tank destroyed and \$5000 for each Russian captured.

Toward the end of January two charter flights carrying 93 British mercs flew from Britain to Kinshasa, Zaire. A week-and-a-half later, the merc "expeditionary force" was in total disarray, its surviving members on their way home to Britain. Morale and desire to fight had been destroyed by the brutal execution of 14 of their group by one of the merc leaders.

By the 10th of February, the survivors

of the SAS expedition straggled into Heathrow airport where they were interrogated by Scotland Yard's Serious Crimes Branch concerning Callan and the executions.

The individual responsible for the execution of the 14 British mercs was one Costas Georgiou, 25, a Greek born Londoner. In Angola, he operated under the nom de guerre of "Colonel Callan." He reportedly took the name "Callan" from the name of the hero of a TV spy series. Georgiou or Callan was a former British paratrooper who took part in an armed raid on a post office in Northern Ireland in 1972, for which he received a five year prison sentence.

Callan was described as a "fanatic" by other British mercs. One merc stated Callan and his two subordinates were psychopaths. Another merc stated Callan "... was completely ruthless and laughed while shooting people."

Returning mercs have accused him, besides being responsible for the execution of 14 British mercs, of:

- Executing eight MPLA prisoners by shooting them in the back of the head.

- Thrusting the muzzle of a sawed off shotgun into the mouth of an Angolan soldier and blowing his head off.

- Machine gunning 11 Angolans for rape and looting.

John Barry Freeman, a 29-year-old guardsman from the north of England, told the following story of the massacre:

"It was Saturday, January 31. The new recruits arrived at Maquella. Callan (the self-styled Colonel Callan) sorted them out and the blokes who didn't want to fight he put on one side.

"The ones who did want to fight were taken up front. He left the blokes who wouldn't fight behind at Maquella and told them he would be back to chop them.

"Then Callan left to go up front. That was Saturday tea time. A short while later I and another mercenary called Chris went back to Maquella from the front. We found the guys who'd been left behind holding a meeting in a house.

"We could see they were very frightened so Chris had a word with them and told them to sit tight and don't do anything silly. Then, if they did that, they would be all right.

"As we left we told them that if they saw trucks coming over the ridge above Maquella that night it was possibly us coming back for rations. If by some other chance they heard firing and then vehicles coming over the ridge just go steady and make sure it was the enemy and not us before firing.

"At about 10 p.m. that night, four of us were sent back to Maquella for rations and ammunition for the lads up front. On arriving at Maquella I told the driver, whose name was Tony, to go steady as the lads were very jittery.

"We crawled into Maquella and I stood up in the Land Rover, flashing a torch. We went around a corner when all of a sudden all hell was let loose. People were firing at us with small arms, grenades and an anti-tank rocket. Fortunately the rocket missed us.

"There was a lull in the firing and all four of us in the Land Rover started screaming that we were British, cease firing.

"Immediately (after) we finished shouting another six grenades were fired at us.

"We split up into pairs. One pair went back down the road to warn the lads at the front and myself and Chris circled Maquella to the Sao Salvador road as at that time we thought the MPLA had come down the back road and taken over the town of Maquella.

"The following morning we questioned villagers to see who was in Maquella, the FNLA, our side, or the communist MPLA.

"We found it was the FNLA. We sent a message into Maquella with a coloured man to say we wanted picking up on the road. They sent out a small Ferret-like tank to pick us up.

continued on page 65

continued from page 19
export revolution to her neighbors and they decided to act — with our without Washington's consent. John Clements Associates and their ill-assorted allies began to become operational.

In late 1953, Clements turned out another report, a 94-page scathing indictment of U.S. officialdom entitled "Report on Central America 1954" which, in essence, supported the thesis that unless the Communist regime was overthrown, the Kremlin would dominate all of Central America and the Panama Canal.

At this point, something clicked in Washington and the CIA moved in. It took charge of distributing the Clements reports to top government officials as the CIA's own. By mistake, one recipient, Vice President Richard Nixon received a copy still bearing the name John Clements Associates, 959 Eighth Avenue, on the cover.

Clements had already organized a small combat team of American pilots and a four-plane air force of aged P-47's. Most of the pilots were American residents in Guatemala. Several American field instructors, free-lancers, not CIA, were training a handful of Guatemalan exiles. A swarm of pseudonymed colonels got in on the act. For reasons best known to conspiratorial minds, there were at least three "Colonel Rutherfords." Clements, ex-Marine colonel, was referred to simply as "the Colonel." Col. Carlos Castillo Armas, leader of the revolutionaries to be, was referred to as el coronel. It got rather confusing.

El Coronel had emerged as the chosen one of the no less than 25 exiles who wanted to be president of Guatemala. He was an odd person, complex. Castillo Armas was short, slender, almost petite. Always immaculate, he looked as though he had been packaged by Bloomingdales. But he was personally brave. He had a dreamy air about him, almost mystical, or perhaps just plain dopey. Some three years later, when I was working for Trujillo, I followed day by day intelligence reports on the development of a conspiracy to assassinate el Coronel. He was warned, loudly and clearly, but he couldn't be aroused from his stupor and was gunned down right on schedule.

Despite his peculiarities, Castillo could be tough and he did have an odd charisma. Four years before, he had led an unsuccessful revolt against the Guatemalan government. He was captured and sentenced to death.

Just prior to his scheduled execution, Castillo Armas made friends with a fellow prisoner, an architect in private life, who had been ordered to draw floor plans of the prison. The originals had been lost. The architect secretly gave Castillo Armas a duplicate of the floor plans, enabling him to tunnel to freedom

two days before he was to have faced the firing squad.

By mid-1953, opposition to the Arbenz regime had begun to crystallize into an active movement. Clements and Somoza handpicked Castillo Armas as top honcho. On December 23, 1953, he and other exile leaders signed what they called the "Tegucigalpa Declaration." It announced that:

"The organized opposition against the Sovietization of Guatemala, aware that the government of Col. Jacobo Arbenz and Dr. Juan Arevalo is acting along lines dictated by international Communism, hereby raise the banner of struggle for national liberation."

It was to be the first of a torrent of publicity. If there was ever a paper war, Diablo was it.

Castillo Armas was named "Supreme Chief" of the National Liberation Movement. Its motto was "God and Honor," its insignia was a sword and cross on a blue field, and its main source of income was now the U.S. Treasury.

The presence of rebel troops on Guatemalan soil was expected to have more impact psychologically than militarily.

Let us pause, all you SOFs out there, and gloat over that last point. Traditionally, we are the patsies and the pawns of the government; this was one time we reversed the role. The U.S. Government stumbled blindly into Diablo, guided all the way by the privateers in the Hearst Building. You might also ponder the fact that Diablo was a complete success; compare John Clements' PR job to the CIA's Bay of Pigs and all the other official foul-ups and you'll see why there's a bull market for us freelancers.

There is one thing, however, that we have in common with the federales: when you work with exiles, you eventually don't know whether to shoot yourself or them. If you think Cubans or Africans are bad, try working with Central Americans. Bickering and rivalry reach lethal proportions. You find yourself working with people who have lost touch with reality — and after a while you start thinking like them and you have a problem. And the problem is compounded when you have a mad melange of Feds, privateers and rebels mucking about and often working at cross purposes.

From the moment Washington was dragged into Diablo, conflict between the officials and the free-lancers was inevitable. Washington obviously hoped that the Arbenz regime could be toppled or intimidated by diplomatic pressure. Failing that, it would support a conventional invasion by a "Liberation" army. The Feds drew up battle plans for an army that really only existed on paper. On the other hand, Clements had planned a campaign that was almost pure showbeating — a paper war. At that time he had no choice.

The Liberation Army may have been overstocked with colonels, but it was ridiculously short of combat troops. There were plenty of exiles willing to man mimeograph machines but the number of Guatemalans ready and able to handle a machinegun boiled down to less than 300. Their attitudes might be described as "Mimeograph machines, si - machineguns, no!"

Over the years, Jack Clements had developed a theory that successful revolution can be reduced to three principles:

- 1) The armed forces of the target state must be at least partially neutralized;
- 2) Internal public opinion must not be fundamentally hostile to a revolt, and
- 3) Major foreign powers must be unable or unwilling to move decisively against the rebels.

By that criteria, prospects for a swift "liberation" of Guatemala were not good. Therefore, Clements planned no invasion. Instead, he prepared to infiltrate exiles back into the country in a long-range effort to achieve the first two conditions.

But the situation suddenly changed. In April, 1954, all three conditions were secured. And it was the Communists themselves who were responsible.

It began April 10th, in the Polish port city of Stettin. The Swedish freighter M.V. *Alfhem*, pulled into the still war-battered harbor and began to load some 15,000 crates which had recently arrived by rail from Czechoslovakia. The manifest said they contained optical goods, machinery, hardware and chemicals bound for Dakar.

There was no particular reason for the *Alfhem* to attract special attention. She had been chartered from the reputable Stockholm firm of Angbats Aktiebolaget. A shipping agent in London had rechartered the *Alfhem* to the Alfred Christianson Company of Stockholm. Nor was there anything unusual in its presence in Stettin; vessels from neutralist nations carry most of Czechoslovakia's huge volume of exports from East German and Polish ports.

But an alert Hearst agent slipped a message through the Iron Curtain: the *Alfhem* is being loaded with 15,000 cases of arms and munitions from a Skoda

continued on page 58



The Cuban Invasion Of The Dark Continent: **Angola Now...Where Next?**

by Devin Benson

CUBAN MILITARY INVOLVEMENT IN AFRICA

1. Cuban soldiers are now deployed in eight African countries apart from Angola, which is dealt with separately. The Cubans have no interest of their own in these countries, but they are being used as a revolutionary support force by the Russians.

2. The following African countries have been penetrated by Cubans:

a. **Congo (Brazzaville).** The total number of Cubans in the Congo is unknown, but the country is a major staging area and rear base for the Cubans fighting in Angola.

b. **Tanzania.** There are 500 Cubans in Tanzania of whom all but 15 are military officers and technicians.

c. **Equatorial Guinea.** 500 Cubans, which include the Presidential Guard, training missions to the armed forces, militia and internal security elements are found in this country.

d. **Guinea.** Of the 300 Cubans known to be in the country, at least 60 have been identified as military.

e. **Somalia.** Somalia has 50 Cuban soldiers, in addition to a small Embassy.

f. **Guinea-Bissau and Sierra Leone.** Each of these two countries have 20-25 Cubans.

3. It is important to note that these Cubans are not mercenaries, they are regular officers and men of Cuba's armed forces, paid by Cuba and not the host Governments.

4. **Angola**

a. The involvement of Cuba in Angola dates back to the mid sixties when Cuba assisted the MPLA financially and with training. About 100 Cubans were posted to the MPLA as advisors and instructors and were based at eg. Dolisie in the Congo (Brazzaville) and Pointe Noire harbour where vast quantities of war material were offloaded.

b. During June 1975, Agostinho Neto, leader of the MPLA, met with a member of the Cuban Central Communist Committee, Armando Costa and soon after the meeting, about 200 Cubans arrived in Angola.

c. After the collapse of the Coalition government of Angola during August 1975, a Cuban military delegation arrived in Angola during September. Seven senior Cuban officers are also presumed to have left for this country. Cuban IL-18 and Britannia aircraft have been flying personnel and equipment into Angola on the route Havana (Cuba) - Santa Maria (one of the islands in the Azores) - Bissau (Guinea-Bissau) - Brazzaville (Congo) from where Russian aircraft take over to Luanda. **Remark:** Latest reports indicate that Cuban aircraft are now using Timheri airport (the airport of Georgetown in Guyana) instead of the stopover at Santa Maria.

continued on page 70

By

Lt. Col. Robert K. Brown

With the fall of Angola to the Marxist-sponsored MPLA, it appears that the next objective of pro-Communist forces will be Rhodesia. Many observers have speculated that the 12,000 man Cuban mercenary force that bore the brunt of the fighting in Angola, will be transported to Mozambique where they will be assigned a similar mission in support of the Rhodesian terrorist organizations.

However, the terrorists and their communist bloc allies cannot expect to duplicate the cakewalk they had in overpowering the anti-communist FNLA and UNITA forces. The small but highly effective Rhodesian army is confident that it can tear, bite and claw any invasion thrust into the Rhodesian interior into small pieces.

Though few in numbers, the Rhodesian security forces have demonstrated over the years that their unconventional tactics, aggressive leadership, and tenacious battle ability and knowledge of guerrilla methods yield results far out of proportion to those achieved by Portugal's armies in Angola and Mozambique.

A case in point is Rhodesian First Light Infantry Battalion — also known as Rhodesia's Fighting First and dubbed by Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith as the "Incredibles." They are considered to be the finest, most effective counter-insurgent unit in the world, a reputation developed during more than a decade of guerrilla warfare.

One observer in Salisbury stated that the Rhodesian Light Infantry (RLI) — barely 1000 strong — had achieved better results than 10 times that number of Portuguese troops in neighboring Mozambique during the early Seventies.

A comparison of losses substantiates this observation. During 1974, for instance, units of the RLI eliminated over 200 terrorists while losing only two of their own men.

Over the past three years, terrorists have lost 40 for every RLI casualty.

Rhodesia's bush war differs little from Portugal's African campaigns. Resources are limited. There are vast stretches of African bush and the country is sparsely populated. The major difference is in the methods used by the Rhodesians.

While the Portuguese tended to limit their operations to the immediate areas surrounding population centers and military outposts, members of the Rhodesian security forces go whenever and wherever terrorists are located.

Once a report of terrorist movement is received, the Rhodesians move to contact and pursue the enemy through the bush until they eliminate them.



Rhodesia
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FORCES ARE ALERT

Also, unlike the Portuguese, Rhodesian units mount a large number of night operations. Units of the RLI regularly deploy into overnight positions, sometimes staying in the bush on a single patrol for weeks at a time while pursuing an enemy unit.

One night patrol of four men snuffed a dozen terrorists in a firefight in an ambush in an area north of Mount Darwin. On another occasion an alert two-man OP observed 23 terrorists who had crossed the Zambezi River the previous week. Keeping the terrorists under observation, they called in RLI commando units who eliminated the entire group.

An RLI commander, LTC David Parker, known to his men as "The King" was responsible for many of the RLI tactics.

"We're an elite unit," Colonel Parker explained. "Our boys come to us here in the bush after training which lasts 18 weeks.

"If he can stand the pace, the toughening-up process, the weapons, tracking and climbing training; if he can come through a pretty tough mental and physical process of weeding out . . . then he's in.

"He is then given his RLI colors and is posted to a commando unit here at what we term the 'Sharp End;' that part of the country where this war is being fought. What attracts the young recruit is that within 24 hours of arrival, he has his first baptism of fire, his first contact with the terrorists."

Suggestions, carried by various newspapers, that the Rhodesians will be overwhelmed by thousands of Cuban regular troops and hundreds of Russian tanks swarming in over the border from Mozambique evoke laughs in the messhalls of the Rhodesian security forces.

One Rhodesian official suggested that individuals who ascribe to this theory have never been in Rhodesia and have no knowledge of the terrain.

"The only avenue of approach from Mozambique into Rhodesia is along the rail line from Beira. And this would not be difficult to block," the Rhodesian official stated. "The eastern border of Rhodesia is rugged with no roads. In many areas there are 2000 foot escarpments. Assuming the enemy would attempt to build roads to allow them access, our units would simply hit-and-run; let them proceed and cut up their supply lines. We have the finest jungle troops in the world. They might make some initial inroads into Rhodesia but they would pay a terrible price.

"If they come," the Rhodesian official continued, "they'll soon wish they hadn't."

As pressure continues to build on the anti-communist regimes of Southern Africa, this assumption may soon be put to test.



Left: Black and white Rhodesian troops present arms as the Rhodesian flag is raised at a small outpost in a terrorist-threatened area. Two thirds of the Rhodesian security forces are black and have performed exceptionally well against the "terrs."

Right: Member elite BSAP Support Unit takes aim with a WW II Bren gun, converted to handle 7.62mm ammo.

Far Right: Rhodesian tracking team takes a break while chasing terrorists near the Zambian border. Rhodesian security forces are tough and vigilant; have proved themselves the equal of finest front-line troops anywhere in the world.



Left: Farmers Ann and Dick Faasen with the weapons they keep at hand in case of terrorist attack. The Faasen farm was attacked by terrs on 18 September 1973 who pumped 60 rounds into their bedroom in 10 seconds. Mrs. Faasen was wounded in the arm. Now, their farm, located near Centenary, is surrounded by cyclone fencing; steel plate covers the windows.

Lower left: Rhodesian trooper shares his break with a new-found friend while on operations. In foreground, note FN MAG machine gun. It can be used as a light MG with bipod; heavy MG with tripod. Combines operating system of the BAR with a belt feed mechanism similar to that of the German MG 42. Rate of fire can be adjusted from 700 to 1000 rounds per minute.





Above: Fortress Rhodesia. This map provides an overview of the strategic situation of Prime Minister Ian Smith's beleaguered nation.

Left: Any black working for the Rhodesian government is an object of terr attack — even road constnuction workers! Thus the armed guards on this road grader. More than two-thirds of terr victims have been blacks — school teachers, village chiefs, social workers.

Right: A patrol of the 1st Bn, Rhodesian Light Infantry break for afternoon tea, Tennis shoes and shorts are optional. The RLI is one of the best, if not the best, light infantry unit in the world.



Arrest In Zaire

by A.J. Venter

Part I

***"There was not another living white soul in Zaire
... who knew where we were."***

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

Hemingway once wrote something about hell not necessarily being as it was described by Dante or any of the other great hell describers. For him it was a personal matter following a serious domestic problem.

For us it was the first four out of 12 days while under arrest by the Zaire authorities — four interminable days of fluctuating fear, five or six hour daily interrogation sessions, of being kept totally incommunicado and, most important of all, of being frighteningly conscious that there was not another living white soul in Zaire (or anywhere else, for that matter) who knew where we were, much less that we were being held by the execution squad of President Mobutu's military secret police.

More significant still, we had the very real knowledge that because we had been "identified" as agents of a foreign government, we could be summarily executed for espionage without the rudimentary formality of a trial, for things happen that way in Zaire today, even though South Africa and Zaire — unofficially at any rate — were allied in the war against the Marxist MPLA in Angola. Both nations had troops "assisting" the Allies in the field; South Africa aiding Unita and Zaire, the FNLA.

And yet, two days previously, as we

stood on the grounds of the UNITA headquarters building in Lusaka, nothing was further from our minds than being apprehended on some obscure spying charge. My brief was to get the best story on the Angolan war that I could and here I was being told by a UNITA official that this was not possible.

Without malice and in flawless English, the small black man in the tight-collared Chinese tunic, who we knew only as Senor Lopi, made his point with emphasis.

"Be certain that if you enter Angola on your own, without the authority of the Allied Supreme Military Commission, and you are picked up by either UNITA or the FNLA, you will be identified as an MPLA spy and will most likely be shot."

The official continued. He explained that neither he nor his "organizers" in the war had any real control over combatants in the field, and because these black soldiers were largely unlettered, the majority did not comprehend what he termed "the sanctity of the International Press."

Almost by way of an afterthought, he warned against the more intrepid among our group going into into any area controlled by the opposing Marxist-orientated MPLA movement.

"Anyone associated with Western-bloc

nations," he declared firmly, "is regarded by the MPLA as a hostile, secret agent. Let us be quite certain of the risks you take. This is total war and most solutions are final, so why don't you all just go home and forget that there is a war in Angola."

Most foreign correspondents in Lusaka that day did go home. A few of the more determined tried to enter the combat area through South West Africa, also without success. Several others routed their return tickets northwards to Nairobi and then on to Kinshasa, the Zairean capital, where the majority are still waiting as "guests" of the FNLA.

Two of the group, myself and a French journalist, Gilles Hertzog, of the Paris-based daily *Le Monde*, travelled overland to try and make contact with the Allied forces through Southern Zaire — that troubled portion of this vast black state which was once known to the world as Katanga and has now been renamed Shaba.

The risks, as far as we were concerned, were not to serious. Both of us has taken the precaution to enquire at the local Zairean Embassy as to the possibility of being granted transit visas. In the company of the Hon. Andrew Fraser who was in Lusaka on assignment from the London *Sunday Times* and French



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

television producer Dominique de Roux, we were told that there was no problem.

Because I had FNLA Press accreditation, said the Zairean consul in the Zambian capital, I was simply to ask at my point of entry into his country to be escorted to the local FNLA representative. After all, the man said, Zaire is closely allied to the FNLA cause.

The border post between Zambia and Zaire at Kasumbalesa is not one of the most impressive gateways in Africa. The posts — small ramshackle buildings reminiscent of the Colonial era — lie a few hundred metres from one another and for much of the day there is a constant bustle of activity between the two countries. Thousands of Zaireans with families in Zambia make the journey each month and vice versa, and, because of shortages of most commodities in President Mobutu's state, there is much legal and illegal trafficking of goods. Controls, they are strict and well documented, but invariably it requires a little more than goodwill to see any consignment of goods through into Zaire. In this respect American dollars work like a charm.

Gilles and I arrived at Kasumbalesa on foot, having flown to Kitwe on the Copperbelt and taken a taxi to the frontier. We had to walk across the border

carrying our baggage.

Our arrival, together with a busload of Zaireans going the other way, was inauspicious. Pointedly we were informed by the black Zairean immigration who, we were later told, doubled as a military secret agent, to get to the back of the queue.

Then it was our turn. We detailed our position and explained to him what we had been told at the Zairean Embassy in Lusaka. No visas. The man shook his head vigorously "Pas possible," he said again and again in French.

Both Gilles and I were aware that we were dealing with a government functionary fairly low down the hierarchical scale so we asked to see *Monsieur le Directeur*, his boss. More waiting. The gentleman in question was at lunch, it was explained, but he should be back before six in the evening.

Meanwhile we shuffled about the low building with a tin roof exchanging comments and smiles with a minor army of travellers who bustled through on their way to or returning from Zambia. Gilles had his first taste of biltong, for we had not yet eaten that day. We were not un-

duly intimidated by the armed border guards with their Schmeisser sub-machine guns for black men with sophisticated weapons are commonplace in Africa today.

Eventually the Director of Immigration returned. He listened patiently to our tale. Obviously a man of trust within the Mobutu regime it was clear that he had been well trained for his duties. His questions were concise and to the point and even our nuances did not go unheeded. He later confided that he had spent two years at a university in Belgium. As far as we were concerned his pleasant yet firm manner confirmed our hopes that problems would be minimal.

"No" he said, "there will be no real problem. But you must realize that Zaire is in a state of war (referring to the Angolan debacle) and that we cannot just let anyone through without papers. A visa is essential and that can only be obtained in Lubumbashi" (formerly known as Elizabethville during the Katanga epoch).

continued on page 67

The Murderous Skies of MOZAMBIQUE

Death From Above and Below

by Rocky Kemp

In 1967, I hired out as a crop duster and began learning the mechanics of agricultural flying as well as the "ag business." After five years of crop dusting, I accepted a position teaching crop dusting techniques to students in Colorado.

After one year, I began looking for a change. My hair was turning grey and my nerves were coming apart from flying with low time pilots two feet off the ground, dodging trees, power lines and equipment. So when this dude from South Africa, who was looking at some of our high altitude equipment modifications, offered me a job flying out of Johannesburg, I accepted.

Upon arriving in Jo'burg, I learned I would be flying in Mozambique. That didn't bother me at the time, as I was still an African "virgin," and had no idea I would end up as a "field expedient" flying target for FRELIMO terrorists. Hell, I didn't even know what a "FRELIMO" was!

Our crop dusting base was located in a sleepy little village called Vila Pery. I was assigned a new Piper Pawnee and began flying the day after I arrived. I soon found out things were casual, to say the least.

I was told to fly one hundred miles out over the jungle, locate a small farm and spray cotton. The only rub was, no one had any maps. The only navigation equipment in the planes were our eyes and brains. As the Pawnee has only a 250 mile range with full fuel, the 200 mile round trip, plus time over the fields to spray, left minimal room for error. This was not an unlucky first but a preview of all future flights.

Portuguese army troops, all carrying automatic weapons and wearing camie uniforms, were everywhere. Trucks with heavy machine guns and sand bagged sides continually cruised through the town and patrolled all the main highways.

Fortunately, I had become fluent in Spanish while flying in South America, and it was not too difficult to communicate with the locals. Very few spoke English and many of our pilots were in a bind because they could not speak the language.

In a few days, therefore, I determined that Mozambique was no "rose garden."

FRELIMO terrorists were blowing up trains between Vila Pery and the Rhodesian border every week. Umтали, Rhodesia was about 80 miles away by



A Grumman AG Cat spray-plane making a landing approach to the airstrip at Vila Pery. Spray pilots mounted automatic shotguns on the struts to be fired from the cockpit, but the planes were too nose-heavy to employ them effectively.

road and the rail line was a major link between Rhodesia and the port city of Beria, Mozambique. My flying area covered a radius of about 150 miles from Vila Pery, and most of it was occupied by the terrorists. No one had gone to the trouble of mentioning this before I arrived or my price would have gone up.

Until this time, in early 1974, the FRELIMO had not really done much more than blow up trains and ambush an occasional soldier on patrol in my area. Most of their activity centered around Tete in the North, where they were supporting terrorists operating in Rhodesia.

Another American pilot, Maurice Goff, who I had trained in the U.S., was assigned an old Pawnee which gave him nightmares before he got rid of it. Maurice was assigned to the Zambese along with a pilot from New Zealand, named Piers Lumas. They were up at the Zambese about one month when the terrorists began a major offensive.

Late one night, the terrorists flipped a molotov cocktail in Piers' new Pawnee. The plane had a full gas tank, plus another 20 gallons in jerry cans in the hopper. It all combined to make one hell of a hot fire and totally destroyed the plane.

Piers and Maurice both came back to Vila Pery in the remaining Pawnee and we discussed what we were going to do.



Since 1956, the author, a former Marine Corps Captain and pilot, has accumulated 8,000 hours flight time and checked out in over 150 different jets, choppers and multi-engine aircraft. As a flight instructor, he has trained pilots for the Ecuadorian Airforce, Nippon Airlines and Cuban exile organizations. He has flown in Mexico, Central America, Ecuador, Columbia, the Amazon basin and Andes, Korea, Japan, Formosa, Mozambique, Rhodesia, and South Africa.

He holds an NRA Master classification in both high power rifle and pistol; was state high power rifle champion in Arizona, Utah and Nevada. He has 125 sport and military jumps, including a 90 second delay from 23,000 feet out of a C-130.



Author holds a 9mm Star Model Z-62 SMG in his right hand, a Portuguese 9mm F.B.P.M. 48 SMG in his left. The latter combines features of the German MP-40 and the U.S. 3 "grease gun".

We were all too hard-headed to let a bunch of hired killers run us out of the country. We decided that since rumors had us on the terrorist black list, we might as well try and hit back.

We bought some submachine guns in Rhodesia and 5000 rounds of ammo and began practicing. Then, we let it be known we were going to resist any and all efforts to interfere with our work. We didn't have any problems with terrorists the rest of the season.

Shortly thereafter, I was assigned to spray a farm on the edge of the Gorongosa Game Park, which was serving as a main staging area for the FRELIMO. I had a hunch I would take some ground fire. I wasn't thrilled about it but at the same time, I was looking for some action and a change of pace. However, the idea of going out to spray crops and putting my gear on board for a combat mission seemed ludicrous then and now!

It was several weeks and many flights before I finally took the ground fire I had been expecting. When it came, I was almost asleep.

I was spraying a large field of almost 5000 acres which was surrounded by typical low veldt brush and jungle. As I was working along one side near the jungle, I heard some popping which at first made me think I had engine trouble. In a micro-second, I realized I was hearing the ballistic crack of bullets.

I continued on my spray run about a foot off the ground and broke hard up and right over the trees. I leveled off and headed away from the area. Then I got pissed at these clowns having it all their own way. I circled back and dropped down into the field for another spray run to draw more fire so I could make their position.

continued on page 41



Above: A loading strip for mercenary supply runs at Vila Machado. Note Pawnee after being fire bombed by terrorists in the Zambese Valley.



THE VIETNAM DISASTER

TRUTHS AND FALLACIES

South Vietnam has disappeared behind the Bamboo Curtain after a 30 year war which cost one million and a half deaths, three million disabled veterans, two million orphans and an unknown number of civilian casualties.

"The lessons of the past in Vietnam have been learned," said President Gerald Ford. He believed that "a Congressional inquiry into how we got in and how we got out of Vietnam" would only be "divisive and not helpful."

Ford might be correct. But many of his fellow countrymen who took pride in a supposedly invincible America are still at a loss to understand why the strongest nation on earth was defeated and humiliated by North Vietnam which is the size of New England with a population equal to California's, in a kind of war usually referred to by the Left as a "national liberation movement."

The same desire to know the truth was expressed by many of the 130,000 Viet refugees who have resettled in the U.S. A survey by independent Viet leaders in four refugee camps (Pendleton, Eglin, Chaffee and Indiantown Gap) indicated that 90 per cent of the new arrivals held the U.S. responsible for the fall of their fatherland.

Is there any truth in former President Nguyen van Thieu's charge that "Vietnam was betrayed by the U.S.?" In his speaking tour throughout the U.S., former Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky aired a different view. For him, Vietnam was betrayed by Thieu. Marshal Ky's reasoning was, however, not accepted by most refugee generals. According to them, there is a large part of truth in Ky's accusations, but there is also much left unmentioned: the fact that Thieu became President in 1967 in an election rigged by Ky's police, and that as a one-time unchallenged strongman, Ky had endorsed many controversial policies. With Thieu and others who dominated the Saigon political scene from 1964 to 1975, the generals argued that Marshal Ky could not escape the verdict of history. Part of Thieu's fatal errors were undoubtedly his.

CORRUPTION?

The striking aspect of the Vietnam tragedy is that its one-million man army which ranked among the best in the world in professional training, modern equipment and fighting spirit, lost the war within 55 days without losing a single major battle. As paradoxically as it may

by
Bui Anh Tuan

Bui Anh Tuan, a professional journalist, and an author of 15 political books and 63 novels, is a long-time friend of the U.S. His activities against Communist North Vietnam in 1954-1955 were cited by Major General Edward Lansdale in his memoirs In the Midst of Wars.

Mr. Tuan held no government job in Vietnam. He was among the 50 inmates who miraculously survived a six-year ordeal (1946-1951) in a Communist labor camp in which 4,500 died. In 1963, in Saigon, Mr. Tuan had a close call with the secret police for his exposure of the late President Diem's authoritarian regime in The Philippines Herald, of which he was Chief Asian correspondent. In 1964, one year after Diem's fall, he became the first Viet newspaper publisher to be imprisoned without trial by the Saigon generals for his articles condemning corruption. His newspaper was closed down. Tuan turned to espionage fiction writing. His novels sold 5.3 million copies, earning him fame as Asia's number one spy author.

This is the first account on the Vietnam disaster ever written by one of its victims, a Viet refugee. Bui Anh Tuan is presently in Washington, working as a part-time editor of a political newsletter.

sound, it is the same army which drove back in 1968 and 1972 two massive invasions from Hanoi, in addition to thousands of Communist attacks during the past 20 years.

The reason invoked by Thieu's foes is that Saigon's war apparatus was incapacitated during the terminal stage by overwhelming corruption. One week before Communist T-54 tanks closed in on Saigon's defense perimeter, half of Thieu's highest officials had sent their families overseas aboard U.S. planes supposedly carrying only U.S. dependents. A two-star general who now lives in Virginia, charged that his family and that of his colleagues had to "buy" exit visas or seats on U.S. planes from the wife of a big shot whose authority was only second to Thieu's. While ordering a crackdown on "cowards and traitors," the same critics said that Thieu's police and intelligence generals secretly left the airport aboard a C.I.A. plane, leaving behind 35,000 key subordinates and informants who were marked for execution by the Communists.

Out of ten high officials appointed by

Thieu, a confidential survey by his Dan Chu (Democratic) Party disclosed eight were corrupt. Another official inquiry revealed the fact that 40 per cent of the Viet army and police were composed of non-existent troops whose pay was collected by dishonest commanders.

Even ardent apologists for Thieu's leadership had to concede that the outcome might have been less tragic if his tottering regime were not almost exclusively staffed by cronies and sycophants. However, corruption alone, however rampant it might be, could not have triggered the complicated mechanisms of collapse.

Prior to Thieu, every Viet government was plagued by corruption. In 1968, while Thieu's sidekicks organized illegal gambling, supplied GIs with dope and sold rice, vital drugs and even military wares to the Vietcong, the army succeeded in repelling the Communist Tet offensive. This being the largest military endeavor directed by Hanoi, included waves of coordinated surprise attacks on all cities and strategic points. For this, Hanoi had spent 24 months in intensive preparation and an equivalent of one billion dollars in Sino-Soviet aid.

Corruption reached its highest peak in the early '70s. This still did not deter the Viet army from inflicting heavy casualties on the NVA during its 1972 Easter offensive. It should not be forgotten that the invasion force consisted of 125,000 well-trained men and a fire power capability 25 per cent greater than that of the Viet army.

DICTATORSHIP?

If Thieu were not a "dictator," some of his detractors said, history might have taken another course.

It is true that compared to any American president, Thieu was a dictator. But his "dictatorship" was far milder than that of many Third-World chiefs of state who criticized him. There is one unarguable fact: compared to his Hanoi counterpart, the "corrupt dictator" was an Asian Lincoln. Indeed, there was no free press, no free political activities, no free elections under his high-handed rule backed by a rubber stamp Parliament, but life in Saigon (one could not help noting) was much better than that in Hanoi.

South Vietnam was ruled from 1954 to 1963 by the late Ngo Dinh Diem. After his death, power fell successively into the hands of one civilian and four generals.

By a quirk of fate, those who overthrew Diem and replaced him, were inferior to him in terms of personal integrity, political grasp and national stature. Among them, Thieu was, until he signed the 1973 Paris Accords, the least unpopular. If a free election were to be held now, or even if the "liberators" came to Saigon, the Viets would readily forgive the generals for their misdeeds, and would vote for their "dictatorship."

Therefore, the myth of dictatorship, widely accredited by the Communists and some Western news media, and echoed by influential members of the 94th U.S. Congress, must be, once and for all, dispelled.

THIEU AND THE U.S.

The late Ngo Dinh Diem's balking at Ambassador Lodge's appeal for reforms resulted in the Nov. 1, 1963 coup. Diem and his brother Nhu were assassinated.

A cagey soldier turned politician, Thieu learned the lessons of history. During his nine-year rule, Thieu did nothing to perturb the U.S. Embassy. His tactics paid off. At least two serious coup attempts were discouraged by the Americans. The first plot quietly fizzled out when a group of anti-Communists, frustrated by Thieu's one-man presidential election in October 1971, tried without success to elicit support from U.S. diplomats.

Out of ten high officials appointed by Thieu, a confidential survey . . . disclosed eight were corrupt.

In March 1975, the Saigon military brass who had taken Thieu's leadership for granted, unanimously embraced the idea of a change. A depressed Thieu entrenched himself in his bomb-proof Independence Palace, shielded by loyal tanks, awaiting the worst. The showdown never came. Thieu was saved in extremis by the U.S. Embassy.

On the surface, Thieu's opponents said, the U.S. Embassy played no favorites among the squabbling generals. But discreetly and firmly, it threw its weight behind Thieu. A close Thieu aide revealed that the U.S. Embassy in Saigon was under strict orders from Washington during the closing months of the war to support Thieu, and only Thieu, regardless of the situation.

In 1966, an innate plotter, Thieu maneuvered Marshal Ky, then Vietnam's autocratic Premier, into ousting his most vocal rival, popular three-star General Nguyen Chanh Thi. Thi was sent into exile in the U.S., and his group was

dumped. A few years later Thieu moved against his staunchest ally, Marshal Ky.

Things started to go sour for Thieu in mid-1969, as U.S. troops began to pull out, heralding the upcoming settlement with Hanoi. Hopes were revived in Saigon for a new leadership, more efficient and less inflexible in the face of new developments. Thieu refused to budge. Worse still, he embarked upon an unbending policy of non-negotiation.

Early in 1975, Thieu's image at home and abroad tarnished to a point of irreparability. He continued to spurn any proposals for reconciliation, even with his anti-Communist foes. He was quoted as saying to a dissenting general: "I will resign only at the request of Ambassador Graham Martin."

The request was made on April 21st. Seventy-two hours earlier, the first U.S. plane carrying Viet evacuees had landed at Clark airbase, setting off a free-for-all exodus. History will reveal why the U.S. Ambassador who reportedly knew the Vietnam situation better than the Viets themselves waited until this time to approve Thieu's resignation.

THE PARIS AGREEMENTS

Part of this attitude can be traced back to the untold details surrounding the signing of the 1973 Paris Peace Accords. The quasi consensus of the Viet refugees is that the Paris document was more or less a ploy to officialize the abandonment of Vietnam by its ally and mentor. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, its principal architect, was singled out by many for blame.

To be fair, Dr. Kissinger's performance on Vietnam might be open to debate. However this performance must be viewed within the context of an America considerably weakened by internal division and economic recession, unable to resist the temptations of making peace with a government which controlled one-fourth of the world's population.

Some well-informed refugee leaders state that a U.S. unconditional disengagement from Vietnam was the price set by Peking in 1969, in exchange for a marriage of convenience with the U.S. in the Pacific area. Nixon, Kissinger, as well as other leading Congressional members, knew well that, due to America's internal problems, the Sino-Soviet determination, and the increasing unpopularity of the Saigon regime, that the communization of Indochina was only a question of time, and that time was running out. Dr. Kissinger, it is contended, succeeded in selling the Chinese the idea of transforming a U.S.-controlled Indochina into a triangular partnership between Red China, the Soviet Union and the U.S. The Guam doctrine, enunciated at the time by President Nixon, was, in a way, a

pragmatic device to salvage what could be salvaged.

As a result of Dr. Kissinger's secret diplomacy, the Paris Conference was convened to discuss only the details of what had been previously approved by both sides through Sino-Soviet mediation, leading Viet diplomats who participated in the Peace Talks disclosed. Therefore, it is easy to understand why Thieu was intentionally kept in the dark from start to finish.

Thieu's reluctance to go along was not unpredicted by State. President Nixon was fully cognizant of his protegee's foibles. On Nov. 14, 1972, he showered Thieu with lavish assurances: "... you have my absolute assurances that if Hanoi fails to abide by the terms of this agreement, it is my intention to take swift and severe retaliatory action." As Thieu still remained non-committal, Nixon sent him, on January 5, 1973, a decisive message, dangling sticks with carrots. "Should you decide, as I trust

The quasi consensus of the Viet refugees is that the Paris document was more or less a ploy to officialize the abandonment of Vietnam by its ally and mentor.

you will, to go with us, you have my assurance of continued assistance in the postwar period and that we will respond with full force should the settlement be violated by North Vietnam."

As a patriotic American, Nixon had done the right thing. With the cease-fire agreements, the curtain fell on this endless tragedy which cost the U.S. 50,000 lives, \$150 billion and two decades of internal strife.

As a Vietnamese patriot, Thieu had to repudiate the Paris Accords. It gave the Communists, as he often pointed out, what they failed to reap on the battlefields. The National Liberation Front (NLF), Hanoi's political arm, which had no capital to plant flagpoles and house its ghostly Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) was hoisted overnight from nowhere to an equal footing with a legally-formed government which controlled 85 per cent of the population, 65 per cent of the nation's territory and all provincial capitals.

By signing the Paris Accords, President Thieu had sealed the fate of his fatherland.

CHANCES OF VICTORY?

Dr. Kissinger said in 1969: "The guerilla wins if he does not lose. The

conventional army loses if it does not win." The Paris Accords were negotiated by him on that basis.

Between 1966 and 1968, the U.S. could have won the war militarily. The best hoped-for opportunity came in the wake of the 1968 Tet offensive. Hanoi lost in the process 40 per cent of its political, propaganda and espionage cadres implanted in the South and 25 per cent of its infiltrated army. According to COSVN, two full years were needed to rebuild the Communists' crippled strength. COSVN (Central Office for South Vietnam), was the Hanoi-directed supreme command in the South.

It was impossible for the U.S. military to win within the parameters dictated by Washington.

An invasion by South Vietnam's Army across the 18th parallel coupled with U.S. massive bombing and mining would have destroyed North Vietnam's war capabilities within a few weeks. North Vietnam's six provinces to the south were defended at that time by only one division and a local militia, 75 per cent of which were, by tradition, anti-Communist. Their religious and political leaders had sent word to Saigon, urging military liberation. Such an action would cut the Communist North into two. Deprived of the Ho Chi Minh umbilical cord, its infiltrated troops would have strangled to death.

The invasion proposal, repeatedly put forth by Viet generals and strongly supported by their U.S. counterparts, cut no ice with Washington.

Without question, the Vietnam defeat was partly caused by the U.S. "no-win policy," usually known as "limited action," or "gradualism." All the normal means of victory were denied, like bombings of dams and reservoirs or landing behind enemy lines in the north. It was impossible for the U.S. military to win within the parameters dictated by Washington.

THE NLF MYTH

The chances for an advantageous settlement dwindled sharply in 1969-1970 as the U.S. began its phasing-out program. At the end of 1974, there was little hope for a solution giving Saigon 50 per cent chance of political survival. But, even at this belated time when South Vietnam was forced against its own will to fight against two Communist giants and their satellites, the elimination of Thieu could have assisted the Viets in working out some accommodation with the enemy. Such an accommodation, it was claimed, would have permitted the Viets to avert a

dishonorable surrender, and a catastrophic evacuation. More important than this is the outlook that both the North and South would have saved another 350,000 useless deaths.

From the time of the Paris Accords until April 1975, some 65,000 Viet soldiers and 85,000 Communist soldiers had lost their lives. While the civilian casualty list rose to an incredible 200,000.

Intelligence sources disclosed that Hanoi decided to initiate an offensive in the fall of 1974 after consultations with Moscow and Peking. Hanoi did not envision an easy capture of South Vietnam's major coastal cities, much less Saigon. A secret COSVN evaluation in the summer of 1974 concluded that Saigon was militarily and politically impregnable. As of mid-March 1975, Hanoi's invasion plan was limited to a cautious extension of the "liberated areas." Its change of tactics which happened during the first week of April was prompted by Thieu's unparalleled error of judgment and the NLF secret attempt to come to a separate settlement with the U.S.

The final disaster could have been averted if more attention had been paid to the NLF which was organized and led by Hanoi. But, on the eve of the invasion, only ten per cent of its top leadership were Communists. The NLF majority was dominated by the so-called "Cochin China Group" which fought "U.S. imperialism," but at the same time, resented control from Hanoi. As a result of this, military clashes occurred almost every month between Hanoi's infiltrated units and local NLF militia.

Alarmed at Hanoi's inroads, the Cochin China Group sought a compromise in 1969-1970 with Thieu's non-Communist opponents. Its contacts with anti-Thieu politicians in Saigon were not unknown to the U.S. Embassy. At one point, a top U.S. diplomat was entertained at a "business lunch" by the group's emissary.

As South Vietnam braced for a new Hanoi invasion, in 1975, the group came out with a more pressing proposal: the division of the country into two parts, the northern part to be governed by the NLF. Neither this partition deal nor a final attempt made the day Thieu stepped aside in Saigon fell on receptive ears. "The surrender of your government is a matter of days," pleaded a group's emissary with a Thieu aide who had access to the U.S. Embassy, "Please tell the Americans that they will play a losing hand with Gen. Big Minh. His government will be disavowed by Hanoi. But not ours. The Americans want to evacuate their Viet friends. We want to seize control of Saigon before the Hanoi troops come . . . We are willing to maintain the presence of the U.S. Embassy . . ."

The emissary's predictions proved accurate. Gen. Minh's government lasted a mere 24 hours. The disorganized

evacuation turned into a shocking comic-tragedy. About 100,000 anti-Communist leaders and cadres were left in Vietnam.

OVERDUE REVENGE?

Despite protestations of friendship, France was pleased by the U.S. discomfiture in Vietnam. There were also reports that Merillon, their ambassador in Saigon, had contributed to that situation.

During the last week of April 1975, a Viet politician who played a leading role in the secret negotiations with the NLF, revealed that Ambassador Merillon had shown a Saigon government envoy convincing evidence that Hanoi was willing to negotiate with Gen. Minh on the basis of the Paris Accords. The whole thing turned out to be a psy-war deception.

It remains to be seen who deceived whom. There is, however, the undeniable fact that the French could not forgive their American allies for what they did to them 20 years before. In 1954, the U.S. refused to bail out the French Expeditionary Army from the Dien Bien Phu stronghold with air support. There they suffered the most humiliating defeat at the hands of the then obscure Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap. In 1956, the U.S. again bolstered President Diem in his move to expel French influence from South Vietnam. In 1960, a Viet colonel who had contact with the French Deuxieme Bureau, nearly unseated Diem in a superbly executed bloodless coup d'etat. In 1963, the U.S. encouraged the Viet generals to get rid of Diem. The French Special Services, President Thieu recently charged, moved in to kill Diem, attributing the plot to the C.I.A.

FATEFUL RETREAT

March 13th, 1975 dawned with a massive Communist attack on Ban Me Thuot, 150 miles northeast of Saigon eventually leading to the fall of South Vietnam. Weeks before, a large-scale offensive had been predicted both by Saigon and Washington.

. . . the "corrupt dictator" was an Asian Lincoln.

Thieu, as commander-in-chief ordered a total pull-out from the Highlands. This premature and senseless withdrawal cost South Vietnam five infantry divisions and the country's northern half. At the time, a three-star general close to Thieu told the author that: "What Thieu is doing is an all-or-nothing gamble against the U.S."

There were no military considerations involved in Thieu's precipitous retreat. In guerilla warfare, territorial gains

mean little. Thieu's real intention was to utilize the invasion to influence an anti-Saigon Congress, thus paving the way for a "swift and severe retaliatory action" from the U.S.

If Thieu did not order the retreat, field commanders commented in retrospect, the Viet army would have held out at least two weeks in the mountainous region alone, and resistance by small units would have harrassed and hindered the enemy for months.

Thieu realized his fatal error in early April. He tried, to no avail, to correct it. The army was demoralized. High military appointees packed their briefcases. Coup rumors abounded. U.S. plans for final evacuation were being drawn up.

There were no military considerations involved in Thieu's precipitous retreat.

There was an obsession among Thieu's supporters that the \$700 million aid request by President Ford, if okayed by Congress, would help stabilize the situation. The truth is that what Ford asked was next to impossible. Even if the impossible was achieved in the form of instant aid, the results would not have been basically different.

On the one hand, there were shortages of ammunition, fuel, and air facilities, making the resistance more and more difficult in the face of a Communist force three times stronger. But, on the other, it should be emphasized that more than \$1,500 million in arms and equipment, the double of what was expected from Congress, was left intact by the Viet retreating units.

What Saigon needed in these hours of agony was a profession of continued and unflinching support from Washington. But Congress took off on an Easter recess, while President Ford departed for a golfing vacation in California. The position of President Ford was weakened by the fact he was a non-elected chief of a makeshift government.

Despite possible claims to the contrary, Thieu, prior to the 1972 Presidential elections, discreetly took sides in U.S. partisan politics. He reportedly spared no effort to discredit the then Democratic Presidential candidate. As Nixon's star later waned, a frightened and repentant Thieu sent a bevy of emissaries to Washington in a desperate effort to curry favor with the Democratic Congress. Such efforts failed.

Still the Vietnam war was lost long before Congress rejected appeals for aid, and, in so doing, refused to distinguish

between power-addicted Thieu and 17 million Viets who craved freedom. The Vietnam war was lost long before the 30th of April when Soviet-built tanks roared past the gutted U.S. Embassy marking the end of a 21-year long American involvement in Vietnam.

A BIASED MEDIA?

As the "night of the long knives" was about to descend on Saigon, James Reston wrote in *The New York Times*: "Maybe the historians will agree that the reporters and the cameras were decisive in the end. They brought the issue of the war to the people, before Congress, the courts, and forced the withdrawal of American power from Vietnam."

Reston has forgotten one thing: the decisive anti-war action by the Communist fifth-column in the United States. Thieu had sent to the U.S. young and dedicated lobbyists whose efforts were minimized by the lack of funds and literally submerged by the opposition's financial and human resources. This situation was further aggravated by the stupidity and heavy-handed manner with which the Thieu government treated the foreign press in Saigon. Its representatives were seen as enemies. Many of them were black-listed. Some were beaten by policemen disguised as thugs. Almost all official press conferences were gross lies.

A secret COSVN evaluation in the summer of 1974 concluded that Saigon was militarily and politically impregnable.

Barring a few, the U.S. press corps in Saigon reported what they saw and heard. But, they could not speak Vietnamese. What they saw was limited to rare trips to the countryside. What they heard was conveyed to them by local assistants. Reliable sources, disclosed prior to the collapse that half of these indigenous stringers were to some degree connected with the Communists.

There were endless stories on biased reporting by major U.S. newspapers and TV networks. However, it is unjust to pin the blame on the news media. The brunt of it must be borne by the very laws of survival in U.S. society. America, which experiences no hunger and repression, tends by the phenomenon of compensation, to veer toward the Left. Competition, which grew harder and harder due to recession and stunning

advances in global communications, was another factor giving the media to a new challenge: the quest for continuous sensationalism.

The other day, a U.S. columnist asked me: "Why didn't the Viets who opposed Thieu tell the whole truth to the U.S. people, and at the same time, go into the streets to demonstrate against him?"

We did everything we could. We opposed Thieu with the pen and our newspapers were closed. We organized street demonstrations and we were jailed.

It remains to be seen who deceived whom.

Our great tragedy was that because we did not and could not support Communism, we were forced to swim with Thieu. And as a result, we swam and subsequently sank with the corrupt and the incapable.



MOZAMBIQUE

continued from page 37

It worked perfectly. I suckered them into shooting early and it was simple to quickly pull up and turn toward them. I had some fast altitude and dove on them. As I closed with them, I hit my dump handle and covered them with almost 100 gallons of highly toxic poison. There is no doubt in my mind that I offed at least six of the bastards.

The next day, I was told by some local Portuguese, that I was a marked man for having dusted the FRELIMOS, as well as the other pilots.

Terrorist activity accelerated and the white Portuguese began fleeing the country. Some of the farmers that I sprayed for were shot in their fields. Other farms were raided by the terrorists and atrocities committed which only served to speed up the white exodus. White women were being gang-raped and then butchered, while husbands were forced to watch before being dismembered. Riots were taking place in all the towns and white property was being destroyed or looted. The Portuguese troops turned into rabbits and disappeared whenever there was trouble. Yet, the new revolutionary government insisted that everything was under control.

Rumors of the formation of a mercenary army to fight the FRELIMO were rampant but I couldn't get any hard info. I continued to fly every day and ignored the chaos. I was content knowing that my

continued on page 64

TRICKS AND TERROR

IRON CURTAIN RAISED ON CZECH SPY ACTIONS

By **C. K.**

Top level defector testifies before Senate Intelligence Subcommittee . . .

In 1961, Josef Frolik, an officer in the HSR (the Czechoslovakian Intelligence Service) read the Daily Report. Among other items, the report mentioned a monitored NBC news broadcast in which David Brinkley interviewed a Russian GRU defector. Brinkley concluded the broadcast by saying that the U.S. Government had asked him to state that any intelligence agent or officer who wished to defect to the U.S. would be guaranteed both physical and financial security.

Frolik made a mental note of that. In 1969, after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Frolik went back through the files of old Daily Reports and found Brinkley's statement. He read it carefully, several times. Yes, he then decided, he would defect to the U.S.

After seventeen years with the Service, Frolik, now a senior member of the HSR, had access to a significant amount of highly classified information. He made a list of several hundred names — Czech and KGB agents in all parts of the world. He devised a code of his own and then took the encoded list of names and secreted it in an automobile. With his wife, his son, and their sleeping bags, he left Prague. He made contact with the CIA and was quickly brought to the U.S.

Josef Frolik was given a new name and a quiet place to live. In November, 1975, he testified secretly before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. The testimony has just recently been released and here, for the first time in any national publication, is an in-depth presentation of the both fascinating and forboding details of Frolik's revelations.

SABOTAGE

THE F-104 STAR FIGHTER

In covert operations, sabotage is most effective when whatever occurs is not perceived to be the result of sabotage but of accident, negligence, or acts of God.

In what must be regarded as a brilliant act of sabotage Frolik revealed the reasons for the numerous unexplained and often fatal crashes of the West German-built F-104 Starfighter.

For almost 10 years, the West German's basic fighter-interceptor was the F-104. Built by West Germans under U.S. license, the F-104 quickly became known as the "Widow-maker" because of an unusually high crash frequency. The crashes appeared to be the result of an "inferior" American product being foisted upon a trusting ally, until a comparison with the record of the American-built versions showed that only the Germans were having problems.

A continuing controversy arose in which it was argued that the excessive crash rate was due to either poorly trained German pilots, or inadequate maintenance, or the fact that the Ger-

man F-104 was used for purposes (fighter-bomber and reconnaissance) beyond its basic design as an air-to-air interceptor.

Frolik stated that it "was general knowledge" in Soviet-bloc intelligence that the KGB, through an agent in the West German F-104 factory, was able to make a very slight alteration in the 104's blueprints. This apparently imperceptible alteration, carefully thought out by Russian engineers, was enough to cause a number of F-104's to crash inexplicably but not enough to cause a large number of crashes which would surely have resulted in the 104's being permanently grounded or even replaced.

The result? A great deal of animosity arose between the West German and U.S. Air Forces. F-104 pilots were distrustful of their own aircraft, and a large amount of time and manpower was put into revising maintenance methods and pilot training.

NOTE: I checked the above with a U.S. Air Force maintenance expert who expressed disbelief in the feasibility of such an operation. He said it would be "virtually impossible" to alter a blueprint without its effect being noticed. He claimed that there "are just too many teardown inspections" of every component and square inch of an aircraft. He believes that the crashes were caused by the West Germans overloading the 104's with "excessive gear." Frolik did not claim to be directly involved in the 104 caper and so the whole thing could be just rumor circulated by the KGB to enhance its own image.

OPERATIONS AGAINST RADIO FREE EUROPE (RFE)

RFE, Frolik explained, is considered by the Czech government to be an extremely irritating institution. RFE,

largely staffed by Eastern European emigres who broadcast in their native languages, was, and is a prime target for Soviet and Soviet-bloc intelligence agencies. Because of RFE's use of refugees, the Czech HSR was able to place numerous agents within the organization.

These agents were utilized very successfully in operations to penetrate indigenous dissident groups within Czechoslovakia. Frolik explained that a suspected dissident could be approached by a Czech STB (Internal Security) agent claiming to also be a dissident but with CIA contacts. When the true dissident expressed doubts or suspicions, the STB man could just ask, "Name a song and I will have it played on RFE tomorrow at six o'clock. When you hear it, then you will know I am for real." And when the named song appeared as requested, who would then doubt the STB man's bona fides?

Frolik said that the RFE was deeply penetrated by KGB and HSR agents, but perhaps the situation is not as bad as it appears. When one Czech agent was instructed to put a hallucinogenic drug into RFE salt shakers, he turned out to be a double agent working for the CIA. The plot was thwarted.

In 1968, a Czech agent posing as a refugee penetrated the Research Center of RFE and, according to Frolik, he tapped the home telephones on many RFE employees. In 1974, the agent returned to Prague and with much officially-sponsored publicity, claimed to be a returning former refugee "disillusioned" with life in a non-"Worker's Paradise" nation. Frolik states that this agent's penetration of RFE caused "chaos in Czech emigre circles all over the world."

The next time you hear some politician suggesting that Radio Free Europe be closed down, remember these words from Frolik's testimony:

"Whatever voice which may be raised against RFE in political places in the United States is considered by the Czechoslovak intelligence service to be a voice of active alliance against the RFE, and the intelligence service is immediately tasked with utilizing this voice and supporting it actively with its resources."

OPERATIONS AGAINST THE CIA

Frolik's testimony is filled with references to the use of plants and double agents against the CIA. A few examples:

A Czech agent in Egypt was approached by the CIA and agreed to work for them. He was a plant. The agent, Frolik stated, "provided significant information about the methods, interests and targeting of the CIA, as well as with regard to his case officer." He was able to provide Czech Intelligence with the locations of CIA safe houses which allowed them to install automatic camera equipment nearby which photographed everyone entering the locations. He also fed the CIA a phony code which he claimed was utilized by the Czech intelligence service. The Czechs sent a message from Prague asking that a certain local government official be contacted for assistance. The CIA monitored the transmission, decoded the message and ended up suspecting the official who was, in fact, pro-American.

A Czech agent in Guinea — another plant — was "recruited" by the CIA. Frolik reports that the agent "provided information on CIA interests in Guinea, on methods of work and on personal characteristics of his case officer."

Anyone even slightly familiar with CIA procedures is aware of their heavy reliance upon the polygraph as a means of determining agent reliability. Frolik stated that one Czech agent being run against the CIA was trained to beat the lie detector. When the CIA put him on the machine, he passed easily.

OPERATIONS AGAINST CZECH ESCAPEES AND DEFECTORS

Frolik described an elaborate operation which reveals the great lengths to which Communist nations will go in the repression of their own people.

The Czech STB built an entire complex hidden in the forests of a military area. It included a phony border area with watchtowers, fences, and Czech agents dressed in West German Border Police Uniforms. STB agents would contact individuals who wished to escape from Czechoslovakia. They would present themselves as human smugglers working with Western authorities. The smugglers took the would-be escapees to the phony border and after conferring with the phony West German Border Police, they would lead the dissidents across and into a phony U.S. Army Counter Intelligence Corps facility.

The CIC facility was built to look exactly like an American military base complete with the U.S. flag flying on a pole, and men walking around in American uniforms. The dissidents were greeted with congratulations by English-

speaking Czech agents dressed as U.S. Army CIC officers and they were given food, clothing, money, and even American cigarettes. Inside the interrogation building hung framed pictures of the American President, the USAERU Commander, and the rest of the military chain of command. Down to the last detail, it looked like an authentic American military building.

Each of the "escapees" were interrogated about their anti-government activities and asked about individuals back home in Czechoslovakia whom they knew might be interested in receiving aid in escaping or who might work for Western Intelligence. Frolik states that many of the "escapees" told of illegal acts they had committed back home and many made up tales just to please their CIC interrogator.

After the debriefings were concluded, the people were put on a bus and told they were being taken into Western Germany. Along the way, on a country road, they were suddenly "ambushed" by Czechoslovakian police commando forces who pretended to be on a special mission "inside the West German border." The people were captured along with the "CIC" interrogation documents and shipped back to Czechoslovakia. The documents were later used against them as evidence of their "crimes against the State." Most of them, Frolik explained, received life sentences and, "many, many times they got capital punishment."

Frolik also revealed that the East Germans were running a similar phony CIC facility against their people.

Escapees are given such attention because, Frolik explained, the Communist leaders have continual nightmares about all of them returning some day "with a knife between their teeth and a submachine gun in their hands."

DEALING WITH DEFECTORS

Mr. and Mrs. Karel Zizka were Czech citizens working at the Czech mission to the United Nations in New York. Mr. Zizka was a code clerk who had decided to defect to the U.S. The couple had two children living in Czechoslovakia and did not want to leave them behind, so they planned to have the children sent to the U.S. for a visit during the Christmas holidays. Then, they would all defect.

The KGB somehow learned of the Zizka's plan and quickly notified Czech intelligence. Colonel Milos Vejvoda, the HSR station chief, was given orders to prevent the defection by "any means necessary." That night, Mr. Zizka was working the night shift at the office and Mrs. Zizka was home alone. Col. Vejvoda went to the Zizka home.

When Mr. Zizka came home at 7 am, two hours earlier than he was supposed

to, he found Col. Jejevoda and a KGB agent in his house. His wife's body was also there — her face horribly disfigured and a bullet lodged in her brain. They had tortured her by slicing her face and then pouring meat tenderizer into the wounds. Mr. Zizka looked at his wife's body and then ran screaming from the house.

The Colonel and the KGB man were taken by surprise and were unable to catch him. He drove away and his erratic driving attracted the attention of a police unit which chased him. He made it into Pennsylvania near the Delaware Bridge where he crashed his car. Before the police could get to him, he had shot himself fatally.

The Czech Mission issued a statement that Mr. Zizka had gone mad and killed his wife and then himself.

The butcher responsible for the torture and murder of Mrs. Zizka is presently the Deputy Chief of the Czech Delegation to the United Nations, Colonel Milos Vejvoda.

Czech emigre and editor of the Free Czechoslovakian Agency Josef Josten, was a target of three assassination attempts by HSR agents. In 1973, Josten had dinner with an HSR agent who pretended to be a Czech exile living in Switzerland. The agent was able to slip a nontraceable drug into Josten's food. Josten, according to Frolik, is still seriously ill and undergoing treatment.

A Hungarian State Security defector was being held in an Austrian jail under protective custody until he could be flown to the United States. The Czechs used one of their agents who held a high position in the Austrian Police to murder the defector.

MISC. ITEMS MENTIONED BY FROLIK

The following were a number of Czech agents Frolik had knowledge of:

John Stonehouse — Former high member of the British Government who held the positions of Postmaster General, Minister of Aviation, and Minister of Technology.

Agent Samo — A highly placed officer in the French Intelligence Service who has been cooperating with Czech intelligence since early 1966. Frolik reports that he provided an "enormous quantity of high level intelligence material."

Agent Light — A member of British Intelligence working in the Czechoslovakian section. Frolik states that he had access to the most sensitive materials and passed enough information for Czech intelligence to virtually destroy all British Intelligence networks inside Czechoslovakia. Over 140 persons were arrested. The operation with Agent Light ceased in 1961 when he died of a heart attack.

continued on page 60

The Challenge Of



DEEP SEA DIVING

by George Bacon

There is no doubt that industrial deep-sea diving has to be one of the most challenging professions in the modern world. Because the underwater environment tests a diver's fortitude and abilities, his physical stamina, mental acuity and raw courage, the diving profession can be likened to few others in the soft middle class world that we have come to call civilization.

Contrary to what most laymen believe, industrial deep-sea diving is not the "silent world" of Jacques Cousteau. It is usually not conducted under balmy skies in temperate, crystal-clear water, and it does not involve exciting interplay with friendly porpoises or glorious fighting with sharks and barracuda. It is tough and rigorous job, for which a man is paid well. The sheer challenge of dealing with and overcoming the tremendous physical odds found in diving can offer more than enough personal satisfaction to one who is serious about his trade, but wants to earn a good living and lead an exciting life.

Let's look at a typical day in the life of an industrial deep-sea diver, working a winter night a few hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle in the unpredictable North Sea between Scotland and Norway. These waters are in a constant state of disturbance resulting from rough winds, strong currents and ocean swells, averaging up to 30 feet in height. With the water temperature just a few degrees above freezing, a man who falls or is washed over the side in this water, unprotected by deep-sea diving gear, has only a few minutes to be rescued or die of exposure.

The huge, \$30 million, semi-submersible drilling rig has a flat deck, which serves as a drilling platform. It sits about 70 feet off the water, floating on immense cylindrical steel pontoons. These are designed according to the "iceberg principle." By remaining submerged, they give the platform sufficient stability to drill an oil well, even if battered by the strong winds and heavy waves for which the North Sea is famous.

The deep-sea diver must accomplish all underwater tasks that cannot be handled by remote control from topside. With the larger drilling rigs costing American oil companies as much as

Facing page: Diver working from a diving bell in very warm and clear water. Note the rack of emergency gas supply bottles around the base of the bell and the recirculating system the diver is wearing that scrubs the CO₂ out of his breathing medium so that the expensive helium gases can be reused rather than being vented into the water. The diver is wearing overalls rather than the wet suit or hot-water suit worn in colder diving areas.

\$75,000 a day to operate, and often working shifts around the clock, there is great consternation when trouble arises with the wellhead assembly apparatus on the ocean bottom. The entire drilling crew has to shut down until divers can descend to the ocean floor to correct the problem.

Where Danger And High Wages Go Hand-In-Hand

The diver and his partner are briefed on the trouble spot by the chief engineer and drilling supervisor on the rig, and make a last minute study of the blueprints of the underwater wellhead apparatus while donning their personal equipment. On the floor of the North Sea, with stiff currents roiling the muddy bottom, visibility will be zero and all work must be done by feel. The divers have etched in their memories exactly what they are going to do and precisely how and where they are going to do it.

The divers are outfitted in "hot water suits", deep-sea diving rubber suits covering their bodies with rubber tubing the size of a garden hose attached at the waist. Heated water will be continuously pumped through this hose and through their suits during the dive. Without this life support mechanism, the extreme cold of the North Sea (usually about 32 to 37 degrees Fahrenheit) would numb and constrict the divers' muscular movements within minutes with resulting unconsciousness and death.

The divers wear weights to hold them on the bottom and an imaginatively designed diving helmet that alone can cost up to \$1500. The air hose attached to this helmet will provide them with a more than sufficient amount of breathing medium pumped from the surface. At depths of 200 feet or greater, the divers will not be breathing pure air, but a constantly changing mixture of gases, including oxygen and nitrogen, the major components of air, and a combination of inert gases, such as helium or xenon. They serve with nitrogen as a carrying medium for the one essential gas, oxygen. This mixture is a necessary substitute for pure air, in order to avoid the heavy concentrations of both oxygen and nitrogen in air.

Under high pressure, oxygen would be severely toxic to the human body if breathed for too great a time, while nitrogen gives a drunken feeling, known as nitrogen narcosis or "rapture of the depths," rendering the diver unable to perform work tasks effectively. By cutting down the percentages of oxygen and nitrogen used in breathing mediums, while increasing the proportions of carrier gases such as helium and xenon, which do not enter the body's metabolism, divers have been able to keep the oxygen and nitrogen pressures to less than dangerous levels, while still supply the body with more than enough oxygen to sustain life and allow hard work.

The diving helmet has an earphone and speaker system, allowing the diver

Below: The SEA QUEST, an immense semi-submersible drilling rig operated by British Petroleum in the wild and turbulent North Sea.





A diving bell (center) ready to be lowered over the side of an underwater-pipeline laying barge. The deck decompression chamber, or DDC, is at left.

constant communication with his diving partner left behind on emergency standby in the diving bell, while he exits to swim or walk along the bottom a short distance to the underwater work site. This element of comms can be extremely reassuring to the diver venturing out alone into the stark and forbidding, surrealistic world beneath the sea. His helmet may have a light built into its top so that if the water is clear, he may be able to see his work despite the depth and darkness of night. However, if the bottom is composed of silt or mud continually stirred up by strong currents, even a helmet light will not help much.

After the divers are fully suited, except for their helmets, and their equipment has been thoroughly checked, they enter the bell, secure all hatches and are lifted over the side and lowered into the water. The diving bell is small and conditions cramped, visibility outside the bell is zero. Their hot water suits will not be turned on until they leave the bell underwater, because there is no way to vent the hot water with the hatches secured and the bell under pressure. It is deathly still inside the bell, the only sound being topside checking on their condition as they descend.

The air inside the bell is kept at atmospheric pressure (that which prevails



The OCEANEER 1000, designed and developed by Oceaneering International, Inc., the world's largest diving company. Divers exit through the base hatch.

in air at sea level, or 14.7 pounds per square inch), but on being told that they are at working depth, they "blow down" by opening gas intake valves, allowing the bell to rapidly fill with mixed gases under very high pressure, until the pressure inside the bell will equal the ambient pressure in the sea water outside the bell. At 400 feet in sea water, this ambient pressure will be 192.7 pounds per square inch, a considerable increase over that at sea level; nevertheless, the diver can work hard and suffer no ill effects at this pressure, as long as he equalizes the air pressure in the air cavities within his body (lungs, sinuses, and middle ear) with the ambient pressure of the air in the bell or the sea water outside. Another way of expressing this idea, is that at 400 feet in sea water, the pressure equals 13 atmospheres or 13 times that at sea level. But because liquids and solids, of which our bodies are mostly composed, are incompressible, man can live and work at these tremendous pressures for long periods without ill effect, if he is breathing a mixture of gases that is also at 13 atmospheres of pressure or is compressed to 1/3 of its volume at sea level.

Gases under these great pressures become very thick and viscous but they are readily breathable. Working dives to 600 feet are now becoming more common, while simulated working dives to 900 feet have been successfully completed. The diving industry is now talking of working dives to 1500 feet in a few years, as the oil industry is forced to go further offshore into deeper water to supplement our rapidly dwindling petroleum supplies.

Once the pressure of the atmosphere inside the diving bell equals that of the sea water outside, the diver may don his helmet and open the hatch in the bottom of the bell, without sea water rushing inside. He is now ready to begin the working part of his dive, and after making sure the hot water in his suit is adjusted and flowing properly, he drops through the open hatch. Feeling very much on his own, and quite insignificant compared to the vast ocean surrounding him, he knows that if he gets into trouble, help is just 50 to 100 feet away, at the end of his air hose leading back into the bell. His diving partner is also tending from the bell, listening to every sound or lack of sound, for a sign of trouble and a signal to come to aid. The depth, zero visibility, tension, and the plain fact of working underwater, add up to a demanding and challenging proposition. At these great depths, work must be fast and accurate because very minute spent at depth will add to the time spent in decompression in a cramped chamber topside. Approximately 30 minutes are required in decompression for each additional minute spent at a depth of around 400 feet which increases the chance of decompression sickness or "the bends."

On long term jobs, requiring up to 200 or more diver hours to complete, a technique called "saturation," or simply "sat" diving, is used to keep at least one diver on the job at all times, 24 hours a day, until the job is finished. A typical sat job will require four divers to saturate (blow down in a decompression chamber on the surface, to a pressure equivalent to that of the sea water depth at which they will be working, breathing the same mixed gas medium they will be using underwater, to saturate their body tissues with these gases, and then remain at this pressure, equivalent throughout the duration of the job, whether in the water or in the compression chamber of deck). The body's tissues become fully saturated with the inert gases used in the breathing medium (nitrogen, helium and xenon) after 12 hours, but then require much longer, to completely "desaturate" (allowing these inert gases to come out of the body's tissues).

In order to prevent a "hit" of decompression sickness, the diver, whose body tissues are in a saturated condition, must decompress (remain in a decompression chamber on deck while pressure is slowly relieved, to simulate

coming up slowly through the water, allowing inert gases dissolved in the body to gradually come out of solution, be carried in the blood to the lungs and be exhaled from the body).

If the proper decompression procedure is not followed and the diver comes up too fast, gas bubbles will form in the blood or body tissue, lodging in the joints, brain, nerves or skin, etc., resulting in a range of minor to serious symptoms, depending on where the bubbles congregate. A diver who neglects the decompression tables and is hit with "pain-only" bends in the joints is the lucky one, for a severe hit in the central nervous system, including the brain and spinal cord, can result in paralysis and death. However, if the tables are properly adhered to, a case of the bends is a very rare event.

The World Below Is Stark, Surrealistic And Forbidding

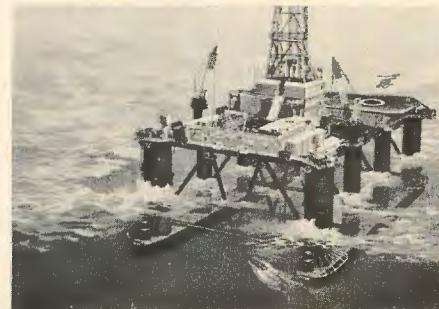
If a diver is on a long job and stays at depths of around 400 feet for 12 hours or more, he will probably have to spend four or more days in decompression, while the inert gases are slowly allowed to leave his body tissues. But if he stays on the job at the same work depth of 400 feet for substantially longer than 12 hours, he would not have to remain appreciably longer in decompression than he would, had he stayed only 12 hours.

Modern science has found that for any



Two divers wearing SCUBA (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus) being lowered over the side of a huge semisubmersible North Sea oil rig

given depth, the human body's tissues become fully saturated with inert gas after 12 hours, whereby any longer stay at that depth will not increase inert gas uptake by the tissues or require one to spend more time in decompression. Thus on a long-term job, it is much more efficient to have four or more divers saturate and remain at depth for periods of up to 21 days, and then decompress together at the end of the job.



An artist's rendering of the largest type of North Sea semisubmersible rig. These rigs cost a minimum of \$30 million to build.

Members of the dive team will rotate on work shifts of 12 hours, with half the team on stand-by (rest and sleep) in the compression chamber on deck, which is kept at a pressure equal to that at the water depth where the team is working. The other half is in the bell at working depth for 12 hours. Actually a diver in the bell works for six hours outside, then returns to the bell to tend for his diving partner, whose turn it now is to leave the bell and work a six hour stretch. At the



A diver with surface air supply

end of a 12 hour work shift, the two halves of the dive team are rotated, and the bell is brought back on deck to mate by pressure locking device with the deck decompression chamber (DDC). Some diving bells are quite large and can carry as many as four or more divers to working depth to work on a big job at the same time. This rotation will continue until the job is complete, when all divers will decompress in the DDC together.

Although the DDC's are quite large, provided with beds and a modicum of other living comforts, the entire saturation procedure is a demanding one and the hardships are great. For undergoing these unpleasant and hazardous

continued on page 71

THE BUSHMASTER:

Not For Everyone, Definitely . . .
Not For Anyone, Possibly . . .

Two experts report on a new U.S.-made assault weapon

David Steele

The Bushmaster is, to coin a term, an assault pistol. It is not a target pistol, a plinking pistol, a police side arm (in the usual sense of the term), a submachine gun, a carbine, or an assault rifle. It is unique; only the Air Force IMP (Individual Multi-Purpose Weapon) and a few experimental weapons fit into the same category.

Basically, the Bushmaster is a semi-automatic, stockless, bullpup carbine. It is a .223 (5.56mm) semi-auto version of the Air Force selective fire IMP. The IMP was developed as an aircrew survival weapon. The idea was to provide a minimum size and weight weapon for the downed aircrewman to both live off the land and defend himself against enemy personnel.

In 1967, Hans Siewers, a Life Support Equipment Requirements officer for the Strategic Air Command, set up the following requirements for a survival weapon:

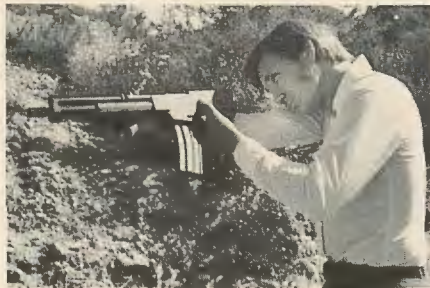
1. Capable of killing a man at 100 yards.
2. Accurate on man-sized targets at 100 yards, when used by the average aircrewman.
3. Less than 13 inches long and one inch thick.
4. Not over 39 cubic inches in volume or over one and one half pounds in weight.
5. Should be semi-automatic and carry at least seven rounds.

Siewers' idea was to develop a survival weapon which would not take up much of the mere 1500 cubic inches available for ground survival equipment on modern combat aircraft. It was also felt that with a probable use of less than a hundred rounds, most of the parts on such a weapon could be made from lightweight alloys. In any case, to the author's knowledge, no weapon has been developed which satisfies all of Siewers' requirements. The IMP, for example, fails requirement numbers three and four completely. However, it should be recalled that a small arm's tested performance depends on the criteria used in the testing (The validity of small arms' tests is as much open to question as that of any teacher's exams.

Compare, for example, the criteria used by the Army in adopting a service pistol in 1907 and the criteria used by the

BATF in handgun tests at H.P. White labs a few years ago. The objectives of the first example were clear and feasible, resulting in the adoption of the excellent Colt .45 M-1911 auto, while the objectives of the BATF example were vague and controversial, apparently an attempt to demonstrate the lack of quality in domestic handguns (which might eventually result in their falling under the same restrictions as foreign weapons).

In any case, Siewers' criteria resulted in some high grade research and development by Dale Davis and others at Eglin AFB in Florida. It was determined that a shoulder stock could be dispensed with, since the shooter's own arm could serve most of its functions, and because the shooter's hand was capable of ab-



Arms executive Dr. James McCourt demonstrates offhand shooting with the Bushmaster. Note 30-round magazine.

sorbing more recoil with less pain than his shoulder. Eventually, with the aid of a wooden model and a modified Remington XP-100 pistol, a design was arrived upon, with a forward handgrip and the action lying at an angle along the shooter's forearm. The receiver was held to the forearm by light pressure from the shooter's left thumb.

These early prototypes were for right-handed shooters only, although it was found that a southpaw could use them more easily than a conventional right-hand pistol or rifle. Eventually, a system was developed so that the pistol grip could be rotated 38° to the left for right-handed shooters and 38° to the right for left-handed shooters, with a straight-up position for storage or snap shooting from the ready.

Colt contracted to make up four prototypes for the Air Force. These were selective fire (a rotating dial moved from safe to semi to full auto), with a full cyclic rate of 550 rpm (slow for controllability). The caliber chosen was a .221 Fireball, a cartridge intermediate between the .17 SPIW and the 5.56mm, cartridges for which the military would have the most interest (the choice of the .221 Fireball must also have been influenced by the use of the XP-100 for the prototype.) One model used three peep sights, corresponding to the three grip positions and the three front post sights. There was also an optical sight, in the developmental stage, for right-handed shooters. The prototypes were 15 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches long, 1 1/16 inches wide, weighed four pounds and produced about 2530 fps from the .221 round. They had available custom made ten and 30 round magazines. Test reports on these IMP's were quite favorable.

The idea of a forearm "stock" is not entirely new. The Czech CZ 61 "Skorpion" SMG has a short wire stock which is meant to be held to the top of the forearm with the left thumb. The Skorpion also has top ejection and twin cocking handles, making it among the very few small arms which do not favor a right-handed shooter. Of course, the Skorpion uses the .32 ACP cartridge, and undoubtedly the Eglin engineers were correct in shifting the "stock" to the side so that the "machinery" necessary for heavier calibers could be accommodated along the top of the forearm. The IMP could be carried by a shoulder strap clipped to the butt of the receiver. This lanyard could be used to further steady the weapon in offhand fire.

Mack Gwinn, at the Eglin IMP tests, set out to produce a semi-automatic version in the 5.56mm military cartridge. This weapon, called the Bushmaster, is now available to civilian and police purchasers.

There are a number of internal differences between the IMP and the Bushmaster, perhaps mostly due to Gwinn's attempt to use as many standard AR-15 parts as possible — to lower cost and provide easier replacement. The AR-15 (or M-16, if you will) parts used in the

Bushmaster include: 1) barrel (modified); 2) flash hider and flash hider lock washer; 3) bolt and bolt cam pin; 4) firing pin and firing pin retaining pin; 5) hammer, hammer spring and hammer pin; 6) front take-down pin, spring and detent; 7) trigger, trigger spring and pin; 8) hammer catch and spring; 9) magazine catch assembly; 10) safety selector, safety selector locking spring and detent; 11) rear take-down pin, locking spring, and detent; 12) pistol grip, grip screw and lock washer; and 13) magazine (5, 20, or 30 rounds).

The exterior of the Bushmaster also differs from the IMP. It is noticeably heavier, longer and thicker than the IMP. Instead of three front sights, the Bushmaster has only one, which does not rotate but remains in position for all three shooting positions. Instead of a dial selector, it has a standard AR-15 arrow selector for safe or semi-auto. Its pistol grip, magazine, and flash hider obviously differ from the AR-15.

Field testing the Bushmaster was not

right ear, in spite of my ear plugs. The Bushmaster fires a cartridge designed for a rifle length barrel. The powder which does not burn in the short barrel is ignited outside of it, making for considerable muzzle blast and muzzle flash. These factors were also present in the XM177E1 Colt "Commando" sub-machine gun version of the M-16. On that weapon, a special flash hider was designed to dampen the "fireball" effect. (This special flash hider is not standard on the Bushmaster; only an ordinary M-16 flash hider is present; though a better one can be ordered at extra cost.)

This M-16 flash hider has only one real advantage: it can be unscrewed, so that the Bushmaster will fit in a standard attache case. The IMP, on the other hand, used a cartridge, the .221, which was designed for use in short barrels, and the 5.56mm cartridge is noted for incomplete burning even in rifle barrels (perhaps due to the adoption of the ball powder used in the M-14 rifle cartridge, a cost-saving measure). In any case, due to

Briefly, the Bushmaster is 20 inches long, with an 11.4 inch barrel; it weighs 4.2 pounds. The basic pistol costs \$299 retail. An optional accessory package can be had which includes sling and swivels, modified rear sight, and compensator.

Regarding possible improvements in the Bushmaster, Dr. McCourt has this to say: "The recoil spring has a life of only a thousand rounds. All roll pins should be replaced with drill rod stock. The rear cover should be long enough to cover the recoil buffer and also engage the machine cuts. It fits in at the front without impairing ejection. (In short, it may come out U-shaped at the front.) The handguard should be stabilized by drilling and peening so that it will stay in position. The gas tube should be vented. If there is a detent for the front sight, the ball bearing and spring should be replaced with heavier duty. If swivels are desired, the Garand rear swivel can be used in combination with an AK-47 front swivel. To cushion the hand above



The .223 cal. Bushmaster with 30-round magazine in place. Note top-mounted cocking handle, which can be used effectively no matter what direction the receiver is turned.



The Bushmaster stripped. Note M-16 parts, such as flash hider, selector button, magazine, etc. The flash hider, however, is comparatively ineffective on the Bushmaster because of the .223 cartridge's "fireball" effect in the short barrel. (The powder grains do not ignite until they have left the tube).

an unqualified success. The gun tested was from the private collection of arms company executive Dr. James McCourt. This particular weapon had never been equipped by the factory with a rear sight. Needless to say, accuracy testing was impossible. Only the functioning of the gun could be evaluated. If it had had a rear sight, however, it would have been only a fixed sight with three notches corresponding to the three receiver positions (hardly a sight which could take advantage of the accuracy potential of the cartridge).

The Bushmaster fires from closed bolt. Unlike the AR-15, the Bushmaster makes use of an operating rod which, theoretically, means that less carbon builds up in the chamber. However, since the test gun jammed on the feeding cycle after practically every shot, the question of carbon build-up is moot.

We function fired the Bushmaster up in Texas Canyon north of Los Angeles. After just a few shots of military ball ammo, I noticed a distinct ringing in my

the muzzle blast/flash, I would hate to be in a car where the Bushmaster was being used for purposes of counter-ambush. I can visualize being temporarily blinded, deafened, and struck with hot empty case.

Recoil in the Bushmaster is negligible. As with the IMP, the recoil is absorbed mostly by the hand. The weapon can easily be fired from the hip. Whether it is more accurate when fired in this fashion than a standard submachine gun, carbine or shotgun would be, is a matter of conjecture. Since I had to hand cycle almost every shot, I was not able to see if it was a simple matter to walk shots on target. The Bushmaster can also be fired at eye level, using the sights (if any). Incidentally, the open rear sight is to be preferred to the experimental IMP peep sight, given the long pistol-style eye relief. Hopefully, a fully effective small optical sight will be developed which can be attached without trouble; perhaps the KWIK-Point or Single-Point sight will soon be adapted in this fashion.

the handgrip in the rear, a piece of rubber may be glued using silicon cement. Full-length barrels may be used and inserted, i.e., the AR-15 may be substituted, provided the crosspins are relocated as well as the gasport. If the recoil spring fails, a .45 stock spring may be substituted. The safeties do not have detents in all the necessary positions. Therefore, additional detents must be drilled at 90° from the existing ones. The handguard detents should be matched with five-sixteenths dimples drilled in the housing."

Upon hearing this, the police buyer may wish to wait for certain design changes before he puts down his \$300 and/or trust his life to the Bushmaster. When perfected, the Bushmaster may become one of the best assault and counter-ambush weapons, suitable for aircrews, tank crews, artillerymen, State Department security branch, police stake-out squads, etc.

continued on page 68

S.W.A.T. REMOTE CONTROL EXPLOSIVES TECHNIQUE

by

Nicholas Ludwig Ladas II and Robert D. Allman



Close-up showing remote "sandwich" with stiff paper separating metal screens and held in place by spring-type clothes pins. Ladas' finger points to wires connecting both screens into firing circuit.

As Specialized Weapons and Tactics (S.W.A.T) Instructors, one of the most interesting, exciting, and yet, most dangerous blocks of instruction concerns the subject of explosives — both their safe handling and the use of expedient and control techniques. Couple the various facets of this explosives (and demolition) training with another of our blocks of instruction, the suppression of urban guerrilla warfare and organized terrorism, and, to quote an oft repeated phrase, "all Hell breaks loose!" It is particularly with this combination of overlapping fields that the possibilities for demolition employment become almost infinite.

Of the many applications for demolition employment, we find the remote triggering, or setting-off, of a charge most intriguing. There are various modalities for accomplishing the task of remote control with explosives, many of which are horrendously complex and incredibly expensive. However, a very basic, swift, and certain modality to remotely control a blast, involves little more than what one would ordinarily find in the average household! Before we delve more closely into the methodology of initiating such a remote blast, let us offer a word of caution.

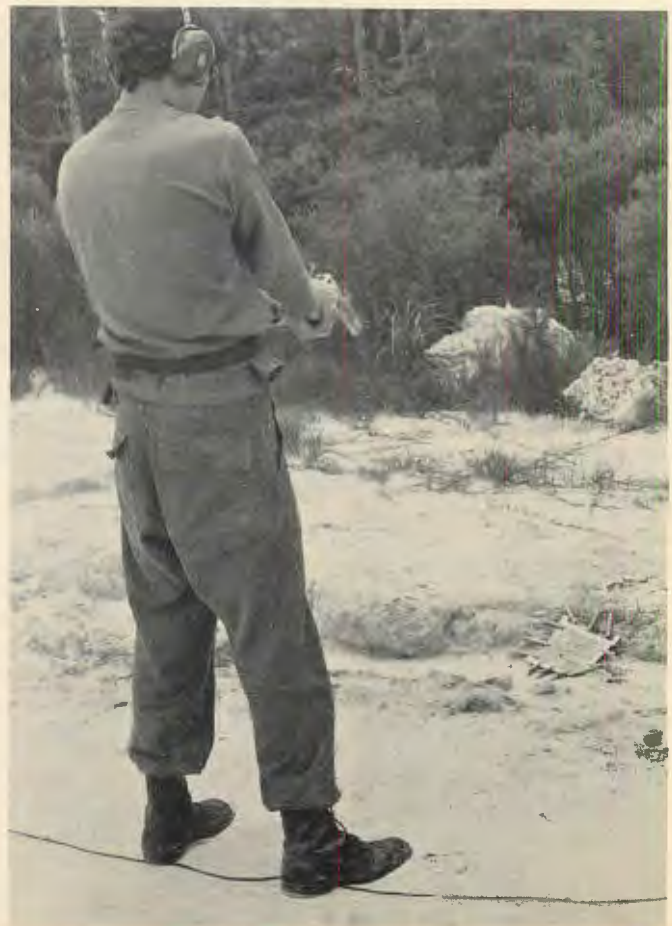
The handling of explosives and explosive devices is NOT FOR THE UNINITIATED — the untrained. Explosives contain an incredible amount of

LADAS ... owns Gateway Sporting Goods and UPOP Research and Development Enterprises (SWAT-related research) ... Class III and VI Federal Firearms dealer ... State of Florida and Dade County explosives instructor ... SWAT instructor ... State of Florida certified police officer ... Executive Director of Biscayne Park Emergency Services Unit (SWAT team); ... SCUBA instructor ... 617 hours logged underwater ... 261 jumps ... U.S. & German army jump wings ... Special Forces medic ... Army schools include: SCUBA, Underwater Mine/Explosives Disposal, airborne, explosives, sniper & mountain climbing

ALLMAN ... UPOP associate ... SWAT instructor ... State of Florida explosives instructor ... U.S. Army combat medic ... Punta Gorda police officer ...

Both ALLMAN and LADAS are members of PMRS and participated in relief operations in Guatemala.

Below: Ladas fires his .45 auto with fully jacketed bullet into remote device, thus connecting both screens.



potential energy, which, when released, is absolutely devastating! In addition to the destruction of property is the destruction of life and limb! If explosives must be utilized, this should only be undertaken by fully trained and licensed personnel, following the most stringent safety precautions. To do otherwise is foolhardy and very dangerous, to say the least. Safety is always the primary consideration.

As S.W.A.T. Instructors, we train members of sanctioned law enforcement and governmental agencies. Our students are taught that any methodology they utilize to inflict injury upon the enemy, may likewise be used by the enemy to inflict injury upon them. As a result, learning to set up this remote firing device will also facilitate a keener awareness of what the enemy (organized terrorists and insurgents) may utilize on us.

With explosives and demolitions, there are only two types of firing systems — electric and nonelectric. Our remote procedure may only be employed when utilizing an electric system, the more prevalent today. With an electric system, electricity, from one of a number of sources, is used to fire the primary initiating element. The electric impulse, usually supplied by an electric blasting machine or car battery, travels from the source, through the firing wire to the electric blasting cap lead wires, in order to finally fire the cap itself. Electric priming, the preparation of an explosive charge for detonation by electric means, follows methodically from the placement of the charge, laying out of the firing wire, testing the blasting caps if possible, connecting the circuit if more than one is involved, inserting the caps into the charges, testing the circuit if possible, testing the blasting machine, connecting the blasting machine, and firing the charges. This is, of course, a rudimentary explanation of an explosive circuit, but it will suffice for our purposes here.

If your mission is to demolish a specific target at a specific instant (which cannot be predetermined, thereby negating remote timing devices — clockwork), and you are without a blasting machine, or your firing wire is of a shorter length than you would otherwise safely use (having been scrounged up for the purpose on very brief notice), then this modality of remote electric firing is just what the doctor ordered. All that is needed for assembling this handy little remote device is two pieces of metal screening, a piece of cardboard or stiff paper, and a handful of spring-type household clothes pins. The screening may be readily procured from almost any hardware store, or from any porch or window, if circumstances necessitate. For our model, we utilized two pieces of one-eighth inch aluminum mesh screening from an eight inch wide roll found in the garage. The mesh must be of

relatively small dimensions (one-eighth inch to one-half inch), for reasons to be explained later. The size of the pieces of screen is determined solely by the accuracy of the firer and his distance from the device at the time of firing. The screening in our remote device measured approximately eight inches by eight inches. Before proceeding further, it would be appropriate to describe exactly the function this remote device will perform, and how it will accomplish this function.

As mentioned previously, any electric system must be a complete electric circuit, in order to detonate the explosive charge. Any break in this complete circuit will not allow the charge to be fired until the break is bridged. For our purposes in this mission, we were not provided with the services of a commercial blasting machine, nor is our firing wire of adequate length to foster the degree of safety necessary in such an explosive situation. (As it is our objective in this mission to successfully destroy the target at a precise, but not, unfortunately, predetermined instant, we will make use of our homemade remote device, thus assuring both the successful completion of our mission, and the preservation of our earthly existence.)

After placement of the charge and the laying out of the firing wire, we procure some source of electrical energy — a convenient car battery (12 volt) being most suitable, as well as readily available. We attach one of the two firing wire ends to one side of our remote device, and attach the other wire end to one of the battery terminals. We attach another wire from the other battery terminal to the OPPOSITE SIDE of the remote device. Under no circumstances



Above: Detonation occurs at the instant the jacketed bullet makes contact with both screens, bridging the circuit.

should both wires to the remote device be attached to the same side. This cannot be over emphasized. If it is inadvertently done, the entire mission will be jeopardized and probably terminated, as will your life, if you are not a sufficient distance away (and undercover) at the instant of detonation. Once the wires are appropriately connected and the circuit is ready, all that remains is for the firer to retreat a sufficiently safe distance where he is able to observe both the target area and the remote device, and, at the chosen moment, fire his weapon (with full copper-jacketed bullets only) at the device, which, in turn, fires the circuit, and, if everything has been set up satisfactorily, accomplishes the mission.

Below: Ladas holds .45 slug toward connecting hole in remote device made by jacketed bullet penetrating "sandwich."





Hal Swigett, author, photographer and PR man, used a .357 Python.

SILHOUETTE PISTOL MATCHES

The First National Handgun Metallic Silhouette Championships

Though nearly every soldier yearns for a side arm, a pistol of one sort or another, the world's major military establishments award the one-hand gun little recognition. The comment, "The pistol is not significant in battle," published in a major U.S. military journal after WWII seems to sum up the general attitude. On the surface, that comment is true enough — it would be hard to find a battle in modern times whose outcome hinged upon the use of side arms. On the other hand, taking less of a 'big picture' view, I do not think it difficult to find many small actions where side arms were important to the outcome. Patrols, ambushes, chance encounters, escape of downed air

by Maj. George C. Nonte, Jr.

crews, and other similar actions have often ended favorably because of skillful and vigorous use of side arms. They become even more important in areas frequented by irregulars and terrorists (plenty of which may be found today) inasmuch as it is the one firearm which may be carried — openly or concealed — during virtually any form of military, social or domestic activity, ready for instant use, if the need arises.

Aside from its practical value as the most portable weapon, the pistol has tremendous morale value. A man in a

hostile zone feels very uncomfortable without a weapon within arm's reach, yet there are many occasions when a rifle or SMG simply can't be kept in hand. A holstered side arm does much for one's peace of mind under those conditions, and in my opinion, is well worth its modest cost for that purpose alone, even if it never be fired in anger.

Thus, we were much interested to learn of the free-style handgun silhouette matches to be conducted in Tucson last Fall. Both Bob Brown and I attended and spent much time discussing such matters with the contestants.

This form of pistolcraft must not be confused with the U.S. military use of kneeling-man silhouette targets for pistol

training and qualification at very short ranges. What we speak of is shooting at metallic silhouettes at long (for pistols) ranges, wherein hits count only if the target is knocked down and the targets are not cluttered with scoring rings.

This type of shooting is derived from the old Mexican Silhouette matches, conducted with rifles against game targets. Though others may have toyed with it, Dale Miller, out Tucson way, seems to have organized the first public matches several years ago and has been hustling the game ever since. Though promoted as preparation for hunting game with the pistol, it serves just as well in preparing one for combat use of the side arm at long-range. In fact, it serves that purpose better, in view of the fact that the game targets used are much smaller than any human enemy we might expect to encounter. Were the targets man-size and shape, the courses of fire would be much easier.

The object of the game is to hit targets a 50, 100, 150, and 200 meters with a single shot each. Five targets are supplied at each range. Five shots are allowed at each range and one shot must be fired at each target. The targets are flame-cut from heavy steel plate and are placed on steel rails, from which a shot must knock them to score as a hit. This places a premium on power as well as accuracy. Even if all five shots of a string are clearly heard to clang against the target, hits are scored only for those targets which fall off the rail. As the targets presently exist, even the .45 auto will not always topple targets at the longer ranges, unless the hit is high and well-centered. Scratch hits simply mock the shooter with a loud "clank," while the target remains unmoved.

In any event, knowledge of Miller's efforts and of other types of shooting, lead Lee Jurras (formerly president of Super Vel Cartridge Corp.) of Roswell, New Mexico, to sponsor a National Championship Handgun Metallic Silhouette match. The match was conducted at the Three Points Range, a few miles outside of Tucson, Arizona. Long a vociferous proponent of both practical and long range handgun shooting, Jurras felt that the silhouette match offered great potential in both areas - far more than the usual paper-target shooting most widely promoted. For this purpose, Dale Miller and Dutch Snow provided the basic courses of fire and a tremendous amount of work (with others) to get the targets and range set up. Shooting for record was scheduled for Saturday and Sunday, with the range open for practice on Thursday and Friday.

It is interesting to note, in that regard, that the fellow who eventually won the match by a comfortable margin, was the one who arrived many days early and fired a rigid practice schedule every day until the match took place. As in virtually



Recoil rise of this shooter's .44 Mag. Ruger illustrates the behavior of heavy loads needed for long range work.



Match director Dale Miller's shirt tells all what is going on.

any endeavor, practice and dedication play a large part in proficiency.

In essence, shooters were free to use any gun cartridge combination they wished, and shooting positions were limited only in that no artificial support could be used.

Those without experience were torn

between using a cartridge of light recoil (for maximum control) and one of great power, to be certain of knocking down the targets. The lightest combination seen was the Colt Python revolver in .357 caliber; the heaviest was the Auto Mag pistol in .44 AMP caliber. In between were .44 Magnum revolvers



Elgin Gates, well-known big game hunter, competed well with his .357 Auto Mag.

of both S&W and Ruger make, .357 and .41 Auto Mags, .41 Magnum, and even the .45 ACP. The most common caliber was the .44 Magnum; the most common gun was the S&W M29 revolver.

The first string consisted of five shots at five grouse silhouettes at 50 meters. These targets looked so easy to shooters that had been practicing for the longer ranges that many of them blew it completely. Several whom we knew could shoot better, actually missed all five

continued on page 74



Thirty Years of Silent Death

THE WELROD STORY

by John Minnery

It was the policy of the British S.O.E. to furnish their World War II agents with any weapon they desired for their missions into Festung Europa. Since it was a purely elective process, many agents chose to take no weapons whatsoever, lest the discovery of same jeopardize their cover. Once in Europe however, requests came back for the silenced weapons that had been used in

training. That the Resistance cells had need of such items was quite obvious for the removal of quislings, the elimination of bridge guards and the killing of Germans.

There were a few silenced pistols at their disposal, of the Maxim and Parker-Hale type and they were predominantly in .22 cal. As .32 ACP and 9mmP calibres were common in Europe, the logistical

considerations indicated that weapons should be made to suit those cartridges.

The Welrod series of pistols were made in England at the Special Operations, Executive research station located just outside London ("an hour's drive from Baker Street") at Welwyn, Herts. The prefix 'Wel' in Welrod is traced to these labs which also produced the Welbike (a miniature motorscooter for agents and parachutists) and the Welman, a unique one-man sub (also for agent insertion).

The labs were located at the Frythe estate in Welwyn, and Quonset huts were erected around the house for use as workshops and barracks.

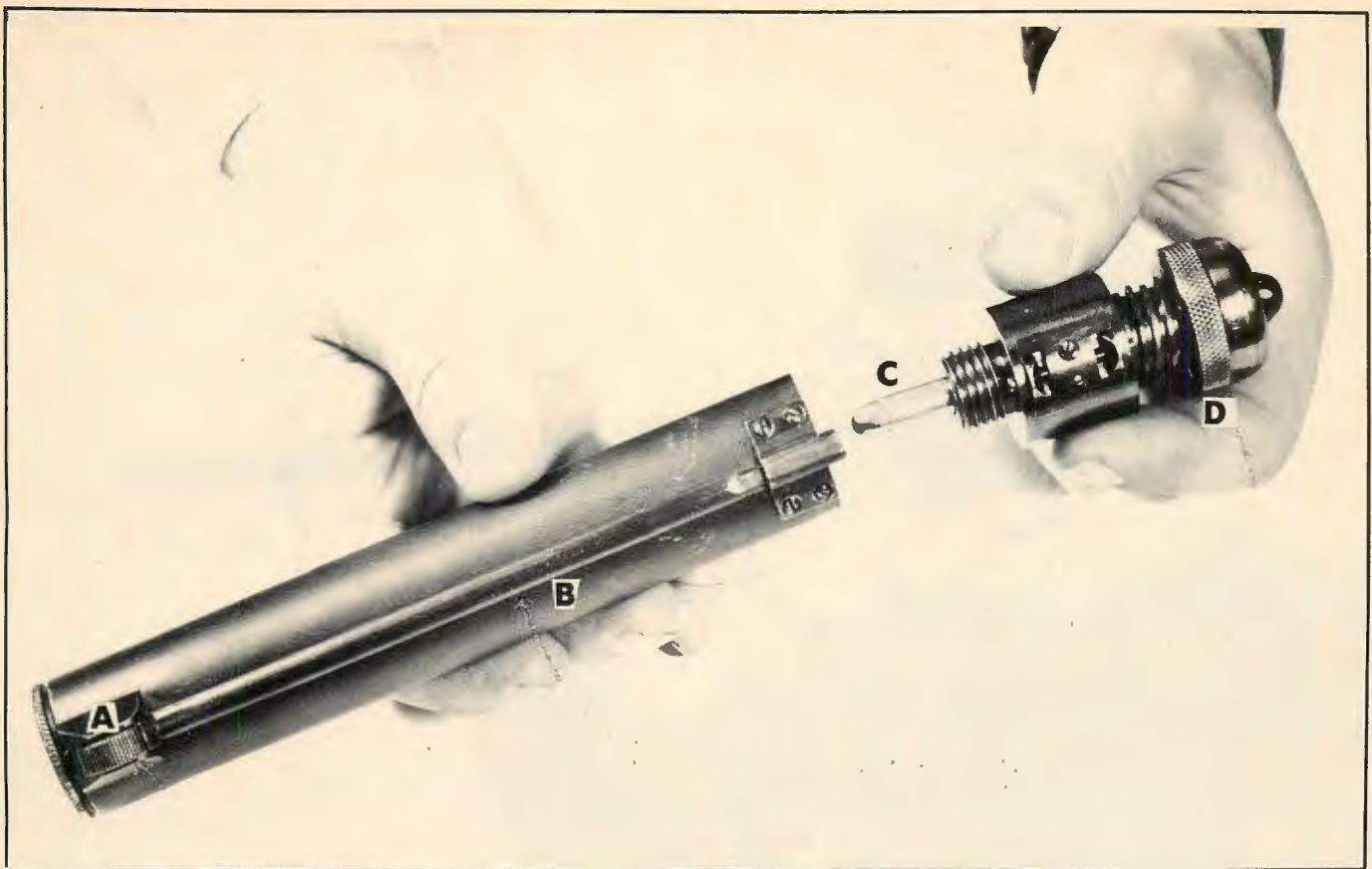
The pistols took shape under the direction of a Major Dolphin. The first Welrod was a true bolt-action affair modeled after a turning bolt rifle action. It had a vestigial handgrip which was an integral but removable magazine, holding three rounds. The weapon was fired by depressing a thumb lever on the left side of the receiver. The silencer was approximately a foot long and the device was .32 cal.

The Welrod pistol was unique in that in its final stages the designers realized that it was senseless to make a pistol and then manufacture a silencer for it — rather, they designed a silencer first and then made the pistol mechanisms. (This was a novel approach and the only people who have used it in contemporary modern times are the Chinese in their PRC type 64 pistol.)

The production Welrod and the outgrowth of the research is known in the U.S. as "Handfiring device, MKI" and credited, wrongly, to the U.S. Naval Gun Factory.

.32 Sleevegun, on the left, and .32 Welrod.





The .32 Silenced Sleeve Gun and Bludgeon. Note thumb latch trigger, A; trigger rod (sear stripper), B; .32 round, C; plunger housing, D.

The bulk of the pistols — several hundred — were made at B.S.A. and can be traced to them through their receiver markings of star and square. In fact, when B.S.A. went into liquidation a few years back, many Welrods were among the stock that went to the auction. Fortunately, a perspicacious employee noted the mistake and they were withdrawn from sale a bit quick.

The .32 cal. Welrod had an overall length of 12 3/16 inches. It weighed just under two and a half pounds. The exterior had a parkerized finish and the

grip was coated with smooth rubber over a .32 auto (Colt) magazine. Barrel rifling was five groove-left twist. The sights had luminous features — the front a straight line, the rear two opposed lots.

Operation: With a loaded magazine inserted, the knurled knob at the rear is given a quarter turn to the left and withdrawn. Upon being pushed forward, a cartridge is tripped from the magazine and chambered. The bolt is locked by turning the knob one quarter turn to the right. The gun is cocked on the closing stroke of the bolt.

Withdrawing the bolt extracts and ejects the fired case. Ejection is through an opening on the top of the receiver. Locking is effected by two lugs at the rear of the bolt.

The bolt is removed by the take-down screw on the right of the breech. The silencer contains a cork end baffle, which may be replaced by removing the threaded end cap. The barrel is perforated to aid in silencing. On being fired, the weapon produces a report somewhat akin to that of a .22 short being fired from a rifle. The report is followed either by a prolonged hissing sound as gas escapes through the cork in the silencer or by a more rapid, duller hiss when the gas, under pressure, remains trapped in the silencer and escapes upon opening the bolt.

The B.S.A. Welrod went through a couple of model changes, mainly centering around the end cap and trigger bar assemblies. The end cap had an indented cone in some types and a recess in others. These modifications were for muzzle-to-skin contact firings and substantially aided in making the weapon totally silent for that use. The recess also had use, in that as a field expedient, paper or foil could be wadded into it assisting in suppressing the precursor sound wave coming from the weapon, in the event that the cork end baffle were shot out through many firings. In modern times, I've heard of this trick being done with chewing gum.

Welrods: top, S.O.E. model; bottom, M.A.C. model .32ACP.



continued on page 75



The Demise of the S & W

M76 SUBMACHINEGUN

by J. David Truby

The Smith & Wesson Model 76 sub-machine gun is one of the most solid, simple, accurate, light and non-gimmicky small arms to come along. Tested and praised, the M76 has won official favor from the Army Special Forces, the CIA, the Drug Enforcement Agency, dozens of state and local police agencies, Navy SEAL units, Military Police and the Secret Service.

Yet, late in 1974, Smith & Wesson tight-lipped the announcement that they would discontinue making the weapon. What had happened?

Don Ord, a former military ordnance evaluator, felt that timing and design may have been against the M76, saying, "It's peacetime, budgets are cut, there is



Right: the M76 stripped down to its basic components

little chance for adoption as military issue. Also, that gun doesn't have the bulk that a lot of military brass like."

A former field grade officer of the Army Material Command commented, "I feel the S&W weapon had good sales potential as limited issue. Submachine guns are not big ticket, mass production military weapons anymore. We already have more than enough M16's with the full auto mode. But, the M76 could be profitable, maybe, in limited, special-mission issue."

For this reason, the S&W 76 is most popular now as a law enforcement weapon. It is light, small and exceptionally accurate for an automatic weapon. It lacks the bulk and weight of a military automatic.

This factor was explained by a state police officer who saw combat as an infantry line officer in Korea: "That S&W gun is fine in its limited police role, but, I would question if it is rugged enough for the day-in, day-out beating of a military combat weapon."

Some solid experts disagree.

Dean Grennell and Mason Williams, both military veterans with years of ordnance experience, call the M76 a submachine gun of "very rugged construction." They cite field tests which showed how well the S&W gun handled a combat course, not to mention a real war.

"We had a few M76's in Vietnam and I don't remember anyone having any problems with them . . . It was a fine gun . . . real light, which was a great plus over there," commented Special Forces vet Allen Davis.

Other accounts of in-action use came from one SEAL officer who said, "We used the M76 on some of our classified amphibious missions in Asia. It was smooth and accurate. And, I'll tell you, if it went through what we put them through, the S&Ws were damn rugged guns."

When pressed for details about the missions, he laughed and advised, "Read the PENTAGON PAPERS . . . we're in there."

He also described using a CIA-silenced version of the M76, a modification which was officially denied.

Police like the S&W 76, too. Lt. Joseph Bogan of the Lincoln (PA) police says, "It is the best smg I've used. The Thompson is fine, as a collector's item. The M3 is a too heavy, rugged battlefield piece. This S&W, through, is the answer to the limited police need for an auto weapon."

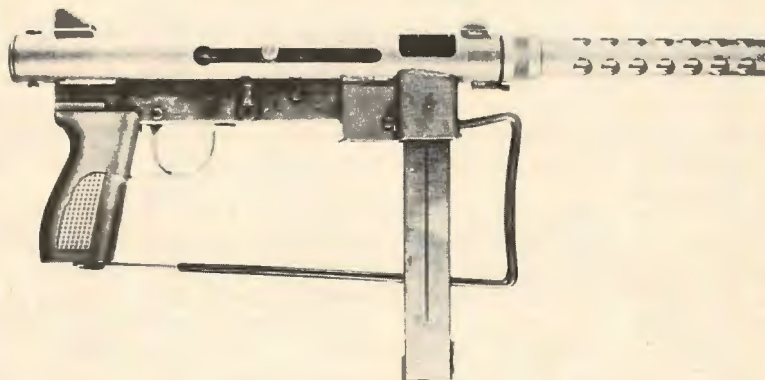
Why did Smith & Wesson stop making this weapon that users liked so much? Officially, R.G. Jinks, an S&W Production Manager, wrote, "This model has been discontinued and at this time we cannot supply the information you have requested."

A friendly source at S&W did say, "We didn't have enough big money orders to

keep that production line open. It is simply a matter of finances as to why production ceased on the Model 76. The Defense people are locked into that M16 and will be for years as a mass issue weapon. The police market just didn't seem big enough to justify the line in today's economy.

submachine guns I've handled. Its best feature, though, is the amazing accuracy in the full auto mode."

According to U.S. Army tests at Aberdeen Proving Ground, the M76 has firepower superior to the weapons with which it was compared. Its 730 to 750 rounds per minute bettered the M3 and



The M76 with stock folded back for off-hand shooting.

"It's too bad," he added, "because I think we have a very good gun. It's nothing new or nothing fancy, which is why it is good."

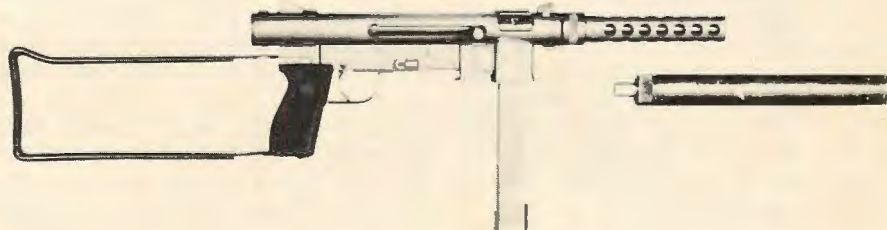
The M76 fires any type of 9mm Parabellum cartridge in a straight blow-back operation. It will sometimes experience feeding problems using hollow-point rounds on full auto, but is almost jam-proof with solid ammunition. Using a selector switch, the firer can have either a semi-automatic or fully automatic mode.

The weapon is lighter than most standard submachine guns, weighing just over seven pounds. With the stock folded, it is 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and is 30 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches long, with the stock in place. The magazine holds and fires 36 rounds.

Thompson submachine guns by 25 to 50 rounds per minute during the tests. Yet, it doesn't spew rounds out like a firehose, e.g., 850 to 1000 rounds per minute, as some auto weapons do. Experts agree that that is wasteful.

Official specifications for the M76 note "The receiver and basic structural member is seamless tubing of very substantial wall thickness . . . very solid . . . and, long lasting."

Smith & Wesson heli-arc welded sights, barrel retaining bushing, magazine housing, and two holding blocks for the lockwork housing to this metal structure. One large screw bolt serves a reinforcing function and fastens the folding stock, the grip, and the lockwork housing to the gun. The heavy main spring, receiver,



An M76 with silencer as modified by the CIA for clandestine use.

"Many automatic weapons won't function with a capacity load in the magazine," says Army NCO Paul Johnson, who has used the weapon both on the range and in anger. "In most, if the capacity is 32 rounds, you load only 29 or you get a malfunction. In the M76, you load all 36 rounds and all 36 fire."

The M76 is an accurate weapon, too. Police firearms consultant, Donald Thomas, noted after test firing, "This is one of the sweetest and most accurate

and trigger group fit inside, completing the simple design of the M76.

While every weapon salesman and military advocate claims his is the easiest weapon to maintain, consensus is that the M76 may be way ahead in this area. In one case, the 12 year old son of a test firer was given the brief written directions S&W furnishes with each M76. The lad was a novice gun handler. Yet, he completed the stripping within five

continued on page 70

continued from page 28

factory. Its destination is Guatemala, not French West Africa.

The *Alfhem* steamed quietly out of Stettin on April 18, beginning a voyage that was finally to end in a blaze of international publicity.

U.S. officials made no effort to halt the *Alfhem* en route. Subs tracked the ship on radar while a spotlight of publicity trailed it relentlessly. The ship's destination changed every few days. From Dakar to Curacao, then to Puerto Cortes, Honduras; finally to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala.

On May 15, the *Alfhem* docked at Puerto Barrios and began to discharge 1900 tons of cargo, the biggest munitions shipment to Central America in history.

The United States Government now reacted strongly on all fronts. Secret reports were transmitted to the governments of the nineteen other Latin American republics. A powerful propaganda barrage was launched. John Clements Associates worked feverishly to feed the propaganda mill.

There was also more direct action. A fleet of huge Globemaster transports ferried tons of rifles, machine guns and other arms to Honduras and Nicaragua. Castillo, who had just returned from a trip to Washington, was also provided with six aging Thunderbolts. Clements supplied the six pilots — five ex-Marine fliers, one former Air Force pilot — to fly them.

Inside Guatemala, the arrival of the *Alfhem* stunned army leaders. Grown soft and corrupt, the officers suddenly awoke to the fact that the *Alfhem* arms were intended for the "People's Militia" which was beginning to be organized. That was too much. The Guatemalan military men were not regarded as overly bright; however, even they knew that the regular army would be committing suicide if the Communist militia brigades got hold of the *Alfhem* arms.

The officers supervised the unloading of the ship and hauled the munitions away to well-guarded army arsenals. Arbenz demanded that the arms be turned over to him. The army stalled, feverishly debating what to do.

Top-ranking Guatemalan army officers still had very little enthusiasm for Castillo Armas and his Liberation Movement — even though a few Castillo agents were quietly spreading the word that there would be no reprisals against the officers when Arbenz fell; they could keep their fine homes, Cadillacs and high salaries. The officers listened with only half an ear. They were more distracted by the international publicity storm beating about their ears. Clements' PR firm was very busy indeed.

For his part, Castillo Armas was also making plenty of noise. He made daily broadcasts to Guatemala, gave news conferences at which he freely admitted

that military operations were about to begin. His khaki-clad troops walked openly through the streets of Tegucigalpa. And, as later came to light, the Guatemalan government had a spy ring operating within the "Supreme Chief's" own headquarters.

DeLarme's Beechcraft, the Grey Goose, began leaflet raids on the Guatemalan capital and other cities. Clandestine radios, two in Honduras and one in Guatemala, came on the air. Propaganda leaflets were smuggled across the Guatemalan border. The propaganda had one message: the invasion is about to begin.

Clements and Castillo Armas had decided that the situation now called for direct invasion, not infiltration. Plans were to march into Guatemala and cut communications between the capital and Puerto Barrios, the country's major eastern seaport. A seaborne force was to seize the port, thus providing a supply line. As far as possible, the Liberation Army would avoid direct combat with the regular army. The presence of rebel troops on Guatemalan soil was expected to have more impact psychologically than militarily.

Militarily, the odds were heavily stacked against the rebels. The

*... Guatemalans . . .
nervously watched the
sky, fearful of being hit
by flying mules.*

Guatemalan army numbered about 7,000 men. The Communists could put perhaps 3,000 militia into the field. Castillo Armas claimed to have 2,000 troops; actually, his invasion army numbered barely 300 men.

On June 15, chartered DC-3s began to airlift, at \$450 a flight, rebel troops to points along the Guatemalan frontier. A truck convoy headed for San Pedro Sula, a town 110 miles northwest of Tegucigalpa and about 25 miles from Guatemala. This was the force that was to attack Puerto Barrios. The Honduran hamlets of Copan, Nueva Ocatepeque and Macuelizo were to serve as bases for the stab into central Guatemala.

Castillo Armas clapped a helmet on his head, posed for photographers, then headed for the border. The invasion was about to begin.

On June 18, three tiny rebel columns pushed into Guatemala. There was virtually no initial resistance. Liberation troops occupied the village of Florida; other rebels advanced to the rail line linking Guatemala City with Puerto Barrios. Casualties were almost nil. There was good reason.

The main "Liberation Army" unit occupied the dreary little town of Esquipulas just inside the Guatemalan

border. The liberators immediately began photographing each other. Then they thrust empty rifles into the hands of bewildered villagers, lined them up and photographed them — proof that Guatemalans were rushing to join the rebel ranks.

Clements Associates showed a fine sense of realism by trying to bar foreign newsmen from the "war zone." Unfortunately, a few did slip through — and apparently the only reason the whole thing wasn't revealed as a farce was that it ended so fast. Oddly enough, the Guatemalan Army's doughty commanders contributed to the hoax by sending back to the capital chilling reports of bloody battles and heavy losses inflicted on the invaders.

News of the invasion hit Guatemala City like a bombshell. The army command was almost as rattled as Arbenz' government officials. The Guatemalans were particularly unnerved by rebel air action. Two American-piloted P-47's suddenly appeared in the sky over the capital and machinegunned the vicinity of the Presidential Palace. The pilots also scattered a few five-pound fragmentation bombs.

Soldiers manning .50 calibre machine guns fired back. Nobody on either side got hurt. But the bombs and bullets did make a hell of a racket — and that was the Colonel's objective.

Elsewhere in Guatemala, Liberation agents employed a strange psychological warfare tactic. Mules were shot and left in public places. Sight of the dead animals was intended to create an impression of violence and unrest — and did. Some Guatemalans were convinced that lunatics were dumping mules out of airplanes; they nervously watched the sky, fearful of being hit by flying mules.

Jack Clements was later to rate his radio propaganda almost as effective, psychologically, as the air action. Broadcasts were carefully prepared. They stressed patriotic appeals to cast out the "alien Red invader" — many non-political Guatemalans were uneasily aware of the swarms of foreign extremists who had poured into their country.

Back in Tegucigalpa, Clements' press agents worked feverishly. The communiques handed foreign reporters read like descriptions of the Battle of the Bulge. "Liberationist land, sea and air forces are striking at Puerto Barrios and San Jose ..." headquarters announced.

It was not quite a total lie. Lone Thunderbolts had made brief passes at both ports.

In point of fact, both sides were talking, not fighting. Atmosphere in the Guatemalan capital bordered on hysteria. Government leaders made fiery speeches. Army officers debated feverishly among themselves. Their

continued on page 60

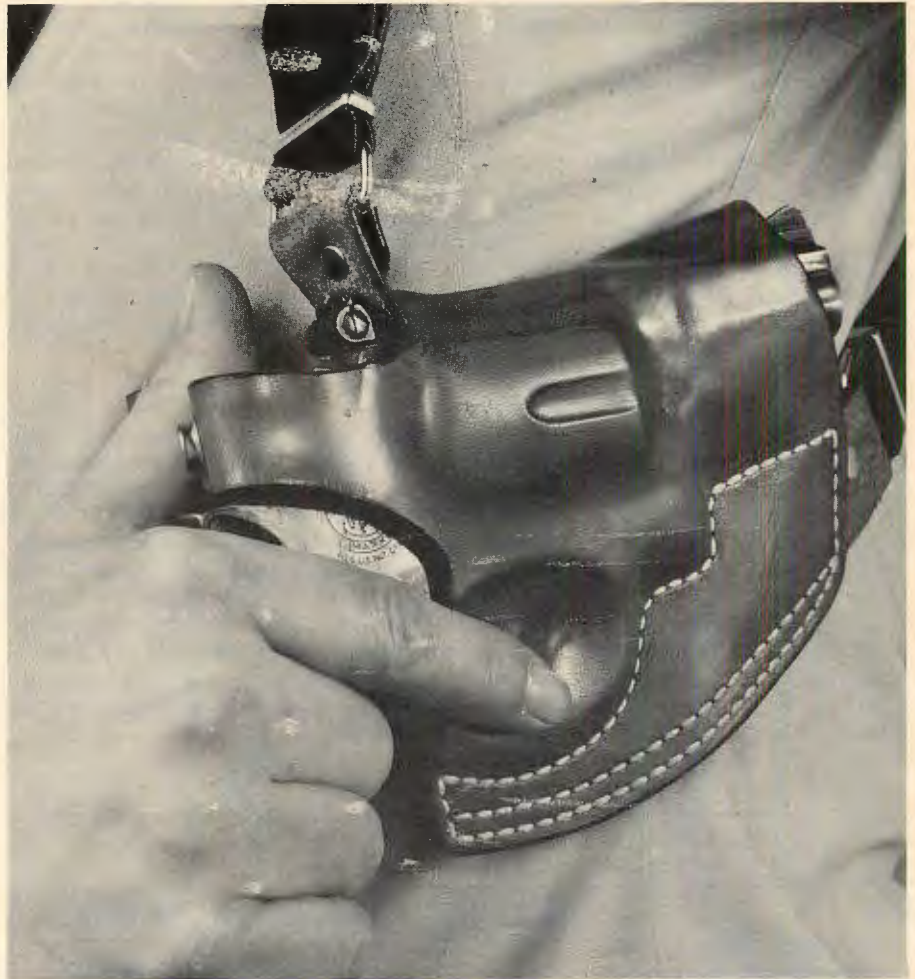
THE JACKASS SHOULDER SYSTEM

By Jerry Ahern

The demands on a handgun for field use are legion. Carrying it properly has always been a compromise of comfort, accessibility and protection of the weapon. Whether partial to the .45, 9mm or a heavy caliber wheelgun, neither the traditional military flap holster nor military or civilian shoulder holsters have ever been a perfect answer. As terrorism and guerilla operations have made warfare in the jungles and on the streets more deadly and more personal, the handgun has become more of a life insurance factor for the professional soldier or the peace officer than ever before. There is no longer a need for compromise in carrying. All the qualifications for a holster have been met and more. The answer is the Jackass Shoulder System.

The System consists of five elements: holster, harness half, expandable coupler, harness half and cartridge or magazine pouch. Beneath the cartridge or magazine case can be carried handcuffs made instantly available for the police officer, a survival knife or a utility pouch for the user with more exotic interests.

The basic, top-of-the-line Jackass Shoulder System is handcrafted of premium saddle leather, starting at eight ounce weight, then meticulously dry split to seven. The holsters and pouches are double lock machine stitched with seven cord linen thread. Each individual holster is wet moulded on the actual gun, then carefully hand-fitted for detail and fit. Twenty-three separate steps go into the construction of every holster that leaves Jackass Leather and, since not even the slightest imperfection in serviceability is tolerated, many holsters go through all twenty-three steps and never make it out the door, but instead are cut up and discarded. The patterns are expensively cut with the grain of the leather for the greatest durability. This method wastes leather that could be used. But to cut in the traditional way would lower the quality more than the cost. Each holster and case is hand-edged and hand-sanded by a leather-making professional. The men who fabricate the holsters are



THE ULTIMATE HOLSTER

carefully trained and make only unmarketed samples until they know their craft and the Jackass method.

But quality of materials and manufacturing aside, what makes the Jackass Shoulder System so radically different?

The answer is balance, which is why it is more comfortable than any other and still so concealable. Three different sizes of expandable couplers for three basic body sizes allow for a perfect fit. Still, Jackass is trying to improve on that. The harness halves, constructed of soft but durable silicone suede for increased comfort and friction retention, are adjusted to a perfect fit by means of retaining screws. Keepers are provided to hold overlapping harness sections flat. Once precisely fitted to the individual wearer, the retaining screws can be fixed into position with Loc-Tite or something similar — even nail polish. Replacement screws and keepers are available should one become lost.

Many of you are probably thinking what I first thought of when I saw the system: "Why not sew the harness halves in place and do away with the

keepers and the screws?" This could be done, but would be self-defeating. It would vastly diminish the System's built-in versatility.

The magazine or ammo pouch can be done away with and a second holster placed on the offside for occasional or regular use. Holsters can be switched at the harness half and coupler meeting and a different gun carried. The pouches will accommodate magazines for most sized auto-loaders, the cartridge pouch most calibers. On a custom basis, Rick Gallagher, head honcho up at Jackass, will design a custom-fitted knife sheath for the offside to be carried alone or beneath the ammo pouch, a utility pouch for commonly carried accessories or a two gun rig, where both a survival knife and extra ammo can be carried comfortably.

The gun itself is carried diagonally with the pistol or revolver secured in the holster by means of a dependable thumb snap. For those used to the more traditional shoulder rigs, the diagonal position of the handgun affords greater

continued on page 76

continued from page 51

In retrospect, what has occurred is that the firing circuit is broken with the remote device in place. When the fired bullet penetrates the screen, it bridges the circuit, touching both conductive screen surfaces simultaneously, and thereby allowing the electrical energy to detonate the charge. Retracing our steps back to the previous discussion of materials needed, it now becomes clear why the size of the screen is dependent upon the distance from firer to screen, and the mesh size must be small enough to preclude the bullet travelling completely through, without making contact with the screen. The cardboard or stiff paper acts as an insulator between the two screen surfaces. The clothes pins hold the two pieces of screen and the paper insulator sandwich together. When assembling this device, be absolutely certain that the two screen surfaces are totally insulated from each other. Check this very carefully. It only takes one small point of contact to blow the whole set-up — which could be very hazardous to your health! Particular attention must also be paid to the placement of the clothes pins. Since their two sides are connected by a metallic spring, it is critical to insure that the clothes pin

spring does not make contact with the screens. As can be seen from the accompanying photographs, twelve clothes pins were utilized in our experiment. The number is dictated by the dimensions of the remote device. It can also be seen from the photos, that Nich used his .45 pistol with full copper jacketed bullets to fire at the device. Any metallic-jacketed bullet of any caliber will suffice; rifles are fine if the device must be hit from quite some distance. A sniper can easily initiate a wave of explosions at precisely chosen moments from several hundred yards distance, assuring his total safety, by utilizing this little inexpensive remote device.

From the above discussion, one can observe that it is not always necessary to go "by the book," in order to successfully accomplish a mission. By utilizing readily available materials and spending only several minutes labor, a perfectly valid remote firing device can be made, facilitating a safe, certain approach to special problems for S.W.A.T. team members who are called upon to effectively combat insurgent, terrorist activities.



continued from page 58

troops sat in barracks and wondered what the hell was going on. Communist union leaders made impassioned pleas for arms. Arbenz sat in his Presidential Palace and conferred endlessly with aides: How far could he trust the army? Should he or should he not order troops to the "front?" The verbal hand-wringing continued day after day.

Meanwhile, the Liberation Army continued to shoot photos, not guns. Militarily, it wasn't accomplishing any more than was Arbenz' befuddled army.

But the conflict wasn't all comic opera by any means. There were few battle casualties during the invasion — but 500 to 600 people died in Arbenz' prisons. Men, women and children were shot, strangled, stabbed, beaten to death, even drowned in bloody reprisals against alleged anti-Communists. Some men were castrated; others had their tongues torn out by pliers and left dangling from their mouths.

However, the death toll could have been far higher. There is evidence that the Communists had made tentative arrangements for the mass slaughter of the several thousand Americans in Guatemala. Truckloads of militia sped through the streets of the capital, occasionally firing shots in front of American residences and shouting threats to "cleanse the country of the gringo." And this might well have happened had the civil war lasted a few more days.

continued on page 77

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CZECH SPY

continued from page 43

Agent Kmen — Only described as an employee of the British Treasury.

Agent Lee — A Member of the House of Commons who provided the Czechs with information on the leadership of the Labor Party and on military matters.

Agent Markyz — Described only as a police officer in London.

Agent Marconi — an employee of the Royal Air Force Institute. He passed data on a critically sensitive British jamming device.

Other Czech agents mentioned were an officer in the Austrian Military Intelligence, a NATO headquarters secretary, someone working in the Austrian Government who provided details of all Czech exiles and escapees who passed through Austria.

When asked about Czech penetration of the U.S. Army Counter-Intelligence Corps, Frolik stated that he was not aware of the details but he knew that the CIC had indeed been penetrated. He explained that after a Czech counter-intelligence officer defected and was interrogated by the CIC, within two

weeks, the Czechs had the complete transcript — questions and answers — of the interrogation.

An interesting operation, the type of which is very popular with Soviet and Soviet bloc intelligence services, occurred in 1962, when a West German tank regiment went to England on maneuvers. A Czech agent stationed in Wales vandalized a Jewish graveyard and painted swastikas on the tombstones. The graveyard was near the area where the Germans were bivouacked. Of course, the papers blamed the West Germans for the desecration and the idea was to make the British people believe that Nazism was still rampant in the West German Army. It was successful.

In attempting to recruit a British secretary working in the British Embassy in Prague, the Czechs put together "Operation Rubber Dummy." The secretary had a Czech boyfriend who was an agent. He got her drunk one night and let her drive back alone on a country road. As she rounded a turn, she struck what appeared to be a man. The body, which was not a body, but a rubber dummy filled with bloodlike liquid, was thrown up on the hood spewing blood. The plan was that the girl, believing she had killed an innocent pedestrian, would be in a position in which she could be coerced into working for the HSR: "You go to jail for manslaughter and drunk driving or you, my dear, go to work for us."

Well, the poor secretary blew the whole operation by panicking. She drove straight for the border without stopping and left the country. Until Frolík defected, he explained, the girl still thought she had killed someone.

Another interesting Czech operation described by Frolík involved a "dirty trick" played upon the members of a Canadian Hockey team visiting Prague for the world championship finals. The Canadians had just beaten the Russian team and the Czechs feared that they would also beat their home team. They sent out a call for all the best-looking prostitutes in Prague. They rounded up a large group and sent them into the Hotel International where the Canadian players were staying the night before the big game. The hookers kept the Canadians up as late as they could and tried to exhaust them physically.

The next day the Canadians were soundly beaten by the Czech team.

A "dirty trick"? Yeah, but it's a lot better than being poisoned, don't you think?

CZECH INTELLIGENCE ACTIVITIES AGAINST THE U.S. EMBASSY

The procedures and facilities described by Frolík in the surveillance and attempted penetration of the American Embassy in Prague, although

fantastically elaborate, is typical of Soviet and Soviet bloc activities against us. Frolík stated:

"The intelligence effort against the U.S. Embassy in Prague is so enormous that it is unbelievable . . . everybody who is employed as a local employee, I mean maid or secretary, translator, teacher — everybody, as a first qualification, has to be an agent. The services for the Embassies, not only for the American Embassy, but for all Western Embassies, are carried by a Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs which is called the Directorate of Services for Diplomatic Corps. The Chief of this Directorate is a Lieutenant Colonel Kaspar. For example, when a U.S. diplomat arrives into Czechoslovakia, when he asks for a visa, his name is run through the archives, all possible files in the Czech Service, and also through the files of KGB and other Eastern European services.

"If he had a prior assignment in a Communist country, for example if he was in Warsaw, the Polish Service is asked to transfer a file against him in the Czech Service. Sometimes, together with the file another East European Service transfers also their agents which have carried operations against a U.S. diplomat in a previous country.

"When the diplomat is looking for an apartment, or for a house, it is done through this man Kaspar. First, there has to be a bugging all over. I mean all over — not only in the family room, but also in the other rooms, toilet, balcony, everything. In many cases, in the apartment there are built-in movie cameras, secret movie cameras or watching points. All his personal staff, maids, and translators are agents, as I said before; all people who come in touch with the U.S. Embassy in Prague have to be agents at first. There is no repairman, no chimney cleaner, no sewage man who is not an agent.

"Also, the repairs that take place in front of the Embassy. For example, there is a big church, St. Nicholas Church, next to the Embassy. The church roof was under repair for about three years. All of the repairmen were Czech technicians, or Czech intelligence agents who are watching the Embassy.

"In front of the Embassy stands a policeman, a man in the uniform of the police but who is in reality a state security man from Company R of the 4th Directorate. This security man is trained to identify all visitors to the Embassy according to their pictures. If the man is unknown, he gives a sign to the surveillance team who is in the neighborhood of the Embassy or a sign to a man in a safe house which is near the Embassy. And from the safe house, the order is given to the surveillance team.

"In connection with this surveillance team, to make the work easier, the Czech State Service suggested changing the

direction of the streets in the part of the town where the Embassy is located. They made a number of streets one-way, and some of the streets they closed completely. Just now, you have practically two ways to leave the Embassy, and it is not necessary for the surveillance team to be near the Embassy's neighborhood. At the end of the two streets, they wait for the diplomat, or the unidentified visitor to the Embassy, and from that point, they initiate the surveillance.

"The Czech State Service also equipped a big number of Prague restaurants with permanent bugging tables. I would like to show an example of what happens if a CIA man, for example, has an appointment with his agent somewhere in the town. He is very cautious to lose anyone who is following him. He may make two or three tours around the city to be sure that he is clear. After that, he goes to a nice restaurant. And the waiter, who is trained, and knows the faces of all Western diplomats in Prague, sees that it is a diplomat. And when he asks for a table, he shows him a table where there is a bug. He says, "You are lucky, this was reserved." And after that, he will call a number in the technical directorate, and say the code, and they switch on the bugging device. And after that, you can analyze where the case was blown, who betrayed the case, how it is possible that he was overheard, why suddenly the whole discussion is known to the Czech Service."

Frolík, in explaining his reasons for defecting, revealed an important factor in the morale of Communist Intelligence officers. He said that because of his position, he was allowed access to publications and information not available to the ordinary citizen. He said, "The propaganda is for all the people, but reality is for a select few."

Frolík's father was executed in a Nazi concentration camp. His mother and step father were founding members of the Czech Communist Party and he was himself a committed Communist, but his disillusionment began when ". . . I found that everything is a big lie, that these people who were allegedly fighters against the Nazi's were Nazi agents.

"The first Secretary (of the Czech CP) was a man who worked for the Gestapo, in the concentration camp in Mauthausen.

"As a young boy I had an example in front of me. It was my uncle. My uncle was the first secretary of the regional committee of the Communist Party, pre-World War II. During the war, he was in the resistance, and after the war he was a big hero. One day I went to the archives and found that my uncle was not a hero, but a traitor. He was working for the Gestapo in the resistance. And I think that was the breaking point for me."





Once again, we find our gallant defender washing his hands in the rest room of a middle class bar. And it seems that once again, he's about to be mugged by some local toughs.



As soon as the defender feels the first muggers arms touch him, he places his hands on the edge of the sink and moves his head back to look in the mirror in order to evaluate the situation.



Now knowing that there are two muggers involved, our defender reacts. Throwing his right arm forward, he concurrently pushes the first mugger, starting to push against the second mugger toward the sinks.

URBANI STREET S



Defender's left hand grabs the now repentant mugger's hair and pulls him forward and down toward defender's quickly rising right knee. This should cause some doubts in the muggers mind about the wisdom of his ways. It is very important that the pressure against mugger number one not be relaxed, cause he's next.



When defender returns his right foot to the ground he causes his weight to shift sharply to his own left. At the same time, he raises his left arm under muggers left arm. In executing this correctly, the defender keeps the hood off balance, prevents the hood's right arm from striking him, and exposes the hood's right ribs to the sharp punch that the defender delivered at the end of the spin.



Sliding his right hand under the mugger's left arm at the same time, the defender twists the mugger's arm forward at the waist and uses the mugger's arm as a handy weapon to "tap" the mugger.



is more than one mugger
r pushes off the sink.
high and his left arm out-
ushes off on his right leg,
er off balance. Then, he
hood, in order to turn him



By pressing his arms outward, the defender prevents the mugger from regaining his grip. He continues to use his weight to back the hood into the sinks while preparing to defend against mugger number two.



Blocking the punch meant for his head, with his left hand and arm, defender drives his upper body back into mugger number one and places his right boot toe into the groin of mugger number two with force.

SURVIVAL PART 3

by
Art Gitlin



behind the muggers left
s sharply on the extended
ne, pushing with his right
cause the mugger to bend
d to move ahead sharply.
ill across from the sinks as
the top of the punk's head.



Defender, not willing to leave any job half done throws his right arm high while retaining his grip on the muggers left arm. He drives his elbow down with all his weight behind it. The elbow is aimed at the exposed kidney area on the muggers left side. This will serve as a painful reminder to the mugger to be more cautious in selecting his victims in the future.

This sequence demonstrates some important points. In photo number two, defender looks in the mirror to size up the situation. If he had failed to do so, the second mugger would have had a good shot at him while he took care of the first. In photo number three, defender throws the hood off balance by raising his arms, as well as suddenly pushing off from the sink. In photo number five, waiting for mugger number two's attack to start, takes the hoods mind off defending himself. In photo number eight, the use of the wall as a weapon is probably the single most important item in this whole sequence.

The purpose of this article is not to try and show, step by step defenses, but rather to give you, the fighting man, some ideas to work with. Every man has his own "best" way to handle himself in a fight. What we are trying to do here is to give you the benefit of two separate Black Belts and thirteen years of experience in the Martial Arts. We would like to hear from you. Address any comments or questions to Art Gitlin c/o this magazine.



MOZAMBIQUE continued from page 41
pay was being deposited in Jo'burg, and no matter what happened in Mozambique, I could leave Africa with a healthy bundle. Was I in for a big surprise!

The rumors of a mercenary army were no longer rumors and I was about to become a major cog in their supply line. I flew to another strip near the coast, where the supplies were being landed and hidden, and would carry a load back with me. To prevent anyone from becoming suspicious, I would only carry "goodies" when I was spraying in the areas of the supply strips. It was simple to spray, divert to the other strip, load up and make the run to the farm strip, unload and head home.

During one trip, when loaded with weapons and explosives, I was jumped by a Portuguese Air Force T-6, armed with a .30 caliber machine guns hung in pods under the wings. The "Pork" pilot came from high and behind me but wasn't shooting. As he flew past, he motioned for me to turn around and head for an air force strip. I kept going as though I didn't understand his signals. He dropped into formation with me and once again signaled. I gave him the finger and headed for the deck.

The Pawnee is considerably more maneuverable and a hell of a lot slower than a T-6. Since I figured I had about 7000 hours more experience than the "Pork" pilot, I decided to try and sucker

him into a hill. I started to fly "nap of the earth" up and down over the ridges — most of the time only 10 to 20 feet off the deck. When he started to close on me, I turned and ran down hill. He took the bait and followed. As I was intimately familiar with both the terrain and wind conditions in the area, I knew precisely where the severe turbulence and downdrafts were located.

As I approached the point on the hill where the downdrafts originated, I knew the T-6 speed was about double mine — that he wouldn't be able to turn quick enough to avoid the downdrafts. I pulled my throttle back and grabbed my flap handle, at the same time as I made a fast turn and pulled up.

The Pawnee munched in a high speed stall. My air speed seemed to drop to zero in a matter of seconds. The T-6 sent by like a bullet and as he tried to make the same turn, stalled and hit the downdraft about the same time. The dumb bastard didn't stand a chance and creamed into a hill. Sorry about that.

The FRELIMOS took over in Mozambique in July of '74 and I decided it was time to move on. The merc operation, staffed mainly by disgruntled Portuguese white hunters and farmers, never got off the ground. They wanted me to be their one-man air force. But I don't like working with amateurs and when they offered me promises, instead of \$3000 per month I said bye-bye. I'd

been through the "When we win, you'll be Chief of the Air Force and rich," spiel before.

All the commercial airlines were jammed with frantic Portuguese leaving the country; so, I loaded my gear in one of the Grumman Ag Cats and flew to South Africa via Rhodesia. After I arrived in Jo'burg, I found my pay for the previous seven months had been held up by the new FRELIMO regime, which meant I was broke.

I was offered a job flying a Bell Jet Ranger out of Jo'burg and flew long enough to pay for passage home. While in South Africa, I met Major Sam Cassidy of the 'Wild Geese'. He and I hit it off right away, and he offered me a job as pilot for their pending operations in Angola and Mozambique. I was enthusiastic, since it was apparent that the 'Wild Geese' were professionals and I wanted to do in a few FRELIMOS who had screwed me out of \$15,000. However, the necessary funds weren't forthcoming and the operations were aborted. I was offered six jobs flying for high pay high risk in only a few months but by this time I decided to come home to solve some family problems.

There are one helluva lot of jobs to be had in Africa for the experienced pilot and even a fair number for those with minimum hours. And you may even have a chance to dust a few terrorists as well as crops.

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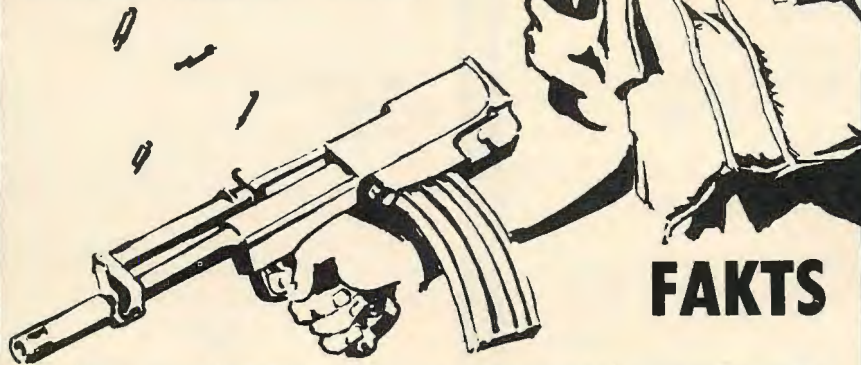
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"On our return to Maquilla we found Sergeant Major Copeland and three other of our lads in the town. We found out from them that the white recruits had made a run for the border taking with them all the ammunition, petrol, diesel and supplies.

"Six of us gave chase in a Land Rover and met up with one of our patrols near the border. They told us they thought we were dead, as the recruits had said there were communist tanks in Maquilla, and that the town had been taken by the MPLA.

"The recruits' story was a load of rubbish. Our own patrol then sent us down the road to stop Callan blowing a bridge. We found him in time to stop him.

"He had the recruits dug in on a hillside above the bridge. We told him what had happened and he went berserk. He was talking a lot of Greek.

"He then jumped in our Land Rover and told all the recruits to move out.

"Halfway back to Maquilla he stopped the trucks and disarmed the recruits. We then proceeded to Maquilla and on arrival he ordered the recruits to line up against a garden wall.

"He ordered our men to line up in two ranks facing them. The Portuguese mercenaries he ordered to line up at our back with mounted machine guns.

"Callan then stepped forward and asked who fired the rocket. One man out of the recruits stepped out and said: 'Me, sir.'

"Callan immediately pulled out his revolver and shot the man first in the neck and then in the head. It was an unbelievable sight. I don't think anybody actually believed what they saw.

"He then asked for four men out of the recruits who would volunteer to fight and said to them that in the next attack they would ride in the front Land Rover.

"He then ordered the four men, including myself, who were ambushed the previous night by the recruits, to stand out in front.

"He then pointed a pistol at us and said: 'You will be the ones who will kill these people.'

"He then turned to a mercenary named Sam and said: 'Take them out of town. You know what to do with them.'

"Sammy started to laugh. He turned to us and told us to get in the back of a Land Rover, ordered the recruits to strip and get in the back of a truck and then walked over to the truck.

"Laughing all the way he said to the recruits: 'You should have said you would fight, but in five minutes you are going to die.'

"Pulling out a grenade launcher he turned to an old jock sitting at the back of the truck and said: 'This one I'm going to try out on you.'

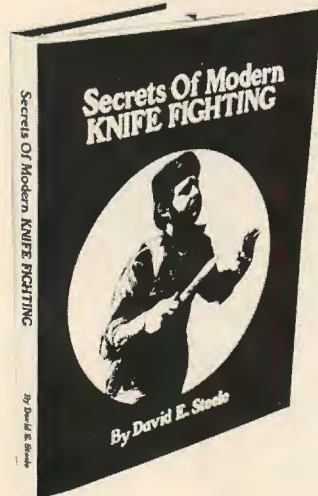
continued next page

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David Steele holds a master's degree in Police Science. He has served as rifle and pistol instructor for the National Rifle Assoc., and as supervisor for the Police Weapons Center Project at the International Assoc. of Chiefs of Police. Steele, an accomplished fencer, has written several books on small arms.

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"We then drove off to about a kilometer outside Maquella, followed by Portuguese soldiers with a mounted 50mm gun.

"All the time the white soldiers in the Land Rover were thinking like myself that it couldn't be true, but we just couldn't do anything about it.

"We stopped at the side of the road. The recruits were ordered to the left-hand side of the road and I immediately turned down the gas regulator on my FN rifle, which would cause it to jam when firing.

"I was the last one out of the Land Rover. As I was getting out Sam opened up with a burst from his sub machine gun cutting down three or four of them immediately. The others started running.

"Sam changed his magazine then fired after them and chopped the rest down. Sammy cut them down from behind hitting them in the legs, backs and shoulders.

"None of them died from the burst of the machine-gun fire. Sammy then ordered us to fan out and walk down the valley shooting anybody who was alive.

"In the meantime the Portuguese at the rear of us had cocked their machine-guns so we had no choice but to do the job. We were all forced to shoot at least one of the men in the head, but to us it was a mercy killing.

"All the men were in agony. The one I shot had his left arm and shoulder hanging off. His right knee cap and the bottom part of his leg were only hanging on by tendons.

"My rifle kept jamming because I turned the gas down on it, but Sam then pulled his machine-gun to his shoulder and pointed it at me.

"He gave me his pistol and said 'Shoot the man.'

"I did so and after that I felt very sick. He then, in turn, went to each one of the execution party and made them shoot one bloke each.

"The men they were shooting were in a hell of a state, shot all over the place in the back and neck so it was a mercy."



INSIGHT continued from page 21

The Soviet missiles turned the tide of war for the MPLA. The FNLA had advanced to within 32 kilometers north of Luanda when Russian rocket power began to roll them back.

The rockets were identified by Western military experts in Kinshasa and Pretoria as 122mm missiles, each carrying a 20 kilo warhead. Effective over a 40-meter radius from the point of impact, these rockets are fired from 40 rocket launchers mounted in four rows of ten tubes each on a BM-21 — a motorized vehicle. These can be fired a row at a time in rapid succession. Known as the Katyushka (which Vietnam veterans are

familiar with), the rockets have a range of 20 kilometers and all 40 tubes can be reloaded within 15 minutes of firing. According to Holden Roberto, the *Katyushka* proved to be a formidable and more important, often frightening, weapon.

"These missiles are hitting our frontline troops — sometimes at the rate of 400 in thirty minutes."

Holden himself was under 122mm missile fire while visiting frontline positions in December; he was almost killed.

Recounting the experience he told a correspondent: "I was standing talking to Colonel Castro when these things began hitting our position. We should move. We moved to a more protected situation and ninety seconds later a missile hit the very spot where we had been standing."

Roberto said that on that particular day he saw these Soviet missiles hitting his positions in their hundreds. It was terrible, he said. "They arrive with a fearful sound and they drop several at a time, tearing up big stretches of ground. I saw seven of my men killed before my eyes in one salvo."

The fact that Cuban troops were responsible for turning defeat into a resounding victory by operating the majority of these sophisticated devices underscored the major problem facing the military commanders on both sides of the front. Black soldiers from all three revolutionary movements — MPLA, FNLA and UNITA — were generally too raw, ill-disciplined and untrained to do much more than handle light weapons and even then accuracy left much to be desired.

Highlighting this inadequacy were the various battles while the movements were still testing each others' strength. In the battles for Nova Lisboa, Serpe Pinto and Lobito, tracers could be seen arching through the sky day and night. Guns were fired without regard for aim and mortars and bazookas landed at random, not just a few but often several hundred meters off target!

The problem then was adequately phrased by one Portuguese soldier attached to an FNLA commando unit. "We go into battle and were this a normal war we would take normal risks. But with these people you have got just as much chance of being hit by one of your own mortar bombs as you have being hit by theirs." Conditions remained much the same until the end of the war.

By the end of January, many observers felt that though the MPLA Cuban forces could control the major population centres and lines of communication, Angola could easily be turned into a Vietnam in reverse for the Russians and Cubans. The MPLA could claim the allegiance of only 20 per cent of the population. With secure base areas in Zaire and Zambia, guerrilla operations

could be successfully conducted against the communists. However, this did not come to pass.

Both Zaire and Zambia have shaky economies and are totally dependent for a single railroad line that runs through the middle of Angola for access to the sea. Furthermore, political pressure grew to terminate support of the FNLA and UNITA as more and more countries jumped on the bandwagon and recognized the MPLA.

However, reports of isolated actions continue to filter out of Angola. UNITA claimed to have killed over 100 Cubans during the first two weeks in March. Seventeen of these were executed by an all-woman guerrilla firing squad with their own side arms for "rape and murder." Eunice Sapassa, a UNITA leader, stated that some 24 Cubans raped four black women in a small village between Huambo and Silva Porto. Five days later, a UNITA unit surprised 20 Cubans while they were repairing an armored car, killed three and captured the remainder. The rest, identified by the women they raped, were executed.



ZAIRE continued from page 35

In our circumstances we could only agree. But he would provide us with a number of his staff who would take us through to Lubumbashi with a letter. From there, all being well he said, we would be allowed to proceed to Teixeira de Souza and enter Angola. He was one of us, we felt; I told Gilles that the camaraderie of those with problems in Africa was not yet dead. Gilles smiled agreement.

But there would be a small delay, he confided. His border post closed at nine and only then would one of his men be free to accompany us. We were not deterred by the delay; after all, we felt we had achieved results and, what was more, Monsieur le Directeur ordered beer.

In a country as hard pressed economically as Zaire (foreign exchange, we were told, was in critically short supply and Zaire had recently been refused credits by a number of exporting nations for reneging on payments), it came as something of a surprise to both of us when, promptly at nine, a brand new French station wagon arrived to hurry us to our destination. Not only were we being accorded royal treatment but the driver was the director's own and our escort was a man on his personal staff, a powerfully-built, not overly friendly young Zairois who introduced himself as Andre.

We had seen Andre wandering about the border post during much of the afternoon and he had barely spared us a glance, much less a greeting. He appeared to have no particular position but

we noticed that he had access to the director's office at all times. That, if anything in these parts, indicated a status of sorts.

Probably an aide, we thought, but an aide who preferred denims for he wore well cut jeans and a denim jacket which, we joked, could conceal much. After all, said Gilles, smuggling was a major industry in these parts.

Barely a kilometre down the road Andre called the car to a halt. More surprises. The vehicle pulled in at a roadside bar, the first and only one, we were told, on the two-hour haul to Lubumbashi. We were to buy beer, we were peremptorily told by Andre.

Andre was a "tough cookie." I said to Gilles, and then had to explain what I meant in simpler jargon for although the Frenchman understood English, his knowledge of the language did not yet extend to colloquialisms.

The bar was a noisy, raucous, typically African bush structure such as one encounters on any main road on the continent north of the Zambesi. A battered speaker blared the latest in Zairois pops at ear-piercing decibels and the on lights were provided by a row of paraffin lamps strung out on a low wall near to where we sat.

Two black whores shifted closer. Andre waved them away. The beers arrived together with a selection of dirty tin mugs and Andre ordered two more — for the road, he said unsmilingly. He indicated that we should pay. Gilles was a little disconcerted by his tone.

At that moment Andre moved away from the table to greet a friend. Gilles and I sat alone in the semi-darkness; I had moved the table into the open clearing in front of the bar to get away from the cacophony.

I was about to comment to Gilles about the noise when another black man joined the table. Turning to me he spoke in English, his voice barely audible above the music.

"Listen my friend," he said to me, speaking close to my ear. "I am sympathetic to your cause because although I am a Zairois, I was educated in Zambia." The man hesitated a moment, turned to see what Andre was doing and then continued quickly.

"I am a member of the police here on the border and I must tell you that you are both in very deep trouble. You are in trouble for your life. You think you are going to see the FNLA, but in fact you have been arrested. Do you understand me?"

Even in that light the colour must have drained from my face for Gilles could see that something was wrong. He interrupted but I raised a hand to let the policeman speak on.

Pointing to Andre, our escort, he said that we were being taken to a military barracks in Lubumbashi, "the worst

continued next page

Tom Ford

The idea of a short, handy, powerful hand weapon is not new. The Pepperbox to the Government .45, to the powerful Auto-Mag, even to the rapid MAC-11, all have their place. As owner of Ford's Firearms Company, I am familiar with the Bushmaster, because I test, demonstrate and sell tactical police and military weapons and equipment.

The Bushmaster idea may have come from the Army's XM177E2, short CAR-15. Bushmaster, however, was designed to be used in one hand, having a swivel action and barrel which allowed for its lying comfortably on the flat of either forearm. Bushmaster has a good pistol grip and is easy to hold onto during semi-automatic fire, but on full-automatic, fire is wild and difficult to control.

The cartridge-gun combination works fairly well during the day, but leaves a lot to be desired for night operations. For instance, I sold a Bushmaster to a narcotics officer who used it down on the border. The Narc reported that the Bushmaster is useless at night because of excessive muzzle flash. In fact, he was literally blinded after the first shot. He also complained about the weapon "spinning" in his hand.

Another Bushmaster, special-ordered through this shop, had been returned to the factory for a new barrel as it had an oversized chamber. Considerable buffing was required just to make the gun feed properly.

The third special-ordered Bushmaster had never had a round through it. It is now on display in a collection of modern firearms, so no one knows how or if it works. Perhaps, Bushmasters produced within the last three months have been improved over those tested here. One can always hope. As for me, I will continue to use my MAC-11.



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ZAIRE continued from page 67

military barracks in the country" were the words he used. And then he said to me: "They are taking you to the place of the killing. You will be tortured and if your story is fine then you will probably be released because these people believe that you are agents of the enemy."

At this point Andre returned to the table. Quickly my informant added that we should not indicate to Andre that we knew we were under arrest. I could do no more than nod.

For a moment I could only speculate whether the last few moments had really happened. Everything seemed so unreal. These sorts of things only happen in fiction, in films. It could never happen to me, but a pattern was developing and I could only concede to myself that we were in very serious trouble.

The second round of beers had arrived and Andre indicated that we should go. In English I hastily asked Gilles to stall him, for Andre spoke only French.

Gilles told Andre that we had been on the road all day and were desperate to have another beer. Could he order a third round. We would pay for that as well. Gilles produced another American 10 dollar note and Andre's eyes glistened for each round so far had cost us 10 dollars and Andre was acting as the middle-man in our currency transactions.

In five or six clipped sentences I explained our very serious situation to Gilles and he was shaken. Andre meanwhile had ambled off to buy the additional beers.

"What do we do now," Gilles asked quickly. With my mind racing I tried to assess the situation.

"What can we do to help our situation?" I asked the English-speaking black man.

"Nothing," he replied. "Do not try to escape or you will be shot." He indicated that both Andre and the driver were armed. I told Gilles. It was obvious to both of us that our situation was extremely precarious.

In the dim light I tried to formulate a plan. The border was barely a kilometre away and the lights of a Japanese mine where the immigration man had been to lunch glimmered against a distant hillside, perhaps twice as far away. Would the Japanese help? Unlikely. Like us, they were "guests" in Zaire.

In desperation my mind focused on the possibility of escape. In spite of the beers I could think with clarity. Must be the adrenalin, I thought.

I could run. Andre was not yet aware that we knew of his plans and he was not yet "physically" guarding us. The driver of the escort car sat on the other side of the bar. He was not drinking. I could move into the shadows on the pretext of reliving myself and slip into the jungle. In the dim light I could see the heavy outline of undergrowth where the jungle began about 50 metres away.

But what about the border guards? My mind raced again. If we were caught, we would certainly be shot. And defiant gesture would signify guilt.

My thoughts came back to the immediate present. My problem was not my escaping, but both of us escaping. I had brought Gilles into Zaire and I had to get him out.

I looked at my travelling companion, Gilles, not the finest physical specimen in Africa at that moment. I was sure that I would be able to use my knowledge of bush craft to effect an escape. But would he? This was his first real visit to Africa. If one of us got away and the other was caught the consequences would probably be final; he would be executed. Of that I was quite certain.

There was also the problem of Zambia. Andre had our passports. To try to travel the breadth of Zambia — from north to south — without documents would be another form of suicide. We would have to keep the bush and we had no food or weapons.

Our only hope lay in reaching our respective embassies in Lusaka and that was almost 800 kilometres to the south as the crow flies. Unlikely, even if we got out of our present mess.

The possibility of reaching Rhodesia, Caprivi or even Botswana intact was even more remote, but at least the Zambians were more civilized than this cutthroat bunch with which we were dealing.

Again I spoke quickly to Gilles. Would he run? Affirmative. I mentioned the Zambian problem but by this time Andre was beckoning again. His voice was firm. We must go. That settled the most immediate problem of escape.

In a final desperate gesture I turned to our confidante. With a deft movement of the hand I pressed 10 dollars into his palm. "Will you phone the British consulate in Lubumbashi and tell them of our problem?"

"Why not?," he said by way of parting. Andre bundled us into the car and we were off into the night.

The entire episode at the roadside bar could not have taken more than 10 minutes. Yet, in retrospect, it seemed like hours because most of the time our minds raced trying to find a solution. Both of us were aware that by the time we got into the car any possibility of escape was hopeless. We were trapped.

If the ten minutes at the bar seemed like hours, impressions made the two hours it took us to reach Lubumbashi stretch into two days. For the first time in my life I prayed for a road accident; perhaps a blowout which would send us all into a ditch and maybe allow a diversion for escape.

I sat in the front of the vehicle with the driver. Gilles was closetted at the back between Andre and a passenger who had not been there on the first short leg. I suspected that he had been recruited as a

reinforcement, but there was no way of telling.

I leaned back in my seat and spoke in low tones to Gilles. I warned him to be calm for I was not certain that he would not try something desperate. Without weapons we were no match for our escort and even if one of us had a gun the odds would be against us.

Gilles presented a further problem. He had mentioned earlier in the day that he had been studying the life of Che Guevara, the Cuban communist guerrilla leader who was killed in South America a few years back. In his baggage he had a number of books on Che. These were still with him. He nodded towards his baggage in the rear of the station wagon. Should he try and get rid of them?, he asked in English.

To try to throw books out of the window while travelling at speed would be inviting disaster; if he was detected the act would count heavily against us. As things were and the books were discovered, he could answer his case, even though it would be doubtful that they would believe him. To try to dispose of them in this clumsy manner was suicidal.

"Forget about them. There is nothing you can do," I whispered harshly. At that moment lights shined in the road ahead of us and the driver applied his brakes. There were soldiers armed with modern automatic weapons at a roadblock. If we had any doubts about the problems that faced us, the harsh reality of our predicament was suddenly brought into sharp focus in the next few moments.

The station wagon stopped short of a number of drums in the road. Two soliders approached us, their automatic weapons pointing in our direction. Andre rolled down the window and spoke in Lingala, the Zairean dialect of the north, Mobutu's country. The soldier moved towards the drum and then turned back to the car. More discussion followed and more soldiers appeared out of the jungle lining the road. A torch was produced by one of them and shone in our faces and for the first time I recognized a word — this time in French. Mercenaries.

Talking about the incident afterwards, Gilles told me that like myself his blood froze when the word "mercenary" was mentioned. It was clear that Andre was displaying us as a pair of captured mercenaries. What was worse was that we were in the heart of the country where white mercenaries were at the top of the elimination list, for their brutal activities in the middle sixties had not endeared them to the Katangese.

Christ, I thought, this was real trouble. We could answer for our activities as newspaper correspondents. But we would never be able to justify a charge that we were mercenaries. After all, we had asked for transit rights to enter a war zone.

All the blood had sapped from Gilles' face when I turned round in my seat,

"You understood that?" I asked. He nodded. Again he asked whether he should try and throw the Che Guevara books out of the window. I shook my head. No, I thought, there might be another way. The car was motioned forward. Again we rode out into the night and an uncertain future, but Lubumbashi was still very far away.

A few kilometres down the road from the first roadblock a thought came to my mind. If anything was to happen to us, Andre was clearly the man who would implement commands. He was our man, dour and uncompromising as he was. Our only hope lay in trying to win him to our cause, if only partially. Money had proved to be a part of the solution. Perhaps there was another. I thought of the half bottle of Scotch in my bag at the back.

"Could I have a drink?" I asked Andre. "I have some Scotch at the back."

"Scotch whisky?" he queried. I detected a note of enthusiasm in his voice. Had I known at that stage that Scotch whisky was selling for more than R50 a bottle in Lubumbashi — if you could get it — I would have played my hand in a far more subtle manner. As it was Andre was interested in the whisky and within moments the bottle had done the first rounds. I took a large swig and the liquor warmed my throat. Gilles warned against getting drunk. I nodded.

Two more swigs and Andre was becoming expansive in his speech. By the time we had passed the second roadblock he was positively loquacious, but by then the whisky was finished. I had achieved part of my objective; the man sent to guard us was tipsy.

Andre spoke about many things during the remainder of the journey. Gilles translated phrases I did not catch and the plot thickened.

Andre's real name, he said, was Betu Andre Robert. His position at the border, he boasted, was that of secret military police. Gilles almost choked. His rank in the Zairean Army was lieutenant.

Apparently Andre had been trained in military intelligence by the Israelis. Yes, he said, he had visited Israel; he had spent three months at a training camp run for paratroopers. Yes, he had his para wings. He showed us a tattoo on his right fore-arm, but in the poor light all we could see were a number of diagonal stripes.

Then Andre made a statement which left us both cold. "My real name among my friends" he said, "is Assassin." In French the word is pronounced with emphasis on the third vowel — a long nasal sound that in the wrong circumstances can drive terror into a strong man's heart.

He elaborated. "I am the official assassin for General Mobutu in these parts." The words were uttered with a flourish. The bastard was actually boasting, I thought to myself.

Gilles asked him what he got paid for "eliminating" someone. Assassin was not specific. "I get 500 Zaire (about R1000) for killing an important person. Less for someone less important," he said.

It was at moments like this that both Gilles and myself realized the hopelessness of our condition. Here we were being escorted to a fate that we still did not comprehend, in the charge of a drunken psychopath who boasted about his job of killing people. It was clear to both of us that Assassin had already condemned us as guilty, but at the present time he was playing with us, like a cat with a captive mouse.

On one occasion, as we neared the lights of Lubumbashi Andre turned to Gilles after he had been asked where we were being taken and answered with a hysterical guffaw: "Don't worry. I will see you through to the end. Right to the end." Even the driver of the car had to smile.

It was about then that I asked whether it would be in order if we could stay at the Park Hotel in Lubumbashi. It was a rhetorical question, but I asked it more to gauge the man's mood than for an explicit answer. Assassin said that there would be no problem whatever but added the rider: "First, however, we must report to the barracks. The military barracks."

I then realized that we would have to play every card in the stack to get Andre to take us to a hotel where we would be seen by whites and where we could perhaps communicate and ask someone to get in touch with our consulates. The chances were slim, but I knew then that our only hope lay in us being able to make contact with another white. The nakedness, the abject hopelessness of our situation was more apparent than ever.

I suggested to Gilles that we try to bribe our guard if all else failed. We parleyed a few minutes in low tones. By now the car was on the outskirts of Lubumbashi and we were being signalled to stop at the last roadblock.

While Andre was busy with the troops at the roadblock I issued a hasty instruction. Gilles was to take 50 dollars of our money and offer it to Andre to allow us to call first at the hotel. I was confident that the man's greed, which by now had accumulated about 40 dollars of our money, would influence him in his decision.

Andre got back in the car and we were waved on. The main road into Lubumbashi stretched out before us, past a number of derelict buildings that still bore the marks of war inflicted more than a decade before. One of the buildings had taken a direct mortar hit in the roof; its tiles had lain scattered about and untouched for all this time. Even these portents seemed ominous at the time.

continued next page

d. At present, Cuban military personnel are probably being employed as military advisors, technicians, instructors and reports indicate that Cuban soldiers operate armoured vehicles, artillery guns and rockets and have also been engaged as front line infantry in northern and central Angola in combat around Carmona, Negage, Malanje and Quibala. The airforce base at Henrique de Carvalho is presently occupied by Cuban airforce personnel.

e. It is estimated that between 12,000 and 14,000 Cubans are currently assisting the MPLA in the war against the allied forces of the FNLA and UNITA.

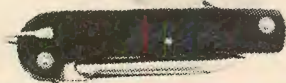
f. Russia's true aim regarding Africa is reflected in the astounding declaration by Cuba's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Carlos Rodriguez, who stated that Cuba would ignore any request by the OAU to withdraw Cuban troops from Angola. Cuba will respond only if such a request is made by the Russian orientated MPLA leader, Dr. Agostinho Neto.

5. Comment. The USSR regards the rendering of military assistance in the form of weapons and training facilities to African countries as a popular way to establish their influence in Africa. In order not to attract too close attention from Western powers, Cuba proves to be a useful channel. Furthermore, the Cubans are more acceptable to the African than the Russians.



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A sign indicating that we had entered Lubumbashi appeared ahead. Gilles spoke hastily to Andre about the hotel and I could see out of the corner of my eye that the money had changed hands. I was elated. The bribe had worked.

The car passed down a long avenue of trees. I had visited Lubumbashi a number of times before during my writing career and knew that we had perhaps two or three kilometres to go before we reached the centre of the Villa.

At that moment Andre leaned forward in his seat and spoke to the driver in his Lingala dialect. The station wagon slowed and Andre indicated that the driver turn off on a gravel road to the right. My heart sank. This was not the way to the centre city area. I turned around urgently to Gilles. "Ask him. Ask him where we are going. This is not the way to the hotel."

Gilles spoke a few hurried words in French. Andre sat stolidly in his seat and said nothing. A moment later he turned to Andre and said something about having to report first. Suddenly Assassin was very, very sober.

I became frantically aware of our surroundings. Gilles broke out in a sweat. "Where are they taking us?" he asked. I did not know, so I didn't bother to answer. In the bad light I tried to work out in which direction from the city we were travelling.

Suddenly we turned onto a larger road. A row of lights gleamed ahead and my terror was real when I saw gunports at the corner of the structure. A machine-gun turret loomed out of the dark.

Andre motioned to the driver to turn left at a large gate-guarded by a sentry. Orders snapped on the challenge and the guard opened the heavy steel doors.

We were in a Zairean military establishment and our fate lay in the hands of the man who called himself Assassin.

End of Part I

M76 DEMISE continued from page 57

minutes, took 15 to clean and maintain the weapon, and had it properly back together in three more minutes — all without any help.

The S&W M76 passed other tests, too. Williams and Grennell reported tests for military and police use in which the weapon was found to have "very ample clearance within the receiver to insure reliable operation even under extremely dirty conditions, a major factor in military need."

Tougher demands were met during extended Navy testing in San Diego. In one test, ordnance officers filled M76 magazines with sand while loading them.

continued on page 71

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continued from page 9

The following letter was forwarded to us from one of our readers.

Dear Sir,

I refer to your recent enquiry in which you indicate an interest in serving in our Support Unit.

Certain unsolicited statements which have appeared in American magazines and consequent newspaper reports have given many Americans an erroneous impression of the British South Africa Police. We are first and foremost a civil police force, and members performing normal police duties do not carry arms.

Although the British South Africa Police has a commitment to the defense of the country through the Support Unit and Police Anti-terrorist Units, such members are drawn from the Regular Force. There is no direct entry into either of these sections, and all applicants for the Force must meet standard entry requirements and undergo our training course.

As the content of your letter indicates that you are probably more interested in a military career, I have taken the liberty of referring it to the Recruiting Officer, Rhodesian Army, Private Bag 7720, Causeway, Rhodesia, with whom you may wish to communicate.

I must add that neither the Rhodesian Army nor the British South Africa Police are seeking mercenaries.

If your application has been misinterpreted and you still wish to be considered for the British South Africa Police, please feel free to write again, stating age, marital status, educational qualifications, height, weight, vision and any previous police experience.

I thank you for your interest in the Force.

Yours faithfully,
(A.J. Crossley) Inspector,
for Staff Officer (Recruiting),
to the COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

Dear Sirs:

Concerning your first letter in spring 76 on paramedics: Hats off on your reply. I don't know of anyone who was not relieved to find a medic sewing up the hole (in) his side.

If it was up to a lot of guys I think they would rather be in a good firefight than dropping in on 4 or 5 thousand people who might just as well beat you to death for a few C-rations.

I can't think of any better way to up the American image and we could use a lot of that. So let's hope that Mr. Anonymous is never up to his neck in it wishing the Paramedics were dropping in on him.

Thomas Lee Cartwright
Toquerville, Utah



M76 DEMISE continued from page 70

They ground the test weapons into wet sand as well. All M76s fired successfully without any jams or stoppages, which was termed "somewhat unusual for automatic weapons of this type."

Their testing also concluded that the M76 was a very accurate weapon with almost no muzzle climb, unusual for a submachine gun. They attributed this factor to the straight-line design of the weapon.

Two Navy vets back from Southeast Asia took part in both the use and testing of the Smith & Wesson submachinegun. Frank Brown and Tom Snowden agreed, "It is a damn fine gun . . . smooth, accurate, and works very well."

Army Sergeant Paul Johnson noted, "I find the M76 lighter and easier to handle than the M3A1 we also used in Vietnam. It has more punch and full-auto accuracy than the M16A1."

In addition to its acceptance by military personnel, the M76 has a following among police. Lt. Joseph Bogan of the Lincoln police added, "I haven't fired a smoother, cleaner, easier handling submachine gun. It is first class."

In addition, a random survey of ten Class 3 dealers last year showed that the M76 was the submachine gun most mentioned and most often desired automatic weapon by domestic police agencies. Its only competition came from the MAC submachine gun, produced by Military Armament Corporation, plus military M16 weapons.

With the M76 no longer in production, the demand seems to be rising, which is very surprising. According to ads in trade newspapers, the price of an M76 has jumped from \$115 per gun at the end of last year to \$350 to \$400 per weapon at the end of 1975. One dealer predicted prices would jump to \$500 to \$700 per gun by the middle of this year.

"Police really want the guns and I wish I had more M76s to sell them," he added.

Hopefully, this won't be the end of the S&W M76, considering the way it was "fired" by the military.



CHALLENGE continued from page 47
working conditions, a diver will be paid from \$450 to \$600 or more per day, while under saturation.

But the vast majority of dives in the offshore oil fields today are not sat dives. Rather they are "bounce dives" of thirty minutes to an hour's duration, purposely kept as short as possible, so that the total time the diver must spend in decompression may be kept as short as possible, for safety's sake.

When an oil or gas well is drilled offshore, the same wellhead equipment that would be placed on the ground when

continued on page 72

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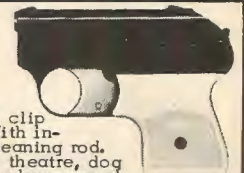
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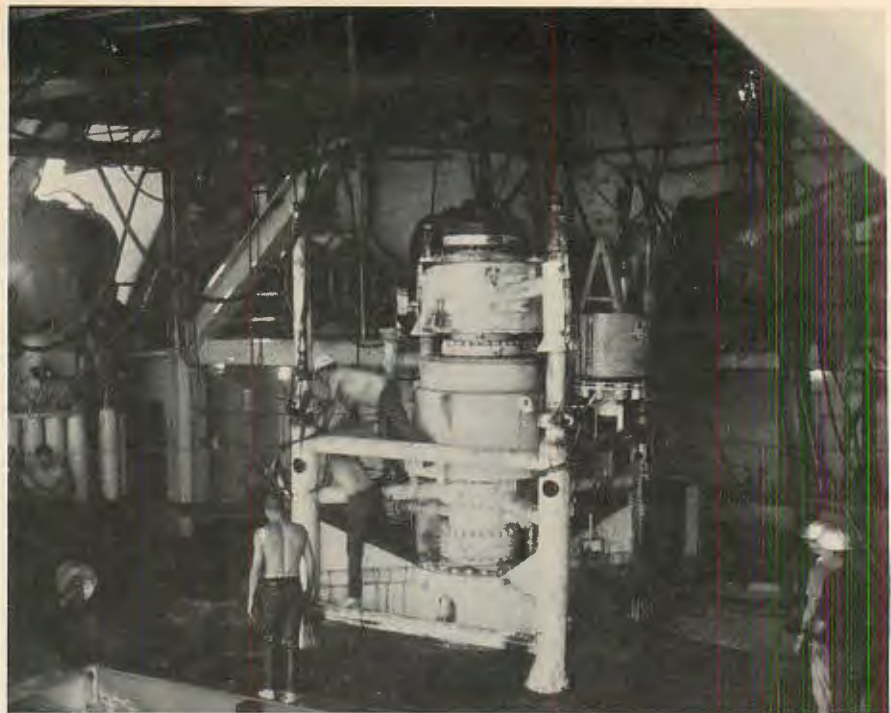


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A smaller Blow-out Preventer (commonly called the BOP or simply "the stack") is being readied by drilling crewmen for lowering through the "moonpool" to the ocean floor to be connected to the well-head. Note the diving bell on standby at left.

drilling on land must be positioned on the ocean floor. The most important part of this equipment is the Blowout Preventer Stack (known as the BOP, the Preventer, or simply the Stack), that is locked fast to the wellhead casing by hydraulic connectors and is composed of several powerful hydraulically operated rams, stacked one on top of the other. These rams are designed to close off the well at the ocean floor, if oil or gas pressure in the well below the stack becomes too great, and threatens to force its way up the well casing or drill stem, resulting in a "blowout" or oil and gas spill.

After the wellhead foundation has been cemented in and a string of large-diameter casing laid, the BOP is lowered into place on top of the wellhead, on four 3 4" diameter wire rope guidelines, running from the semi-submersible drilling rig platform to the wellhead foundation. These guidelines are a permanent and very important part of the drill rig assembly underwater, as they are used to lower essential equipment from the drilling platform to the wellhead, while guiding this equipment into the proper place within tolerances of fractions of an inch. However, the guidelines are frequently kinked and snapped by heavy machinery.

One of the most common diver jobs on an offshore oil exploratory platform is "changing out" these guidelines underwater. The diver is instructed to proceed down to depth and change out one of the guidelines that has become severed on the blowout preventer stack. On leaving the bell, he finds the new

guideline attached to the outside, he detaches it, calls topside to give him slack on the guideline, and walks with it over to the BOP.

The huge BOP's necessary in the violent ocean conditions and high pressure oil pools of the North Sea can stand as tall as sixty feet from base to top. The guidelines attach to the base so close to the silty bottom, that visibility is badly obscured by the constant motion of submarine currents making for bad visibility. Having studied the blueprints the diver quickly locates the broken guideline, detaches it by driving out a drift pin with a four pound striking hammer, and in another ten minutes fits the new guideline holder into the guidepost and returns to the bell. He communicates intermittently with his diving partner on standby inside the bell. Reentering the bell, and heading toward the surface, he is soon clear of the work area. Now that the new guideline has been installed, a very relieved drilling supervisor can order his men back to work.

Deep-sea diving for the offshore oil industry is extremely competitive business and the diving firm that falters on the job, whose work is delayed or desultory, will not retain its contract at renewal time. Just as there exists a vehement but healthy competition among diving companies, there is also an ardent competition amongst divers.

Daily base pay, plus depth pay is computed at a set rate for every foot in depth beyond a certain point. In some cases, when a diver's pay is computed in

this fashion, he can earn more than in a sat dive, where he is usually paid according to a flat daily rate. While one diver is in decompression, it will be up to the next diver on the rotation schedule to take the next job, requiring a diver's immediate services. With a schedule of two weeks on the rig and two weeks off on leave, this is not a particularly bad way to earn \$20,000 to \$50,000 a year.

Hazardous conditions do exist, and the hazards are magnified when working in great depths of water, under high ambient pressures. Although some divers do lose their lives in the offshore oil industry each year, the number of such deaths are difficult to obtain because such casualties are not something the diving industry especially wishes to advertise.

However, with the best divers earning up to \$60,000 a year, with only about six to eight months time actually spent on the job, a calculated risk of the proportions encountered in deep-sea diving, seems an imminently reasonable one to undertake. The most hazardous condition in diving results from the very tonnage of

Below: Artist's rendering of a sophisticated drillship. Screw-type thrusters located under the hull at bow and stern position the vessel over the well site dynamically.



equipment that men and machines are constantly moving from place to place in the restricted work areas of the drilling platform and underwater wellhead site. Injuries and fatalities due to faulty diving equipment or unsafe diving procedures are relatively rare, due to the scrupulously careful maintenance techniques employed on every item of equipment from air hose to diving bell, and the rigid adherence to diving practices developed and proven effective over the short but intense history of industrial diving. With intricate decompression tables refined and improved upon over decades of use, the incidence of the bends today is very rare, if the tables are accurately followed.

Another malady increasingly affecting divers, as the offshore oil industry operates in deeper water, is one about which contemporary medical science knows little. This is bone necrosis, or a tendency for a diver's bones to become porous and brittle from spending long durations under high pressure. Doctors do not yet know the cause of or how to prevent bone necrosis in working divers,

except to suggest that they quit working at the greater depths when the disease first presents itself. It usually takes many years of deep diving before it is advanced enough to detect by X-ray. Although diving researchers are now hard at work looking for a method of treatment and prevention, it may be a long while before a solution is found.

DIVING SCHOOLS

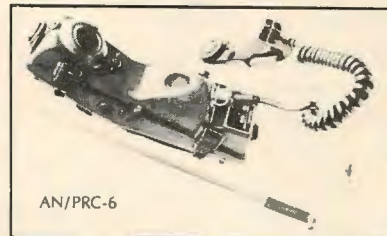
Most industrial divers working today began as U.S. Navy divers who entered the commercial field after letting Uncle Sam provide their training and experience. Approximately 90 per cent of the world's deep-sea divers are working in the offshore oil industry. With the oil companies requirement for diving services expanding geometrically, as onshore oil fields become played out and the oil firms are forced to increase their search for hydrocarbons offshore, the requirement for industrial divers has far surpassed the limited numbers of deep-sea divers that the Navy can turn out. This situation has engendered the establishment and growth of vocational dee-sea diving schools, designed especially to train commercial divers. There are now five diving schools located throughout the United States — in Fort Pierce, Florida; Houston, Texas; Seattle, Washington; and Oakland and Wilmington, California. Of these, the school that is most directly concerned with teaching the skills and knowledge requisite for work in the offshore oil industry is the Commercial Diving Center in Wilmington, California. The center is in itself, a wholly owned subsidiary of Oceaneering International, Inc., the world's largest diving company, with operating bases located throughout the world, including the West and Gulf Coasts, U.S., Alaska, South America, Africa, Singapore and the United Kingdom, all covering contracts in the North Sea.

Although the author is a graduate of the Commercial Diving Center in Wilmington, California and is very confident of their ability to turn out a highly qualified diver, he feels that the other U.S. schools may be just as competent. However, with the exception of the Houston school, they are not as oriented toward producing divers for the offshore oil industry as is the Commercial Diving Center.

Indeed, there are other forms of diving outside the oil industry running the gamut from SCUBA, a self-contained underwater breathing apparatus, very different from deep-sea diving using a surface-supplied air breathing system mainly for sport or scientific purposes or to ship salvage to river or harbor diving (often called "mud diving").

continued next page

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DOMESTIC

FOREIGN

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In the post-Vietnam era, many Marine and Army combat veterans who opted not to remain in the peacetime military service found that deep-sea diving to be a profession that offers relief from the limited horizons of prosaic nine to five middle class existence.

For the individual with imagination, drive, and determination, there is probably no other vocation, with the possible exception of professional sports, that demands so much and forces one to develop maximum self-confidence. Diving is an exacting and demanding profession that brings out the best in a person as few other businesses do. It can give confidence, a pride in one's work, and satisfaction in achievement, which are worth more to a person of independent spirit than any paycheck.



SILHOUETTE

continued from page 53

targets. In fact, simple as it looked, I believe that no one was able to clean this stage of the match, and spectators groaned. They had expected clean sweeps to be plentiful at a mere 50 meters.

Shooters gritted their teeth and passed on to the 100-meter pig silhouettes. Some managed to suppress their chagrin and do better, while others had blown their cool entirely on the first stage and couldn't get back in form. Actually, many shooters did far better on the second stage than the first.

The third stage required turkey targets at 150 meters. Again, five targets, five shots, one one each. Even here, several shooters did better than they had on the too-easy, 50-meter stage, though most did less well than they had at 100 meters.

The men from the boys, and the good loads from the bad, were clearly separated by the 200-meter stage. Mountain sheep silhouettes were the target, and mighty small they looked from that far away. A good many targets that were obviously hit — indicated by a loud bullet impact — didn't go down. Usually this was with the big magnums when hits were very low on the target. Previous to the match, I had hit two, 200-meter targets solidly with the .41 Auto Mag and they failed to fall. Usually, solid hits with the .44 Magnum and the Auto Mag cartridges tipped over the targets without too much fuss. On a couple of occasions, however, targets could be seen teetering precariously after a hit — then settle back without falling, providing real frustration for the shooter.

Following that, came the so-called 'surprise' stage. From a concealed starting point, the shooter was required to run to a firing box from which three targets at different ranges could be seen,

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then draw, engage, and hit all three targets from a standing position. There was no limit on the number of shots, and the elapsed time was recorded. Again, only hits counted. The total score on this stage was computed from elapsed time and number of hits.

When it was all over, Tucson resident Don Jetter was high man and first place winner with a weighted score of 350; 40 points ahead of second place was Gary Fountain, and 50 ahead of third place, was Jeff Burwell — both, also, of Tucson. Burwell, incidentally, had told me after the first day's shooting that he was going to drop out because he was doing so poorly. Fortunately he changed his mind overnight and continued to place third.

All three first places were won with the .44 Magnum cartridge; Jetter shot a Ruger, the other two used the S&W M29.

This being the first time around, no one, least of all Jurras and his helpers, expected everything to be perfect. Recommendations for change and improvement were solicited, and many were received. All are being examined, and doubtless we'll see a revised set of rules for next year.

Yes, the match will come again. Present plans are for it to be held about the same time of year on the Mescalero Indian Reservation near Ruidoso, New Mexico. A new range complex is to be built there, and this alone should enhance the potential of this type of shooting.

All in all, this is an exciting new form of practical pistol shooting. That training along these lines could well increase troop survivability in a hostile zone should be obvious. It's a form of shooting we'll certainly follow with interest.



WELROD

continued from page 55

The claim that the weapon was of American origin is specious. Col. M. Chinn, U.S.M.C. of the Navy Department Bureau of Ordnance, was the originator of this report. He was instrumental in getting the weapon declassified and assumed that because the Navy Department had the blueprints for the thing, that it was one of their developments. Another misconception was that the weapon was in .45 cal. A.C.P., which it never was.

A highly efficient 9mmP version was made toward the end of World War II and saw operational use in Korea and Malaya. It, too, was made at B.S.A., at the behest of S.O.E.

At the end of the war, the S.O.E. was disbanded and the special weapons were turned in. Many were given over to what is known now as the Defense Intelligence Service (D.I.S.), Britain's spy force, and

continued on page 80



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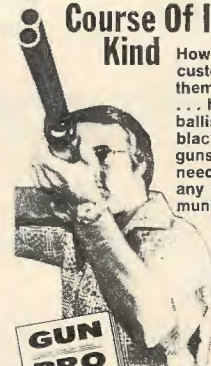
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concealment of the butt of the weapon and the thumb snap is by far more reliable than elastic retainers or many types of springs steel. Since only the highest quality snaps are used, their life expectancy is great. The diagonal position is also the fastest drawing position for a shoulder holster, since the arm can sweep across, automatically release the pistol and swing the gun back into a firing position without unnecessary body movements or changes in arm position.

The balanced rig, with weight naturally and evenly distributed, prevents binding, vastly increases

comfort and lets the harness move with you. Any physical movement can be engaged in — even taking your arm and sweeping it in an arc to touch your opposite foot, ala calisthenics — without discomfort.

The harness halves are available in brown or white suede, the latter a personal preference. Both are suitable for use in warm climates, as initial sweating experienced with the brown harness halves is virtually negligible. The holster itself is available in the premium saddle leather model, or, at progressively lower prices, in Glove, Latigo (belt stock) and Silicone Suede, the same material as the harness halves. This latter model is even more concealable, as the holster is

completely flexible. The Latigo models are available in natural brown, mahogany, rust and black. The same care of fit and finish is used in all grades. Among the various models, only the Suede holster is not wet-molded. The premium saddle leather holstered Jackass Shoulder System has an advertised retail of \$42.90, with cuff case. The all Suede rig is just \$22.95.

Whatever price range fits your budget, for the man whose life can depend on his handgun, the Jackass Shoulder System is damned-near impossible to beat. For custom knife sheaths or pouches and special design modifications (at special prices obviously), write Rick Gallagher at "The Famous Jackass Leather Company", 920 Waukegan Road, Glenview, Illinois 60025. It should be noted that Jackass has over 300 model variations already available, including one of the most innovative ankle holsters yet designed, an inside model and flat, high riding belt models. To make the obvious pun, only a "jackass" would pass it up!



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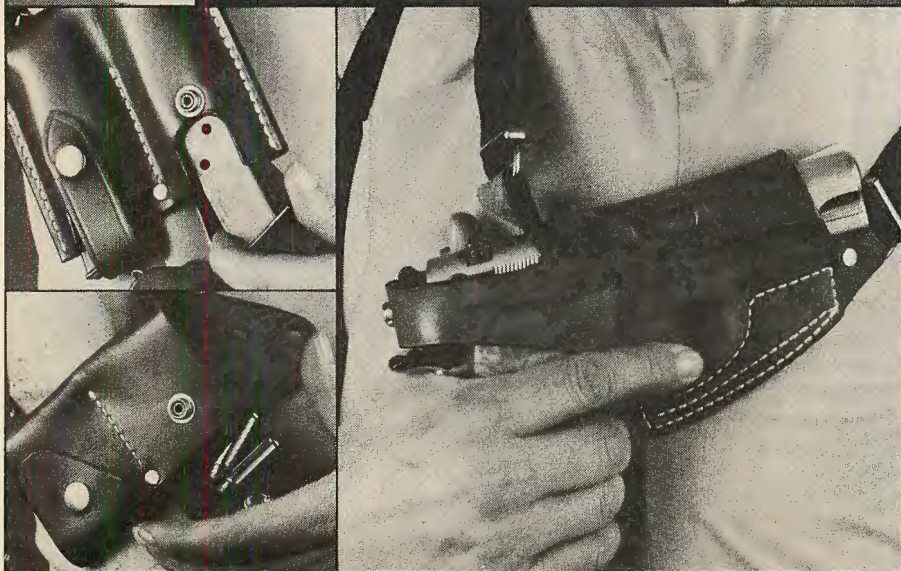
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On June 22, the Communist apparatus in Guatemala made a major decision: it would wage its own war against the Liberation Army. The regular armed forces obviously could not be counted on. Communist-led militia would be hurled against Castillo Armas, then be used to crush the "treacherous" regular army.

That same day, an unofficial delegation of Mexican leftists conferred with Arbenz and his aides at the Presidential Palace. The Mexicans had flown in following an appeal by Arbenz to Mexican leftist leaders ex-President Lazaro Cardenas and union boss Vincente Lombardo Toledano. Arbenz appealed for planes and pilots. Most Guatemalan pilots had gone into hiding or had taken asylum in various embassies. The Mexicans agreed to do what they could. Tentative plans were made to wage a protracted guerrilla war.

But one Liberation air strike had already been decisive. Even before Arbenz had met with the Mexicans, a rebel P-47 piloted by one "T-Bone" Williams had delivered a decisive strike.

At seven-fifteen that morning, a Liberation Thunderbolt had attacked the 3,500-ton British freighter Springfjord which had just docked at the port of San Jose. The rebels thought the ship was loaded with arms and munitions for the Red brigades. The P-47 hit the

Springfjord amidships with two bombs. The vessel exploded into flames. We later learned that the ship carried no munitions at the time, the psychological impact was tremendous. The Arbenz people themselves really thought they'd lost a shipload of arms. They became as demoralized as the Army.

The whole "war" itself was little more than a shouting match. At one point, the rebels decided it would help out-shout the

Diablo was an exercise in orchestrated psychodrama, not war, but it worked.

Guatemalan Government if the powerful pro-Communist radio station in Guatemala City was knocked out. An ex-Marine pilot, Bob Wade, got the assignment. Wade returned from his flight and reported a direct hit on the target. He had indeed blown hell out of a radio station — a Protestant evangelical station operated by American missionaries!

Another mission was less disastrous. It would be good psychological warfare to

hit Guatemala City's main power plant and black-out part of the city. Clements tapped another former Marine pilot for the assignment. Again it was "T-Bone" Williams, an old friend of Clements. He was also something of a joker.

"Look, Colonel, I'm tired," complained the Delaware-born flier. "Besides, they've got that power plant ringed with .50 calibers. I'll have to get right down on the deck for a real shot at it. Risky as hell."

T-Bone finally agreed to take the mission, but at double his usual \$200 per flight. He started toward his plane, then stopped and came back.

"One thing more, Colonel," "T-Bone" said. "I might not be coming back from this trip. So I want my \$400 in advance." Clements roared, and paid up.

"T-Bone" earned his money. He clobbered the power plant, blacking out part of the city, providing for more confusion. Diablo was an exercise in orchestrated psychodrama, not war, but it worked.

On June 27, President Arbenz resigned and turned over power to a junta of his own supporters. The Diablo people saw it as no more than cosmetics applied to the old regime. The next day Jerry DeLarme hit the city again, knocking out the right radio station and bombing army headquarters.

continued next page

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The junta promptly collapsed and was replaced by still another team of Arbenz officials. The P-47s again bombed Guatemala City. Another junta collapse. And that was the end of the "war."

Some 1500 Arbenz supporters — many, like Che Guevara, political adventurers from other countries — fled to asylum in Latin American embassies. Mobs swept through the streets, smashing Communist headquarters and generally going on the sort of binge that always ac-

The whole "war" itself was little more than a shouting match.

companies this sort of an upheaval. If the situation had been reversed — if it had been Arbenz, say, who had ousted a Castillo Armas — those same people would have rampaged through those same streets. I'm not being cynical, just realistic.

Oh, yes, and as soon as Coronel Carlos Castillo Armas installed himself in that big presidential palace in downtown Guatemala City, he hired himself a good PR firm — John Clements Associates.



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continued from page 75

it is a tribute to the weapon's designers that it is still 'on issue' with these people, as none better has come along to replace it.

The Sleeve pistol was a one shot version of the Welrod. It broadly resembles a flashlight, and had to be loaded in advance of use as there was little chance of getting a second round off. It was carried under the sleeve of an overcoat on an elastic lanyard looped around the shoulder, so that after firing it might be released and automatically drawn up the arm out of view. It was fired by means of a thumb trigger located near the muzzle. The trigger was bull-pupped to the striker release at the rear of the weapon. One must not lose sight of the weapon's effectiveness as a club and should the single shot only disable, then the weapons could be used in that mode.

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The Welrods were to surface again in the Viet Nam era when Military Armament Corp. of Powder Springs, Georgia, under the aegis of Mitch Werbell, came out with a version of it that used their sionics suppressor design and a plastic magazine grip.

Major George Nonte once had occasion to examine a Welrod which had the main body of the silencer removed and also had a wooden grip. Technically, it was no longer capable of silencing in that mode and was used as a simple pistol.

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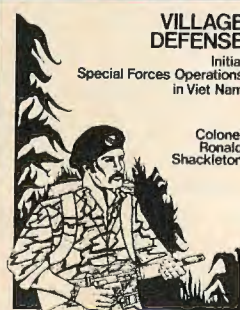
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