

TACTICAL MILSIM

MAGAZINE

FALL 2010

SECONDS TO FIGHT!

From the Border to Your Backyard

Training to Win!

All Competitions have a Winner and a Loser

Big Brother is Watching

Providing Overwatch and Intelligence Gathering

Combat Tracking - Part I

A Life or Death Literacy Skill for Ancient Hunters

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Providing overwatch and intelligence gathering.

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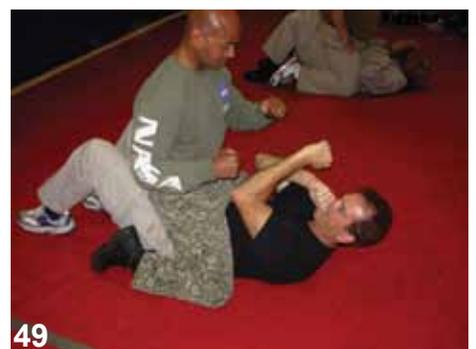
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SIT REP

Deserving Liberty Means Earning Freedom

We have all been guilty of occasionally taking our lives for granted and being caught with our guard down. At home we feel safe in the fact that the violence in our society can be turned off with the touch of a remote. Unfortunately for a growing number of Americans, the realization of this illusion arrives too little too late. Although many of us enjoy participating in military simulations and tactical training, it is easy to lose track of the critical reasons for such endeavors.

In April, Arizona managed to upset the extreme liberal politicians and their groupies by trying to enforce existing federal immigration laws. As a proud member of the State of Arizona, there is just something about going against the grain by doing the right thing that gives me the "warm fuzzies". To me the issue is simple. No one is above the law. If you don't like it, change it. Until then, enforce it! But then again, I'm not a politician.

Arizona's recent decision to enforce Federal laws has motivated me to take a deeper look into the effect our border security has on our families and friends. A brief Internet search illustrates how our lives are directly affected by criminals who are crossing our borders illegally. However, what I found most unnerving was the extreme brutality and violence of action expressed by these criminals. Unfortunately, this extreme level of violence is directly related to the normally accepted level of violence in criminal's country of origin combined with a society of laws designed to catch criminals after the crime rather than prevent the crimes.

For me this raises a personal a question. How can we, as Americans, demand a protected border when most Americans do not invest in protecting themselves? Our society has conditioned us to rely on a now overworked and underappreciated law enforcement system to protect us. As a society, we are only as strong as our weakest link.

Those who came before us and carved their existence into the land understood this concept well. They bonded together to overthrow tyranny and establish the laws which are now being twisted and stretched beyond any known logic.

It is my hope that this issue will give you the motivation needed to remove the dust off of your skills or invest in a few more to protect your family, friends, and country. Just remember, if we are not willing to earn our freedoms, then we don't deserve liberty.

-Mark Anderson





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ONE ROUGH MAN

By Dalton Fury

George Orwell could write. And he wasn't talking smack when he shared his most famous quote. People do sleep peacefully in their beds because some guys are rougher than others. Some guys will hang it out to keep the free world in check. And even though retired Delta Force operator turned author Brad Taylor shares the same hairline, thick black locks, and writing ability as ole' George, the similarities end there. Brad Taylor lived in a world surrounded by the kind of rough men George was speaking about. Taylor was

one too, but he won't admit it. Enter Pike Logan.

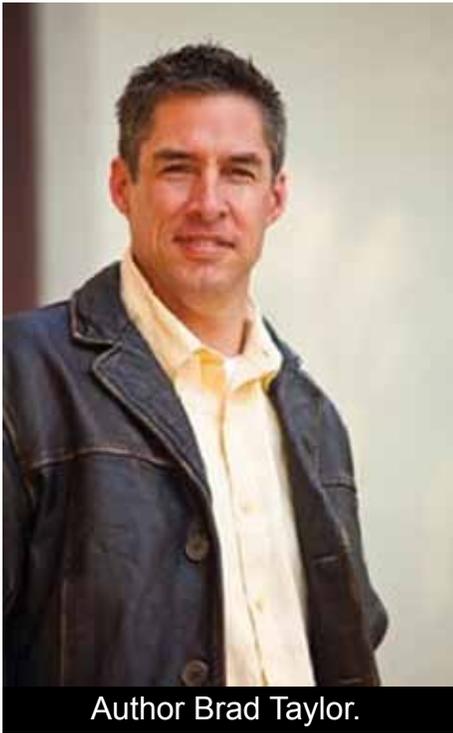
Logan was born out of Taylor's firsthand experience. For the better part of Taylor's twenty-one year career in Special Operations, he hunted America's most high profile targets. Taylor sat next to Pike Logan as they chased war criminals in the Balkans. He stood in the back of a black helicopter under NODs next to Logan as they raided al Qaeda compounds in Afghanistan. He ran through dark alleys in Iraq with Logan as they hunt-

ed Saddam's biggest thugs. Pike Logan was everywhere. Keyser Soze couldn't keep up with Pike Logan, but in eight years as a Delta officer Brad Taylor did.

Obviously Taylor can't confirm or deny actual operations in One Rough Man. Compromising unique tactics, techniques, and procedures might get someone killed and besides, it's against the law. Fashioning his personal experiences into a fast paced, in your face, action-thriller - one admittedly not based off of any real world operation - has already drawn comparison to another Brad - Mr. Thor. Pike Logan's exploits aren't Brad Taylor's. Taylor's experiences are classified. Logan's are only top secret in the book. One Rough Man is a fictionally realistic open source dose of adrenaline and suspense. We have Brad Taylor to thank for that.

Brad Taylor and I entered Delta at the same time. Fortunately he was willing to allow me to cheat off his talents. I'm not ashamed. Taylor is like an intellectual Energizer Bunny ... and that is a dangerous combination. Annoyingly, that guy who is always outwitting you. The guy with the smartest plan. The guy with the soundest logic. The guy who doesn't let analytical paralysis trump old fashioned common sense. He'll tell you he is no Pike Logan. But the Pike Logan's he commanded might say different.

One Rough Man is Taylor's first in the Pike Logan thriller series and hits the shelves in Hardcover in February 2011. Until then, TacSim readers can get to



Author Brad Taylor.

know Pike Logan in the excerpt below and on Taylor's website bradtaylorbooks.com

One Rough Man Excerpt

The target took a shortcut, unwittingly shaving another four minutes off of life as he knew it. His appearance surprised me, because I had parked in an alley specifically to get out of his line of march, figuring he'd go the long way around the block. He was about fifty feet back and walking at an unhurried pace. A minute later he passed me, unaware of my existence. He was so close that I could have flung open the door and knocked him to the ground. From there, it would have been easy to thump him on the head, throw him in the back, and haul ass. That would have been a bit extreme even for me, so I let him go. Better to stick with the plan.

I keyed the handset of my radio, "All elements, all elements, this is Pike. Target just passed my location and intersected Twenty-Second Street. He's crossing it now."

Pike's not my real name. It's my call sign. We use them because nobody in my unit wants to use military ones like "Victor-Bravo Three-Seven." I'd like to say that I got mine for doing something badass, but you don't pick your call sign. It picks you, and usually for something that's not flattering. In my case it came from a stupid comment I'd made during training. I grew up in Oregon, spending my time hunting and fishing. I was trying to describe how we should do an ambush, but wasn't communicating things right. I finally said, "You know, like a pike attacks when it catches another fish." Everyone looked at me for a second in silence, then broke out laughing. For the next two days every time I tried to suggest something, someone would say, "You mean like a pike would do it?" The name stuck. It's not too bad as call signs go. I suppose I could have been "Flounder." All in all, it's much better than my given name, which I despise.

Bull, the trigger for the takedown, said, "You sure it's not a ghost?"

The Foggy Bottom street in front of me was starting to clog up with the noontime lunch crowd, all out enjoying the summer sunshine. This would make it easier for my team to track the

target without compromise, but the heat was starting to turn my car into a sauna. Why the hell this guy liked wandering aimlessly around outside was beyond me, but the pattern he had created would be his downfall. Humans are creatures of habit. What looks absolutely random once will look like the same ol', same ol' over time. We had reached the same ol' stage with this target and were within minutes of taking him down.

After crossing the street, the target entered a coffee shop and took a seat at an outside patio. Right on schedule. I saw the team settle around him like an invisible blanket. The crowd flowed around them all without a clue what was going on. That always gave me a perverse sense of pleasure. While rushing to catch the Metro or get lunch, they were brushing past some of the finest predators on earth and didn't even know it. Sometimes I am tempted to grab one of them and yell, "Don't you know what's going on here? Can't you see what's happening? You ought to get on your knees and thank the Lord that people like me are out here protecting your sorry ass." Yeah, that's arrogant and unfair. I suppose executing the operation without anyone knowing is pleasure enough. After all, if they did know, that would mean we had failed. In the end, they could go about buying their Starbucks or bitching about the price of gas because my team and I would have prevented something much, much worse, like a suicide bomber at their kid's school.

In my mind, the world is split neatly into two groups: meat-eaters and plant-eaters. Nothing is wrong with either one. Both are necessary. One contributes much, much more to society than the other. The other is necessary to protect the contribution. I'm a meat-eater. My existence allows the plant-eater to contribute. Some plant-eaters, living in a so-called civilized world, call me evil, but at the end of the day, when the bad man comes and the plant-eater's praying for a miracle, I'm what shows up.

I scanned behind me after the target passed and was surprised to see another man at the entrance to the alley, large, bald-headed, and looking out of place. He loitered for a couple of seconds, then began moving my way. He's following our guy.

"All elements, this is Pike, we've got a trailer with the target. Stand by."

Bull, the trigger for the take-down, said, "You sure it's not a ghost?"

Bull was asking if I was seeing things that weren't really there. "No, I'm not sure, but he refused to enter the alley until the target was clear, then walked at a pretty fast pace to catch up."

If he was tracking our man, I had no idea why. We had no intel indicating the target had any security, or that anyone else wanted him. The guy could be police, a rival group, or even a countersurveillance effort protecting the target. Or he could be a lost tourist and I was jumping to conclusions. Either way, Baldy—and anyone else with him—would have to be separated from the target. If he was a tourist, it would take care of itself. If not, that left my team. And once we executed, we would need to be pretty damn swift, because after we got rid of this guy, his people

would know someone else was on the ground and interested in the same target.

I gave a description of the trailer and watched him take a seat in the coffee shop, confirming my fears.

"Okay, listen up. We're going to keep the plan. If Baldy's not a ghost, he'll follow our target into the planned kill zone. We'll let the target go through, then take him out. Acknowledge."

"Pike, this is Knuckles . . . we can't duplicate this hit twice in one day. We're going to lose the target. We need to develop the situation, not start thumping people willy-nilly."

"We won't lose the target, because you're going to tag him at his table. Using that beacon, we'll take him down at the parking garage to his apartment.



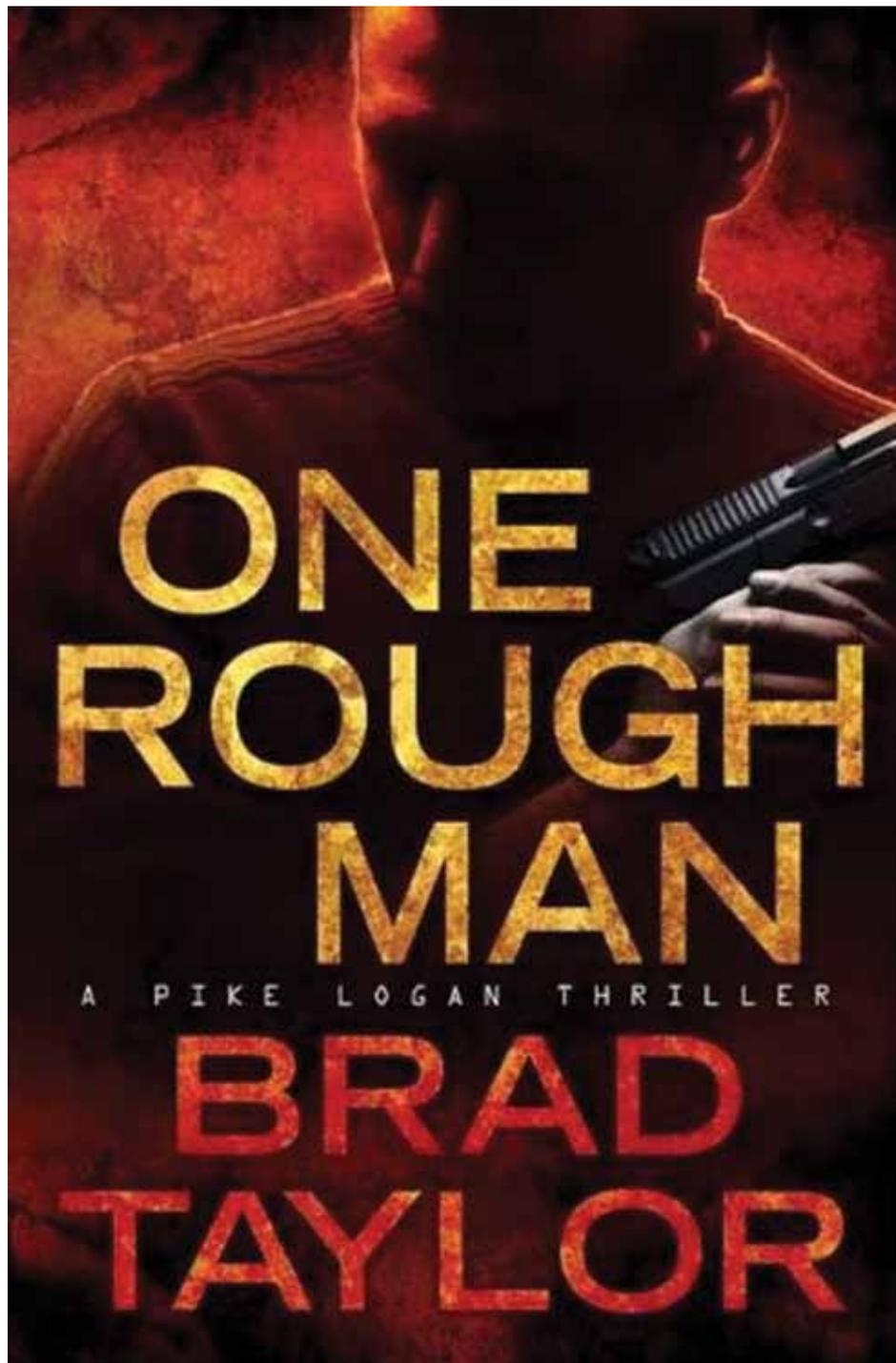
That was our contingency plan anyway. It'll just be two hits instead of one."

"Pike, that damn beacon hasn't worked yet. We keep getting false positives. We're liable to take out some old lady."

Jason Bourne couldn't carry Logan's jock strap in Taylor's fictional thriller *One Rough Man*.

Knuckles was my second-in-command, or 2IC. He's a Squid, but I don't hold that against him, since he's a SEAL. He's just like me, only he picked the wrong branch of service. His call sign was Knuckles, but it should have been Mother Hen, at least while we were preparing for operations. Once we were engaged it would be something like Death-DealingSlaughterMonster. Right now, Knuckles was in mother hen mode. He was a finicky perfectionist. Someone who wanted to ensure that every piece of kit, tactic, or technique was absolutely perfect before being used on an operation. It wasn't that he was rigid, since he was one of the best on fluid operations, and he did have a point. If everything's perfect when you start, then working through contingencies, or what we call "flexing," is that much easier. If you start with something that's faulty, then you'll be flexing from the get-go. The thing is, every operation goes to shit at one point or another—like right now. Doesn't matter how much you plan. You can either handle the curve ball or not.

"Look, I get the risk, but we're



running out of time. We don't have enough people to track both guys. Just tag the target and use your judgment. If you can't get him, you can't get him."

"What if the trailer's not alone?"

Knuckles was thinking right along with me. "I hear you. We'll develop the situation enough to confirm or deny he's alone. If

he's got someone else working with him, we'll pass. If not, we'll take him down in the primary kill zone, leaving you and Bull with the contingency for the target."

There was a pregnant pause, then, "Roger. Out."

"Bull, keep your eyes on Baldy and see if he makes commo with anyone."



of the target's parking garage. A team, hidden in the shadows, would deploy when the beacon signaled. Unfortunately, with the receivers' track record, it could trigger if the wind blew the wrong way.

Knuckles was breaking the cardinal rule of surveillance by interacting with the target.

After watching Knuckles get chased away, I gave Bull a call. "Anything going on?"

"No. He's looking at the target, but so is everyone else thanks to Knuckles's little play. Hasn't communicated with anyone."

"Roger. Retro, you guys ready?"

"Yeah. We just don't know what the trailer looks like."

"Don't worry about that. I'll trigger. If it's no good—"

"Break—break. This is Bull. Target's on the move."

Shit. That was quick. Ready or not, the target was going to force our hand.

Jason Bourne couldn't carry Logan's jock strap in Taylor's fictional thriller *One Rough Man*. But don't take my word for it. Read the book!

Dalton Fury, a pseudonym, retired from the US Army after twenty years of service. Fifteen of those years were spent with some of the finest Special Operations Forces in existence...a lot of Pike Logan's. He is the author of the New York Times bestseller *KILL BIN LADEN: A Delta Force Commander's Account of the Hunt For the World's Most Wanted Man* (St. Martin's Press, 2008)

I watched a homeless man approach our target. Jesus, now what? This was turning into a circus. I was about to call Knuckles and warn him when I realized that's who I was looking at. Pretty damn good job of camouflage.

He shoved a cup at the target, begging for some change. The man ignored him. Knuckles grew belligerent, bringing out the manager. I'm never going to hear the end of this. Knuckles was breaking the cardinal rule of surveillance by interacting with the target. On top of that, he was creating a scene that would be remembered after the hit. He was going to be pissed that I forced this on him.

The manager came out shouting. Knuckles waved his arms, slinging coins from the cup all over the place. Bending down around the target's ankles, he scrambled to get his precious money. In the blink of an eye, I saw him slip something into the cuff of the target's pants.

The size of a micro-SD card, it was a passive beacon that worked like an E-Z Pass on a toll road. It would register every time it passed a special receiver. The good part was that the card didn't need GPS or transmitting capability, along with the requisite battery source, so it could be made very, very small. The bad part was the beacon wouldn't give a specific location. It would only confirm our suspicions as the beacon passed our receivers, which we had placed throughout the target's habitual route. The final receiver was in the stairwell

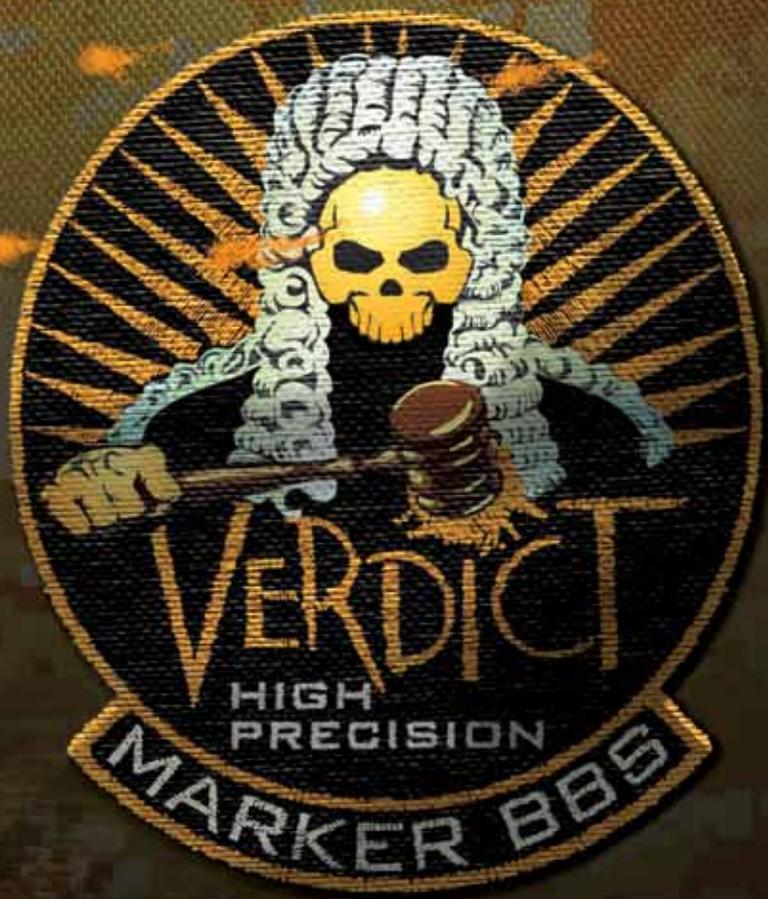
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BIG BROTHER

IS WATCHING!

By Jeff Takeda



“Erik, this is Jeff.”

“Go ahead Jeff.”

“Move to a position where you have good observation over the Food Distribution Center, I’ll need a SALUTE report in about 15 mikes.”

“Copy, we’re on it.”

Erik was part of our two man Sniper / Observer team. Erik and his spotter Max were already up on the western ridge-line of the Operation Lion Claws IX AO in Hesperia, CA. They had been calling in troop movements of the Rangers and 10th Mountain forces for most of the morning.

My team, TSOG (Tactical

Simulation Operations Group), was playing a private mercenary force hired by Warlord Dobroff to help protect him from the Rangers and 10th and assist his Indigenous Forces. But for right now, the Warlord wanted us to assist the 10th in re-taking the Food Distribution Center from the Rangers, who had seized control of it.

The Food Distribution Center sat along a main road of the AO. It was bordered on the north and east sides by high ground. A road laid to the west and to the south a large open area with low shrubs and a few trees.

My fire team assembled with the Warlord Dobroff at his “mansion”, a fort type structure

made of logs, forming a circle. I met with Dobroff at the front of his mansion. We had three vehicles at our disposal for this assault on the Food Distribution Center, two Wiley Jeeps and an armored vehicle, with a mounted RPK machine gun. The Jeeps were extremely vulnerable, as all the occupants were exposed to enemy fire.

Our hasty plan was to send the Jeeps and Armor up the road to the Food Center, with ground troops behind them. The Jeeps would take the lead, drawing fire, and identifying targets for the RPK. The Armor would be next, followed by ground forces. They would make a heavy push up the road, and under cover of the armor’s machine guns, they



could take control of the road, and ground forces could move into the Food Center.

I was to take my TSOG team and a squad of indigenous fighters to the high ground north of the Food Center. We would initiate the assault, and establish a base of fire with our SAW, so by the time the Armor came up the road with their troops, the Rangers in the Food Center would be taking fire from multiple positions. We could also provide protection for the armor from enemy troops coming from the east side. Once we formed our firing line we could adjust by sending a flanking team around to the east or west, depending upon how the battle played out.

Erik and Max, our sniper team, got into position within a few minutes. Erik advised me that about 20 to 25 Rangers were at the Food Center. They appeared to have rifles and light machine guns, no anti-armor weapons in sight. Erik must have been reading my mind, or more than likely, he could see our armored vehicle, and knew instinctively to scout for any anti-armor assets.

“Erik, can you see if the high ground to the north of the objective (the Food Center) is clear?”

“Roger, it’s clear.”

“Copy that were moving.” I took my team and we moved out, ready to execute our plan. Well, as they say, no plan survives first contact with the enemy.

My team and the indigenous fighters moved up into the heavy



brush of the ridgeline. About 25 meters in I ran into two 10th Mountain Troops. It was 1st Sgt Matt Eversman, the 10th Mountain commanding officer and his radio man!

“They’re directly below you! Just shoot into the bushes, directly to your 3 o’ clock! Shoot! Do it now!”

“First Sergeant, we’re making an assault on the Food Center, we have friendly armor moving up on the road, we’re headed to an over watch position and will initiate the assault.” I said to 1SGT in a hushed voice.

“Lead the way.” He answered without hesitation. “Roger that First Sergeant!”

I took point, (I really shouldn’t have as I was the team leader, but hey, I got excited), and we moved towards our position.

I made it about 15 meters into the heavy brush when I walked right into a two man Ranger LP / OP on the hill. These Rangers had their crap together! The Rangers immediately lit us up, and I took a BB right on the jaw line. “Hit!” I went down to the ground, and pulled my red rag. Fortunately for me, the Operation Lion Claws rule set allowed for a “wound rag rule.” Now I just had to get someone over to heal me.

The TSOG guys behind me responded with an immediate salvo of return fire, overwhelming the Ranger LP / OP. The Ranger OP broke contact, allowing a teammate to get over to me and apply a wound rag.

The Ranger LP / OP had done its job perfectly; they delayed us and now we had to slug it out to gain control of that high ground. In the meantime, the Jeeps and Armor went up the road without our covering fire. Erik suddenly came up on the radio. “Jeff this



is Erik, you've got an Anti-Armor team moving towards the armor!" There was no way to relay the info to the armored vehicle and it was quickly taken out. Then Erik's voice came over the radio again, "Jeff you've got bad guys danger close, directly below your position!"

There was thick brush below us, and I could not see any of the OPFOR Erik was talking about. "Erik I have no visual!"

"They're directly below you! Just shoot into the bushes, directly to your 3 o'clock! Shoot! Do it now!" Erik responded.

I ordered my fire team to shoot suppressive fire into the bushes below us. We unloaded a sustained burst of fire into the brush.

"Jeff, good fire, they're breaking contact!"

"Roger that Erik, thanks for the..." Erik interrupted me.

"Wait one Jeff...looks like they're forming a skirmish line, and there's another squad coming up to help them!"

"Copy Erik, we're going to break contact!"

I took my fire team, and we bounded back to the opposite side of the hill. Erik quickly



came back on the radio. “Jeff be advised, I’ve lost visual on you guys.” I answered, “Roger that Erik, we are going to try and get on their flank, keep us updated on their position.” “Roger that Jeff.”

For the next several minutes I moved my fire team to the opposite side of the hill and moved laterally, while Erik and Max tried to find a good point for us to pop out on the OPFOR’s flank. We ran into sparse contact along the way, but our plan was working well, until we got taken out by some friendly fire. Even our excellent sniper / spotter team could not save us from Murphy’s Law!

Throughout history, Snipers have been looked upon as a necessary evil. Regardless of the reasons, a scout/ sniper team can play a valuable role in just about any tactical operation. However, the stigma of the one shot one kill mantra is usually the least used skill on the battlefield. The more common and more valuable role of the scout/

sniper team is one of real time intelligence gathering referred to as “Big Brother” by the units they support.

A successful mission relies heavily on teamwork and the ability to effectively communicate valuable information in a timely manner. To this end, the scout in a scout/ sniper team is usually the more experienced operator. The scout must understand the mission, position the scout/ sniper team to gain maximum battlefield vision with minimum risk, relay information vital to the supported unit, and anticipate and identify various threats and complications ahead of time. The sniper, on the other hand supports the scout/ sniper position against local threats.

At Operation Lion Claws, one of several large military simulation events around the U.S., sniper/ scout teams are starting to see more utilization as a reconnaissance unit for several reasons. Scout/ sniper teams are often the only source of real time human intelligence. Best

laid plans rarely survive first contact and the team with an accurate understanding of the battlefield condition has the greatest chance of success. At these popular civilian military simulation events the scout/ sniper team also has a greater chance of being able to observe the entire battlefield due to the range limitations of military simulation equipment. Therefore a properly groomed scout/sniper team can provide total battlefield observation of the supported unit staying well beyond the range of engagement and still be close enough to engage in the fight if requested.

As individual skill levels at civilian military simulation events such as Lion Claws continues to increase with each side becoming more evenly matched the success of the mission will rely heavily on the use of human intelligence assets such as the scout/ sniper team.

Tactical MilSim Magazine would like to thank Operation Lion Claws and Team TSOG for their support.

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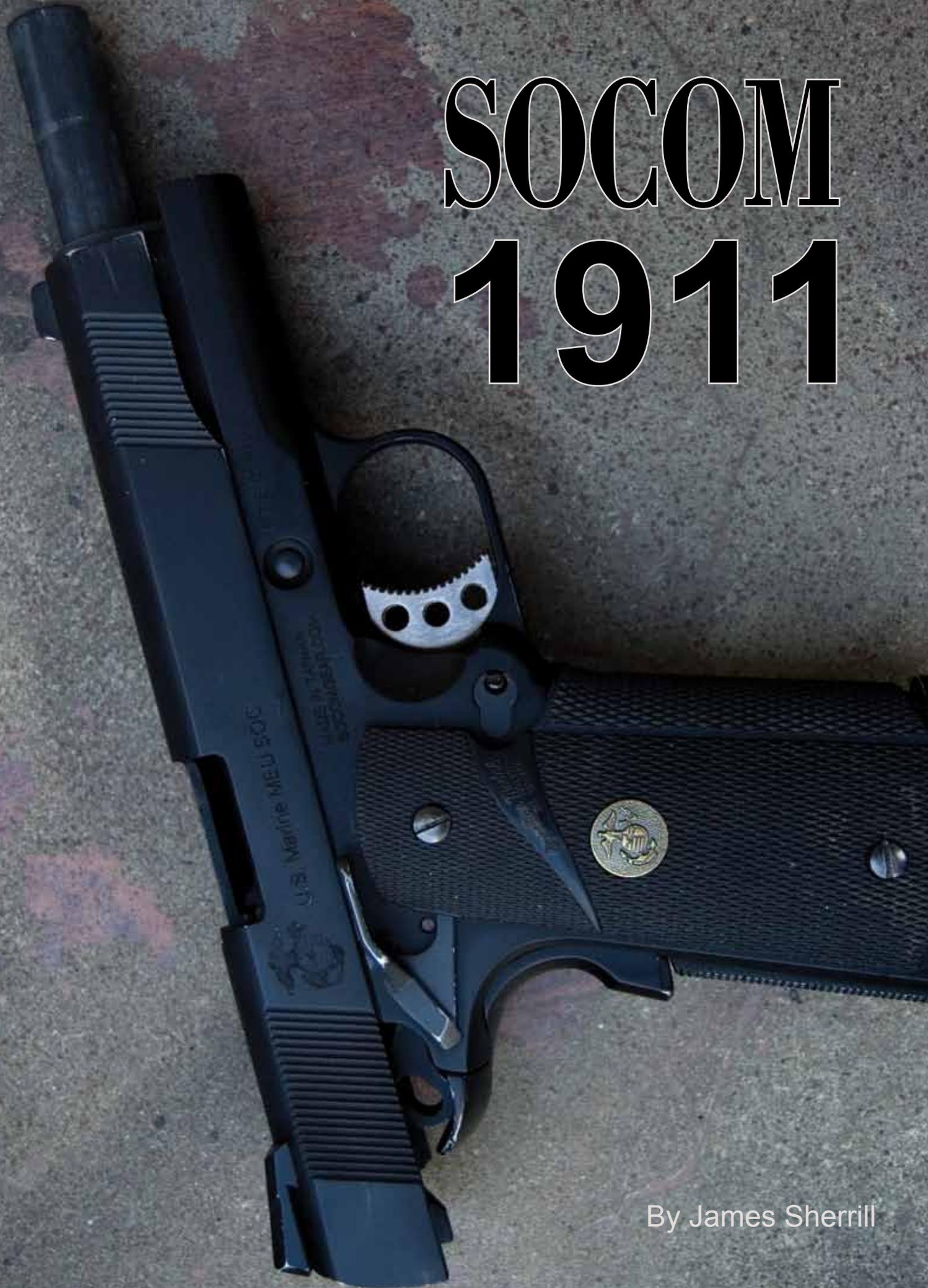
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KWA 1911



Vs

SOCOM 1911



By James Sherrill



I thought I would spend a little time in the realm of training replica side arms this issue. I see a lot of individuals relying heavily on their carbines, AK's, and M249's; in other words their primary weapon systems. However with Murphy always present, malfunctioning weapons or an empty magazine can put you in a situation where you must rely on your side arm. With this in mind, I thought "Why not take two of the more popular replica pistols from the Mil-Sim world and compare them?"

Before doing this, I would like to explain my criteria for choosing the manufacturers selected. My first comparison is the manufacturer's reputation for excellence. These companies are intent on making high quality, realistic training weapons in terms of functionality, weight, feel, and performance. My second comparison is performance. Not all GBB (gas blow back) side arms are created equal. Some handle gas better, some have a more realistic blowback, some shoot over 350 fps, and some less than 300. Finally it will be the price tag that I will use as my 3rd comparison.

While selecting I spent a little time researching some old favorites as well as some new additions to the GBB line up. I also spent a little time annoying several individuals mid training evolution inquiring about their side arms. Eventually I chose two good candidates for my

comparison. I'll start off discussing the looks and feel of the weapons.

LOOK & FEEL

Socom Gear MEU M1911 GBB

1st off is the Socom Gear MEU M1911 GBB. Weighing in at approximately 2.1 lbs the Socom MEU pistol feels like many other 1911 GBB training pistols. The Socom 1911 is fed from a single stack magazine with a 15 round capacity. The slide features both a forward and rear serrated surface. The entire weapon, aside from the grips, is full alloy-metal construction. It has fully functional ambidextrous safety features, one grip safety. The Socom 1911's engraved slide, lower frame and chamber make this pistol a nice piece of eye candy for anyone who has ever been a fan of the 1911 series pistols. Upgraded sights make for easier aiming and target acquisition. Also standard on the Socom 1911, is a threaded outer barrel for the addition of a sound suppressor, 3 hole trigger, skeleton hammer, and beaver tail. The pistol definitely grabs attention and has even gotten a few "nice pistol!" comments shortly after putting said OpFor out of commission. The ambidextrous safety and slide lock are solid and not sloppy at all like I have seen on many GBB 1911's. In terms of look

and feel, on a scale of “wouldn’t have it if it was free” to “doesn’t get much better than this” I have to give the Socom Gear MEU 1911 a solid “not too shabby”.

KWA Mark II 1911 PTP

Next up will be the be the KWA Mark series 1911 PTP (professional training pistol). KWA has released several new editions of their 1911’s in both single and double stacked versions. However, in this comparison we will be looking at the Mark II version. The Mark II has a single stack magazine design capable of holding 14 rounds. It is of full metal construction and features forward cocking serrations on the slide, skeletonized hammer and trigger, and Novak style sights. The beaver tail grip safety and the ambidextrous thumb safety features are among the best I have seen on a training weapon. Also on the Mark II (tan version) are the Desert Warrior style grips that give the pistol a great feel. The KWA Mark II weighs in at 2.4 lbs and feels solid in your hand; there isn’t a sloppy part or loose piece on this weapon. It also has a MIL-SPEC-1913 [Picatinny] lower rail for mounting various lasers and lights. All of the new KWA pistols are powered by KWA’s patented NS2 gas system which utilizes an advanced lightweight composite gas piston with a two-stage internal expansion chamber that delivers the gas more efficiently.

In turn this also increases the weapon cycle rate, thus providing a crisp and realistic blow back action. In terms of realistic feel and function, weight and overall feel the KWA definitely fits the “Doesn’t get much better than this” category.

PERFORMANCE

For my tests I’ll be using green gas and standard propane with an Airsoft Innovations propane adapter. First up is the chronograph test which consisted of 4 shots with a .20 gram BB included in the package with the pistol.

All chrono results were measured with a Madbull Chronograph.

This time I’ll start where I left off last with the KWA Mark II 1911 PTP. I talked a little about the NS2 gas delivery system, now let’s see how efficient but still powerful it is in comparison.



KWA Mark II 1911 PTP

Green Gas:

Shot 1: 401 fps
Shot 2: 398 fps
Shot 3: 360 fps
Shot 4 : 374 fps

Propane:

Shot 1: 363 fps
Shot 2: 347 fps
Shot 3: 351 fps
Shot 4 : 355 fps

Socom Gear MEU 1911

Green Gas:

Shot 1: 299 fps
Shot 2: 296 fps
Shot 3: 299 fps
Shot 4: 298 fps

Propane:

Shot 1: 315 fps
Shot 2: 247 fps
Shot 3: 351 fps
Shot 4 355 fps

ACCURACY & EFFICIENCY

Accuracy will be measured with the use of static targets at 55 feet.

KWA Mark II 1911 PTP

I was amazed to see this pistol had maintained a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch group throughout an entire 14 round magazine. The New Mark Series KWA's seem to shoot hard and precise for what it is.

The efficiency of the NS2 gas delivery system is quite impressive. I filled the magazine with gas 1 time, loaded the magazine to full capacity (14 rounds) and proceeded to empty it. On the last shot the slide locked back hard practically begging for another fully loaded magazine. I reloaded, again 14 shots without slowing down, and no heavy cooling on the weapon at all. On the 3rd reload, I got 3 crisp shots and then 3 more before it finally ran out of steam, for a total of 34 shots. Nearly two and a half mags on 1 fill of green gas is impressive no matter how you look at it.

Socom Gear MEU 1911

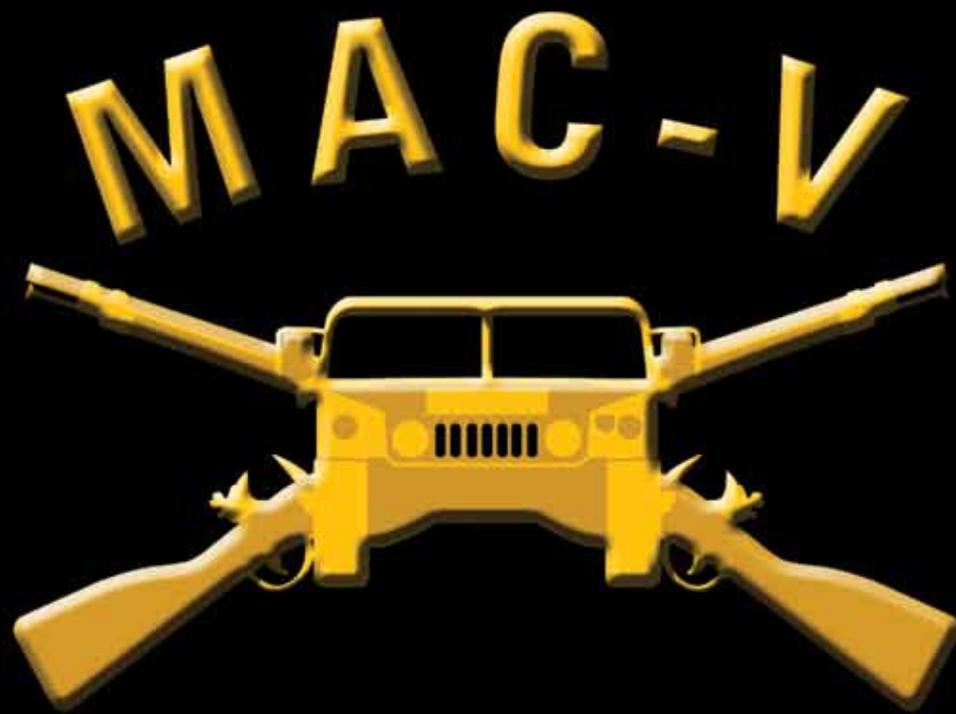
On 1 fill of green gas we were able to empty 29 shots before running out of gas. That's not bad at all considering how beefy the pistol is. Finally we will look at the accuracy results on our static target at 55 feet. All rounds landed on target and in the end maintained a 6" total grouping. In terms of feel and performance the Socom Gear 1911 feels very much like its real world counterpart and makes for an all around great training weapon.

COST & CONCLUSION

When it comes to the dollar versus performance category neither candidate differed from the other by much. The Socom Gear MEU 1911 retails for around \$150.00 and the KWA is in the ballpark of \$165.00. Both are readily available at such online retailers as ParafrogAirsoft.com.

If someone were to ask which I would prefer, I'd have to think long and hard about the answer. Both pistols perform great as a training weapon. They feel realistic in their weight, appearance, and functionality, and are almost equally as efficient on gas consumption and accuracy. I've purchased plenty of GBB pistols that do not compare in any of the above mentioned categories to the Socom and KWA 1911's and it is because of this I can say I would have no worries about using either pistol in a training evolution or a large Mil-Sim event.





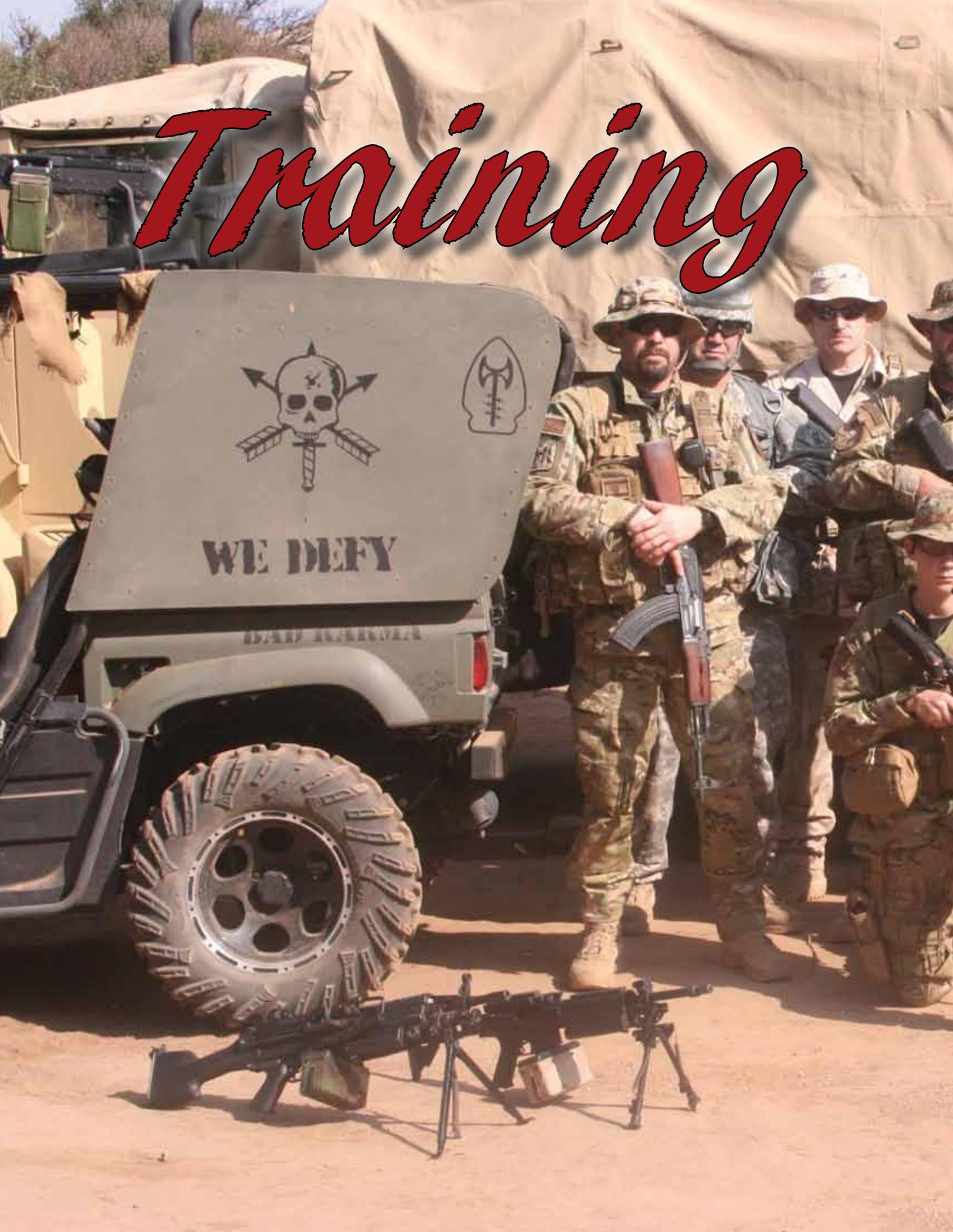
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Training



TO WIN!

By Jack Boone



All competitions have a winner and a loser, and the winner is usually the one that works harder and prepares more thoroughly. Mil-Sim is no different. When Team Bad Karma decided that they needed to gain an advantage over their competition, they decided to seek out some real world training. Bad Karma CO Rob Rutter happens to be an advanced Krav Maga Student at Simi Valley Krav Maga, where they have a tactical training branch. The Simi Valley Krav Maga team usually trains Police and Military personnel, but with a little convincing (beer, and lots of it) Rob was able to talk them in to coming out to conduct some training.

On a crisp October day, SVKM's lead tactical instructors Jeremy Stafford and Todd Johnson met with the Bad Karma boys at the Sedona West Sim field to get them a little more switched on. Jeremy is a full time Police trainer who served in Iraq and won a Bronze Star with a "V" device for valor in combat. Todd (TJ) is a full time SWAT cop and a veteran of the Afghanistan campaign. Both are Marine Corps veterans, and the pace of the training day reflected that. Serving as OPFOR was the Mil-Sim team known as The Regiment.

Before conducting the training, the instructors had spent some time familiarizing themselves with the weapons and equipment that are organic to Bad Karma's TO (Table of Organization). Both instructors were surprised by the quality of construction and firing capabilities of the available weapons. In modifying real world tactics for mil-sim, the most important factors to deal with are the increased rate of fire of the opponent's weapons as well as the incoming projectiles, lack of penetration, and range. This means that some things that would be considered concealment in the real world are now viable cover. It also means that dispersion rules for real world maneuver don't really apply anymore. With traditional small unit tactics, the opponents can gain the advantage from a distance utilizing interlocking fields of fire supported by precision fire from multiple positions of advantage. While this remains fundamentally true in mil-sim, the reduced distance between the attackers and defenders means that a well trained force that comes under fire has a very good chance of out-maneuvering,

flanking, and destroying the attacking force by aggressively assaulting while using traditional bounding tactics. The key is the speed at which the defending force is able to implement the counter ambush. The key to speed is training and repetition.

The day started pretty low-key, with Jeremy teaching some basic fire-team and squad formations. Once team Bad Karma was used to moving together as a unit, some basic bounding tactics were integrated. As far as movement goes, the terrain was slightly hilly and rocky, with some well-worn paths surrounded by moderately heavy vegetation. In other words, the terrain was perfect. Jeremy started by having the team move in a staggered column formation with Rob working from the middle to the rear in order to facilitate, command, and control. Just working the movement was initially challenging as the guys were not used to having their pace dictated to them. After a bit, it got easier as Rob got more comfortable making slight course and pace corrections from his position in the column.



After the team got used to the movement, Jeremy added some contact drills, with the regiment providing some slow, controlled fire to facilitate a small bit of adrenaline. As the initial test run, Jeremy had the team react to enemy contact on the left. Jeremy walked the team through the initial drill, with the closest two BK team members returning fire to cover the movement of the rest of the team. This was followed by the rest of the team firing from their new position to cover the movement of the first two Bad Karma Operators. In this manner, the



team was able to maneuver itself into a position to flank the attackers and rout them. After a few more slow runs, Jeremy turned the Regiment loose and had them set up ambushes and attacks at random and forcing team BK to react and assault through. The nice thing about a principle based approach, is that it allows a team to react to different attacks in a similar fashion. This reduces the time necessary to become proficient. In short order, team BK was able to make the connection and fight out of the ambushes and mount counter assaults with a high degree of success.

After a brief lunch break, team BK was turned over to TJ for some CQB training. Other than the obvious difference between a welt on the tummy and a 7.62 induced sucking chest wound, CQB tactics for mil-sim differ very little

from real world tactics. Tj had team BK start with the basics like “slicing the pie”. For those not sure, “slicing the pie” is a term used to describe an assaulter’s ability to use the buildings corners and edges to conceal themselves while slowly working an angle to see into the building. In law Enforcement work, it is known as a “slow and deliberate” search technique. Tj had the guys drilling this with a “bad guy” hiding inside the room until the assaulters were able to consistently engage the bad guy without being seen. Once this skillset was understood, Tj moved on to teaching the guys how to assault a room while working together, including how to make dynamic entry, criss-crossing into a room, button hooking into a room, and making a “high-low” entry into the room. Tj also talked about the proper way to mount a weapon for CQB and how to use your body to index

the weapon while looking over the sights at room distance. With the mil-sim guns rate of fire, and the amount of ammo available in the gun, this proved to be an effective technique. After running the team through several drills, Tj had them assault from about a hundred yards out all the way to the inside of the structure. This proved to be an effective exercise, as it allowed the assaulters to work on the bounding tactics learned earlier in the day as well as allowing them to polish their CQB skills. The Regiment didn't make Bad Karma's life easy during this evolution, providing withering fire and dedicated resistance.

The day ended with a brief primer on booby traps and their proper emplacement. Rob went through the pros and cons of several models of grenade and booby trap, and then a discussion was had with Tj and Jeremy about different methods of setting them up, and utilizing the proper trap for the terrain.

All in all, it was a great day of training. The team's camaraderie was enhanced, as was their ability to win. Many teams play in tournament after tournament and never get better. Don't be one of those teams, seek out training and apply it.





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Fragmentation grenades and other anti-personnel devices produced for training and Mil-Sim purposes have evolved quite a bit in the last few years. Most, however, as effective as they seem in theory, just aren't in reality. Some are co2 or gas powered, and have a central holding chamber for the BB's covered in a outer shell designed to burst apart slinging bb's in a theoretical 360 degree spread as if it were shrapnel. Others use a mixture of non harmful household substances for detonation.

The 1st example is hit or miss. I've had these types of grenades land next to my opposition, burst and all of the BB's or "simulated shrapnel" is just lying there on the floor, neatly tucked under one side of the grenade. The latter makes for a rather messy and unstable training anti-personnel grenade.

The ideal training anti-personnel grenade would be effective and cost efficient. More

importantly, it would be easily and inexpensively reusable. The grenade needs to be able to actually produce the desired effect of keeping the enemy back or putting them out of the game without the cost equivalent of 10-20 dollars a throw. Not to mention being durable enough to survive being used without the potential to lose valuable and essential parts of the grenade. Nothing takes the steam out of a room clearing quite like asking "Anyone seen my spoon?".

In comes Airsoft Innovations and their line-up of simulation grenades. Chances are, you've heard of them. More than likely in fact, you have probably been on the receiving end of a Tornado Grenade if you frequent large events such as Operation Lion Claws, Operation Bulldog, and Operation Irene. With multi-level structures and almost infinite nooks and crannies to hide in on a MOUT facility, AI's tornado grenades can completely change the face of simulated warfare. I had the opportunity to use the 1st generation



“timed” tornado grenades with great success, little did I know the Tornado design was about to get even better.

The “timed” version of the Tornado grenade worked on a gas propelled, pull pin activated timing system that varied from 1.5 - 3 seconds. Upon detonation, the grenade would send BB's soaring in a 360 degree radius. The grenade served its purpose well, but the team at Airsoft Innovations had an idea to make the Tornado even better. They decided to develop a grenade that could detonate on impact, instead of working on a timing system.

Like the previous generation, the Tornado, the Crash Impact is constructed of an aluminum core, a polymer valve shuttle, and a polymer outer shell. The Crash Impact's total dimensions measure six inches tall (with pin installed) and two and one quarter inches wide. The previous “timed” version of the Tornado had timing issues that depended on the internal pressures which



were in turn influenced by the temperature making for sometimes inconsistent discharges. The Crash Impact Grenade, as its name suggests, is activated by a specific level of impact after the pin is pulled. This means no more bouncing off the walls and landing next to your opposition followed by a short pause then nothing. Now you can detonate the grenade mid air over your opponents or off the wall around a corner with precision. The grenades can also be used as traps or as distraction devices by being set up around doors or entrance ways. It can be useful in a number of creative ways to incapacitate or demoralize the opposition forces.

The Crash Impact grenade takes green gas or standard propane as a propellant that is loaded at the bottom of the grenade and can be converted to use HFC134a. Included in the package is the grenade, valve cover, pin, washers, spacers and Grenade oil (not for GBB use). To load the gas, you must unscrew the valve cover located on the bottom of the grenade rendering it inoperable. This is because the gas cannot pressurize the BB delivery system unless the cover is secured in place on the grenade. A great safety feature as I see it from AI. For added safety and to minimize impact injury potential, the majority of the grenade is encased in a shock absorbing polymer shell. All edges are also rounded. Even the aluminum neck at the top has been covered with a rubber cap.

With the AI gas pressure Gauge you always know you're in the “Sweet spot” ...

The triggering system of the Crash Impact Grenade is well beyond that of any other I have tested. You can pull the pin and shake the grenade vigorously and it will not detonate, yet a drop from as little as 1 inch to the floor can trigger the grenade and send it into a whirlwind spin of BB dispersion. The only removable part is the pin itself. Another nice addition to the Crash Im-



Crash Impact Grenade is that when stored the pin sits securely in place. I can remember losing pin after pin on my previous generation tornado, so this again like all the other minor issues, was thoroughly thought through by the AI team and corrected in their new grenade design.

When it's time to re-set the Crash Impact Grenade, simply unscrew the upper portion of the grenade, re-set the pin and spacers in the order shown, screw the cap back on, charge and load the system, and go. It can be done in very little time with ease. There is no need to buy new outer shells, spoons, pins, or other parts that can become rather costly over time.

Basically, AI has made a grenade that works better in function and is less expensive to operate time after time than other manufacturers. Their name says it all! They have are clearly leading the pack in the territory of non-lethal,

training anti-personnel grenades and devices. Not only that, having seen the need for a less expensive alternative to green gas; Airsoft Innovations has designed a propane adapter kit for use with their grenades.

Airsoft Innovations Propane Adapter Kit

The cost of green gas isn't getting any cheaper; as a matter of fact it's quite the opposite. The cost has gone up 5% just in the last 6 months. 5% isn't a lot however when the product is already close to 20 dollars for an 8oz container compared to 2 ; 16.4oz canisters of propane for around six dollars it's pretty much a no brainer to go for the propane. Typically, you will trade some comfort in using propane in place of green gas though. Propane's distinctive odor can be less than pleasant, and propane lacks the lubrication qualities that green gas is well known and chosen for. The smell, well that's just something

you'll have to deal with. AI hasn't figured out how to make propane smell like cheeseburgers yet but they've got you covered on the lube. Their propane adapter kit comes with a uniquely designed fill adapter, a bottle of GBB silicon Lubricant an extra filler valve with instructions.

All around safety for operators and their gear is a primary concern for Airsoft Innovations. The new Airsoft Innovations Propane Adapter is designed to protect your high dollar guns or grenade fill valves. If the impact is too much or the angle is one that could damage whatever you happening to be filling up with gas the valve on the adapter will be the weak point and break. The fill valve on a can of green gas is alloy and can mar or destroy fill valves on your weapons or grenades. They also offer a gauge to insure your adapter is releasing acceptable levels of propellant. Varied temperatures can affect gas pressure levels. With the AI gas pressure Gauge you

always know you're in the "Sweet spot" when it comes to acceptable pressure levels. When using propane please read the instructions provided with the kit and use only the recommended lubrication methods and substances to prevent weapon or grenade malfunctions.

Airsoft Innovations is at the fore front of the industry when it comes to reusable gas powered grenades and they're not finished yet. It's rumored they are working on several other devices that will further prove that it's not just a clever name and that they truly are innovators of the industry. TacSim makes it our mission to provide our readers with information on such training aids so stay tuned for more from Airsoft Innovations.

Special thanks to Chris Jarvis @ Airsoft Innovations.





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COMBAT TRACKING

By TOF (The Old Fart)

PART I

Tracking was a life or death literacy skill for ancient hunters. Unlike the modern, weekend warrior who staggers into his local Denny's for a cup of Java and a Grand Slam, the really old farts needed to find their breakfast/lunch/dinner/meal of the day/ heck, meal of the week, out in the wild. Most of their meat-on-the hoof prey and competing predators had better vision, hearing and definitely much better senses of smell than humans (for example a dog has 220 million olfactory sensors to our 5 million) so simply wandering about the savannah where game was plentiful, didn't necessarily lead to a happy meal. The early hunters had to be goal oriented and efficient to conserve their own scarce energy resources to gain the maximum amount of excess food they could easily kill, without getting wounded or killed. Before modern antibiotics, getting seriously wounded usually meant a 50% chance of dying a few painful days later from infection. There were bold hunters and old hunters but very few bold AND old hunters.

Early humans were baby killers. The young of any species are much easier to find, catch and kill than the adults. When I was in Botswana during the 2-3 week impala calving season, 2/3s of the calves were dinner for all of the local carnivores. The lions, who are much better hunters than humans, had such engorged bellies that they would take one peek at us driving up on them in our noisy, diesel Land Cruisers and go back to sleep. Our native trackers were upset by the game conservation rules made by rich politicians in distant, air conditioned offices, who didn't have to hunt to feed their families, that wouldn't let the poor guys in the field, harvest the tender, natural versions of veal. Rich, foreign hunters with professional guides were only allowed to hunt the tough-to-eat, over-the-hill, males with big horns who had been kicked out of their herds by the young bucks. Yes I did identify with those poor, horny bastards but it was because I was just the body guard, that I didn't shoot any. I usually walked most hunts facing backwards to make sure we didn't become the prey of something bigger and meaner than us. Yeah though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for I am the meanest, toughest, best armed SOB in the valley. Then again, the \$1,000 each, game fee might have had something else to do with my not shooting any...

If early humans found their adult prey, they needed to stalk carefully (Ishi, the last of the early Californians, would have to get within 15 yards of a deer to use his 45 lb draw bow) or better yet, anticipate where their prey would go and ambush it. Best of all, was to wait until the prey was distracted by feeding or mating and then ambush it. In another African country that will remain nameless since the locals could get into trouble from their distant city rulers, for doing what their ancestors had done for millions of years, they would stake out wires and cables (or in the old days, vines) around a foot high off of the ground and then unleash their sort-of-tame-but mostly-wild dogs, beat drums and scream like they were at-a-rock-concert-on-acid to drive a whole herd into the trip wires. Dozens of animals would break their legs. The wounded animals could then more easily be cornered and killed with clubs, spears, atlatls (light spears with fletching launched by throwing sticks) and eventually bows and arrows. The young and controllable, broken legged animals would be captured alive with nets and thrown into pits to be consumed later. Living for weeks with broken legs was horrific for them but the locals didn't have refrigerators so this was the only way for them to have fresh meat.

The early "Native American" (whose ancestors discovered our continents 10,000-15,000 years before Amerigo Vespucci on his third voyage in the 1500s, realized that Columbus had NOT "re-discovered" India but two huge, new continents) hunters would drive whole herds of buf-

falo off of cliffs for a mass kill. This was of course centuries after their ancestors had killed and eaten the herds of woolly mammoths, giant sloths and even prides of saber toothed tigers on our continent. OK, more historical BS, the giant saber toothed cats whose bones are found around the La Brea tar pits in LA, were NOT even close to "tigers" but a foot shorter than and twice as heavy as modern lions. Imagine facing a 10-20 member, pride of 1,000 lb big toothed (killing teeth up to 11 inches long) lions who were ambush predators, capable of 30-45 mph bursts of speed, armed only with stone tipped spears and clubs! Early humans were really bad dudes since they survived and the 1,000 lb, buck teeth lions which had ruled for over 20 million years until humans showed up in their territory, 10,000 years ago, did NOT!

In the absence of mass kills with snares or cliffs, early humans in Africa had really primitive weapons, more often than not, would merely wound their dinner and then have to track

their wounded, high-motivated-to-escape-being-dinner critters, for hours, if not days, while other faster predators like wild dogs in packs up to 150, hyenas in packs up to 50 and lion prides up to 25 would lope ahead and steal the wounded easier pickings.

In contrast, one modern hunter hit a Tsessebe, the fastest African antelope, with a 270 grain starting at 2,700 ft/sec, soft tipped .375 H&H, with a lung shot at 200 yards. The Tsessebe dropped in its tracks. Then it jumped up and took off. The client snap shot at the leaping and running speedster at 300 yards and missed. The PH told me to take a shot, but I had a .416 Rigby (400 grains at 2,500 ft/sec soft tip) with a 1.5x-4x scope set at 1.5x for head shots on a potentially charging lion and even though I held high and lead the rear quartering and leaping for his life, critter by 6 feet, my snap shot of it running at 350 yards hit behind it! I didn't realize it could go over 45 mph/hr in short bursts. Finally at 400 yards it stopped to catch its breath since it was missing a good portion of



its lungs. I set up on the shooting sticks, cranked my scope up to 4x, aimed 3 feet over its chest and fired. It seemed to take forever when suddenly it crumpled. Then I heard the whack of the bullet hitting it (the joys of Pel-tors which electronically amplifies sounds up to 10x, the better to detect stalking lions, but clips out the loud sounds like muzzle blasts, which then allows you to hear any other stalking lions again). We noted a back terrain marker where it had gone down, ran the 400 meters as straight as possible to it, with one tracker in the lead so the PH handed his .470 Nitro Express to another tracker, who was still ahead of me, two skimmers, my client, then me trying to reload my bolt action rifle with lion stopper loads while running full tilt through thorn bushes...not a suggested procedure. The lead tracker pointed out the first spot where it had dropped and the parched ground had soaked up much of the blood but the froth bubbles of a massive lung shot remained. When we finally reached the downed Tsessebe, it jumped up, lowered its horns and started to charge. I ran past everyone who had stopped in their tracks when they saw the pissed off, big horned, wounded buck getting up to extract some revenge. On the run, I center of mass fired at 20 meters with a 400 grain solid bronze bullet designed to penetrate from the mouth of a lion through its rectum. This broke the Tsessebe's spine and created another posterior opening and collapsed it but it was still alive until a track cut its throat.

If it took a lung shot .375 H&H and another lung shot, .416 Rigby



and finally a spinal shot with a .416 Rigby solid and a knife to finally down a Tsessebe, I have a feeling only baby or vine broken legged adult Tsessebes, were on the dinner menus of our ancestors armed with stone tipped spears.

If we had NOT noted the back terrain feature where it fell for the second time, we would NOT have been able to find it. We were NOT tracking it, but calculating a vector to find it.

On the run, I center of mass fired at 20 meters with a 400 grain solid bronze bullet designed to penetrate from the mouth of a lion through its rectum.

Immediately, the circling vultures dove, which betrayed our

kill position to the other scavengers. We heard the yelping of wild dogs heading our way. We knew the hyenas would follow and then the lions so the skimmers had to make quick work of our kill, load it into our land cruiser and take off or we would soon become the hunted. Our early ancestors had to defend their kills against the scavengers, with clubs and stone tipped spears.

Tracking also helped the early hunters detect the carnivores who preyed on humans, since I'm sure more humans were on the lion's menus than lions on the human menus. Most of you have seen The Ghost and the Darkness, based on the lions of Tsavo, where a couple of lions ate over 135 Indian workers and I'm sure even more Africans, building a rail line in Kenya in 1898, until a British engineer, Patterson, killed them both. Patterson shot the first lion with a .303 Martin Enfield, at least 5 times over a two day period from a high perch. He shot the sec-

ond lion, 5 times with that same .303 rifle but when it charged him, he had to shoot it 2 more times with a 450 grain, .577 diameter, Martini-Henry carbine! Finally a head shot at close range stopped the lion. If Patterson had NOT been shooting from a high perch, he probably would NOT have survived. I on the other hand, was walking backwards in the bush, the lion pride's turf. We had seen over 26 lions, with more possibly hiding in the bush, in one pride in our hunting territory and I only had 4 shots in my client's, bolt action, .416 Rigby. Again, imagine being an early hunter, armed only with a stone tipped spear!

Even if the early hunters found their wounded and hopefully dead dinner, they needed to backtrack themselves to their vil-

lage since they didn't have GPS in ancient times, there were no maps or street signs and certainly no easy to read, Land Cruiser tracks.

Since good hunting territories were scarce, competition for prime territories led to war parties. The aggressors could calculate whether or not to track the defenders or if the defenders were too numerous, the aggressors would flee back to their own turf. Observant defenders could detect the tracks of a raiding party first and then set up an ambush or flee depending on their capabilities versus the capabilities of the intruders.

Reading the tracks on the ground were the life or death newspapers and e-mails of that era.

As I wrote in my earlier column, learn the background of any information source to determine a probable percentage of reliability of that source on their area of expertise and their mental state at the time of telling you that information. An "A" student can make 10% error and still be considered excellent. The average human lies 20% of the time, all of the time and I'm sure this percentage rises depending on the number of beers consumed.

The good news, it is too early in the morning for me to have consumed any beers so here is a relatively reliable account of my background in tracking.

After I was adopted from an orphanage in a war ravaged country, by a US military family, we moved 11 times in 14 years.



I wound up spending a lot of time by myself in the woods, swamps, beaches and even in the suburbs, I found the local wilderness areas as my solace. I was a Cub Scout with all of the merit badges and started Boy Scouts but then we moved again. I read books on Native Americans and wildlife biology which included tracking. Learning to be observant turned out to be more important than reading books although now, the Tom Brown series of books and his courses are great places to start your combat tracking education.

<http://www.trackerschool.com>



As a YGF, (YounGer Fart), I tried to hire some trackers in the Pacific Southwest. Sadly just because someone descended from an old tribe, didn't mean that they know their ancient arts. Most guys just took my money, drank my whiskey and didn't teach me much. Either they had truly lost their art, or they just took me to be a sucker. I finally found one Apache and one Navajo tracker who were very good at tracking in their own terrains but transmitting that information to me was cross culturally difficult and when they were taken out of their environment, they found it hard to adapt to novel terrains.

After reading Carlos Castenada, even though I thought most of it was fictional, OK, I don't have to be PC here, most of it was BS, I went to Mexico and met some members of the Yaqui tribes in the Sonora Desert but again, most of them took my money, drank my tequila and didn't teach me much. I fi-

nally found one good tracker but again, he was great in his terrain but we still had even more cross cultural difficulties because he didn't speak English and my Spanish was that of a 3 year old, except most 3 year olds don't know "Dos Cervasas por favor" ("Two Beers Please.")

I finally met a Huichol (Wixentari – The People) tracker in the Sierra Madre Occidental in Mexico who also knew English and he was a superb tracker. However, when I took him out of his environment, again, he faltered. Now due to the drug cartels, sadly I would NOT go down to these areas. The most important lesson this Huichol tracker taught me was "When hunting deer, think like a deer."

Over the years, I have been fortunate to bodyguard 10 African hiking safari so over 200 days in the bush with zero casualties to my clients or their staff. I have had the good fortune to study tracking with the Kikyuo

(mountains) and Masai (savannah) in East Africa, the Tswana (swamps), in Central Africa and the Ovambi and San (desert) in West Africa and then learned from my mistakes from some unpleasant experiences in other countries.

In Australia, over 200-300 languages were spoken by the first humans but most of them are lost or endangered. English is the common language but many nuances of tracking could not be interpreted. During my four trips to Australia, I was only able to study with a Murri from Queensland (salt water swamps) and a Wangai from Western Australia (desert). Both terrains are extremely different but both men were amazing in their own turfs. The Wangai tracker had an amazing ability to find water, because his life depended on keeping this ancient skill intact. In the US, some dowsers have similar abilities.

In the department (state or

province) of El Peten in Guatemala, there are over 20 different languages descended from Mayan times and gaining the trust of the locals is extremely difficult. One native tracker was absolutely amazing in the low mountainous jungle but when we reached a swamp, he was out of his element. Again, I failed to effectively cross the cultural barriers.

In Southeast Asia, the Hmongs and Nungs were amazing trackers in their South East Asian turf but most of the old guys have lost their skills when they came to the US and most of the young guys never learned them.

In Alaska, there are two distinct language families and tribal groups, the Eskimo-Aleut, mostly in the Arctic regions and the Nadene in central Alaska. English is spoken by most of the natives so there are fewer cross cultural barriers than elsewhere. Since both terrains are very different, so are the tracking skills needed. There are over 40 different words for snow in their languages whereas in English, there are snow, more snow, a heck of a lot more snow and too much fricking snow.

The lists of local tracker teachers could go on since I have been fortunate to track on all seven continents. OK, there were no natives in Antarctica but fortunately there was no Penguin Liberation Front since no one could teach the penguins to hold AK-47s with their flippers. The transplanted "locals" I met, didn't know very much about the subtle aspects tracking since the tons of snow, more snow, a heck

of a lot of more snow and too much fricking snow, made tracking very easy back to their shelters. Besides, now you don't leave your camp without a GPS and lots of fresh batteries. If you have to go from one building to another, while it is snowing, you have to hang on to a rope in order to get back to camp.

In summary, since each geographical terrain is so different, it is imperative to spend the time, (if I had to start from zero local



relationships, I would have to interview at least 10 guys before I found a good tracker, whereas in Africa, often I was in the company of a Professional Hunter who already knew the best locals so I just tagged along) to find the best local tracker from each location. Most were initially hostile to me but were willing to eat a meal at a local restaurant, drink the local brew or spirit and agree to teach me for a price the next day. Not all of them showed up the next day. Later on in life, in remote areas, I would always

carry really good but relatively inexpensive, Cold Steel knives, which are a cross cultural lust item and the offer of one of these increased the percentage of the guys showing up the next morning. If we meshed as teacher and student, then I would hire them for a second day or longer. If I paid them money for the first day, often the next day, they would not show up. I had to be an active student in that usually they would just point at something and I had to figure out what the heck they were indicating.

However, I would always make my own track in each terrain and come back the next day or even a second day to study the changes. Often I spent a lot of time examining my old tracks by myself since the locals don't have the same time sense that Westerners have. They often thought that the "crack of dawn" meant whenever they felt like showing up after their hangovers of drinking my offered spirits the night before.

In the absence of a good teacher, you too will have to do the same track now and examine later to teach yourself.

You definitely want to learn to track when all is peaceful since staring at the ground in the middle of an mil-sim skirmish or worse a real skirmish, will just get you killed! You can learn from your mistakes in training but learning from your mistakes in the real world is difficult at best and fatal at worst.

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Seconds To **FIGHT!**

By Ethan Wolf

In the blink of an eye Miguel and Victor, along with two others, rushed into the front door of the house. With speed and violence of action, they secured three inhabitants. Once bound, the family was moved to an undisclosed location for interrogation. This was not the home of a suspected terrorist in Afghanistan. This was a home invasion in Winter Garden, Florida perpetrated by criminal illegal aliens. The next day they were taken back to their home and then forced to drive to a bank to withdraw approximately \$23,000 dollars. On the third day during an altercation the captive mother pulled off the mask of the female captor. The captor cried out "She saw my face, now you have to kill her." At that moment, still bound, the mother leaped from the second floor of her home. As she struggled to reach her neighbors house she was shot in the back. Her husband, who was struck in the head, was later found semi-conscious.

In the last few years, we have seen an alarming rise in the level of violence perpetrated by criminals that have entered the country illegally. Home invasions are quickly becoming the crime of choice for several reasons. Most people feel safe within the confines of their home, therefore, we often forget to lock our front door or stay within close reach of a weapon. With so many other homes in our neighborhood to choose from, we don't often believe that "it could happen to me." With home invasions, criminals have learned that we are most vulnerable when we are home because our alarm systems are not typically active and we can provide them with access to our cars, bank accounts, weapons, and other valuables with a relatively minimal amount of effort.

There has been an exponential growth in the level of violence conducted by criminal illegal aliens and gangs influenced by criminal illegal aliens in all manner of crimes. What was surprising to learn was that the majority of these crimes were committed by those who had already been deported several times in the past. These criminal illegal aliens are not bound by any loyalty to our country, have no fear of our law enforcement, and no respect for our lives. They come from countries where machetes and pistols are symbols of power and fear. These symbols instill such fear because they are very personal and intimate weapons. This demonstrates that these criminal illegal aliens are not afraid of getting our blood on their hands in order to achieve their objective.

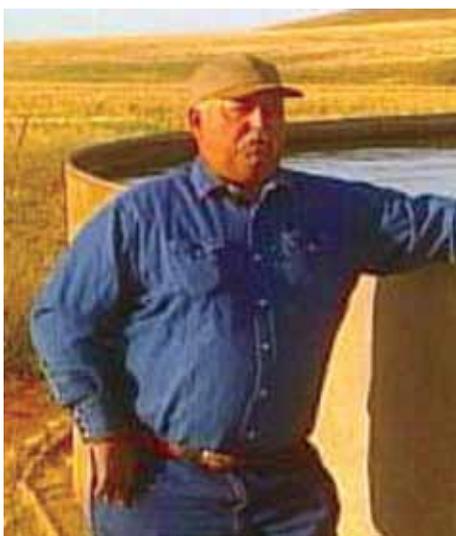


Two young men from Chihuahua, Mexico, one carrying a machete, pushed their way into a home, bound and searched Howard and Rosie Hunt for valuables. The Hunts live in the town of Portal, Arizona just off of State Highway 80, 15 miles south of the Chiricahua Mountains, along the notorious smuggling route known as the Chiricahua Corridor.

Residents in this area have been fighting for some time to keep themselves and their property safe from cross-border smugglers and criminal illegal aliens, who—cut off from their groups, lost and desperate—often break into homes.

Similarly, life around Portal and its sister town of Rodeo, N.M., 12 miles away across the state line, has become a grim litany of cut phone lines, roof vents removed to get inside, barking dogs at night, trucks stolen, men peering in windows, and waking up to find half-eaten food in the kitchen.

Robert Krentz and his dog were shot to death last March on his Ranch, not far from Douglas. Krentz had been out on his ATV checking the water line fencing on the 35,000-acre family ranch when he never came back home. Krentz's brother said they had been communicating by radio earlier in the day and Krentz said "illegal alien" when he encountered someone. The brothers lost radio contact soon after. The ranch is in an area that doubles as smuggling corridor. Krentz was shot while on his ATV. He was speeding from the scene when he lost consciousness. The ATV's engine and lights were still on when he was found. The ATV also had weapons on it, but they had not been used. No suspects or motives have been named, but one theory is retaliation. Krentz's brother had recently reported smuggling activity to the Border Patrol. Eight illegal immigrants were arrested after authorities found nearly 300 pounds of marijuana on the ranch. A dog team tracked footsteps from the murder scene about 20 miles south to the Mexico border.



...they are protected from extradition if the punishment could be life imprisonment or the death penalty.

These are just a few of the thousands of crimes that could have been prevented. Due to the fact many law enforcement agencies are not allowed to inquire about immigration status, the number of crimes committed by illegals is estimated to be much higher than reported to the main stream media. Almost all of the illegals who commit violent crimes have already been deported up to five times for other issues involving drugs attempted rape, assault, and robbery. Some of these criminals were not even deported after they were released from jail. Instead of being deported after serving their time they are being released, and then later rearrested as many as six or more times by U.S. authorities, according to a government audit. Even worse, if the criminals can make it back across the border into Mexico before being arrested, they are protected from extradition if the punishment could be life imprisonment or the death penalty. This tactic has been well documented in quite a few cases.

With all of this in mind, I decided to visit to the border and get a feel for the atmosphere. When I approached the border crossing in Douglas, AZ, I met a local



police officer who had about 25 years under his belt. We talked about how times have changed. The officer told me that when he started on the force it was not uncommon for Mexican women to come over the border and purchase items and immediately return to their homes. They were on the honor system. Migrant workers crossing the border to find a better life would ask locals for food and water and were very respectful. Now they demand the food and water as well as a ride or a phone call. The number of illegal's crossing the border may have dropped by half but the quality has changed. Many are now collected at the border by Coyotes and employed as drug mules to carry drugs for the cartels. Then after delivery they allow themselves to be caught and transported back across the border free of charge. This is just



Border patrol vehicles stationed atop 50 ft earth mounds, and even fewer surveillance towers, I have come to the conclusion that it does not take a lot for a determined person to cross the border.

Encouragingly enough, most of the mistakes made by home owners during a home invasion can be easily avoided. Home invasions start with reconnaissance, pay attention and document vehicles on your street. Get to know your neighbors. They are either going to help you or harm you and you need to know which.

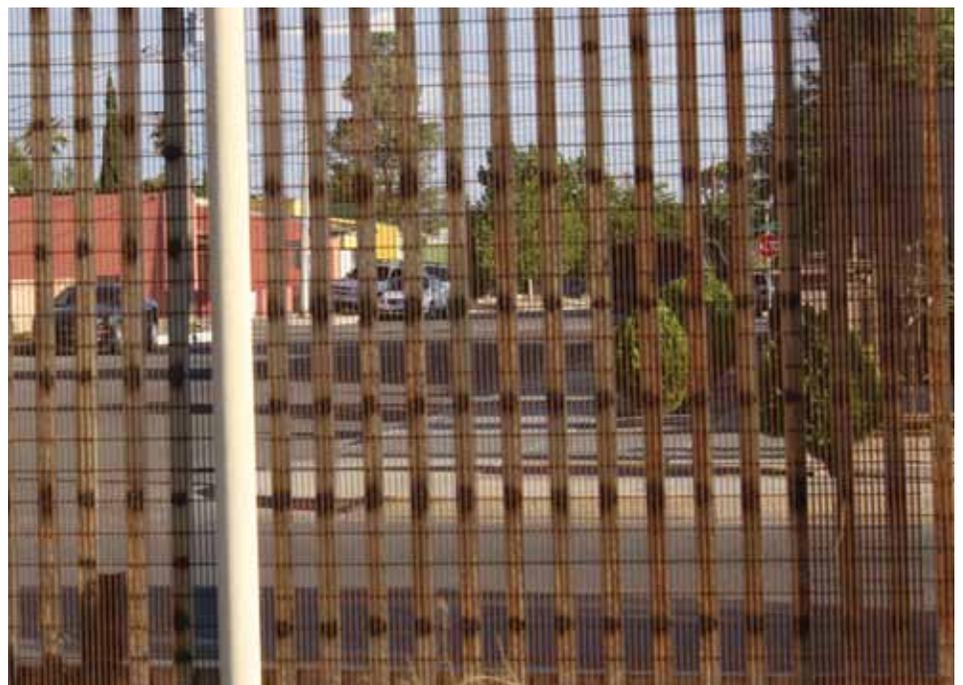
Most home invasions start with a jiggle on the door knob to see if it is unlocked or a knock at the door if you have a locked security gate. If you just have a basic door then they may opt to just kick it in. Remember a security gate is only a great deterrent only if it is locked.

Try to gain vision outside be-

one of many strategies currently being used by the drug cartels to bring drugs into our neighborhoods.

After taking into consideration the unimpressive size of the fence, the sparse number of

Driving along the international border road I met a few border agents who all warned me to be careful and said that it was not uncommon for rocks, bottles, and bullets to come flying over the border fence every day. It was interesting to see a virtual no man's land on the US side of the border and to see active streets and homes within a few feet on the Mexican side of the border. Obviously, no one on the U.S. side was throwing rocks, bottles, or bullets.



fore you approach the door. By looking out a window or setting up a security cam, you can get a look at the clothing versus the vehicle. Many would-be home invaders use various tactics to put you at ease such as claiming to be delivering a pizza, flowers, or mail. Some try to gain entry by claiming to be a police officer, cable repair, and anything else you can imagine. However, the vehicle is often either not present or doesn't quite match.

Make sure you have at least two weapons that you are trained with within reach before answering the door. This doesn't mean you need to have it in your hand but it should be nearby. Remember, two is one and one is none when it comes to life

and death. If you have dogs, let them answer the door with you since they can also work as a deterrent or a distraction.

In most cases, victims of a home invasion are submissive mainly because they are not prepared and are in shock. The home invaders expect this submission from the home owners and are not prepared to confront an aggressive and armed family that is trained and prepared to defend themselves.

In the end, what bothers me most about writing this article is that as long as our current administration refuses to make securing our border a priority, we will only see these trends in-

crease. With such a challenge, it is easy to want to just throw your hands up and call it a day, but this country was founded by rugged individuals who were not afraid to stand their ground and protect their families. Although the spirit of these rugged individuals still exists, it is the false sense of security which has overtaken many of us. When we only have seconds to fight, knowledge conquers power, and training conquers fear.



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FEDERAL LAW ENFORCEMENT TRAINING ACADEMY

BY PAUL PAWELA

This country was made great for many reasons, but most of all thanks to dedicated men and women who loved God and family, had a desire to win in any and all endeavors, and who lived and died by the motto...

“FAILURE IS NOT AN OPTION”

America’s biggest and greatest weapon has always been superior technology. The groups of people responsible for a large amount of that technology are those of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration or NASA for short.

Established by the National Aeronautics and Space Act on July 29, 1958; NASA was created in direct response to counter the Soviet space program that launched Sputnik October 4, 1957. As an Executive Branch agency of the United States Government, NASA is responsible for the nation’s civilian space program and aeronautics research as well as scientific discovery.

In the years since it was formed, the people of NASA have, put men on the moon, developed the world’s most advanced space program, and discovered and sent satellites to explore much of the known universe. In addition to the well known and not so well known endeavors of the space program, the scientists at NASA have invented a wealth of technology that most of us take for granted, and use daily. These inventions include: the microwave, Kevlar, satellite radios, scratch resistant lenses, cordless tools, and the memory foam for your bed. In fact, NASA has filed more than 6,300 patents with the U.S. government, and publishes a list of commercialized technologies and products linked to its research yearly.

Needless to say, NASA is responsible for many

of America’s most highly guarded secrets. As such, those secrets, and those working on those highly guarded secrets, must be protected at all costs. This task is not taken lightly. As expected, NASA has some of the most highly trained security personnel in the world standing guard ready, willing, and able to repel any and all lethal threats that could attempt to endanger or damage the security of this great nation of ours.

I am very happy to report that the people tasked with this very heavy burden are the type of real men and women that you can count on to keep you safe. I sleep well knowing these brave men and women stand at the ready. Simply put, they are great at what they do. They are, in fact, bad ass!

This author had the proud and distinct privilege of training with the personnel of the NASA Federal Law Enforcement Training Academy at Kennedy Space Center for about a two week period on a variety of tactical law enforcement training subjects.

Keith Fields, the manager for all of the instructors at the NASA Training Academy, ensures that his instructors are giving top notch quality instruction on a wide variety of topics ranging from the use of force and defensive tactics to active shooter, and personal protection training by not only by evaluating and monitoring the classes taught, but most often as a participant.

Keith believes in leading by example. As a former semi-pro football player who keeps himself in shape and hits like one, Keith knows the stakes are high for NASA security. This is why he pushes himself and his men to be the best they can be.

NASA, and Keith, believe religiously in training



their people and spare no expense to educate and equip their personnel with the very best. National trainers and training groups of plenty have trained NASA LE staff through the years. Team One, H&K Academy, NRA Law Enforcement Firearms, Tony Blauer, Gracies, numerous secret hush hush operators, and of course some of our finest covert counter terrorists have graced NASA security with their presence at one time or another.

In addition to expert instruction, NASA officers receive the most realistic force on force training and modern technology available anywhere to date. By using both simunitions® and UTM® man marker training ammunition in real GLOCK® semi-automatic pistols and H&K® assault rifles. For protection, officers use Redman® and SPEAR® gear. Both can be used for physical assault, realistic hand to hand fight scenarios, and actual gunfight scenarios.

One of the best shooting ranges in the world complete with a world class shoot house and Rogers metal shooting targets, NASA LE are given some of the most challenging shooting scenarios possible. This first class firearms instruction is lead by two of the best men in the business, Frank Repass and Ray Boyd. Both men's reputations are internationally known and respected.

This extensive training has paid off well for NASA as they field one of the most capable and determined SWAT teams in the country. Captain Daniel Magetteri, Tactical Operations Commander, ensures that all of his people are highly trained. As a result, his team usually places very high when they compete at the National SWAT Roundup held in Orlando each year.

One course that I had the honor of participating

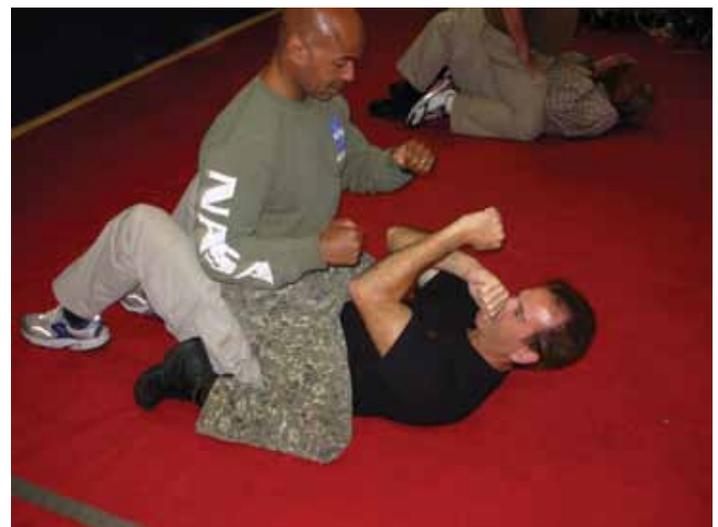
in during my visit to NASA was a police ground fighting school. Having a lengthy ground fighting background myself, I have trained with some of this country's finest instructors including: Larry Hartsell, Dave Young, Royce Gracie, Mark Swain, Frank Shamrock amongst others.

I thought that I knew a little something about ground fighting until I got on the mat with Kevin Richardson. Kevin is not only a senior NASA LE trainer from California, but is also a current MMA fighter as well. Not only did he turn me into a human pretzel as he gave his fellow instructors some very valuable life saving training, Kevin drove the point home with actual video of law enforcement officers fighting for their lives as they were taken to the ground by bad guys.

I found it very refreshing that because Officer Richardson's experience as an active current law enforcement training officer and a MMA fighter he is able to distinguish to those he is training the huge differences between reality and sport. Most of today's ground fighting trainers have never been in law enforcement, or vice versa. NASA actually uses one that really is... what a concept.

With my over 30 years of experience in the training business and after having trained with the very best of the best, I am proud to say that Law Enforcement trainers at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration at the John F. Kennedy Space Center in Florida are some of the best in the nation, and I greatly enjoyed training with them!

Be proud of NASA because they serve us well, and sleep tight America for NASA Security keeps us safe. Thank God for both.



CHRONICLES OF MAD MAX

By MSG (Ret.) "Mad Max" Mullen

In the last issue of Tactical Milsim magazine, Dalton Fury wrote an excellent story of Special Operations Leadership. Luckily, I had the opportunity to serve with him while we were Ranger Instructors. Another legend in the Special Operations Community is CSM (RET) Donald Purdy commonly known as the Purd. I had the opportunity to serve under this extraordinary Non Commissioned Officer and count him as a mentor, friend, and my hero. He is a Ranger Hall of Fame Inductee and a plank owner of SFOD-D (Delta). This is another outstanding article on Leadership I wanted to share with you that CSM Purdy wrote after his retirement from the United States Army. After reading this gem on leadership you will see why he is a legend throughout the Special Operations Community so enjoy and epitomize the professional Non Commissioned Officer

LEAD BY EXAMPLE

First of all, as you well know, I have a different perspective on what senior CSM's should be doing-lead by example starts at the top. I believe they should be chief trainers, not politicians who are interested in working at higher levels, but totally dedicated to training soldiers for war. There is only one-way this is accomplished, and that is to lead by example. The SMA has the perfect opportunity to do this on a grand scale. At this time I would like to point out that this is not a bad mouthing session of the SMA, or previous SMA's. They received their marching orders, and followed them to a tee. The SMA's boss, the Chief of Staff of the Army, should support him in every effort to continually visit and train with soldiers. The SMA should have to be Airborne qualified so he can execute parachute operations, and perform Jump Master duties with airborne

units. The following is my concept of Lead by Example.

First of all, I would never serve under a Commander who does not support me traveling to units and training with them. My words to the Army would be drive on, do nothing special, and I need a basic load of ammunition if you're conducting live fires. I will be spending 3 days in the field with you. I am not coming to tell you how to fry eggs, but hopefully be of assistance. When the head of the horse trains with troops, and lives in the dirt with them he can speak, and all will listen. When the head of the horse flounders the body suffers. The philosophy of 'I have done all that', or 'I am too old' is horse doo-doo. If that's the case than you have no business in the Army. I also would be deployable as in going to war with the main effort. If unit X is jumping into country X to execute a live mission then I should be the first man out the door locked and loaded. If you can't face fear, then why should your subordinate soldiers, or other senior trainers? I would be another rifleman with a squad not the squad leader. This inspires soldiers, and you can be of great assistance. Oh you say you are doing the unit CSM's job. ABSOLUTELY NOT. Hopefully I would be invited out of respect.

My mission would be to support all trainers, not do their mission for them. They are perfectly capable of that with the right leadership. Doing the above gives you the ability to inform your commander of the real deal. When you leave that unit you make damn sure the Commander, and CSM knows exactly what will be said to your boss. If you ever eat cheese on a Commander or NCO you have lost total credibility.

Moral courage is an absolute requirement for leaders. This can be painful. You may be telling your Commander what he doesn't want to hear. If he is a good leader he will listen. You had better have a recommendation. Remember as SMA the soldiers belong to you. Commanders' command. They make the final decisions. This also takes moral courage. Yes-men bring nothing but discredit upon units. They are self-servers who aspire to them selves, and soldiers suffer for it. When training with units I would ensure that the leadership is given due credit. For example, make sure you let the soldiers of that unit know that their leaders are competent. This is reinforced with the relief of sub-standard leaders Officers, and NCO's. The SMA nor the

Chief of Staff should not tolerate sub standard leadership at any level.

The Chief of staff should put an order out immediately that informs

Commanders at all levels that they are to relieve subordinates immediately if they are sub standard performers whether they are Officers or NCO's. He should immediately get rid of all paper work requirements to

do this. You are promoted with special trust and confidence. If this is the case, why do leaders have to write books about sub-standard performers to eliminate them from the service? Your word is either good or it isn't. Let's stop covering our Asses with paper. Let the cry-babies cry all the way to the gate. Right now we bend over backwards for perverts, and bums while everyone else suffers. I would STRONGLY recommend getting rid of sensitivity training. If a soldier is fat or goes downtown and punches some dirt bag it's 'see you around'. If you're a pervert, and brag about it we will have sensitivity classes to protect you. If you have a chip on your shoulder, and want to be a victim we will help you with that. We will pit you against each other. The Army of One. ME, ME, ME screw everybody else. Political correctness is sickening. The word supervisor needs to be eliminated! We are leaders! Let's have an Army of Warriors! OOOOH that would scare people. You bet it would.

It would scare away the self-servers who have no interest in serving their country. The Army is not supposed to be an experiment for the liberal cause.

WAKE UP!

Basic training needs to be segregated. Co-ed basic doesn't work. We have already proven that. Men and women are different, and when you put them all together in these situations things are going to happen. I am in no way defending the disobeying of current regulations. All I am saying is let's not complicate things for everyone. I would also recommend that if we are going to use the term equal then let's make it equal. The same standards for everyone. Right now equal means one standard for women, and another for men.

I know the liberal answer for this is we have the same standards for men, and we have the same standards for women. If that is the case then segregate the two. I am now labeled a chauvinist pig, and probably a homo phobe.

Isn't it strange liberal leadership has a label for everyone who disagrees with them, but if you do that as a conservative you are mean spirited.

(DOUBLE STANDARDS!) GET RID OF DOUBLE STANDARDS! The Army is not around to please everyone. It's not a place for just anybody. OH NO I just said that everyone cannot be a soldier. That's right, that's what I said. Somebody's feelings might get hurt. Of course our enemies would never hurt anyone's feelings would they? Let's quit carrying cards around in our pockets for stress. Let's train people to be SOLDIERS. Let's get their undivided attention, and make them perform to standard, or go back to the block. Let's make D&C a critical task. (15 count manual of arms) It would be a shame if we could march, and shoot. We might have discipline, coordination, and the ability to kill the enemy. Leadership, and good hard realistic training

makes good soldiers. It inspires them to reenlist. Hats, gimmicks, and gadgets do not. Prompt obedience is not robotic. You screw around on the battlefield, and you die. Hesitation kills people. If we have leaders who don't know what a legal order is then get rid of their ass. Leaders lead, and followers follow, and learn to be good leaders.

I would recommend getting rid of up or out. Everyone is not going to be a good leader. This was another feel good deal. I can hear it now. Everyone in our Army is a future leader. Bullshit. If that were true we wouldn't have sub-standard training, and personnel who are stripe bearers instead of being NCO's. It all goes back to this theory that everybody has to feel good. Soldiers feel good when they have lead by example leaders who provide hard realistic training. I would let the boss know that liberalism has destroyed the moral fiber of the Army, and it's ability to properly instill discipline into the soldier. Punishment needs to be firm but fair. When necessary punish the offender. Let the NCO Corp take care of punishment that is none judicial without having to notify, and beg some high level Commander to do it. Right now we are in the zero defect mode. One mistake and you are ruined. That is robotic! Working a soldier in the evening, or weekends to mow grass, clean latrines, inspections or conducting D&C is not inhumane punishment. I believe in some places it probably is considered that. The company ISG's and the CSM are capable of doing this properly without being micro managed. It's simple call JAG and they will tell you exactly what you can do, and what you can't do. Be smarter than the bears you are dealing with. Punishment is the best form of rehabilitation. For those drug offenders, chronically disobedient personnel kick their ass into the street. I would recommend that BN Commanders be able to do that on one piece of paper. Numbers do not make a good Army. Well-disciplined, and well-trained soldiers make a good Army. I would sooner go to war with 300 well trained, and disciplined soldiers than to go with 600, and half of them are sub standard.

I would definitely recommend revamping the NCO school system. My recommendation would be that in order to become a NCO you would have to be able to train soldiers for war. I would recommend two courses-a junior NCO course, and a senior NCO course. Ninety percent field training, ten percent garrison. Light Infantry is the vehicle. What about the females? Again segregate. They have a separate course run by female NCO's. These courses would be run at Division level. To attend the junior course you would be a SP4 being considered for promotion to Sergeant. During this course you would be a Corporal. You would be placed in leadership positions up to Squad leader level. These courses should be 6 weeks in duration (7 days a week). If you fail to meet the standard you do not get promoted. That's right, you would have to be recommended to attend the course again. In order to

attend the senior NCO course you would have to be a SSG being considered by DA for promotion to the senior ranks. You would perform as a PSG, and ISG. If you fail to meet the Standard you are no longer considered for promotion. Yes, I said six weeks. No going to college during these courses. These are courses are dedicated to weeding out the weak who are not capable of being leaders. You perform or you don't. You got it there is no gray area. No SGM academy. When you are considered for SGM you should by that time know how to lead, and train soldiers for war. SGM's don't need degrees. They don't need to be worrying about geo politics, or some other politically correct BS. Oh you say this guy doesn't care about education. YES I DO, but the mission has priority. Do like I did and get with the education center and arrange for classes in the evening at your unit.

NCO rank needs to be put back on the sleeve where it can be seen. The class A uniform has too much stuff on it. All we need is our rank, name, war ribbons, and unit patch. It should be tailored with a belt. The tropical khaki uniform needs to be brought back into service. We don't need umbrellas for men. We don't need green shirts with ties with your 201 file on them, and call it class B's. We need to roll our sleeves up on the BDU's instead of going through this process that is conducted now. **YOU ROLL YOUR SLEEVES DOWN BEFORE YOU GET INTO THE FIELD.** We don't need ear plugs hanging off our duty uniform. Place them in your one-quart canteen cover pocket. Leaders inspect your soldiers before training is conducted. Yep I can hear it already "It's easier to see them if they are hanging on the persons uniform" It's not a part of the uniform. Yes, uniformity is important just as teamwork is, and prompts obedience. Don't start with that robotic garbage. The only robots I know are liberals. They are lock stepped even if it's wrong or against the law. We watched it happen for eight years. Leaders and their followers are not robotic. That's why we have AAR's, and ask for feed back at appropriate times, and no the heat of battle is not time to be questioning orders. That's why we should train for war not peace. Good leaders have a chain of command that works both ways. Good leaders are not politically correct. Good leaders are not testing the waters they are doing what is right even if it hurts. **THE SOLDIER COMES FIRST!** He is yours you damn well better take care of him. Every parade should have every unit conduct the 15-count manual of arms. D&C is the foundation of discipline! If you can't march you can't be a soldier. I can hear you liberals chomping at the bit. If there is anything you liberals hate is any form of discipline, and having anyone know the difference between right, and wrong. You are comfortable in the gray murky area where you can put band-aids on everything, control the way people speak, and lets all be equally screwed up.

This way you can pass the buck. If you keep everybody stupid you can tell them how to vote. Liberal lead-

ers anywhere in our military is the destruction of all that is good. Deep in your heart you know I am right. Yes Senator Goodwater said that, and he was right.

Referring to enlisted men as an E grade is BS. What would the Officer say if we referred to them as O1, or O5? How many times have you heard have that E-5, or E-6 come and see me? Shame on you NCO's for allowing such disrespect. On the other hand how many times have you heard the term LT? There are no LT's in the Army. They are Lieutenants. This is also disrespectful. There are no tops in the Army. They are ISG's. Shame on senior NCO's that allow these things to occur. We are responsible for enforcing standards, and discipline. As SMA I would set the example for others to follow. This has a ripple down effect. Respect is earned through doing. Talk is cheap. If I had not lead by example I would not write my feelings on this issue. Those of us that have served realize that we attained our accomplishments because of the leaders above our peers, our subordinates, and us. When you start believing you advanced on your own you have a problem. We advance because of the good soldiers around us. To be a leader you have to have followers. Sorry leaders don't have followers. You can be an E grade or a NCO. Take the example from leaders who train for war.

Learn also from the bad ones on what never to be. I have pointed out just a few things that I would recommend for change. There are many more pressing issues that I would make recommendations on such as pay, and benefits. I would like to compliment the SMA on that issue. All have pressed hard on those issues and I am sure on many other issues involving the enlisted soldier. The NCO CORP is the backbone of the Army. It is the backbone of the Military. If you are allowing the Officers to perform your duty shame on you and shame on you SGM's for allowing that to happen. The military is the last bastion of moral standards left in our nation. You had better wake up because the liberals have just about completely destroyed those standards.

Remember, you have one large mission, and that's to train soldiers for war.

This covers a broad spectrum, and it takes your total devotion to God, country, and family. Your leadership instills that moral character of right and wrong so **DO IT RIGHT!** This mission is not for the weak, or the faint hearted. No I am not plagiarizing. I put that on the 4th Ranger Training BN sign. Lets be an **ARMY of WARRIORS!**

CSM Don Purdy USA RET

Rangers Lead the Way... Mad Max "Roger out"

SGT FAITH R. HINKLEY

On 7 August 2010, SGT Faith R. Hinkley paid the ultimate sacrifice when she died of wounds sustained during a rocket attack on her operations base in Northern Babil, Iraq. A former High School cheerleader and clarinetist in the marching band, she was also the youngest female Soldier in the Army's finest Human Intelligence Platoon. She represents the very best in every American who lives and breathes under the blanket of freedom that she fought and died to protect and maintain.



“She was one of my best and brightest, possessing infinite potential as a future leader in the United States Army. Her strength and courage will inspire me for the rest of my life, and her spirit lives on amongst those who continue to fight for freedom. She will always be my Soldier.”

- 1LT Steve Gluck, HUMINT Platoon Leader