

SURVIVOR

A person is lying in a nest made of sticks and leaves, partially covered by a blue tarp. The person's face is visible, looking towards the camera. The nest is surrounded by green foliage and dry pine needles.

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THANK YOU FOR READING!

If you would like to have your SERE-related article published, please write it and send it in.

Survivor's Quote:

"On March 11, a 9.0 magnitude earthquake struck off the coast of northeastern Japan, generating a series of tsunami that resulted in significant fatalities, building damage, and leading to severe accidents at four of nuclear reactors. The embassy established an alternate command center in the first hours following the earthquake and tsunami, which became the Japan Embassy Crisis Center (JECC) the day after the disaster struck. The task force provided a useful structure for centralizing information flow from diverse offices and agencies working on multifaceted responses to the disaster and for communicating with Washington counterparts such as the White House Situation Room and State Department Operations Center, as well as the Department's three Task Forces."

Japan March 11, 2011 Disaster Response: Lessons Learned

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Waterproof Matches and Tinder

By SURVIVOR Staff



Unroll 2" to 4" wide gauze bandage. Fold layers of the gauze on top of each other until you get the desired length. Place wooden strike-anywhere matches on top of the strip of folded gauze. Roll the matches and gauze up into a tight bundle. Once rolled up all you should see is the gauze with none of the matches exposed. I usually roll an extra layers over this.



Multiple layers of gauze between the layers of matches will help ensure a good tinder source

Tie the small bundle with twine, string, strip of cloth, or an old shoelace (something that burns is best). Leave additional line so you can lower the bundle into some melted paraffin wax. I used a combination of old candles and store bought block of paraffin.

Dip the entire bundle into melted paraffin wax allowing the wax to soak into the gauze. The wax will cover the wooden matches making them water proof, as well as create a water resistant wax covering out of the gauze. I then place it in a Ziploc or two sealing it as tightly as possible, so if it melts due to external temperatures the wax will reform onto the gauze and matches



Another variation on this is to fold several layers of gauze into a small container, (left corner of the first picture) in my example I used a metal box a lighter came in (yes, the irony is not lost on me).

Fold several layers of gauze covering the bottom of the container with the gauze ends sticking out over the container opening. This allows you to continue to fold the layers of gauze over more matches. Once you have the initial layer put your matches in. I repeated this process until the container was filled and then placed a rolled piece of paper bag (as more tinder and filler) around the edge.

I attached a piece of step anti-skid strip (which had



adhesive already on the back) to the inside lid, but you can use sand paper which can also have an adhesive back too. I attached this as a strike pad even though they are strike anywhere matches because I am paranoid. I did leave enough of the shiny metal lid interior bare to act as a signal mirror if needed.



Instead of filling to the top of the container you could leave room for a small knife, razor blade, or any other useful item you fill meets your survival needs.



Place the lid on the container and even

though it's a firm seal, I will wrap a bit of surgical or duct tape around the edge to make it that much more wet tight.



A similar firecraft project I did growing up uses cans, cardboard, and paraffin wax. Take a clean empty tuna can filling it tightly with cardboard rolled into it. Pour the paraffin wax in soaking the cardboard which will act as a wick. Cover with a plastic lid or foil, then place it inside an empty 1 pound coffee can. Put a can opener and other survival items inside the 1 pound coffee can putting the plastic lid on it. Place the filled 1 pound coffee can inside a larger 3 pound coffee can, again filling with items as needed. You empty the cans, pull a bit of the paraffin wax soaked cardboard out of the tuna can and light it, cut the bottom (or open it up some) using the can opener as well as create some holes along the sides of the 1 pound coffee can, placing it over the

tuna can so it acts like a stove. Fill the 3 pound coffee can with what needs to be heated and you have a heat fuel, stove, and cook kit all in one.



When you need to build a fire, unroll or unfold and cut a small piece of the wax soaked gauze, which makes an excellent tinder. When you unroll/unfold the gauze, it will also expose the waterproof matches, remove as many matches as you need to get a fire started. Remember to before using the matches it works best to scrape the wax off the head, then light away.



Survivor's Quote:

"The fire is the main comfort of the camp, whether in summer or winter, and is about as ample at one season as at another. It is as well for cheerfulness as for warmth and dryness."

Henry David Thoreau

Aloe

By SURVIVOR Staff

There are approximately 300 plus species of Aloes in the world. They range in size from little one inch miniatures to massive plant colonies consisting of hundreds of ten foot tall plants (depending on species). We will be dealing with the two major species that have been spread world-wide; aloe ferox (6'-10' tall) and aloe vera (2'-4' tall). All Aloes are semi tropical succulent plants; as a succulent it stores a large quantity of water within its leaves and root system. During the winter months, the plant will become somewhat dormant, and utilize very little moisture. Aloes have a shallow, spreading root system. All aloe leaves grow in rosettes; a circular or spiral cluster of lance-shaped leaves at the base of the stem of the plant. A well hydrated aloe ferox or aloe vera leaf can weight 2-5 lbs. and can reach 30"-50". Leaf skin is smooth with some-what rubbery look and feel to it. Leaves tend to be a green to grayish-green in color with sturdy reddish-brown spines or "teeth" around the leaf edge/margin.

Blooms typically form on tall, stalks, which are sometimes branched. Because aloes are pollinated by birds, they have developed stalks for the birds to sit on while drinking nectar. Aloe bloom times depend on the species, but they often bloom sporadically throughout the year. Aloe vera usually blooms in summer, although it can bloom at other times, provided it has the right growing conditions. Depending on the species flower stalks can grow several feet above the cluster of leaves. Tubular flowers grow in clusters ranging in colors of white, yellow (usual for aloe vera), orange, and red (usual for aloe ferox).



ALOE FEROX

Historically, aloe seems to have originated in the eastern Mediterranean area, but since it has been cultivated and transported for centuries its exact origin has been impossible to determine. Aloe has been so widely cultivated and distributed throughout the world making the species seem almost a "natural resident". Stands of "naturally" growing aloe vera has been found in the southern half of the Arabian Peninsula, peninsular India (India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, as well as parts of Sri Lanka, Nepal and Bhutan), through North Africa (Morocco, Mauritania, Egypt), as well as Sudan and neighboring countries, along with the Canary, Cape Verde, and Madeira Islands. Aloe vera was also introduced, so can be commonly found growing "naturally", in parts of China and southern Europe.

Species of aloe vera are in both temperate and tropical regions of Australia, Barbados, Belize, Nigeria, Paraguay, Mexico and the United States of America (Florida, Arizona, and Texas).



Aloe Vera

MEDICAL USES: Medicinally the aloe plant produces two different types of "medicines" which are very different.

Aloe Leaf Exudate. Cut through the plant cells between the rind and the inner leaf collecting the yellowish-brown fluid (exudate) which pores from the plant. This fluid, fresh or dried, is used primarily as a stimulate laxative like prunes. If you're completely miserable and need almost instantaneous relief from constipation, the stimulant laxatives will do the job. The stimulant laxative works by stimulating the lining of the intestine, thereby accelerating the stool's journey through the colon. Don't use stimulant laxatives daily or regularly. This type of laxative may weaken the body's natural ability to defecate and cause laxative dependency. The stimulant laxatives may also cause

cramping and diarrhea. The aloe leaf exudate can also be used topically to infections; it tends to be an inhibitor to many fungal and bacterial strains. Again the fluid can be applied fresh or dried to an infection.

Aloe Leaf Pulp. Cut a mature aloe leaf from its plant. Cut the leaf off at its base to harvest the entire leaf. Scrape or cut off the pointy edges off the aloe vera leaf. Then cut the aloe vera leaf in half lengthwise to expose its pulp. Scrape and collect the pulp out of the aloe vera leaf. Application of the leaf pulp can vary depending on the medical problem.

In the case of burns, apply the pulp directly onto the burn site. The leaf pulp diminishes inflammation and reduces pain while enhancing tissue and skin repair. I have just split the leaf or cut away the outer layer and applied the exposed part directly to my burn, then wrapped with a light bandage to hold it in place. A spit poultice, made my chewing up a bit of herb and applying to the injured area can also be used, not really tasty but it works. The pulp can also be placed in a bag of finely woven cloth before being placed on the area to be treated. Or you can make a standardized poultice by putting the pulp in a small amount of warm water, mashing a stirring until a porridge-like consistency is reached. Apply this pulp porridge directly to the injury or apply a light dressing then the poultice, apply a bandage to keep it in place either way. Poultices should be changed 2-3 times a day or when cold.

The leaf pulp applied as described above also aids in the healing of wounds for several of the reasons also stated above, as well as its ability as a succulent to absorb and hold fluids. Placing an open leaf poultice on a wound facilitates the absorption of the fluids discharged (called exudate) by the wound. This helps prevent infection and aid in the healing process. To maximize this effect, the poultice should be changed often.

Eating leaf pulp helps sooth stomach inflammation. Eating one to two tablespoons of pulp can sooth digestive pain and upset stomachs. Eating several tablespoons of leaf pulp before each meal will also reduce blood sugar levels. Aloe slows simple carbohydrate breakdown and absorption in the



consumer's body. Aloe pulp eaten has also lowered bad cholesterol, LDL. Higher LDL levels put you at greater risk for a heart attack from a sudden blood clot in an artery narrowed by fat, cholesterol, and other substances form hard structures called plaques which build up in the walls of arteries.

Aloe's global accessibility, easily identifiable features, and

the simplicity of its medical uses makes it one of those good plants to know.

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Survivor's Quote:

Aloe vera (*Aloe vera* syn. *A barbadensis* (*Liliaceae*)). This succulent plant is native to Africa. To treat burns, break off a leaf and apply the clear gel twice daily.

Scientific proof: There is mixed evidence that aloe gel may improve wound healing. Some studies have been positive; others have shown no effect.

Cautions/contraindications: Do not take use aloe vera if allergic to garlic, tulips, onions, or other members of the Liliaceae family. Rash and sun sensitization can occur with prolonged use.

Cheryl L. Carter, Lt Col, USAF, MC, FS
Herbal Medicine for the Isolated Person or POWs

Recommended Reading

AUTHOR: Edward R. Jones

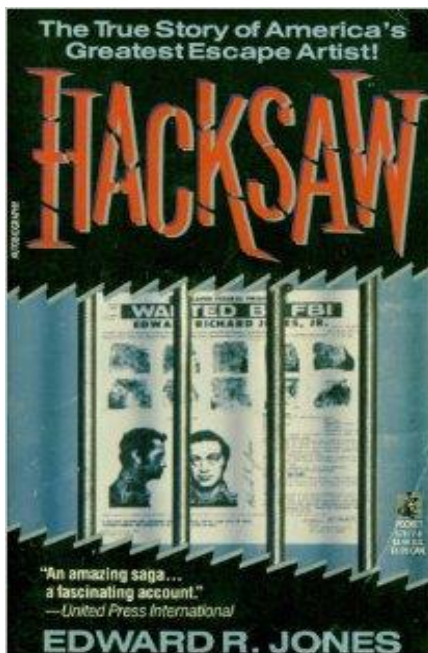
TITLE: HACKSAW Subtitled: The autobiography of Hacksaw Jones, the jailhouse folk hero who has escaped from prisons, jails and chain gangs fourteen times in twenty years, returning behind bars only long enough to plot his next escape. "Hacksaw" Jones started his string of incarceration periods at age eight for juvenile delinquency and selling stolen property. Career loser escapes from a succession of prisons (14 successful escapes) and transportation situations. Bottom line that this clever and talented guy couldn't seem to grasp- alcohol doesn't lend itself to good decision making. Great stuff on "conditioning" his captors at every turn. A good read.

NOTABLE QUOTES:

USE OF AMMONIA TO THROW DOGS OFF THE SCENT: p.27-

Hacksaw is told to help himself to part of another prisoner's stash of ammonia (in a jar that was hidden behind a loose section of base board). He is told to pour it on a handkerchief after he escapes and drop it where it can be seen. The idea is for the dog handler to spot it and run his dogs up to it for a good sniff. The inmate assures Hacksaw that this will put the tracking dogs out of commission.

AN ESCAPE: p. 29- Hacksaw was working on a chain gang outside in a pit, using a powered tamper to smooth dirt on the pit's floor. Each time he would turn it off to get water or to wipe his face, the guard would get up from his seat nearby, walk over and look down into the hole. Hacksaw had his bottle of ammonia in his pocket and a 6-inch piece of bailing wire; he was ready to try and escape. The idea was to use the wire to pull back the tamper's trigger so that it would not stop running. This he did as soon as the guard sat down again. The other prisoners would say nothing- they knew that as soon as the escape was discovered, their work day would be over because they would be taken back to the prison immediately. He got out of the pit and ran and walked continually through the Virginia countryside.



He decided to save his ammonia until the dogs were near, as he didn't want to waste it. When he finally heard the dogs at about six that evening, he took out his pocket-handkerchief and soaked it with the fluid. He dropped it, then took off at a trot in the opposite direction from that which he had been travelling. He kept to the middle of a small stream for a few miles, then reentered the forest. The next day he broke into a house, took food and changed clothes. He buried his prison garb then stole a ride on a tractor-trailer rig that was hauling new cars. It had broken down; he slipped into one of the new cars on the back of the trailer while the driver was under the hood trying to fix the engine.

BEGINNING TO DEFEAT LEG-CHAINS: p.69- Hacksaw had been

beaten fairly severely and thrown into solitary confinement. "It was later in the day when the idea hit me. I was shuffling back and forth across the floor, daydreaming and listening to the hypnotic sound of my chain dragging the concrete with each step I took. I dropped to a sitting position and drew my knees up, legs slightly apart. Picking up the slack chain, I isolated one of the oblong links and began rubbing the end against the rough concrete. After about ten minutes I examined my progress. There was very

little, hardly more than a shiny spot. But I wasn't discouraged. After all, I had a great many days ahead of me and absolutely nothing to do. Time was no object. Resolutely, I went back to my rubbing."

MORE WORK ON THE CHAIN LINK: p.71- "...I sat down and for the umpteenth time checked the section of chain I had been working on. No doubt about it, I was making progress. I could see a small indentation in the link and I took heart at the sight. I would make it. I had all the time in the world.

I finished on the twenty-third day. The link was now held together by only a paper-thin sliver. I tested it by holding the link between thumbs and forefingers and slowly applying pressure until it bent. The weeks of effort had paid off. With just a little more force the link would break, freeing my legs for the first time in three months. The impulse was strong to do just that, but I resisted the urge. Once it was broken there would be no way for me to hide the gap from even a casual glance. Better I should wait until I was back on the road. Then I

would have the element of surprise on my side, and when I headed for the bushes I would be striding- not hopping. The guards had a great deal of confidence in leg chains.”

DISGUIISING THE WORN SPOT ON THE CHAIN

LINK: p. 71- He grabbed a bar of lye soap, and “...sat down, located the wounded chain link, pinched off a bit of the soap and firmly packed the indentation. I smoothed the surface with loose dirt scraped from the floor and carefully covered the evidence. At a distance it would probably go unnoticed.”

AN ESCAPE FROM WORK DETAIL AND LEG

CHAINS: pp. 74-75- The other workers had felled several giant cottonwood trees... “It was my job to drag the cut limbs to a point some thirty feet away and stack them neatly into a pile. Puckett had given me this task because he knew full well how difficult it was to maneuver the bulky branches across uneven ground in leg chains. I was convinced there was also another reason for my selection. Some ten yards beyond was another stand of dense trees and foliage, offering ideal concealment if it could be reached. The prospect of making a dash for this haven was tempting, of which Puckett was very much aware. He was also aware of the length of time it would take for one to bunny-hop that distance in leg chains. Each time I made a trip to the growing stack of branches, Puckett made it a point to have his back turned, shotgun across his shoulder, apparently watching the men in the other direction. Kenny, however, was in perfect position to watch my every move. It was a cute little trap, but one I felt could work for me. All I had to do was get that pile of branches high enough. During the next hour I was moving constantly between the fallen trees and the mound of branches. I was the picture of clumsiness- slipping, stumbling and falling as I wrestled the bulky limbs across the uneven ground. I hoped that Kenny and Puckett were buying my performance. Each time I added a branch to the growing pile I would pause, mop my face on the back of my sleeve, then bend over and pick up the few loose twigs that had fallen off. Then I would shuffle off for another load. My moment came shortly after ten o’clock. The stack was now nearly eight feet high, and I was having a hard time getting some of the larger branches on top. Any time now Puckett or Morris would tell me to start a new pile, and I had no way of knowing where that would be. I decided one more trip, then go for it. I selected a medium-size limb one of the men had just whacked from a thick oak and checked the scene from the corner of my eye. Morris

was out of the picture, sitting in the truck that was parked nearly fifty feet away at the side of the highway. Kenny was sitting on a felled tree, chomping on a wad of tobacco and looking around. Puckett was doing his usual: standing hipshot in nonchalant arrogance, shotgun dangling from his right hand. I took a firm grip on the limb and set out toward the stack of branches, pulse racing, breath heavy. The adrenaline was beginning to flow, and objects suddenly took on a stark clarity. My palms grew damp, and I could feel the sweat running down my rib cage. And I was afraid. Would I stumble and fall- only to sit up and find myself staring down the barrel of Puckett’s shotgun? I didn’t want to die.” At this point, the guard Puckett tells him to start a new brush pile that would be even further from the forest- Hacksaw knew he had to try and escape now- or forget the whole plan... “From the moment I heaved the heavy limb onto the stack, things appeared to move in slow motion. All fear vanished, replaced by a calm detachment. I mopped my face, bent down and grasped the frayed chain link in both hands and separated it with one determined twist. Without hesitation I spun, ducked behind the pile of branches and- using its bulk as a shield- sprinted for the nearby tree line.” He made it- pausing only some miles later to use a torn piece of his shirt to tie up his chains so that they wouldn’t drag behind him.

COMMUNICATION SYSTEM: pp. 105-106- On the way to solitary an inmate tells Hacksaw how to communicate with others from his cell. “Now if you get lonely over there you can talk to Bucky or Freddy Silva on the phone. He saw me look at him, amazed, and added, ‘You *do* know about the phone, don’t you?’ ‘...just sit on the shit jacket with your legs close together and bounce up and down on it. The pressure’ll force the water out the bowl. Then you put your head down in it and talk through the pipes-anybody on that side.’ I felt like an idiot. Here I was, stark naked, bouncing up and down on the stainless-steel commode like a mad jack-in-the-box: *whoompa, whoompa, whoompa*, stand up and check the water level, then *whoompa, whoompa, whoompa*, some more, until at last the bowl was empty. ...So far I hadn’t worked up the nerve to stick my head in the thing, so I just sat down beside it and listened to all the voices coming up through the pipes, smiling at the dirty jokes, war stories and outrageous lies.”

PLANS FOR ANOTHER ESCAPE: pp. 110-111- At this point of the book, the Hacksaw is in a penitentiary type of lockup. He’s noticed that one guard, a man

named Myers, never makes eye contact with him when doing the four o'clock count, if he (Hacksaw) is sitting on the commode. The guard keeps his head pointed straight to the front as he walks by and doesn't look in to the cell. Hacksaw decides to make a dummy to sit on the toilet, to allow for him to hide out in the woodshop without being missed. Over the next few weeks he gathers together what he will need to make the dummy: hair from the barbershop floor, a pair of surgical gloves, small stack of old newspapers, two coat hangers, and a bottle of glue.

“CONDITIONING” THE GUARD’S

EXPECTATIONS: p.111- “I continued to keep a close eye on Myers as he made his evening count. Human beings are basically creatures of habit; we are all cursed with little quirks and mannerisms that, to anyone who cares to observe, are as predictable as tomorrow’s sunrise. So I went about helping Myers acquire yet another habit: of seeing me every evening at count time sitting on the john- reading a newspaper. Every day, with the exception of his days off, he became a little more programmed, until eventually he hardly paid me any notice at all. He would look at my cellmate, cut his eyes briefly in my direction, and then move on without even breaking stride. Occasionally I would raise the paper high enough so as to practically cover my entire face. The result was the same. After five weeks I was positive I could beat him.

THE DUMMY: p.112- He swapped a friend light bulbs because he wanted one that was less bright. This page details what the dummy looked like as it sat on the toilet. Basically he used a pair of his shoes as feet, filled out the pant legs with toilet paper rolls, the coat hangers ended in the surgical gloves that were used to hold up the newspaper. The head was a flat piece of cardboard with hair glued to it. From outside of the cell, all that could be seen was the top of a hair-covered head and the lower portion of the legs and the newspaper.

THE ESCAPE (USING THE DUMMY): pp. 113-115- He hid in the wood shop. The “All Clear” whistle sounded so he knew that his dummy had fooled the guard. The guards in the towers next to the woodshop then left for the day. He used a long two-by-four as a ladder and scaled the wall. He pulled the beam up behind him, lowered it to the outside and slid down it. Another success- four hours later he was in Richmond, and four days after that he was in Miami.

NEXT BREAKOUT: pp. 122-124- This time Hacksaw was out for a whole year- working at resorts in Florida and on deep sea charter boats. He went back to Virginia to visit his Mom and was caught by the police after running a red light. They put him in a cell in the county jail to hold him for 72 hours while they checked on his identity. He knew that if he didn't escape and fast that he would be headed right back to prison. What's worse, he'd again be under the control of guards and staff who now REALLY hated him. He decided to see if there was any way out of the situation that he was in. He noticed a two-foot long air vent, the opening of which was covered with a steel mesh metal grate. The mesh was held in place by four steel bolts, the heads of which had been filed down. He dug out the bolts with the steel arch support of his loafers. He used the now loosened grill as a lever to pull out the last bolt, and then squirmed into the shaft. At the end of a long wriggle, he reached an aluminum grille that overlooked the room he had been interviewed in. He quickly undid the screws that held the mesh on to the vent hole and made his way into the room. He then left the building through a window, crossed the parking lot and entered the woods. He spent the next two years free until he was turned in by someone he had told his story to (see pages 126-131). Within 30 minutes of being booked this time the authorities had his true identity (the computer age is catching up with him).

REPEATING THE LAST ESCAPE!: pp. 146-147- He ends up back in the same jail as the last escape- just two cells down from where he was before. The officer proudly tells him that they've made improvements- they put a quarter inch plate in the vent and welded the wire mesh in place. Hacksaw is told that he can scrape all he wants, but there's no way he's getting out now. The cop left and Hacksaw looked at the vent- sure enough they had welded the mesh on- but only with two spot welds, not a solid bead around the whole thing. He couldn't believe it! This was going to be far easier than the last time he got out of this jail. He waited till the midnight shift came on and the jailer made his rounds. Then he took the hacksaw blades out of his slipper insoles that a friend had given him in the last prison. Hacksaw had snapped it in half and put a piece in each slipper. When they searched him, they simply slapped his shoes together and let it go at that. He started sawing away at the little spot welds; n less than 20 minutes he was done. Back through the vent, down into the interview room and out through the window- gone again for two more years!

HOSPITAL ESCAPE: p. 171- Author was leg-chained to a hospital bed. Undergoing treatment from a nasty blackjack injury. He had been struck into unconsciousness while trying to get into the room of two guys who had won big at a casino in Las Vegas. He asks the nurse if he can bathe himself, and she allows him 5 minutes to do so. "I immediately went to work. The standard restraints used by police departments nationwide are manufactured by Peerless, which advertises its leg-irons and handcuffs as being "pick proof". Nothing could be farther from the truth. There are three perfectly good ways to open these manacles without a key: with a ballpoint pen filler, with a thin piece of spring steel that can be used to "shim" the tumbler or- with a little practice- with a simple paper clip. I didn't have a paper clip. But I did have something nearly as good." Basically he pulled out his IV needle and used it to pick the lock on one of his leg shackles. He pulled the chain through the bed bars and tied it to his body with a length of torn bed sheet. He then pulled out his nose tube and his catheter, left the room and was gone again. The police "guarding" him was chatting with a nurse.

ESCAPE FROM A POLICE CAR: p. 184-185- Stopped for drunk driving, he finds himself in the back of a cruiser. He fakes like he's going to throw up and the cop lets him out whereupon Hacksaw falls to the ground. When the cop tries to lift him up, the pistol gets pulled from the cop. Hacksaw soon locks the officer in the car and jogs away.

ANOTHER JAIL ESCAPE: p. 198- Another escape of opportunity- he made himself. After being taken to pay a speeding fine, they run his info on a newly installed computer system and discover who he really is. They throw him in a cell and contact higher authority. The next morning they let him out to phone his lawyer, handcuffing him to a radiator. He tells the officer that he forgot his little address book in his cell (there was no address book) when the officer goes back to look for it, Hacksaw takes the pen filler out of his mouth (the gold Cross pen still clipped to his pocket) opens the cuffs, slams his cell door shut, trapping the cop, and leaves!

ESCAPE FROM A JAIL IN SHREVEPORT: pp. 243-254- This was a very high security situation. The

back of the cell was enclosed by bars, beyond which was a narrow passageway with fluorescent light fixtures in the ceiling. There was also a closed-circuit TV camera angled downward to cover the interior of the cell. The door was solid steel, with a tray slot in the middle- escape seemed hopeless. He had smuggled in a 100 dollar bill in his mouth, which he transferred to his sock (he realized that there was a blind spot in the cell due to the camera angle). Two days later he had figured out the flaw in the security system (the way the cells were cleaned each day). He had found a rubber band in the shower drain, and an inmate two cells down had passed him a clear plastic drinking glass. Each cell had a shower. He stood in it on four occasions- the staff must have thought that he loved hot water. In reality he was using the cover of the shower to work on an escape tool. He fashioned a knife out of part of the plastic cup; a piece of bed sheet served as a handle. The rubber band, he parted and tied each end to a small square piece of sheet in order to fashion a crude slingshot. He made slingshot ammo out of bits of soap. He made eight marble sized pellets by rolling the material in his hands and then letting it dry. The morning after his soap marbles were ready- a dark and stormy one- he decided to go. After his breakfast plate had been removed, he broke the nearest fluorescent light with his little slingshot, hitting the bulb on his second try. Now the interior of his cell was dim- the camera picture wouldn't be as sharp. When the door of his cell began to open for the cleaners, he bashed into it hard with his shoulder, sending the deputy staggering. In a flash he had his crude little knife against the man's throat, telling him as

he tightened his grip- "One wrong move and things are going to get real messy". The keys were still in the door. He shoved the deputy in the cell, slammed the door, locked it and turned to face the two trustees (who were there to mop the floor just as they did each morning). Since the corridor was locked, and Hacksaw had the keys, they hastened to obey his command

to move to the far end of the hall. He left the hall, ripping out the phone as he passed through the guardroom. He opened the next gate, stepped to the elevator and pushed the call button. He yanked the elevator operator out, stopped once on the wrong floor, but eventually got to the lobby. He was amazed that there was no one there as he ran through it and on out to



the parking lot- then he recalled that it was a Sunday- he couldn't have lucked out any better. In a field he hid under a soggy pile of rotting boards- in plain view- a strategy that just might work due to its unlikeliness. Unfortunately for him, he dislodged a board when he tried to urinate and was captured by a patrolman who had seen the boards slip. Two days later he was being transported to Florida-with- two hacksaw blades taped to the back of his right forearm, courtesy of a greedy trustee who was pleased to swap them for Hacksaw's overlooked hundred-dollar bill.

HOW TO MAKE A BOMB OUT OF MATCHES: p. 256- He finds this out while getting used to being in isolation in his first Federal prison incarceration experience. Pull the heads off several books of matches. Compress them into a ball, and then throw the ball with force against the concrete floor. A deafening explosion akin to a shotgun blast will result.

PRISON SEARCH: p. 254- Upon entering the prison, he was told to strip and exchange his jumpsuit for Federal garb. No one paid him any attention as he changed clothes- his hacksaw blades had made it through. In his cell, he removed them from his arm and placed them under his mattress.

PREPARING FOR HIS NEXT ESCAPE: pp. 257-258- Instead of showering, he used his allotted 10 minutes outside of his cell to stroll the tier. He noticed that if he could get out of his cell (he was to be there a week prior to being shipped to Florida) he could cut the window frame and drop into an exercise yard. The yard was bordered on one side with the building that he had entered the prison through. One of the lower windows of that building had an air conditioner bolted to it and not steel mesh. He coats the teeth of his hacksaw blade with soap and proceeds to saw away at one of the two bars on his cell that will have to be removed before he can escape. It took him two nights to finish the cuts. He filled the tell-tale marks with dirt from the floor. Only a very thin section held the bars in place- they would give way at the slightest pressure.

THE ESCAPE: pp. 259-261- He snapped the cell bars, and took one of them along to use as a lever as he made his way to the end of the tier. There he started working on the window frame. It took him about 20 minutes to part the frame. He pried the frame apart and lowered it to the floor, climbed through and dropped to the ground outside. He made his way to the administration building and to the window with the air conditioning unit in it.

He cut through the two bolts holding it in place and then pushed it into the office where it fell to the carpeted floor. He was in the prison warden's office! He crossed it and looked through the curtains of the window that faced the front of the building. He opened the window, dived through, got up and ran for all he was worth past a gun tower, making for the woods on the other side of a highway. Shots rang out in great profusion as he ran. He made it to the woods where he was bitten on the ankle by a snake as he sped for cover. He awoke later in the prison infirmary; the snake had ended this attempt.

ESCAPE FROM THE FBI: pp. 265-267 and the beginning of the book, 9-16- Details of the escape that starts the book. Once again he played into the expectations of his captors and pulls off a huge bluff. This is a good lesson in surprise and doing the unexpected. Basically, he leads them to where they think he's buried jewels from a heist. There actually was nothing there except a broken pistol he had previously rolled up in a piece of oil cloth and stashed under a pile of trash. While they are digging at the supposed site of the cache, he retrieves his pistol and gets the drop on them. Shortly after which he leaves them in the dirt and drives off in their car!

MAKING A DEATH MASK AND A PLAN: pp. 316-319- After the death of his Mother, he no longer felt beholden to the promise he had made to her not to escape. He starts his next effort by creating a mask of his face. The guards in this prison knew about the dummy covered by newspaper that he'd used in a prior escape. Each time they did their count, they make him move if they can't actually see his face. In preparing to make the mask, he stole plaster of paris, two short lengths of quarter inch rubber tubing, and a one gallon can filled with lab stone (from the dental office- they use it to make teeth molds) a wooden spoon and a salt shaker. He coated his face and neck liberally with Vaseline, covered his bed with towels, inserted the tubes in his nostrils, and lay down. A friend then slowly poured the plaster over his face, letting it kind of build up as he poured. His friend asked how long he wanted to lie there, and Hacksaw used his fingers to signal 15 minutes. The friend and another fellow then kept watch outside the cell for guards while the plaster hardened. They had covered the front of the cell with a blanket- a fairly common occurrence. After the mask hardened, they pried it off, breaking the suction on his greasy face. Then he coated the inside of the mask with more Vaseline, filling every nook and crevice. He then mixed the lab stone in his plastic pitcher, poured in some salt

(to heat the mixture so that it would harden faster) and poured it into the plaster mask. He then slid the now ten pound mask under his bunk to dry. They all got back together that evening and separated the masks. His buddies thought it looked great except for the fact that it had no ears. However, once again Hacksaw had been conditioning his guards. For weeks each evening as they came by to count, they had seen him *lying on his bed with his eyes closed, wearing headphones*. He hid the mask in an air vent. He had doctored the screws that held the mesh in place; they looked normal, but could be removed with nail clippers. Along with the mask, he had saved glue, masking tape, hair and a pair of tweezers. He asked his friends about painting- he didn't

really know anything about that. He realized that the guards would view the mask from a distance no greater than about three feet away. To help complete the illusion for the guards (there would be three counts that the dummy would have to pass- four, nine and midnight, with the lights getting dimmer each count... the last one being done by flashlight) Hacksaw had stolen a small tape recorder from the education department. He had recorded himself making snoring sounds. As he explained his plan to his pals, they asked him why didn't he put the head of the dummy at the far end of the bed, not next to the bar end of the cell. Hacksaw said: "I don't want them to have to look too hard... and they can hear the snoring sooner-before they ever get to the cell. What I'm hoping for is an illusion; they come down the tier making their little check marks, hear snoring five feet away before they get here, see me dozing with earphones on- and I mean *me*- and keep going, don't even slow down. They see *skin*, they *hear* me. And I know damn good and well it'll work." "If you can solve the paint problem," Brian said. "Right."

PAINT AND MAKEUP: p. 326- A cross-dressing con agreed to try and make the death mask look like a live face. This person had been a makeup artist prior to arrest and had a great deal of skill, not to mention all the correct brushes and materials. "He" used the following concoction: for mascara to high light the eye area- red and brown drawing chalk (crushed very fine), dash of talcum powder, some cigarette ash and a little shaved

shoe polish for consistency. The pigmentation and tone of the skin was important- couldn't be all one color or the face would look dead- not sleeping.

MAIL CARTS: p. 328- One of the things prisoners made in this facility was mail carts. They produced for the US Postal Service over four hundred thousand plus carts each year. By rearranging finished and uncompleted carts, Hacksaw and his friend formed a stack of carts that had a place to hide within the structure. They then put that stack inside a bunch of other legitimate stacks of finished carts and left the area.

SIMPLICITY: p. 333- While thinking about his plan- hide in the carts, get loaded by forklift into the boxcar, after being unloaded, wait till the warehouse guys go to lunch etc. pop out and walk away- he ponders just what "simple" is ... "Simplicity is an illusion that can only be made possible by perfect timing."

ESCAPE HELP: pp. 323-337- His friend would have to set the dummy up three times, check to see if Hacksaw got any mail (a dummy couldn't reach out its hand for a letter...) and in the morning, bust everything up and take it all to the trash compactor. Hacksaw had got hold of a small pen light, a plastic bag (to urinate in) and had an empty honey jar full of water to take with him when he entered his hiding place in the mail carts. From there he was put on to the train. He heard the announcement saying that the count had cleared- the train began to move.

GONE AGAIN: pp. 338-339- Out of the carts and away- this time he was out for a year and a half. Someone tipped off the police; Hacksaw was arrested as he got out of his car in San Diego in May of 1979.

Survivor's Quote:

"My Brain is the key that sets me free."

Harry Houdini

American stage magician, escapologist, stunt performer, actor, film producer and investigator of spiritualist claims

24 Mar 1874 – 31 Oct 1926

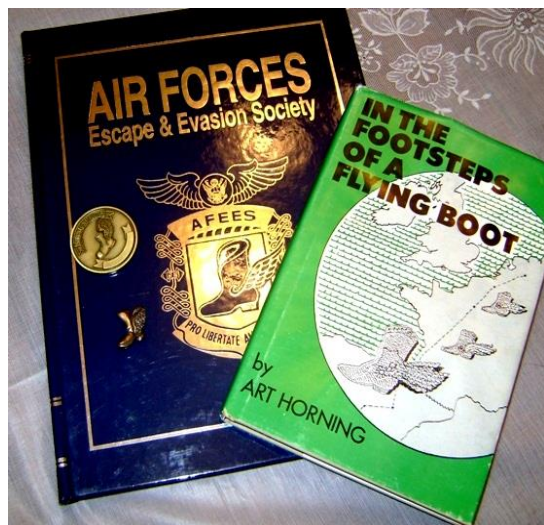
Winged Boot and the SERE School

By SURVIVOR Staff

Last time I was at the USAF Survival School, I bought a round metal object (RMO). The one I carry is from the original mint/purchase of the first Survival Instructor RMOs. I liked the colors of the new one, but I noticed that somewhere along the way they had removed the Winged Boot and put in a set of Master Blaster Jump wings. While touring the school, I noticed few “winged Boot” symbols left.



While I am willing to discuss the virtues/return on investment of SERE Specialist and parachuting, it struck me as funny that the career field would remove a symbol of what we do that has been attached to the school house for almost 60 years. I figured the removal and loss of this symbol might have to do with a simple lack of understanding of what it is or means. My goal is to provide information about the history of the Winged Boot.



The “Winged Boot” is a symbol of the “Late Arrivals” club. “Late Arrivals” is a club organized in 1941 by the British to identify flyers that had flown

into a mission then had to walk/evade back to friendly forces in the Middle East. Eventually the “Winged Boot” caught on and it was adopted across the theater. Some of the evaders were assisted by partisans or resistance lines, while others evaded on their own. The “Late Arrivals” adopted the “Winged Boot” or “Winged Foot” to show the fact that members had successfully evaded back, while “late” they still had completed their mission which was to return to their squadron to fight

the enemy again. While members of the “Late Arrivals” club did not have to always “walk out”, some used boats, planes, trucks, and trains assisted and alone, they did have to successfully return to their squadrons. To identify members, the club adopted a patch and badge(s) of the “Winged Boot” and a certificate. And as the certificate awarded on their return states, **“IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO COME BACK.”**

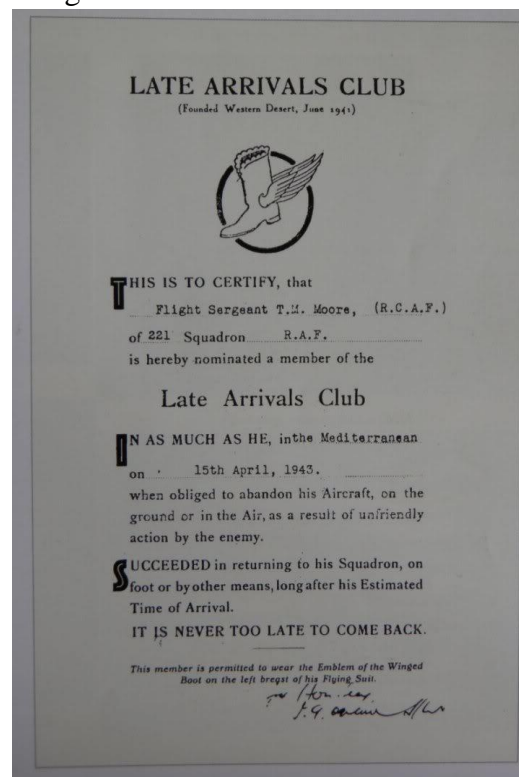
There is a great deal of controversy in regards to Americans officially being awarded or earning a membership as a “late arrival”, but having talked to multiple evaders and read accounts, we had enough individuals that qualified even if they never received one “officially” from the British.

The “Winged Boot” was such a respected symbol of evasion that it was adopted in the 1964 as part of the American Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society, which included over 600 United States airman that had been forced down behind enemy line, avoided captivity, or escaped from captivity to return to Allied control, plus multiple honored members who had aided these airmen with assistance and in escape lines.

In fact, there is a Bill (# H.R. 4693) put before Congress in May 2014 to award the Congressional Gold Medal to the U.S. Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society, in recognition of the ceaseless efforts of American aircrew

members to escape captivity and evade capture and the resistance organizations and nationals who assisted them.

And I think herein lies part of how the “Winged Boot” got to the Survival School. In the mid-50s (and into the 60s), multiple



Survival Instructors were being called back to the Survival School, first to Stead AFB then eventually to Fairchild AFB. These Survival Instructors had been stationed all over (funny how the circle goes round), doing base level jobs from survival instruction to working recovery operations. At some point, the Survival Instructors stationed in Europe brought back or sent back the “Winged Boot”, where it was adopted by the Survival School.

The “Winged Boot” can be found on survival documents dating from 1955 on. The symbol of the “Winged Boot” led to the School naming itself the “Home of the Walking Air Force”. What makes this truly misleading is how it eventually became to be identified. I know

when I first arrived at the School house (avoiding dinosaurs and tar pits on the way), I was briefed about the “Winged Boot” and “Home of the Walking Air Force”, I was told it was a symbol reflecting the Survival Instructor, because we are always walking, not flying, but the truth is the symbol reflects our operators, who fly in and then are taught to “walk out” returning to friendly forces as successful evaders or escapers.

The cornerstone of what we do as Code of Conduct instructors is to teach “returning with honor” whether it’s as survivors, evaders, resisters or escapers and the “Winged Boot” is a perfect symbol of this. Hopefully, it will not go away.

REFERENCES:

Air Forces Escape Evasion Society (AFEES)

<http://www.airforceescape.com/>

Art Horning. *In The Footsteps of a Flying Boot*. Carlton Press, 1994

Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society. Turner Publishing, 1992

1955 Image from USAF Survival Manual



1999 Image from USAF SERE School



Letters from RAF and USAAF members of the “Late Arrivals” Club to the USAF SERE School
The Escape Line;

<http://theescapeclub.blogspot.com/2013/06/the-late-arrivals-club.html>

Winged Boot: Escape and Evasion in World War II;

<http://www.nationalmuseum.af.mil/factsheets/factsheet.asp?id=14571>



Survivor's Quote:

“In 1943 when American airmen of the U. S. 8th Air Force started to return to England after having been shot down over enemy occupied territory some unknown American evader started to use the Royal Air Force “Winged Boot” as a symbol of his having evaded capture and having “walked home.” This symbol of evasion was never authorized to be worn on U. S. uniforms in the ETO; therefore evaders wore it under the left hand lapel on their tunic or battle jacket. One of the first stops an evader made after being released by Air Force Intelligence in London was usually a visit to Hobson and Sons in London to have them make a “wire badge” “Winged Boot”.

When the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society was formed in June 1964, it was decided to use the “Winged Boot” as the centerpiece of the AFEES logo. As an extension of this, we approached Hobson and Sons in London to make several items with the original “Winged Boot” in metallic thread from the original I dies. There is no official Winged Boot organization or club therefore eligibility for wearing it is ill defined. AFEES is the only known organization that uses the “Winged Boot” as a logo or symbol.”

By Claude C. Murray and Ralph K. Patton

<http://airforceescape.org/about-us/history-of-the-winged-boot/>