

This story is dedicated to

“the Montagnard tribesmen of Southeast Asia and my friends who wore a Green Beret. I want 'em to *know* why I'm doing what I'm doing. But I've got to *code* it. They'll understand. The only hassle we'll have in the whole book, Dick, will be the foreword to it. I'm going to have a firm hand in that 'cause I know what I want to convey and I know how I want to put it out. And I know who is gonna understand it and who won't. I-I know this. This is my one demand. Just the foreword. Because of my friends. 'Cause they know I'm as crazy as they are and they're as crazy as I am. And I wanna get that . . . point. 'Cause, they . . . that SOB, that lying, thieving bastard Howard Upchurch, you know.”

Howard Upchurch 1935-1999

“I think you just got it, Howard.”