

Intel report produced by a Military unit that debriefed the two team members who were not taken during the ambush. This report has not been released to the media, as you will see in the report, it shows the attack was an inside job. Please be careful with this document and the release of information.

Hi-jacking Incident 16<sup>th</sup> November 2006.

Crossing Time: **1100 PSC MCT SP.**

Point of Origin: **Navistar, Kuwait.**

Destination: **Italian Camp, Tallil Airbase, Nasariyah.**

Private Security Company (PSC): **Crescent Security Group (CSG).**

CSG Western Personnel and vehicles:

**John Cote (ATL) driving Chevrolet Avalanche, Joshua Munns shooter, Point vehicle.**

**Paul Rubens driving Chevrolet Avalanche, John Young (TL) shooter, Lead vehicle.**

**Bert Nussbaumer driving Chevrolet Avalanche, Wissam Hashem, Iraqi translator/security (aka John Belushi) shooter, Floating vehicle.**

**Jaime Salgado driving GMC Yukon, Close Rear Vehicle.**

**Andy Foord driving Chevrolet Avalanche, Far Rear Vehicle.**

Client: **Joint Task Force Italian Army.**

Vehicle Owners: **25 x vehicles from AL Hamada**

**12 x vehicles from PWC Tristar.**

Client Drivers: **All TCN.**

Number of client vehicles and type: **25 x Mercedes Benz tractor unit pulling:**

**6 x Lowbed Trailers**

**17 x Flatbed Trailers**

**2 x Tractor Units**

**12 x Tractor Units (Variety of makes and models)**

**12 x Flatbed Trailers**

Time of Incident: **Approximately 1230 hours.**

Incident Location: **MSR Tampa, Bridge 3.**

**On arrival at the CSG Safwan Camp (Wolf's Den), the whole team collected their weapons and Wissam Hisham, CSG's Iraqi Team Captain, who was waiting in camp so that the team could take him to Tallil Airbase.**

**The convoy moved slowly through Safwan, as the Iraqi Border Police insisted on inspecting the paperwork for all the client vehicles. The rear of the convoy was passing through the 4-way junction**

in Safwan when the point vehicle came over the radio to inform us that there was an IP checkpoint across the northbound side of the Highway at the IP Station, which is about 200 metres North of Bridge 1 on MSR Tampa.

The calling of checkpoints over the radio is standard CSG procedure. The point vehicle calls checkpoints and highway crossovers as they approach them at the front, and the rear vehicle always responds that they have cleared them when this is completed by the rear of the convoy.

John Young came over the radio to inform us that as lead vehicle he was going to take the convoy up the southbound side of the carriageway to avoid the checkpoint. As soon as we had passed this checkpoint the point vehicle announced that they would move ahead to find a convenient blacktop crossover to safely take the convoy back onto the northbound side of the highway.

A suitable crossing point was found just before Bridge 2, and the convoy was returned to the northbound side of the highway. Jaime Salgado called on the radio that the convoy had completed this manoeuvre, and John Young said that he would start to increase speed. The point vehicle then called that we had southbound Hummers in the northbound lane and the southbound lane (Patriots 1 & 2), which we duly passed between Bridges 2 and 3.

The point vehicle then called over the radio that there was another police checkpoint under Bridge 3. Then he said that they appeared to be blocking the road with a vehicle, after which he said that they were stopping the convoy.

I immediately called over the radio to Bert, and instructed him to take our Iraqi translator/security operator to the checkpoint at the front. I then repeated this instruction and told him to do it as quickly as possible. Bert 'copied' both my transmissions.

Soon after this, I heard John Young call over the radio "Bert get your arse up here with 'John Belushi' as fast as you can", Bert replied that he was just about there.

This was the last radio transmission I received.

From my position at the far rear of the convoy, I saw that the convoy was stopping, as the trucks closed up together towards the front. At this point I looked for a decent crossing point to push the civilian vehicles going north into the southbound lane. Finding just such a place, next to a picnic area, I turned my vehicle sideways in a blocking position across the road and shifted myself so that I had a clear view south down the MSR.

I had been sat in this position for approximately 3-5 minutes, without any radio traffic, when an unmarked, white, American manufactured, twin cab, pick-up came around the front of my vehicle from the North and stopped diagonally in front of the driver side of my vehicle. I had not seen its approach, as the steel plates on the side of my own vehicle had limited my view of the highway to the North.

The pick-up contained approximately 10 men, all wearing the dark green and black camouflage patterned uniform with Balaclava ski masks or Red berets, as worn by the new Border Police. They also had a pin on badge with black birds wings each side of a pale coloured parachute with red spots above and below it, a similar shape to that worn by the British Parachute Regiment.

There were 2 men in front of the pick-up, 3 in the middle and 5 in the back. All were armed with AKs and some had pistols, there was also a belt fed PKT machine-gun with a bipod resting on the roof of the cab. The driver was wearing a red beret, but the rest of the men all had balaclava ski masks on.

As soon as their vehicle had stopped the driver exited and came around to my door, while the others drew down on me and surrounded my vehicle. The driver said he was police and that he must take my weapons, at which point he ripped my radio microphone off of my tactical vest and snatched my AK from my hands, pulling it out of the window.

He then tried to open my door and told me to get out of the car and lie on the ground. Since the door was locked, he reached in the window and hit the central locking button to release the door, as he did this my passenger door opened and a masked figure stuck his AK in my door, chambered a round and pulled the trigger. As I saw the finger tightening on the trigger I leaned my head back and the bullet missed my face, at the same time I floored the accelerator and turned hard right to escape, driving towards the front of the convoy down the left side of the northbound highway.

As I sped away the militia to my right kept shooting on full auto, in so doing he shot out my windscreen, my Satellite Tracker and put 24 bullets into my vehicle. As I sped north I called over the radio that I was being shot at and that they were trying to kill me. I also pushed the panic button on my Satellite tracking system, not realising that a bullet had destroyed it. As I passed Jaime and the convoy driving towards the front I could hear the bullets pinging of my armoured plates on the side of the vehicle and into the back of the vehicle.

When I reached the front of the convoy I could see a brand new Chevrolet Lumina blocking the road, but with enough space to squeeze past either in front to the left or behind it to the right. However, as I arrived John Cote and Wissam stepped out in front of my vehicle and flagged me down, so I stopped in front of them. John Cote asked me what the shooting was about and what I was doing, he then told me I should be co-operating with these people as they said that they were the police and they were just checking our weapons serial numbers, weapons permits and licenses.

At this point more of the masked militia moved in on my vehicle, removed my Glock 19 pistol from my holster, dragged me out of the car, emptied most of the contents from my pockets and pushed me towards the right side of the road, where I saw all the others lined up on their knees in the dirt. The tactical gear, body armour and other personal kit from the rest of the CSG team was strewn all over the road, where it had been thrown when it had been ripped off of them.

Before I could get to the side of the road where the others were lined up, Wissam stood in my way screaming at me that I was going to die, and that they were going to kill me because I had shot and killed one of the Iraqis in the balaclava ski masks. I tried to explain to him that I could not have shot anybody if I had wanted to because I did not have a weapon, since the first thing they had done was to remove it from me.

He then kept screaming at me “You are going to die motherfucker, now you are going to die”, and then shouting in Arabic to the men in the ski masks and pointing at me. When he had done this several of the men in ski masks moved forwards and prepared to shoot me, one of them with my own pistol, two with their AKs. At this point, a civilian in a short, black, leather jacket intervened. He told them to wait and gave them further instructions in Arabic. So they put me at the end of the line near Paul Rubens, who had been separated from the rest of us and was sat on the tarmac in front of the first client vehicle.

Once on my knees with an AK to the back of my head and a pistol to the front of my head, they finished their search of my pockets and tactical vest, removing the wallet with all my ID cards, my Motorola handset, my sat phone, two of my mobile phones, all my AK magazines, all of my pistol magazines (loaded with S & B hollow points) and both of my CRKT knives as well as both of my Gerber multi-tools.

Paul Rubens was periodically being abused by the masked men, who would walk up behind him and slap him around the back of the head or push him to the ground with their weapons. At no time did I see any provocation for this abuse and can only assume that he was being singled out for this treatment because of his colour.

Very soon after I was knelt beside the road, the white pick-up arrived and the masked men jumped out of the car and running to my car grabbed my paramedics bag and my ‘bug-out bag’, which also contained two excellent gunshot trauma kits. They then drove off back the way they had come towards the rear of the convoy. Wissam, who had not been lined up with the rest of us then told Joshua Munns that apparently I had shot one of the masked militia men in the leg.

When Joshua Munns asked me if I had done this, I explained to him yet again that I had not had a weapon because they had disarmed me. He then tried to tell the civilian men in suits that if one of their people was injured that they should take Paul Rubens with them as he was an EMT. They told him to be quiet and not to talk, so I shouted to Wissam to tell the men in suits that Paul was a medic, he also had a paramedic bag and would be happy to assist their people if there was an injured man. Wissam explained to the militia what Joshua and myself had said, but they were not interested in utilising Paul’s skills.

While I was knelt in the dirt beside the road I saw that there were two, white, new model, Toyota Land cruisers (4500 EFI) parked under the bridge. One of the Land cruisers had silvered windows, the other had clear windows. There were at least four civilians wearing suits and other smart clothes, these men appeared to be in charge, and I had previously heard Wissam tell John Cote that these men were from the CIA in Basrah (possibly meant CIU). In addition to the many masked militiamen, there were also two men in IP blue shirts, wearing dark blue body armour with ‘POLICE’ written across the front of them and carrying AKs. While the militiamen were covering us from the rear, the ‘Policemen’ were guarding us from the front.

On top of the bridge there were two militiamen with PKT belt-fed machine guns trained on us, and there was another one behind us with an AK, as well as two under the bridge on the right side behind the supports with AKs, two under the bridge in the median with AKs, and another militiaman in front of us, off to the left, behind Paul Rubens, also with an AK. The civilians didn't carry AKs, but all had Glock 19s (presumably taken from us) stuck in their belts.

At this point the civilian in the short black leather jacket instructed the masked men to handcuff us and start loading us in vehicles. Several sets of handcuffs were produced from somewhere and they started to secure our team with handcuffs behind their backs. When the handcuffs had run out the militiamen started securing our hands with cloth tape from one of our vehicles. I was the last one to have my hands secured behind my back with the tape, before it ran out. The only person left unsecured was Paul Rubens, and they pulled a cigarette lighter power cord from one of the vehicles and used this to secure his hands. As far as I can recall, three people were handcuffed, three people were taped up and Paul was cable secured. Wissam Hisham was still free to walk around, with his hands untied.

From my position I could see John Young sitting in the passenger seat of a black CSG Avalanche in front of me, and he asked if anybody had had the chance to press the panic button on their Sat Tracker, Joshua said that he had not, and Jaime said that he did not have one. I said that I thought I had, but didn't know whether it was working.

The civilian in the short black leather jacket then approached myself, Joshua and Jaime with the ignition keys from all the CSG vehicles in his hands. The keys had been snatched out of my vehicle's ignition as soon as I had been stopped and removed from my vehicle. They had apparently done the same with all the other vehicles too.

The Iraqi in the short, black, leather, jacket was demanding to know which keys fitted which CSG vehicle. Jaime said that he could not see his keys there, but the Iraqi did not understand why Jaime could not identify his keys. Joshua and myself attempted to identify the keys for our own vehicles from the collection in his hand, but without being able to use our hands, it was impossible to select the keys and impossible to point at the specific vehicle. Since the civilian had limited English, he eventually gave up, and walked off with all the vehicle keys shouting something to the militiamen.

After the civilian shouted his instructions, Joshua Munns was taken and loaded into one of the vehicles, and Jaime was put into the front passenger seat of his GMC Yukon. However, they then removed John Young from the Avalanche he was sat in and took him somewhere else. I was wedged sideways into the back of Jaime's Yukon next to the cool box, which was behind the driver's seat. I was facing towards the left side of the vehicle and had the door slammed onto my hands.

Once in the vehicle we had two militiamen covering us with their AKs, one was front left of the vehicle and one was to the rear right of the vehicle. While we were sat in the Yukon I realised that there was somebody sat in the Land cruiser with the silvered windows, because they would periodically lean into the front and press the horn. When they did this one of the red berets would

run across to the car, open the drivers door, lean into the vehicle and receive instructions from the occupant. This done the beret would rush away to relay these instructions. At no time did I get more than a glimpse of the silhouette of the occupant of the Land cruiser, from which I could tell nothing.

It was about this time that I saw the Al Hamada client vehicles being driven North in groups of three or four at a time. One of the first trucks to be moved was one of the bobtails from the rear of the convoy; this was probably because the middle of the Al Hamada convoy was stationary next to a large, convenient, blacktop crossover point, where as the front of the Al Hamada convoy was past the blacktop crossover point.

The militiaman at the front left of the vehicle then received instructions from another masked individual to turn off the police lights in the front window of the Yukon. While he was leaning into the vehicle he asked Jaime which switches to press and Jaime was trying to tell him, but again this was difficult because he was unable to point at them, during this time he was forced to speak a few words to Jaime.

Once the militiaman had returned to his position at the front left of the vehicle Jaime asked me if I knew who these people were, to which I replied that I assumed they were either Police or militia. He said they were not, and told me to look closely at the militiaman with the balaclava ski mask standing in front of the vehicle facing away from us. He asked me if I recognised the shape, which at first I did not. Then as the man started to walk away I saw that he had well defined butt muscles just like an ex-employee of ours used to have. I was about to say who it was that I thought it was, when a voice from behind our vehicle called him by name, the voice shouted out "Qusay! Qusay!" (Spelt Hussein). At which point the figure in front reacted quickly by turning towards the voice. As he did so I recognised the well-defined upper body of a bodybuilder. I then knew 100% that it was an ex-employee by the name of Qusay who was behind the mask, wearing the dark green and black uniform.

Qusay (Hussein), was a former CSG Iraqi security operator that I had personally had dismissed for theft of company property and threatening behaviour towards both Bert Nussbaumer and myself.

Jaime then proceeded to tell me that he also recognised at least three other employees or ex-employees out of the men wearing the black and green uniforms and balaclava ski masks. He pointed out which ones they were. The militiaman with the ski mask at the front left then approached the vehicle and made as if to shoot me, and then pretended to do it several more times. After he had moved away, back to his position diagonally in front of the car I noticed that there was a lot of action going on around us.

It was about this time that Jaime's mobile phone started ringing in his pocket. He was unable to reach the phone to stop the ringing or switch it off, so we just had to hope that none of the militiamen came back to the vehicle, or heard it ringing and came to investigate. Eventually it stopped ringing, and fortunately it did not ring again. When we later got around to checking the time of the phone call, the missed call had been at 1350 hrs.

The civilians in suits kept coming to the vehicle and asking us where the keys were, and then when we said we didn't know they ran off shouting at each other. There was also a heated argument going on between the masked militiamen, who kept pointing with their weapons at us in our vehicle, and the civilians who kept shaking their heads. Jaime then told me that he thought the US Army was coming, because one of them had received a phone call and now they were panicking, running around and shouting 'Am Ricky'.

Shortly after this they started to move their vehicles from the blocking positions in the road, they loaded up their three civilian vehicles and Paul Ruben's silver/grey Avalanche (with 'Glen' written on the door) with their people and they drove north. The last vehicle to go past us was the white, twin-cab 'gun truck' which was already fully loaded with militiamen. This vehicle stopped next to our vehicle and they managed to squeeze the last two men who had been guarding us into the back of the pick-up, before taking off North to join the other vehicles and head up the road, as a group, with several Al Hamada client vehicles.

When the pick-up had stopped next to our vehicle I noticed that the rear window had at least 2 bullet holes in it and the only thing that appeared to be holding it in place was the silver plastic tinting on the outside of the window.

I would estimate that there were 30-40 men in total, with 10 militiamen riding around in the pick-up 'gun truck', ten men driving away the Al Hamada client vehicles by themselves, (possibly 9 men in the client vehicles with the Al Hamada drivers), approximately 10 men with weapons on the ground and finally between 4 and 6 men in civilian attire.

From my position in the vehicle I could see in the right wing mirror that there were still figures moving around some distance behind our vehicle, but could not identify them. Jaime also looked in the mirror and said that he thought they were drivers getting out of the vehicles. Once he was sure of this I turned around so that I could see out of my right window and out of the rear of the vehicle. Seeing that the driver of the first client vehicle was still seated in his cab Jaime and I called for his assistance to release us. The driver however shook his head and looked out the windscreen again pretending not to see us.

Being unable to rip my hands free, or wriggle them loose, I managed to open the door with my hands still behind my back, and ran to my vehicle where I keep a USAF rescue knife hidden under my seat. Finding this gone, I searched all the vehicles for anything sharp with which to cut my hands free, but could find nothing. I did notice that most of the microphones for the Motorola car radios had been ripped out of the car sets, which would explain why I had received no warning from the others that something was wrong at the front of the convoy. I also noticed that all of the Satellite Tracking systems had been unplugged from the cigarette lighter sockets in every vehicle.

During my search of the vehicles I also confirmed my suspicion that Jaime and myself were the only CSG westerners remaining from the seven-man team. There was no sign of the others anywhere in the area. They had taken the other five of our team with them in the civilian vehicles and the CSG

silver/grey Avalanche that they had taken with them. Jaime and myself appeared to have been left behind because they had lost the keys to his Yukon and had no space in any of the other vehicles. The arrival of US Military Hummers, Patriots 1 & 2, had forced the militia to depart the scene before they were able to find the correct keys for each CSG vehicle.

I then ran back Jaime, who had also managed to open his door and told him the situation. The drivers in the client vehicles at the front of the convoy, were still sat in their vehicles and refused to get out, but I could see that there were other drivers towards the rear approaching on foot, and also an Al Hamada truck approaching with several people inside.

As I looked past these drivers and vehicles I could also see two more vehicles approaching on the horizon. I quickly recognised these new vehicles as the two Hummers from the US Military patrol that rolls up and down that stretch of road. I crossed the centre reservation and started to walk south towards the Hummers, but as I could not wave my arms or show my hands, I decided to turn around so that they could see my hands and wait for them to come to me.

Once they arrived at the scene, I persuaded them to cut my hands free, and explained what had happened to our convoy. I also gave details of the 5 missing CSG western personnel, with names, descriptions and nationalities. I then borrowed Jaime's phone, which still had coverage and used it to contact the CSG Operations room to inform them of the situation. Since nobody had keys for Jaime's handcuffs, and he was in considerable pain, one of the drivers eventually managed to pick one of the cuffs, so that he was able to return his hands to the front and relax his shoulders.

I found the client vehicle manifest in my Avalanche and was able to ascertain from a 'roll call' that we had not lost any PWC Tristar vehicles, but had lost a total of 19 AL Hamada trucks, and 9 of the drivers had also been taken. The drivers I had initially seen in the road were the 10 drivers that had been thrown out of their trucks when they had been taken. Most of the drivers either with or without trucks had lost all their paperwork including passports, manifests, driver's licenses and ID cards.

The US Military told me that the US QRF were on their way to the scene, and that the British QRF had also been notified. The CSG office informed me that another CSG team were on their way with spare keys for all the CSG vehicles. In due course the US Military returned the remainder of the civilian vehicle convoy to Kuwait and the British Army secured the scene until the CSG team arrived at the scene.

While we were waiting for the CSG team to cross the border myself and Jaime returned to the scene of the shooting and collected 22 AK cartridges lying on the road and the verge. There were a few cartridges on the central reservation side of the highway, but the majority were on the right side of the highway and the verge. There were also four patches of blood stains on the side of the road, near to where we had found the few separate casings, and there were two long streaks of rubber up the left side of the highway from where I had wheel spun away from the scene.

**Jaime and myself were escorted to SLB for an in-depth debrief and then flown by Lynx to Basrah Airbase for another debrief by brigade. We returned from Basrah Airbase to Kuwait via SLB with the CSG team on the 17<sup>th</sup> November.**

**End Report.**

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**Wolf 3**

**Crescent Security Group**