

W. HOCK HOCHHEIM'S

Close Quarter Combat

Tactics and Strategies for Military, Police, Law Enforcement Corrections and Citizens **MAGAZINE**

HAND
STICK
KNIFE
GUN

August / September 2001
ISSUE #8

Display until
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Tom Clancy on
Special Forces



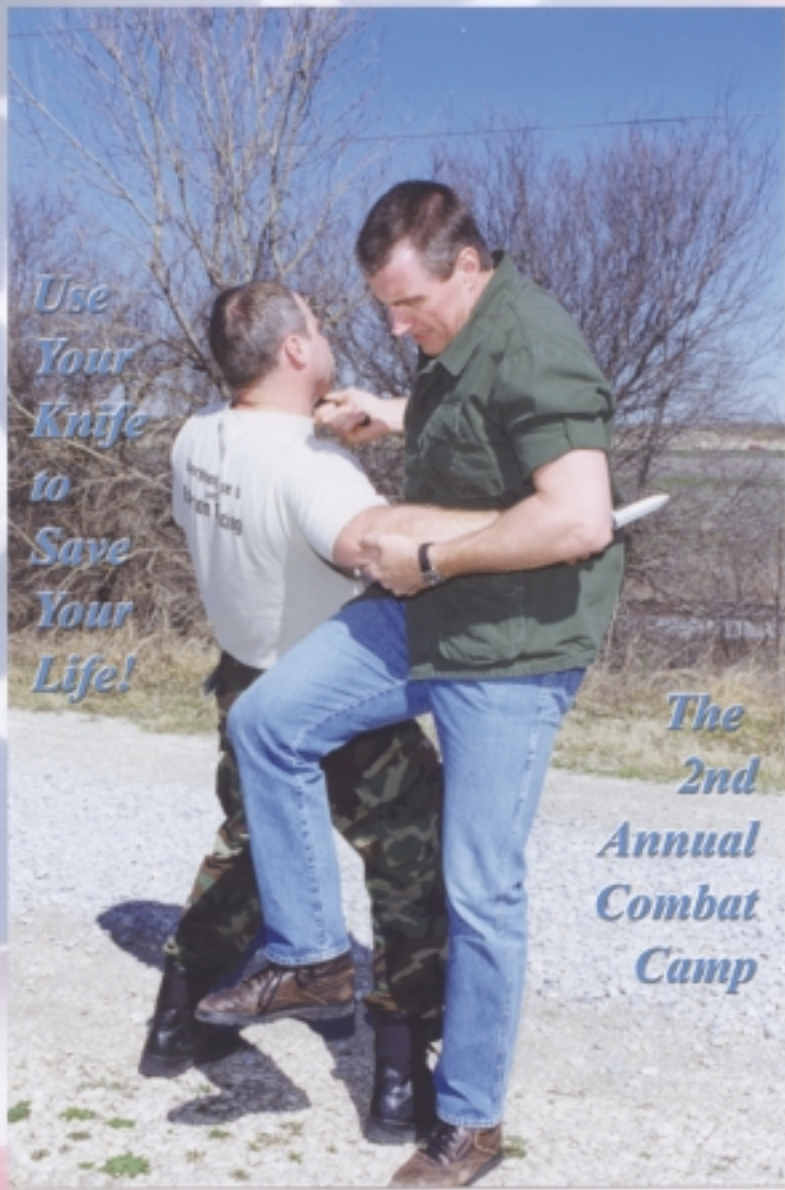
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August/September 2001

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About the Cover: Jim Mahan and Roger Lewis demonstrate the contrast between Hand-to-Hand Combat and Brazilian Ju-jitsu.

Pick Your Arena

By Publisher W. Hock Hochheim

You are walking point, the lead man in Southeast Asia, guiding your team in hostile territory. You freeze and hand signal your men to halt. One enemy soldier, just a bit ahead of his squad, is walking dead center your way, and in 10 seconds he will discover you and yours! You determine a firefight is inevitable, and your guys need as many precious seconds as possible to set up. No way you can stab him. He will see you from a distance. Do you shoot their lead man?

Did you know that in this arena, throwing a hand grenade at the lead man might be smarter? What? Waste a whole grenade on one man you ask? But when the grenade ignites, it will be the epicenter of its own explosion, drawing attention away from you and at the victim instead. His comrades will not know from where the grenade originated. If you shoot your weapon, you and yours are the source of a flash and explosion, and the enemy would see and hear you instantly, drawing immediate action fire.

Ask that question to almost anybody, and they will suggest shooting the lead soldier, nixing the grenade idea. But an expert in this arena, knows this little-known hand grenade trick. Knowing the specifics of combat in your arena maximizes your ability to survive.

What is your arena?

- Karate Tournament
- Judo Mat
- Boxing Ring
- UFC Octagon
- Brazilian Cage Fight
- Fencer's Rectangle
- Sunday Park Stick Fight
- Renaissance Fair Joust
- Jungle Warfare
- Traffic Stop
- Schoolyard
- Jail Hallway
- Mountain Warfare
- Golf Course
- Desert Warfare
- Football Field
- Basketball Court
- Urban or Rural Landscape

Would you admit training to play football is not the best way to prepare you to play baseball? Will judo really help you win a kickboxing match? Sure there are overlapping benefits. Being physically fit from any sport will help you somewhat in any additional sport. Champion Kick Boxer Joe Lewis once said, "Nothing replaces ring time." And that character building boxing and kickboxing gladiator time is important. But it won't help you stop a teenager with a machine gun walking down a school hallway.

Where will you fight? How will you fight there? You can do things in one arena that you can't do in another that will help you win. Do you have the tricks, tactics, strategies, experience and character for that arena?

One thing we do know is the word "act" is a syllable inside of char-act-er, and how we act, not just verbally but physically, in differing arenas is an after-the-fact measure. I read a business magazine article recently where the author tried to educate the reader on personal character. "What is character?" he asked and proceeded to explain, but it was on character in HIS arena. The photo was of a chubby, polished man with an air of sophistication, almost arrogance. HE, by God, knew what character was! The producer of the television show *Survivor* claims no one knows their character until they find themselves stranded in the wilds.

The small-minded often think they have great character, and then their arena changes. Does that person have it when looking down the gun barrel of a criminal's gun? Or wandering lost on a racist-ridden street after midnight? Does that person have character in a burning building? Or dropped off 10 blocks from his four star hotel in Sierra Leone. Or lost on a cold mountain range? Would the same man have the same character as an amputee in a wheel chair? Character in a boardroom is different from character in an emergency room. Is that a different arena?



I have seen much in the various martial arts, military and police training circles in the last 30 years. Much can be pretty good, and then some of it disgusts me. A big danger crops up when an expert in one arena foolishly teaches you how to think, fight and act in another arena. Each arena has its own set of rules, a format and formula for success, and they simply do not favor one another.

Each year friends and acquaintances of mine die, are crippled, or are wounded, or their careers ruined, their families scattered because they weren't properly trained. Different arenas require different skills, knowledge and the character to act within these boundaries.

Adversity and diversity build character. Then there are unique tricks, strategies and skills you must learn as well.

But first...you have to pick your arena. What is your arena?☺



Dispatches

Land-Mail Message:

In seminars you talk about the Zulus, the Spartans, the Apaches, and other warriors. In the last issue (no. 6) I saw the Marines nicknamed their rank levels with these same names. I am only familiar with Japanese history regarding fighting systems. I studied Japanese martial arts because I thought that was all there was. Is there any place to go to find out more about these other warrior cultures? —JS/CA

Reply:

We are all victims of formula, marketing and advertising agendas. I nicknamed this trend "The Martial Art Ad Vortex," and once you get caught in it, it's tough to see daylight. **The Gates of Fire** by Steven Prescott is the ultimate resource for understanding the Spartan culture. It is historical fiction, but heavily researched by a world-renowned authority. Hit the history books for Zulu and Apache information. The era of Shaka Zulu is really the best, and biographies about him provide a lot of relevant military and cultural information.

Land-Mail Message:

Will you ever do a story on underwater knife fighting techniques?

Reply:

A Marine Force Recon Captain asked me for ideas and help to devise an amphibious knife-fighting course. There's a need for such a course if only for the sake of exercise conducted ankle, knee or waist deep in training pools. I contacted some of my friends in several Naval units and SEALs and discovered their insiders believe the subject of underwater knife fighting is kind of a misnomer or joke. They think to attach themselves officially as a source for such information would harm their reputations.

Basically, the techniques are similar to those used in dry land knife fighting....only underwater. It's slower. The only tactical difference is the edged weapon may be used to

destroy air supply equipment. But I believe you should practice tactics in wet environments too. After all, our astronauts can do all kinds of space walk and repair movements on dry ground, but they must practice underwater to simulate gravity free simulation. The same principles hold true with knife fighting in aquatic conditions where you float and must perform tasks upside down at times. This unfamiliar orientation may complicate even the simplest chore.

The added element of water and potential for drowning add a new element to the land locked knife fight. Units with a high probability of water-based conflict need to explore these techniques. Smart question from you, and a smart concern for a Marine Captain (Capt. Dan Hinton) always thinking of new ways to prepare his troops to live and win.

Land-Mail Message:

How can you get away with teaching so much killing to cops? I worry that if I practice in a course like this, I, or my agency will be sued. —RS/Toronto, Canada

Reply:

I teach the whole spectrum of results from verbal tricks to fatal moves, as morally, ethically and legally needed. That includes taking a life in the defense of oneself or others. Police teach police to shoot and kill too. Gun ranges across the world teach people to shoot center mass too. What is the difference? I think people need to train in the whole spectrum of reality outcomes. I simply cannot understand and will not tolerate a world that condemns an officer for learning how to fight in order to protect himself and others.

Land-Mail Message:

Great magazine! I have one question. On page 22 and 23 of the Apr/May 2000 issue what type of knife are you using? I just got all of your back issues and really enjoy them. I would like to see tests on handguns, knives, rifles etc. —ML/Augusta, GA

Reply:

That was a training knife sold by Roy Reynolds at www.hammerheadknives.com. Regarding testing? We purposely do not do tests and reviews like that.

E-Mail Message:

Loved the June/July issue! Great cover, but you didn't mention who shot it. Don't you give credit for cover photos?—anonymous

Reply:

Glad you liked the cover. We give credit in all cases whenever we know the source. Our failure to list the source of this photo came about through a series of unfortunate instances that we truly regret. We would like to thank Jeff Randall of Adventure Training for his exceptional skill at capturing this moment on film. He's a highly respected jungle guide and survival expert, and also an excellent photographer. Friends say if you find yourself trapped in the jungle, he's the guy you want with you.

Land-Mail Message:

I don't understand, Hock. Didn't you slam John Kary's American Combatives in Black Belt Magazine, then you have their ad in your magazine. I know you are a man of integrity, so I find this confusing. —KT/MO

Reply:

Quickly on the John Kary question, I did not slam John Kary in *Black Belt* magazine. I sent in a letter adding more tactics on to a knife feature John wrote. A staff member at BB rewrote and condensed the letter in a controversial way. Both John and I have

continued on page 40

Send your email questions to **HockHock@aol.com** or land-mail to Close Quarter Combat Mag, P.O. Box 5372, Ft. Oglethorpe, GA 30742. As Fox's Bill O'Reilly would say, "keep your comments pithy."



Brazilian Ju-Jitsu vs. Military Hand-to- Hand Combat

The Realities of CQC

By SFC Roger Lewis

Imagine D-Day, WW II. Our GIs land under the heavy bombardment of Nazi fire. Our men work their way up the beach and get to the first line of the enemy. There, facing blazing gun barrels, the GIs charge into the hot fire and...tackle the enemy, wrestling them into arm bars. All the Nazis feel the stinging pressure on their arm joints. They tap the American's body to signal they give up. The Americans let go, knowing full well the Nazis spirit have been broken by this elbow pain. The Nazis stand up and march to an internment area as prisoners of war.

We know of course, this is baloney and real life would never happen this way. Fingers, even bayonets are thrust into eye sockets. Rifle butts would strike the back of the tackler's neck. Soldiers must train for more. Yet throughout the US and in some

foreign posts, a method called Brazilian Ju-jitsu (BJJ) based on ground fighting is officially taught to troops, now even to some special forces. Those of us in the military often think of ground fighting as ground troops in action, but the Brazilians have another, more dangerous definition for us.



“Are you ready for the Ju-jitsu Army?” was a headline question in the *Army Times*. Key Ft. Lewis Ranger instructors, along with other training leaders throughout the Army have settled on the Brazilian form of Ju-jitsu as the ultimate fighting system. A Ranger team has even traveled to Brazil for further instruction. “The trip was a great success and the methods took off like crazy in the 2nd Battalion,” said 75th Ranger Regiment spokesman Capt. McChristan. Some east coast Ranger Instructors are mesmerized by it. Even in courses not yet influenced by BJJ, you can watch any US Armed Forces Hand to Hand Combat training and see pockets of men and women, interrupt the course outline and drop down into wrestling matches. Many have the muscle memory of elementary, high school and college wrestlers, or are influenced by TV’s pro wrestling, or have trained in BJJ on their civilian off-duty hours.

Over the past few years, all Lieutenants going through the Infantry School at Benning, GA must receive instruction in BJJ techniques. “It is an emerging doctrine,” says SFC Matt Larsen. This blind acceptance simply infuriates and mystifies most enlightened soldiers and civilian experts who understand the true realities of real world hand-to-hand.

BJJ? What is it? Brazilian Ju-jitsu is predominantly a sport, tackle-you-down and ground fight/grappling martial art that focuses on wearing down an opponent until he/she submits by “tapping out,” a repeated patting by the loser somewhere on the winners body. The Gracie Ju-jitsu family made Brazilian Ju-jitsu famous during their popular pay per view TV events. The Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC), which started in the early ‘90’s, is a vehicle designed by BJJ for BJJ. Many Brazilian families have consolidated into a marketing vortex in a monopoly to rival that of the proliferation of Tae Kwon Do. The

karate shop window boasts submission wrestling or “Brazilian Ju-jitsu” right alongside cardio kickboxing and the usual Karate or Tae Kwon Do classes.

The BJJ basic training format:

- Tackle the opponent.
- Lock up the opponent to a point of pain where they “tap out” or surrender.
- Attempt to choke out the opponent until he surrenders and taps out.
- Some hybrid versions of competition will allow for some form of striking.

The problem is not just BJJ. It and its accompanying Ultimate Fighting TV show sparked other similar systems. No Holds Barred (NHB) events and fighting systems have evolved. These sport ring winners are small time icons among the fad-followers



SOLUTIONS

Educate a commission in common sense, and the true needs of military combatives

The Commission creates an Army-wide standard and manual for Lethal Combatives

The Commission creates an Army-wide standard and manual for Less-Than-Lethal Combatives

The Commission oversees the implementation of these standards and manuals, Army-wide

The Commission creates a Train-the-Trainers School

The Commission mandates a monthly CQC training requirement standard



with a residual impact on certain susceptible military trainers. Like BJJ, they base themselves on first tackling and then submission tactics. They too function in a ring with rules and referees.

Obviously many types of martial arts and sports serve an athletic function in militaries around the world. Special Forces in Thailand exercise with Thai Boxing. Korean soldiers use styles of Hapkido and Tae Kwon Do. Taiwan spec ops practice a style of Kung Fu. SAS box. Boxing provides a popular addition to all military training. Many exercise some version of Karate. Units often resort to their local phone book, yellow pages for martial art schools and sometimes ignorantly follow that doctrine; or a team member who practices martial arts will teach the team for a limited period of time.

Militaries also sponsor teams for wrestling, judo and kick boxing. They encourage contact games like football, soccer and rugby. All have rules and require



(Photo origin, British Military)

Like many of the militaries of the world, such as in the British Military Parachute Regiment, boxing is a character building experience.

specific knowledge; however there's a higher level of hardcore military survival combat than what any sport provides. Your common soldier understands where Judo fits in the big picture. What concerns me, as a military combat instructor is that this same common sense does not appear to exist with regard to BJJ in the civilian world, and now this mentality has crept into the military world. Key people push BJJ, and it has now reached Special Operation proportions!

Is this what we in the military really need as an emerging doctrine in close quarter combat (CQC), where there are no rules or referees? I have seen these BJJ fighting systems and know they do not prepare a soldier to fight against an enemy wearing

weapons. In combat, soldiers must wear helmets, load-bearing vests (LBV), plus body armor, in addition to carrying a rifle, bayonet, and protective mask. A soldier fully loaded with up to 86 lbs. of gear loses significant mobility. Wrestling muscle memory seeks holds, chokes and tactics that prevent the enemy from pulling fixed blades and folding knives. Pistols do not exist. Conversely, no one teaches you how to keep the enemy from taking your knife or pistol as you low crawl over the opponent seeking arm bars or chokes. The very idea that a soldier should have the primary muscle memory to first tackle and wrestle with the enemy, who themselves may wear the same heavy equipment and weaponry is simply foolish.

I have seen these BJJ techniques in practice, and they fail to encompass realistic combatives of the enemy like:

- pulling a knife with a free hand
- pulling a gun with a free hand
- tearing into or gouging eyes
- biting the enemy
- using something in the environment within reach as a edged or impact weapon



(Photo origin, Russian Military)

Russian airborne troops practice their form of "karate."

Soldiers need a program that is simple, direct, and encompasses all the areas of hand-to-hand combat. During CQC, the engagement should start first in a practical continuum with the rifle and bayonet, or pistol, then progress to the knife or stick, and finally hand-to-hand, which requires the most dexterity, ability, and experience. Many commanders will forego the H2H training and proclaim, "A whole lot must go wrong before my troops are reduced to fighting with their hands." But, even the briefest study of military history demonstrates that many things frequently do go wrong. It is imperative for soldiers to practice real world fighting, void of all sport aspects.

How do these sporty and artsy courses weave their way into military training? Naiveté and ignorance. Commanders in key positions, inexperienced and ignorant to the true needs of a survivalist are often sold a bill of goods by marketing, fads, safety and availability. One influential commander says, "...another plus [of BJJ] is that slightly built soldiers can use it to overcome much larger opponents." This is a foolish and thoughtless remark. BJJ and other submission competitions, even boxing and kickboxing have weight classes for that very reason. A bigger, muscular man will always be favored to beat a smaller man, no matter how many joint locks or tricks the smaller man knows. The smaller man needs to learn how to cheat to win.

Another reason the military favors BJJ is fewer recorded injuries. A commander may destroy his career if he



(Photo by Alan and Freida Landau)

Once grounded, some Rangers were taught first to kick and strike in ground fighting situations. Instead BJJ trains their muscle memory to execute wrestling and judo-like arm bars, joint locks and chokes.



This Ranger Instructor, in charge of a hand-to-hand combat course shows off his skills with double sticks. Smart trainers know they can borrow certain skill developing drills from martial arts to enhance coordination, strength, endurance and performance. As long as a soldier is told what drill fits where and why they are doing it, then skill development should be encouraged.

chalks up too many training injuries or deaths. Since many H2H training injuries occur to the back and wrists due to falls, commanders like the fact that most of the training sessions stay on the ground. "It's very low impact. You don't need a sawdust pit," says one Major.

Only a few of the realities of combat are addressed by new BJJ programs—one that has aspirations to affect the entire US Army if left unchecked. Is it realistic for soldiers to drop their gear, or fight with their gear and have the repetition/muscle memory to wrestle opponents into a submission? Soldiers are trained to fight and kill the enemy, not to place him in a submission hold until he taps politely or cries uncle. Close quarter combat is the most up close and personal type of fighting a soldier may experience. Numerous veterans of US involved conflicts have told of their experiences in close quarter combat and the animal ferocity of such encounters. The survival of a soldier depends

greatly upon a sound combative training program, muscle memory and mental conditioning. We need a program that will insure the soldier has the skill to defeat the enemy and instill in them a fighting spirit.

So, what is the answer? A viable solution would be to use FM 21-150 Combatives, with some modifications. FM 21-150 is still a great source of information for training in hand-to-hand combat. The techniques in the manual could be used as a base combative system. Adding the latest techniques and training methods offered by outstanding martial arts and police communities could further refine the program. The new program could be redesigned to meet the Army's current less-than-lethal and lethal missions, which would result in virtually two methods of fighting—one program for combat, and one for peacekeeping operations.

Both methods would contain similarities. The main difference would be the amount of force or lethality of techniques being used. It would include all modes of CQC, including rifle and bayonet, knife, single stick, improvised weapons, and finally empty hands. Soldiers would train with their equipment on like police officers do. It would have progressive levels of training in order to facilitate mastery at each level, enabling the soldier to progress with confidence. The US Marines have instituted a competent CQC course that has a realistic portion of ground fighting.

When it comes to combative skill, the motto "What you don't use, you lose," applies. Since most soldiers do not practice the techniques taught to them during basic training, combative training should be incorporated into every unit's weekly PT schedule in lieu of topics like basketball or volleyball.

Two sessions per week would greatly increase skill levels. This training will help soldiers improve their combative skill, and provide variety in PT. Combative training works all the major muscle groups of the body and provides an excellent addition to any PT program. The remaining weekly PT sessions would act as a conditioning element to a unit's CQC program. After all, this is the Army; and armies fight. They don't play basketball games.

Currently, the United States Army has many high ranking martial artists and CQC instructors. These soldiers train and teach on their own time. They come armed with the proper guidelines and education they could put to use in a "train-the-trainer" program to certify unit instructors. Currently, the Army does not have a reliable certification process to ensure that its NCOs know how to teach combatives and WHAT courses should contain. A mere 3-4 hours of training is not enough time for

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(Photo by Alan and Freida Landau)

Ranger courses unencumbered by wrestling throw the enemy down and stomp and punch him as their primary goal. Knee high is low enough if they are in control.

instructors to obtain an acceptable level of expertise. The effectiveness of a combative program directly reflects upon the quality of the instructor. It is an embarrassment to have our NCOs read from a manual as they instruct soldiers in hand-to-hand combat. Train-the-trainer programs should allow enough time for instructors to effectively learn the techniques, with planned follow up sessions to reinforce training.

Quotes

As quoted in FM 21-150 "Confidence, enthusiasm, and technical expertise are essential for success in teaching hand-to-hand combat." Only a realistic training program encompassing the whole spectrum of CQC will equip soldiers with a useful and valuable skill. The very fact that some units are over-teaching and over-emphasizing Brazilian ground fighting contradicts this mission and endangers lives. BJJ needs to be identified and classified as a support sport and exercise program, such as is judo and not some kind of ultimate Army CQC program.

*SFC Roger D. Lewis
C Troop 1/16 Cavalry
United States Army*

"Well, you know, it's great exercise. I think most of the Ranger instructors teaching it really know that is all you get from it-exercise. But come on, I can't fight in a war like this. It reminds me of wrestling in high school! Where's the dirty tricks of war. I need to kill the enemy quick and move on, not spend time in a one-on-one conflict. Or in

places like the Gulf or the Balkans, I need to hog-tie them with cuffs or cables.

*Name withheld,
Ranger, Ft Lewis, WA*

"They (BJJ) like to say that almost all fights go to the ground. They tell me all kinds of statistics. One BJJ exponent says 90 percent. One BJJ exponent says 95. Another says ALL fights go to the ground. Sure you might fall. Sure if you knock the guy out, he'll fall. But it is a soldier's job to stay up. If you train in BJJ, it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, and all fights go to the ground. The need to know how to ground fight does not equate to needing to know how to fight like a Brazilian wrestler! There are smarter ways to ground fight."

*Williams Reynolds,
Former Army*

"First off, Brazilian Ju-jitsu doesn't offer a realistic way to handle the hand-to-hand fight. It addresses only a very small portion of the fight and doesn't offer a sensible solution. It is true that we are likely to find ourselves on the ground, but we shouldn't spend our time wrestling around trying to get a submission on our enemy. The only time this might be an option would be in a peace-keeping environment with your fire team providing security for you. Other wise, you are going to end up being shot or stabbed while you are applying that arm bar or choke. Who wins the hand-to-hand fight? The guy whose buddy shows up with a gun."

Second, there is a limited scope of technique that is addressed. It is great to show how to do an arm bar or a simple rear choke, but striking, using weapons, and breaking away from an enemy need to be addressed as well. Also, having only one or two ways to take a guy to the ground is limiting. If ideal conditions aren't met, you aren't going to be able to cause a takedown, and then you are playing a game that you are going to lose."

*Christopher Clifton,
Former US Army Airborne*

"One workout we wore our helmets. It was really different. The BJJ course called for my training partner to mount my midsection. He had a chance to drop his knees into my chest and face instead, which would have busted up my ribs or knocked me out, but we were following the course material. He got on top of me. I tried to stop him with my legs, and it

took time. Really, I finally let him because the program called for him to get on top. When he did he reared back to punch me. I crunched up just to reflexively protect myself, and he punched the front and top part of my helmet, which hurt his hand. He was pulling the punch, but he didn't calculate for the helmet. We thought-BJJ guys don't know about helmets do they?"

*Phillip Fundone,
US Army*

"...The Army only intends the BJJ method to be taught alongside other combatives."

*Major Douglas Flohr,
US Army*

"Expert boxers and wrestlers will already be far along the road to proficiency in personal combat. The use of boxing, wrestling and other body-contact sports in training and conditioning programs will add materially to the student's progress and will speed up his development as an aggressive fighter. The terms judo and ju-jitsu are very synonymous. The danger of overrating 'judo' as an effective means of combat lies not only in the aura of mystery that has been allowed to surround it, but also in the over-emphasis placed on it as an effective means of hand-to-hand combat training."

*Colonel Rex Applegate,
US Army (ret.)*

Author and commander of one of the most recognized US Army CQC schools in its history.☺



(Photo by Alan and Freida Landau)

SFC Jim Mahan and author SFC Roger Lewis. Both teach hardcore martial arts in Fort Knox, KY. For more information, visit www.teamquest.org.

Dick Meadows: *The Eternal Warrior*

By Tom Clancy

Who is the all-time greatest Special Forces soldier?

Trying to choose the best is like choosing the all-time most beautiful woman. The vast number and variety of top contenders makes the choice hopeless. And yet, mention one name among SF soldiers and you're sure to get a warm smile and a gentle nodding of heads—Major Richard “Dick” Meadows. Dick Meadows is the quintessential Special Forces soldier, seemingly sprung directly from the brow of the god of Special Forces.

Dick Meadows came to the Army early, enlisting at age 15, and soon became the youngest master sergeant in the Army. In 1953, he joined the 10th SFG. Though he would eventually serve in groups around the world (including an exchange tour with the elite British Special Air Service), it was in Southeast Asia that Meadows performed the exploits that would make his name legendary.

Eventually Meadows would serve three tours with the 5th SFG in Vietnam. He was, for example, a member of Simon's White Star team. As one of Simon's patrol leaders, he led native Meo warriors against the Pathet Lao. His skills as a jungle fighter and patrol leader so impressed the leadership in Saigon that he was given a field commission to captain personally by General William Westmoreland, the first such commission of the war for an enlisted man.

But it was the Son Tay raid that took him into the history books. It was Meadows

who conceived the idea of intentionally crashing a helicopter loaded with SF raiders into the prison compound courtyard (he'd correctly judged that that was the quickest way to insert them), and he personally led the team. During the mission, when it became obvious that the camp was empty, he got his team back to the main raiding force helicopters. Every man came home safely.

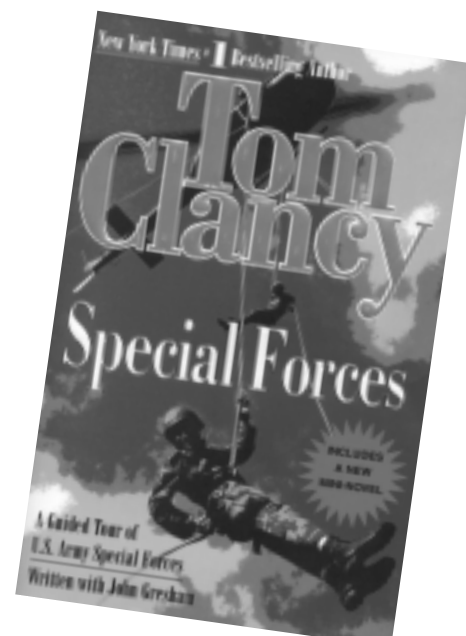
In the years following Vietnam, Dick Meadows spent his remaining time in the Army as an instructor.

In theory, he retired in 1977 after 30 years of service. In actuality, even though his official connection with the U.S. Army ended, he just kept on being a soldier.

Thus in the late 1970s, Colonel Chargin' Charlie Beckwith hired him as a training for the Delta Force. Shortly after that, in 1980, the CIA realized there were no on-the-ground personnel to support the Iranian hostage rescue mission. Meadows was therefore tapped to go to Tehran to do the job.

Given cover as an Irish businessman, he personally reconnoitered the Embassy complex, recruited and trained support operatives, bought and prepared trucks and other transportation assets, and made ready for Beckwith's and the Delta Force's arrival.

And then when the rescue mission at Desert One was aborted (and in chaos), he was left hanging. The CIA had somehow neglected to let him know that the rescue force had been recalled (he read about it in



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the Iranian press), and had left him in Tehran on his own.

Not to worry. He conducted his own escape and evasion, and made it safely home yet again.

During the 1980s, Meadows continued to train counterterrorist professionals throughout the world, and would still be at it but for the single battle he lost. In 1995, he was struck down by leukemia, which was discovered less than two months before he died.

Dick Meadows died amid a flood of citations, accolades, decorations, and medals. Whatever decoration it was possible to get, he got ... except the Medal of Honor. (Though as one close friend remarked, “If the record of his classified missions is ever made public, he'll get that one, too!”)

Today three reminders of Dick Meadows enduringly remain in the Special Forces: his son Mark, now an Army Ranger officer, a bronze statue in the courtyard of USASOC headquarters; and finally a special SOCOM award, in his name, given each year to an outstanding young professional officer in the command.

For all this, I proudly nominate Dick Meadows as the Special Forces eternal warrior. Meadows represents everything that is good, smart, and professional about this unique breed of men. I somehow feel that most SF professionals will drink to this without too much dissent. ☺

Tom Clancy's Special Forces *earned him the title of #1 Bestselling Author by the New York Times. His many novels include The Hunt for Red October, Red Storm Rising and Patriot Games to name a few.*



“Much of Meadows’ reputation came from his ability to capture prisoners. He held SOG’s record—thirteen POWs snatched from behind enemy lines. Despite his great emphasis on planning, Meadows could act with boldness when needed. He once had RT Iowa hidden beside a trail when five NVA strolled up and stopped right there for lunch. Meadows emerged and announced, “You are now POWs.” Three of the NVA started for their Aks, and Meadows shot all three dead, instantly. The other two proved compliant.”

**Major John Plaster,
USA (Ret.)**

Meadows joined the Army in 1947 at 15 years of age. He served in Korea where he was promoted to master sergeant at age 20. He volunteered for Special Forces in 1953, served several tours in Southeast Asia and received a direct commission to the rank of captain in 1967.

He retired from the Army in 1977, but stayed active in US operations. As a civilian, he secretly entered Tehran, Iran, in 1980 to assist the aborted Desert One rescue mission of US embassy personnel held hostage by the Iranians.

“Dick Meadows exploits spanned more than three decades and included the best known and most well-defined missions of US Special Operations,” says Gen. Henry H. Shelton, commanding general, US Special Operations Command. “His biography reads like a movie script, except I would describe it as a documentary, because the words and deeds are true.

“These words describe Dick Meadows—patriot, hero, leader, a man of absolute honor and integrity, a man who again and again risked his own life to save his comrades in combat,” Perot says. “In war he was a man of absolutely cold, rolled steel, but in his personal life, he was a loving committed husband and an adoring father.”



Meadows’ statue is due to the effort of Texas businessman H. Ross Perot, a long-time supporter of Special Operations. Perot paid for the \$160,000 monument.

The Pommel Strike!

The Science of Knife Pommelry

By W. Hock Hochheim

“Strike out!” declared Captain Ben Mangels, as he shoved his K-bar knife pommel forward against a kicking shield. “The pommel strike is an important part of the knife fight!”

It was 1989 in McKinney, Texas. Today McKinney now thrives as a suburb of Dallas, but back then it felt more like a sleepy, small country town. McKinney and Collin County PD officers had stumbled upon this gold mine of info living just down the interstate from where they worked, one Ben Mangels a quiet photographer, who taught a little martial arts to a small, select group.

And a gold mine he was! Retired Combat Veteran from the South African Military, Capt. Mangels taught close quarter battle for more than 40 years. Adorned with black belts in six different systems, he pioneered many African commando-training courses before he retired to Dallas, Texas. Mention the Captain’s name to commando insiders and they’ll tell you he ranked as one of the few caretakers of English and African continent CQB—a virtual eastern hemisphere Rex Applegate. Mangels had seen much combat in that hotbed nation from wars and the quasi-military/police duties of his job.

I happened upon this multi-day knife combat seminar flier when one of my police friends, a highly skilled SWAT officer and karate buddy said, “Boy, ya’ll gotta go to this.” His endorsement was all I needed. We covered many aspects of knife combat, all quite unique to typical martial arts knife work, even the blade-heavy Filipino systems.

At first, all this pommel striking confused me. I held a good sharp knife in my hand. That very hand had a whole lot of Filipino knife material coursing through its veins. I also appreciated the reverse grip as much as the next guy, but spending time on pommel striking seemed a bit unusual at first. Later, it opened up many new avenues in reality and increased my understanding

of lethal and less-than-lethal combat that martial arts never touched. I began more research and study into pommelry, all of which I offer for you to study here.

First off, striking with the pommel of a stick, sword or dagger is far from a new idea. You find examples throughout history. You find many pommels of the world’s edged weaponry are designed to inflict injury from a variety of sharpened or rounded edges. Some knives sport designs specifically to fight only with a reverse or ice pick grip, and the customized pommel come as part of the attack package.

How the knife strikes

Each anatomical part of the knife has a use.

Use the:

- blade edge to slash
- blade tip to stab
- flat side of the blade to slap and push
- guard/hilt to rip
- pommel to punch

How it strikes in your hand

This works two ways either with a reverse grip-blade sticking out of the bottom of the hand, or a saber grip-blade sticking out of the top of the hand. How you attack will depend on opportune targets.

Straight Thrusts – pommel punched directly in toward its target

Hooking Thrusts – pommel hooks in like a hook punch at its target

How you apply it

The pommel strike, in and of itself, is a less-than-lethal application used for that purpose, or as a transition to lethal applications.

For example:

When you take prisoners

In all out combat with enemy soldiers and criminals, sometimes we take them prisoner, and sometimes we kill them. The pommel can strike areas of the body that incapacitate. In this regard, it constitutes a fantastic tool for the law enforcement agent or soldier down to the knife, or selecting the knife as mission-needed. Every edged weapon action you take, as with all action, is based upon the circumstances of the moment and your legal, moral and ethical standards to apply the right use of force.

Quick draw pommel applications

Fixed Blade—When you must quickly draw your fixed blade knife, you may frequently access it in a reverse grip and at times you may not have a split second to bring the blade into the fight. The pommel may stun first, then you work the blade in.

Tactical Folder—When you must quickly draw your tactical folder, you may find it difficult to open the blade under attack. The top or bottom side pommels may be used to strike first or as needed.



In the heat of combat, you may be unable to open your tactical folder until you’ve been under attack for several seconds.



1



2



3



4



5

Here Tom Barnhart shows the steps of the quick draw stun and then a follow-up slash with a training partner.

Use pommel strikes to avoid stabbing yourself!

We have a series of training drills that fit under a scenario category I call Bear Traps—when the opponent seizes you and then attacks, whether he is armed or unarmed. One foolish move commonly taught against the choke is to stab at the arm wrapped around you. In the stumbling, jerky chaos of combat, one slight movement, and you may miss his arm and plunge your own knife into your own neck or body! People who teach this move just don't think the process through, or have never really been roughed up or choked for real. Pommel strikes to that arm or hand instead are just one alternative. I suggest multiple stabs to the enemy's thigh on the same body side of his choking arm. Hopefully that will cause the attacker to release his choke and try to capture your arm to stop the jackhammer stabbing. Prepare to switch hands at the moment of capture and fight on from there. A common sense rule of CQC is to virtually never direct your blade's energy back in the direction of your own body! Certainly not your throat! This provides the subject matter for another article entirely.

Other applications

When you have a closed tactical folder, as most everyone carries in some fashion these days, you have two pommels. In sudden conflict you may not have the opportunity or the time to open your folder and may need to improvise by using it like a martial arts palm-stick. Or you may choose to fight with it closed to render a non-lethal outcome.



The knife with two pommels! The closed tactical folder.



A closed folder strike to the eye and cheek area may cause more stunning diminishment than one can imagine.



A forceful closed folder strike to the neck in mid-fight may also aid your cause.



In the middle or close quarter fighting you may find a quick strike with your pommel, be it a fixed blade or opened tactical folder, as in this photo with a pommel strike to the groin. The fight continues.

Pommelry command and mastery

To better prepare the practitioner for muscle memory command and mastery of the pommel strike, I developed the following 10 angle strike drill I use in my Knife/Counter-Knife Combatives Course. You may exercise three ways in three mandatory platforms.

Strike Series 1) from saber grip

Strike Series 2) from reverse grip

Strike Series 3) Closed tactical folder striking with the topside pommel (a saber grip application)

Strike Series 4) Closed tactical folder striking with the bottom-side pommel (a reverse grip application)

Remember the targets are not always the same. They only provide quick reference points for training. As you execute the movements, you open your body's muscle memory to the variety of practical applications from different heights.

Mandatory Platform 1) from standing (series right-hand, series left-handed)

Mandatory Platform 2) from kneeling (series right-handed, series left-handed)

Mandatory Platform 3) from ground (both hands, on back and on sides)

The 10 angle pommel assault drill

As expressed here, stand and kneel with a right handed, reverse grip, against a cooperative model for demonstration purposes only.

Angle 1: high right hook

Angle 2: high left hook

Angle 3: medium height right hook

Angle 4: medium height left hook

Angle 5: low right hook

Angle 6: low left hook

Angle 7: groin strike

Angle 8: downward strike

Angle 9: high thrust targeting face to about solar plexus

Angle 10: lower thrust, targeting the solar plexus on down to lower stomach



Angle 1



Angle 2



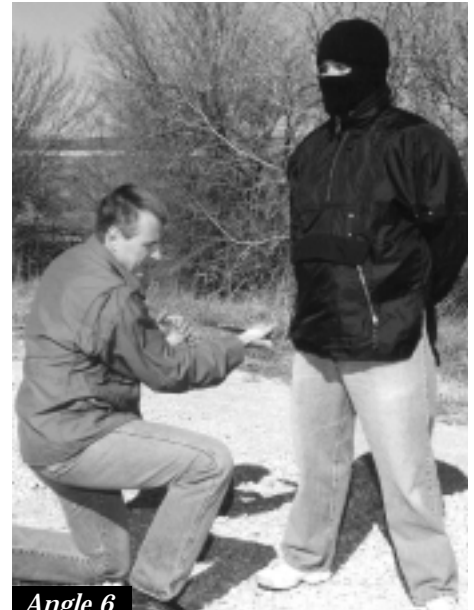
Angle 3



Angle 4



Angle 5



Angle 6



Angle 7



Angle 8



Angle 9



Angle 10

Where in the World is Captain Mangels?

Years ago, I attended many of the Captain's seminars on a variety of subjects and tried a hand at small and private lessons. While the group classes were very modern and combative, his small sessions were very karate-like and rank testing included classical movements and katas, all things I had been doing at that point for many years and was trying to cleave myself away from. And where is the Captain now? We heard the Texas summer heat got to him in the early-to-mid 1990's, and he quietly moved. We tracked him up to the north-west somewhere, maybe Washington State, again living quietly. We hope he is alive and well, and inspiring others as he did me. It is therefore my mission to inspire you. ☪



Denzel Washington

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Police Blotter

Children Killed in Tokyo

A man wielding a six-inch knife forced his way into an elementary school in western Japan and used the knife to stab at least 26 children and teachers, killing four students, say fire department officials. Two children died immediately and two more died at hospitals soon after, says Tetsuo Higashimoto, a fire department spokesman. The stabbings occurred at recess early in the day at an elementary school in Osaka, Japan.

Police arrested the attacker, Mamoru Takuma, a 37-year-old man at the scene and later took him to the hospital for treatment for injuries he sustained during the attack.

The school's principal, Hisao Yoshiuchi says details of the attack remain uncertain. He feels there may have been more than one attacker, but so far no proof has surfaced. Nearly 700 children attend the school.

This incident is not the first of its kind in recent history. In December of 1999, a 7-year-old boy was fatally stabbed as he play in a schoolyard also in western Japan. In August 2000, a teenager was arrested for stabbing to death three members of a neighbor's family.

Deaths

Officers are often the first to respond to scenes of death. In 1999, (it always takes too long to amass these stats) on the average 17 workers died every day on their jobs according the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Highway crashes killed one-quarter of the 6,023 workers. Falls kill 171. Getting murdered while working ranked third, with 645 deaths. 260 of these murders were cashiers and 41 were police officers.

No Rallying Point

The militia movement, long under scrutiny by task forces in the FBI, DEA and CIA in the United States seems to be declining according to watchdog groups and law enforcement units. Butch Razey a farmer who commands the 419th Yakima County Militia, blames the slump on a lack of "Y2K's or anything like that." With Bill Clinton and Janet Reno gone, the movement lost two of its favorite enemies. Many have been sent home with orders to prepared.

Smack Down High Schoolers

Kids who watch wrestling on TV are more likely to engage in risky and violent behavior, like using drugs, fighting and even packing a gun. A study of high school kids show that while fewer teen girls than boys watch it, those who do are twice as likely as a male to hit and otherwise pick a fight with their dates.

Drinking

Close to half of all fatal traffic crashes involve alcohol, and three in five Americans will be involved in an alcohol-related crash at some point in their lives.

CDC Reports

A black male is more than 18 times more likely to be murdered than is a white male. Between the ages of 15 and 30, violence is the single leading cause of death for black men.



Shoot a Rope/Cut a Rope

Sgt. Ellis Willis, 22 year vet of the Dayton, Ohio Police Department asks his snipers "what will sever a rope faster, a bullet or a knife?" Most, Ellis reports, will bet on the bullet. Then he hangs about 300 pounds of gym weights on a piece of rappel rope at his range. He marks a spot on the rope and tells his men to fire away. He makes it interesting by betting that they cannot sever the rope in 10 or fewer shots, and he lets them get fairly close! He then gets a comfortable chair, a pad and pen and starts counting, hoping that they don't shoot up the monthly ammo ration! It's not that they miss! It may take dozens of hits before .223 or .308 rounds will cut the rope. (Of course, a 12- gauge slug will cut it with one round.) Finally, after shooting the rope, he rigs another and opens up a pocketknife. He presses, not even saws the knife against the rope. A loaded down half-inch rappel cuts on slight impact. Ellis tells everyone, "Never, ever allow horseplay around a rope with a sharp object. Always pad any sharp-edged surface that may contact your rope." Words to the wise as you are rappelling down the side of a building, or a sniper thinking you can shoot the rope of a criminal or enemy rappelling.

Gone in 60 Seconds

Here are the top cities for stolen cars in order: Phoenix, AZ; Miami, FL; Detroit, MI; Jersey City, NJ; Tacoma, WA; Las Vegas, NV; Fresno, CA; Seattle metro, WA; Jackson, MS; Flint, MI. Of the 1.1 million cars stolen every year, more than 30 percent are never recovered. Newer models are likely shipped abroad in an estimated 200,000 a year. Auto theft is the nations top property crime, with a car stolen every 25 seconds.

Gone in Over 0.08

Twenty-one states and the District of Columbia now have a 0.08 BAC-blood alcohol standard. The others have a 0.10 standard. 0.08 is equivalent of a 170 lb. man downing four drinks in an hour on an empty stomach.

Quotes

“But I never fell out of love. Every time I see a movie in which people are doing coke, I want it. I can still taste it in the back of my throat and I still love the taste. You don’t get over drugs; you don’t ever fall out of love. You just—somehow—tell yourself every morning that you can go through the day, that night, without the one lover who took away your fear.”

Patti Davis,
daughter of President Reagan

“Among our darker qualities, murder has now been documented in innumerable animal species, genocide in wolves and chimps, rape in ducks and orangutans, and organized warfare and slave raid in ants.”

Jared Diamond ☺

SPECIAL SQUAD ROOM TRAINING

Shotgun Retention



The criminal grabs your long gun. You grab tight, step back and pull to resist his takeaway and possibly jerk him off balance.



You lift the “outside” end of your weapon high and then row violently forward, breaking the grip. Hammer this down. Sometimes your forearm helps by hammering down on his forearm.



Finish this threat as appropriate.

Police Groundfighting

By Mike Gillette

In the world of police tactics, the only absolute is that there are no absolutes. The myriad of situations faced by law enforcement officers dictates the need for many different tools to accomplish their job. Any sort of one-size-fits-all tactical doctrine is both ineffective and dangerous.

In the early '90s, the popularity of mixed martial arts events showcased the effectiveness of submission grappling techniques. These techniques were not well known outside certain circles, and they created a minor sensation in the martial arts world. Within the context of sport fighting, the grappling arts took on a significant mystique.

In the law enforcement community, this grappling boom led to a number of police ground fighting courses. Many of these training courses were comprised only of grappling maneuvers and the only thing police-oriented about them was their marketing approach. The good news was that ground fighting began to find its way into curriculums where it had previously been absent. The bad news was that some trainers bought into the premise that grappling would provide the answer for every tactical problem.

These tactical debates are not new in the world of law enforcement training. Judo Coach and Combatives Expert Mark Tripp of Detroit, Michigan provides some historical context to these arguments.

"In 1886 the Tokyo Police Academy questioned which martial art should they should teach their officers," says Tripp. "This led to a famous contest between Kodokan Judo and every other ju-jitsu style of Japan. There were 15 contestants in all, but Judo won that day. It won because it used modern, up-to-date training methods that were not clouded by tradition. The ju-jitsu schools still used kata and one-steps to train people while judo added the con-

cepts of randori and shiai. This allowed techniques to be practiced and mastered against live, resisting opponents. However, to ignore today's modern training methods and to be clouded by the traditions of Judo would be just as foolish as the ju-jitsu people of 1886."

Tripp also points out that Brazilian Ju-jitsu is actually a form of Kodokan Judo. "The people who originally brought the art to Brazil were all judo masters," Tripp says.

I recently discussed the role of grappling and ground fighting with Christopher Smaby, a use of force instructor for the Linn County Sheriff's Office. Smaby is a 6th Dan in the Japanese Karate Association with additional training in Japanese grappling arts and pressure point techniques. He had this to say on the subject.

"Law enforcement skills in ground fighting have not been actively addressed until the past few years," says Smaby. "Now the importance of controlling a subject on the ground is part of every complete defensive tactics and close quarter combat course."

Smaby also addressed the role of grappling with an assailant. "The weaknesses of the human body do not change just because you are on the ground. In the heat of conflict, many officers forget they can still strike and cause body shock while on the ground and attack vital targets that will enable them to subdue an aggressive subject. A complete defensive tactics system will utilize all striking actions in order to gain control of a combative subject."

On the subject of being on the ground as a matter of preference, Smaby says, "officers on the ground should try to get back on their feet to a position of advantage as soon as possible. But when on the ground and fighting for your life, anything goes that will give you the advantage. Knees, elbows,

head strikes, biting, anything to save your life. You do what you have to do to survive."



Hit the Deck

Break Falls: Traditional martial arts fall techniques may prove dangerous if performed under street conditions. Absorbing impact with your back and slapping the pavement may cause injuries.

Tuck and Roll: With your chin down and your shoulders rounded, try to spread



“Law enforcement skills in ground fighting have not been actively addressed until the past few years.”

the impact across your body. Think about how a paratrooper lands when he hits the ground. Avoid placing large equipment items on the back area of your belt to reduce injuries when falling. You may expect to take some blows as soon as you hit the deck. With this in mind, keep your hands up to protect your head.

Groundfighting Positions

Side Position: By adopting this position you essentially sacrifice one arm and one leg to strike with. The advantage of the side position is that it protects the firearm by blocking it with your body. The disadvantage is that it also restricts your own access to the firearm.

Back Position: Resting on your back allows you to use both arms and both legs for defensive purposes. It also allows access to firearm and radio. To draw your weapon from this position, you will have to rock toward your offside. The majority of security holsters require a rearward draw, and rocking to the side will create enough space to clear the holster. Returning to the Back Position provides a fairly stable platform with the arm resting upon the torso.

Modifying a BJJ Technique

Many grappling techniques may be modified for serious street use. In this example, the Knee on Stomach Control Position is updated for use in a handcuffing scenario. The felony suspect is prone on the ground and receives commands from the cover officer. The contact officer moves in at an angle and assumes a Knee on Back Control Position. From this balanced position, the officer starts to secure the suspect. After the first cuff is affixed, the officer reverses his position by throwing out his opposite leg and coming to rest on his other knee. He then completes his handcuffing sequence.





Clinch Engagement to a Takedown

This example depicts a grappling scenario that started from a standing position. I initiate the takedown by throwing a knee strike to stun and off-balance the assailant. I control the assailant's head by first pulling it towards my chest and then pushing straight down. To reduce injuries, I control the head all the way down. Finish by stabilizing the suspect on the ground.



Emergencies

In this traffic stop scenario, the offender knocks the officer to the ground and kicks him several times. Using his patrol vehicle as temporary cover, the officer rolls underneath so he may access his radio and call for backup. ☒



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Police Report

I the undersigned **Richard Wells** before answering any questions or making any statements, **Detective Hochheim** and **Detective Wawro** a person who identified himself as a **Police Detective** duly warned and advised me, and I know and understand that I have the following rights: That I have the right to remain silent, and I do not have to answer any questions or make any statements at all; that any statement I make can and will be used against me in a trial or trials in a court of courts of law for the offense or offenses concerning which the following statement is hereinafter made: That I have the right to consult with a lawyer of my own choice before or at any time during any questioning or statements I make; that if I cannot afford to hire a lawyer, I may request and have a lawyer appointed for me by the proper authority before or at anytime during any questioning or statements that I make, without cost or expense to me; that I can stop answering any questions or make any statements at anytime that I choose, and call for the presence of a lawyer to advise me before continuing any more questioning or making any more statements, whether or not I have already answered some questions or made some statements.

True Cop Stories

An Anatomy of a Murder

By *W. Hock Hochheim*

In my career as a detective I worked felonies that actually involved ninja-influenced suspects. What follows constitutes a statement I collected from an accomplice to a murder. Later Detectives Wawro and Parkey and myself ran the ninja hit man down, and I cornered him in a house and arrested him. Here now is an anatomy of a murder.

I do not want to talk to a lawyer, and I hereby knowingly and purposely waive my right to remain silent, and my right to have a lawyer present while I make the following statement to the aforesaid person, knowing that I have the right and privilege to terminate any interview at anytime hereafter and have a lawyer present with me before answering any more questions or making any more statements, if I choose to do so.

I declare that the following voluntary statement is made of my own free will without promise of hope or reward, without fear or threat of physical harm, without coercion or being forced to do so, without favor or offer of favor, without leniency or offer of leniency, by any person or persons whomsoever.

Wells: I am under arrest for the murder of Bob Rush and I wish to co-operate with the police and tell what exactly happened. I did not shot Bob Rush. Jesse Shepard did.

It all started the night before the murder. Shepard drove up to me on Lakey Street and asked me if I knew where Rush lived. Shepard was mad, and he wanted to find Tiger and get some kind of revenge over Sam Dillion's house having been shot up by Tiger and his gang. I got in Shepard's car. It was a blue Honda. In the car was me, Shepard, Digger, Stringer, Slick and Johnson. Digger told Shepard that the Tiger gang had shot at her too, just the other night at the Phoenix (a local hotel).

Then there was this Whataburger shooting thing. These people have been shooting at each other for some time. At one point after we dropped Digger off at the

Phoenix, we saw Rush drive by in his white Cougar. Slick said, "that's him, he's with Tiger and them." Shepard tried to follow Rush, but by the time Shepard turned around, Rush was already gone. He next drove to Digger's house and got into a white rental car, a Tempo. In the white car and the blue car we took a ride to Gainesville, along with Shepard's girlfriend, Gay.

After we dropped Gay off, Shepard came out of the apartment with two suitcases. Up under his arm was a shotgun. Then Slick and me drove back to Denton in the blue car. Shepard, Stringer and Johnson drove back in the white Tempo rental car. We met up on Moore Street at Digger's house. Shepard went inside and changed. He came out in a black ninja suit. I remembered Digger talking about a Sandy who had driven a car in the Dillon house drive-by shooting. Then Shepard came out and said that everything was going to be taken care of.

We got in the blue car, just Shepard and me, looking for these guys. We were looking for Sandy to find out where Tiger lived to "get in to it." To fight. Because Shepard's nephew's baby could have been killed in the Dillon street drive by shooting. Shepard had a .380 pistol, chrome with brown pistol grips. The suitcase was in the back seat. We finally gave up on trying to find Sandy; we drove back to Digger's house.

I knew where Rush lived, so we decided to go over there and talk him into telling us where Tiger lived. Shepard wore a black ninja outfit with the split between the toes. He wore gloves. He also had one of those wrap-around black masks like a ninja. Shepard said, "If you shoot any of these bullets, don't leave fingerprints." And he passed out gloves, showing us how to use and load the guns without leaving prints.

Shepard passed a .380 to me, black with a pink handle. He passed Slick a chrome .380, the one with the brown handles. He passed Stringer another .380. Johnson did not get a gun. Shepard kept for himself a .357 revolver, black. He gave us some hospital masks to wear. I didn't wear mine. Later Slick did wear his.

In two cars, the Tempo and the Honda, we all drove out to the Country View Mobile Home Park. Johnson was in the Tempo with Shepard. Me, Stringer and Slick went in the Honda. Slick drove that. We parked at A-1 Print. I got in the Tempo with Shepard, and we drove through the park looking for which mobile home Bob Rush lived in. We saw his car. I showed Shepard where it was. After that we drove back to the A-1 Print Shop. Shepard wanted to "soft probe" the house next.

Shepard, Stringer and Johnson walked back and looked around the house. When they came back, they said they looked the place over. Slick said that Stringer was too old to go back because he was too old to run if Rush decided to run off when we got him. Then I replaced him. Me, Shepard and Slick walked back to the mobile home. Stringer and Johnson stayed by the cars. Shepard instructed them to leave one of the hoods up to make it look like a breakdown.

We walked up to the trailer. Slick was giving me hand signals about the progress of Shepard, that he was making it through and into the trailer. Next, five maybe six minutes later, I saw that Shepard came out with Rush. Shepard was on the right hand side of Rush. Shepard's left hand was around Rush's neck and Shepard had his handgun in Rush's side. Rush was squirming. Since I was near Rush's car, Shepard and Rush approached me, and we now with Slick started walking Shepard toward the field. Rush mentioned something about where Tiger lives. Rush said he would take us to where he lived. There was a shortcut to get to our cars through a fence. It was a barbed wire fence. Slick and Shepard crossed the fence first, then me. Then Shepard wanted Rush to cross it.

That's when Rush broke and ran. I saw Shepard point and fire at Rush. I heard Rush cry, "Oh shit." He fell on the first shot. Slick and I ran off. But I turned back to see Shepard pointing his gun in the direction of the ground and shooting the gun. Then as we ran, Shepard caught up with us. We got back in the cars and drove back to Slick's house on Moore.

At the house we all talked about them. Trish Ryan woke up from another room and

she walked in. We wouldn't let her know the details. At one point Shepard cleaned up the .357 revolver outside under the carport. He put the empty casings into a rubber hospital glove. Shepard told us not to say anything about this to no one. I went home about 30 minutes later.

The next day, Shepard came by my apartment. He said he was leaving for Dallas. He said he and this Trish Ryan got into a talk about this and all he told Trish was that he had gotten' into it with someone.

Detective Hochheim: Did you think at anytime that Shepard was going to kill Bob Rush over this Tiger shooting at the Dillon house?

Wells: I did not think we were going to shoot or kill Bob Rush. The purpose was to get Rush to tell where Tiger lived.

I have completed the 11th grade, can read and write and understand this statement to be true and I have said this to Hochheim and Wawro, and Hochheim has typed them down, line by line. I understand my rights. They have been explained to me.☺



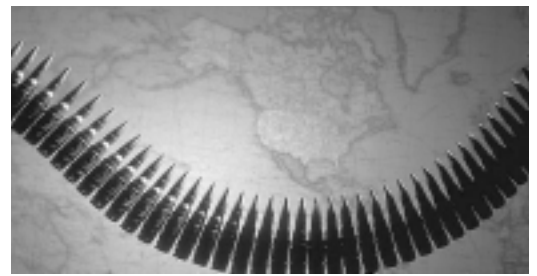
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World Watch



Who Has the Bomb

The United States has 7,200 deployed (positioned and ready) warheads. Europe Britain and France together have more than 600 warheads. Russia has 6,400 deployed warheads.

China has about 300 warheads tucked into the mountains of Central China, about 20 missiles capable of reaching the US. Israel is rumored to have a couple of hundred nuclear weapons. India is believed to have 50 warheads. Pakistan is believed to have 25 warheads. North Korea, Iraq and Iran are believed to be on the brink of nuclear power.

Red Cross Butchered in Congo

April 2001, attackers with guns and machetes shot and slashed to death six Red Cross workers on a remote road in eastern Congo, reported to be the worst attack on the Red Cross in five years. The workers from Switzerland and Colombia, were unarmed and untrained.



New On the New and Old Fronts

Existing mine detectors are little more than metal detectors. But modern antipersonnel mines now contain only a fraction of metal. A new system acquired and tested by the US Army combines a metal detector with ground penetrating radar. Inside, a computer evaluates the messages and decides if the buried object is a mine. CyTerra Corp of Waltham, MA designed the unit.

Oil Futures

About four-fifths of the world's petroleum reserves lie in politically unstable or contested areas.

Taliban Watch: The Badge of the Minorities

Afghanistan's ruling religious fanatic group Taliban declared late last May that all non-Taliban religions must wear some distinct clothing or a badge. The last time we saw this was in Nazi Germany.

China Outlines Future Wars

In the new Chinese book *Unrestricted Warfare*, written by two People's Liberation Army Colonels, Qiao Liang and Wang Xiangsui, the authors declare the Gulf War was supposed to be the last hurrah for the old style American warrior. The age of technological integration and globalization has realigned the relationship of weapons to war. Does a single computer hacker attack count as a hostile act? Can using financial instruments to destroy a country's economy equate battle? Did CNN's broadcast of an exposed corpse of a US soldier in the streets of Mogadishu shake the determination of the Americans to act as the world's policeman, thereby altering the world's strategic situation? Warfare that transcends all boundaries and limits, in short, is unrestricted warfare.

More Kidnappings

Muslim Philippine rebels kidnapped three Americans and others at a classy tourist resort, presumably for political advantage and ransom. Rebels claim to have killed one tourist.

Late Night Eye on Colombia and Cocaine

Late Night's David Letterman drew politically incorrect heat when he quipped that Ms. Colombia was disqualified from a recent beauty pageant because she could not swallow 50 balloons of cocaine in the talent contest. Many groups protested and complained about the bad image Letterman portrayed of Colombia. The contestant came on the show afterward to help re-establish the politically correct message and image of her country.

Letterman apologized, but all is far from well in this South American nation, a land where drug gangs have turned a generation of unemployed urban youths into a *sicarios-or* hired killers. But the rural areas are even more dangerous. The Red Cross has given aid to 130,000 displaced people who fled to the cities to escape the rural violence. Huge groups have been kidnapped, such as the 180

farmers held last May, to do the bidding of cocaine producers needing manpower.

The annual statistics of death are shrouded in confusion. According to their defense ministry, there were 1,777 deaths in combat last year, but human rights group like the CJJ Commission of Jurists say that 6,067 people were killed as a result of socio-political violence in the year 2000.

In the past decade, the civil war in Colombia has claimed more than 35,000 lives often in brutal massacres. The war involves four parties.

Party 1) The Colombian Government

Party 2) FARC - the revolutionary armed forces

Party 3) ELN - a Cuban inspired military movement

Party 4) Paramilitary right-wingers

Perhaps Ms. Colombia needs to appear on Fox's O' Reilly Factor instead of David Letterman and let Bill ask the tough questions.

Casualties

Well over 100 million people died in wars during the 20th Century (the vast majority were non-combatants). Relatively few were victims of bombing attacks. According to one estimate, 62 million perished from 1900 to 1970 as a result of genocide or war-induced starvation; 24 millions were killed by small arms; 17 million by artillery and naval gunfire, and 2 million to air attacks.



Here Putin [right] wrestles successfully with his judo opponent.

Propaganda President

Russian President Vladimir Putin wields control over almost everything his countrymen read, hear and watch after a state-affiliated company took over the independent TV news outlet owned by a prominent critic of the government.



Scuttlebutt

"Get the inside scuttle on the military, from the decks of ships, the posts and bases from around the world."

New Sheen on the Marine

Female Marines will no longer be allowed to wear colored fingernail polish while in their utility uniforms. In other uniforms, the polish must complement the outfit.

★ ★ ★

A recent survey conducted by Army Times reported that 72 percent of those interviewed would leave the Army for the Air Force if the AF promised them a bigger bonus.

★ ★ ★

The martial art colored T-shirt award system that was reported in *CQCMag Issue 6* has already been replaced. Now, martial arts trained Marines will be awarded colored belts that are modeled after the existing rigger's belt. The Marine Corp Uniform Board dictated that awarded stripes for trainers and instructor trainers must be worn at the ends of the belt that extend to the left of the buckle.

★ ★ ★

Marines were never allowed to wear earrings, but the policy became official in 1990. However, it only covers ears, not tongues. Now effective, Marines are not to attach, affix, or display graphics or hardware on their skin, tongue or any other body part.

Long Range Female Killer

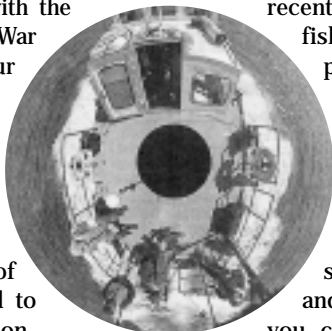
19-year-old Jennifer Donaldson, a senior airman with the Illinois National Guard is the first woman to graduate from U.S. Sniper School. More than 50 percent of the countries that we have identified as hostile have used or are using women snipers.

Come Fly with Me

The Hessian fly hitched a ride on German mercenaries fighting with the British during the Revolutionary War and, as a result, became our nation's worst wheat pest.

New Rifles for US Navy SEALs

The Mk 11 Model, a 7.62 mm semiautomatic sniper rifle from Knight's Armament Co. of Vero Beach, FL will be issued to Navy SEALs as a primary weapon.



A Better Trap

Any hot weather vet knows how miserable bugs can make your life. Battling bugs is different than any other kind of warfare.



Thomas Fernandez, owner of PestBusters in Singapore has a better mousetrap, or rather...mosquito trap. Mosquitoes detect their victims two ways, from the warmth of the victim's body, or from the expelled carbon dioxide in breath. Fernandez's Mega-Catch is a 38 cm black plastic box that radiates both carbon dioxide and heat. Since only females suck blood, the female is lured into the box by these emissions and also by a pattern of light (many bugs, even mosquitoes are attracted by lights only). Once inside, the machine sucks her down into a pool of water where she drowns. Though their larvae can swim, the adults lose that talent when they learn to fly. Tests show that the device may catch and kill as many as 1,200 mosquitoes per night.

360°

Submariners tell *CQCMag* that a better sub periscope has been in the works for almost five years. However, in light of the recent ramming of the Japanese fishing boat, officials have placed a new omni-directional on rush, offering a viewer with a 360-degree view as well as analytical software. They hope to have all 73 of the subs using this equipment. "The single picture is spread out and somewhat distorted, but you can make out shapes and images," says one Naval insider.



Ask Major Corrigan!

Q: I have read that not a single Gurkha landed on the beach during the Falkland's War in the 1980's. Just the idea that they were coming was a cause in the surrender of the Argentinesans.

Major Corrigan: Your informant is incorrect. Five Infantry Brigade was the second brigade (after 3 Commando Brigade) to go to the Falklands, consisting of 2nd Bn Scots Guards, 1st Bn Welsh Guards and 7th Gurkha Rifles. They sailed from Southampton on RMS Queen Elizabeth II (The QE) on 12 May 1982 and 7th Gurkhas were landed at South Georgia and transhipped onto a flat-bottomed ferry, which landed them at Port San Carlos on 1 June.

The battalion moved that day by helicopter to Darwin and took over from 2nd Bn Parachute Regiment. During their second night there, one patrol killed an unknown number of Argentine soldiers (unknown because the bodies were not brought back in the dark, but probably 12 or so) and captured 10 who had a large number of SAM7 anti-aircraft

continued on 39

Buffalo Nickels

Tina the Mad Killer Emu



Ms. Lefty tells me she took this photo of Tina the killer emu shortly before the incident.

I heard from an old salt the other day that an emu was shot down under by a Marine. I thought at first it was another name for a sheik, emir, iyak, shesskabob...some kind of turban head what got nailed in the balls. But no...it's an ostrich, and it got nailed in Australia. I don't know the difference between an emu and ostrich. Don't tell me. I don't wanna know. Don't care.

But the teletype communiqué ran something like this...

"Military officials are investigating the death of an emu killed during a May 8 live fire training exercise in Australia. The death of the large ostrich-like bird forced the suspension of Exercise Tandem Thrust, a joint operation held every four years in Australia with 27,000 troops from both countries participating. Americans and Australian officers are tasked with the investigation. All marines in the area will undergo a refresher course on how to protect plants and animals during training. The Marine Corps promises swift action against these offenders."

As I read this, I thought to myself, maybe that emu needed killing! And I'll tell ya why...I'll tell you the frighteningly true story of Tina the Cannibal Big Bird.

I had a First Sergeant we called Lefty who retired from the Army back in the '80s and sat around for a year or so afterward doing absolutely nothing. He has since died of cancer, but back then he got bored and so decided he would use some perfectly good farm property he owned in upstate New York to raise the latest cash critter...the emu. Their

eyeballs, you see, can be transplanted for human eyes. The meat is fat free and tastes better than chicken. Their glorious feathers adorn fashionable clothing. Their necks, once hollowed out, can be used for fire hoses. Their legs and feet, once petrified, make excellent back scratchers. In short, every part of this critter can be cashed in for moola. Gettis. Even emu poop makes good fertilizer.

All Lefty thought he needed was a momma and pappa emu. Once he had the two lovebirds settled in beautiful upstate New York they would fuck and create platoons of potential organs, steaks, hoses and back scratchers. He sent off for them (and they were expensive!) and waited excitedly for them to arrive. Once the newlyweds arrived, he quickly settled them on the family farm near the Finger Lakes. His wife named them Ike and Tina, after the Turners.

But Ike and Tina didn't fuck. They fought. Tina pecked, kicked and clawed at Ike, day and night until one day, Ike just turned up his toes and died. Lefty drove up and found Tina feasting on Ike's fat free meat. When Lefty tried to shoo Tina away, she came after him! Now Lefty saw combat in Vietnam, but the 6 ft. 6 inch bird quickly proved too much for him. With crazy, kicking legs and a huge, thrusting, bulbous body, she clawed and scratched him in places he didn't even know he had. In the blink of an eye, he turned tail and ran for his truck. The giant bird creature sprinted after him. Ike's bloody tendons flapped like wet, red strings from her mouth as she made hot pursuit. Lefty claimed she made frightening dinosaur screeches as she ran.

Tina covered considerable ground on him before he jumped into the truck, Lefty gained entrance without an inch to spare. As he slammed the door, Tina began banging her beak against the window so hard, he thought she might break the glass.

"She started jumping up and down," Lefty told me. "Her body butting up against the truck. The bird went beserk!" Then the feet started in kicking and scratching the truck, as she bleated savagely. It was Big Bird gone mad. On LSD. On PCP. A cannibal.

"I thought, I can't just drive away. I still have to get out to open the gate. And what if she attacks somebody else?" Lefty told me.

Resolved to take action, Lefty popped his glove box and pulled out his .357 Smith and Wesson revolver. He told me later he stuck the barrel at her face behind the glass and yelled at her. (He later admitted he felt foolish for doing this since being an emu from Australia, she had certainly never seen a gun.) Tina kept on screeching and clucking and banging the driver's door.

He slid over to the passenger door and got out. The nightmare bird dashed around the hood of the truck in hot pursuit. Lefty scrambled to jump into the truck bed, but before he could escape entirely Tina's head lunged out like a giant rattler and bit the right cheek of his ass. Yelping in pain, he pulled free and, staggering back in the bed, he fired a magnum round at the bird's fuzzy head.

Clipped her! Tina's head swung back, and she began to swoon like some sort of drunk puppet.

"Gotcha ya, ya skank bastid!" he yelled with glee. He felt of his bleeding ass and wondered how bad she had wounded him. For a brief moment Tina seemed to recover, and her head snapped forward again. Lefty tumbled back, falling into seed bags and loose tools, the hydra head striking at him here and there. He saw it leaping up and down as if it were going to hop into the bed with him!

Fired again. Missed.

Fired again. Missed.

Fired again! Got her!

Tina lurched back. Lefty crawled onto one knee and fell forward where he says he hung himself over the side of the truck, took



"Buffalo Nickels is a retired US Army special forces operator who does occasional consultant work and wishes to remain anonymous so he may put in his five cents worth on life, liberty and the pursuit of whatever he sees fit."

aim and emptied the gun into Tina's fat torso. It wriggled. It spun. It made a croaking noise and fell.

"I had a chunk of my life savings tied up in those two birds. One of them almost killed me," Lefty told me. "There they lay, dead on the ground."

Years later, I knew a lot of emu owners who wished they too had just up and shot those expensive, worthless birds, or the con men that sold 'em in the Great Emu Rush of the '80's.

I laughed like hell when Lefty told me this, but you know...when I see ostriches, or

emus, in the zoo, I feel damn glad there's a fence between us. They are huge, and they are ugly. I have heard stories about them pecking off the tips of people's noses, fingers, stomping and scratching up people with their giant chicken feet that look like alien claws. They are ugly and dangerous, and I don't like them. And, personally, I don't care if they wander onto a training field and get nailed. Do you?

Anyway, as I said before, I think if the truth were known, those Marines probably acted in self-defense.

Bye-Bye ☺

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Scuttlebutt *continued from 25*

Draft

The US Selective Service reported that 87 percent of males who turned 20 had registered, up in 1999 for men of the same age. New England and the upper Midwest had the highest compliance. The draft and mandatory registration of 18-year-olds, once ended in 1973, was re-instituted in 1980 to make sure the nation could respond rapidly to the outbreak of another war. Women are not required to register. Those who fail to register could face up to five years in prison and a \$250,000 fine.

★ ★ ★

Since the "Army of One" campaign began, hits on the www.GOARMY.com website have increased from 7,300 to 30,000 hits a day.

Cannibalization

At least 154,000 times a year, a military mechanic takes a part from one airplane and puts it on another because a new spare part is not on hand, reports the GAO-Government Accounting Office. This causes some one million extra work hours a year.

How Many Power Angels Can Sit on the Head of a Pin?

US Army insiders tell *CQCMag* that they have seen fuel cells the size of a pin that can run cell phones and other equipment for a considerable amount of time.

Khaki

The word Khaki is derived from the Hindustani word meaning, "dust" of "dusty" and filtered into military terminology via Great Britain's colonial occupations of India and the surrounding region. In the United States the word G.I. Joe or "Joe" was a nickname for the common troop. In



England, "Tom," "Tommy," or "Tommy Atkins" became popular as the typical British private from the working class.

"Danger, Sgt. Will Robinson. Danger!"

The National Defense Industry is gearing up for its future in robotics. Armor, aircraft and sea-going equipment can be run from afar with a higher degree of safety.

★ ★ ★

At Camp Pendleton, CA digging is not allowed at certain times and places. When militant training calls for a foxhole or defensive position, such locale is marked off with tape to play-pretend you dug a hole.

★ ★ ★

The Marines own 17 miles of beach-front property at Pendleton, but are limited to just 2 ? miles for amphibious training and then don't have full use of that stretch. From march to September Marines perform "admin landings" where they storm the beach and then line up their vehicle like commuters on a crowded highway on-ramp to drive up designated roads so as not to disturb the local birds during breeding season.

Military Quotes

"At fifty yards, I would rather be shot at from a revolver in the hands of an average marksman. An Indian seldom misses anything the size of a man at that distance, and he will send the arrow clear through the body. These fellows are the finest riders I ever saw. They ride into battle without a saddle or bridle-only a lariat round the nose of the pony. How they keep on them I don't see, but they do keep on and put them through all sorts of maneuvers with the greatest facility. They are "light" horsemen and attack in open order, never coming straight or in a charge, but circle round and round in a gallop till they are ready to fire. They shoot their arrows without paying the least attention to the horse, and they will keep four of them in the air all the time at a distance of 50 or 60 yards."

LT. Col. L.P. Bradley,
Commanding Officer, Fort C.F. Smith

"Modern historians publish endlessly on the eminence of Alexander the Great, the greatest thug the ancient world produced, a man who in his sheer propensity for killing the innocent-over a million were to die in his swath to the Indus-was a kindred spirit to Hitler."

Victor Davis Hanson,
historian

"I love war and responsibility and excitement. Peace is going to be hell on me."

General George Patton

"I could have ended the war in a month. I could have made North Vietnam look like a mud puddle."

Barry Goldwater ☺



Battlefield Diary

Aguda – One Crazy Bastard

By Colonel David H. Hackworth

The Chinese concentrated all their fire on our little redoubt. Mortars, artillery, and small arms thundered around us; one round landed so close that it knocked over our LMC; and filled the hole with fragments. Amazingly, none of us was hit. A six-inch-long, jagged shard of shrapnel landed an inch from my knee. So close and yet so far from a million-dollar wound. Without thinking I picked it up to show to Thacker and Wells, meanwhile burning the hell out of my hand on the red-hot steel.

We stayed low in our crater—even looking over the brim was a guarantee to be blown away—and for a while had to go blind, returning fire by holding our rifles over our heads and pointing downhill. We were so low on grenades that Lieutenant Gilchrist ordered that we get his permission to throw one. I was down to my last when a gut feeling told me it was time to unlimber it, right in front of our position. I motioned for Gilchrist to come over. Indicating that we were not alone, I requested permission to pull the pin on the frag. He gave it.

I was lying on my back with my head pointed toward

the attackers. When I pulled the pin, I spent a lazy second or so setting the grenade on the crater's edge (which didn't make Gilchrist, still lying beside me, too happy). Then I gave it a little flick with my fingers. It slowly tumbled down and exploded. Bwam. The hole shook, debris rained down, and then the air was filled with gently floating feathers. A down-jacketed

Chinaman had gotten what he was going to give us—except a gut feeling had told me to get there first.

We were quickly running out of ammo. Thacker had no more than a belt and a half for the machine gun, and our rifles were down to a couple of M-1 clips. Strict fire discipline became the rule; we couldn't afford to waste one round. We policed up a case of Chinese potato-masher grenades. They were probably World War I German Army vintage and about as effective as cherry bombs, but they made a lot of noise and at least they were something. Funny how a few hours before we'd been a rifle platoon loaded for bear, and now we were on our ass, hurling firecrackers and not making a dent.

As we broke up the last belt of LMG ammo and distributed it for the M-1s and BARS, Gilchrist told us a squad from Sergeant Reeves's 2d Platoon had volunteered to join us on the hill. What a great sight it was, moments later, to see their lead element coming up behind us. "Hello brah," said their point man, Aguda, as his buddies ran past, tossing us bandoliers of M-1 ammo,



grenades, and several boxes of machine-gun ammunition. "Big fight here, huh?"

James Aguda was one of my friends from the Hawaiian mafia. He'd just returned to his platoon a few days before, after having been wounded during a previous operation. When I'd first seen him after he'd gotten back, I'd noticed he was not wearing shoepacks. "Get rid of those leather boots," I'd told him. "You Hawaiian Buddha-heads have enough trouble with the cold. No sense asking for frostbite." I'd given him a pretty hard time—intentionally, because I was trying to find out how much his wound had affected him. Sometimes a man would come back from the hospital and say, "Yeah, Sarge, I'm cool...only a scratch," and the next thing you knew he'd crack up. But Aguda had taken everything I dished out, and finally I'd said, "Okay, fine ... but you better get yourself some shoepacks."

Aguda had just shrugged and said, "I'm not going to be around here long enough to need them."

I'd dismissed the comment; such fatalistic statements were par for the course, especially before a big fight. I hadn't thought any more about it, nor did I now, on the hill. All I thought was that help had arrived. More ammo, more rifles, the staying power we needed to hold our objective. Now we just needed a little time. Aguda, casually sauntering past with his BAR, gave us that.

The crazy bastard stood up. He didn't go prone like the rest of us. He just walked to the forward slope and started mowing down the attacking Chinese ranks like John Wayne in *The Sands of Iwo Jima*. His BAR was singing as he fired magazine after magazine. And the whole time he was screaming to the Chinese, "Come on, you motherfuckers, come and get me." I yelled, "Get down! For Christ's sake, Aguda, get down!" But he just kept firing and reloading, firing and reloading—the perfect killing machine. Slugs were snapping all around him. I knew he was going to be killed. Then I could see he was getting it. I could see it. In the leg, in the arm, then two more in the legs. But he just kept shooting and screaming, and I kept yelling for him to get down. Finally he took one in the chest. It spun him around and he dropped. KIA.

Aguda's action, and similar actions from the other brave volun-

teers of 2d Platoon, turned the tide of the fight. They bought us time at perhaps the most critical phase of the battle—time in which the men of 1st and 4th platoons could get into position and start putting down the effective fire that broke the back of the Chinese counterattack. But the strange thing about Aguda was that he really had known he was going to be killed. It wasn't just his shoepack comment; after the battle, a poem he'd written was found among his personal possessions, predicting he would die in battle on a cold, windswept hill. I guess he knew his number was about to come up, and he just decided to go out fighting.

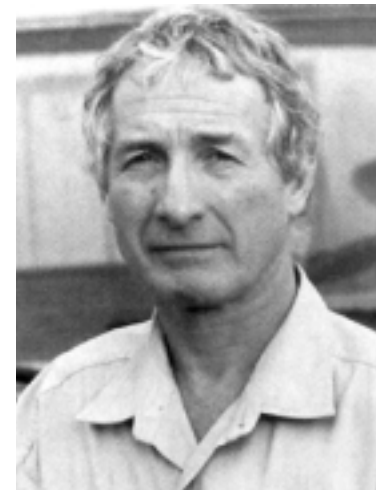
The Chinese had broken off their attack, and we had time to consolidate our defenses and evacuate our casualties. An ad hoc platoon aid station had been set up in a rocky outcrop near the crest of the hill; at one point in the battle it had been crammed with forty-two casualties, all of whom were cared for by an amazing infantryman who, armed with knowledge gleaned from a YMCA first-aid course, had taken Sergeant Brown's aid bag at gunpoint when the severely wounded medic insisted he could still do his job. We couldn't dig-the hill was solid rock-so we modified Chink bunkers, stacked rocks in front of our fighting positions, and hunkered down as best we could. The position was still hot, with plenty of incoming mortar and small-arms fire. Our platoon, which was now less than a squad, drew most of it; Thacker's machine gun had been the focal point of the complete baffle so far, and we still occupied the high ground in the company center.

I was looking for a better machine-gun position when the enemy launched another attack. I hopped into the nearest hole, a large Chinese foxhole that had probably been a platoon CP. Now its sole occupant was one dead Chinaman, curled up in the bottom. I lay there with him, and whenever there was a lull in the firing, I'd pop up, fire eight rounds, and go back down to reload and wait until I could jump up again. It was kind of like playing human jack-in-the-box, and during one of these routines I caught a slug. Oh, shit, I thought, not again, not in the head. My helmet, which I had on backward, was ripped off my head, and I was propelled to the bottom of the hole.

If someone took a baseball bat and swung it at you-at your arm, your leg, or your head-with all his might, that's what getting hit with a bullet feels like. Bam! and then you don't feel anything for about 20 or 30 minutes because of the trauma caused by the speed of the projectile. Only after about half an hour does it really begin to hurt, so when I got it this time, all I knew was it felt just as it had on 6 February.

My head was spinning. I slowly reached up and touched my forehead, and then looked at my hand—no blood. I found my steel pot. It looked as if it had been neatly parted with an ax. The bullet had struck the helmet between the bottom lip of the steel and the liner, but because the back of a steel pot is reasonably oblique, the bullet had skipped along between the liner and the steel before coming out the top. If I hadn't been wearing the thing backwards (a habit I'd picked up from my dear friend in the weapons squad, machine gunner Jerry Boyd), I would have been as dead as the Chink who was sharing my hole.

Colonel David H. Hackworth, (US Army, Ret.) was the youngest full colonel in Vietnam, and America's most decorated live soldier. Well known author and military commentator, he provides startling and important insights into American values during both war and peace time. The above excerpt was taken with permission from *David Hackworth and Julie Sherman's About Face* published by Simon Schuster.





Lt. Col. "Zimm" with crew members in front of his 70 ton, highly armed battalion command post during a desert deployment in 1999.

Soldiers For Truth

By Ralf Zimmermann

The brass came, saw and declared victory for the digitized 4th Infantry Division.

On April 11, Chief of Staff Gen. Eric Shinseki and his digitized generals gloated about their accomplishments in an official statement, in which they agreed the future is about information dominance, leveraging technology and systems-enhancement packages. But besides inventing new buzzwords, they didn't say too much about the most critical war-fighting factors.

- Well-trained and tough humans, who know the strengths and weaknesses of their high-tech gear under all conditions.
- Experienced junior leaders with initiative, who act decisively even when battlefield information isn't perfect, and who intuitively recognize when information is bogus.
- Equipment that is lethal, simple and reliable in mud, snow and rain and won't leave you hanging when one battery runs out of juice.

From personal experience, I know you can't trust all the fancy gear under combat conditions, especially when operations exceed 48 hours. Often, your global positioning system will fail and your Game Boy screen map, designed to show gazillions of good and bad guy icons, will blank out at the worst time. In combat, you better have a backup—on paper—and be able to use a compass. But map reading, listening and taking good notes are becoming lost arts.

I also question the need for computer screens and tactical e-mail in every tank commander's hatch when our vehicle radios still can't transmit much farther than the ones we had in the 1950s.

Now the troops are so busy with keyboards and screens, no one watches the outside of the tank.

For leaders, the biggest Force XXI challenge is to cut through information overload and make decent decisions. As with e-mail overload on your home computer, you have to know when to hit delete.

During several War fighter exercises, I became highly frustrated with senior commanders who couldn't make a decision because they needed perfect bean counts of every little icon on the screen. By the time satellites, aerial recon and digitized scouts had provided comfortable numbers, our stone-age enemy was clobbering

us. Information had dominated the Blue Forces into paralysis.

There is also a question on how to outmaneuver and kill the enemy with equipment mainly designed to collect and produce more information.

"...under Army Infantry center rules, the heavy load is what is required for infantryman to carry. It is 92.6 pounds worth of weapons, ammunition, hand-grenades and protective garments. Sixty percent of the weight is the uniform and the clothes in the rucksack. There are 55 pounds of clothing and equipment, and 24 pounds of weapons and ammunition. For Land Warrior (computer system carried by each soldier) the goal was to add the electronic without increasing the overall weight beyond 92.6 pounds. The solution is trade items."

—Col. Bruce D. Jette,
US Army

The M-1A2 (SEP) is a good tank, but it sucks as much fuel as its predecessors. It doesn't have a better main gun or carry more ammo. It also weighs too much to cross bridges outside Europe. To accommodate the Game Boy screens, the designers decided that you no longer needed to fire the trusted .50-caliber machine gun from inside, and that makes the tank commander sniper bait.

Topping that, the digitized LAV even turns an outdated Russian T-55 with enhanced armor into a real bad dude.

To enhance the foot soldier, the Army has decided to hang every gadget you find inside a tank on one man. Unfortunately, there aren't any 1,500-horsepower engine implants for our grunts. The sci-fi grunt carries an 18-lb. \$10,000 rifle, and has full personal Internet capability, but no one seems to be asking if he can still dodge bullets, sense his environment and carry sufficient ammo in addition to his 40-lb. battery pack.

I'm not asking new technologies that increase lethality and survivability. I am worried, though, that many systems today aren't ready to be fielded, or that they merely provide the brass more tools to micromanage the modern battlefield, which undermines combat initiative and lethality.

We'd get more bang from the buck if we invest in mature, off-the-shelf weapons and vehicles that kill the other guy quicker and at longer ranges. We need the armored-gun system. And the troops would prefer better and simpler radios to tactical e-mail.

"...under Army Infantry center rules, the heavy load is what is required for infantryman to carry. It is 92.6 pounds worth of weapons, ammunition, hand-grenades and protective garments. Sixty percent of the weight is the uniform and the clothes in the rucksack. There are 55 pounds of clothing and equipment, and 24 pounds of weapons and ammunition. For Land Warrior (computer system carried by each soldier) the goal was to add the electronic without increasing the overall weight beyond 92.6 pounds. The solution is trade items."✉

Ralf Zimmermann (Lt. Col. ret.), has more than 20 years experience in armor and reconnaissance assignments. He commanded a tank battalion and is a veteran of Desert Storm. He is president of the non-profit group Soldiers For The Truth and writes for Army Times. You may e-mail him at: Zimm@sftt.org.



Martial Training Systems

Kajukenbo Combatives

By Sifu Dean Goldade

The hardcore martial art of Hawaiian Kajukenbo is world famous. You may find branches in many countries and on many islands in the Pacific Ocean. Traditional Hawaiian Kajukenbo training consists of self-defense through studies in punching, grappling, knife and club defenses and Pinans or martial arts forms. Five martial artists, all experts in their chosen fields, joined forces to create this street effective system. The Big Five are:

Peter YY Choo - A Tang Soo-Do Black Belt and boxer

Frank Ordonez - A Kodokan Ju-Jitsu Black Belt

Joe Holck - A Kodokan Judo Black Belt

Adriano D. Emperado - A Chinese Kenpo Black Belt and Filipino Escrimador

George Chang - A practitioner of Chinese boxing or Sil Lum Gung Fu

These Kajukenbo workouts were legendary. Broken ribs, noses and black eyes occurred frequently. Professor Emperado would say, "The workout isn't over until I see blood on the floor." The system came through the USA, as did several other martial arts systems on its journey from China and Japan. Ed Parker's Kenpo school followed a similar route. Other notable USA Kajukenbo pioneers that either migrated or studied in the US were Tony Ramos, Joe Halbuna, Charles Gaylord, Al Dascos and Aleju Reyes, just to name a few.

After I achieved my 4th degree black belt, in the Gaylord Method of Kajukenbo, I organized Kajukenbo Combatives, a modernized version of the original Kajukenbo system. Kajukenbo Combatives takes the traditional system and adds a new athletic technology that focuses more on the combative aspects of training and less on the forms.

It retains the name Kajukenbo out of respect for the teachers and the pioneers that shared their knowledge. Their blessing and encouragement opens our minds and help us to evolve and grow. My techniques parallel the categories created by these great men. Today, Kajukenbo Combatives takes on many evolutionary facets. Listed below are the original sources and evolutions. This breakdown by syllable provides the now famous roots of each name.

KA - Karate now much more Kali/Arnis/Escrima

JU - Judo and Ju-jitsu, now also American and Brazilian Grappling

KEN - Kenpo Chinese Kara Ho Kenpo Karate, now Hawaiian & American Karates)

BO - Boxing-Chinese boxing now American and Thai boxing


COMBATIVES- And the SFC combative approach - In addition to the above, W. Hock Hochheim's Scientific Fighting Congress inspires and influences our system. ☺



Sifu Dean M. Goldade (right) teaches the Kajukenbo Combatives and SFC courses in Austin, TX and he also travels to conducting seminars. You may reach him at (512) 218-9646

"The workout isn't over until I see blood on the floor."

—Professor Emperado




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Street Fighter's Training Notebook

By Marc Halleck

One of the most effective and powerful strikes is a forearm or hammer hand to the side of an attacker's neck, to what is called the brachial plexus, called by police experts the brachial stun. It disrupts the blood flow to the brain, distorts the blood pressure and like a switch may cause the victim to pass right out or stumble and drop to a knee. Studies show the success rate for a quick knockout is high.

Few people know it may even work better in a ground fight! When an opponent bends over, cardio doctors report blood pressure to his brain is already out of sync. A strike to the brachial of a bent over subject works even better!

You could attempt a lengthy and dangerous wrestling maneuver to try and obtain a choke on the opponent, always a dangerous endeavor against even an untrained adrenaline-pumped criminal, or you might work for the quicker result, the brachial stun.

1. Here an attacker catches Marc.
2. Marc frees himself from the choke.
3. He blocks the punch.
4. He strikes the brachial plexus.

Marc Halleck owns the North Shore Academy in Libertyville, Illinois. ☺



1

2

3

4

Fitness is Mind over Matter

By Art Carey



Joe Decker wanted to be the very best:

So he:

- Bicycled 100 miles
- Ran 10 miles
- Hiked 10 miles
- Power-walked five miles
- Kayaked six miles
- Skied on a NordicTrack 10 miles
- Rowed 10 miles
- Swam two miles
- Crunched 3,000 abdominal crunches
- Jumped 1,100 jumping jacks
- Lifted 1,000 leg lifts
- Pushed 1,100 push-ups
- Weight-lifted, cumulatively, 278,540 pounds

He accomplished all this in 24 hours, in front of duly sanctioned counters and witnesses. For his efforts (and pains), he earned a place in the *Guinness Book of World Records*: the fittest man alive.

"It was fun," Decker says. "I enjoyed the whole thing."

The World's Fittest Man does not look the part. Oh, he's lean and in shape, and has a flat stomach, verging on a washboard. But at 5-foot-9 and 195 pounds, he's on the stocky side. At age 31, he has the look of a pleasantly softening collegiate jock. If you stood next to him at the starting line of an ultramarathon,

you'd write him off as an early dropout. Which is fine with him: "I can run, row and paddle millions of miles, and my body doesn't change. I like being built like this. I'm a dark horse. People underestimate me."

Decker lives in Gaithersburg, MD. He makes his living as a fitness trainer. He calls his business Body Construction, and he designs corporate fitness programs and leads personal and group exercise sessions in the early morning and late afternoon and evening. His office is in the basement of his duplex.

Most of what he does routinely would kill most people. For him, a marathon is a training run: "I don't mean to sound crazy, but once you get to a certain point, it's just nothing. I run a marathon a month.

It's not unusual for Decker to run a marathon on a Saturday and be doing intervals – sprinting up hills – Sunday. On a typical Saturday, he'll rise at 4:30 a.m. and run 40 to 50 miles, or bike 50 to 100 miles, or kayak 20 to 30 miles. That way, he's back by early afternoon and can spend time with his girlfriend.

"I've got a high idle," he says with a laugh. "It's hard to sit still."

For Decker, 2000 was a momentous year. He received a handsome trophy, topped by a statuette of a bald eagle, for completing the Gran Slam of Ultra running – four 100-milers. The fun began in May with the mother of all endurance contests, the Raid Gauloises, which last year was a 520-mile adventure race from Tibet to northern India via Nepal and the Himalayas. He finished in eight days.

You may be wondering:

Is Decker totally over the edge? An obsessive-compulsive body Nazi to the 10th power?

Is Decker bionic? Does he have a nuclear-powered bilge pump for a heart, bones made of titanium, joints made of Teflon and steel-belted muscles that never produce a drop of lactic acid?

He doesn't fit the stereotype. Endurance athletes tend to be sour and sullen, introvert-

ed and dyspeptic, grimacing in perpetual agony like the long-suffering St. Sebastian, exuding all the warmth and personality of a dead haddock. Decker, by contrast, is all smiles and midwestern congeniality. He says "darn" and "heck" a lot. And his face is so sunny, wholesome and all-American; it deserves to be on a box of cornflakes.

"He really has a way with people," his dad, Dan says. "He has friends all over. He's just a real nice guy."

Decker calls himself "a country boy at heart." He grew up on a farm in central Illinois, near the town of Cuba, about 50 miles from Peoria. His father is a farmer who also worked for Caterpillar. His mother was custodian at the school. "She's made of tough stuff," Decker says. Her hobby: breaking horses. Decker couldn't beat her at arm wrestling until he was 13.

Decker was a chubby child. In sixth grade, he took part in a weight-lifting contest on a Nautilus machine. Bench-pressing 50 pounds, he managed to do the most reps. "I had found something I was actually good at," he says. Infatuated with power lifting (a sport that involves lifting your maximum in three events: bench press, squat and dead lift), Decker began working out with the older guys at the high school. As he matured, he grew stronger and more serious showing up at the weight room to practice at 6 a.m. In power-lifting meets, he was invincible. He earned the top ranking in the state and, while still a teen was bench-pressing more than 40 lbs. "I'm an all-or-nothing person," he says. "I wanted to be the best."

With no money for college, Decker joined the Army. He credits the Army with toughening him, mentally and physically. Once, he and his fellow shouldered were dropped off in the woods in upstate New York in the middle of winter. "It was 30 below. Snow was falling. The wind was blowing. We had no tent," he says. "But heck, we made do. We survived. And that kind of experience made me a good mind-set."

No matter how miserable it is, I know I can make it if I maintain a positive attitude. Today, I actually prefer racing when the weather is nasty. I feel it gives me an advantage.”

After the Army, Decker enrolled at Western Illinois University, in the pre-law honors program. But by the end of sophomore year, he was having second thoughts about becoming an attorney. Miffed by a financial-aid snag that prevented him from studying abroad, he dropped out.

Here, Decker's saga takes a surprising turn. He wandered and traveled across the country. He wound up in New Orleans, working as a bartender on Bourbon Street. “It was Mardi Gras 365 days a year,” he says. “If you didn't drink and do drugs, you weren't part of the crowd.” Decker doesn't go into detail, but he makes it clear that the temptations were plentiful. “I lost myself for two years,” he says.

One day, he took a long look in the mirror. “Who the heck is this person?” he remembers thinking. His face looked haggard and dissolute; his body was soft and flabby. He resolved to change. He began running and lifting again. He returned to college, earning a degree in corporate fitness. “Fitness saved my life,” Decker says. “Exercise gives me a high I used to get from alcohol and drugs. It keeps me sane and takes away stress. When anxiety builds up, it relieves it. It keeps me functioning in society. Without fitness, I'd be dead.”

During the week, Decker follows a healthy diet. He drinks gallons of water, but except for a multivitamin he eschews pills and supplements. On weekends, he cuts loose, consuming a lumberjack's quota of calories, pancakes, burgers, ice cream, beer and his favorite, pizza. After completing an ultra, Decker celebrates with wine and a cigar.

“It's all about balance,” he says. “You can't be an extremist. You've got to be human, to live a little. To give up everything and be only fitness—no sir, it wouldn't be fun. And if it's not fun, why the heck do it?”

His body is remarkably durable. He's had bouts of *plantar fasciitis* in his feet and occasional tendonitis of the ankle, knee and wrist, but he has been free of injury.

Suggest that he has a gift or is a genetic freak, and Decker's face clouds. “Hang out with me when I work out an see how much is hard work and how much is genetics,” he says. “So many times, people sell themselves short. But if you set your mind to it, you can do it.”

Decker is gearing up for more marathons and ultras, and in September a triple iron man in Virginia Beach. That's a 7.2-mile swim, a 336-mile bike ride and a 78.6-mile run. He estimates it will take him 45 hours. For 2002, he has his sites set on an event that has to be the ultra of endurance tests: an iron man triathlon times 10. Even Decker calls it “totally sick.”

Bad Muscle Memory

Recently in California a police officer who had many years experience in wrestling and submission fighting, chased and tackled a criminal. He grabbed the criminal's neck and squeezed. The squirming criminal frantically slapped the officer's body. Feeling the multiple taps, the cop reflexively let go of the criminal, his muscle memory recognizing the movement as a submission tap-out. The surprised suspect immediately took off, and the chase was on again!



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The VanCook View

Lessons I Learned from My Grandfathers

By Jerry VanCook

Both of my grandfathers were born in sod houses in Oklahoma soon after the Cherokee Strip Land Run. This was still several years before Oklahoma would become a state, and they grew up hearing about bank robberies, gunfights, the Doolin and Dalton gangs, and cattle rustling—not as history lessons the way we have but as current events. As that weird little narrator-guy in Conan the Barbarian said, “These were the days of high adventure.” It was still very much the Old West in both the Indian and Oklahoma Territories, and potential violence lurked over every hill and around every bend. Law enforcement was scarce—often well over a day’s horse ride away—and these pioneers had to take care of their own problems. They understood very well the need to protect themselves and their property, and they knew the government wasn’t going to do it for them.

How well I remember both Grandpas Melka and Cook. (Van is actually my middle name—I just put them together when I write—don’t ask—another long story for another time.). Both were fine, highly moral men, and neither liked to fight. (Okay, I suspect Grandpa Cook liked it a little.) Both, however, had seen their share of engagements growing up in such dangerous times. They were of very different personalities and body types, and their approaches to self-defense were very different. But each had worked out a system that fit them well, and I adopted techniques and strategy from both men.

By around 1915, give or take a year,

“They were of very different personalities and body types, and their approaches to self-defense were very different. But each had worked out a system that fit them well, and I adopted techniques and strategy from both men.”

Grandpa Cook had left the homestead and become a drummer. (That’s a salesman kids, not the guy at the back of the band with the sticks). He traveled throughout the Southwest and into Mexico by train, and always took his old S&W and a Marble skinner with him. By the time I was born, the days of drummers were over and he’d traded his train tickets for an El Camino. He was still selling though—a genuine traveling salesman. (Please—no traveling salesman jokes—I’ve always wondered if some weren’t based on true stories about him.) By the time I was out of diapers, I was occasionally accompanying him on these trips. I remember my father frowning a little in worry, and my mother nearly breaking down in tears each time we left. But I had the times of my young life.

I have memories of crawling over fences to pick sand plums, swimming in creeks on hot summer days, and an endless line of country taverns where the farmers and ranchers to whom he sold fertilizer hung out. Grandpa Cook would sit



Grandpa Cook

(Photo courtesy Robert B. Garvey)

me up on a bar stool and then head for the back room where the illegal poker game was going on. That’s where he did his business, and probably played a few hands himself. The barmaids (who he always seemed to know by name) became my babysitters, bringing me Cokes and telling me what a cute little fellow I was. This may explain why I’ve always felt comfortable, and been able to operate without fear or self-consciousness, in the seediest of bars. It also might explain why I’ve always had a soft spot in my heart for barmaids.

Those were the late 1950s, and Grandpa was nearing retirement. He had begun leaving the revolver and knife in the car and carried only a leather blackjack. Several times, I recall clients he called on asking to see it, and then beginning to tell stories. Grandpa Cook would look quickly at me and then cut the story off short. I don’t



Grandpa Melka

(Photo courtesy Robert B. Garvey)

know if he was worried about setting a bad example for his grandson or the fact that the statute of limitations might not yet have run out. But I eventually put together enough bits and pieces to know that there were several inci-

idents in which the blackjack had been used, and that he had quite a reputation with it. Once, he'd been attacked at an oil lease by a burly truck driver, and dropped the man with a quick flurry of blows to the head and shoulders. The phrases "like a cobra" and "fast as a snake" got blurted out more than once before he could shut the storytellers up. Something else had occurred in a pool hall and yet another incident at a diner but I never got the whole stories and Grandpa wasn't talking.

Grandpa Cook taught me about pressure points long before I had ever seen anyone in a gi. He called these "jew-jitses" and made me promise never to use what he showed me on anyone unless I had to do so to avoid being hurt myself. Of the many things he taught me about knives, my most vivid memory was "if you have to stab a man, stick him and then walk around him." As I got older and began to study the blade arts, I realized this was his simple, down-home and uncomplicated, way to explain "thrust and pump."

I was in high school, and he was in his 70s when he got into his last fight. He and a friend of his had had a falling out, and it finally came to a head when they bumped into each other in the lobby of a bank in my hometown. They went at it with fists and feet until the police came to break it up. When neither was arrested, they left together, friends again. Legend has it that as they were leaving the bank president said, "I still wouldn't f*ck with either one of those old b@#\$@#d\$."

My mother's father, Grandpa Melka, grew up during the same wild years in Oklahoma. He was a short man of Bohemian decent and a first generation American. I remember him as very kind, somewhat reserved and proper most of the time, but hilariously funny when he wanted to be. I used to visit the farm for a couple

weeks each summer, and go with him to "check on things" on weekends throughout the year. He gave me my first shooting lesson with a JC Penney .22 bolt-action rifle, a gun I still have. He also toted a 12-gauge shotgun in his pickup for rabbits, coyotes, and what he called "two-legged wolves." Once I asked him why, even when we went to town, he always had a large tractor wrench stuck in the back pocket of his pinstriped overalls. He smiled wearily, and told me about "Mr. Smith," another farmer who lived in the area. They'd had a running problem over the years and the wrench was Grandpa Melka's deterrent. Every time they saw each other, Mr. Smith would glance at the wrench and then go on.

Once, when I was in the second or third grade, Grandpa Melka told me about an older kid who'd picked on him when he'd been in grade school himself. Every morning this older boy would wait at a certain quarter section on the road that led to their country school. When Grandpa came along, the boy would proceed to slap him around and generally bully him. Grandpa carried his books in a gunnysack, and one day he simply tossed a brick in along with the books. You can figure out the rest. The image of him telling me that story is frozen in my mind forever. We were in his old blue '52 Chevrolet 5000 pickup, driving down a dusty dirt road with the windows rolled down and sweat streaming down our faces. "I sure worried when that boy didn't come to school the rest of that day," Grandpa finished as he pulled a blue bandana out of his overalls and mopped his forehead. "I was afraid I'd killed him. On the other hand, Jerry, he never bullied me again." He looked over at me and grinned. "You might want to think about that if you ever have the need."

I did, Grandpa. And I still do.

As I write this, Memorial Day is just a few days away. I sure miss both those guys. ☺

A well known author of more than 40 books, Jerry VanCook also is an instructor in Okinawan karate. He has studied Aikido, Thai Boxing, Kung Fu, Kali, and is a Rokudan (6th Degree Black Belt) in Bei-Koku Aibujutsu. In 1998 he was



inducted into the World Head of Family Sokeship International Martial Arts Hall of Fame, and received their "Writer of the Year" award. His titles include Real World Self-Defense and Going Undercover. VanCook spent 14 years in law enforcement with the Garfield County Oklahoma Sheriff's Department, a federally funded undercover task force, and the Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation.

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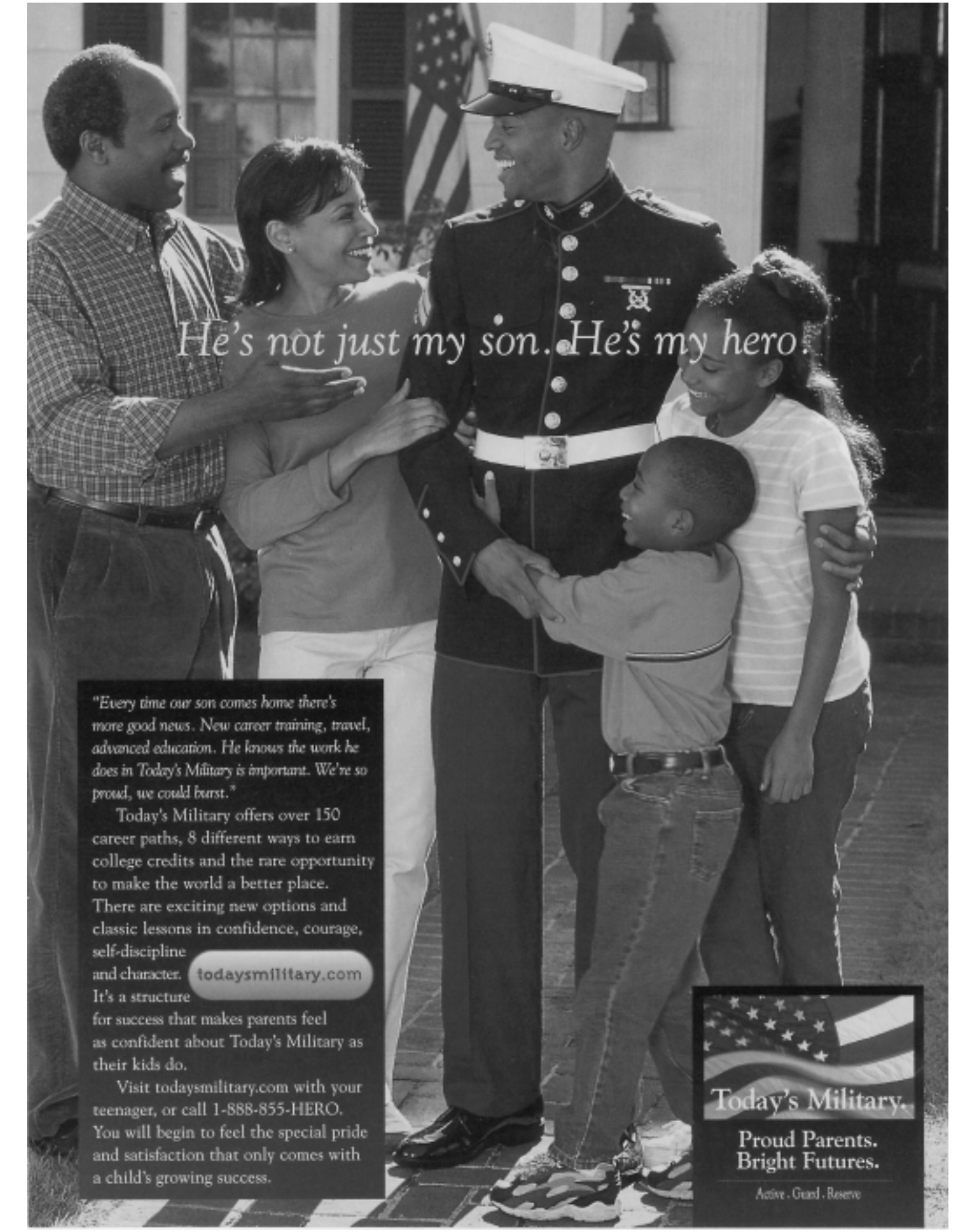
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The Bouncer

The Walk-Away

“Between the joint lock and the take down...is the walk-away”

By Joe Reyes

I watch heads bobbing in a sea of heads on the dance floor at night. After a few years on the job, I know which heads bob because they are dancing and which heads bob because they are fighting. When I spot a fight, I hand signal and radio to a teammate then cut through the crowd to the fight. I pull one of the fighter's away and despite the fact we dress like security, he still kept on fighting, still more mad at the other guy than at me.

My first verbal attempts to shut him down don't work and my courtesy grab is met with resistance. The struggle is on...

I am in the middle of a dance floor with about a 100 people, some hostile to me and

maybe this guy. I cannot toss him down onto the tiles. Even if I go knee high with him, the potential to be kneed, stepped on or kicked is severe. PLUS! If I throw him down, now I gotta pick him back up again and carry him out of there.

Experience has taught me that after you put a patron in a grab, a joint lock or a choke, the job isn't finished. You still must get the guy off the premises or worse, control and contain him until you can shackle him in some way. Some bars have handcuffs or cable ties close by, some managements do not like security to have them. That is when I began my study into these techniques with a “one-step beyond” approach.

I began to practice getting the hold, taking the subject off balance in a manner that looks like the beginning of a takedown, but stopping right there! In between the grab and the takedown. Something I call a walk-off, or walk-away.

My favorites are when I can hook up a guy and bend him backward, getting him to step backward with me as I head to the door. This keeps his body busy wrestling with his balance, rather than wrestling with me.

I think all bouncers, police and guards should look hard at this specific area of study-tactics after the lock and just before the takedown. ☺

Ask Major Corrigan *continued from 25*

missiles with which they hoped to take on the Royal Navy aircraft operating from the two aircraft carriers.

The battalion then moved to goose Green and Bluff Cove, where they were subject to frequent air attack). They then took Mt. Challenger (four wounded by not very efficient enemy shelling) and were the reserve for the attack on Tumbledown and the lead battalion in the attack on Mount William. Apart from the major actions, they spent a lot of time patrolling around and behind Argentine lines taking out officers, signalers and OPs. The Argentines surrendered after the Mt. William action and the battalion returned to UK on 9 August.

Q: I have been told that the Gurkhas had trouble in Argentina during the Falkland War because of the cold weather.

Major Corrigan: Gurkhas come from the foothills of the Himalayas, where winters are very cold and often wet. Falklands weather was no problem, and their sickness rate was far lower than that of British troops.

*Hope this helps.
Gordon*

Major Corrigan is a retired British Army Colonel and former commander for the Gurkha Training Wing. He has offered his vast experience as a veteran soldier, commander and historian to answer your questions. Please direct your questions to LauricPres@aol.com or in writing to Major Corrigan, P.O. Box 5372, Ft. Oglethorpe, GA 30742 ☺

Scoop and Run

When things heat up

By David "Smitty" Smith



Most people think of emergency services work such as police, fire and paramedic work as exciting and adventurous. While it has its moments, often the excitement is dwarfed by long periods of boredom. Medics will tell you that standby duty is one of the worst parts of the job. Frequently a paramedic unit has to sit on a street corner to cover their district and the adjacent district when that unit is on a call. Most medics get bored and must fight to stay awake and alert. Occasionally dispatch takes a unit completely out of service to standby at a fire or police situation.

My partner John and I experienced just such a situation one shift, going a couple of hours without any calls when dispatch sent us to the eastern slope of Washoe Valley to standby at a forest fire. The area provided the main access points to Lake Tahoe and contained many large expensive homes.

The area burned most of the day, and the weather remained hot and windy. The fire had spread almost to the lake and several homes were involved. At this point no one had sustained injuries, but officials had evacuated most of the residents. Several homes went up in smoke that morning. The weather proved a worst-case scenario for a forest fire, hot and dry for weeks now intense winds blew in gusts around us. Our role—to sit and wait and wait and wait...

Paramedics live in a constant moral dilemma. They enjoy their work, however people must experience injury in order for them to perform that work. I have never met a medic that wanted to see someone fall ill or injured, but most have a strong desire to actively do their job and not wait around. This urge to work can drive you nuts, but medics really enjoy helping others and want to alleviate pain and suffering.

So here we were, John and I, sitting all day in the hot sun waiting while other units ran calls. The day wore on as we tried to stay alert. We read and listened to the radio—anything to relieve the boredom. The firemen stayed busy, so we couldn't spend time shooting the breeze

with our friends. We sat there doing nothing useful while all around us exhausted guys and girls covered with soot and sweat worked their hearts out. We did what we could. We passed out lunches and drinks, but our efforts paled in comparison to those around us. We knew they were glad to have us just in case they needed us, but it was not easy to sit and watch the effort these people put in.

I believe few people have any concept of how hard firefighters work, especially during forest fires. It is a testament to their training and conditioning that we don't treat more heat exhaustion cases during a fire. At this point, none of the firefighters needed medical attention.

Finally we received a call regarding two civilians with burn injuries. We received few details except they were about five miles up the hill with another group of fighters. However we still had to wait because a wall of fire burned between them and us.

As we waited, the helicopter crew made a fly by and decided the winds are too strong for them to get near the patients. We had to sit in anticipation and frustration waiting for a break in the fire to get to our patients.

Finally after a few minutes the break in the fire occurs, and the on scene fire commander gives us the go ahead to pick up our patients. It takes us only 10 minutes to arrive at the location of the other fire crew. They have provided basic first aid treatment for our two patients and their Alaskan Husky dog. The patients are a man and his wife, both chiropractors who barely managed to escape from their home before it burned down. They escaped to a nearby stream with the dog where they watched as their house burned to the ground in minutes. The patients sustained burns over eight to 10 percent of their bodies, not bad for suffering through a firestorm, however the dog was much worse.

They dog had been difficult to control and keep in the water. Most of the burns they received were from struggling with the 100 pound plus Husky. John and I treated their

burns as well as the dogs. We gave the dog 10 mg. of morphine to calm him down and alleviate some of his pain. We loaded everyone, including the dog, into the ambulance and headed down the hill toward the hospital.

As we begin our descent, the firemen tell us to hurry because the wind has shifted again, and they have word the fire down the hill is out of control again. I radio ahead and ask dispatch to have an animal control officer meet us ASAP. It is against county health regulations for us to have the dog in our rig, but there's no other way. I couldn't leave him behind. I start IV's on both of our patients as John races toward safety. I talk with the man and his wife as they struggle to keep their dog calm. I can see out of the rig as we drive, but fortunately our patients can't. John presses the Chevy van to the max, 85 mph, as we race down hill. Fire engulfs the side of the road, blowing flames in front of the van as we drive. Suddenly the fire jumps the road, and flames from both sides surround us. John can see scarcely 50 feet of road in front of him.

I can see how nervous John is; he is as alert as a cat on speed. I've trusted this guy with my life many times, and feel confident that if it's possible for us to get out of this firestorm, John will make it happen. After what seems like 30 minutes, but I know is only about a minute and a half of the flames surrounding us, we emerge from the wall of fire only to find several fire engines blocking the road less than 100 feet ahead. I swear to this day I heard John think "Oh Shit". He brakes fiercely and swerves onto the dirt doing about 75 mph. We slide sideways both of us praying the rig will stay upright as several firemen dive for cover. John somehow keeps it under control and gets us back on the road past the fire engines and several fleeing firemen. John gives me a quick glance over his shoulder to see if we are okay. Everyone in the back is fine—a bit confused by the rough ride but okay none-the-less.

We receive a call from dispatch with a location to meet animal control on the way to

the hospital. She also informs us that Brian with County Health will meet us at the emergency room. Great, just what we need, a bureaucratic SOB in our faces. We meet up with the animal control officer and quickly discuss the dog and where they will take him for treatment so that I can inform my patients. Minutes later we deliver our patients safely to the emergency room.

The County Health Officer is an overzealous young guy in charge of ambulance services. He makes no attempt to hide his contempt for private companies in the paramedic business. He has lobbied for the fire departments to take over paramedic services in the county. He takes full advantage of every opportunity to interfere with our ability to operate and to generally harass us. He meets me on my way out of the patients exam area

and gets right in my face. He screams at me for transporting a dog in my rig and blah, blah, blah... I tell him to take it outside because the ER is no place for this. He looses it thinking I have called him out or something. He shoves me. Adrenalin still pumping in my veins, I grab him and start dragging him outside wishing I could beat the crap out of him.

Steve, one of my favorite doctors follows us in an attempt to intervene. He tells me Brian isn't worth loosing my job over. He tells Brian he is out of line and to just go away. So for now we calm down, but Brian will be back.

There are two lessons I carry through life from this experience. First, the bureaucratic mind is probably the one constant in the universe; and second, sometimes boring is better than exciting. I personally have had enough excitement for two lifetimes.☺

David "Smitty" Smith, a retired paramedic, works in the EMS field in Texas, California and Nevada. He instructs paramedics, nurses and doctors in advanced cardiac life support. He spent a tour in the Air Force as a security police law enforcement officer. Smitty has 30 years of martial arts experience, is a fourth degree black belt in Judo, holds a Bronze Medal from the 1996 Senior Nationals Masters Championships, and works as an SFC instructor currently in the San Francisco Bay Area. (510) 261-1896.



Dispatches *continued from page 5*

received apologies from the editors of BB. Kary's organization decided to advertise in our magazine after the dust settled and realized what the mission of the magazine was and the type of reader we attract.

Some people find the nature of our magazine confusing. They ask if it's a magazine or a fancy newsletter for W. Hock Hochheim and the Scientific Fighting Congress.

The answer is, it is a magazine on criminal and military close quarter combat. Inside *CQCMag* there are indeed two entities at work. There is W. Hock Hochheim the trainer who teaches four combat courses. There is also W. Hock Hochheim the publisher of *Close Quarter Combat Magazine*.

You have and will continue to see all kinds of systems advertised in *CQCMag* from Tae Kwon Do to Commando systems.

My dream for this magazine is that it becomes a central clearinghouse, the central focus for the advancement of CQC in all its forms. However, just because someone advertises with us doesn't automatically mean that I endorse the product or service. If we believe the subject is reasonable and attractive to a segment of our readers, we will publish the ad.

No matter who else or what else appears in the magazine, I will always teach these courses. You may or may not study them. That's life. In the last 30 years, I have gone through all the flavors like a kid in a candy store, Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, JKD, police defensive tactics, commando... you name it. One man's Bruce Lee is another man's Rex Applegate, or Ed Parker, or Dan Inosanto, whoever!

The older and wiser I get the more I realize there is a truth in combat, a generic, non-denominational truth that belongs to no one country, or no one style or person. It's about the smartest tactics for the circumstances. TACTICS! The reality, the truth is in the tactics. It's a science! The tactics provide common ground for all.

Nowadays, I look around and see younger men and woman staring in that same candy store window. I understand this. It is a process of learning and this magazine is dedicated to the personal education of people in this process.

Whether you spend your life in a karate gi or camo fatigues, this magazine is an open invitation to all—meant to push your envelope, increase your knowledge, tip you off balance, knock you off your center-line, thinking and learning something new.

Last year JKD people called me a traitor. A few months back commando-types hated me. Last winter many Filipinos disowned me. This week it's the Brazilian ground fighters for ram-rodging the features in this issue. Who's next? But they come around once we begin to talk tactics. Push your feelings aside. It's the feelings that make this so confusing. The science is clear. Take off your uniform. Lets talk reality. Lets talk....tactics! Now, you understand *CQC Magazine*.

Land-Mail Message:

Hock, I just read your article "Beyond the Mask of Killing" in the Apr/May 2001 issue. I want you to know a lot of different thoughts went through my mind.

First: how many times have I heard someone say "Just toastem" or "shoot first, then ask questions!" Too many.

Second: Sometimes you have to kill. There is no other way out. If you're wrong, you will always know it. If you're right, you will also know it.

Third: It takes a mature, smart, fast-acting person to resolve the situation, without deadly force, if they can.

I wanted you to know that I agree 100 percent with what you wrote. That is how young soldiers become old soldiers. If I ever get the chance, I would be delighted to address any class of students on this subject.

Aim high-shoot straight and keep everything sharp. Harry Constance, US Navy Seal (Ret.)

Reply:

Thank you sir! From a guy like you, that means more than you know.☺

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Citizen Self Defense League

Stay Alert

By Randy Nichols

As a martial artist, military, and/or police/corrections officer, most of you know to stay alert in your everyday environment. Notice the people around you. Study general demeanor and where they put their hands. After a few years of paying attention (and nothing happening because you remained alert) it's easy to become complacent. Now is the time to review basics!

For those of you who teach self-defense: students need to know how to avoid confrontation as much as they need to know how to survive it. It's hard to avoid some situations, but you may avoid most situations if they understand how to evaluate each set of circumstances.

And what about your mother, father, wife, kids, aunt or cousin? Would they know what to do to avoid an attack? Most of my relatives and friends do not train in self-defense, and most remain unaware of the basic things to watch for. These are the people who most need this information!

Here are some tips that everyone should know. Share it with your family and friends:

- Watch the hands! Everyone in law enforcement knows this, but you cannot repeat it enough. Unless you're dealing with an experienced kick boxer (not likely) then the hands are probably going to hurt you, either with a weapon, or empty hand strikes. So watch the hands!
- Remain alert. Take in your surroundings at all times. Keep track of who stands in front and behind you. How tall are they? What are they wearing? What color hair do they have?
- When in public, walk purposefully and with confidence. Hold your head up. Make quick eye contact with those around you.
- Avoid wearing shoes or clothing that restricts your movements.
- Trust your instincts. If you feel uncomfortable in a place or situation, leave.
- If you feel someone watching you, switch directions or cross the street. Walk toward an open store, restaurant, or lighted house. If you feel scared, yell for help.
- When walking, stay with a group whenever possible. If walking on or near a road, face traffic so you may see approaching cars. Also, walk close to the curb, away from shrubbery and other dark places where a would-be attacker might lurk. When walking close to the curb, watch for vans. It's easy for them to slow down, open the side door and grab you or your belongings, then drive away without anybody seeing.
- Avoid shortcuts through wooded areas, parking lots or alleys.
- Carry belongings close to your body, preferably, instead of a purse use a fanny pack, and do not flaunt expensive clothes or jewelry.
- Avoid letting a passerby distract you. Criminals sometimes work in pairs - one may ask you for directions, fake an injury, or beg for money - and the other may lurk just out of sight, ready to attack. Watch your back.
- Avoid jogging or biking at night. Also consider NOT wearing headphones-you should remain alert.
- When using a public phone, stay alert. Keep the call short and simple.



- If you feel threatened in an elevator, get off at the next floor. If attacked in an elevator, push the alarm button and as many floor buttons as possible.

You can read additional tips for a variety of situations at www.TeachersofDefense.com Clicking "Safety Tips." If you know a safety tip you feel we should mention, please e-mail it to TeacherofDefense@aol.com.

Stay Aware and Alert!

Randy Nichols (right) is a police officer for the Chicago Police Department. ☛





State of the Union

"THE BUSINESS AND NEWS OF SFC MEMBERSHIP"

By Jane Eden

We've made a few changes to our masthead this issue at the insistence of our distributor. They feel the changes were necessary to make it easier for our readers to find on the newsstand. Had to twist Hock's arm to gain the use of his name. Those who know him well will understand just how much effort it took. However, he insists he will not appear on the cover of CQC magazine until it's 10th anniversary.

Police Chief Mike Gillette has accepted an offer to become The Director of Training at the prestigious National Law Enforcement and Security Institute in Des Moines, IA. Gillette will oversee a staff that trains police and security officers, military and citizens. He will resign as police chief and take up his new position in July. He will continue to keep his hands in real world action. Already Gillette has developed connections with area agencies to work on their SWAT teams or perform reserve or part-time police duties. We will continue to feature Gillette in CQCMag. This month he premieres his talk forum called "The Training Room" on our webpage www.HocksCQC.com. Check it out!

Tom Pierce of Atlanta area, GA now teaches at Pil Sung Martial Arts Academy, 1795 Pilgrim Mill Rd., Cumming, GA. For more information about his classes call (770) 844-788.

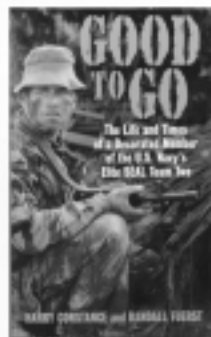
Lisa Blanks-Ellis leaves our staff this issue to become a mother. While we hate to see her go, we are excited about her future plans. With equal excitement, we welcome Sophie Trikosko Dicks to our staff. Her talent, skill and experience are apparent even in this her first effort.☺

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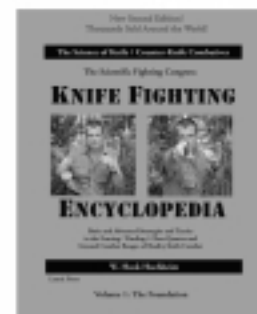
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Rank Training

OVERALL RANK LEVELS

Hock is a recognized 10th Dan Grandmaster/Founder by one of the largest martial arts Grandmaster groups in the world – The World Global Alliance, as well as other national and international organizations. All rank achieved through the Scientific Fighting Congress is respected and recognized. If you are interested in rank and instructorships, each course exists in a separate progression some material overlaps and cross training is an option. You may work in one area or all areas.

Hand to Hand – Level 1-10

Archipelago Combat – Level 1-10

Knife Counter-Knife – Level 1-10

Dos Manos System – Level 1, 2, 3 (plus instructorships)

(Additional Dan Black Belt and Master Levels available)

(Theme videos that focus on individual skills available in the Knife Counter-Knife System).

American Combat Kempo (ACK). Hock also empowers you with an American Combat Kempo rank. ACK is a secondary, “support” rank and alternative option/title to the Hand-to-Hand Combat program. The material is the same, but you may choose to teach it in the framework of a Karate-type class, to enhance your business success. Convert appropriate material into a lucrative kid’s class. An ACK rank comes free with each H-to-H rank.

SFC Instructor Levels

- 1) Class Organizer - leads official workout groups to develop skill
- 2) Basic Instructor
- 3) Advanced Instructor
- 4) Black Belt Degree Instructors

Basic and advanced instructors are not Black Belts but may teach and promote their students up to one rank under their rank. Black Belts may become instructors upon request. A one-time \$50 fee for Basic; and \$50 for Advanced Instructorships. Basic Instructorships start at Level 5.

Must Instructors Teach only Congress Material?

NO! You are free to do as you wish. Some Congress instructors...

- 1) Exclusively teach Congress material.
- 2) Run Congress courses in their school or other schools.
- 3) Mix Congress material into their existing program.
- 4) Lease time in schools, gyms, rec centers, etc.
- 5) Use their backyards and garages.
- 6) Travel and develop their own seminar circuit.
- 7) Are instructors involved in other famous courses.

HOW DO I TRAIN?

The SF Congress has members in 20 different countries that train and/or network thru *Close Quarter Combat Magazine*; with over 75 instructors and even more class organizers with whom you may train. Hock travels to more than 30 states and overseas several times each year. Train...

- 1) With Congress area instructors and organizers.
- 2) With Hock in seminars, camps, privates and semi-privates.
- 3) To acquire the rank and theme videos, the books and manuals.
- 4) And test for the first 3 levels by home/video testing.

Hock offers two full day private training sessions in your area before or after the seminars. This includes any rank and instructorship fees you achieve. You need a workout partner. Weekdays are best!

- 1) \$1,200 for one person (you need a “stuntman” to work with)
- 2) \$850 for two more interested people (per person)
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Host a seminar? There are several programs available. Base your plan on a minimum of 25 or more people and it can happen anywhere! Call Hock for details.

HOW DO I GET STARTED?

It’s simple. Just order the first level of any of the four courses.

- Hand to Hand
- Knife/Counter Knife
- Archipelago Combatives
- Dos Manos System (DMS)

or start with The Foundation – *The Knife Fighting Encyclopedia*

The CLOSE QUARTER COMBATIVE GROUP

You may progress in separate programs or cross-train in all. Remember, courses are based upon the essence of combat, and some material overlaps. If you rank in all three courses, you begin to amass certification in the CQC-Group, an elite insider group with special expertise in the Congress.

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Program 1: U.S. residents \$30. Canadian residents \$50.

Outside the U.S. and Canada residents \$70. This one-year membership connects you with a special group of police officers, military, martial artists and aware civilians, and entitles you to the bi-monthly publication *Close Quarter Combat Magazine*.

Program 2: Visit the webpage or ask about special video purchase packages that include membership and magazine.



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- ___ Ground Zero! Ground Kick Fighting
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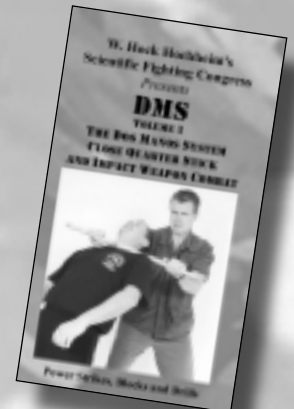
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