

2nd Anniversary Issue! Special Bodyguard/Bouncer/Security Edition!

**HAND
STICK
KNIFE
GUN**

W. HOCK HOCHHEIM'S

Close Quarter Combat

Tactics and Strategies for Military,
Law Enforcement, Corrections and Citizens

MAGAZINE

June/July 2002
ISSUE #13

Display until
July 31, 2002



**Kennedy Body Guard
Clint Hill
on Assassination!**

Texas Bar Violence

F.A.S.T. Airline Security

**Bouncing in Australia,
England, Canada and U.S.**

USA \$6.95
Canada \$8.95





STEEL MY SOLDIERS' HEARTS

COLONEL

DAVID H. HACKWORTH

and Eilhys England

STEEL MY SOLDIERS' HEARTS

COL. DAVID H. HACKWORTH (U.S. Army, Ret.)

The Hopeless to Hardcore
Transformation of U.S. Army,
4th Battalion, 39th Infantry,
Vietnam

On sale soon at all major bookstores

Close Quarter Combat

June/July 2002

MAGAZINE

Publisher

W. Hock Hochheim

Editor-in-Chief

Jane Eden

Contributing Editor(s)

Lloyd & Elizabeth Fitzpatrick

Graphic Design

Rick Johnson

Photography

Rick Owens

Contributing Writers

Jane Eden, Mike Gillette, Hock Hochheim, Joe Hubbard, Steve Johnson, Pete Kautz, Harold Kennedy, Stuart O. Landry, Anthony Lloyd, Ian McDowall, Buffalo Nickels, Joseph Reyes, Michael Schiavello, Jerry VanCook, Arthur White

LAURIC ENTERPRISES, Inc.

P.O. Box 601

Keller, TX 76244

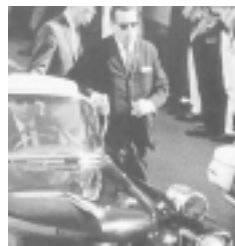
Phone: (817) 581-4021

Visit CQCMAG on the World Wide Web:

www.HocksCQC.com

E-mail us at LauricPres@aol.com

CQCMAG is published bimonthly by Lauric Enterprises, Inc. Back Issues \$12 in U.S.A.; \$14 overseas. Subscription rates per year are \$39.95 U.S.; \$59.95 Canada and \$79.95 International. Manuscripts, illustrations and/or photographs must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 2002 by Lauric Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is strictly prohibited. Printed in the United States. For current advertising rates, call 817-581-4021.



About the Cover: Joe Reyes demonstrates one method to walk away an unruly patron out of a nightclub that avoids taking it to the ground.

Sgt. Rock Meets the Grandmaster of Seven Heavens 4
By Publisher W. Hock Hochheim
 Dispatches 5

FEATURES

Commercial Trucks Go Anti-Terror 6
 Security in the Skies 7
By Mike Gillette
 Bouncing Around 8
By Arthur White, Steve Johnson, Ian McDowall, Joe Hubbard and Michael Schiavello

SQUAD ROOM

Police Blotter 14
 True Cop Story: Bad Night at Broken Wheel 15
By W. Hock Hochheim
 Second by Second of the Kennedy Hit 16
By Stuart O. Landry

MILITARY BRIEFING

Scuttlebutt 18
 Battlefield Diary 20
By Anthony Lloyd
 Ask Major Corrigan: Drink and Discipline 21
By Major Gordon Corrigan
 U.S. Troops Find Uses for Non-Lethal Weaponry 22
By Harold Kennedy

ARENA

The Training Arena:
 Health, Exercise and Safety Report 25
 The Instructor 26
By W. Hock Hochheim
 Combat Notebook: DMS Surrounded Thrust Series:
 The Riot Four 27
By W. Hock Hochheim

MARTIAL TRAINING SYSTEMS

Death Around the Corner 28
By Pete Kautz

COLUMNS

The VanCook View: Law and Order 31
 Citizen Self Defense League 33
 The Bouncer: Staying Off the Ground 34
By Joe Reyes
 State of the Union 32
 R&R: Dude? Where's My Itinerary?
 Live from Salt Lake! The 2001 Olympiad 38
By Buffalo Nickels

SGT Rock Meets the Grandmaster of Seven Heavens

By W. Hock Hochheim

For years now a very small group of us have taught a brand of realism to citizens, police and the military. But we were besmirched as extremists, militant, violent, crazy and plain unsociable. There were even whisper campaigns suggesting we belong to *militias*, all in a paranoid effort to steer students from so much as looking at our courses. Why? Because our material is the clean, effective, essence of combat minus the slick mythology and mystical marketing.

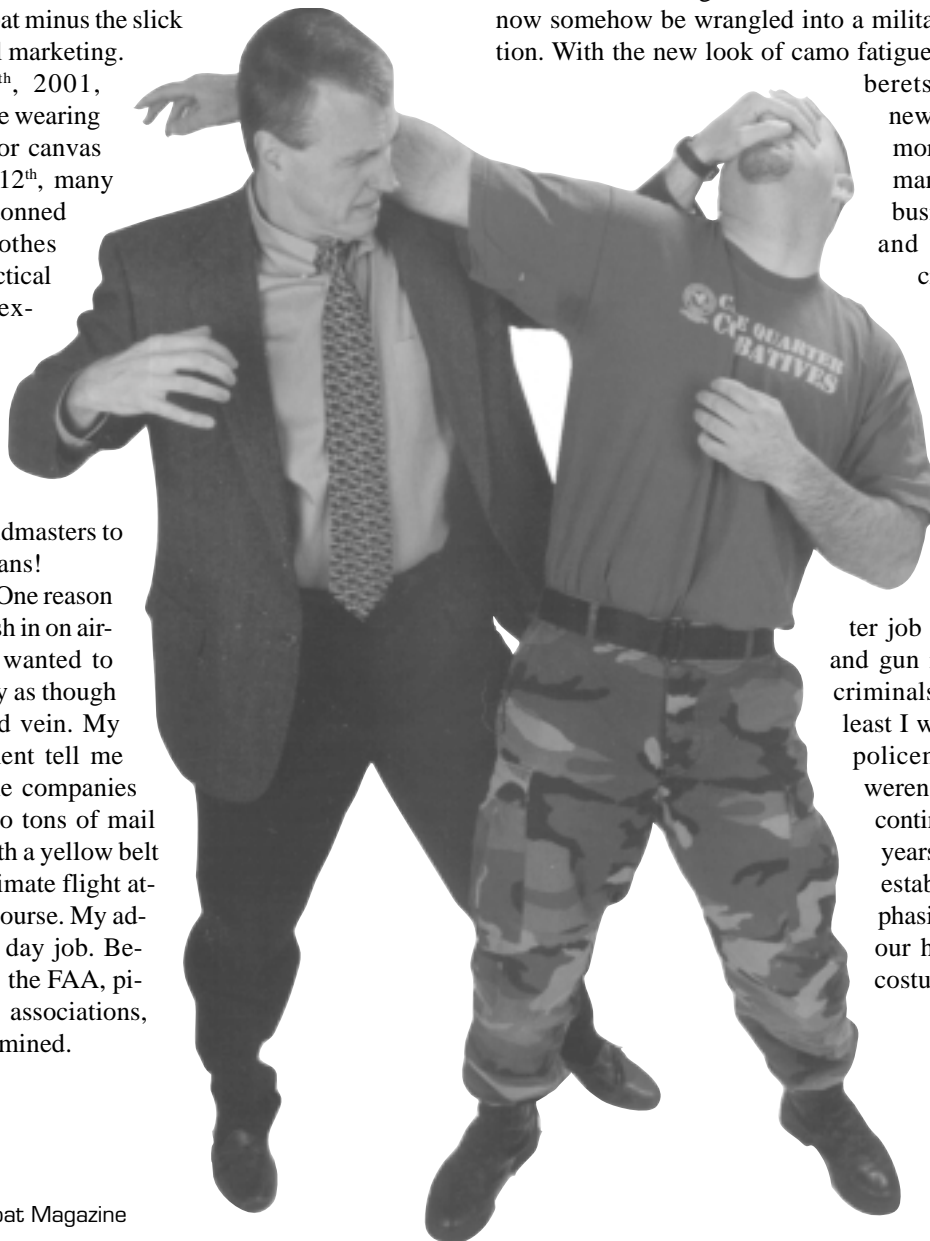
On September 10th, 2001, many martial artists were wearing their colored silks and/or canvas outfits. On September 12th, many of these same people donned military and SWAT clothes and suddenly became tactical and survival, combat experts. They began flooding the media with their modified looks and new acronym-named courses. What magic transformations from glorious grandmasters to hardcore combat tacticians!

The transformation? One reason is instructors eager to cash in on airline fright. Everybody wanted to teach the airline industry as though it was an untapped gold vein. My friends in the government tell me that the FAA and airline companies have received about two tons of mail from every character with a yellow belt on up, pitching their ultimate flight attendant or sky marshal course. My advice is, don't quit your day job. Between corporate boards, the FAA, pilot and flight attendant associations, not much gold is being mined.

The second reason is to cash in on general paranoia. The public has been drenched with anti- and counter terrorist courses. Few of these teachers even know the definitions between anti- and counter. Anti-terrorism is like crime prevention, doing things that prevent terrorism *before* it happens. Counter-terrorism is fighting the act *while* it's happening.

A new marketing era has dawned. Every wannabe's history will now somehow be wrangled into a military, police or CIA connection. With the new look of camo fatigues or SWAT black utilities, berets and bloused boots, the newly transformed now look more like dangerous militiaman than I ever have in my business polo shirt, long pants and sneakers! Yet I was the crazy one once...well prior to last September.

Every martial art gives us abstract skill for reality combat. Even sports like football, college wrestling and others help prepare certain attributes of the fighter. It's just that some systems do a better job forging hand, stick, knife and gun reality courses to combat criminals and enemy soldiers. At least I was in the Army and was a policeman. Most of these guys weren't even cub scouts. I shall continue to teach what I have for years, as will this already small, established veteran (and I emphasize-veteran) group, shaking our heads at the new, passing, costume parade. ★





MAIL CALL

Dispatches

E-Mail: You were in the Philippines. What is a Moro we hear about? Have you met any? — EG/Tampa Bay, FL

Reply: The name Moro comes from a centuries' old Spanish nickname because they believed these Filipino residents of mostly the southern archipelago looked like their Muslim, Moroccan, Moors. Indeed these people were Muslim in religion. Spain tried and failed to subjugate these fierce-fighting people who were good with their sabers, daggers and blowguns. But they were also miners, farmers and accomplished seafarers with a penchant for piracy. The Moros still occupy Mindanao with strong ties to the radical Taliban. Past issues of *CQC MAG* has reported on these connections. I was in the Philippines while their rebel army struck and raided a whole small city/village and then disappeared into the Negroes Island jungle. I have been in these Filipino villages on the Negroes Islands where men are clad like Tarzan with a bolo (machete) on their belt, but don't think I met any Moros.

E-Mail: Hey! I really enjoyed your instructor article on Lipma in the last CQC. It sounds suspiciously like the Krav-Maga organization that I contacted before I found the Scientific Fighting Congress. I heard the sales pitch, got the info-packet, then they told me that I would have to pay them more in monthly licensing fees than I ever thought I would make as an instructor. I felt that I should further my martial knowledge elsewhere. Boy, am I glad I found you guys! — S. C. / Richmond, KY

Reply: Lipma? Krav Maga? What do they say in Hollywood? "Any similarities are strictly coincidental."

E-Mail: I'll just make this brief. The article in CQC Mag, Issue Number 8 said some pretty poignant things about the limitations of BJJ as a remedy for combat, but we shouldn't rule out BJJ in totality, as much as BJJ is sport based and has rules that pertain therein, though BJJ players wait for a tap out, despite the fact that a lot of guys use it in a street confrontation and get their heads kicked in, BJJ still has a lot to offer for real combat. Hey, the basic white-belt techniques are pretty effective provided they are blended with street-oriented things and are practiced minus the sport-based rules of tapping out. You know it's funny, the Gracies themselves say simply, "Go ahead and use other stuff, just add our stuff on to whatever it is you

are doing." BJJ is NOT a *be all, end all* to ground fighting even though many black-belts in the art think THEY are, but it can help. — O.G./LA, CA

Reply: Even playing football has abstract benefits, but any system totally based on the premise of tackling and wrestling every opponent each and every time to the ground is not sound doctrine and foundation for real world survival, and certainly not the military. But what great athletes! And great fun! Still, now a year later, we continue to receive mail on the BJJ vs. Military H2H article written by a disgruntled U.S. Army Ranger trainer.



SFC instructor Julian Ortega, (left) wins a No Holds Barred fight.

Land Mail: Hock, thanks for a fantastic seminar in Johannesburg, South Africa, and for teaching at our one national police academy. It was a real eye-opener and everybody thoroughly enjoyed it. The police special task forces were also impressed as well. I will be seeing them soon to introduce more of your material. You also made a big impression on the military guys from South African Special Forces over the weekend as well as all the other attendees. South Africa is looking forward to next year's seminar with great anticipation. — Mark Eekhof, Global Security, South Africa

Reply: Thank you sir, and I shall see you there.

E-Mail: I am 19 years old and want to become a bodyguard as a career. Any advice?

Reply: Join the Army and seek that related MOS (job number/title). They are bodyguards in the Rangers and the Marines. Become a police officer, make contacts and get some experience on a special unit that works

protection details. Take notes. Take all training and experience SERIOUSLY. Let me tell you! As a young man, they rammed me through many schools, and I was just too young and foolish to relish every word and appreciate every moment.

In the United States there are many schools for private investigators and bodyguards. Few have ever seen any action first hand and know little about it. They just take your money! And let me tell you these honest remarks lost me advertisers in this magazine. So be it! The truth is the truth. The guys who get the careers doing

this here in the U.S. and Canada are almost always ex-cops and former military. In some other countries, you can get a decent bodyguard career without that background, but in North America? No. Most people will spend thousands of dollars at these wannabe schools and usually wind up a minimum wage security guard, never finishing the course,

and never quitting their day job.

Even now, friends inform me that Secret Service agents looking to change jobs or retire are facing hot competition between ex-service agents and ex-FBI in the career security field. Long hours and constant travel pressure these agents out of government to work in more stable, lucrative, security positions. If it's tough for them, imagine what a home correspondent course gets for you? Go to college. Get an education. Join the military. Become a cop. Have a blast. I am jealous!

Send your e-mail questions to HockHoch@aol.com or land-mail to Close Quarter Combat Mag, P.O. Box 601, Keller, TX 76244

COMMERCIAL TRUCKS GO ANTI-TERROR

According to sources at the Pentagon, specially equipped SUV's and large pickups may soon play an increasing role in the war on terror.

Currently an organization called the Army's National Automotive Center (NAC) is working in conjunction with various electronic and technical organizations to see how best to modify these vehicles for military use. These studies may result in expanded requirements for these trucks. Many will come with high-tech gear and non-lethal weapons.

The concept of anti-crime vehicles deployed in an urban environment isn't new. South Africans have discovered the advantage of installing flame-throwers on the sides of their cars to deter carjackers some time back. This is just one of many examples at work worldwide. However, in the U.S. most of our highly prepared vehicles are designed for defensive rather than offensive action.

In 2000, the NAC unveiled the Smart Truck—A Ford F-350 specially equipped with state of the art computer, multi-media equipment, lasers and armor to counter terrorist attacks

At the time of its unveiling, many military officials dismissed the truck as "too flashy" for current needs. However, events of September 11 and differences between Israel and Palestine have changed all that and now the Smart Truck has a future in urban peace keeping missions.

The truck shows promise in helping maintain peace in foreign hot spots. It also shows promise for use in the U.S. Because it looks like many SUV's currently in use, it can go about its work without disrupting day-to-day activity and morale.

A similar rationale could apply to domestic security missions in the United States, where military troops or law enforcement agents may want to operate incognito, in a vehicle that looks like a regular truck. Several U.S. law enforcement agencies have displayed significant interest recently.

The Smart Truck is only one part of the new move toward use of commercial vehicles to combat terror. The second idea is based on a Commer-



cial Based Tactical Truck (Combatt)

Unlike the Smart Truck, which is designed primarily for city use, Combatt is designed for rugged off-road terrain and fuel efficiency.

Which trucks may become part of Combatt? A Ford F-350, a Dodge Ram 3500, a GM Silverado and an AM General Humvee. These will not replace the current Humvee, but may widen the range of its operation. These trucks are being tested and modified appropriately. Military officials like the program, thus far. The next step will be to field test to see how the vehicle performs in the actual theatre of operation and incorporating feedback into the commercial manufacturing process.

War will take a different path in the future. It's unlikely that we will ever again line up and work our way across the battlefield to shoot and kill each other. War in the future will involve urban and rural infiltration. Anti-war vehicles must have the ability to

move rapidly and as inconspicuously as possible in an environment where civilians live and work alongside undesirable elements of society. It's these conditions that our military must prepare for. We must look to the future and examine what scenarios our military must face and prepare accordingly.

One answer to potential urban warfare is the Cobra and Viper, made by Ibis Tek. Many Middle Eastern governments already use these vehicles in their security forces. Both are based on commercial SUV's and pick-up trucks. However, they come armed with .50 caliber machine gun or many other weapons.

The Cobra is based on the Chevrolet Suburban. The Viper uses a GMC truck. While Middle Eastern countries may use these vehicles, the U.S. Military continues to examine whether a commercial vehicle can operate with adequate precision in a military environment. Cost is a serious consideration as well. These vehicles run between \$350,000 and \$450,000. Many come with electro-hydraulic deployment systems, stabilizers, laser range-finders and more. ★

The truck shows promise in helping maintain peace in foreign hot spots. It also shows promise for use in the U.S. Because it looks like many SUV's currently in use, it can go about its work without disrupting day-to-day activity and morale.

Security in the Skies

By Mike Gillette

After September 11, the aviation industry spent a considerable amount of time trying to come to grips with what had previously been unthinkable.

Prior to 9-11, airline policies had instructed aircrews to comply with the demands of a hijacker. These demands had typically involved re-routing an aircraft to an alternate destination, making this seem like a reasonable and safe strategy. September's events changed the aviation industry's conception of what constitutes a Hijack Scenario forever.

In response to the outcry for additional aviation security measures, government and airline decision-makers have received a number of proposed solutions. The Media has already reported on a number of these including:

- On-board Air Marshals
- Pistols, stun guns or air-tasers in the cockpit
- Rapid depressurization of the cabin
- Abrupt aircraft maneuvers (turns, climbs and descents)
- Hardened cockpit doors secured by locks and supports

The industry and regulatory groups may discuss many of these topics. The idea of reinforcing or hardening cockpits is already being put into practice on numerous commercial aircraft. Protecting the cockpit is a sound strategy. It also creates a security void elsewhere in the aircraft. If all airline cockpits become truly hardened targets, the only thing standing between hijackers and innocent passengers are flight attendants, marshals and courageous, aggressive passengers. Training flight attendants (as well as citizens in general) should be mandatory.

Flight attendants themselves have called for specific security training. In response to the efforts of such groups as the Association of

Flight Attendants, the Federal Aviation Administration proposed that the airline industry begin to train flight attendants in specific security and self-defense topics.

On January 18th of this year, the FAA issued guidelines for airlines to create a plan for flight attendant training. The training plans will include:

- Procedures for enhanced communication between the cabin crew, the flight deck and the ground during emergency situations.
- Self-defense and separation techniques designed specifically for the aircraft environment.
- Getting an aircraft onto the ground as soon as possible.
- Situational training exercises.

Airlines had until March 19, 2002 to develop these programs based on the FAA's guidelines. The FAA must now approve, reject or recommend changes to insure that the plans are in compliance with the new guidelines. Preparing cabin crews with specific security training will go a long way toward providing a sense of empowerment for these men and women who have an entirely new set of expectations on their shoulders. It should also restore a sense of security for air travelers and in turn, the aviation industry. Training must include topics like:

- Use of force continuum
- Psychology of the terrorist and/or hijacker
- Physical tactics that actually work in the confines of an airplane, versus aggressors on drugs, alcohol or adrenaline
- Countering weapon attacks
- Ready tools to utilize against aggressors
- Medical skills



Preparing cabin crews with specific security training will go a long way toward providing a sense of empowerment for these men and women who have an entirely new set of expectations on their shoulders.

To create an appropriate security and self-defense training plan, many airlines have outsourced for security consultation and training expertise. In response to such requests, the National Law Enforcement and Security Institute developed *FAST*, Flight Attendant Safety Training, a program featured in the multi-media such as newspaper and magazine articles, John Walsh's *America's Most Wanted* and many television news agencies.



The FAST Program instructs the best ways to detect and defend against improvised and unconventional weapons.



This FAST demonstration, conducted for Flight Attendant Union Representatives, was filmed for a segment on Fox Television's "America's Most Wanted." AMW Producer Esquire Jauchem (with camera) is shown at left.

BOUNCING AROUND



Arthur "Mad Eyes" White as European Heavyweight Champion of the World, 1992.

Arthur White

Throat Somebody

The fight has taken place the night before in The Gun Pub, in Bishopsgate. My brother's friend Joe was a rich man, who owned a wholesale business in the market. His turnover was millions of pounds each year. He was having a problem with the market traders. He operated a credit system whereby you bought the goods, sold them, and then paid what you owed. Unfortunately, some of the men were unscrupulous, and had no intention of paying Joe the money they owed him. Jimmy fell into that category.

That evening, Joe was boozing away, whilst I drank Pepsi. I had taken some lines of coke, to keep me alert. Joe got into an argument with Jimmy, and Jimmy whacked him on the chin. Joe fell on the table, and landed on the floor. He was not a fighter, and I knew that if he didn't get any help he would be done for. So I stepped in. Grabbing hold of Jimmy, I smacked him in the mouth. A full bottle of champagne was on the bar; I hit Jimmy across the face with it. As he staggered back, I hit him again. Jimmy didn't know what happened to him, but I wasn't finished yet – I was only just warming up! I was well aware that I had to prove myself to Joe. The whole point of meeting him that evening had been to make an agreement about becoming his debt collector.

My specialty was to *throat* somebody. Being a champion dead-lifter, my grip was like a vice: I would grab someone by the throat, which would quickly cut off their air supply, causing them to faint.

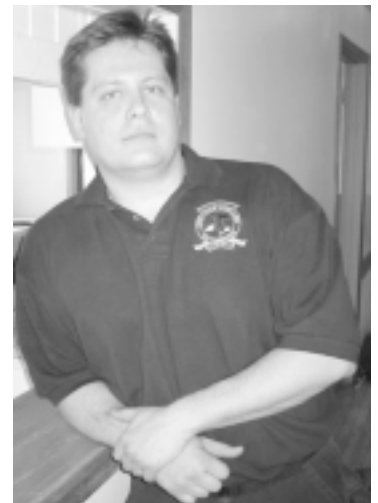
Their arms would go limp, and just before they passed out, I would give them one powerful smack, which sorted them out good and proper. Jimmy experienced my technique. I dragged him through the bar doors, and continued to beat him. By now, he wasn't able to put up any resistance. I took his keys out of his pockets, opened up the door of his Mercedes, and threw him onto the front seats. Blood was pouring out of him like a leaky kettle. I told him in no uncertain terms, that if he didn't pay Joe what he owed him, he would be getting more of the same, but in double doses. He paid up!

It was about 2 a.m. As I walked through Spitalfields, the tale of my exploits had already reached the market traders. Although the situation seemed comical to me, I knew that some of the punters I would have to deal with wouldn't be easy pushovers, like Jimmy.

Joe was ecstatic with my performance. Now, he was confident that he would recuperate all that was owed to him, and he had his own personal bodyguard – me. Because Joe was pleased with me, he dutifully paid me £5,000 as a retainer.

The Mouthpiece

Phil Roussin of Thunder Bay, Canada had numerous violent encounters during his years as a bouncer. Phil says, "I used to carry a black mouthpiece in my pocket. This was one of my old boxing mouthpieces. At the point it looked like battle stations I would take a step back, look real serious, take out the mouthpiece and put it on my teeth. Then I would roll my head on my neck like a fighter loosening up. Many times I did this the other guy would back down and leave. Otherwise, I would really need it! It was a great strategy."



Phil Roussin

Someone stabbed Phil one night while ejecting a customer, but the knife tip only traveled into his leather belt, never into his belly. He grabbed the weapon-bearing limb, disarmed the knife and threw the attacker down on the sidewalk. Then he sat down right on the man's back while the club owner called the police...

"It was about 3 degrees out. Wintertime. And it took the cops 45 minutes to get there. My boss ran inside and got my parka. I put it on while we held the guy's arms. He was chest and face down on the cold cement and had no jacket. By the time the cops got there, he was like a block of ice. I almost felt sorry for the guy. Almost."

59 Stitches

"...When he wakes up, tell him not to come back here, get it," I shouted after a group of guys who were carrying their unconscious friend out. He had verbally abused my boss. There was no way I was going to stand by, and have someone I knew and respected, insulted, so, I battered the guy until he passed out.

I was working, at the time, as a bouncer at the Church Elm Pub. The money supplemented my wages, and the drinks were free. Chucking troublemakers off the premises, and beating up anyone who deserved it, fitted in with my violent persona. I remember that particular night, back in December 1994, very well. I had been drinking all day long. My favorite drink at the time was called a Purple Paratrooper. It consisted of a half a pint of lager, half a pint of cider and a shot of Pernod, with a drop of blackcurrant to give the drink a nice color. It was a lethal combination. In some public houses, mixing lager and cider together – which is called Snakebite – is banned. It was 1 a.m., and because I was a member of staff I could drink what I liked. Whenever I drank a Purple Paratrooper it would have an adverse effect on me. The guy that I had thrown out would have felt every punch I threw. When he came round, I knew that he would remember me!

It was a regular event to be having a late drink with the owners of the pub. I could stay in a pub, all night and all day, drinking. Half an hour later, I was feeling good. The after-hours drinking was popular, and there were about 50 people, like me, who enjoyed a good drink. My left hand was in my pocket, and my right was attached to my glass. I was totally unprepared for what happened next. I heard a popping sound, as my head was thrown backward. My eyes were closed, but I could feel that my face was covered, with a warm, sticky liquid. I realized straight away what had happened. I had been hit in the face with a glass. The mate of the guy I had previously slung out, had come back for revenge.

Opening my eyes, I realized that my right eyelid was hanging down in front of my eyes, by a thread. My left eyelid was sliced across the middle. People were screaming. "He's lost his eyes." Someone shouted, "He's been blinded." All around me was bedlam. Bar towels were being placed over my face, to mop up the blood. Blood was pouring from my face from seven different places. The torrent of blood that was flowing down my eyes didn't stop me from seeing. Even though I could literally only see red, I knew I hadn't been blinded. People around me, led me to a chair. I sat down waiting for the ambulance to come. I still had my drink in my hand.



Steve Johnson



Ready to party prior to incident

The outcome of the evening's events was that I had to have 59 stitches in my face. My feelings and plans for revenge were more a matter of principle, rather than anything personal. I didn't hate the guy, but what he had done to me was well out of order. He had to be sorted out.

I was never able to catch the guy who scarred my face. He proved to be very elusive. A couple of years later, I heard, on the grapevine, that he was found hanging in his cell in a secure mental institution.

Editor's Note: *Throat Somebody* and *59 Stitches* are excerpts from *Tough Talk* by Arthur White, Steve Johnson and Ian McDowall, printed by Word Press. Reprinted with permission.

Tough Talk consists of a group of men who travel the UK, Europe and the USA conducting power-lifting demonstrations and telling how Jesus Christ changed their lives. A registered charity [No. 1084886], they produce both books and videos. To find out more about them call 208-923-6190 or write ToughTalk1@aol.com.

JOIN US
FILING NOW OPEN

POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK

Call For An Application

212-RECRUIT
Or Apply Online: www.nyc.gov/nypd

The NYPD is an equal opportunity employer

A Night at the Met

By Joe Hubbard

For a year and a half, I worked as part of the elite security team at the infamous Met Bar in London, England. As celebrity members' bars go, the Met prided itself in knocking back who they wanted, including well-known stars. This was a place where in any given week you would see the likes of George Clooney, Bruce Willis, Jennifer Lopez, Madonna, Mick Jagger and Elle McPherson. As a result, there was a deluge of paparazzi, autograph hunters and celebrity wannabes that swarmed the gates of the club regularly. The Met was one of the pioneering clubs in London that wanted to get away from having the stereotypical image of big steroid-taking bouncers on the door. Instead they wanted a more sophisticated (someone who could actually string more than two sentences together) person who acted more like a host than a scare-faced bouncer with a criminal record. In my brief tenure at this establishment, we had very little trouble. In fact, almost all the incidents that took place were caused by the wannabes trying to get into the place. The incident I am about to describe involved multiple attackers who, when told they could not enter the club to see a famous glamour model, decided to take it to the next level.

It was a normal slow Wednesday night at 2:00 a.m. at the Met. I had about an hour left on my shift and bored, as usual, I ironically decided to read the latest copy of *Inside Kung Fu*. There are two entrances to the bar—one on the street where two of us stood, and one via the hotel that it is attached to where one man is posted. I was on the hotel side, hence the boredom. If there is one thing that I have always hated about door work it's the boredom. Suddenly a man approached me seething with anger demanding to enter the bar. Before I could answer him, one of my colleagues came through from the other side saying to the man, "didn't you just call me an asshole?" It was obvious that this guy had been knocked back already and my colleague was now face-to-face with him. As this started to escalate, I decided to intervene playing the pacifist.

The minute I got involved, two other guys suddenly appeared. My colleague kept his distance, and before I realized it he had split, leaving me there with three guys to deal with. As I adopted an interview stance I told them, "I don't want any trouble." Just then one of the three reared back with a John Wayne haymaker and swung at me. Seeing him chamber back, I intercepted his blow with a verti-



Joe Hubbard (right) subdues an unruly patron.

cal fist-whipping jab. On impact his face exploded with blood. I noticed later that I had knocked his two front teeth in on a 45 percent angle. He grabbed his face in shock and was out of the picture. The guy on the far end saw this and turned and ran outside where he was restrained by the other two bouncers (thanks for the help guys). This left me with a pissed off rugby player with rage in his eyes. He rushed me and I responded by blasting him in the face hitting him five or six times. As he turned to evade my punches, I put him in a sleeper choke and rendered him unconscious.

The aftermath of this incident involved the police and I was convinced I would spend the night in jail. Although, when the police arrived and checked the CCTV footage, they let me off because nothing was evident by what the footage showed. Also, after the police interviewed the assailants and me, they were satisfied I responded in self-defense. The thing that pissed me off about the whole incident, was the lack of backup I received by my fellow doormen. In this new age, the recruiting of these host-like doormen will spawn a generation of unprepared bouncers that eventually will lead to some serious consequences! For adequate safety for all involved, appropriate training is a necessity.

The Gangster Slap

A lot of bouncers have their own trademark, which they will use in a confrontation.

I remember working with a guy named Dave who wasn't a fighter at all. He was simply a doorman with a quick mouth and model looks. If we ever had any trouble, he'd wait for me to restrain the culprit. Dave would then come off the door and, in a blink, he'd rip the patron's shoes off, throw the shoes on the roof of the club, turn around and walk back to the door as if nothing had happened.

A trademark of the bouncer industry is the open palm slap to the back of the head known as the *gangster slap*. The beauty of the gangster slap is that it doesn't do any permanent damage, but does

MODERN MARTIAL DEFENSE INSTITUTE
SFC Training Headquarters Florida

SEMINARS
CLINICS
GROUPS
PRIVATE



Steven J. Vaughn
Senior Instructor

"Higher Martial
Education
Thru Professional,
Progressive
Training"

(772) 464-2264 CQCman2222@aol.com

Now, for the first time...
the startling truth is revealed!

BOUNCER!

REAL LIFE STORIES

'A powerful reading experience.
You won't be able to put it down.'
Blitz Action Magazine

MICHAEL SCHIAVELLO

enough to rattle the recipient without leaving any marks.

My partner Jimmy also has a trademark slap to the side of the jaw. Jimmy is a tradesman with a set of big, powerful hands. His slap to the jaw is capable of knocking the recipient out.

My friend, big Steve, who stands well over six foot and tips the scales at around 220 lbs. has his trademark *power push* which sounds like some sort

of wrestling maneuver. Steve is so powerful that if he punched someone, he'd probably kill them. Instead, he pushes them in the chest with both hands – a move guaranteed to send anyone under 150 lbs. flying backward.

I remember when Steve employed the power push in a parking lot scrap one night. I was standing with someone when I saw this guy skidding along the road on his arse like he'd come flying off a motorbike. It looked like a scene from a Bugs Bunny cartoon. That was the result of Steve's incredible power push.

Are You Missing This?
CLOSE QUARTER COMBAT MAGAZINE

Tactics and Strategies for the Military, the Police, Corrections, Martial Artists and Civilians. Real People, Doing Real Things, In The Real World!

Some Previous Features:
 • EDD's Trick and Run Baton Grappling
 • Why Cop's Shoot
 • Kelly's Personal Training
 • Corrections Reality: The UCC Battle
 • The Knife Fight of Jim Thomas
 • Tom Clancy on Special Forces
 • Tactics of the Calling (Trapping) Hands
 • Dick Mancuso on Fighting Ripped Justice
 • Science of Long Gun Shooting
 • The Real "Fight Club" (Secret MMA Fights)
 • Hit Fights and Gun Fights of Kelly Angelo
 • Don Deagan: the Ultimate MA Historian
 • Specialty: South Beaches of the Philippines
 • Killshot Stick Fighting: The Next Step
 • Decisive Ground Fighting vs. Military (ED)
 • Ten Deadly Sins of Kelly Fighting
 • The New U.S. Marine KSI Center
 • Arthur Slocum: Back to the Future
 • The Law: Confrontation of Tom Kelly
 • Gun, Stick, Knife Extension
 • Kelly Quirk: Drives from Shoulder Carries
 • Combat Notebook
 • Rules of Engagement
 • Russian L-39 Jet Wing Training
 • Countdown to Knife-Quick Events
 ...and so much more.

Regular Columns by:
 • W. Jack Rothstein
 • Lt. Colonel David Hawksworth, US Army (Ret.)
 • Jerry Ford-Gook, Retired Cop/Author
 • Mike Galbraith, N.J.S.I., former S.W.A.T. Sgt.
 • Sergio Carrigan, Former Chicago Constable
 • Joe (The Swanson) Ryan on Dismounting
 • Duffalo Nicksch, Former Spec Ops (Deadly Weapon)
 • Paul Kanta, expert on the world's weapons
 • Officer Steve Kravich, Vegas Metro on Combatives

True Stories! Learn From:
 • Two Cop Stories and the Police Botch
 • Unfinished Duty - True CQB, Military Stories
 • True Bouncer Stories
 • True Historical Pieces
 • The Avian-On-Fighter's Health & Fitness

Subscription Rates:
 • \$29.95 for 6 issues (email subscription)
 • \$39.95 for 6 issues (mailed in U.S.)
 • \$59.95 for 6 issues (mailed in Canada and Mexico)
 • \$79.95 for 6 issues (mailed in any other international country)

Also available at Borders, Barnes & Noble, Books-A-Million, The Coz and select
Wholesale Arts Supply Stores.

To subscribe, or order back issues visit www.HookedCQC.com, or send
check, credit card bill or money order to: Laurie Enterprises, Inc.,
P.O. Box 601, Keller, TX 76244 or call 817-581-4021.

Drills!
Combat Scenarios!
Special Presentations!

The Pacific Archipelago Combatives Black Belt Test has it all!

As performed by a masterful practitioner Tom Greenman.

See what this test entails, the categories and performance in this great one hour video of how and why Hock organized it, all in an exclusive interview.

**Garo W. Hock Hochheim's
Pacific Archipelago Combatives**

Black Belt

With Tim Greenman!

The Essence of Pacific Island Combat!

Archipelago Black Belt

Send check or money order for \$39.95 to Laurie Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 601, Keller, TX 76244
(\$3 additional for CAN; \$6 additional for INTL orders.)
Offer expires November 31, 2002.
(Current SFC Members pay only \$33.95)
Offer expires September 31, 2002

The Essence of Martial Arts

- Video and Manual Sets: Aiki Arts, \$35; Silat, \$35; Ninpo Taijutsu, \$35; Drills I, \$25, Drills II, \$35; Basic Self-Defense, \$35; Kenpo Jujutsu Self-Defense, \$50; Aikijujutsu levels I-III, \$35 each level, \$90 for all three; Yamabushikai 40 Waza, \$35.
- Self-Defense against an attacker with a knife, video \$50
- Book, Theory of Self-Defense, Volume I, \$20
- 17 other manuals, 6 other videos, over 100 used videos

Complete information \$5, or free with order.
Order over \$30, get Theory of Self-Defense Volume I free.
Order over \$60, get Theory of Self-Defense Book and Drills I set free.
Shipping and handling, \$4 per book, \$5 per set.
Stan Wilson, 2032 Judson, Manhattan, KS 66502

One of the best-known security people in the industry, who I'll call Doug, has a trademark *finger point*. When Doug points the finger at you during an argument, it is time to duck. First he points, then he makes a fist in front of your nose and bops you with it, much like Bruce Lee's famous one-inch punch. Countless people have had their lights put out by Doug's renowned finger point.

So, when someone says to me that bouncing must be an action-packed, glamorous job, I say it can be, but that only accounts

for a small percentage of bouncing life. Take, for example, my recent book. It contains 70 stories highlighting the more adventurous side of bouncing. That's only 70 stories from 12 years of bouncing. If I've worked 2,000 shifts in 12 years, then 70 stories only accounts for about three percent of my bouncing life. What about the other 97 percent? The 97 percent of loneliness, constant abuse, fights with my girlfriends and now with my

wife, emotional and financial strain and risking my health for thankless patrons and little monetary reward. But who wants to read about that stiff, right?

*(Excerpt from **Bouncer, Real Life Stories** by Michael Schiavello. Reprinted w/ permission. Available through S & I Publishing.)*

Close Quarter Combat Magazine WEB LIBRARY

Web Pages for your use, training, education, controversy and sheer entertainment.

www.spyoutlet.com

www.nationofcowards.net

www.firstchoicearmor.com

www.skidcar.com

www.hammertraining.com

www.governmentguide.com/healthandsafety/bootcamp.adp

www.goarmy.com/sorc/history

www.t-mag.com/articles/202cops

www.gertzfile.com/InsidetheRing

www.Smallblueplanet.com

www.HocksCQC.com

Add your webpage to this magazine and to the powerful www.HocksCQC.com. (viewed by some 300,000 people a month! Contact Lauric Press at Lauicpres@aol.com for details.

TITANIUM DIVE KNIFE

Last of small overrun U.S. manufacture
6% Al / 4% V Titanium Alloy Sterile
Dive Knives with Dive Sheath and
Leg Straps • Produced for Two
Foreign Governments • 12-3/4" OAL
• 7-3/4" x 1-3/8" Spearpoint Blade
• 1 Edge Serrated
• 1 Edge 65% Sharpened
Disassembles into 3 Pieces:

- Polymer Handle
- Titanium Pommel
- Titanium Blade with Hidden Tang



\$274⁰⁰

JIM KOSTER
102 N. Treat Ave.
Tucson, AZ 85716
Call: 520-327-2918
Fax: 520-321-1773



AMERICAN BODYGUARD ASSOCIATION

THE PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATION

Do you have what it takes to be a *professional* Bodyguard? In today's ever-changing world, the Bodyguard will be in great demand. The American Bodyguard Association helps to meet that demand. We provide you with the tools you need to successfully accomplish your mission. Members of the American Bodyguard Association recognize their distinguished position. Training, experience, knowledge, hard work, and dedication are what gets the jobs and sets the real Bodyguards apart from the others.

The American Bodyguard Association supports standardized training and professionalism in the Protective Services profession. Be a member of the best Bodyguard association in the United States of America.

AMERICAN BODYGUARD ASSOCIATION

7915 S. Emerson Ave., Suite 296
Indianapolis, Indiana 46237

aba@americanbodyguard.org
www.americanbodyguard.org



Possibly, the most demanding job in the world.

► CIA Directorate of Operations Clandestine Service

The Ultimate International Career



For the extraordinary individual who wants more than a job, this is a unique career. It is a way of life that will challenge the deepest resources of your intelligence, self-reliance and responsibility. It demands an adventurous spirit, superior intellect, toughness of mind, personal integrity, courage and love of country. Do you have what it takes?

Career Opportunities



We are currently hiring for the Clandestine Service Trainee (CST) and Professional Trainee (PT) Programs. These

programs serve as the launching pad for positions with the Directorate of Operations. For further information, visit: www.cia.gov

Job Qualifications



The minimum of a bachelor's degree is required, preferably with emphasis on international business, science or technology. Foreign language proficiency is a plus. Outstanding interpersonal skills, solid writing ability and a strong interest in foreign affairs are necessities. Maximum age for entry is 35. US citizenship is required.



All competitive candidates must successfully complete a medical examination, polygraph interview and an extensive background investigation.

The CIA is America's premier intelligence agency, and we are committed to building and maintaining a work force as diverse as the nation we serve.

Contact Information

To be considered for employment, please send your resume, day and evening telephone numbers, and a cover letter explaining your qualifications and reasons for applying to: CST Division, PO Box 4605, Dept. AUAH1101, Reston, VA 20195; FAX: (703) 613-7871.

An equal opportunity employer and a drug-free work force. Visit us at www.cia.gov





THE SQUAD ROOM

officers will carry firearms on any flights they board in the course of their normal duties, such as flying to conferences or traveling for special assignments.

South African Rapes

Forty percent of the already high rape rates in South Africa are “man-on-man.” Authorities state this is due to violent, paroled ex-convicts. Violent car-jackings continue to rise. Cars are smuggled into countries to the north, such as Botswana.

What's Getting Through

Recent undercover tests conducted by the transportation inspector general's office at U.S. airport screening positions had disturbing results. Seventy percent of all knives went through undiscovered. Thirty percent of all guns got by as did 60 percent of simulated explosives. Overall, screeners failed to stop prohibited items in 48 percent of tests.

Not Much Buckeye Change

The number of uniformed state troopers in Ohio hasn't increased since 1974, even though the population rose by 7 percent and the number of registered vehicles leaped by 75 percent in that time.

British Knight's Don Armor

Scotland Yard has ordered police in north London to wear bullet-proof vests at all times because of the soaring gun crime rates. “We have pretty stringent gun laws in this country, but they do not seem to having any effect,” a Yard spokesperson told the media.

Our Good Guy Walker? A Violent Guy?

TV watch groups have announced Walker, Texas Ranger has an average of 112 violent acts per episode and was the most violent show on television for 1998 and 1999.

Pilots Want Pistols

Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta and Homeland Defense Director Tom Ridge each said they oppose arming pilots. In reaction, the United States five largest pilots unions, representing 114,000 airline pilots, have asked President Bush to intercede and allow arms aboard. The pilots want be trained in a special course and go armed. No official word from the White House as yet, but aides say President Bush is siding with Governor Ridge on this issue.

Is There an Armed Doctor in the House?



Dr. Richard Carmona

President Bush wanted a man with real life experience to fill the position of Surgeon General. Dr. Richard Carmona appears to fill the bill and more. Heroic might best describe his actions in 1999 when, on his way to a University of Arizona football game, he drove upon a traffic accident. A trauma surgeon and deputy sheriff on the SWAT team, Carmona called for backup and moved in to lend a hand. As he approached the vehicle, bystanders shouted the occupant had a gun. Carmona learned later the ex-convict had killed his father that morning.

Carmona drew his weapon and asked the man to put down is gun. The man motioned as if to put the gun down, then quickly fired at the doctor. Carmona returned fire seven times, hitting the man with three shots that proved fatal.

His actions aren't what you would normally expect to find on a U.S. Surgeon General's resume. At 52, the Hispanic surgeon was a virtual unknown, unlike most previous Surgeon Generals who usually come from high positions in government or academia. But experience in emergency management, bio terrorism and law enforcement are no doubt paramount in Bush's mind after 911.

The ex-con incident constitutes just one of many remarkable chapters in Carmona's history. He grew up in Harlem and at 17 dropped out of high school. He served as a medic in Vietnam and was decorated as a Green Beret. He finished Army service and got his GED before attending college and medical school at the University of California in San Francisco. In 1985 he moved to Tucson and started the first trauma-care program. Feeling he could do more in public service, he joined the Pima County sheriff's office as a doctor and SWAT team member in 1986.

CHP Officers Marshal Instate Flights

Armed California Highway Patrol officers in plainclothes and uniform will soon fly aboard thousands of in-state commercial flights to help bolster the federal government's air marshal program. Their flights represent the first time in national history when regular police officers will protect passengers and crew while planes are in the air. Under the California program, specially trained Highway Patrol

Former Military Overseas Opportunities

Vinnell Corporation, a respected international operations, maintenance, and training contractor providing technical support services to the U.S. Government, has immediate key leadership opportunities for retired Senior U.S. Army Combat Arms Officers for the Saudi Arabian National Guard Modernization Program (SANG MP) in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia.



Qualifications include battalion command, C&GSC, or Senior Service College and staff experience at division level or above.

Opportunities exist for former U.S. Army Combat Arms Officers (CPT-LTC) with military operations, training and battalion level staff experience as military trainers.

We are also looking for former Bradley/Abrams Master Gunners and Turret/Fire Control/Maintenance Trainers.

Vinnell Corporation offers an attractive salary and benefits package. Please forward your chronological resume with an ORB or DA Form 2-1 to: Vinnell Corporation, Attn: SANG-ES, 12150 East Monument Drive, Suite 800, Fairfax, VA 22033. Fax: (703) 385-1262. E-mail: jobs@vinnell.com EOE.



True Cop Story

Bad Night at Broken Wheel

By W. Hock Hochheim

To my memory, one crazy Saturday night in the '70's in Texas was the worst series of bar violence I ever encountered. I was working evening shift on patrol, and it all kicked up about 6 p.m. Units and an ambulance were dispatched to the Broken Wheel Country Western Club in what we called District 64. I was assigned to District 61, but physically on the map they were side-by-side beats. We routinely backed each other up on hot calls.

"64, Knife fight at the Sands. 61, you're backup. Ambulance in route."

I got there as 64 rolled in. The lot crawled with cowboy hats and the place was jammed full of parked cars and trucks. The ambulance beat us there. Back in those days, EMT's courageously went right in whether we were there or not. The inside was packed. This was the heyday of the Waylon, Willie and the Boys outlaw movement. The bouncers had already corralled the knife assaulter, and the EMTs were patching up the victim.

These bouncers at the Wheel were tough characters. One named Rick had a reputation of *stomping* heads with his cowboy boots if he got an un-sympatico patron down on the ground. As anticipated, the crew had already softened up the knife guy. We cuffed him, dropped the bloody knife in a carryout paper bag, and 64 took him to the jailhouse. I lingered to round up some witnesses and steer them to police station where the detectives would begin questioning.

When the dust settled, I slipped back into the prowl car and turned toward 61. Within the hour the radio declared, "61, Knife fight at the Broken Wheel. No further details." I was tagged with this one as 64 was still busy.

Already on the 61/64 border, I headed back. Running inside, I could feel the first fight had fired up the crowd. Rick the bouncer shouted to me, and we peeled our way through the onlookers. The fight was just brewing when the call came in. Pushing, cussing. Rick thought he had it calmed

down, but it took off just seconds earlier. Two guys were down fighting on the dance floor. I couldn't see a knife. I took the side of my blackjack and rapped the left ribs of the top guy.

"Hey! Break it up!" I yelled. Rick grabbed the back of the top man's shirt collar and yanked back. The torso came up, and that's when I saw the knife in the guy's right hand. His knife side forearm was in a death grip of the bottom guy's hand. The bottom guy had received it in his gut a few times but showed no signs of even knowing. I smacked his left arm (it was closer) this time real hard about four times with the blackjack.

"Drop the knife!" I yelled. He didn't. The bouncer pulled back even more and cracked him across his left cheekbone a pretty good one with the black jack. He wanted to act as though he didn't feel it, but the results were obvious. When he saw me rear that jack back for another crack, and I meant for this one to be one doozy of a shot, he dropped the knife. Rick and I hauled the knife man on his back. I snatched the knife off the floor and stuck it in my back pocket. These things have a way of disappearing in a crowd. The downed man crawled back a few feet.

"You are stabbed! I yelled at him. "Stay down. Stay still." He felt of his chest and a jaw-dropping look of shock rippled over his face. There were holes in his side!

Steve the head barkeep, a college kid we all knew and liked, stretched over his counter to see the action. I shouted for him to call an ambulance, and Steve broke for the phone. Rick and I cuffed our bad guy with difficulty as he was still resisting.

"Whatcha got here?" I said, straddling the wounded cowboy. He had some slashes and stabbing opening by his left rib. No wind came and went from the hole. Not near the heart. No blood from the mouth. Steve pitched me some bar towels, and I pressed them onto the spot. A girl in the crowd stepped up and held it there. EMTs slid up



We carried the suspect to the car. A back-up unit arrived with the task of rounding up witnesses. More work for the detectives.

Now my night was full of paperwork, checking on the victim at the hospital and booking in the suspect. We had no jailers back then, and the task was all ours. While handwriting my way through all the forms (computers were found only on Star Trek back then) another call was broadcast of a big fight at...the Broken Wheel! 64 and I were still doing paperwork on a squad room table side-by-side, and we both shook our heads.

Within an hour, units were hauling three cuffed guys past us. Two wore bloody shirts. Curious, I stepped into the booking room and learned that one of the three pulled a knife after a fight broke out and stabbed and slashed four Wheel patrons. Six people were stabbed there in one night. Three knives. All the knives were folders, but not like the kinds you see today. They were wooden-handled, working folding knives with no pocket clips, all required two hands to open. Lots of stab-bings and slashes. Some severe, but nobody died.

Murder rates are always elusive statistics. For example, our medium-sized city might have only 8 murders in one year, but also have 180 aggravated assaults! Any of those 180 could have resulted in death but for sharp EMT's and dedicated ER doctors. Officers save lives too. Never just look at the murder rate. There are deeper stats that tell the truth.

I got through about 1 a.m. and headed home. Stayed up late, slept late, ate and returned the next afternoon, the normal life of an evening shift cop. Then I heard the real bad news. At 2 a.m., Steve the bartender had counted the club money, barred the doors, hopped on his motorcycle and headed home. For reasons unknown he lost control of his bike on North Elm Street and hit a utility pole. It killed him. It was a real bad night for the Broken Wheel. 🍀

Agent Clint Hill Remembers...

Second by Second of the Kennedy Hit

By *Stuart O. Landry*

The crime of the century. That is what some people call it. The murder of all murders. The assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Here, in a rare question and answer session, are the words of President Kennedy's Secret Service agent Clint Hill, about the worst day and hour of his life.



Clint Hill walking beside the presidential limo moments before the shot.

...When we finally did reach Main Street, the crowds had built up to a point where they were surging into the street. We had motorcycles running adjacent to both the Presidential automobile and the follow-up car, as well as in front of the Presidential automobile, and because of the crowds in the street, the President's driver, Special Agent Greer, was running the car more to the left-hand side of the street more than he was to the right to keep the President as far away from the crowd as possible, and because of this the motorcycles on the left-hand side could not get past the crowd and alongside the car, and they were forced to drop back. I jumped from the follow-up car, ran up and got on top of the rear portion of the Presidential automobile to be close to Mrs. Kennedy in the event that someone attempted to grab her from the crowd or throw something in the car."

Question: Did you have any other occasion en route from Love Field to downtown Dallas to leave the follow-up car and mount that portion of the President's car?

Mr. Hill: I did the same thing approximately four times...The preceding Monday, the President was on a trip in Tampa, Fla., and he requested that the agents not ride on either of those two steps.

Question: Did you have any occasion to notice the Texas School Book Depository Building as you proceeded in a generally northerly direction on Houston Street?

Mr. Hill: Yes, sir. It was immediately in front of us and to our left.

Question: Did you notice anything unusual about it?

Mr. Hill: Nothing more unusual than any other building along

the way...We scan the buildings and look specifically for open windows, for people hanging out, and there had been, on almost every building along the way, people hanging out, windows open.

Question: And did you observe, as you recollect at this moment, any open windows in the Texas School Depository Building?

Mr. Hill: Yes, sir; there were.

Question: Now, what is your best estimate of the speed of the President's automobile as it turned left off of Houston onto Elm Street?

Mr. Hill: We were running still 12 to 15 miles per hour, but in the curve I believe we slowed down maybe to 10, maybe to 9...Well, as we came out of the curve, and began to straighten up, I was viewing the area that looked to be a park. There were people scattered throughout the entire park. And I heard a noise from my right rear, which to me seemed to be a firecracker. I immediately looked to my right and, in so doing, my eyes had to cross the Presidential limousine and I saw President Kennedy grab at himself and lurch forward and to the left... I jumped from the car, realizing that something was wrong, ran to the Presidential limousine. Just about as I reached it, there was another sound, which was different than the first sound. I think I described it in my statement as though someone was shooting a revolver into a hard object—it seemed to have some type of an echo.

I put my right foot, I believe it was, on the left rear step of the automobile, and I had a hold of the handgrip with my hand, when the car lurched forward. I lost my footing and I had to run about three or four more steps before I could get back up in the car. Between the

time I originally grabbed the handhold until I was up on the car, Mrs. Kennedy—the second noise that I heard had removed a portion of the President’s head, and he had slumped noticeably to his left. Mrs. Kennedy had jumped up from the seat and was, it appeared to me, reaching for something coming off the right rear bumper of the car, the right rear tail, when she noticed that I was trying to climb on the car. She turned toward me and I grabbed her and put her back in the back seat, crawled up on top of the back seat and lay there...We were running between 12 to 15 miles per hour, but no faster than 15 miles per hour.

Question: How many shots have you described that you heard?

Mr. Hill: Two.

Question: Did you hear any more than two shots?

Mr. Hill: No, sir...at the time that I jumped on the car, the car had surged forward. The President at that time had been shot in the head.

Question: Would you tell us with more particularity in what way he grabbed at himself?

Mr. Hill: He grabbed in this general area.

Question: You are indicating that your right hand is coming up to you—to the throat?

Mr. Hill: Yes, sir.

Question: And the left hand crosses right under the right hand.

Mr. Hill: To the chest area.

Question: To the chest area. Was there any movement of the President’s head or shoulders immediately after the first shot that you recollect?

Mr. Hill: Yes, sir. Immediately when I saw him, he was like this, and going left and forward.

Question: Indicating a little fall to the left front. Now, what is your best estimate on the time span between the first firecracker-type noise you heard and the second shot which you have described?

Mr. Hill: Approximately 5 seconds.

Question: It was 5 seconds from the firecracker noise that you think you got to the automobile?

Mr. Hill: Until I reached the handhold, had placed my foot on the left rear step.

Question: You say that it appeared that she was reaching as if something was coming over to the rear portion of the car, back in the area where you were coming to?

Mr. Hill: Yes, sir.

Question: Was there anything back there that you observed, that she might have been reaching for?

Mr. Hill: I thought I saw something come off the back, too, but I cannot say that there was. I do know that the next day we found the portion of the President’s head.

Question: Where did you find that portion of the President’s head?

Mr. Hill: It was found in the street. It was turned in, I believe, by a medical student or somebody in Dallas...I simply just pushed and she moved—somewhat voluntarily—right back into the same seat she was in. The President—when she had attempted to get out onto the trunk of the car, his body apparently did not move too much, because when she got back into the car he was at that time, when I got on top of the car, face up in her lap... At the time of the shooting, when I got into the rear of the car, she said, “My God, they have shot his head off.” Between there and the hospital she just said, “Jack, Jack, what have they done to you,” and sobbed...I heard Special Agent Kellerman say on the radio, “To the nearest hospital, quick.”...He said, “We have been hit.”...I had my legs—I had my body above the rear seat, and my legs hooked down into the rear seat, one foot outside the car...

The right rear portion of his head was missing. It was lying in the rear seat of the car. His brain was exposed. There was blood and bits of brain all over the entire rear portion of the car. Mrs. Kennedy was completely covered with blood. There was so much blood you could not tell if there had been any other wound or not, except for the one large gaping wound in the right rear portion of the head... I went into the emergency room with the President, but it was so small, and there were so many people in there that I decided I had better leave and let the doctors take care of the situation. So I walked outside; asked for the nearest telephone; walked to the nearest telephone. About that time Special Agent in Charge Kellerman came outside and said, “Get the White House.” I asked Special Agent Lawson for the local number in Dallas of the White House switchboard, which he gave to me. I called the switchboard in Dallas; asked for the line to be open to Washington, and remain open continuously. And then I asked for Special Agent in Charge Behn’s office. Mr. Kellerman came out of the emergency room about that time, took the telephone and

called Special Agent in Charge Behn that we had had a double tragedy; that both Governor Connally and President Kennedy had been shot. And that was about as much as he said. I then took the telephone and shortly thereafter Mr. Kellerman came out of the emergency room and said, “Clint, tell Jerry this is unofficial and not for release, but the man is dead.” Which I did. During the two calls, I talked to the Attorney General, who attempted to reach me, and told him that his brother had been seriously wounded; that we would keep him advised as to his condition...

I remained with Mrs. Kennedy except for one time when I was requested to come to the morgue [at Bethesda] to view the President’s body...I saw an opening in the back, about 6 inches below the neckline to the right-hand side of the spinal column.

Question: And did you have a reaction or impression as to the source of point of origin of the second shot that you described?

Mr. Hill: It was right, but I cannot say for sure that it was rear, because when I mounted the car it was—it had a different sound, first of all, than the first sound that I heard. The second one had almost a double sound—as though you were standing against something metal and firing into it, and you hear both the sound of a gun going off and the sound of the cartridge hitting the metal place, which could have been caused probably by the hard surface of the head. But I am not sure that that is what caused it.

Question: Now, do you now or have you ever had the impression or reaction that there was a shot which originated from the front of the Presidential car?

Mr. Hill: No . ❄

Bogner Contact Drill Blades

\$10.00

A tool for the next level of knife fighter's training. Better than rubber and safer than steel.

Send check or money order to:

Darren Bogner
P.O. Box 304
Palo, Iowa 52324-0304



Scuttlebutt

No to Indo

Amidst U.S. Army and Navy rumors of involvement, the Bush Administration has announced they will not send U.S. troops into Indonesia, a hotbed of radical, violent Muslims. Pentagon insiders tell *CQCMag* that a just a few military observers will be there to monitor the situation. Among the thousands of islands near Australia, there is much bloody, religious conflict.

Got to be 18

The Bush administration has recommended the U.S. Senate ratify a new international treaty that bars anyone under 18 from combat. It would ban conscription for those under 18 and voluntary service to anyone under 16.

The treaty allows 17-year-olds to be assigned to units in combat, but would keep them from taking direct part in hostilities until they turned 18.

Of the more than 175,000 people recruited into the U.S. military each year, about 12,000 are still 17 when they head to basic training. Pentagon insiders tell *CQCMag*, "This doesn't matter. It is not unlike laws we already have. After six months of training, travel and vacations the 17-year-old is almost 18 before he really goes anywhere."

The treaty is called, Optional Protocol of the Convention of Children in Armed Conflicts.

Ducking Fingers and Bullets

A recent *CQCMag* column by Colonel David Hackworth complained about a lack of body armor for the front line troops. Recently, military body armor stories have appeared in publications like *Time Magazine* and on the nightly network news touting the flak vests success stories. Incidental to some Operation Anaconda news features, troops have mentioned they received heavy enemy

fire and some took rounds in their torsos, halted by armor. The soldiers refer to the new interceptor body armor. The armor cost \$1,500 per unit and includes a pair of crucial ceramic, high-level, protection plates that slip into the vests. The weight is now 16 lbs. rather the the former 25 lb. version.

But, despite the PR job, Hack was right. Men actually on the ground ducking bullets report the crucial life-saving \$500 plates are in short supply. Plenty of the tactical vests are around, but few have plates to go in them. There are 1,700 soldiers on the 101st 3rd brigade in Afghanistan and plates for less than half the troops are available. Insiders claim there is a production problem, and Pentagon official are ducking a lot of finger pointing.

Meanwhile Massachusetts Institute of Technology has received a 50 million dollar grant to develop body armor (more like a complete suit) for the future, resistant to projectiles and biological and chemical weapons, all based on nanotechnology.

Combat Patches Assigned

Combat patches are being issued for troops involved in Afghanistan. To qualify for a patch, soldiers must have been assigned to units that actively participated in, or directly supported combat operations against hostile forces. The rules dictate that that soldiers be exposed to the threat of hostile action or fire, directly or indirectly.

Get Your Guns Here Cheap!

The guns, knives and rocket-propelled grenades are for sale cheap on the streets of Afghanistan. A Kalashnikov was going for \$200 U.S. dollars, but some prices have been cut in half.

Silicon TNT

University of California chemists are at working learning to treat silicon chips to

become explosive. Detonating silicon could become the ultimate security in sensitive computer systems. Project head, Professor Michael Sailor says, "People like the idea of a stolen cell phone that will self-destruct in five seconds..."

Russian Enlistment

The last issue of *CQCMag* reported the Russian military was planning on an all-volunteer force, but a new poll shows that 72 percent of Russians do not want a family member in their army. Officers estimate there

Put Your Special Skills to Special Use.

EXPLOSIVES TEST OPERATOR

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, at the forefront of protecting homeland security and fighting crime worldwide, seeks a skilled Explosives professional to join our team. This position is currently located at FBI Headquarters but will be moved to Quantico, VA.

In this critical role, you will perform analyze and interpret police reports, FBI bulletins, wiring diagrams, photographs, and similar documents to construct live Improvised Explosives and incendiary devices. Using a variety of tools, equipment, and machinery, you will prepare live explosive charges and target material for testing. You will also be charged with determining the probable cause for the improper operation of explosive devices and developing new operating methods for specific tests. In addition, you will conduct research and prepare training curricula.

Qualified applicants must have knowledge of explosives and a full understanding of safety standards. Manual dexterity and mechanical ability is a must.

We offer excellent benefits. For more details about available positions or to apply online, visit us at: www.fbijobs.com

To qualify for this position, you must pass a HAZMAT physical examination; be a U.S. citizen; and consent to a complete background investigation, drug test, and polygraph as prerequisites for employment.

Only those candidates determined to be best qualified will be contacted to proceed in the selection process. The FBI is an equal opportunity employer.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

are 40,000 or more deserters from their military each year. Several Russian young men tell *CQCMag* that one reason is the hazing-like brutality that exists in the military.

Anthrax Report

Seven months after 11 U.S. victims from Florida to Connecticut inhaled anthrax spores, five have died and the remaining six have all reported problems with frequent exhaustion, marked memory lapses and concentration problems.

Film paints realistic picture of battle, but Hollywood gets a few things wrong

Ralf W. Zimmermann

Hollywood is off to war. After “Black Hawk Down,” portrayed the Somalia debacle as a realistic bloodletting and ultimate U.S. tactical victory, “We Were Soldiers,” based on the book by Hal Moore and Joe Galloway, offers a strikingly similar perspective on Vietnam.

Besides realistically portraying what close combat looks and sounds, like, “We Were Soldiers” did a fine job of describing decent battlefield leadership.

The battalion commander and sergeant major led from the front and provided a semblance of calm, clarity and cohesion in the midst of total combat chaos.

“We Were Soldiers” also does justice to our heroic Vietnam grunts and helicopter crews. Our aviators added a never-known degree of flexibility and lethality to nonlinear combat.

Despite Mel Gibson, the movie’s patriotic theme, its realism and the offer of acceptance and gratitude to our Vietnam generation, “We Were Soldiers” falls short of the book. It actually paints a few wrong impressions and glosses over critical issues still relevant today.



The U.S. Navy recently authorized a Special Warfare Combat Crewman pin, a tribute to veteran members of boa units.

As happens too often, Americans tend to underestimate enemies who don’t have the same technical resources and who elect not to fight like we do. Then and today, many adversaries have referred to grasp us by the belt buckle and engage us in a very close fight, limiting our proven use of big artillery guns and air power.

Current hit-and-run enemy tactics in Afghanistan indicate that celebrating total victory too early could be a dangerous proposition, despite Pentagon claims of enormous kill ratios.

In Vietnam as today, U.S. Tactical Intelligence has a dreadful track record. While the strategic and operational intelligence community produces an overabundance of pictures, useful intelligence is rare. One of our major weaknesses was and still is a timely confirmation of information prior to our forces striking their objectives.

We aren’t very good at close reconnaissance, verifying enemy information on the ground with eyes on the target. When the cavalry landed in Landing Zone X-ray in 1965, our intelligence had committed a blunder by sending the troops in the middle of a hornet’s nest. The same might have occurred again recently, when our heavy CH-47 transport helicopters descended in the middle of an Al-Qaeda and Taliban ambush.

The movie also fails to tell that to achieve tactical survival, the operation actually involved a whole brigade’s resources with elements of several American battalions and South Vietnamese troops. Somehow, the viewer comes to believe that it was just Mel Gibson (Hal Moore) and his unit who saw action.

The audience also doesn’t get a clear account of the major ambush that later killed 135 troops and wounded 124 in Landing

Zone Albany. It was a fight as brutal and heroic as the X-ray engagement.

I also found the portrayal of life of the Army family and the emphasis on religious values as a common bond a bit over simplified. True, many combat troops become religious when they cross the line of departure, but in combat, a similar percentage also question the purpose of superficial religious formulas and conventional religious beliefs.

Hollywood also portrays Army life as Disneyland wonderful, with enviable religious and patriotic bonds and true caring by community members. While some of that may exist (especially in the minds of senior people), military life also can be burdensome with exclusive moves, undesirable housing, drugs and alcoholism, mediocre schools and endless family separations, tearing at the very fabric of balanced family life.

“We Were Soldiers” is a realistic combat action flick, but doesn’t tell the whole story.

I definitely recommend reading Moore’s book and then seeing the movie to bring it to life. The story of our first major battle in Vietnam should remind us not to celebrate victory prematurely because an enemy sustains heavy losses and disappears for a while.

Even Afghanistan might not be over yet. ★



The new special warfare combat crewman pin.



Battlefield Diary

My War Gone By

By Anthony Loyd

Editor's Note: *The following relates an encounter that occurred during the Author's stay in the Balkans and Chechnya.*

The brigade disintegrated around us. We were under attack from three sides and all but surrounded. The majority of the 40 or so troops around us simply turned and fled, barely faltering as Maja yelled at them to keep their heads while a battalion commander stood dumbstruck beside him. My heart felt as though it was about to pump itself out of my chest cavity. It was a fight just to keep control of any rational thought. I did not really give a damn who I ran with – Maja, the rabble, or alone – I just wanted to start running.

There was one vehicle, a low, long-wheel-base jeep, already laden with mortar tubes and ammunition. As it tried to pull away, a young Tiger soldier implored its crew to take with them the body of his commander, a cousin slain by a single bullet. They refused. The fighter took hold of the driver by the elbow to reiterate his request. He looked desperate, close to tears even, for to abandon the body to the advancing Serbs would leave it at the mercy of their knives; mutilation of the dead with blades was an established battlefield favorite among some units. Yet once more the driver refused, shaking himself free of the boy's grip and swearing at him.

"Dobro," the young man said, "good" picking up his RPG and stepping quickly in front of the vehicle's bonnet. "Go as you wish, but leave without him and I will kill you." He spoke softly, but with such certainty that there was no doubting his threat, quite aside from the way he shouldered the RPG. Two men jumped out, slung the body over the side of the jeep, and then spun away in a cloud of dust, the stiff's boots kicking rhythmically over the tailgate with each bouncing rut in the track.

As the Serbs closed upon the edge of the hamlet, we began our escape, leaving with Maja, the Tiger's bodyguards and about 10 other fighters. It was a small, concealable group of veteran troops who in spite of their fear seemed infinitely more levelheaded than the terrified mob. I fell into their company more by chance than choice, but once with them some of my logic returned, and I knew my chances of making it out were as good as they could be.

Spurred on by a burst of anti-aircraft fire that lanced through a

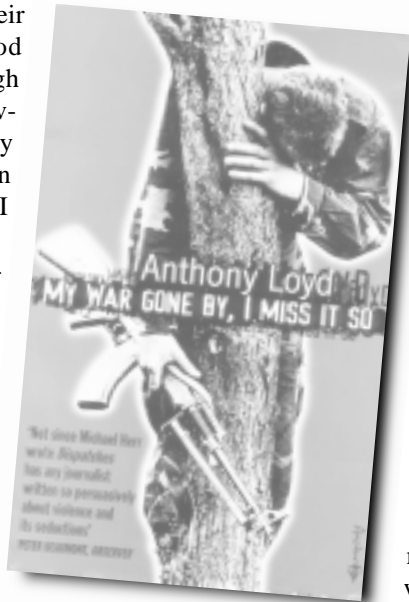
tree beside us – the universal language of its cracking impact at last communicated a sense of what was going on to Aernout: he gave an enthusiastic "Right, let's go" and sprinted off like a greyhound out of the traps – we started to tear away northwards. There were about 600 yards of open ground to the nearest tree line, our only escape route unless we followed the rabble fleeing the field in the opposite direction, attracting mortar fire as they did so.

Speed was our only hope. Although we did not know if an ambush was waiting for us in the tree line, we had to get clear of the open ground before the Serbs charging into the hamlet organized themselves and poured heavy fire into us. So we stumbled forward in frenzied desperation, as the bullets began to crack and zing through the air around us, slinging our excess gear into the grass as we ran. Even a flak jacket was sent spinning to the ground; 25 lbs. of body armor would be of little value against the anti-aircraft fire and only hinder the run.

I knew the rules of this battlefield. This was not a war of prisoners. Everybody knew what had happened to the Croats the Serbs captured in Vukovar, and to the Muslims taken prisoner at Srebrenica; they were slaughtered. On the battlefield the Serb troops would most likely have regarded me as a male of combat age with the Muslim side. Even if I managed to survive the first few minutes of capture, I couldn't imagine how explaining I was a journalist would improve my chances of staying alive: the Serbs hated what the foreign press did almost as much as the foreign press hated what the Serbs did.

Media coverage of the war had widened the scope of the international community's reactive involvement in Bosnia. It was a fuzzy and contentious relationship, which at its simplest has resulted in the United Nations feeding the enemies of the Serbs, enemies who would otherwise have been starved into submission. More recently it had progressed to the Serbs being bombed and shelled by NATO forces. The Serbs regarded journalists as a hostile force that was losing them the war. They were certainly right as far as I was concerned. So I was running particularly fast that day.

It was a terror that I shared with the Muslim soldiers and was related more to the fear of pain and humiliation than of death alone. Too often in the war a single bullet came as a relief to prisoners; castrated men tired of sucking on their amputated dicks or clutching at their flayed skin with fingerless hands. How many times had I heard stories of soldiers, surrounded and without hope of escape,



killing themselves rather than take their chances with the mercy of captors? So often that I was bored of dull torture tales and suicide glories. Bored, that is, until I found myself running across the field knowing that the Serbs were all around and in a vengeful mood. Then every tale was resurrected in my mind with each fall of my frantic feet, and suddenly I found envy for the pistols of the soldiers running beside me. Such was our panic in that field that there was no question of stopping for the wounded. Our pounding legs seemed to pump of their own accord, the adrenalin wave and desire for self-preservation carrying us beyond the boundaries of our brother's keeper. I trusted the fighter next to me to give me his gun if I was wounded and could go no further. The soldiers had already been speaking about it as we first fled the hamlet—pistols and grenades for the wounded.

For long lung-busting minutes I cursed everything: my predicament, my job, my choices, the Serbs, the shooting, the amount I smoked. I invoked the name of every deity I had ever heard of, promising them all, again, that if only I made it out of that situation alive then I would never go back to the front line again. Never.

War terror always brings out the religious slut in me: on a bad day one band and I'm anybody's. Born-again Christians have nothing on me. I find some sort of god or another in every firefight.

Our pace was like something out of a bad dream. One second I was hurtling over the soil faster than the speed of thought, the next I was the robo-slug going nowhere fast except down, just waiting for shearing metal to blow me to the ground.

It seemed impossible that we should not be mown down as the fire picked up. I thought I would get hit for sure, probably in the

arse – it was all the Cetniks must have been able to see of me as I diminished doubled-up toward the trees. Though I did not know it at the time, Chenga had sorted out a grenade ready for such an eventuality. Then some kind of calm descended upon my mind. I felt almost ready for the bullet.

We reached the tree line, sprawling panting in the undergrowth, 10 soldiers and four journalists. Of the rest I did not know, other than there was a lot of artillery and machine-gun fire plowing into their route.

For four hours our little group made its way back to the government lines through an eerie landscape of slaughtered livestock, abandoned hamlets and toppled icons, our thoughts gelling once more. During this time I searched furiously for some symbol of luck that might indicate our survival, but all I seemed to see were dead pigs and fallen crucifixes. We lived, so perhaps I should re-evaluate them as auguries of fortune.

We reached the BiH lines as darkness fell. Fresh troops were arriving, and officers were turning the retreating forces back into the hills to face the Serbs. The rout had stopped. Some wounded fighters stood beside a bridge smoking, waiting for evacuation. Near by the young Tiger soldier whose cousin had been killed began to cry.

Much later the government troops recovered the bodies of two men taken by the Serbs that day. They had been bound together with barbed wire, had their eyes cut out and been torched alive with flaming petrol. The grenade option gets my vote. ☛

(Reprinted w/permission of Anchor books. Book Cover by Gilles Peress/Magnum)



Ask Major Corrigan

War veteran, Major Gordon Corrigan, retired British Military, has spent decades with the Gurkhas and was once one of their training commanders. In his regular column he answers questions on British military history and combat.

Drink and Discipline

By Major Corrigan

There are very few disciplinary problems in a Gurkha battalion, largely because Gurkhas come from a society where respect is paid to elders, and where parents instructions are obeyed – sadly not always the case in the Western world these days. Military discipline, where elders are denoted by rank on the sleeve or the shoulder, comes naturally to the Gurkha because it is not all that different to what he has always known. The most severe punishment that can be awarded to a Gurkha is to discharge him from the Service – terminating the career that he, and his relatives, and his village, have wanted all his life, and where there are 60,000 applicants for every place in the British Brigade of Gurkhas. When a Gurkha gets something wrong it is rarely because he is idle or disobedient, rather it will be because he has not understood what is required of him.

The Gurkha culture does not prohibit alcohol; indeed every hill village brews its own hooch, known as Raksi, and made by fermenting rice with additives – such as pineapple – for flavor. They also make a type of brandy from apples, and a millet beer known as Tomba. Before Gurkha battalions served in Europe, Gurkhas tended to drink either beer or rum: beer was what was available in the Far East, and the Army issued rum. Now tastes are more sophisticated, and while beer is probably still the favorite tippie, whisky and soda, gin and tonic and good French wines are popular at parties and in the Riflemen's canteen. Drunkenness, the major cause of military crime among British troops, is rare because a Gurkha regards self control as important, and being drunk means losing control. A Gurkha who has had too much to drink will go to bed and sleep it off. In 30 years service with Gurkhas, I have hardly ever seen a Gurkha the worse for drink. There are, of course, exceptions. During the Dassain festival, the Gurkha equivalent of Christmas and Easter rolled into one, one corporal of the Rai clan had too much whisky and, late at night, decided to take his kukri to the furniture in the company bar, which he reduced to a large pile of

(continued on page 32)

U.S. Troops Find New Uses for Non-Lethal Weaponry

By Harold Kennedy



Photo by Sgt. Joshua S. Higgins

Marines in the quick-reaction force at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, practice firing non-lethal munitions to subdue unruly detainees.

As the war on terrorism grinds on, U.S. military forces and civilian organizations are finding more and more uses for weapons that don't kill.

Marines guarding the newly reopened U.S. Embassy in Afghanistan, for example, are equipped with non-lethal rounds for their 12 gauge shotguns to drive away, unarmed rioters.

U.S. troops overseeing Al Qaeda and Taliban detainees at the naval base at Guantanamo Bay Cuba, are training to use stingball grenades to put down a prison rebellion.

The Airline Pilots Association International has called for the installation of stun guns as standard equipment in airline cockpits to thwart would-be hijackers with minimal risk to passengers.

The stun gun is only one of many non-lethal technologies that could be used against terrorists on airliners, Marine Col. George P. Fenton says in a recent interview. Fenton serves as director of the defense department's joint non-lethal weapons directorate, which is headquartered at the Marine Base at Quantico, VA., just outside of Washington, D.C.

Some technologies, predominantly available off the shelf, could be made available in the near term. These include pepper spray, slippery foam and entanglement nets. Other concepts might take longer—three years or more—he says.

“For example, a pilot-activated passenger-immobilization system could be developed to incapacitate everybody in the passenger compartment,” Fenton says. However, such a system has some risks associated with it.

For one thing, chemical incapacitants or immobilizers are not instantaneous. They could take 60 seconds or so to work, and during that time, a terrorist or group of terrorists might be able to do considerable damage.

Also, the infirm—babies, elderly or seriously ill—could be injured permanently or even killed. The policy and legal implications of these risks need further study.

Confusion Abounds

There is, in general, a good deal of confusion about non-lethal weapons. People don’t understand what they are. “If I had my way, I’d change the name,” says Fenton.

It is important to realize that non-lethal weapons can be hazardous to your health. Any weapon that uses force to make you change your behavior—as non-lethal systems do—can injure, even kill you, unintentionally. Fenton says, “I can hurt you with water.”

The defense department, he explains, defines non-lethal weapons as those “explicitly designed and primarily employed to incapacitate personnel or material, while minimizing fatalities and permanent injury to personnel and undesired damage to property and the environment.”

Since ancient times, military forces always have had some non-lethal capabilities, such as use of billy clubs, rifle butts and—in recent decades, tear gas. But all too often, military options in crowd control turned quickly to live fire.

The Pentagon’s interest in non-lethal weapons increased sharply in 1995, when U.S. forces helped United Nations troops withdraw from Somalia. Their orders were to do this with a minimum of military and civilian casualties. But they had few non-lethal weapons at the time.

Once in Mogadishu, “a car blew through a UN checkpoint, ignoring all signals to stop,” Fenton says. “The guards opened fire, killing all of the occupants. When they opened the car door, they found a Somali family—father, mother and children.”



Inside Camp X-ray at the Guantanamo Bay Naval Base, in Cuba, Marines throw stingball grenades, while training to control rioting detainees from the war on terrorism.

To minimize such incidents, Marine reservists, who were also Los Angeles police officers, suggested that U.S. military forces try using the kinds of non-lethal technologies employed for years by domestic law enforcement agencies.

Then-marine Lt. Gen. Anthony Zinni, charged with protecting the withdrawal, sought—and received—a quick response to acquire and deploy such technology in Mogadishu, but it received little use.

The following year, however, Marine Gen. John J. Sheehan, then commander in chief of the U.S. Atlantic Command, speaking at a conference in Washington, D.C., charged that “existing weapons development, procurement, training and equipping policies have not kept pace with the emerging needs for non- and less-lethal weapons.”

In the CNN era, an individual’s decision to use or not to use deadly force is no longer merely a tactical decision, but strategic one, Sheehan says, because “the implications of the decision will be immediately broadcast to every capital in the world.”

In July 1996, the defense department established a joint non-lethal weapons directorate to develop and employ such weapons throughout the armed services. The Marine commandant was named executive agent for the program, responsible for stimulating and coordinating non-lethal weapons requirements for all services. It is an important assignment, says the current commandant, Gen. James L. Jones.

“Today, world events mandate a need to project non-lethal force across all levels of war to enable our war fighters and leaders to deal effectively with a host of traditional, as well as non-traditional threats,” Jones says.

The Focal Point

The directorate has an annual budget of about \$25 million and a staff of 21 drawn from the Army, Navy and Air Force as well as the marines. “This is the focal point for non-lethal weapons for the entire department of defense,” Fenton points out.

The directorate is responsible for non-lethal concept exploration and program development for all U.S. armed services. The Marines’ non-lethal individual weapons instructors course, now located at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., teaches more than 300 students per year from all the services and several allied nations.

The school is designed to *train the trainer*—produce instructors who will return to their home units and conduct basic user-level

training. The school's graduates also often serve as non-lethal operations advisors to commanders. Training includes communication skills, crowd dynamics, unarmed self-defense, riot-control tactics and non-lethal munitions deployment.

Students learn to discriminate between tourists and terrorists, Fenton says. "Suppose you're on guard on a U.S. warship in a foreign harbor, and a motorboat comes speeding toward you," he proposes. "you only have minutes—maybe seconds—to decide what to do. It would be nice to have an option that would stop the motorboat without killing a potentially innocent driver. That's what non-lethal weapons are all about."

It is also important to remember that non-lethal weapons are not intended to replace lethal weapons, but to provide another option when killing may not be the right choice, Fenton stresses. "We always have our lethal weapons ready," he says. "Non-lethals are a complement, a force multiplier."

The directorate tries to keep the needs of the combat soldier in mind, Fenton says. "I'm not an acquisition bubba," he says. "I'm an infantryman. I know what it's like to be shot at."

The directorate researches technology that shows promise in crowd control incapacitating individuals, clearing areas or facilities, and disabling vehicles. Currently in production are 66 mm non-lethal crowd-dispersal cartridges, and portable net barriers to stop vehicles at roadblocks.

Still in development is an *anti-traction material*, a slippery foam that is sprayed on the ground or floor, making it impossible for vehicles or personnel to move.

"I love this piece of gear," Fenton says. "Once you step on this foam, you cannot stand up. Cars' wheels will spin. You just can't get any traction. And what's nice about this is that it's environmentally safe."

Another interesting weapon, is called a *pulsed-energy projectile*. "It's the closest thing we have right now to the phasers on television series, "Star Trek."

"Remember how Capt. Kirk was always saying 'set your phasers on stun'?" The projectile works like that."

The projectile's charge—like that of a phaser—can be adjusted to produce a light shock, to stun or to kill. "The good news is that it works. The bad news is that right now it weighs 500 lbs."

Nevertheless, Fenton says that he is confident the device is less than 10 years away from fielding. At first, it is likely to be placed aboard ground vehicles, such as Humvees or light armored vehicles. Eventually, it may be installed on AC-130 gun ships.

Another weapon envisioned eventually for special operations AC-130s is the advanced tactical laser. This is an ultra precise weapon. You could take out a column of armor without hurting the refugees along the roadside.

The ATL produces a four-inch spot of energy with a welding-torch effect with a range of up to 20 kilometers. "It could be used on a number of aircraft," Fenton says, adding: "I'd love to see this on an Osprey." Development work on the ATL starts in fiscal year 2003.

The joint forces command is sponsoring an active-denial system, which uses directed energy to repel belligerents without hurting them. "It's like touching a hot light bulb," he explains. "If you were hit with something like that, what would you do? You'd get the hell out of there." The actual range of such a system is classified, Fenton says, "but it's in excess of 500 to 700 meters."

The directorate also investigates the use of malodorous substances in crowd control. "We're looking at things that smell bad—the odors of such things as fecal matter, rotting flesh, natural gas, or fermented cabbage. We think that smells like that will do a lot to help break up riots." The research is still in the early stages.

Not all of the technologies examined by the directorate work out. For the last several years, for example, researchers have experimented with a material called rigid foam, which could be sprayed around the edges of doorways and windows. The idea was that the foam would harden, sealing the openings shut. "We found, however, that the foam didn't work as well as nail guns," he says.

Also, because the directorate is joint, projects are not pursued unless two or more branches express interest in paying for them.

"The Air Force showed interest in a flashlight device, but they couldn't get any other service to support them," he says. "So I think OK, Air Force, you're on your own.' If they want it, they'll have to pay for it themselves." 🌟

Reprinted with permission of National Defense Magazine

Already Deployed to Field

Since 1996, the joint non-lethal weapons directorate has fielded:

- Ballistic and non-ballistic body, face and shin shields.
- Riot batons.
- Portable bullhorns.
- High-intensity searchlights.
- Disposable hand and ankle cuffs.
- Stun grenades.
- 12 gauge shotgun shells with rubber pellets.
- Flash-bang munitions.
- Pepper spray.

GLOBAL COMBATIVES AND TACTICS INSTITUTE

HAND / STICK / KNIFE / GUN

CLOSE QUARTERS COMBAT / DEFENSIVE TACTICS / SELF-DEFENSE
MILITARY, LAW-ENFORCEMENT, AWARE CITIZENS

HEADQUARTERS: 800 N. CHURCH ST. / MOUNT OLIVE / NC / 28365
LYNDON JOHNSON, CONGRESS BLACK BELT

PRIVATE AND GROUP CLASSES / SEMINARS



(919) 658-8564
hwarangwarrior.com



THE BEST COMBAT TECHNIQUES FROM
AROUND THE WORLD

SCIENTIFIC FIGHTING CONGRESS

The Training Arena

Health, Exercise and Safety Report

Accidental Deaths

The National Safety Council reports that last year there were:

- 12,100 deaths by poisonings
- 3,900 drowning deaths
- 3,600 deaths from burns and fires
- 600 firearms related accidental deaths

Addiction: The Body Count

The estimated U.S. deaths, direct and indirect:

- Tobacco 430,000
- Alcohol 110,000
- Cocaine 4,864
- Heroin 4,820
- Tranquilizers 2,038
- Antidepressants, 1,745

Addiction: The Living

The Addicted Count the following estimated addictions:

- Tobacco 65.5 million
- Caffeine 57.3 million
- Alcohol 15.4 million
- Cocaine 3.3 million
- Heroin 80,000
- Speed 365,000

Schizophrenia

It is responsible for so much war, crime, treatment and workplace problems. There are more than 2 million in the U.S. alone identified as afflicted. It is considered the most dreadful of mental illness striking its victims in their teens and 20s and growing through their lifetimes. It produces any combinations of delusions, hallucinations, lethargy, apathy, paranoia and cognitive impairments with decision-making and learning. Twenty- percent recover without lasting effects. One in 10 commits suicide. The rest range from people who are severely disabled to those who function fairly well between episodes. The cause? A *two-hit* theory. Genes account for 50 to 80 percent of the risk. Next a variety of factors that include difficult births, viruses, parasites, toxins and lesser accepted causation theories.

Hear that Gunfight?

Ready on the line? Everyone is already wearing hearing protection in the form of ear plugs or headsets. Few combat instructors remind their students that in combat you may not have any avail-

able, and then warn of the stunning, distracting shock of a gunfight. These flashes in low light or darkness and concussive explosions are overlooked in range training and rarely ever dealt with in written fiction and movies. Close proximity to weapons fire can have severe and debilitating effects on your ears. The unprotected ears of most people experience momentary tinnitus, a high-pitch tone that can last for 5 to 30 seconds on average but that is after a single explosion or a short, tight burst, though there are those who report much longer bouts. The longer the gun fight, the more problematic. This ringing indicates damage to the tiny hairlike structures in the ear that activate auditory nerves in the brain. Your follow-up, post gunfire action may require you to perform a myriad of tasks like searching, arresting or killing more of the enemy minus one of your major survival senses. Get ready!

Maybe They Used Rearview Mirrors

Just watching, you had to know it was April Fool's Day. There they were, about 80 adults running backwards in New York's Washington Square Park for the New York Road Runners' Annual Backward mile. Nadine Steinberger, 28, of New York won the women's portion of the traditional escapade, in 8 minutes, 51 seconds, for the eighth consecutive year. Brad Badyna, 35, of St. Simons Island, Ga., won the men's race in 7 minutes, 25 seconds. He also won in 1994. ★

Carl Sanderson pauses momentarily to relish his 159th consecutive wrestling win for the Iowa State Wrestling team in competition in Albany NY. Sanderson celebrates a perfect career with a 12-4 decision against Jon

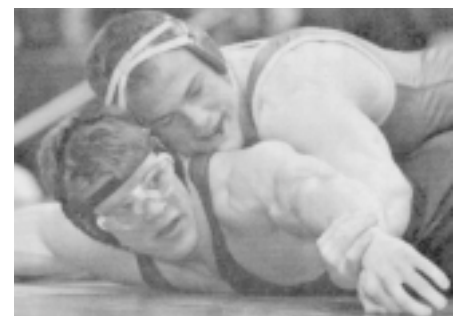


Photo by Tim Roske, AP

Trengre of Lehigh in the 197 lb. championship category. His exceptional performance promises to launch wrestling as a premiere sport in the 21st Century. After four years and countless matches, Sanderson accepted the standing ovation offered from a crowd of 13,077 following the match. A second Division I wrestler, Sanderson has four NCAA titles to match Oklahoma States Pat Smith. However he stands alone with his undefeated run.

The Instructor

By W. Hock Hochheim

*Advertising a seminar of yours?
Hosting someone else? After five
years on the road all over the
world, here is some advice to help
you make your event a success.*

The Place

Will your school be big enough to handle the expected crowd? If not, are you going to rent a place? The common rental sites are community centers, gyms, hotel business meeting rooms and the larger schools of others. BEWARE! These venues may be very expensive. And think those so called *freebie* offers are a good idea? Think again. Most offers from friends with places come with strings attached, such as the *here to help* crowd. In a seminar once I did a head count and 39 people were working out. But, to my surprise, I learned 16 of them -almost half- were freebies and there to help. Organized by the host and co-host, all of them had little chores to do. One was to lock up. Five were to represent the school location. One worked the door. One did this. One did that. Set a realistic limit to the deal.

Free public parks provide successful locations. One of the most successful seminars I conducted was a on a grassy, flat field right behind a motel one spring weekend. Travelers rented rooms right in the Inn, and we had easy access to restrooms and nearby restaurants. But outdoorsmen take heed, always make a bad weather plan.

Always

- Make sure all printed material about the event includes who, what, when and where, and a contact phone number that really works. Double and triple check the facts, i.e. time, place, numbers etc., before you begin to circulate fliers, posters etc. Have someone else check the information after you check it.

- Post flyers at the event location. You would be surprised how many times a host has arranged to have a seminar at a gym or neighborhood school months in advance, and yet never once posted a flyer in that building! Hundreds of potential customers walked by the bulletin boards that could have displayed your flyer. Rule one! Hang a flyer up. Please!

- Try for *free* newspaper coverage as an event, not as an ad. Post notices at local colleges and universities where permitted.
- Logically figure out what your real market may be and contact them by way of flyers and mail-outs.
- List the event in *Black Belt Magazine*, *Inside Kung Fu*, grocery stores, department stores (Wal-Mart), gun stores, martial arts stores and magazines or whatever your region's martial publication might be.
- Spread word-of-mouth news. Get your friends and/or students to do the same.
- Get mailing lists of all potential attendees and mail them fliers. Always add your regular class info on every flyer. This is about you too! I suggest a follow-up letter (that's a letter not a flyer) about two weeks before the event, one that is somewhat personalized explaining the training goals of the seminar.
- Consider the local economy when setting the attendance price.

Avoid

- Unlike efforts to advertise your local teaching endeavors, avoid the newspaper, radio and TV ad trap for seminars. You may easily spend your life savings in a few ads in markets where 99.9 percent of readers and viewers could care less about a seminar. If you must advertise, make at least half the ad about you and your classes. One of the main reasons for hosting a seminar is to establish yourself as an authority and trend setter in your market, *create excitement* and draw attention to what you have to offer.

- Arm-twisting your students to attend with a battery of threats. This is a practice done by various hosts and masters. Threats of black-balling, loss of instructorships, etc. only causes resentment and bad-talk behind your back. Soon your name slowly becomes radioactive mud. Alert your contacts of the event. Be positive and cordial.

Prepare Yourself for...

- No camaraderie. You think you are helping to enlighten martial artists in your area? Your neighborhood school owners will smile at you, say they will display your seminar flyer in their school and then trash it as you walk away. YOU ARE COMPETITION!

- Actually, I have found that school owners are more likely to attend your seminar if they are in your general region, but not close enough to lose their students to you and yours. So, try the next community over, the next city or town.

- Use your internet connections, chat rooms where permitted and e-mail flyers. You may well receive many e-mails and phone calls, but only a small percentage of the people will actually come.

- Negative responses from your local police chief. He is not sending his officers. He is frightened of such courses. Same goes for your local prison authorities. The military? These are very hard to cultivate as attendees when you are a stranger walking in off the street. This is the subject of a whole other column.

- You know all those other groups you support when they have seminars and tournaments? Don't expect them to automatically support you.

Succeed!

May you have a great turnout and superior training. One way is to not waste time and money organizing and promoting it the wrong way. Review this list each and every time you plan a seminar. ★

Combat Notebook

DMS Surrounded Thrust Series: The Riot Four

By W. Hock Hochheim

Surrounded!

On all four sides!

Or three! Or two!

*You've got your
stick or shotgun.*

What to do?

In a previous issue, we displayed the basic 15 angles of attack for two-handed grip with an impact weapon, announcing there are really 33 fundamental motions. This Surrounded Thrust Series is the next four motions, done from a right-handed stance and left-handed stance.

This series is basic training for military and police riot control work. It has been around for decades. I first saw it while attending the U.S. Army Military Police Academy 30 years ago, but it also is a martial arts long stick and staff pattern that goes back centuries. It is designed to give you the muscle memory to respond in any of the sides you might be invaded upon.

The Riot Four from a right side rifle stance

Photo 1: Look forward and stab forward with the front of the weapon

Photo 2 & 3: Look back and stab back with the back of the weapon

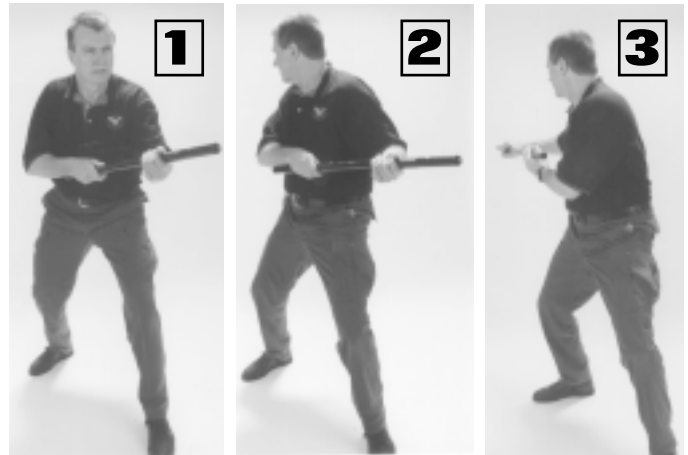


Photo 4 & 5: Look left and stab left with the front of the weapon

Photo 6 & 7: Look right and stab right with the back of the weapon

Next, repeat the Riot Four from a left side rifle stance

- 1) Look forward and stab forward with the front of the weapon
- 2) Look back and stab back with the back of the weapon
- 3) Look right and stab right side with the front of the weapon
- 4) Look left and stab left side with the back of the weapon

Command and Mastery

Work these in the air, and then hitting something solid to build goal-specific strength.

Work these angles with a stick and with a long gun-with and without a bayonet attached. Worry about your long gun slings. If a sling is attached to your body, it will inhibit the range of your attack. If the sling is loose, it may hook nearby objects or even be grabbed by the enemy. ★

Death Around The Corner

By Pete Kautz

Remember the last time you got ready to go out for a night on the town?

What did you wear? Did you carry a weapon? Did your friends carry their weapons?

Imagine if you all went to a place where the law often didn't apply and where you could get anything you wanted for a price...

a place where there were bordellos and dancehalls, saloons and casinos, gangs, booze and exotic drugs everywhere; and death waited around the corner for the unwary.

This was a typical night out in any of the rougher neighborhoods in the big cities like New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco in the 19th Century...

You can see why most gentlemen carried a pistol and a Bowie knife or dagger at a minimum!



Life in 19th Century America was brutal by today's standards. There was no social-security safety net to help people down on their luck. The poor died, became criminals, or slowly rebuilt lives for themselves through their own grit. Americans did *what they have to* in order to survive, and the 19th Century was a rough and often lawless era because of this!

Though some well known criminals did go on to become at least semi-respectable citizens in later life, the majority of them (like today) died young and violently. They were, for the most part, ruthless, cunning, and capable of massive violence and savagery without regard to size or gender. Some were small men, others huge women, all were dangerous with gun, knife, stick, fist or tooth!

If you lived in a big city, just like today, you would likely know what places to stay

out of for your own good. There were directories called *Blue Books* printed for various cities that listed all the respectable whorehouses, gambling halls, concert saloons, and private clubs. These included reviews and sometimes even pictures!

They also warned people to stay away from certain areas where a night out meant you would be hustled at worst, and dead by dawn at best!

In New Orleans this meant areas like the Swamp (an area around Girod St.), Gallatian St. in the French Quarter, and other places where it was said: "For a picayune (six cents) a man could get a drink, a woman, a bed for the night, and the practical certainty of being robbed or murdered as soon as he fell asleep."

In San Francisco there were places like Little Sydney and parts of China Town where a visiting sailor or someone looking for kicks could easily find all the excitement they could handle (and then some) in the 1800's. Criminals of all sorts preyed on thrill seekers, and there were neighborhoods where even the police would not enter after dark, if at all.

In many cities there was no effective police force, and bodies of victims could simply disappear. Yearly there were scores of unsolved murders in cities like New Orleans, and those were only the crimes that got reported. In cities like New Orleans and San Francisco, the citizens at times formed public vigilance committees, which speedily tried and hung the guilty when the people

could no longer stand for the abuses heaped upon them by criminals and the lack of official response from the city.

Some criminals were out to hustle, others to rob, some to maim or kill just because it amused them or because they were paid to do so. Often gangs of thieves worked together with the owners of low class dives to rob the customers, all of them sharing in the spoils evenly. At other times, gangs were hired by saloon and casino owners to go bust up a rival competitor's place.

A lone, intoxicated man was too tempting a target to pass by, and nightly hundreds of such milled about in these never-never-lands of sin, eager to live it up after the nights of hardship spent working the gold fields of California or flatboats of the Mississippi river.

In the poorest sections of town, and those near the wharves where flatboats and conventional ships would dock, were bars known as barrel-houses where for often just a nickel, a man could purchase a mug and drink from any of a number of barrels of liquor that were present. Seldom was this liquor actually what it was advertised as. It was usually grain alcohol mixed with water and flavorings such as burnt sugar, dried fruit, sulfuric acid and plug tobacco to make it taste almost like real booze.

Sometimes one or more of these barrels were drugged to insure that a valued customer stayed and enjoyed himself for a while. When someone passed out, they were robbed of anything valuable they might have and thrown outside. If someone went out to relieve themselves, a waiting footpad might brain them with a club or slung-shot before relieving them of their possessions.

Other enterprising barrelhouse and saloon owners simply kidnapped and sold these drunken or drugged men as crews for boats. Some of them had trapdoors installed in the floor by one section of the bar, and even among the regulars it was known that anyone who stepped on it was fair game to be dropped into the basement, imprisoned, and sold. Others used cigars laced with opium (Shanghai smokes) or simply one of the easily available opiates of the time period, which were available by prescription as well as through illegal sources, to stupefy their marks. One must remember that at the time a decent pharmacy would have cocaine, morphine, laudanum, and many other drugs available.

Though this was generally known as being shanghai'd, we should remember that Shanghai was referred to at the time as The New Orleans of the East!

Unlike today, where the bouncers in a bar are there to insure that the customers are safe while they have a good time, in the 19th Century bouncers were more of a brute squad that enforced order. Given the nature of the patrons, and the almost universal carry of arms, this is not much of an exaggeration! Bouncers favored short weapons such as clubs, brass knuckles, Bowie knives, and slung-shots (more on these later), and they applied these as needed to the patrons in enforcing order.

Bouncers generally did not act out of interest for the safety of the patrons, but out of interest for the saloon itself. The feeling was that, "If people want to kill each other it is fine, just be respectful and do it outside!" The bouncers also would encourage people to drink more and were quick to bully and throw out anyone they felt was just wasting space in the bar. If someone complained that they had been robbed or cheated, the bouncers would beat them up and throw them out as well.

As one might expect, there were many fights in these neighborhoods of sin, and killings happened almost every night. In these lawless areas of the city, people fought over the same things they do today when they are drunk, but often with more lethal results. In one case, a gambler stabbed his friend to death over who would pay for a bottle of wine. In another case, a man shot his girlfriend in the back of the head because he was frustrated at her poor card playing. Time goes by, but people remain the same...people kill each other over a dollar on the bar, over a hard look, a harsh word, a shove, or over women and games of chance. Others kill to steal, for pay, or just for kicks.

Women were frequently involved in fights and robberies and murders as well. Many bar maids and prostitutes swindled and robbed men, often after rendering them unconscious through drugs, alcohol, or a well-applied blow. One simple method involved a group of girls all pouncing on an unsuspecting man and holding him down while liter-

SKED®
STRETCHER SYSTEM
Same as a long backboard when used with Oregon Splint



One man evacuation over virtually any terrain!

Also used for: *equipment hauling • breaching concertina wire • parachute bundles • confined spaces • M.O.U.T. • water rescue • rope rescue and much more*

Hoistable By Helicopter



FREE CD & VIDEO

MASS CASUALTY/HAZ-MAT



- Patients are roll-loaded
- HMD Sked is easily dragged to location
- There are 3 easy drag methods
- Easy to use on stairways
- Most efficient system available

For More Info Please Contact Us



1-800-770-7533 (SKED)
503-639-2119
FAX: 503-639-4538
www.skedco.com

ally pouring whiskey down his throat. The man was forced to drink or drown and would soon be rendered senseless. Other times the women simply robbed their victims while they slept and sent them on their way the next morning otherwise unmolested.

In old San Francisco, a pair of sisters had a scam where they would invite a fellow to come upstairs with them, offering him a chance to have both of them for the same price. Once they got him away from the crowd, the girls would ask their *mark* which one of them he would like to have first, and while the man was busy giving his attentions to her, the sister would knock him out with a slung-shot. The girls boasted that no man had ever gotten what he was expecting out of them.

There were some famous women who ran saloons and were known for their ability to keep order as well. In San Francisco there were ladies like Cowboy Maggie, Pigeon-Toed Sal, the Galloping Cow, Miss Piggott, and Mother Bronson who were all both the head bartender and bouncer at their respective establishments. Some used the conventional tools of the bouncer's trade, but others like Mother Bronson were physically imposing enough to just fight unarmed, rough-and-tumble. She was said to be over 6 feet tall and have huge fists, size 12 feet, and sharp teeth. It is alleged that she once kicked a Chinese man so hard that he was launched over the bar from the force!

To prevent mayhem in some of the higher-class establishments, and at fancy balls and soirees, the carry of weapons was prohibited once you passed through the doors. Gentlemen were required to check their knives and pistols as you would check your coat at the theatre - you got a numbered token and would retrieve your arms before you left. If a gentleman said he was unarmed he would be even more thoroughly searched...the feeling being that he was certainly lying!

The sword cane was another popular weapon among gentleman, especially in the South. As canes were already commonly carried, they did not appear conspicuous, yet provided a deadly sting, especially in the hands of a skilled fencer. The blade was triangular in cross-section, so as to cause horrible internal wounding, which 19th Century medical technology could not cure. They could stitch you up on the outside, but internal bleeding was beyond their scope of care. Generally, to receive a deep gut wound from one constituted a death sentence, and this was what made Jim Bowie's survival after the Sandbar fight so miraculous - not only was he shot 5 times, but he also was thrust clear through the torso twice with a sword-cane!

Given the nature of the riff-raff on the streets, gentlemen all typically carried weapons for their own defense. When they got safely home, these were often placed on a rack by the door along with their coat, hat, and cane. Weapons were considered another normal part of what you wore when you went out for the evening. Gentlemen would no more forget their knife or pistol than forget their wallet or a handkerchief.

Now, do you think much has changed since then in the big cities? Have people become nicer? Have our modern social programs eradicated crime?

So, let me ask you...what will you wear when you go out tonight? ★

Further Reading and Research:

For more information on crime and the wild history of 19th Century America, read *anything* by Herbert Asbury, author of *The Gangs of New York* (soon to be a major motion picture), *The French Quarter* and *The Barbary Coast*.

For more information on the weapons and fighting styles on 19th Century America, please visit the American Heritage Fighting Arts Association at <http://ahfaa.org>

Pete Kautz serves as director of both Alliance Martial Arts and the American Heritage Fighting Arts Association. He is a leading advocate of the Western Martial Arts and teaches both historical and modern fighting courses in classes and at seminars worldwide. Visit alliancemartialarts.com and ahfaa.org for WMA articles, techniques, links, and more.

The slung-shot, though less commonly known today, was a widely popular weapon in the criminal arsenal of the 19th Century. It was simply a short rope with a loop at one end and a weight at the other end made of metal or wood. The favored use involved striking the victim in the head, preferably from behind. Some of these slung-shots were home made, and others were turned out in underground machine shops that made tools of the trade for criminals.

American sailors also used the slung-shot, and examples that show them made of rope tied into a monkey's paw knot and dipped in tar still exist. These would be worn around the neck when in town and were referred to at the time as "life preservers."

Many states still have statutes referring to the slung-shot by name, listing it as a criminal weapon to possess. For modern readers looking at the law books, this has sometimes caused confusion, because they think the law is referring to slingshots like Dennis the Menace carries in his back pocket in the comics.

(On a side note, generally the only laws regarding slingshots are in direct reference to "wrist rocket" style ones that have a forearm brace attached to them. These are banned in some areas by name in the penal codes.)

For modern application, an improvised slung-shot could be made from a padlock tied to a bandanna, a can of tuna-fish in a sock, or any number of other easily assembled variations on this theme.

MODERN DEFENSE TACTICS
Ji-Uta • American Combat Tempo • Filipino • Aikido

Jule Hober Jr.
Instructor - 2nd Degree Black Belt

BRIDGING THE GAP
MILITARY ★ POLICE ★ CIVILIANS

W. HOEK HOCHHEIM
SCIENTIFIC STREET FIGHTING
CONGRESS

638 Sunset Blvd. • Cape May, NJ 08204
609-554-7966 • mobile 609-2372



COLUMN

The VanCook View

Law and Order

By Jerry VanCook

Law and Order. We hear those words every day in some context. Maybe it comes out of the mouth of some political candidate, or on a trailer for the television show of that name. There's a line in the movie *Tombstone* in which one of the characters hands his gun over to the town marshal after a self-defense shooting and says, "That's us, Marshal—law and order every time." We have grown so accustomed to hearing the words *law* and *order* in conjunction that we begin to believe that they always go together, perhaps that they are even synonymous.

They aren't. The fact is, sometimes they even contradict each other.

Before I say what I'm about to say next, let me remind everyone that I used to be a full-time cop, still carry a badge and commission, and am 99 percent pro law enforcement. (I reserve the other one percent for the one percent of the cops I'm about to complain about.) Police work was tough in my day, and it appears to me to be even tougher now. We used to grumble that our hands were tied back in the '70s and '80s but, in comparison to the way laws and policies hamper today's cop, we had a free rein.

That out of the way, I'm sure many of you watch the TV show *COPS*, as I do. And I'm as bad as anyone when it comes to Monday morning quarterbacking the officers on the show. One of my pet peeves is that they arrest people I would never have arrested in my day. Granted, you don't see a lot of Phi Beta Kappa keys hanging from the shirts of the arrested (on the rare occasions when they're wearing shirts at all) and I doubt many Sunday Schools are missing a teacher the next morning while the tattooed 40-guzzlers await arraignment. But what drives me crazy, and finds me shouting at the screen until my wife tells me to shut up, is that some of the officers on this show arrive at the scene of an altercation and just arrest everyone involved in the fight with no regard whatsoever to the rights of self-defense.

I sometimes call this the *high school principal's solution*. By that, I mean that too many cops act like the school official who just ex-



pels everyone involved in a playground fight. Little, if any, attempt is made to figure out who started the problem, and whether or not either of the parties was simply defending himself. I once got called to my son's school on such a situation, and learned an older kid had assaulted him. Following my instructions that if someone had to get hurt it should not be him, he defended himself. But since he *won*, guess who was in trouble?

"He's supposed to go tell a teacher if he's having trouble with another student," the principal says.

"That's a little hard to do when you're getting your face beat in," I responded.

The bottom line is that law and order are often in conflict with each other. Laws say don't assault each other. Criminals, who by definition break laws, ignore this and leave us with the choice of either fighting or getting injured and possibly killed. When the decision is made to fight back the *best* the defender can hope for is a very complicated, expensive, and emotionally stressful battle to sort out the facts during which he will be presumed guilty until proven innocent. The worst case scenario finds him dealing with cops and/or a prosecutor who are too lazy or uncaring to get to the bottom of the matter and prefer the easier high school principal's solution of *hang 'em all, let God sort 'em out*.

This is not a pretty picture I have just drawn. But it has been my observation over the years that it is, nonetheless, a realistic one. Self-defense goes beyond the U.S. Constitution to being a God-

given right, which anyone with even a modicum of common sense should be able to recognize. It is, however, one of the hardest rights to implement without getting into a world of hurt. The common man, going about his life and doing his best to avoid trouble, is backed into a corner in which he must decide whether he prefers being hurt physically or legally.

Both current law and prevailing societal pressure coddle criminals, celebrates victims, and suspect victors. The very survival of an unwarranted attack by an individual brave enough to defend himself often stands as proof that the survivor must be guilty of barbaric behavior himself. The sniveling masses wonder, "If not at fault, why was he not killed like the rest of us would have been?" Then they bleat, "Regardless of right or wrong, we must rid ourselves of this man. He is not only scary, his actions expose the rest of us as the cowards that we are."

Another way of putting that is "Damned if you do, damned if you don't."

Since we can realistically expect to be punished in some way if we stand up for ourselves, or—heaven forbid!—step in to assist another decent human being under unwarranted attack, the law and prevailing ethics combine to very subtly teach people not to get involved. This means the average man and woman on the street avoids helping each other during times of crisis.

And that's where this whole column is leading. If we do not see a reversal in this trend, it's what will cause our nation to eventually fail at the hands of criminals. We have become a culture of whining, selfish, uncaring wimps; divided, each and every one to himself. And such a society eventually falls. *We, the good, must help each other against the bad if the bad are not to predominate.* If we want order we must create that order ourselves. We cannot count on the law, or the police as our representatives of the law, to be there each and every time to do out dirty work for us.

I'm sick and tired of hearing overused and worn-out cliches like "let the police handle it" and "don't take the law into your own hands." I am not advocating vigilante law, or saying go out and conduct your own investigations, then play judge, jury and executioner. What I am saying is use some common sense when it comes to isolated acts in which the police are not there to handle it. If that seems like taking the law into your own hands then decide whether you prefer to be politically correct or die.

No, law and order are not synonymous. Order is not a natural outgrowth of law. Order—in which good people are safe to walk the streets—comes when those same good people unite against the sediment that threatens to rise from the bottom of society and scream, "Okay! That's enough!" 🌟

A well known author of more than 40 books, **Jerry VanCook** is also 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.

Drink and Discipline

(continued from page 21)

matchwood. Next morning, when this was reported to me, my first inclination was to charge him under military law and punish him severely, but my senior Gurkha officer, also a Rai, asked me to leave it to him, which I did. Some months later I found out what had been done. The corporal was paraded in front of all the other Rais in the company, and made to swear an oath never to drink alcohol again as long as he lived. Additionally, he was banned from eating for five days! For the rest of the time that I knew the man—about 10 years—he never touched a drop, and I am sure he is still teetotal.

While a British battalion might have one court martial a month, in my own Gurkha battalion we had two in 30 years—both for murder, and both involving honor. In one case two corporals were vying for one vacancy on a weapon training instructors' course at the School of Infantry in the UK. In the event neither got the vacancy, as one was dead and the other in prison for killing him. The second case involved a soldier considering that another Gurkha had called him a liar in public. As lying is something that Gurkhas regard with horror, this was a serious matter, and he killed his accuser and went to prison. These sort of incidents are very rare indeed, and discipline in Gurkha units is so good that in Bosnia, Kosova and Afghanistan, while British soldiers are restricted to two cans of beer a day, there is no restriction on Gurkha soldiers, simply because they have never abused the availability of alcohol, and most drink a lot less than two cans a day.

The American Navy is dry on board ship, and the U.S. Army is dry in the field. I well remember instant popularity with American troops by always having a bottle of Gurkha rum in my pack!

Gurkhas are, of course, human, and the few disciplinary problems met are often concerned with Nepali law, rather than with British military regulations. There are very heavy customs duties on anything imported to Nepal, and at one time overcoat smuggling was rife, with men going on leave taking several coats back with them, one for themselves and the rest to sell. Inevitably, some were caught trying to evade Nepali customs, and while the British could not see it as being very serious, we had to support the Nepali authorities and impose a punishment for the guilty.

Fighting amongst themselves is unheard of in Gurkha units. Although men come from a mixture of clans, each with its own culture, all are Gurkhas and see themselves as having a common loyalty to the army and to the regiment. On one occasion a warrant officer of the Royal Military Police complained bitterly to me about Gurkha discipline. Stung, I pointed out that our men were very well behaved. "Exactly," came the reply, "And we are all bored stiff because we have nothing to do!" 🌟



There are very few disciplinary problems in a Gurkha battalion, largely because Gurkhas come from a society where respect is paid to elders.

Citizen Self Defense League

A visit from a family acquaintance suddenly turned ominous when Tony "Casper" Murry told Sue Gay to bring him all the guns in the house. Gay's late husband had been a firearms collector, "and Murry knew of the collection," says St. Joseph County, IN, Prosecutor Chris Toth. Murry had been inside Gay's home before, but this visit was different. "I knew he was drunk," says Gay, who then requested Murry leave. "He got irritated..." Gay says of Murry, who then grabbed her 11-year-old adopted son and held a box cutter to his throat and says, "This isn't anything personal." Murry then rushed Gay and held the razor to her throat. He told Gay, "Take me to where the guns are," and pushed her into the front room. Gay pushed back long enough to call out to her son to dial 9-1-1. Just then the boy appeared holding a .45-cal. handgun, aiming at his mother's attacker. The boy fired once, hitting Murry in the chest. "One shot, and he got him," Gay says, adding, "He's my little hero." —*South Bend Tribune*, South Bend, IN

Paul Lawson arrived home one afternoon to find his mother had been locked out of his house when she went outside to retrieve the mail. Upon entering his house, Lawson realized someone else was inside, as it had been ransacked, and his locked bedroom door had been kicked in. When Lawson picked up his gun and looked around, he discovered a man hiding in the shower stall. He then ordered the intruder to put up his hands and lie down on the floor. While waiting for police to arrive, the would-be burglar tried to force his way out of the house; but Lawson struggled with the suspect, wrestled him to the floor and held him there until police arrived, says Chino Police Sgt.

John Vega.—*Inland Valley Daily Bulletin*, Chino, CA

An 80-year-old man shot and killed a University City, MO man who broke into an apartment in his building just after midnight. The resident was in his downstairs apartment when he heard a commotion above. After he grabbed his pistol and went to investigate, he discovered a man holding what looked like a gun and shot him. The suspect who was found with an object made to look like a gun, apparently had intended to burglarize the apartment, says St. Louis police.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, St. Louis, MO

A Coachella, CA store clerk, who says he'd been robbed at gunpoint twice previously, defended himself when a robber aimed a gun at him in the Y&M Market. Mohammed Alwishah told deputies that two men entered the store on Friday about noon. One man pulled a six-pack of beer out of a cooler. "He took it to the counter as if he was going to buy it," says Deputy Sarah Bautista. The second man then allegedly pulled out a gun and pointed it at Alwishah's head; but the clerk grabbed his gun and shot first, hitting the gunman in the leg and stomach. Alwishah says, "I thank God everything is all right now."—*The Desert Sun*, Palm Springs, CA

A man and woman who came to his home under the pretense of buying jewelry he'd advertised in the paper assaulted a Las Vegas, NV man. When the homeowner brought out the jewelry, the man began to assault him with a blunt object, and the woman grabbed the jewelry and fled. The homeowner's adult daughter heard her father's cry for help and grabbed a handgun. When the assailant tried to attack the daughter, she shot him several

times in the head, according to Las Vegas Police Sgt., Al Cervantes.—*Las Vegas Review-Journal*, Las Vegas, NV.

A Niagara Falls, NY shopkeeper defended himself against a knife-wielding robber by grabbing a shotgun from behind the counter. Teddy Patronski was working in his Memory Lane Gift Shop one afternoon when a man entered holding a 6-inch knife. The suspect lunged over the counter and demanded money from Patronski, cutting the shopkeeper on the nose, according to Officer Lisa Marrone. Patronski then grabbed a shotgun from behind the counter, and the suspect fled the store.—*The Buffalo News*, Buffalo, NY

A man at a coastal Oregon resort attacked two residents with an axe before another resident who had witnessed the attack shot him. The motive was not clear, but the suspect had been seen arguing with both victims before the attack, according to neighbors. Byron Sanchez shouted at the attacker to stop before firing his gun, says neighbor Ed McMillan. The attacker then shut the apartment door. According to the McMillan, Sanchez opened the door, and the attacker, "was still going at it," so Sanchez fired. "That didn't faze him, so he shot him a second time, and the guy went down."—*The Statesman-Journal*, Salem, OR

Two Clarksville, TN brothers were rudely awakened about 5 a.m. when a pair of teenagers broke into their home. One intruder attacked Charles Robertson, who was sleeping downstairs, which sent his brother, Edward, running to his aid. After fatally shooting his brother's attacker, Edward Robertson was stabbed in the neck by the other intruder, who fled, but was later captured.—*The Knoxville News-Sentinel*, Knoxville, TN.

This information comes to us in a new partnership between the National Rifle Association and Close Quarter Combat Magazine. Studies indicate that firearms are used more than 2 million times a year for personal protection. This "Armed Citizen" reports will be a regular feature. We support the NRA and want you to join. Call 800-672-4521.



The Bouncer

Staying Off The Ground

By Joe "The Bouncer" Reyes

I've heard a lot of people say, "the ground is where it's at!" Or, they ask, "how's your ground game?" as if it is some kind of a game! Maybe it's a game in a tournament at a dojo. But in a nightclub where crowds of people dance and stagger around, it's the last place you want to fight.

Now, I believe everybody should have a good ground *game* if the situation ever goes that way. But staying on your feet is most important. I've written in past issues about walk-aways or walk-offs. That's the safest way to remove someone without hurting them, or yourself.

First off, one of my commandments is—never work alone. There is no reason for anyone of the guys in my crew to attempt to do anything alone. I train them to call it in and wait for back up. But sometimes when you try to put your favorite arm bar or lock on someone, things don't always work out the way you plan. The floor is slippery, or your opponent shifts his weight and knocks you off balance. There you are ON THE FLOOR taking shots and getting kicked!

The opponent may be deceptive. Wrestling someone into a captured, frozen position, takes skill. They are mad and full of adrenaline, maybe sweaty and slippery and wearing loose clothing. Many times I have come up with a handful of loose shirt instead of an arm or shoulder! You couple that with ground fighting amongst hostile onlookers, and you'd better wear body armor and a helmet.

In these cases, we train to break away and quickly get to your feet. We do not purposely engage in college wrestling or floor jujitsu. Nine out of 10 times, it will go badly. Believe me, if I see someone trying to choke or lock one of my guys on the floor, you can bet your ass they will go home with my footprint on their face.

By being in the nightclub, security business, I have the privilege of testing my skills on a nightly basis and finding out what works in the real world, and what does not. Many times bouncers, like police officers, must approach violent people from behind while they are busy yelling or fighting someone. A double arm bar from behind is the single most effective lock I have ever used. Thread your arm through your opponent's arms, and grip the far arm. You now control both of his arms by using just one of yours.



A double arm bar is the single most effective lock I ever used. It works perfectly for bouncers.



If he gets real uncontrollable, take your right hand from his shoulder and put it across his forehead and pull back. This will bring him back, and you can walk him out backward, and usually with little resistance. Trust me, it works.



A crewmember can help you with a double gooseneck wristlock. Teamwork! Another effective move is a come along. This is when you control the opponent's wrist and keep his elbow buried in your chest. The slightest bit of pressure may cause great pain and provide perfect persuasion that works 99 percent of the time.

Joseph Reyes, Jr. serves as a bodyguard and security supervisor for one of the largest nightclubs in northern New Jersey. A 10-year veteran bouncer and a veteran martial artist, Reyes is an Advanced Instructor in the SFC System. You may contact him at (973) 694-4348 or e-mail CombatArnis@aol.com.



Snake your arm around the neck, and you can shoot for a reverse neck restraint. This is another of my favorites.

These techniques are all utilized in standing positions and have worked for me time and time again in real combat situations. Don't get me wrong, I like grappling and submission fighting for training and exercise. But in a crowded nightclub or the parking lot, the wrestler's guard or the mount, rolling around the floor just isn't where you want to be.



The wing choke. Uppercut the arm and reach around for a neck restraint or choke.



JM COMBATIVE BLADE ARTS

Military Special Forces
Law Enforcement,
Security Agents
Civilians

PENTJAK SILAT SERA SERAK

VDT ACADEMY

SERAK

Seminars every Saturday at:
Maiba Guru Victor de Thouars
VDT Academy:
PO BOX 1663
Bellflower, CA. 90707-1663

BLADE MASTER

John McCurry (562) 920-0472
Group & Private
Seminars Available

(562) 602-0313 mccurryjohn@hotmail.com

SCIENTIFIC FIGHTING CONGRESS

SAFE X STICKS

STRIKE, BLOCK AND
STAY SAFE WITH THIS
DURABLE PADDED
WEAPON. SAFE STICKS
ARE APPROVED AND ENDORSED
BY W. HOCK HOCHHEIM AS
THE OFFICIAL TRAINING
WEAPON OF THE
COMBAT ARNIS CONGRESS

WWW.COMBAT-ARNIS.COM **SAFE STICKS**
\$15.95 EACH
PLUS 2.00
SHIPPING PER STICK

P.O. BOX 2173
WAYNE N.J.
07470



State of the Union

Another Year

Yes, this issue marks the second anniversary. Proudly, while most new publications bite the dust in less than a year, we are still growing with readers, more markets in franchise bookstores and international interest. Thanks to you! *CQCMag* is unlike any other magazine, an adult, edgy hybrid of gun, soldier, martial arts and news magazines that is not a catalog in disguise.

Proper Title

Just a quick suggestion. We have seen many of our instructors advertise their courses and seminars by loosely reporting that Hock was recently inducted into Black Belt Magazine's Hall of Fame, in the hopes that it will bring more recognition and credibility to what everyone does. We say loosely

because we have seen a vast array of descriptions on web pages and ads that run the gamut from "Hock is Black Belt's Knife Man of Year," to Hock is newly in the "Weapon's Hall of Fame." "Weapon's Man of The Year," was another. One webpage declared that Hock was the "Black Magazine's Man of the Year," (they forget the word "belt," but he wasn't the man of the year either). The simple, correct description is to simply state that he is in Black Belt Magazine's Hall of Fame. That short. No knives, weapons, man of the year, or even year needed. He is just in it.

Moved

Contact *Close Quarter Combat Magazine* and Lauric Enterprises, Inc. at P.O. Box 601, Keller, TX 76244. The new business phone is 817-581-4021. Fax 817-485-0146. Email LauricPres@aol.com (email is always best!)

We will be hiring new local staff. As with the last five years, Hock will not have a

school here because of his extensive travel schedule. He always checks his mail! Write him at Hockhoch@aol.com

If You Move?

Moving? You must report it to us. Many times we receive calls and emails complaining about missing magazines. We ask, "have you moved?" and the answer is "oh yes." Have they told us? "No." Please report address changes to us so we can deliver your magazine promptly and keep costs low.

More Moves

Jerry Van Cook has taken the helm of *Street Smarts*-in *Tactical Knives Magazine*. TK is a beautiful magazine and great place to read knife reviews and admire knives new and old. He will continue to write for us as he maintains a busy wordsmith schedule. If you see a Mack Bolan or Stony Man paperback on the bookstand, buy it! Jerry probably wrote it.

**MILITARY/SECURITY POLICE WANTED FOR
POLICE OFFICER VACANCIES**

Kwajalein PD seeks police officers at US Army Kwajalein Missile Range, Marshall Islands. Requirements: Military Police/Civilian Academy, security clearance w/in past 2 yrs, immediate deployment. Start salary of \$25,500 EXEMPT from Federal/State income taxes. Unaccompanied 1 yr contracts. Benefits: \$2,500 contract completion bonus, paid medical/dental/life insurance, annual vacation/travel, paid holidays/sick leave, 401k, free lodging/meals.

POC D. McBroom at CISSC@AOL.COM or
Fax 843-238-8040.

**JOIN THE LOS ANGELES
AIRPORT POLICE**

70+ Sworn Officers Needed
Salary Starts at \$42,840-\$56,976
Full Benefits/Retirement
Condensed Work Schedule

1-866-GO-AIR-PD
www.lawa.org/police/

2002: HOCK'S HAND, STICK, KNIFE, GUN SEMINARS

No matter the theme, remember also that each seminar allots time for *your individual* test requirements, instructor development and special requests. Keep checking www.HocksCQC.com for updates. Refresh the constantly updated pages.

June 8, 9—Knoxville, TN

CQC Group

Contact: Brad Walker, (965) 922-8461

June 15th-23—Frankfort, Germany

Knife/Counter-Knife

See webpage www.HocksCQC.com for contact info

June 29—Altus, OK

Counter-Knife Seminar

Contact: the Wilcoxon's, (508) 629-5651

July 1 thru 12

Filming

July 13, 14—Huntsville, AL

CQC Group

Check webpage for details

July 15 thru 30

Filming

August 3,4—Denver, CO

CQC Group material

Contact: Steve Lowery, (303) 572-7406

August 10, 11—Torrance/ Bellflower area, CA

CQC Seminar

Contact: John McCurry, (562) 602-0313

August 17, 18—Albuquerque, NM

Unarmed Combatives

Contact: Mark Bradford, (505) 797-1077

August 24, 25—Grand Rapids, MI

CQC Group Material

Contact: Don Young, (616) 530-3353

S.F. CONGRESS VIDEO, BOOK & CLOTHING SUPPLY CATALOG

HAND TO HAND COMBAT

- ___ Hand to Hand Combat Level 1
- ___ Hand to Hand Combat Level 2
- ___ Hand to Hand Combat Level 3
- ___ Hand to Hand Combat Level 4
- ___ Hand to Hand Combat Level 5
- ___ Hand to Hand Combat Level 6
- ___ Hand to Hand Combat Level 7
- ___ Ground Zero! Ground Kick Fighting
- ___ Hand to Hand Skill Drills

Level 8 under production

ARCHIPELAGO COMBATIVES

- ___ Level 1 Study Progression
- ___ Level 2 Study Progression
- ___ Level 3 Study Progression
- ___ Level 4 Study Progression
- ___ Level 5 Study Progression
- ___ Level 6 Study Progression
- ___ Archipelago Knife Camp (\$52.95)

KNIFE COMBATIVES VIDEOS

- ___ Level 1, 2, 3: Journeyman Series (2 hrs.) \$52.95
- ___ Level 4, 5, 6: Tradesman Series (2 hrs.) \$52.95

Levels 7, 8, 9, 10 under production

KNIFE THEME VIDEOS

- ___ Knife Trapping Hands
- ___ Knife "Combat the Mad Rush Attack"
- ___ Knife "Combat the Torso Stab Attack"
- ___ "Sinawali" and "Alleycat" Knife Fighter Systems
- ___ Chain of the Knife System
- ___ "Do or Die" Unarmed vs. the Knife
- ___ Tactical Folder for Handgun Retention (New!)
- ___ Knife Command and Mastery: Solo Practice Methods
- ___ In the Clutches of

SDMS: CLOSE QUARTER STICK GRAPPLING/ FIGHTING

- ___ DMS 1: DMS Strikes, Blocks and Drills
- ___ DMS 2: DMS Combat Scenarios
- ___ DMS 3: DMS Gound Fighting, the Push, Pull and Turn Series
- ___ SDMS 4: Command and Mastery

TRAINING MANUALS

(Purchase only if you work actively in the system or have videos to which you may refer.)

- ___ The Hand to Hand Combat Course \$25 plus \$6 postage
- ___ The Archipelago Combat Course \$25 plus \$6 postage
- ___ The Knife Combatives Course \$25 plus \$6 postage
- ___ SDMS Combatives Course \$25 plus \$6 postage

BOOKS (bookstore quality, oversized paperbacks)

- ___ *The Knife Fighting Encyclopedia Vol.1: The Foundation.* 1,000 how-to photos. \$39.95 plus \$6 postage
- ___ *The Knife Fighting Encyclopedia Vol.2: Military Kife Combat.* 205 pages, 187 how-to photos. \$25 plus \$6 postage
- ___ *The Knife Fighting Encyclopedia Vol.3: Unarmed Versus The Knife.* 146 pages, 500 how-to photos. \$25 plus \$6 postage

T-SHIRTS

- ___ Black Congress Polo Shirt w/ Eagle Logo Machine Embroidered on the front, \$37 plus \$2.50 postage
- ___ Congress Logo T-Shirt. Dark blue with gold Congress logo. \$25 plus \$2.50 postage
- ___ Congress Logo Sleeveless T-Shirt. Black. Not a tank top. \$25 plus \$2.50 postage
- ___ Close Quarter Combatives T-Shirt. Military OD Green with Close Quarter Combat inscription. \$25 plus \$2.50 postage
- ___ SDMS Combatives T-Shirt. Stone. SDMS inscription. \$25 plus \$2.50 postage
- ___ **NEW!** SFC Knife T-Shirt. Black with Silver print. Knife logo on breast, large logo on back with slogan: "Use Your Knife to Save Your Life" \$25 plus \$2.50 postage

TRAINING KNIVES

- ___ Official Congress Metal Training Knife "The Normal." Fixed blade with Congress logo on blade. \$29.95 plus \$5 postage
- ___ Official Congress Metal Training Knife "The Combat Folder Simulator." Congress logo on blade. \$29.95 plus \$5 postage

CLOSE QUARTER COMBAT MAGAZINE

(Back issues are \$10 plus \$2 postage. One year subscription \$39.95)

___ CQCMAG Back Issues (circle one)

#1 #2 #3 #4 #5 #6 #7 #8 #9 #10 #11

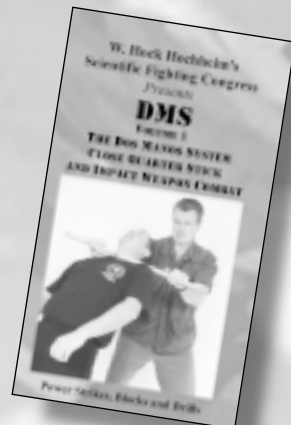
- CQC Magazine and SFC membership \$39.95
- Canadian subscription/membership \$59.95
- Overseas subscription/membership \$79.95

Membership certificates available upon request.

E-mail subscriptions \$29.95

ORDER SPECS

- An additional \$3 postage per item for Canadian and International orders
- We accept MC/Visa/Discover/AmExpress, money order or personal checks
- Payable to: Lauric Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 601, Keller, TX 76244, or call (423) 400-9458



NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____	
STATE _____	ZIP _____ PHONE _____
CREDIT CARD TYPE _____	
CARD NO. _____	
EXP. _____	Subtotal _____
<i>Unless otherwise stated, all videos are \$33.95 each. All items require \$6 postage and handling in the U.S.; \$9 International.</i>	
Plus Postage _____	
Total _____	

Buffalo Nickels

Dude? Where's My Itinerary? Live from Salt Lake! The 2001 Olympiad!

By Buffalo Nickels

Skiing. The Army taught me how and, thanks to Uncle Sam, I've skied many places (even the USSR once, but I'm not supposed to talk about that one). My wife and her sister got the idea to go to the recent Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City. Numb out of my skull from martinis when they suggested it, I stood up and saluted. Some guys fish, I ski. I'll go anywhere to ski. So, here is my news cable for you from the frontlines, just like a veritable abominable Geraldo.

I went skiing nearby in Salt Lake, and I went to all the ski events. The dames saw a lot more and went shopping, shopping, shopping. They saw all the skinny schoolgirls figure skate. Not me, but I got around some events. I saw the white fat women that toss teapots into a circle. Other white women practice their sweeping as the pot hits other pots. That one would make the Greeks proud.

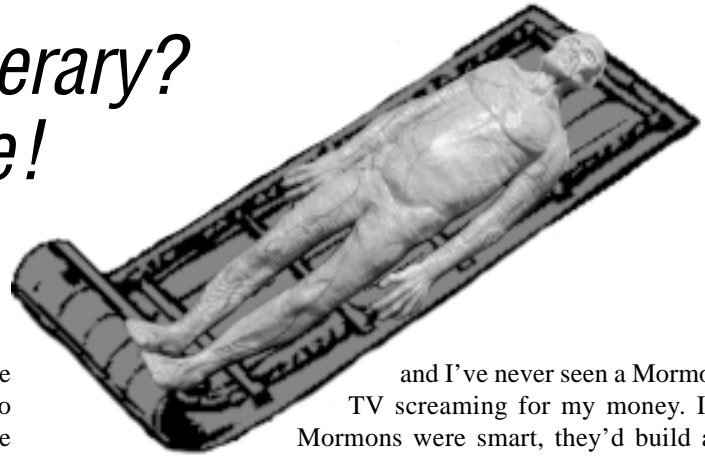
I saw the bobsledding. I wonder about these as Olympic sports. I remember one blizzard we had up in New England. School was canceled. I took the tribe to the park with their sleds. My kids and their weird friends. They raced sleds. My evil son Dr. No put our family pet, Roscoe the Wonder Dog on his sled. Roscoe just sat there with his tongue hanging out like he does in my car. He's happy to go anywhere. I yelled, "go!" and the kids and Roscoe—with a regulation shove from Doc No—all shot down the hill. Roscoe won! The dog won because Roscoe sat right on the back. Dead weight! Might enter Roscoe in the Olympics next time. Put him in a red scuba suit. How much skill does a sled rider really need? Come on! Just dead weight in the back! Better yet, why not just strap a corpse on a sled? No upkeep with a corpse. Just deadweight. Maybe they should have a big Olympic sled race with just dead guys? Funeral parlors could enter or sponsor sleds like with NASCAR guys...

"The Townsend Peaceful Funeral Home proudly presents the recently departed Mike Spitz in the 'Terminator' Race Sled. Mike is the one with the small red flag stuck in his forehead. Come on up and say hi...or goodbye...say a prayer. We want to bury Mark with the Gold Medal."

There are a lot of Mormons in Utah. I think they discovered it. Lots of other religious people warned me about the Mormons, like I was going to be converted at the airport or something. They told me, "Those Mormons now...they believe this...and they believe that..." I stopped them. "Whoa! Whoa! Ever take a real hard look at all the crazy shit *you* believe in?" All the Mormons I met were clean cut, smart, friendly and positive people. That's okay by me,



"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."



and I've never seen a Mormon on TV screaming for my money. If the Mormons were smart, they'd build a big goddamned wall around Utah and keep the rest of us whackos out. The Mormon Tabernacle Great Wall of Utah. Hey! Put barbwire on the side facing Jimmy Swaggart's house will ya?

We all went to the grand finale the last night of the Olympics. Big stars were there. To the sheer delight of the niece, the Synchronized Back Alleyway Boys were there. They are getting old! And they all still have to dance in their spastic, puppet movements, sing like warbling teenagers. One of them is getting real fat.

I think electric shocks would stimulate them into cleaner, more youthful movements. That is all those stupid dance moves are now anyway, just spastic jerks like people dying or shot by machine guns. Fred Astaire would puke on his spats at the sight. Their manager should get those ab-building electric belt gizmos they sell on TV. He should just shock the shit out of them. Yeah, crank those fuckers up from stun to kill with remote control and let em' shake it out baby now. Twist and shout! Even the fat boys will look good. Hmm...he might lose a little weight too like Placenta-the-skeleton-gym girl on the TV commercials.

The finale was the highlight of the whole winter Olympics for me because I saw VP Dick Cheney again. I met him once, and it was just damn nice to see him there closing night. That is a genuine man among men. But Cheney was in danger!

"*The name's Dude, Skater Dude—Secret Service Agent.*" We learned days later that an SS agent walked into a skate shop to buy, you know—*stuff*—and laid down Dick Cheney's secret travel schedule. He bought his like...*whatever*...and left the top-secret papers on the shop's counter. Afterward, he was all like—"DUDE? *Where's my itinerary?*" I was like, all pissed that they hire air-the-fuck-head-skater-boys as agents. Baggy pants muther-fuckers.

Worst part? It was the airports coming back home. Every person from every country in the world flew out the same time we did. Thousands of them. It's REALLY tough when you hate all kinds of people and they are crammed altogether with you in one building, like, oh I don't know...the U.N. or something!

Bye-bye. ☸

R. G. Finney

premier wildlife and western artist

Born in Ontario, Canada, a Green Beret decorated seven times in Vietnam, R. G. Finney traded a career in the military for life as an artist. It was a wise decision, because in the years since, he has become recognized as one of America's premier wildlife and western artists.



Proud Partners

*Giclée on canvas 28" x 24"
edition size: 295
Price: \$990

Published and printed exclusively by
Fulson Graphics
1931 Airport Drive, Green Bay, WI 54313
Phone: 888-881-7181 Fax: 920-494-5444
To learn more, visit us at: www.fulsongraphics.com

*Printed on 100% cotton canvas with pigment inks and clear coated for UV and moisture resistance. Giclees offer the most faithful reproduction of the artist's original work.

trainingblades.com

Manufacturing the finest training knives since 1992

FREE BROCHURE



EDGES2, INC.

6805 Furman Pkwy
Riverdale, MD 20737

Voice: 301-306-0194

Fax: 301-306-5382

Email: bob@trainingblades.com

LAURIC ENTERPRISES, Inc.
P.O. Box 601
Keller, TX 76244

PRSRT STD
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
CLEVELAND, TN
PERMIT #30

TIME SENSITIVE MATERIAL