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# CLOSE QUARTER COMBAT

MAGAZINE

June/July 2000

**KILLSHOT  
STICK  
FIGHTING  
WHY COPS  
SHOOT  
SURVIVING  
DOG  
ATTACKS**

**Plus . . .**

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**The Ordeal of  
Sgt. Wilklow**

**Night Club Stabbing**

**Battle Infections  
that Kill**

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KNIFE  
FIGHT OF  
JIM  
BOWIE**

*By  
Dwight McLemore,  
Lt. Col. (Ret.)*

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# CLOSE QUARTER COMBAT MAGAZINE

JUNE / JULY 2000

## FEATURE ARTICLES

### Why Cops Shoot .....8

*By W. Hock Hochheim*

### The Knife Fight of Jim Bowie .....13

*By Dwight McLemore*

### Surviving Dog Attacks .....16

*By Jane Eden*

### Killshot Stick Fighting .....18

*By W. Hock Hochheim*

## BRIEFINGS

### The Squad Room

#### The Police Blotter .....22

#### True Cop Stories: Them Bones .....24

#### Weapon Retention .....26

*By Police Chief Mike Gillette*

#### The Bouncer: Night Club Stabbing .....29

*By Bouncer/Bodyguard Joseph Reyes, Jr.*

### Military Briefing

#### Battlefield Diary: The Ordeal of Sgt. Charles Wilklow .....30

#### What Is "It"? .....32

*By Buffalo Nichels*

#### World Watch .....33

### The Arena

#### Back Cut! The Burton Mystique .....34

*By John Bednarski*

#### Battle Infections that Kill! .....35

*By Sharon Adams*

#### Get Physical: Chin-up .....36

*By Trent Suzuki*

#### Fighter's Notebook: A Fist Full of Punches! .....37

*By Police Lt. Dennis Davidson*

#### The VanCook View: Right to Carry .....38

*By Jerry VanCook*

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On the cover: Dwight McLemore

# “TOO DAMN CLOSE”

## *The What and Where of Close Quarter Combat*

*By Publisher W. Hock Hochheim*

**“D**on’t fire until you see the whites of their eyes!” is a legendary infantry fighting order raising the visage of combat at its most basic, where every man could smell or touch his opponent.

North American Army Major Robert Rogers told his Indian fighters, the now legendary “Rogers’ Rangers” back in the mid-18th Century, “Don’t stand up when the enemy’s coming against you. Kneel down, lie down, or hide behind a tree. Let the enemy come till he’s almost close enough to touch. Then let him have it and jump out and finish him with your hatchet.”



Depending upon whom you ask, close quarter combat can mean many different things. Ask a kick boxer, and he or she will think everything they do is close quarter fighting. Ask a Wing Chun, Kung Fu man, and he will likely tell you close quarter battle is when he and an opponent are forearm to forearm. To them, kickboxing wouldn’t qualify and would be considered long-range fighting. Quiz Filipino stylists, and most would agree with the Kung Fu fighter. They, like so many different systems, have precise measurements of exactly what fits where. To summarize overall martial arts approaches, you would see a generic range list that reads:

- Martial Arts Weapon Range
- Long Range
- Medium Range
- Close Range
- Ground Fighting

Ask our resident retired war vet Buffalo Nichols for his definition, and he quickly quips that close quarter combat is when any enemy gets... “Too damn close.” Buffalo shot a man running down a small, leafy grade at him. “He jumped out of some brush. He was about 30 feet away, running at me. His rifle was about chest high, and he was shooting at the three of us. I fired two bursts as I dropped down to a knee, and we blew him over at about 20 feet away. He was too damn close and closing too damn fast.”

U.S. Army Major Chuck Melson writes, “Close quarter combat occurs at a distance of a bayoneted rifle.” Marine MSgt. Cardo Urso, the Director of the Corps Close Quarter Combat Instructors Trainer School gave me the official U.S.M.C. manual definition...

“Close quarter combat is the art of unarmed and armed techniques, executed in close proximity to another individual, that comprise both lethal and non-lethal ends, across a spectrum of violence within a continuum of force.”

Police officers talk up the concept that if you must point-shoot a man (that is quickly point and fire without using your gun sights to aim) that is the beginning range of close quarter combat. If you take careful aim to hit him, and have time to take aim, then that is not close quarters. For example, a sniper at work is not engaged in close quarter combat. In common handgun combat there exists a dictum — “The Rule of

Three.” Most gunfights rarely last three seconds; fire no more than three rounds, and most occur within a three yard radius. Generally, gunfighters conclude that pistol shootings actually occur within an average radius of seven feet.

Length of a bayonet. Close proximity. Whites of their eyes. Forearm to forearm. The rule of three. Too damn close. I think you get the picture.

A lot of gun fighting, hand-to-hand, knife and stick/impact weapon combat can happen inside that “too damn close” boundary. It is a broad category with a lot of strategies, tactics and techniques. Within this boundary of possibilities I would like to apply yet another gunfighter’s phrase — seamless application.

For an example of seamless application of tactics, look at how I teach the ubiquitous front snap kick. Practice the kick equally while standing, while knee-high, on your back and your side. Practice it solo from these three heights while empty-handed, holding a pistol, a stick, a long gun and/or a knife. Practice all of these possibilities in extreme close quarters again with opponents gripping each other.

The modern warrior must not only possess these seamless skills, but the hard-earned wisdom from all the aforementioned disciplines to maximize his or her survival. I call this bridging the gap, and it forms the foundation of this magazine and all my training courses.

Military Historian Roger Ford sums close quarter combat up quite well: “Whatever the reasons responsible for bringing a fighter onto the battlefield, once close quarter combat begins, all soldiers experience the same rush of emotions — exhilaration, fear and stress, and regardless of how sophisticated their weapons are, when they see the whites of their enemy’s eyes, the action is ugly, brutal and usually short.” ☛



# State of the Union

Scientific Fighting Congress Member News



## Fairfax/Washington DC:

May 5, Hock appeared in-studio as a guest on the G. Gordon Liddy radio talk show. Discussed before millions of listeners were Hock's new book *Military Knife Combat* and **CQC-MAG**. The G-Man and Hock-Man "hit it off" immediately, and the producers want Hock to return as soon as possible. The 30-minute segment will run again in "The Best of Liddy" when the G-Man leaves for vacation.

**Bosnia:** Our brother of the blade Bob Kasper, who is the one and only regular, mainstream, knife magazine voice on knife combatives in a sea of "whittle and skin" catalog/magazines, told Hock he was off to conduct dignitary protection again in Bosnia. Catch Bob's columns in every issue of *Tactical Knife*. Not many knife readers know Bob is highly skilled in all forms of modern combat, and **CQC-MAG** hopes to do a feature story on him in the near future.

**Australia:** Our SFC Australian Chief Instructor Glenn Zwiers plans to work security at the Sydney Olympics in September. Along with Glenn's many accomplishments, he serves as a registered government security agent, and duty calls. Glenn tours his country teaching the Congress programs in seminars and holds weekly Congress classes in Victoria's prestigious BLITZ Gym, all while running his successful World Emporium equipment sales business.

**Ft. Pierce, FL:** SFC Steve Vaughn announces his plans to open a SFC school in that city.

**Grand Rapids, MI:** Black Belt Don Young kicks off SFC classes in Michigan.

## Northern NJ:

SFC Instructor Joe Reyes AKA "The Bouncer" and his Combat Arnis Congress Arnisadors continue to win and/or place high in his region's stick and knife fighting tournaments. Joe also started his new line of extremely durable "Safe Sticks." Meanwhile SFC Instructor Rick Sikora will conduct a block of DMS training at the American Association of Law Enforcement Trainers (ASLET) Conference in Florida this summer. Rick stays busy with his regular North Arlington SPARTEN Academy classes and teaches area law enforcement officers the DMS program. Bill Pavlik's two top students, Scott Kinney and Greg McClure, took and passed their FilipionBlack Belt tests in Atlantic City, finishing the performance with hardcore rattan Killshot stick fighting.

**Libertyville, IL:** Errol Deppe of North Shore Academy soon leaves for the Philippines to continue his training with Grandmasters in the Filipino Martial Arts and Silat.

**Buffalo, NY:** Tom "Stone Cold" Barnhart was recently promoted to 4th degree Black Belt in Dr. Jerome Barber's Filipino Escrima system in a New York State ceremony. Tom is quick to steer Filipino questions off to Jeff Allen and others saying, "I am not an Arnisador." YET, Tom can perform any Filipino technique, anywhere with any Arnisador, anytime. Unless...the movement is prissy, or it won't really work. Then he smiles and tells you, "That won't work." Want to test your technique? Check your flow? Let the freight train called Barnhart crash down your centerline

swinging a stick or a knife. All prissy patterns and stances go straight to dog-hell.

**Seminars:** Hock suggests that when you plan to attend a seminar, you pack the following:

- Two focus mitts
- One Thai-style pad
- Eye protection
- Helmet-hockey, fencing or even football style
- Padded gloves with open fingers
- Replica pistol (holster and belt would also be great)
- Replica rifle or long gun with sling
- Filipino stick or DMS stick: 30 or so inches
- Padded training stick
- First-aid kit

We sometimes sell these items or stock loaners, but a serious practitioner should carry these items in his seminar bag.

## WEB PAGE List of Instructors and Class Organizers:

Our web page receives more than 100,000 hits per month, and Hock receives a constant stream of calls, letters and e-mails asking for information about regional SFC instructors. Many instructors have asked to have their name listed as an instructor on the web page. We will begin to amass the names and post the city, state and phone number of each recognized person. How do you receive this listing? Four steps...

- 1) You must be an active SFC member. Renewal is \$30 a year.
- 2) Hock himself must have appointed you either an instructor or a class organizer. (Jeff Allen of Texas and Mike Gillette of Iowa may appoint DMS instructors.)
- 3) Regardless of your rank, you must train with Hock

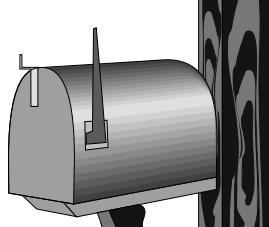
at least once every 15 months to be listed as an instructor. You must also maintain current membership. If your membership expires, or if you do not train with Hock at least once every 15 months, your name will not be given out as a potential instructor. It's important for you to be active and present at training to learn about the evolutions, innovations and updates if you want to qualify as a SFC instructor. It's important for people seeking SFC training to work with people who are up-to-date and working in the system.

- 4) If you wish to be listed, you must contact the SFC. If you don't ask, you will not be listed. Many instructors are police officers and soldiers who do not want their home phones listed. If you wish to contact an instructor in your area, but one is not listed, e-mail Hockhoch@aol.com, or call 706-866-2656 for additional information.

**Knife Expert Makers:** Police Chief Mike Gillette of Iowa, Professor Jeff Allen of Texas and Lt. Col. Dwight McLeMore (US Army Ret.) of Virginia are the only persons authorized to rank practitioners as Level 6 Knife Experts in the Knife Course. Level 6 is an equivalent to a Black Belt Level test on the knife. These men will convene a local board of three to help oversee such tests.

**Seminars 2001:** All seminar hosting operates on a first come, first serve basis. If you wish to host a SFC seminar next year, you need to plan early. My calendar is already filling up for 2001. ☛





# MAIL CALL

**E-mail Message:** Recently I wrote an article for another magazine and used the term CQC in the article. Both the magazine publisher and I received a letter from a company stating that CQC was their patented trademark, and I had no right to use the term in my article. Since your magazine is titled *Close Quarter Combat* (CQC), I wondered if you had run across similar problems. And, are you in anyway affiliated with [blank] company?

—Massachusetts

**Reply:** No, we are not affiliated in any way with any other entity that uses the term “Close Quarter Combat” or the initials “CQC.” Our official registered, patented, copy-right and trademark consists of: *Hand, Stick, Knife, Gun, Close Quarter Combat Magazine* (CQCMAG). Before deciding on a name for the magazine, we quizzed our attorneys and the Federal Trademark Staff about the use of a number of words, abbreviations and titles, and they advised us that the words “close quarter combat” are as generic as “football” or “baseball.” We do not officially endorse any one product or course. We are not affiliated with, nor should we be confused with, any other company that uses a configuration or acronym of close quarter combat.

**E-mail Message:** My friends received their issue of CQC-MAG a week ago. Where is mine?

—Oklahoma

**Reply:** You are not alone in asking this question. Our magazine, like most, is

mailed in bulk. That means that they sit at our post office and then at yours waiting for the postal employees to “get around” to process them at BOTH places. This means that parts of Dallas or Atlanta may receive their issue in four days, someone a few neighborhoods away may get theirs in three weeks. A few got theirs FOUR full weeks after mailing. Patience please. It is coming! However, if it's June, and you still haven't gotten the April/May issue, give us a call because something's wrong.

**Snail-mail Message:** There are a lot of guys out there teaching who have never even been in a fight. Should we trust them?

—Texas

**Reply:** There are a lot of guys out there who have been in fights that also teach. Just because someone's been in a fight doesn't make that person a reliable training source. First consider, do they seem “enlightened”? That is to say, are they sharp, inquisitive, skeptical, intelligent and so forth. This is hard to discern without some wisdom on your part. You may learn from both the inexperienced and the experienced. I would prefer the enlightened veteran to the enlightened non-veteran. NOTHING takes the place of experience. Nothing. But enlightened people who have gained real world experience the right way, are hard to find. What is flat-out wrong and evil are people who pick fights to gain experience. This group constitutes the fools and bullies. We study self-defense to defend ourselves from stupid, evil people.

**E-mail Message:** Why can't you see that ground fighting is the ultimate fighting system? You even call it “pretzel fighting!”

—California

**Reply:** First, there is no such thing as an ultimate anything, not even a cheeseburger. Ground fighting seems to have become “submission” ground fighting or college wrestling. I love about 50 percent of every martial art I have trained in. The same holds true with ground fighting, but when you add knives, guns, pepper spray, nearby observers, nearby objects to grasp, differing strengths and sizes, well—that's when the other 50 percent better kick in. In the late '80's, I was part of the shoot fighting or shoot wrestling craze, and I know well the foundation movements and principles. I also attended private lessons and seminars of Brazilian ground fighters. I love about 50 percent, but ground fighting today has become this college wrestling muscle memory thing for which I have no use.

Remember under stress, you resort back to your training, your muscle memory. If you're fighting a Viet Cong in a rice patty and had the muscle memory to torque his ankle or wrist ... if he is a real warrior, he will still slit your throat, because adrenaline will cover his pain, or he may take the break in his joint because he is fighting for his life! Real warriors are taught to fight through the gunshot, the stab, and the break. That's the “Win Mentality.”

The first phase of my SFC Ground Combat Course is knife ground fighting. When you start there — with a knife

in hand — it has a way of shaping the rest of your ground fight training toward a reality edge not found in fad fighting.

You should see some of the dangerous **junk** naïve, college wrestling, ground fighters have organized and taught to cops. They have no idea what a mean felon with a boot knife will do to you, or how fast they will snatch your pistol, or pluck your eye out while you roll on the ground with the muscle memory of playing tap-out games. You need to see how criminals train in the pens and jails around the world. A “tap-out” to them is when they rip a water facet out of the wall and shave it into a shank to shove up your ass.

I have even seen a martial artist in a popular police magazine demonstrate how to “handle” knife attackers. His solution? Leg lock the knife attacker. When our hero concluded each pictorial leg lock essay, the criminal had both his arms free, and still held a big knife in one hand! They didn't show the next frames, when the criminal leans over and slices our hero's thighs to ribbons or carves the feet right off the ankles.


“Oh, Hock!” you might say. “What about the leg cranks? Won't that sudden pain stop him?”

Crank-schmank! You may crank and break that ankle! He'll still gut you. He goes to the hospital. You go to the grave.

I love about 50 percent of the submission ground fighting taught by these fad groups today. Love it! But remember, I believe in the seamless integration of all tactics in all ranges with all modern

weapons, with a heavy emphasis on cheating. Cheat first. Cheat last. Cheat in the middle. This includes ground fighting. If 50 percent of your ground fighting tactics can be defeated with a thumb in the eye, cheek rips, groin and throat rips, well then...you know what 50 percent of submission fighting I like to teach. ☺

Send your e-mail questions to [Hockhoch@aol.com](mailto:Hockhoch@aol.com) and snail-mail to W. Hock Hochheim, P.O. Box 5372, Ft. Oglethorpe, GA 30742.



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*10 Seconds in the South Bronx*

# Why Cops Shoot First!

## **Attention Communities Everywhere!**

“Drive your local police department to a “gun-only/shoot citizens” policy. File every lawsuit you can every time an officer so much as touches a citizen, or even looks at one with what you think is a mean face! Make the rules of force so defined and so difficult that police officers feel they cannot make any physical contact without the greatest hassle, claims and punishment. File any and every complaint and lawsuit you can. Soon, for fear of lawsuits, physical restraint training will become tame and timid and in most cases, disappear entirely! Of course shooting is mandatory. Inadvertently you leave police with so few alternatives that they resort to the only choice that remains—they pull a gun.”

## **Attention Police Administrators Everywhere!**

“Any physical force results in lawsuits! Do not mandate, train or encourage your officers to learn any hand-to-hand combat skills, certainly not the type where they may actually learn how to really fight for their lives...ugly things like...punching. Keep it timid! Else, you will suffer endless complaints, mountains of paperwork and crippling lawsuits.”

**By W. Hock Hochheim**

**W** Within 10 frantic seconds in the South Bronx—the 1999 Diallo killing, dissected in this article, reared the ugly head of police shootings. In the end all involved regret “shooting too quickly,” in what they call a horrible mistake. To make matters worse, February 2000, the month when non-guilty verdicts were rendered for all four officers who made that mistake, NYPD became involved in

three more shootings of unarmed men. *Time*, *Newsweek*, *CNN* ... all recycled the rhetoric... What will “they” do to stop these police shootings? The media parades panels of liberals and conservatives, and in the end, there will be a lot of, “we have to do this” and “we have to do that.” They will bandy about the famous “R” words — “respect” and “restraint.” But if the police in South Bronx, or anywhere else, believe they see a guy pull a gun, then the act of pulling theirs is justified.

Sounds simple, doesn't it?

To a citizen peering inside the blurry hourglass of policing, it is easy to assume that all city, county, state and federal agencies work under one universal common sense guideline regarding the use of force. Plus, all would think that officials could devise a life-saving continuum well structured, enforced, and in place EVERYWHERE! They might think that ideas based on logic (like breaking the arm of a man holding a stick would be

better for the man and the cop than killing him) were the rule. Citizens also assume police officers receive training to fight deftly with their hands as an alternative to impact weapons and guns. In this perfect world, the act of a police officer pulling a gun in self-defense constitutes a fairly simple concept.

## Confused, Convolved and Castrated

Inside this blurry hourglass, officers find a vast spectrum so diverse that it defies explanation. Many officers remain overweight, out of shape and dangerously apathetic about training. Those who care, learn that one agency's routine allowance becomes another's firing offense all in the same state, even the same county! In the last four years I taught officers from over 50 agencies and became a conduit for this information. Prior to that I worked as a law enforcement officer for 23 years. Here I list examples of how confused things really are on the inside.



Recently, I taught tactics to a mixed group of soldiers, martial artists and citizens in a southern US state. During a break a police officer walked up and said, "They [his P.D.] won't train us in any of these hand-to-hand tactics. They don't even want us to know these tactics. Too many lawsuits. We pretty much just shoot anybody if we have half the chance." I looked twice at him. "Yeah!" he continued, "The way our policy works if somebody attacks us with any kind of weapon or sometimes none, we just shoot. We are covered in our policy. It's easier for our department."



I was training a group of police officers in some long gun grappling techniques. A veteran SWAT officer told me, "We don't grapple with anybody on a SWAT raid. If someone bucks up on me, I punch my machine gun forward and pull the trigger." I asked him what if the "bucker" was the neighbor's teen-ager over for a visit at the wrong time? "Too bad. He bucks, we shoot."



In a strange dichotomy, way more than once, officers at my close quarter combat seminars walk up and tell me they don't want a record or a training

certificate of their attendance. "I don't want defense lawyers to know I train to fight with my hands." Since when has expertise in less-than-lethal tactics become a sin?



A Newark PD Sgt. told me recently, "You should see the course they sent us to. It is a course originally designed to handle mental health and retardation patients. You can barely — and I mean BARELY — even touch the offender. It was a joke." A Pennsylvania trooper recently called me for training information, "They don't teach us anything!" he declared. "They're afraid to! If we so much as raise a finger at somebody, we get sued! We can shoot them, but we can't fight them."

How did we get to this point?

*Since when is putting a guy's hand in a cast worse than blowing his brains out?*



A few years back I taught police officers how to defend themselves against common and modern weapons. One module consisted of using their expandable baton to strike the weapon-bearing hand of a knife attacker. Their training Sargent corralled me to the side. "This is good..." he whispered, "but don't teach them how to strike the hand with their stick. It might break the hand."

"Break the hand?" I declared. "You could shoot and kill the guy holding a knife, and you are worried about just breaking his hand! What if the knife attacker was in a crowd and you couldn't shoot, or your gun was empty, or any number of realistic circumstances. Since when is putting a guy's hand in a cast worse than blowing his brains out?"



I receive calls from agencies all over the country asking for knife training.

"All our officers carry folders, and we need to know how to use them. We must have some training," reported one police administrator from Tennessee. "If our men have to use a knife without training, we won't be 'covered.'" In the next county, admin types shudder at the thought of their officers "learning" how to use a knife in any way. They say, "We won't be 'covered' if our cops use a knife! Instant lawsuit!" Yet Maryland State Troopers are officially issued Baretta combat folders!

Though it's a foreign country, it's interesting to note that in Australia, an officer caught wearing a common folding knife is liable to be kidnapped by the state for psychiatric assessment and fined \$6,000. Is this the way our country is headed?



In a major northeastern city in 1999, a crazed man surrounded by four officers raised a hammer in the air and was shot multiple times. The incident tore that city up in protest and political turmoil. In the end, all four officers were cleared — "covered by policy."



A young officer complained to a writer of a police magazine recently that he had requested survival training, not just for himself, but also for other line officers. He was told that such training would make his department liable for lawsuits. The training was denied.

## Summary

In the end we may draw two conclusions.

First, most agencies are afraid to teach their officers how to really fight because they feel it opens them to lawsuits. To a layman unfamiliar with police admin paranoia, simply put it goes like this — If I teach you how to punch, and you punch someone in a fight, the punched person will sue us both because we officially taught you how to punch. To this small-minded and cursed ilk, keeping you stupid saves them money and hassle. If you get hurt because you don't know how to fight, they will visit you in the hospital with a sad, pouty face, but they bounce mental 'high-fives' with their attorneys and insurance company that they didn't get sued.

Second, through it all, there will always be one subject mandated by law to be taught to all who carry a badge: Shooting!





## **The Quick Draw Under Stress — ANY stress**

“Get the drop on someone,” is an old and true phrase. A quick draw can save your life, providing it freezes imminent danger. Almost all career officers have pulled their gun in this timely manner and prevented criminals from lunging for a weapon. But unjustified quick draws are ugly, inciting and dangerous mistakes.

In the last 14 months I happened to see two unique traffic stops around the U.S. I was in a SWAT Sgt.’s squad car driving through some projects in a major northeastern city, and as we patrolled, we saw a traffic stop. The male driver bailed out of his car with his arms up and flailing as the officer exited her vehicle. In those first seconds the driver’s facial expression could have signaled a statement of surrender, such as, “man you really caught me speeding,” or one of disgust at being stupid enough to be caught. Either way the female officer drew her pistol in one hell of an impressive quick draw. Right there in a split second. The guy put his hands up even further in the air with a shocked expression. We parked to observe the stop. She approached, barrel pointed at the man, she then re-holstered to write him a ticket. In a much smaller Texas city, I saw the same thing happen by a public park. This time the male officer yanked his gun out at the first sign the unarmed male driver appeared agitated. Again, a re-holster and a common ticket was issued.

In both of these cities to teach, I learned that their officers received no hand-to-hand/unarmed combatives, yet received some 30 hours of mandatory pistol training each year. One department shot and trained three times a year. The other department trained annually. In fact, shooting was the only annual training for the majority of the departments. I believe the parallels are obvious, and responses are more than predictable. If that is all they train, then that is what they will use under stress. Pull a gun. Properly trained, confident and savvy officers skilled in hand-to-hand combat simply do not routinely resort to skittish, quick draws.

---

***Properly trained,  
confident and savvy  
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## **COVERED**

“Covered by policy.” That is an interesting term and a standard policing expression. It means your actions are authorized and/or approved in writing. But who exactly is “covered”? Every single word written in police policies and procedures is written toward one goal only — to make insurance companies happy. When NYPD Officer Sean Carroll sat on the witness stand last February, crying his eyes out for accidentally killing Amadou Diallo and facing imprisonment for murder, did he feel “covered”? In the end, a nameless conglomerate — an insurance company — is the only thing covered, as officers from foot beats to police chiefs take the real heat with loss of jobs, reputation and freedom. Police combat and training are no longer based on the opin-

ion of a “reasonable and prudent” person, but rather a “paranoid and penny-pinching” insurance company.

A de-evolution has eaten away at policing. When I started as an officer, I was issued a billy club and black jack. Boxing classes were run by many academies. We learned as much of it and jujitsu as they could squeeze in. With every lesson we learned a dirty little fact. To ensure your survival, you have to cheat. The savvy cops back then collected cheating tricks and tactics — anything that would give them an edge. Suspects were tricked, shoved, dropped and manhandled by confident cops with a tougher edge.

“Officers must turn in all blackjacks and leather saps,” was the first disarming decree I recall in the early 1980’s. Then, year after year tactics were stripped from an officer’s personal armory, leaving them with fewer and fewer survival tricks. “Striking with a closed fist is no longer allowed,” is an order heard across the land. “You can only strike on the thigh with your baton.” In some cities in America, officers must keep the new seal on the top of their pepper spray can, I assume to slow them down a step and make them “think before they spray some poor, poor citizen.” Other agencies have had their spray cans taken away. In a surrender to the politically correct, the term “decentralize” replaces the word takedown. A punch is hidden under another catch phrase — Counter Force Measure. Who do they think they are fooling? Do you think for a moment that a hostile lawyer won’t ask Officer Johnson on the witness stand:

“Really Officer Johnson ... that word you use ... decentralization? That’s just another fancy word for throwing somebody down on the ground, isn’t it?”

What can you say? You must admit it, and then you — that’s right YOU — are the one in front of the judge and jury who appears to be “concealing” your action. It is you, not some slick wordsmith (some have never even been cops!) who makes up all these acronyms and names, who must face down the truth.

How did this de-emasculation happen? Take the sad story of chokes and sticks for example...

## **The Sad Story of Chokes and Neck Strikes and Restraints**

Chokes and/or neck restraints have always provided a successful way to

stop and contain violent offenders. While chokes are still common occurrences in children and adult Judo classes and tournaments all around the world, almost all enforcement and correctional agencies have outlawed them. After centuries of success, a miniscule list of suspects died from chokes — an extremely rare event — usually attributed to pre-existing medical conditions. One in 10 million die from a choke. As a result the choke has been labeled as “un-defensible” by insurance policies, and is outlawed!

A very popular strike called the brachial stun (which is a forearm strike to the side of the neck) often drops a combative suspect in a single second. But now, they have learned that the stun may dislodge matter into the brain of one out of every 60-skillion people. The ever popular and successful stun-GONE from most police policy. In places like Wisconsin, the brachial stun is considered “lethal force.” YET, martial artists and kids in Golden Gloves use it to knock the hell out of each other all the time, unconcerned about dislodging any kind of matter.

### The Sad Story of Sticks

In the late 1990's in Wisconsin, two deputies arrested a rugged and strong farmer. The farmer, a muscular outdoorsman, fought the officers off successfully for several minutes in a room-wreaking struggle. At one point he crawled atop one of them and began choking him to death. The other deputy, exhausted and stunned from this fight, extracted his baton and struck the farmer in the head, knocking the man cold. The deputy was charged with attempted murder! He insisted that he was saving the life of his partner, and after several months of intense pressure and politics, the DA dropped the charge. The irony? The officer could have legally shot the farmer in the head and killed him dead. Such action was “covered” in the policy, but knocking the big brute out with a stick to the head ... was a crime.

The farmer? Still alive, and he's back at work on his farm. Alive! In this context, the officer actually saved the farmer's life from police policy! An act for which the farmer is entirely ungrateful, and for which the officer will go entirely unrecognized.

## The DIALLO SHOOTING

### Tactical Overview: How It Went Down

- ❑ NYPD Street Crimes Unit Officers Edward McMellon, Sean Carroll, Richard Murphy, Kenneth Boss were searching the Soundview section of the Bronx for a rapist. This serial rapist reportedly followed women into buildings to commit the crime.
- ❑ Officers dressed in plainclothes. Their first observations came from an unmarked car.
- ❑ Diallo was standing at the front door of his brick apartment building on Wheeler Ave. It was just after midnight, 4 Feb. 1999. Cold weather. Dry. Diallo wore a jacket. The area was lit by intermittent streetlights, car and city lights.
- ❑ **Carroll Testimony:** “The way he [Diallo] peered up and down the block ... he stepped backward, back into the vestibule as we approached, like he didn't want to be seen. I am trying to figure out what is going on. You know — what's this guy up to?”
- ❑ The officers exited the car. Diallo “darted into” the building.
- ❑ McMellon identifies himself and others as NYPD. He displays his badge and tells Diallo he needs to talk with him.
- ❑ Diallo turned and looked at them with one hand on the doorknob.
- ❑ **Carroll Testimony:** “Diallo turned away as if he wanted to shield from my view what he might have under his jacket.”
- ❑ McMellon asked Diallo to show his hands. No response to request.
- ❑ Diallo reached into the side of his clothing...
- ❑ **Carroll Testimony:** “... all I could see was a top slide — it looked like a black gun. Believing — believing that he had just pulled and was about to fire the gun at my partner, I fired my weapon. I said, “Gun! He's got a gun!”
- ❑ Officers and witnesses report the first round of bullets. Diallo still stood despite obvious movements suggesting some impact. Witnesses and officers saw splintering wood and sparks, and bullets ricocheted, which in the moment caused Carroll to report that he thought Diallo was still shooting back at him.
- ❑ Carroll, fearing the suspect wore a bulletproof vest, fired at Diallo's legs. Then quickly, a second round of bullets followed.
- ❑ Carroll fired 16 shots, McMellon fired 16 shots, Boss fired 5 shots, Murphy fired 4 shots, all four from close range within 18 feet of the doorway. The furthest away (Murphy) shot the least.
- ❑ Carroll and the officers approached Diallo guns drawn, to further ensure their safety.
- ❑ Carroll located the “black object.” It was Diallo's wallet.
- ❑ Carroll began trying to resuscitate Diallo.
- ❑ Boss called for an ambulance and alerted the police department.
- ❑ Diallo was shot 19 times from a total of 41 bullets.
- ❑ Total time of incident is estimated at 10 seconds from the time the officers exited the car until they discover the wallet.

# Police Shootings:

## Media Perception and Reporting

As I researched this incident, I noted incomplete renditions of the Diallo shooting worth mentioning. *Time*, *Newsweek*, TV news and other commercial venues gave their encapsulated versions of the event, basically their typical “cops came, cops saw, cops shot.” It is a very rough sketch of the night, and really not meant to be biased, but inadvertently produces bias.

Tactical-minded police officers, like probing prosecutors and defense attorneys, needed way more detail to get a handle on the crux of this, or any such shooting. It was in police periodicals and buried inside interviews, and in the trial itself, that the physical step-by-step details were revealed, things your average, ignorant news reporter — and certainly citizenry — does not understand and appreciate. Things like available light, details on why the rapist was sought, how the officers were dressed, who stood exactly where, all seem to pass unnoticed to mainstream reporters, or if even mentioned, are just trim, or colorful fillers to the story. Citizens see and read these ignorant “they came-they shot” reports and launch themselves out on the streets the next day in protest. Forced to sit and hear these details however, juries often acquit as they did in this case. Meanwhile out in the street, the ill-informed keep protesting. One idiot in New York after the Diallo verdict raised his infant son to a TV camera and declared, “Kill him, now! Shoot him, now!” What a manipulated, ignorant idiot!

### A Similar Story

*Associated Press* issued this headline in the Winter of 2000, “Man Riding Bike on Bridge Shot to Death by CHP after Refusing Ride.” Sounds pretty bad. But officers stopped the man for riding his bicycle illegally across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. When officers stopped the man to simply question him and offer a quick ride over, he produced one of his three guns (two pistols and a shotgun) and opened fire. “Refusing a ride” just doesn’t quite cover the flavor of the incident, does it?

Too infrequently we see a news story about how some citizen or news reporter attended a “shoot/no-shoot” police course, and stumbled away from the experience, shocked and unnerved by the nuances of real combat. The fact they are ALWAYS so shocked, tells us the majority of them don’t know what the hell it is they are writing about. This ignorance breeds ignorance.

### It’s All Relative

When I started policing nearly three decades ago, there was an old expression, “The community gets the police they deserve.” And when one examines the overall actions of their local enforcement agencies, this is true. Violent neighborhoods often see violence from policing. Quiet neighborhoods usually see reserved and quiet policing. Statistics and experience identify the problem areas, and agencies naturally staff problem districts with problem-solving, go-getters. The expectation of community resistance sets the tone of such officers’ mental attitude and approach to work. In short, where you work will depend on how quickly you think you can negotiate, wrestle, strike someone, or pull the trigger to survive.

I am not condoning or encouraging physical violence, racism or brutality. Nor am I some kind of liberal wanting to spare lives. Instead, I am campaigning for this simple, equation to save lives on both sides:

1) Mandatory hand-to-hand combat training covering the complete spectrum of survival, along with the pre-existing shooting courses. If a police officer receives 40 hours per year training and 38 of those hours are shooting a gun, what do you think he will reflexively do under stress? H-2-H training builds the kind of confidence and skill that keeps the gun in the holster where it should be. Train police officers to save their lives in all kinds of conflict. Give them back tools like the choke, the punch and the brachial stun, just to name a few. Don’t fall prey to these ridiculous percentage tables.

2) A “totality of circumstances” review of all complaints. That is an unbiased, non-political review of the complaints that might arise. Bring the common sense back into the process, not the politics.

There is hope! One new trend is that police officers now sue their own agencies for lack of training when something goes awry in the street. You want to see police admin jump through the hoops of radical change? Sue them! Brother, you now talk their language! Second, I see young, smart officers, enlightened and committed to all we have discussed in this article, promoted to positions of power. But in the meantime, one big reason an officer shoots first? He isn’t allowed or trained to do anything else. ☛

# *The One Knife Fight of* **JIM BOWIE!**

## *Paradoxes of a Myth*

**By Lt Col. Dwight McLemore (U.S. Army, RET.)**

*“He rides forever out on the frontier, where reality and fact become one with myth and legend.”*

D. McLemore, 1999

**O**n September 16th, 1827, a place called Vidalia Sandbar, buttressed beside the Mississippi River in the US of A, gave birth to an American legend. That day, a man named James Bowie, drove a wooden handled butcher knife into the guts of Norris Wright and forever etched his name across knife fighting world history. As a result, even members of the most nonviolent populations of the world, claim familiarity with the edged tool called the “Bowie Knife.” Ask any man or woman in countries as far away as Tasmania or Japan about a bowie knife, and a bell peals in their minds.

The hyperbolic literature of the Wild West and, in the same vein, American cinema, created many heroes, including Jim Bowie. At first, penny-to-dime pocketbooks and articles appeared, and eventually the tales flowed over into the movie industry. In a “B” 1950’s movie, Jim Bowie blacksmiths his Bowie knives for Apaches in Monument Valley, Utah — though the real Bowie scarcely if ever found himself west of San Antonio, Texas. Richard Widmark played Big Jim in the John Wayne epic, “The Alamo,” fighting Mexican soldiers from his deathbed. Although in real-life, Bowie suffered so severely from consumption that he barely

managed to stir under his covers. Years later, the myths spawned a Jim Bowie TV series. Fiction paperback books published as late as 1999 flowered the fabled Bowie with Indiana Jones style adventures. In Opelousas, Louisiana, visitors tour Jim Bowie’s home, a building he never owned or lived in. Reportedly, everyone in Mexico’s upper class had heard of “Santiago Bowie-El Fanfarron” — or “the braggart.”

Many other unusual and unpredictable factors wove him into the fabric of American history. One distant non-blood relative, the sister-in-law of one of Jim’s brother’s grandchildren — a woman who never once met Bowie or possessed a scrap of evidence about him — wrote stories about Jim after his death. She received a goodly sum per tale. This added to what historians called “immeasurable confusion to the Bowie saga.” Disreputable psychic, Peter Hurkos, added more questionable episodes to Bowie’s illustrious knife adventures after he rubbed a knife suspected of being Bowie’s, and reported stories derived from questionable psychic vibrations.

Marine Lt. Colonel Anthony Drexel Biddle became a significant contributor to the Bowie myth as he trained thousands of troops in the ’20’s, ’30’s and WW II in what he called Bowie Knife





fighting. These Marines later integrated into all forms of our society with this colloquial information. An FBI brochure once featured their guest instructor Biddle as a student of the Colonel Jim Bowie's course on knife fighting, and that he had gone west to Bowie country to learn the system. This was information supplied to the Feds quite possible by Biddle himself. Meanwhile, official biographies declared Biddle a world-traveled and educated swordsman, who along with his jujitsu skills taught Marines how to fight in close quarters against foreign knife cultures.

Historians declare the real Jim Bowie was too busy with forgery, land swindling, slave running, marrying for money, drinking, opium and other such activities to actually construct any course in knife fighting. Bowie was such an active con man that even years after his death, the term "Bowie Claims" became a euphemism in Washington, DC for fraudulent land tiles.

But people who lust for action and fanfare still eat up every mythical word. Fable-lovers throw up their hands when confronted with Bowie facts. "That's un-American to say!" or "Let

us keep some legends!" Some fans argue desperately, "Well ... well those were tough times, and Bowie must have been in many knife fights. He MUST have!"

In 1838, lifelong confidante and brother, Renzo, published a letter stating that neither he, nor his brother were ever in a duel — that James took part in only one knife fight, but only after he fired his pistols until he emptied them. Rumor, gossip and legend suggest an overall total of six Bowie knife fights, but after reading the details, reports, and analysis of several exhaustive investigations, the Sandbar fight is the only true and reliable encounter. The other five events are riddled with numerous aggrandized misstatements, inaccuracies and outlandish errors. One claims that brother Renzo died at the Alamo! The researchers agree with Jim's brother Renzo — that J. Bowie's only knife violence took place at the Vidalia Sandbar.

### **"The Feud of Our Parishioners" — The Vidalia Sandbar Knife Fight**

In December of 1826, Norris Wright made several declarations in Alexandria that Bowie was a criminal. Bowie rushed Wright and, in a close quarter clench, Wright shot Jim with a pistol that was either too small or improperly loaded. Coins in Jim's pocket may have deflected the round into a painful yet non-deadly location. Bowie was carted off and, as he nursed those wounds, he swore a pact of revenge, and not one of *Code Duello* (the code of dueling). Renzo Bowie visited his brother during the convalescence, and thereupon gave him the first Bowie knife of legend, one Renzo had fashioned and used. The knife was about nine inches long and one-half inch wide.

Bowie continued swindling and received frequent threats from law-abiding landowners. As months passed, he heard of a duel between businessmen that involved Wright in the periphery of interested witnesses. The event took place at the Vidalia Sandbar, the key duelists wound up shaking hands as friends, but friends of these proposed duelists could not abide by the diplomacy. A disorganized gunfight broke out between them. Bowie and Wright, caught up in the momentum, eventually shot at and missed one another. Historian William Davis in "Three Roads to the Alamo" collected multiple witness and historian testimonies to record the confrontation. In the following quote, we join in the fray near the end as participant George McWhorter chased Wright...

*"...by now McWhorter held a drawn pistol, and he and Wright fired at the same time. McWhorter's ball just barely penetrated Wright's left side, and he yelled: "The damned rascal has killed me," but the wound was hardly mortal. Denny came up to Bowie now, grasping him by the coat lapel and urging that "this must be stopped, sir; this must be stopped." When Wright fired, however, his bullet struck Bowie full in the*



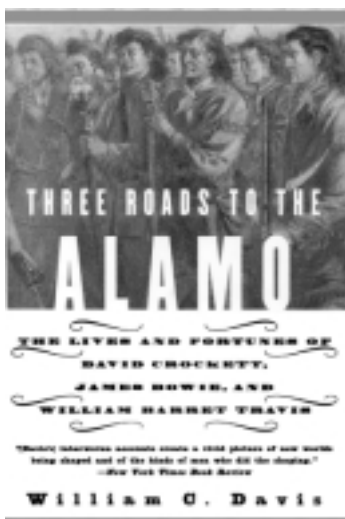


breast just where Denny had his left hand. The ball carried away Denny's middle finger, then passed through one of Bowie's lungs, staggering him. Freeing himself from Denny, Bowie lunged toward Wright, who had turned to flee. Bowie got about 15 paces and was just in the act of grabbing his quarry when the Blachard brothers opened fire on him. One bullet struck him in the thigh and brought him down. Seeing that, Wright turned around and drew his sword cane, as did Alfred Blachard, and the two of them set upon the stricken man...

...They stabbed at Bowie repeatedly, though neither got in a good strong thrust as Bowie flailed about, deflecting their blows with his free arm and his drawn large knife, giving them each some small cuts in the process and hitting Wright in the arm twice.

Wright leaned forward and his sword pierced Bowie's left hand, and when he then turned the hand to fend off another blow, the blade tore through the flesh. One of the sword blows actually bent the blade as it hit Bowie's breastbone and then slid along one of his ribs...

...By what Samuel Wells called "wonderful exertion," Bowie got himself up to a sitting position. Then in one lunge he reached up to grab Wright by the collar, and as Wright tried to straighten himself he inadvertently helped raise Bowie to a near standing position. As Bowie later told the story to Rezin and their friend Sparks, he said in Wright's ear: "Now, Major, you die!" With a single savage thrust, he drove the knife through Wright's chest, boasting afterward that he "twisted it to cut his heart strings." Wright pitched forward, dead instantly, falling on Bowie and pinning him to the ground. By this time the Wells brothers—Samuel and Thomas—who had been at the dying General Cuny's side, ran up to where Blachard was still stabbed by Bowie, now trapped on the ground with Wright's body above him. Thomas Jefferson Wells shot Blachard in the arm, and at the same time Bowie finally threw off Wright's corpse and gave Blachard a bad cut in his side with the knife...



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My decades of research in all forms of sword and knife fighting tell me that any so-called Bowie fighting system you see practiced today evolved from a hybrid background in the sabre, broadsword, épée and dagger. The infamous "back cut" so often described as an American Bowie technique, can be found centuries earlier and performed in many countries, in Europe and elsewhere, and even as far back as Spartan and Roman Centurion training. The back cut Bowie delivered to Blachard's torso may have been an instinctual move, or could have even been a tactic taught to Jim by his father — Rezin Sr. — himself a veteran of the Revolutionary War. The patriarch bore a scar on his hand from a British saber from close quarter edged weapon combat.

A history hungry for heroes and legends has been kind to James Bowie. Far from a coward in his crimes, cons and confrontations, we remember him as we "Remember the Alamo." ☼

**Dwight McLemore** holds a Masters of Education degree, and is a retired combat arms officer in the US Army with extensive knowledge in combat operations. He has been awarded several commendations to include the Meritorious Service Medal. With over 16 years in the martial arts, self-defense and gymnastics. McLemore holds a 1st Degree Black Belt in the Japanese sword fighting art of Kendo, is certified in Chinese Kung Fu and is an Expert Instructor in the S.F.C. He currently works as consultant with the Army's TRADOC at Fort Monroe, VA and owns and operates the School of Two Swords, teaching all forms of combat. Humbly calling himself an "ardent" student of history and edged weapons, he may be contacted at 757-868-5051. [www.twoswords.com](http://www.twoswords.com)



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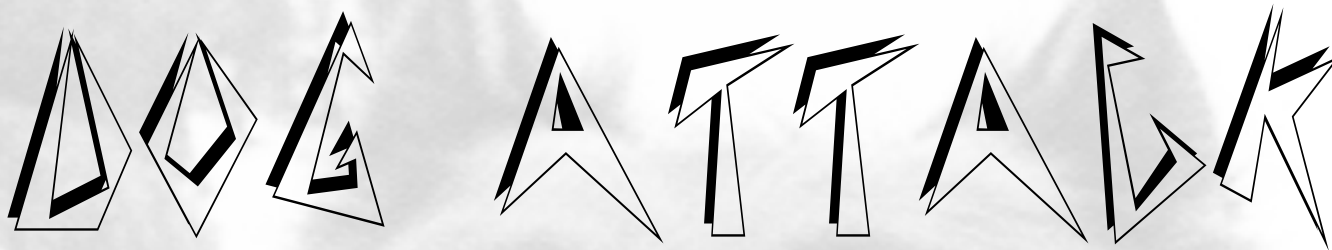
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# How to Survive a



By Jane Eden

**B**ased on statistics obtained from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, every year 4.7 million people suffer a dog attack in the United States. Of this number, 800,000 require medical attention, and 17 result in death. Despite leash laws and animal control programs, dogs roam free in city streets, suburbs, and rural and remote areas. Generally, dog attacks occur in average neighborhoods while people walk, jog or exercise their own dogs.

"I took my Huskies out on their leashes late one evening," says Phil in Oklahoma. "We had only gone a block when a Golden Retriever charged out of the bushes and attacked my dogs. It wasn't until I managed to separate the dogs that I felt blood trickling down my leg where the Retriever had sunk his teeth into my thigh."

Phil's story is not unusual, according to Mark Minnerly, owner of *The Dallas Dog Trainer*, Dallas, Texas. "Dogs frequently attack other dogs who stray into their territory. If people get in the way, they get bit. Dogs are pack animals, territorial by nature."

"Some dogs possess a stronger instinct than others," says Minnerly. "The profile of killer dogs has changed over the last 15 years. Great Danes were responsible for the largest percentage of fatal attacks in 1979. In 1995 and 1996 Rottweilers killed 11 of 22 dog attack victims. However it's important to remember that Rottweilers are owned in greater numbers these days."

All dogs test the water during new encounters. They immediately try to

access who you are, why you are there, and who's in charge. If the person or dog under attack acts correctly, it may diffuse the situation.

## How to Avoid a Dog Attack

The best way to avoid an attack is to avoid a strange dog's territory — but that's not always possible. If a dog is charging at you, you must quickly determine what type of attack the dog has in mind.

"Dog aggression really takes two forms — defensive or offensive," says Minnerly. "If a dog feels threatened, he growls and moves away from you hoping you'll do the same."

"If he moves closer, it's best to stand still, maintain good posture and keep your eye on him," says Minnerly. "Try talking. Use a soothing tone. Call for the owner. Hopefully, he'll call off his dog. Watch the dog closely. Pivot to face him, if necessary. Don't shout or make threatening body movements. This might make the dog shift from defensive to offensive mode."

If the encounter takes place in an open area, a steady gaze lets the dog know you feel confident and may discourage an attack. Usually, a fearful dog will back off after a few minutes. However, if the confrontation takes place in a confined space, you might want to stare at a point on the dog's body rather than directly at his face. If a fearful dog feels cornered, a direct gaze may goad him to attack. If the dog operates off the herding instinct, he will want to chase you down and bite you on the heels or the buttocks. But generally they aren't bold

enough to bite you if you face them. Never let the dog get behind you.

You can easily recognize an aggressive dog by its bark. It says, come on over here. I'm going to have you for lunch. An aggressive dog doesn't try to scare you away. Instead, he dares you to do something. Often an aggressive dog will move in close and snarl in your face, teeth bared, or charge you in an attempt to make you run so he can give chase.

Most dog attacks take place when an unsupervised dog charges up to investigate a dog on a leash. "It's a dog's nature to investigate the new dog by sticking his nose in the new dog's crotch," says Minnerly. "Dogs instinctively attack the stomach because gut wounds nearly always prove fatal. It's a lot like the way lions bring down prey in the wild. If you get in the way, the dog will bite you, too. The worst thing you can do during a dog attack is run," says Minnerly. "If you run, the dog sees you as prey, and he'll chase you down."

"Dogs in the wild don't usually present a problem," says Minnerly. "Most are loners and go out of their way to avoid humans. They are looking for food, not trouble. They live on mice, rats and sometimes small or injured deer. If you encounter a wild dog accidentally, it usually runs away."

On the other hand, dogs running in packs can prove extremely dangerous. "They feed off each other's excitement," says Minnerly. "They may attack larger prey than normal. They do things a lone dog would never try. Sometimes they attack pets or livestock."

"During a recession in Alaska in the

*Today, many people carry one-hand-opening pocket knives. If you should find yourself forced to the ground by an attacking dog, you may use your free hand to help fend off the dog. Draw and open the knife with the other hand. Prepare to attack the dog's eyes, jaw or chest.*

'70s, people moved away leaving their property and dogs behind," says Minnerly, who lived in Alaska at the time.

"Dogs banded together in packs and roamed the streets searching for food. They'd come into your yard and eat your dog while he sat chained to a tree if you weren't careful."

## What to Do if Things Get Nasty

If the unthinkable happens, and a vicious dog attacks you or someone you love, quickly search your environment for weapons to hold the dog at bay. If a bite is truly inevitable and you find no weapons at close range, use a shirt or jacket to wrap your weak-sided arm. Offer the protected arm to the dog as a distraction while you call for help or attempt to back to safety. Often in a frenzied attempt to get at you, an attacking dog will bite almost anything. A stick, a bag or a book may provide a valuable substitute for an arm or leg as you try to escape. It's always a good idea to carry weapons such as mace, a knife or even a handgun. Real survivalists carry more than one weapon. Two knives, one carried on each side prepares you to survive an incapacitating wound to either your right or left side and allows you to fight on.

If you carry a knife, cut the throat, stab the eyes or the face of the dog for the quickest reaction. Stabs to the body don't always take effect in time to prevent the dog from biting you. Attacking the dog's face, jaw muscles or throat will disable it quicker and may prevent serious injury to the person.

If you carry a small caliber gun, aim

for the dog's head/brain; a body shot may not bring the dog down immediately. If you carry a large caliber gun, aim for the body. The impact alone can significantly disrupt the attack. However, it takes time to draw a gun. Statistics indicate a person attacking you may run 19 feet before you can pull a gun from a holster and shoot. Many dogs run faster than the average person.

If serious attack becomes unavoidable and you are:

### Unarmed

- search the immediate vicinity for weapons
- wrap your weaker arm in clothing and use it to distract the dog
- call for the owner
- back to safety

### Armed

- use mace or other spray to subdue the dog
- use knife to stab jaw muscles, face, eyes or throat of dog
- fire small caliber gun at dog's head
- fire large caliber gun at dog's body

It's important to know that dogs always follow the survival of the fittest principal unless extensively trained to do otherwise.

"I've had police officers down on the ground under attack by a criminal. When the policeman calls his dog for help, the dog attacks him," says Minnerly, "because he's on the bottom of the pile. It takes a lot of training to overcome a dog's natural instinct." ★



# KILLSHOT

## The Next Level in Combat Stick Sparring

By W. Hock Hochheim

**T**wo gunfighters face off. Dressed in bulletproof vests and helmets, they train with guns loaded with rubber bullets. The training showdown begins. They shoot it out. Since the rubber bullets bounce right off their protected heads and torsos, they take the hits unperturbed. They begin to ignore the rounds through many sessions since the rubber bullets can't hurt their protected heads and bodies. To somehow bring an end to the gunfight, they charge in and tackle each other, and the gunfight ends in ... a submission choke.

In fact, they practice this format so much that strategies and tactics designed to protect their torso and head (hence their lives) from real bullet fire simply go ignored, programmed right out of existence by their rubber bullet training. Since they barely feel the bullets, and hand strikes fall upon headgear, ground fighting becomes a common ending to these gun-

fight, even though real bullets to vital targets and elsewhere would end the battle way before the choke. Often the one choked out on the ground was the one who landed the first, best gunshot and would in real life defeat the enemy. But, after a while, the practice becomes more of a study in college wrestling than gun fighting.

A preposterous way to train for a real gunfight? Of course! Gunfights are supposed to stop the fight by hitting vital areas of the body, as is stick fighting. The head is one such vital area, yet how many hardcore, helmeted stick fighters virtually ignore headshots and keep right on fighting? The helmet, like the bulletproof vest, can dangerously distort reality.

Real impact weapon combat is all about the attack and defense headshot, along with a focus on the weapon-bearing limb. An adrenalized human may often withstand hard blows to the torso, biceps,



*A Killshot stick strike bashes a head.*

*The referee/coach breaks the skirmish to announce to the fighter that his opponent has crushed his skull and in a real fight it would all be over. The break in the fight constitutes a punishment and a learning experience. This break is essential in the proper training of a fighter's muscle memory.*



*The fighter begins to learn that his head **MUST** be protected at all cost in real combat. He also learns the true importance of striking the enemy's head.*





*A fighter receives a blow to his weapon-bearing limb.*



*The coach breaks the fight making the fighter switch hands. If available, a joint weight is attached to the wrist to simulate a heavy injury.*



*The fight continues in a lefty versus righty format.*

and thighs while the hand/wrist, the elbow the knee and of course the headshots may devastate and cripple.

Stick fighting since 1987 in a variety of venues, I often grew frustrated when I blasted the helmet of the opponent in an obvious fight-ending swing ... but it hardly counted! In an unrealistic and maddening format of point fighting, such a strike often scored only a single point. Many times I got that killing "bullet" to the head first, only to lose via the point system later! I lost a fight once because the opponent hit me 47 times all over my body, and I only hit him 34 times. I focused on the head as he tapped me all over for points.

Recently one of my students, Barry Meadows of Tennessee, attended a national stick fighting event. In one fight Meadows crashed his opponent's helmet so hard he caved the cage in. The imprint of the cage left a bruise on the man's head. Yet, AFTER this Killshot, Barry's opponent corralled him and Barry lost the fight in a ground submission tap-out. COME ON! I ask you ... is this stick fighting or wrestling for God's sakes!

I began to ask myself what direction this form of training might take me. Did it constitute reality for martial artists, police officers, or soldiers, or even citizens with expandable batons, handy sticks, impact weapons or canes? I simply could not justify teaching real world combatants this headless training program.

Throughout my police career and training I have witnessed many impact stick attacks upon people and viewed countless riot films. People take an incredible amount of abuse on their bodies from an impact weapon. But they cannot endure such strikes against the head. In 1997 I created the Killshot training program and hosted tournaments that brought real strategy and tactics back into this picture. The Killshot has become a fixture of my stick and knife seminars around the world.

## Soft Stick Sparring

Soft stick sparring first involves the student and gets them excited about sticks and stick fighting. I believe practicing soft stick sparring is better than not practicing any stick sparring at all! If all you do is hard-stick fighting you may frighten off and intimidate almost everyone, and they will never practice any of it! You may appear macho and sexy, but are you reaching and

teaching the truth? Without soft stick combat practice, new and old students will never reap the special knowledge and physical skills possible not just with sticks but with the cross training benefits offered in other arenas of combat. Besides, they might next dabble with the real thing! You have to start somewhere.

## Hard Stick Sparring

Use the hard stick in all ranges and phases too! This teaches many enlightening aspects that soft sticks can't offer, such as pain, or the threat of pain, or pain tolerance to mention only a few. It provides a perfect recipe for a student's problems. If you put soft sticks into the hands of some kick-boxing based fighters, they charge in and exchange bashes like a padded boxing match, but with real sticks thundering upon their pads and helmets, they become a bit smarter.

But the sport curse still remains because that helmet still gets in the way of a fuller, true understanding. The fighters use more care with hard sticks but not real-world care. Real fight-ending lessons, techniques and strategies become mere passing plinks and rubber bullets to your helmet. Smart trainers and instructors need to devise better ways to introduce and study

the head shot in this mix to better prepare the student for real street and battlefield combat.

## The Killshot Fight

In Killshot training and fights, hitting the enemy's head diminishes his power, consciousness and sensibility either by dinging him batty, or possibly even knocking him cold. If your helmet so much as gets a knick, it symbolizes a shock that without that protective skull may cause you to see stars. This is fact! I have seen many veteran fighters accidentally get dinged or knicked on a bare head in practice. They stutter step or stumble, or pass out. It stuns them so that the opponent's "textbook" takedowns and throws can take them out. I see all kinds of stick disarms and takedowns executed effortlessly against stunned opponents. Some fighters become so stunned you could probably tie their shoelaces together before they even knew it! Don't believe for a moment that disarms and takedowns can't occur in a stick fight. You must hit the head first.

***Champion  
stick fighters, who  
have won point-  
competitions as far  
away as the  
Philippines, have  
"lost their lives"  
in the Killshot in the  
first few seconds.***





*Right side fakes a high inward strike with a pumping motion.*



*Left side commits to a block. Right retracts and....*



*...right blasts the weapon-bearing limb.*

In the Killshot formula, one or more seasoned coaches must oversee each workout or fight. Of course the participants wear pads where they wish and, yes ... they still wear helmets! But if a participant gets hit in the head with a solid shot, the coach immediately breaks up the fight! He separates the fighters and lectures the victim. "You are dead. Your skull is split," or "You are probably unconscious." This break in the fight, this verbal announcement and acknowledgement of taking a serious hit creates a realistic impression of what happened to him. A headshot is no longer just a passing plink to be ignored in the quest for a fang choke on the ground. He learns and internalizes the consequences. With each and every headshot, the fight must stop — the brain and muscle memory message driven home time after time. Only then will the practitioner strive to protect his vitals, re-shaping that "free-for-all" practice with reality.

In our Killshot Stick tournaments, a power shot to the head results in an immediate and swift loss. It is over. It could come in the first few seconds. The old expression I learned from the stick fighters in the Philippines was, "You train your whole life for a four second stick fight," and it is never truer than here. Champion stick fighters, who have won point-competitions as far as away as the Philippines, have, "lost their lives" in the Killshot in the first few seconds.

*You are letting your practitioners train to commit suicide when you let them bash each other's heads! Train to get in and get out!*



Then we use weight straps to simulate wounding. The Killshot also emphasizes blasts to the opponent's weapon bearing limb to clear a path to the head. If a fighter receives a significant blow upon his (padded) weapon-bearing limb, the coach stops the fight and makes the victim switch hands. Then we wrap a five-pound weight strap on the now empty and wounded arm to give the man a sense of swollen, heavy injury. To a beefy, bigger person, the five-pound weight may not slow him down as much as it might handicap a smaller, thinner person, but then a power blast to a bigger arm might cause less injury to the denser person. Size counts! We also attach weights to the ankle of what we determine to be a significant knee or leg attack. The battle continues. This might slow him down and teach him the consequences of his tactical mistakes.

If the second newly armed hand is blasted, we quickly stop the encounter again, take away the stick, weigh him down and make the man fight unarmed against the stick. These constitute realistic possibilities. And it is not always so easy for the armed man to defeat the unarmed! In two Killshot fights (both with rattan sticks), an unarmed man deftly charged the armed opponent, seized the weapon-bearing limb, and punched the helmet multiple times so viciously, that the coaches/judges declared the unarmed man the winner.

## Stick Ground Fighting

Stick ground fighting still occurs but empirically with much less frequency when the headshots get counted for real. Killshot fighters do tie and fall, but a much smaller percentage of fights end up on the ground. When they do, don't toss your stick too quickly! You may simulate a strike to the head with the handle or use the weapon in a variety of ways. A Killshot judge might declare, "You stuck him in the eye with the handle, then smashed his head. You win!" Life-saving ground combat tactics, weaned out of your stick ground fighting before, suddenly have true merit.

In a recent Killshot-style fight in Alabama, Chicago cop Randy Nichols never pitched his stick after he hit the ground and grappled for position. As the opponents rolled and wrestled for about 10 seconds, Randy (against a seasoned South American trained wrestler, I might add) suddenly found his right arm free and simulated six good cracks to the opponent's skull. I declared the fight over. Our wrestler never even knew the simulated shots landed on his skull. Without a judge or coach present to make such declarations, the wrestlers will

### For the Killshot Fight, you need...

- Two good helmets (maybe even eye protection)
- Four sport gloves
- Four knee and elbow pads
- Any other pads for shins, forearms, etc.

### One or more coaches/refs with...

- A stick to tap into and pry at heated fighters
- A whistle
- Eight common sport ankle or wrist weight wraps
- Medical kit and phone nearby
- Honest assistance from fighters

always win, just like in rubber gunfights. Don't be so quick to pitch that stick! In the real world, cops, soldiers and citizens can't usually pitch their batons. The opponent's friend or person from a nearby crowd will return it through your teeth or insert it into another orifice.

### Suicide Training

Another unique thing about the Killshot is you may have no winners! This especially comes true when we do the knife-fighting version. If you charge in and blast the head and then receive a simultaneous blast to your head ...well... what good was that? Both have split skulls and both are declared losers. Think about this, because it is the most important point: you may be teaching yourself and your students to commit suicide.

### The "Tournament" and the "Too-Old" Bugaboos

There is always an arbitrary element to judging. There is no perfect way to run any form of competition. Any kind! Then there are the constant interruptions. But that is a small price to pay when the lessons learned save lives. In Killshot, I always insist the participants be honest about who hit whom, where, and how hard they hit to help the judges solve any questions. We try to come to a mutual decision and often use the famous "do-it-over" if all can't agree.

Most hardcore stick fighters usually "retire" from rattan stick combat practice today at about age 40. The body just can't take the injuries, and it takes longer to heal the older one gets. Within the Killshot structure, softer sticks may be used and

folks may still exercise, learn and hone their skills much longer in life, which, as I near 50 myself, is very attractive to me (and my insurance company). Make no mistake, Killshot practice even with soft sticks still may provide hardcore, exciting and action-packed training.

### Everything Counts

All stick sparring and stick competition counts. Whether point scoring or full out, blazing-away, each form enhances your skills and makes you smarter and faster. But at the end of your sessions, you should ask yourself, "What have I learned?" If your goal is to just get together with some friends, bang yourself up and wrestle around, then understand that simply for what is. Just remember, there is more to the true science of stick combat survival.

### Summary:

- Emphasize the head as a primary offensive target.
- Emphasize protecting the head as a primary defensive strategy.
- The weapon-bearing limb is also a vital target. Protect yours. Hit his.

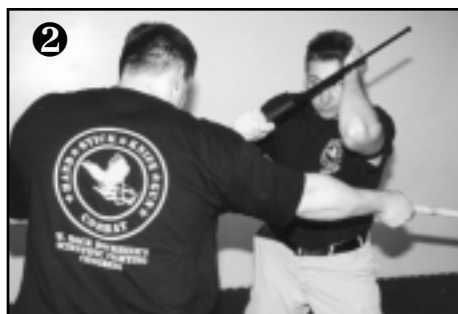
We in the stick fight training world, have gone to great lengths to separate the idea that the stick is a machete or sword. It is just an impact weapon. Yet, a little bit of "sword fear" could go a long way in your survival practice. Like the Samurai, you must explode in and then out with your sword, protecting your weapon-bearing limb and head/neck area while lashing out to theirs. If you want to bolster more real world, survival muscle memory into the exercise, incorporate this Killshot approach. Respect and emphasize the headshot along weapon-bearing-limb impacts.

Even in paint ball, when the ref sees the paint hit you, you go sit down. You are done. Oh, it would be macho fun to ignore the paintballs and charge in blazing. But you would be training yourself to commit suicide. Why is it so easy to see in paint ball, yet so hard for stick fighters to understand? Training with rubber bullets is great as long as you don't forget that when one hits you in a vital place — like your head — you're dead. ★

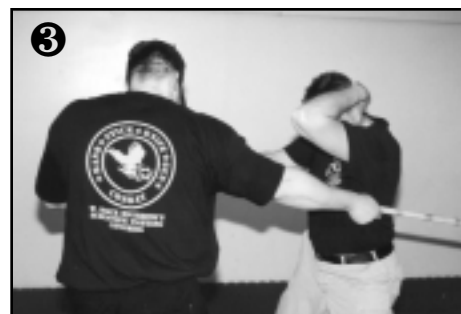
**W. Hock Hochheim** tours the world teaching hand, stick, knife and gun close quarter combat.



*For helmet-less training, right strikes the weapon-bearing limb.*



*Right covers the side of his head and...*



*...strikes the attacker's head. Right will take the survivable blast to the torso knowing well he might not survive even a knick to the head.*

# POLICE BLOTTER

By Police Chief Mike Gillette

**Entry:** Colt has refuted recent media reports that it plans to exit the total handgun portion of its business.

**Entry:** Modern Warrior, a private police-training academy in the New York City metro area, is collecting donations for a fund to pay for officers to attend their outstanding state-of-the-art training courses. Contact Elizabeth Kennedy at 888/M-WARRIOR to donate.

**Entry:** The use of pepper as a weapon is not new. It actually dates back to 2000 BC when it was finely ground, wrapped in rice paper and thrown into an opponent's face or delivered by way of an arrow.

**Entry:** The state of Massachusetts is enforcing mandatory police and firefighter fitness tests that involve climbing through and around common obstacles and dragging dummies. Meanwhile in the Philippines, "Operation Pot Belly" continues, as they try to work off the guts of the grossly overweight Manila Police Officers with hikes and P.T.

**Entry:** New York City P.D. reports a major personnel crisis as hundreds of senior police officers leave for "greener pastures."

**Entry:** During recent data collecting, **CQCMAG** learned about accidental police shootings that occur during training. One dangerous time occurs just after a lunch or a break in training sessions. Frequently officers reload their guns with live ammo to go to lunch. When they return to the training sessions, they forget their guns are now loaded with live ammo, or they forget to empty their guns again for training. Many officers have been shot during this VERY dangerous time. We urge police trainers to highlight this danger repeatedly during training sessions.

**Entry:** Senator Ben Campbell, a republican from Colorado and former California deputy sheriff, parks his Harley outside the Senate chamber. He wants the Capital Police to give up their "weenie" small Hondas and get American made Harleys. "I'm gonna rag it until we get rid of these pieces of junk!" Campbell told *U.S. News*, "I don't want our police to be laughed at!"

**Entry:** Columbia produced 520 metric tons of cocaine last year, three times what our CIA had predicted. Eighty percent of all the cocaine and heroin in America comes from Columbia via transport through Mexico.

**Entry:** Alfredo de la Torre-Tijuana, Mexico's Police Chief, was shot 57 times as he drove away from Sunday Mass last March, leaving what drug cartel expert

Jorge Chabat calls an unmistakable message that Mexican organized crime drug cartel will take on the government face to face. Chief de la Torre was the second police chief gunned down in a week along the Texas/Mexico border.

**Entry:** New Zealand police report that once rival motorcycle gangs now team up in powerful, organized crime alliances. N.Z. detectives say that in the next decade the “bikies” will become even more sophisticated with international links. Sydney, Australia “Connies” (constables) reports to **CQCMAG** that their region has experienced similar problems.

**Entry:** Ambush attacks on police officers occur at an alarming rate reports the National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial Fund. A total of 211 officers were killed in ambushes from 1989 to 1999.

**Entry:** South African police agencies hire private security firms to protect them from criminals who raid and plunder their stations. Recently, three men in one station overcame a constable. He managed to hit an alarm while the criminals stripped him of his pistol. The officer’s gun was unloaded (yes, unloaded!), and as an offender clicked away on the empty revolver three security guards rescued the policeman and apprehended the raiders.

**Entry:** **CQCMAG** is looking for your true police action stories and *Blotter* entries. Please send entries to Lauric Press. Include any newspaper clippings, etc; you have so we may ensure truth and veracity.

## Crime Report

Recently, in the northeast an oncoming pedestrian bumped a man as he walked down the street. It was no ordinary bump. The man felt a light hand tap his back pocket as they passed. As he proceeded, he squeezed his pocket and discovered his wallet missing! He looked over his shoulder and caught the passing pedestrian looking back at him. They exchanged glances, and the pedestrian’s quick turn and accelerated pace tipped off the victim that he had spotted his pickpocket. The man dashed after the pickpocket, jumped him and wrestled him on the sidewalk.

The busy city street parted and another man rushed in! The pickpocket’s partner ran up and stabbed our groundfighting victim in the back. The pickpocket rolled free, and both team members fled on foot. The victim survived, after surgery. (Typically, professional pickpockets work in teams. They quickly pass off any wallets or jewelry they lift. This way, if the actual pickpocket is stopped and searched, he can play dumb.)



**Mike Gillette** is Chief of Police for a city in Iowa. His experience spans more than 10 years in law enforcement with an extensive military operations background. Gillette worked various assignments as a Tactical Team Commander, Rangemaster, Patrol Supervisor and Field Training Officer. As a Use-of-Force Trainer, he has taught officers and agents across the country. In the military he served in the 82nd Airborne and the 194th Long Range Surveillance Det. (Airborne). 515-795-2149.

# TRUE COP STORIES

## "Them Dry Bones"

By W. Hock Hochheim

I frequently receive phone calls from people who study this-or-that martial art and some report that they study the "bone-breaking" arts. That is to say, every single move, every block, every strike in their system is calculated to break bones. One such expert called telling me how with a twist of the torso he could snap a backbone. "Put the inside of your foot on the outside of his foot," he told me, "grab his shoulders, and twist the body." I don't think so, amigo!

I would like to ask these folks if they have indeed ever really broken any bones, or have their instructors actually broken any bones, because breaking bones is not an easy task. Oh, small bones like fingers maybe yes, or a rib now and then may go pretty easily, but elbows, knees, shoulders and hips just don't go down that easily. I recall a Dallas football player who withstood many years of play and two Super Bowls ... yet who broke a small bone in his ankle walking across a country western dance floor in route to the bathroom.

My first lesson in the chance resilience of bone came in the '70's when one night we answered a call where a drug dealer shot a skinny, sickly prostitute point blank in her breastbone with a .45. She lived, and the hospital released her about a week later. She died several years later of cancer totally unrelated to the shot. Others of course have died from much less, but she must have had one hell-of-a torso cage!

I have broken a few bones through the years, but all accidentally. One was the pinky of a drunken sergeant who tried to choke me out on a frozen, dark road in South Korea. Just before blacking out, I pried desperately on his hand, caught only his pinky and snapped it like a pencil right down at the knuckle. It's a wonder I didn't rip it right off his hand. He let go, immediately. This was the first time in my life I had broken a bone, though I only meant to dislodge the choke.

One summer night in the '70's, a desperate college girl called our P.D. screaming about a big fight inside her house. The old wood frame house, though centrally located in town, was on a dirt street long forgotten by the expanding outward growth of the city. Clovis George and I were dispatched. We walked into a living room where six drunken college guys of all sizes were fighting like hell.

We dove in and separated the groups, shoving the boys down on couches and chairs as the women cleared from our path. It apparently had been a party and some issue — one we never learned — caused six of them to choose sides and duke it

out. Their anger, up to this point, was directed at each other and not us, but Clovis and I both got a little roughed up and testy while trying to wrangle them apart.

Clovis tried to get to the bottom of the argument, but the guys continued to stew. One guy on the couch started yelling. Sweaty and drunk he sat still focused, grimaced and tensed. He saw right through Clovis to the guy across the room. And when he leapt, all six went at it again, barking at the top of their lungs, only this time Clovis and I became equal targets and not peacemakers, that is to say, dukees and dukers.

I punched one fellow that charged me a pretty good shot to the neck area, and he tumbled back a few feet, through the front screen door, across the short front porch and dropped off into the darkness outside with a thud. Sounds far but it wasn't far at all. Clovis and I managed to work our way through to stop the fight yet again.

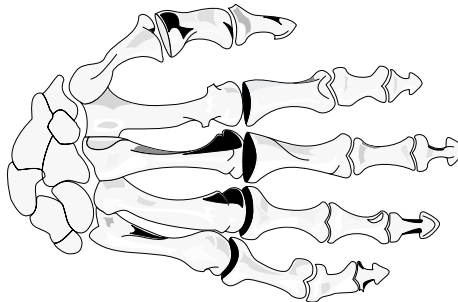
But this time we were busted up and pissed. These guys were going to jail! Had we quieted them down the first time we would have let them go, but this second onslaught removed any shot they had at freedom. We needed more cars for cuffs and transport. So Clovis or I (I can't remember) called for more officers.

Nowadays domestic-style fights get a lot of extra attention and dispatchers are taught to make several welfare checks on the officers involved. But back then ... your dispatcher might well wander off to the shitter right in the middle of your domestic call, traffic stop, alarm, chase or whatever else you were doing, leaving you hollering for help. One of our more infamous nightshift dispatchers would abandon you to return after 10 or so minutes and proudly report, "Sorry, but I was on long distance to Mississippi!" as if that phone call was more important than your life.

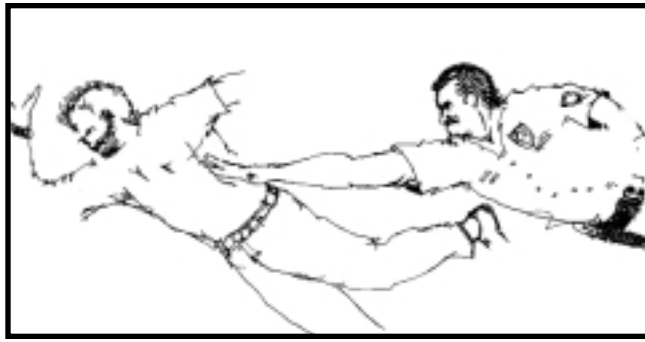
As we cuffed the five, suddenly the sixth guy came crawling through the front door on the floor like a snake, moaning. In his fall off the front porch, maybe a three-step drop, he had broken his leg! I called for an ambulance. The EMTs carted Mr. Sixth off, and we arrested Misterys One thru Five, figuring that a broken leg might well be "justice enough" for the Sixth.

I guess you could say I broke his leg? My punishment? Back then when such incidents happened officers did not get suspended or even investigated. I told my Lieutenant back at the P.D., and the LT's reply?

"Maybe he'll think twice about getting drunk and carrying on like a stupid son-of-a-bitch again," and that was that.







No doubt the chief would say the same thing to anyone who bothered to complain to him. And the college kid's dad would usually say the same thing, if the kid complained. Back then, officers seemed to get in more trouble for stupid things like, drinking coffee in their squad car, not paying their taxes, chasing women or pulling goofy pranks on each other. What are a few broken bones!

Once, I thought I had accidentally killed a man by cracking his head open! I was in a pursuit through a residential neighborhood in the middle of the night, when the guy I chased blew both front tires off the rims of his car. He bailed out at a gallop. To a gallop I went too, in hot pursuit. I was pretty close until he hurdled like a track runner over a tall row of bushes. I thought surely I could do the same ... but! There was a chain link fence concealed inside the brush, and my toe caught the tip. Over I went in a surprise sprawl.

I pulled myself together and took off again. Another officer pulled up on the street, as I was about to lose any chance of so much as even touching the suspect. I made one last ditch, full stretch-out diving effort and barely got the very tip of my pointy finger to touch the small of his back. Boy! Tag, you're it! How worthless was that effort, I thought! And then ... I thought for sure I had killed him!

As a result of that tiny tap he lost his balance, big time, and we both spun horizontal in the air for a split second like rockets. This guy landed skull first at a hundred miles an hour on the razor sharp corner of a brick garden wall. I tumbled off into a heap, and the incoming officer stopped, shocked, in his tracks because the impact looked and sounded so devastating. We both thought the suspect HAD to be stone cold dead. NO ONE could survive that. We approached him and rolled him over. We tried to view the damage and ... he got up and ran off again!

This time we both jumped him, held him down and cuffed him. I looked at his head. The top was bleeding a little. Later, we booked him in, and he never once mentioned or complained about his head.

The last bone I broke was in the timid time when every little tweak, or even so much as a sneer at a citizen required a dissertation of explanation and hours of written justification. We

had corralled a crazy guy who must have been drugged, trying to run some of his neighbors down with his car. We wrangled him into my handcuffs, and on the drive in he threatened to, you know "whoop my ass" etc. Now 99.9 percent of the time when you took the cuffs off these threatening tough guys they became meek prisoners. But you never know that for sure.

As he and I marched through the salley-port and into the book-in area of the jail, this guy's hostility reached such a cocky crescendo on what was "going to happen to me after the cuffs were off," I expected some trouble. My blood pressure rose a little. I quickly undid the cuffs wondering if we indeed had us a

.01 per-center action guy here. He swung at me, immediately! I caught the wild arm and threw him around the cement walls of the jail a bit. The jailer rushed over, and we cuffed him again and gave him the "express book-in" treatment, forgoing a lot of the questions ordinarily asked of sane persons.

A few days later, the jailer whispered to me that he thought I had broken this guy's hand that night! How? I don't know! But in the drunk tank the bad guy kicked the door all night howling, and the jailer had written up the whole mess in the morning as "the subject punched the metal door all night, resulting in a broken hand." Thank you Mr. Jailer. If I did break his hand, I didn't mean to, but do you have any idea the paperwork and general tumult such a thing involves? Why it throws the "people-who-sit-on-their-asses-and-pass judgment" (my personal little nickname for many people in police administration) into a paranoid tizzy! Chains of command light up like a Christmas tree! More statements can be collected in such cases than in a murder investigation of a citizen. Probably I rammed his hand up against the cement wall in an attempt to restrain him, or I stepped on it. Who knows? In the chaos of a fight, anything can happen.

The human body has many natural protective devices. Give the body just a microsecond to react, and suddenly you are not just attacking bone. The muscular system kicks in to isometrically protect the joint, or the body rolls a joint to safety. I am here to declare that not every strike, twist or block can create a broken bone — not the one you expect to break anyway! Don't count on it! ☺

***Not every strike,  
twist or block  
can create a  
broken bone —  
not the one you  
expect to break  
anyway!***

# Weapon Retention and Control

*By Police Chief Mike Gillette*

*"The presence of a firearm will effectively deter any further violence."*

**...or so the inexperienced will report.**

This is a logical idea that often proves true in enforcement and military encounters. The presence, or quick draw of a superior weapon can shut down an enemy's plan, which also is the hope of any armed citizen confronted by the criminal. Point the gun. End the fight.

Unfortunately, basing your response on such a logical idea leaves you unprepared for the reality of an illogical world. Pointing the pistol is one thing. What can happen next? Someone could take that gun from you!

Law enforcement officers are often told that a gun is involved in every call to which they are dispatched. "Every fight has a gun in it," simply because officers carry arms. But even when the officer brings the lone gun to a scene, it doesn't

always stay with the officer. Over the last two decades, approximately one out of every four officers shot is wounded or killed by their own weapon. Recent studies indicate that over the last 10 years 68 officers died from wounds caused by their own guns. Any unlawful attempt to take your gun should be considered a life or death situation.

A criminal can grab your gun while it is in your holster from the front, side or from behind, or as you pull it out, or when you have it out and pointed.

"In 1961, my agency ran its own police academy," reports Gil Hanson, former police chief and a pioneer on the subject of gun retention. "...at that time I developed what I called the Pin and Spin. When someone grabs your holstered weapon, you pin his or her hands on your gun to try and keep your pistol holstered. Then you turn or spin harshly. Try next to use one or both your forearms to bash into the attacker's forearms to try and shake their grip." A more modern approach is to forearm-smash the face of the criminal instead of the arm because a stunned, semi-conscious individual is easier to deal with.

## Handgun Retention Tactics:



◀ *When making initial contact with a subject, remember distance is the most critical element. Awareness will tell you how far away to stand. The sudden reach, or charge and reach of the enemy must be estimated.*



▶ *If your weapon is drawn, hold it back close to your torso to prevent a counter-ing outreach on the part of the suspect.*

# SQUAD ROOM



*The first step taken against an attempted frontal grab of a holstered weapon is to stabilize the gun in place in its holster.*



*Using an elbow to cover and hold the weapon, the defender's hand slides up to cup the attacker's elbow and lock his arm into place.*



*The defender uses a palm strike...*



*...and follows up with a knee strike and other attacks until the attempt is over.*



*When a gun grab is attempted from the rear, the first step is to stabilize the weapon in the holster.*



*If the attacker is behind you, it is dangerous to turn into him because you will be left vulnerable to chokes and other assaults.*



*By turning to the outside, you can respond more efficiently with counterstrikes.*



*In this example I use a forearm strike to the neck, targeting the brachial plexus region and then a knee strike to the back of the head.*



## Countering a Long Gun Grab:



*In countering the grab of a long gun, your ability to strike the attacker is diminished.*



*With both hands, use the muzzle as a lead-in counterstrike.*



*Reposition and...*



*...obtain a release.*

No holster is snatch-proof, but every officer in America should be issued a high-level handgun retention holster. They should also be trained in these and similar survival tactics. ☛

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# The Bouncer

## Night Club Stabbing

By Joseph Reyes, Jr.

***"I learned a valuable lesson recently. Things aren't always what they seem. Especially in a knife fight!"***

**D**uring our club's recent two-year anniversary party, we had a crowd of over 1,000 patrons. The floor felt packed in and tight but didn't exceed local fire codes. My 15-man crew had the establishment covered. My old partner "Nickey D" ran the floor crew with the help of Ron "The Big Dog" Holman. We had a few altercations but nothing serious, just the usual "who bumped into who," and "what are you looking at — that's my girl" problems. I had no prior indication that that night would develop a dangerous twist.

It started on the floor when a fight broke out over a girl. We moved in to break it up fast. Two guys were duking it out. A girl scratched away in the mix of it all. We hauled the three troublemakers out of the main bar. On the way, we collected their coats from our coat check. Ya' gotta get em' their jackets! It's hard enough getting the unruly out without having them return for a jacket. You learn quickly to snatch up the coats as part of the ejection process. We set them out the door. That left the two "victims" who I'll call "Willy" and "Pete" still inside.

The ejected three were in route to their car to leave the lot when Willy and Pete sneaked out looking for them. What happened next tests the imagination! Willy and Pete ran after their attackers. Now understand that one of the original attack guys was about 6' 3" and about 275 lbs., all muscle, his eyes swollen with rage till they looked like baseballs. He and his buddy stepped back when they saw Willy and Pete (I guess to protect the girl). The big guy pulled a knife!

Now 9 out of 10 people that carry a knife have no idea how to use one. Usually they pull it out of fear or to scare

somebody else. Stupidly, Willy actually tried to kick the knife out of the big guy's hand. Too many movies! Of course, he missed. Knife or not, the close-in punches started to fly. Round Two! The action took only seconds! My crew ran like mad to break it up. However, they arrived two late. Pete grabbed his chest and groaned, "I've been stabbed! I've been stabbed!" The big guy and his partner scattered.

When I ran up, Pete collapsed into my grip. I took him aside, and sat him down on the sidewalk, and he leaned up against the nearby building. Willy said, "I think the guy got me in the back, but only a scrape."

He said he felt fine. It was Pete who was in trouble.

***It didn't look deep. It wasn't bleeding much. It looked like a clean slash.***

I peeled off Pete's shirt and looked at the wound. He had a scrape on his back, and a slash on his lower chest. It looked about one inch long. It didn't look deep. It wasn't bleeding much. It looked like a clean slash. I broke into the radio conversation and ordered an ambulance from our dispatcher inside. Pete remained calm.

The paramedic crew rolled onto the scene about 5 minutes later. I told Pete he was lucky, that 5 stitches should fix him up. I was never so wrong about anything in my life. Never did I suspect from the look of the wound that it was a stab and not a slash. That it had pierced his liver and his lung.

The police arrived. We spotted someone running across the shadowy corner of the parking lot. I ran after the guy and stopped him. He had blood on his shirt. The stabber! The cops retraced the guy's path and found the bloody knife tossed on the ground behind the club. They arrested him. It wasn't a big knife, but if you power punch a 3-inch knife into

someone, it can make a much deeper hole — in this case a 6 inch hole!

When Pete arrived at the nearby hospital a short while later he was only minutes from death. Emergency surgery barely saved his life.

These things happen on the club scene all the time. For what, you ask? Over somebody's girl or a squinted eye or something like it? It's just not worth it folks. ☹

### Learn and Live

The best way to survive an attack is to avoid it all together.

- If someone starts a fight inside a bar, use caution proceeding to your car. Antagonists frequently follow their victims outside.
- If someone confronts you and threatens violence, back away if at all possible.
- If you or someone you know is injured in a knife attack, seek medical attention immediately.
- All knife wounds are serious. Don't assume that an injury isn't serious because it isn't visibly bleeding. Remember even a doctor needs the benefit of medical equipment to accurately access the damage.

### 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 Scientific Fighting Congress System. You may contact him at 973-694-4348.







# Battlefield Diary

## The Incredible Ordeal of SGT Charles Wilklow

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**Editor's Note:** This issue's journal is an excerpt taken from the *BEST BOOK OF ITS KIND: SOG The Secret Wars of Americas Commandos in Vietnam* by Major John Plaster. The action takes place in Southeast Asia in the mid 1960's.

Not long after dawn, helicopters supported by a dozen fighters took off from Khe Sanh to retrieve the company. After the fighters strafed and dropped cluster bombs, two USMC Huey gunships passed low overhead — both were shot down. Then a Kingbee went in, and it burst into flames and crashed.

Next, a USMC CH-46 settled among the bomb craters, took some hits but lifted safely away with almost a platoon aboard. Then flak connected with an Air Force F-4 Phantom fighter, which plowed into a hillside, bursting into a greasy, orange fireball.

On the LZ, three Green Beret NCOS, Charles Wilklow, Ron Dexter and Billy Ray Laney, readied the next chopper-load of Nungs, and when the second Marine CH-46 came in, they and two dozen mercenaries leaped aboard and returned the heavy ground fire as they lifted away. Riding with Covey overhead, Billy Waugh wished that Marine chopper into the air, but streaming tracers stayed right on it.

Inside the CH-46, Wilklow could see bullets punching both sides of the aircraft; then one pilot was shot, and it veered out of control, hit the trees, spun violently, fell 100 feet and broke in half. Enemy fire didn't let up a bit.

Injured and dead Nungs were piled everywhere, but somehow Wilklow scrambled to his feet and shot at the nearby NVA, who were riddling the wreckage with bullets. He saw Billy Laney was chest-shot, crumpled over and probably dead; he couldn't see Ron Dexter. Then the Marine door gunner beside him was shot in the head and slumped over his gun.

Wilklow took a slug in his right leg and rolled out of the chopper. One pilot materialized, said he had to go back inside and get something; he never came back. With shouting NVA all around, the Green Beret couldn't wait. Unable to walk, he began crawling. He was light-headed from blood loss and had to remind himself to check ammunition; he had none left so he buried his CAR-15.

By then the firing had stopped. Strength almost exhausted, he forced himself to crawl a few more yards, then collapsed and looked up and for the first time noticed an NVA soldier watch-

ing him from 60 feet overhead, sitting on a wooden platform beside a 12.7mm machine gun, smoking a cigarette, his feet swinging over the edge. Superbly camouflaged gun platforms were in trees all around him, and now Wilklow could see he'd crawled right into an enemy base camp and NVA were everywhere. And he was too weak to resist.

High overhead in the FAC plane, Billy Waugh shook his head at the black smoke billowing where five aircraft had crashed. Not even half the Hatchet Force had been lifted out; from this point on, all they could do was watch for evading survivors.

Charles Wilklow, too weak to move, expected to be seized, but the NVA soldiers merely walked over, saw his condition and left him there. They didn't tend his wounds and gave him nothing to drink, sentencing him to death by indifference. Wilklow passed out.

By the time he awoke, his web gear had disappeared and he'd been dragged a few yards into a clearing, an orange panel laid out beside him. NVA machine guns covered the spot, in hopes U.S. helicopters would come to his rescue. All day, Wilklow stayed motionless in the tropical sun, resolved to appear dead so no one would fall for the trap.

While SOG aircraft looked for any sign of the missing men, Wilklow watched the NVA carry away several American bodies, then mount their heads on stakes like trophies. American POWs were led past, but he couldn't tell whom they were. Lack of food and water kept his mind hazy. He slipped in and out of consciousness.

He awoke the second day to see two Caucasians in civilian clothes watching him from a distance. They were escorted by an NVA officer. He concluded they were Russians. The Green Beret thirsted mightily, but the NVA offered him no water; he probably would have died that second day but he lapped up water from a muddy puddle. Enemy soldiers strolled over and urinated in the puddle, chuckled and walked away.

Then there was the Pig, an NVA private whose nose had been cut off, leaving him just two grotesque holes in his face, like a pig's snout. Such disfigurement was an ancient punishment for lying or thievery; this outcast teased and taunted Wilklow, relishing the chance to lord it over something even lower, a dying American. The Pig's hideous, haunting gaze was there for hours at a time, and Wilklow had nightmares about it.

By the third day, Wilklow was indeed dying. It rained on him for hours, and he shivered uncontrollably, exhausted as



*Continued from page 33*

hypothermia set in. The NVA gave him not a crust of bread, not a rag to bind his wounds, and he drank only from the urine-scented puddle.

On the fourth day he squirmed when he saw maggots crawling in his open wound. Shriveled up and shaking, Wilklow barely clung to life; the NVA no longer even bothered watching him. His usefulness was about over; perhaps he'd look convincing one more day and maybe they had one last chance to lure in a helicopter.

That night the last of Wilklow's strength began slipping away, and he knew he was on the verge of death. Like many people facing that abyss, his thoughts went to his family, to his wife and three children. He saw his little nine-year-old daughter Kathy's face; and Charles, seven; but especially he recalled Randy, his three-year-old, and how he'd cried and tugged on him, begging Daddy not to leave them all for something dangerous called Vietnam...

...In the darkness, cold rain pelted his face. He felt a twinge of energy somewhere, and though he couldn't stand, he forced himself up on all fours—pain almost consumed him, yet that God-given pain jotted him into consciousness. He moved his good knee forward, dragged his bad one, gingerly at first; then again. He repeated the movements, then faster, again and again, and with each yard hope grew a little. Weak, feverish, several times he had to pause and sometimes passed out, but he always woke up and started again.

The pain kept him going. He fell face-first and slid down a rain-slicked hillside. The pain surged, but Wilklow kept going. He hallucinated that men were watching him; he forced himself back into reality. By sunrise he must have crawled and dragged himself nearly two miles.

That morning several NVA, eating breakfast from aluminum rice bowls, walked past the little puddle where Wilklow should have been lying. The American wasn't there. Unalarmed they looked beneath some bushes, then noticed scrapes in the soft clay where the American had dragged himself—one shouted, and in an instant the whole camp came alive to a clanging gong. Dozens of NVA dropped their rice bowls and grabbed AKs, then streamed out after the escapee.

The sun was high when Wilklow heard a plane, crawled into a small opening and, miraculously, found a cloth panel the NVA had missed when emptying his pockets; he waved it weakly, rolled over and slipped into feverish sleep. Sometime later, a shadow above him blocked the sun. If they were going to kill him, Wilklow could not resist, could no longer even crawl away.

A face began to take shape—the hideous Pig? No, the face was black, a black American who shouted, "Charlie! Charlie!" and two strong hands lifted him, those of SOG Staff Sergeant Lester Pace, who'd just rappelled in, a one-man Bright Light team. Pace dragged the dehydrated and nearly dead Wilklow to a nearby LZ. Then the sound of whirring rotors, and a Kingbee appeared, and they were rising, ascending from that place of horror. And rushing air bathed Charles Wilklow back to life; he shook and sobbed and tried to talk, but he could not. ★

region by way of a complex mix of European manufacturers and financial backers.

Investigators have now documented the general steps taken in the process of ethnic cleansing in Bosnia. A group of flag-waving, bearded brigands, frequently inebriated come into a village to help the Serbs organize their defense and distribute arms. Nobody seemed to know exactly who these people are, but it is believed that they are agents of Serb Dictator Milosevic's secret police who assumed names and held key positions. Some wore masks. At night, Muslim neighbors receive anonymous phone calls threatening their children and women and ordering them to abandon their homes and relocate. One or more murders in cold blood—usually of prominent Muslims—suffices to send the remaining residents fleeing into refugee status.

The following constitutes one of hundreds of accounts of similar murders, as told to Pulitzer Prize winning author David Rhodes:

"At 1:30 p.m. (April 14, 1999) shots rang out and smoke and flames appeared in the north. Krasniqi and his son hurriedly loaded their family onto a tractor. Krasniqi said they drove out of the village and were met by two uniformed Serbs toting Kalashnikov rifles. One wore a ski mask. Krasniqi said his son told him, 'Father, I know him; they're from Slovinje.'

The Serb without the mask ordered them to halt, checked the son's identification papers and handed them back. But before they could continue, the masked Serb barked, "Take him off the tractor, and kill him." Without uttering a sound, Gafur climbed down and was led into an adjacent garage. A burst of gunfire erupted. In shock, his father slid behind the wheel of the tractor and drove what remained of his family out of the village. Thirty-five Albanian men and women were killed like this in two days."

Through the years, Milosevic denounced these activities saying he could not accept responsibility for independent acts of patriots. Yet, international investigators charge he indeed was responsible for organizing entire quasi-military units and networks of police and propaganda machines for this cause.

### ***North Korea Watch***

Thomas A. Schwartz, who took over command of U.S. forces in South Korea last December, told reporters he felt the region was the "most likely to involve us in a large-scale war." Reportedly, North Korea has 700,000 forward-deployed soldiers within 100 miles of the Demilitarized Zone. An additional 8,000 artillery systems, 2,000 tanks and 1,600 aircraft back the zone. North Korea has deployed large numbers of long-range 240 mm multiple-rocket launcher systems and 170 mm self-propelled guns to sites near the DMZ. North Korea continues to develop long-range missiles capable of hitting U.S. targets. With the fifth-largest army in the world, North Korea now has the ability to significantly affect international negotiations. ★



# Buffalo Nickels

## What Is "It"?



**Editor's Note:** The "Buff" is a retired Special Forces operator who works as a consultant for the U.S. Army. He gives us his nickel's worth every issue under the above pen name. His opinions do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher. We accept no responsibility for his words, actions or ideas.

# It...

is a very funny word. Much like President Clinton's, "it depends on what the meaning of 'is' is."

I drink some brew-skis' in a bar where lots of active-duty, retired and civvies come, way up here in Yankee-land. (The upper east coast.)

It's kind of a VFW without the dues. Sometimes liberal, commie, pinko, faggot mop-heads (like my nephew) come in, but that's okay cause they make for good arguments and serve as an excellent target for darts.

It has become barroom lore that myself and a few others served in Special Forces, and frequently we hear from people trying to brag — I guess — on how tough they are. They say, "You know, I study Joe Blow's Navy Walrus course called BANDAID. It is certified by the government as the ultimate course. You dun no nothing till you know BANDAID!"

Or they rattle off some other programs. RAT BASTARD. RUDE POTATO. GREEN SLIME PO. Movie stars make some up! Hell I can't think of half of them. They all stand for something too. I am so sick of acronyms. SICK! Military wannabe's use all these acronyms. They graduated S.H.I.T. Academy and that stands for Stupid, Hype, and Idiotic Terms. Real military people, the kind that get shot at — they hate acronyms. I have lived a life full of acronyms and abbreviations. I would love sometimes for somebody to teach just "fightin." There it is ... Joe's School of Fightin. What style does he teach? Fightin style!

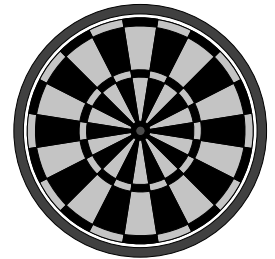
Anyway, when they discover that I haven't heard of Joe Blow's RAT RUDE POTATO they have to inform me that they have used "it" in fights, so they know "it" REALLY works. "It has saved my life twice!" they declare.

Oh yeah? So's I ask em', "Brief me on this, Wonder Boy, what the "it" was exactly, I mean, that you used to win these fights?" (if they are even telling me the truth, of which I doubt, but some accordion-nosed people got that schozola somehow). They talk about a kind of punch or a kick, then a throw. Sometimes they get up off the bar stool you know, and roll their shoulders and make angry faces, and they kinda play out what they did.

"HHHMMM," says I. I tell them that exact punch could be found in karate. That was a Thai kick and the other was a common Judo throw. "The 'it' you used? They have it, too!"

"Oh..." they say back, "...but, but this is different!"

"Oh." says I, again. I raise my fist. "How would you like it? Would you like a Chinese it, a Japanese it, or Thailand it? Pick your ... it ... because it is just a punch, and I will knock you right off your ass into my nephew's bowl of chili peppers over there.



But they don't get it. They are busy hero-worshipping a movie star or Joe Blow. When they take Joe Blow off the alter, they will begin to see it. Let's not be so picky about the "it," that works. Lets not try to patent it. Let's not pretend that we invented it. It has been around a long time. If you claim it, the people who know about the real "it" will think you are a fool. You might trick people for a while, but then they will learn about it and find out you lied about it all.

I have a black belt in Karate and one in Judo. Got both back in '70's. Back then the Karate was all about this "it." The Judo was tournament based, but there was a lot of "it" in it. You know how many military instructors I have had since 1968? The martial arts guys and the military guys taught me something that has or could save my life, and I love em' for it. Every damn one of them! They showed me the pure "it" that works. When I was done with each one, they pushed me on my way. I don't have a poster of any one of em' on my wall.

You still don't get it ... do ya? Well then get the hell out of my way ... my nephew is walking into dart range. ✪

# WORLD WATCH

***CQCMAG stands watch on the geo-political front to see where conflicts may begin and explain why we must train to prepare for them.***

## ***Globe Watch***

Starving people cause revolution and war. The world faces an ever-increasing challenge to feed its increasing populations and thereby keep the peace. The International Food Policy Research Institute estimates 73 million people will join the world's population every year between 1995 and 2020 creating an overall 32 percent increase to 7.5 billion. One hundred-thirty five million children under the age of 5 will remain hungry in 2020. While genetically altered food, built to grow faster, stronger and better, with stronger resiliencies to difficult climates might help, protesters in developed nations call this "Frankenstein" food and boycott it despite the fact that third world countries, many with starving populations, need these advancements.

...On the subject of food, countries with a McDonald's within their borders have never declared war against one another. Today, McDonald's has more than 25,000 outlets in 119 countries and a new restaurant opens every 17 hours.

## ***Indonesia Watch***

Australian soldiers fresh from East Timor told CQCMAG, "It's all but over now. But there are other islands where the same problems are beginning." U.S. Army sources tell CQCMAG the province of

Aceh (pronounced Atch-eh) is widely considered a more plausible candidate to seek independence, then Papua. However, insiders feel East Timor and these two additional provinces will not disrupt the overall nation, especially under the direction of its new leader A. Wahid. Indonesia has 13,667 islands and 300 languages. It boasts the fourth largest population in the world.

## ***Russian Watch***

Rebel forces are busy again in Chechnya. The simple cover of spring foliage offers ground zero and aerial cover for troop movement and ambush.

Russian polls show discontent and frustration. Seventy-eight percent of those polled said they believe their country is headed in the wrong direction. Seventy-two percent believe their economy is bad. Twenty-seven percent say it is poor. Fifty million Russian people, more than a third of the population, live below the poverty line of \$37 a month. Eighty-six percent think medical service is getting worse. Ninety-six percent think crime is worse. Eighty-eight percent believe their government doesn't care about them. Eighty-five percent believe Russian officials are corrupt. Seventy percent believe their last two years have been the hardest in their lives.

Since the '60's, the KGB has taken

advantage of thousands of miles of ungarded Canadian and Mexican borders to bury caches of high explosives throughout the U.S. report newly released transcripts from Soviet traitors. Chief among their targets were military bases, missile sights, radar installations, dams, power lines, shipping piers, oil pipelines and other focal points. Upon command, insurgent commandos, living among U.S. citizens, may recover these caches and descend upon their targets.

Laughable as it may seem, Soviet leadership believed the average American would react to all this by ... overthrowing the Federal Government.

## ***Kosovo / Bosnia Watch***

Fifty-five hundred of the 37,000 international peacekeepers in Kosovo are Americans-the largest contingent. The workload is daunting. U.S. troops mount in excess of 300 patrols a day-the bulk of them on foot and many 12 to 14 hours long. In a typical week, they cover 48 checkpoints and 62 key facilities, while staffing 1,321 patrols.

Militants continue to kill on both sides. Hand grenades can be bought for \$7.50 in Kosovo. Easier than a gun to hide, they are the "terror weapon of choice." Recently an Albanian ambulance attendant was caught trying to smuggle in 180 grenades. Weaponry floods into the

*Continued on page 31*

# BACK CUT!

## The Burton Mystique

By John Bednarski

"He is steel and would go through you like a sword."

—Bram Stoker, after meeting Burton for the first time.

**Editor's Note:** Richard Burton, 1821-1990, English soldier, explorer, linguist and writer. His works include a translation of the *Arabian Nights* (first translation into English). One of the first white males to travel into the cities of Mecca and Medina (he journeyed there in disguise or he would have been killed.)

If I were to write about a fictional character performing exploits similar to those of Richard F. Burton, readers would not find it believable. Burton lived the life of a spy, linguist (one of the greatest, if not foremost of his time period), soldier, explorer, ethnologist, archaeologist, poet and translator. His exploits as a martial artist and swordsman were perhaps what made him most unique.

As a youth Burton led a nomadic existence. With his family, he traveled about Europe. This allowed him to train in a wide variety of martial arts and swordplay. In France he ran with the local street gangs, much like a juvenile delinquent. Through this association he probably learned a form of *savate*, a French form (lit. "shoe" or "boot") of foot fighting. Also in France he gained introduction to the new school (or sport) of

French swordplay. Later his family moved to Italy where he became involved in the much more military and combat applicable form of Neapolitan swordplay. By the time he reached his 15th birthday, Burton had combined the Neapolitan and French schools of swordplay to produce a school that incorporated the best ideas of both systems.

While in his early teens Burton's attended boarding school in England, where he first applied the lessons he learned traveling about Europe inside and outside the fencing *salle*. Since he grew up on the continent, he became the constant target of bullies and upper classmen. At one time he had 32 affairs of honor scheduled to settle. He won many because he did not fight like a typical Englishmen with classical stance set, hands up in the 19th Century boxing cover. Instead, he fought like a French *savate* player with, "knees and feet as well as his fists."

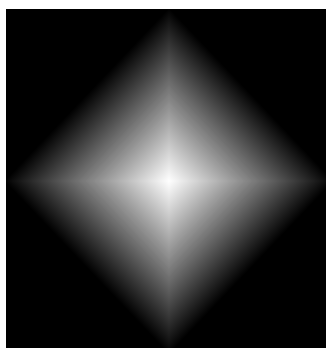
Later while attending University and possibly remembering his boarding school days and the constant harassment lower classmen received from upper classmen at Oxford, Burton outside of English tradition, continually challenged fellow classmen to duels at the slightest provocation. It became public knowledge that school officials ordered Burton to keep his room door locked because upper classmen played cruel pranks on the unwary lower classmen. Instead of following this advice, he left his room



door open and unlocked with a poker standing in his fireplace red hot and waiting for just such an encounter. During this time period, Burton gained a reputation as master swordsmen developed from his many friendly matches held in the fencing *salles* of Oxford.

An example of how far his reputation traveled came after his expulsion from Oxford and before his service with the Indian army. While traveling in Germany, Burton, and his brother Edward, wished to join the ranks of one of the celebrated fencing regiments. They offered to take on all comers without any protective garment whatsoever. This was no mere act of bravado; the student duel was fought with a heavy bladed fencing saber.

The blade is razor sharp and both duelists stand at a set distance from each other and proceed to hack and slash at



# Battle Infections that Kill!

By Sharon Adams

each other's head. Usually the duelists each wear heavy armor around the eyes' nose, body and arms. They also wear a tight bandage of silk around the neck to prevent an accidental severing of the carotid artery. The duel itself does not end until somebody draws first blood from his opponent's head. Burton would have put death on the line except: no one wanted to take him up on his offer.

After leaving the military service Burton began to experiment with a fencing technique called the *Manchette* (lit. "Cuff"). This served as a stop cut against the wrist or outer arm. Burton later modified it by using the back of the saber in an upward back cut to sever the opponent's wrist. By the late 19th Century, this tactic became obsolete because most who used the *Manchette* technique could not fight or parry at any other range. However, Burton could fight in all ranges and did use the *Manchette* frequently. In fact, he made it a major component of his system of military sword-play.

Today, most people who know of Richard F. Burton rarely think of him as a martial artist. Burton, in his time, challenged most conventions. He did not settle for or merely reproduce empty motions; he adapted, used, and threw convention out the window to find what worked for him wherever he traveled or explored. Burton's principle — to continually think outside the ordinary to discover not only utilitarian techniques, but also the problem solving skills to create new ones — still applies. ✪

Burton Historian **John Bednarski** is a practicing martial artist in the Chicago, IL area.

**Editor's Note:**  
Dwight McLemore will return to this column in the next issue.



After a hard weekend of racquetball while visiting friends, Marty Elders began to feel extremely ill and experience nausea and diarrhea. He felt feverish and thought he might be coming down with the flu. Soon he noticed soreness in his left leg that seemed to originate from a small cut on his knee.

Two days later he felt weak, developed chills and his leg became incredibly sore. Returning home from his weekend, he ended up in the emergency room of a local hospital where they diagnosed him with a form of Group A *Streptococcus*, the bacteria responsible for strep throat. His doctor eventually diagnosed him with narcotizing *fasciitis*, the "flesh-eating" bacteria.

Marty isn't alone. Over-prescribing antibiotics has significantly contributed to a host of newly evolved bacteria that resist antibiotic treatment. *Streptococcus* is among them. According to a spokesperson from the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, GA, "Twenty years ago we were in the hay day of antibiotics. As a result, people have grown complacent about infections, which is unfortunate because today's infections are increasingly antibiotic resistant and may prove lethal. While you can't isolate yourself completely, people can and must take precautions against such infections."

Fighters are vulnerable to infections of this type. In particular, knuckle injuries may result in infection when a clinched fist strikes an opponent's teeth and introduces bacteria into the deep folds of the skin. Upon contact, the skin on the fist stretches. The blow introduces bacteria into the folds of the skin, an anaerobic growth environment. Depending on the severity of the injury, serious infection may result.

## Offending Organisms:

- 1) *Viridans, strep, staph aureus, eikenella corrodens, bacterioides, fusobacterium, actinomycetes, spirochetes;*
- 2) *Alpha-hemolytic streptococci* are the most frequent isolates from human bite wounds.

## Treatment:

- 1) Clean, irrigate and remove any foreign matter from the wound.
- 2) Cut away damaged tissue.
- 3) If you feel damage may have extended to muscles and tendons, see a physician for stitches.
- 4) Usually, physicians do not apply stitches to bite wounds; instead they leave them open to drain.

## Antibiotics:

Amoxicillin is the drug of choice for bite wounds.

## Prevention:

- Wash hands frequently.
- Shower with antibacterial soap as soon as possible after workouts.
- Keep a bottle of over the counter hand sterilizer in your workout bag and use frequently when water is unavailable.
- When in doubt about any injury, see a doctor immediately.

After several skin grafts, Marty walked away from his experience slightly disfigured, but alive and much wiser. Your sparing opponent may not be the only threat to your health. A few simple, precautions may make all the difference. ✪

Sharon Adams is a freelance writer based in Dallas, Texas.



# The Wide Grip Chin-Up

By Trent Suzuki

**O**f all the strength building exercises available for the upper body, there are two that come immediately to mind for the serious combat enthusiast: the wide grip chin-up for the back muscles, and the flat dumbbell press for the chest muscles.

The side grip chin-up develops a strong upper back that martial combatants find essential for true success in any combat modality. The upper back muscles allow the combatant to execute any and all pulling motions as they apply to combat. Law enforcement officers frequently use this motion when they grab a suspect and pull them to the ground. Control and containment of any kind frequently requires strong pulling motions. In fact, at some point your life may depend on the strength gained from these exercises.

For the stand-up combatant (traditional martial artists, boxers, kick boxers, etc.), the upper back provides stability and a power base for throwing punches. Although the primary punching muscles are the pectorals, deltoids, and triceps, the upper back muscles act as punch decelerators to keep the punches from literally tearing your arms off your body.

For the clinch/tie-up combatant (wrestlers, judoka, boxers, kick boxers,

shoot fighters, etc.), the upper back becomes even more vital in that the strength necessary to grab, pull, twist, and control your opponent in the clinch comes primarily from these upper back muscles.

Finally, the ground fighter (wrestlers, judoka, Brazilian jiu-jitsu players, etc.), utilizes the upper back muscles routinely in executing chokes, arm-bars, and locks.

If you are a serious martial combatant, including the wide grip chin-up in your upper body training routine is an absolute must.

## Exercise: The Wide Grip Chin-Up

### Muscles involved:

*Latissimus Dorsi, Rhomboids group, Teres group*

### Explanations:

With a slightly wider than shoulder overhand grip, hang from an overhead chin bar with the body and arms hanging straight. (Fig. 1)

Utilizing the upper back as the primary movers, (rather than the biceps,) pull yourself up until the chin is over the bar, keeping the legs fairly straight and without jerking the body. (Fig. 2 & 3)

Return slowly to starting position with arms straight. (Fig. 4)

### Tips:

#### Sets and repetitions:

**Beginner:** 3 sets at 6-15 repetitions, with spotter if needed;

**Intermediate:** 3 sets at 6-25 with no spotter;

**Advanced:** 3-4 sets at max repetitions with extra weight around the waist.

Exhale through mouth on effort, inhale through nose on descent. ★

**Trent Suzuki** holds a Master's Degree in Exercise Physiology/ Exercises Biomechanics; and is a Certified Strength and Conditioning Specialist from the NSCA. Through his company, AthElite Training International, Trent trains many professional athletes. Among his many degrees and affiliations, he holds a 4th Degree Black Belt and Master Instructor in Soo Bahk Do Moo Buk Kwan; and is a former U.S. Amateur Champion in Boxe' Francaise Savat a 3 time World Karate Champion. For more information about physical fitness, contact Trent at 888-400-2074.



Figure 1



Figure 2

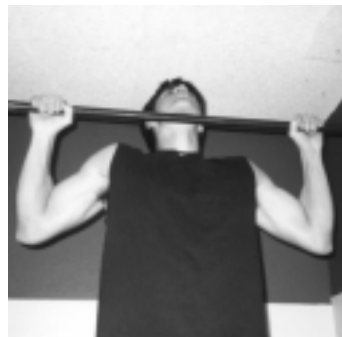


Figure 3

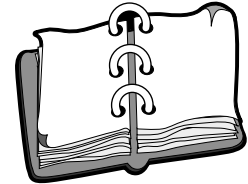


Figure 4

# FIGHTER'S NOTEBOOK

## A Fist Full of Punches

By Police Lt. Dennis Davidson



In all punching, striking with the top two knuckles offers great structural support. Penetration or “punching through the target” helps focus power. The angle of these punches directly relate to the position of the forearm arm and elbow, offering many pros and cons to power, target acquisition and position. Some sport fighters will torque their fist in an effort to tear the face and eyebrow of their opponent with the rubberized surface of their gloves. This strategy means little in the quick, desperate street fight.

(photo 1)

*A Vertical Fist Punch is favored by many Chinese and Japanese fighting systems.*

(photo 2)

*Many boxing systems favor a Horizontal Fist Punch.*

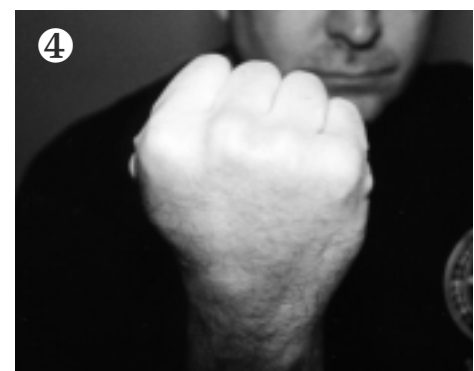
(photo 3)

*The 45-Degree Fist combines the Vertical Fist Punch and the Horizontal Fist Punch to provide the favorite punch of all.*

(photo 4)

*The Uppercut Fist, favored in close quarter combat. Is used in virtually all martial ideologies.*

Future **CQCMAG** issues will cover punching topics like forearm position (August/September issue), body power, target acquisition, the differences between gloved punching strategies and real world punching, “rolling with the punch,” when to punch, the support hand, punching drills and combinations, all in the months ahead. Don't miss this special collection of **CQCMAG's** Fighter's Notebook features.



### IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CQCMAG

**Knife Ground Combat** — W. Hock Hochheim explains all forms of knee-high and prone ground fighting with knives and shows how to use them.

**Such is Life—The Gun Fight of Ned Kelly** — Glenn Zwiers tells you the details and tactics used by Ned Kelly in his last firefight.

**Escape! Counters to Joint Locks** — W. Hock Hochheim breaks down the scientific phases and methods used to develop skills to counter jointlocks.

**Stop and Pass! Stick and Impact Weapon Blocking** — By Professor Jeff Allen

**Gun! Stick! Spray! Fist! Access!** — Commando Cop, Australian Constable Neil King talks about his revolutionary system to quick draw all weapons and switch them lightening fast, as needed.

Plus the usual outstanding columns and briefings...

And still...a few surprises...

# The VanCook View

## Knife Carry Laws

By Jerry VanCook

**T**his issue I want to explore some pragmatic problems civilians who carry knives sometimes encounter. And it's important to remember that while cops and military personnel may ignore certain laws under particular circumstances, they aren't ALWAYS exempt. For instance, I'm commissioned as a law enforcement officer in my home state. What weight that carries when I cross the state line is somewhat variable. But about the time this magazine comes out, I plan to be in South America, and I can assure you my commission won't mean jack@#\$ there. I'll be a civilian just like anybody else. So what we'll consider here is the law, and how anyone armed should deal with those who enforce it.

### Know your law

Knife laws vary greatly from jurisdiction to jurisdiction, and people choosing to carry a blade should acquaint themselves with the statutes governing any locale in which they intend to spend time. Restrictions on blade length and other tangible characteristics are rarely clear. For example, in some areas, a "dirk or dagger" may well be interpreted as exactly what it is—a double-edged knife. In other domains, the powers that be may have decided that a Bic pen falls into that category. What is important here is not what the law says but how it is INTERPRETED.

What many people don't realize is, in addition to the laws that cover the substantive characteristics of knives, most states have additional legislation that is even more nebulous. The wording differs but essentially they amount to "any object carried with the intent to do bodily harm is a crime." These are pretty much "catch all" laws; as you can readily see, they leave great latitude for interpretation on the part of any officer with whom you find yourself dealing.

### Save room for interpretation

During my years in law enforcement, I have learned that cops come in all sizes, shapes, and forms. A very few are very good, a very few are very bad and, as is the case with all professions, most fall somewhere in between. Some officers are extremely intelligent. Others are dumber than dirt. Many were taught, as I was, to be Peace Officers, which meant to consider each case as the unique situation it always is and then blend common sense

into the enforcement of the law. Other police officers were tragically born without common sense and must therefore enforce the law blindly. Woe unto you if you draw the attention of one of these unimaginative robots. But, if it's any consolation, it's as big a pain in the rear to work with them as it is to be stopped and questioned by them.

As a self-defense instructor before entering law enforcement, and believing that citizens have as much right to protect themselves and their families as police officers, I never arrested

anyone for carrying a weapon UNLESS they possessed it in conjunction with another crime (this includes possession of illegal drugs). Over the years, I have known many officers who believed, and behaved, the same way I do. That's the good news. The bad news is that, I said MANY. Not ALL.

### Reasons for a search

First of all, anyone carrying a knife or any other defensive weapon should understand that unless they commit some illegal act there is little chance that they will be searched. Exceptions include, but are not limited to:

- Fitting the description of a felony suspect,
- Being illegally searched by an unethical officer, and
- Carelessness.

### Carelessness bites

You can do little about the first two exceptions. The third, however, is under your control. The more accustomed one becomes to carrying a weapon, the more susceptible he becomes to carelessness. Today, metal detectors are used in places other than airports, and you could suddenly, and unexpectedly, find yourself standing in front of a check point with uniformed personnel telling you to "please walk through." If this is the case, you have probably already entered the edge of the restricted area, and technically committed a crime. Also remember that suddenly turning around to leave may constitute probable cause to search.

### Discretion is your friend

Remember the little things that can expose your knife or any other weapon. Reaching above your head causes shirts to ride up. Bending over at the waist is not only hard on your back, but



it also may print what is beneath your jacket. Right or wrong, your appearance will place a preconceived attitude in the minds of most officers. If you wear a clean business suit and tie, the officer will view you one way. A skull and crossbones T-shirts, torn and filthy jeans, and tattoos and body piercing projects another image. Think ahead to situations that could cause you trouble, and make discretion a part of your daily routine.

## If searched, what then?

So what if the worst-case scenario comes through and you find yourself undergoing a search? Remember ATTITUDE constitutes the most important weapon of defense you now carry. Be polite and respectful without becoming subservient. Most officers will ask if you have any weapons before searching. Have a non-lethal name for whatever you're carrying. (For example: A combat folder should be called a pocket knife. A fixed blade is a utility or work knife.) After the officer secures your blade, he will probably ask why you carry it. Again, have a non-lethal tool story ready. ("I use it to open my mail, cardboard boxes, etc.") Do not say you carry it for self-defense even though self-defense is a legal right. Self-defense implies violence, violence implies bodily harm to another human being, and we've already talked about that. And regardless of what you say, get ready for that cop look that says he knows you're lying, and a follow-up question like, "You're sure it's not a weapon?" At this point, I'd suggest an innocent face, a slight shrug, and a respectful, "I suppose someone COULD use it as a weapon, but that's not why I carry it."

## Reasons to carry

What this boils down to is you must provide a legitimate non-threatening reason for carrying your knife without insulting the officer's intelligence. This will, of course, be much easier with some types of knives than others, and easier when dealing with a "Peace Officer" rather than one of the mindless, by-the-book robo-cops. And remember that little details can add credibility to your story. I have a friend who carries a Spyderco Civilian. He cuts a few vines in his backyard every once in awhile and leaves the

green streaks on the blade. He now has a pruning knife.

With the tangible laws (blade length, type of knife, etc.) there is little defense if the officer has searched you legitimately and decides to pursue the arrest. Don't argue the morality of the issue — if he's the type to do this when you've committed no other offense, he won't understand or care. Go to jail, bond out, and get a good attorney acquainted with such laws. If, however, your knife is physically legal, make sure your words and actions don't create an intent to do bodily harm.

## Summary

As I said before, and will say again, I never advise people to break the law. On the other hand, sometimes we face statutes, which not only violate the Constitutional right to self-defense but also go beyond the Constitution to violate the very laws of God and common sense. In such circumstances we must either obey these statutes and risk death and injury, violate them and risk imprisonment or fine, or find a way to work around them. Whenever you can, stay within the law. When you think your personal safety and the statutes are in con-

flict . . . hey, I already said I never give advice like that. I just know what I do personally.

You see, I still believe you can be nice and tough at the same time. ☛

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



In 1998 he was inducted into the World Head of Family Sokeship International Martial Arts Hall of Fame, and received their "Writer of the Year" award. His titles include Real World Self-Defense and Going Undercover. He is a certified National Rifle Association firearms and personal protection instructor. VanCook spent 14 years in law enforcement with the Garfield County Oklahoma Sheriff's Department, a federally funded undercover task force, which operated throughout the Southwest, and the Oklahoma State Bureau of Investigation.

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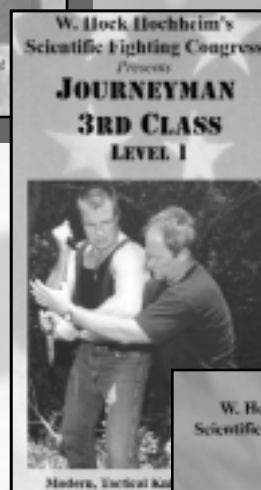
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