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# Close Quarter Combat

December/January 2001

MAGAZINE

**Real Fight Clubs**

**Human Cock  
Fights of the  
Philippines**

**The Last Gunfight  
of Ned Kelly**

**Counters to  
Joint Locks**

**Renaissance  
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# CLOSE QUARTER COMBAT MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 2000 / JANUARY 2001

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**LAURIC PRESS**

P.O. Box 5372,

Fort Oglethorpe, GA 30742

Phone: 423-400-9458

Fax: 706-866-2657

CQCMAG is published bimonthly by Lauric Press. Single Copy \$10.00 in U.S.A. \$20.00 overseas. Subscription rates per year are \$30 U.S.; \$50 Canada and \$70 International. Submissions of manuscripts, illustrations and/or photographs must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 2000 by Lauric Press. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is strictly prohibited. Printed in the United States.



*On the cover...*

*SFC Instructor Julian Ortega wins a cage fight in California*

# Four-Phase Guide to Combat Training

By Publisher  
W. Hock Hochheim

Combat training consists of four important phases. Missing one makes your mission incomplete. If your mission is to study a historic martial art that's one thing, but if self-defense combatives against the criminal and the enemy soldier interest you, the following phases provide a lifesaving checklist.

## 1st Phase: Solo Practice

Solo practice develops command and mastery, co-ordination, endurance and familiarity with your tools. Tools run the gamut from empty hands to weapons. For some traditionalists, solo practice means kata or forms. Each style has a catchword for their sets of exercise-like movements. As a so-called "modern" practitioner, I have nothing against the idea of kata. I do however damn the multiple practice of stupid, unsafe moves rampant in much traditional kata. Rehearsing unsafe movements 3,000 to 5,000 times creates dangerous reflex, and reflex is your last, best line of defense against the ever-so-common ambush attacks of criminals and soldiers.

Take special care to select what physical movements you practice. Studying the individual realities may cause you to chunk your whole system, but this is an important step on your journey to truth. One big litmus test for me? Karate's reverse punch-an obvious strategic nightmare. But there are countless smaller discreet deadly errors buried in many systems that only a veteran discerning eye may detect. I collect only smart movements in standing, kneeling and ground heights and practice them solo. If witnessed, one would swear I performed a kata! Well, it is, and it isn't. It's solo practice in the air! Solo practice also includes your time in the gym in strength training and your time on the turf and obstacle course running.

## 2nd Phase: Solo Practice for Power

The second phase is to take all that you do and actually hit something! One must

feel the results of striking a lifelike facsimile. I build Chinese or Burmese "war posts" with simulated arms and legs to strike with my edged and impact weapons. Everyday martial and sport stores supply products designed for kicking and striking.

## 3rd Phase: Partner Training

Partner training consists of skill drills and combat scenario problem solving. In this phase, you work with a friend as both a trainer and trainee. You hone skill through drills. Some foolish practitioners think drills waste time and quit doing them completely! Army drills, Marine drills, police drills, football team drills; every athletic endeavor hones skill through interactive drills. So you drill too as part of your overall training, but the more important end performance product is the combat scenario. Through the concept of crisis rehearsal, you recreate as realistically as possible what you might confront and then problem solve the chaos.

## 4th Phase: Mental Preparation

We must study the sciences of aggression, violence, anger, pain and fear management. This is where the "aware citizenry" I often talk about take front and center stage. There are martial instructors, most inexperienced in real world conflicts, that obsess on these issues, drumming up lists of acronyms and patents, articulating like charming, hypnotic preachers. But it comes down to this; learn what criminals and enemy soldiers do to outthink and outmaneuver you. Learn to control your adrenaline and fear to where it becomes a help not a hindrance. Learn to fight on past the gunshot, the knife stab, and the broken bone-with the "Win Mentality." Everything else is a Monday-morning-quarterback, Trivial Pursuit game question.



Train with a Burmese "war post" to practice edged-weapon strategy.

An overview study outline looks like this:

### Phase 1: Solo Training

- Command and mastery of proper movements
- Endurance and fitness

### Phase 2: Solo Training for Power

- Train with a life-like facsimile

### Phase 3: Partner Training

- Skill and flow drills
- Combat scenario simulations

### Phase 4: Mental Preparation

- Study the psychologies of aggression and violence
- Study fear management
- Study pain management

Is your system overloaded with katas and forms? Then you are a circus act not a warrior. If all you do is pound a heavy bag, you're developing your power inside a fantasy world. If all you do are drills upon drills, you will become a drill expert, not a fighting expert. If all you do are combat scenarios, then you have no depth, little knowledge, sparse understanding and shallow savvy. If you do not understand human nature, you will never understand yourself or your enemy. Miss any one of these four phases, and you are one incomplete grasshopper. ☺





# Dispatches

## LAND-MAIL MESSAGE:

*I enjoyed hearing that Gunsmoke's James Arness received a belated military medal. Do you have any additional info on what he did to win the medal? – JP, Missoula, MN*

## REPLY:

Big Jim won several medals for his war history and for wounds he received in close quarter combat at Anzio in WW II. Jim recently celebrated his 77th birthday, and it is truly great to see this real hero and pioneer western star. You may visit Jim's webpage at [www. JamesArness.com](http://www.JamesArness.com).

Another unsung hero, actor and former US Marine Lee Marvin, dropped out of high school to enlist and participated in 21 combat landings in the Marshall Islands. They were called "dirty little affairs" where Scout-Sniper units bailed out in SEAL-like invasion tactics from fast moving destroyers and worked their way to the beach. There, they destroyed Japanese positions one-by-one. Marvin sustained wounds during the fighting some say was so close that his unit reportedly could feel the heat of the enemy's muzzle fire. There were other war vet actors that hailed from public life. England's David Niven served as a commando. The military sent Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart on bombing runs over occupied Europe. Sterling Hayden (the police captain Al Pacino shot in the Godfather) fought with the OSS in Yugoslavia. Even comedian Mel Brooks received a citation for heroism.

## EMAIL MESSAGE:

*My friend in the Denver police department read your "Why Cops Shoot!" article and was motivated to confront his training supervisors with some facts, figures and stats. He is a PPCT police course instructor, and he still teaches the Brachial Stun, yet you mentioned the stun is now illegal in some places? He wanted to know where?" – TE, Denver CO*

## REPLY:

This just further shows the screwed up nature of some police training. The Brachial Stun is basically a forearm strike to the side of the neck. As a cop, I knocked three people out cold with it. I have seen it used successfully many more times by my partners. Sometimes the suspect only staggered and fell, but the strike always worked.

However, recent studies indicate that in a few rare instances matter may be dislodged and then travel to the brain and kill the person. As with any study, no matter how small the percentage, it encourages paranoia among administrators. There are no specific regions entirely on one side of the fence or the other. It's intermingled. North Carolina is just one example where the state police academies still teach the Brachial Stun technique. I assume that region's PPCT course does also. But when graduating cadets report to Winston-Salem PD they are forbidden to use the tactic by their department policy, categorizing it as lethal force. So you see, there are pockets of use woven into pockets where such use is restricted. I say teach every cop the brachial stun as one tool in a spectrum of many tools. It may save their lives and that's where my loyalty lies.

## EMAIL MESSAGE:

*In a recent article you wrote on fear management you said that a student must "control" his fear and "project" his fear. What*



*General Gravitz, General Mock, Jim, and Secretary of the Army Louis Caldera at Jim's award ceremony.*

*exactly do you mean by projecting fear? – MW, Torrance, CA*

## REPLY:

In real combat coping with fear is a vital issue. Fear leads to adrenaline rush, and the rush may be your best friend or your worst enemy. I can tell you some of my best physical performances as a cop occurred when I only had a slight adrenaline rush. My worst performances—and I had many of those too—were often when adrenaline rushed me too strong and then dropped suddenly. I call that "rushed and flushed!" I learned to control this process somewhat, in the same internal way that people may slow their own heartbeat and other achievable metabolic changes. Not to sound over-simplistic, but breathing has a lot to do with it! And experience too! You do not have to become a medical doctor or a swami to understand the principle or accomplish this.

Projecting fear is about doing, looking or saying things that project fear into your opponent. An ugly expression. A bone-chilling tone. A matter of clothing. A growl. These things are primal and you can practice them in the same way a professional actor uses method acting lessons to perfect a style. "The mightiest warrior never has to use his sword," was an old samurai expression. Fear projection may also mean simply pretending to be afraid to make your enemy over-confident so you may catch him off guard.

## EMAIL MESSAGE:

*When you teach the military, do you cover different material than you do when you teach at civilian seminars? – TM, Chicago, IL*

## REPLY: No.

And that might sound strange, but I do not. For example I taught the First Marine Division at Camp Pendleton in September and what did they want me to teach? The Journeyman Level Knife-

*...continued on page 32*

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

# Legal Self-Defense

By Barry W. Szymanski



You are taking in an outdoor concert with a friend when the people seated in front of you begin to push and shove each other. Their elbows strike you or a friend in the knee. You ask them to stop, and one of the elbowers stands up, turns and attempts to deliver a roundhouse punch at you or your friend.

You stop the punch, seize the person's arm, and in the process, dislocate a joint. Security arrives. The elbower claims his shoulder is hurt. The next thing you know, he sues you in civil court for battery seeking medical expenses and personal injury damages.

In a case where an injured person sues you, your defense, under these circumstances, is that any injury the plaintiff sustained was inflicted by you in self-defense. There was no battery, so therefore you are not liable to the plaintiff.

In law, the concept of self-defense is the right to defend yourself with the use of whatever force is *reasonable* and *necessary* under the circumstances. If you believe you or your friend are likely to suffer bodily harm, or that your lives are in danger, then you have a right to defend yourself using such force. The force you use, however, must be what you *reasonably* believe necessary under the circumstances.

As a skilled fighter you must prove by your testimony, if necessary, that you understand and know how to apply levels of force appropriate for the circumstances. Your testimony must show:

- You remained under control at all times
- You controlled the force used and
- It was reasonably necessary based upon the actions of the plaintiff.

It's helpful to show that you attempted to verbally diffuse the situation before it resulted in a physical altercation.

The law states you have a legal privilege to threaten to use force against another to prevent *what you believe* to be an unlawful interference against you by another person. This privilege also extends to the use of intentional force against the other person to terminate *what you believe* to be an unlawful interference against yourself. The key word here is *reasonable* force.

You may only intentionally use such force, or the threat of force you believe necessary to prevent the acts of the other person. You cannot intentionally use force likely to cause great bodily harm unless you reasonably believe such force is necessary to prevent immediate great bodily harm to yourself or another. This also extends to deadly situations because you cannot intentionally use deadly force unless you believe that such deadly force is necessary to prevent imminent death to yourself or another.

Many people don't understand who must prove what in court. The burden of proof rests on you to demonstrate your self-defense actions were justified to avoid injurious physical contact! Justified means that in your own mind you have reason to believe you were in danger. The fact that your belief may be erroneous does not make your conduct wrong. It's important to make the judge or jury understand that if they were in a similar situation they would do the same thing. With regard to age, especially in cases of children, beliefs, instincts, and impulses are judged in court in relation to those of a reasonable person of like age, intelligence, and experiences.

In a case like this, the judge would instruct the jury to consider:

- 1) Whether the force you used against the injured plaintiff was reasonably necessary,
- 2) The injured plaintiffs actions,
- 3) The force or threat of force exerted by the plaintiff,
- 4) The amount of force you exerted,
- 5) The means or instrument by which you apply the force,
- 6) The strength and size of the injured plaintiff, and
- 7) Your strength and size relative to the injured plaintiff.

Verbal abuse is not sufficient to justify

an assault and battery. However, there may be situations involving what a court describes as an "overt act of an ambiguous character." In certain situations, self-defense is a justifiable defense in a civil action where the act of self-defense gives rise to "a reasonable belief of imminent bodily harm when coupled with knowledge of previous threats of physical harm and dangerous propensities exhibited by the victim."

If the judge or jury believes you used more force than necessary, they could find your actions amount to assault and battery to the extent that the force you used exceeded those of self-defense. If the jury finds you acted in self-defense, then the jury verdict should be – No battery!

In summary, if you believe someone may sue you, get the names of everyone involved or make sure the police obtain the names of all parties and witnesses. Be careful what you say, and hire a lawyer. Also, as soon as possible after the incident, write down everything you remember about the incident and share this information only with your lawyer. Remember your contact with your retained lawyer is a confidentially privileged communication. Lawsuits cost you emotionally and financially. Try to minimize the expense as soon as possible after the incident. Frequently, the other side may "puff" their story. Since you must prove the truth, it may be hard work. But truth has its own reward - and a dismissal of the plaintiff's lawsuit!



**Barry W. Szymanski** is a Member of the SFC Close Quarters Combatives Group and a rank holder in the Hand-to-Hand Combat, Knife, and Combat Arnis programs. Szymanski works as an attorney, a defense and arrest tactics

instructor at MATC Police Science Recruit School, and with a state of Wisconsin police agency as a detective.

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

The goal of this column is to provide helpful general information about a particular subject. It is not intended to substitute for legal counsel. If you have questions about a particular case, consult an attorney.

# Renaissance Knife Fighting

## *Ancient Art of Knife Fighting*

*By Pete Kautz*

**D**uring the Renaissance, roughly 16th-17th Century, many changes occurred in the European styles of swordplay. A new style evolved, based on the earlier Medieval methods. Overall, there was a shift from swordplay based in military combat, to an increasing focus designed for use by civilians. This method was used sparing in an early training hall environment, where common people paid to take lessons. Additionally, the invention of the printing press gave rise to mass-produced training manuals, many of which were translated into other languages and sold abroad. Before this time, these books contained the secrets of professional warriors and the real killing techniques and counters that had previously been carefully guarded. This tradition of secrecy changed as teachers during the Renaissance sought a civilian audience with money to spend who wanted to learn these formerly classified skills.

In the Renaissance, with the rise in urban culture, the rapier truly became the people's



***“In these modern  
times, many men are wounded  
for not having weapons or  
knowledge of their use.”***

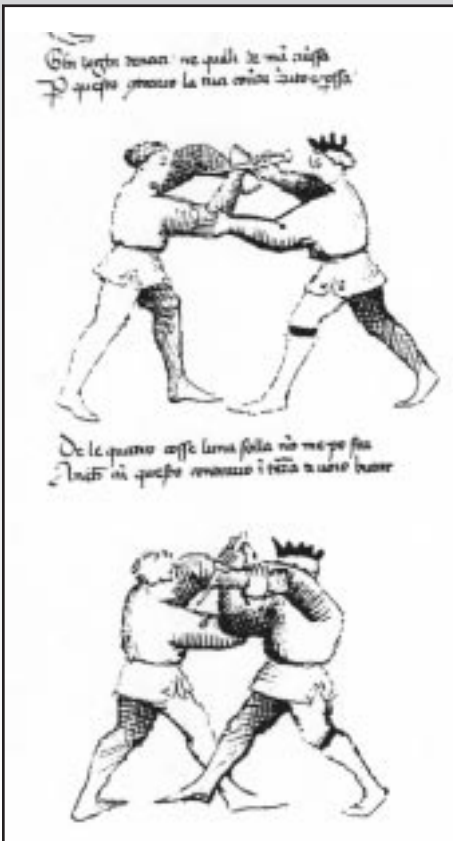
***– Achille Marozzo, 1536***

weapon, while the military increasingly used firearms and pike formations to wage war, lessening the importance of individual combatants, and of the sword. Some masters, particularly the English, preferred the old ways. One famous master, George Silver, complained about the “new” rapier saying it was of no use in times of war, and that men should fight with the older military cutting swords instead.

Silver was also one of the few to hold knife fighting in high regard. He taught that tactics are far more important than any technique (which he felt was self evident), and that knife fighting is entirely based on understanding distance, timing, and having the judgment of knowing when to come in and when to fly out. He wrote only a few paragraphs on the subject because he felt instruction and pictures, not words, were the only way to teach it.

This separation between military and civilian swords was parodied in England in the 1640's, in a play entitled “*Work for Cutlers.*” In the play, two actors representing the thrusting Rapier and the cutting Sword argue back and forth over





which of them is the better weapon. Each one boasts of his unique abilities and why the other is inferior. A third actor appears as Dagger, and tries to make peace between the two. Eventually, Dagger gets Sword and Rapier to become friends by declaring that Sword is best for the soldier and Rapier best for the civilian. Dagger, for his part, says he works equally well with them both, and will always be there to back them up in a fight! It's a happy resolution for all, and a great insight into how the people of the Renaissance viewed these arms.

The first manual to be mechanically reproduced for sale was Achille Marozzo's *Opera Nova* ("The New Work") in 1536, and Western swordsmen have always consid-

ered it one of the most important fighting manuals. Marozzo not only published this book, but he also taught many teachers, and became the first great Western master to bridge the gap between the military, the police, the martial artists, and the informed citizenry." His book covered both the older military weapons, such as the longsword and spear, and the new civilian weapons, such as the lighter cut-and-thrust swords and rapiers, and the small buckler. He also included a long section on unarmed combatives, which is special, since after Marozzo's time, very few Medieval manuals would depict them. Of the 22 techniques in this section, two of them show knife on knife fighting while the other 20 depict various unarmed versus knife encounters.

Marozzo, then, is the link between the Medieval styles and the new Renaissance ones. What he shows is a condensed version of the types of moves used in the earlier Italian systems, such as that used by Fiore dei Liberi and documented in his 1410 *Flos Duellatorum Flower of Battle*. Dei Liberi showed over 100 individual techniques of wrestling, dagger fighting, and unarmed defense, which Marozzo distills down to 22 techniques. One important difference between them, however, is what Marozzo leaves out of his book. While Fiore shows multiple counters to all of his moves, Marozzo does not even mention them as a possibility. In this sense, Marozzo's work is very optimistic about the techniques working as planned and the counter for counter idea is not explored.

This in no way reduces the importance of Marozzo's work, however, and many scholars since have studied and taught his methods, and many fencers declared him the "Father of Modern Swordsmanship" and "The First Scientific Teacher." The great swordsman and historian Alfred Hutton was a fan of Marozzo's unarmed versus dagger methods, and included 14 of the 22 techniques into his 1889 book, *Cold Steel* (not to be confused with John Styer's 1952 work by the same name). Hutton was one of the fathers of modern research into the true ancient Western combat arts,

and his books *Cold Steel* and *Old Swordplay* are still excellent starting resources. In 1999, as a tribute to both Hutton and Marozzo, this author wrote a book entitled *Hands Against the Knife*, which describes all 22 of Marozzo's unarmed versus dagger techniques, explains their hidden inter-connections, and gives training methods for their practice in the modern day, as well as having the first complete translation of the text from the Italian. Many experts, such as Hock Hochheim, Jim Keating, and John Clements have found this book to be insightful in their study of these historical methods.

After Marozzo, the majority of books published during the Renaissance were purely on the civilian aspects of swordplay, though as late as 1594 Giacomo DiGrasi still includes the military two-hand sword, halberd, and spear in his *True Art of Defense*. With a few such notable exceptions, the majority of the manuals on into the 1600's focused on the rapier, or rapier paired with a dagger, buckler, cloak or second rapier. Sadly, the techniques of using the knife or dagger as a solo weapon are ignored in the majority of manuals from this era, and techniques for unarmed combat are relegated to a few support techniques, referred to generically as



Knife fighting is entirely based on understanding distance, timing, and having the judgment of knowing when to come in and when to fly out.



Grips (Grypes). They were meant for use when you ended up too close to the enemy to use the sword effectively, and were no longer taught as part of a larger spectrum of unarmed skills the swordsman should have. The majority of the Grips used in Renaissance swordplay could be described as hand snaking or wrapping disarms.



They are generally done with the free hand or with the dagger, but are sometimes also done with the sword, in what many modern practitioners would call a vine disarm, or weapon snake.

When the knife is mentioned as a solo weapon in the Renaissance, the classic Medieval tactic of cutting the opponent's knife hand is frequently described. Like in all great knife traditions of the world, this

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simple technique was highly valued as a quick fight-ender. Other basics that were commonly taught in the Renaissance styles included using low fakes to open up high attacks (and vice-versa), and fakes to one side before launching the real attack on the other side. Throwing the knife, or even just faking a throw, were also sometimes mentioned. One preferred method of throwing was to use an underhand swing, and to release as the knife comes on line with the enemy, allowing the knife to fly straight into the target point first, with no spin.

By the end of the Renaissance, the styles of sword play would again change, as smaller, even lighter, thrusting-only swords come into fashion, and the dagger would be dropped from use. These *small-swords* became the mark of a gentleman, and were used for duels of honor. The techniques that were used became more and more refined and abstracted from the realities of the Medieval battlefield, hundreds of years before. They were quick, light, athletic movements that could be delivered in a rapid-fire manner, with each block being answered with a thrust. This gentleman's dueling style was also favored with military officers, and became what we call classical fencing today. In turn, classical fencing

would change into the athletic sport of Olympic fencing with the advent of electronic scoring in the 20th Century.

Today, more and more people research and train in the Medieval and Renaissance forms, however, and seeking a return to earlier combative roots of the Western tradition. ☪

**Pete Kautz** has trained in the martial arts for more than 20 years and serves as the director of Alliance Martial Arts. He teaches Medieval Close Quarter Combat, 1800's American Heritage Arts, and Modern Combatives in Ithaca, New York, and around the world at seminars.

Achille Marozzo's original **Opera Nova** can be found online at William Wilson's web site: <http://jan.ucc.nau.edu/~wew/fencing.html>

Alfred Hutton's **Cold Steel and Old Swordplay** can be found online at: <http://www.thehaca.com/masters.htm>

Mr. Kautz's book on Marozzo's unarmed versus dagger techniques, **Hands Against the Knife**, can be purchased through the Alliance Martial Arts web site at: <http://alliancemartialarts.com>

# Real Fight Clubs

By B.B. Nashley



Cage fighting allows men to experience the chaos of the real fight without the normal legal consequences.

What must a young man brimming with testosterone do to carve his mark in fighting? Crime, sports, police work or the armed forces all provide excellent opportunities to get down and gritty with an opponent. But where does a young man go to win recognition and approval from his *tribe*. Many choose the fight of all fights a *real* close encounter at—Fight Clubs.

One evening recently, I found myself seriously wondering what draws men to this dark and dangerous sport. Deep into the heart of New York City I went to a secret location where at the invitation of a friend, I viewed private home videos of several arena fights. These videos showed fights so bloody, so intense, I couldn't believe it. The action took place at several martial arts schools across the New York Area, including the club where I reviewed the videos.

I watched fascinated as a huge man body slammed a smaller one down on the hard floor and leaped on top of him WWF style, but this was real. No gi. No mats. No refs. Pure violence. Onlookers orbited the ring like a pack of hungry hyenas. I had never seen a fight in my life like the ones on those tapes. Sweat and blood sprayed. It looked like one of those nature shows where the cougar downs the baby antelope with a vicious, primal *gotcha* glee. Then the behemoth bashed his elbow down on the squashed man's face. *Bam!*.. the temple... *Bam!*..the side of the jaw. Several guys rushed in and pulled the bruiser off. Still more swarmed in and ministered to the victim. Moments later, they carried him away.

"What happened to him?" I asked my friend, I'll call him, "Drix" who sat beside me.

"Oh, they took him to the hospital," Drix says. He reaches over and switches off the tape, without even an eyebrow



quirk, which makes me think maybe I need to explain how I got caught up in this adventure in the first place.

I met Drix through a friend at my local health club. At the time his arm was in a sling. When I asked what happened, he told me he sprained it in a fight, then he explained the type of fighting he did. I listened hypnotized as he described his hobby: training to fight in back rooms, alleys, parking lots, wherever, for the sake of experiencing a real fight. As he talked, I fumbled for my pencil. The writer in me knew a story when he smelled one.

"We got him into the emergency room. He was *fucked* up, but he's okay now. When he told the nurses he was working out in a karate class, and we confirmed it, they decided not to call the cops. After they patched him up, we went back to the fights. They had several more that night," Drix says.

I watched some of the other fights that evening, but none seemed as violent as the first one. Rough, but at some point one guy football-tackled the other and turned the whole thing into a schoolyard wrestling match. The losers yelled their surrender. The bigger fighters always beat the smaller fighters.

Beside me on the studio couch for most of the evening sat Drix's buddy, Big Will, a tall skinny intense 20-something with a shaved head. Will did his share of weightlifting, for sure.

"Sometimes the cops know," Big Will says. "Sometimes we call them before and say, hey, like we have some serious training at the dojo tonight. There may be some injuries. They don't care."

Drix bobs his head up and down. At 30, Drix harbors a lifelong devotion to martial arts. He likes his head shaved clean and sports tattoos of drunken monkeys on one arm and a green cobra on the other. Yes, he's studied all types of martial arts. But now he and all his friends are totally into the mystique of the backroom brawl. As I listened, I couldn't help wondering, why?

Apparently, Drix and his friends got frustrated about 6 years ago when after advancing up the chain of command in martial arts there were no realistic venues in which to express what they called "no holds barred" reality fighting (they have several names for it). Mostly it means no rules, and no holding back.



After the last film, we left the school. Drix followed me out and locked the front door behind us. "We couldn't really fight anywhere else," Drix explains "so we organized our own events here once a month on Friday night." Sometimes they fight in other places if the school, which is owned by a friend, has another event scheduled.

"We pick Friday's because this way we can, you know dude, heal up some by Monday morning when we gotta go back to work," said Big Will with a grin. Will works as a sorter at a clothing factory.

Drix has a slightly different background. Over the years he taught Kung Fu full time but never made a go of it. Few people want to play as hard as he wants to practice. Now he works at his dad's auto repair shop.

"So we started inviting people over to fight on Fridays," Drix continues.

"Anyone. No *shit* what size, we don't care. We are in it for the adventure," Big Will says.

"No size too big," Drix adds.

"How do you meet these people?" I asked as we rounded the street corner in route to my car.

"Lots of ways," Drix says.

"There's a whole community," says Big Will.

"We talk on the Internet, on these fight bulletin boards. We go to seminars. See them at gyms. We talk. Then network," Drix continues. "We invite them to come, and they always have a fighter to talk up and push."

"Do people gamble at these things?" I ask.

"Not really," Drix says.

"I don't think much," Big Will adds. "In the arena fights, the bigger ones that you pay admission to get in, some gambling goes on, but that's not the reason they come."

"No," Drix agrees.

"Are there trophies?" I ask, trying to get at the reason why someone would risk having his face kicked in on a Friday night.

"No. You just get the rep of winning. You walk away with the tough guy rep."

"Why can't you guys fight in these bigger arena matches?" I ask as we get into my car, recalling the wall posters covering the inside the karate school I just left.

"Politics," Drix says.

"Yea, money and politics. They won't advertise you on any ticket unless you are...somebody. Paid fighters usually come from these grappling schools that people have heard of. Promoters call these schools looking for fighters sometimes," Big Will says. "We don't have any connections. It's like marketing a name. We are nobodies."

"...and there are too many of us nobodies with no place to fight, like this anyway. You come back Friday night in three weeks and you can see me fight!" Drix tells me. I take it as an invitation.

I drove them to a corner by a diner where they planned to meet a group of friends. As I pulled away, I mentally fast-forwarded to the upcoming Friday Night Fight Club event. I wondered if it would resemble a Grade C karate movie or a Brad Pitt movie.

I knew what Drix said was true. Before he left, Drix gave me a list of contacts, other people who agree that fight promoters look for names they can use to pump ticket buyers. Then they worry about being sued over a fighter's injuries, no matter what precautions they take. I decide to look a few of them up.

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Mikey Deluca was a retired kick boxer in Boston with his fingers into a lot of small sporting events. He was even in two Charles Bronson movies with real bit parts.

“Da kids today want to fight to the death, it seems to me,” Mikey tells me. We sit in his strip center business office from which he runs several businesses, once even an illegal sport numbers racket. “You get them to sign waivers, but if they get hurt, they will still come after ya! So you just have to have rules and a referee. Some of these kids. They don’t like rules. I dun no, you know? It’s a craze, like world wrestling. Kids cream each other with folding chairs, tables. Jesus! Nah!” Mikey waves his hand in the air, “I still throw together some karate tournaments. That’s what I do. Some small boxing tickets, but these new tough guys! It’s a lawsuit waiting to happen.”

“Were there ever back room boxing matches?” I ask, trying to get him to talk about the bare-knuckle fight days a sports writer had tipped me off that he participated in.

“Yea-yea,” he says. “We use to fight back years ago bare-knuckle here and there. Even the mob put some together. But we use to just box. If a fella fell, you didn’t squash him. You just turned him into pulp, stood there and pounded him until he couldn’t get up. But all that is illegal now.”

“Did the mob fix those fights?”

“No. They ran a clean show. You know, they didn’t care. They got paid. They didn’t care who won. They had a fella who would work the neighborhood boxing gyms and get us to fight. The guy was a WW II Vet with one hand and one eye. Neva forgot him. Good ol’ slob. Died years ago, God rest his soul because he took care of us if we got hurt and made sure we got our money. He was a bookie too. Ran numbers.”

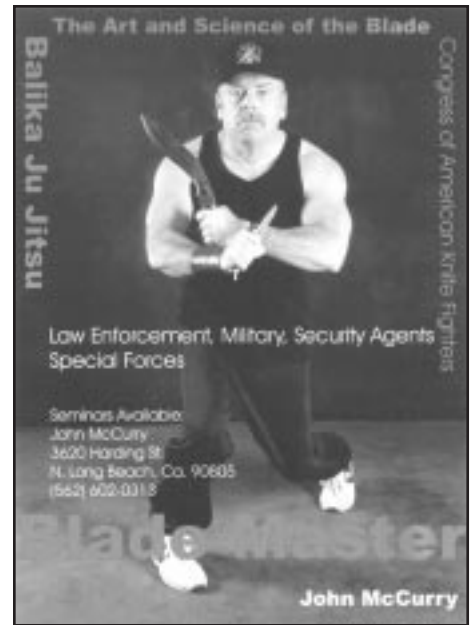
“Where was the strangest place you ever fought one of these?”

“1966. Some guy’s bachelor party in a beer hall. Broads and boxing. Whatta night!”

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“It all started with the Gracie family and Brazilian Ju Jitsu and their Ultimate Fighting Challenge (UFC), almost what...10 years ago now?” Arthur, one of the UFC business contacts, told me. I note that Arthur adorns his head with a bad toupee and has a permanent smile most likely from an overzealous plastic surgeon, but, after all, he lives in California. Sporting the build of a gym rat, Arthur calls himself a business manager and a shingle outside the door to his office advertises him as a bookkeeper and accountant in Los Angeles. He says he bailed out of fighting because of the state-by-state frustrations caused trying to set up the regional contests.

“No one could decide if it was boxing or not, or who should regulate it or even allow the challenges to happen! State-by-



state they denied us, sometimes well after they said yes to us and we had poured buckets of money into setting up the events. Finally we had to change the rules, more controls, less violence. That was the beginning of the end. The Gracies held a stacked deck in the beginning anyway. Now, mean 300 pound machines are out there and brother, let me tell you, if there were no rules in these fights, there would be a murder every match.”

And thus, hooked on the fire, and then deprived, fight-hungry men founded the lesser-known Fight Nights.

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The referee raises SFC Instructor Julian Ortega’s hand in victory at a cage fight in California earlier this year.

Big “K” took me out back behind his small martial arts school in southern California, leaving a judo class of tiny children under the control of a teenager.

“Here it is.” He showed me a folded-up, huge mountain of chain link, its fence posts full of collapsible hinges. “This is my octagon, my cage. A few nights a week I rent it out to a bar or a club, sometimes to a group of guys, to parties, whatever, for fights.” Tangled red streamers lay piled up beside the cage. The metallic heap barely fits on the back of K’s Chevy truck, and he flies pennants to alert other drivers of the super-sized load.

“That cage has made me a lot of money.”



"Do you organize some fights?" I ask.

"Sometimes. We have the kids fight in here at fairs and promo events. But that is strictly clean sport judo or jujutsu. What an attraction! I organize some fight nights at bars. There are college fight nights. I referee them. Ever see the strongman fights on FOX TV? They are like those. They get crazy too! You can get sued. But at some parties and parking lot fights behind bars, we just set it up, the cage, and get the hell out of there. Sometimes when we come back to collapse the cage the next morning and haul it off, we see plenty of bloodstains, and teeth! We have seen lots of teeth on the ground, and ripped clothes. No telling what went on, and I don't want to know."

"Do you ever fight?" I asked.

"Use to fight, but I am 51 years old, and that's too old. I still have all my teeth. I use to fight bare-knuckle karate tournaments in the '70's and I still have my teeth."

"Are there any differences between the bare-knuckle karate and these back room or cage fights today?" I ask.

"They were tough. The classes were tough. People got hurt. People threw up. In the tournaments you were supposed to control the contact, and we did a good job, unless it was a big title fight in the circuit, or a grudge match. And these grudge matches were no trumped up WWF stuff. They were real. There were circuits all over. Detroit, Dallas, New York. L.A. Big cities. Once in a while you would travel to another circuit. Lots of the old timers, guys like Chuck Norris - very tough, and Joe Lewis, those guys. They meant business and kept the ambulances running. Old karate and "jujitz" were very tough back then. Today it's all kid stuff. But in those tournaments, you didn't go down unless you were knocked down. Then they stomped on you or bent over and power punched you. No ground fighting like today. Yeah, the karate of the '60's and early '70's were a lot like these cage fights, just no wrestling, that was for the Judo matches."

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Dr. Robert Parker, a Columbia psychiatrist and martial artist had an armful of books and his dry cleaning when I caught up with him on the parking lot of one his group clinic sites. Having written in a *New York Times* op-ed piece on violence and teens, I coaxed the sociologist into arriving early for one of his appointments so he could render an opinion on the sub-

ject of these macho battles.

"These young men are venting," the doctor told me as his group session members congregated in the room beside us. "Our society leaves few opportunities to become a hero or test manhood. You have crime, sports, policing or the armed forces for example, where a young man, brimming with testosterone might leave his mark, but few opportunities arise where a man may win recognition and the approval of his tribe. Few will commit to the causes involved with war and police work. They just want to fight. And to many, boxing is entirely too tame."

I wondered what kind of tribal ritual I would see back in New York that Friday night.

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I felt like a bit player in a gangster movie as I knocked on the school door where the fights were schedule to take place. Rolls of butcher paper taped to the front windows restricted the normal view inside. Projected shadows rippled across

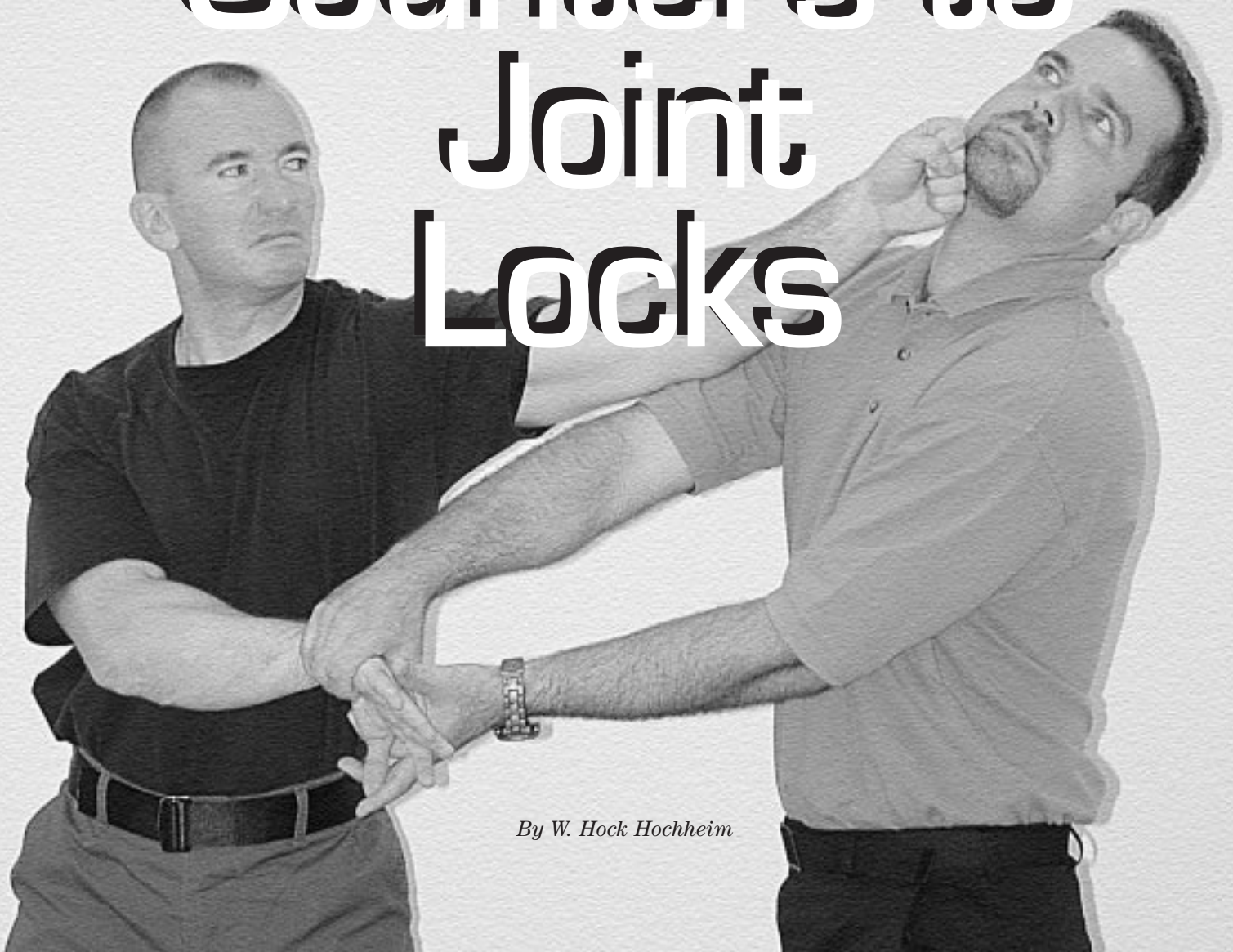
the paper like a makeshift movie screen. I tried the door handle only to discover someone had thrown the door lock. Momentarily, the door cracked open to reveal an eyeball and a raised eyebrow.

"I'm here with Drix and Big Will?" I say in a half question. The password works, and the door opens for my entry. Conversation rumbles among the 27 people I count as I enter. Sixteen white, 7 Hispanic and 4 black. All seem like college chums, all brothers in the cause that supersedes racism. Four roll on the floor demonstrating what appear to be solutions to wrestling holds. Others listen intently as the tricks are passed about. Two coolers containing beer, water and soda sit against the wall, intermixed with several big gym bags and backpacks.

Somewhere, a boom box plays rap music. Several members near the door greet me as if I am a member of a secret society. I don't see Drix or Big Will. I get a beer, then mingle with and study this unusual crowd. The oldest looks about 40-

...continued on page 40

# Counters to Joint Locks



*By W. Hock Hochheim*

In 23 years of police work and over 1,300 arrests in South Korea, Oklahoma and Texas, I engaged in many confrontations, ranging from full-blown, knockdown, drag-out fights to manhandling passive resistors. To augment this experience, I practiced in several martial arts systems since 1973, giving me the chance to experiment with the true effects of what many call joint-locks.

Through this training and experience, I surmised two basic groupings of locks, one smaller collection I call, **go-to-jail locks** and the second larger group, **transition locks**. The **go-to-jail locks** are the rare few most likely to wrap up the enemy and

best ensure a transition into handcuffs, transport to the jailhouse, or any definition of custody you might need. But most locks constitute short transitional pieces, designed to move and shock the opponent from one position into a better position, which might eventually become a go-to-jail lock or a takedown or throw. Martial artists, police officers, and now recently the military study such joint locks.

Make a list of all your locks and place them in one of these two categories because a consummate fighter must realize that working knowledge and savvy are important. However, the focus of this study is not about the execution of locks but

rather the less scrutinized and rarely organized project, counter-strategies and escapes.

## **The Cement Principle**

After establishing these two groupings of locks, countering locks should break down into three collections, **early-phase**, **mid-phase** and **late-phase** problem solving, as best exemplified by the *drying cement model*. If you put your foot in and out of wet cement, it gets messy but easy to remove like the early phase counter. If you put your foot in and leave it a bit longer, the cement grows harder and you have a mid-





In the early-phase, blast back out of the grip. ▲

phase predicament. If you allow the lock to set, like leaving your foot in dry cement – you have a late-phase problem. Virtually, you may problem-solve any lock counter using this three-phase outline structure.

### The Pain Principle vs. the Skeletal Principle

Despite decades of training that categorized joint locks into the study of pain compliance, I learned one important fact from police work. You cannot classify joint locks completely on the degree of pain they cause. In combat, the subject's clothing, sweat, jewelry, a mix of adrenaline and an individual's pain tolerance level severely limits the use of sheer pain as a base. In sterile classroom practice, our friends react individually and accordingly to the amount of pain we crank on them, often giving us a false sense of security. Joint locking really works more on the structural weaknesses of our skeleton system, the true target of joint locking! The truth lies beneath the flesh. Pain represents nature's way of telling a guy, "Watch out! Someone cranked your wrist into an extremely weak position!" In fact, if you expertly throw someone using a joint lock along the way, you will quite likely dump him before he registers a full level of pain. It's much more about the skeleton! When you twist the lug nut off the wheel with a crowbar, the lug nut comes free, not because of pain, but rather pure leverage.

The enforcement training movement represents a small but groundbreaking law, based in political correctness that shuns the old term *pain compliance* because they fear using the word pain might bolster abuse lawsuits. Any new term other than *pain* seems preferable. In an abstract way, this concept benefits the trainer because it inadvertently takes the emphasis off pain and puts it back on control, back on manipulation of the skeletal structure. So police administrators, in their timid, never-ending paranoia for once actually re-define the approach in a better way.



▲ The enemy gets a "center" or "V" or "S" lock on you. You slap release and counter attack.



▲ Strike the enemy's face in all three phases.



▲ To escape the figure four and underarm locks before they set, roll under in this unique manner.

## The Basic Counter Strategies

Make a list of all the joint locks and joint lock takedowns/throws and ground fighting you know, and then experiment countering all of them with the following list of techniques. Be creative!

### Strategy 1)

#### The Explosive Retraction Strategies

Any drunk in a bar, any knucklehead anywhere really, already possesses skill at this early-phase counter, and you do too. When you feel the bad guy seize your arms, yank free as hard as you can. Step back with the yank. Experiment with this against every lock possible.

### Strategy 2)

#### Slap Releases and Circular Release

For someone to joint-lock you, they must grab you. Another early to mid-phase counter strategy, slap off the grips on your person before the vice tightens. Working your arms in clockwise and counter-clockwise represents a tried and true way to escape a grip. Then add a slap and some dynamic explosive retraction!

### Strategy 3)

#### Striking and Kicking

Here's a novel idea. When someone starts to lock you up...suddenly punch or kick the hell out him! You will find through your experimentation, that some maneuvers respond perfectly to your counter strike and kick.

### Strategy 4)

#### Specific Problem Solving

Some locks place you in unique and awkward positions. Inside these positions you must find one-of-a-kind solutions on a case-by-case basis. Discover them through experimentation or learn them more quickly from an expert.

### Strategy 5)

#### Going Limp

We expect a certain amount of resistance on the part of the enemy to exercise our joint lock. Resistance becomes part of the overall execution. You may counter



▲ To escape the standing center lock before it sets, spin and strike. ►

many of the go-to-jail locks and transitory locks as your opponent sets them up by going completely limp. You may sometimes foil the best locks simply by sliding to the ground. Ask any cop wrestling a real drunk around about how slippery they may get! No resistance.

### Strategy 6)

#### Ground Fighting

I absolutely love about 60 percent of all ground fighting practiced today as it might relate to real world combat. Only the brainwashed and foolhardy believe that going to the ground constitutes their one mission in a fight, regardless of strength, size, terrain and enemy weapons. However, one solid time to plunge to lower heights is during a late-phase counter to a joint lock. Keep in mind that many standup locks are meant to drive you down on the ground anyway to the enemy's advantage – such as slamming you face down. During the late-phase, right before your opponent dumps you where he wants you, drop to your side or on your back first! Not only does this confound your attacker, but it also may free you from the pressures of the lock. When you hit the floor in a position that YOU want, starting kicking, rolling away and fight like hell!

### Strategy 7)

#### The Next Level: Counters to the Counters

You want to dominate this fight? Make your joint locks work? In a perfect world here is the equation:

- 1) Strike the head. Stun the brain. All the counters stored up in the enemy's head and muscle memory may turn to mush.
- 2) Execute your joint locks quickly, efficiently and ruthlessly.





3) Practice lock flows to create muscle memory to intercept the escapes.

### Fighting through and Past the Pain

Of all the points regarding joint locks, this is the most important. On the battlefield, in life and death combat, when everything is at risk, a true warrior will fight through the pain of the gunshot, the knife wound, and these now media famous, submission-based joint locks if at all possible. Where sport men train to “tap-out” and say, “ouch, you got me,” the real warrior must pummel on through the pain, to save his life. Look around the emergency rooms and battlefield hospitals of crime and war and bear witness to the heroes who fought through the pain of broken bones and bodies to win and survive. Perhaps this trait, this indomitable spirit, is the greatest counter of all. ☛



▲ To escape the arm bar, dive between the legs.



▲ To escape a late-phase basic wristlock, sometimes you may drop and kick.



▲ Escape the heel hook! Fight through the pain!



# “Such is Life.”

## *The Last Gunfight of Ned Kelly*

*By Glenn Zwiery*

**B**onnie and Clyde. Al Capone. Robin Hood. Every nation has its legendary bandits, the anti-hero that haunts the psyche of a society's consciousness in a strange love/hate relationship. Bushranger, a romanticized term unique in Australia, describes a group of traveling outlaws who rape, rob and pillage to survive. In Australia, the infamous outlaw Ned Kelly more than earned the title.

Decades ago, Rocker Mick Jagger played Ned in a fictionalized movie that cut a meager path around the world. While the movie failed to make pulses race, the real Kelly stopped many a heart during his illustrious career. Throughout his short life Kelly pitted himself against corrupt police and government officials and, as a result, his crimes like those of Robin Hood, appealed to the commoner and earned their empathy. He frequently lectured victims he kidnapped about the woes and evils of the authorities. Kelly's personally designed, metal, bulletproof helmet and suit added to his mystique. But Kelly's last stand at Glenrowan, probably fired the imagination of Australians the most and cemented Kelly as a legend for all time.

Born in 1854 in Wallan, Australia, Kelly grew up as delinquent, petty criminal and graduated to a full fledged felon and a murderer early in life. Kelly aspired to head a small army and wreak havoc across northeastern Victoria. Eventually, if things went well, he planned to lead a civil uprising.

In June of 1880, Kelly decided to rest, hide and plot this adventure at the declining city of Glenrowan. Upon arriving, he quickly commandeered Ann Jones's Glenrowan Inn, little more than a simple iron-roofed weatherboard hut with a verandah in front and a slab at the rear, located adjacent to the Glenrowan railway platform.

It proved a likely spot because part of Kelly's mission involved derailing the police train that transported police officers to his crime scenes and frequently confounded his plans. To accomplish this, Kelly planned to remove a section of the track on the Wangaratta side of the platform and thus derail the police train after it passed through Glenrowan, making it vulnerable to ambush.



*A small museum in Glenrowan displays Ned Kelly body armor.*

The day of the planned attack arrived, and the gang gathered their protective armour forged in an improvised bush forge from mould boards and ploughshares pur-



loined from, or willingly donated by, local farmers. A group of nearly 800 armed supporters rallied behind Kelly and his gang who

planned to battle it out with the police and take all survivors hostage. In addition, Ned forced a gang of railway workers in the vicinity of the hotel to tear up a section of the railway line to the north of the Glenrowan platform. The train was only 12 hours away...

At the Glenrowan Inn toward evening about 60 people waited with mounting apprehension. In the hills above the town, an additional number of armed supporters waited with growing frustration for a prearranged signal for them to join the battle. A festive air prevailed at the inn that Sunday as the party consumed vast quantities of liquor, listen to music and improvised dances to entertain themselves. The Kelly gang sensed little antipathy toward them. One of their prisoners, Thomas Curnow, the local schoolmaster, seemed particularly helpful. Kelly had captured Curnow during an earlier buggy ride and bailed [tied] him up alongside his wife and sister at the inn. Curnow informed Kelly of the whereabouts of the local policeman, Constable Bracken, and warned him the local stationmaster possessed a loaded gun. As a result, Kelly and his band quickly snatched Bracken.

As midnight passed and the alcohol ran out, a sense of foreboding fell upon Kelly, and he considered abandoning the train attack. This change of heart may have contributed to his ill-fated decision to

relent to Curnow's pleading to allow him to take his wife and sister home. But instead of taking the two women home as he promised, Curnow decided to warn the train. He quickly set out on foot heading south along the railway line holding his sister's red scarf in one hand and a lantern in the other.

At about three o'clock the police train approached Glenrowan and Curnow flagged it down and informed those on board that the Kelly gang waited in town. When the people at the inn heard the train approach, a scene of great confusion ensued. As the gang clambered into their cumbersome suits of armour, Constable Bracken escaped and dashed across to the station to arrive as the train pulled in. After the train lumbered to a stop, 10 policemen and six aborigine trackers disembarked with their horses. Five newspaper reporters followed.

As the police advanced on the now darkened inn, everyone inside lay down on the floor. The four-gang members came out on the verandah and opened fire on the police, which retaliated in kind. Early in the encounter bullets struck Ned Kelly in the left arm, and shortly after in the right foot where a bullet ripped through his big toe and came out at the ankle. Gang members Joe Bryne (wounded in the calf) Steve Hart and Ned's brother Dan retreated back inside the inn, where bullets ripped through the flimsy weatherboards with great intensity.

Inn owner Ann Jones's two children, 13-year-old Jack and 5-year-old Jane both sustained injuries. Jack mortally, in the stomach, and Jane, seriously but not fatally, in the head. Ned, despite his wounds, reached the back of the inn, where, armour and all, he mounted a horse and made off planning to join his supporters in the hills and regroup.

Nine police reinforcements arrived Sunday night with more on the way. By daybreak the next day more than 30 police formed a semicircle around the hotel and exchanged fire with the bushrangers. One Sergeant Steele in a frenzy, fired wildly at the building, until a threat from one of his own constables caused him to cease. A group of remaining hostages inside the inn

contrived to escape during the night, preferring to take their chances in the crossfire rather than remain inside. One, Mrs. Reardon a railway worker's wife, clutched her baby as she ran. A bullet passed through the shawl in which she wrapped the infant, narrowly missing the child. Her 19-year-old son was less fortunate. A police bullet cracked him in the shoulder and stopped just short of his heart, but he survived.

For some unknown reason, under fire Ned Kelly returned alone and used his gun to fight his way back inside just in time to see Joe Byrne receive a devastating wound to the groin and fall, writhing in agony. Kelly watched him die. Afterward he stumbled outside, and shot at police, until he eventually fell exhausted to the ground in a bush at the rear of the inn, out of range of the police guns. Meanwhile the battle raged on, between the police and the two remaining bushrangers.



Glenn stands near a giant statue of Ned on the roadside near Glenrowan.

As daylight of the second day broke Ned Kelly summoned new reserves and stumbled back into the fray, a revolver in his right hand, his left arm awash with blood. He might no doubt have escaped, but returned to help free his two surviving accomplices. Seeing Kelly for the first time in daylight, the police watched in amazement as a grotesque figure, its head encased in a metal cylinder with only a narrow slit for eyes and a coat draped over its heavy breastplate, advancing inexorably toward them. Bullets bounced off the armour, until two shots fired at Kelly's legs sent him reeling backward.

Police took Kelly to the railway station where his wounds were tended. By mid-morning all the remaining hostages, except one, an elderly man called Martin Cheny,

who sustained a stomach shot that eventually resulted in his death, were allowed to leave the inn. However, the fight continued. Frustrated by continued resistance, the constables decided to destroy the building and telegraphed Melbourne to request a cannon. However, by mid-afternoon, the shooting from inside had ceased, and they decided instead to burn it down. One of the police approached cautiously with bales of straw and a can of kerosene and set the inn alight. It quickly turned into a fiery blaze.

The cataclysmic scene brought nearly a century of Australian bushranging to an end. Kelly recovered from his wounds to stand trial before Sir Redmond Barry on 28 October 1880 charged with murder. The next day the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and Redmond imposed a sentence of death. After the judge pronounced his sentence, Kelly said, "I will see you there, where I go!"

Despite widespread appeals for mercy, they hanged Kelly at Melbourne on the morning of 11 November 1880. Ned's famous last words were, "Such is life."

Kelly's body, like those of several bushrangers before him, suffered desecration after death. As though he were some freak of nature, his head was cut off and subjected to phrenological examination. ☛

Glenn Zwiers owns World Emporium in Lilydale, Victoria Australia and is the SFC's chief instructor of Australia. Website: [emporium@alphalink.com.au](mailto:emporium@alphalink.com.au)

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# Police Blotter

By Police Chief Mike Gillette

## **Free Cops!**

In 1994, President Clinton pledged to put 100,000 new police officers on the street to reduce crime. Gore promised yet another 50,000. Six years after the first pledge, the program falls 40,000 officers short of its original goal.

Potsdam, Ohio is doing fine. Their chief worked overtime on *all* possible grants and allocations, and in theory it is the most tightly patrolled city in America. The tiny village northwest of Dayton averages one officer per every 35 residents (the average 1 per 400 residents). "We don't live here so we could live like we are under martial law!" complained one resident.

Cash poor (huh?) Beverly Hills, CA PD needed Uncle Bill's help and received more than \$554,000 in COPS cash. Minnesota hired officers basically to tell Vietnamese immigrants how many fish they could catch in the State's lakes. Illinois sent troopers to cut cornstalks. The catch? In many cases, as the grant phases out, the localities must phase in with local bucks.

## **Gun Control**

A study published in the August 1999 Journal of the American Medical Association found no difference in the homicide rate before and after the Brady Bill passed. The study compared 18 states and the District of Columbia with Brady-like regs already in place, with 32 states that implemented the 1994 Brady law. The investigation uncovered no difference in murder rates.

## **Paintball Injuries**

For many agencies training with paintball guns has become a learning experience. Officers beware! Eye injuries are skyrocketing. The required helmet and face mask is the best defense (much "backyard" play goes on without it!), but Dr. Steven Schwartz, an ophthalmology professor at the University of California, reported over one quarter of the annual 2,000 eye injuries occurred when players removed their masks because it fogged up, to wipe off paint, or because they thought they were in a time-out zone.

## **Fingerprint Gun**

It's a cold and rainy night. The driver of the vehicle you stop is a felon. After standing in the rain for a moment, he suddenly goes for a gun. You go for yours. You pull the trigger. Silence. Nothing...but his gun works! Later, investigators look over the scene and find your

*The Squad Room, a place for briefings, training, coffee, war stories, station-house gossip, and ass-chewings...*

gun. It's called a "smart gun." It works only when the shooter has a special finger ring on, detectable by a series of high-tech electronics inside the pistol. Sounds great to keep the little kiddies safe...then it rained! And skeptics ask about electronic jammers that might shut all such weapons down? Of course manufacturers of these smart systems say they are fool and waterproof.

**WebPages to Check Out**

- US Department of Justice: [www.Usdoj.gov/](http://www.Usdoj.gov/)
- US Marshals Service: [www.Usdoj.gov/marshals/](http://www.Usdoj.gov/marshals/)
- US Customs: [www.Customs.treas.gov/](http://www.Customs.treas.gov/)
- US Secret Service: [www.Ustreas.gov/uss](http://www.Ustreas.gov/uss)
- Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms: [www.atf.Treas.gov/](http://www.atf.Treas.gov/)
- Federal Bureau of Prisons: [www.Bop.gov/](http://www.Bop.gov/)
- Central Intelligence Agency: [www.Odc.gov/](http://www.Odc.gov/)
- Drug Enforcement Administration: [www.Usdoj.gov/dea/](http://www.Usdoj.gov/dea/)
- FBI: [www.Fbi.gov/homepage.htm](http://www.Fbi.gov/homepage.htm)
- Fedworld: [www.fedword.gov/](http://www.fedword.gov/)
- FEMA: [www.Fema.gov/](http://www.Fema.gov/)
- Federal Law Enforcement Training Center: [www.Ustreas.gov/fletc/](http://www.Ustreas.gov/fletc/)
- United States Postal Inspection Service: [www.Framed.usps.com/postalinspectors](http://www.Framed.usps.com/postalinspectors)
- National Organization Justice Reference Service: [www.Ncjrs.org/](http://www.Ncjrs.org/)



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**Texas Cure for Choking**

*Two Texas State Police walk into a restaurant to wash the trail dust from their throats. They sit at the counter drinking their coffee and talking quietly about cattle theft, draught, shoot-outs and the whereabouts of Anne Richards. Suddenly, a woman at the table behind them begins to cough. After a minute or so, it becomes apparent that she is in real distress. The troopers turn to look at her.*

*"Kin ya swaller?" asks one of the troops. The woman shakes her head, no.*

*"Kin ya breathe?" asks the other. The woman, beginning to turn blue, shakes her head again to the negative.*

*The first trooper walks over to her, lifts up the back of her skirt, yanks down her panties and slowly runs his tongue from the back of her thigh up to the small of her back. This shocks the woman to the point that with a violent spasm the obstruction flies out of her mouth, and she begins to breathe again. The trooper slowly walks back to the counter, sits down and sips his hot coffee.*

*His partner says, "Ya know, I'd heard of that there hind lick maneuver, but I never seen anybody do it."*



# True Paramedic Stories

## Scoop and Run *By David "Smitty" Smith*

Paramedic crews encounter situations beyond the scope of field medical work. In these situations they use the SST protocol which is, "spinal stabilization and transport" known in the field as "Scoop and Run." Don't know what to do? Can't do anything? SST! Medics don't often talk to outsiders about the times they get in over their heads, or when shit hits the fan causing them to scoop up the patient and run to the ER. However Murphy rules, and things often go wrong. As one of the better ER docs once told me, "why do you think they call it emergency medicine?"

My objective in writing this column is to share some of the experiences that have shaped me as a paramedic, a martial artist and as a person. I cannot recall all the times my Judo training saved my partner and me. Rule number one, the prime directive of emergency care, is, "do no further harm." This is one of the most memorable times I violated that directive.

My partner, Joe and I were dispatched to a violent 5150—that is a psych patient to be taken to County Mental Health. We arrived first before the sheriff's department and the local volunteer firemen, which on a violent call always presents a problem. No matter who is there, you are, "the government," and you're, "here to help." Upon arrival we found a huge 270 lb. almost naked man running around in the front yard in verbal combat with an unseen foe. An invisible man. Sometimes he won, sometimes he lost, we judged from the gyrations.

I kept an eye on the guy while Joe interviewed the family.

"He just lost it man," one relative told my partner.

Meanwhile I tried to coax the guy into the ambulance, to no avail. It became me and the invisible man against him.

"Hey Joe, get the gurney and some Kerlix," I told my partner, "We are going to have to restrain him."

"Okay," he replies and heads off to the rig.

Just about then the guy tries to bolt off. I intercept him by getting right in his face.

"Man this SOB is huge," I think to myself looking up at his face and straining my neck to look at him shoulder-to-shoulder. He stands there like Superman, arms akimbo on his hips. Before I have the chance to dwell more on the size of the guy's biceps, he roars and throws a haymaker at my head with a right hamcock the textbook would label a fist. I block with an open hand and quell the temptation to smash his face with my palm. Instead, I notice his left arm, at his waist, still with his elbow bent out arms akimbo like Superman.

I hook his bent arm, and turn it into what is called the hammerlock, bending his arm behind his back. Then I slam it on tight for all I am worth.

"I have this SOB now," I think to myself as he struggles but can't free himself from my control. Then the guy gets real horsy, bucking up like a bronco with me on him.

"Hurry up Joe, I don't know how long I can hold this guy," I yell.

Then, like a flash, he stands straight up, right against the arm lock. Crack...his arm breaks just above the elbow. I step



back shocked and surprised. He looks at me then takes another swing at me, but this time with the broken arm! It swings at the shoulder limp and unnatural. I easily avoid it but barely hold down the desire to puke all over the guy. His arm flails at inhuman angles like a wet noodle. Then he swings the good one, and I pass it and get behind him sinking in a good old naked choke – my arm wrapped around his neck.

Joe arrived just as the guy blacked out. We tossed him on the gurney and restrained him with the Kerlix. Then we splinted his badly broken arm.

"What happened" Joe asked.

"Goddamn PCP is what happened, that armlock didn't hurt him a bit, neither did that broken arm, well at least not for now."

That was when I first realized there are two rules in the paramedic prime directives:

**Rule 1)** Do not allow yourself or other care providers to be harmed while attempting to help others.

**Rule 2)** Do no further harm to the patient, as long as they don't violate rule number one. ☺

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# True Cop Stories

## Smoking Gun

**Editor's Note:** A cop since 1982, author Gina Gallo has 'walked the walk' in uniform and undercover through Chicago's touch inner-city West Side. Guns, gangs, narcotics, and prostitutes are all part of the business du jour in Gallo's world, re-created here in searing images. In the following excerpt condensed for **CQCMag**, we pick up Gina as she goes undercover to bust a demonic gun dealer.

By Gina Gallo



Gina Gallo has 'walked the walk' in uniform and undercover.

After six months of hard work, surveillance and intelligence gathering, my partner Phil had established a fragile relationship with the Insane Gangster Demons, a particularly vicious North Side gang. Posing as an eccentric Puerto Rican pimp and gangster, Phil was able to arrange a meeting with the middlemen of a notorious Jamaican gun dealer.

Affecting the accent he'd spent weeks perfecting, he told them he was in the market for sub-machine guns, preferably a compact design that featured sound suppressors and laser sights. He wanted one hundred of them, he said, as well as a couple crates of LAW rockets (anti-tank weapons) if the price was right. The mediators were impressed.

After a few more meetings and much negotiation, a bargain was struck. For the agreed price, Phil would have his weapons. But he wanted more. A transaction of this magnitude, he told them, meant that he should be treated with respect. And respect meant he would be allowed to deal with the main man instead of the flunkies. More meetings and negotiations, and finally, an agreement. Phil could meet the main man, if he brought him his best whore as a business perk, an act of good faith. Sometimes it paid to mix business with pleasure.

Phil was quick to agree. His bitches were the best, he assured them, personally trained by him to please a man in every way. He'd be happy to bring one. (He was also bringing six other people, in the form of Gangs Unit back-up teams, but he figured he'd save that surprise until later.) It was a risky set-up, but if it worked, we'd bring down one of the biggest gun suppliers in the country. If it didn't ... we chose not to think about that possibility.

On the night of the big meet, Phil was decked out in a pastel linen pimp's suit and

an elaborate Panama hat. He'd purposely cultivated a pencil thin mustache to complement the look, and with his natural olive skin, courtesy of his Mexican heritage, he definitely could pull it off.

As his selected "whore" and primary backup, I had other problems. As a fair-skinned redhead, I'd never pass for a Hispanic tart. A black wig would work, but how could I conceal a Beretta 9 mm in a dress that was nothing more than an ambitious belt? Concealing a weapon is always hard when you're undercover, but the only place I had to hide a gun with this particular outfit would have required surgery to remove it. I decided, finally, to go for the Gothic Punk look, heavy on the leather and studded dog collar. Which meant that high leather boots would complete the look and conceal my weapon.

*In our years of working together, we'd perfected the art of silent communication.*

I barely recognized myself. Black rimmed eyes, wild black wig that curled down my back like a punk Medusa. Torn fishnet stockings, a scrap of a red leather dress and a stick-on Scorpion tattoo. In this outfit, no one would make me for a cop.

When our car stopped at the designated address, the street people melted back into the darkness, but only until they saw the strutting pimp and his wild-haired whore step onto the sidewalk. It was just two more like them, nothing to worry about.

Entering the building's filthy vestibule, we gagged. The stench of filth, urine and steeping garbage was overwhelming. Before pressing the second floor apartment's cracked buzzer, Phil slid his Browning automatic to the back of his

waistband. "We're up there 15 minutes," he whispered. "Then our second team comes up. The third and fourth teams will cover the outside." I glanced up toward the dim stairwell.

"How many up there?"

"Four. The big guy and his three goons. He travels light."

"You hope." Already my knees were starting to shake.

"I know. He just wants to collect his money and get some ass." He glanced pointedly at my shrink-wrapped outfit as he pressed the buzzer. "Just strut around for him, let him think he's gonna get lucky. There should be no reason to go for your gun. Let them believe we're here to party. Fifteen minutes later, we'll have 'em all in handcuffs."

Heavy footsteps from somewhere above us began their descent. When I saw the body attached to those feet, I began to pray for a miracle. We'd need one if we were going to make it out of this alive.

The man who greeted us was dressed in black-voluminous, flowing fabric large enough to be an airplane tarp. His close-set eyes were glazed, indicating a recent close encounter of the narcotic kind. And they moved over me, from lips to breast and lower, like greedy sucking leeches. His evil grin featured two gold teeth that glowed like high-beams, showing little mirth and even less welcome.

"Dis da bitch?" he asked Phil in a singsong Jamaican accent. His tongue slid like a fat slug over thick dried lips.

Phil's voice slipped effortlessly into an island accent worthy of San Juan. "This girl, Melvin, she gonna blow your mind! She know how to do you right. This one could jump-start a dead man!" Joining in the



man's lewd laughter, Phil winked and nudged him companionably. A seemingly casual move that told him Melvin wore no sidearms.

With sweat dripping down his face, Melvin nodded. His eyes never left my breasts. Nodding to the stairs, he motioned us forward. As I slipped past him, he leaned over, sniffing like a dog. "Save some of that for me," he growled, splashing sweat on my bare shoulder. The man was huge-big enough to freelance as a large appliance. I shuddered. It was going to be a very long 15 minutes.

Upstairs, we discovered there were three of them, three large men with the dull-eyed expressions of the simple-minded or the very stoned. These were the mediators, the same men Phil had met with over the past months. Their clothes were wrinkled and filthy, reeking of body odor that was nearly over-powered by the stench of the garbage heaped around the room. A single lamp lit the room, barely, casting murky shadows where roaches skittered and feasted on the food remnants that littered the floor. The bathroom, with its soiled floor, indicated that the plumbing was not in working order, and the men had obviously found a way to make do with a substitute "facility"-in this case, a stained and sodden bare mattress slung into a corner.

In the center of the room, a small folding table held the "party refreshments": a mound of cocaine on a dusty mirror, a glass-tubed pipe, a fat plastic bag of marijuana, and enough cheap wine for a good head start on cirrhosis. The air was filled with smoke, fetid enough to have us breathing through our mouths.

Stepping carefully over a puddle of someone's recycled dinner, I surveyed the room. It was small, with no furniture other than a few folding chairs and the table. The adjoining kitchen area was little more than a galley with a rusty sink and a narrow, greasy stove. The tiny counter held an old, triple beam drug scale, and a quantity of plastic bags sized for quick street sales. Probably a little narcotics sideline the three goons dabbled in to while away the time between weapons deliveries.

There were no other rooms or closets, no visible cases of weapons. And no Mr. BIG, unless he was a dwarf who'd chosen to hide in the greasy oven. I could hear my partner talking to the men, inquiring about his gun purchase.

One of the men gestured expansively toward the table.

"Ya wanna smoke, mon? Some blow? It's de finest. Or some a dis wine?" Breathing heavily, he settled his considerable girth into a folding chair. The butt of a gun protruded from his waistband, nearly eclipsed by his belly. Leering, he wagged his tongue at me. "C'mon over here, Sweet Thing. I'll get you loosened up, help you relax."

I glanced at my partner. In our years of working together, we'd perfected the art of silent communication. One glance was all it took to tell him the deal was queered. His eyes flashed, briefly, but he smiled at the

looming men.

"Business before pleasure, my man. Why don't we take care of my deal first?" There was nothing to do now but play the role and wait for backup. Leaning back in his chair, Phil glanced around the room. "And where's the man, Bro'? I thought you said he'd be here."

"You got de money, mon?" Melvin paused over his second line of coke. "I'll take de money right now."

A sticky situation, considering Phil had no money. But they didn't have the weapons, so either way, we'd have to do some fancy dancing. At least 15 minutes worth.



"You'll get the money when I get my shipment," Phil bluffed. "And when I meet the man."

One of the other men belched, tossed his empty wine bottle on the floor. "It ain't like you got a choice, mon," he told Phil. "You give us the money, you give us the bitch. And you get the hell out." Like a black behemoth, he rose and lumbered over to the mattress in the corner. "You don't wanna play by our rules; you lose." Smiling madly, he leaned over to flick aside the mattress. More roaches scattered, and a few mice that had been feasting on the body that lay beneath it. The body of a man who had been dead for days, now gray and gutted like a rotting fish. The black hole at center mass meant a shotgun blast at close range-a swift end for a dissatisfied customer.

Melvin was standing now, absently toying with a stiletto that protruded from his meaty paw. The other two men had gun bores trained on my partner. "We can all be friends," one of them crooned. "Just give us de money. Den we can all party wit' de girl."

I wish I could tell you that's when our back-up came crashing in, and the good guys prevailed. That would've been the perfect Hollywood ending. But that's not the way it happened. When the first shots spat

out from the Jamaican's gun, Phil dived for cover in a room where there was none. Rolling on the filthy floor, he grabbed for the mattress while I kicked over the drug table. It was a diversionary tactic none of them expected. I was the whore, the brainless bimbo provided solely for their pleasure.

Grabbing for the gun in my boot, I hoped desperately that the pleasure would be mine.

The table struck the first man, and threw up a screen of flying drugs that obscured visibility in the hazy room. More gun blasts, the rising smell of smoke and cordite, and finally, blood. By the time our backup team kicked down the door, three people were shot, two were dead. One of them was my partner.

There are no words to describe the moments that followed, nothing that could begin to describe the horror. Even the sight of Melvin, slumped against the wall and drooling blood from the .45 caliber hole in his forehead, did little to assuage the pain. Two squadrols were summoned, one for prisoner transport, the other to carry the dead.

I stayed with Phil as his blood pumped through that ridiculous pimp's suit, held him long after he was gone. And swore that I'd had enough, that I was throwing in the towel that very night. They could have my badge and all the heartbreak that went with it. I wasn't aware that I'd been shot, that my blood mixed with Phil's in those final moments. I'd been lucky. It was a channel wound, a light skimming crease along the skin of my thigh. Not enough to kill me, but enough to leave a scar, and the memory.

I don't remember who took me away, only the rush of other gang officers who converged on the scene. They covered my partner and carried me down the stairs, but outside, I struggled away from them, demanded to stand and wait until Phil was taken away. An ambulance pulled up, next to the squad car that held the two handcuffed goons. As the Paramedics helped me inside, one of the goons said, "That's some kinda bitch! Even tho she Five-O. I still like to get me a piece of that!"

"Then take a good look at that ass," the Cop advised before slamming the door. "Cuz that's as close to it as you'll ever get!"

In the movies, the good guys live to fight another day. In real life, one of them was delivered to the morgue. In the movies, the bad guys get what's coming to them. In this particular incident, they got the kind of slick, fast-talking lawyer that mountains of drug money can buy, and greased the wheels of justice. The two surviving goons went to trial, claiming entrapment and evidence tampering. A year later, they were back on the street.

And every time I look at the white-ridged scar on my leg, I think of Phil and the pain, and the job I vowed to quit years ago. And then I go to work and do it all over again, because I'm a cop. That's what we do. ☛

To purchase a copy of Gina Gallo's *Crime Scenes*, call Blue Murder Press (503) 944-6682. \$14.95



# Battlefield Diary

## Good to Go

*This issue we take a look at a combat segment from **Good To Go**, by retired Navy SEAL Harry Constance and Randell Fuerst, published by Morrow. Picking one segment over another in what is said by many to be the best Navy Seal book, hell the best non-fiction military book to be found anywhere is a real chore. This is the best of the best. If you can find this book, buy it now because it will not be reprinted due to some delicate information that forced Morrow to shut production down. Hardcover and paperbacks are still on the shelf. Here with the permission of Morrow, is a brief, abridged segment from **Good to Go**. We pick up Harry as he is about to make a midnight raid in N. Vietnam.*

— **Hock**

I lobbed the two grenades into the house and started to run. BOOOM! BOOOM! The earth shook. Immediately, more people were screaming and shouting. I don't know if I killed anyone—I probably did—but it sure livened things up. I sprinted away, abandoning any pretense of stealth.

Guns started going off. Then more guns, and then still more. Guns to the right, to the left, in front of and behind us—all over! There were people coming out of the woodwork, all with guns. The tree line was abuzz with activity. Tracers flew in multiple directions—literally from all over. A healthy sense of fear began welling up in the pit of my stomach. All I could think was, “This is it, man. This is the end. In less than a week, first Fraley,

now us. Damn it all!”

I rejoined the team, and still we ran farther and farther into this dry, barren rice paddy.

Unexpectedly, we came upon a bomb crater. We all piled in, grateful for the momentary respite. Even more pleasing was the fact there was water at the bottom. While we didn't dare drink it, it was so refreshing to splash all over us. It helped get our temperatures down. Our chests heaving, we attempted to regroup and assess our predicament. When we were running as fast as we could with our back to the enemy, all we could do was hope we weren't going to be the recipient of a bullet in the

back.

I started taking stuff off, my jacket, my shirt, all my military hardware. My breathing became somewhat less labored. I lined up my bullets so they could be readily fed into my Stoner with as little disruption as possible. An assault on our position was imminent. The stark reality was that, come morning, they would see us and overrun us easily.

We were five SEALs and one Vietnamese guide, for a total of six. Riojas worked feverishly to get the radio to work. It was our only hope. I didn't know how far it was to the river where we were dropped off, but we had been going the wrong way for the last two hours. The next major waterway was the ocean, and it was quite a

ways away, perhaps 10 or more miles. Helicopter extraction was the only way out, unless we could break back through the enemy lines in the direction from which we'd just come.

The Vietnamese guide's eyes were wide with fear. All he could tell us, once we had gotten him to calm down, was that we had just attacked a main force VC battalion. Estimated strength, 300 people. They were full-time soldiers, trained by the NVA. We had just hit 300 of them, and they were obviously upset.

We hunkered down in a crater six to seven feet deep and 10 feet in diameter. All of a sudden, Ashton gasped in disbelief.

“Look at that. You guys, look at this!” he said. He was no longer whispering.





I stood up and my jaw dropped. “Holy crap! There must be 200 of them! These are bad odds!”

In the eerie, predawn hours, it was almost surrealistic to watch your enemy silently moving in your direction, about to unleash a lethal amount of violence at you.

Good thing we have that element of surprise! I thought wryly.

“If you ever have five of you fixing to take on 200, – an important safety tip—have an awful lot of bullets!” we all whined. But, rather than an emotional, “woe is me, we’re not going to make it” sobbing, everyone whined in a funny, dry sense of humor, sort of way. “They had better start lining up. I don’t have enough bullets!”

Pete looked at us with as stern a look as he could muster. “Let’s ambush ‘em!”

“Yeah, right. Like they don’t know we’re here!” came the reply.

Very quickly, a glimmer of good fortune emerged. We were positioned in a 360-degree circle so as to best be able to fend off a multi-pronged attack. Fortunately, they were bunched together, with the majority of soldiers standing within no more than a 30- to 40-degree arc.

To my immediate right was the M79 man, Jack Rowell, getting his gun set and ready to fire. To his right were Ashton and Pete. We were as set as we were going to be.

To our astonishment, we could not script their onslaught to be any more of a tactical blunder than it was! We were almost laughing. Not quite, but almost.

*Okay, bunch up you guys! Good. Now, stand shoulder to shoulder. Good. Hum. We need to make you stand out so that we can aim better. Yeah, that’s it. Yes. Have every other man wear a white shirt. Good. See how much better that is? You reflect so much better that way! Let’s see, it sure would be nice if the full moon would break through. Hey! Good! Now you all are casting a serious shadow. Way to go! Now, walk real slow so we SEALs will have time to prepare.*

And that was what they did. Rather than breaking into groups of 40 or 50 and attacking from all sides, in a hammer-and-anvil tactic, they bunched together.

Soon, they were 200 yards away. “Let’s open up,” I suggested to Pete.

“You got extra bullets? Hang on. We’re gonna let ‘em get close enough so we can try for a few two-for-one specials!”

Pete looked at the M79 man. “Jack,

***Unfortunately,  
what were the  
odds we could  
crawl 300 meters  
without being  
seen, jump up,  
and not have  
someone right in  
front of us?***

d’ you have any Willie Pete in there?”

“Well, no. I have one Willie Pete, but mostly HE.”

“One will do. I want you to set up to fire the Willie Pete as our first round. Shoot it for the back of the group.”

“Can do, sir.”

“Okay. On my mark.” Pete was counting down as the VC were now at little more than 100 yards away. At this distance, even if they panicked, should they run at us we’d be overrun.

“All right, you sonsabitches, you’re SEALs. Let’s see what bad asses you are! Open up.”

With that, we unleashed a torrent of violence upon the enemy. The Willie Pete was placed perfectly behind the approaching Viet Cong. Landing, it made a lot of noise, exploding like a Roman candle, almost giving the

appearance of a mortar round. By shooting behind them, Pete was attempting to create tactical confusion by establishing an illusion as to where we were and the enormity of our firepower. *Dunk!* The sound of the Willie Pete even sounded like a mortar. Sure enough! They paused and stopped for a second. The white phosphorus of the Willie Pete was really pretty to watch as it went off in the middle of the night. *Booom!*

I opened up. My sights were fixed on one, then another, then another and another. I was almost surgically exacting with my sights and close proximity. The battle raged. After what seemed like just moments, the VC turned and ran. They couldn’t run 300 to 400 yards very quickly. We picked them apart. They zigzagged back and forth in their attempts to get away. Some hit the deck.

Round one was over. We couldn’t get too excited, though. At the most, it bought us time. We started to play games with them. It had started at one a.m. We continued to play cat and mouse for the next three hours. They sent out one group after another, and we shot them up. By now, the M16s were out of ammo, the M79 grenade launcher was out of ammo, the shotguns were out of ammo, and Pete’s M16-203 was out of ammo. Our Vietnamese scout was out of bullets, as well. The only ones with bullets left were myself and Fred Keener.

“Fred, how many rounds do you have left?” I asked.

“I’ve got 50 rounds left. How many’ve you got left?”

“Let me count them,” I replied, sliding down from the perch where I had my Stoner positioned. “I have 75 rounds left.”

With a gun that fires up to 900 rounds a minute, it was hard to get excited about an approximate five- to 10-second burst of ammunition. It was about the amount I normally used to shoot two guys.

The hardest decision a commander has to make was what Pete Peterson now faced. Not a word was spoken, but

there was a clear understanding of what was at stake. He made his decision. “Gentlemen, we are not going to be taken alive. We are not going to be captured, and you know what happens at daylight. There are a lot of pissed-off people in the tree line. Before daylight, we’re leaving!”

Riojas had the radio working weakly, but unfortunately, it didn’t have much range. We were able to call Gallagher’s team, but when we asked for help, we realized they were in worse shape than we were. Having taken a grenade that had wounded everybody but Roy Dean and Hooker, they were in dire need of assistance themselves.

“Look,” Riojas told Roy Dean, “when you guys get picked up, tell them where we are tonight. Roger?”

“We can hope. Over,” came his reply.

Pete intoned, “Here’s what we’re going to do, gentlemen. In roughly 45 minutes, the moon will set and it will be the darkest time we’ll have before daybreak. I want all of us to strip down to our T-shirt and swim trunks. We are going to belly-crawl to the tree line to the west there.” He pointed in a sweeping motion to the tree line on our left flank. “According to my map, inside that tree line 100 meters is a really nice canal. The tide’s running out. If you hit the canal, turn right. The water is heading out to the main river. Just take that canal to the main river and wait for one of our patrol boats to pick you up. What we’ll do is spread out, so by the time we’re at the tree line, we are approximately 50 yards apart. It is imperative, gentlemen, that we travel slowly. We should all arrive at the tree line at the same time. Then, at my mark, we will all stand up and run like hell. Any questions?”

We knew there were guys lying in the tree line with guns pointed in our



direction. Hopefully, some of us would break through and escape. Unfortunately, what were the odds we could crawl 300 meters without being seen, jump up, and not have someone right in front of us?

I thought for a moment. “Lieutenant, you know, I’ve always wondered why, when I was watching the old cowboy and Indian movies, when the Indians attacked the wagon train, were repulsed, regrouped, and then attacked again, why the cowboys didn’t go pick up the guns that were lying around the Indians they killed. Why don’t Keener and I crawl out with our knives and police up as many guns and ammunition as we can find? We could drag it back in here before we have to hit the tree line.”

“Good idea. Since we are leaving soon anyway, I don’t think that will be a problem. We can afford 10 minutes, tops.”

They’d been trying to hit us for several hours with a mortar. We would hear a *BaDouff*. Then, out in the field, the round would hit, *KaBlam!* They had what we figured was an 80-millimeter mortar. Whoever was working it was inexperienced. When they started, they were way off—perhaps 500 meters or so away. By now, the range had lessened to between 100 and 150 meters from us.

“All right, gentlemen, strip down. Leave your empty guns here.” I looked

at Keener. “What happens if they assault when we’re crawling out there? How do we play that?”

Keener looked at me and gave me a momentary grin. Matter-of-factly he laid an M26 grenade down between us. “This grenade’s for you and me, buddy. One holds it and the other one pulls the pin.”

“Man. The only thing that pisses me off is that some dumb-ass farmer is gonna get to kill me,” I said, exhaling slowly.

Somehow, it was all right to die at the hands of a “specialist,” but not all right to be killed by a reservist or main force VC. “Here some dirt farmer is going to get credit for toasting a SEAL.” Keener and the two of us started jumping up and down a jig. “We win! We win!”

“You can hear me? You can hear me?” Riojas erupted. “Hot damn!”

“Rios, d’you get somebody on the radio?” Keener blurted out.

Riojas looked up at us and nearly shouted, “Helo’s inbound! Helo’s inbound!”

We started laughing and clapping each other on the back. We were shouting and enjoying an unbelievable euphoric rush.

Sure enough three minutes later came the unmistakable *Pwop Pwop* from rotors of incoming helos.

“Yes,” I cheered, clenching my fist and bringing my arm downward in the universal physical expression of triumph.

“Do you want a cigarette?” asked Keener.

“Damn right I do.” I took the cigarette and lit it.

“What are you guys doing?” Pete asked.

I looked at Pete and grinned. “They know we are here. We just won.”

I grabbed Keener and the two of us started jumping up and down and dancing a jig. “We win! We win!” ☼





## Rambo for a Day

The US Military's Pentagon picked five winners from 3,355 entries in a "Fantasy Career in Today's Military" contest it ran with Yahoo to boost recruitment. Contestants wrote essays on why they wanted to experience thrills like breaking the sound barrier in an F-15 or parachuting with the Army's Golden Knights. For future contest's details go to [www.careers.yahoo.com/employment/fantasy/home](http://www.careers.yahoo.com/employment/fantasy/home).

## Laptop War Games

The US State Department offers a \$25,000 reward for the recovery of a missing laptop computer that disappeared from one of their 6th floor conference rooms. The laptop contained information on the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction as well as technologies for launching those weapons.

## New Zealand

### Where in the World are You?

Thought Australia was obscure and overlooked? While teaching a map course a Warrant Officer once commented on inherent problems and translations with maps. "One of the best places in a world war to be?" he proclaimed sarcastically! "New Zealand." Mapmakers often just can't squeeze it in. The officer explained that keeping countries and mileage in some semblance of scale, yet inside the confines of common size printed map constitutes a problem. "New Zealanders hope when the next evil empires plan their world domination... they'll use maps like these."

## Eats

About 7,100 military families hope to

# Scuttlebutt

receive extra spending money under the new Pentagon plan designed to get service members off food stamps.

## Corruption

A new website [www.MilitaryCorruption.com](http://www.MilitaryCorruption.com) has been funded by private investors and manned mostly by Vietnam vets. The site will focus on military allegations of cover-ups and crime.

## Books

Both Army General Eric Shinseki and Marine General James L. Jones have released a recommended reading list. You will find the Army list on page 36.



## Gone?

The US Army lost track of 900 million dollars worth of equipment in fiscal year 1998, according to the General Accounting Office the investigative arm of the US Congress. For more on the subject, click on [www.Gao.gov](http://www.Gao.gov).

## Women Front and Center

The British military will take the first steps toward opening ground combat units to women by testing women. Tests will include firing heavy weapons, digging trenches, and marching with heavy loads. The US pentagon is watching closely.

## Rock Bottom

...is what US Army TRADOC (Training and Doctrine Command) leaders sum up the

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

current readiness situation, despite the rah-rah talk of the Gore/Lieberman campaign propaganda. The commanders of most TRADOC centers have given their organizations the lowest-possible readiness ratings, according to a report leaked to [www.Geocities.com/armyreadiness](http://www.Geocities.com/armyreadiness).

## Osprey Grounded

The Marine Corps announced the temporary grounding of all 11 of their MV-22 Osprey tilt-rotor aircraft. The craft has been under investigation since the crash in April when 19 Marines were killed. The grounding of three types of aircraft August 25th, left one third of the Marine Corp's aircraft fleet unable to fly. September some returned to the lineup. "Without an increase in top-line spending, so we can keep the legacy airplanes running at the same time we're moving to modernization, we are going to remain on a slippery slope," said aviation head LT General Fred McCorkle.

## Military Quotes

*"It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees."* – Emilio Zapata

*"Elevate those guns a little lower."*

– Andrew Johnson

*"Nothing is more exhilarating than to be shot at without result."*

– Winston Churchill

*"The greatest pleasure is to vanquish your enemy and chase them down before you, to rob them of their wealth and see those held dear to them bathed in tears, to ride their horses and clasp to your bosom their wives and daughters."*

– Genghis Khan

*"Well boys, I reckon this is it. Nuclear combat toe-to-toe with the Rookies!"*

– Slim Pickens in *Dr. Strangelove*

# Buffalo Nickels

## The Mad of the Unlucky? The Angst and Shit of Being Human

**Editor's Note:** *The always shocking, frequently bizarre Buff is out of control and CQC MAG takes absolutely no responsibility for what he says and may God help us all...what he might do.*

Ever think about what wusses people are? Look around at the animal kingdom. Then look at us. It's scary. We have no fur. No armor. Even a little *fucking* turtle has a shell. No talons, though I knew an Asian hooker once with some nails that would cut diamonds. "Oh! The lovely pain! *Mon Ami!*"

...ok, what was I saying? Oh yeah, we have no natural protection. Our skin is a sack like a balloon that can't take a scratch from a branch or a bite from an ant.

I was in my yard last week cutting the grass, and I had to look down at my K-Mart sandals. On the top of my foot was a tiny, almost invisible black ant. A spec. But this little fucker was gnawing on the top of my foot, his jaws grinding and so tightly hooked on me that when I looked closely, his whole body was writhing in the air, held up by these meshing mandibles. This little fucker really hated me!

"Whadda do to you!" I said! I was just unlucky I guess. In this whole yard I picked up this pissed off ant.

I squished the little angry bastard with my finger. The ant got unlucky. But the scary thing was that I felt it at all! This was worse than a rat biting Godzilla! Then the next two days a pimple of yellow puss drew up and the head was three times bigger than the ant! A little ant's jaws and a little invisible dot of ant poison. The DOD or CIA needs to bottle that shit! Ant Poison. How would you like to have that job? They have people who collect snake poison. What would you get paid to collect ant poison? Tedious little project. Can you picture that? Squeezing a little ants face to pump out the poison. Oh be careful. Don't hurt its head!

We need to milk him again tomorrow.

But that is not my bone to pick with God or the Devil. When a bug bites me, I expect an itchy spot, a swelling up. This is the curse of having brains, having smarts! You see if a dog breaks its leg, Fido feels pain, but if I break my leg I feel pain, and then I have mental pain too!

In 1970 I was standing where I shouldn't have been standing, and I got shot right in the hip. Felt like being hit by a wild pitch in baseball. It spun me round like a top, and I hit the sand on my back. I let go of my weapon but it had a sling and it stayed wrapped around my neck. I guess that's why you have the damn things. I didn't yell out. Not because I am tough. I just didn't have time to. Two of my men near me dropped to chest high and low crawled over to me. Not only did it feel like I was hit by a car, but I knew I was hit. Shot! About 10 things whizzed through my head in no special order.

*Was I going to die?*

*Was I going to bleed out?*

*Was my weapon barrel clean or stuffed with sand?*

*I am now a burden to my group.*

*Can I still play basketball?*

*Could I get up?*

*Who the fuck shot me?*

*Are they coming?*

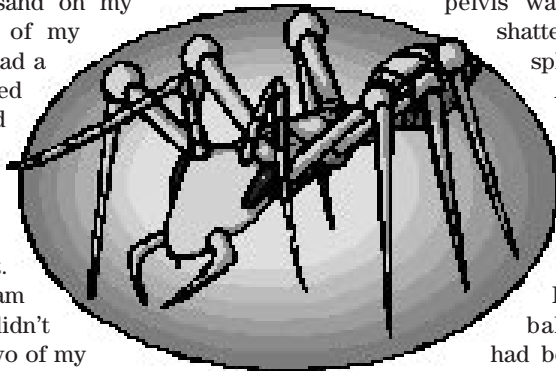
*Will I ever walk again?*

*Will my dick still work?*

*How long will therapy last?*

*Look what I have done. I have fucked up.*

*Then I got fucking mad. The mad of the unlucky.*



still, barrels up. I moved my toes in my boots and raised my knee. That was good. I tried to roll over on my chest, but someone stopped me. I felt my hip, and it was wet. I was wrapped up and they had to half-carry me out a ways. Two civilian vehicles picked us up, and I laid out in the back seat. My legs worked. And my mind worked too, busy feeling guilty and angry. The dictionary would call it angst. Yeah, I was feeling all angst and shit.

The docs said the tip of my left pelvis was shot. Bone was shattered. There would be splinters and surgery.

And as the doses of painkiller came and went, my mind was busy with the future pain and recovery. And basketball.

If I lost basketball...MAN! If a dog had been shot, he would

feel the physical pain, but Fido

wouldn't be missing B-Ball.

Through the years I've looked into the eyes of wounded people, and I see all that angst in their eyeballs. Medical personnel call it "psychic agonies." And when you treat a man that's down, you have to treat that too.

We are weak. We can't fly and have little foot speed. We can't run very far, and if we trip, something could break. Our sense of smell is bad and our hearing is bad. The least little weather fucks with our day. "It's too cold! It's too hot!" My bald head needs a hat from the sun. My eyes need sunglasses, and I can't see 10 fucking feet without binoculars. (NOBODY is shooting a laser beam into my eyes. You don't have to be Flash Gordon to know that Ming the Merciless uses laser beams to destroy the planet Earth.)

We never knew who pulled the trigger on us that night. It was a rifle round. Did they run? Was it a random shot? A test fire? I hope not because, if it was a test fire, I would be even more mad for being so damn unlucky! Frail as we are, we manage to stay in one piece as long as we stay lucky. And that goes for you too little fucking ants, so stay the fuck off my goddamn foot! I am feeling anti-ant angst. ☘

All at once! All in a second like that! My life didn't pass before me. That ol' rerun ain't worth seeing. There was not another shot. Quiet. I looked up and the four others with me were down and

*"Buffalo Nickels is a retired US Army special forces operator who does occasional consultant work and wishes to remain anonymous so he may put in his 5 cents worth on life, liberty and the pursuit of whatever he sees fit."*





# World Watch



## Bin Laden Watch

Terrorist Osama Bin Laden, on the FBI's most wanted list, recently took a fourth wife in a shindig/grand reception at his Afghan hideaway. The lucky fugitive's wife is an 18-year-old Yemeni girl from a well-known family.



## TACTICAL OVERVIEW:

Federal law enforcement insiders tell *CQCMag* that Bin Laden reportedly has cancer. Meanwhile Israeli Security forces arrest members of his militant network whenever possible.

## Russian Watch

Intelligence sources released results that the downed Russian submarine Kursk's troubles began when one of its own torpedoes blew up. Russian officials claim the accident resulted from a collision with a British or American sub. Overseas political experts report the one last vestige of military pride left to Russia was its Navy. This incident, combined with its failure to accept quick help from neighbors, caused problems for President Putin. Putin's failure to return from his vacation to oversee the crisis did nothing to endear him to his public. Norwegian divers report all 118 crew members died quickly when the sub flooded.

Meanwhile the question arises as to whether the US Navy could conduct a rescue under similar circumstances. Officials released several reports bragging on Deep Submergence Rescue Vehicles (DSRVs) and contingency plans to ease concerns. However, a US Naval submariner told *CQCMag* the incident actually left US Navy officials scrambling for rescue equipment capable of

"elbowing" into downed submarines affixed in unusual positions. "We couldn't rescue our own people in a similar predicament. We too might get caught with our pants down," says one official.

**TACTICAL OVERVIEW:** A DSRV can reach a downed sub. But the position of the sub may inhibit hookup and rescue. Improvisational "elbow tunnels" from the DSRV to the stricken sub provide the solution and are currently under development.

## Philippine Watch

Hostages long held by Muslim Filipino rebels are trickling free. Libya promised ransom money, some \$12 million, one million per hostage, to gain the release of some captives. Filipino government officials "cloud" the money payment by calling it "developmental aid," not ransom money. Meanwhile in August 2000, a California, USA tourist was taken prisoner. Military sources and martial artists in the area tell *CQCMag* that the ransom business will increase as in Mexico and South America. Rebel leader Abu Sayyaf now has several thousand soldiers and recently bought new rifles, machine guns and rocker launchers.



**TACTICAL OVERVIEW:** The rebels believe if they release their prisoners, the Filipino Army will raid and kill them, which they have. The US State Department released a travelers warning. Limits are designed to lessen the number of kidnappings. Relatives of US personnel remain on alert.

## Indonesia Watch

The dust of recent revolution has settled in East Timor, and the UN seems positive. But the Indo government and its support militias racked up quite a deadly score before the Australian Army and then Gurkas and the UN intervened. They forcibly removed 200,000 people from the territory, more than a quarter of its population. Thousands of independence support-

ers were killed, their bodies dumped in the deep undersea trenches offshore. Militiamen still harass and even kill. Recently two New Zealanders and Nepalis peacekeepers were killed.



**TACTICAL OVERVIEW:** Progress in organizing the new government called promising despite a small setback. UN authorities patrol the streets in more of a policing mission than a military one, but small militias still creep the countryside.

## Sierra Leone, Africa Watch

Thousands of citizens had their noses and both hands chopped off. Rebels swarmed into villages and cities and demanded citizens not vote in an election that would oust their position party. Many of these miserable victims had anti-election messages carved into their back with knives and machetes. The Revolutionary United Front (RUF) asked "short or long?" and then proceeded to hack off limbs either at the wrist or elbow. Tens of thousands have been mutilated in this manner. Over 40,000 people have fled into neighboring countries. The UN is setting up a war tribunal, claiming that brutality occurred on all political sides but mostly the RUF.

At the cost of 2 million a month, the government hired a South African mercenary group called Executive Outcomes (EO) years ago to clean out the RUF. In a "dogs of a war" performance they shot their way in and battled the RUF back over the border into Liberia. EO even patrolled the streets, heralded as heroes. But experts claim the Clinton-pushed treaty that soon followed only set the stage for further bloodshed, and allowed the RUF into negotiations. When EO left, RUF came in with their machetes. EO solved a problem the



*CQCMAG stands watch where conflicts may begin and explain why we must train to prepare for them.*

# World Watch

continued from page 31

likes of which UN and NATO-types never dreamed. EO came in, kicked ruthless ass, and drove sadistic killers out!

**TACTICAL OVERVIEW:** 200 US Green Berets and 20 million US dollars are in route to the beleaguered Sierra Leone in an effort to train, support and stabilize the failed treaty between rebel factions and several government political parties. (Seems like the US could better spend their 20 million hiring EO to come back.)

## Australian Watch

In many ways, and despite special event like the Olympics, everyday events in the distant country of Australia remain overlooked. Fantastic archeological discoveries like the Sprigg Fossil went virtually unnoticed for decades! And how can we miss the ultimate terror? Criminals exploding their own atomic bomb in the Outback?

Scientists re-investigated a mysterious seismic disturbance that occurred in the remote Aussie Outback in 1993. At 11:03 p.m., 28 May 1993 seismographic needles all over the Pacific Region twitched off the charts showing an awesome epicenter in the deserted Great Victoria Desert of Western Australia. An isolated handful of long distance truckers and prospectors reported seeing a sudden blinding flash in the night sky. They felt the boom of a mighty, far off explosion with no clear explanation. The seismograph did not fit any earthquake or mining explosion, and the blast registered 170 times more powerful than the most powerful mining explosion in history. Routine aerial photography

randomly skimming over the expansive desert found no craters to rival a meteor crash upon the already spotty, rugged and rough terrain. Scientists puzzled over it all for a day or two, then filed it all away.

On 20 March 1995 a deadly nerve gas attack killed 11 and injured some 5,500 others in a Tokyo, Japan rush hour subway. After days of widespread terror, Japanese police arrested members of the religious apocalyptic-based cult called Aum Shinri Kyo-one whose aim was to destroy the world. Searches of Aum locations around Japan uncovered major terrorist attacks in the planning and a rising pile of chemical and explosive weapons. As the investigation continued, agents learned Aum had substantial holdings in Australia, to include...500,000 acres in Western Australia, with an Aum laboratory near, yet safely far enough away from the 1993 epicenter. Aum had recruited two nuclear engineers from the former Soviet Union. Along with sophisticated weapons equipment and research documents, authorities uncovered evidence that lab attendants had mined uranium!

Military intell versed on the overall situation deduced that Aum touched off a nuclear weapon. Whether accidental or experimental, Aum became the first criminal cult/gang to test a nuke, yet few people even today know the event occurred!

**TACTICAL OVERVIEW:** Australia is so vast and desolate that espionage thrives. Criminal based intelligence and long-range satellite surveillance remain the primary tools to deter similar problems. ★

## Dispatches...continued from page 5

Counter Knife Course and the DMS course, the very same material I show everyone. I also taught at the Annapolis, Maryland Naval Academy this October and they wanted to learn the Hand-to-Hand Combat and Knife course material. What you get is what they get – the true, clean, clear essence of combat. I do still however reserve one training module absolutely for our military and allies alone.

### LAND-MAIL MESSAGE:

*I really like your magazine, even though it's more for cops, we martial artists can get a lot out of it.* – JO, San Francisco, CA

### REPLY:

Thanks and no thanks! Thanks for finding it helpful, but no thanks for thinking it is geared for police. It's not! We reach, teach and produce this magazine under the tenet of "bridging the gap between police, the military, the *martial artist* and the aware citizenry." Without a doubt, each group knows things about fighting that the other group doesn't, and the SFC and *CQCMag* strive to educate. You will notice our cover represents a different group each printing and the table of contents contains the same diversity. *CQCMag* is not just for cops, or soldiers, martial artists or citizens. It is for all. As Buffalo Nickels said a few issues back, "Its all about fighten'!"



## THE INTERNATIONAL COMBAT HAPKIDO FEDERATION

Grandmaster John Pellegrini  
Founder/President



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# BackCut

## Human Cock Fights of the Archipelago!

By Perpetua L. Deppe and Errol Deppe

***In our search for the reality of real fighting, history books and ancient text can only teach us so much. Nothing takes the place of talking to someone who's actually been there. In the following interview, Perpetua Deppe talks to Grandmaster Jose Mena of the Philippines about his experience as a gladiator-like dueler on the island of Filipino Archipelago in the early half of the 20th Century.***  
**—Dwight McLemore**



**Question:** When and where were you born?

**GM Mena:** August 5, 1920 in Jaro Iloilo City, the Philippines.

**Question:** How old were you when you started to learn the Filipino martial art of Arnis?

**GM Mena:** I was nine years old. I was taught by father who was a master in Largo Mano and Cinco Tiras systems. Largo Mano means long hand or long range fighting. Cinco Tiras is a name centered on using five strikes or five angles of attack. There are several Filipino systems that use these Largo and Cinco philosophies.

**Question:** Who taught your father?

**GM Mena:** Carlos Jaranilla, the original founder of Doblete Rapilon. This is my main system.

**Question:** When did you start teaching?

**GM Mena:** When I was 17 years old. By then I was a full instructor. I lived and breathed for the art. I practiced all the time since I was a child.

**Question:** Where you involved in tournament fighting?

**GM Mena:** Oh, yes! When I was 20 I entered my first tournament and won it with a knockout in the second round. With a headshot. But I was very experienced in fighting by then. I had done things far more dangerous than stick fighting tournaments.

**Question:** From practicing?

**GM Mena:** No. From fighting for my very life. When I was 18 years old, I was having a picnic with my friends on the beach in the Guimaras. This was about 1938 and the Philippines was a very wild and primitive place. It still is in many areas. There are over 7,000 islands and only 460 of them are over one square mile. There are many different languages and different ways to live. While we had this picnic, a large out-



rigger boat approached the beach and came right up where we were playing. Men got off the boat, what we use to call Muslim pirates – men that would raid villages and people along the coastlines. With knives and bolos, they kidnapped us! They took us and all of our things to the island of Jolo, which is in the Mindanao area.

As soon as we arrived they herded us off their outrigger and took us to a village off of the beach. In two days, we were sold as slaves! The one who bought me was a rich man who was a close friend of the Datu (Muslim chief) or Sultan in Jolo. My buyer introduced me to the Sultan, and the Sultan studied me. I was in good shape and very young. The Sultan asked me if I knew how to cockfight.

Many of the islands have elaborate cockfights and bet lots of money on the fighting birds. It was quite a sport and still

is machetes.

**Question:** *What did you do?*

**GM Mena:** I was thinking of escaping from that place! But the house and grounds of the Sultan were surrounded with guards. So I prepared myself to get ready for whatever may come or what we call *Bahala na*. In the days while we waited for the fights to begin, the Sultan ordered us to practice with the guards. But the weapons we would be using in the practice fights had...cobra poison (they told us) smeared on the blades. This way he would ensure a good show for the spectators because only the best fighters would survive. Sometimes the guards were first slaves like myself and became so good and popular that they were hired in the employ of this Sultan. The guards weeded out the bad fighters.

Here I began to fight for my life against a guard. I realized right away how important the lessons of my father were because the other slaves had died quickly from the blade or if even wounded and set aside, passed away slowly from the poisons. Sometimes the poison will kill very quickly, sometimes not, and the man would suffer in agony. I killed the first guard with my stick fighting skills and was set aside to fight in the human cockfights.

The human cockfights were held every full moon, because that was their belief or tradition of the island at the time. Every full moon, month after month I fought one fight and killed the opponent. I had to because I was fighting for my life. Again, I thank God for my father who taught me to fight. Frequently I aimed at the temples on the side of the head, or made a quick fake to strike low, like to the knee? Then I would strike the head about temple high. It is always good to strike the head on the

both sides about temple high.

Another thing I did that worked a lot was to jump in the air and try to hit the opponent right on the very top of the head. It looks a little silly, but I have nailed many with that power shot. If they try to block you can cut their arms too, sometimes almost all the way off.

I became a favorite of the spectators and each time more favored. The Sultan won a lot of money with me and began to

let me have more and more freedom. Women of the island also watched the fights and became entertained by me. One woman was the Sultan's daughter. After 18 months and after about 16 fights, he later decided that I should even marry his daughter! I think the fighting for me would have stopped with this marriage.

**Question:** *What happened next?*

**GM Mena:** I wanted still very much to go home. I played along with it all to stay alive. On the night of my last fight, I killed the man against me. There was a big celebration, and I walked freely in the celebration with the daughter. There was much drinking and music. Everybody got drunk. The daughter was talking to a group, and I just slowly walked away from the festivities and off onto the beach. I jumped on a fishing boat, shoved it off and took off to escape. The boat had some supplies on it. I made the journey back to Manila and started my life off here. But the Japanese were planning to take over the Pacific and war soon ravaged our country and forced us to fight...but that is another story...

**Question:** *Did you have to fight the Japanese with a stick or bolo?*

**GM Mena:** Oh yes, I did in the war. We were defending our country and the Japanese were ruthless and cruel. But before we were organized, they invaded and took control of many islands. One time a Japanese soldier, who was wearing a – *katana* – a samurai sword – made fun of me and our study of stick fighting. He told me to go and get my stick and fight him. I got a *kamagong* stick, which is a very hard wood. I stood before him holding the stick, with the tip down and touching the ground. This is one of my favorite ready positions. The soldier went for his sword, and I hit him in the temple with the end of the stick as hard as I could. His left eye exploded and was hanging there by tendons, or whatever, from the socket. He fell to his knees, and I ran. That is the only fighting with a stick against the Japanese. ☼

**Perpetua L. Deppe** works as a freelance writer in the Chicago, IL



**Errol Deppe** studied for several years with Grandmaster while he lived in the Philippines.



Grand Master Mena

is in many places in the Philippines. So, yes I knew of the cockfights. I had seen many fights, and neighbors in my lifetime raised cocks. He said that I would be “in” the cockfights. Which I did not want to do, but was bound like a slave and had to.

Later they took me to an arena, and with other men I quickly found out that the word cockfight to the Sultan of this island was with men! Not birds. Men! Humans would fight to death with real bolos – that





# Street Fighter's Training Notebook

## *Power Punching* By Major Leland Belding

**P**ower punching is simply a matter of physics. **Force = Mass x Acceleration.** To increase the force, you may either increase the Mass of the punch by putting your body behind it, or the Acceleration of the punch by punching faster. Fairly simple theory, but you may find it a challenge to apply. Proper application involves generating either linear or circular force through proper body mechanics and timing.

### Force

You may apply force in a relatively linear fashion, such as a jab, or in a rotational fashion, like a hook or cross. To increase the force of linear motions you need to launch your body behind the punch so on impact the force of your entire body and not just your arm hits the target. To increase the force of rotational motions, you coil the body like a spring and then release, driving your body in a rotational path behind the punch and into the target.

**Body Mechanics:** Power punching involves the entire body to properly execute. The punch starts with your toes, travels up the legs, through the body, down the arm, and finishes with the fist striking the target.

**Feet:** Approximately a 50/50 front/rear weight distribution. The rear foot rests up on the ball, like you prepare to run a 100-yard dash. The weight shifts forward as you punch, and you end up with about a 60/40 front/rear weight distribution.

**Legs:** Bend the knees so the body forms into a crouched position, ready to spring forward. The legs provide the power behind the punch, connecting the earth with your fist.

**Hips:** Hips typically form a 45-degree angle with the target to start. As you punch, the hips move first (in conjunction with the feet and legs) and the punching hip rotates toward the target.

**Shoulders:** The shoulders form a 45-degree angle with your target. The shoulders rotate toward the target, driven by the hips. The shoulders lag slightly behind the hip rotation.



*To increase the force of linear motions you need to launch your body behind the punch so on impact the force of your entire body and not just your arm hits the target.*



*Think of your fist as a bullet firing straight down the barrel of a gun.*

**Arms:** The punching arm extends straight out from the shoulder toward the target, maintaining a slight bend on impact. The extension begins after the shoulders start to rotate and ends in con-

junction with the end of the shoulder and hip rotations. Think of your fist as a bullet firing straight down the barrel of a gun into the target.

**Fist:** The fist should form tightly, thumb against the fingers, rotating somewhere between a vertical position and a horizontal position and finishing the punch by impacting with the first two knuckles and projecting through the target.

## Timing

Punching resembles baseball in that there is a “sweet spot” when your body is at the right place at the right time and you deliver maximum force to the target. Punching, like all aspects of combat, is balance in motion. Finding the “sweet spot” is a matter of applying proper body mechanics and lots of practice against stationary and moving targets.

## Training

The heavy bag is king for power punch training. With its weight, curved surface, and ability to move, it provides you the feedback required to quickly develop your punching skills. When you start to train, be careful because you may easily hurt your wrist or knuckles until you develop the proper arm/body alignment. Wear bag gloves to avoid ripping the skin off the knuckles (remember, it's a curved, moving target). The next progression for power



*Punching resembles baseball in that there is a “sweet spot” when your body is at the right place at the right time and you deliver maximum force to the target.*

training is to hit a moving target. Put on the boxing gloves, have a partner put on a chest protector, and work those body shots as your partner moves around. Finally, put on the appropriate pads and headgear and start sparring. ✪

**Leland Belding** holds the rank of Major in the Iowa Army National Guard. He teaches CQC in Coralville, Iowa. (319) 351-6628

## The Army Center of Military History Reading List

### **FOR CADETS, SOLDIERS AND JUNIOR NCOs:**

- *Band of Brothers: E Company, 506<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne from Normandy to Hitler's Eagle's Nest*, by Stephen Ambrose
- *The Long Gray Line*, by Rick Atkinson
- *The Greatest Generation*, by Tom Brokaw
- *This Kind of War: The Classic Korean War History*, by T.R. Fehrenbach
- *America's First Battles, 1776-1965*, by Charles E. Heller and William A. Stofft
- *A Concise History of the US Army: 225 Years of Service*, by David W. Hogan, Jr.
- *The Face of Battle*, by John Keegan
- *We Were Soldiers Once and Young*, by Harold Moore and Joe Galloway
- *Once an Eagle*, by Anton Myrer
- *The Killer Angels*, by Michael Shaara

### **FOR COMPANY-GRADE OFFICERS AND COMPANY CADRE NCOs:**

- *Citizen Soldiers: The US Army from the Normandy Beaches to the Bulge to the Surrender of Germany, June 7, 1944 to May 7, 1945*, by Stephen Ambrose
- *The War to End All Wars: The American Military Experience in World War I*, by Edward Coffman
- *The Soldier and the State: The Theory and Politics of Civil-Military Relations*, by Samuel P. Huntington
- *Embattled Courage: The Experience of Combat in the American Civil War*, by Gerald F. Linderman
- *Company Commander*, by Charles B. MacDonald
- *Men Against Fire: The Problem of Battle Command in Future War*, by S.L.A. Marshall
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# The VanCook View

*“Gimme (and yourself) A Break!”*

By Jerry VanCook

I just got back from two weeks in Peru with Jeff Randall, Newt Livesay and the rest of the “Cascabel” team—the name given our class, which was the first group of civilians to graduate from the Peruvian Air Force Downed Pilot Jungle Survival School—one of the most prestigious jungle survival programs in the world. During that time, I was honored to instruct knife combatives to both the rest of the team and the Peruvian troops stationed at the base in Iquitos. Jungle survival training consisted of two days of intense classroom studies (using an interpreter) and then heading into the jungle to practice what we’d heard preached.

At that point life became a blur of intense heat and humidity, heavy rains, sliding down muddy banks into creeks, crossing rickety and slippery “Indiana Jones” style jungle bridges, swinging a machete long after volcanoes had erupted in our shoulders and sent molten lava shooting down our arms, eating organisms your mother slapped your hand for even trying to pick up when you were a toddler, and trying to sleep while unseen “things” bit you in the inkwell darkness of the jungle night. (If you woke up the next morning, you knew they weren’t deadly.) Everything—and I mean everything from finding food and water to getting up in the middle of the night to urinate—became an ordeal of 50 times the magnitude it is at home.

No, life in the jungle is not easy. But was it fun? Yes—more fun than I’ve had in many, many years. (At least with my clothes on.) And EASY was not what I’d expected, or wanted, when I signed on. But . . . what does all this have to do with close quarters combat? I’m so glad you asked!

In a new and fresh way, I was reminded of a very important fact that applies to life in general and to close-quarters-combat training in particular: Enough of anything is enough, and too much of anything is too much. Like I said, I had a fantastic time in the jungle and can’t wait to go back next March to do it all again. But would I want to live there year round? A resounding “Hell, no!” I was surprised at how much I liked eating grub worms. But most of the time, I still prefer cow.

This relates to close-quarters-combat

*Aware that the Peruvian troops had practically been born with machetes in their hands, VanCook ran one training section on Bowie knife fighting. These techniques were easily adapted to the “jungle cutters.”*



Front: Jerry VanCook. Background, left: Peruvian soldiers. Background, right: RAT (Randall Adventure Team) jungle survival expert Mike Perrin.



Much of the training was conducted on the soccer field located just outside the barracks on the Downed Pilot Jungle Survival School Base. Heat and humidity were intense, which added to the realism of jungle combat conditions. (No air-conditioned dojos for these CQC sessions!)

in that new students (and sometimes even seasoned veterans) often become so devoted to training that they allow their lives to get out of balance. And a healthy life, ladies and gentlemen, consists of the correct symmetry between the spiritual, physical, and mental: it's a constant juggling act of a variety of interests and pursuits. Let any one of these pursuits take over and shove the others out of the way, and you become a royal bore at best and, in extreme cases, what psychologists and psychiatrists call obsessed. This is not only an unhealthy way to live, it also actually inhibits your progression toward the very goal you seek—in this case, proficiency in the art of fighting. Let me give you a few examples.

Years ago, when I operated a full-time karate dojo, I offered three classes a day during the week and two on Saturday. The first thing I observed was a change in myself. I had been dedicated to training when I was a student, but after I began teaching my own practice sessions declined sharply. Why? I got sick of it all, that's why. When class ended, I wanted to get out of the white pajamas and go do something else. Again, enough was enough and too much was too much.

The second thing I learned was that while certain new students came on like gangbusters they soon fizzled out and disappeared. More often than not, these were the men and women who were suddenly so enthralled in this new activity that they tried to attend every class and pleaded for me to teach on Sundays, too. To do this, they had to drop many, if not all, the other activities they engaged in before enrolling — things I'm sure they enjoyed and soon began to miss. During this whirlwind period of training, they ate, slept, lived and breathed karate, and I have no doubt they drove their families and friends insane with constant chatter about katas, roundhouse kicks, and hammer fists—subjects that held no meaning or interest to anyone outside the dojo. Some of the more humorous of these students even developed phony Japanese accents, speaking their own bastardized form of "Pidgin English" and trying to sound as if they'd grown up in Tokyo instead of Enid, Oklahoma.

I had another revelation along these

lines a little over two years ago. I had just finished writing *Real World Self-Defense*, shipped it off to the publisher, and immediately left for Los Angeles. Nash Entertainment was taping a special for The Learning Channel entitled "The World's Most Dangerous Undercover Stings." The directors had read my other non-fiction book, *Going Undercover*, and wanted me to appear on the program. I watched hours and hours of actual undercover videotapes in which both cops and criminals were beaten, shot, and knifed, and then "Monday morning quarterbacked" what I'd seen. At the airport going home I picked up a copy of a romance novel by my good friend, and fellow writer, Sarah Orwig. You see, I had been literally immersed in the violence of close-quarters-combat for weeks while writing the book. Then I'd watched more fighting for two straight days in Hollywood. It was not only time for a change, it was also time for a big change.

What I'm getting at here is simple: You want to maximize your training efforts? Then don't burn yourself out by doing too much in too little time. Think of the long haul, and always leave the dojo or gym wishing you could stay a little longer. In other words, give yourself a break once in awhile. Sometimes, less really is more.

Let me throw a few other "jungle notes" at you before we sign off for this issue. Knives that performed fantastically in Peru: 1) Newt Livesay's (Jeff Randall designed) RTAK — a big chopper which took down trees like a chain saw. 2) TOPS Knives Dawn Warrior, which proved not only effective in the boonies but made an excellent 5" fixed blade for concealed carry. 3) Al Mar's new SERE 2000 — Jeff



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Randall had this one, I watched him with it, and ordered my own the first day I got back. Need I say more? 4) The Spyderco Military Model. It's still out there, folks, and it's still as good as it always was.

Like I said, we're heading back to the Amazon jungle in March. Anyone interested in going with us should check out Randall's Training Adventures at [www.jungletraining.com](http://www.jungletraining.com). There's also a less strenuous but every bit as educational trip to Costa Rica scheduled for early December, and I'll be going along to teach knife, stick, and unarmed combat there as well. Hope to see you one, or both, places. ☺

A well known author of more than 40 books, **Jerry VanCook** also is an instructor in Okinawan karate. He has studied Aikido, Thai Boxing, Kung Fu, Kali, and is a Rokudan (6th Degree Black Belt) in Bei-Koku Aibujutsu. In 1998 he was inducted into the World Head of Family Sokeship International Martial Arts Hall of Fame, and received their "Writer of the Year" award. His titles include **Real World Self-Defense** and **Going Undercover**. VanCook spent 14 years in law enforcement with the Garfield County Oklahoma Sheriff's Department, a federally funded undercover task force.

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# The Bouncer

## Team Work Savvy

By Joe Reyes

Few civilians know or understand the everyday planning and coordination involved in providing security for a large club. If your business owns the parking lot you need lot assignments, front door assignments, walkers inside, and coverage on any special rooms or activities. Security needs to communicate constantly over the din of music. (I remember well my old days of having to shout over a rock band, or perform hand signals to get backup or attention.) Some establishments have bank runs, cash register protection and other priorities. Not only must team members back each other up, but also at times they must fill in gaps in priority coverage.

I am proud to say that the crew working with me at The Metro Lounge consists of the finest and most professional group of guys I've ever had the pleasure. My crew specializes in putting out the fire before it starts. On a packed night we sometimes employ as many as 12 guards.

My partner in charge is Nick Denardis (aka) Nickey D. Prior to his work at The Metro, he worked as head of security in clubs like The Roxy (NYC) Club XS and the Casablanca on the Jersey Shore. Nickey is straightforward and does not take shit from anyone. Every night we assign a post to each guard and, depending on the size and "personality" of the crowd, we appoint one or two rovers to work the floor. These rovers are constantly on the move.

Our resident full-time rover is Willie Covino—an EX Marine hand-to-hand combat instructor. Willie started with us on day one and handles any situation that comes up. A rover's job is to be first at the scene of any altercation and to pinpoint the location of trouble by security radio system (we use the titles bar1, bar2, bar3 etc.).

Ron (the Big Dog) Holman frequently assists Willie. Ron is an ex semipro football player and goes for all of about 350 lbs. The only thing bigger than Ron is his heart. Another one of our guards is Mark Skwinski, a 4th degree black belt in Koei



Left to right: Mark Skwinski, Mark McCombs, Ron (the Big Dog) Holman, Joe Reyes, Nick Denardis, Agim Zutha, Joe Finkler and Paul Combo—The Team!

***Not only must team members back each other up, but also at times they must fill in gaps in priority coverage.***

Kan Karate and semi-pro boxer. Mark assists with searches as patrons enter the club. Mark can smell dope like a German Shepard.

Agim Zutha usually controls our VIP section. Agim is skilled in Tae Kwon Do and keeps out all unwanted and disorderly from this area. Anytime a situation such as a fight or any altercation occurs, the spotter immediately calls in on the radio. No one guard throws anyone out alone. We watch each other's back constantly. Each night depending upon the size of the staff, we assign designated exits to remove disorderlies, such as the main entrance and emergency side exit. We often reserve the

kitchen for, as we like to call it, "The Attitude Adjustment Training Center." This is a special place for those really violent patrons we do not wish to see again.

All in all we run a tight ship. The very last thing we want is to physically fight anyone, but you have those nights when *beer muscles* and *whiskey brains* prevail over common sense. When that happens, we subdue the individuals involved and ship him or her out. I'll get a call on the radio, "Joe, I got one coming out," someone calls, and I make the proper arrangements at the front door for the ejection of that person. Once my guys escort them to the door, they go

right back inside and man their respective post. This "handoff" provides a sound strategy that leaves no room for arguing with the guard. I simply inform them that I didn't see what happened inside. "No sense telling me, pal!" I say calmly with an air that the event is completely over, "but if you were brought out by one of my guys, out is out, and you're out." I let them know they can come back another time, but not tonight.

I will and always have backed my guys up 110 percent. Providing security for a large number of people is not an easy task. You must keep a cool head, identify the problem spots and the troublemakers and remove them swiftly. When some drunken fool injures an innocent bystander, it's the worst.

Our customers need to know that no matter how crazy the night gets in there, they are entering a safe, patrolled and controlled environment... thanks to my team.

Thanks guys! ☺

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

# Fight Clubs ...continued from page 13

something, the youngest maybe 19 years old.

The first fight starts with little fan-fare. An official of some type stands between two men as they square off in the corner of the room, both wear T-shirts and jeans and big black boots, which I didn't expect. I didn't know what they would wear on their feet, but I didn't expect boots. No boxing gloves. They circle each other in a serious silence as the onlookers, and myself watch completely mesmerized. An energy of waiting electrifies the room. One of the men pretends to dodge in, making the other flinch, then stops. Then the flincher circles closer, then closer, and hits the dodger square in the face with a fist. It happens like lightning, and the victim seems to lose all intelligence behind his open eyes. He doesn't have long to stumble before the puncher hits him again in the jaw, with a whip like motion. The recipient falls hard on his ass as the observers part ways, and his shoulder hits the wall. Eyes open... he's out. Someone makes a spastic attempt at getting him up, but he has no idea where up and down are. The official yells, "okay, he's out!" and several bystanders prop the loser up in a chair and hand him some ice in a beach towel. The whole round takes only 8 seconds.

"Are they always this quick?" I asked one of my new friends.

"Sometimes," he answers. "You never know what will be the ace. If a dude'll move in for the kill, it could be very fast. If they like to jab and play and wrestle, it could take a long time.

Two others start up their match. They dive into each other, and a very boring wrestling match begins. They roll around like lobsters trying to get the best of each other, purposely not poking fingers into eyes, or even punching. After about 5 minutes, I wander over to the first loser and kneel beside him. He's still stunned. Someone pampers him and makes sure he

swallows a pile of aspirin. He mumbles... "lucky punch." I get the idea he doesn't even know a second punch hit him.

Back inside the "ring" I suddenly hear a yelp, and one of the fighter's surrenders. They stand, red-



eared and flushed with exhaustion. This no-rules fight is fought with wrestling rules and lasts almost 10 minutes.

Then Drix and Big Will strut out from the locker room with game faces, beside three other guys. Drix wears a gray sweatshirt and sweat pants with a towel thrown over his shoulder. He and Will step into the center of the floor. Drix shoves a mouthpiece into his mouth. A guy from the locker room, wearing a black T-shirt with a dozen martial

arts symbols in gold walks in also. The referee says to begin.

Like the last two fighters they circle each other first. The man in the black T-shirt rests both his fists on his face, which I think looks peculiar. Drix's hands are down at his sides. They play tag, swinging their hands in the air and after each swing; the man puts his fists back up by his face. Drix swings at the face then kicks the man in the kneecap. Hard. Real hard. It looks real bad, and the man yelps and falls back on the floor.

The crowd parts. Drix makes a move to jump on him, but the guy looks like a car has hit him. Drix stops. The man gets back up with the stumble of a rookie skier. He can't put any weight on the knee. He tries to concentrate on the fight, but puts his foot down and tests his balance with a grimace. Drix stands still and watches, then walks up and asks if he's okay. Others approach

and a group discussion begins about the knee as if he's a construction worker who's been wounded on the job. They all decide to take the injured man to the hospital.

"Whose got a car?" someone asks, but in a world of subways and buses, no one answers.

"I do," I call out from the back of the room.

Drix said, "Can you take him to the hospital? This looks real bad." With each arm around a shoulder of his friends, the wounded guy hobbles out to my car, and they all crawl in for the ride to the emergency room. There we wait for about 3 hours.

"What do you guys train in?" I asked one of the friends in a fit of boredom.

"Boxing. Shoot wrestling. Filipino martial arts." He answers and runs a string of names like Bruce Lee and some others I never heard of, and the number of years in each.

"After all those years..." I say shaking my head, "and one good kick to the knee and it's over?" I say it more to myself than to him.

"Shit happens man," he says in a mumble. While we sit, a man comes in who has hurt his back falling off a ladder while painting. A traffic accident sends two more people our way with bleeding heads. Old people come in afraid and ill. One has the flu.

X-rays and several consultations later, our guy's knee turns out to be severely hyper-extended and needs an emergency visit to the bone doctor the next day.

I take them all home, and then I drive passed the school and down the avenue where the evening's adventure began. It's dark. The butcher paper is gone. No more fights, at least for a few weeks.

Fight Clubs! What a bizarre, strange night of courteous, caring, detached hyper-violence. I drive home with a strange sense of the term reality fighting. A loser limps home, with knee surgery scheduled for the following day. One-kick Drix already home too with his new tough guy rep, the hot talk of some obscure chat line, his heroism based on the opinions of some 26 onlookers in a city of millions. Bizarre. ♣

**B.B. Nashley** works as a freelance writer in New York City.





# State of the Union

Scientific Fighting Congress Member News



**Errol Deppe** of Libertyville, IL, North of Chicago, has a black belt level rank in Beladiri Silat. Beladiri is Indonesian for self-defense. Silat loosely translated means "to fight," or "fencing," or "to fend off." Errol recently obtained the authority from overseas **Master Frederico Fernandez** to spread his Silat throughout the United States, promoting rank and instructorships. Beladiri is an Indonesian military form of Silat, very modern and extremely practical. Errol learned the system while living overseas for years and then invited Master Fernandez to stay with him here in the U.S. In between seminars, he teaches at **Marc Halleck's NSA**. He's available for private and semi-private lessons, classes and seminars.

In July 2000 **Hock** joined martial art greats like Small Circle Jujitsu Grandmaster **Wally Jay** and Silat Legend **Willem Dethaours** to teach at the San Jose, California's Gasshuku Masters Annual Seminar. The event drew hundreds of martial artists from the US and England. While in California, Hock also did a photo shoot with Fairtex using their equipment for stick and knife training.



Left to Right: Fairtex Director Jim Wong, the great, "Uncle Bill" Dethaours and Hock in San Jose, CA

As a result of **John Bednarski's** article on Sir Richard Burton published in the June/July 2000 issue of **CQCMag**, **Paladin Press** contacted John to write a book on the subject.

**Rick Sikora** of North Arlington, NJ kicked off his new Website, [www.Combatfit.com](http://www.Combatfit.com)

Recently Colorado's RMCAT **Peyton Quinn** suffered a heart attack. Though not serious, we are glad to announce that Peyton is up and running again with the help of his staff. **CQCMag** wishes him the best as he continues to

recover. You might add your well wishes to ours by writing him at [quinn1@aol.com](mailto:quinn1@aol.com).

We are proud to announce that the response to **CQCMag** has been overwhelming. With only eight short months under our belt in the new format, we have accumulated subscribers in 22 countries, several major advertisers and a national distribution contract for all major US bookstores plus selected AAFES distribution centers. We are overwhelmed and touched to say the least. We appreciate all the gracious and heartwarming comments we've received. We

also appreciate the tremendous outpouring of help, constructive criticism and positive feedback that's made it possible. It's our goal to continue to bring you real articles about real people and instruction that works.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** As a member of the Scientific Fighting Congress, have you accomplished something exciting lately? If so, we want to hear about it. Write us at **Lauric Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 5372, Ft. Oglethorpe, GA 30742**. Or email us at [LauricPres@aol.com](mailto:LauricPres@aol.com). We want to know about your accomplishments, and welcome your comments. ✪

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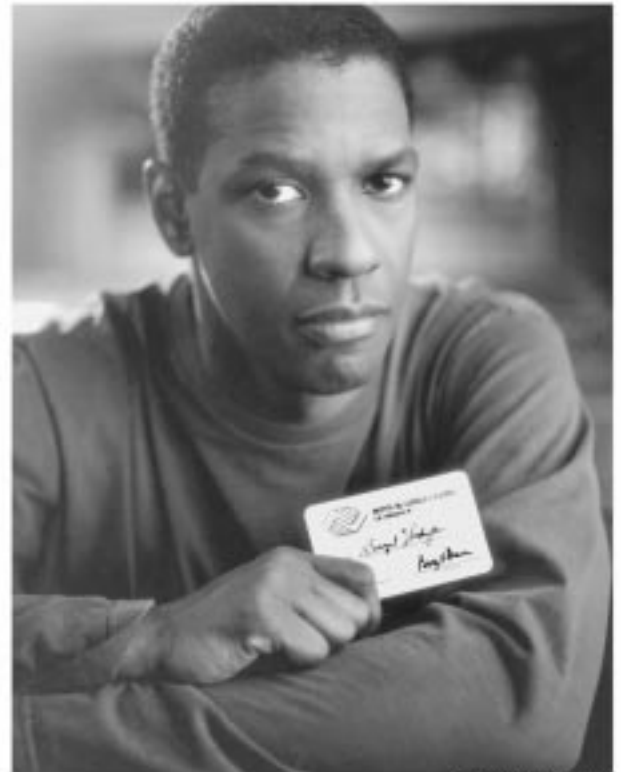
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# RANK TRAINING

## OVERALL RANK LEVELS

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

**Hand to Hand** – Level 1-10

**Archipelago Combat** – Level 1-10

**Knife Counter-Knife** – Level 1-10

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

*(Additional Dan Black Belt and Master Levels available)*

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

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

### **SFC Instructor Levels**

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

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

### **Must Instructors Teach only Congress Material?**

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

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

## HOW DO I TRAIN?

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

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

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

- 1) \$1,200 for one person (you need a “stuntman” to work with)
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- Hand to Hand
- Knife/Counter Knife
- Archipelago Combatives
- Dos Manos System (DMS)

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

## The CLOSE QUARTER COMBATIVE GROUP

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

## JOIN THE SFC THROUGH MEMBERSHIP PROGRAMS.

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





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- \_\_\_ Hand to Hand Combat Level 6
- \_\_\_ Hand to Hand Combat Level 7
- \_\_\_ Hand to Hand Combat Level 9
- \_\_\_ Hand to Hand Combat Level 10: The Black Belt Test
- \_\_\_ Ground Zero! Ground Kick Fighting Level 8 under production

## FILIPINO COMBATIVES VIDEOS

- \_\_\_ Level 1: Yellow Belt
- \_\_\_ Level 2: Blue Belt
- \_\_\_ Level 3: Blue One Stripe
- \_\_\_ Level 4: Green Belt
- \_\_\_ Level 5: Green One Stripe
- \_\_\_ Level 6: Green Two Stripes
- \_\_\_ Level 7: Brown Belt
- \_\_\_ Doble Baston - The Filipino Double Sticks

Levels 8, 9, 10 under production

## KNIFE COMBATIVES VIDEOS

- \_\_\_ Level 1: Journeyman Series
- \_\_\_ Level 2: Journeyman Series
- \_\_\_ Level 3: Journeyman Series
- \_\_\_ Level 4: Tradesman Series
- \_\_\_ Level 5: Tradesman Series
- \_\_\_ Level 6: Expert 3rd Class

Levels 7, 8, 9, 10 under production

## KNIFE THEME VIDEOS

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

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- \_\_\_ DMS 1: DMS Strikes, Blocks and Drills
- \_\_\_ DMS 2: DMS Combat Scenarios
- \_\_\_ DMS 3: DMS Ground Fighting, the Push, Pull and Turn Series

## TRAINING MANUALS

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

- \_\_\_ The Hand-to-Hand Combat Course \$25 plus \$6 postage
- \_\_\_ The Filipino Combatives Course \$25 plus \$6 postage
- \_\_\_ The Knife Combatives Course \$25 plus \$6 postage

## BOOKS (bookstore quality, oversized paperbacks)

- \_\_\_ *The Knife Fighting Encyclopedia Vol. 1: The Foundation.* 346 pages, 1,000 how-to photos \$35 plus \$6 postage
- \_\_\_ *The Knife Fighting Encyclopedia Vol. 2: Military Knife Combat.* 190 pages, 187 how-to photos \$25 plus \$6 postage

## T-SHIRTS

- \_\_\_ Congress Logo T-Shirts. Shirts are dark blue with gold Congress logo, small on front and large logo on back. \$25 plus \$2.50 postage
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## CLOSE QUARTER COMBAT

### SEMINARS FOR 2000/2001

#### SEMINARS FOR YEAR 2000

**October 21, 22 - Romeoville/Chicago, IL**  
CQC Seminar. Contact Eddie Cavazos. 815-485-7344. This seminar is next in the CQC series and will cover a review of the CQC Level 1 and 2 and training in the Level 3 material of the Congress elite Close Quarters Combatives Group. Hock will teach Level 4 next winter.

**October 28, 29 - Las Vegas, NV**  
Extreme CQC. On the Strip at the Holiday Inn! Contact Steve Kyrstek. 702-647-4745. Plan a vacation around this one!

**Nov 4, 5 - San Fran/San Jose Bay Area, CA**  
Review of CQC Level 1, and intense Level 2 study in all areas, plus very special themes. Call David "Smitty" Smith 510-261-1660 or Mike Abatacola 408-629-5651.

**Nov 11 thru 27 - Melbourne & Sydney-Australia, & Auckland-New Zealand**  
After Melbourne, a five day hand, stick, knife, gun combat camp. Other week-night clinics thru Australia being organized in between the weekend seminar dates. Contact Glenn Zwiers of Victoria, Australia 03-9735 3799.

**December 2, 3 - San Diego, CA**  
WEST COAST KNIFE/COUNTER-KNIFE COMBATIVES SUMMIT. Contact Trent Suzuki. 1-760-497-4465.

**December 9th - Wayne, NJ**  
Extreme Hand, Stick, Knife, Gun CQC. Hosted by Joe Reyes at Reggie Trinidad's White Tiger TKD School. Contact Joe. 973-694-4348.

**December 10th - Washington DC**  
Extreme Hand, Stick, Knife, Gun CQC. Hosted by R. J. Oak and Kevin Beale. Call and ask for Kevin at 301-927-2163.

#### SEMINARS FOR YEAR 2001

**January 13, 14 - Milwaukee Area, WI**  
Archipelago/Pacific Islands Combatives Wintercamp.

**January 20, 21 - Dallas TX**  
Archipelago/Pacific Islands Combatives Wintercamp.

**Feb 3, 4 - Destin area, FL**  
Archipelago/Pacific Islands Combatives Wintercamp.

**Feb 10, 11 - Torrance, CA**  
Archipelago/Pacific Islands Combatives Wintercamp.

**March 3, 4 - Kansas City, MO**  
Archipelago/Pacific Islands Combatives Wintercamp.

**March 10, 11- Kearney, NJ**  
Knife-Counter Knife Combatives Summit. Host Rick Sikora.

**March 17, 18 - Romeoville, IL**  
CQC Series. Host Eddie Cavazos.

**March 21, April 1 - Altus, OK**  
Hand, Stick, Knife Gun Combat Simulations.

Remember hosts move and change phones throughout the year. If for any reason you have difficulty contacting a host, call Hock immediately. We add seminars frequently. Contact Hock at 706-866-2656 for the most up-to-date schedule, or for hosting and attendance information. Hurry! Dates fill quickly! Weeknight clinics in your city available on a first come, first served basis! Lock in your Year 2001 seminars ASAP!



### In the Next Issue!

- Steve Krystek returns with **Gunfighting Strategies**
- Professor Jeff Allen on **Blocking Tactics, Canes and Long Guns**
- plus much more!



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## COLD STEEL - DON STIVERS

*Captain Lewis Millet leads Easy Company, 27<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment in its bayonet assault Hill 180, Soam Ni Korea, February 7, 1951*

Like all new commanders, Captain Lewis Millett wanted to put his own stamp on the outfit he had inherited. This he did with the bayonet.

While many soldiers in Korea had thrown away the antiquated weapon, Millett re-supplied it and drilled the men of Easy Company in its use. They kept bayonets fixed, and went about stabbing strawstacks and mudbanks in impromptu charges ordered by Millett on the march. The bayonet became the unit's symbol.

On February 7, 1951, Millett led his men up Hill 180 as part of Operation Punch. Throwing grenades, turning back to call for more firepower when he saw the ground ahead crawling with Chinese, he seemed constantly upright and exposed standing under fire, urging the others on. At the crest he took shrapnel from a grenade. The men saw him silhouetted on the skyline and heard him now, shouting, "Use grenades and cold steel!"

That day the bayonet was used liberally. Some say it was the most complete bayonet charge by American troops since the Civil War. Of 47 enemy dead, 18 had been killed by the bayonet. For his courage and leadership in the action, Captain Millett was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. And atop Hill 180, like their own special medal to their new commander, the men left a bayonet stuck in a crack in a rock holding a sign that read, "Compliments of Easy Company."

**Image Size: 18" x 22 1/2" \$150. Shipping \$15.**

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