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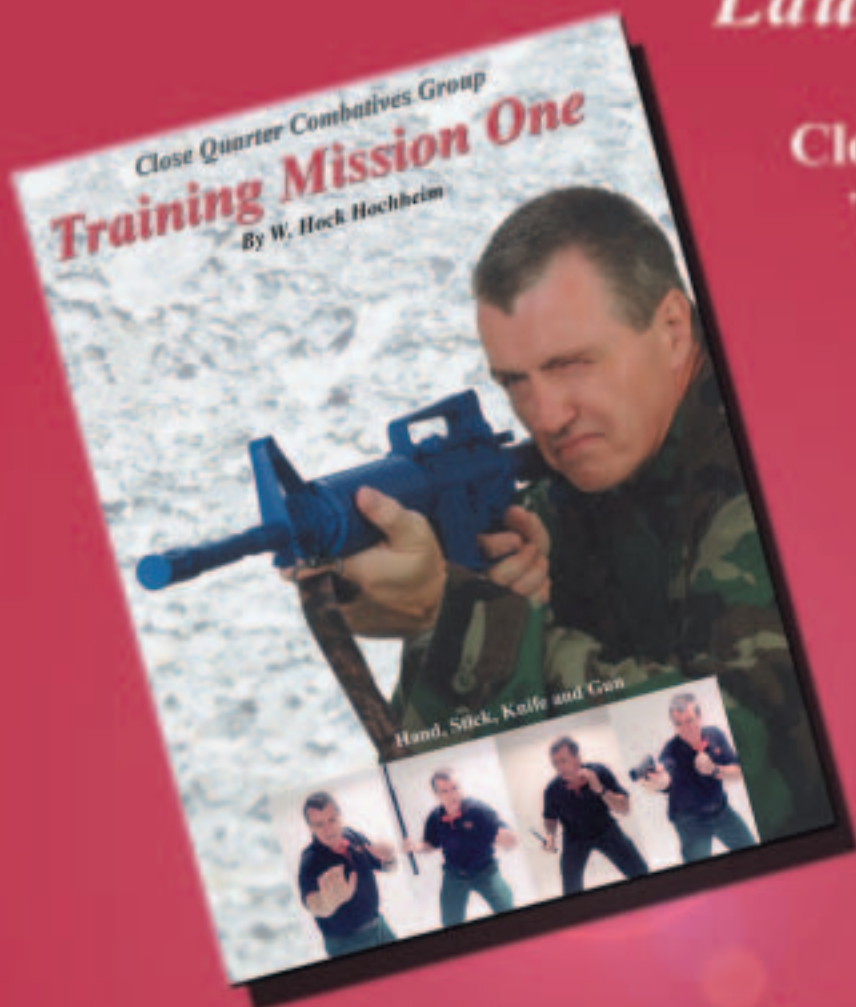
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October/November 2002

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# If I Had a Hammer!

By W. Hock Hochheim

**T**he prognosis is not good for Jason—a chunk of his brain is damaged. Much memory lost. He will have to learn how to walk again as well as retrain for many chores. IF...if he can come out of the coma. The depressing details were crammed into a city newspaper, surrounded by Israeli bombings, Afghan combat, missing children, and a body found at the nearby lake. Jason had been struck in the head once by the fist of an acquaintance at a party, arguing over comments made about a girl. This impact, or maybe the resulting head crash onto nearby furniture or floor, caused this damage.

The striker was guilty of the common, weekend, teenage, party punch, one that would normally never jockey for newsprint position in amongst Osama Bin Laden and Enron, is now in a serious legal conundrum—a felony arrest warrant describes the simple punch and how it has ruined two lives and all those around them.

As a police detective I have worked so many cases like these. Personal little tragedies. I remember one investigation where a college student tried to break up two guys fighting. In the pile-on, melee, our hero was cracked in the back of the head by another third-party to the combatants. Now, he is paralyzed and functions in a wheel chair. In that same bar a month later, I worked another case where a young man was bashed in the temple with a beer bottle. The bottle didn't break. The head did. He endured years of reconstructive surgeries to his cheek and jaw. I arrested the striker for felony assault. Ten years probation. \$10,000 fine. That doesn't count lawyer's fees.

Yet, we see heads and bodies bashed and mashed all the time, with little to no effect, don't we? I was called out to a shooting one night and interviewed a drug dealer who was shot several times in the head with a .22. He sat partially upright in an emergency room chair as a doctor, with tweezers and a scalpel tried to pluck the rounds from his scalp. They had ricocheted around his skull under his hairline. He concealed the names of his shooters by playing dumb. He was released from the hospital the very next day. Few are so lucky.

The durability and yet the strange weakness and susceptibility of the human body is a mysterious dichotomy. Sheer luck, good or bad, has so much to do with it, but every time we commit an act of violence, even in self-defense, we dance the tightrope risk of unbalancing our lives and in a rippling effect, the lives around us. We have to learn how to fight because evil exists. And if there is something we have to learn to do, then there's more reason to do it well. Learning proper ways to defend yourself can instill control measures into your reactions.

The biggest problem in common martial art training is a lack of an attachment to real world situations. One punch—one kill! One head twist and neck break! Rarely is a technique taught in relationship to specific, realistic acts of crime or war. Every real fight is intricately related to the situation and surroundings. Some, and I repeat SOME,



police training does its best to cover this problem, but the staging is expensive and problematic. When an officer walks into a series of rooms constructed of rubber tires on gun qualification day, he or she does not expect a less-than-lethal outcome. They are there to shoot a way out of a problem. Barefoot on the mats today? No shooting today. No helmets? Not hitting the head today! Expensive, training environments that allow a full spectrum of options begin to develop the technique selection process and force trainees to weigh responses with outcomes. When you see yourself as a hammer, the world is a nail. When you see yourself as the tool belt....you get the picture.

The bully of aggression is evil, and the bully must be stopped whether it appears in a Saturday night party in your hometown, or in Kuwait, but weigh heavily each act of violence you commit. The balanced and proper-minded take action regretfully. At times in our defense we must be quick on the trigger, but be heavy on the heart and mind. A true, mature student of survival understands that one must also survive the aftermath, the post-incident assault on your freedom, and your money and possessions. Self-defense strategy doesn't just stop when the attacker is dropped.

It is real easy for your tough guy, macho, spec op, commando type instructor to say, "Well that's too bad, he shouldn't have approached you like that!"—after you break the neck of a parking lot, panhandler who surprised you. Yes, real easy for Mr. Rambo Hammer to say...when you, his student, are the one doing 10 years for manslaughter.

Remember the three words I have been saying for more than a decade now. Moral. Ethical. Legal. Wrestle with those words. That's what the good guys try to do. ★



# Dispatches

**Land Mail: Hock**—I want to clarify something written in the “U.S. troops find new uses for non-lethal weaponry” article. The Air Line Pilot’s Assn (ALPA) has not called for installation of stun guns in cockpits. They did initially, but almost immediately changed to a call for the use of firearms. The initial statement was premature—research was still ongoing. That research, as well as the recommendations of various police and the FBI, indicated that stun guns would be almost useless in a cockpit environment under attack by hijackers. Their use in the cabin is a different kettle of fish, but ALPA and most other pilot groups have issued a very strong call for the authorization to arm volunteer pilots. There is a bill in Congress now to force the Transport Security Agency to do just that, since John Magaw and Norman Mineta refuse. I would suggest that everyone read these new bills and call their Congressmen to support passage. This is a very important step in the safeguarding of our nation’s airways and, at this point, the fastest, cheapest and most positive way to do that. All other suggestions so far will take years, cost a fortune and/or will never work.

— Dan Straus

Reply: Train and arm all willing pilots. The Sky Marshal program is already in shambles. Contact Front Sight Institute in Las Vegas at [www.frontsight.com](http://www.frontsight.com) for the most aggressive arm-our-pilots political movement.

**Land Mail: There is an instructor I know that claims he invented the word Combatives. Where does the term come from?** — Undisclosed

Reply: I don’t know who your friend is, but he must be about three hundred years old? Combatives is actual a passive word in terms of English and grammar, and it by itself is not usually found in the common dictionary. But, I think we may all agree it means a collection of combat tactics. It originates in Great Britain. The first time I heard of the word was in the title for a bayonet-training course for British soldiers bound for India in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century. I have a small collection of U.S. Army and Marine training manuals from the ’20s and ’30s that use the word throughout. One of them from the ’40s is simply called “Combatives.” Many British and South African commando courses of WW II were also called combatives. Tell your instructor friend to shrink his hat size and read just a little history.

**E-Mail: I believe Military Police need better marksmanship training and better holsters and gear. Currently, MP’s focus on avoiding losing their weapons**

rather than learning realistic training and shooting techniques.

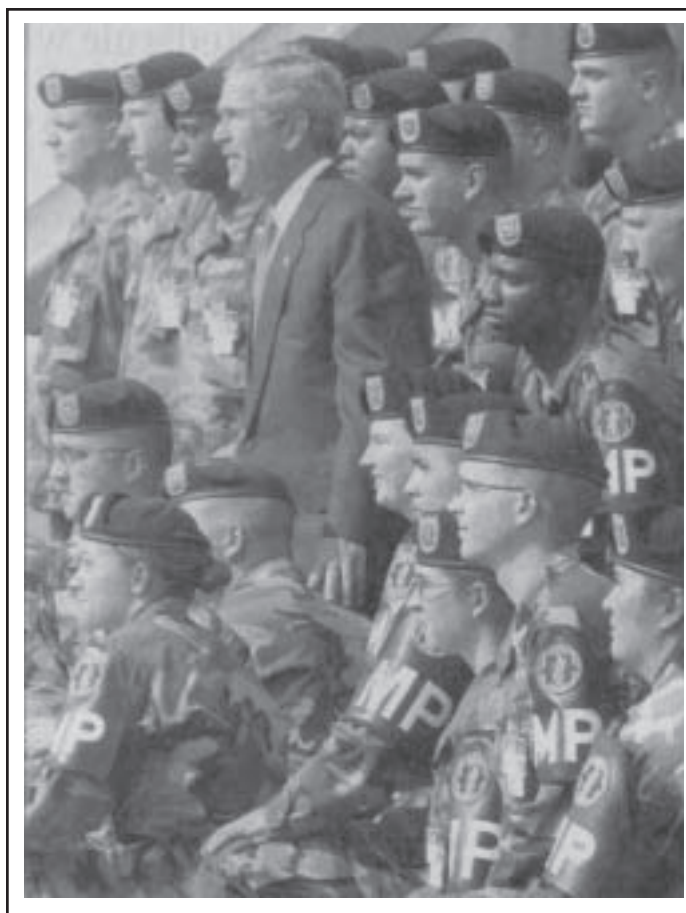
The holsters the army issues are worthless. There are better holsters in the consumer market with double and triple retention. I’m currently stationed in Hawaii. Recently my brigade commander brought the H and H International Training Division to train us in survival skills. A former member of the Delta Force and retired and current police officers taught us the course. This training covered all aspects of advanced marksmanship and advanced patrol-officer skills.

After our training, we went back to our companies and conducted unarmed self-defense classes and we called them H and K ranges because we ran them out of guidelines of a normal Army range. The soldiers who went through this training loved and benefited from it.

This is the type of training that MPs need. Officers and senior NCOs need to get away from the mindset that our combat mission is primary and give more attention to the everyday realistic mission, which is law enforcement.

The MP Corps needs to ask this question: Could our MPs handle an attack by a terrorist or another armed and dangerous subject with the training they are give currently? My answer for most MPs would be no.

— MP Training Letter



*For more e-mails, questions and comments, log onto the powerful [www.HocksCQC.com](http://www.HocksCQC.com) Talk Forum chaired by Steve Zorn. Zorn, an alumni of Class Number 1 of the Close Quarter Combat Basic Instructor course, currently teaches defense and survival tactics to United Airlines personnel via NLSI and will teach classes in the Chicago area in the evening. Statistics show thousands view the forum daily from all over the world.*

# The Original Cassius Clay

By Pete Kaus

*Today, when we hear the name Cassius Clay people immediately think of the famous boxer who later became Muhammad Ali. The name encourages memories of great fights in the ring like, “The Thrilla’ in Manila,” and “The Rumble in the Jungle,” and the great human personality “the champ” radiates.*

*It is not a name normally associated with Bowie knife fights and pistol duels...or with the 6’3,” 230 lb. “dead white guy” who helped found the Republican party, obtained Alaska for the United States, and forged a now-forgotten alliance with Russia that saved the Union in the darkest days of the American Civil War!*

*That was the original Cassius Clay...*



**H**e was born in Madison County, Kentucky in 1810. Like the boxer who would later bear his name, Cassius was a pugnacious boy and quick to engage in fights with any one who crossed him or offended his sense of right and wrong. In his lifetime he became famous as an abolitionist, politician, publisher, knife fighter, ambassador, duelist and lady’s man.

Some men might be “lovers and not fighters” but Clay was a fiery mix of the two. Throughout his life, Clay was drawn to the ladies, and this would cause a lot of talk and speculation. Combine this with a calculating mind, a hot temper, and cool nerves in a fight, and you get a better idea of Clay’s personality. Even as an old man, he had young ladies living with him, much to the distress of the community. He once held off the local police with a cannon when they tried to remove one of these girls from his home!

Fittingly, it was over a lady, his college sweetheart Mary Jane Warfield, that Clay would fight his first duel. While the two were planning to marry, another of Mary Jane’s suitors named Dr. John P. Declary sent Jane’s mother a letter that criticized Clay, saying he was an unsuitable son-in-law. Upon hearing of the letter, Clay and his best man went to find Dr. Declary.



When Clay found the doctor, he dragged him into the street and beat him with a stick until the man could no longer stand. Clay's friend kept any possible "good Samaritans" at bay with a pistol. Clay then told his battered adversary where he could find him later, and left to await the formal challenge to a duel.

The challenge came, but confusion dominated when the day of the fight arrived. Through a series of events and mishaps, the duel, which was scheduled for the eve of Clay's wedding, never happened. Failing to gain satisfaction on the field of honor for the beating he received, Dr. Declary wrote a series of public letters, calling Clay a coward for failing to fight him.

Though Clay tried to ignore these letters, he finally could not bear the public humiliation and went to meet the doctor to arrange for a second duel. Upon seeing Clay, Dr. Declary turned white, and returned to his hotel. Clay searched for his adversary for several more days, awaiting the challenge, but none came. The good doctor had returned to his room and committed suicide by slashing his wrists.

Though Clay's family owned slaves, he became convinced slavery was inherently wrong. Though, from his writings he did not seem to feel blacks were equal to whites, he certainly felt pity for them. He thought they should be educated, and felt slavery was immoral. After his father's death, Clay freed all the slaves his family owned, though they were worth many thousands of dollars. During the rise of the abolitionist movement in the 1840's, he became a spokesman for the cause, and was quick to debate anyone in public.

In 1841 Clay fought a duel with Robert Wickliffe over comments made by Wickliffe's father. Clay was a good shot and practiced constantly in the days leading up to the duel. One of his friends even witnessed Clay cut a hanging string in half with an accurate shot from his pistol!

The duel, however, was not fatal. Both men fired three times before their seconds stopped the fight. Afterward, Clay surrendered none of the animosity he felt toward his opponent. "We left the ground enemies, as we came," he said. When asked later by a friend how he could shoot so well in practice, and then miss at only 10 paces in the duel, Clay responded coolly, "The damn string had no pistol in it's hand."

During the elections that same year, he started a pattern of heckling an opposing candidate during public meetings, hoping for the chance to debate him. Far from getting a debate with words, he attracted the attention of a political enforcer named Samuel Brown, who was brought in to deal with the upstart Clay.

It was during a political rally at Russell's Cave that Brown called Clay out; saying he was, "a damned liar" and struck him with his cane. Clay, who was ready for the fight, drew his Bowie knife but members of the crowd sympathetic toward Brown restrained him. Crowd members dragged Clay and Brown some distance apart until Clay spotted one of Brown's cronies giving him a pistol. "Clear the way and let me kill that damned rascal," yelled Brown, trying to draw a bead on Clay.

Clay surged free of the men holding him and charged Brown. As he rushed in, he kept his left arm up to grab Brown as soon as possible, and for any small defense it might offer. Brown took aim and when Clay was nearly upon him, he fired. The shot struck Clay, but in the same instant, Clay struck Brown in the head with his Bowie knife. In Clay's own words, "It was a tremendous blow, which would have split open an ordinary skull; but Brown's was as thick as that of an African. The blow laid his skull open about three inches to the brain, indenting it, but not breaking the textures."

Before Clay could follow up on his stunned foe, some of Brown's cronies again seized him, pinning his upper arms. Clay struggled against their grip, but could only move his arms from the elbows down. Still, he slashed with whatever fury he could as Brown advanced upon him. Being armed with a Bowie knife, these lesser blows still made telling wounds, and in a few seconds the flashing blade had thrust out Brown's right eye, cut off his left ear, and cleaved his nose in half.

Brown sunk to the ground, senseless from his wounds. Clay raised his bloody knife in the air, and challenged anyone else who felt he was a liar to come and fight him. No one stepped forth.

(At least this is the way Clay relates the story—other accounts have stated that after Clay defeated Brown, he then picked up Brown's near-lifeless body and threw it over a low wall and down a hill!)

Clay was taken to a nearby house where

his bullet wound was examined. A gut shot would likely kill Clay, and he knew it. To everyone's amazement, however, the bullet had struck the scabbard of Clay's Bowie knife and lodged there! Clay had little more than a bruise to show for being shot at point blank range. He felt God had saved him because his cause was just. Not wanting to just trust to God, however, Clay would prominently wear his Bowie knife from that day on, always ready to fight for his beliefs, and he would have many more chances to use that knife over the course of his life.

In 1849, Clay was again challenged and attacked by a mob of men, this time while delivering a speech of his own. Six members of the Turner family attended one of Clay's rallies, and shouted accusations that he was "a damn liar." Clay leapt from the stage to meet their challenge, but one of them snatched away Clay's Bowie knife and stabbed him in the left breast with it. Another produced a pistol and fired it, point-blank, at Clay's face.

As with the incident at Russell's Cave, God smiled on Clay—and the pistol clicked harmlessly four times! In that moment of confusion, Clay grabbed his knife by the blade and twisted it out of the hands of his assailant. Though cut severely in the process, Clay then turned the blade back on his attackers, killing Cyrus Turner and scattering the others.

Clay was a potential candidate for Vice President in the 1860 election, though he did not receive the nomination. He would, however, be appointed ambassador to Russia from 1861-62 and 1863-69. Though history books mainly list him as the man responsible for obtaining Alaska for the U.S. in 1867, that was not the real reason he was sent there. President Lincoln sent Clay to Russia to negotiate a secret alliance with Czar Alexander II, which he hoped would prevent England and France from becoming involved in the Civil War on the side of the Confederacy! Clay understood the gravity of his mission; if he failed the Union would be dealt a blow from which it could never recover.

With the help of pro-American forces in Russia, Clay was successful in convincing the Czar to ally with America. Despite threats from England and France, the Russian's support and loyalty for the Union never wavered. When the English asked the Czar directly if he would join their plan to recog-

*To utilize Clay's fighting techniques, the knifeman must be able to close the range quickly and explosively to get the headlock. In this instance, it is demonstrated after an initial snap-cut to the opponent's hand that has removed his thumb and forced him to drop his weapon.*



1) Close from long range carefully.



5) "The first move you should make upon your adversary is to obtain a headlock with your left arm."



6) "Then drive very viciously in back of their left clavicle, thus severing the jugular"



7) "But you frequently run into an agile adversary who thwarts this maneuver"

nize the Confederacy, the Czar responded by sending the Russian Navy to New York and San Francisco harbors as a symbol of the brotherhood between these two great nation...and as a final warning to England not to get involved in the American's affairs! For a full seven months the Russian Navy stayed as honored guests in the respective port cities.

At some point during his nine years of service in Russia, it's rumored that Clay fought a duel in a forest with one "Prince Orlof," but I cannot confirm this account. He was however either given, or had made, a custom Bowie knife while he was there. It had a pearl handle and silver fittings, with a sharp, fast blade. Clay referred to this as his "Fancy dress-up Bowie" and he wore it everywhere.

Upon his return to America in 1869, Clay allegedly started work on a small booklet called *The Technique of Bowie Knife Fighting*. It is not known if he ever finished this manuscript, or if, in fact, it ever existed at all. It is important to note that Clay *does not* mention writing *The Technique of Bowie Knife Fighting* in his autobiography. This would be unusual if he had indeed written such a tract, as he mentions everything else he wrote in his lifetime and does not

shy away from discussing the numerous fights he took part in.

In all the years I have researched lore on the Bowie knife, I have only found *one* solid reference to this mysterious book that had a direct quotation, or mentioned anything more than the title. In *The Lion of Whitehall*, which is a short transcript of a 1952 lecture given by the late William H. Townsend, there is the following passage:

*"The first move you should make upon your adversary is to obtain a headlock with your left arm, and then drive very viciously in back of their left clavicle, thus severing the jugular. But you frequently run into an agile adversary who thwarts this maneuver.*

*Under no circumstances must you then shift to the chest walls as I used to do before I became experienced. There is too much danger of hitting a rib.*

*The thing for you to do if you are thwarted, in what is the finest early tactical maneuver, then you should shift and drive to the hilt with great force on a line with the navel. It has been my experience that this produces great shock and that it almost invariably puts an end to the encounter."*





2-3) Deliver a snap-cut to the opponent's thumb.



3



4

4) Monitor and make sure he dropped his knife.



into an agile adversary



8

8) "If you are thwarted, in what is the finest early tactical maneuver, then you should shift and drive to the hilt with great force on a line with the navel."



9

9) "It has been my experience that this produces great shock and that it almost invariably puts an end to the encounter."

Was this really written by Clay? Is there more? Sadly, I do not know! The advice given is sound, and I would like to believe Clay wrote this but, without further proof, the exact source remains a mystery.

Perhaps the rough pages were sitting in a box of his papers in a museum somewhere and that was where Townsend saw them; or perhaps Townsend heard this advice elsewhere and was just spinning a good yarn! Without anything else to go on, we can't say for sure. My personal opinion is that if Clay was working on a tract of this nature, he only started it and did not complete it or else he would have mentioned it in his autobiography. If it still exists, it is not cataloged in any book list or archival resource that I have found. This again could be because it was only a few pages of text or an outline in a notebook with other writings.

Clay would kill more men in his lifetime with pistol and knife. At 92, he fought three men who broke into his home at night. He met them in the parlor, armed with his Bowie knife and a pistol. He shot the first, gutted the second in exactly the way he described above, and wounded the third who escaped.

Though he was only slightly wounded in the fight, Clay fell into a decline. He died in the summer of 1903 on the night of a tornado, which destroyed property for miles around, tearing roofs off barns and destroying church spires. Even as Clay exhaled his final breath, the famous pearl-handled Bowie knife was still with him, under his pillow and ready to defend if needed. ★

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

To read more about the wartime pact between America and Russia and the politics behind it, please visit: [http://members.tripod.com/~american\\_almanac/russcwar.htm](http://members.tripod.com/~american_almanac/russcwar.htm)

# What is a Warrior?

By Hock Hochheim

**H**unting the cagey, courageous elephant is an arduous and dangerous expedition. The beasts will stand their ground, charge and fight back. So much so, that the term “seeing the elephant” in certain circles has come to mean surviving some type of real world *badge of courage*. Having this experience is often the key motivation when someone defines a warrior, elevates a hero, or selects some kind of hand, stick, knife or gun instructor.

In the old parable about the blind men touching the elephant at different parts, as each feels of his section, each one determines the elephant is like a wall, or a snake or a tree trunk. Due to blindness, all are wrong. Do we perceive the big creature itself, or just one part when we ask the question—what is a warrior?

Specific probes must be investigated. What exactly was this badge of courage, combat experience? Where was it? How much was it? When was it? What exactly was done? Who was the enemy? Many aspects need surgical examination for you to better understand what the blinded may miss.

Today, the word warrior is used in many abstract ways. There are road warriors and weekend warriors and a person dedicated to training for a karate tournament has been called a warrior. Some American Indians were referred to as warrior braves. There are even prayer warriors at churches.

The dictionaries define a warrior as a person engaged or experienced in warfare. Next, they define the term broadly as—a person engaged in some struggle—and therein slips in these other abstract categories. Authors Robert Moore and Douglas Gillette of *King, Warrior, Magician, Lover* use a common symbol for readers to relate to—Yul Brenner in the *Magnificent Seven*.

“The warrior’s energy is concerned with skill, power, and accuracy, and with control, both inner and outer, psychological and physical, with training thoughts, feeling, speech and actions. Yul Brenner’s character in the *Magnificent Seven* is a study in trained self-control. He says little, moves with the physical control of a predator, attacks only the enemy, and has absolute mastery over the technol-



ogy of his trade. He has developed skill with the weapons he uses to implement his decisions.”

People seeking these warrior accolades are often insecure about the lack thereof, making excuses for it. Some lie about it desiring the psychological and often monetary value of this badge of courage. They pretend to be Navy SEALs, Gurkha soldiers, black bag operators, international martial arts contestant winners...the list is endless.

Robert Campbell, the leading expert on the blend of mythology, religion and history has reminded us how badly we need our warrior heroes and mentors. With lines reaching back to the powerful monks of China, the Jettis and Kshatriya of India, Zoroasters of Persha, the Japanese Samurai, there is much reference and talk of the warrior spirit. Even the ancient, gladiator “sports” meant life or death. We love, create and

covet heroes and in our wantonness therefore we have created a landscape of heroes and veteran teachers is from karate tournament champs to Medal of Honor recipients.

Police? Corrections? Security? Military? Martial? These days there are only a few ways to gain this tribal christening of manhood. One joins the military or becomes employed by a law enforcement agency. One might work in a corrections facility. The easiest street access to the elite club is to become a bouncer or security guard of some type. Some seek adventure in crime—a negative warrior. Some people’s only claim to the *tough guy hall of fame* is that they grew up on the *tough side of town*. Left with few options to gain experience and respect, people resort to beating each other senseless in sport arenas to prove their warrior metal. But what exactly has this elephant done? Specifically! What actual experience does a person holding a position in these fields garnish? In police work there’s an introspection about the life of a 20 year veteran—did he see 20 years of varied experience, or just one year, 20 times over? Did he sit in the record’s room for 11 of those years? Where those 20 years in a Mayberry R.F.D. agency with Sheriff Andy? Did he, in only one day in those 20 years, prove heroic in a High Noon gunfight



against multiple opponents and win the day. Or was there one High Noon a year? Was that one High Noon gruesome enough to qualify for a lifetime? Did that bouncer work at Slugger's Bar and War Zone, or at Lady's Finger Food Café? Where do you draw the line?

How many kills in Vietnam makes a warrior. 1? 10? 25? What about the sniper who killed 50 from a tremendous distance and never took return fire? Or, never was in hand-to-hand combat? How many bullets must you duck to be so classified? 20? 30? Hundreds? Did only one tour? Does that count or does three tours? The commanders and generals who received the most respect were the ones who frequently appeared on the front lines, or fought beside their men like King Leonidas of Sparta. McArthur and Patton appeared there from time to time. Many true warrior/leaders wanted to but were ordered not to risk their leadership skills in the bigger effort.

There are plenty of elite special force military types who served 20 years and due to the politics of the times, never once saw a day of combat. They struggled through that special force obstacle course; they parachute; they swim deep and long; they shoot well. They want to fight! But no fight! Are they still...warriors?

The line is gray. This curious mystique is projected even amongst the warrior groups. I've attended gatherings, seminars and expos where police and military personnel were present. The police as a whole were enamored with the Rangers, Berets and SEALs, and projected upon them, their own macho vision of the complete warrior package. Conversely, the military gazed upon the SWAT offic-



ers in the same way, visualizing them with guns drawn, kicking in doors twice a week and seeing all kinds of action. Citizens were enamored with both groups. Most, not all mind you, but most, wanted to rub shoulders with everyone else, trying in some way to touch that elephant, capture and define that mythical magic.

Professor James William Gibson of California State University said, "The fact that even the men who had military service of some kind or who were policemen or in the security business were so quick and some often anxious to distinguish themselves from those they saw as lesser men, points to a deeper problem at the core of the warrior ideal, namely:

How much war does it take to make a warrior? No matter where one stood in terms of combat experience, there was always someone who had seen more action, taken more risks, and killed more enemies."

I think that someone like Colonel David Hackworth (U.S. Army, RET.) is a true warrior in body and spirit, a veteran of close quarter battle in Korea and Vietnam. He trained, fought beside and led many successful warriors. Then, in the spirit of his beliefs, even fought his own Army to try to fix it, against such odds as he was compelled to leave his own country. He was right and he is obviously back, still the most decorated Army soldier in our country's history. I think it only fair I offer up Hackworth as one example, because I now challenge you to consider all these issues, these questions that I have raised. Ask yourself. What is a warrior? ☛



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# From the Holster

## *Handgun Presentation Skills and Strategies*

By Steve Krystek

*Possessing the ability to quickly access and deploy a handgun from a carry position is one of the most critical skills of Modern Pistolcraft. This skill must be learned, developed, practiced and ultimately conditioned into our mid-brain memory through thousands of perfect repetitions in order for the technique to be effective. I'm often asked why this is so important? The reason is simple. Handguns are primarily defensive, reactionary firearms carried for the sake of convenience and/or concealment. If and when we need it, the odds are fairly high that it won't already be in our hands. Thus, we must make it a priority to instill an economical and expedient method for presenting our sidearm from the holster.*

**Steve Krystek** previously served as the senior team leader and trainer of a military special weapons and tactics team, and later as a member of the U.S. Department of Energy's nuclear protective force. He has trained with more than 120 law enforcement agencies, military units, and civilian groups throughout the United States and overseas in close-quarter combat, tactical firearms, and special operations. Steve is currently a full-time police officer for a major metropolitan police department and Director of the Las Vegas-based Progressive F.O.R.C.E. Concepts. For information, call: (702) 647-1126 or visit: [www.PFCtraining.com](http://www.PFCtraining.com)

### Setting the Stage

The dominant-side belt holster should serve as our primary carry position and the position from which we conduct the large majority of our presentations during training. This carry site would include belt-slide holsters, inside-the-waistband (IWB) holsters and paddle holsters. Other carry positions and applicable presentation methods should be carefully selected based on occupational, environmental and circumstantial needs. Once you select your carry method, you must invest the time and money to acquire a quality belt and holster. For holsters, ensure that your firearm fits properly and the opening doesn't collapse once you draw the pistol. For belts, choose a style that is compatible with the holster and provides a high degree of rigidity. If properly equipped and worn, carry gear will provide sufficient resistance against the action of the draw stroke resulting in a smooth presentation.

### Hand Positioning and Carry Position Indexing

Prior to initiating a presentation technique, our hands will generally be in one of five positions. Each position has its advantages and disadvantages. Since it is impossible to know which will apply in any given situation, we must practice our acquisition of a Final Firing Grip from all possible positions. These include:

- Hands Down Position (*natural, hands at sides stance*)
- Hands Up Position (*empty-hand fighting stance*)
- Handling Position (*holding an object*)
- Covert Index (*inside of dominant-side forearm resting on holstered weapon*)
- Overt Index (*Final Firing Grip acquired*)



## Open Carry Presentation Technique

The following photo sequence depicts the actions contained in the open carry presentation technique.

This presentation sequence would constitute a *Draw to Contact*. In some situations, drawing to contact may not be necessary or prudent. The alternative is known as a *Draw to Threat*. When drawing in response to a threat, but not a verified act of deadly force, we modify the presentation technique by *pushing* the pistol downward from the Close-Contact Position, to a ready position.



◀ *Dominant-hand acquires Final Firing Grip (defeating all retention levels in the process). Palm of the support-hand simultaneously contacts the center of the chest.*



◀ *Dominant-hand brings firearm straight up into a high Close-Contact Position (firearm is held close to the body with the inside of the dominant-hand grip contacting the side of the upper torso, dominant-side elbow is pointed straight to the rear). Muzzle of the firearm is rotated and oriented toward the threat as it is elevated into position. Support-hand remains in contact with the center of the chest.*



◀ *From the Close Contact Position, gun is extended straight toward the target. Support-hand mates with the dominant-hand along our centerline at approximately 30 percent extension and a two-handed firing grip is established.*



◀ *Gun is further extended to a Natural Point of Aim (NPOA) and either a Modern Isosceles or Modified Weaver platform is established.*



*When holstering, we simply reverse the presentation process. From the contact position, retract the gun into a Close-Contact Position with the dominant-hand while re-contacting the chest with the support-hand.*



*From the Close-Contact Position, vision remains on the threat area and the support-hand continues to contact the chest while the dominant-hand rotates the muzzle toward the opening of the holster and directs the gun downward into a seated position.*



*Dominant-hand completes the holstering process by ensuring the gun is firmly secured in the holster. By following this process exactly how it is described, we can instantly and easily present the weapon again in a normal manner should a new threat appear or the same threat resurface.*

Through repetitive training, the draw stroke begins to smooth out and speed up and rapid sight picture acquisition begins to develop. This presentation method is supported by four key principles: Economy of Motion, Inter-limb/Interaction, Weapon Retention, and Natural Point of Aim (NPOA). While it would take half this magazine to thoroughly expand on these principles, their value is obvious. These elements of an effective handgun presentation may be used to measure and validate the correctness of a technique taught by your agency or practiced at your favorite shooting school. Whatever presentation method you choose to adopt, it should ultimately become a natural, subconscious reaction to serious danger. There's nothing more gratifying than receiving a spontaneous threat stimulus and instantly feeling your gun in hand and on target. ★

# Police Blotter

## Losing the Crown

The Ford, Crown Victoria Police Interceptor currently commands 85 percent of the U.S. police-vehicle business. But Ford's competitors are gearing up this year. SUV sales to PDs



have risen, as have those of Chevy's police Impala. The Impala has popped up in many departments—most visibly NYPD, which is trying out the Impala on a 50-50 basis with the Crown Vic.

## Serial Border Murders

The FBI has offered its assistance in investigating the slayings of more than 300 women in Juarez, Mexico, near El Paso, TX since 1993.

## Mourners Struck

Willard, MO officers report a Twilight Zone event. Three mourners at a rural graveside funeral were killed last August when lightning struck them during a sudden thunderstorm.

## 15-Second Rule

Many police defensive tactics instructors believe in the 15-second rule. A patrol officer or detective must win a struggle in 15 seconds or the advantage goes to the opponent.

## Pocket Knife Saves Man from Cougar Attack

A 61-year-old man in Victoria, British Columbia won a life and death struggle with a

cougar outside a small northern Vancouver Island village, killing the 100 pound animal with a three inch pocket knife. Dave Parker was jumped from behind while walking on an industrial road. Officers report Parker was mauled and still pulled and opened his pocket knife, slitting the cougar's throat. Despite extensive wounds he walked a half-mile to a forest mill log sorting area and got help from workers.

## PCP

DEA reports that the use of PCP, phencyclidine—known also as angel dust in the 1970s, is up, based on intelligence, seizures and emergency room admissions.

## Sopranoviches

Russia has 5,700 criminal gangs with an estimated membership of 100,000. Forty percent of the private businesses, 60 percent of the state-owned businesses and over half of Russia's banks are controlled by crime syndicates—in effect, two-thirds of the economy. Interpol reports decades of the shadow economy that ran more on capitalism has created this entrenched problem.

## Daley Double

In February 2002, a team of Secret Service agents assigned to Vice President Cheney's protective detail on a visit to the San Diego area finished their shift and decided to wind down at a local bar. This outing ended in a drunken brawl between four secret service agents and a horde of locals outside a lounge called the Daley Double. During the fracas, one agent bit off the tip of one local's ear. The police were called and listed the suspect's address as 1600 Pennsylvania Ave, Washington D.C.

## Simulated Ammo

Still, despite all professional safeguards, officer fatalities during simulated/simunition training occur almost monthly. Real bullets somehow get into the real guns that are supposed to be loaded with simulated and safe rounds.

## G.I. Joe! Freeze! Somebody Position Joe's Arms Up in the Air!

Security screening is so tight at U.S. airports that even GI Joe can't board packing an inch-long pistol or a finger long M-16 rifle. These toy weapons were confiscated twice in at least two instances last August when passengers tried to take the armed dolls on board in carry-on luggage for children.

## FATS gets Fatter

FATS, Firearms Training Systems received a \$625,000 contract to provide services to Ca-

nadian national defense government organization.

## INS Immigrant Work

The U.S. federal government has much to do. There is an estimated 314,000 people still targeted for deportation. A huge number of undocumented immigrants have families here with them, or families started since they have arrived. Out of 8.5 million illegal residents, 5 million to 6 million may be living in a family.

## Fox Scoring Points

U.S. Intelligence officials claim that Mexican President Fox is making some progress in



changing the culture of corruption in law enforcement.

## Prison Health Care

Hepatitis C, an infectious liver virus now affects nearly 20 percent of U.S. prisoners. Treatment can cost up to \$25,000 per inmate and \$250,000 if the inmate requires a transplant. Health care costs about 17 percent of the current prison budgets.

## Squad Room Quotes

**"You could tell the difference between surveillance tapes recorded before and after the Godfather movies came out. The hoods started talking like the characters in the films."**

—Former Prosecutor, Former NYC Mayor Rudy Giuliani

**"I want you to disregard all the opposing counsel has said. I think they should be handcuffed, chained to a fence and flogged. And if they lie again, I'm going over there and kick them in crotch."**

—Congressman James Traficant at his July hearing

**"We are like a giant ship, teetering on toothpicks, waiting to collapse."**

—Secret Service Agent



# True Cop Story

## *Frank Hamer, A Deadly Man*

By Paul Kirchner

In the course of bringing the town under control, Hamer had to fight a number of times. He rarely used his fists, preferring an open-handed smack against the side of a man's head. Hamer was 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighed 200 lbs.; his grizzly-bear-like swats never failed to drop an opponent. He also learned the efficacy of his boots against shins, knees and groins. Historian Walter Prescott Webb wrote that, while Hamer killed no one in Navasota, "some [were] pretty well marked for future identification." In 1910, his mission accomplished, Hamer moved on.

In 1916, as the state's expert witness against a killer in a bitter land feud, Hamer became a marked man, with a \$4,000 price on his head. On October 1, 1917 as he was heading for a court appearance, he was warned that some hired guns lay in wait for him in Sweetwater, a town through which he had to pass. Hamer wouldn't change route, but took the precaution of strapping on an extra revolver, a Smith & Wesson Triple-Lock .44, to augment his single-action Colt .45, "Old Lucky."

Just outside of Sweetwater, Hamer got a flat tire (one wonders whether the tire wasn't shot out) and he pulled into the town's service station. With him were his wife Gladys, his brother Harrison, and a party to the case, Emmett Johnson. As his brother and Johnson went to the toilet, Hamer walked into the office. Gladys remained in the car.

As Hamer left the office one of the assassins, a former sheriff and Texas Ranger named Gee McMeans, stepped out from behind a door about four feet away, a .45 automatic in his hand. Shouting, "I've got you now, God damn you!" he shot Hamer in his left shoulder. Hamer grabbed for the pistol and managed to push it down before McMeans shot again. Even as the second bullet tore into his leg, Hamer noticed that he did not hear an ejected casing hit the wooden sidewalk; by grabbing the automatic he had caused it to jam. Hamer wrenched the pistol away and began cuffing McMeans with his open hand.

Meanwhile McMeans' associate, H. E. Phillips, attempted to sneak up on Hamer with an automatic shotgun. From the car, Gladys

Hamer began shooting at him with a small-caliber semi-automatic, forcing him to duck for cover, but when her gun ran dry Phillips ran up behind Hamer and fired from about three feet away.

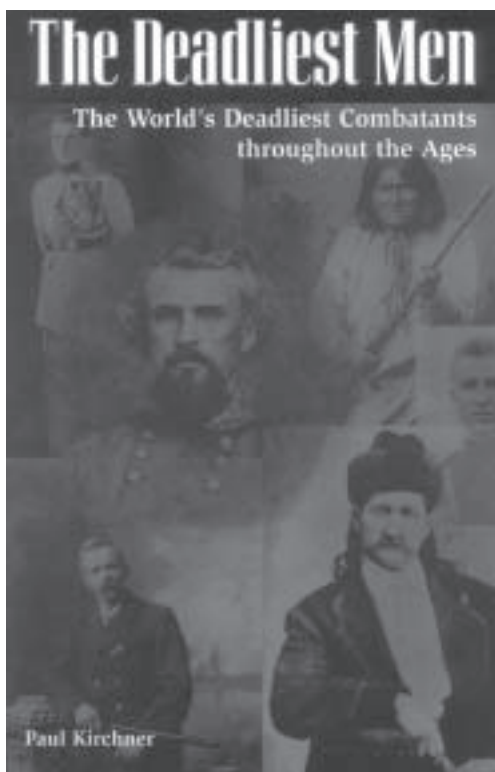
"I got him! I got him!" Shouted Phillips as Hamer went to his knees. But Hamer shook off the effect of the concussion and stood back up. Phillips' blast had gone astray, merely tearing the brim from the lawman's hat. Phillips and McMeans ran for their car as Hamer went after them. McMeans pulled a pump shotgun from his car, but Hamer raised his .44 and shot him through the heart, killing him. Hamer then turned on the cowering Phillips and invited him to fight face to face, but Phillips had had enough and ran away, shotgun in hand. Hamer shouted at him to turn around, but he kept running.



Harrison, caught with his pants down during the shooting, now arrived and aimed a rifle at the retreating Phillips. As he squeezed the trigger, Frank pushed the barrel up. He didn't want his brother to shoot a man in the back, even one who had just tried to kill him. Phillips was soon arrested.

A few hours later, a certain Bob Higgdon blew into town. Described by some as "the deadliest gunman in the Southwest," he was one of the men hired to kill Hamer; he'd even had a special quick-draw holster made up for the occasion. He saw a shrouded body being carted off to the funeral parlor and, assuming it was Hamer, loudly proclaimed his disappointment at having arrived too late to do the job himself. When he was informed that the dead man was McMeans and that Hamer was still in town, Higgdon muttered something about how it wouldn't be right to take on a wounded man, not right at all, and left on the next train.

Hamer took a year off to recover from his wounds and traveled with his wife to Los Angeles, where he met and formed a strong friendship with cowboy movie actor Tom Mix. Mix, impressed by Hamer's riding ability and skill with the pistol, thought the latter could be a star in Westerns, but the lawman dismissed the notion as absurd. He returned to Texas and reenlisted with the Rangers at Brownsville on October 1, 1918. Three days later he and several



other Rangers got into a fierce night-time gun battle with Mexican bootleggers. Sighting in on a single muzzle flash from the bandit leader's pistol, Hamer opened up with his semi-automatic .25 Remington, firing so fast his men likened the rifle to a pear burner, a small flamethrower used to burn the thorns off prickly pears. Hamer hit the bandit three times, killing him.

In 1921, when Hamer took over

the Ranger company stationed at Del Rio, a band of outlaws led by Ralph "Red" Lopez was smuggling drugs, bootlegging whisky, rustling cattle, and committing numerous robberies in the area. Lopez, a former rodeo rider, had been wanted for murder since 1913. He was a crack shot with a rifle, which he fired from the hip; a 30-man posse that once chased him had lost six of its members to his devastating marksmanship. After Red Lopez' gang killed 19 American citizens while robbing a train near the border, stopping him rose to the top of Hamer's list.

Eventually, an informer offered to set Lopez up, so Hamer led his company to the isolated area where the meeting was to take place. This informer told Hamer that if his men got into a nearby irrigation ditch, they would have an excellent position to ambush Lopez when he arrived. Hamer pretended to go along with this suggestion, but as soon as the informer had left Hamer moved his men behind a small rise some yards away. Just after dark, they saw 20 heavily armed Mexicans creep up on the ditch they had vacated. From his position behind them, Hamer shouted in Spanish, "Halt! We're officers of the law."

A furious gun battle erupted and lasted half an hour, after which the surviving bandits fled, leaving 11 dead. Hamer was bleeding from a cut across his cheek where a bullet had grazed him, but Red Lopez was dead. Hamer's shot had hit the bandit in his upper vest pocket and pierced a gold watch he carried there. For years the perforated timepiece was displayed at the customs house in Laredo.

**Editor's Note:** For more stories about deadly men, we recommend **The Deadliest Men** by Paul Kirchner, available through Paladin Press. [www.paladin-press.com](http://www.paladin-press.com) (800) 392-2400.

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# Scuttlebutt

## Ambush Alert

Recent Pentagon research from a multi war study concludes enemy ambushes were conducted at all hours of the day and night; however, the majority of ambushes occurred during daylight hours. Almost one-third of all NVA/VC ambushes occurred during the morning hours, at which time friendly troops were moving out from their base camps and NDP's to conduct daily operations. Often the NVA and VC set up ambushes behind U.S. patrols after they had left their patrol base in order to ambush the patrol on it's return and there were many cases where patrols that retraced their routes were caught in ambushes at times when the patrol members were tired and security was lax.

## Zimbabwe Deadline

Nearly 3,000 white farmers have been given their final eviction notice by president Robert Mugabe's land re-distribution plan. The United Nations predicts a horrible toll of starvation. The World Food program estimates that in southern Africa, 13 million people will need food aid by the end of the year, caused by a combination of poor yields, upset farmers, flash floods, recurrent draught, and warped political policies.

## Vaccines Hit the Planning Board Again

The U.S. Government proposes to vaccinate 10,000 to 20,000 frontline healthcare workers with the smallpox vaccine to handle potential biological attacks. Last June 2002, \$4.3 billion was set aside for such tasks.

## Another Year at the Strip Clubs

As with last year, about 200 U.S. Army personnel used government charge to get \$38,000 in cash that they spent on lap dancing and other forms of entertainment, according to General Accounting Office. Your tax

dollars at work. For additional information visit [www.militarycorruption.com](http://www.militarycorruption.com)

## Raising Arizona? Killing New Mexico!

The U.S. Air Force has temporarily grounded the F-117. A fighter pilot who dropped three practice bombs atop a house in New Mexico. The 25 lb. bomb crashed through the roof and wrecked a teen-age girl's bedroom closet. Sarah Tarin is said to have survived, but is mourning the loss of 22 pairs of shoes.

## New Robust Nukes

*CQCMag* has gotten a peek into "Report to Congress on the Defeat of Hard and Deeply Buried Targets." The U.S. already has a nuclear weapon that can burrow into the ground. The B61-7 device was modified into an earth-penetrating nuclear weapon and called B61-11. It can dig through 100 meters of solid rock. What is sought now is a 300-meter penetration, into solid granite, that doesn't kill the surrounding civilian population. The fiscal year 2003 budget includes a request for 15 million for the study of more robust nuclear earth penetrators. This report will be open for public view 1 September 2002 on [www.nukewatch.org](http://www.nukewatch.org).

## Columbia

The U.S. Congress capped U.S. military involvement in Columbia at no more than 400 uniformed troops and 400 contractors. In the 38-year-old war between the rebel Revolutionary Armed Forces (FARC) and the government.

## New Challenges Added to the Expert Infantryman Badge

U.S. Army soldiers vying for the EIB must face a few new tests along with the old. Now units will spend three days testing with

a 12-mile road march, physical fitness test, land navigation tests and weapons qualification requirements. Soldiers will no longer have to disassemble an M-16 and perform functions check at the end of the march. They must instead demonstrate proficiency on the AN/SPN-11, the hand held global positioning satellite. They will have to zero in on an AN/PVS-14, infrared laser devices and qualify with a night vision device that mounts on a soldier's helmet.

## Special Report: The Millennium 02 Exercise

The U.S. Defense Department spent \$250 million over the last two years to stage Millennium Challenge '02, a three week, all-service exercise involving 13,500 participants waging mock war

in 17 simulation locations and nine live-force sites. The classified scenario was set in 2007 and was meant to test a handful of key war-fighting concepts. It was described as "free-play" and the enemy force had an opportunity to win. But when Retired Marine Lt. General Paul Van Riper, a key commander of the enemy forces began problem solving and outwitting the U.S. Spec Ops the very first day of the exercise. He used a series of clever battlefield decisions to problem-

*(continued on next page)*



Paul Van Riper

solve situations. Van Riper used motor-cycle messengers to “pony express” commands and orders to field units, thwarting the electronic eavesdropping surveillance. He surrounded entire units and sank fleets with surprise tactics and ambush maneuvers. Exercise officials then denied him the opportunity to use his counter-tactics. Van Riper complained that he was even directed to turn off defenses so that the Army and Marine units could land on the beach. Half-way through the exercise, frustrated and hamstrung, he quit the course. He said the entire project was scripted for the U.S. Forces to win. Pentagon officials do not agree. A Marine officer involved in the exercise reported to *CQCMag* that there was “simply no way we were going to spend 250 million dollars and not win that war.”

## Military quotes

***“Soldiers, we are attacking. Advance as long as you can.***

***When you can no longer advance, hold your position.***

***When you can no longer hold it, die.”***

*-General Joffree, First Battle of the Marne, WWI*

***“I recently went to an Army school during which PT (physical training) was led by a graduate of the master fitness course. You know what we did? We skipped. Lord help us.”***

*Staff SGT Ken Tomkinson*

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# Battlefield Diary

## Bazooka!

By Ronald J. Drez

**Editor's Note:** *The World War II Battle of Tarawa or, more specifically, the Battle of Betio Island in the Pacific Ocean had taken a little over three days. The United States Marines had suffered 3,000 casualties, a statistic that appalled the American people when the numbers were released. The Japanese force of 5,000 men, except for 17 prisoners and some Korean laborers, were killed or committed suicide.*

The bodies of dead Marines still floated in the lagoon behind them as they faced forward to attack the dug-in Japanese force. Their fellow Marines, who formed this mixed bunch of “orphans,” had all survived the gauntlet of the reef. Some had ridden in, but most had waded in and much of their equipment had been lost along the way. Still others had straggled in, having sidestepped their own landing beaches where defenders had mown down their attack comrades, and they had made their way to this small beach-head on the bird’s beak. Joining them were an assortment of vehicle drivers, tractor drivers, and gunners, and members from all of the companies of the battalion.

Among the entire force, there was only one length of a bangalore torpedo, and a single bazooka, with only two rounds. No flamethrowers had made it across the reef. The 72-lb. weapons had either been jettisoned or had dragged their gunners to the bottom.

The bazooka was a new weapon, and only PFC Herberski, among the Marines of Maj. Ryan’s force, had any training with it; he had attended a weapons school. Russell, had retrieved the launcher, along with one of the two rounds, and Herberski decided to carry it on the assault. Without hand grenades, or explosives or flamethrowers, it was the only antibunker weapon they had.

At 1120 the attack moved out and was almost instantly pinned down by a large bunker shaped like an anthill. Machine-gun fire brought the new attack to a screeching halt; the main armament of the bunker was two 75mm guns. Russell looked for cover and ducked down behind a large coconut log, almost 6 feet long and fully 18 inches in diameter. Herberski flopped down beside him, and they twisted to place the log between them and the fire from the pillbox. In positioning themselves, they discovered that the log moved rather easily, and they were able to roll it to their best advantage.

Peering from behind their cover, the two Marines could see the bunker easily. Its sides sloped to the ground, and it looked more like a sand dune than a fortified position. Some Marines began to fire at its openings, but were answered with a tremendous volume of fire from the bunker. There was no way to move as long as the bunker was active. Attacking seemed impossible, because an attack



required an up-hill run across open ground to get to the aperture. Naval gunfire was out of the question because of the proximity of the attacking Marines, and the two tanks were sure targets in the open for the 75mm guns.

As Maj. Ryan pondered his next move, he was surprised to see the massive coconut log rolling forward, pushed by Russell and Herberski. As they pushed, they dragged their weapons, including the bazooka and the single rocket.

Bullets from the enemy position sent sand flying in front of the log, and those rounds that hit the rolling log simply ricocheted off or embedded a couple of inches in the hard surface. The two PFCs were sweating profusely and stopped every few feet to rest.

With the volume of fire that their journey was attracting, Herberski suggested that maybe, if they stopped pushing, the Japanese would forget about them. Russell dismissed that thought and grunted to his task. Fellow Marines, tucked behind their own cover, now alternately encouraged and then derided the two-man log crew as they imitated the mythical Sisyphus, rolling his stone up the impossible hill.

Now they were at the base of the slope leading toward the aperture. The exhausting push across the open ground was nothing compared to the uphill push that now began. Crouching, with their legs drawn up, they pushed forward with their feet. After moving the log a few feet, they braced it with their hands and their weapons so it would not roll backward. Again, they coiled behind the log, and pushed again, seemingly ignoring the rounds impacting nearby. The log was absolutely impervious to the enemy fire.

The gasping Marines rested momentarily, and then renewed their efforts. Up the slope rolled the log, forever wanting to roll back, but stopped by the two men behind it. Heads, arms, and shoulders served as chocks to prevent the roll back. In one of these grunting maneuvers, Herberski exposed himself slightly and was, instantly, shot through the neck.

Bracing the log, Russell bandaged him, and Herberski insisted that they go on. Blood soaked through the bandage, but he pushed with all his strength. The distance between the coconut log and the deadly bunker slowly closed. At 25 feet, they seemed close enough,



but the two Marines did not stop. Finally they were barely 15 feet from the opening that spewed gunfire.

From their positions, the other Marines could see Herberski maneuver the launcher to load it. There were no catcalls now, and the other Marines laid down a base of fire to keep the enemy from the aperture. Despite encouragement, Herberski's movements were slow; loss of blood from his neck wound had weakened him.

Finally the bazooka was loaded, and Jim Russell readied himself for what he knew would be his only shot. He braced himself, and in an instant, he had bolted upright to a kneeling position, took quick aim, and squeezed the trigger. The backblast of the weapon temporarily obscured his view, but the rocket sailed straight through the aperture and an enormous explosion detonated within the pillbox. The force of the explosion blew the log free, and it rolled down the hill, rolling over Russell and the wounded Herberski, until it rested at the bottom of the slope.

Inside the bunker, the 75 guns and the machine guns were now silent; six Japanese gunners were dead. The other Marines surged forward. The next bunker fell with the bangalore torpedo.

Russell brought Herberski back toward the rear and placed him with several wounded Marines, and rejoined the attack. Ryan moved forward and, in the next hour, completed a truly astonishing attack. Utilizing direct fire from Navy destroyers, pinpointed by Lt. Greene, all the positions on the west coast of Green Beach fell under his onslaught. Before 1230, he had gained the southern shore and signaled that he had a beachhead. For the first time, the embattled Marines on Betio controlled an area where they could land fresh troops.

Ryan's attack with his force of "orphans" had cracked the west-

ern defenses of Betio. Their trophies included seven large-caliber coastal guns, plus rapid-firing 37mm guns, and numerous heavy machine guns.

By 1400, Green Beach was alive with activity. Ryan's force now faced to the east and had carved out a line several hundred meters in depth. They defended the newly won beach for a renewed amphibious landing. ★

(For the rest of the story, read Ronald Drez book *Twenty-Five Yards of War*, published by Hyperion.)

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# M-4 vs. M-16

By William Roscoe Jr.



**W**hat will the U.S. Marines select? With 18 months of testing, debates, discussions and even some retooling, the M-4 Carbine, Marine officials still have not made a decision to replace the M-16 with the M-4.

Many law enforcement tactical units, Special Forces and U.S. Army light infantry units already use the M-4. It is about 1.5 pounds lighter and 6 inches shorter than the M-16A2. The M-4 has a collapsible stock and this renders the weapon a full nine inches shorter. Both weapons fire the same 5.56 mm ammunition and use the same 30-round magazines.

But, the M-4's shorter barrel produces less velocity and how much less is often a hot topic of debate. This shortens the carbine's effective range. A U.S. Army test in 1992 concluded that a round fired from an M-16 would penetrate a helmet at a distance of 567 meters. A M-4 round performed the same at a 505 meter limit. The Marine Corps maintain that most future battles will be conducted in distances less than 500 meters. They are concerned with urban, cave and other tight quarters combat. One Marine Sergeant interviewed suggested 500 meters and more was a bigger gun or a sniper issue. "We hope to have longer range fire power handy. One weapon cannot fit all bills and accomplish all our goals."

Special operators, SWAT and infantry have successfully attached numerous other pieces of gear like scopes and night vision onto the shorter weapon, but one other suggested replacement with attachment potential is what experts call the A4 Variant. It is almost identical to current M16 but it has a *rail system* on the upper receiver that allows for the mounting of next generation gear like lights and lasers.

Marine commandant General James Jones says, "This is one of my top 10 issues, which I would like to get resolved in the next few months." The current testing includes some nine different courses, everything from marksmanship to combat courses to force-on-force, with various weapons systems.

"The M-4 is already very popular with the troops," reports one Marine commander, "I predict we will go with the M-14." ★

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# Ask Major Corrigan

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

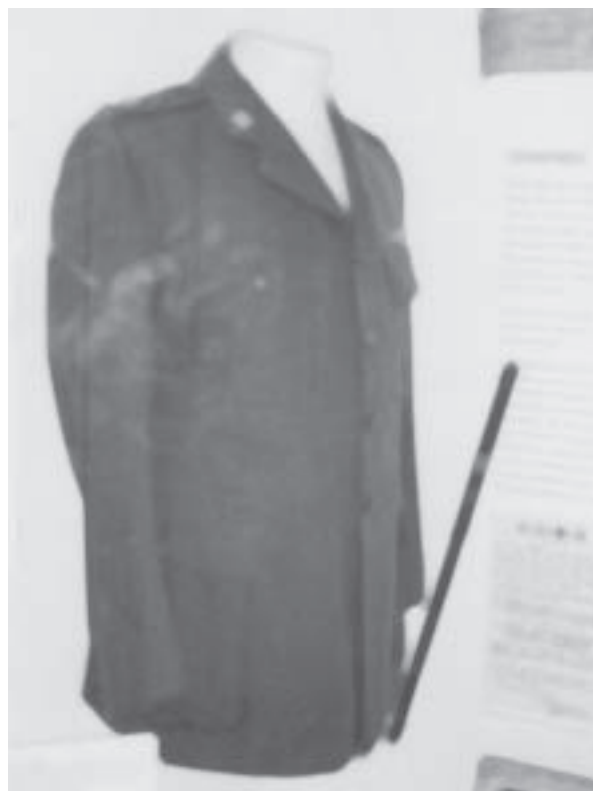
## Corrigan on Canes

*By Major Corrigan*

**Q: I see these small batons or canes being issued and carried by officers. Where does this idea come from?**

**A:** The carrying of canes by officers and sergeants of the British Army dates back to the late 17th Century before rank badges were formalised into the stars and crowns for officers and the chevrons for NCOs that we know today. Until the early years of the 19th Century NCOs' rank was denoted by the wearing of aiguillettes (lace cord worn round the shoulder) with sergeants wearing a sash, usually two tone of red and the facing color of the regiment, around the waist. Officers were distinguished by lace on the collar and cuffs, and by wearing a crimson sash round the waist. In addition to their distinctions of uniform, sergeants carried a halberd, a nine feet long poleaxe. The halberd was originally a weapon, but by the 1760s had become a practical tool. In an age when the flintlock musket was the normal infantry weapon (standardised in 1705 and in service with the British Army until 1840), its inherent inaccuracy and slow rate of fire made it essential for soldiers to stand in line, shoulder to shoulder, and fire in volleys. The sergeant would use his halberd to push the backs of the men into a straight line, and then use it to level musket barrels.

By 1800 standards of training were better: men formed line without being pushed into alignment, and all could aim their muskets at the waist belt of the enemy; but the halberd remained as a badge of office. The rank of an NCO in the French army at that time was denoted by chevrons (stripes) on the sleeve, worn with the point uppermost. During the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars (1793 – 1815) the British copied this system, but with the point facing down. Later, the army of the infant American republic copied the British system, but reversed the point, thus actually adopting the French method.



Until the middle of the eighteenth century officers carried a shorter version of the sergeant's halberd, the spontoon. This was used to give the signal to open fire and cease fire, but by the beginning of the French wars it had all but disappeared. By about 1815 the sergeant's halberd had gone, to be replaced by a much shorter cane, again used purely as a badge of office, and during the nineteenth century these became formalised into the canes carried by sergeants in some regiments today, usually with a silver top bearing the regimental badge.

The Pace Stick—a double cane that could be opened and used to measure the exact length of pace while marching and wheeling—became standard for warrant officers (British equivalent to U.S. top sergeants). As many officers were issued with horses, the carrying of a riding crop, rather than a spontoon, became a badge of being an officer, and again these developed into regimental pattern short canes as carried by officers today, even if only a few are now issued with horses. From about 1850 all soldiers carried a short cane in walking out uniform, but when the wearing of civilian clothes off duty was authorized in the 1920's, these were withdrawn. ★



# Health Tips



## Q: How long can humans stay awake?

A: The short answer is 264 hours or 11 days. How do we know this? A study by a high school student named Randy Gardner who stayed awake as part of his science project in 1965 and set a world's record. Several other studies kept their subjects awake for 8 to 10 days. None suffered lasting ill effects from the studies. All demonstrated losses in concentration, motivation, perception and

higher mental function during the studies. All returned to normal activity levels within 2-3 days following the studies.

However, there is some question about what constitutes "awake." Subjects sometimes experience brief periods of "micro-sleep" where they lose cognitive function for a few seconds. This seems to provide some rest. However, it can result in drivers running off the road, or pilots crashing their planes if experienced at a critical time.

## Q: Can you die from sleep deprivation?

A: There are no recorded deaths due to sleep deprivation, though death frequently results from accidents caused by sleep deprivation.

In certain rare medical disorders, the question of how long people can remain awake receives surprising answers—and raises more questions. Morvan's syndrome, for example, is characterized by muscle twitching pain, excessive sweating, weight loss, periodic hallucinations and sleeplessness. Michael Jouvet and his colleagues in Lyons, France, studied a 27-year-old man with this condition and found he had virtually no sleep over a period of several months. During that time, the man did not feel sleepy or tired and did not show any disorders of mood, memory or anxiety. Nevertheless, nearly every night between approximately nine and 11 he experienced 20 to 60 minutes of auditory, visual, olfactory and somesthetic (sense of touch) hallucinations, as well as pain and vasoconstriction in his fingers and toes.

## Q: So, why is it important for us to find out how long we can go without sleep?

A: The U.S. Department of Defense has offered research funding for the goal of sustaining a fully awake, fully functional "24/7" soldier, sailor or airman. Will bioengineering eventually produce

soldiers and citizens with a variant of Morvan's syndrome, who need no sleep but stay effective and happy? I hope not. A good night's sleep is one of life's blessings. As Coleridge wrote in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, "Oh sleep! It is a gentle thing,/Beloved from pole to pole!"

Contributed by J. Christian Gillin, professor of psychiatry at UCLA (reprinted w/permission of **Scientific America**)

Ever feel older than your actual age? Ever feel younger? Now there's a way to find out how old you really are. Visit [www.realage.com](http://www.realage.com) and fill out the questionnaire there.

## Burn Fat Walking

By Jane Eden

Over a period of one summer, I knew a man who lost more than 60 lbs. just by walking an hour a day. The next year he went on to lose 60 more. At the beginning of the first summer, I discarded the concept of walking as an "old person's" workout. By the end of the summer, there was no denying that his weight loss plan, which only included walking, really worked. Each day, I'd see him out sweating in the sun, mopping perspiration off his baldhead with a towel. His German shepherd trailed along behind him on a leash, tongue hanging out. Week by week, you could literally see the fat melting away from them both. I never forgot the difference walking made.

A recent study conducted at the University of Arizona explains what my neighbor proved long ago. According to the test group, the average person walks at a rate of 3 miles per hour. There's a reason for that. Scientists think our bodies are designed to cover miles while conserving energy at this speed. At 3 miles per hour the body burns almost exclusively fat, not carbohydrates. At this rate you can go on for miles without becoming exhausted.

The study involved placing people on treadmills and monitoring their oxygen and carbon dioxide levels. At 3 miles per hour, the study group drew energy almost exclusively from fat. If they picked up the pace to 4 miles per hour total energy expenditure rose slightly, but the energy came more from carbohydrates. The group tired faster and frequently could not complete the allotted distance. It seems there's a limit to how rapidly you can break down fat to fuel activity. The process to break it down requires a certain amount of energy and time. Carbohydrate reserves account for only 3 percent of the body's energy reserves. At 3 miles per hour, fat stores could carry an average person nearly 1,000 miles. At 4 miles per hour, carbohydrate stores would carry the person only 50 miles.

The findings of the study, conducted by Wayne Willis, were presented at a meeting in New Orleans earlier this year. While it does not constitute a weight loss plan, it does indicate that to shed pounds your goal should be to expend as much energy as possible over the longest period possible.



# The Instructor

## Student Types

By W. Hock Hochheim



Hock teaching at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, MD.

*I started teaching as a side profession in 1990, and after retiring from police work in 1997 became a full time instructor—a job that’s taken me all over the world. I have never taught a regular child’s class of any type. While I can teach children in a rare clinic, it is not my interest so I cannot make recommendations on how to teach and maintain classes for children. However, I would like to dissect for you in this column two types of teaching environments and the three classifications of adult students that fall into these two categories. I think this identification will help you better plan your success as an instructor.*

### Paying Operations

These consist of storefronts, seminars, semi-private and private lessons. When you hang a shingle on the public streets, you get three basic types of students.

- **The Artsy**

The first kind brings people seeking the full arts package, martial arts uniforms, culture, look and philosophy. It is easy to teach traditions, yet hard to wrangle them into modern practices of sheer survival.

- **The Self-Defender**

This group wants only modern self-defense survival. It is hard to wrangle them into traditional uniforms and practices.

- **The Unsure**

This is probably the biggest group of adults. They wander into your school for reasons that range from wanting a way to stay fit to thinking martial arts are cool and what a fun way to recreate. They don’t know what they are looking for. They don’t know what they want to accomplish. Eventually they end up selecting a direction somewhere

along the way, if you can keep them interested long enough. They may fall into one of the two paths listed above. Or they may become frustrated, still unsure of what they want, and simply leave you to go play softball.

### Non-Paying Operations

These consist of training military, security and police operations. This is an environment where students are ordered to show up.

- **The Uncaring**

The largest percentage of the group will arrive and will, no doubt, prefer going anywhere else rather than remain with you and perform physical activity.

- **The Ambivalent**

These are the folks that will arrive, not excited, but not disinterested.

- **The Excited**

These folks arrive interested and eager to learn.

### Summary

The experienced martial instructor knows students come and go. The business and routines of maintaining a life eventually crowd you out. You cannot take their disappearance personally. Most cannot maintain a marriage, job, children, school or a host of other required events, least of all, make a commitment to physical exercise of any type.

Prepare for these differing people in your lesson plans. Expect these types, and identify the attendees and what category they seem to fit. Prepare your class outlines to positively impact all these categories. I’ve devised many ways to do this, but it would take a book to cover the subject sufficiently. Some of the techniques will be covered in future issues of *CQCMag*. Meeting the needs and expectations of such a diverse group is not easy, but you are a professional instructor. There are many outside factors you *cannot* control that impact your success, the economy for one. But you *can* control yourself, your level of excitement about what you do, what you teach and to whom, your presentation and your performance. ★



# Combat Notebook

## *Command and Mastery of Unarmed Blocking*

By W. Hock Hochheim

***We were born with certain unalienable, genetic rights. One is the reflexive contraction to protect the head and body with our limbs, a movement called “blocking” in general terms. And such a simple motion can be misinterpreted and mis-taught in many training systems. Blocking instruction is abused ideologically, psychologically and physically. Here we will explore force-to-force, reflexive blocking.***

### Hitting as Blocking

“We never block. We always strike.” This is a tenet common to many systems, and it is good as an inspirational phrase such as Okinawa’s “one shot-one kill” expression for punching. However, not all single shots kill, and not all blocks become strikes either. Sometimes it will be all you can do to block an ambush or surprise attack. Blocks alone do exist. But inspiration and motivational phrases, not always attainable, are good for the spirit. I choose to say as a lesson point—“all blocks are strikes too,” and hope they hit an attacker hard. This powerful extended limb motion leads us to our next concern—not controlling that powerful block.

### Chasing

Do not chase incoming strikes. If your block travels outside the *window of combat*—that rectangle loosely bordered by your shoulders and mid-thigh, you are not strategically sound. Your mistake may take a micro-second to correct and may not cost you anything, but trained fighters will bait you, trick you and cajole you into sticking your blocking arms out too far, then take advantage of your extended reach by striking into the open space you have created. Try to keep your blocks tight and in the window of combat.

Also, do not chase incoming strikes with your eyes. Try to gaze instead at the opponent’s upper center mass, *opening* your peripheral vision. You must take only flashing glances as needed, elsewhere. Do not track the fist of a swinging hook punch, for the other fist will nail you.

### A Good Chin

Your jaw should be clenched to withstand lower strikes to the head. The jaw is a weak spot from any frontal angle of attack. Think about the process of biting down on a mouthpiece. It supports your teeth and your jaw.

### The Command Center

In some Japanese systems such as brands of Aiki-Jitsu, the head is held high, others like boxing, the fighter’s head is carried low and as far below the shoulder line as possible. Most non-martial arts based systems ignorantly ignore the head, never once mention-

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ing a protective strategy for the skull. With your head down, (still looking forward, not looking down) your windpipe, carotid arteries and jaw are protected from hand, stick, knife and if you are lucky, even a bullet, attacks. There is even a worst case scenario head block! It is shown later.

### The Tools

While the whole body may be used as a protective device, the arms seem to do most of the labor. The Chinese seem to do much

blocking with their hands. The Japanese seem to like the forearms. Some Thai boxers and Filipino/Indonesian stylists work elbow strikes in as blocks. The consummate blocker uses the entire arm as needed and does not build muscle memory that innocently restricts use to one piece of the puzzle. Use the rest of your body synergistically to support with block with proper balance and mobility. Your whole body is a blocking tool.

## Solo Command and Mastery Practice

Here are the basic movements of blocking. They are practiced with the easily taught and highly retainable clock pattern of 12, 3, 6 and 9 o'clock positions. In some cases the clock patter does not relate.



### Unsupported Blocks



*We sweep either right or left under the clock.*



*Blocks vs. Unarmed Attacks*



*Blocks vs. Knife Attacks. Note that here we try to restrict access to our main bloodlines and muscles by turning our inner arms inward.*



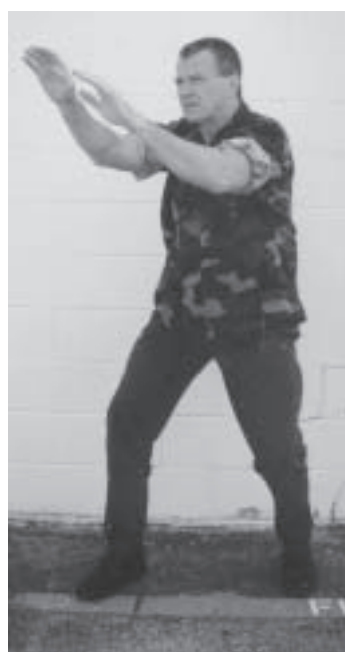
## Supported Blocks

*Sometimes two arms work together to fight a powerful attack.*



## Two Arms Blocking

*Two arms reflexively jump into position to block.*

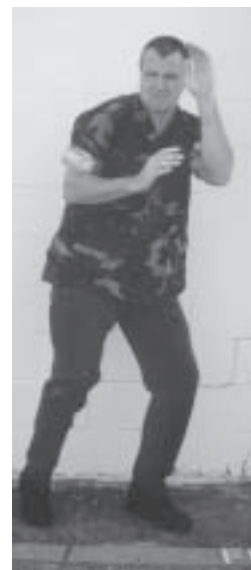


## Zone Blocking

*Crossed arms used for blocking.*



## Torso Crunch Blocking



*The upper arm tightens against the torso to guard against a torso strike. The other hand stays up for more cover. This works right side and left.*

## Shoulder Crunch Blocking



*The shoulder rises to block. The other hand stays up for more cover. This works right side and left side.*



## Retreat Blocking



*The forearm rests beside the head for a cover. This is not a fighting stance position, but a movement to block an attack.*



*In a sport environment we can take several strikes to the head. Look at all that padding!*



*But, this same sport leakage can infect your muscle memory in non-padded fighting. Having your fist up beside you face is not sound fighting stance strategy. This arm retreats back under fire. The forearm should be beside the face, not the fist.*



## Doomsday Blocking

These are two last resort/worst case scenario options.



*The Double Arm Doomsday.*



*The doomsday block is often employed during ground captures.*



*The Skull Block Doomsday. Fist rocketing in? Many vets drop their heads as a last ditch effort and hope to break the hand of the attack.*



*However scary, this has worked numerous times. Prepare the general impact!*

## Knee Blocking



*One block against an incoming attack is to meet it with your knee.*

## Deflections

Passing is a semantic term that has garnered disrespect in modern combatives circles. They practice the exact passing moves yet are more comfortable with the title-deflection.



## Counter Attack: Invading Hands

If your block is part and parcel of a counter-attack, then you are executing a trapping, or invading hands approach, the subject of a whole other training module.

### *Block and Strike*

These blocks must be placed with sufficient force to stop the attack then dissolve for the counter-attack or the next incoming strike. Stand ready! Luck favors the prepared! May all your enemies be untrained and ignorant.



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# Citizen Self Defense League

Gerald Heggstrom was sound asleep early one morning when his wife, Audrey, was startled awake by a loud noise outside. She went to the living room window, looked out and saw a strange man standing at the front door. Because of the hour, she went to get her husband. Heggstrom picked up a .45-cal. pistol and handed it to his wife. "I came to the door and asked what he wanted," Heggstrom recalled. The man asked to see "Katy" and when he was told there was no one there by that name, he walked away. Heggstrom went back to bed, but his wife was too nervous to sleep. "I was in the kitchen and looked out the window, and just then I saw him go into the garage," she said. After being awakened by his wife a second time, Heggstrom went out, gun in hand, to confront the trespasser. Heggstrom held the suspect at gunpoint while his wife called the sheriff's office, whose deputies arrived 20 minutes later to take the man into custody. —*The News-Review*, Roseburg, OR

When a West Seattle, WA woman heard someone knocking on her door just after 6 a.m., her male roommate approached and asked who was there. Receiving no response, he refused to open the door. Just then the intruder, armed with a gun, kicked in the door, according to police spokesman Duane Fish. As he chased the male resident through the apartment and then began beating him, the victim called out for help. That's when his roommate grabbed her handgun and fatally shot the assailant. —*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle, WA

When Santa Fe, NM resident Lisa Pelland heard noises outside the window one night, she armed herself with a gun and went outside to investigate. There she discovered Jay Medina stacking bricks under her bedroom window. She called out to him three times to stay away, but Medina advanced on her and uttered a threatening statement. Pelland said she then shot the intruder. —*Albuquerque Journal*, Albuquerque, NM

The owner of an Arcadia, CA bar was inside his business after closing when a man used a crowbar to force open a rear door, said Arcadia Police Lt. Bob Anderson. The owner grabbed a shotgun and confronted the intruder, who then threatened the owner with the crowbar. The owner responded by firing several shots at the suspect, fatally wounding him. —*Pasadena Star-News*, Pasadena, CA

When a Kenosha, WI husband realized a man had broken into his home and was molesting his wife as she lay in bed next to him, he jumped up and pushed the intruder into a corner. His wife then grabbed a shotgun and handed it to her husband, who held the man at gunpoint until police arrived. "I think he was just going from house to house," said the husband. "We want our neighbors to know they should lock their doors." —*Kenosha News*, Kenosha, WI

Tim Blalock had just returned to his tangerine, FL home from an evening walk with

his 13-year-old Siberian husky named Jessie. As they headed up the driveway, a pair of pit bulls jumped on Blalock's golf cart and then leapt on Jessie, biting her in the neck and ear. When Blalock came to the rescue, one of the pit bulls tore off his lip. At that point, Blalock's wife, Diane, came out of the house with a .38-cal handgun and fired at the attacking dogs, killing one. —*Orlando Sentinel*, Orlando, FL

Charlotte Venters and her boyfriend, Brent Billings, were at home in Muncie, IN when a neighbor kicked in their door and held a steak knife to Billings' throat, threatening to kill him. Enters came out of another room armed with a gun and warned the intruder not to harm him, said Delaware County prosecutor Richard Reed. When the suspect pointed his knife at Venters and made threatening remarks, she shot and killed the intruder. Prosecutors later said their attacker had been arrested at least 17 times in the past 11 years. —*The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, KY

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COLUMN

# The VanCook View

## *Going Undercover*

By Jerry VanCook

In my book *Going Undercover* I talk about two types of cops: Explorers and Homesteaders. Actually, these two personalities are found in every aspect of life, not just police work. But, before we go on, let me say up front that I am *not* a scientist and there is absolutely nothing scientific about what I'm about to say. My views and opinions come simply from my own observations, and to take the following as anything more than that would be as foolish as paying attention to the tidal wave of pop psychology self-help nonsense polluting the bookstores these days. But read on. Perhaps my unscientific cognizance will still make some sense—at least to about 20 percent of you. If nothing else, you'll find out where I got that number, and it's going to drive the other 80 percent of you crazy if you don't.

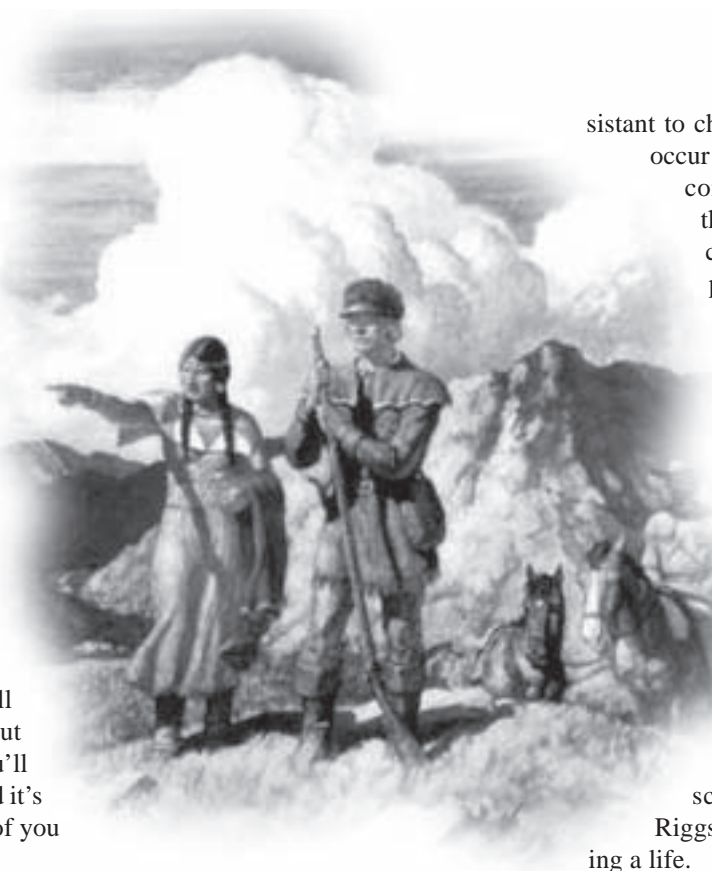
Explorers (who I named after men like Lewis and Clarke who first explored America) are the type of men and women who are willing to take risks. They thrive on change. Stagnation and boredom drive them crazy; it's that feeling that things are *about to break* that gets their blood flowing. Repetitive work—the same thing, day after day after day—makes them want to stick a gun in their mouths and pull the trigger. Explorers need high levels of excitement and are easily distracted from long-range goals if there is not at least some sign of short-term success. They are often willing to bend, or even break, the rules in order to get the job done. They think the Official Policy Manual should be renamed ***The Book of Suggestions***. Entertainment examples of Explorers: Clint Eastwood as *Dirty Harry*, Mel Gibson as Martin Riggs in *Lethal Weapon*, Dennis Franz as Andy Sipowitz in *NYPD Blue*.

Homesteaders are the antithesis of Explorers, and I named them after the farmers, shop-keepers and other early pioneers who built schools and churches on the frontier—*after* the Explorers had already marked the trail for them. Homesteaders like routine, are re-

sistant to change and believe if change must occur it should happen slowly through conventional means. They believe things are done a certain way because years of trial and error have proven these ways to be effective. They don't need a *reason* to do things the way they've always been done—the fact that they've always been done that way is reason enough. Homesteaders can happily plod along for years, doing the same tedious, redundant tasks as they work toward long-range goals. They believe the Official Policy Manual is the Bible. Entertainment examples of Homesteaders: Detective Greg Metavoy on *NYPD Blue*, and any of the captains/chiefs/commissioners who scream at *Dirty Harry* or Martin Riggs for wrecking a city car while saving a life.

While there are certainly some extreme Homesteaders and Explorers, most people—cops or otherwise—exhibit at least some characteristics from both personality types. But, with very few exceptions, everyone at least leans toward being either an Explorer or Homesteader. Someone could probably work out some kind of 1-10 type scale like is used with body types (mesomorphy, ectomorphy, endomorphy) but I'm too much of an extreme Explorer to care about doing it myself. I've already had the original idea on this and I've *explored* it as much as I want to for my own purposes. So it's time for me to move on to some other idea and let a Homesteader work out the details.

And the other idea I want to move onto is how this relates to both fighting and training. You see, I learned a long time ago that religiously following somebody else's prearranged system was not for me. I could learn general things about close quarters combat and exercise from others, but if I wanted these things to work for me I had to take what I learned as concepts rather than rules. I'd take a little here, drop a little there, change a few things I learned



somewhere else, then make up a little of my own and suddenly everything would start to work for me. The whole Explorers and Homesteaders thing had not yet crystallized in my brain—I just realized I was a little different.

My wife, a psychologist, assures me that I am right—I *am* a little different. According to her, and her interpretation of the Meyers-Briggs personality inventory, only about three percent of the people in the world have the same combination of characteristics that go into being Jerry VanCook. And while my spouse-shrink tends to snicker when I say something about Explorers and Homesteaders, she assures me that in my own typical-Explorer-forget-the-details-and-get-on-with-it way, I am onto something here. She even told me that, excusing all of the completely unscientific assumptions that I make (we Explorers are *intuitive* rather than *factual*), around 80 percent of all people are Homesteaders and 20 percent Explorers. There—you finally have those numbers I promised you. Explorers won't be surprised that they're outnumbered, and Homesteaders can tell themselves they're *right* since there are more of them. Homesteaders can also consider it *real* now that they've actually *seen it*. If I'm not making sense, cut me some slack—I'm a member of a minority who takes over-explanation as an insult to intelligence, and I'm trying to explain all this to a majority who loves to have things spelled out in living color. *Over and over and over.*

Now, since Explorers tend, and even *love*, to break the rules, we are going against our nature if we try to devoutly follow someone else's system of self-defense as if Moses brought it down from the mountain as the Eleventh Commandment. And if Homesteaders *do not* attempt to learn a system as legalistically as possible, they are fighting a losing battle against *their* nature. Again, let me emphasize that I am talking about extreme cases here, and the vast majority of close quarters combat students (being part Homesteader and part Explorer) will fall somewhere in between. Most would do well to take some instruction literally and other lessons/techniques/tactics/strategy more figuratively. I'm not completely convinced after writing all this I couldn't have just summed it up with, "If it works for you, use it, and if it doesn't throw it out." On the other hand, that statement is a concept which comes much easier to Explorers who are not as glued to doing things the way they are told or the way they've always been done. Homesteaders have more trouble with it, need it explained in more detail, and feel cheated if they don't get it explained *over, and over, and . . .*

In training, Homesteaders will benefit best from following a long-range, prescribed, and well-spelled-out syllabus. Explorers will do better if they practice what they *feel like* practicing once they get started. Explorers get on *kicks* (my current one is developing grip strength) and do well to center their training programs around these temporary passions—it keeps them interested. A Homesteader would view following such a transitory enthusiasm (assuming he ever had one) as irresponsible and detrimental to his long-range goals. The Homesteader, therefore, should stick to the program.

If you want to see a good example of Homesteaders and Explorers in action, go to any weight-lifting gym. You'll see some men and women following a personal trainer around from machine to machine, and hanging on every word that falls from that trainer's mouth. They'll carefully document sets and reps and frown down at their notebooks if their progression is not exactly on schedule.

Then there will be another group, smaller (about 1/5 of the total, maybe?) who seem to have no predetermined idea of what they're going to do next but who keep doing things anyway. They aren't likely to have a personal trainer, and if they do they're probably arguing with him. Watch their faces, too, because if they don't get as many reps on the pec deck as they'd expected to, they'll frown just like the Homesteaders. The difference will be that the frown will be quickly followed by a shrug as they move on to the next exercise station.

Okay, I have taken some subtle—and some not-so-subtle—tongue-in-cheek shots at Homesteaders throughout this column for one simple reason: I am an extreme Explorer, I don't understand Homesteaders, and they drive me nuts. The other edge of that sword is that people like me drive Homesteaders nuts, too. But I must grudgingly admit that there is a need for these by-the-book guys (well, maybe not as many of them as there are but *some*), and intelligent Homesteaders admit a need for Explorers, too. (Maybe not as extreme . . . or as many . . .)

The three best police officers I have ever known are a near-perfect balance; they have the best characteristics of both Homesteader and Explorer and seem to have missed out on the weaknesses. One is now the director of a large state investigative agency. Another is a police chief, and the third writes for this magazine. (I'll let you guess who he is—it is *certainly not me!*) Bottom line advice: You Homesteaders figure out where you stand on the Explorer-Homesteader scale and tailor your training accordingly. You Explorers will have to take your best guess rather than figure it out. But don't worry—your intuition is trustworthy.

Good luck, Explorers.

And good luck to you Homesteader, too. Even though you don't realize that sometimes pure blind luck really does exist. ★

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

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COLUMN

# The Bouncer

## Hurt on the Job

By Joe Reyes

***Injuries often happen when you least expect them, and then there you are down and out.***

**R**ecently my partner and long time friend “Nicky D” suffered a devastating injury while working at the club. In this case, you might want to call it a real, freak accident. It was a mellow night at our club, with a decent crowd of patrons by our standards and then the call came in on our security radio “fight at bar 1,” which meant a fight had occurred at Post 1 in our nightly assignment positions. Nicky quickly sprang into action and went to check it out.

Upon arriving at the location by the bar, he saw a couple of guys standing chest-to-chest and arguing about who-knows-what? Nicky shook his head and stepped more-or-less in between them, first with some calming words and smile—the first phase in trying to de-escalate the situation. He started to walk one of them to the front door. This guy was not resisting or giving him any kind of a problem. Nick had his arm around his shoulder in a buddy kind of way as they were talking and walking, and then suddenly this guy stopped and turned to the right. Then it happened! A snap! Nicky felt of his arm. His right bicep muscle detached at his elbow and he says it felt like it shot up his arm like a window shade! They were walking to the door like two ballplayers leaving the field. No fight at all! Nick told me the pain was intense. Off to the hospital he went. Hello doctors...and bills!

All kinds of injuries happen in this very physical business. It's important to get treatment promptly following an injury. Nick has gone for one surgery and may need another. Hock tells me, he suffered a similar injury several years ago. Doctors told him to attempt repair would mean surgery and months of physical therapy. And they could not repair it with any guarantee of success. Now, MRIs reveal the ends of his muscle have shredded so much through the years, like split ends of hair, that they cannot re-attach it to the forearm.

Fortunately, because of prompt medical attention, Nick has a good prognosis.

Other than freak injuries, one of the biggest enemies to a bouncer, a floor man, and security personnel is a “WET FLOOR.” I've seen this wipe out guys before they can even get to a dangerous fight. Bam! You are sitting ankle high and hoping nobody saw it! If you're lucky you didn't throw your back out or crack a rib.



Another move that can screw up your Sunday mornings is an infamous group attack. That's when about nine guys try to throw one patron out at once. This almost always goes bad. I had it happen to me once at the world famous MOTHERS a club in North Jersey many years back. Seven guys tried to throw out one drunken idiot. He tripped, and we all fell down three steps on top of each other like a scene in a bad comedy. I landed right on my left knee with two guys on top of me. Just three steps! I limped for about two months. If it takes more than three guards maximum to throw one man out, then there is something wrong.

If you are captains or “Head Bouncers” at an establishment, make your guys practice escorting unruly patrons out. Be combat scenario driven! You might have some fun with your staff in these training sessions too. There are bars all over the world that never organize a single day of training. Increase everybody's chances of going home at the end of the night and not to the hospital.

But even the trained get hurt, or freak, totally unpredictable accidents like Nicky D's occur. If you ever do get hurt, medical insurance is a big factor. Most guys only work nightclub security part time and have a job during the day. Some guys don't have day jobs and rely on bouncing as their only source of income. Whether or not you work for a security company or you work for the establishment directly, “make sure you are covered” by someone's insurance, if you do get hurt and are out of work for a while, the medical bills can cripple you.

You know, the hard, cold fact is that some of our brothers in the security business get paid *under the table* by a fistful of cash at night's end. If you are not on the official books, try to establish that the club will pick up a portion of your medical expenses. Many bouncers and security have had to go so far as suing their employer to pay for injuries. It's a shame, but it's the truth.

Limit your injuries with some crisis rehearsal training. And, watch the floor for those wet spots. Oh. And don't forget the stairs! They will get you every time! ★

**Editor's Note:** For more information about insurance for the self-employed contact the National Association for the Self Employed (NASE) [www.nase.com](http://www.nase.com) or National Association of Independent Businessmen [www.nfib.com](http://www.nfib.com)

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



COLUMN

# The Bouncer

Special Guest  
Writer

## Germany's Dorian Gray

By Christof Froelich

**T**he Dorian Gray was the most well known Discotheque in Germany. Located in the Frankfurt Airport, it was modeled after the Studio 54 in New York. No closing hour on weekends—partying around the clock. And like Studio 54, it drew many prominent, famous patrons, and accordingly it was hard to gain admittance. It was difficult to get a job there. After I'd been there a while, I realized if I could work there, I could work anywhere.

The first two or three weeks were relatively calm, a lot better than the clubs where I had worked before where there were fights each evening. My former college buddy was shot at one! Not really the kind of club you wanted to work. But here in Frankfurt's best club, everything was different. The people were nice, in a good mood, polite. Surely drugs played a role, it was the time when the drug Ecstasy was very popular. We executed drug checks at the door and walked patrol within the discotheque, but you cannot eliminate drugs completely. Overall, I was pleased about the good tendency in the club.

One night as I watched the crowd on the dance floor, someone bumped me heavily. I immediately recognized his large eyes and uncoordinated, aggressive movements as dangerous. His whole behavior signaled one thing—he was heavily on cocaine. I asked him if there was anything wrong. I got back—pushed with both hands and found myself in the first fight at my new club. I must tell you here that I work out ALL the time and train daily in multiple martial arts. I have for decades.

I evaded his punch, and had him fractions of a second later in a headlock and tried to move him to the entrance. Suddenly, I received an impact on the back of my head from the rear. He wasn't alone! My first enemy was nearly unconscious; therefore I released the headlock and took care of the next opponent. He also made the impression to be under drug influence to me. After a right-left punching combination, he dropped to my feet. I thought, "Good!" Now what do I do to get these two guys to the door alone?

Then, someone suddenly hugged me from behind. One more! With a grab into the groin, he loosened his hug. I got one arm free and delivered my best elbow to his head. In the meantime, Number 1 troublemaker rose to his feet and started to help his colleague.

I felt as if I was in a bad martial arts movie. Kick here. Cross there. In the corner of my eye I recognized Number 2 running past a window outside the club. Number 1 and 3 were busy with themselves, therefore I took up the chase. He ran to the entrance. I followed close behind. The female cashier saw me running from the bar and informed my colleagues. While running I yelled, "Fight in

the club. He belongs to it." Last thing Number 2 saw for a long time was my colleague's fist, as he ran directly into it. I informed my colleagues that there were still some guys waiting for us, and we found ourselves on the way back into the large club.

The two were still at it and a few guys had joined them when we arrived. The request to follow us to the entrance ended in a fight with approximately 10 people. But, as I mentioned, we were professionals. Everyone had earned his reputation already in other places, therefore the situation ended quickly. Elbow here, knees there, low kick there. Within a short time the situation was cleared. We removed the guys with the help of our managers and waiters and called the police. None of us had any damage, so we refused to charge them. We told everyone never to come back. Everyone was happy that we worked together as a team very well. My start in the new club was successful. ★



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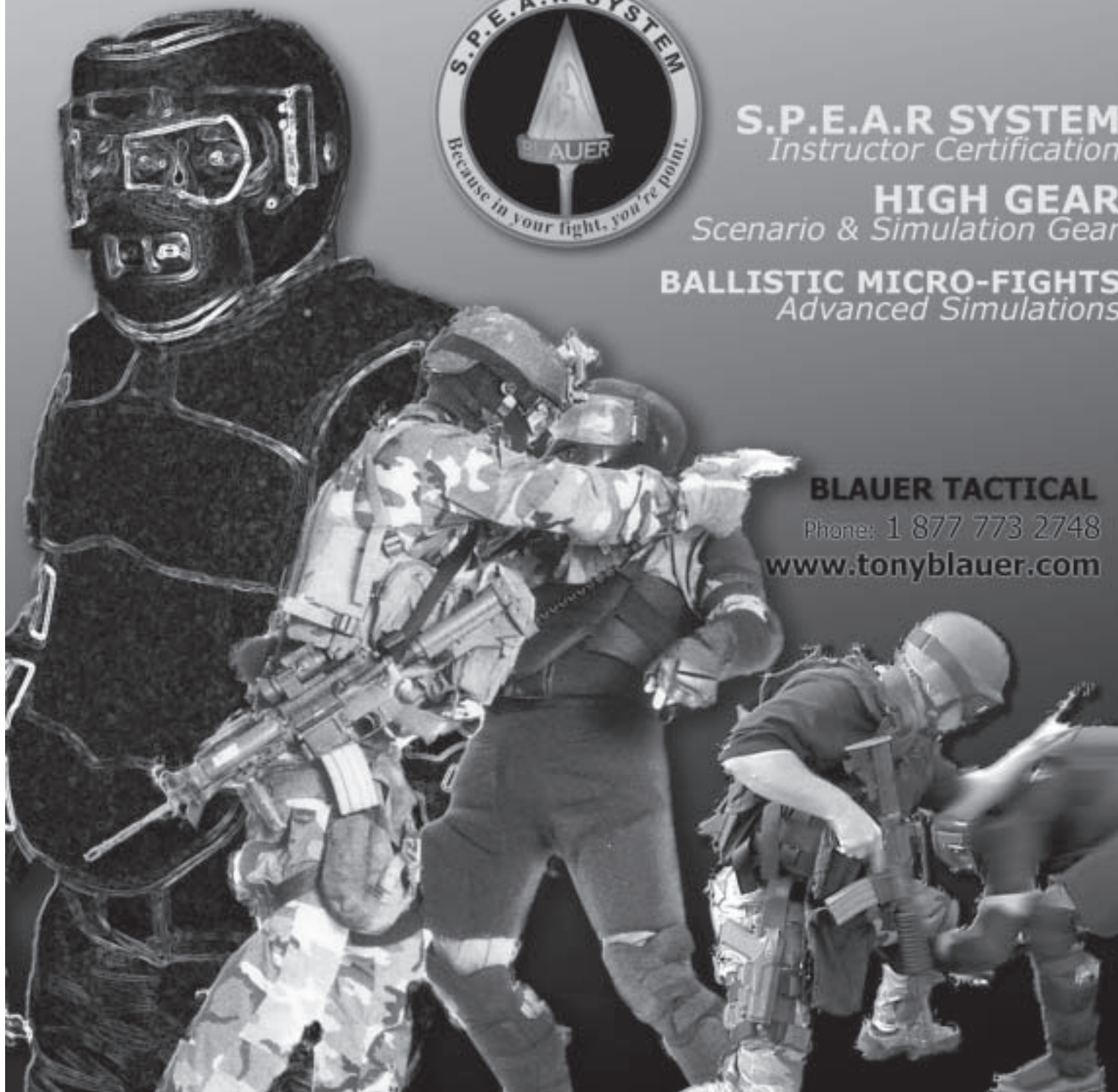
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# State of the Union

## United Airlines

Director Mike Gillette ramrodded NLSI's FAST—Fight Attendant Safety Training program (see *CQCMag*, Issue 13) into the United Airlines mandatory tactics and strategies course for their personnel. Not only was Hock involved in helping NLSI in this lengthy process, but also many Congress instructors have moved to Chicago, IL and are now staffing the project full time. Gillette has designed the premiere airline personnel course.

## A Special Operation

Our Las Vegas training affiliate and SFC Master Instructor Steve Krystek, of Progressive F.O.R.C.E. Concepts, has teamed with the Tony Scotti Training Network to provide tactical firearms and close quarter combatives instruction during their highly regarded and world-renown protective driving programs. This will be a new, full-service venture targeting public and private sector security professionals, law enforcement, executives, and government personnel. Scotti expanded his international operation opening a new West Coast franchise based in Las Vegas under the name of Crossroads Training Academy West. In addition to receiving the highest level of high risk driving skills instruction available anywhere, Scotti students will now receive state-of-the-art weapons and tactics training and have the opportunity to receive professional skill certification in intermediate and lethal force personal defense measures. For more information on these programs, contact Anthony Shepherd at 1-866-3NEVADA or write [ashepherd@crossroadstrng.com](mailto:ashepherd@crossroadstrng.com)

## Authority Rises

Starting 1 January 2003, instructors who hold level 11 and/or 2<sup>nd</sup> degree black belts in the Congress courses may make basic and advanced instructors and 1<sup>st</sup> Degree black belts without Hock being present and presiding. Hock must be present for 2<sup>nd</sup> Dan promotions. For questions concerning fees contact Hock at (817) 581-4021 or write [Hockhoch@aol.com](mailto:Hockhoch@aol.com). Only Hock will be able to promote persons in the CQC Group in any capacity.

## Instructorships 2003

As the Congress grows, we continue to develop new instructors. Growing pains have forced us to better police the instructor logs. Starting 1 January 2003, Hock will need to see an instructor at least once in 12 months or the instructorship will fall off the logs on the webpage and will lose current status. An instructor must keep his or her Congress membership updated, and within reason, get to one of Hock's 40 seminars a year. If something comes up and you just can't make it? Contact Hock directly.

## CQCG

Speaking of the CQC Group, this will be without a doubt, the interest and the future. Hock will continue to teach the other courses and

the Pacific Archipelago Combatives, but the CQCG becomes top priority. Next issue we will report on the first Des Moines camp. The next CQCG Basic Instructor Camp will be 30, 31 January, 1, 2 February in Las Vegas, Nevada. Contact Steve Krystek at (702) 647-1126 for information. Steve will conduct serious shooting instruction one of the four days.

## Bryan S.

Bryan Stevenson of Independence, MO has been with the Congress for six solid years, hosting and attending training seminars and camps all over the country. He also has significant experience in magazine advertising. Based on his qualifications, we are proud to announce his addition to our staff. He will ramrod the advertising for both CQC Magazine and the powerful [www.HocksCQC.com](http://www.HocksCQC.com). (More than 300,000 hits a month!) If you wish to advertise on either the webpage, or in the magazine, contact him at [BlastJKD@aol.com](mailto:BlastJKD@aol.com)

## 2002: HOCK'S

### HAND, STICK, KNIFE, GUN SEMINARS

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

#### September 19-22—Des Moines, IA

CLOSE QUARTER COMBAT GROUP BASIC TRAINING CAMP at the National Law Enforcement and Security Institute (NLSI), 1673 NE 70<sup>th</sup> Ave, Ankeny/Des Moines, IA. Two weekdays, one weekend for four full days. Contact Lauric Enterprises, (817) 591-4021 to make reservations.

#### September 28-29—Casper, WY

Hand, stick, knife and gun CQC seminar geared for rank certification and instructorships. \$100 for 2 days, \$80 for any one day. Contact Smitty Smith, Eagle Academy, 410 North Beverly, Casper, WY (307) 473-7140.

#### October 5-6—Johnston/Cranston Area, Providence, RI

W. Hock Hochheim and JKD Legend Tim Tackett will conduct a hand, stick, knife and gun combatives seminar. Tackett will instruct JKD hand-to-hand fighting tactics and Hock will conduct knife and impact weapon courses. Contact Raffi Dardarian's at his prestigious Modern Fighting Systems, 1010 Plainfield St, Johnston, RI. Call (401) 946-0384.

#### Oct 12, 13—Las Vegas, NV at Front Sight Institute

#### Oct 14, 15, 16—29 Palms Marine Base, Southern CA (Marines only)

#### Oct 19, 20—Metro Washington DC

#### Oct. 26, 27—Romeoville/Chicago, IL

#### Nov. 2, 3—Nashville, TN

#### Nov. 9, 10—Norfolk, VA

#### Nov. 16, 17—Indianapolis/Seymour, IN

#### Nov. 22, 23—Okinawa, Japan [US Army-military only]

#### Nov. 30, Dec 1—Melbourne, Australia

#### Dec. 7, 8—Libertyville, IL

#### Dec. 14, 15—Pickens/Greenville, SC

#### CQC Group SPECIAL ATTENTION

#### Jan 30, 31 / Feb. 1, 2—Las Vegas, NV

The CQCG Group Basic Instructor Course, Class 2. Contact Steve Krystek at (702) 647-4745 for fast-breaking details.

#### Sept 18, 19, 20, 21—Des Moines, IA

The CQCG Advanced Instructor Course, Class 3 at NLSI

Check [www.HocksCQC.com](http://www.HocksCQC.com) seminar page or call (817) 581-4021 for the latest information and details.



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# Buffalo Nickels

## Lower Bits and Bones: A Deliverance from Evil

The second time I was arrested was in 1972. I was a New York Yankee stationed in the deep, southern USA. My buddies and I had heard of a topless bar out in the backwoods to beat all topless bars. The place was called "Lower Bits and Bones." They served the best ribs south of the you-know-what, and tall tales of sex abounded. And Pabst. They had Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer—the beer that made Vietnam famous.

Arty and I went in his Chevy, and Richy took his motorcycle. Richy didn't trust Arty's driving when he was drunk, and if Richy got too drunk himself, he would just pull the bike over in woods, lay down and go to sleep.

Lower Bits and Bones was on "Lower" State Highway 3. Now, this conjures up a well-paved state road? This was a two-lane, windy, roller coaster trip. A state highway is just what the local aborigines call it. Lower—meant on the downside of the hollar, or yeller, or whatever the hell they call a ditch in the southern ground.

We pulled onto the dirt parking lot, which was once just a front yard. The Bits and Bones was a dilapidated, wood frame house converted into a bar. In the side yard of this establishment a guy sweated over his cooking at a brick barbeque. It smelled terrific. Just delicious smoke! But he wasn't eating much of it. He was bone skinny, hunched over, with a cigarette dangling from his mouth. Ashes tumbled into the pit. Country recipe.

There were two fat guys in ski masks sitting on the wooden porch. Ski masks! The bouncers. In case you're wondering, it was August. Hot. No necks. Seam, screaming fat. They sat on each side of the front door and beside them on the plank floor rested baseball bats. I should have planned for evil trouble right there...but, Yo! I had walked in the valley of death and two no-neck bookends would not frighten me out of a ice-cold Pabst. As we walked by them, Richy said, "Hi." They looked down and away. Too stupid for eye contact.

We stepped inside. The place stank of skank. It looked dark and dirty, like a giant living room in a hillbilly nightmare. Their patrons? As I reconned the room, I saw 14 people and six teeth among them. At the first table sat a mentally retarded man with his sister, or mother... I don't know which but they looked just alike. The other tables featured hunched-over, dirty, farmer and miner types. Barefeet saluted me from under the tables. Dinosaurs had better-looking feet. Two topless women danced on a makeshift platform. A skinny, third wore no top or bottom. She doubled as a waitress because the guy behind the bar called her over to deliver the retarded guy a plate of food. All sweaty and bony and looking like a leather sack puppet, she laid the plate before the couple and asked, "Will that be doing yer fer a while?"

Against the law? Oh my friend, this was beyond the laws of man. Sitrep? This is obviously the place where evolution stopped. A land of Bozo genetics.

The naked waitress shuffled up to us as we sat down. Her gray-haired, personal, female business level with the dining room table in a manner that made it difficult to tear your eyes away—much like the scene of a terrible road accident. When we could tear our eyes away to look up, she smiled real big and passed us menus. The menu contained only a few items, and I KNEW what my mission was. It was their barbeque rib special. I love barbeque!

"I'll have the Bones and Bits and a Pabst," I said. The dynamic duo I was with ordered the same. Then I mustered all the courage I could and made for the men's room. It was spotless! I would rather have eaten in there than on the table. Not even a smudge on the mirror. I got back in time for Skinny to deliver three heaping bowls of pork, beans and dark brown ribs, smothered in secret Appalachian, white-lightening sauce, and of course—beer. My god O' mighty. It was heaven. The kind of ribs you would trade for sex.

Rib Quality Test One: "Ok, what will it be? Ribs or sex?"

"Ribs."

Rib Quality Test Two: "What will it be? Ribs, or sex with Maureen O' Hara?"



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

"Ah...er...ribs."

While we ate these ribs like Vikings and drank a few more grogs, one of the Two-Ton-Tilly dancers walked off with the retarded guy behind a drawn curtain. I

guess he chose the sex over the ribs. Richy, has face and fingers covered in honey-mustard, mountain man, rib sauce, stood and made his way to the bathroom. No sooner did he enter, than a crashing sound came from inside. Yelling and cursing, Richy burst back through the door, and slammed it back against the wall. A photo of a coalmine fell on the floor.

I could see the toilet partition inside knocked over and a guy with dinosaur feet trying to get up off the floor.

With red sauce dripping from our mouths, we sat there stunned as Ritchy stormed over to us. "That son-of-a-bitch grabbed my ass in the bathroom!"

He yelled. I got to admit, Richy was cuter than the three dancers. The ass-grabber was now at the door, trying to stand up. The barkeep looked at him, then at us, and I got the feeling I was gonna see the wrong end of a hillbilly shotgun pretty quick. I decided I didn't want to die in Lil' Abner's queer bar, covered in red sauce.

"Go, go, go, go, go, go, go..." I said quietly as we stood up. I dropped a 20-dollar-bill on the table as all the locals began to congregate around the wounded ass-grabber.

"He grabbed my ass!" Richy barked and pointed an angry finger as we made for the door. The cadre of degenerates didn't seem to care who grabbed whose ass. Their tribal clan had been assaulted, and their "purty" bathroom busted up.

"Hey!" the barkeep barked, and sure as hell he came up with some kind of sawed-off rifle as we went out the door. The two masked bubbas outside couldn't stand fast enough to catch this Yankee infantry in full retreat.

All asses and elbows, we slid into Arty's Chevy and Richy kicked over his Triumph. The Barkeep stepped outside with his hunting gun, hip-high like John Wayne, cussing the two stupid fucks on the porch for letting us get by. I would have given my left nut to hang an arm out that passenger window with a .45, and strafe all around those dickweeds. We screeched out of there. I belted out a big laugh and gave a greasy, red thumbs up to Arty as he pulled past us. "Got away again!" I yelled. Well, so I thought anyway...

Five minutes later, not one, but two police cars cut in behind us. Richy could have made a Steve McQueen great escape on his crotch rocket, but he pulled over with us. Leave no man behind.

We got out.

"Boys, boys, boys..." ol' Buford T. Justice said with a sigh. "You with the Aaaarmy?"

We nodded. He continued, "Lower...I say...Lower Bits and Bones said you busted up they's esTABlishment. Say you busted up a boy named Willard's NOSE, and a bathroom wall to boot."

Then he turned to Artie, "and you son...you son,...ain't got SHIT for brake lights."

It was true. Arty's brake lights were out. Wiring, fuse or something.

"You is all unner Arrest."

There was no arguing with the law in those parts. At least we had made it out of the third rung of hell, and we were near Level 1, in a town with streetlights and fire hydrants. They arrested all three of us for "...distOYben da peace," and "shit for lights."

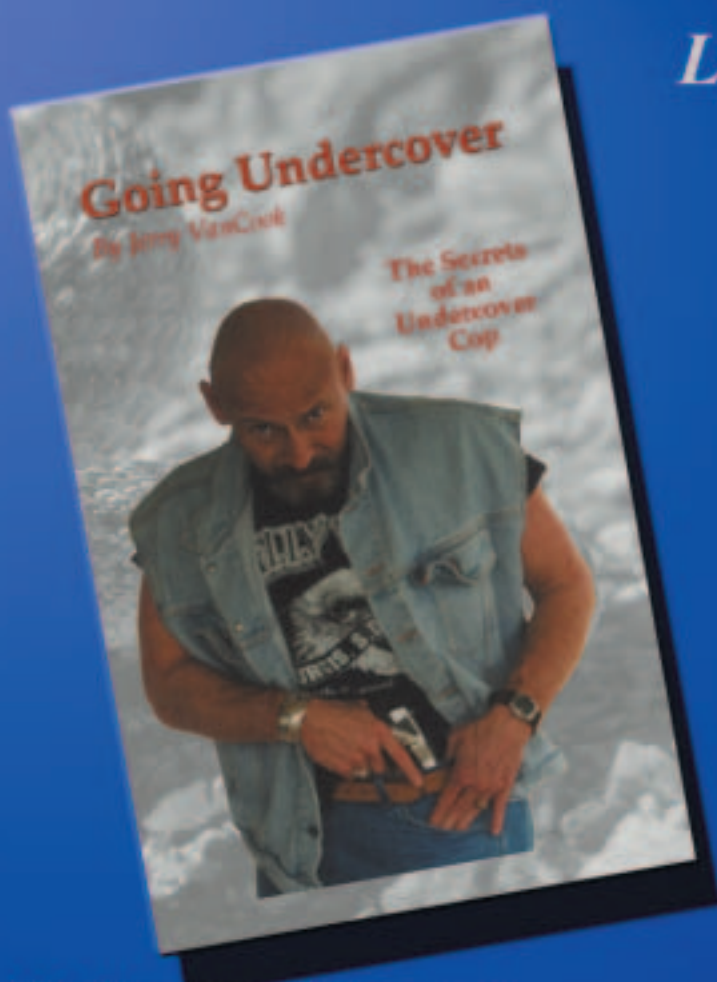
Richy called our CQ with his one phone call at the jail, and Top came up and bailed us out the next morning.

We were delivered from their evil, Amen! But someday, I might just go back again. Good God, those ribs were outstanding.

Bye-bye. ★







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