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Issue 20

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Publisher
W. Hock Hochheim

Editor-in-Chief
Jane Eden

Contributing Editor(s)
Lloyd Fitzpatrick
Elizabeth Fitzpatrick

Graphic Design
Jane Eden

Contributing Writers
Prajnan Bhattacharya, John
Feinstein Samantha Levine, W.
Hock Hochheim
Sgt. Laurence Snell, Anthony
Swofford, Jerry VanCook

Lauric Enterprises, Inc.
P.O. Box 601,
Keller, TX 76244
(817) 581-4021 (phone)
(817) 485-0146 (fax)
www.cqc.mag
www.hocksCQC.com
LauricPres@aol.com

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About the Cover: Jerry VanCook prepares to "Go Undercover."

Headquarters Doctrine..Exxxxpensive.....4
By *W. Hock Hochheim*

Dispatches.....5

FEATURES

Physical Traps
By *Jerry Vancook*.....6

Is He Dead?
By *W. Hock Hochheim*.....7

The Punch
By *John Feinstein*.....9

Hindu Girls Trained to Kill!
By *Prajnan Bhattacharya*.....12

Gracie Confesses
By *Sgt. Laurence Snell (U.S. Army, Ret.)*.....13

SQUAD ROOM

Police Blotter.....14

Trojan Horse: Inside the ATF Raid at Waco, TX
By *Chuck Hustmyre*.....16

MILITARY BRIEFING

Scuttlebutt.....21

Battlefield Diary - A Grunt's Eye View of War in Iraq - The Last One!
By *Anthony Swofford*.....25

Military Briefing - Missiles, Missiles, Everywhere
By *Samantha Levine*.....26

CITIZEN'S SELF DEFENSE LEAGUE

Security List.....27

Armed Citizen.....28

Are Hotels Safe.....28

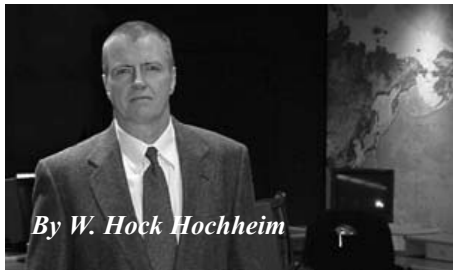
The Instructor - Hick's Law
By *W. Hock Hochheim*.....29

Combat Notebook - Beware the False Surrender
By *W. Hock Hochheim*.....31

Buffalo Nickels. - Make Mine a Crappachino.....33

HEADQUARTERS DOCTRINE

Exxxxxpensive!



By W. Hock Hochheim

“How wrong-thinking, wrong-headed and misguided is the direction of computerized training?”

I recently saw a television feature while in Germany that documented some new, USA police *use-of-force* training. The feature, showed an officer seated in a makeshift auto inside a darkened training room, like one might expect in an airplane simulation chamber. He drove streets projected onto a screen before him. The screen artwork looked as primitive as you can get. Bare, basic squares suggested streets and buildings in child-like simplicity. The officer drove to an address. So far a 10-year-old could operate this portion. Apparently the feature aired worldwide.

During the show, the officer exits the box-like contraption and walks across a room where he stands before a movie screen showing a van. In the film, the side panel of the van door is open, and a man is seated there half out of the vehicle. Another man sits in a passenger seat. The officer then makes a few commands to the screen. The two men pull guns and the officer shoots at the flat projection screen. Interactive, the men either kill the officer or the officer wins. The training section runs a very small group of officers through the computer course for in-service training days.

Next, the news feature showed the expansive control board manned by training officers, and support computers, etc. The entire model, three facsimile cars, the interactive screens, computers were all housed inside a rather large training room, and operated by three training officers. Estimated value? \$200,000 plus? \$300,000 total?

Seeing the feature I was absolutely appalled. This entire training scenario, or any other one this electric Frankenstein might concoct, could be accomplished on any parking lot in their city, with three simulated ammo, Airsoft pistols or

training division) shoot two training officers (already on your payroll) with reusable guns and helmets that cost a couple of hundred dollars. With real, 3-D people talking and walking the shooting could become absolutely life-like, exponentially increasing the value of the training session by volumes.

My last week at the U.S. Army Military Police Academy 30 years ago was a training module they called “MP City” within several blocks of Fort Gordon, GA. The school staff staged a wide variety of common calls and crimes with actors and props. With an evaluator in the back seat, two MPs were assigned a jeep to drive, worked a real radio and were dispatched to these crimes. We broke up bar fights, were attacked by citizens with knives, handled domestics, took theft and burglary reports, etc. This was a large endeavor for an entire graduating class, and a nearby signal company volunteered to act as witnesses, complainants and suspects. At times, they invented dangerous ad-libbed lines and actions, fought us and ran from us. The chaos factor was a ticking time bomb with every call. It was the best training I ever received. I cannot imagine replacing any single part of this physical activity with expensive computers and a flat, movie screen.

How wrong-thinking, wrong-headed and misguided is the direction of computerized training? Why bother electronically replicating what one can easily do at a more sophisticated level with real actors at a fraction of the expense. Simulated ammo will revolutionize shooting training, but there are still people out there, who, at fantastic, taxpayer expense, are still crawling in the complete opposite direction—into this matrix. But today’s matrix falls far short of what the human mind can devise in reality combat. ☸



The matrix hasn't been invented yet that can replicate reality.

paintball guns. Drive up in your real squad car (already purchased), walk up to a cheap, used van (dedicated to the



E-Mail: Hock, **Gold Star Mothers** is an organization made up of women whose sons were killed in military combat during service in the United States armed forces. Recently, a delegation of New York State Gold Star Mothers made a trip to Washington, DC, to discuss various concerns with their elected representatives. According to published reports, there was only one politician who refused to meet with these ladies. Can you guess which politician that might be?

Hillary Rotten Clinton. She refused repeated requests to meet with the Gold Star Mothers. This woman wants to be President of the United States – and a huge percentage of voters are eager to help her. Think about this one!!! Don't forget, our girl, Hillary Rodham Clinton, as a New York Senator, now comes under this fancy congressional Retirement and Staffing Plan.

It's common knowledge that, in order for her to establish NYS residency, they purchased a million+ dollar house in upscale Chappaqua, NY.

Now, they are entitled to Secret Service protection for life. The mortgage payments hover at about \$10,000 per month. BUT, an extra residency had to be built within the acreage to house the Secret Service agents. The Clinton's now charge the Secret Service \$10,000 monthly rent for the use of said Secret Service residence and that rent is just about equal to their mortgage payment, – meaning that we, the tax payers, pay the Clinton's mortgage, their transportation, their safety and security, their 12 man staff, and it's all perfectly legal. – *Cdr. Hamilton McWhorter USN (ret)*

E-Mail: I read your article on personal protection and was very impressed, as usual. Years ago, I was the typical martial artists who thought "bodyguards" and close quarter combat were cool words

and I imagined all the girls I could impress.

Little did I know all of the red tape, special training, money, licenses, and all around bullshit involved in getting such official titles? I was never in law enforcement, never military and I was very young. All these things made it very difficult to break into the business of personal protection.

In Texas, you must first become a Texas state police instructor before trying to become a personal protection instructor. This is done through the commission on private security, which regulates all security companies and certifications.

There are four levels of security agents with the last being personal protection and what is traditionally known as a bodyguard. I had to become an instructor in each level before getting the title of personal protection instructor.

More BS than I ever imagined with this overlapping of state police and security governing agencies.

Anyone who says they they are official bodyguards or better yet, state licensed bodyguard instructors are actually very rare. It has been my personal experience that 99 percent of the people who tell me they are bodyguards are not certified and know nothing of the training, philosophy, tactics, insurance, and expendable time to be a real personal protection agent. It actually pisses me off because I went through so much to get certification, and yet so many wannabees use the title so loosely. I actually make way more money as a police instructor, which I only became out of state regulations.

Even though I am in the business, I only know about a dozen real bodyguards who are licensed and work full time. So glad your article emphasized the realities of a business so many people say they are in, but actually know so little about. Thanks again. – *Steve Kern, San Antonio, TX*

E-Mail: (Subject Modus Operandi)

Hock, thought I'd share this with you. As you may well be aware, carjacking (especially violent carjacking usually resulting in homicide) seems to be the national past time in South Africa.


However a new breed of criminal is using a new m.o.

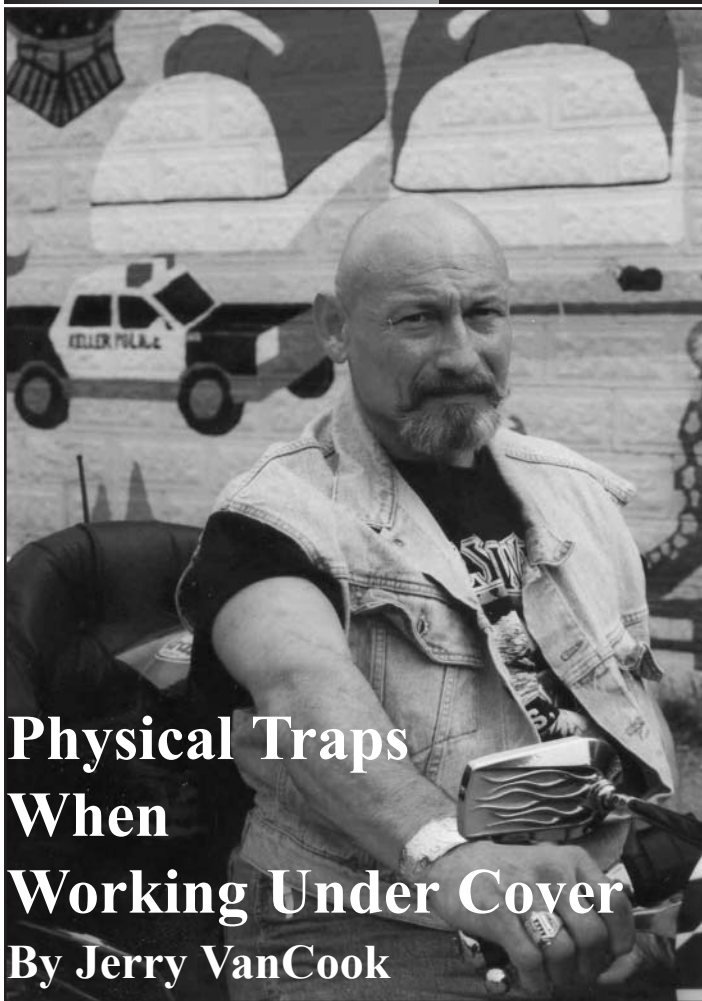
They scout the classifieds for private car sellers. They go on to make inquiries and soon end up phoning the potential victim on an almost daily basis for about a week or more thereby gaining trust so they may lure the victim into either bringing the car out for viewing, or meeting them halfway or as in a recent case, pretending to come out to view the vehicle at the seller's house and conveniently getting lost nearby, thus luring the seller to meet them somewhere.

As soon as they meet..."Wife" gets behind the steering wheel, "husband" sits next to her for "test drive"...unsuspecting victim happily gets into the backseat, and once they're off, a gun is produced, the victim is terrified into handing over all of his possessions, bank cards, credit cards, etc....all money is drawn out of victims account. Accomplices are picked up along the way waiting at strategic points. After a few terrifying hours the victims', if he is lucky, is dropped off at a field and as a worse case scenario is shot and then dumped into a field.

There is a strong suspicion that crooked cops are also involved.... – *Avzal Ismail, Pretoria Gauteng, S. Africa*

E-Mail: Hock, a friend of mine gave me a left handed, western gun rig. I got out my little Ruger .22 single action revolver and started to mess around with it, doing quick draws and point shooting. My question is that in the true western duels or challenges, did the fighters already have the guns ready to fire. Or did they pull the hammer back, during the draw? The whole pulling back the hammer and drawing at the same time is hard. – *Kelly T. Stone, Princeton, TX*

Answer: I think that most researchers of western gunfights report that they did not play out like the classic, standoff situation. But, it does appear that during the quick draw process most cocked the hammer of single-action pistols as they pulled the weapon. There is much to learn from these old gunfighters but what you hear today is filtered through modern instructors with their own agendas. They cherry-pick details that fit their viewpoint for or against point-shooting, etc. 



Physical Traps When Working Under Cover By Jerry VanCook

When I began working undercover in the mid-1970s, even the “mean streets” were “kinder and gentler” than they are now. For the most part, the bad guys didn’t carry guns. Even when they did, they did so primarily to enhance their image, and they had little intention of using them. I don’t mean to say that they wouldn’t have hurt you if they found out you were a cop—some would have. But by far the vast majority just wanted to get as far away from you as they could, as fast as they could. They understood that when a cop got killed, every other cop in the world took it personally. It made no difference if the dead officer was a vice cop from Shreveport, Louisiana, the men and women of the NYPD, the agents of the Colorado Bureau of Investigation, and every bobby in London felt like a member of his family had just gone down. You see, there was a real possibility in the “good old days” that when the Shreveport cop killer was finally located in Chicago, Los Angeles, or Baxter Springs, Kansas, he’d be killed resisting arrest. His resistance might not have amounted to much more than an unpleasant look on his face, but the taxpayers of Louisiana would be spared the expenses of his trial, his room and board in the penitentiary, and futile attempts at his rehabilitation.

This was not a particularly bad system if you ask me,

and most bad guys didn’t want to face heat like that. Unless they were cornered or too stoned to think rationally, they’d go out of their way to avoid hurting a police officer.

But that was then, and this is now.

Talk to any narcotics cop, and he’ll tell you that these days, a majority of the bad guys are carrying guns, and their attitude is different. Killing a cop doesn’t have the same consequences it used to have. Criminals know they’ll go through a lengthy trial, get on TV, write a book, sign a movie contract, and be quite a celebrity by the time they go to the penitentiary—if they go at all. Even if they end up on death row, the appeals last longer than an impotent man attempting sex, and there’s always a chance that their attorney can find a loophole, which reminds us how much our justice system has been distorted.

Still, if you get burned undercover, any reasonable bad guy will prefer to just disappear from your sight and memory, but the operative word here is *reasonable*. The unreasonable ones—the brain-dead dopers, the cons who know another felony means life imprisonment, and the true sociopaths—will kill you. That’s the good news. The bad news is that the bad guys may think you’re an informant instead of a cop. (Excerpt from *Going Undercover* by Jerry VanCook, published by Lauric Enterprises, Inc. 817-581-4021)



General Rules to Avoid Death while working Undercover

- . **Don’t be mistaken for a snitch** - Criminals don’t particularly like cops, but they hate a snitch.
- . **Never completely trust an informant** - An informant only knows how to serve his own best interest and will switch horses in mid stream at the blink of an eye.
- . **Never completely trust fellow officers and friends** - Whether a victim of stupidity, malice or human error, you will be just as dead.
- . **When working undercover be on the lookout for friends who might blow your cover** - Having an old friend show up in a restaurant and call you by your real name during an undercover deal can get you killed.
- . **Don’t gossip, not with your friends, your wife, and especially not with your girlfriend.**
- . **Don’t make stupid mistakes** - Like announcing you intend to send agents to bust drug dealers at a school assembly.
- . **Remember, cops go bad too** - Someone in your department may be gunning for you.

IS HE DEAD?



If the victim assumes a position that looks difficult if not impossible to maintain for long without great pain, it's increasingly likely the victim is dead.

At times when a citizen or a police officer shoots a criminal, or when soldiers shoot the enemy in the chaos of battle, they may find it difficult to determine the precise results of their gunfire. They must make a quick decision whether the subject is dead, in order to proceed with their mission. To advance or search for other suspects, or safely secure the ones you have downed, you will need to approach the body. Many searchers have been surprised or shot by a suspect faking death. Many have been shot or stabbed in the back after passing a downed subject.

Here are some of the methods used to successfully accomplish this evaluation. Also, please take note that many of these rules may also apply to the detection of subjects who have been knocked unconscious.

The "Get-Up" Position

If a person faked death and planned to ambush you, you might see him in some sort of quick get-up position so he might attack you. His hands might lay palms down and he may be foolish enough to lay almost in a push-up, exercise position. He might place his legs and feet in such a manner as to suggest a quick leap to his feet. He might pick his position on these grounds.

The Drilled

From a distance, examine the subject. Usually a powerful bullet, which lands on either side of the center a person, and causes a quick kill, will create a drilling effect. The person will "spin" or drill downward in a loose spiral. This process will often cause the feet and ankles to interlock when he comes to rest.

The Fallen Marionette

Does the body have the look of a marionette-puppet whose strings have suddenly been cut? If your rounds caused a quick kill, the body will usually fall in complete disarray.

The Painful Posture

If the wounded person died in much pain, and not from a quick kill, the two elements above may not describe what you find. Instead, hands may have clutched body parts. In longer term developing death situations, soldiers report approaching bodies that have mementos like wallet photos scattered near, as though the person experienced nostalgia before his death, all clues.

Defecation and Urination

Many times as you approach the body you may detect the smell of, or spy the stains of feces or urine; when the body dies, many muscles relax. If the person had evacuated prior to the combat he would have nothing to lose. It is always wise to empty before danger because of the strong statistical possibility that a lower torso wound might clip your sacs and poison your insides.

An Obvious Devastating Wound

It can be visually apparent upon your approach that a significant wound has killed your enemy. Sometimes a large quantity of blood may be present, an amount that would suggest death.

Long Term Miscellaneous Clues

The presence of fly swarms and/or maggots or the mouth and nose submerged in puddles or ponds for a period of observation, longer than a few minutes may also be a definitive clue to the condition of the body. There is also a distinct smell.

Booby-Trapped

Be cautious of explosives planted on bodies triggered to detonate upon investigation of the body. In our militant times, citizens and police must also consider such possibilities, not just our soldiers! Rigging a long-range device with sticks or ropes may allow you to hook and manipulate the body from a safe range.

Throwing Objects

One test is to throw some objects at the body to check for reaction.

Approach with Caution

Approach with gun up and caution. Prepare for a surprise. Can you see both hands? Where might he reach for a gun or a knife? Under his torso? Concealed nearby? In the military, a downed person is used as bait for an enemy sniper. Act according to the circumstances.

Final Death Throes

The human body may still quiver and move shortly after death. Seeing a spastic jolt may not be a clue that the subject is alive and waiting to jump you. Such spasms may cause additional fire into a "deceased person" which, under the circumstances of present witnesses may look excessive.

The "Eyes Have It" The Final Test

Some vets have reported looking at the open eyes of their subject, trying to detect a blink as they approached. The many military personnel have unofficially developed the "eye thump" test. A finger thump to the eyeball is a telltale that the person's nervous system has shut down.

Summary Examination

- . Are the ankles interlocked?
- . Is the configuration disarrayed?
- . Is it a painful posture?
- . Is he in any kind of "get-up" position?
- . Are there signs of defecation and urination?
- . Is there an obvious, devastating wound?



If the victim lays palms down with a gun in easy reach, use caution approaching. He may be poised to jump up and ambush you.

- . Beware of booby traps.

Suggested Action

- . Throw objects.
- . Use tools to manipulate suspicious bodies from a distance.
- . Approach your downed targets with caution.
- . Use the eye thump test.

Regardless of your discovery, your department and/or unit procedures may require you to apply ligatures to the body as a matter of routine before continuing on with your work. There are of course those dangerous times in hot lines of fire when you cannot tiptoe up to each subject.

Also, please remember this information because someday you may be in a position when you must surprise your approaching enemy. Remember these rules to create a successful trap.



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The Punch

When a fistfight broke out between the Houston Rockets and the Los Angeles Lakers one night in 1977, All-Star Rudy Tomjanovich raced to break it up. He was met by Kermit Washington, a good player with a great reputation, and by an astonishingly ferocious punch, a single blow that has reverberated in both men's lives ever since.

The punch dislodged Tomjanovich's skull and nearly killed him. Neither man was ever quite the same again. The consequences of this single act of aggression are still being felt, affecting not only two lives, but also the game of basketball itself. Now Tomjanovich has won two NBA titles as head coach of the Rockets, and in 2000 he coached the U.S. Olympic men's basketball team to a gold medal. In the years since the fight, Washington has had one difficulty after another, his life haunted and shaped by that single moment.

The Rockets had gone up 57-55 to start the second half. There was a missed jump shot at the other end, and Kevin Kennert, the Rockets' 7-foot-tall center, grabbed the rebound. Tomjanovich began sprinting down the right side of the court, knowing that Kennert would feed the ball to John Lucas, his team's point guard, and there would be a chance to beat the L.A. defense down the court. He was on the right wing, looking to see if Lucas was going to feed him the ball, when he heard a whistle behind the play.

He turned and saw Kennert, who had made it to midcourt, being wrestled from behind by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Another Laker, Tomjanovich wasn't sure at that moment who it was, had his back to Tomjanovich and was throwing a punch at Kennert. Tomjanovich saw Kennert sag to one knee as the punch landed, and he started running in the direction of the fight. "All I knew," he later said, "was one of my guys was in trouble. I just ran toward the fight, not sure what I would do when I got there."

He sprinted toward the skirmish, arms down, thinking he would perhaps wrap up the Laker who had hit Kennert and pull him away, just as Abdul-Jabbar appeared to be doing with Kennert. That's the way most NBA fights began and ended: an elbow or a profanity thrown; a square-off; a punch, maybe two; and then cooler heads prevailing.

Then it happened

"Tricky, what happened?"

He was lying in a pool of blood, Tomjanovich knew that. He could see Dick Vandervoort, the Rockets' trainer, leaning over him, holding a towel to try to stanch the blood gushing from his nose.

"Lie still, Rudy," Vandervoort-Tricky to all the Houston players—was telling him.

Still dazed, Tomjanovich sat up just a little.

"Kermit hit you."

Kermit Washington was the Lakers' 6-foot-8-inch power forward. He was listed in the media guide as weighing 240 lbs..



Washington learned the hard way, a single, strong, punch, under the right conditions can change your life forever, and permanently damage or kill your opponent.

all of it rock-hard muscle from years of weight lifting. On that night Washington's weight was down to 222, the result of hours of tireless off-season rehab work he had done after undergoing knee surgery the previous season. At any weight, Washington was one of the league's strongest men, a self-made player who used strength, intensity, and work ethic to make up for a lack of offensive skills.

He was part of a generation of enforcers, players whose job it was to protect their team's star. Abdul-Jabbar was the Lakers' star. Washington was his protection. That meant he did the dirty work defensively and on the boards, and if any kind of skirmish broke out, it was his job to make sure nothing happened to Abdul-Jabbar. There were limits to what he could do. On opening night in October, Abdul-Jabbar, frustrated by the physical play of the Milwaukee Bucks rookie center Ken Benson, had

The Punch continued....

hauled off and slugged Benson, breaking his hand. He had missed 20 games and the Lakers had struggled to a 9-14 start.

It was Washington whom Tomjanovich had seen throw the punch at Kennert. As Kennert's knees buckled and Abdul-Jabbar, who had been trying to separate Kennert from Washington, swung him away, Washington became aware of someone approaching from behind.

"I saw a blur of red," he said. "I grew up in the streets. You learn there that if you're in a fight and someone is coming up from behind you, you swing first and ask questions later."

He turned and swung, a straight right hand that landed just under Tomjanovich's nose. At the very last instant, as Washington turned and faced him, Tomjanovich sensed danger. He tried to throw his hands up to protect himself, but it was too late.

"I don't have any memory of throwing my hands up,"

Tomjanovich said. "The only reason I know I did is because I saw it on the tape. The last thing I remember is running toward the fight. Then I looked up and saw Tricky. There's nothing in-between."

In between was a punch that landed with devastating force. It was thrown by a very strong man, pumped up on adrenaline from behind in a fight, at a man running full speed right into the punch, completely unprotected.

Describing what happened later, doctors likened the collision of Washington's fist and Tomjanovich's face to a collision between two locomotives traveling at full speed. The doctor, who worked on Tomjanovich later that night, a specialist in head and neck trauma, said the injuries Tomjanovich suffered were not unlike those suffered by someone thrown through the windshield of a car traveling 50 miles per hour.

"I'll never forget that sound," Abdul-Jabbar said. "I had turned Kennert away from Kermit, and suddenly I heard this *crack*, like a melon landing on concrete. It's 24 years ago, but I can still hear it."

The punch knocked Tomjanovich straight backward, and he landed on the back of his head, out cold within a second. Every person on the court and almost every person in the Forum that night remembers the next few minutes as if they were played out in slow motion.

Upstairs in the press box, the writers looked at each other almost as soon as the punch landed and then began heading

downstairs—almost unheard of in the middle of a game.

"It was the sound," Thomas Bonk, then the Rockets' beat writer from the *Houston Post*, remembered. "No one had ever heard a punch that sounded like that. Even from where we were, all the way upstairs, the sound resonated. Punches aren't supposed to do that. It was frightening.

"We were used to fights. Back then, fights broke out in the NBA every night. When Kermit and Kennert squared off, your first response was, 'Oh look, another stupid NBA fight, what else is new?' And then in an instant it all changed and it became terrifying?"

Ted Green of the *Los Angeles Times* bolted out of his chair and ran directly down the center aisle of seats to get courtside.

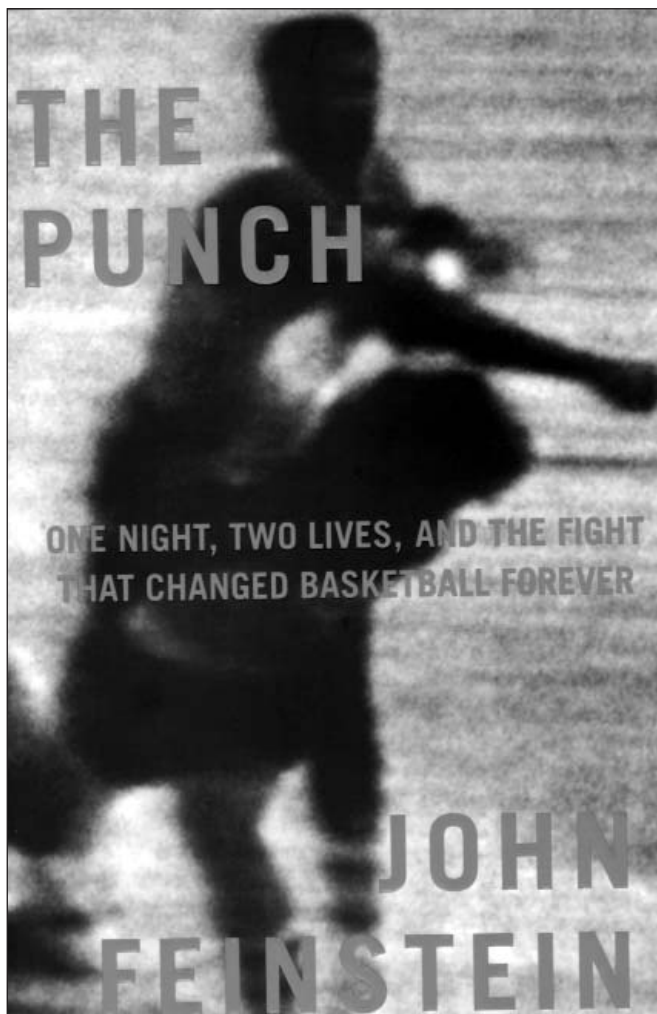
"He wasn't moving," Green said. "He probably didn't move for a total of two minutes, maybe three. But it felt like hours while I was standing there. I remember thinking, 'He's dead. My God, he's dead. How could this happen?"

Abdul-Jabbar felt the same sensations. "There was just so much blood," he said. "I kept thinking, 'How can there be so much blood.'"

At that moment, everything stopped. No one on either team had any desire to fight anymore. While Rakel was telling Washington he was ejected from the game, Middleton stood behind Vandervoort, who had raced off the bench the minute Tomjanovich went down. "I remember telling someone we were going to need more towels to mop up all the blood," Middleton said. "Then I looked down and got a good look at Rudy's face. I had to go over the scorer's table and lean over to get my breath back. I was afraid I was going to be sick."

Tomjanovich knew none of this when he came to. He wasn't in that much pain when Vandervoort got him into a sitting position, but he was confused. It hadn't been the scoreboard; it had been Kermit Washington. "I was dazed and woozy, and Tricky was telling me Kermit hit me. All I could think was, 'Why would he hit me? I wasn't even fighting with him.'"

It was several minutes before Tomjanovich could stand up. Nowadays, he wouldn't have been allowed to move. He would have been told to stay down and a stretcher would have been brought out for him. But this was 1977. He got up slowly, aided by Vandervoort, with a towel over his face to try to stop the blood. Getting up, he looked right at West. It was then that he understood for the first time that this was more than a bloody nose.



The Punch continued...

"Let's get this done fast, Trick," he said. "Put some gauze in my nose or whatever and get me back out there."

Vandervoort said nothing. Once they were out of the arena and in the hallway under the stands, they had to walk past the Lakers' dressing room and around a corner to where the visitors' dressing room was located. The first person Tomjanovich saw in the hallway was Washington.

Seeing Washington, Tomjanovich turned in his direction. "Why'd you hit me like that?" he demanded.

"What?" Washington screamed back. "What? Hit you? Asked Kevin Kennert. Ask him what happened."

"I'm asking you, you son-of-a-bitch," Tomjanovich yelled back, and he started toward Washington.

He didn't get far, though because Vandervoort and the security people intervened. "Good thing," Tomjanovich said later. "If I'd gotten near him, he probably would have killed me."

"In fact, he almost certainly would have killed me."

"There's an ambulance outside," Vandervoort said.

"Ambulance?" Tomjanovich said. "What the hell is that about?" A few minutes later, he was in the ambulance. Then he was in the hospital and they were making X rays. He wondered what he must look like, because the looks he was getting from the people in the emergency room were not that different from what he had seen on the court from Jerry West. "And these were people who were used to seeing stuff," he said.

Dr. Toffel arrived a few minutes later, still in his tuxedo. When he was given the X rays, his eyes went wide. "Oh my God," Toffel said to the emergency room doctor who had given him the X rays. "This isn't a sinus injury. The posterior portion of his face is way out of alignment." (Translation: the top part of his skull was actually about an inch off line from the lower portion.)

Tomjanovich was wondering when he was going to get to call his wife back home in Houston when Toffel, now wearing scrubs over his tuxedo, walked in carrying X rays. He introduced himself, put a glove on one hand, and told Tomjanovich that he was going to see if he could move his upper jaw.

"It moved very easily," Toffel said later. "Which confirmed what the X rays had shown. I knew then this was a very serious situation."

The Rockets had a game in Phoenix the next night. Tomjanovich wondered, could he play there?

Toffel looked Tomjanovich in the eye. "No, Rudy, you can't play tomorrow," he said. "You aren't going to play basketball for a while. You aren't going to play any more this season."

Tomjanovich, whose eyes were already swelling shut, looked at Toffel as closely as he possibly could. Even though they were slits, his eyes told him that Toffel was completely serious.

Toffel's face didn't change expression. His voice was very soft. "Rudy, let me ask you a question," he said. "Do you have any kind of funny taste in your mouth?"

Tomjanovich's eyes opened slightly, "Yeah, I do," he said. "It doesn't taste like blood either. It's very bitter. What is it?"

"Spinal fluid," Toffel said. "You're leaking spinal fluid from your brain. We're going to get you up to ICU in a few minutes

and we're going to hope your brain capsule seals very soon. Do you know what the ICU is, Rudy?"

Tomjanovich nodded. He knew what ICU stood for; intensive care unit. The rage was gone. It had been replaced by fear.

"You're in trouble, Rudy," Toffel said. "We're going to work very hard to get you through this. But you can't be negative right now about anything or anyone. You have to work toward getting better, a little bit at a time. We don't need any anger or anything negative. Do you understand?"

Tomjanovich nodded again. By now he was in shock. Less than an hour ago, he had been a basketball player, doing what he loved and being paid a lot of money to do it. Now a doctor was telling him his life was hanging in the balance. He was 29-years-old with a wife and two young children. At that moment, all he wanted to do was see them again. Nothing else mattered.

Toffel testified in detail years later about the nature of Tomjanovich's injuries. Most important, he testified that in spite of the surgeries and pain he had already been through, Tomjanovich was likely to face recurring sinus headaches in the future, could lose his sense of smell, and would probably have serious dental problems because of the damage done to his gums. He also said that Tomjanovich's face, though repaired, would never be the same again.

"It will never be the same the rest of his life," he said. "The scar tissue will never be quite as strong as it was in its original state."

While Tomjanovich was being taken to the hospital, Kermit Washington sat on a table in the empty Lakers locker room as Dr. Kerlan put stitches in his hand.

As he walked to his car, he heard someone calling his name. It was the man who patrolled the players' parking lot during games. He didn't know the man's name, but they always exchanged greetings before and after each game.

"Kermit," the man said as Washington opened his car door, "I saw it. I saw what happened."

Washington nodded, not really eager to get into a conversation at the moment.

"Kermit," the man said. "You're in a lot of trouble. Big trouble."

Washington's stomach twisted into a knot. He wasn't sure why, because at that moment he didn't know how badly Tomjanovich was hurt, but something told him the man was right.

He was in a lot of trouble.



John Feinstein is the bestselling author of *The Last Amateurs*, *A Civil War*, *The Majors*, and other books. He is a columnist for America Online and *Golf Magazine* and a contributor to the *Washington Post* and the *Wall Street Journal*. (Reprinted w/permission Little Brown Publishing)



Hindu Girls Trained to Kill!



In Kanpur, India, at her summer camp, 10-year-old Stuti Gupta learns to use guns, leap through rings of fire and fight with knives and wooden truncheons – skills India's most powerful Hindu nationalist group tells her she needs to protect her faith.

The women's wing of the World Hindu Council is holding training camps in several parts of India, where girls learn martial arts and are "ordained" with metal tridents, the symbol of Shiva, the Hindu god of destruction.

But in a modern nation built on principles of tolerance and equality, such camps don't just deepen Hindus' faith. They create cauldrons of hostility and inject hatred against Muslims and Christian minorities, critics say.

"Such trends are inconsistent with prosperity, development and modernization. They are completely antithetical to the modern project of nation building," says Mushirul Hasan, a Muslim who is a professor of modern Indian history. "If the government wants to create a modern state, it must call the bluff of the Hindu fundamentalists and show the danger they pose to the country."

Stuti, a 4th-grader, traveled 170 miles from her native Banda to attend the camp in the northern industrial city of Kanpur. Both cities are in Uttar Pradesh, India's most populous state.

"This training will prepare me to fight the odds in the society, confidently.

They are killing Hindus everywhere to reduce us to a minority, and this would help me to face that challenge," the girl says.

The World Hindu Council's main target is Muslims who make up more than 12 percent of the country's 1.02 billion people. Some 84 percent of India's citizens are Hindus, and the Hindu nationalists often warn of what they say are the growing militant ambitions of Muslims. While the camps for girls are a relatively new phenomenon, the nationalist group has long held camps for boys, who attend them by the thousands.

"The camps are not only organized to impart arms training and physical education, but also to give them an in-depth knowledge of Indian culture and traditions," says Hari Agarwal of the camp in Lucknow, capital of Uttar Pradesh.

But Muslims are alarmed. In a rare move, a Muslim organization in Uttar Pradesh announced recently it would distribute 5,000 tridents to Muslims soon to counter what they see as a growing threat.

In the western state of Gujarat, several summer camps are under way for hundreds of young women. Gujarat was the scene of Hindu-Muslim riots last year that claimed over 1,000 lives, most of them Muslims. The riots began after Muslims burned a train car, killing 60 Hindus.

"These camps are being run across the state without any ban from the government," says Ataullah Khan, a Gujarati

industrialist and organizer of a relief camp for Muslims whose homes were burned in the riots.

"If tomorrow, Muslims start organizing such camps in the name of their religion, and the same with Christians and Buddhists, would the state government permit them to do so?" he asks.

The Gujarat state government, widely accused last year of doing little to stop the anti-Muslim violence, has not taken a stand on the camps.

Kalpna Vyas, a senior Hindu Council leader who is supervising the camps in Gujarat, says they were

meant to aid girls in "physical, mental and spiritual development."

"Learning how to use firearms is not illegal, and it is not meant to kill anyone without provocation," she says.

"Muslims also organize such camps in Pakistan to train people how to handle deadly weapons."

The Hindu Council campaign has been bolstered by the 13-year Islamic insurgency in the disputed Himalayan province of Kashmir. India has long accused Pakistan of supporting the militants, a claim Islamabad denies. The Hindu Council, an ideological affiliate of India's ruling Baharatiya Janata Party, has used the Kashmir insurgency to push its hard-line brand of Hinduism, traditionally a peace-loving religion.

Minorities throughout India and those who defend the country's secular constitution say training young Hindus how to use weapons is neither patriotic nor religious.

"These camps are being organized to scare the minorities," says Sharif Khan Pathan, secretary of the Citizens Relief Service in Gujarat. "We understand that the state government is a sponsor of such activities, but the (federal government) should ban such training camps, as ultimately it is the Muslims who will suffer."

(AP Correspondent Rupak Sanyal in Gujarat contributed to this story.)



Gracie Confesses

“When I tour the country and give seminars, I am surprised by how many people who are experts in sport ju-jitsu but do not know the most basic self-defense techniques of ju-jitsu. The problem with this is that you can get a false sense of security from what you know. Just because you can handle yourself on the mat doesn’t mean you’ll know what to do when attacked. In that case, sport ju-jitsu can actually be a detriment because you’ll be overconfident. We were shocked by how many long-time students had completely forgotten, or even worse never learned, the very important self-defense aspects. For my father Helio, the self-defense moves are far more important than the sport moves. Every time I see him, he always tells me that students are not being taught enough self-defense moves.”

***– Royce Gracie,
Grapple Magazine***

Isn’t it a little late to be telling us this? They are the number one initiator and breeders of modern sport wrestling. After all these years of making undefeatable claims and brainwashing thousands of students into believing they are in some kind of an undefeatable system, he tells us this, now?

Questionable marketing and early UFC shenanigans (trampoline ring floors and that fighter named Kimo that really had

“Hidden in this CYA statement there is a confession.”

only one month of training—not a 4th degree black belt!) had left their deep impression in the early 1990’s. This Gracie style of sport wrestling, which has confused and misled so many as being some kind of ultimate self-defense, has infected the world. So many martial artists feel compelled to offer ground-wrestling courses in their programs that the Gracie family name appears coast-to-coast. So much so, that a few key, naïve, military insiders have embraced it.

I am a retired U.S. Army Sergeant and former old-school, Karate black belt. I stood by through the years as I watched my beloved Japanese arts turn into “children citizenship schools” that produce little more than sport kick-boxers. And I am ashamed to say I also stood by as just a few people in “this-man’s-Army” twisted our hand-to-hand combat manuals into some kind of high school wrestling program. Powerless to interfere again, I watched the process, which started with a small team of Rangers going to Brazil, bringing the criteria back. Next, the material somehow spread into Army doctrine. Newer manuals cover an abundance of sport, wrestling techniques.

I spoke with a graduate of these courses and he told me, “...during the randori (freestyle wrestling) work-outs, I would pretend that the real enemy was trying to get me, or that an attacker was after my family and I had to break free and win.” When I reminded him that stabbing your finger into the eye of these killers was just one of many survival techniques missing from their doctrine, he seemed to miss the point.

“Ever wrestle with your backpack on? With an M-16? Wearing a pistol and

a knife? Can you? Even as an escaping and unarmed prisoner, is wrestling your first choice? “I asked him?

“I just really like it,” was the only answer. For some, the brainwashing runs deep.

For others in a growing trend, the brainwashing doesn’t run so deep. Early on, the newer UFC fighters, with their emphasis on hardcore striking and kicking, have learned to defeat these sport wrestlers. A recent Tennessee police officer wrote a review of a police-based, Gracie seminar he attended for a major law enforcement magazine. The officer reported that much of what Gracie teaches must be “taken with a grain of salt,” because he lacks experience in the real-world problems of police combat.

I think the Gracies have seen the modern movement toward reality in martial arts and are doing public relations / CYA (cover your ass), actually blaming their students for not knowing what they haven’t been teaching them for 15 years now. But hidden in this CYA statement there is a confession. When will we hear something similar from the Army? I wonder now what these shortsighted, Army H2H manual writers think now, after Gracie’s admission. We will be stuck with this manual for years, maybe even a decade!



Why are we teaching these troops to wrestle?

Police Blotter



Florida officer shot and killed just Days before retirement

On a day that was originally meant to honor his 30 years of service to law enforcement, Pasco County Florida Lieutenant Charles “Bo” Harrison was laid to rest. At the age of 57, Harrison had decided to retire, but on June 1, two weeks prior to his retirement, he was shot in the back and killed as he sat in his patrol car across from a local bar.

Nineteen-year-old Alfredie Steele, Jr. is charged with the shooting.

Steele used a high-powered rifle and shot through the rear of the vehicle. News reports say that Harrison was patrolling a community that officers patrolled in pairs because of a rumor that someone was planning to kill several officers. At approximately 2 a.m., other officers had gone to investigate gunfire they heard nearby, and when they returned, Harrison was hunched over his steering wheel with a bullet in his back. Steele was on murder charges after admitting that he shot at Harrison’s marked cruiser. Some community members told news reporters Steele had a personal vendetta against the police after a close friend crashed his car and died during a police pursuit. Investigators have not mentioned a motive.

Extra revenue from drugs

“The North Korean government is dealing drugs,” said David Ibison in the *Financial Times*. And Japan has the proof. Two years ago, the Japanese coast guard sank and then salvaged a suspected North Korean spy ship in the Sea of Japan. Turns out, the North Korean ship was outfitted as a drug-runner, with extra fast engines and a secret compartment to launch a motorboat. And records from a mobile phone found on board showed that the North Koreans had made numerous calls to known gangland operatives in Japan. That and other evidence indicates that North Korea has been manufacturing

drugs and selling them to Japanese criminal gangs for distribution in Japan. Most of the drugs seem to be methamphetamine, the most popular upper of choice for Japanese addicts. But there’s also evidence of heroin dealing. Australia recently seized a huge shipment of more than 100 kilos of heroin from a North Korean ship in its waters. The director of drug control for Japan’s national police, Ryosuke Matsuoka, says that North Korea “is the largest exporter of drugs to Japan,” controlling more than 40 percent of the illegal market. This trade has long been broadly tolerated in Japan, where retired cops often enter the gambling or private-security business. Now, though, the massive drug busts making headlines, Japan will surely take a more aggressive stance toward its recalcitrant neighbor.

Only in America

A 12-year-old Florida boy spent two hours in jail for splattering his classmates with mud.

Kyle

Fredrikson was walking to class in the rain when he “purposely stomped in the water,” says Inverness Deputy Tim Langer. The boy was handcuffed and taken to the police station, where he was charged with disruption of an educational institution.

“Can you imagine that, for stomping in a mud puddle?” his father asked.



Whoops!

New York City paid out \$557 million in civil damages in 2001, including \$77 million to people who sued after they tripped on sidewalks. – *The New Yorker*

Policeman mistaken for stripper

An Israeli policeman responding to neighbors’ complaints about a noisy hen party found himself mistaken for the main

attraction.

The rowdy women had ordered a male stripper dressed as a policeman and, thinking the stripper had arrived, began trying to undress and caress him, ignoring his protests. One of the partygoers “took off my shirt and untied my shoelaces,” the officer said. “She started stroking me and called on her friends to join in.” He showed his police badge, but the women just thought it was part of the act. The policeman was reportedly only able to extricate himself when his partner called for reinforcements. The revelers were fined. – *Yedioth Ahronoth Daily*.



Hot flashlight

Newsline recently received an e-mail notice from a subscriber in New Mexico about a Mag Light flashlight capable of firing a .410 shotgun round. The notice states “The flashlight functions by pulling back a spring-loaded firing pin, much like a “zip gun” or tear gas gun. Once the safety pin is pulled, the operator pushes down on the firing lever, discharging the weapon through the end cap of the flashlight. According to the notice, the weapon is made by Ares Defense Systems, Blackburn, PA. It is advertised as the perfect last chance back-up weapon. While it may serve as a beneficial weapon of defense, it could be lethal in the hands of the wrong people. Unfortunately, if you’re not on your toes, you may not realize it is in the wrong hands until it is too late. Stay alert, and Stay Safe!

The gangs of Madrid at war

Martin Scorsese’s *Gangs of New York* has just opened in Madrid said the *Madrid Daily El Mundo*. It’s set in 19th century New York, but it could just as well be about life in our capital city today. Gangs of Colombian drug dealers, playing out their bloody feuds in public, have turned Madrid into a killing field in the past few years. Now, they are being joined by criminals from Eastern Europe, most of whom have entered Spain illegally. The

Police Blotter continued..

ferocity of their turf wars is truly terrifying. Recently, assassins machine-gunned two men who were changing a tire by the roadside and left their bodies in a pool of blood dotted with 60 spent cartridges. The victims were Bulgarian car thieves, and the attack was obviously to settle a score. That makes 18 street killings since the start of the year, already two-thirds more than in 2002. Such mayhem is intolerable in a supposedly civilized city. New York in the 19th century was in the throes of rapid growth, and the rule of law had yet to be established there. But Madrid is an established, sophisticated capital that is bidding to host the 2012 Olympics. Why is it still the setting for the kind of lurid butchery that “belongs in the movie theatres?”

The risk of rubbernecking

Don't gawk at an accident while you're driving – or the next crash could be yours. Driver distraction causes 13 percent of traffic accidents, says a study by the Virginia Department of Motor Vehicles and Virginia Commonwealth University. And while cell phones frequently get the blame, there are other – worse – culprits. Rubbernecking was the most dangerous distraction, causing 16 percent of accidents from driver inattention. Gawking caused, “as many as three accidents at one scene, at one intersection,” Officer John Carney of the Fairfax County Police tells *The Washington Post*. Other top distractions, according to the survey of 2,800 crashes between June and November 2002, included fatigue (12 percent), scenery gazing (10 percent), rambunctious children or passengers (9 percent), and adjusting the car stereo (7 percent). Cell phones placed sixth, with 5 percent. But it's often difficult to pinpoint the cause of an accident. Cell phones are small, after all, and police don't always spot them in a crumpled car.

Brain fingerprinting could change lie-detector tests

The Farwell method of brain fingerprinting is a new technology applicable for investigating crimes and exonerating innocent suspects, with a record of 100 percent accuracy in research on FBI

agents, U.S. government agencies and field applications, said officials.

Brain fingerprinting determines scientifically whether a suspect has the details of a crime stored in his brain. The system watches for a particular brain response that happens automatically whenever the person sees something familiar.

The technology is ready for implementation by government, military and industrial organizations, in the areas of counter terrorism, counter intelligence, counter espionage, counter-industrial espionage and other crimes, says Nash Thompson, of Brain Fingerprinting.

Why they crack

The U.S. government maintains that it has not used physical torture in its interrogation of alleged 9/11 planner Khalid Shaikh Mohammed. So why would the Al-Qaeda operative give up his colleague Lyman Faris to the feds? Because, experts say, eventually everybody cracks. The only variables are how long someone holds out and what pushes him over.

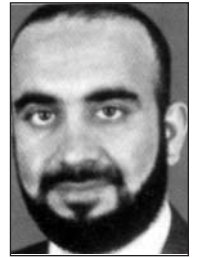
Inflicting bodily harm can actually be a poor method of extracting information. A detainee is likely to be so eager to end his pain he will confess to anything, even untruths notes Rick Smith, a retired 25-year veteran of the FBI.

The most efficient technique is to break down a detainee's defenses, Smith says, then build up his trust. The first step is achieved through a combination of physical discomfort and psychological disorientation. A



captive might be subjected to extreme heat or cold, deprived of light or dark, made to squat in painful positions, questioned and fed at irregular intervals kept awake for hours on end. Most important is confinement in isolation, divorced from all that is familiar. “Human beings want to control their environment,” says Ilan Kutz, an Israeli psychiatrist who has treated former captives. “If you can't control it, you lose the coordinates of the self.” This, of course is the plan. It sets the stage for a good cop-bad cop strategy in which the captive comes to depend on the supposedly as the sole means of comfort and is thus likely to offer information to please them.

Loners, who are used to having few emotional connections, take longer to crack; so do those with deep beliefs, who can find nobility in suffering. Whatever the background of a detainee, as soon as he capitulates, he is likely to tell all, says Kutz: The interrogators can say. “You're ruined to everyone on the outside. You might as well tell everything and let us help you.” – *By Michele Orecklin*



A riot at Pier One Imports? No. Swiss riot police wearing gas masks and protected by wicker covered shields prepare to face anarchist demonstrators in Lausanne. Ahhh-the soothing power of wicker.

Trojan Horse: Inside the ATF Raid at Waco, Texas



Aerial view of the Branch Davidian compound after the raid started.

I didn't even hear the first shots. My mind was focused on getting out of the cramped cattle trailer without tripping over the boots of the agent in front of me and not busting my ass. But by the time my feet splashed onto the mud driveway in front of the Branch Davidian compound, I knew things weren't going according to plan. A battle was underway.

The plan had seemed so simple: Hide 76 ATF agents inside two tarp-covered cattle trailers. Slip the trailers unnoticed down the 200-yard long, rutted, muddy drive that led to the Branch Davidian compound. Create a diversion with a trio of borrowed Texas National Guard helicopters. Storm a building the size of a football field, making multiple, simultaneous entries on the first and second floors. And finally, snatch away the cult's cache of pistols, rifles, machine guns, and hand-grenades without getting anyone hurt. We forgot just one thing—Murphy's Law.

The operational plan ATF leaders came up with was based

on two crucial pieces of intelligence they'd obtained from former cult members. The first was that each morning most of the men in the compound worked outside in an area called "the pit," the underground bunker on the west side of the main building. The second was that cult leader David Koresh kept the Branch Davidians' weapons locked up in a second story room on the east side of the building, next door to his private bedroom. At the time of the raid, the men would be on the opposite side of the compound from their weapons and wouldn't be able to put up much of a fight. By the time we rolled up in front of the compound and heard the gunshots, I figured out that there had been a problem with the intell.

Of the 76 agents on the ground, only a handful of us had anything more powerful than a 9mm. My job was to slip around the west side of the compound and cover the back with my AR-15 rifle. All I had to do was get past a couple of fences, a section

SQUAD ROOM

Trojan Horse continued...

of excavated earth, a buried school bus, and a chicken coop. I stepped off the trailer into the gunfire and followed the agent in front of me. Bullets kicked up clods of mud at my feet.

Just ahead of me, fire from a Branch Davidian rifle toppled Houston Special Response Team (SRT) member Eric Evers into a muddy ditch. Evers was a big man with walrus mustache and a good sense of humor. Throughout training he'd worn a floppy hat shaped like a moose head.

About 25 feet from the southwest corner of the compound sat a bulldozer with half a dozen agents already hunkered behind it. It looked like the safest spot around, so that's where I headed. Bullets buzzed through the air like angry hornets. Halfway to the bulldozer, I saw a man on the west side of the building firing a rifle. I threw my own rifle to my shoulder and snapped off a couple of shots at him. I don't know if I hit him or not, but I really hope I did.

The three helicopters, two OH-58 Kiowas, and a UH-60 Black Hawk, on loan from the Texas National Guard, began their diversionary run over the compound as the cattle trailers bounced up the rain-soaked driveway. On board were National Guard pilots and ATF agents. The two Kiowas swept in at 500 feet, while the bigger, heavier Black Hawk trailed slightly lower.

ATF had managed to persuade the Texas Guard and the governor that the compound might contain a methamphetamine lab.

All the agents knew the lab story was bullshit, but we feed that story to the Texas National Guard so we could get access to their personnel and equipment.

As the helicopters hovered just north of the compound, the Davidians started shooting. Rifle rounds slammed into the Black Hawk and one of the Kiowas. Both made emergency landings in nearby fields.

On the east side of the compound, the New Orleans SRT was catching hell. Seven of them had been lucky enough to land the task of hauling two ladders from the second cattle trailer, setting them up against the building, and scrambling onto the chapel roof. Once on the roof, they were supposed to crash through two, second story windows and land in cult leader David Koresh's bedroom and the suspected arms room.

On the west side of the peaked chapel roof, three agents crouched outside Koresh's bedroom window as a burst of machine gun fire tore through the glass, striking ATF supervisor Ken King – a Vietnam recon Marine – six times. King rolled off

the roof and fell into an inner courtyard.

Special Agent Todd McKeehan, a Desert Storm Marine combat veteran, took one round in the chest. The bullet sliced through his "bulletproof" vest and tore open his heart. He dropped to the roof, dead. Agent Dave Millen scampered over the peak of the roof to the east side where he joined Special Agent Conway LeBleu. The two agents fired at gunmen who rained shots down onto the chapel from a four-story tower. Erected in the center of the building, the tower loomed over the entire compound like an ancient castle keep.

At the east window – the arms room – agent Glen Jordan smashed out the glass. ATF supervisor Bill Buford, a Special Forces, Vietnam veteran, tossed in a flash bang distraction device, a sort of super firecracker, and then crawled through the window with Keith Constantino and Glen Jordan following him.

When Dave Millen tried to enter behind the three agents, a hail of bullets ripped through the window, striking his Kevlar helmet and the flashlight strapped just over his shoulder, and knocked him flat on his back. With gunfire punching holes

through the shingles from the chapel below, Millen scrambled to the edge of the roof and slid down the ladder.

Conway LeBleu stood alone on the roof. Trojan Horse was to be his last SRT assignment. He was leaving the team to dedicate all his time to arson investigation. LeBleu blasted at gunmen in the tower with his shotgun until a Davidian bullet struck his left temple and killed him.

Inside the room, Buford saw a cult gunman backing through an open door into a hallway.

Buford crossed to the door and peeked through. The Branch Davidian stood in the hallway, his rifle pointed at the door. To expose himself as little as possible, the ATF supervisor shoved his pistol into the hinge-side crack, between the door and frame, and fired until the gunman dropped to the floor.

The room was indeed an arms room. Racks of long guns lined the walls and Buford spotted a case of MK II hand-grenades. The agents took cover as bullets from the room next door ripped through the wall. Just below the chapel, New Orleans SRT member Rob Williams squatted behind a hunk of metal and laid down cover fire for the agents being ripped apart on the roof. A Davidian gunman fired a rifle round that struck Williams in the left cheek, penetrated downward through the lower part of his face, and left a gaping exit wound just below his right ear. He died before he hit the ground.

Nine of us crouched behind the bulldozer as a continuous stream of gunfire poured from the second and third story windows along the front of the compound. Dozens of other ATF



Agents assigned to climb onto the chapel roof practice at Ft. Hood.

Trojan Horse continued...

agents had taken cover behind the Davidian vehicles strewn along the driveway. Our two cattle trailers stood empty in front of the compound.

No more than 10 feet to my left was a muddy hole, the entrance to a partially covered underground bunker. Farther out, across the bunker, sat a junked bus. During the briefings we'd been told cult members lived inside the vehicles on the property. We had no cover if anyone started firing from the bus.

In front of the dozer, a wooden fence partially blocked my view of the back of building, but I could see, rising up behind the fence, a 40-foot tall metal water tower, a rust brown cylinder that looked like a giant upright cigar. Perched on top of the tower, a man fired a rifle across the roof of the compound toward the chapel. I raised my rifle, but before I could fire at him, someone else hit him. The gunman dropped into the tower as his rifle – an AK-47 by the look of it – plummeted toward the ground. From a second story window to my right, a blast of machine gun fire erupted. As ricochets whizzed off of the bulldozer, I fired a volley of shots into the window at the unseen shooter. For several minutes the Davidian and I traded shots. Eventually he stopped shooting. Maybe I got lucky. Maybe I hit him.

My ATF radio crackled with reports of agents down. The numbers were staggering. At least eight, maybe as many as a dozen, agents were wounded. Also over the radio came the voice of Ken King, the supervisor who fell from the roof after

being shot six times. He said he was bleeding badly and needed help. It would be two more hours before we could get help to him.

In front of the compound, Special Agents Lowell Sprague and Steve Willis took up a covered position behind a Davidian vehicle. Sprague's MP-5 carbine jammed but he was able to clear it just in time for he and Willis to open fire on the cult gunman shooting from the top of the water tower. As their bullets knocked the Davidian sniper from his nest, a hail of gunfire came at them from the main building. One of the bullets stuck Willis in the left temple and killed him instantly.

The inside of the arms room where Buford, Jordan, and Constantino stood was like the inside of a carnival shooting gallery, as a dizzying crosshatch of gunfire shredded the flimsy walls and ripped up through the floor. There was no cover from the bullets and some quickly found their mark. Jordan was hit in the arm and Buford took three bullets in his thigh and butt. They had to get out. Constantino volunteered to stay behind and lay down cover fire while the two wounded agents escaped through the window. For a moment, Constantino was alone. As the gunfire in the room stopped, he shrunk into the darkness, waiting. The seconds dragged by. Then, through the open door, a cult member slunk into the room, hands clutching an assault rifle. Constantino locked eyes with him. It was a frozen slice of time, no thicker than a second, but one that seemed to last forever. Then the two men opened fire. The Davidian went down and Constantino turned and ran for the shattered window. As he dove through it, he smashed his head on a support beam. His Kevlar helmet kept him conscious, but the stunning blow caused his near empty pistol to slip from his fingers. The sloped chapel roof was slick with rain as Constantino slid to the edge then plunged off. He landed sideways on a cement slab, and although the landing broke his hip and shattered his knee, he borrowed a backup gun from another agent and stayed in the fight.

"I can't stop the bleeding," Eric Evers yelled to those of us beside the bulldozer. At the start of the fight, a gunshot had toppled him into a muddy ditch beside the partially completed underground bunker. A few minutes after Evers said that, a man dressed in black and cradling a rifle wormed his way out from behind a wooden fence and toward the ditch in which the agent lay wounded. From the man's clothing, we couldn't tell at first if he was an ATF agent or a cult member. The Houston and New Orleans agents wore blue but those from Dallas were decked out in black.

Harry Eberhardt, an Oklahoma City agent, shouted at the man, who turned toward the bulldozer with a stunned look on his face. As the Davidian swung his rifle toward the dozer, we let loose a volley of shots that drove him back behind the fence.

Special Agent David Sullivan started the ATF sniper program just a year before the Waco raid. As the Davidians started firing, Sullivan, a former Marine infantry officer, sat at a breakfast table in the undercover house across the road from the compound sipping coffee and firing his .308-caliber scoped rifle at cult gunmen in the windows almost 300 yards away. Sully was cool under pressure.

There was movement in the muddy hole to my left, the entrance to the underground bunker. The bunker was maybe 25 or 30 yards long, and half that wide. It sat in the middle of an

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Trojan Horse continued...

excavated pit and was linked to the main compound building by a buried school bus and a cement tunnel. A plywood and tarpaper roof covered the bunker but the surrounding ring of dirt hadn't been pushed back into place to hide it. With all nine of us hunkered down on the west side of the bulldozer, any Davidian gunman popping out of that hole could mow us down. I saw the top of a head moving inside the hole. Like some of the cult members we'd seen, whoever this was had something black – a hat, a knit cap, or a helmet – on his head. I spun to the left and aimed my rifle into the hole, the muzzle only a couple of feet from the head.

“Who are you?” I shouted. Other agents aimed their weapons into the hole, as around us the steady barrage of gunfire droned on. I tightened my index finger on the trigger. Despite the swelling knot of fear in my belly, I didn't want to make a mistake. Instinct, training, or just dumb luck – one of them stayed my hand for an instant more, just long enough to hear a voice from the hole scream, “We're ATF! We're ATF!” I let the pressure off the trigger and took a deep breath. Two Houston agents, David DiBetta and Wade Brown, had gone into the hole trying to make entry into the compound, but instead of finding a door like they'd been told during the briefings, they'd found a window-sized opening. From below them, inside the pitch-dark bunker, came the sounds of people scurrying around. Neither agent was suicidal enough to slither through the opening into the darkness. Yet from just above them came the sounds of gunshots and nearby voices and it took them several minutes to figure out that those voices belonged to other ATF agents.

After 45 minutes the volume of gunfire finally slackened. We were running out of ammunition. The Davidians, however, had plenty. Later, the number of rounds stored inside the compound was estimated in the hundreds of thousands. But slacken didn't mean stop. The shooting continued for nearly two hours, punctuated by an occasional explosion from the cult's collection of homemade hand-grenades. Finally, ATF supervisors passed the word that they were on the telephone with someone inside the compound and had managed to arrange a cease fire. Don't fire unless fired upon became our mandate. A short while later we got word that agents on the east side were moving forward to pull out the wounded and the dead.

Minutes later a burst of gunfire erupted from the compound. It sounded like the cease fire had been a trap to lure agents into the open and gun them down. Minutes dragged by, then again the word came: don't fire unless fired upon. Another cease fire.

We watched and we waited, shivering in the cold misting rain. “Move back to the road,” a supervisor shouted. I didn't know which one, probably that ambitious weasel,

Chuck Sarabyn, who would later try to lie his way out of responsibility by dumping the whole fiasco on our undercover agent. From my position I could see Sarabyn hiding behind the first cattle trailer. He'd spent the entire shootout talking on the radio with his back to the compound. I never saw him fire a shot. “What about Evers?” I asked. “We can't leave without him.” The general consensus was that someone would have to get him, but considering all the shots we'd heard during the first cease fire, no one was too eager to go. Since I was the one who'd brought it up, I decided to do it myself. David Opperman, a Houston agent, came forward to go with me.

We stepped onto the plywood deck covering the bunker and crept forward. As soon as we passed the wooden fence in front of the bulldozer, two cult gunmen confronted us. They stood 20 feet away, rifles pointed right at us, and screamed for us to go back. I didn't know what else to do, so I started talking. I told them everything had been worked out with someone inside. They must have believed me because they didn't shoot us.

I jumped into the ditch beside Evers and pushed while Opperman stood on the edge and pulled. With Opperman's help, Evers and I clawed our way up the muddy side until we found ground solid enough to stand on. Then Opperman and I draped Evers's arms over our shoulders and led the wounded agent back to the driveway where we delivered him to a couple of his Houston buddies. To get to the road we had to cross more than 200 yards of open ground, directly in front of the Branch Davidian guns. If they were setting us up for a slaughter, this was the best way. As we stumbled along, Kirk Tinker – the only other agent nearby with a long gun – and I hung back behind the others in case we had to return fire. Halfway across the field one of the agents, overcome with pent up rage, turned and screamed



Special Agent Todd McKeehan poses in front of a Texas National Guard Black Hawk helicopter while training for the Waco operation at Ft. Hood.

Trojan Horse continued...

at the Davidians, "Fuck you, you assholes!" I tensed but nothing happened.

To our left, an ambulance crawled down the driveway toward the compound, an ATF agent behind the wheel. The ambulance crew was scared. I didn't blame them. At any moment I expected the air to rend with flying lead. When I reached the driveway, I helped pack the wounded into the back of the ambulance. There were so many there wasn't room for the dead. Dave Millen and I stuffed Rob Williams's body into the front seat beside the driver, but Williams was too big to fit so we had to dangle his legs through the open passenger-side window. Todd and Conway's bodies went into the bed of a pickup truck an agent had found somewhere. I rode in the back with the two dead agents. I think Steve Willis's body was carried by hand. At the road fronting the compound, the ambulance crew took over but wouldn't drive with Rob's body riding shotgun – again I couldn't blame them – so we dumped Rob Williams out onto the side of the road so the ambulance could carry the wounded to the hospital.

Eventually an agent commandeered a news photographer's Ford Bronco and I helped lift Rob's body into the back. My hands were soaked in blood. Also on the road, Ken King, the

supervisor who fell from the roof into the courtyard, lay on a gurney waiting to be loaded into a helicopter for a medivac flight to a Waco hospital. He'd been shot to pieces and I thought for sure Ken was going to die, but he had a secret weapon. Kenny King's 50-year-old body was wrapped around a core of iron, a core honed to an edge in the jungles of Vietnam. He simply refused to die. After the dead and wounded were shipped out, most of us loaded onto a bus and drove to a nearby community center. There someone passed out dry socks and ammo. We were going back to the compound someone said.

An hour later we got back on the bus, but instead of going to the Branch Davidian stronghold, we were driven to our cars. A short time after that we checked into a hotel. I took a shower and washed off the blood. That night several other agents and I went out to dinner—almost as if nothing had happened.

The ATF raid on the Branch Davidian compound resulted in the bloodiest shootout in U.S. law enforcement history. It cost four ATF agents their lives. Twenty more agents were wounded. Six cult members died and an unknown number were wounded. Fifty-one days after the shootout, flames consumed the Branch Davidian compound, killing dozens of men, women, and children. From the compound, investigators recovered hundreds of guns, among them, fifty illegal machine guns, sixteen silencers, and three live hand-grenades. Yet even before the ashes cooled, conspiracy theories raged, fed by the paranoid fantasies of crackpots on AM radio, fax network operators, and Internet chatters. Over the years, I've heard that we went there to destroy a secret, government-run methamphetamine lab; I've heard the agents killed were hit by "friendly fire"; some have even gone so far as to say the agents were killed because they'd been President Clinton's bodyguards and knew too much about him.

Those of us who were there on February 28, 1993 know what happened. We went there to enforce federal law, to arrest a nut that had convinced a bunch of other nuts that he was Jesus Christ, and who'd assembled a cache of illegal guns and explosives. The rest is just so much hot air, whether whispered around a gun show table or bellowed in the halls of congress. People who go through an ordeal like this are supposed to learn valuable lessons. I learned something about loyalty and sacrifice, I learned that other ATF agents would risk their lives to help me, and I learned that I could be trusted to do the same. For me, those were the most valuable lessons of all. ☸

Chuck Hustmyre is a retired ATF agent.

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Scuttlebutt



Night vision in full color

Detection in color – rather than the universal green produced by standard night-



vision systems – increases the soldier's ability to find the enemy and helps reduce the probability of fratricide, said Jonathan Walkenstein, of CANVS Corp. The Coral Gables, FL based company developed full-color night-vision goggles for the Special Operations Command. The goggles cost about \$30,000 apiece. Users can see objects up to 400 meters away.

CANVS supplies U.S. law enforcement, emergency medical, and search and rescue agencies. Emergency medical personnel value color night vision, because it helps them to distinguish blood in covert lighting scenarios, Walkenstein said. Under standard green night vision, almost all fluids look alike.

Hot soldiers, inventive relief

In Baghdad, Iraq, what do U.S. soldiers use to cope with the grit and heat? Why cottony women's under things, diaper ointments, pantyhose, and moist wipes with the aroma of baby powder.

Drugstore products usually reserved for women and babies are all the rage among U.S. troops in Iraq.

"In the middle of the desert, somebody would've traded you his sister for a pack of baby wipes," said U.S. Army Military Police Sgt. James Karm, 29, of Bryan, who patrols west Baghdad in a Humvee. "You could've got anything you wanted."

And baby wipes, according to Spc. Rebecca Burt, "are the only thing that takes camouflage makeup off."

Women's panty liners – an absorbent patch with an adhesive back – are perfect

for mopping a sweat-basted brow inside your helmet.

"They'll put them in the front of their hats and helmets as a sweatband," Burt said while driving a Humvee with a blue plastic box of Softs baby wipes next to her seat. Otherwise the hatband gets sweaty and dirty. Next thing you know, there's a stripe of pimples across your forehead.

For those long marches, pantyhose are just the thing to replace the chafing of socks and boots with the swish of nylon. You don't wear the whole thing, just the part below the knees, Karm said.

Burt senses a business opportunity. She figures she'll market camouflage-packed baby wipes and panty liners, but with macho-guy cologne instead of flowery women's perfume.

"Some of your toughest men in the Army wear pantyhose," Burt said. Baby powder is another big item, she said. "It helps keep sweat and smells down. If you sweat a lot, you get a heat rash." –

Associated Press

Exit right, with hard feelings

Donald Rumsfeld and former Army Chief of Staff Eric Shinseki have never liked each other, with the two men clashing during the past two years over Army's budget and future weapons systems. Rumsfeld's in-your-face approach rankled Shinseki, a quiet general who tried not to make waves. The general was even publicly rebuked by Rumsfeld's staff for telling Congress it might take hundreds of thousands of troops to secure post-Saddam Iraq, a prediction that looks ever more correct. Well, Shinseki's retirement ceremony last week was no time to bury the hatchet. During his speech, Shinseki spent 20 minutes listing all the people who had helped the Army during his tenure, including the large congressional delegation that came to the ceremony. Rumsfeld's name wasn't mentioned once. Shinseki even took a jab, talking about "arrogance of power" being the worst substitute for true leadership. All the feelings, it seems, are mutual: No one from Rumsfeld's staff showed up to bid the general farewell.

Freetown, Sierra Leone

A U.N. tribunal indicted seven Sierra Leoneans charged with war crimes committed during the country's brutal, decade-long civil war, which ended last year. Under the leadership of Foday Sankoh, rebels maimed toddlers. His rebel army terrorized villages, raped and mutilated adults and kidnapped and drugged their children to use as soldiers. Sankoh, remains at large. The court charged Sam Hinga Norman and others, who won the war, of war crimes as well. They remain in custody. The special court, which met recently in Freetown, is the first U.N. war-crimes tribunal to sit in the country where the crimes took place.

Ituri, Congo

Massacre kills hope for peace. More than 1,000 civilians were slaughtered recently in a sudden resurgence of the bloody Congolese conflict known as Africa's World War. The four-and-a-half-year war has drawn in troops and paramilitaries from six countries, and killed more than 3 million people. In the last violence, the victims were all members of the Hema tribe, and the machete-armed killers were thought to be ethnic Lendus—women and children among them. U.N. observers fear the massacre could spark renewed military intervention in the country by Uganda, which has supported the Hemas, in the past, or by Rwanda, which has supported the Lendus. The U.N. has 4,500 peacekeepers in Congo, but they have been unable to prevent continuing atrocities.

Belfast, U.K.

IRA spy unmasked. A top member of the Irish Republican Army's internal security has been exposed as a British spy of more than 25 years. Freddy Scappaticci raked in \$150,000 a year as the notorious "Stakeknife," a British agent in the IRA's secretive disciplinary arm, which ferrets out, interrogates, and executes IRA informers. To protect his cover, Scappaticci almost certainly ordered some of his fellow British agents killed. Several British newspapers broke Scappaticci's cover this week in stories that accused him of having personally tortured and murdered dozens of people. Some of the victims,

the papers allege, were innocent Catholics who were scapegoated to divert IRA attention from real informers. Scappaticci is now in a safe house.

Docs praise body armor

Military doctors treated more combat-injured patients with wounds to their extremities instead of their torsos in Operation Iraqi Freedom, indicating that new body armor recently issued to troops is working, according to the Army's top doctor.

"There's a discipline to it," Army surgeon general Lt. Gen. James Peake said. "The soldiers were wearing their body armor, even though it was hot, uncomfortable, those kinds of things. It made a difference."

The plate is designed to stop several hits from 7.62 mm rounds before breaking up.

Let's rock!

The U.S. military is blaring music that Iraqi prisoners of war find "culturally offensive" in order to pressure them to talk. "These people haven't heard heavy metal before," says Sgt. Mark Hadsell. "They can't take it." In addition to songs such as Metallica's "Enter Sandman," the play list includes children's music from Sesame Street and Barney. "Trust me," says Hadsell, "it works." — *Newsweek*

Ribbit!

Berlin is building 15 tunnels to help frogs pass safely under a busy road. The city will spend \$475,000 on the project despite being \$50 million in debt. — *Reuters*

Stop hazing

The Russian newspaper *Gazeta* reported May 7 that military prosecutors are going to be more open about punishments meted out for hazing young recruits to show the military is doing something about this huge problem. About



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2,000 people were prosecuted in the last year, including 300 officers. In one case, a major was jailed for two years and a lieutenant for more than three years for torturing 11 soldiers. In another, a major general was jailed for three years for being insubordinate.

Abuse hotline!

Prosecutors are using new tactics to investigate crimes against Russian troops by senior officers and noncommissioned officers. One is to have deserters undergo medical examinations to provide evidence that those who fled units were beaten. Another is to set up a hotline for soldiers to make complaints. Officials know desertions can be reduced and morale improved only if troops believe wrongful acts will be deterred by a realistic threat of punishment.

The cost of war

Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld has ordered the U.S. military to collaborate on a "lessons learned" study of the Iraq war. That will take months, but the air commander, Lt. Gen Michael Moseley, has had a team from his "analysis and assessments" staff compile some raw numbers. Some highlights of the 16-page report: 423,998 U.S. military personnel deployed; other Coalition forces sent an additional 42,987 troops. The total is roughly equivalent to the population of Albuquerque, N.M. The war lasted 720 hours. The allies flew more than 41,400 sorties. That consumed 18,622 tons of fuel, enough to keep



a Boeing 737-300 airliner aloft for about 12 years. The Coalition flew 1,801 aircraft — all but 138 were American. The Iraqis were showered with 31,800,000 leaflets bearing 81 different messages. End to end, the leaflets would have made 120,454 rolls of toilet paper. Coalition forces lost 20 aircraft, but only seven as a result of enemy fire. Search-and-rescue teams flew 55 missions and saved 73 people. Eighty aircraft were flown to gather intelligence; they took 42,000 pictures of the battlefield, transmitted 3,200 hours of videotape and eavesdropped on 2,400 hours of Iraqi communications. Known costs: \$917,744,361.55 — an amount equivalent to 46 minutes, 10.5 seconds' worth of total U.S. economic output in 2001 — *John Barry*

Where are they?

The 211th Military Police Company, barely home from Afghanistan when the unit was called to duty again for the war in Iraq, has shipped out again to an undisclosed location.

The National Guard unit left for Fort Dix, N.J., in March, so long ago that many in western North Carolina assumed they had already gone to Iraq. But the soldiers actually shipped out this past weekend from New Jersey, destined for a part of the world that is secret for now because of security concerns. Their task is unknown.

The unit guarded Taliban prisoners during the war in Afghanistan.

Family members don't know when their loved ones will be back. Pat Fox, the unit's family services coordinator, said their orders stated the unit could be deployed for a year, maybe longer.

Terrorists – Not!

Two-thirds of the suspects classified by the Justice Department in 2002 as “terrorists” were not, the General Accounting Office found. Of the 56 people charged with crimes related to terrorism in 2003, a new study has found, 41 were not involved in terrorism. More than two-dozen were Hispanics who used phony identification to get jobs at airports. Eight were political protesters arrested at the Vieques bombing range in Puerto Rico. One was a Middle Eastern college student who paid someone to take an exam for him. – *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

Paratrooper bikers

The Hummer mountain bike could make it possible for paratroopers to drop the bicycle as they jump out of airplanes, unfold it and have it up and running in less than a minute.



The Hummer bike is made of lightweight, aircraft-grade aluminum. It folds, without tools, in less than 30 seconds, says the manufacturer, Montague Corporation of Cambridge, Mass. It can be purchased at Hummer dealers.

The \$750 bike also can be used with light armored vehicles and trucks as back-up transportation. Potential customers include battlefield couriers.

The “Original Green Beret”

On the historic evening of Nov. 7, 1942, Col Edson Raff and the 556 paratroopers under his command took off aboard 39 C-47 transports from Cornwall, England. Their mission was to seize two airstrips near Oran, Algeria, some 1,600 miles away. The combat jump was the first involving American troops in World War II. German paratroopers had taken part in the successful 1940 invasion of the Low Countries, but Raff’s men were undertaking the longest journey ever for an airborne invasion.

Many of the planes lost their way;

Raff himself broke two ribs when he landed and smashed into a large rock. When he finally made his way to the Tafaraoui airstrip 13 miles away, he found it had already been taken by Allied troops arriving by sea. Though greatly outnumbered, he and the men who had made it joined the small American Anti-tank unit and French infantry to harass German forces in Tunisia. Supreme Allied Commander Dwight D. Eisenhower called Raff’s exploits “a minor epic” in his memoir *Crusade in Europe*. “The deceptions he practiced, the speed with which he struck, his boldness, and his aggressiveness,” Eisenhower wrote, “kept the enemy completely confused during a period of weeks.”



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A Grunt's Eye View of War in Iraq - The Last One!



My battalion is one of four Marine task forces from the First Marine Division crossing into Kuwait today. We're Task Force Grizzly, in concert with Taro, Ripper and Papa Bear.

Harriers drop bombs on artillery and troop positions to our front, softening them for our coming assault. Word over the freqs says that many of the Iraqi positions that were supposed to be filled with infantrymen ready to fight are actually abandoned or full only with corpses or squads of men who prefer surrender to combat. We consider the good news.

Over the radio we hear of an occasional Iraqi tank squad making the poor decision to fight rather than surrender. Some of the tank battles last less than five minutes, as long as it takes the Marine gunner to sight, aim, and send that hell downrange.

The word up and down the columns is that soon we too will fight, that ahead of us two or three clicks we'll encounter firmly entrenched infantry and finally get ours with rifles red-glaring and bayonets fixed for death.

Occasionally an artillery round lands between our column, but we don't perform immediate action due to the well-established inaccuracy of the enemy fire—you are more likely to walk into one of their rounds than have one of the rounds hit you due to precision fire.

Over concern that the inaccurate rounds might be used to deliver chemical weapons, MOPP level 2 is ordered, the level at which the MOPP suit must be worn loosely, but the gas mask and overboots need not be donned. We were supposed to have received desert camouflage MOPP gear before the ground assault started, but this didn't happen. So we look like mulberry bushes marching through the desert. We're marching with overgar-

ment unzipped, and this helps with the heat, but not much, and we sweat and become exhausted.

We will walk 20 miles, and the only enemy we see are those who surrendered, gathered now in concertina-wire circles, and their dead friends in trenches and burnt vehicles. I've never seen such destruction. The scene is too real not to be real. Every 50 to 100 feet a burnt-out and bombed-out enemy vehicle lies on the unimproved surface road, bodies dead in the vehicles or blown from them. Dozens, hundreds of burnt men, with bodies inside or out. Perhaps those two burnt men, one missing both arms, perhaps they were



thinking they might make it back to Baghdad and their families for a picnic; and that man crushed under the upended T62 turret, he was running from God knows what to God knows what and of all the God unlucky space in the desert he stopped and paused right where the turret landed; and he with half a head remaining and maggots tasting through what's left was a staff officer down from Kuwait City to inspect and instruct the troops, to offer morale and support and welfare.

This is war, I think. I'm walking through what my father and his father walked through—the epic results of American bombing, American might. The filth is on my boots. I am one of a few thousand people who will walk this valley today. I am history making. Whether I live or die, the United States will win this war. I know that the United States will win any war it fights, against any country. If colonialism weren't out of style, I'm sure we'd take over the entire Middle East, not only safeguard oil reserves, but take the oil reserves: *We are here to*

announce that you no longer own your country, thank you for your cooperation, more details will follow.

Our rucks are heavy with equipment and ammunition but even heavier with the burdens of history, and each step we take, the burden increases.

The sky is a dead gray from the oil fires billowing to the north. We hump and hump and look at one another with blank, amazed faces. Is this what we've done? What will I tell my mother?

Troy says to me, "feel sorry for these poor bastards. They didn't have a chance."

We stop for a water break. A few feet behind me a bombed jeep sits on the road. A corpse is at the wheel, sitting erect, looking serious, seeming almost to squint at the devastation. On either side of the jeep, more corpses, two near me, one not, all belly to the desert, as if they were running from the bomb—as if running would've helped. The backsides of the corpses are charred and decaying, the bottom halves of the men are still living, buried by the mirage, unaware that death lurks above. Maybe the men are screaming into the earth, living their half-lives, hoping to be heard. What would they tell me? *Run?*

I assume the men were screaming before the A-10 or A-6 dropped its bombs. But maybe they were on their way to Kuwait City for supplies. Perhaps one of the men was telling a dirty joke or repeating a rumor he'd heard about the major's wife. But they must have been screaming. I hear them now.

We continue walking. Cortes is having trouble. He's complaining, asking how much farther until we get there, is it over yet, where are the trucks? My body is sore. My feet are burning, though I will not blister because, as though my feet were made for the Marine Corps grunts, I never do. But my shoulders feel as though fires have been lit on them. My crotch is sweaty and rancid and bleeding. I can feel sand working into the wound. My knees are sore and my back and even my toes hurt, but I will not stop until I'm told to. The sniper rifle, 14 lbs., is heavy in my fists. I think of the M16 broken down in my ruck, 7.7 lbs., and I again run

MILITARY BRIEFING

Battlefield Diary



through a gear manifest in my head making sure that everything in my ruck is absolutely necessary. Along the road jarheads have discarded pairs of boots and socks and cammies, porn magazines they didn't throw away before, a white-gas stove, a shaving-gear bag. Jettison it if it will not save you.

We stop for chow. I eat the powdered cocoa and dehydrated pears from my MRE [a ready-to-eat meal kit], and give the main meal, spaghetti, to Dettmann. I put my crackers in my cargo pocket, saving them for later when I will need salt. We are in a slight draw, and I walk up the rise in order to [defecate] in private.

On the other side of the rise, bodies and vehicles are everywhere. The wind blows. I assume this is what remains of an Iraqi convoy that had stopped for the night. Twelve vehicles – eight troop carriers and four supply trucks – are in a circle. Men are gathered dead around what must have been their morning or evening fire. This is disturbing, not knowing what meal they were eating. I am looking at an exhibit in a war museum. But there are no curators, no docents, no benefactors with their names chiseled into marble. The benefactors wish to remain anonymous.

Two large bomb depressions on either side of the circle of vehicles look like the marks a fist would make in a block of clay. A few men are dead in the cabs of trucks, and the hatch of one troop carrier is open, bodies on bodies inside it. The men around the fire are bent forward at the waist, sitting dead on large steel ammunition boxes. The corpses are badly burned and decaying, and when the wind shifts up the rise, I smell and taste their death, like a moist rotten sponge shoved in my mouth. I vomit into my mouth. I swish the vomit around before expelling it, as though it

will cover the stink and taste of the dead men. I walk toward the fire circle. There is one vacant ammunition box, the dead men felled to the side. I pull the crackers from my pocket. I spit into the fire hole and join the circle of the dead. I open my crackers. So close to it, on top of it, I barely notice the hollow smell of death. The fire looks to be many days old, sand- and windswept. Six tin coffee cups sit among the remains of the fire. The men's boots are cooked to their feet. The man to my right has no head. To my left, the man's head is between his legs, and his arms hang at his sides like the burnt flags of defeated countries. The insects of the dead are swarming. Though I can make out no insignia, I imagine that the man across from me commanded the unit, and that when the bombs landed, he was in the middle of issuing a patrol order, *Tomorrow we will kick some American ass.*

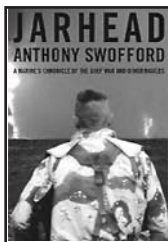
It would be silly to speak, but I'd like to. I want to ask the dead men their names and identification numbers and tell them this will soon end. They must have questions for me. But the distance between living and the dead is too immense to breach. I could bend at the waist, close my eyes, and try to join these men in their tight dead circle, but I am not yet one of them. I must not close my eyes.

The sand surrounding me is smoky and charred. I feel as though I've entered the mirage.

The dead Iraqis are poor company, but the presence of so much death reminds me that I am alive, whatever awaits me to the north. I realize I may never again be so alive. I can see everything and nothing – this moment with the dead men has made my past worth living and my future, always uncertain, now have value.

Over the rise I hear the call to get on the road. I hear my name, two syllables. Troy is calling me, and now Johnny, and Troy again. I throw my crackers into the gray fire pit. I try, but I cannot speak. I taste my cocoa-and-pears vomit. I join my platoon on the other side.

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Missiles, Missiles, Everywhere



It's been five months now, but the chilling event still resonates throughout Congress and the Bush administration. Last Thanksgiving Day, terrorists launched two shoulder-fired SA-7 Strela missiles at an Israeli airliner taking off from Mombasa, Kenya, with 271 people on board. The missiles, which narrowly missed the plane, were from the same batch that were unsuccessfully fired at a U.S. military jet months earlier in Saudi Arabia.

Over the past three decades, portable anti-aircraft missiles have played a significant role in wars from Chechnya to Angola. Today, though, the thread is much wider. A thriving black market for some 700,000 surface-to-air missiles has made it relatively cheap for terrorists groups, including Al-Qaeda and Hezbollah, to stockpile the weapons. The United States has contributed marginally to the supply of missiles, having sold more than 900 U.S.-made Stingers to Afghan militias fighting the Soviets between 1979 and 1988. Given the large number of missiles available, some experts say, it is astonishing more planes and passengers haven't been shot out of the sky. To date, 24 civilian aircraft have been downed by SAMs, resulting in the deaths of more than 500 people.

These heat-seeking missiles and their launchers are dangerous because they're small enough to fit into a car's trunk, weigh just 35 lbs., and require relatively little training to operate. They have a range of about 3 miles and can strike

planes flying at up to 15,000 feet. Theoretically, that means they could be successfully fired from anywhere inside a 150-square mile zone surrounding a commercial airport.

In search of answers, a bipartisan group in Congress has begun efforts to address the threat, but it won't be easy – or cheap. The lawmakers went to outfit 6,800 commercial jets—the entire U.S. fleet—with technology to defeat SAMs. But the technology isn't quite ready,

and with a price tag of up to \$10 billion, it won't be an easy sell. Congress is wrangling with staggering deficits and escalating bills for the war in Iraq. The airline industry is struggling to stay afloat – it just received a \$2.9 billion federal bailout. The bottom line? The threat may be imminent, but a solution is probably years away.

Aviation experts have warned of the SAM danger for a long time, but it was the attempted attack in Mombasa that got official Washington's attention. Soon after, a federal task force was assembled to assess the vulnerability of 22 major American airports. The conclusions were sobering. In late March, Transportation Security Administrator James Loy told a House aviation subcommittee that the missile threat is "great" and "must be taken very seriously, everywhere." Since then, security has been stepped up in areas around major U.S. airports. Later this month, President Bush is expected to sign a bill requiring the Transportation Security Administration to study the adaptability of the military's anti-missile technology for commercial use. Military aircraft already have systems that use flared or infrared lasers to jam the missile's guidance systems. Air Force One and Israeli airliners are also widely believed to employ such systems, though no one in an official capacity will

confirm it. Experts say there are still a host of technological changes though, to outfitting the entire commercial fleet with such hardware.

The TSA report is due out in early summer, but even if it concludes that installing the systems on U.S. airliners is a good idea, it's hardly a *fait accompli*. New York Rep. Steve Israel and California Sen. Barbara Boxer propose that government pay to retrofit existing planes while the airlines spring for the equipment on new planes. The industry balks at that notion, saying protection against terrorism is a national-defense function that should be paid for by the taxpayers. Israel argues that the estimated \$1 million-per-aircraft cost would barely be a dent in the price of a new plane: New Boeing 737s start at 41 million. "If God forbid, a commercial airliner is shot out of the sky by a \$5,000 missile," he says, "it would represent the final collapse of American's airline industry."

So, Israel hopes his plan, or something like it, can win congressional approval. After all, he's not just a congressman. He's an airline passenger. Speaking from his car phone last week on his way to New York's John F. Kennedy International Airport for a flight to Phoenix, he said, "I hope I don't become Exhibit A in my own bill."



(Samantha Levine first filed this report with U.S. News & World Report)

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Knife thrower needs new assistant

On Thursday, April 10, 2003, a knife thrower sliced his assistant live on TV LONDON according to Reuters news service. A record-breaking knife thrower shocked viewers when one of his daggers sliced into the head of his assistant on live TV.

Circus performer Jayde Hanson, 23, was demonstrating his skills when one of his knives hit his assistant and girlfriend, 22-year-old Yana Rodianova on Thursday. As she clutched the side of her head, horrified presenter Fern Britton shouted: "Oh my God, there is blood, quick — get her off." A spokeswoman for ITV's "This Morning," one of the country's most popular daytime programs, said the wound was only "a nick." "She's absolutely fine and recovering well," the spokeswoman said, before adding ruefully: "You don't really expect that kind of thing from a world record-holder.

"Over one million viewers had been

watching as Hanson, who works for the Cottle and Austen Circus, showed off how many knives he could hurl at Yana in 60 seconds. He had been trying to emulate the pace of his world record-breaking effort of 120 knives thrown in two minutes, which he achieved as part of National Circus Day on Tuesday. "He felt confident as he has been throwing his mother's kitchen knives since the age of 10," the show said on its website before the accident. Perhaps not surprisingly, Hanson, whose father was an elephant tamer and mother a trapeze artist, is currently advertising for a new assistant as Yana, who bears two scars from previously mis-directed knives, wants to concentrate on her hula-hoop act. His previous assistant reportedly left the job after being hit in the foot, her third injury from a wayward knife. "In 11 years of performing, I've only hit my assistant on five occasions," he told the Daily Mail recently.

Case stops bullets

Forcefield Corp, a San Diego based company now produces protection for civilians who feel the need for body armor but don't want to wear the heavy bulky garments. The company has developed a family of lightweight carrying cases that can double as body armor. Variations of the cases include shoulder bags, back-

packs and computer carrying cases. Manufacturer warns they do not replace traditional body armor.

The bags include a ballistic shield that extends approximately 30 inches in height and 14 inches in width, providing protection from the user's head to the waist. The shield has multiple layers of bullet-resistant materials including Zylon and Goldflex, which can absorb a .44 caliber bullet. The outer shell is made of abrasion resistant nylon.



Each case can carry items the average traveler needs. To use the shield, the user holds the case in front of his body.



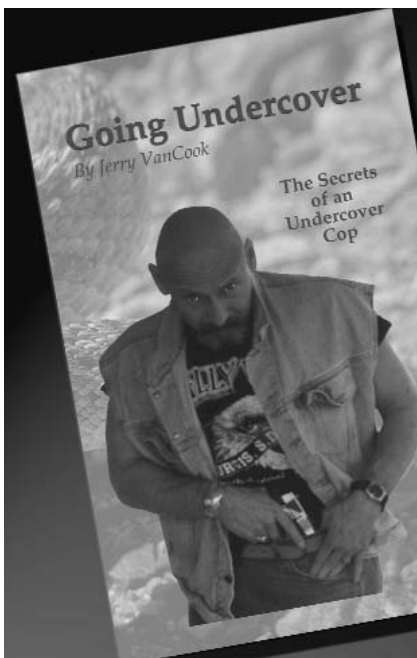
Childhood abduction statistics Out of . . . 60 million children in the U.S., there will be 350,000 kidnapped each year, mostly by parents.

. 90 percent of these are resolved within 4 weeks.

. Of the 350,000 kidnapped, between 3-5,000 will be kidnapped by strangers annually.

. Of the number kidnapped only 93 will be taken more than 50 miles from home, kept overnight, ransomed or killed.

. The kidnapping rate has remained constant in the last few years with a slight decline in 2001.



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Armed Citizen

A Marion, Ohio **Pizzeria Owner** heard a noise at the back of his restaurant early one morning and thought it might be one of his employees. He went to investigate and discovered a strange man in the kitchen. The owner ran to his office, retrieved a gun and pointed it at the interloper. "I was very angry that there was some guy in my store," said owner John VanBuskirk. He ordered the intruder to the floor and called 9-1-1. Police arrived quickly and took charge of the situation. When interrogated by police, the suspect, Ernest Westley, Jr. claimed the owner had invited him in for free pizza. "It's as ridiculous as it sounds," VanBuskirk said of Wesley's claim. He said he would certainly not invite someone in for free pizza at 4 a.m. — *The Marion Star*

Two Masked Men entered the Michigan Market in St. Louis, MO., just around lunchtime, and one man pointed a sawed-off shotgun at the head of store owner Martin McLafferty. The owner responded by knocking away the gun in his face and grabbed his own pistol. He then shot one of the gunmen, and the suspects fled in a pickup truck. Police found gravely wounded suspect Charles Jackson shortly after the attempted robbery. His accomplice, Damon Hayes, was arrested as well. Jackson died while in custody, and because he died during the commission of a felony, his accomplice, Hayes, was charged with murder in addition to the first-degree robbery charge. — *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

A **Good Samaritan** came to the rescue of a woman, the apparent victim of a sexual assault in downtown Tulsa, OK. The man was surveying possible construction sites in the area when he saw two partially disrobed people struggling in an alleyway. When the woman screamed for help, the man ran to assist her. The suspect then jumped into his vehicle and tried to hit his victim with the car. The Samaritan responded by drawing a .40-cal. Handgun and firing several shots at the woman's assailant, who was killed. Sergeant Mike Huff said the woman tried to get a ride home from her attacker, when the man pulled into the alley and assaulted her. — *Tulsa World*.

Are Hotels Safe?

By Jayne Clark

Hotel security traditionally has focused on theft, fire and natural-disaster contingencies. Now, as "soft targets," in the parlance of Department of Homeland Security, hotels are grappling with new concerns. And though some — primarily large, upscale or luxury properties and those that cater to business travelers — already had ratcheted up safety plans after Sept. 11, some security experts question just how far the industry is willing to go, or indeed can go, to prevent terrorist incidents. As large, open spaces with multiple entrances and lots of people moving through them, hotels are difficult to secure. Moreover, in a time of flagging occupancies and revenue, some may be reluctant or unable to spend on improvements. And it's unlikely the sort of extreme measures now standard in the nation's airports would fly in hotels.

Accustomed to selling service and amenities, the industry has been slow to focus on safety and security, some analysts maintain.

Generally, measures are not up to what they could be," says Peter Tarlow, president of security consulting firm Tourism and More. "I think more and more people are questioning how safe they feel in hotels. And if there were God forbid, more than one attack at a hotel, those who do feel safe, wouldn't."

Still, a Cornell University survey assessing staffing and procedures in the days after 9/11 vs. one year later showed the number of hotels adding security staff and altering safety procedures "a great deal" had about doubled.

"We found they'd gotten with the program," says Cathy Enz, director of the Center for Hospitality Research at the Cornell Hotel School. "Staffing and training has escalated. They've started looking at processes."

For the most part, U.S.-based hotel chains decline to discuss their security routines, not wanting to tip off the bad guys and perhaps desiring to distance themselves from unpleasant scenarios. Starwood Hotels & Resorts, parent of the Sheraton and Westin chains has increased security with the elevated terror government-issued alerts, particularly at its large urban locales. Measures include more vigilance at entrances, loading docks and in hotel garages and more scrutiny of unattended bags and cars. Armed guards are stationed at some properties. And at the highest level, member hotels will no



longer store luggage, says spokeswoman K.C. Kavanagh. A Marriott spokesman says the chain's security measures are aligned with Department of Homeland Security threat

conditions. Procedures may include identification and vehicle inspections and increased security at entrances.

A Cornell University study determined that, in general, hotels are quite safe. A third of the 2,123 hotels surveyed scored 85 percent or higher on the rating index.

The researchers looked for the presence of five key safety features: sprinklers, smoke detectors, in-room safety information, safety videos and security cameras. Among the security features they surveyed were electronic locks and interior corridors.

Airport-area hotels were equipped with the most safety and security features. And that might be because they need them. They tend to be located in higher-crime areas or in isolated office parks, "so it makes sense that those hotels would have more of those amenities," says Cathy Enz, director of Cornell Hotel School's Center for Hospitality and co-author of the report.



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Hicks Legacy

Reaction Time In Combat

If you are reacting to an attack, as the good guys generally are, you are already behind the action curve. How behind, scientists have labored intensely to discover over the last 50 years, and like splitting the atom, they have split the single second into one thousand parts to do it.

It was about 25 years ago when I attended a police defensive tactics course and was rather insulted by the attitude of the instructor. We were treated like Neanderthals. He declared, "Hick's Law says that it takes your mind too long to choose between two tactics. Worse with three! Therefore, I will show you one response."

It takes too long? How long was long, I wondered? We learned one block versus a high punch that day. What about against a low punch, I thought? My one block fails to cover much else but that one attack.

Later that evening while coaching my son's little league baseball team, I saw this very instructor coaching his team on another ball field. He was teaching 10-year-olds to multi-task and make split-second decisions as his infielders, working double plays with runners on base. It was clear the coach expected more from these kids than he did from we adult cops that morning. Hick's Law was not to be found on that diamond.

Hick's Law, started out as a paper written in 1952 and simply set up an equation that states the mind takes time to decide between options. For the record, the equation is $TR+a+b\{\text{Log}_2(N)\}$. Another famous police trainer mentioning Hicks said, "lag time increases significantly with the greater number of techniques." *Significantly* and *greater number* are the key unknowns in that equation. What is significant and how many are greater. Others say it takes 58 percent more time to pick between two choices. Fifty-eight percent sounds like a lot, but 58 percent of what? Others cavalierly say, "it takes *about a second* to pick a tactic." "Selection time gets compounded exponentially when a person has to select from several choices," they warn us, as many modern instructors associate a doubling ratio to Hicks-that is, for every two choices, selection time doubles per added choice. "K.I.S.S.! Keep it Simple, Stupid!" they warn us. Must I remain a stupid, simpleton to survive?

Despite all these quotes on times, Hick made no official proclamation on the milliseconds it takes to decide between options. There is a general consensus in the modern Kinesiology community that *Simple Reaction Time*, (SRT), takes an average of 150 milliseconds to decide to take an action. That's considerably less than a quarter of a second. Lets re-establish that there are 1,000 milliseconds in one second-a fact that makes all these time studies fall into proper perspective.

Based on the doubling rule and the common SRT average, then choosing between two choices must take 300 milliseconds. Run out the timetable. Three choices? 600 milliseconds. Four



choices? One second and 200 milliseconds. A mere five choices? Two seconds and 400 milliseconds! Six? Four full seconds and 800 milliseconds. Should a boxer learn 5 tactics? Nine seconds and 600 milliseconds to choose one tactic from another? You would really see people shut down to select an option at this point. Has this been your viewing experience? Has this been your experience as a witness to life?

One begins to wonder how a football game can be played, how a jazz pianist functions, or how a bicyclist can pedal himself in a New York City rush hour. How does a boxer, who sees a split-second opening, select a jab, cross, hook, uppercut, overhand, clinch or even step back? If he dares to throw combination punches, how can he select them so quickly?

Under this exponential increase rule, it would seem athletes would stand dumbfounded, as index cards rolled through their heads in an attempt to pick a choice of action. Every eye jab could not be blocked if the blocker was taught just two blocks. It is obvious that the exponential rule of "doubling" with each option, has serious scientific problems when you run the math out. Athletic performance studies attack the doubling rule.

Hick's Law has become barely a sketch or an outline for the thousands of performance experiments in laboratories since 1952. New tests upon new tests on skills like driving vehicles, flying, sports and psychology, have created so many layers of fresh information. Larish and Stelmach in 1982 established that one could select from 20 complex options in 340 milliseconds, providing the complex choices have been previously trained. One other study even had a reaction time of .03 milliseconds between two trained choices! .03! Merkel's Law, for example, says that trouble begins when a person has to select between eight choices, but can still select a choice from the eight well under 500 milliseconds. Brace yourself! Mowbray and Rhoades

Hicks Law continued....

Under this exponential increase rule, it would seem athletes would stand dumbfounded, as index cards rolled through their heads in an attempt to pick a choice of action.

Law of 1959, or the Welford Law of 1986, found no difference in reaction time at all, when selecting from numerous, well-trained choices.

Why the time differences? I conducted an email survey of 50 college university professors of Psychology and Kinesiology. It is crystal clear that training makes a considerable difference. Plus-people, tests and testing equipment are different. Respondents state that every person and the skills they perform in tests vary, so reaction times vary. One universal difficulty mentioned by researchers is the mechanical task of splitting the second in their test—that is identifying the exact millisecond that the tested reaction took place. Many recorded tests are performed by under-grads in less than favorable conditions. The test-givers have reaction time issues that effect recording! Milliseconds are wasted as the tester sees the testee react, then reacts with a stopwatch device, either estimating or losing milliseconds in their own reaction process. Common test machinery takes milliseconds to register a choice. Results can get vague and slippery within the tiny world of a single second.

The 51 years of performance testing on sports and athletes has created methodologies to increase SRT and selection times. Training like:

- **Sequential Learning** – the stringing of tasks working together like connected notes in music, really reduces reaction and selection time.

- **Conceptual Learning** – is another speed track. In relation to survival training, this means a person first makes an either/or conceptual decision, like “Shoot/Don’t Shoot,” or, “Move-In/Move Back.” Rather than selecting from a series of hand strikes, in **Conceptual Learning**, the boxer does not waste milliseconds selecting specific punches, but rather makes one overall decision, “punch many times!” The trained body then takes

over, following paths learned from prior repetition training.

Sure, simple is good. I am all for simple. And reaction time is an important concern when you are dodging a knife, pulling a gun, etc. There comes a point in a learning progression when there are too many reactions/techniques to an attack. For myself, I like to go about three-deep per response, as a general rule. Four may be pushing the limit for the moderate student, though I certainly know students who can handle way more.

As a professional instructor, I busy myself learning more than three options, so I can teach the best three to differing skill-levels and body shapes. I educate students also to select their favorite three or four from workable solutions, so I must try to know them all.

Before trainers start bringing up Hick’s Law they need to know the rest of the science since, that improved training really **decreases** reaction time, and not use Hicks as an excuse to cage us down to one-step, dumb Neanderthals.

It seems like the last 51 years, Hick’s Law has become a legacy of research. Hick’s Legacy is really telling us to train more and smarter, not necessarily to learn less. Remember one of Einstein’s Laws – “Keep it simple...but not too simple.” I like the sound of that much better than stupid instructors K-I-S-S-ing me to keep things stupid.



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Beware the False Surrender



This is the common reflexive position of surrender. This does put his hands up in and near a fighting position.

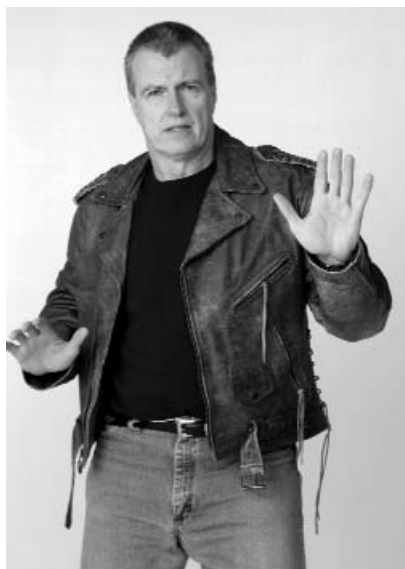
In the recent invasion of Iraq we saw many “False Surrenders,” when the enemy appeared to be giving up, laying down their arms, but then suddenly aimed their weapons and fired. Or, they pulled concealed weapons on our troops. This false surrender may happen any time an officer, in a SWAT operation or otherwise, barks the order, “drop the gun!”

When I started in police work about 30 years ago, revolvers were the weapons of choice for the law officer. As an Army

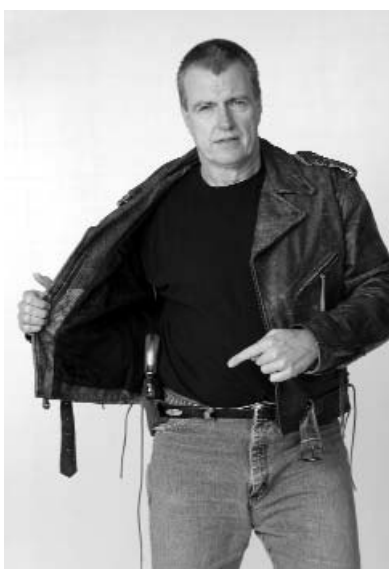
investigator I was even issued a Snub nose .38, but as a military patrolman in the U.S. and South Korea they issued me the classic 1911, .45 semi-auto, which I preferred for all the obvious, tactical reasons. In 1977, I began working in Texas in a department where semi-autos were outlawed and actually nicknamed “newfangled” and I heard one called a “Buck Roger’s gun,” by a crusty old-timer, who carried a pearl-handled pistol that suspiciously resembled something Gene Autrey had worn. It is hard to remember those days when both the good guys and the bad guys almost exclusively carried these wheel guns.

Back then, I was taught a series of revolver tricks by veteran and retired FBI agents that may not see the light of modern day, yet still make for a lifesaving tactical lesson for both the old hands and the whippersnappers of the 21st Century.

Revolvers and some semi-autos such as ones without grip safeties are capable of being fired upside down in fake surrender positions, or quickly flipped into a conventional handgrip. These moves were once passed on and practiced by the criminal class. You obviously still can find these six-shooters today and certainly many in the hands of the bad guys — who buy them or steal them. Seeing the photos on the pages of this magazine we can all make cool-headed deductions, but in the heat of a raid, the sudden catch of a burglar, a simple arrest, or faced with multiple opponents, we may misread the false surrender under stress. Don’t let this happen to you. Pass it on!



1) This is an unusual “Hands Up” position.



2) Could it be to get a hand near a concealed pistol, as shown here?



1) This looks more like a potential “Quick Draw” position than a startled surrender position.

1) A cross draw carry.



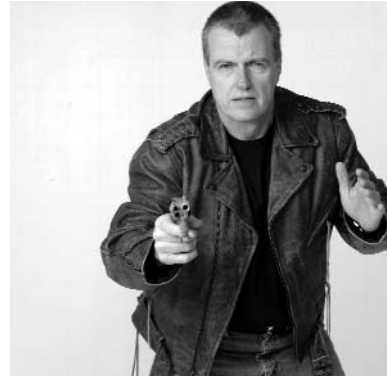
2) A false surrender, with a hand shifted way too close to a cross-draw carry.



1) Looks like a surrender?



2) But, a flip of the gun...



3) ...has the pistol up and pointed at you.



1) A handle up "come take it" position.



2) But the hand can clench the pistol...



3) ...into a shooter's grip in a second.

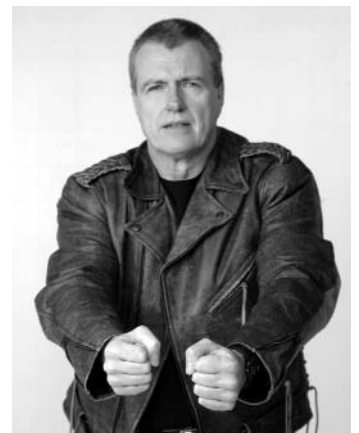


1) Another "come and get it" offer...



2) ...that rolled over becomes an upside down firing.

Never take this quick and easy offer of an up-front handcuffing. His hands here can still be dangerous.



Make Mine a Crappachino



The line was too long.

Me want coffee.

That's all. One cup of black coffee.

I was a stranger in a strange land. I took Mrs. Buffalo to work, as her Mazeratti had broken down. I usually run in a small convenience store and grab a cup of Joe on my way to the sweat palace, but now, in a different hood, I wandered into a coffee shop, or should I write *shoppee*,

Three freaky, hippy-looking people worked behind the counter. One girl's hair was about a quarter of an inch long, and she cut dime-sized, bald circles in it to make herself more attractive. Red and blue hair. I had that disease in the jungle once, and now it's a hairstyle. They stood in front of a pipe machine that looked like the well, polished engine room of the Titanic.

"What would you like, sir?" Spaz-head asked the yuppie wearing a suit in front of me.

"I'd aaaaahhh...I'd like a *mocha, joka, java, ala latte, molay. Mucho grande, decaf.*"

She turned to prepare his coffee feast, fondling and tugging on the brass Titanic pipes with enthusiasm, maybe even fondness. Machines sucked and swirled. Milk steamed and hissed. Something sputtered. She looked up at him and asked, "Did you say, *leche de la lache, lock ness?*"

"Yes. *Lock ness.* Make that *tros. Duo.*"

I don't know what he ordered, but it sure was a sissy way to drink coffee.

A beanpole of a kid asked the two cackling, dames next in line what they wanted. They rattled off a bastard mix of French, Spanish, Creole and voodoo. The beanpole nodded his head as if he knew exactly what they needed and began con-

cocting these elixirs. Hiss! Splat! Swoosh! Minutes and minutes passed.

Finally, FINAL-
LY, they got to me. A chick wearing 16 pieces of metal pierced through her face asked me what I wanted.

"Black coffee."

She

smiled....like I was a big dumb, castrated ape in the zoo. "What size?" she asked.

"Fat? Short? One-Legged? Grande? Windpipe? Or *Douche Soup?*"

I pointed to a cup on the counter that I recognized as a medium, like I was in a foreign country or something. There were many sizes to choose from. There was a guy in there reading the newspaper with a cup of coffee the size of my dog's water bowl. It had some kind of a short, brown, gnarled stick in it. If I drank that much coffee, I would die.

"Two dollars and forty-six cents, please."

Two dollars and forty-six cents! What has happened to coffee? What has happened to the people who drink coffee? In the military I had all kinds of coffee, but it ranged from thick to thin, good to bad, hot to cold, not all these styles. Coffee used to come from just a few places that Juan Valdez and his donkey had discovered in the earlier part of the 20th century. Times were peaceful and simple then.

Unfortunately, Juan was kidnapped by the narco-rebel bandits and held up for a phenomenal ransom. If the South American pushers ain't selling us coke and Mary J, it's *friggen* coffee. Hey, I'm in line for it every day!

Recently, I heard the worst news of all about coffee. It involves monkeys. Coffee drinkers are going bananas over a brew called *Kopi Luwak*, made from berries that have passed through the digestive system of Indonesian monkeys. The berries emerge intact and this renders



the berries a special, delectable flavor that Europeans refer to as an "earthy" taste. Did ya get all that? This coffee is made from monkey shit. Employees of these plantations sit and pick the berries from the monkey poop. The monkey-like creature is known as the Palm Toddy Cat – a happy little feller who lives on a diet of alcoholic tree sap (I knew there was drinking involved in this somewhere), and coffee berries. The animal is technically a Palm Civet, a dark, brown tree-dwelling cat-like, simian creature found throughout Southeast Asia.

According to the Manila Coffee House, the Palm Civet just happens to like to ingest the ripest and reddest coffee beans, which also happen to be the ones best for brewing. This cat/monkey eats the outer covering of the beans, which accomplishes the same thing we humans do with de-pulping machines. Something happens to the beans in the magic roller coaster ride through the monkey intestines that gives it a flavor that is celebrated by *effete* coffee drinkers. As you might imagine, this coffee is in short supply, as only 500 lbs.. of it are harvested per year – that it is virtually impossible to get hold of in Britain and has only limited availability in the States and Japan.

Chris Rubin, a food critic says, "It's the best coffee I've ever tasted. It smells musty, but it roasts up real nice." I wonder where the musty smell comes from, Rube? Could it be from right up the crack of a tree monkey's ass?

What will this all come to? Can you

BUFFALO NICKELS COLUMN

picture the coffee *shoppees* of the future? Buck Rogers walks in and orders Monkey Butt coffee. There, hunched on the Titanic pipes are several kinds of advanced, bred monkeys reading the newspapers. Spaz pulls the tail and...hiss. Splat! "There ya go Buckoo. Welcome to Shangralla!" I tell you what, I am glad I am getting old and will die soon.

Back when I was a teenager, I bought a record album by John Lennon and Yoko Ono. It had a few tracks that lasted several minutes long with nothing but silence. Nothing. You could see the grooves on the record. They recorded silence in the studio. Artsy huh? Not to some. Like an idiot, I told my Pops this. Pops was a WW II vet, a longshoreman on the Jersey coast and a truck driver. He looked at me, snarled his lip and said, "If you'll buy that, you'll buy a bag of shit in the supermarket, you stupid little son-of-a-bitch."

I guess it's come to that.

Come to think of it, I think I heard that Lennon/Ono track playing back at the coffee *shoppee*.

Frappa-Zappa-Crappa!

Bye-bye.

Just so you know what a real Palm Civet looks like-- being as he could be straining your coffee some-time soon...



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

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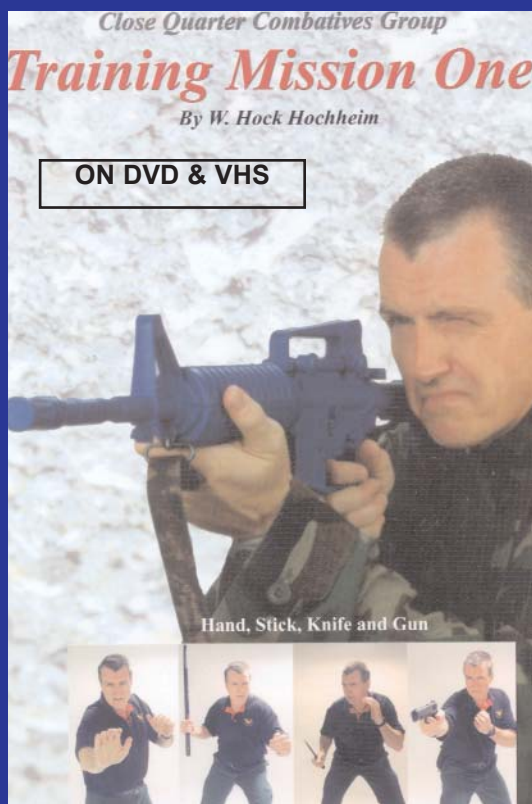
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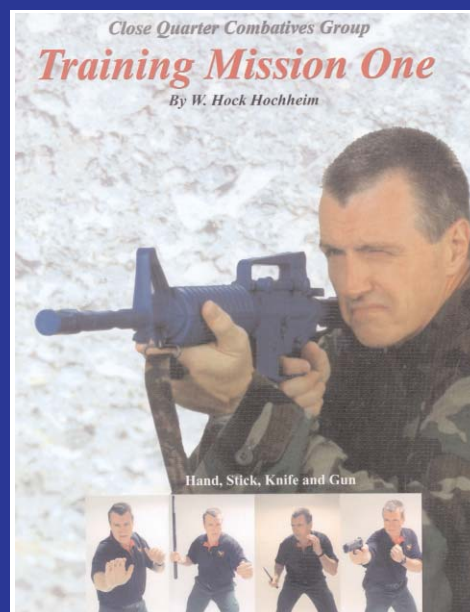
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