

# HANDWRITING SAMPLES HOLD KEY TO DOCUMENT ANALYSIS

**By Marc Jaskolka**  
**Document Examiner**  
**NIS Regional Forensic Laboratory - Norfolk**

A positive determination of authorship in a questioned or disputed handwriting or handprinting examination, depends largely on the quality of the known writing submitted for comparison. The quality of the known writing is directly associated with the investigator's ability to recognize and collect comparable standards needed for a meaningful comparison by the Document Examiner. Comparable standards are those models of known writing that most closely parallel the questioned documents and should be collected from suspects and victims.

Basically, there are two types of standards for comparison and it is desirable to submit both types to the laboratory.

## REQUESTED WRITING

One type is requested writing. Sometimes it is referred to as "dictated writing" and "exemplars" and is usually obtained during the interview/interrogation phase of the investigation. Obtaining requested writing is the formal process by which the investigator obtains the comparable standards for comparison by dictating the exact entries (usually the entries in question) to the subject writer (suspect and victim).

A form facsimile that most closely resembles the questioned document should be used (check facsimile, credit card facsimile, lined/unlined paper, etc.), utilizing a similar type of writing instrument (ball-point pen, pencil, crayon, etc.). Fiber tip pens are not suitable as substitutes for ball-point pens and should only be used when comparable to the questioned document. The subject should be told to "handwrite" (use cursive-connected form) or "handprint" (use the manuscript form) where appropriate. The subject should not be "coached" in spelling and should never be shown the questioned document.

All standards should be obtained on separate pieces of paper, individually and should be removed from the subject's view upon completion of each standard. The writing position used in the questioned document

should also be duplicated in the requested writing, i.e., standing at counter, leaning on wall, seated at table, etc.

Any unusual behavior on the part of the subject writer should be recorded. Some signs of intentional disguise of the writing habit are the changing of writing hands, extremely slow, laborious writing, casts and bandages on the writing hand and the feigned inability to perform the writing task.

While there is no set number to the amount of standards to obtain from an individual writer, the investigator should obtain enough standards as to allow the examiner to view the subject writer's range of writing habits and natural variation.

Twenty-five requested standards is generally a sufficient number of examples of an individual's writing habits. It is also helpful to number each sample and it is essential that the subject writer's name be recorded onto the standards.

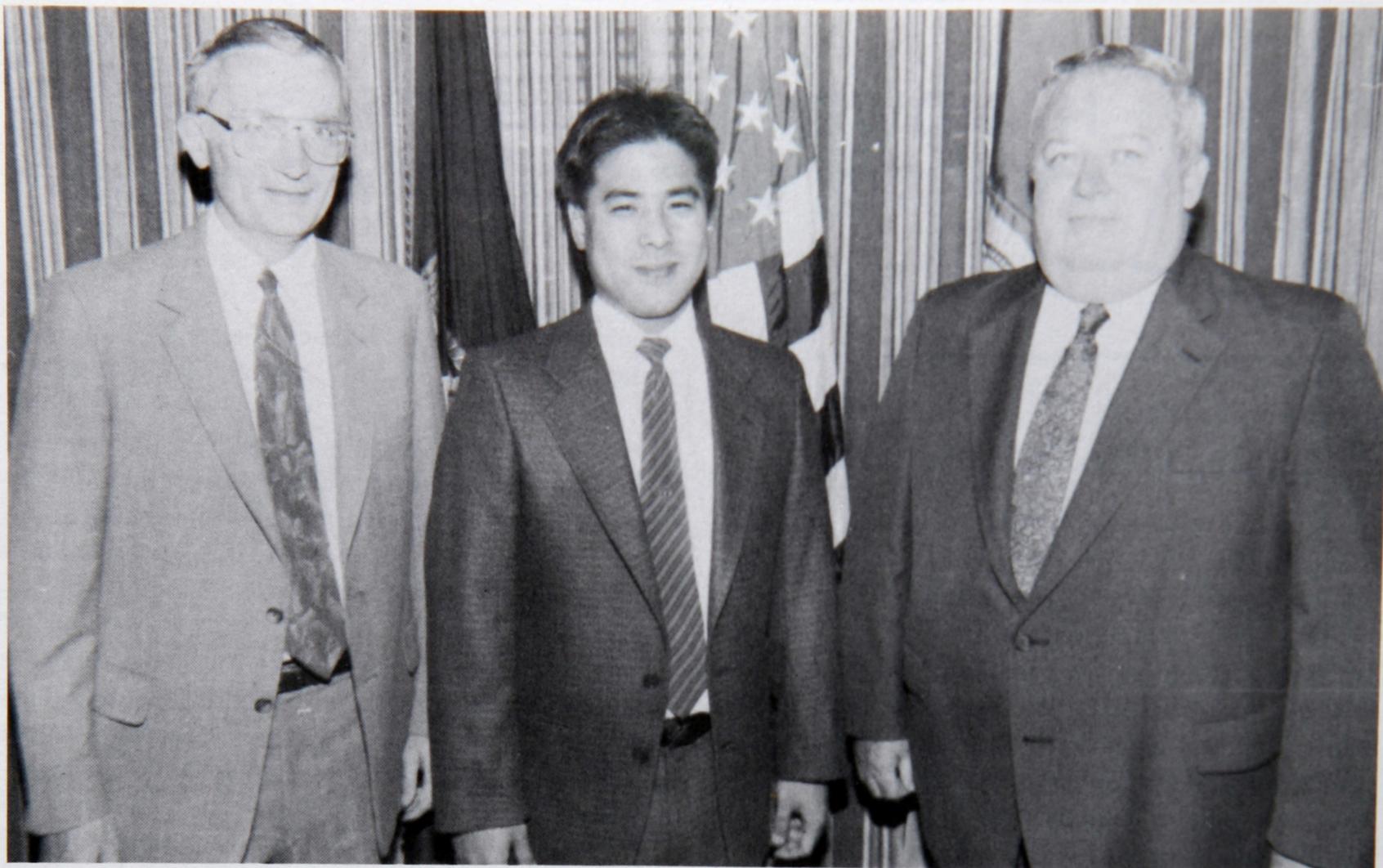
## NON-REQUESTED WRITING

The other type is non-requested writing. This would be past, known handwriting, handprinting, signatures of an individual that are available to the investigator as "daily business records", i.e., job applications, cancelled checks, bank records, driver's license applications, etc.

Virtually any source of a person's writing that is comparable to the writing in question. Non-requested writing can be obtained from the subject writer directly or through the work place, service record books, lending institutions, etc.

When collecting non-requested, known writing, the investigator must bear in mind that the writing should approximate the questioned writing as closely as possible and should be from approximately the same time frame as the questioned writing. Further, it should be remembered that the investigator may have to prove to the courts that a particular writing used for comparison purposes is, in fact, that individual's writing or signature.

Non-requested writing is a valuable source of individual's known writing when request standards cannot be obtained and is usually impervious to the act of intentional disguise, unlike requested writing.



### A VISIT TO THE FRONT OFFICE

SA Burt Nakasone (center) with SA J. Brian McKee, Deputy Director of the NIS (at right), and SA Robert Powers, Director of Criminal Investigations (at left).

# SA NAKASONE EXCELLS IN FORENSIC PROGRAM

When the NIS conducts a death investigation in the San Diego area, you can be sure that SA Burt Nakasone is going to be involved somehow.

SA Nakasone has been with the NIS for three years, but in that short period he has accomplished a lot. He has earned a masters of forensic science degree from George Washington University and participated in the U.S. Armed Forces Institute of Pathology Fellowship.

"My main objective is to assist the special agent corps in the field as best I can in the area of forensic science," SA Nakasone said. "But at the same time continue to be general criminal investigator."

That may sound like quite a task, but based on past experience, SA

Nakasone is the type of person who can do it.

SA Nakasone was born in Honolulu, Hawaii, and attended the University of Hawaii, where he majored in pre-med and received a bachelor's degree in biology in December 1978.

Following graduation, he went to work for the Department of the Medical Examiner, City and County of Honolulu, as a Medical Examiner's investigator.

"I would say I investigated about 100 death investigations a year while working for the Medical Examiner's Office," said SA Nakasone.

"Your main objective is to assist the medical examiner in determining the cause and manner of death," he continued. "In order for him to do a proper autopsy he has to get a synopsis

of what happened so he can conduct a proper autopsy. It's to focus his investigation."

SA Nakasone joined the NIS in April 1986 and after completing Basic Agent training at the Federal Law Enforcement Center at Glynco, Georgia, he was assigned to NISRA Pearl Harbor where he worked for a year and a half in the general crimes unit.

In response to GEN from Headquarters seeking applicants for the George Washington University (GWU) Masters of Forensic Science Degree Program, SA Nakasone submitted a request and was accepted. He came to Washington in July 1987 and began his studies at GWU on August 15, 1987.

Although the masters of forensic science program is a two-year course,

NIS required that SA Nakasone complete the 36-hour course in one year. He carried a 12-hour course load for each of the three semesters, and finished with 3.9 average out of a possible 4.0 and ranked second in a class of about 30.

Did the one-year requirement impose a hardship on him?

"I had no complaints because I thought it was a great opportunity," SA Nakasone said. "I was receiving a full-time salary and going to school. Where else can you get that?"

In addition to going through the GWU graduate program, SA Nakasone participated in the U.S.

Armed Forces Institute of Pathology Fellowship.

"The Fellowship program allows you to attend forensic seminars at no cost to Fellowship members, whereas individuals not affiliated with the armed forces or AFIP are required to pay \$300 to \$500 to attend," he said. "In these programs you attend lectures by some of the top people in the field."

As an AFIP Fellow, SA Nakasone was required to review and analyze death cases for presentation to his Fellows, and had to submit an extensive research paper at the end of the year-long program to the AFIP.

"The paper I did involved analysis of gunshot suicides in all services of the Armed Forces from 1986 to 1988," SA Nakasone said. "It seemed like alcohol or drugs went almost hand and hand with these suicides."

He finished the program ranked first out of 11 Fellows.

Although it may not seem like his busy lifestyle would leave SA Nakasone with any spare time, he does enjoy participating in sports and is a third degree black belt in judo.



## KOCINA, KRAMER REMEMBERED

The names of SA Douglas B. Kocina and SA Jerry W. Kramer, who were killed last year in a traffic accident in the Philippines, were added to the memorial monument at the Federal Law Enforcement Training Center at Glynco, Georgia, recently. Shown above at the monument are SA Kocina's children, Heath and Heather, and his wife Bette.

# POLICE SCIENCE

## PROFILE: TRACKING THE 'PREDATOR' KILLER

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By Dr. Jack Enter, Ph.D.  
NISROU 1407

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In the last issue of the Bulletin, we discussed the use of psychological profiles as an investigative tool for law enforcement. In this issue, we will be examining the profiling of the serial murderer, the individual who kills a number of victims over a period of time.

Some of these individuals, like Ted Bundy and John Wayne Gacey, have been responsible for the deaths of an amazingly high number of victims so we will begin our discussion of profiling with these types of offenders.

Based upon research concerning serial murderers, two primary typologies or categories of offenders emerge: the "organized", predator murderer and the "disorganized" introverted killer. In this issue, we will discuss the organized offender: how he thinks, how he commits his crime, and behavior patterns that he uses which may aid in the apprehension of this individual.

The organized serial murderer is basically a manipulative, often articulate individual who believes that he has a "right" to take the lives of others, often victims who are symbols of someone.

His mindset is one of domination and self-gratification, these philosophies obviously consistent with his ability to kill multiple victims without any type of remorse or regret. His

focus is upon POWER, his ability to control others. To the organized serial murderer, the ultimate power is that ability to take the life of another.

Ken Blanchi, often known as the "Hillside Strangler", once admitted that he used to experience an orgasm when his victims died. It is no wonder that this type of offender will often murder many victims before he is apprehended.

One of the reasons this type of person is referred to as "organized" has to do with the manner in which he stalks the victim and commits the offense. He often targets a particular type of victim, these individuals selected because of their physical characteristics, occupations, or other factors that makes them the "right kind" of victim.

Some of these categories of victims have included college co-eds, prosti-

get college co-eds to help him with some task. The organized serial murderer often has the interpersonal skills to appear quite normal and even charming, which assists in his continued ability to procure victims even after public fear over his earlier victims have made people suspicious of strangers.

The manner in which the organized serial murderer commits the offense illustrates his planning and his obsession with power. He has brought his weapon, bindings, and other materials necessary to commit the crime and to maintain control over the victim. Victims may be tortured or asked to beg for mercy to prolong the experience. Some offenders of this type have kept victims alive for days or even weeks.

Sexual intercourse most often occurs while victim is alive, which sepa-

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*"He often targets a particular type of victim..."*

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tutes, or hitchhikers. The killer will then "prowl" areas where these types of victims are readily available. Once a victim is selected, the organized serial murderer will often use a ploy or ruse in order to get the victim to accompany him in order to get him or her under his control.

An example of this technique was Ted Bundy's use of a cast on his arm to

rates this type of offender from the disorganized offender. When it comes time to kill the victim, the offender will often strangle him or her, preferring to have a more close contact and direct control over the demise of the victim than would be available with the use of a firearm.

The manner in which the organized killer disposes of the body also illus-

trates his mindset. He will either hide the body to hinder its discovery and hamper the investigation, or he will "dump" the body (which is often nude) to show his disregard for the victim as well as for the law enforcement community. If such an individual is mobile in his lifestyle (i.e. Ted Bundy or Henry Lee Lucas), the bodies may be found in several jurisdictions and states.

The organized offender's modus operandi AFTER the crime may provide law enforcement with several opportunities to identify him. One must remember that these individuals believe that they are superior to the law enforcement community, especially as the murderer kills more victims and the police are unable to apprehend him. Many of these offenders are also police "buffs" and they also may want to know what evidence they might have left behind.

Some organized serial murderers have been known to volunteer to help search for bodies or to provide other assistance. They may also be in the crowd of bystanders who watch the police process the crime scene.

These latter two actions are motivated by their tendency to be thrill-seekers who become excited by being near those trying to catch them and yet not being recognized as the murderer. If they hid the body, they may also periodically check the crime scene to determine if the body has been found.

Even if the body has been found, some offenders have been known to return to the scene to "relive" the experience or to commit additional homicides. Others have even visited the grave of the victim to either taunt the victim or recreate the fantasy surrounding the homicide.

It should be obvious from our discussion of the organized serial murderer that this individual has the po-

tential to be the most dangerous offender with which the law enforcement community must deal. As a result, the investigative effort expended must be as meticulous and comprehensive as possible.

The processing of the crime scene is of particular importance, for it is the "signature" of the serial murderer and will aid in the creation of the psychological profile of the suspect. Given the jurisdictional wanderings of some of these offenders, it is also crucial that interagency cooperation and liaison is of utmost importance.

Psychological profiling is simply a tool for the investigator, it must never be asked to be the complete answer to an investigative dilemma nor to compensate for inadequate criminal investigation techniques.

In the next issue of the Bulletin, we will examine the disorganized serial murderer.

## SOFT BODY ARMOR WITHSTANDS AGE

**By Mr. Maris Jaunakais**  
**Head, Forensic Sciences Division**

Law enforcement officers have a responsibility to protect the lives and property of citizens, while one piece of equipment has been entrusted with the primary protector of police: soft body armor.

Having been available now for over fourteen years, soft body armor made of Kevlar has proven to be an exceptionally effective material for providing blunt trauma protection.

However, concern has been raised within the law enforcement community regarding the effects of age on the ballistics resistance of soft body armor.

The concern can be traced in part to unsupported statements attributed to the Dupont company, manufacturer of the Kevlar aramid fiber used in body armor. Dupont has made statements to the effect that they can not assure the ballistics resistance of used body armor greater than three to five years of age to be comparable to that of new body armor. Asked to provide scientific data to explain their position on used body armor, Dupont has yet to do so.

To objectively evaluate the effectiveness of used body armor, the National Institute of Justice (NIJ) - Technology Assessment Program contracted with H. P. White Laboratories, an approved independent testing laboratory, whereby

ten year old soft body armor of light, medium, and heavy wear, was tested and compared to new body armor.

The twenty-four vests that were tested were collected from five local police departments and two federal agencies who were originally issued the vests in 1975. Out of the twenty-four vests, eight had never been worn while another sixteen vests showed various degrees of use including eight that showed heavy wear. The tested body armor was of comparable Threat Level I Type which provides protection against .22 And .38 caliber handguns. The NIJ Technology Assessment Program Bulletin Alert: Old Armor Tests As Good As New, August 1986, concludes: "...10-Year-old armor showed no significant deterioration". And in a letter dated 21 July 1987, the Jerusalem, Israel Ministry of Police wrote that they are also satisfied that, although the worn out coverings of used body armor may need replacement, the Kevlar aramid fiber itself does not.

In conclusion, ballistic testing by an independent laboratory has demonstrated that ten year old body armor is as effective as new armor. However, a fine point needs to be made about the care of body armor. It must be understood that to maintain effective ballistic resistance the manufacturer's cleaning and storage instructions supplied with body armor must be observed.

To again quote from the NIJ TAP Bulletin Alert: "Age alone does not cause the ballistic resistance of armor to deteriorate. Rather, the kind of care and maintenance the garment receives is a more important factor."



# RETIRED RING-IN

NAVAL INVESTIGATIVE SERVICE  
OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE

## ARNISSA KEEPS RETIREES IN TOUCH

### Notes from John Langager, National President of the Association of Retired NIS Special Agents (ARNISSA):

I hope Paul Haefeli has some success at getting together with other NIS retirees in Texas. Everyone seems to have somewhat different ideas as to the purpose of ARNISSA, but I think that we can all agree that the main reason for the organization is to keep us in touch and give an opportunity, every now and then, to get together to renew friendships and memories. I don't think this has to be a regulated or formal association, just something that can assist us in keeping in touch. To that end, if I can be of any help, feel free to drop a line or give me a call. John E. Langager, 8721 Clydesdale Road, Springfield, VA 22151 (703-978-7076).

Jack Lynch of Columbia, MD and former Assistant Director of NIS, has a son-in-law, Special Agent Allen S. Carballo, who is the SAC at NISRA Keflavick, Iceland. Pete Alberse ran across Allen in Iceland during one of Pete's trips as Chief, Investigations and Inspections, Office of the Assistant to the Secretary of Defense (Intelligence Oversight) in the Pentagon, a great place to visit.

Earl Richey of Alexandria, VA is an expert clock repair master and enthusiast.

Since his retirement as NIS Inspector General, Dynamite Dan Sweeney has been living "close to the sea", as he puts it, in Mystic Ct. His first retirement job was Deputy Inspector General for Connecticut until that

department was disestablished about a year later. Following that, and without missing a step, Dan became an administrator for Boardfin Associates, a corporation with a number of subsidiaries, including a security company and a limousine service. The job keeps him busy, and sometimes highly mobile throughout southern New England in a telephone equipped company car. Dan is pleased with his new livelihood, and although he looks back sentimentally on the good old days with NIS, he realizes that there are advantages to retiring in good health and while still young enough to take on other challenges. His only regret is his inability to find time for more sailing.

Jack Donnelly of Fairfax, VA, is the Director of Defense Investigative Service.

Cec Boggs is going strong at his golf game on the course down in Dannelon, Florida after his second hip repair job. He recently celebrated his 70th.

Bud Steacy of Burke, VA recently began to draw retirement pay as a Naval Reserve Captain and is real happy with the well-deserved additional income.

John Ryan of Newport, RI lost another front tooth in a recent racquetball exchange with a man much younger than John. It's reported that John was hit by a ball (?) on the same tooth three separate times and his opponent aimed for the tooth because he was losing the game. He's doing fine after recent mouth surgery. John probably should go back to playing handball, a real man's game.

Vic Palmucci of Vienna, VA is running around DC in a Navy Commander's uniform working for the Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Technology Transfer

& Security Assistance. What a switch - - Vic is known to have encountered easier endeavors. Good news though: Vic was selected for captain in the Naval Reserve.

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Larry Butler is looking for clams around the shores and beaches of Cape Cod, MA. He's been trying to put his retirement present (a clam license) to good use. It seems that the Butler clan has infiltrated NIS. Larry has one son who is an agent; another son who is an officer; and his daughter is married to an agent.

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Maynard Anderson of Alexandria, VA, is now serving as the Assistant Deputy Under Secretary of Defense (Counterintelligence & Security).

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Lester Thomas, former ONI agent at PRNC, Washington, DC, (1954-75) died of cancer February 20, 1989.

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Ed Shevlin, our answer to Captain Midnight, is running down leads in DC area.

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Frank Scinta of Alexandria, VA (the Cat 6, now Cat 8, czar) is still playing with the toy gay police car given to him by Trooper Dave Hall and Beecham in circa 1967. Frank even has some new jokes to tell.

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Charlie Chandler of Concord, NH is busily engaged in rebuilding the old homestead. Last we heard, before the snows, he was doing the barn and wondering what to do next.

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Tom Nolan hosted a great crab feast at his home in

Arnold, MD right after a Navy football team lost this past Fall. A lot of the old timers, including Bill Jepson of Long Beach, NC and active NIS types (Admiral John Gordon, Brian McKee, Colonel Wayne Coomes. Bob Powers, plus many others) had a great time eating crabs with all the fixings, and drinking beer in a continuous heavy downpour of rain. We are all wondering if Tom's plumbing ever recovered from the onslaught. Tom is drawing retired pay now from his service in the Coast Guard Reserve.

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David Hopkins of Annandale VA is a practicing lawyer in Fairfax VA.

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Bill Davis, of the DAME era and Washington, DC is with Sig Howerton at the Security Office of the Pentagon Credit Union.

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In addition to arranging for the superb Christmas lunch for the National Headquarters and National Capitol Region at Fort McNair (Army) on 1 December 1988, Charlie Baldwin did a great job at the Spring Dinner Dance held at the Potomac Room of the Bolling AFB Officers' Club on Saturday April 1, 1989. Charlie's wife (Clara) is reported to have done all of the behind-the-scene action for the April Fool's gala festive occasion. In attendance were some distant notables: Jim and Ruth Creaturo of Philadelphia PA; Leo and Marion Hannon of Wilmington, DE; John and Vickie Held of Cherry Hill, NJ; and Bill and Elizabeth Yeager from Haymarket VA. Active NIS types included: Brian McKee, Bob Powers and Carl Merritt.



## CRAB FEAST GROUP SHOT

Participants in Tom Nolan's 10th Annual Crab Feast included (front row, left to right) Rear Adm. John Gordon, Mr. Nolan, Mr. Earl Richey, Mr. Dave Johnson, Mr. Bill Davis, (back row, left to right) Mr. Vic Palmucci, SA Bill Worochock, SA Lanny McCullah, and SA J. Brian McKee)

(Photo by Gary M. Comerford)

Paul Haefeli is trying to get an ARNISSA group going in Texas. Anyone interested can get in touch with Paul at 3516 Glenmon Drive, Ft Worth, TX 76113 (817-294-1634).

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We sure are in need of information/happenings for the next NIS Bulletin from all chapters (North East, Southern Pacific, Hawaiian, Southeast, Tidewater, Midwestern and Northern Pacific).

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A Spring luncheon/meeting for the National Capitol Region was held at Fort McNair "O" Club on 12 June 1989. President Charlie Baldwin discussed the need to update the ARNISSA bylaws and the National person-

nel roster. Lee Entas handed out rosters for update and the NIS Bulletin Fall/Winter 1988. Bob Powers, standing in for Brian McKee, gave a run down on the NISHQ move to the Navy Yard (where there is limited parking) from Suitland, MD, manpower changes in NIS, and a brief on recent investigations. Bert Truxel came out of the closet for this one. Late September 1989 is the target date for the meeting/luncheon.



# RETIRED

## AGENTS RETIRED SINCE 30 JUNE 1989

NAME	LAST OFFICE	DATE RETIRED
<i>Cox, James N.</i>	20QV	02 SEP 88
<i>Wolf, Michael E.</i>	03DT	02 OCT 88
<i>Biscomb, William M.</i>	12HQ	03 OCT 88
<i>Hodges, James A.</i>	0023	01 NOV 88
<i>Jett, Charles D.</i>	12NM	03 DEC 88
<i>Bloomington, Benjamin F.</i>	06VA	30 DEC 88
<i>Olson, John V.</i>	12MA	30 DEC 88
<i>Kuehl, Winston C.</i>	11HQ	31 DEC 88
<i>Whitehouse, Robert A.</i>	11HQ	31 DEC 88
<i>Smith Roland M.</i>	03HQ	04 FEB 89
<i>Browning, James B.</i>	83SU	24 FEB 89
<i>Turner, Robert A.</i>	12CR	28 FEB 89
<i>O'Connor, Joseph P.</i>	06CS	25 MAR 89
<i>Panico, Robert G.</i>	81HQ	31 MAR 89
<i>Jones, Charles R.</i>	05HQ	31 MAR 89
<i>Morris, Joseph C.</i>	06PF	01 APR 89
<i>Cogdill David B.</i>	05NF	30 APR 89
<i>Houghton, Michael M.</i>	0027	02 JUN 89
<i>Keller, Raymond D.</i>	06JC	03 JUN 89
<i>Watanabe, Koji</i>	12MA	30 JUN 89



## 'RESEARCH ANALYSTS'

# ONI AGENT CORPS HAD ITS 'UNFORGETTABLES'

By Mr. Allan J. Kersenbrock  
Retired NIS Special Agent

*Second Part of a Series*

In one of his best known Charlie Chan tales, "The House Without a Key", author Earl Derr Biggers confronts his inscrutable detective with a series of baffling events all centered around the old Niunalu Hotel.

The Niunalu was the "house" of the title, and its doors were in fact keyless. Like many Honolulu homes and buildings of those more innocent times, doors were closed when one wanted to keep mosquitos at bay or to block out the occasional wind driven tropical rain. At all other times it was "Koma Mai".

Not that a lockable door would have made a whole lot of difference, because most Hawaiian architecture was flimsy by mainland standards. But safety and security were more a function of good will than dependence upon a dead bolt.

In the early nineteen sixties, the old NISO-Honolulu was housed in just such a building; a 1930's era wooden structure, perched typically off the ground on wooden posts, with open wall construction and windows covered with ordinary house screen. While this offered adequate protection against insects and the weather, it was woefully inadequate in terms of requisite security. But the age and overall condition of the building had stymied efforts to upgrade by conventional means, so a rather unique system was installed. The office was protected by a four man contingent of live-in marines, who manned the front desk by day, and patrolled the creaky spaces by night.

The building was located in the Kakaako section of the city on the Honolulu Harbor waterfront, in an area that had long had a reputation as a pretty tough neighborhood. The many bars and transient lodgings had catered to the merchant seaman trade and local citizens were known to be less than friendly to strangers. But the area was in transition in the early sixties, and light industry and small retail businesses were fast replacing the old rough and tumble waterfront related activity.

This then was my home office, NISO-Honolulu, the office to which I returned after completing Agents Basic

School in January 1964. The month long stay in Washington, DC had been truly a benchmark experience for me but I was nonetheless pleased to be home. Things were again familiar, friendly and comfortable, and I was anxious to get on with it, especially since I was now a seasoned basic graduate, and with the addition of two new agents, no longer the junior man.

But my return was not without a surprising development. One of our live-in marines had been arrested by the Honolulu Police Department. I had often wondered what our small security force did during their free time, isolated as they were in a commercial area that was devoid of people, once the sun went down.

Well, the HPD arrest answered my question, at least for the one marine involved. He subsequently confessed to being the mysterious, mid-morning sniper whose exploits had made front page headlines in the preceding weeks. He had plagued a residential neighborhood in the punchbowl area for an extended period by taking pot shots at housewives.

His irrational one man campaign had resulted in a number of near misses, several injuries, and one fatality. The marine had never met and did not know the woman he killed.

The incident was a shocker for the entire staff. We were after all a part of the local law enforcement community, and while the marine was not a member of the NISO staff, that distinction was apparently lost on the media reporting the affair. We weathered it but it remained a touchy subject for some period.

Welcome home!

Like most basic school returnees, I was crammed to the gunwales with all manner of newly acquired investigative expertise and eagerly awaited my first opportunity to tell my boss, "that's not the way they taught us at basic". Not that it would have mattered much, aside from the aggravation it would cause (all I really wanted anyway) for centralized control was not yet a complete reality within NIS.

We were still organizationally evolving and many field offices under DIO stewardship existed as minor fiefdoms following headquarters dictates only when it was convenient to do so or when HQ could be blamed for a policy found to be locally unpopular.

But internecine squabbles were not my concern. As a boot agent such matters were well beyond my ken and we had no such problems on the local level anyway.

Unlike today with its five or six NISRAs, Hawaii at that time had only the one office, NISO Honolulu, which from its harbor front spaces of early tropical shabby decor, reigned supreme.

Our agent complement while unique, if not quaint by today's standards, was probably little different from most NIS offices of the day. The supervising agent who was the one and only supervisor was not fully experienced in criminal investigations but was well versed in things naval having left active duty as a lieutenant commander shortly before coming with ONI.

As was then the practice he chose from the ten agents serving under him an unofficial assistant. The man so chosen would receive no title or promotion, or extra pay. His reward was much greater, he was first among equals. As such he carried no case load, had his desk somewhere near that of the boss and spent his days at that desk reviewing the ROI's of his fellow agents.

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*"Unlike today with its five or six NISRAs, Hawaii at that time had only one office..."*

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He also had the status that comes with being closeted with the boss from time to time discussing some aspect of another agent's performance. It was a real dog robber job. The man chosen served at the pleasure of the chooser so he strived mightily to please and this was measured by the number of mistakes he could find in the ROI's of his hard working brethren. Our hand picked dog robber was a methodical marvel. He reviewed ROI's in bi-focal fashion, with one eye on the report, the other on the manual or dictionary. He scanned along until he found a mismatch, then would stop, prepare a meticulously referenced memo, affix it to the whole pile and send it all back via the out basket channel.

I mention dictionary intentionally for on more than one occasion his neatly typed memo would direct my attention to a dictionary listing on page so-and-so, which revealed either a misspelling or the shocking fact that the word in question in the context used was the second or third meaning, not the first!

Now I did not really mind his over zealousness, his primary purpose was to impress the boss. What I did object to was his habit of returning an ROI for correction one error at a time. By the time the report was approved for smooth typing, it was worn to holes.

But the process had not yet run its course. He regularly returned smooth ROI's in the same old maid way. I was

again unruffled but this practice tended to create an alarming degree of hostility in the typing pool.

Surprisingly enough, this guy was well liked by most in the office, including myself. He saw the dog robber roll exactly for what it was and made no attempt to parlay it.

He was never mean spirited and he was in fact one hell of a fine reviewer. He also had a great fund of stories he would tell with little prompting. These he told with the dry laconic wit of the typical down eastern, in an accent like that of Parker Fennelly, the man who once did the Peppercorn Farm commercials.

Among the rest of the brotherhood there existed the usual mix of experience, talent and attitudes. We had our duty griper, two of them actually. One a run-of-the-mill type and the other a talented but unhappy square peg.

The first griped about everything, his specialty being inconsistency. He pointed out inconsistencies in policy, inconsistencies in practice, inconsistencies in evaluations, and when pickings were slim, inconsistencies in the boss's personality. The subject mattered not and he did his pointing out with a fierceness that bespoke serious and considered concern.

I sometimes felt however, that his inconsistency hunting had less to do with a love of logic than it did with an attempt to compile a winning record, however insignificant, in order to mask some rather serious shortcomings in his overall performance. But like our Maine nit-picker, he was welcome company. He had a puckish sense of humor and an infectious laugh, and not too surprisingly he was always consistent.

Our second griper was a man of considerable talent who looked at the world through poop colored glasses. He seemed happiest when things turned sour. He eventually resigned. A native New Yorker and Fordham graduate, he claimed that most of his friends and the guys with whom he had grown up usually had only two career choices; law enforcement or the Mafia. From his general attitude and outlook, I was of the opinion that he was never quite sure he had made the right choice.

A former BNDD/DEA (Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs/Drug Enforcement Administration) agent prior to ONI, he never passed up an opportunity to compare us to BNDD with ONI always coming off as "rinky dink".

While his carping rankled me, I was sure he had been just as disgruntled while at BNDD. He was unhappy as well because of our emphasis on background investigations, a view I admittedly shared with him. He did not stick around long enough to see the DIS split off. But no real loss.

Three of our gang of ten were hired locally and would serve our their entire NIS careers in Hawaii. All three were penalized by being denied advancement beyond the journeyman agent level, but the trade off in terms of family stability and asset accumulation fairly well balanced the ledger.

This plank owners syndrome existed elsewhere within NIS and while it ran counter to the then developing policy

of transfers and limited duty tours, it was in our case and probably others as well, a great boon. It provided for a continuity in the community and an institutional memory that precluded the ever constant cycle of wheel re-inventions.

Not that NISO-Honolulu was otherwise without continuity. The four lovelies who formed the backbone of the clerical support staff; Janet Kim, Grace Obata, Molly Chung, and Jeanne Kikawa were all to remain with NIS for their entire civil service careers commencing their Fleur-de-Lis retirement peel offs in the mid-eighties.

Good and faithful group this, forever unsung like most support types, taken for granted, patronized, machoized and beleaguered, nonetheless expected to effervesce and rhapsodize over any special agent triumph.

I plead guilty and God forgive me, for the truth is that some measure of the success attained by any special agent rests indelicately but firmly on the backs of the clerical staff.

Over the years Janet Kim, Grace Obata, and Jo Ann Roberts-Keller made some big contributions to my own career and for this I offer a belated and pitifully inadequate thank you.

Among our compatible little coterie of "research analysts" were several other notable souls. We had our practical joker, whose skills were formidable indeed. To refer to some of his more creative masterpieces as practical jokes would be akin to calling the Statue of Liberty birthday pyrotechnic display, a firecracker show. Some of his creations were world class, ranging from the crude (my favorites) to those with the finesse of a proximity fuse.

We also had our Mr. Fix-it, who knew everybody worth knowing and who could arrange anything including first class airline seating, at no extra cost, for incoming NISHQ inspectors. He had access to and first call on any piece of surveyed government property anywhere in the Pacific Basin and could cause delivery of said property to the NISO with a phone call. For personal purchases and for friends, he was able to obtain the dealers discount, wholesale, below cost price, with rebate, free delivery and installation.

Present too was our pipe smoking PR smoothie who could handle the regular complaints of our lovable but cantankerous one-woman char force, or handle the media, or become the Statewide Governor General of the Kiwanis Club, a position he eventually achieved.

At NISO-Honolulu, all of these attributes: joker, contact man, and PR whiz were to be found in one remarkable man. An intelligent, clever and worldly fellow who had succeeded in gathering unto himself a plethora of life's truly valuable skills and a man who is deserving, and will get a chapter unto himself later.

But first I must tell you about the three remaining agents whose footsteps once echoed through the sagging hallways of that old grey woodpile there on the waterfront close by the mighty blue Pacific.

The three agents in question were unique as individuals,

as you shall soon see but their significant distinction lay in a different quarter. None of the three had college degrees. In this instance they had no college at all and they were not alone. Their counterparts could be found throughout ONI. The degree requirement had existed at the time of their initial hire, but it could be waived if the candidates experience was sufficiently impressive, and/or the applicant pool was skimpy. This was not a measure of desperation to attract candidates to an otherwise unattractive organization. It was part of a calculated plan to reassert the authority of ONI by making our counterintelligence and criminal investigative support available on a worldwide basis.

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***"...for the truth is that some measure of the success of any special agent rests indelicately but firmly on the backs of the clerical staff."***

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Many of the responsibilities imposed by the ONI charter were going unmet, responsibilities that in some cases had slipped by default to CID, base police and/or other agencies and commands. This was due primarily to sheer lack of manpower, but we suffered as well from a lack of cohesive direction. But with new leadership, needed changes were underway. Field offices were being beefed up to meet the challenge, and experience was needed while training programs were being put together and implemented. These old non-college investigators provided some of that experience. So during the period of our transformation from a rag-tag band of background checkers to a professional organization with world wide-capability, this group of old war horses manned the fort until help arrived.

Their work was of uneven and questionable standard, perhaps, but all who followed in their wake are in their debt. All of them are now long gone, victims of the higher standards and intensified professional pressures they themselves helped to create. Some retired, some resigned and a few died while still in harness, all to be replaced by a new breed of warrior.

Many of these old timers were none too impressive looking. Some well into their forties when they came aboard. For the most part they were experienced criminal investigators and the travail undergone in gaining that experience had taken its toll.

But they brought with them much needed expertise, expertise of the hard won variety, rough edged, lacking the nicety and polish of that acquired in the classroom, a plain, unpretentious, blue collar kind of expertise, the kind that induces solid self confidence, and produces steady, if not spectacular, success.

A few were as much minor con men and salesmen as they were investigators, as evidenced in part by their having talked their way into the job in the first place. This characteristic could be seen occasionally in some of the more personalized "professional" techniques used on a day to day basis.

Nor were they all good report writers. But then a college degree has proven to be a rather poor predictor of report writing ability. This shortcoming they shared with many of their college educated brethren, some of who, it must be said were not always comfortable when paired with one of these old ware horses.

This was usually not because of question of competence, it was more a concern about image. To some of the newer agents image was an overriding consideration. A trim figure, sharp suit and shiny pair of wingtips seemingly meant more than solid performance. These eager, well educated youngsters had yet to learn that image only enhances professionalism, it does not induce it.

That competence is earned, not worn. And Brooks Brothers are not purveyors of talent. They only sell clothes.

That these old rogues had rough edges and serious faults cannot be denied. They would probably come off wanting if matched against almost any of today's special agents, but the office was much better for their presence. They added that indefinable element that is too much missing in this day of straight lines and sharp corners.

They were to NIS as a knuckle bone is to a pot of homemade beef soup. They brought a heartiness to the mix, they added substance, even a little gristle perhaps and odd though it seems, not a little warmth.

Our trio were an unlike one from another as is possible to be. One was elegant and tough, another a genuine charlatan, and the third a sort of rustic renaissance man. All different but all equally unforgettable.

The first of the three did not entirely fit the mold. He had been an enlisted marine in the 1930s during the period when marines actually wore a uniform with a collar, or neck, that was made of leather. He took his discharge in Shanghai, China, and stayed on working in a civil police capacity with a British constabulary unit.

The tales he told of his China days captivated me and fed my pre-existing fascination with the China of that period. Such interest had begun with the reading of the semi-autobiographic novel, "Sand Pebbles", written by a very talented, retired MM1, USN. I loved the book and greatly enjoyed the resulting Steve McQueen movie. The tales told by our ex-marine made the book come alive, made it seem almost real to me. So much so that I am no longer sure just where he leaves off and Steve McQueen begins.

Following his China days, our man worked for ONI on the U.S. West Coast. It was never clear to me what his duties were, I only knew that he did some pre-war surveillance of Japanese nationals and that he worked out of his home receiving assignments and submitting his reports via a post office box. Sounded very bondian, absent of course all the good stuff.

He was the NISO-Honolulu polygraph operator. I don't think that more elegant term "examiner" was then in use. But then in those days we did not have sanitary engineers or print communication specialists either, just janitors and typists. Our polygraph operator was of the old school meaning that OJT had accounted for the biggest part of his training and that deception criteria was determined as much by gut reaction as it was by the interpretation of ink squiggles.

He was a successful PG (polygraph) man, not in the class of the modern day PG legend certainly but for some of the same reasons. The PG in his hands was as much prop as tool. His insight, instincts, and ability to induce and accurately interpret the telltale nuance, carried him most of the way.

His six foot ramrod straight imposing presence, Telly Savalas bald head and penetrating steel grey eyes did not hurt either.

His character was as upright as his ramrod carriage. Right was absolutely right, wrong absolutely wrong and grey was a ship's color, not a euphemism for a moral no-mans land. Whining excuses for criminal behavior and psychobabble explanations would make his eyes glaze over and crackle like old porcelain.

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Not that he didn't recognize and accept mitigating factors. He did but for a factor to be mitigating, it would have to be on the order of a gun being held to one's head. "Hang the b-----d" was a favorite phrase. He also had a way with words.

He was always nicely dressed and was absolutely fastidious in habit and manner, especially as concerned his work space. Everything was always dust free and neatly in place. A firm believer as well in the clear desk policy, all office supplies were stowed in carefully arranged drawers.

When he wrote a report the only items on his desk were a pen, a sheet of paper, and two elbows. Cleanliness was

paramount. He regularly polished his PG unit and wax the top of his desk at least once a week, and you would no more put your feet up on that desk than you would put out a cigarette in your boss' coffee.

For this ex-marine had a temper that was triggered by anything, or anyone, who sullied or brought disorder to his personal space or belongings. When so offended his face would tighten, then redden, and his bald pate begin to glow until it seemed his entire head was pulsating. It was like watching Kilauea rumble and seethe.

I never saw him go to the actual point of explosion, but the prospect alone was usually enough to drive the detestable fouler from his presence.

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***"He had been a base detective before ONI. Anything before that was obscure..."***

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The display was also sufficiently frightening to render him essentially immune from the depredation of the office practical joker, who despaired mightily over the loss of such a responsive target. But our joker, while sometimes foolish, was not a fool.

This intransigent, regal, always tidy ex-marine, died of a heart attack one month before his scheduled retirement. Honolulu was to have been his twilight tour, and upon retirement he and his wife were to leave on an around the world cruise, a cruise for which tickets had already been purchased. The abruptness and seeming unfairness of his death had a quieting effect on the office, and the impact was long lasting. It was hard to accept that someone so strong, could be taken so quickly, without even a chance to fight back, and the absence of that stalwart presence was keenly felt by everyone. For months after his death I would occasionally pause beside his old desk and run my hand across the still waxy surface.

Our second old timer was very unlike the first. He was in his mid fifties, stout, squat, and at least sixty pounds overweight. But he was one of those guys whose weight and ample girth do not seem to detract from their overall appearance. sort of like Santa Claus.

He was round all over, round face, round arms, even his chubby little fingers were round, and his neatly trimmed William Conrand mustache just fit his face, matching perfectly the bright grey of his full head of hair.

He had been a base detective prior to ONI. Anything before that was obscure, probably by design. But wherever his travels had taken him, and whatever he had done, lives buffeting had taught him well. He read people accurately, if not quickly, and he always knew friend from foe. He had

three weaknesses known to everyone in the office.

First, he was addicted to ice cream, especially the kind on a stick, which he ate with delicate skill, while advising all within earshot that the item would in no way unbalance his "diet." Second, he wrote poorly and with extreme difficulty. Every case in his portfolio was at least two months delinquent. He danced his way around this problem by requiring all witnesses and subjects to prepare holographic statements, which he then left with command to satisfy adjudication requirements.

The ROI, no longer necessary in his view, could be prepared later, usually much later, and these ROIs were the ultimate in brevity. The meat was presented in synopsis paragraph, and that paragraph was likely to be one long rather convoluted sentence, punctuated only by one final period.

His third idiosyncrasy was more a defense mechanism than a weakness. He would not, nay could not, admit to error or mistake. He would have sooner bitten off his tongue. I have seen him feint, shift, maneuver, bluster and explain with adroitness.

He was honest, I do not mean to imply otherwise, but he subscribed to the philosophy espoused by Don Marquis' fictional cockroach, who as you might remember, maintained that honesty, while always the best policy, must be kept strictly under control.

An incident that pretty well exemplifies this rounded agent's inability to fess up, occurred at the Barber's Point pistol range during a quarterly shoot. We were all standing under the tin roofed shelter that covered the shooters stations, waiting out an interlude of liquid sunshine, when we were startled out of our polyesters by a pistol shot in our midst. The bullet had gone through the roof right over our heads, and had been cranked off by our error free friend. After a several second period of deathly silence, everyone turned to look at him and deliver a chorus of "What the hells".

There he stood, obviously as shaken as the rest of us, looking accusingly down at the smoking gun in his hand, while declaiming loudly with as much sincerity as he could muster, "but it was not loaded."

His redeeming feature was his rather uncommon ability to obtain statements (holographic of course) of admission from subjects.

Most of the cases were in the soft categories, and most of the subjects young, but even so his batting percentage must have been easily twice the organizational average. In light of this record it sounds uncharitable and grudging to then say that he was not a good interrogator, but I will say it. He was not a good interrogator. He was a talker though. I'm fairly certain that most subjects left the interrogation room knowing a great deal more about him than he knew about them. But then again, he knew all he needed to know.

He was not a particularly articulate man, and I never knew him to plan an interrogation. Now like most of us, I

have winged a few myself, but he winged them all! I once listened in on one where he called subject by the accusers name throughout the entire session, and still emerged with a signed statement. He repeatedly violated all the rules of good interrogation technique, in part because he probably did not know them, but more likely because his own rules worked wonderfully well for him.

Within certain real limitations, he could get anyone to admit to anything, with his cherubic countenance, knowing chuckle and a smile that caused every wrinkle in his face to cure upward, anyone across the desk from him got the impression that he would be mortally wounded by a lie. It would be akin to deceiving your beloved and kindly grandfather.

The very appearance of this Santa Claus in mufti seemed to engender in subjects a desire, if not compulsion, to seek redemption by quickly confessing to all sins and/or crimes, freely implicating along the way all friends, co-workers and loved ones. Santa would then request the standard holographic statement to be provided to command, with ROI to follow, someday, maybe, if ever.

I used to cringe seeing him emerge from the interrogation room with that big mustachioed smile, and a list of 47 names. In part out of resentment I suppose, but because I also know that I or other agents in the vicinity, would be assigned to follow up on the biggest part of that list.

He was known to go aboard ship in response to single request, and to debark several weeks later with thirty NOCPS in a variety of categories.

During the interim he would have nightly regaled the wardroom with his tales of dearing done. Commands loved him, although it is a good betting proposition that not one of them could recall having read, or even seen, and ROI he had written. It didn't really mater though, action having been taken long before, based upon the trail of holographic statements he forever left in his wake.

The old rascal died ten years ago or so. Knowing him I would imagine the reckoning process to be still underway with his yet having admitted any error whatsoever. And it is just as likely that he has inveigled a request for his assistance in taking confessions of others. Wherever he is, I hope it is a place with a dependably supply of his favorite brand of "Diet" ice cream, and where writing implements of any sort are eternally banned. God rest his clever old soul.

Rounding out our trio of old pirates is a man I liked and admired, a man for whom my respect has increased with the passage of time. He was by far the least impressive of the three in outward appearance. A homely man in his mid fifties, whose clothes, however nice, always seemed ill

fitting, and whose shoes were as often scuffed as shined, he paid scant attention to externals.

When excited or in a hurry, his bowed legs launched him into a sort of shuffle trot, somewhat like that of TVs Edith Bunker. He was cheerful, big hearted and down to earth, the kind of man, who when not on the road, brought a sack lunch from home every working day of his life.

Any deficiency in physical aspects was more than compensated for by the inner man. The template that formed his character, had been cut from pretty substantial stuff. Complete honest was not an option, it was a reflex. He was without guile, but able to labor among cynics without serious harm, by following a set of self formulated rules that roughly paralleled the lighthearted dictum of Pope John XXIII. These semi-serious papal guidelines advised on to

never believe all that is heard, to be wary of offered proof, and to never tell all one knows.

He was a careful man with a plain, uncomplicated mind, who refused to lapse into the jargon of our trade; that jargon used by young agents to give the

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***"This man had more facets  
than a disco mirror ball..."***

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impression of experience, and by the experienced to let you know they have already been there. Nor did he otherwise take on the coloration of his surroundings. Despite having lived nearly all of his life in the tropics, with an early marriage to a Tahitian woman, and a second to a Chinese, he remained as Midwest as corn.

Born to Oklahoma, he came to Hawaii during the nineteen thirties, accompanied by a younger brother whom he supported and educated. He earned their living employed as a Honolulu trolley driver, and he apparently did a good job with the education, since that younger brother was eventually to become a Federal Judge in U.S. occupied Okinawa, with the unique distinction of holding court in Japanese. Between his trolley driving days and coming on board with Oni sometime during the fifties, he held a variety of jobs.

My information is somewhat sketchy, because he only reluctantly talked about himself. What I do know was pried from him while riding to and from work in his old landrover, or on those few occasions when we were together on an extended investigative foray of some sort. I did know that he had been self employed private investigator at one time, that he was a game manager on one of Hawaii's oldest family owned estates, and that he had worked as an investigator for the office of Price Administration during WWII.

But of more interest to me, were his many avocations and pursuits apart from the job. This man had more facets than a disco mirror ball.

During the pre-WWI period, he had travelled in the South Pacific as a sort of one man peace corps under whose auspices I do not know. While in one Island group he instructed and assisted the natives in the construction of a large scale bamboo trestle, flume project, designed to provide fresh water to the village. He also taught them how to make soap by using lye leached from ashes, combined with oil sun dried from coconuts. It was during this period, I believe, he married the Tahitian woman, by whom he had three children, two of whom I was to know as high school friends, long before I was to know and work with their father.

One of his off duty pursuits was an anomaly of sorts. He was an accomplished circus clown. I say anomaly, because in all the time I knew him I cannot recall every having heard him tell a joke. He had a great sense of humor, and obviously enjoyed a good laugh, but I never saw him deliberately attempt to provoke laughter in others.

In addition to having appeared as a clown, he taught clowning and had mastered the art of Chindonya, a Japanese form of clowning, in which guise he had also appeared professionally, in Japan. I have seen him perform and it was marvelous. Once behind the make-up and in costume, he became an entirely different person. Gone was the self controlled man with the careful and measured approach. He was free as a bird. He had discovered release therapy, before it became fashionable and expensive.

Another of his interests was the great outdoors. He was a hunter. Not easy in Hawaii where his landrover had to be barged to the outer Islands. He was also a hunting guide for the rich and famous, and a dog trainer of wide reputation with turn away clientele. At his own place on Kaneone Bay, only several miles from my then home, he raised goats, several kinds of chickens and a trio of the most well behaved dogs it has ever been my pleasure to be around.

Tropical Flora and Fauna were his forte. He many times would stop his landrover to inspect a roadside plant that caught his eye, and has pointed out to me plants that were unique or edible or known to him to have medicinal value. I was to learn why Euell Gibbons was a minor hero of his. (He even looked somewhat like old Euell) I knew he sometimes went on hikes for the purpose of photographing birds, and I thought this to be just and idle pastime, until on Sunday morning on Midway Island.

He and I had been sent to Midway to cover a double homicide involving two AUW compound guards, who had been found shot to death while on post. It was a fascinating case that among other quirky aspects, involved the autopsy of a Goony bird, the result of which had provided the basis for establishing a motive for the double homicide.

As might be imagined, our work days were long and intense. We were on the Island for a ten days or more, and I was looking forward to an upcoming Sunday morning when I fully intended to take a, "church break", by sleeping in.

However, come Sunday morning, I was awakened by my

colleague in his usual way, at the usual time, and asked if I wanted to accompany him on a bird watching foray to a remote part of the Island. The bed was warm and lovely, and I had always thought bird watching to be the hobby of old maid librarians, but I did go, and the rest of that morning is as vivid in my memory as if it were yesterday.

Once we hit the ground he began a running commentary on every variety of bird we encountered, and this was not just a recap of some National Geographic article he had read. He provided informed, detailed, intimate knowledge, about the history, habits and behavior of Frigate Birds, Pink and Blue Footed Boobies, Fairy Terns, Morning Doves, the several varieties of Albatross, and other birds no longer remembered. We even had a session on the monk seal, a few of which having beached themselves on the sand nearby.

This he did not in a pedantic way intended to impress, but patiently, almost lovingly, much as a collector of rarities would talk about his most prized pieces, or like a father explaining something new and meaningful to a son. I appreciated it and greatly enjoyed it, and marvelled once again at the depth and breadth of his interests.

He was not a scholarly man, but he was forever curious, and he had a penchant for thoroughness. When a subject captured his interest he committed himself, and not content to merely poke about for the odd nugget, mined the vein to the very end of the seam. On that Sunday morning I had been the beneficiary of the delightful habit.

It was on the same trip that I discovered another habit of his: Keeping physically fit. Each morning at around six am, he would go through a fifteen minute session of something called the Canadian Air Force Physical Fitness Routine. He liked to stay in shape in preparation for his hunting trips, he said. We were sharing a commodious room in an old wooden BOQ, and the jumping jack, and running in place portions of the routine, shivered every timber in that old building. The thump-thump-thump was certainly heard, if not felt, by everyone in the BOQ. It was loud enough to set the Goonies outside to squawking.

On a couple of mornings, apparently seeing my bed bouncing a bit, he asked if I wanted to join him. I let the offers slide. Had it been anyone else, I would have complained loudly, but I didn't, feeling I suppose that his motives were pure, although it might have been difficult to scare up anyone else in the building who shared that opinion.

From time to time he would tell me about some of the cases he handled as a private investigator. None were in big stakes criminal category, or anything Raymond Chandler would have been interested in, but a few obviously had required some imaginative technique and inordinate common sense, both his stock in trade. Had the money been better and the hours shorter, I think he would have remained a PI. The job allowed him to work alone, dependent only upon himself, and I know he much preferred that.

Occasionally, in context normally, he would pass to me tips, or insights, or investigative ploys he had picked up as a PI. I remember being pleased when he did so, and now wish I had taken notes, because only two come to mind.

One concerns the telephone and how one can call out, bypassing the dial, by lifting the receiver and tapping out the desired number on the cradle button. He had used this method when making calls from closer or unattended taxi stands. Such stands in Honolulu being of the open air variety, secured their telephone merely by locking the dial. I thought this very clever twenty five years ago, and was sure that I would one day put it to dramatic operational use. Since my operational days are over, and the routine does not work on dial tone phones, I think the idea can be safely retired, albeit still in its virginal state.

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### ***"Common sense was his universal yardstick..."***

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The second item concerns a man's necktie, and how those with diagonal strips can be used to determine the nationality of the wearer. Most of the neckties made in Europe, especially those in Britain, have stripes that slant downward from the wears left. Those made in the USA are usually the reverse. Increased travel and export/import considerations have diluted the reliability of this little test, but it is still a good rule of thumb. During my five years in London I many times turned this knowledge to insignificant advantage.

I have known many men who were better investigators, but few with a better sense of values than this old timer. He knew his limitations, and unlike myself, accepted his strengths without pride, and his weaknesses without resentment.

Common sense was his universal yard stick, and in whatever he did, getting it right the first time was as important as getting it all. He very much disliked retracing his steps, and seldom did so, feeling that reploughing the same ground produced little more than reassurance.

Detailed analysis and report writing were not strengths. ROIs were laboriously produced. But I saw this to be more an indication of early training denied, than the measure of the man. In any event, what he lacked in technical skill was balanced out by his absolute integrity.

Mistakes were openly admitted, and he would speak against his self interest without pause, if honesty so demanded. Dissembling was a foreign as lying, and his word once given was inviolate. Promises and commitments were not idly made, and he was sparing with money and time as well, wasting neither, one of the reasons he never smoked or drank.

Waste time he did not, but strangely he allowed his time to be wasted by others. One of my fondest images of those

times is seeing him down pencil, and push away from his desk when anyone entered his office. There he would then sit with hands in lap, looking expectantly as if every visitor was a messenger of great moment.

He did not gossip, but he would hear the gossiper out. He seldom asked for assistance, but always gave a good faith response to those who did, and he made himself available until the visitor left his office. His basic frugality did not apply when he was giving of himself. He was a generous and honorable man.

My first tour coincided with what was to have been his last, but it was one contract he could not keep. He died of a heart attack on Mother's Day Sunday 1966, a year or so after the death of our ex-marine. They had shared the same partitioned work space, and as it turned out, the same fate.

As agents we many times are involved with the death of strangers. While we maybe affected by the tip-toe hush that sometimes hovers in the presence of the great mystery, we necessarily keep our emotional distance, and are usually little more than spectators to the grief. But such experience no matter how many times repeated, does not harden the heart, nor does it offer any immunity from the gripping chill that comes with the death of a friend. Death then stuns. It scrambles all logic, debases all meaning, and we are helpless, helpless even to comfort those whose grief exceeds our own. We can offer only a caring presence, while that sense of bewilderment and feeling of incomprehensible loss is shared in brimming silence. So it was with me that Sunday, and for long afterwards.

### **The Author**

Mr. Kersenbrock retired in 1984 following a distinguished career as an NIS special agent, which included a tours of duty in Viet Nam and the Middle East.

He was the Regional Director for Operations in Europe at the time of his retirement. He now lives in Eugene, Oregon.

His purpose for writing these columns is to "...provide the New with an opportunity to see the Old as something more than unknown, short-haired men in an old photograph who sported skinny ties, wide lapels and cuffs on their pants."

# RESERVES

## FORMER POLICE CHIEF

### CRIMINOLOGY PROFESSOR DOES SPECIAL ACDUTRA AT NISCOM

One of the nation's top criminologists recently performed 47 days special active duty for training at the Naval Investigative Service Command recently.

Capt. Merlyn D. Moore, USNR-R, is a full Professor at the Texas Criminal Justice Center at Sam Houston State University, Huntsville, Texas. He has over 25 years of experience in the areas of law enforcement and criminal justice, and is the commanding officer of a Naval Reserve intelligence unit.

"I think it was an extremely valuable experience," Capt. Moore said. "It's just another example of the long history NIS has of utilizing the reserves. I've always believed that when I took an ACDUTRA with NIS that I was put to use."

While on SPECACT, Capt. Moore worked on two projects. One involved developing two-week Navy law enforcement and physical security management course tentatively scheduled for December. The other was assisting in the investigation of the explosion of the No. 2 turret on the U.S.S. Iowa (BB-61) which claimed the lives of 47 sailors.

"Due to the sensitivity of the case I would prefer not to say anything about the case itself," Capt. Moore said. "However, I think it is significant that NIS was quick to utilize a reservist in an investigation of this magnitude."

Capt. Moore is nationally recognized for his expertise in the analysis of police operations and he has served as consultant to the Enforcement Division of LEAA (on the Atlanta child



CAPT MOORE AND REAR ADM. SCHACHTE

murders); National Crime Prevention Institute; Texas Commission on Law Enforcement Standards and Education; and LEAA's Integrated Criminal Apprehension Program. He has also provided consulting services to many Texas police agencies including Houston, Dallas, Beaumont, Corpus Christi, Galveston, McAllen, and Longview among others.

His most recent appointment was Project Director for the Multi-Agency Investigation Project on Serial Murders for the National Institute of Justice. Prior to this appointment he was Field Manager for the National Missing/Abducted Children and Serial Murder Tracking and Prevention Program, Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention, U.S. Department of Justice.

Between 1978 and 1980, he served

as Police Commander of the Administrative Services Division of the Eugene, Oregon, Police Department where he also was Project Director of the Integrated Criminal Apprehension Program.

Prior to that he served as an associate professor at the Sam Houston State University Institute on Contemporary Corrections and Behavioral Sciences (1972-78); research assistant at the School of Criminal Justice, Michigan State University (1971-72); doctoral fellow of the National Institute of Justice (1969-71); and, staff member, National Center of Police and Community Relations, Michigan State University (1968-70).

Between 1965 and 1968, he served on active duty as a naval intelligence officer. He remained in the reserve program and currently holds the rank

of captain where he serves as Commanding Officer, CTF 168 HQ 0310 Austin, Texas. Prior to this assignment he was Chief of Staff for Reserve Intelligence Area Seven which encompasses the states of Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas.

Capt. Moore has a PH.D. from Michigan State (Criminal Justice and Criminology), an M.S. (Criminal Justice), and a B.A. (Police Administration) from Indiana University. Capt. Moore has also completed many specialized training courses in intelli-

gence at U.S. Navy Schools. He is a graduate of the Senior Management Institute for Police (Police Executive Research Forum) and the Oregon Police Academy in Managing Criminal Investigations and Managing Patrol Operations.

# RESERVE FCI COURSE IS CONDUCTED AT NISCOM

Thirty three Naval Reserve officers attended the Reserve Foreign Counterintelligence Course held at NISCOM Headquarters 5-16 June 1989.

The two-week course, held at NISCOM Headquarters in the Washington Navy Yard, covered topics such as criminal investigative authority, laws and statutes of espionage and security offenses, hostile intelligence services (HOIS) organizations, HOIS recruitment procedures, espionage investigations, technology transfer, and terrorism.

Those attending the course included:

Lt.Cmdr. Michael P. Finney, NISRO 2010, NAS Pensacola, FL;

Lt.(j.g.) Thomas G. Neal, NISRO 2010, NAS Pensacola, FL;

Lt. Tena R. Opava, NISRO 2010, NAS Pensacola, FL;

Lt Owen C. Lee, NISRO 2010, NAS Pensacola, FL;

Lt.Cmdr.(Sel) Eugene T. Recore, NAS Pensacola, FL;

Lt.Cmdr. Joseph R. Drinkhouse, NISRO 0893, NAS Willow Grove, PA;

Lt.Cmdr. Daniel P. Miller, NISRO 0893, NAS Willow Grove, PA;

Lt.Cmdr Joseph Wizda, NISRO 0893, NAS Willow Grove, PA;

Ens. Drew F. Lieb, NISRO 0893 NAS Willow Grove, PA;

CDR Peter T. Kaminskas, NISRO 0893, NAS Willow Grove, PA;

Lt.(j.g.) Joseph M. Bredehoft, NISRO 0893, NAS Willow Grove, PA;

Lt. Stephen Shelesny, NISRO 1972, NAS Glenview, IL;

Lt.Cmdr. John Scully, NISRO 1972, NAS Glenview, IL;

Lt.(j.g.) John M. Spiritosanto, NISRO 1972, NAS Glenview, IL;

Lt.Cmdr. Van R. Weinman, NISRO 1274, NAS Jacksonville, FL;

Lt. Peter J. Imholz, NISRO 1274, NAS Jacksonville, FL;

Lt. Robert W. Lassiter, NISRO 1274, NAS Jacksonville, FL;

Lt.Cmdr. Mark R. Raley, NISRO 1274, NAS Jacksonville, FL;

Lt.Cmdr. George J. Roark, III, NISRO 2182, NAS New Orleans, LA;

Cmdr. Ralph Ross, III, NISRO 2182, NAS New Orleans, LA;

Lt.(j.g.) Michael H. Stewart, NISRO 1779, NAS Memphis, TN;

Lt.(j.g.) John E. Robert, NISRO 1779, NAS Memphis, TN;

Lt.(j.g.) William H. Schaffner, NISRO 1779, NAS Memphis, TN;

Lt. Del M. King, NISRO 1779, NAS MEMPHIS, TN;

Cmdr. Richard L. Nielson, NISRO 2687, San Francisco, CA;

Lt.Cmdr. Cheryl D. Hole, NISRO 2210, Corpus Christi, TX;

Lt.Cmdr. Robert E. Howe, NISRO 0201, Newport, RI;

Lt.Cmdr. Deborah T.P. Ward, NISRO 1407, Charleston, SC;

Ens. Nannette Miller, NISRO 0986, NAS Norfolk, VA;

Ens. John Mannarino, NISRO 0986, NAS Norfolk, VA;

Lt. Raymond M. Volluz, NISRO 2422, Seattle, WA;

Lt. Bryan C. Cooper, NISRO 2422, Seattle, WA;

Ens. Rodney C. Johnson, NISRO 2422, Seattle, WA;



REAR ADM. GORDON WITH FCI CLASS

# 'JOHN PAUL JONES' DOES AN ACDUTRA AT NISCOM

Despite bearing a famous Navy name, Cmdr. John Paul Jones denies that it had any influence on him when he decided which service to join.

"My family served in the Navy, but no one was career Navy," Cmdr. Jones said. "My grandfather was the commanding officer of a sub chaser in World War I and my father was a landing craft coxswain on D-Day.

"I only chose the Navy because I wanted to fly. And I knew the best flyers were in the Navy."

Like his grandfather and father, Cmdr. Jones did not make the Navy his career, although he has stayed in the reserves and is now the commanding officer of Naval Investigative Service Regional Office Reserve Unit 0986.

Cmdr. Jones is a professor at the University of Richmond School of Law, where he teaches constitutional law, administrative law, military law and admiralty law. He was assigned to the office of the NISCOM Staff Judge Advocate during his two weeks ACDUTRA in July.

"We are able to draw on his expertise as a law professor to several major legal issues," said Maj. Ron McNeil, USMC, the NISCOM Deputy Judge Advocate. "This summer we've had three lawyers come in to work with us as reservists."

The other two Naval Reservists are Lt. Cmdr. Gordon Ivins and Lt. Frank G. Iervolino. Lt. Cmdr. Ivins, who is from the Washington, D.C., area, is the senior trial attorney for the Trident submarine litigation team. Lt. Iervolino is a Deputy Attorney General for the State of New Jersey in the Organized Crime and Racketeering Bureau of the Division of Criminal Justice.

"All three have contributed significantly to resolving some projects we've had," Maj. McNeil said. "These officers have been very impressive, and highly motivated. When they finished their assigned projects, they came back to me looking for more. They've been very productive."

"One of the projects I am working on is NISCOM's procedures for using computers in researching fraud cases," Cmdr. Jones said. "A new law passed by Congress last year imposes a number of restrictions on this investigative method. "I am also working on NISCOM's role in civil forfeiture."

Cmdr. Jones attended Marquette University where he was in the NROTC. Following graduation in 1969, he went to flight school in Pensacola, Florida, and became an Naval Flight Officer/Radar Intercept Officer (NFO/RIO).

After flight school, he went to Vietnam where he flew F-4 Phantoms off the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk.

His next assignment was at the Naval Air Station at Miramar, California, where he became an instructor for

pilots and NFOs flying F-14 Tomcats.

He left active duty in 1974, and went to Law School at the University of San Diego. After graduation in 1980, he went to Washington, D.C., and worked for the U.S. Claims Court.

The following year he went to Yale Law School and after earning a masters in law in 1982, accepted a teaching position at the University of Richmond.

Meanwhile, he made a change in his reserve career, switching to intelligence. He is now commanding officer of a NIS reserve unit which has ten officers. "Two are already credentialed (Reserve NIS Agents)," he said. "Two have been approved (for credentialing) and two are pending."



**CMDR. JONES CONFERS WITH MAJ. McNEIL**

Regardless of where he has served, on active duty or in the reserves, he periodically has to go through the process of answering some obvious questions about his name. The most obvious one is "How did he get it?"

"I'm a junior," Cmdr. Jones said. "The family story is that the night my father was born, my grandfather and his XO went out to celebrate at a bar near the Boston Navy Yard and came back with this brilliant idea to name my father John Paul Jones."

Has it helped or hindered his Navy career?

"I figure over the years I've broken even," Cmdr. Jones said. "It's given me as much grief as it has opened doors."





## RESERVISTS TRAIN AT KINGS BAY

The following completed the Reserve NIS Basic Agent Course held in Kings Bay, GA, 28 November 1988 to 9 December 1988:

Lt.Cmdr. Mike Cogswell, NISRO 0301, Portsmouth, NH;  
 Lt. Michael L. Crews, NISRO 2010, NAS Pensacola, FL;  
 Ens. James Galbraith, NISRO 2794, San Diego, CA;  
 Lt.Cmdr. John Galligan, NISRO 1407, Charleston, SC;  
 Cmdr. Bruce L. Hagen, NISRO 2010, Pensacola, FL;  
 Ens. Ralph Hansen, NISRO 2794, San Diego, CA;  
 Lt.Cmdr. Roger Hoover, NISRO 2794, San Diego, CA;  
 Lt. Peter Imholz, NISRO 1274, NAS Jacksonville, FL;  
 Lt. Del King, NISRO 1779, NAS Memphis, TN;

Lt.(j.g.) James Lennon, NISRO 0301, Portsmouth, NH;  
 Lt.Cmdr. Steve Lepkowski, NISRO 0502, Groton, CT;  
 Ens. John Mannarino, NISRO 0986, NAS Norfolk, VA;  
 Lt.(j.g.) James Miles, NISRO 1274, NAS Jacksonville, FL;  
 Ens. Nanette Miller, NISRO 0986, NAS Norfolk, VA;  
 Lt.(j.g.) Thomas Neal, NISRO 2010, NAS Pensacola, FL;  
 Lt. James Osborne, NISRO 2794, San Diego, CA;  
 Ens. Mike Papa, NISHQ 0166, Washington, D.C.;  
 Lt. Len Pawlak, NISRO 1972, NAS Glenview, IL;  
 Ens. Joseph A. Porto, NISRO 2210, NAS Corpus Christi, TX;  
 Lt.Cmdr. Mark Raley, NISRO 1274, NAS Jacksonville, FL;

Lt. Eugene Recore, NISRO 2010, NAS Pensacola, FL;  
 Lt.(j.g.) John Riordan, NISRO 0201, Newport, RI;  
 Lt.(j.g.) John Roberts, NISRO 1779, NAS Memphis, TN;  
 Lt.Cmdr. Patrick Sayne, NISRO 2819, Los Angeles, CA;  
 Lt.(j.g.) William Schaffner, NISRO 1779, NAS Memphis, TN;  
 Lt.Cmdr. Roger Schoonover, NISRO 0986, NAS Norfolk, VA;  
 Lt.(j.g.) John Spiritosanto, NISRO 1972, NAS Glenview, IL;  
 Lt. Darryl Studer, NISRO 1274, NAS Jacksonville, FL;  
 Cmdr. Belton Weeks, NISRO 1407, Charleston, SC;  
 Lt.(j.g.) Richard West, NISRO 1407, Charleston, SC.

## FIGURES SHOW SPECRACT SUPPORT

Naval Reservists supporting NISCOM performed 1,246 days of special active duty for training (SPECRACT) during FY-89.

There were a total of 10,985 days of SPECRACT allocated in FY-89 by Commander Naval Air Reserve Force (COMNAVAIRESFOR), Code 59, which manages the Naval Reserve Intelligence Program (NRIP), to the 35 gaining commands supported by the NRIP.

NISCOM's share accounted for 11 percent of the SPE-

RACT, even though NISCOM reservists represent about six percent of the NRIP.

The SPECRACT was utilized for the Basic Agent Course, the Reserve Foreign Counterintelligence (FCI) Course, and direct support of NISCOM operations around the world, including Fleet Week in New York during May and the protective service detail assigned to Capt. Will Rogers, USN, commanding officer of the USS Vincennes.

# SPORTS



## 'TACKLING CRIME'

OR

## FORMER FOOTBALL PLAYERS ARE SCORING AS NIS SPECIAL AGENTS

**By Gary M. Comerford**  
**Public Affairs Officer**

When it comes to football memories, Dale McCullers has something most players only dream of -- a Super Bowl Ring.

McCullers was on the old Baltimore Colts team that defeated the Dallas Cowboys 16-13 in Super Bowl V.

Eighteen years have passed since that NFL title game took place in the Orange Bowl in Miami. Gone are legends like Johnny Unitas, Mike Curtis and Ted Hendricks. Gone too are the likes of the Cowboys coach, Tom Landry. Even the Colts have gone, at least from Baltimore, and now reside in Indianapolis.

Yet what remains for McCullers and other like him, who played football before coming to NIS, are more than just memories. What they bring with them are some very important lessons learned, literally, from the school of hard knocks. And it's these lessons which they believe have made them better law enforcement officers.

"It helps you with self discipline," said SA McCullers, who is now one of the NIS instructors at the Federal Law Enforcement Training Center at Glynco, Georgia.

"You learn leadership principles on the field," SA McCullers continued. "And most importantly, you develop endurance in meeting opposition in life. You learn to hang in there and keep fighting...like in the fourth quarter. There

is a lot to get out of it in terms of building character and mental toughness."

SA McCullers played college football at Florida State, where he was a three-year starter at linebacker for the Seminoles of Coach Bill Peterson.

"We went to a bowl every year; the Sun bowl, the Peach Bowl and the Gator Bowl," said SA McCullers. "We won the Sun Bowl, tied Penn State in the Gator Bowl 17-17, and lost to LSU in the Peach Bowl."

During this time the honors came rolling in for McCullers. In 1967 he had 17 unassisted tackles against Memphis state and in 1968 he made 21 unassisted tackles against Texas A&M, earning him the Associated Press Lineman of the Week honors twice. In his senior year he was voted to the National Enterprise Association first string teams and landed a second string honors from the AP. He was later drafted into the FSU Football Hall of Fame.

Following graduating in 1968 with a degree in criminal justice, McCullers signed with what was then a new team in the NFL -- the Miami Dolphins. Two years later he was released by the Dolphins, but was picked up by the Colts.

"I was on all the kickoff, punt return and suicide teams," SA McCullers said. "Plus, I backed up All-Pro Mike Curtis and Ted Hendricks.

"I played on the same team with Johnny Unitas and I played against some of the great ones, too. I've tackled Joe Namath. I've played with Dick Butkus and all the greats. That's one of the blessings of being good in sports."

Unitas, the legendary All-Pro quarterback for the Colts, exemplified what a leader should be, according to McCullers.

"He stayed after practice an hour extra to throw to his receivers so they could get better," SA McCullers said of Unitas. "He was a quiet, reserved person who led by example. He didn't say much, but when he did, everybody listened. The team had a lot of respect for him."

SA McCullers' NFL career came to an end in 1971. "They placed me on waivers, so I went back home to Florida," he said. "I worked in the Florida prison system as a classification officer, then became a criminal investigator for the State Attorney for three years. I came with the NIS in 1977."

A lot has changed since then, according to McCullers. To begin with, the pay in the NFL has improved quite a bit.

"When I started with the Dolphins my salary was \$21,000 with bonuses and all," SA McCullers said. "When I ended up in the Super Bowl with the Colts, I think I made about \$45,000."

Another change has been in the quality of athletes now playing football.

"Athletes today are much bigger and stronger," SA McCullers said. "They are groomed much earlier than we were. They are schooled better in complex offenses and defenses."

"If you could chew bubble gum and walk and hit somebody, you could play in my day. And if you were aggressive, you could get by on intimidating people. Today, it takes a much smarter athlete. Although the fundamentals of the

game are the same, today's athletes are in an accelerated game."

Football definitely taught SA McCullers a lot, but the most important lesson had nothing to do with the game itself.

"There is a lot to get out of football in terms of building character and mental toughness," SA McCullers said. "But the most important thing a college football player can do is get an education so you can do something after football is gone. You are stupid if you don't pursue the academic side of your college enrollment."

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***"I played on the same team as Johnny Unitas... I've tackled Joe Namath."***

**- SA Dale McCullers**

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One who did make the most of the opportunities he had, both on the field and in class, was SA Al Chester, who like SA McCullers is an NIS instructor at FLETC.

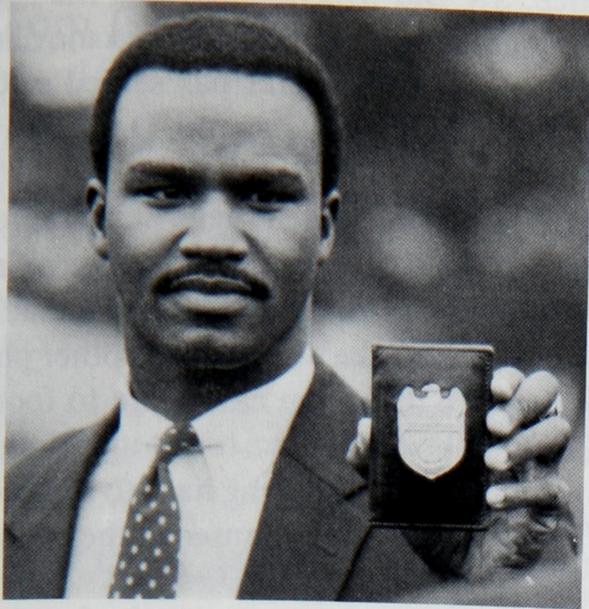
SA Chester, a native of Jacksonville, Florida, went to Ribault Senior High School where he both an athletic and academic standout. He lettered in football, basketball, track and baseball and graduated in the top ten percent of his class.



## **NOW . . . AND THEN**

**Above, SA Dale McCullers as he appears today in his office at FLETC. At right is highly-touted Florida State linebacker McCullers sacking the Louisiana State University quarterback in the 1968 Peach Bowl. McCullers went on to the NFL and played for the Super Bowl V champion Baltimore Colts.**





## NOW . . . AND THEN

Above, SA Al Chester as he appears today on the front of the NIS recruiting brochure. At right is Chester as he appeared in 1978 as the star quarterback for NCAA Division 1-AA national champion Florida A&M.



He was recruited by a number of schools, including Tulane, Iowa State, and the University of Miami, but chose to go to Florida A&M in Tallahassee.

"I selected Florida A&M because I thought I would get an opportunity to graduate," SA Chester said. "I was concerned about being exploited, because during that time frame so many black athletes were going to big schools and not graduating. I thought it would be an opportunity to be a student athlete and be successful. In laymen's terms I wanted to be a big fish in a little pond."

Thanks, in part, to SA Chester, the "pond" got a little bigger while he was there.

In his senior year, SA Chester capped a fabulous career as a college quarterback by leading Florida A&M to a 35-28 victory over the University of Massachusetts to win the first NCAA Division I-AA national championship. SA Chester scored his team's first two touchdowns in that December 1978 game, which was played at Wichita Falls, Texas.

He finished his career with some impressive statistics, throwing for 30 touchdowns and running for 15 more, and with an overall passing completion rate of 52 percent.

He was equally as impressive in the classroom, where he graduated with honors and received the Florida A&M University President's Award for being the top student athlete.

At the age of 25, SA Chester was inducted into the Florida A&M Hall of Fame.

"I wasn't a bad passer," SA Chester said with a wry grin as he looked back over his college career. "I thought that

was one of my greatest assets. But we had finesse ball club and that's why my job was so critical, because I had to learn to read a lot of defenses. We ran the slot I offense and I ended up having to master the triple option.

"I had a film projector in my room and I watched film during my off times, in between classes, before practice, after practice, and before I went to bed. I felt like if I was mentally prepared for the game, I could help the team. In 11 of 12 games we played my senior year, we scored on our first possession."

It seemed only logical that SA Chester would get a chance to continue his success in the NFL.

"My senior year I had done everything right to get drafted in NFL," SA Chester said. "I was Black College Player of the Year in 1978...Jet Magazine and Ebony Magazine All-American...team MVP three years...and All-Conference in the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Conference three years in a row."

Unfortunately, sometimes logic doesn't prevail and Chester never got the call he expected.

"After I didn't get drafted, I got several calls from teams that wanted me to play defensive back or wide receiver," SA Chester said. "A scout from the Cowboys told me before the draft I was probably going to have to make my living running backwards as a defense back. But I felt that I had proven myself and deserved an opportunity to get a shot at playing quarterback in the NFL."

"I had been playing quarterback all my life. A scout from the Cleveland Browns told me he thought I could play in the league. He compared me to (Cleveland quarterback)

Brian Sipe and said I had more physical talent than he did.

"Cleveland had a back-up black quarterback, Dr. David Mays, a dentist. So I felt I had an opportunity. I was really excited about Cleveland, but it never happened. I was bitter. That was the lowest point in my life. I was very hurt and angry."

Like a lot of players who refuse to quit, SA Chester went to Canada and played football. But in his second year there he developed tennis elbow and decided, "It was just time to find something else to do."

So SA Chester left Canada and returned to Florida.

"I went home and I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to do," SA Chester said. "I did some high school coaching, teaching and even got into city politics. I was an administrative aide to the city mayor (Jake Godbold) for two terms."

Finally, a chance meeting put SA Chester on track to a career in the NIS.

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***"Nothing comes easy.  
You have to make sacrifices.  
It's the same with NIS. Max  
out every day."***

**- SA Al Chester**

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"I was out in the city on business visiting a site and a friend introduced me to the sister of (SA) Rene King (now SARDO at 20HQ)," SA Chester said. "We started talking and she told me Rene was coming through Jacksonville, which is her home, on her way to the Philippines.

"I asked her what kind of work her sister did and she told me Rene was special agent with NIS. I said, 'What is the NIS?' and she went ahead and told me. I called the

Jacksonville office. SA Bill McGuinness was the special agent-in-charge. I screened right there at Jacksonville."

Since joining the NIS SA Chester has served at Cecil Field, Florida; Adak, Alaska; Washington, D.C.; and now at FLETC.

"I think athletics is probably the greatest experience an individual can have," SA Chester said. "It's the ultimate experience a kid can have growing up because it teaches you so many things you can take with you into other phases of life. "Everything I've done you can relate to football. You get knocked down and you have to get up. You have to work hard. I relate that to practicing hard to be successful. You learn all the pluses and minuses in the spectrum of life.

"Everybody wants to win but not everybody prepares themselves to win. Everybody wants to jump up and down and be a part of it on Saturday or Sunday, when you play, but it's Monday through Friday that's the most important...preparing yourself to play. It's hard work. That's the bottom line. Nothing comes easy. You have to make the sacrifices. It's the same with NIS. Max out every day."

There are quite a few former college football players in NIS, SA Chester said, including two who played on the same team at James Madison University.

"Chuck May had a lot of success at James Madison," SA Chester said. "He played in the USFL in Chicago. He was teammates with Tom Gribben in college."

SA May and SA Gribben were teammates at JMU in 1982. That year the Dukes had a lot of talent, including Gary Clark, who is now an All-Pro wide receiver for the Washington Redskins, and Charles Haley, who is now an All-Pro linebacker with the San Francisco Forty-Niners.

It was SA Gribben's junior year and his first season at JMU, following an outstanding two years at Montgomery Junior College in Rockville, Maryland.

SA May was a senior runningback and the Dukes' top rusher.

### **Chuck May - 5'7" - 218 - Senior - Running Back - Norfolk, VA**

JMU's top returning rusher and a very key player for the Dukes this season...Three-year letterman...Team co-captain...Carried the ball 96 times for 475 yards and three touchdowns last season...Led the team with an average of 4.9 yards per carry...Had JMU's longest run from scrimmage last season when he went 71 yards against Towson State...Rushed for a career high 125 yards in 11 carries against Towson State last season...That was the 12th best single-game rushing performance by a JMU runner...Is eighth on JMU's career rushing list with 702 yards...Returned a kickoff 48 yards against the University of Virginia in 1979...Three-year letterman in football at Lake Taylor High School where he earned All-District honors three times and All-Region honors twice...Lettered in five different sports as a junior and senior at Lake Taylor...Business and communication arts major...Born April 17, 1962.

**- From the 1982 JMU Football Guide**

## Tom Gribben

Jr. - LB-DE - 6'2" - 216 - Laurel, Md.

Transfer from Montgomery Junior College who figures prominently in the Dukes' plans as a linebacker...Played in the Coastal Conference all-star game last season and was a junior college first-team all-regional selection for two seasons...A second-team junior college All-America selection last season...Team captain at Montgomery Junior College as a sophomore...A football and baseball standout at Laurel High School where he was named Athlete of the Year as a senior...Team captain in both football and baseball as a high school senior.

- From the 1982 JMU Football Guide



SA GRIBBEN, FAR RIGHT, WORE NO. 13 FOR JMU

"The first week of football camp at JMU you could sense who were the leaders," SA Gribben recalled. "And you could sense that Chuck May was one of the top leaders. He led by example and through words of encouragement."

SA Gribben was even more impressed when the two first met on the field.

"When you make a tackle, you usually punish the runningback," SA Gribben said. "But when Chuck was running the ball, he punished the tackler. I had first-hand experience in practice. The hardest collision I've ever been involved with was with Chuck May.

"He had a swing pass out of the backfield. I was covering him as a linebacker. We both met at full stride. He got up and jogged back to the offensive huddle and I jogged back to the defensive huddle.

"In football you don't let people know you are hurt and I didn't. But the numbness didn't go away for a whole series of downs."

It's doubtful if SA May escaped the collision entirely unscathed, however.

SA Gribben was known to be a hard hitter. The previous year, while at Montgomery Junior College, he had been one of the nation's leading tacklers and was a second team Junior College All-America selection. In his senior year at JMU, he received the "Motivator of the Year" award, a selection made by the coaches based on a combination of enthusiasm, team spirit and big hits.

If one word describes SA Gribben, it is "motivated", because these accomplishments occurred after he had sustained injuries that threatened to end his football career.

The first occurred in August 1979. SA Gribben had a football grant-in-aid from the University of Maryland and was at football camp when he injured his back.

Although it did not appear as if SA Gribben would be able to continue his football career, Maryland coach Jerry Claiborne told him that his scholarship would be honored and that he could complete his education.

It was an offer many people would have accepted. But SA Gribben turned it down and went to Montgomery Junior College so he could continue to pursue a dream that began when he started playing football at a local Boys Club in Washington, D.C..

"It was a burning desire I've had since I started playing football when I was nine," SA Gribben said. "I played at the Police Boys Club. That's how I got interested in law enforcement, because all my coaches were police officers.

"I've never wanted anything to defeat me. I felt that if I had stayed at Maryland, I would have been defeated. I didn't want to give up my dream."

SA Gribben's dream came true. He had two outstanding years of junior college football and landed another football grant-in-aid to JMU. Once again, he was hampered by an injury. But once again, he came back.

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***"The hardest collision  
I have ever been involved  
in was with Chuck May."***

**- SA Tom Gribben**

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"My first year, when I was a junior, I injured my knee early in the year and missed the first couple of games," SA Gribben said. "I played some that year. My second I didn't start but I played a lot and I was captain of the special teams."

For SA Gribben, football is more than a game. It is a way of life.

"I live by the motto of the three D's -- desire, dedication and determination," said SA Gribben.

His performance after football continues to prove it. He holds the distinction of graduating first in his class at FLETC in both academics and physical fitness -- twice!



## NOW . . . AND THEN

In the picture on top, SA Brook Heider fires the UZI. The picture above shows him as he appeared when he was a linebacker for a U.S. Army team.

After graduating from JMU in 1984 with a degree in political science and criminal justice, SA Gribben joined the Capitol Police, which does its training at FLETC. "The reason I joined the Capitol Police is because my old Boys Club coach worked for the Capitol Police," SA Gribben said.

After joining the NIS in 1986, he went through FLETC a second time.

SA Gribben is now stationed at NISCOM Headquarters in the Washington Navy Yard, where he is winding up a tour in the Criminal Investigations Directorate. His next assignment will be in Hawaii, where he is looking forward to getting back together with an old JMU teammate.

"Chuck May and I will be working together in Hawaii," SA Gribben said of SA May. "He'll be the regional training coordinator and I will be one of the instructors for the Pearl Harbor office. Hopefully we can team up together and be on some basketball and softball teams."

Look out, Hawaii.

If one word had to be used to describe former William and Mary College linebacker Brook Heider, that word would be "intensity".

SA Heider was raised in Williamsburg, Virginia, where he played for Lafayette High School. In his senior year, the "Rams" finished as the 1973-1974 State AAA runners-up. His performance that year netted him All District and All Region honors.

"We set a state record that year with eight shutouts and only nine points scored against us during a 10-game regular season," SA Heider said. "That record still stands."

SA Heider went on to play for Randolph Macon College, an NCAA Division III school in Ashland, Virginia. In his sophomore year, the school won the Old Dominion Athletic Conference, finishing with a 9-1 record.

In 1976 he transferred to William and Mary. During the 1977 season he played for the Indians. "We were about .500 my senior year," he said.

The following year, SA Heider was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Army, where he continued to play football.

"I played on the Ft. McClellan, Alabama, semi-pro team," SA Heider recalled. "We played other semi-pro teams and other military installation teams throughout the Southeast.

"In 1979 we were 7-3. I had a lot of fun that year because I was getting paid as a lieutenant and my battalion commander gave me plenty of time to play ball. Of course he came to all the games to make sure I was producing."

One of the team's most memorable games was played against one of the local teams. It was tough game, even for the 6-2, 220-pound Heider, who was a graduate of the Army's airborne and Ranger schools.

"It was called the Turkey Bowl and was played on Thanksgiving Day," SA Heider said. "We played the Anniston (Alabama) Chamber of Commerce. They put together a team of ex-college players. A lot of them were from the University of Alabama, which was just down the

road. They had a lot of big ol' boys, but that year we beat them. I think the score was 14-7."

After completing his Army service, SA Heider joined the NIS in 1981. He has served at NISRA Fleet Support Norfolk, afloat on the U.S.S. Nimitz, at NISRA Norfolk, NISRA Naples, and now at NISCOM Headquarters where he is assigned to protective services and is an instructor in the Special Protective Anti-Terrorism Seminar (SPATS).

"I wasn't a star. I was a team player," SA Heider said as looked back on his football days. "I didn't always consider

my physical attributes to be the greatest, but I had more intensity the some other people who were bigger and stronger than I was.

"The bottom line is being a survivor...playing your hardest until the final gun sounds. You have to have that desire to win and survive. You have to work hard all the time. And those same principles apply in NIS, especially when the job gets tough."



## NISCOM FAMILY PICNIC

Above left, Kim Highfield prepares to swing away while catcher Michelle McConnel and umpire Joe Razzano look on. Above, Tom Buongervino watches as a teammate lofts a volleyball. At left, Al Wake, Maris Juanakias, watch Andrea Robinson, Tayloria Cearnel, and Moses Ammons do the cooking chores.

(Photos by SA Jim Poindexter)



## MEETING WITH PRESIDENT BUSH

Representatives of the Nation's top law enforcement agencies recently met with President George Bush at the White House in June. In the front row, from left to right, are: Mr. J. Brian McKee (NIS), Mr. William Bennett (the President's coordinator for drug matters); President Bush; Attorney General Dick Thornburgh; and Secretary of the Treasury, Nicholas Brady. In the second row are: Mr. Sal Martoche (Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Law Enforcement); Mr. Brian Bruh (Assistant Commissioner in Charge of IRS CID), Judge William Sessions (Director of the FBI); and Maj. Gen. Gene Cromartie (Army CID).

In the back row are: Chief Postal Inspector Charles Clauson; Director John Simpson (Secret Service); Director Mike Quinlan (Bureau of Prisons); Mr. Dick Stiener, Chief U.S. National Central Bureau of INTERPOL; Director Steve Higgins (ATF); Brig. Gen. Frank Dillon (AFOSI); Commissioner Alan Nelson (I&NS); and Administrator Jack Lawn (DEA). Missing from the photo are: Commissioner of Customs William von Raab and Director Stanley Morris (U.S. Marshals Service).

This group, less the President, Secretary Brady and Mr. Bennett, meets once a month for lunch to discuss matters of mutual concern. When President Bush learned of the group's existence, he asked to host the June luncheon, which was held in the Cabinet Room at the White House.

Each attendee had an opportunity to brief the President on investigations of significance being conducted by their respective agencies. Mr. McKee briefed the President on the Ill Wind Task Force operation, the investigation of the blast aboard the USS Iowa, the increase in cases of sexual abuse of children, and the NIS focus on espionage activity in the Department of the Navy.