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www.internationaltactical.com
310-471-2029 (Office)

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Couples Class - If you read Scott's article in the latest SWAT magazine he talks about couples working together safely and effectively in emergency situations on the street, during earthquakes, riots and dealing with an intruder in your home. He cites a potentially dangerous situation in which we found ourselves years ago and how it taught me a lesson. Does your significant other know how to safely handle your pistol if you're not around during a break in or do you have an emergency plan in effect? Most people don't until it's too late. On October 11-12 we will cover planning procedures, emergency medical procedures, team tactics, working in and around vehicles and in the home with air soft, setting up a safe room and much more. You will learn to work together as a team. It could make a big difference to you someday!

Defensive Handgun II – Those of you who have completed Defensive Handgun I often will ask us, "what class do I take next" and the answer is Defensive Handgun II coming up on October 4-5. Handgun II is the second part of Defensive Handgun and covers care and maintenance of the pistol, speed reloading, balancing speed and accuracy, varied distance shooting, night time shooting techniques and more.

Private and Off Site Classes- I don't think a day goes by when we don't get an inquiry regarding off site and private classes. So here's how it works. If you have a group of friends, family, police officers, etc and want to have your own private class, we can set it up for you. The price will vary depending on the type of training you want, how many participants will attend, how many days the training will involve and where the training will take place. The advantage to scheduling a private is that you can train with your own group of people, decide which weapon systems you want to learn, the level of training you want and when and where the training will take place. Even the hours are set by you or you can choose one of the private days on the schedule. Many law enforcement groups prefer private classes because they can train together as a team and work on group tactics. We are currently scheduling off site classes for 2009. If you would like a quote for private training, please contact me as soon as possible to find out when we will be in your area and to get the dates that work best for you. And don't forget that as the host, you get two free spots in the class. To schedule classes at our range, we prefer at least four weeks notice. Don't wait until the schedule is full!

Courses Coming up Soon:

October 4-5	Defensive Handgun II
October 11-12	Couple's Class- (only \$650 for two)
October 17-19	Atlanta Problem Solving Tactics
October 21-23	Boston Vehicle Defense
November 7-9	Ft Lauderdale Intermediate Handgun

Most months we will have photos
from classes
Watch for yours!

September 2008- March 2009 Course Schedule



September 29-Oct 1 *Rifle/Handgun in St. Paul, Minnesota

October 4-5

Defensive Handgun II

October 11-12

Couple's Class – **NEW**

October 17-19

Problem-Solving Tactics in Atlanta, GA

October 21-23

*Vehicle Defense w/ Rifle/Handgun in
Boston, Massachusetts - **NEW**

November 7-9

Inter Handgun- Ft Lauderdale, FL- **NEW**

November 7-9

Defensive Handgun III

November 14-16

Advanced Tactical Shotgun

November 15-16

Defensive Handgun I

December 6-7

*Nighttime Vehicle Assault/Stops - **NEW**

December 12-14

Advanced Handgun

January 10-11

Defensive Handgun II

January 30-Feb 1

Tactical Shotgun/ Handgun

February 7

Private Instruction

February 7-8

Defensive Handgun I

February 27-March 1

Active Shooter – **NEW**

March 7-8

Defensive Handgun III – 2 day – **NEW**

March 21-22

*Vehicles Assaults/Stops

March 27-29

Tactical Carbine/Handgun

* Denotes Law Enforcement Restricted Courses



Taking the Train by Scott Reitz

Training overseas is a real treat. We meet old friends and make new ones and our experiences are always different and unusual. Somehow, somehow, Brett and I always manage to sightsee and work and travel without too much difficulty except on the last trip we had. Now Brett - being the pragmatic and common sensed individual that she is, stated that in order for us to travel from Paris to Monaco to visit friends who reside there, it would be better to rent a car and drive as we have done in the past. I on the other hand, opted for the train. I had traveled on the train when I lived in Naples, Italy as a young boy and I thought it would be fun. First mistake, never go back to the past. She relented with that "okay- have it your way".) We left from the Gare De Lyon railway station in the heart of Paris. It was the last day of training with the French National Police and we drove from the GIGN site to Paris and I was sweaty, hot and filthy and we hit Parisian traffic in full force - not fun! Anyway - we get to the station and we elected to stay in the hotel at the station thanks to Jordan, one of our sons, who graciously made arrangements while we were en-route to the station. We had a few hours to clean up. Eat and sleep and then down below to the train which is right below us and then to an easy trip to Monaco with no hassles. First off - nothing in Paris is easy. There are no real signs denoting just where your particular train might be. There are thousands of people milling about all in a similar state of confusion as well. The Parisian railway police don't seem to know where our train is, the train people don't know where our train is and no passengers know where our train is. Somehow we found it with one problem. It's on the other side of the station and off we rush bags in hand. Now there are several hundred people waiting in front of the turn-styles for an ethereal signal that neither of us are even remotely aware of. Three bells and off they go. It looked like a lemming feeding frenzy. I took off carrying and heaving our bags to look for our passenger car number. As luck would have it we are waaay out in front (about four hundreds yards out to be exact.) We get to our car with literal seconds to spare and now have to find our seats in first class. The seats are in no reasonable sequential order. They skip numbers from one to the other in a totally random fashion. Our seats do not exist as far as I can tell. Discretion being the better part of valor we take two unoccupied seats and wouldn't you know it? The real seat owners both of whom are disabled - come and claim their seats. Okay - no problem. The train starts moving and we have luggage to place away. The only 600 lb French woman that I have ever seen is now blocking the aisle. The conductor who was noticeably absent when we were searching for our seats - has now materialized from out of nowhere. I don't know how he did it - he just appeared. "Pardon monsieur- you must take zee seats while we are leaving zee station." (With a French accent) The problem is that we could not place our bags away, find our seats and remain stable while doing so while the train moved. I was rather short with Brett (definitely my fault) and she in turn became short with me. So we find our seats, I get around the rather corpulent form of this French beauty and place the bags away and we sit in silence. An elderly French woman shot looks at me like daggers for being less than gracious to my wife when we sat. She did not break her stare for about five minutes. (Tough old gal.) The trip was fine until we hit about the fifth stop from Monaco. I got off the train to stretch and asked one of the conductors how much longer to Monaco. "Monsieur - zee train is now on zee strike and you must transfer to zee train over there!" Are you kidding? Off we go to transfer for the last train ever, leaving for Monaco. So much for first class. We transfer and are now sitting on our baggage. We are now packed into a train car like sardines, we have an old French WWII veteran who was quite charming and was kissing us and regaling in WWII stories which were rather interesting to me but not to Brett as there was no air conditioning and 1000% humidity. The train stopped every 400 meters (I'm not kidding) and it once stopped inside a tunnel and all the lights went out for fifteen minutes. Now in a darkened tunnel with only one set of tracks, no way out, in a mountain pass, pouring sweat, packed against some individuals who have an aversion to soap is not the way to travel! I kept looking for the proverbial oncoming train headlights which thankfully - never materialized. When we finally reached Monaco, Brett looked at me and simply stated, "Next time we rent a car." Point well taken.

Train Photos



Small village in the countryside

French WW II Vet



View of French Riviera



The Hemingway Bar

The Bar Hemingway resides in Paris in the Ritz Hotel. Brett and I are ardent fans of Ernest Hemingway and his works and as such she arranged for us to have drinks there with one of our Parisian friends. The bar, although upscale, is designed to evoke the era of Hemingway while one converses on all manner of subjects. There are big game heads and fish and rods and reels and shotguns mounted on the walls. The paneling is dark wood and the lighting is low. There are old copies of Life magazine that feature the Pulitzer Prize-winning writer on the walls. There is also a collection of police patches in a frame directly under a light at the far end of the bar. It takes time to take in all the sights in this establishment as one begins to relax and the eyes adjust to the low lighting. I happened to glance at the frame of police patches and one caught my eye instantly. There – in the center - was a dark navy blue Los Angeles Police Metro patch. Now where and when this ever came about is a complete mystery to me. There are patches from all over the world but this one was mine (at least where I served almost all, of my career) and here it was dead center in the heart of Paris in the Bar Hemingway in the Ritz. The waiter did not know where it came from, the bartender did not know where it came from and our friend could not figure out how it ended up there either. It may have been a favor for a drink, it may have been a favor for something more than a drink (Metro guys do this from time to time) or it may have been from someone's collection who has no idea of its significance – I don't know but I do know this; if you go to Paris and drink at the Bar Hemingway you will be in good company and our Metro patch will be looking down upon you!



Cape Buffalo & Hemingway Photo



Metro Patch is dark blue fan-shaped with white letters



One of Hemingway's Prized Guns



Bust of Hemingway & photos



Looking Back on the LAPD- Combat Wrestling

We conducted combat wrestling back in the Academy in 1976. This was an all out - no holds barred – fight to the finish. The instructors had great time of it but it was all for the express purpose of keeping us alive on the streets. In one match I ended up being put out with a carotid hold. To me it was a seminal point in how I trained and prepared in the future. Once you're out - there is nothing to stop or prevent whatever it is that may transpire. It is not much of a party. For any of you out there in law enforcement it is the one thing you never want to come to fruition – at least to you. The ground fighting and mixed martial arts that is common and popular today was not so much in evidence back then. We were given some rather complicated wrist locks back then that were all but impossible to apply in the field against a combative and aggressive suspect. God knows I tried - but the suspects on the street didn't read the same manual of compliance that my partners in the Academy on the training field had. I realized that a simple front kick, a baton strike, a bar arm control hold or locked carotid were always the fastest and most effective method of controlling a suspect. Nothing is more embarrassing than trying to place a double whammy - reverse wrist lock - to two fingers behind the ear in the balanced swooping crane position on a suspect and having him slip out of it. There's theory and then there's reality.

I was with one experienced and somewhat older training officer when we once stopped a suspect. The suspect charged at us as if he was an NFL fullback. My partner sidestepped, put his foot out and tripped him and he proceeded headlong into the black and white and was out colder than a mackerel. "Cuff him up junior." There is no substitute for experience. The one habit that I got into straight out of the Academy was to always, always wear my vest. Some of my partners did not. Most officers today do wear their vests but back then such was not the case. Even today on the range most of our students wear their vests in training which alters the way techniques are applied and how you operate. This is a good thing. Foot pursuits back then were not fun when you were in full equipment with all the weight and the constriction of the vest. A simple one block foot pursuit was a lot more tiring than you might think.

I am glad that I experienced what would be considered in today's day and age – old fashioned police work. It was an era of polished leather, wood batons, six shot revolvers, fast police cars with no air conditioning and your wits. It was a different era that will never be repeated. We were a small police force relatively speaking and we were a very thin blue line that seemed to hold the tide. Most everyone on the force was there for a full career and the division had tremendous pride in itself. We all knew one another and you worked five days a week for 8.45 hours. We knew what went on in the other divisions as we were briefed on incidents that occurred in divisions other than ours. Wilshire was full bore - twenty four hours a day - and you were seldom bored. Something was always happening. I would stand on the roof of Wilshire station prior to roll call and feel the Pacific wind coming in from the west in front of a setting sun and I knew that the approaching night would reveal things I had never seen or experienced before. It was a great time.