FROM CORPORAL TO COLONEL

VIA
THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT
KEITH D. BUSHEY

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Dedication

First, to my brother Laurence Bushey (RIP), a Korean War Marine veteran, twelve years my senior, who inspired me to be a Marine. All the USMC trinkets that he brought home to me might as well have been solid gold. From emblems to belts to collar insignia, each was an inspirational treasure.

Secondly, to Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Vetter USMCR (RIP) who created the opportunity and provided the pathway for my return to the Marine Corps as a commissioned officer. Like me, he was also a law enforcement officer, retiring from the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department as a Commander.

Next, but arguably first in every category, are the men and women who served their country during the Vietnam War. Many of these wonderful persons went, in a short period of time, from the deadly and harsh jungles of Vietnam to being spit on and vilified by anti-war protestors upon return to the country they had been fighting for.

Finally, to the wonderful personnel of the Los Angeles Police Department and the United States Marine Corps, past, present and future; both sworn and civilian. They are dedicated daily warriors in the non-stop battles to keep the citizens of Los Angeles and of the United States of America safe and secure.

Introduction

My life has been one of believing that the truth is often stranger than fiction, and this book is further validation of that belief. As somewhat of a loser and latchkey kid and having quit high school, while on probation for burglary at the age of sixteen, I had no reason to believe that I would achieve either of my two obsessions in life, to be a Marine or a police officer. As it turned out, I achieved both goals and rose to top level positions in both the Marine Corps and multiple law enforcement agencies.

My path was torturous, mostly by accident and with multiple doses of incredibly good luck and great timing. If I had to pick the single most critical factor in my journey, it would have to have been able to enlist in the Marine Corps on my 17th birthday. From that point forward and notwithstanding a bunch of big stones in the middle of the path, I just about always had the wind to my back; from light breeze to hurricane strength.

After Marine Corps enlisted service and after some fudging on my physical to get hired, I became a Los Angles policeman in 1966. With just a short time on the job, I was recruited to go deep undercover in Intelligence Division, with a mandate to investigate subversive and un-American activities, including sabotage and espionage. Within a few short days, I went from a cop bound by rules, boundaries and restrictions to a long-hair and bearded radical with no rules, training or geographic restrictions.

If this book seems a bit disjointed, or appears to have an imperfect trajectory, that is largely intentional. My goal was to tell my story and help the reader to understand the person that I became, by sharing

various incidents and situations that occurred during my journey from corporal to colonel, as well as some childhood proclivities and experiences that may help to understand why I became a Marine and a cop. Expansive experiences of both can be found in *My Marine Corps Journey from Private to Colonel* and *My LAPD journey from Street Cop to Commander,* both of which are available on Amazon.

This book is the story of that journey. For anyone who doubts the path and experiences, I don't blame you. I wouldn't believe the story had it not been me.

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Chapter One
BEING A MARINE WAS IN THE GENES

I can never recall a time when I did not want to be a Marine! My brother entered the Corps in 1950, when I was a mere six-year-old boy. He served for five years, achieving the rank of Sergeant; however, lived every day with the Marine spirit, until he passed in 1976. The occasional belt, deactivated booby trap device and whatever else he brought home became absolute treasures to me. It was an absolute accepted reality that I would quit school on my 17th birthday and join the Marine Corps, which is almost exactly what occurred; I quit school before my 17th birthday

Chapter Two
ADOLESCENT OBSESSIONS

My favorite locations were the many surplus stores still stocked with precious items from WWII and Korea, and the locker boxes in just about all my buddies' garages, full of their dads' military items. I devoured ever book I could find that was USMC related, including reading all kinds of stuff that was essentially meaningless – but it was Marine Corps! I all but completely memorized the entire GUIDEBOOK FOR MARINES, knew my General Orders word for word, could disassemble and resemble the M-1 rifle and literally knew and anxiously looked forward to everything that I would encounter in boot camp. Had there been a Marine Corps Jeopardy Show with me as a contestant, I would have been the top

winner. My favorite color was Marine green, and my favorite odor was that of surplus military canvas.

In mastering various military tasks, I made a few errors. First was my mastery of the military phonetic alphabet for radio procedure; I mastered the obsolete version (able, baker, etc.) as opposed to the replaced version (alpha, bravo, etc.) but ultimately got it right. My efforts to master semaphore flag communications were not much better; not only were my skills mediocre, but also, I could not find anyone stupid enough to join me in acquiring these skills! My time would have better spent just doing my school homework, but that seldom happened.

A youthful endeavor which has served me well throughout my life was being a hobbyist and listening to shortwave radios. To capture distant stations throughout the world, I became familiar with the frequency spectrum, the impact of atmospheric conditions, wavelength propagation and creating various types of antennas. Once you understand the above, it is just a matter of turning on a radio switch and dialing on your frequency. As an officer, I consistently had a better understanding of communications than my own school-trained communications officers. This was knowledge that turned out to be immensely valuable, especially during my tour as the commanding officer of 3D ANGLICO.

As a youngster, I was in several organizations that involved uniforms. The first was the Cub Scouts which ended badly when I got into a fight with the den mother's son; she suggested to my mom that I was a disruptive influence and perhaps should consider a "sabbatical" from the group. My mom didn't like the mother any more than I liked the kid, and I am still on that sabbatical. Within an hour of my dishonorable

discharge from the Cub Scouts, I had replaced all the Cub Scout patches with Marine Corps patches and was proudly parading around the neighborhood!

The second was the San Gabriel Valley Young Marines Drill and Rifle Team. I loved it! We wore cut down uniforms, had military-oriented meetings and continually marched in parades and participated in community events. Like many things, it became problematic because of a power play among parents, with me leaving when the kid of one of the meddling parents became the top Young Marine. Coincidentally, decades later that kid was assigned as my first sergeant during a combined Arms Exercise (CAX) in the Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center, 29 Palms. The old hostilities had long dissipated, and we had a pleasant association for the two-week duration of the exercise.

My final youth organization was the Civil Air Patrol, which had a genuine relation with the Air Force (not my branch, but certainly a fine outfit). Once again, the parents created what even I, as a kid, could see was screwed up; they all wanted to outrank one another and bask in the glory of their CAP ranks. I moved on.

Scholastic Achievements

Except for the sixth grade, I tolerated school; but just barely. I was the consummate "latchkey kid," who had little realistic supervision during the day. My dad was ill with cancer and hospitalized much of the time. My breadwinner mom – who was older than most of the other moms – worked long hours and did not have much energy left to provide homework guidance to me at the end of the day.

The exception to my otherwise undistinguished scholastic performance was the sixth grade at Van Wig School in Puente. On the first day of

school, a Korean War Army veteran introduced himself to us as our teacher and he - apparently because of some wise-ass remark that I made - literally picked me up out of my seat, hauled me outside, jacked me up against a wall, shook me a bit and told me to knock off my bullshit or it would be a rough year! I loved and respected that man, did all my homework, attained the coveted school safety "Gold Certificate," and got all good grades for that one year. I needed more Mr. Wilsons in my life!

Barely one month into my junior year, with a permission note from my mom, I went into the office at Duarte High School and dropped out. I was working at an autobody shop and reasoned that since I was about to enter the Marine Corps in a couple of month, I would likely get my GED certificate anyway (that was flawed thinking, but it happened!). It was a five-minute departure, with no encouragement to stay. I do not recall the secretary even wishing me well.

After School Fight – A Defining Event

An after-school fight marked a significant achievement in developing the person that I became. In about the 7th grade, I found myself being continually challenged to fight by school bullies, and the more I declined the more I was challenged. I didn't want to fight; I just wanted to be left alone. Finally, I had enough of this one kid's nonsense and agreed to fight after school. The other kid and myself, surrounded by a few other kids, threw a bunch of blows, and I drew some blood from a punch to his lip.

That two- or three-minute event changed my entire life and significantly shaped my persona. The other kid and I became pals, nobody at school ever challenged me again and from that moment I made it clear that I would not back down. The best way to avoid fights is to make clear that you will not back down. I have told all my sons that if challenged to fight at school and *some else throws the first blow*, respond with aggressiveness, and if you get suspended from school for a few days, I will take my warrior to Disneyland

Chapter Three
MARINE CORPS RECRUIT DEPOT

There was a minor glitch in my plan to enter the Marine Corps on my 17th Birthday, as my birthday fell on a Sunday! A second potential glitch arose at the Recruiting Station as my arrest for burglary (actually more of a trespassing after hours at Duarte High School) when 14 years of age became an issue. However, I was able to convince a major that I was worthy and anxious to be a Marine, and he signed a waiver. Immediately after being sworn in, the yelling and screaming began, and I swabbed the decks at the Recruiting Station until we were put on a bus to San Diego.

Upon arrival in San Diego, we were "greeted" by some mean and profane NCOs who used swagger sticks to whack us and move us from the bus to the back of a pick-up truck for the short journey to the Recruit Depot. Upon arrival we fell in on the historic yellow footprints. We then went on to have our heads shaved, personal items issued, more yelling and screaming and ultimately "hit the sack" in a regimented and somewhat violent manner. Most of the other recruits

were confused, unhappy and scared. I had the biggest smile on my face; I had been waiting my entire life for this day!

While I was pleased to be in boot camp, it was not always easy. Although I was always an outdoor kid and in pretty good shape, the physical conditioning was challenging, but I never dropped out of a run or failed to complete any event. Like everyone who ever went through boot camp, I have a bunch of memorable events and will mention a few of them.

Puking on the Grinder

For our first meal in the chow hall, we were given a very short time to eat and get back outside in platoon formation. We were told the "smoking lamp" would be lit if every man made it out in the allocated time (like three minutes). This was our first introduction to the reality that everyone succeeds or fails together. One poor soul was two seconds late, at which time the drill instructor took a cigarette from each smoker and put in the kid's mouth, lit all of them, put a bucket over his head and yelled "smoke, puff, smoke." The poor kid puked in the bucket and all over himself, all the while being demeaned by the screaming drill instructor. Note: Today's graduation bleachers sit on the site of that long since replaced mess hall, and the spot where the kid puked up his guts is on the grinder right in front of the bleachers. I think of that event each time I attend an MCRD graduation.

Off to a Good Start

It did not take long for the drill instructors to realize that I knew a great deal about the Marine Corps and was well-prepared for boot camp. As they started the process of teaching the General Orders, I immediately

started reciting them all until told to stop. When being introduced to the M-1 rifle, it was obvious that I knew it inside and out; when it came to History & Traditions, I could cite it all. Finally, the drill instructors would direct me not to respond when a question was asked!

Pugil Stick Training

The pugil stick training was among the most impactful of my boot camp training. It consisted of two recruits wearing football helmets and equipped with a large pole with padded ends, battling it out with one another. It was among the events intended to help develop fighting spirit, and it sure had an impact on me. I usually came out on the short end of the stick (pun intended), but it contributed significantly to my inclination, if necessary, to be aggressive and a warrior. To this day I can still hear the instructor, on an elevated platform yelling, *"Grab a ball, poke out an eye, kill, kill, kill!"*

Departed the Hospital Without Authorization

At about the fourth or fifth week, myself and a couple of other members of my platoon tested positive for measles and were hospitalized at the base hospital. I knew I would be sent back to another platoon if I missed three days of training. At the beginning of the 3rd day of hospitalization, a nurse said I was probably ok to return to training but would first have to be approved to return by the doctor who would be making his rounds later in the day. Bullshit! I got dressed and ran back to my platoon.

Dizzy on the Grinder

The three weeks of marksmanship training took place at Camp Matthew, long gone and now the site of the University of California, San

Diego. Going to and from the range was accomplished by a forced march between the MCRD and a marshy area which is now Mission Bay. Upon return, we were in formation and being awarded our qualification badges (I qualified sharpshooter), when I got dizzy and started to collapse. The drill instructor quickly led me to a shaded area and assisted me to sit down and rest. No way! I returned to the formation within a very few minutes.

The Everly Brothers – Fellow Recruits

Families were permitted to visit their sons toward the end of boot camp. I was thrilled to have a double cola and piece of chocolate cake, but certainly also to see my mom and brother (my dad was hospitalized).

On the grassy area next to us were two other recruits, the famous Everly Brothers, among the top entertainers of that era, who were also going through boot camp as six- month reservists; obviously to avoid the draft. They had previously sung for the rest of us during the marksmanship training at Camp Matthews. They were in the company of some very lovely young ladies! Note: In an interesting twist of fate, Phil Everly later married one of my wife's good friends, and Phil and I became friends and maintained a nice friendship until his passing several years ago.

My Closest Recruit Buddy – Russell Rowe

To the extent that I had a best buddy in boot camp, it was Russell Rowe from Chicago. Our bunks and locker boxes were adjacent, and we were roughly the same size physically. We occasionally chatted and were

often paired with one another during hand-to-hand combat training. At graduation he was transferred to an infantry battalion on the East Coast and, despite our mutual pledge to stay in touch, never chatted again. In September of 1965, Corporal Russell Rowe was killed from insurgent machine gun fire in the Dominican Republic. Rest in Peace Russ. Unfortunately, he was the first of many of my fellow Marines who died in the service of their nation.

Candy in the Palm Tree Caper

One of the twelve weeks of book camp was either mess duty or depot maintenance, and my platoon got the maintenance assignment. One evening we were scrubbing and polishing every inch of the battalion headquarters when I saw a candy vending machine, which was absolutely off limits to recruits, with dire consequences if we even looked at a piece of "pogey bait' (candy)! I couldn't resist and the next night, with a dime from my locker box, I bought a Mounds candy bar. After Taps (light out), I broke the candy bar into three or four pieces, ate one and planted the rest in the top fronds of a palm tree. For the next couple of days, after Taps, I climbed to the top of that palm tree and ate that delicious piece of candy.

Apparent Good Graces with the Drill Instructors

Toward the end of training, as the platoon was being organized for a graduation photograph, the senior drill instructor positioned me *on the bench* with the three drill instructors and another recruit. What the hell? The recruit seated on the other side of the three drill instructors had eight years prior service, including having been a Navy corpsman in Korea. This was an indication that perhaps I was in good graces with the drill instructors.

Meritorious Promotion to Private First Class

A couple of days before graduation I was among a very few recruits that were told to get a small amount of change out of our lockers and give it to one of the drill instructors, with no explanation. As it turned out it was for the purchase of the new style of PFC (private first class) chevrons, as I was being meritoriously promoted!

Graduation from Boot Camp

On February 10th, 1962, I officially became a United States Marine. To this day, I can visualize the exact spot where my mom and brother stood as my platoon entered the grinder (parade ground), and me as a private first class. I have had a bunch of promotions in a bunch of military and civilian organizations since that time, but none have risen to the pride that I felt that day. I went from pretty much a loser to a United States Marine in three short months. *Note: When I move on to eternal life, some of my ashes will find themselves into the grass along the MCRD grinder, including at this exact location.*

Chapter Four
FINALLY, A UNITED STATES MARINE

In this section of the book, I will share stories, experiences, situations, perspectives and observations, broken into categories based on the Marine Corps units to which I was assigned during each event.

Infantry Training Regiment

My exhilaration at my exalted status as a PFC did not last very long. The day following graduation from boot camp, about two hundred of us (the graduates of the four platoons that went through boot camp together) were transported in cattle cars (troop transport vehicles) to the Infantry Training Regiment (ITR). Upon arrival, I was one of very few people who were assigned mess duty as opposed to immediately starting infantry training, which also had the effect of delaying my ten-day boot camp leave. I was devastated and knew there had to be a mistake, as I was a PFC.

I approached the corporal who was obviously a cook and told him I thought it was likely a mistake because of my rank, to which he replied something along the line of "tough shit,' but did put me in charge of the spud locker. I spent the next two weeks peeling potatoes, then went on to complete the one-month infantry training course, which was non-stop firing of rifles, machine guns, 3.5 rocket launchers, mortars and flame throwers. This situation helped me understand that being a private first class was not all that exalted!

Boot Camp Leave

Returning to my home in Duarte, visiting my friends, and returning to my high school was most satisfying. I thought I looked spiffy in my dress green uniform, especially as a PFC with a cool Sharpshooter Medal. I strutted around the campus after school and basked in the glory of going from not so great to doing well. I ran with my old cross-country team and beat just about everyone else, where before the USMC I couldn't run the entire course without walking occasionally.

BBs for the “Trained Killer”

Although pissed and humiliated at the time, one of the funniest events in my life occurred during this boot camp leave. A couple of days into my leave I thought I would shoot some cans with my trusty Daisy air rifle but was out of BBs. I went to Reagan’s Toy Store and asked the clerk for two tubes of BBs, to which she asked for identification. I proudly displayed my USMC identification card, which she examined and said that I was only seventeen, and had to be eighteen to buy the BBs. I explained that while only seventeen, I was a United States Marine and a “trained killer,” to which she replied that I may be a trained killer but if I wanted those BBs, I would have to return with my mother! I was beyond pissed and humiliated, however my mom and dad laughed themselves silly when I told them what had occurred. To this day, I recognize it as one of the funniest events in my life! I’ll bet that clerk has told that story many times over!

Second Battalion, First Marines

The Marine Corps assigned me the basic military occupational specialty of 2500, communications. Since I could type (very little, but more than most), I was sent to Message Center School at Camp Horno, where I graduated number seven out of about thirty other new Marines, a source of great pride as I had never done well in school (except in Mr. Wilson’s sixth grade class!). From March of 1962 through June of 1963, I was assigned to the Message Center of H&S Company, 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Regiment at the San Mateo Area of Camp Pendleton. Although assigned as a teletype operator, I spent a great deal of time in the field as a field radio operator and field wireman.

Idiotic Mental Midget with Stripes

The Marine Corps is a great outfit, but not without its share of problematic people. One Friday afternoon as myself and some of my buddies were about to leave for a weekend of liberty, a poorly perceived sergeant started yelling and screaming over some minor issue. He announced that we were all restricted to the base for the weekend; all of us sat in our empty 80-person barracks instead of being able to leave the base. This situation had a very big impact on me, and I pledged to myself that if I was ever in a position of having people work for me, I would not tolerate such idiotic and abusive behavior. That lesson stuck, and it is one that I have lived by during my many years in positions of leadership. To the average reader this incident may not seem to be a big deal, but it was a very big deal for all of us who spent the weekend restricted in an otherwise empty barracks.

Emergency Request for Type "O" Blood

One morning there was a frantic effort to find Marines who could immediately be transported to a civilian hospital in Oceanside, to give blood for a person who had been in a traffic accident. As someone who has the most sought-after blood (O Negative), I immediately spoke up and was soon on my way in a van to Oceanside, with a few other willing donors. When filling out the donor blood paperwork at the hospital, the nurse announced that I was only 17-years old and could not give blood without parental consent! How stupid, especially when involving a life-saving procedure! The sergeant who had transported us told the nurse that he was my mother and he gave consent; the nurse was not persuaded, and I was not allowed to make the potential life-saving gesture. One of the other Marines commented that I had a very ugly mother!

Passed the General Education Development (GED) Test!

Shortly after arriving at the battalion, a notice came out inviting high school dropouts to take the General Education Development (GED) Test, for high school equivalency. I signed up, took the test and passed! How was it possible? Had I stayed in high school, where I seldom attended, I would have been halfway through my junior year, and now I'm a high school graduate (kinda)!

Drunk Old Time Marine vs. Armed 17-Year-Old Boot Marine

During an overnight shift in the Communication Center, I was confronted with an absolute dilemma, for which there was no good answer, but luckily turned out ok. One of the "old-timers" in the platoon, now certainly deceased was "Rat" Ratajac, who was big, mean, two-fisted and belligerent; and even more so when drunk. He was a pain in the ass under the best of circumstances and had an intense dislike for two staff sergeants (both also now deceased). One night around midnight, I was on duty in the Communications Center and armed with a fully loaded .45 pistol, with responsibilities that included protection of classified materials. Suddenly, a drunken "Rat" stormed in, knocked down a swinging door and started throwing desks and chairs around. Then he urinated in the desk drawer of one of the staff sergeants and subjected each of the smoking pipes in the pipe carousel of the other staff sergeant to some crude and sickening experiences that were beyond horrible.

From the moment he entered, I tried to reason with him, eject him, threaten him, plead with him to stop and leave; to no avail. Because of the presence of classified materials, my written responsibilities were clear and unambiguous, use deadly force, but I could only imagine the

fire storm that would have created. He finally stumbled out and I spent the rest of the night cleaning up the mess he had made. That asshole didn't remember a thing, and I never forgot the incident. I also cringed every time that one sergeant put one of those pipe stems in his mouth!

The Cuban Missile Crisis

I became part of history on a Friday morning in late October of 1962. I had early liberty and was went to the company office to get my liberty pass when the first sergeant announced that liberty was cancelled because the entire battalion was "mounting out." My battalion (2/1) was designated as the "Ready Battalion Landing Team" for October of 1962, with the month-long responsibility to be able to deploy wherever needed on a four-hour notice. Much of our equipment was staged in mount-out boxes, and every Marine had a field transport pack hanging on the end of his rack (bunk bed). Most of us thought it was just an exercise that would soon be cancelled, and we would be able to leave on liberty, but that did not happen.

As the day turned into evening, the base was locked down tight, phone calls were prohibited, those of us with personal vehicles turned our car keys into the provost marshal, barracks were cleaned out and vacated and excess gear was placed in seabags. We spent the night on the parade ground and were picked up early the next morning in cattle cars and transported to the Marine Corps Air Station at El Toro. Transport jet aircrafts (Boeing 707s) were lined up as far as I could see. We boarded one and took off.

After about two hours in the air, were informed that the destination was Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. This was the beginning of the historic

Cuban Missile Crisis when then-President John F. Kennedy demanded that the Russian nuclear missiles being placed on Cuban soil be dismantled. Within a couple hours of landing, we were all issued live ammunition and manned outposts along the base perimeter. At that time, we did not know why we were there but learned the reason a day or so later via the transistor radios that many of us had, as Florida was a mere 90 miles north of our location.

Got a Great Knife from a Frightened Squid

I was initially assigned to relieve a Navy Seabee (from Navy Construction Battalion Nine) who was manning a foxhole observation post alongside a three-strand wire fence separating the base from Cuban territory, with a Cuban soldier similarly situated about fifty meters away. A very funny and fortuitous thing happened for me; the Seabee had a very cool and then-hard to obtain K-Bar combat knife on his cartridge belt. When I asked how I could get one, he took it off and said it was mine, as he hurriedly and happily departed the outpost. I carried that knife for the rest of my career, and it now rests happily in my shadow box.

Permitted to Remain in a Combat Zone

A lifetime lesson occurred when I was summoned to the first sergeant's hooch (hut) and told that because I was only seventeen years old, I was being returned to the States because regulations mandated that Marines in combat zones be eighteen or above. I was devastated and pleaded with him to not do that to me, that I was a Marine and wanted to stay with my buddies. After a few moments of silence and reflection, he told me to get my ass back to my platoon and he would give the

matter some thought. I stayed in Cuba and later learned that he was sixteen years of age on Iwo Jima.

The “Derringer Incident” – Life Defining Incident

A life-defining experience occurred when I received a derringer .22 caliber pistol from home, which my parents sent to me after I stated I wanted a handgun. In that era, it was not unusual for Marines to have their own personal weapons in hostile places. Sending them via US Mail was no big deal, but the last thing I wanted was a stupid-ass derringer (I later obtained a .38 S&W revolver that I carried all over the world.) When I opened the package and was examining the gun, I placed a bullet in the chamber and was going to fire a round into the bush when another Marine, an idiot from our Flames (flame throwers) section, grabbed and cocked the gun, pointed it at me and pulled the trigger! Thank God it misfired, as the spring in that brand new gun was inadequate to strike the firing pin.

That was the first of several instances in my life that I am convinced the Lord had plans other than me possibly dying that day. At that time, we were clad only in skivvy shirts and a wound could have been fatal. Had that gun gone off, regardless of the severity of the wound, the consequences would have been very severe for all involved, including the first sergeant who allowed a seventeen old to remain in a combat zone; me (if I survived) for an unauthorized weapon. and the list goes on. Under any circumstances, it would have changed the trajectory of several lives, especially mine.

Overcoming Mosquitos, Snakes, Bugs and Scorpions (etc.!)

Another life-defining experience occurred in Cuba that has served me well for my entire life; dealing with mosquitos, insects and reptiles. At Guantanamo, my unit was not on the base, but far out in a very hot, humid, dense and inhospitable jungle. It was 108 degrees with close to

100% humidity. Like all of us, I was being eaten alive by hordes of mosquitos and was literally on the verge of hysteria, and unable to keep the non-stop blood suckers from every exposed part of my body. Then something snapped; it had to, or I would have gone crazy. I held out my arm and said, "Fuck it, help yourself!" We had to avoid snakes and shake scorpions out of our boots. On the few occasions that hot chow was brought to the field in vat cans, our food turned immediately black from the converging gnats as soon as the vat can lids were opened. Given the choice of going hungry or picking the gnats out of our teeth, we ate the gnats; there was no choice if you were a Marine in the field. After a week or so, mosquito nets and repellent were finally issued.

Banged Up a Bit in Cuba

I got a few bodily dents and scratches in Cuba. The first occurred when I tore up the webs of both hands while holding onto and tracing communications wire to try to find the breaks in the wire where Cuban infiltrators had put a pin through the wire to both create a communications short and also to tear up the hands of anyone (like me!) trying to find the break. My second injury was a nasty burn on my inner arm when spattered with white prosperous from a Cuban flare gun. I had a couple of ugly hands and a visible, nasty burn on my arm for several years after the incidents.

The Lieutenant was an Idiot

In Cuba, I learned my first lesson on how not to behave as an officer. As we were mounting out, a brand-new communications officer with the rank of Second Lieutenant was assigned as our platoon commander. He was a conceited and self-serving idiot who was widely and deservedly disrespected, with the senior enlisted leaders barely concealing their

dislike for him. This idiot, with utilities (fatigues) that were still new and the impression of his Basic School (finishing school for new officers) name tag still visible on his shirts, must have felt he was a real combat commando. He sported a big handlebar mustache and carried a .44 magnum revolver in a custom holster on his cartridge belt.

For a portion of the time in Cuba, the communications chief (staff sergeant) actually placed a guard near his hammock for fear that an old salt corporal in the platoon might kill him! When I later became a second lieutenant, I went out of my way to avoid these types of foolish behaviors. He gave credence to the bad reputation of new second lieutenants. In all my years in command and with scores of officers under my command, I have never encountered so unique a conceited and self-serving officer. In a brief conversation with him decades ago, he was somewhat standoffish which, upon reflection may have been the result of a painful fitness report for his questionable behavior in Cuba.

Decades later, when he was a retired colonel (aviator) and I was a lieutenant colonel, we briefly crossed paths; he was still a unique character. *I took note and learned from this experience.*

Smelly Peas on the High Seas

This is a revolting incident that arguably could have been left out of this book, but because of the powerful long-term message and potential to educate others, I chose to discuss it. While on a crowed and stifling hot troop transport ship enroute back to the States from Cuba, I was among the other low-ranking Marines on mess duty in the ship's galley. There were no showers and all of us were pretty ripe with grime and sweat. One of the other Marines was a shitbird and malcontent who was given one of the worst assignments in the galley. He was dealing with super high temperatures in the room with large vats. At one point he took off

his smelly shoes and socks (all of us were ripe) and stirred the peas that were in one of the massive pots! I was among the other Marines who criticized him and reported the incident to the Navy cook, who did not seem to care, and made some stupid comment about special seasoning. I did not eat the peas for that next meal.

Despite my efforts, I cannot get over the image of that shitbird and his despicable behavior. Unfortunately, this type of nonsense is not just restricted to the military, and it is something that I have ALWAYS been sensitive to; someone sabotaging my food. As law enforcement officers, we must sadly acknowledge that we have likely been the unknowing victims of some disgruntled cooks who placed some type of "secret sauce" in our meals. As one of my other books describes, I have law enforcement-related knowledge of several similar incidents, including a chef at a prominent downtown restaurant who masturbated in mash potatoes, a quick fry chef at a prominent burger joint who placed cockroaches on hamburger patties, and an aging actor at the old Ambassador Hotel bungalows who put pigeon droppings in the veal scallopini of a person he disliked (*My LAPD Journey, From Street Cop to*

Commander). Cops are likely very juicy targets for dysfunctional food preparation people who want to covertly retaliate for a traffic ticket, etc.

Return to Camp Pendleton

Thank goodness the crisis came to an end and both the United States and the Soviet Union stepped back from the brink of a nuclear war. We returned to the United States on a World War Two troopship, the USS Bayfield APA247.

We transited the Panama Canal and spent one day in Panama City where I first encountered former Kamikaze pilots masquerading as taxicab drivers. I also witnessed the vilest of multiple sexual exhibitions that involved physical contortions and bodily behaviors that I could not believe were possible. I declined the opportunity for easy romance but did accompany some of my buddies as they purchased love in a massive room where the ladies stood alongside beds, much like a hospital ward; pick, choose and pay. Other than rough seas, the voyage to Camp Pendleton was uneventful. The ship dropped anchor off White Beach, we climbed down nets, and we went ashore just in time for liberty and the 1962 Christmas holidays.

Death of my Father - Compassion from an Unexpected Person

My liberty was dampened by the death of my father who took his own life shortly after my return to the States. He had been long very sick with cancer, tuberculous and asthma. While devastated at his loss, I could not but help to be sympathetic given his multiple illnesses and painful existence. I called the base and requested emergency leave that was immediately granted. Upon return to the base, I reported to the

first sergeant to close out my orders as the days were to be deducted from my annual leave. The first sergeant said, “Sorry about your dad, son” and tore up the orders (instead of deducting the time from my annual leave). I never forgot the kindness of that normally crusty first sergeant and used that example among my leadership benchmarks for the rest of my USMC career. *I took note and learned from this experience.*

Deployment to the Orient

In June of 1962, just before a routine deployment to many countries in Asia, I attended what would have been my senior prom at Duarte High School. All my pals were sweating the draft while I was a two-year Marine Corps veteran in a fancy uniform with a silver marksmanship medal and two expeditionary medals (as ribbons), and oh yes, my GED certificate.

Third Battalion, Ninth Marines

In late June of 1962 my battalion was redesigned as the 3rd Battalion of the 9th Marine Regiment, 3rd Marine Division, which was one of the many units that constituted the infantry-trans-placement Battalion Landing Program (BLT). This program placed each of the battalions on a thirteen-month overseas cycle, with a quasi-permanent home on Okinawa, but with “afloat” (roaming around at sea with the ability to be the leading edge of any problem that might have broken out during our two-month cycle) visits to Guam, Philippines, Korea, Hong Kong and Mainland Japan. Things were just starting to heat up in Vietnam, but our unit was not deployed there. As a classified message courier, I did travel in and out of Vietnam on a couple of occasions but experienced nothing of significance.

During this tour I completed a one-week course and attained the additional skill as a cryptographer. I had always had a mental block in dealing with complex numbers, but somehow managed to excel in this area, especially when awakened in the middle of the night when a *flash* (to be opened and read immediately) message was received at the battalion command post. This new skill also caused me to occasionally be loaned to the 9th Regimental Headquarters Communication Center, only a couple of buildings away from my regular communications center, but with an air-conditioned crypto vault and a mess hall staffed by Okinawans (much better chow). This command was later designated the 9th Marine Amphibious Brigade as the war in Vietnam ramped up. Many years later, as a lieutenant colonel, I would once again work in this building.

The Great Typewriter Crisis

I screwed up big time during the 1963 New Years Eve overnight shift in the Message Center. The next office, the S-3 Shop (training), separated solely by a partition, contained a special typewriter with a long carriage used for typing stencils, which I sometimes used to write letters during the overnight hours. One night I was seated on a stool with the special typewriter sitting precariously on a counter when I tipped too far to the rear and went flying backwards through the air, along with the typewriter which was propelled by my boot. That expensive typewriter broke into several big and small pieces, and I knew my goose was cooked. The S-3 chief, an old crusty gunny was always in a foul mood, and I could only imagine what would happen when he discovered what I had done.

As the sun came up the next morning, I awoke and begged another guy in the platoon who had been a typewriter repairman to come and fix the typewriter. Upon examination, his first words were, “Holy Shit!” We

decided to try to cobble it back together so it would visibly look ok, and he managed to make it appear serviceable. On the next workday as I was just getting off shift and sweating profusely to see what the S-3 gunny would do, his clerk told him that something was wrong with the typewriter, to which the gunny replied something to the effect, "it has always been a piece of shit, send it in for replacement." Those were among the sweetest words I had ever heard, as I knew that I had dodged a big bullet.

No Wonder the Chow was Lousy

An early evening observation, even after all these years, remains vivid in my mind. In taking a shortcut between some buildings, I saw a staff sergeant from the mess hall carrying a box out to his personal vehicle. As the bottom part of the box appeared have blood stains towards the bottom, it was obviously meat. What had previously been amazing was that this staff sergeant was one of the very few people who (at that time) had a personal vehicle. The obvious conclusion is that he was stealing meat from the mess hall and selling it off base. In hindsight, I wish I had somehow reported it, such as an anonymous note to the battalion commander. *I took note and learned from this observation.*

Insubordination to the Officer-of-the-Day

Only once in my career did I outright refuse the order of an officer, and that occurred at the Camp Hansen crypto vault. One hot, steamy and miserable night the officer of the day (OD) demanded entry into the crypto vault, which I denied because he was not on the access list. He replied that as the OD he had the right to go anywhere, and further he suspected that I was just screwing off in the vault to avoid the heat and

humidity. I stood my ground and he stormed off in a huff, then I went back to my Playboy magazine!

Stupidly Driving a Classified Material Van Like a Sand Buggy

I and another Marine did something really stupid one night when on a "burn run" to White Beach on Okinawa to destroy classified materials. We checked out a van and decided to do some fancy driving on the beach, along the shoreline where the sand was somewhat firm and less difficult to drive on. Not only did we get stuck in the sand with a load of classified materials, but the surf was starting to rise! Thank goodness there was an Army unit nearby with a tank retriever that came to our rescue and saved our butts.

Something for Which I May Be Ashamed (Still trying to decide)

I did something at Camp Hansen that I *think* I am ashamed of; cheating on the Rifle Range. On pre-qualification day the winds were horrible and unpredictable, with both range flags blowing inboard! I could not stand the thought of failing to qualify or even being downgraded to the toilet seat (marksmanship badge), so I boosted my scores on pre-qual day and intentionally damaged my rifle stock before arriving at the range on qualification day. This resulted in my pre-qual scores being accepted as my final qualification scores. I am not proud of what I did, but at least I maintained my weapons proficiency dignity.

To this day I remained saddened that our company commander, Captain A. J. Doublet, who previously wore several extraordinary competition shooting medals, ended the day with the "toilet seat." Had it not been for his visibility as the company commander, I suspect (maybe I am wrong) that he may also have tried to find a way to attain the

respectable scores that he deserved, had it not been for the winds. Doublet went on to a distinguished career, including being decorated for valor in Vietnam, and retired as a colonel.

Thoughtfulness of the Japanese People

During one liberty weekend, I took a series of trains from Gotemba to Yokosuka and was deeply grateful for the assistance and goodwill of the several Japanese citizens who recognized that I could not speak their language. They passed me from person to person and train to train until I arrived at my locations. *I took note and learned from this graciousness and have spent my adult life reciprocating this hospitality at every opportunity.*

A Kind Messman Left a Lasting Impression

Another nice thing occurred to me in Yokosuka, in the Marine Corps mess hall on the Naval Base. After a meal and while leaving the facility, another Marine in a white uniform, worn by messmen and cooks, asked me if I would like some sandwiches to take with me as I left to see the sights! This kind of gesture just did not happen in the Marine Corps, but I immediately and gratefully said yes. That young Marine inquired as to my favorite meat and how I would like them made, and then whipped up several, placed them in a bag and wished me well. *This experience was powerful in reinforcing a concept that I was later able to articulate and use as a benchmark in evaluating the character of another person, "Is this someone who routinely does nice things for another person when there will be no need or opportunity for reciprocity?"*

Decided to Become a Cop and Worthless Study Material

It was about this time in my Marine Corps service that I decided I wanted to become a police officer after I was discharged. Accordingly, I enrolled in a law enforcement correspondence course and spent a great many off-duty hours studying its lessons. As it turned out, very little of the material proved applicable to my law enforcement career, but the course still played a helpful role: spending all those hours on otherwise useless lessons kept me out of most bars—and all houses of ill repute.

Racism in the Orient

I got my first experience with racism while at Camp Hansen. It became unfortunately common for some black Marines to gather in groups after hours, with their own bars and girlfriends, and to be openly hostile to white Marines. Certainly, the behaviors of some white Marines, with racist attitudes, contributed to the problems. At one point during my tour, military policemen at the Four Corners MP Booth in Downtown Koza, outside of Kadena Air Force Base, had to shoot their way out of the booth and to safety as the facility was overrun by hostile black servicemen. On several occasions when tensions arose, all liberty had to be in uniform, Staff NCOs walked courtesy patrols in the villages, and radio operators were staged on roofs with high visibility. Among the resulting crimes was a homicide committed on the hillside behind my battalion's command post (unsolved).

The Chocolate Fudge Disaster

One of my favorite stories, although painful at the time, occurred on Okinawa. I had a hankering for a batch of my mom's chocolate fudge, so I wrote her a letter (all letters to and from WestPac were by ship) and

asked her to send me a batch, which arrived about a month after my request. At mail call I was ecstatic and ripped into the container and started eating the fudge. Unfortunately, the rest of the platoon had the same idea and within moments I was holding an empty tin and harboring a broken heart! I then wrote my mom again and asked her to send me another batch, which arrived about a month later. I secreted the precious fudge in my wall locker and only took a bite when no one else was around.

An Extraordinarily Kind Gunny – And We Met Again!

I experienced a very powerful and positive situation one day at Camp Fuji. My mom had sent me a taped message, and I found a gunnery sergeant who just happened to have a tape recorder. That wonderful man went out of his way to help me set up the small machine, then invited me into his tent, which he vacated for me to listen to my mom's message. Decades later, a former Marine, who had been wounded on Iwo Jima, was my guest at the 3D ANGLICO mess night when I was the commanding officer. He asked if he could invite his good friend who had saved his life on Iwo Jima. Yep, it was that wonderful man, long retired Gunnery Sergeant Faulkner, who in 1963 was so gracious and thoughtful in permitting Pfc Bushey to use his tape recorder! For the intervening decades, I had often thought about Gunny Falkner's demeanor and leadership, which absolutely contributed to the leader that I became and how I evaluated and trained staff non-commissioned officers. That Marine Corps Ball was a very special event.

Going "Afloat"

All overseas Battalion Landing Teams (BLTs) spent about two months afloat, visiting many ports, which was the highlight of the tour. My battalion went to Japan (often), Korea, Guam, Philippines and Hong

Kong. The Philippines were unique with cold beer, kids swimming for coins in the "Shit River" and girls who were *not* (Benny Boys). Guam was terribly hot and humid. Korea was very cold, with me at one time being stuck on a landing craft in the South China Sea after delivering a classified message ashore from the Communication Center on the USS Bayfield (APA33) when the seas "picked up" and the small craft was unable to return to the beach or pull up alongside the ship. Many ports and many recollections.

Promoted to Lance Corporal – Still Cold Baths!

The battalion spent two short deployments to Camp Fuji (located at the base of Mt. Fuji) for cold weather training. I'll never forgot my exhilaration at finally making lance corporal. I will also never forget my horrible experiences with ice water baths prior to liberty on the weekends; the small amount of hot water was quickly depleted by the officers and staff NCOs before lowly pukes like me entered the outdoor baths (canvas around large poles fed by a 55-gallon drum). I clearly remember that all of us pretty much yelled and screamed profanities as we tried our best to take some semblance of a shower in flowing ice water!

Women in the Men's Heads

Unlike the average civilian bathrooms, in the military there are often a row of toilets that are close to one another and without any type of dividers. Shortly after arriving on Okinawa, and while seated and doing my business, a seamstress who was a permanent fixture in our barracks sat down immediately next to me to do her business. In the span of about ten seconds, I went from horror to amazement to acceptance. Had there been a shred of vanity left in me, it evaporated that day!

My First and Last Bar Fight

I got in my first and last bar fight in Sasebo, Japan. My buddy John Kraus and I were enjoying a beer at a bar which, unknown to us at the time was a "Navy Bar," where Marines were not welcomed. Out of the blue, a drunken sailor cold-cocked John, with his glasses flying to the floor. During the assault, the sailor did some damage to the bar and suddenly several Japanese men emerged from the back room and started pummeling the drunken sailor, at which time I started throwing the Japanese men off the sailor (asshole or not, he was a fellow American serviceman). Then some additional sailors started throwing punches until the day was saved by two shore patrolmen who broke up the melee. I have always avoided unnecessary fights and especially drunken behavior, but in that instance my instincts and fists went into action without any real thought. Although I was confident that my hand-to-hand combat skills were up to standard, you never really know until actually put to the test; I passed the test that night…

Rapist on the High Seas

The USS Cabildo LSD-16 was one of many World War Two troop ships that I travelled on, always in cramped hot quarters with bunks stacked four of five cots high. While delivering classified materials one frigid night off the coast of Korea, I found myself stuck in the middle of the night and unable to get a boat back to my unit on another ship. The officer of the day (OD) led me to the crew's quarters to crap out wherever I could find an empty rack but admonished me that there was a phantom rapist who had been assaulting and sodomizing other personal throughout the ship. Just how some pervert could pull off such an act in crowded troop quarters was beyond me, but I found a cot

close to a lighted passageway and kept one eye open all night. I was not about to fall prey to a perverted sailor! *Note: After many years of reflection, I concede that the OD may have been pulling a prank on me. If so, it was successful.*

Love was a Truly Temporary Thing

The love of my life (or at least for a moment) disappeared at a bar in Naha (Okinawa). One night I met and fell kinda hard (just kinda) for a beautiful girl named Hideko, who was from Saipan. We pledged our unwavering love for one another, but when I returned the next evening, she was sharing her unwavering love with another Marine! Oh well, my mother was right in continually telling me to stay away from native girls, as she didn't want a failed marriage with grandchildren seven thousand miles away.

Marine Corps Air Station – El Toro

The tour with 3/9 came to an end in mid-1964 and just about everyone was reassigned to other units. I got very lucky and was assigned to the Communications Center at the El Toro Marine Corps Air Station, which was only about forty miles from my home in Duarte. Better yet, the schedule was phenomenal: One sixteen-hour shift (1600-0800) every three days, and usually off the rest of the time (except for occasional training, etc.). I quickly went on commuted rations ("comrats") that provided money to eat off base (barely) and to live at home. Notwithstanding a minor glitch here and there, it was a great assignment and with great people.

.Lookin' Good Corporal Bushey

Shortly after arriving at El Toro, I was summoned to the Squadron Headquarters (H&HS MCAS) where in one fell swoop, I was promoted to corporal (E-4) and awarded the Good Conduct Medal. To me it was a great honor, as few people had many ribbons because not much had happened since the Korean War and even the National Defense Service Medal had not been issued since 1954; even many career Marines only had the single Good Conduct ribbon. Because of my two expeditionary ribbons (Cuba) and my new good conduct ribbon, I was now a non-commissioned officer with an entire row (3) of ribbons, which made me somewhat of an "old salt" at the ripe old age of barely twenty years old. Also, all my utility shirts contained the iconic embroidered name tags from an overseas Battalion Landing Team tour. Further, I was no longer Keith or Bush or asshole, but rather Corporal Bushey. This was a title which I took seriously and endeavored to act accordingly. By this time, I was starting to feel an overall confidence in my general and specific occupational specialties. Although my specialty was teletype operator, my tour in the "grunts" (infantry) also involved extensive experience in the radio and wire specialties, which served me well, and later throughout my entire USMC career.

Going that Extra Mile – Even as a "Short Timer"

Unlike some of my colleagues, I genuinely liked and respected many of the officers and staff NCOs that I worked with; therefore, I was receptive to other opportunities, such as training and volunteer for tasks that others avoided. This attitude served me well and provided me with the satisfaction of genuinely accomplishing significant tasks. It should be noted that I had absolutely nothing to gain by "going that extra mile." I

was already a corporal and intending to leave the military at the end of my enlistment.

During my time at El Toro, I developed a friendship with a wonderful man, then-Staff Sergeant Bill Miller, who was a USMC recruiter near my home. Because of my great schedule and with time on my hands, I started assisting SSgt Miller with recruiting tasks and events. In various uniforms, I beat the recruiting drums with him, accompanied him to schools and other events, and even orchestrated a tour of recruiting prospects for a day-long tour of MCAS El Toro. My actions did not go unnoticed; they resulted in accolades from my command and a letter of commendation from the commanding officer of the Los Angeles Recruiting Station (RSLA).

Embarking on My Law Enforcement Career

Because of my desire to become a cop, I had decided to get out of the Corps. Quite frankly, while supportive of our growing involvement in Vietnam, I did not desire to stay in the Corps or even the reserves, because of a potential interference with my new (hopefully) career. If for some reason the law enforcement option became closed to me, I would have considered reenlisting in the Corps, as a promotion to sergeant, choice of duty station and change of MOS were all likely options.

As my four-year enlistment was ending, I was totally fixated on becoming a cop. I applied several places but really wanted to join either the Los Angeles Police Department or the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department, both great agencies. On a "school cut" I got out a couple of months early to attend Citrus College. In the two months while

attending college, I also worked part-time as an ambulance attendant in Pasadena and in the research animal care unit at the City of Hope National Medical Center in Duarte.

Chapter Five
LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

I first went to the Sheriff's Department as a reserve deputy and was in the process of becoming a regular deputy (in recruit training) when my certification came in the mail from the LAPD. I really liked the Sheriff's Department, and it was very much a Marine Corps oriented organization, but I did not like the certainty of several years working in the jails before actually working the streets. On a Friday I turned in my Sheriff's badge and was sworn into the LAPD the following Monday.

Most of my classmates in the LAPD Academy were former military, with the majority being Marines. Our class president was a former staff sergeant and did a great job. Like the Sheriff's Academy (which I had partially completed as a reserve deputy), it was tough and demanding, but far less than I could handle. Having been a Marine, with all the mental and physical preparedness was definitely an advantage.

The Police Academy in that era was a mere twelve weeks, with each recruit spending one shift a week in patrol during the last five weeks. Most of the guys I worked with were hard chargers and saw my USMC background in a positive way; resulting in me rapidly being treated as a junior peer as opposed to a new rookie.

Central Patrol, Jail Division and Detective Divisions

My first assignment out of the Academy was Central Division in Downtown Los Angeles. Much of my time was spent Downtown and in the Tenderloin Areas (including "Skid Row"), where I continually worked to keep servicemen out of trouble, including a lot of Marines. I actually recognized a few of them from my time in the Corps, including then-

Staff Sergeant Wolfmule (RIP) from the 81mm Mortar Platoon in 3/9; a native American whose ass I pulled out of bar fights on two occasions).

After eighteen months learning "the ropes" in Central Patrol, I transferred into the Jail Division. As in Central, I found myself aghast at the behavior of a *small percentage* of the Marines who had unorthodox sexual preferences and proclivities. They were hauled off by the Shore Patrol to whatever fate awaited them.

Following my three months in Jail Division, I landed an administrative job in the Detective Bureau. This assignment served me well because it was a night plainclothes assignment that enabled me to attend college full-time during the day, which at that time was the California State College at Los Angeles (Cal State LA). It was a big school with a massive enrollment. While proud of being a cop, I pretty much kept to myself and only went aboard campus as necessary. I was basically an unknown and uninvolved person.

Jenny Had Potential – NOT

Just before going undercover, a very pretty young lady caught my eye, and she seemed equally interested. She had a "girl next door" persona and could easily been a double for the caring sister in a then-popular

sitcom. I did not realize that Jenny was a radical and profane student activist until one afternoon at the campus Administration Building. While in the company of some of my new activist pals, she was jumping up and down on the conference table in the school's executive office screaming for the college president to, "fuck me here and now on this table!" My enthusiasm for a potential friendship quickly evaporated!

Abundant Un-American Activities

Vietnam was heating up pretty well, and the pro-peace (allegedly) and anti-war activists were becoming increasingly disruptive. On several

occasions I went to their rallies and demonstrations to see what they were up to, and would then send a report, along with any handouts to our Intelligence Division. I had no intention to be assigned to Intelligence Division but provided the information from my passion as a loyal citizen, and in solidarity with my still deployed military colleagues. An example of a posted leaflet would typically identify the time, location and sometimes a personality of some type, such as *"Meet Joe Smith, a noted Marxist Scholar in Lecture Hall 102 at 4:00 PM."* This kind of crap got my attention and the attention of Intelligence Division.

Police Chief Thomas Reddin, a staunch and loyal American, was aware of these activities and was growing increasingly frustrated with the subversive-oriented anti-war demonstrations that were happening on a regular basis

Becoming S-255

On day I received a phone call that changed my life. The Officer-in-Charge of the Special Unit of Intelligence Division, based on an inquiry from the Chief of Police, asked if I would be willing to go undercover,

infiltrate subversive and terrorist organizations and operate in an extremely deep undercover environment. The OIC, Sergeant Stan Smith, said that the Chief was becoming increasing concerned about growing subversive and un-American activities and the likelihood of subversion and espionage. He opined that if there is the possibility of any growing conspiracy anywhere in the world, we needed to be there and on the ground floor! I did not realize something like this was even possible, but I immediately said yes. Right then and there, I was told to stop coming to work, put my police credentials away, let my hair and beard grow and get to work!

The intelligence community in general, including the Los Angeles Police Department, was behind the curve concerning anti-war and subversive activities. LAPD had long been very effective in keeping organized crime out of Los Angeles, and in the monitoring of the mostly (my opinion) benign actions of the "old guard" communist party. The law enforcement community at all levels, including the LAPD, had a lot of catching up to do, and I was part of that spearhead.

Duties & Responsibilities

Assuming there were guidelines or instructions of some kind, I asked to be briefed; there were none! Unbelievable! I was told to just keep doing what I had been doing and to use my own initiative. There were no restrictions or guidance of any type. As it turned out, at that time there was only one person on the LAPD that had even scant knowledge and insight regarding public disorder-related subversive and un-American activities – ME!

Pre-Assignment Training

Assuming there was some type of training involved, I was once again told there was none! While there had been infiltration of organized crime figures, communist party cells, the Ku Klux Klan and German and Japanese spy subjects during previous wars, there was no protocol for the infiltration of criminal behaviors in the Peace and Anti-War movements.

Locations of Assignment

I was assigned to be anywhere except being around cops. Weapons qualification and additional training was waived. I suggested and it was agreed that I would rent a room in the Western San Gabriel Valley where I would be close enough to travel throughout the city, but far enough to have an excuse to occasionally break loose and be in a normal environment. It was understood that my duties meant "day on and stay on." It also meant that for most of my assignment I would be in the presence of unsavory people for most of my waking hours (there was no such thing as the Fair Labor Standards Act in those days).

Creating a New Identity

Since I was already enrolled in campus as Keith Bushey, it was agreed I would continue to use my real name. It is important to understand that in 1968 there were no computers, cell phones, computer searches, data base inquiries, etc. A friendly administrator at Cal State Los Angeles had any potentially troublesome information removed from my school records, and likewise my name was purged from police and sheriff files. I went to Property Division and obtained and placed "cold" Colorado license plates for my car. I carried no registration, but the plates would

not come back as stolen. If stopped (it happened) I would get an equipment violation, which was quickly removed in the chambers of a friendly judge.

It was decided that my persona would be that of an anti-war Marine Vietnam veteran, as that fit perfectly with just about every pathway info subversive and un-American activities, campus unrest and related criminal activities. Arrangement was made for me to receive my pay each two weeks in cash at a fast-food restaurant on Valley Boulevard in Alhambra (cold cash and hot tacos!).

Duty Weapon

I was told to carry any weapon that I chose, which was a .25 caliber Browning semi-automatic pistol, which I typically carried in a secret pocket in my groin area (occasionally painful!), which my mom had sewn into the inside of my Levi pants. On occasion, I also carried brass knuckles. I never had to use a weapon but did place the pistol in a more accessible location in several instances. Because of my intimate (platonic!) proximity to the subjects I was infiltrating, I often went unarmed and always unarmed when travelling out of state.

The "Stockholm Syndrome"

While I had no concerns that my patriotism and core beliefs would be eroded by a prolonged undercover assignment, I had a concern regarding the possibility of actually liking and developing some degree of friendship with subjects with whom I was likely to spend extended periods of time. That concern was ill-founded because as time went on, I developed an absolute hatred for the worst of the subjects, and pretty much a concealed dislike for the less dangerous. Outside the leadership circles, most of the loud and boisterous subjects were primarily

immature kids with big mouths and disruptive demeanors; I saw most of them as idealistic dipshits who would likely find some degree of maturity as they aged, and for the most part that is what occurred.

Was There Really a Communist Threat?

Absolutely yes. The non-stop narrative from the various communist and socialist organizations was that any concerns over alleged subversive anti-American activities were overblown and an "imperialist" technique to "redbait" in order to discredit legitimate dissent. Too many people forgot or ignored that the Cuban Missile Crisis had occurred just six years prior, over Soviet missiles being placed on Cuban soil to be pointed directly at the United States. As a young Marine who was in Cuba at that time, I personally did not need much reminding of that reality!

Separating Dissidents from Demons

There was a continual hue and cry from rights groups and some politicians that we must not gather information on law-abiding persons who were merely exercising their First Amendment rights to free expression. Separating the truly bad and dangerous people from others who were close to harmless was a very difficult task, because the bad actors intentionally and skillfully embedded and concealed themselves throughout otherwise law-abiding organizations.

Under the guise of "politics," the various communist-socialist-anarchist organizations were cloaked behind the front organizations. Early in my undercover assignment I think that I expected to find key communist-socialist-progressive agent provocateurs operating in the shadows, and pretty much fanning the flames of the violence, but that was not case.

As I came to realize, such actions were not necessary to create violence. What traditionally occurred was that key ideologues in subversive and un-American organizations would preach and orchestrate hatred towards the United States and all of its institutions (military, judiciary, law enforcement, etc.). They would then step back and permit the always readily available reservoir of home-grown troublemakers to lead the demonstrations, violate the laws and be arrested. It was a pretty slick and time-honored strategy on the part of the subversive and un-American leadership, enabling them to legitimately claim that they had played no role in instigating violence; they were far from harmless, but typically not personally involved in violent acts.

Not Knowing the Identity of Other Undercover Officers

For all the appropriate reasons, the identities of other undercover personnel from the various agencies was not shared with or known to one another, but sometimes it happened by accident. Several months after I went undercover, I was introduced to another anti-war USMC veteran, Ted Kozak, with whom I had previously worked patrol. We both put on a good show of being new acquaintances. After "surfacing" from undercover, Ted remained in the newly designated Public Disorder Intelligence Division, including some subsequent dark days when the Department's intelligence gathering practices were subjected to great scrunty as the political winds started shifting in Los Angeles. Ted is a fine man and good friend who ultimately retired as an LAPD captain.

Students for a Democratic Society

While under cover I went to a lot of places, dealt with a lot of people and was in a many organizations, but the one constant was the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). It was the core "front organization" organization for radicals and activists of every type. During my time

undercover, the three primary subversive and un-American organizations were the Communist Party (CPUSA), Socialist Workers Party (SWP) and the Progressive Labor Party (PLP).

The leadership of the CPUSA, SWP and PLP truly disliked each other, as they were constantly battling, campus-by-campus for control of the respective school's SDS chapter to be their front organization. Although I moved around a great deal, my SDS base of operations was the California State College, Los Angeles, with the behind-the-scenes leadership passing back and forth several times as the three primary organizations jockeyed for control of the Cal State LA SDS. My bonafides as a key member of Cal State LA SDS opened many doors and paths to other locations and organizations throughout the United States.

The Marine Corps Connection

A fine man and one of my closest friends, Tom Vetter, (RIP) was a Los Angeles Couty Sheriff's lieutenant and a captain in the Marine Corps Reserve, attached to the 14th Counterintelligence Team in San Diego. During my time undercover, he was always knowledgeable as to my activities and often asked if I could poke around some suspicious activities in San Diego; no problem, I had the latitude to essentially go anywhere or do anything. This was a very good thing for the Marine Corps, being able to promptly receive timely critical information, as opposed to the then-trickle-down information flow from the FBI.

I had received my honorable discharge from the Marine Corps two years prior but was aware of a rare and seldom used path to a direct permanent officer commission for someone *"who possesses exceptional skills or knowledge in an area for which the Marine Corps has a critical need."* As my association with the 14th CIT grew to include some very valuable information, I advised Headquarters USMC that I would like to

be considered for such a commission. I made formal application (still while deep undercover) in 1969. It was approved, with the provision that the commission be held in abeyance until I surfaced from undercover, because of the prohibition of military intelligence investigating civilian subversives.

A factor in reinforcing the restriction of having military intelligence investigate civilian subversives was the foolish assignment of Army draftees to counterintelligence duties investigating the Southern Christian Leadership Conference of then-Dr. Martin Luther King. That was a scandal for the Army that the Marine Corps did not care to experience.

University of Michigan

Shortly after going undercover, I was voted by my SDS colleagues at Cal State LA to be a member of the contingent to represent the chapter at the annual SDS Conference held that year (December 1968) at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. My bosses and the FBI (who I met with frequently) were thrilled at the invitation. With two of the SWP members, who were also in the Cal State LA SDS, we drove all the way to Ann Arbor. It was not a fun trip, as we slept in the car, ate fast food and froze our tails off (Michigan in December!). It was quite an experience, including associating with some very bad and rabid people. Some of them even ended up on the FBI's 10 Most Wanted List, including Bernadine Dohrn, David Bishop and Mark Rudd. I gathered a great deal of valuable intelligence information during this trip, including a workshop in "tuning up" portions of the Anarchist's Cookbook" (radicals guide to bombs, explosives, etc.). My superiors and the FBI were thrilled with the quality of the information that I obtained.

At that time the FBI did not (contrary to some assertions!) have actual FBI agents working in undercover capacities but depended on information from informers; largely people who lacked training in investigative matters and information prioritization. My actuals were particularly valuable because I knew how to prioritize and gather things that were of the greatest importance.

Gathering, Remembering and Reporting

Until you are in a position where you are trying to remember a great deal of critical information and not being able to write it down, you don't realize how difficult the task. When undercover, you can't take notes without attracting attention. Over time I developed techniques to try to keep important information from slipping away, but it was seldom easy. I used word association memory techniques, codes that worked only for me (in case somebody got ahold of one of my notes), spent time in bathroom stalls writing things down and would make phone calls with my back against the wall in phone booths.

A gigantic task is trying to remember names when introduced to someone and capturing license plate numbers. An effective way to obtain someone's name is to introduce the person to another by intentionally using a wrong name, then the subject corrects my mistake by stating the accurate name. In these writings I regret an absence of photographs; a camera would have been seen as highly suspicious.

Hippies and Radicals and Drugs

To the average person, all long-haired and bearded individuals were dope-smoking radicals; but looks were deceiving. Hippies were basically dope-smoking free spirits, travelling and sleeping around and basically useless to society, but not necessarily dangerous. Radical

socialists on the other hand were bad people with bad intentions who saw any illegal substance as "counter revolutionary." Hippies were among their stooges that constituted much of the manpower at demonstrations; mostly idiotic pawns in the game. The perception of drugs as counterrevolutionary was good for me because it meant that I was seldom in a position where I was expected to use dope.

Demonstrations

Because of all the anti-was protests, the mid-to-late 1960s involved non-stop tactical alerts, which necessitated police units rushing from their regular assignments to the locations where disruptions were occurring. While much will be said about some of these demonstrations, I worked hard to determine which events truly needed a massive manpower response and which events did not require as many officers as it may have outwardly appeared. I feel very good about the fact that I was able to advise on a number of occasions that it was not likely or necessary to have a heavy, or even visible police presence at some events.

Feminine Opportunities

I knew from the very onset of my undercover assignment that sex would be free and abundant, but the price would have been too high! Many of the free-spirited women considered themselves (and their bodies) to be liberated. Just about every car during that era had a dashboard sign that read, *"Gas, Grass or Ass, But Nobody Rides for Free!"* I decided early on that I was not going to get entangled in a close relationship with any female in any arena that I was investigating. First, most of them turned me off because of their political or social beliefs (which I allegedly supported). But more importantly, I needed to have another life where I could slip away from time to time and realized that

it would not be possible if I had some clingy gal who felt attached to me. Finally, the likelihood of an unhappy ending, because of who I really was as a cop, was almost a certainty. Although I was usually a scruffy-looking character, I managed a few nice friendships in the real world that sustained some degree of wholesome relationships while undercover.

Secret Meetings and Telephonic Contacts

There were no cell phones, pagers or even answering machines when I was undercover, nor was there a 24-hour number that I could call in case of an emergency. I typically had a face-to-face meeting with my sergeant and often met with an FBI agent every two or three weeks; always at a desolate spot outside the city. I tried to call the Intelligence office every several days; MA 45211, Extension 3294 collect. More times than not, my supervisor was not available, and I just left a message that S-255 was alive and well. There was never anyone in the office after-hours or on weekends. It was very seldom that my location was known to my superiors. By today's standards, this situation sounds impossible, but that is just the way things were when I was undercover.

Planned Assassination of Police Officers

I got an industrial-grade dose of terrorism reality very shortly after going undercover. While attending a class adjacent to the Los Angeles Valley College, I met a couple of men who appeared semi-normal, but who were avid revolutionaries, much along the lines of today's Antifa. We hung out a few times, with them showing particular interest in my military background and that of another uncover person who accompanied me to the visits. After a few meetings they invited us to join with them in the planned assassination of a California Highway Patrol officer, in rural Mono County (CA), working a remote district out

of the Bridgeport Station. They were not targeting a specific officer, but rather whatever officer was working that patrol beat at the time and specific location agreed upon. They just wanted to kill cops, and the Mono County location was perceived as adequately remote and with near non-existent radio reception. These factors would enable them to escape before the situation was discovered. As time when on we gathered radio frequencies, shift time schedules and identified locations with poor radio reception.

As the matter continued to progress, a major glitch occurred when a couple of FBI agents, who had picked up rumors from another source that the two had been discussing civil unrest, actually went to their houses for a discussion. That put a damper on the entire investigation and caused the subjects to suspect that myself and my partner (the ONLY time I had a partner) had something to do with the visit. While there was enough information for a conspiracy arrest (because of the overt acts), which would have been made by others after I exited the picture, my superiors felt it best that we back away from the entire situation and avoid the likelihood of my cover being blown. Although I lost track of those two hombres, I have every confidence that they remained on a bunch of intelligence radar screens for a long time.

Public Hostility for "Hippy" Looking People

During my assignment I was occasionally able to slip back into the world of decent and moderate people. On one of the occasions, I and another colleague were visiting my relatives in rural Modoc County and encountered a couple of tough-appearing older women who, obviously offended by our long hair and beards, talked about "kicking our hippy asses" loud enough so we could hear the conversation. I think my relatives were glad when we left, as our visit was not good for their otherwise stellar reputation.

The hostility that I encountered early in my undercover assignment was repeated throughout the nation, and often. Long hair and a beard on men in the late 1960s meant you were either a dope smoking dipshit or a radical troublemaker, and that was my outward appearance. A painful but funny example of this typical hostility occurred late one night in a fleabag café in Fort Stockton (Texas) when a waitress, who reluctantly came to our table and all but threw menus at us and stated, *"Why do y'all look like shit?"* I suppressed my glee and agreement.

Public Support for Decisive Police Actions

While generalizing, the attitude of the public towards long-haired and bearded persons was mostly negative, and sympathy for decisive police actions in dealing with violent demonstrations was largely supportive. The very loud exceptions to this reality were concentrated among young persons on campus who were outspoken in their opposition to the Vietnam War. Most troublemakers were from core subversive and un-American organizations, who were fanning the flames of descent, and the evil rotten bastards who were assaulting our servicemen and women in uniform, especially in passenger terminals as they returned from Vietnam.

Frightened at a Horrible Thought

One night I was concealed in the scaffolding of a covered walkway over a path at the University of Texas at Austin, while attending a SDS event. Coming in my direction was a real bad person, Mark Rudd, who was later featured on the FBI's 10 Most Wanted List. As he walked beneath my perch, it occurred to me that I could easily pull out a brace and the whole steel scaffold would crash down on him, likely killing him. Obviously, I would not ever do anything like that, but just the presence of the thought alone scared me and reminded me that it was not wise

to keep a person too long in an environment where white hot rage and hatred existed for investigative targets.

"Black Bag" Job at UCLA

I was sensitive to not violating any laws while undercover; a requirement that was continually emphasized by my superiors. However, on one occasion the Department was asked by UCLA Administration if we could find out what was occurring on the top floor of a temporarily vacant housing building that had been loaned to an alleged minority youth organization for a holiday program. It seems once the organization got into the building, they refused to let UCLA enter the rooms. Late one night, in conjunction with two of the division's detectives for cover, I entered the building but could not get into the room in question.

When I was leaving, I was intercepted by a guard or campus officer of some sort, and the foot pursuit was on! I could not run the risk of being caught in the middle of some crazy operation and was fortunately able to outrun my pursuer, but it took a while. After all these years, I am still pissed that the two detectives, who were supposed to run interference in case a glitch arose, had gone home prematurely and left me in a very vulnerable position.

Role in the Black Panther Shoot-out

The Blank Panther Party was adept at soliciting the support of various white and Hispanic radical organizations, and those organizations typically went overboard to demonstrate their solidarity with the black brothers and sisters. I was among the folks who were close to the Panthers, at various times under the banners of the *Liberation Union*, *White Panthers* and the *Friends of the Black Panthers*.

My involvement with the Panthers went into high gear during the evening hours of December 7, 1969. While at an SDS meeting on New England Street in the Rampart area of Los Angeles, a “emergency” call was received from a female at the Black Panther Headquarters located at 4115 S. Central Area, for as many white supporters as possible to respond immediately to that location in a show of support, as the police were then being positioned on nearby rooftops. I was among about 20 white radicals who arrived around 9:00 pm and remained for about an hour and were then instructed to leave but to attend a Black Panthers Solidarity rally at noon on the following day at the Los Angeles City Hall.

While I had not been briefed as to what specifically was occurring, I was generally aware that industrial-grade tensions were developing as a result of the Newton Street LAPD community Relations Officer, then-Lieutenant Ted Morton being threatened and denied entry to that location. As soon as I departed, I called the downtown Intelligence Division watch commander and advised him of what I had observed; without going into any detail, it was obvious to me that big things were in the wind. As it turned out, what I observed was the beginning of the infamous Black Pather Shootout that occurred the following day, that was all-out urban warfare with hundreds of rounds being fired by both the police and the Panthers, with several wounded and ultimately medically retired police officers. I am glad I was chased out of the building when I was, otherwise, I would likely have remained as long as possible and potentially have been essentially trapped inside that structure.

Cutting Sugarcane in Cuba

For a period of time, I was a darling of the anti-war and leftist crowd, especially because of my alleged status as an anti-war former Marine and member of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). This status contributed to me being invited to travel to Cuba as part of the Venceremos Brigade; a delegation of activists to engage in manual labor by helping to cut sugar cane, in solidarity with the Cuban people. Having previously served (and suffered!) in Cuba as a Marine, I did not want to go there again but felt it was probably necessary, and I reluctantly agreed to go. Thankfully Chief Davis concurred with the commanding officer of Intelligence Division that it was not a great idea, as getting me back could be a serious problem if my cover was blown while in Cuba. Thank goodness; one nasty experience in Cuba was enough!

As I write this, former Venceremos Brigade member Karen Bass is the mayor of Los Angeles. I had no interaction with her and choose to believe that she did not fall into the subversive and un-American category but was instead a well-meaning person who whose politics leaned farther left than I was comfortable with; I hope that I am correct. I have found that many of yesterday's radicals have become today's moderates.

Flirting with a Secretary

Barbara Beck was one of the several secretaries assigned to Intelligence Division, and someone that I occasionally spoke to when I called the office. For several months, she knew me only by my undercover designation, S-255. For one of the secret meeting with my sergeant, he brought Barbara to meet me. We hit it off right away and started

dating. Towards the end of my assignment, Barbara became Mrs. S-255 and Sergeant Joe Ward was the best man. Our marriage lasted for about ten years and yielded three great kids. After ten years, with very little acrimony, we decided to separate and ultimately divorced. If there was ever an example of a perfect divorce, it was ours. Not a harsh word, no dispute over anything; as matrimony dissipated a great friendship emerged. Today Barbara and her husband Paul are the closest of friends to Cathy and me.

Working for a Thief

LAPD has long prided itself as an organization made up of highly ethical and honest men and women. Unfortunately, while undercover I found myself working with an officer who was a thief. He was an investigator in the Intelligence Division office whose job it was to support those few of us who were undercover. This included the coordination of payments for the expense chits that we submitted for money that we had spent. As an advance for an out-of-town trip, I submitted a chit for about $100 (as I recall), however the officer indicated that there was no cash on hand, but that he would have the money available for me upon my return from the assignment. Upon my return and when meeting with my sergeant, I asked the officer for the money, to which he insisted had already been given to me, which was an absolute lie.

This turned out to be a painful experience for me, because the thieving officer loudly proclaimed throughout the office that it was me who was the culprit in trying to obtain more money that was merited. He was in the office with an audience of my supervisors, with me by myself out in the field and basically unable to defend myself. An undercover officer really did not have much of a voice, as those few in the office who were lazy could (and did) blame some mistakes on those few of us who were

undercover and not in a position to set the record straight. Eventually, the issue faded away, but I was marked down on my rating report for financial management. This was among my first indications that my division had room for stronger leadership and needed greater oversight.

Blocked Freeway on a Friday Afternoon

The SDS Chapter at Cal State LA was unhappy when an engineering professor was denied tenure and decided to shut down the east bound lanes of the San Bernardino Freeway adjacent to the college to protest the matter. The planned disruption was decided upon early that Friday morning and was further planned and developed throughout the day. As the matter progressed and it was clear the freeway would be blocked at 4:00 pm, I kept my Intelligence Division superiors advised, including recommending photos for prosecution, tow trucks and a contingent of officers to deal with the situation. As was clearly planned and as I had continually reported, several dozen protestors, with blocking vehicles, rushed on to the freeway and brought all Friday afternoon outbound traffic to a dead halt, with cars backed up to the downtown interchange.

The only thing missing was law enforcement! The lazy detectives in the office with whom I was coordinating and providing information, decided that it was Friday afternoon and they were going home early! After about ten minutes, a lone California Highway Patrol officer stumbled across the mess, called in reinforcements and reopened the freeway. This was another example of a few lazy detectives in a critical division that in many ways was not very well run, and a situation that was later a matter of discussion in a Board of Inquiry regarding the Intelligence Division.

Stan McGarry to the Rescue

There were instances where I needed to go into places where I had the right to be but would create great suspicion if known that I was in those locations in the middle of the night. It was during nighttime hours when I could go through the files and paperwork in gather information of an intelligence value. Sergeant Stan McGarry of Newton Area, a great fellow, who ultimately retired as a captain and was always there to run interference for me in case a problem arose. In uniform and in a black and white, he would linger outside locations while I was inside perusing and photographing items of interest. Although the need for his intervention never arose, it was unbelievably helpful and enabled me to carefully examine critical documents and then replace items as I had found them.

Blackboard Espionage

Living a life that is diametrically opposed to a deep-seated value system is not easy. Not only is living a lie 24/7 tough, but worse yet is being a key person and spokesman for communism, socialism, anti-Americanism, anti-military and everything that I absolutely abhorred. It just got worse as time went on. On occasion, I would go into classrooms at Cal State LA in the middle of the night and put on the chalk boards a diagram of the main communist-socialist groups with arrows pointing to and identifying front groups. I would then mark "SAVE" and circle the information; with the hopes the information would stay visible to as many students as possible before being erased by one of the professors. I hope that my easy-to-understand flowchart helped some students to recognize the true nature of some of the front organizations.

Avoid Impression of Agent Provocateur

Although it was my job to be close to the center of the action of inappropriate and criminal activities, I had to guard against stepping over the line and engaging in any behaviors that could be interpreted as me instigating, nurturing or being responsible for bad or criminal behavior. For this reason, I continually declined positions of leadership, but instead usually maneuvered myself into a position close to the top people. I took this responsibility very seriously and never wanted to be accused of being someone who played a role in creating that with which I was investigating.

I later became aware of a flippant remark made by Chief Edward Davis, based on his knowledge of my assignment and effectiveness. At a high-level meeting of intelligence executives from various agencies, one of those present asked if anyone knew anything about the SDS Chapter at Cal State LA, to which Chief Davis replied, "We're running it, what would you like to know!" This was not accurate, but close because of the position that I sometime held pretty much alongside the president. It should be noted that positions within the hierarchy of these types of student (alleged) organizations rotate like the changing of socks, and probably more often.

Passion Stronger than Several Others

While seemingly self-serving to say, I truly was more committed to my undercover assignment than most of the other persons in the Intelligence Division. To me, the high stakes involved the communist threat and national security. Sitting in a foxhole in Guantanamo across from a similarly armed Cuban soldier during the Soviet-inspired missile crisis had not been that long ago. Also, recall that my assignment

stemmed from my off-duty, self-initiated provision of information to Intelligence Division, because of patriotism and not a desire for an intelligence assignment.

I do not believe a person could be effective in this undercover role unless 100% committed to the assignment. A legitimate appearance often required sixteen-hour days, and total disappearance for days on end when out-of-state travelling in the company of other radicals. I was aware of another undercover officer who was married, but despite his best intentions was less productive because of conflicting personal responsibilities.

A Gutsy Student Body President

A unique observation of a gutsy student body president resulted in a life-long friend. During one of many demonstrations at Cal State LA, the Black Student Union (some of whom were neither students nor black!) decided that they were going to tear down the American flag adjacent to the administration building. However, Student Body President Steve Cooley decided they would not. He ignored the boisterous behaviors and anti-US profanities, placed himself in front of flagpole and stood his ground. After a few minutes the crowd dissipated, the campus security arrived and the flag did not come down.

At the time, Steve did not know me, but several years later we connected and became good friends. Towards the end of my careers, Los Angeles County District Attorney Steve Cooley appointed me to the DA's Office as a member of his executive staff; serving as the liaison to the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. We remain close friends to this day.

Holy Shit, Is it Really You?

During a very rowdy and massive anti-war demonstration in Century City, I had a unique encounter with one of my police academy classmates, Bob Manlove. Rocks and bottles were already being thrown by agitators within the large crowd of demonstrators. The LAPD had a tight skirmish line of officers protecting the Century Plaza Hotel, and it was clear that the shit was about to hit the fan. I was acting like all the other long-haired and bearded idiots taunting the cops when I noticed that the uniformed policeman directly across from me on the skirmish line was a police academy classmate, Bob Manlove. He had fury in his eyes, a shit-eating grin on his face, a whole cup of virtual whoop-ass in his hand and informed me that he was looking forward to kicking my ass. I was able to lean somewhat close and told him that was no way to treat his academy classmate, and I mentioned my name, to which he replied, "Holy Shit!" The shit did hit the fan! However, I retreated to the rear and suspect that Bob shared some of that whoop-ass with the idiots who were assaulting the police. Whenever Bob and I cross paths, we always get a laugh out of this recollection.

I was fortunate in never being seriously hurt in some of the demonstrations that I attended, probably because I perceived when it was time to run like hell, such as when the mounted San Francisco police officers on big horses with long nightsticks started coming my way. Another undercover officer in the Criminal Conspiracy Section (CCS) was not so lucky; in one violent demonstration, Policeman Jim McMurray (now a retired deputy chief) was struck violently in the head and required quite a number of stitches to close a serious wound.

Paranoia

I spent one of the worst nights of my life in an open field off Interstate 40 in Texas during a trip to one of many conferences. During the day in what was actually an innocent conversation, I mistakenly perceived that my asshole companions had decided that I was a cop, specifically an undercover FBI agent. I truly feared for my life and did not sleep a wink as all of us crapped out in the stolen (but not reported) car we were using. Because we were out of California, I was not armed with my small pistol. The next morning, I over-reacted and expressed my concerns, only to realize that I had over-reacted and saw danger where it did not exist. I was fortunate that my actions did not trigger concern on their part, and all was good again. This situation was a defining moment in my life and reinforced the necessity of remaining cool even when danger appears nearby.

Source of Special Pride

As previously mentioned, I was apparently the first LAPD undercover officer on the campuses, and therefore a particularly valuable asset during the first few months of my assignment, not only for LAPD but for the FBI as well. It was common for my handlers, especially the FBI, to inquire as to my ability to attend some distant meeting, for which information was being sought. Without exception, I always found a way to attend, typically by going to that locale, hooking up with another dipshit and just kind of stumbling into the event.

Hosted by an Industrial-Grade Troublemaker

Terrence Hallinan (1936-2020) was a volatile, two-fisted, terrible driving, left-winger who was associated with just about every subversive

and un-American organization in the San Francisco area. When I was assigned to make inroads into meetings in the San Francisco-Oakland Bay area, he was the first person I would call, and I always got a friendly fellow-asshole reception and entry into the targeted event. He had an explosive personality which I witnessed but never experienced. He had a Cobra GT and drove through the streets of San Francisco like a wildman. Of all the weird events, perhaps the weirdest occurred when Hallinan was elected as the District Attorney of the City and County of San Francisco. He was later defeated in a bid for a second term by Kamala Harris.

University of Texas

The 1969 annual SDS conference was held at the University of Texas in Austin. Like all my events, it was non-stop gathering data, identifying bad people and reporting things that might have applicability to some agency. I tried to slip away every day or so to get a decent meal, as the crash pads and fast food got very old. Enroute to this conference a bunch of us a demonstrated outside of the president's (Johnson) ranch in Johnson City. We all went to jail on trumped up charges (possession of pornography because a copy of the LA Free Press was in the car). After four or five hours we were literally transported to the county line, kicked loose (one kick was the real deal!) and told to never return.

Stealing Nuclear Warhead Information

At one conference, I met and spent quite a bit of time with an anti-war former Army lieutenant who was apparently trying to establish his anti-war bonafides by shooting off his mouth about nuclear tipped artillery rounds. I surreptitiously followed him for a long time, and finally obtained an automobile license plate, which I was able to immediately pass on to my supervisor. I was later interviewed by an FBI agent about

the encounter but do not know how the matter ever turned out, which was the case with most of the information I passed on.

Attempted Sabotage of Aircraft Carrier

While snooping around at one of several anti-war coffee houses in San Diego, that were refuges for anti-war sailors and Marines (many were not anti-war, they just wanted to get laid by some of the ever-present hippy chicks!), a sailor was shooting off his mouth about how he was going to disable an aircraft carrier and keep it from sailing. He was a Seaman E-3 with red stripes, indicating a power plant specialty.

I had no knowledge (still don't!) about how to disable an aircraft carrier, but the kid seemed to be making sense as he described placing ball bearings within critical propulsion parts. This could not wait, so I broke protocol and called an Intelligence Division lieutenant at home (it was a weekend), who immediately connected me with an FBI agent. I don't know what happened, but that sailor disappeared overnight and the aircraft carrier left port several days later. I am aware that this information was gratefully received and immediately acted upon.

"Duck Power" and the "Green Machine"

The dominant anti-war organizations in the San Diego and Oceanside areas respectively were Duck Power for the Navy and Green Machine for the Marine Corps. As discussed in the following paragraphs, I played a role in curtailing their troublesome behaviors, including military thefts, sabotage and espionage. I am thankful that the combined efforts of the intelligence community were able to keep these problems somewhat contained.

Stealing Military Supplies & Equipment

A group of military warehouses across Interstate 15 from the Marine Corps Air Station at Miramar remain visible today, although much upgraded. During my undercover assignment, these constituted key storage facilities for the then-Miramar Naval Air Station. In my coffee-house snooping around, I fell in with a group of "Duck Power" Miramar sailors who were stealing and selling stuff from these warehouses. Via USMC counterintelligence, I provided this information to the Naval Investigative Service, and a few sailors went to the brig. After this, an elevated guard tower was erected in the middle of these warehouses, which I proudly proclaimed (to my pals) was the Keith Bushey Memorial Guard Tower! Many of the old buildings (and my guard tower) are now gone, but I glance over and reflect on those days during my occasional visits to San Diego.

Providing Weapons to Demonstrators

I love this story! A massive anti-war demonstration was scheduled for Venice Beach on July 4th, 1969. A few of my asshole SDS buddies decided to get a bunch of steel rebar rods, plant them in the sand alongside the boardwalk and make them available to demonstrators to use against the ever-present LAPD who would be deployed the next day. I was among the few idiots who buried the steel rods just below the sand alongside the boardwalk. We slipped in and buried the rods about midnight, and a few officers dug them up a couple of hours later. True to form, a demonstration got started the next day, but fizzled for several reasons, including the inability of the demonstrators to find the steel rods! Except for a very few people, no one noticed the idiots poking around in the sand, but I had a big, suppressed smile on my face!

Hostile Reception at Camp Pendleton

One of my many visits to the San Diego area was being part of a group of protestors who were going to enter Camp Pendleton as visitors, then once aboard place anti-war posters on building and equipment.
As the convoy of private vehicles started to take shape and the group headed north to Camp Pendleton, I kept Naval Intelligence advised of our likely arrival, vehicles, etc. As the group of 4-5 vehicles approached the Main Gate, NIS agents emerged from the building and joined with the military police officers in shouting commands to us demonstrators. I couldn't help but laugh at the lack of coordination, as conflicting commands were being given to pull over here, back up there, pull-forward, etc. We were all interrogated, vehicles searched and sent on our way with a stern warning to not return.

Another Marine who was an admin clerk at the Overseas Processing Center was actively but covertly encourage Marines to go AWOL to avoid deployment. Although not substantiated, it was also believed that this same admin clerk was providing the names and home addresses of overseas bound Marines to a local anti-war newsletter. Within a short period of time, the processing center had one less admin clerk.

Unlike San Diego where there were several anti-war coffee houses as refuges for anti-war sailors (and hippy chicks!), the then-Mayor of Oceanside prevented similar locations by threatening heavy municipal sanctions for any property owner that would lease properties for anti-war service personnel.

All Expense SDS Paid Trip to San Francisco

I spent a great deal of time in the San Francisco-Oakland area while undercover. There were non- stop demonstrations of every stripe, much of it related to several military facilities. The primarily reason was because San Francisco had emerged as the asshole center of the universe for stupid behaviors, starting with the drugged-out hippies of Haight-Ashbury, and it extended and included the Free Speech Movement of Berkeley and People's Park to the Violent Mob demonstrations (all causes) in the Golden Gate Park. Barbara accompanied me on one assignment where I was not closely attached to any of the key players but expected to raise funds by selling "Out Now" pins, made up by the Student Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, which was a front group for the Social Workers Party. It was my honor to diligently sell several hundred of these pins; which funded our great weekend, lodging, meals and airfare. For anyone who might think this was some type of improper theft of funds, I confess to my sins and remind anyone who cares that the statute of limitations has long since passed!

Smile for the Camera

Being the dedicated socialist radical that I was, it was my honor to play a key role in hosting an SDS Conference at the Embassy Ballroom in Downtown Los Angeles. I created a warm and welcoming environment for my SDS pals throughout the nation, complete with an efficient sign-in roster and personalized identification badges (i.e., *"Hello My Name is John Doe from Seattle SDS")* Identification name tags. Further, I created a secure room (not!) where the participants could store their belongings. The fruits of my hospitality were captured by telephoto camera across the street, located in a fleabag motel. The nametag

below each face was a nice touch in identifying all the visitors to Los Angeles. The results were perfect mugshots!

Disgusting Actions of a Despicable Woman

I am proud to be among the millions of loyal Americans who, to this day harbor intense hatred for an American actress, whose actions while visiting Vietnam, demonstrated support for the North Vietnamese and disloyalty to American servicemen. During one demonstration I was situated very close to her and another woman who had a young girl in tow, perhaps 4-5 years of age. The little girl approached two uniformed police officers who bent down and were friendly to the little girl, at which point the despicable actress grabbed the girl, pulled her away from the officers, then pointed to the officers and informed the little girl, "Bad, bad!" Until that moment, I did not think it possible to hate her any more than I already did; I was wrong…

Declined Appointment as FBI Agent

During the brief period that I attended Cal State LA before going undercover, I met FBI Supervisory Agent Frank Calley, who at the time was (as I recall) the Resident Agent in Charge (RAC) of the FBI's Pasadena office. Our friendship continued when I went undercover and although my official FBI liaison was with other agents, he and I met for a covert cup of coffee from time to time, and I enjoyed our association. He was 100% aware of my undercover activities, including target individuals and organizations. The FBI had just changed the criteria for Special Agent qualification, where a baccalaureate degree plus three years investigative experience provided a pathway for educated and qualified civilian law enforcement officers to join the FBI. Quite frankly, he was recruiting me, and I was initially excited about becoming an FBI

agent. We chatted back and forth for several weeks, and I am aware that there was an interest beyond him, to include a conceptual discussion about my first assignment likely being with a squad of FBI agents in New York City whose specialty was the Socialist Worker's Party; an outfit that I was extremely familiar with.

While I did not realize it at the time, I found out that the FBI did later make employment exceptions in unusual cases, including that of a wonderful casual friend Tommy Norris. Tommy was a former Navy SEAL and Medal of Honor recipient who lost an eye in Vietnam, and who was extremely effective in an undercover assignment with the obvious lack of one of his eyes.

Like most things, the "devil is in the details," and I lost much of my enthusiasm, especially because my mom did not want me to move away from our family. A very interesting thing happened when I told Frank that I did not think the FBI would work out for me, mentioning my weak math skills and a possibility that I might not even pass the written examination; he responded, "You have already passed the written examination!" Wow, if he was telling the truth, I guess the FBI did have an interest in me. I wisely choose to continue my career with the LAPD.

Here is an interesting postscript. Several years later the FBI was embroiled in a major scandal involving Squad 10 of the New York City field office, with several indictments for alleged "dirty tricks" during investigations of various organizations, including the Socialist Workers Party. Thank goodness I did not go with the Bureau, as I may well have been involved in that mess. One final tidbit, the head of that squad during the scandal was Supervisory Special Agent Mark Felt, who years later as the deputy director of the FBI was determined to be the infamous "Deep Throat" in the Watergate Scandal that resulted in the resignation of President Richard Nixon.

The Reluctant Pallbearer

I spent a great deal of time participating in protests at UCLA and in the adjacent Westwood Village. On one particularly disruptive event, I was selected to be one of the pall bearers to carry the remnants of capitalism up the steps and into the Bank of America building in the village. Given the growing size of the crowd, I knew that a tactical alert had been declared and that patrol and motor units from throughout the city were rushing to the village, with fire in their eyes and full cans of whoop ass for the predictable rocks, bottles and combative behavior.

The "solemn" event was not moving very fast, as the purpose was to entice as many protesters as possible. Unfortunately for me, I knew the cavalry of cops was just about to charge and could hear the high-performance engines of even more units converging from every direction. As soon as the coffin was placed on the ground, I ran like hell! Other than a striking blow from the baton of a motor officer, I managed to get away before all hell broke loose, which I watched from a block or so away.

Equipment and Resources for Demonstrations

Very little. During the era of the 1960's, there was no such thing as body armor, personal chemical agents or even hand-held radios. The only equipment the officers possessed were wooden nightsticks, rigid leather saps, military surplus gas masks and helmets. Although officers were trained and sometimes practiced squad tactics and riot control, the extreme yelling and screaming at protects made consistent discipline and control very difficult. Once the shit hit the fan, it was close to a wild brawl until the smoke settled. Then it was simply a matter of picking up the pieces and trying to match suspects with

arresting officers. The officers of that era did not initiate the violence, but they clearly knew how to address it.

There was one great tool of the era for addressing rioters, but only if the wind cooperated; the gasoline generated "Pepper Fogger." Like today's gas driven leaf-blower in reverse, it could immediately saturate an area with tear gas. Not only could the wind be a problem, but the rapid movement of the crowd often involved the officers running into the cloud of the pepper spray.

My Perspective on Policing Demonstrations

I can say without a shred of exaggeration that I have been involved in well over 100 large demonstrations over the years; in the capacity of observer, demonstrator, troublemaker and all levels of policing (officer, supervisor, manager, executive). First is the need for as much good intelligence as can be developed, then allocate the degrees of manpower and equipment that may be required. It is best to have as small a presence as possible, with a larger contingent of officers well out of sight, but able to respond immediately if needed. Demonstrators love to create a crowd and young cops love running into the heart of a problem. Oftentimes the presence of cops generates a conflict that may well not have occurred had they remained out-of-sight. Don't forget to assign videographers with *clear instructions on who and what to photograph*. I have witnessed several situations that could have gone sideways had there been an unnecessary police response, but which ultimately ended up with good will and "shucking & jiving" between the demonstrators and officers.

Unsuccessful Attempt to "Out Me" as a Cop

A potentially very bad thing occurred in mid-1970, when reliable information was received that Irving Sandberg (pseudo name), the head of the Los Angeles Peace Action Council, supposedly had evidence that I was a cop, and that he was going to "out" me at a large gathering to be held at a meeting hall in East Hollywood. I did not know (still don't!) if he truly had proof that I was a cop, or if his actions were just part of the continuing tug of war between the CPUSA, with which he was affiliated or the SWP, which I was affiliated with, for control of the Cal State LA SDS. Still, it was a potentially dangerous situation for me because of the likely 200-300 people in attendance. Two of my sergeants were to be deployed nearby to come to my aid if things went sideways.

As anticipated, Sandberg took to the stage and with a microphone accused me of being a cop, at which time I leaped onto the stage, snatched the microphone out of his hand and gave a boisterous speech of my own, accusing him of "cop-baiting in a manner that would damage our collective desire to battle imperialism!" I proclaimed that I did not care to be associated with Sandberg or the Peace Action Council and quickly exited the room, followed by quite a few of the others present who were apparently inspired by my indignation! This was quite a proud moment for me in reinforcing my levels of leadership and bullshit. I quickly went to the where my two sergeants were supposedly poised to come to my aid if a problem developed; once again, my backup had gone elsewhere.

This incident occurred towards the end of my undercover assignment, and I was getting tired of being abandoned by people that were supposed to be backing me up in critical situations. The explanation was always the same; I supposedly knew what I was doing and could

likely navigate whatever difficulties may have arisen. Most of these were good and decent men, but poorly led, had too much latitude, came and went as they choose, and spent more time on personal business than their responsibilities.

Every task and assignment creates the opportunity for growth. Given my two years of making rousing speeches to large numbers of people and expressing views diametrically opposed to my belief systems and sometimes receiving standing ovations, it likely qualified me for a gold start in the Toastmaster's public speaking organization!

LAPD Sergeant's Examination

In the late 1960s, the Department was losing men (sorry ladies) faster than they could replace them, because many of the World War Two veterans were retiring, and many of them were sergeants. To increase the number of eligible sergeants, the Civil Service rules were changed to enable policemen (that was the civil service rank at the time) to take the Sergeant's examination if the person would have four years of service at the time the civil service list would become effective, as opposed to the old rule of having to have four years of service at the time the application was submitted.

Still undercover, I spend the better part of each day for an entire month cramming for the written exam, which I secretly took with a one-on-one representative from the City's Personnel Department in the basement of City Hall. I then spent another couple of weeks practicing my oral presentation into a tape recorder.

My oral examination before three captains went very well. I had to sneak in the back door of the city building where the interviews were being held. I was quickly ushered into the interview room itself. My preparation really paid off, and I nailed every question. Besides being a

novelty because of my assignment and appearance, one of the interviewers, Captain John Demarest, had been a Marine officer in World War II and obviously felt that I was a strong candidate. Another of the three interviewers, Captain Frank Beeson, in response to my answer to a complicated question, rolled his chair back and stated, "I have no further questions for this man." I left knowing that I had done well, just not how well. As it turned out, I scored #46 out of the several hundred men who took the exam; a remarkedly high score for someone with so little time on the job.

My Final Undercover Activity

My final day undercover was the Naval Reserve Officer Graduation Ceremony at UCLA in June of 1970, where the co-speakers were then-Governor Ronald Reagan and John Wayne, who was a fiercely patriotic actor. Since it was my grand finale while undercover, I invited my mother and then-wife to attend but obviously seated them away from me and the other jerks. As the ceremony got underway, it was immediately disrupted by about 100 protesters who started running up and down the aisles of the amphitheater, at which time hordes of friends and loved ones of the graduates attacked the protesters! Then to my horror (well, maybe not too much!), my then wife and aging mother joined in the mayhem, which included my mom stomping on the eyeglasses that my wife had knocked from the head of one of the jerks. They were a couple of proud ladies that day!

Sneaky Promotion Ceremony

I was promoted to Sergeant and finished my probationary period while still undercover. To get my badge and meet with Chief Davis, I was ushered into the back of Parker Center and took the freight elevator to Personnel Division. About ten other policemen were also being

promoted, and they were the bright young up and comers who had studied together and all knew each other. But who the hell was this long-hair hippy-looking person also getting a Sergeant's badge? Because of the secrecy, my name was not even on the promotion list; my score was 45.5, hidden behind #45 and #46. Before slipping away, I was ushered into Chief Davis's office for a nice conversation. He was aware of my activities, based on our former student-professor relationship when he was a deputy chief. Like most of us, he had a unique personality and management style, but I did then and continue to think very highly of him.

Prepared a Guide for Undercover Operations

As previously mentioned, I received absolutely no training, guidance or guidelines when I went undercover, other than "just keep doing what you're doing." During my entire undercover assignment, I created detailed notes on the techniques that I developed and employed, the things that went well, the things that did not go well, and a number of personal and organizational thoughts that I intended to pass on to future undercover agents. My notes were specifically for investigations related to sabotage, espionage, subversive and un-American activities. When I "surfaced," I freely shared this information throughout Intelligence Division. By today's standards it would probably appear crudely assembled and somewhat amateurish, but at that time it was well received and hopefully helpful to others who followed in my footsteps.

"Surfacing" from Undercover

I was flattered to be asked to remain undercover indefinitely, but I was truly ready to return to the real world and resume my career as a Los

Angeles Police officer, now a Sergeant. Upon surfacing, I worked briefly in the Division as a partner to a seasoned investigator and fellow former Marine, Sergeant Gene Russell. Much of my time was spent in debriefs, mentoring prospective and newly assigned undercover officers and attending the one-month Sergeant's School at the Police Academy. Because of my assignment, the Chief of Police made clear to Personnel Division that I would be given my choice of any patrol division throughout the city; I choose and was assigned to the Rampart Patrol Division.

Exit Interview with Captain John Thompson

On my final day in Intelligence Division, I gently and diplomatically requested an exit interview with the commanding officer, an old time and long-term detective, Captain John Thompson. I was proud of my performance while undercover, honored that my undercover draft had well received, had a new bride who had been a secretary in the division, and genuinely liked everyone (except the officer thief). I strongly felt that there was a need to tighten things up, especially as it came to the lack of support given to undercover officers and the fact they were often blamed for the mistakes and foolish acts of the detectives in the office. I absolutely avoided any names or specifics (they were all friends) and started by suggesting that it might be a wise idea if the two lieutenants were to occasionally meet independently with the undercover officers to obtain a more complete understanding of what was going on in the field – big mistake!

Captain Thompson glared at me and said something to the effect, "That in all of his years in the Department, he had never had a new sergeant come into his office and tell him how to run his division." As I recall, I quickly changed the subject to how honored I was to have served undercover and got the hell out of his office. About a dozen years later, during a Board of Inquiry regarding the management of that division,

the botched conversation with Captain Thompson became a major topic of discussion.

I have reflected many times on that painful conversation with Captain Thompson and truly believe that much of the later scandals and lawsuits could have been mitigated to some extent if Thompson had taken my concerns seriously and constructively.

A Kabuki Dance with an Old Radical Acquaintance

Within a couple of months of surfacing from undercover, I was a day watch uniformed sergeant in the Rampart Patrol Division. On one occasion, in a fast-food restaurant, I found myself near face-to-face with a women with whom I had been close (platonically) while undercover. She was a rabid socialist, a single mother and someone who was always trying to interest me in a romantic relationship. By a casual scan I could see her eyes were locked solid on me. I maintained a casual demeanor and subtly moved my body so that she could not see my nametag (I used my true name while undercover), and with one hand was able to remove it. In the few minutes before receiving my take-out meal, she was laser focused on me, and I am believing 95% sure that I was her old socialist pal. The 5% uncertainty allowed me to leave without a scene, which likely would have been very ugly. I occasionally check up on my old pals via the internet and see that that the once disgusting young activist is now a disgusting old activist!

Interestingly, after surfacing from undercover I seldom encountered many of my past investigative targets or associates. I continued my graduate studies at Cal State LA but obviously maintained a low profile. Still, because of how core radical activists are moved around by the core organizations and student participants rapidly come and go, I rarely even caught sight

of any of my old pals, and because of my changed appearance they were not likely to recognize me.

Earning While Learning While Undercover

Going to school full time as an assignment was a good deal, but realistically I was already a full-time student (and a full-time policeman!) when tapped to go undercover. As previously mentioned, for week at a time, it was "day on and stay on," and before the Fair Labor Standards Act. The City of Los Angeles got it's moneys worth out of me!

I did obtain my bachelor's degree and got a couple of graduate level courses completed while still undercover. After surfacing, I continued as a part-time student, ultimately receiving a master's degree in 1976.

Chapter Six
DIRECT MARINE CORPS COMMISSION

As per the agreement with Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, I had held my commissioning in abeyance until my undercover assignment was over. Within a short time, my commissioning information was forwarded to the Marine Corps Recruiting Station Los Angeles and, at the same location where I was sworn in as Private Bushey in 1961, I was sworn in as Second Lieutenant Bushey in 1970. After the oath was administered in 1961, I was given a mop and told to "Swab the deck you

worthless maggot." The 1970 swearing in was a more pleasant experience!

Assigned a Crazy Occupational Specialty

When commissioned I was assigned the Military Occupational Specialty (MOS) of 0170 – Investigations Officer. The "01" field was administration, and I sure was not that! They had to make me something, so found some obscure MOS that to this day I have never heard of. Actually, it worked out well a couple of years later when I applied to join the 3D Air-Naval Gunfire Liaison Company (ANGLICO).

I was in the process of being turned away when the commanding officer asked what my MOS was, to which he immediately said that I was hired. As it turned out, the Administration Shop was in a terrible mess and with no administration officer and, thinking I was an administrator because of the 0170 MOS, I was hired on the spot with no further discussion. After about three months as the administration officer, it was clear that I did not know what I was doing and I was assigned to an operational platoon. As time when on, I shed the 0170 and obtained several additional MOS's before retiring.

Fourth LAAM Battalion

Not long after becoming a patrol sergeant in Rampart Division, I became aware that one of my probationary subordinates was a Vietnam veteran and drilling captain in a local Marine Corps Reserve Unit, Delta Battery of the Fourth Light Anti-Aircraft Missile Battalion (LAAM) in Pasadena. Bud Harper was a great person and a great boss, with a friendship that exists to this day. Notwithstanding my weird-ass

military occupational specialty (investigations officer), he offered me the position of support platoon commander, which I gratefully accepted.

A Truly "Salty" Second Lieutenant

For my first drill weekend, I broke out one of my well-worn but serviceable utility uniforms, containing my clearly recognizable Okinawan embroidered name tag, replaced my corporal chevrons with gold bars and just started being a lieutenant. There was absolutely no period of adjustment. Without much conscious consideration, I replicated the positive behavior of solid officers with whom I had served and avoided the negative behaviors of officers for whom I had reservations. Although I had not worn the Marine Corps uniform for about five years, it was as if I had never left. The only real change was that I was now on the other side of the salutes. I was and continue to be very proud of my prior enlisted status as a "Mustang."

No Basic School for Me

Among the people who were a pleasure to serve with was the regular Marine officer assigned to the Pasadena unit, Major John Spivey. He appropriately opined that although I did not attend Officer Candidate School (OCS), that I should enroll and complete the non-resident Basic School (TBS), which was an intensive correspondence course, in lieu of the regular six-month resident course. I did enroll, got a big stack of books and after completing a couple of the sub-courses realized it was largely a waste of time. My enlisted experience and life-long obsession with the military had already provided most of the information contained in my lessons. After a few months I wrote to the Basic School

indicating that I was very busy and could the course be paused for several months, which was agreed upon. I never did resume the Basic

Course and pretty much just kept my mouth shut for fear that it would hinder my continued upward mobility in the Corps, which it did not. In terms of rare birds, a Mustang colonel who completed neither OCS nor TBS is right up there with the California Condor!

Having it Both Ways – LAPD & USMC

I have never stopped counting my blessing at being able to satisfy both of my career obsessions, and then rise to high levels in both law enforcement and the Marine Corps. It was not always easy because of conflicting schedules, but I continually strived to minimize the USMC disruption on the LAPD, primarily through hard work and always *trying* to take my military leaves of absence during non-peak times of the year. I must gratefully say that for most of my career in the LAPD and subsequent agencies, I had more support than opposition as a Marine Corps officer.

Of special significance was the reality that for most of my Marine Corps commissioned career, the only difference between regular and reserve Marines were the hours involved. Under the "total force" concept, most tables of organization reflected a mixture of reserve and regular Marines, with a necessity for maximum reserve participation in the event of mobilization, which occurred not infrequently. The training and proficiency standards were identical. In several of my assignments, even though a reserve, I had regular full-time Marines, both officers and enlisted, working for me. As a senior Lieutenant Colonel and later as a full colonel, I was frequently expected to attend critical meetings, often on short notice, at my headquarters in New Orleans. In the ramp up to the mobilization for the first war in the Persian Gulf, I often spent

sixteen hours days, with my time divided between the LAPD and the USMC. The same realities applied after I moved on from the LAPD to several other law enforcement agencies.

Held to a Higher Standard

Any person who fails to acknowledge that a Marine Corps officer is not held to a higher personal and professional standard is failing to accept reality; the status is always a factor to some extent. The Marine Corps affiliation is always a factor, albeit in the background, in evaluating behaviors and performance. It was clear to me that the few colleagues who abruptly minimized or criticized my military service did so out of jealousy or rationalization for not serving. Incidentally, I strongly recognize that military service is a matter of timing and circumstances and have not an ounce of criticism for anyone who did not serve, as long as they supported the military as loyal Americans.

Although a few of my former colleagues may mistakenly disagree, I ALWAYS held myself to a higher standard of personal and professional performance and behaviors because I was representing not just myself, but also the Marine Corps. I had a great career in the LAPD, but not perfect. We are all products of many things, including our past experiences; I am proud that mine included the Marine Corps and recognize the likelihood of it being obvious to others from time to time.

For reasons that remain somewhat dubious and controversial, I got organizationally "gangster slapped" and administratively transferred on a couple of occasions, but in each instances held my head high, maintained a positive attitude, continued to lean forward, supported the organization and refused to let my organizational commitment

falter. For the most part, I managed most of my “organizational and political storms” reasonably well.

Shortly before retiring and having been administratively transferred to a do-nothing assignment, I met personally with then-Chief Willie Williams and his three assistant chiefs. I told them that their actions were wrong; but stated that as long as I wore the badge of a Los Angeles police officer, if assigned to wash the trash cans behind Parker Center, they would be the shiniest trash cans in Los Angeles.

Chapter Seven
SENSITIVE MILITARY LEAVES OF ABSENCE

The military reserve typically involves four major areas for a reservist: Weekend drills once per month, two weeks of active duty for training each year, attendance at military proficiency or career development schools and, in actually activation of active duty in time of war, conflict or emergency. Because of my unique intelligence background and later because of my perceived advanced investigative and human resources skills, I was a person who was occasionally called to active duty for sensitive or difficult tasks not typically performed by a reservist. The prominence and stellar reputation of the Los Angeles Police Department was often a consideration in these assignments. I shall describe several of the most prominent.

Acquisition of Munitions, Equipment and Training

The military and law enforcement has always enjoyed a cordial relationship, but that does not necessarily translate into equipment, training and support. Department of Defense guidelines generally prohibit providing governmental military resources to non-military organizations. Like most things in life, difficult tasks can sometimes be accomplished by coordination of the right people at the right times and under the right circumstances. Early as a cunning corporal and later as a cunning colonel, I became adept at navigating the bureaucracies and finding *legal* ways of accomplishing some very challenging tasks. When asked to facilitate the acquisition of equipment or other types of support, I usually managed to find a way to succeed. A good example would include an overnight declaration of a needed item to be surplus from the military and turned over to law enforcement the next day. I am one of those people who knows how to get things done.

Beirut International Airport Bombing Investigation

October 23, 1983, was a horrible day for the nation and the Marine Corps. Two suicide bombers managed to drive an explosive laden truck into the Marine Compound at the Beirut Internation Airport in Lebanon, resulting in the death of 243 Marines and sailors, and the wounding of scores more. This tragedy resulted in a number of inquiries and investigations, with the goals of preventing a reoccurrences. Because of my combined Marine Corps and civil law enforcement experience, I was among a group of roughly twenty executives throughout the nation, who had similar backgrounds, who were selected to examine and make recommendations in the area of force protection and rules of engagement.

Witness to Attempted Assassination of President Reagan

During my assignment as the Commanding Officer of Communications Division, I was also the Department's designated representative on Capitol Hill in Washington, DC. I was dealing primarily with the ultimately successful effort to obtain additional radio spectrum for not only the Los Angeles Police Department, but because of my elected position as President of the Southern California Public Safety Communications Committee, for all of Southern California as well. My military background in communications, including skills as an amateur radio operator, was a key factor in my communications assignment and in my selection as the key person and coordinator of public safety communications in Southern California.

One evening, after a series of meetings in Downtown Washington and accompanied my then-eleven-year-old son (now a retired LAPD lieutenant), we witnessed the attempt of an armed gunman to scale the fence at the White House to assassinate President Reagan. The suspect was promptly shot by the Secret Service. The suspect was found guilty of the charges and returned to a mental prison facility.

Invasion of Kuwait

When Iraq invaded Kuwait in the late summer of 1990, I knew immediately that my unit would be called to active duty; it was just a matter of when and in what form. At that time, I was the Commanding Officer of Northeast Area. My complete unit, the 3D Air-Naval Gunfire Company (3D ANGLICO) was called up in two segments, the first in November of 1990 and the main body, including myself, in January of 1991. The Advance Party, which included several officers from LAPD and other agencies, distinguished themselves during combat operations.

Once the ground war was over, the real war started; to keep everyone on active duty for at least 90 days to ensure veteran's benefits under the new G.I. Bill. I succeeded in my efforts and the unit remained on active duty at Camp Pendleton for 96 days. Commanding this wonderful unit remains one of my proudest experiences. We suffered no casualties in theatre, but Major Bob Ashley later died from the chemical exposure from the burning oil wells that had been ignited by retreating Iraqi forces.

As a result of a comment that I made to a reporter from the Los Angeles Times with respect to the anticipated mobilization of military reservists, I took some well-meaning heat from some of my friends who suggested that I was eager to get called up: *"I hope and pray this will be successfully resolved in a peaceful manner (invasion of Kuwait). But if that's not to be, I hope to be part of the alternate approach," said Los Angeles Police Captain Keith Bushey, who also holds the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps reserves*. As it turned out, I got my wish.

Sensitive Personnel Investigations

Because of my investigative background, I was often assigned various types of investigations in most of the commands to which I was assigned. From 1995 through 1998, I served as the Inspector General of the 4th Marine Division, headquartered in New Orleans; the official title being the Assistant Chief of Staff for Readiness G-7. The areas that occupied most of my efforts, and those of my staff, were to ensure the readiness of USMCR units for mobilization and for me personally the investigation of alleged misconduct by high-ranking Marine Corps officers. In a sickening twist of fate, I was conducting and overseeing these types of investigations for the Marine Corps when I personally

was under investigation for inappropriate gender-related conduct by the LAPD; which made the bogus politically driven charges against me even more painful and frustrating.

Military Liaison During the 1992 Civil Unrest

Los Angeles suffered terrible rioting and civil unrest subsequent to the Not Guilty verdicts in a trial of four white LAPD police officers during the arrest of a black fleeing motorist. Shortly after the rioting broke out, and based on my extensive military background, I was assigned by then-Police Chief Gates as a liaison to all military forces entering the City due to a National and State call-up of military forces and National Guard personnel. Those were very dark and painful days for the City and the Los Angeles Police Department.

I wish I could say that all went smoothly, but the ill-will, rivalry and competition for resources became quite the challenge, bordering on a nightmare. I was bouncing between the assigned locations of the Los Alamitos Military Reserve Base and the Los Angeles Police and Los Angeles County Sheriff Emergency Operations Centers. It got almost as ugly as what was occurring on the streets. However, I found the pony in that pile of dung; it became the material for my thesis during my attendance at the California POST (Peace Officers Standards & Training Commission)! Additionally, I internalized many lessons learned and incorporated them into my writings and instruction to other law enforcement managers and executives.

Chapter Eight
RETIREMENT FROM THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

In May 1996, I went from hero to zero almost overnight! As the commanding officer of the Personnel Group and the Department's Equal Employment Opportunity Officer, I refused to determine a finding of discrimination in a matter in which there was no discrimination. However, there was a strong desire by two deputy chiefs and two assistant chiefs that a particular employee be found to be a victim, which was not the case (as later unanimously determined by a federal jury). Although I was a high-ranking officer, the chain of command above me was succumbing to the desires of the Chef of Police (and likely external persons) and applying pressure, which over a period of a couple of weeks I staunchly resisted.

Just before my bullshit reassignment, I got a gentle but direct threat for the first time in my career. A long-time friend and retiree, Captain Diane Harbor took me behind closed doors and, as a friend made clear that my failure to make a finding of discrimination was going to be very damaging to my career but provided no specifics. While cordial, I recognized that she was part of the junta that was pushing for an inappropriate determination. I did not appreciate the visit.

During this matter I invited both of my superiors to militarily endorse me in writing (effectively overruling me), but both declined. They knew there was no discrimination, but neither had the courage to acknowledge such. Then, in an absolutely conjured up, nonsensical personnel complaint, I was accused of misconduct. The two charges are that I was overheard to remark to my secretary, "Let's get our buns in gear" and worse yet, "That person is acting like a big weenie." The

accusations were not made by my secretary, but by the secretary of another commander who was part of the effort to goad me into making an improper finding of discrimination. For the first time that I am aware of, a “non-job” was created for me. It had no office, no staff, no responsibilities; just be driven around the city at night by a Metropolitan Division officer.

I must concede that refusing to find discrimination where there was none was not the beginning of my difficulties with the top staff of the Chief of Police. I had previously learned of and sabotaged an effort of a couple of assistant chiefs to falsely claim the support of the Command Officers Association in an effort to disband the unit that provided representation for officers accused of misconduct, which was not appreciated by those involved in the deception. Close to the final straw was the pressure I was receiving to find a great person, but without the extensive technical skills necessary for a sensitive position to be more qualified for the position than a person who clearly did possess those skills; this was the final straw in finding and drawing my line in the sand.

This matter was a good example of how self-serving people who are more concerned with the promotional and political opportunities can conjure up a ridiculous charge of misconduct and then oversee the investigation, adjudication, review and ultimate disposition. This was also an example of a matter that did not survive the smell test of outside review.

It is probably obvious that there were several people at the highest levels of the LAPD for whom I have little respect. This book, however, is not intended as catharsis or payback; I am far beyond that. My purpose is to make the record accurate and to explain my concerns and actions honestly, which cannot be accomplished in the absence of candor. I do not intend to give anyone a historical kick in the rear, but I also will not

avoid critical issues at the expense of accuracy. Historic reality is among the consequences for all of us.

I want to make clear that the majority of the staff and command officers on the Department at the time were fine men and women who, like me were trying their best to do the right thing and often walk a fine line between responsiveness to the chief, the special interests directing him and their own career survival. My assignment in the human resources arena made me particularly vulnerable to special interests' pressure because of the role I played in promotions, transfers, paygrade upgrades, advanced paygrade quotas, probationary terminations and determinations of discrimination. I was envious of most of my fellow command officers who only had to worry about crime, investigations and arrests; my job was much more dangerous!

Of great significance was that at the time I was being ridiculously accused of inappropriate behavior, I was the USMC Inspector General of all Marine Reserve ground forces in the Continental United States, Puerto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska! Beyond the indignation and humiliation of the situation, I was being dealt with by several LAPD staff officers who would not make a wart on the backside of some of the truly outstanding leaders that I was working with in the Marine Corps. Those LAPD staff officers were not worthy of the stars on their collars. It was sad and troubling having a front row seat to witness just how dysfunctional an organization can become without competent leadership at the top.

Conversation with Mayor Richard Riordan

A day or so into my new assignment as staff inspector, I was at City Hall when Mayor Richard Riordan sought me out and asked about the full circumstances of my reassignment. As we parted, he shook his head

and told me to "just hang in there." By then it was clear that he lacked confidence in Chief Willie Williams, as did my close friend Commissioner Art Mattox. I remain very grateful to art Mattox (RIP) who understood the magnitude of my consternation and orchestrated the meeting. I would have like the mayor to intervene but certainly understood why that would not have been wise or appropriate. He appeared to be giving Chief Williams enough rope to hang himself, and direct involvement in Department affairs would certainly have complicated that effort. As stated previously, he was not a bad person, just terribly incompetent as chief of police.

Selection as San Bernardino County Marshal

Coincidentally, I had applied to be the Marshal of San Bernardino County and was moving ahead in that process. I was one of forty applicants for the position and was selected by an overwhelming vote of the entire judicial bench of superior and municipal court judges, all from the thirteen courthouses in San Bernardino County. In a scrutiny of my dispute with the Chief of Police, the judicial selection committee and (later the full bench) was complimentary and supportive of the position that I had taken in my dispute. The selection committee was equally incredulous at the bogus charges of misconduct.

In August of 1996, I became Marshal Keith Bushey of the San Bernardino County Marshal's Department. I was flattered that my staff and many of my supporters sponsored a retirement reception for me at the Police Academy, where I insisted no speeches or gifts, just good conversation. I was distressed but not surprised that several of the spineless persons who played a role in my organizational demise attended my retirement reception.

Several gestures for which I remain deeply gratefully are the actions of Los Angeles Police Protective League (LAPPL), which is the organization that represents lieutenants and below. Although several ranks above their sphere of representation, most of the members of the board dedicated a portion of their comments in the organization's monthly newsletter to my leadership and fairness as a command officer. Then, the LAPPL contacted the employee organization representing Marshal and Sheriff deputies of San Bernardino County and provided a favorable assessment of my actions in dealing with employee organizations, which was deeply appreciated. Finally, three years later, after the merger of the Sheriff and Marshal Departments, the LAPPL once again visited my new department where I had been appointed a deputy chief and presented me with a most complimentary plaque for my new office. The passage of time has not dimmed my fondness for the Los Angeles Police Protective League.

Chapter Nine
RETIREMENT FROM THE MARINE CORPS

I remained fully engaged in the Marine Corps from the moment I was commissioned in 1970 until my retirement from the LAPD in 1996, and in subsequent agencies as well until my mandatory USMC retirement in 1999. Although a colonel could only serve for thirty years, I was able to serve an additional eight years because of my prior enlisted service. As a colonel, I was entitled to a significant retirement event, including a parade with "pass in review." I declined both and just asked and received the honor of informally hosting all the officers and men in my Camp Pendleton unit be my guests for chow and refreshments, and that the utility uniform be the uniform of the day. I am sure my troops and fellow officers appreciated not having to get all dressed up and practice for a parade!

Donation of My Intelligence Division Files

I was a document hoarder while undercover and kept a great deal of information related to the Anti-War Movement, Anti-American and Subversive Activities, Sabotage, Espionage and various disruptive events, publications and leaflets from Los Angeles and beyond. I believed, with appropriate redactions, that the information should be in the public domain. I chose the Special Collections Library at the University of Southern California, which is where my materials now reside. As in all actions pertaining to my Intelligence Division assignment, including my present writings, I went through a libel review process before transfer of the materials. In addition to my personal files, also donated was my entire collection of California State and Federal committee's published documents on subversive and un-American activities, some going back into the 1950s.

Chapter Ten
STILL IN THE MARINE CORPS ARENA

I continue to be active in Marine Corps and veteran's activities, especially as the vice president of Devil Pups, where roughly 300 boys and girls, ages 14-17, attend a very intensive two-week summer program at Camp Pendleton. I also maintain the Veteran's Mobile Museum, made up of over 70 quality mannequins, all in authentic period military uniforms. Finally, I collect militaria, including rare

medals and insignia and enjoy working with the National Archives in researching the backgrounds of the people whose historic items are in my possession.

Chapter Eleven
STILL IN THE LAW ENFORCEMENT ARENA

I also continue to be active in the law enforcement arena, as the author of books and articles on leadership, with a significant following on social media. I remain an active board member of the Los Angeles County Peace Officers Association and a member of the faculty of Embassy Consulting Services; providing consulting and a variety of California POST-approved courses to the criminal justice profession. Finally, in a partnership with my son, retired LAPD Lieutenant Jake Bushey, I maintain a massive collection of historic and contemporary law enforcement badges and insignia.

Chapter Twelve
EPILOGE

Unlike my previous books, I have chosen to self-publish this book and make it available without charge from my website. Compensation is not a consideration, and many the people for whom my materials are primarily directed are part of my Mailchimp and LinkedIn data bases

The goals of this book are to tell my story to anyone who may be interested, contribute to an interesting legacy for my friends and family, to remind everyone that democracy is fragile. Bad people with evil intentions are lurking within benign appearing organizations, and I wish to make clear that goals of the intelligence gathering apparatus of the Los Angeles Police Department have always been focused on identifying potential problems and preventing criminal behavior. Both on behalf of the Los Angeles Police Department and the United States Marine Corps, I am deeply proud to have been part of that effort.

Bibliography

Keith Bushey retired from the Los Angeles Police Department as a commander, from the San Bernardino County Sheriff's Department as a deputy chief, and from the United States Marine Corps Reserve as a colonel. Other law enforcement experience includes having served as a Los Angeles County deputy sheriff, a State of California deputy game warden, and as the Marshal of San Bernardino County. He is an instructor emeritus for the FBI Law Enforcement Executive Development Association, a published author and has lectured and continues to write extensively in the areas of leadership, management and ethics. He presently serves on the faculty of Embassy Consulting Services. His entire eight booklet Leadership Series is in the public domain and may be downloaded without cost from KeithBushey.com. This entire book, including the color cover, may also be downloaded at no cost from KeithBushey.com.

Reviewer's Comments

"It was 114 degrees when we landed on the tarmac in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. The flight from El Toro was about 5 hours with no information on board other than where we were headed. Wearing flack jackets, with full packs, and loaded with live ammunition, we had no idea if we would be deplaning under fire or what awaited us. As it turned out we were met by cameramen and a line of trucks to deploy in defensive positions across the fence line. Our orders were to dig in and prepare for an assault by the Cubans. For days to come Bushey led the mantra to the joke – "Just a drill, huh, Peters!"

-Former Corporal Barry Peters, Pal and Private Investor

"As someone who has worked undercover in my career, I marvel at Keith's undercover experiences and his professionalism during his LAPD career. He continues to be an inspiration to all officers who aspire to do the job in a professional manner."

-Cmdr. Joe Gunn, LAPD (Ret) LAPD legend and Author

"As a close friend for over five decades, I can attest that Keith Bushey's life has been filled with one exciting adventure after another and provide inspiration to all who read this book. This book is a must read!"

-Hon. Steve Cooley, Los Angeles County District Attorney (2000-2012)

"Keith Bushey has held many titles, but the journey from corporal to colonel is among the most interesting. Don't forget that his other titles included, deputy sheriff, marshal, deputy chief, game warden, professor and sub-ranks throughout numerous organizations. 'The term 'Been there & done that' describes this man!"

-LtCol. John McBrearty USA (Ret) and Award-Winning Author

"What a compelling series of short stories that highlight the life and dual career of a great American truly making the world safe for demonocracy."

-NCIS Agent Leon Carroll, Jr. (Ret) and NYT Best-Selling Author

"In my conversations with Keith Bushey, I'm reminded what principled leadership and public service look like. From high school dropout to LAPD commander and Marine Colonel, his remarkable career is layered, complex, and authentic.' I often say, 'Trust is earned in droplets and lost in buckets.' Keith has spent a lifetime earning those droplets."

-Former Chief Medaria Arradondo, Minneapolis Police Department