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NARCOTIC OFFICERS

MAGAZINE



PROMOTING THE EXCHANGE OF IDEAS AND INFORMATION AMONG
LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES AND SUPPORT GROUPS

Personal Statement from the Editor...



Welcome to our Winter issue of 2022, Narcotic Officers Magazine, Volume 11 Issue 3. As always, I would like to thank each of you for advertising, your support, hard work and dedication. None of this is possible without you. I am here to educate the public and law enforcement community in the awareness of narcotics, drugs, and other addictive substances. I also make every effort to support programs that teach kids, parents, and the law enforcement community about drug use.

We continue focusing our supported programs towards drug education, equipment donations, and k9 programs. We continue to produce a high-quality magazine to help promote the exchange of ideas and information among law enforcement agencies and support groups. We have found that our publication, Narcotic Officers Magazine, continues to be both educational and helpful to both public safety officials, and the public with an interest in drug safety and education.

While holidays and family gatherings are intended to be a fun and special time, sometimes they can unfortunately be a stressful experience. Now is the time to change things up and try something new to make this holiday season the best one yet. For those who have lost a loved one, the holiday time can be an especially tough time, but that's why it's important to support each other and be together. Why is Family Time Important? Bonding with family, talk and listen, teaching your kids valuable lessons, show affection, family traditions, accept each other, share chores, connect with your children, building self-esteem, build positive behavior, encourage and commu-

nicate, kids become good friends, create memories, family bonding is healthy, and connecting with family reduces stress. "Your family and your love must be cultivated like a garden. Time, effort, and imagination must be summoned constantly to keep any relationship flourishing and growing." — Jim Rohn

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"Be strong and courageous, do not be afraid or tremble at them, for the Lord your God is the one who goes with you. He will not fail you or forsake you." Deuteronomy 31:6

Till next time, stay safe!

Matt Neelley
Editor

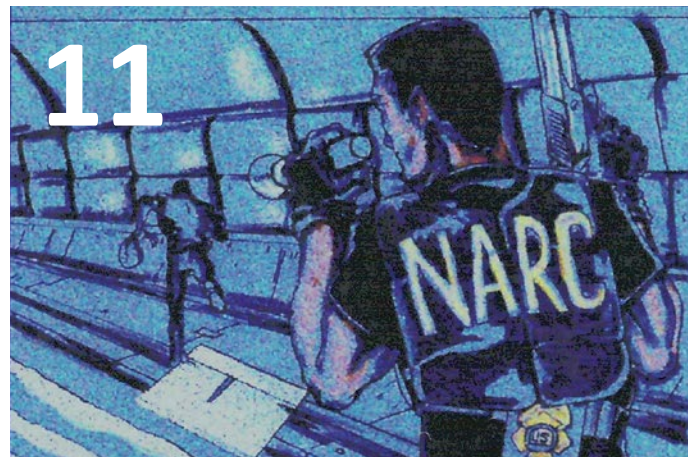
A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Matt Neelley', written over a horizontal line.

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CHAPTER 6

How to Implement a Successful Drug Misuse Prevention Program on Your Campus

“

We should help students to remember that their prevention professionals on campus are trained to know the spectrum of evidence-based strategies, but that students have a lot of freedom within those strategies. We want them to implement things that they can get excited about and get creative about and also get other students excited about, potentially having a healthier and safer and more productive and academically focused environment.

—Joan Masters, Senior Coordinator of Partners in Prevention (PIP)

With your intervention plan and logic model now in hand, it can be tempting to jump right in and implement your prevention program with your target student population. Be honest with yourself: How many times have you found a great intervention program and done just that, maybe with an online intervention or a workshop for a specific student population? How did it work out? Have you ever wondered why an intervention wasn't received as well as you'd hoped? Why didn't the students you wanted to target show up or engage with your program?

The success of a prevention intervention depends on careful planning during all of the SPF steps, including implementation. Taking your time during implementation is crucial to building support for your intervention and ensuring that your intervention reaches your target student population.

There are three main tasks to consider during implementation:

1. **Connect with key implementation partners**
2. **Balance intervention fidelity and adaptation:**
 - **Fidelity: Maintain core components**
 - **Adaptation: Modify with care**
3. **Establish implementation supports**



Connect with Key Implementation Partners

You've already identified and connected with key implementation partners while doing the assessment, capacity building, and intervention planning steps. These are the individual students, staff, and student groups who will be responsible for and/or involved in the delivery of your selected interventions. Sometimes these partners will want to make changes to the implementation plan. Even if they don't, it's important to communicate openly and make sure that all partners are on board with the implementation plan as you move forward.

Consider a hypothetical intervention aimed at sorority students on a campus. The intervention consists of two 60-minute group-based facilitated conversations that use the principles of motivational interviewing. During the program, the facilitator compares consumption data and beliefs about AOD use from one sorority to all the others on campus. The facilitator then guides the sorority into a discussion about values and how they align with the group's AOD use.

It is important for you to make sure sorority leaders on campus have bought into all aspects of the program, from the material and data being presented to the timeline and scheduling of the intervention. Ensuring that implementation partners and targeted student populations are invested in the program will set the stage for a successful intervention.

Balance Intervention Fidelity and Adaptation

As you prepare to implement your selected prevention interventions, it is important to consider *fidelity* and *adaptation*:

- » **FIDELITY** is the degree to which an intervention, program or practice is implemented as intended.
- » **ADAPTATION** describes how much, and in what ways, an intervention, program or practice is changed to meet local circumstances.


Evidence-based programs are defined as such because they consistently achieve positive outcomes. The greater your fidelity to the original intervention design, the more likely you are to reproduce these positive results.

However, customizing an intervention to better reflect the attitudes, beliefs, experiences, and values of your focus population can increase its cultural relevance, even though such adaptations may compromise intervention effectiveness. Finding a balance is key to maintaining intervention efficacy.

Let's look closer at these two concepts.

Fidelity: Maintain Core Components

“Fidelity may be defined as the extent to which delivery of an intervention adheres to the protocol or program model originally developed.”⁸³

Evidence-based interventions or programs are more likely to be effective when their core components, those elements responsible for producing positive outcomes, are maintained. Core components are like the key ingredients in a cookie recipe. You might be able to take out the chocolate chips, but if you take out the flour—a core component—the recipe won't work! [Tool: [What Are Core Components...and Why Do They Matter?](#)] 

So what are core components? Let's go back to our hypothetical sorority intervention. After meeting with sorority leaders to get their buy-in for the intervention, the leaders request some changes to the program:

- » Changing the length of the intervention from two 60-minute sessions to two 30-minute sessions
- » Adding values-based content from their national office to the discussion of values.
- » Having the assistant dean of Fraternity and Sorority Life facilitate the program.

Which ones of these should you consider? In general, here are the guidelines for implementing an intervention with fidelity and maintaining core components:

- » Preserve the setting as well as the number and length of sessions.
- » Preserve key intervention content: It's safer to add rather than subtract content.
- » Add new content with care: Consider intervention guidance and prevention research.
- » Identify the best possible candidate to deliver the intervention.

So in working with the sorority leaders:

- » We would keep the intervention at two 60-minute sessions and explain why.
- » We could welcome the addition of values information.
- » We could ask if the Fraternity and Sorority Life dean might consider being trained in motivational interviewing principles and how to facilitate the intervention since they may be the best fit to work with this population.

Adaptation: Modify with Care

The degree to which an evidence-based prevention intervention is a good fit for the focus population is a prime consideration when selecting an intervention. However, as we've learned from our hypothetical sorority intervention, even when interventions are selected with great care, there may be ways to improve a program's appropriateness for a unique focus population.

Cultural adaptation refers to modifications that are tailored to the beliefs and practices of a particular group and enhance the cultural relevance of an intervention. To make an intervention more culturally appropriate, it is crucial to consider the language, values, attitudes, beliefs, and experiences of focus population members.

When adapting an evidence-based intervention, it is important to consult with the following groups:

- » The **intervention developers** can provide information on how it has been adapted in the past, how well these adaptations have worked, and what core components should be retained to maintain effectiveness.
- » Members of your **focus population** can suggest ways to enhance the intervention materials to better reflect their concerns and experiences. Remember to practice cultural humility when receiving feedback.

Keep in mind that adaptations can be **planned** to improve a program (as with cultural adaptation) or **unplanned**. It is important to be aware of the potential for unplanned changes that may occur during implementation, such as missed sessions if the campus is shut down due to bad weather, and to address any changes that might compromise intervention effectiveness (e.g., schedule make-up sessions so students don't miss out on core intervention content).

Establish Implementation Supports

Let's return again to the question of why certain interventions succeed while others falter, even when you've taken steps to ensure that you choose interventions that are well suited to your populations and that address their risk or protective factors. What can you do to increase your chance of intervention success?

As part of your implementation planning, you must consider the following:⁸⁴

- » **Do you have a favorable prevention history with this student population?** If you've had success implementing prevention interventions with this student population in the past, your students will likely be more ready, willing, and able to support the implementation of a new intervention. If your student population has had a negative experience with—or doesn't fully understand the potential of—a prevention intervention, then it will be important to address these concerns early in the implementation process.
- » **Do you have on-site leadership and administrative support?** Prevention interventions assume many different forms and are implemented in many different settings. To be effective, interventions require the leadership of key student and staff groups and support from key stakeholders.
- » **Did you choose the best practitioner to facilitate the intervention?** When selecting the best candidate to deliver a prevention intervention, consider professional qualifications and experiences, practical skills, as well as fit with your focus population. Who is prepared to implement the intervention effectively? Who will make intervention participants feel comfortable?
- » **Have you provided practitioner training and support?** Pre- and in-service trainings can help practitioners responsible for implementing an intervention understand how and why the intervention works, practice new skills, and receive constructive feedback. Since most skills are learned on the job, it is also helpful to connect these practitioners with a coach who can provide ongoing support.
- » **Have you developed a program evaluation plan?** By closely monitoring and evaluating the delivery of an intervention, practitioners can make sure that it is being implemented as intended and improve it as needed. By assessing program outcomes, they can determine whether the intervention is working as intended and worthy of sustaining over time. *(We will address this topic further in Chapter 7—How to Evaluate Your Drug Misuse Prevention Program.)*
- » **Do you have a clear action plan for implementation?** Your plan should include (1) all implementation tasks, (2) deadlines, and (3) person(s) responsible. By working with implementation partners to develop this plan, practitioners can make sure that everyone is on the same page, and no key tasks fall through the cracks.

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When you promote both fidelity and cultural relevance, and anticipate and support the many factors that influence implementation, you are ensuring that these efforts go a long way toward producing positive outcomes. But to sustain these outcomes over time, it is important to get others involved and invested in the prevention interventions. Find concrete and meaningful ways for people to get involved, keep cultural and public opinion leaders well informed, and get the word out to the broader community through media and other publicity efforts.

Finish Strong!

Before you move forward with implementation, you should know the following:

- » How your stakeholders will be included in your prevention program implementation plan
- » How you'll balance fidelity (i.e., creating a consistent program) with adaptation (i.e., changing a program as needed)
- » How to keep program champions in the loop during prevention program planning and implementation



Warning Signs of Drug Abuse

Use of recreational drugs, over the counter medications or prescription drugs can lead to substance use issues. It can frequently lead to problems at work, home, school, and in relationships, and leave the user feeling isolated, helpless, or shamed. If you're worried about your own or a loved one's drug use, it's helpful to know the warning signs and more importantly, that help is available and treatment works.

Common signs and symptoms of drug abuse

- Risk taking when you're using, such as driving, having unprotected sex
- Neglecting responsibilities at school, work, or home
- Legal trouble, such as arrests for disorderly conduct, driving under the influence

Physical warning signs of drug abuse

- Bloodshot eyes, pupils larger or smaller than usual
- Changes in appetite, sleep patterns, physical appearance
- Unusual smells on breath, body, or clothing, or impaired coordination

Behavioral signs of drug abuse

- Drop in attendance and performance at work or school
- Engaging in secretive or suspicious behaviors



- Sudden change in friends, favorite hangouts, and hobbies

Psychological warning signs of drug abuse

- Unexplained change in personality or attitude
- Sudden mood swings, irritability, spaced-out, or angry outbursts
- Appears fearful, anxious, or paranoid, with no reason

Recognizing there's a problem is the first step on the road to recovery, which often takes tremendous courage and strength. If you're ready to face your addiction and are willing to seek help,

you have the opportunity to build a satisfying, drug-free life for yourself.

For immediate help and information on treatment, contact the Redline
Phone: (800) 889-9789

Warning signs of drug abuse. Tennessee State Government - TN.gov. (n.d.). Retrieved October 19, 2022, from <https://www.tn.gov/behavioral-health/substance-abuse-services/treatment---recovery/treatment---recovery/prescription-for-success/warning-signs-of-drug-abuse.html>

THIN WHITE LINES



John P. Sutton

DEDICATION

To my mother Arbunyan who is in heaven;
my daughters Ila, Tinessa and Heather;
my grandchildren Tre, Caila and Caleb;
and Cheryl Newton.

FORWARD

The events in this book occurred as depicted based on my review of notes, daily reports, weekly reports, investigative reports and recollection. Most of the names have been changed to ensure the privacy of those involved, especially those criminals who have been rehabilitated and have established a new life. There is no intent to defame, slander, smear or embarrass any person living or dead.

Many drug investigations involve an undercover agent interacting with drug traffickers and purchasing drugs from them for subsequent prosecution. In this subculture, there is a communication vernacular that is widely utilized in drug trafficking deals. In order to work safely and proficiently in drug investigations, an undercover agent must be articulate in this vernacular and develop a persona that depicts a drug trafficker that is adaptable to different drug trafficking communities; must talk the talk and walk the walk. Drug undercover investigation is analogous to an aerialist performing without a safety net where a slip often results in injury or death.

The Detroit airport parking lot incident in chapter 8 is as surreal today as then. The stench often surfaces and lingers for long periods. Sharing them offers some relief.

Profanity, drug vernacular and idiomatic expressions are utilized to provide a vivid description of the events and the characters involved.

A special tribute is given to the following agents mentioned in this book who have fallen asleep in the arms of Jesus: Special

agents George L. Heard, Enrique “Kiki” Camarena (killed by drug traffickers in Mexico), Sim Willis, Jack Enoch, Sam Ozmment, Harry Sumega, Robert Moffett. A Special tribute is further given to Special Agent Kenneth Adams (from our days in Detroit—was killed by drug traffickers while working undercover).

A special tribute is also given to those agents, officers and cooperating individuals not mentioned who gave the maximum they could in the fight against drug trafficking.

CHAPTER 2

AS INSTRUCTED, at 8:00 p.m. I got out of my car and walked into the dark alley south of Leon’s Bodega, somewhere in the hippodrome section of Tijuana. I walked slowly over to the third telephone pole on the south of the alley east of the main street. I leaned against the pole and felt it sway. The ragged lamp top flickered off and on. Somewhere ahead of me in the distance, the shouts of Ole’ grew loud and faded. On occasion the jubilators appeared close and then far away. I heard the sounds of cats in various areas of the alley, crying out like in pain or in conversation with one another. I had no real sense of where I was and did not know the nearest location of a telephone nor did I have coins to operate one. I became more alarmed realizing that even if I found a telephone, would I be able to communicate with the operator. I felt my heart beat faster, my lips turn dry and perspiration bead up on my brow. My heart beat faster, further realizing the persons known and some unknown to me were aware that I

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was in possession of \$100,000 (Official Government Advanced Funds –OAF) in \$100 bills in a leather saddle bag and about \$600 personal funds in my pockets. The smell of dried urine filled the air and on occasion a breeze swept through the alley filling it with the smell of burnt onion, garlic and burning wet newspaper. The sound of music, from Congo drums, bongos, timbales rang in the air from several cantinas in the area. Numerous cars passed on the main street behind me—many of them backfired. Contemporaneous gunshots rang out, some loud like that of a small pistol, others like shotgun blasts and often as they quelled the sound of a rapid firing fully automatic rifle sounded and subsided. On one occasion the shots were so frequent, it seemed as though the shooters were playing a song. I grew more tense and frightened. Sweat, not perspiration beaded up under my arms and trickled down to my elbows. I felt the sweat in my groin roll heavily down my legs like urine. I waited, waited, waited, checking my watch every few seconds, with the passing time appearing to be at a stand still.

During those few sporadic moments when it was quiet, I could hear my heart beat rapidly and loudly in my chest; the quiet moment often ended with the loud sound of cars backfiring, simultaneously with the sound of gunshots ringing in the air in the distance and close by. The loud noise of people exiting bars, laughing, talking made it even scarier. I had never in all the wildest dreams or nightmares ever found myself in such a situation. Never did I dream or imagine ever being in such a place, at such a time, alone, and so far away from home, so far away from friends, in an environment where the language was different, spoken faster than English and with many different words and phrases that are not often known by those outside. It was even more complicated because most adjectives followed the nouns. The parts of speech, nouns, adjectives, were light years away from my mind. My safety was of the utmost concern.

It was more frightening realizing that Florencio was in the area

or would likely come to where I was. In the distance I thought I saw the movement of someone on the roof of a building on the south and what appeared to be two people on the roof of the building directly across the alley. I nervously paced around inside of a 6-foot circle and glanced at the building immediately behind me. I thought I saw the head of a man immediately duck down on the roof of the building to my rear, the second building off the main street on the south side. I know that during periods of fear one's imagination has a tendency to be highly active and seemingly in one's favor.

I felt perspiration flow from under my arms like a faucet; and my pants were wet in the seat as though from a number one accident. I felt as though I was an aerialist, a tight ropewalker, yes as though I was walking a tight rope 100 feet above the ground with a strong, gust of wind blowing and no safety net underneath. Gunshots rang out sporadically but unendingly. The only thought I could think was that the imaginary people on the roofs were death angels. Death angels standing by until the word was given, and then they would come after me.

To add to my woes, I was in a divorce process with an embittered wife. It was only a few days prior that unexpectedly she had telephoned and related that she had had a dream the night before that she felt a moral obligation to share with me. In the dream I was "shot down like a mad dog in a dark alley." Almost contemporaneously I heard the bark of excited dogs in the distance ahead of me and a chorus of terrified dogs barking close by. I stared up into the sky nervously; gazing until I spotted the moon, noted that it was full, with tiny dark clouds flitting slowly by. I became more alarmed realizing that it was also Friday and the 13th of the month. I had never been superstitious before, but now there appeared to be something meaningful to all of this. My mind could not venture from the thought that there was death in the air, death in the area. The cats cried and meowed louder. I could not think that they were any other color than black. If only

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I could relax. I then tried to relax by inhaling deeply, holding my breath for a few minutes and exhaling slowly, repeating to myself that I was inhaling relaxation and exhaling tension. I completed the exercise twice and just as I began to feel relaxed, gunshots rang out in the alley about forty yards ahead of me. A man ran across the alleys and scaled a six-foot wooden fence. Three men ran after him shooting and hollering. My heart beat faster and I felt my legs become weak and felt a bit of uneasiness in my head. If I could only smoke a cigarette, I knew that would relax me, but I could not for it was not the proper time.

I checked my watch. Although it seemed as though hours had passed, I had only been in the alley twenty minutes—perhaps the longest twenty minutes of my life. I paced around nervously in my six-foot circle. I thought I saw two heads quickly duck down from the roof of the first building of the main street on the south side of the alley. I backed up to the telephone pole and then realized that almost the entire south side of the alley, from the third building off the street as far as I could see up the hill was lined with a seven-foot concrete fence.

I gazed nervously up the alley and thought I saw a transformer move on a distant telephone pole. I started to think that in my fear I had begun to hallucinate or maybe someone had laced my Tequila; maybe it was just one of the idiosyncrasies of being terrified. I waited, waited, waited, waited, paced and waited. I looked at my watch thinking that at least two hours had passed, to my dismay I had been in the alley only 25 minutes. From the beginning, I had decided to give this caper only an hour and then I would put it down. While staring east into the alley, nervously thinking of death, I was startled by the sound of quiet footsteps on broken glass, approaching me from the rear. I slowly slid my right hand into my front pocket down the bottom hole and retrieved my aluminum weight 5-shot .38 colt Cobra revolver and brought it up into my left armpit. I readjusted the saddlebag. As the footsteps came closer, I pulled the hammer back, placed

John P. Sutton

it in a position under my left armpit and prepared to shoot high grain soft lead jacketed hollow point rounds into the thorax area of 2-3 males 5'6" to 6' tall. As I nervously but cautiously turned around I simultaneously placed my index finger on the trigger in readiness to shoot. I was startled by a small ragged Mexican boy, approximately ten years old holding the hand of a ragged bare-foot approximately nine year old girl. I relaxed re-holstered my gun and said "Hi."

The little boy stated nervously, "Senor Quere chichar mi Hermana Por Diez Dolores, Diez dolores, no peso Dolores"

"No I don't understand, no speakee Spanish," I advised.

The little boy then blurted out in English, "You want to fuckee, fuckee my sister for \$10, fuckee, suckee for three hours for \$10. Ella is muy joven tiene nueve anos."

"I don't understand no Spanish," I tried to warn. The little boy would not relent and yelled in English, "You want to fuckee, suckee, she fuckee, she suckee for three hours for \$10. I stay, I watch okay?"

"No, no, I don't want your sister," I shouted.

Tears flooded my eyes, I felt sad enough to cry. The expression of the little girl was most pitiful. Her ragged dress and dirty face were worse than the kids I had seen earlier in the squatter's area. She gazed around as though unaware of what was transpiring and she had a look, an aura about her that indicated that she had been the victim of pedophiles on numerous occasions.

For a moment, I lost consciousness of my purpose for being there. The thoughts of adopting both of these little children without court procedures danced in my mind. It was apparent that nobody really cared for them, for if they did certainly they would not be subjected to such a violent way of life. I pondered that I could easily ask them to go with me, put them in the trunk of my car like the "coyotes" and drive them up to Los Angeles where I could provide a good life for them. In the past I had been in places where children were dressed as poor and used by

Thin White Lines

parents and other adults to panhandle. I could not vision these poor children as being anything else but what they were, victims of a poor society where everything was fair for monetary gain; that such young human flesh could be subjected to such peril.

The little boy pulled on my left pants leg, shouting, begging me to pay \$10 for his sister. Again, I thought I was hallucinating. I had never heard people describe such a bizarre thing, could not believe it existed and certainly that it would ever happen to me. The little girl apparently sensed the refusal and appeared sad. I handed the little boy \$10 and told him to keep his sister; that I did not want his sister. He argued for a few minutes, thanked me numerous times, then walked east in the alley. I watched them stop momentarily at the rear of three cantinas on the north side of the alley. A few minutes later they slowly walked down the alley into the darkness out of sight. For some reason, I could only believe that this little panderer had something to do with Florencio.

A few minutes passed. I looked at my watch and time seemed slowly passing at a slower than snail pace. A ragged man pushing a broken down grocery cart ambled down the alley, mumbling something in Spanish that appeared to be merely a mixture of words. One leg appeared shorter than the other and caused him to rock from side to side and flap his left leg as though it was painful at the knee. As he came closer to my position, his face appeared dirty, hair stringy and dirty and he smelled of freshly spilled whiskey. He pushed the cart to the edge of the alley way and started spreading rags and items on the ground as though setting up camp.

My thoughts wandered again and I became angry with myself for allowing to be put in such a position. My ex-wife's purported dream of my death danced in my head. Gunshots rang out intermittently, some closer, others in the distance. Dogs barked, cats cried, a mixture of Latin music of various drums, including timbales vibrated the air. From an upstairs apartment on my right

John P. Sutton

front, amidst the various sounds, someone was playing music loudly. I recognized the voice of the singer as being that of Yma Sumac, a singer my former music appreciation professor had touted as having one of the best voices in the world. Even then, not knowing the meaning of the words in her song, for some reason I always had a belief that they were about death, suffering, sin and sadness. Her singing made me sad. Minutes passed, seemed like hours, and the voice of Afro-American singer Celia Cruz bellowed out of the apartment. Almost like being hypnotized I felt my heart beat slower and my whole body relax. I could really relax if I could only smoke a cigarette, but the time had not arrived. I gazed at my watch. I had been in the alley 35 minutes. I began to think that this deal was humming right along; about that time I thought I heard a noise somewhere close by of someone humming. Again my imagination was running wild.

A few minutes passed and ahead of me up the hill in the alley, two figures emerged, walked together in the center of the alley for a little while then separated, one to the south end and the other to the north end of the alley and they walked slowly in my direction. As they came closer, I adjusted the saddlebag, secured the belts under my arms, placed my right hand on my gun and prepared to shoot. They walked within ten yards of me. Both stopped lit a cigarette, stared occasionally in my direction and talked to each other across the alley. After they talked for a while, I felt relaxed. They seemed to be Raul's advance party.

I looked up the alley and saw two men walking toward me. The one on the left was carrying a small piece of luggage in his left hand and a shining object in his right hand. When they walked under two dim lighted lamps, the item in the man's right hand appeared to be a revolver and he resembled Florencio. As they came closer, they spoke briefly with the advance party, and then joined me. I noticed the ragged homeless man appeared to be part of the group for he had moved his makeshift house up the alley on the south side about ten yards east of the advance party.

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I extended my right hand to Raul and stated, “Hey I am glad you made it. When those two guys came down the alley I thought I had had it. That I had bought the farm.”

“No, Beenum, they work for me, the man on the other side is a Baja State Policeman. He works for me. I pay him more money.”

Before Raul could finish, Florencio approached me from the left and stuck the muzzle of his pistol in my ear and shouted a volley of profanity in Spanish and broken English. I reached up and slowly removed the gun out of my ear only for Florencio to place it back.

“Look Raul, this is hardly the way to treat a business person. Tell this man to stop or we can forget the deal.”

Raul spoke rapidly in Spanish to Florencio. Florencio slowly backed away and stood closely by. Raul advised that Florencio would never accept me for anything other than an enemy. According to Raul, Florencio flashes on me because I resemble an inmate that had raped him when he was doing time at the California’s men s Colony at Chino.

“I never did time in Chino. The most time I ever did was two months, rather 45 days and that was at Wayside Honor Ranch. Talk to this man, let him know that is the last time I’ll take that kind of shit from him.” I warned.

“I will. You ready?” he asked.

“I am as ready as can be. Can I see the merchandise?”

“Sure.”

Raul snapped his fingers and Florencio handed him the small piece of luggage. Raul opened the luggage, flashed it toward me and stated, “It’s all there Beenum. Check it out if you want to.”

I retrieved one of the packages and noted the acid smell of heroin coming from the glassine hermetically sealed packages. I shook one in my hand and noted that it appeared to weigh more than two pounds. I handed the package back to Raul, quickly

reached into my shirt removed a pack of cigarettes and asked him if he had a light and if he wanted to count the money. Before Raul could reply, I lit the cigarette and inhaled the smoke in two long draws. Almost immediately, I heard a loud chorus of shouts, "POLICIA! Levante Sus Manos Cabrones Pronto or Se Murio!" Two flares were fired, that rendered the alley as bright as day. Simultaneously a burst of automatic gunshots with tracer rounds filled the alley. A "jump out crew" (hidden law enforcement officials) emerged from everywhere, immediately subduing Raul and the two lookouts (advance men). I broke and ran as fast as I could east in the alley, noting the sound of automatic gunfire and tracer rounds bouncing off the concrete wall on my right. While running as fast as I could, about half way up the hill, I noticed Florencio running almost keeping abreast of me. I ran faster for a distance and turned around quickly and struck Florencio with my fist just above his nose as hard as I could. Florencio's legs went forward and he fell backwardly and went limp.

I ran to the next street turned left, ran northbound two streets, turned left and then walked slowly west bound. I walked west in the alley past three cross streets until I came upon a very busy street. I turned right and walked north on the outer edge of the makeshift sidewalk. A few minutes later a car pulled up beside me and stopped. Two young neatly dressed Mexican Federal Judicial Police officers (MFJP) got out and instructed me to get in the car. The young driver spoke in English, "Are you okay Beenum? You didn't get hit in all of that fancy fireworks did you?" He asked.

"No, I thought you guys were shooting at me. I was afraid for a while."

"No, we had you covered like a blanket. We could hardly wait for you to light the cigarette."

"Did you get everybody?"

"We got everybody in the alley, three people at the stash, two or three people at Raul's house. I don't know if we got the

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girl, the dancer yet. We will get her. We have the Port of Entry covered." he assured.

The front passenger remarked. "That Flo was one fast running crook for a person with legs half as long as yours, he was out running you. He probably would have escaped if you had not stopped him. What did you hit him with, your pistol?"

"No, he ran into my fist, that was traveling at a faster rate of speed in the opposite direction," I responded.

The driver chuckled and remarked, "We should also charge him with low flying without a pilot's license. Ha, ha, ha. You Feds in the states really know how to make a case," he commented.

"We do our best. Without your cooperation, we could not have made this case.

You know there is reportedly a lot of local cops down here on the take." I related.

"Yeah, there is always corruption all over the place. One of the bad guys in the alley, with Raul, was a state policeman. Another policeman was arrested at the stash pad. We will get to the bottom of this," the driver assured.

"You are not alone; we also have corruption in the States." I advised.

We drove over to the Army barracks where the prisoners were being interviewed. The driver insisted that I remain in one of the motor homes that had been driven down for the operation. I asked if I could join them in an adjoining room during the interview. I was advised that there was some prohibition about U.S. Agents being present during their interview. It was a restriction the U.S. had started, however, as far as they were concerned nobody could tell them what to do in their investigations, especially no foreigner could tell them. The driver told me to stay in the mobile home for a few minutes, about ten minutes, and then join them in the rear of the military police building. He would leave the door open. I was advised to watch the interview from behind the two-way mirror in Room 3. The other U.S. Agents were with other MFJP

searching several other locations.

I stayed in the mobile home for about ten minutes, and then went to Room 3 to watch the interview. From Room 3, I could see Raul, Florencio and another male in one room, three other males in the adjoining room. There were four MFJP in each room. Raul and Florencio, handcuffed in the rear, were seated in front of a metal gray desk occupied by a large MFJP clad in khaki pants, a plaid Pendleton type shirt and an olive drab green military fatigue jacket.

Two young neatly dressed MFJP agents flanked their side about five yards to the left and rear of the seated MFJP. An MFJP agent stood quietly with an Uzi. To his rear the head of a male appeared and disappeared momentarily from the window of a holding tank in the rear.

The interviewer spoke softly in Spanish. Each time he paused Florencio went into an angry tirade, screaming and moving his head from left to right and at one time he stood up. The MFJP to his left gently pushed him down. The interviewer continued, Florencio repeatedly fussing, cursing and shouting and stood up four more time. Raul remained calm.

After a few minutes, Raul was taken out of the room. The interview of Florencio continued. The interviewer paused readjusting the tape recorder and occasionally stopped to write. On two subsequent occasions Florencio went into his outburst but was a bit milder than when Raul was in the room. The interview of Florencio continued for about 20 minutes. At that time an MFJP joined them and spoke madly at Florencio in Spanish. The interviewer then stood up, took out his .45 automatic and struck Florencio twice across the face. He fell back and shouted profanity in Spanish and English.

One of the younger MFJPs joined me in Room 3 and related that Raul had been interviewed and that he had spilled his guts. Raul related that Florencio had been a fugitive from Mexico City where he had killed an MFJP about six years ago. According to

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the young MFJP, Florencio was about to receive an interview that he would never forget. The MFJP added that Raul had ratted out the Black agent, a guy named Beenum that escaped, the one that ran in the alley; the MFJP chuckled and mocked Raul, “Man that guy is one of the biggest heroin, cocaine dealers in the Los Angeles area. He’s got a house bigger than the President’s house and lots of cars.” Raul had claimed that Beenum had \$250,000 in \$100 in the saddlebag he was carrying. He was willing to point out Beenum’s house for additional consideration. Raul identified a Tijuana resident named Pablo Uvalles as the biggest marijuana trafficker in Baja, California. According to Raul, Pablo would not sell less than ton quantities.

The interview of Florencio continued. He took both blows to the head as though he was immune to pain and continued struggling with the MFJP on his sides. I had begun to think that Florencio was getting the best of the interview, that his captors did not intimidate him. Florencio stood up leaned over and spat in the interviewer’s face. A silence fell upon the room. The interviewer wiped his face and left the room followed by two MFJP agents. The other MFJP agent pointed the Uzi toward Florencio and yelled in Spanish. Florencio yelled back at the top of his voice as though he was in full control. The MFJP agent kept a position in front of Florencio and to his left about 15 feet.

In a short while, the other two MFJP agents returned, accompanied by a short middle-aged agent and a tall neatly dressed, suave, well-polished agent. At the sight of the smaller agent, Florencio’s expression immediately changed to fear. The smaller agent sat behind the desk and spoke quietly. All of Florencio’s responses were followed by “Senor, si Senor, no Senor, es posible Senor, no, no Senor.” Even when responding to questions, Florencio appeared extremely anxious to please his interrogator and on occasions used Senor three, sometimes four times before giving a response.

I looked at the MFJP in the room with me and asked, “What

is going on here? Is the interrogator using hypnosis?"

"No, that's Ramon E. Herrera. He is like the head of the MFJP—like the head of the FBI in the States. Florencio knows that he is about to get one of the toughest interrogations that he has ever had. Are you sure you want to watch this Beenum?"

"Yeah, maybe I can learn something," I said.

After a short while a White American-looking man wearing Levi's, a blue waist length windbreaker and dark glasses walked into the interview room and took a seat in the far south corner somewhat out of my view. I mirrored him from the glass on the opposite wall. There was no doubt he was an American. He sat and observed the interrogation without displaying any emotion. When Raul and Florencio were questioned about firearms and explosives, he wrote something on a little pad he had in his windbreaker pocket. There was something very strange about him.

"I am sure you can, but I doubt if you will ever be able to use it in the States," the MFJP advised and left the room. Two men brought a tripod into the room, set it up in the corner and left. They returned in a short while, one carrying a small tub of water, the other one carrying what appeared to be a cattle prod. The water was placed at the base of the tripod and the cattle prod was placed on Ramon's desk. Florencio looked at the cattle prod and became hysterical. he started spouting out words rapidly, never forgetting *Senor*. He continued talking, even when not questioned.

Ramon stood up walked around the desk and placed his hand on Florencio's shoulder in what appeared to be a show of affection, compassion and concern. He paused and asked Florencio what appeared to be a repeated question. On each occasion, Florencio said calmly, "No *Senor*, no *Senor*, no *Senor*." This went on for about five minutes as Ramon paced back and forth behind Florencio, making him stretch his neck from side to side trying to keep his interrogator in sight. I felt a sigh of relief seeing this bad ass Florencio afraid of such a small man.

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Florencio's answers were all "no Senor," which did not bode well with Ramon. At one point, Ramon walked over in front of the two-way mirror, smiled and winked. He went back behind the desk and shouted at Florencio.

Florencio made a fatal mistake—he stood up and spat on Ramon. Florencio appeared shocked at what he had just done. The two young MFJP snatched Florencio up from the chair, dragged him over to the tripod and ripped off all of his clothing. They stretched his arms and handcuffed them to the top of the tripod. Ramon removed two washbasins from the cabinet, and spread Florencio's legs wide and made him stand wide legged with a foot in each basin. The basins were filled with water. The cattle prod was plugged into a wall socket.

Ramon walked up to the naked Florencio and struck him several times about the face with a yawara stick (a 5" long stick with a steel ball bearing on each end). Florencio stared at him without showing dislike for the pain. Ramon activated the cattle prod and prodded Florencio on his testicles. Florencio screamed and squalled at the peak of his voice, "Por Favor, Jesus Cristo, no mas, no mas, no mas Senor." Ramon prodded him again, letting the prod rest longer on Florencio's privates. Florencio screamed, yelled, squirmed and squalled, "Por Favor, Lo siento, Lo Siento, no mas Señor, no mas Señor." Ramon relaxed a few minutes, resumed striking and prodding Florencio for another ten minutes. Florencio's voice changed from a deep baritone/bass to a feminine whimper. He buckled up and went limp. He had been given a beating that I never thought happened in law enforcement. I began to sympathize with Florencio for I had always been taught that regardless how outrageous and bizarre the crime, once in custody, the perpetrator had a right and expectation not to be harmed. I was cognizant that for some reason, even today in this Century, there will be law enforcement officers inflicting physical injuries upon prisoners.

While feeling sympathetic for Florencio, a short time later, he

was taken out of the room on a stretcher and one of the arrested Baja State Policemen was brought in shackled and tortured just as badly. They took him out on a litter. After a third prisoner was hooked up to the tripod, the MFJP rejoined me in the observation room and asked, "Have you seen enough or do you want to watch more?"

"No, I have seen enough. I think I will go out to the mobile home and relax." I advised.

The MFJP recommended that I be handcuffed and paraded in front of Ramon, Florencio and the other defendants. A medic came in and wrapped my head with an elastic bandage. Bandaged my left arm and placed in it a sling. I was then dragged into Florencio's interview room and pushed into a chair in the far corner. A few minutes later two other MFJPs came in, dragged me into the interview room containing Raul, pushed me onto the floor, screaming obscenities in Spanish. With a sad expression on my face and faked tears in my eyes, I slowly stared at Raul. Raul winked a couple of times and stated in Spanish, "Lo Siento Beenum, and Lo Siento." In my mind I thought no I am the one who is sorry.

A few minutes later the two MFJPs came in and dragged me out of the interview room. After a short while two other MFJPs joined me laughing. They related that Raul had identified me as one of the biggest heroin/cocaine dealers in the Los Angeles Metropolitan area. Raul then added that I had \$500,000 in the saddlebag.

I inquired about the identity of the Gringo in the interview room and was told that he was from the American Embassy in Mexico City and that he worked with the Department of Agriculture involving some reforestation program with Mexico—a spook. He had all the markings of a spook.

"Okay, we are going to be here for a while. You are staying overnight aren't you?" He asked.

"Yeah, I'll stay as long as needed. Have you seen any of the

other agents?”

“No, but I heard two en route with three prisoners. Stick around Beenum, Our Jefe, el Senor Ramon wants to congratulate you. You helped us solve a murder including one of our own. I think El Jefe wants to show you his appreciation.”

“Okay, I won’t go back until the other agents go back. I’ll stand by. What is the total bad guy count?” I asked.

“Fifteen so far. We are sending a fresh crew over to the Imperial Hotel. Raul has four different customers over there,” I was advised.

I got in the mobile home and dozed off. I was awoken the next day about 9:00 a.m. Raids had taken place in ten locations during the night and thirty-five suspects were arrested, a large sum of money, large amount of heroin and cocaine had been seized. The most important emphasis was being placed on the arrest of Florencio for murder of an MFJP.

We shut down about noon and went back to the hotel with a date to have dinner with the MFJP. That night, when Ramon came down to the lobby, I was only able to recognize him by the four young bodyguards that surrounded him. He was clad in a long sleeve, tailored, white Guayabera, with fancy embroidered epaulets with embroidery and lace covering the two upper breast pockets. He wore a Rolex, President model wristwatch on his left hand, a large yellow gold large diamond ring on his left hand and a 1” wide yellow gold bracelet on his right hand, with a medium size yellow gold diamond ring on his left little finger. His Guayabera had a wide-open collar that displayed a thick yellow gold medallion and chain around his neck. Ramon’s black pants appeared to be silk and his black leather Cuban heeled shoes shone like patent leathers. Ramon’s hair was long and neatly combed back. Except when he donned Ray-Ban sunglasses, he had the appearance and aura of a wealthy Spanish Aristocrat.

When we met for dinner, Ramon insisted that another agent and I ride with him. The other agent and I sat in the back. Ramon

sat in the right front. The driver, a neatly dressed MFJP, was also one of Ramon's bodyguards. We were followed by three cars containing MFJPs and five U.S. drug agents.

Ramon asked, "What did you think of the interrogation?"

Not wanting to be uncivil I remarked, "I guess it went well sir. It was different than we are able to do. We have to be concerned about the rights of every person we arrest." Ramon interrupted and related, "When we arrest a person down here, he has no rights, he has only the rights I am grateful enough to provide. Beenum you guys up in the States are going crazy. The bad guys have more rights than the good ones. What is law enforcement coming to?"

Ramon was from the old school, rather a different school. According to him, all law enforcement officers should have the right to protect good citizens with all of the resources available to them. Ramon expressed sentiment that good physical punishment of defendants was appropriate, it provided something that the penal systems did not-physical pain and humiliation. In Mexico, there were fewer repeaters, fewer drug addicts, fewer homosexuals, fewer child molesters, and fewer bank robbers. All this he attributed to the physical punishment that is often levied on an arrestee during interrogation. Ramon was of the opinion that if a man committed a crime, when caught he should come forward and confess and beg the court for mercy. Mercy should only be granted if the defendant was remorseful and vowed not to break the law again. Ramon added that a lot of Americans get arrested in Mexico and start screaming about their rights being violated when subjected to physical pain. It was confusing to him why Americans could expect different treatment than Mexican citizens. He believed that since they were foreigners, punishment/penalty should be more severe.

Ramon ranted on about the U.S. criminal justice system being corrupted by flamboyant fast talking attorneys. Then he asked, "Beenum before you started this caper, do you remember that I

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told you that if you had to, if it got too dangerous to shoot the bad guys that I would take the responsibility for killing them?”

“Yes I remember and I was curious if you were serious. I thought you told me that merely to relax and ease my mind.”

“No Beenum, I have the authority to do that. You are carrying a gun here in Mexico on my verbal authority. I have given all of your agents authority to operate down here that you could never give to me in the States.”

“I was unaware of that,” I replied. I could tell that Ramon was not too pleased with the reciprocal arrangements and I tried to switch the conversation over to the beautiful .45 automatics he carried. Ramon continued on relating that he was more powerful than the FBI, judges, coroners and medical examiners in the states. According to Ramon, he had the authority to take a human life devoid of any subsequent inquiries. The only explanation that he was required to give was that the deceased had disrespected the Mexican flag. Immediately, I started thinking about the dissidents who burned, defecated, urinated, tore, and mutilated the American flag with impunity. I could not help but wish that they would have travel to Mexico and disrespected the Mexican flag in Ramon’s presence.

We were driven to a huge hotel restaurant about twenty miles outside of Tijuana called “Papagayos.” There were many cars parked in the parking lot and the sound of music from two different bands filled the air. Upon arrival, the owner met Ramon at the door and escorted us to a private room. He was very respectful, courteous and overly trying to please him. We were the most poorly dressed in the restaurant, but were subjected to the best service.

Ramon told us to order whatever we wanted, that it would be on the Mexican government. There were fifteen of us at one table, six of Ramon’s bodyguards roamed around with Uzis in plain view. Several remained outside in the parking lot on foot, in a mobile home and driving around the area in cars.

Most of us ordered steak and lobster and Tequila sunrises. I had a funny feeling that our tab would far exceed \$2,000 and neither Ramon nor the Mexican government would be required to pay one dime.

Ramon sat at the head of the table and demanded that I sit up front close to him. During the meal he continued expressing his gratitude for the arrest of Florencio and related that I would receive an award from the Office of the Attorney General of Mexico. He related that the meal and later festivities were his personal treat for a job well done.

After finishing dinner, waitresses hurried into our room and removed all of the dishes and placed our drinks on the edge of the table in front of us. Ramon nudged me with his foot and winked his eye. The two double doors opened, a band, Congo, bongo timbales players, trumpeters came into the room playing a fast Latin song very loudly, followed by two beautiful nude female dancers. The owner rushed up to Ramon's left side and placed a small step-type stool next to the table. The dancer danced up to Ramon, walked upon the stage, one to the opposite end and the other one at Ramon's end of the table. They danced several sexy dances, shaking and writhing their bodies in sync with the music. Shortly fifteen very attractive females, all dressed in thin almost see through type evening dresses of various alluring colors, pink, light blue, beige, white, gray, mauve, teal, turquoise, red, yellow and green. The best-dressed and most attractive females gravitated to Ramon. The nude dancers continued dancing. After a while a very beautiful young female came over and sat on the edge of my chair. Ramon, seeing the female comes over to my chair, shouted, "Ustedes estan en paraiso." He could have spoken no truer words, we were in paradise. We drank, danced, and played with the women until about 1:00 an. I began to think what a hell of a job this is. The next thought was that we were possibly being video taped for future insurance or compromise. My thoughts drifted back to the fun I was having. I noticed one

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by one couples were gradually leaving the table and walking to rooms on the second and third floor levels.

I suspected that Ramon was treating me royally for a future favor or request. I was on target after returning to the table from the rest room, Ramon asked if I would come down to Tijuana three weeks later and assist them with developing a good case against Pablo Uvalles, the major marijuana trafficker. According to Ramon, Raul would have been in jail longer enough to be more willing to introduce an agent to Pablo Uvalles for a large marijuana transaction. By then Raul would be convinced that I was not just another defendant in his case. I agreed.

Ramon advised that he was about to retire with his lady and asked me if my lady was cooperating. I told him I was not certain. He then spoke rapidly in Spanish to my date. She jumped up and shouted, “no, no”, which angered Ramon and he responded with a choleric tone. He then related that my date did not want to spend the night with me. Ramon snapped his fingers and the owner ran over to the table and squatted next to Ramon. Ramon spoke in English and loudly, “This young lady does not want to go with my friend.” The owner pleaded, “Momentito El Jefe, momentito por favor.” He walked over and started talking Spanish to my date. She continued saying, no, no and shook her head. The owner then begged and pleaded with her in English that she apparently did not understand. She would not relent her answer was, “No no, no, no puedo.” The owner pleaded and pleaded and she consistently stated, “No, no, no, no puedo.” She then stood up, shook her head and started to cry. I felt very embarrassed and sorry for her. I did not really want to become intimate with her realizing that she was in fact a prostitute. I had a strong fear of a new social disease that was making its debut, called Herpes Simplex II.

Ramon became irate and displayed a rancorous attitude toward the owner and female, lost his temper and forgot about the beautiful young lady sitting on his lap. He stood up. The young

lady fell to the floor. Ramon then commenced lambasting the owner relating that he had been mistreated, that his friend had been mistreated and embarrassed in his presence. Ramon ranted loudly, boisterously in Spanish and English, intermittently throwing a few English profanities. His outburst became so loud the veins swelled in his neck; droplets of saliva exited his mouth as though he was having a Gran Mal Epileptic seizure. The owner pleaded and pleaded with Ramon trying to reconcile the loss by offering a much prettier and younger girl for me. Ramon insisted that the hurt was done and that he had been made to feel less than a man in front of his friends. The owner continued to plead trying to right the situation by offering to provide two beautiful young ladies for me for the night. All alternative offers were unacceptable to Ramon. Ramon poured Mescal Tequila in a glass of ice, mixed it with grenadine, stirred it then drank it down and slammed the glass on the table. Ramon then drew his two .45s, walked out into the atrium area and fired both guns until they were empty. He walked back into the dining area and yelled "This place is closed forever" in English and "Este negocio is cerrado para siempre." The owner dropped to his knees and pleaded and begged Ramon not to close his business. His pleas fell on deaf ears.

I felt very sorry for the owner. He had left his family and friends at a function at his house, personally came down to provide a grand feast and women for Ramon and his entourage all free, at a financial loss and the only reward was the permanent closing of his business based on the failure of a prostitute to cooperate, to cooperate at a time that was so crucial to him.

Ramon reminded me of the old adage about the fox and the sour grapes. When departing the premises, he nudged me on the arm and related that it was likely that both women had a venereal disease. Ramon related that in one of his past arrest escapades that he had consorted with a very beautiful and young prostitute, who supposedly had just arrived in Mexico City from a small

town in the State of Oaxaca. According to Ramon, she must have put something in his food that was stronger than “Spanish fly.” Ramon boasted that he had reached coitus five times with the “Jovencita” and was contemplating making her his little wife, “Mi esposita.” Three days after the encounter, he had one of the worst sexual diseases that he had ever experienced. Ramon related that when he urinated that the pain felt as though he was pissing fire and Jalapenos simultaneously with additional throbbing and intense pain in the small of his back. He further added that he shot up the jukeboxes, shot out the windows, fans, closed the business forever and jailed the owner.

According to Ramon, almost all of the “whores” at Papagayos had been duped into whoring by fast talking slicksters from big and small towns in Mexico. They were country girls that had been lured to the cities for good paying jobs, jobs that started in whorehouses all across Mexico. Some of the young girls were actually purchased from poor farmers. Some had been raped by relatives or friends, once impregnated they were looked upon as outcast in their own rural communities. Ramon added that Mexico, and most of all Central and South America were paradises for men; women were second class or third class citizens, those men at the beginning of time and forever will always be in charge. He went on explaining that most of Mexico was Catholic; did not believe in contraceptives or abortions but practically all of them would readily commit an adulterous act, if impregnated and the opportunity arose, they would not hesitate to relent to an abortion. They would thereafter pray to God for forgiveness.

It was strange hearing Ramon sentiments, how little he seemed concerned about moral crimes. He related that he was married to a very beautiful woman, had four daughters at home and two sons by his “esposita.” Ramon described an “esposita” as a minor wife and related that minor wives existed before Christ; that in most Hispanic countries, it was customary for the wife to know and expect her husband to have a minor wife.

John P. Sutton

Ramon asked several times if I would come back in a few weeks and work undercover on Pablo Uvalles. He promised that I would be given an award from the Office of the Attorney General of Mexico. I assured Ramon, that if there were no complications and the clearance was given that I would return to assist the MFJP in another Quinn-Martin production under one condition, that during the arrest that the shooting would not be aimed so close to me. He agreed.

When driving back to Los Angeles two days later, I thought of my newly established friend Ramon, my friend who closed down a three story hotel restaurant/bar resort solely on the refusal of a whore to have sexual consent with his newly found friend. When I pulled the big Cadillac up to the U.S. Port of Entry at San Ysidro, a young immigration officer ran my car license plate number in the computer and then asked, "Do you have anything to declare?"

"No, I do not."

"Why were you in Mexico, for business or pleasure?"

"Both." I responded.

"What are you bringing back to the States?"

"One liter of Mescal Tequila, one liter of Grenadine, one can of Coco Lopez and one can of Corona beer."

The immigration officer exited the booth and asked me to open the trunk. I complied. He searched the trunk, looked under the front seat, opened the glove compartment and then told me to pull over to secondary. I wondered why he never checked my saddlebag, which was on the floor in front of the glove compartment.

After I pulled into secondary, the inspectors requested my identification and immediately searched my saddlebag. I handed them my badge and credentials identifying that I was a federal narcotic agent. The supervisor placed a telephone call to my office in Los Angeles to verify my identity. I was then released. I learned then to cross the border going and coming in tandem

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with other agents. It was difficult trying to explain the \$100,000 flash roll. I pondered how I managed to get involved in federal drug law enforcement or how I had even gone into the law enforcement profession.



John is a retired U. S. Department of Justice, Drug Enforcement Agent (DEA). He worked 25 years in many DEA locations and had many dangerous assignments, with Detroit providing the most dangerous.

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Fentanyl Profiling Program Report



CY 2021

Drug Enforcement Administration
Special Testing and Research Laboratory



Summary and Key Findings

The Fentanyl Profiling Program (FPP) performs in-depth chemical analyses on fentanyl and fentanyl-related samples obtained from seizures made throughout the United States. Analytical methodologies developed at the Special Testing and Research Laboratory (SFL1) allow in-depth reporting on samples. The Fentanyl Profiling Program Report summarizes the results and conclusions derived from these analyses on a bi-annual basis. FPP data is not intended to reflect U.S. market share, but is rather a snapshot of samples submitted to this laboratory from the eight DEA regional and sub-regional chemistry laboratories.

For this reporting period, 1,233 fentanyl and fentanyl-related samples seized during CY 2021 were examined by the FPP. Of these samples, 1,013 contained fentanyl as the only fentanyl-related compound and 192 contained both fentanyl and a fentanyl-related compound. Twenty-eight samples contained only fentanyl-related compounds.

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- The Gupta Method was the primary synthetic route used in the synthesis of fentanyl samples examined by the FPP.
- The average fentanyl powder purity for domestic samples was 14.4% with a range of 0.1% to 75.6%. The average tablet contained 2.2 mg of fentanyl with a range of 0.01 to 8.4 mg/tablet (median = 2.1 mg/tablet).
- Two hundred seven of the tablet samples examined (44%) contained at least 2 mg of fentanyl.

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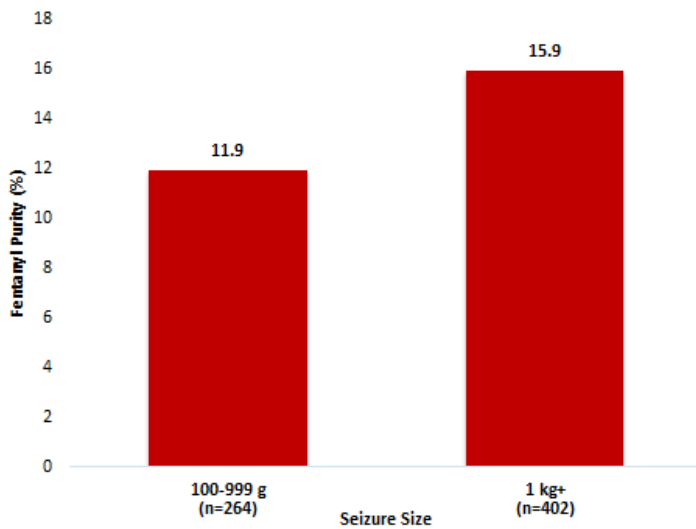
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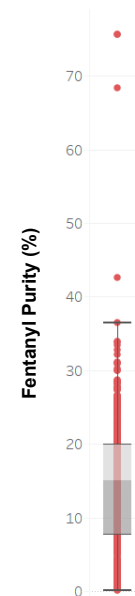
CY 2021 Fentanyl Seizures—Powders

Six hundred sixty-six samples representing more than 778 kg were examined. The average fentanyl purity was 14.4% with a range of 0.1% to 75.6%. The overwhelming majority of samples were fentanyl HCl with the exception of 12 samples identified as fentanyl citrate. The salt form could not be determined for 3 samples due to low fentanyl concentration. The predominant synthetic route was determined to be the Gupta Method.

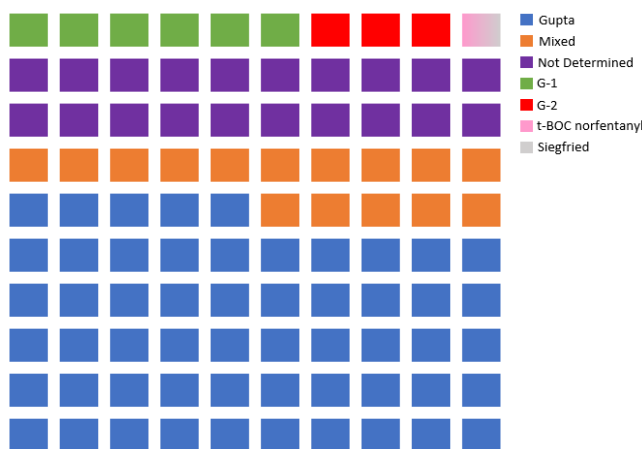
Average Fentanyl Powder Purity by Seizure Size — CY 2021



Fentanyl Powder Purity Distribution — CY 2021



Synthetic Route Determined for Fentanyl Powders — CY 2021



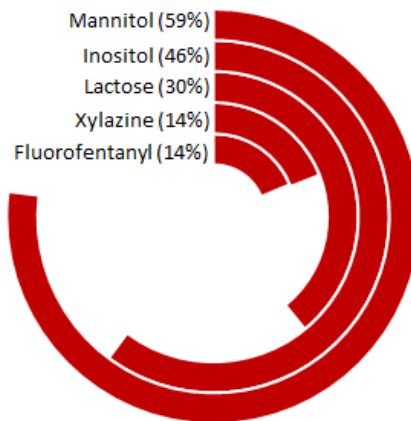
UNCLASSIFIED



CY 2021 Fentanyl Seizures—Powders, continued

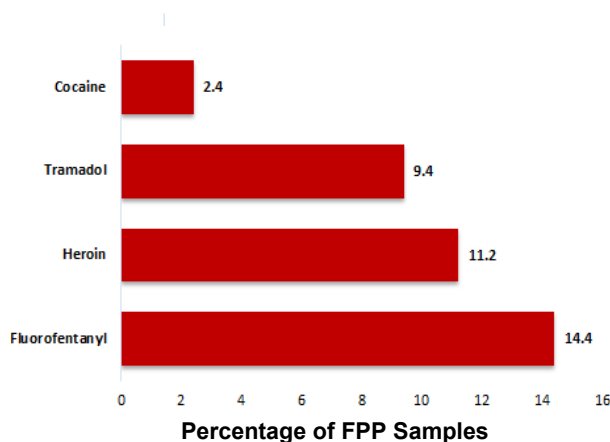
Top Secondary Substances Detected in Fentanyl Powders — CY 2021

Xylazine reporting increased from 6% in CY 2020. The prevalence of sugars in FPP samples has changed slightly since CY 2020. In CY 2020, mannitol was identified in 51% of samples, lactose in 45% of samples and inositol in 35% of samples.



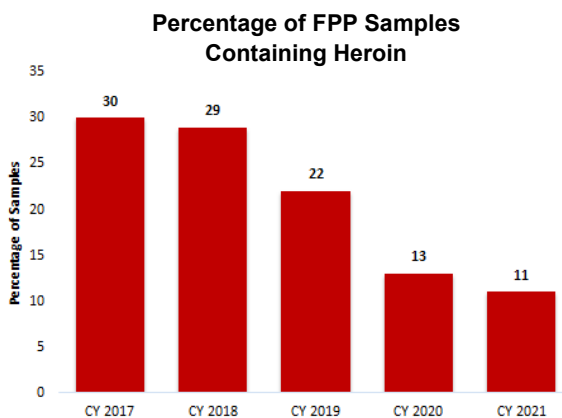
Top Secondary Controlled Substances Detected in Fentanyl Powders — CY 2021

The number of FPP samples found to contain fluorofentanyl, heroin and tramadol has increased since CY 2020. The number of FPP samples found to contain cocaine remains consistent.



Fentanyl/Heroin Mixtures

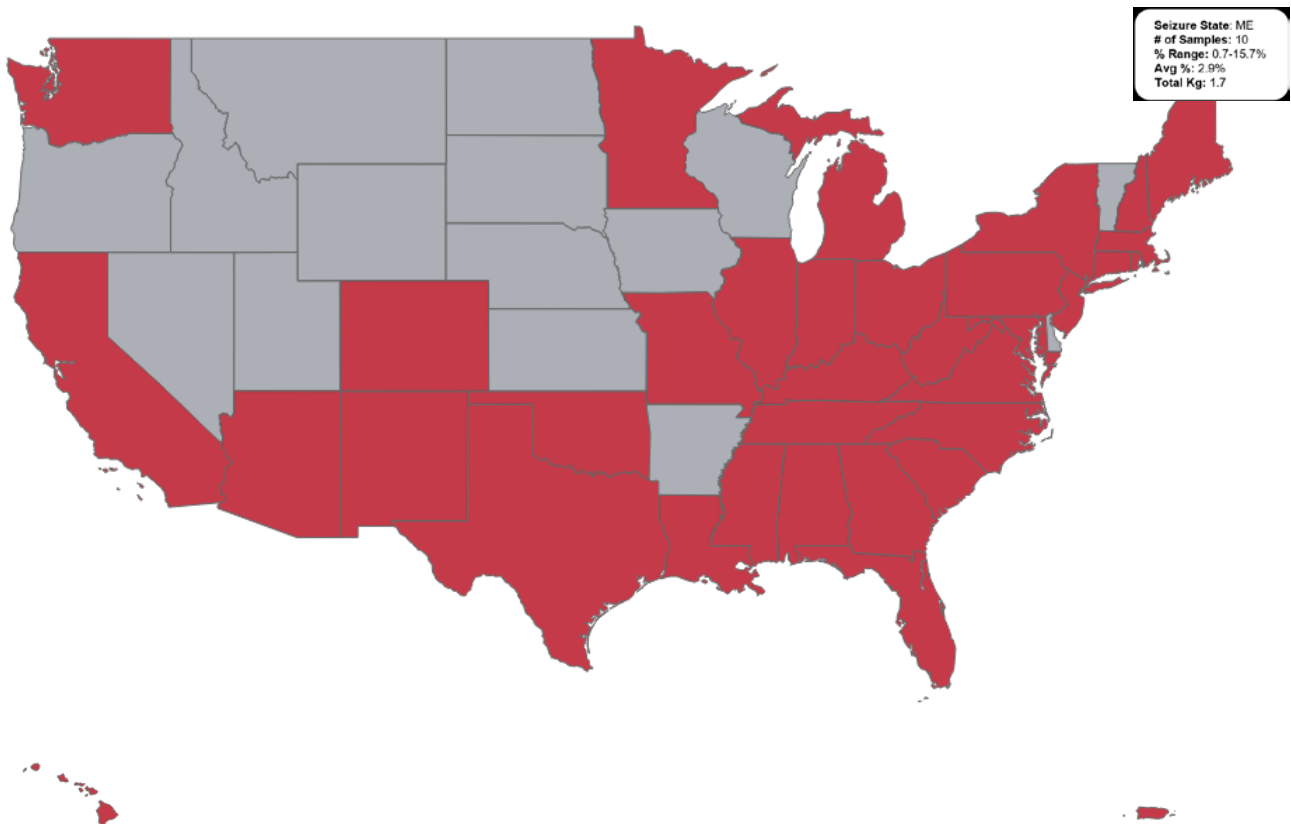
Fentanyl was mixed with heroin in 11% of the exhibits examined. Heroin was quantitated in five exhibits where the average fentanyl and heroin purities were 2.2% and 4.8%, respectively.





CY 2021 Fentanyl Seizures—Powders, continued

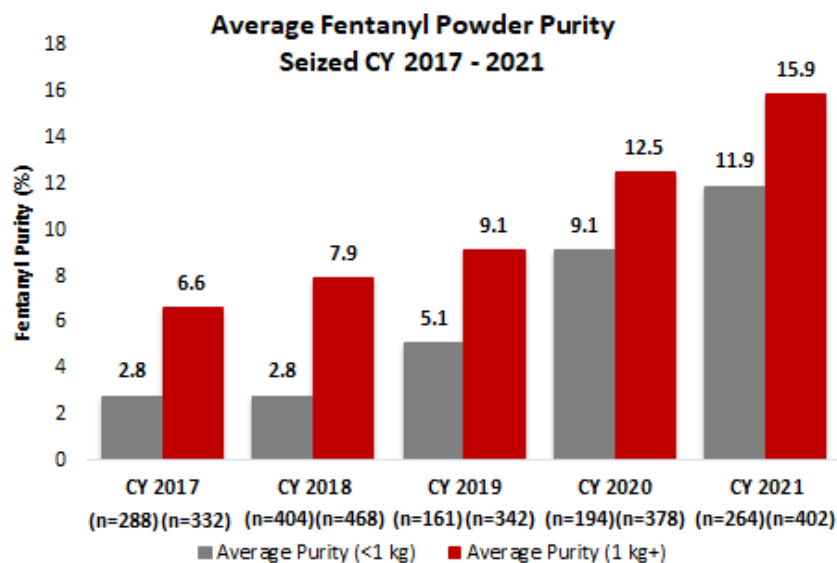
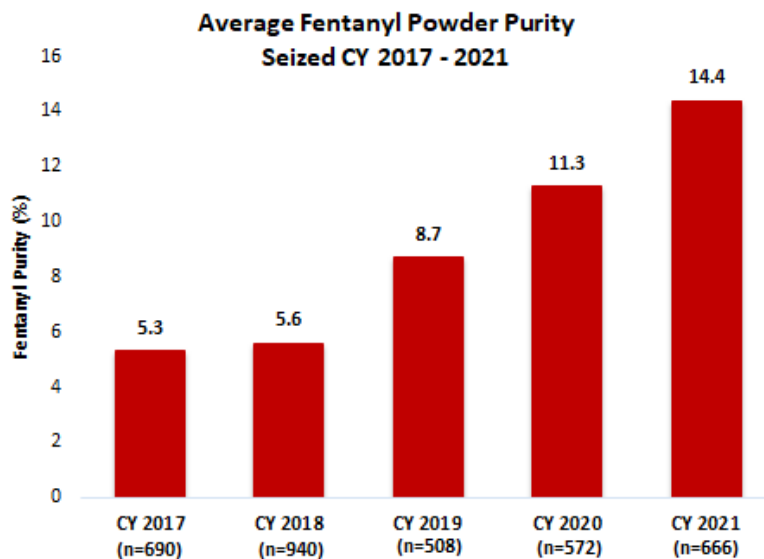
The following map summarizes the number of powder samples, total kg seized, and purity by state. States shaded in color indicate samples were analyzed by the FPP. Place your cursor on a state to preview the information.





Year-End Trends—Powders

Over the last 5 years, the average purity of illicit fentanyl analyzed by FPP has increased by approximately 9 percentage points. Since CY 2017, there has been a significant increase in average purity of all samples. For samples weighing less than 1 kg, the average fentanyl purity increased from 2.8% to 11.9%. For samples weighing 1 kg or greater, the average fentanyl purity increased from 6.6% to 15.9%.

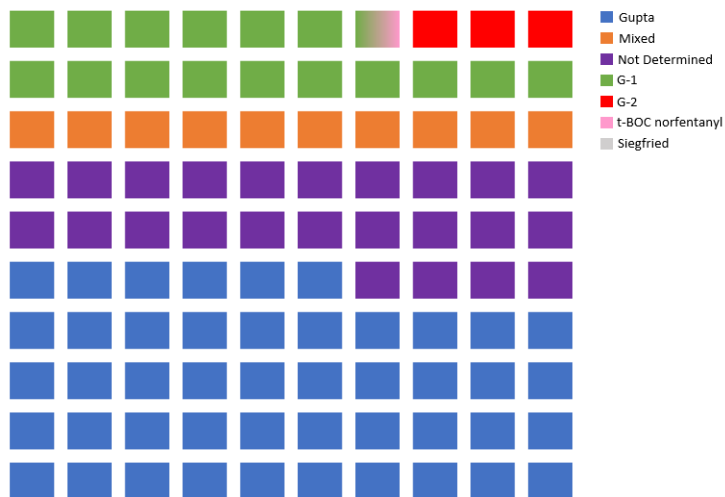




CY 2021 Fentanyl Seizures—Tablets

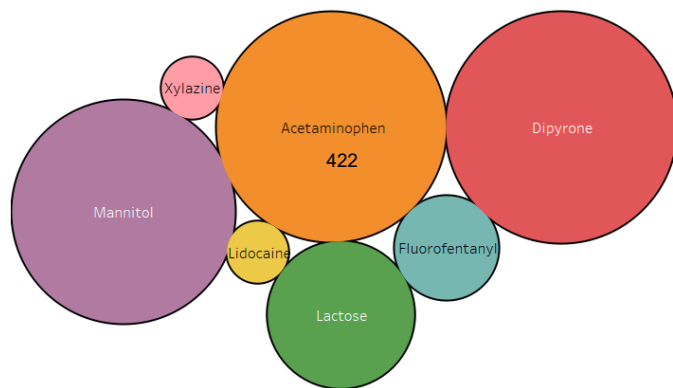
Four hundred seventy-one tablet exhibits representing approximately 461 kg of seized material were examined. The average tablet contained 2.2 mg of fentanyl with a range of 0.01 to 8.4 mg/tablet (median = 2.1 mg/tablet). The overwhelming majority of samples were fentanyl HCl; the salt form could not be determined for 3 samples due to low fentanyl concentration. The accompanying graphic illustrates the determined synthetic routes for tablet exhibits.

Synthetic Route Determined for Fentanyl Tablets — CY 2021



Top Substances Detected in Fentanyl Tablets — CY 2021

The graphic to the right displays the top substances identified in fentanyl tablets. The size of the bubble is proportionate to the number of samples in which that substance was found.



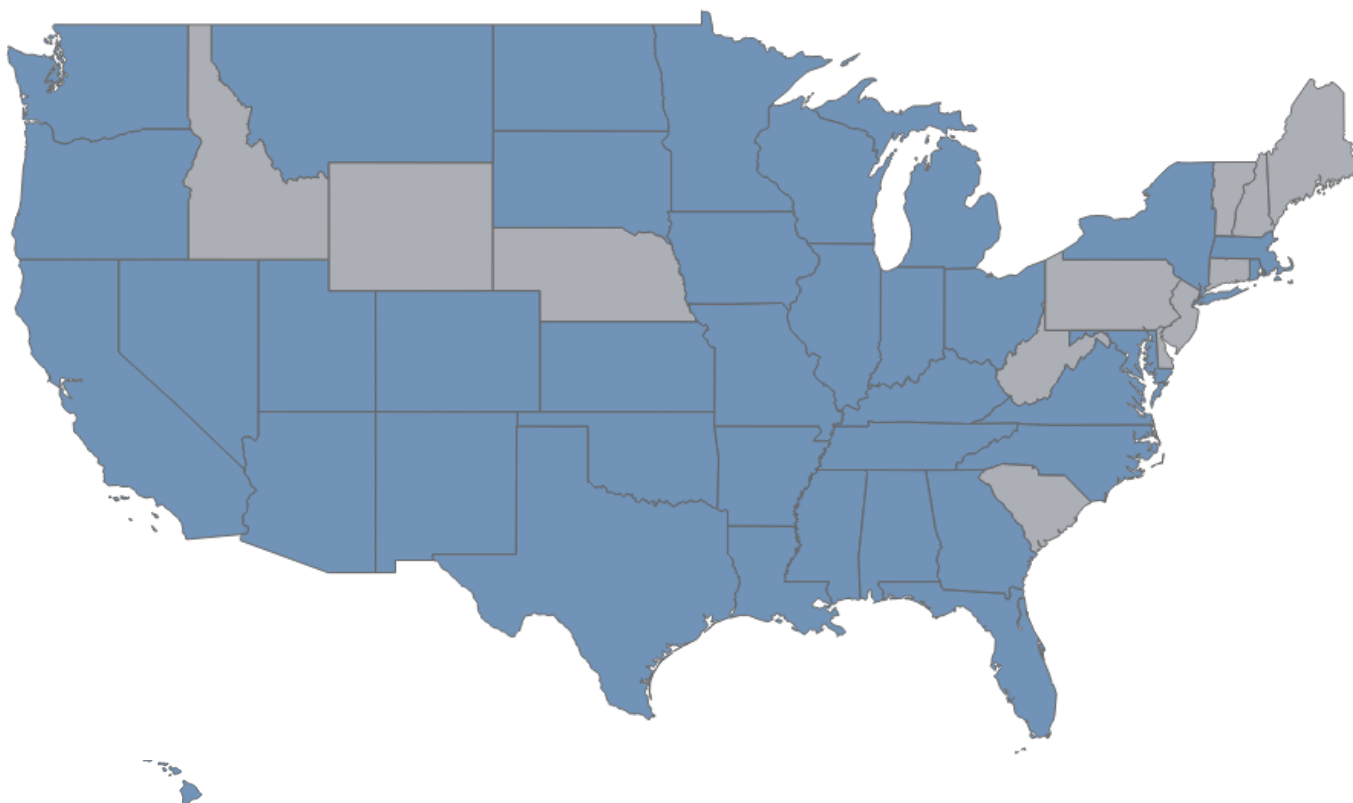


CY 2021 Fentanyl Seizures—Tablets, continued

Tablets Containing at Least 2 mg of Fentanyl

A lethal dose of fentanyl is postulated to be approximately 2 mg (0.002 grams); however in opioid-naïve users, a much lower amount of fentanyl could result in serious adverse effects, including death. Two hundred seven of the tablet exhibits examined (44%) contained at least 2 mg of fentanyl.

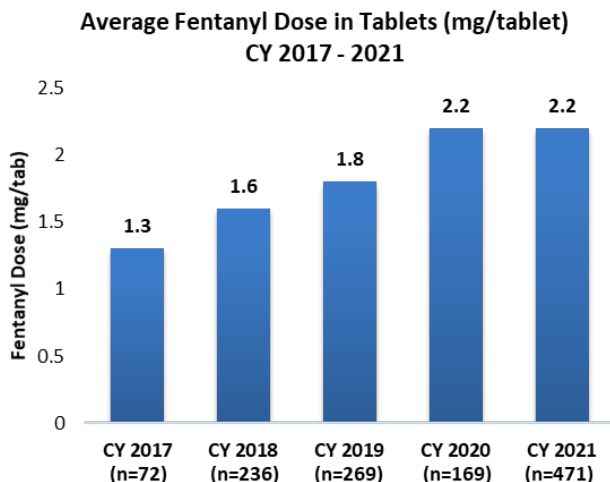
The following map summarizes the number of tablet samples and amount of fentanyl by state. States shaded in color indicate samples were analyzed by the FPP. Place your cursor on a state to preview the information.





Year-End Trends—Tablets

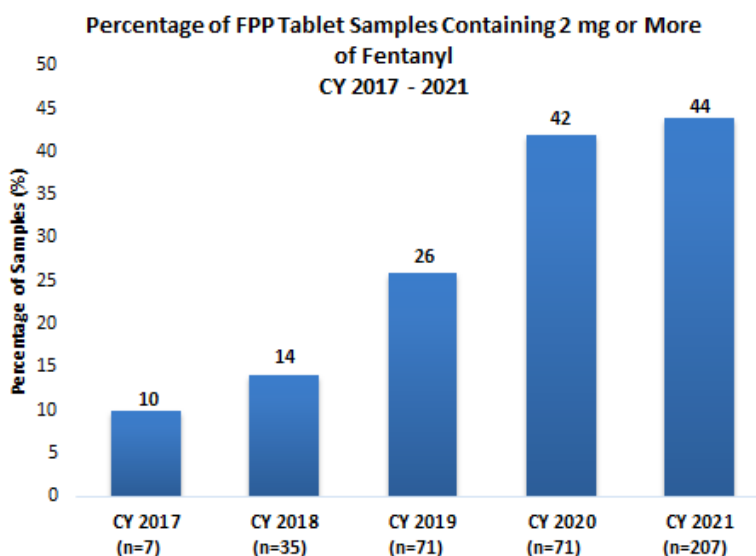
The average amount of fentanyl in tablets continued to increase steadily from CY 2017 to CY 2020. Since 2020, the average dose has remained steady at 2.2 mg of fentanyl per tablet.



Fentanyl Tablet Dosage Distribution — CY 2021



The percentage of tablets containing lethal doses increased dramatically between CY 2019 and CY 2020. Since CY 2020, the percentage of tablets containing 2 mg or more of fentanyl has remained consistent. In CY 2021, 44% of the tablets tested contained at least 2 mg of fentanyl.





CY 2021 Fentanyl Seizures—Tars

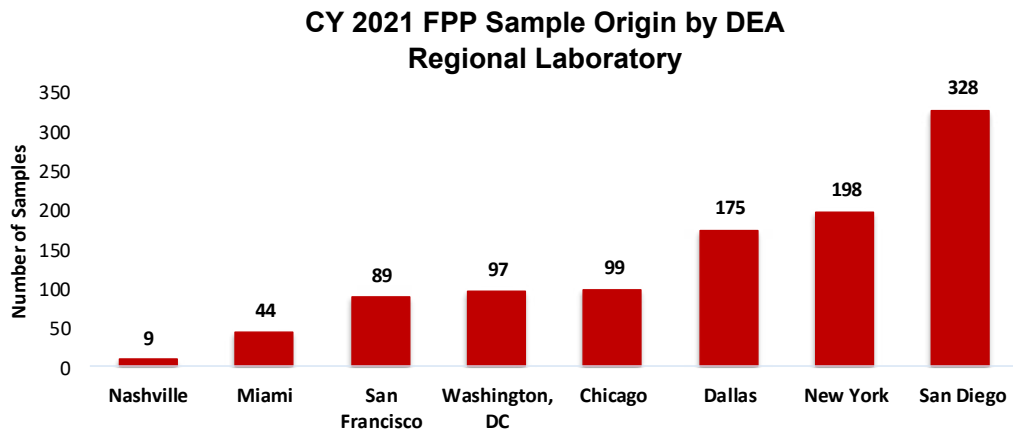
Thirty-six samples representing more than 30 kg were examined. The average fentanyl purity was 7.2%. Interestingly, 86% of these exhibits were seized in the second half of CY 2021.

Primary Fentanyl	Purity (%)	Description	Route
Fentanyl	0.9 - 9.8%	Black or Brown	Gupta = 24 Not Determined = 8 G-1 = 3 Mixed = 1

*Nineteen of the 36 tar samples (52%) also contained heroin.

FPP Sample Origin by DEA Laboratory

The majority of samples are submitted to the FPP from the eight DEA chemistry laboratories. The following graphic illustrates these submissions to SFL1 from DEA regional laboratories and is intended to show the distribution of examined samples throughout the U.S.



The FPP also analyzed samples from Customs and Border Protection (CBP), DEA's Foreign Offices, the United States Postal Inspection Service (USPIS) and direct submissions to the Special Testing and Research Laboratory.



CY 2021 Foreign Submissions

The FPP continues to analyze exhibits seized in foreign countries. The results are summarized in the following tables.

Country #1

Primary Fentanyl	Purity (%)	Description	Route
Fentanyl	2.3 (2.5 mg/tab)	Tablets = 1	Gupta = 1

Country #2

Primary Fentanyl	Purity (%)	Description	Route
Fentanyl	Powder = 3.2-21.9	Powder = 27 (HCl = 16, Citrate = 9, ND = 2)	ND = 22 Janssen = 2 Mixed = 1 Gupta = 1 t-BOC = 1

CY 2021 Fentanyl-Related Compound Submissions

Thirty-three exhibits containing fentanyl-related compounds as the primary fentanyl were examined. The following table summarizes data obtained from the analyses.

Fentanyl Related Compound	# Exhibits	Purity (%)	Description
Fluorofentanyl	201	Powder = 1.1-16.6 Tablets = 0.2-3.3 (0.2-3.5 mg/tab)	Powder = 114 Tablets = 87
t-BOC-4-AP	8	Powder = 96.0-99.4	Powder = 8
Carfentanil	6	Powder = 0.01-0.02	Powder = 6
Valeryl fentanyl	5	Powder = 0.1-0.3	Powder = 5

*All t-BOC-4-AP and carfentanil samples were foreign submissions from Canada.

*Five of the six carfentanil samples also contained fentanyl citrate.

*Valeryl fentanyl seizures originated with USPIS and CBP.

MEMORIAL SECTION



Officer Adrian Lopez, Sr.
White Mountain Apache Tribal Police Department, TR
EOW: Thursday, June 2, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



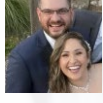
Sergeant Richard Lopez
Yavapai County Sheriff's Office, AZ
EOW: Tuesday, June 28, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Police Officer Daniel Francisco Vasquez
North Kansas City Police Department, MO
EOW: Tuesday, July 19, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



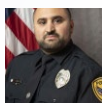
Deputy Sheriff Thomas E. Baker, III
Nicholas County Sheriff's Department, W
EOW: Friday, June 3, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Reserve Officer Jeffrey Michael David Richardson
Poteet Police Department, TX
EOW: Wednesday, June 29, 2022
Cause: Vehicular assault



Sergeant Christopher James Nelson
Edmond Police Department, OK
EOW: Tuesday, July 19, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Police Officer Christopher Nicholas Farver
Tallahassee Police Department, FL
EOW: Wednesday, June 8, 2022
Cause: Vehicle pursuit



Deputy Sheriff Bradley Steven Henry Johnson
Bibb County Sheriff's Office, AL
EOW: Thursday, June 30, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Police Officer Anthony Patrick Mazurkiewicz
Rochester Police Department, NY
EOW: Thursday, July 21, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Senior Investigator Kyle Lee Patterson
Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission, FL
EOW: Thursday, June 9, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



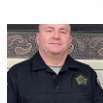
Captain Ralph Harlow Frasure
Prestonsburg Police Department, KY
EOW: Thursday, June 30, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Deputy Sheriff Matthew Eugene Yates
Clark County Sheriff's Office, OH
EOW: Sunday, July 24, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Police Officer Kennis Winston Croom
Meridian Police Department, MS
EOW: Thursday, June 9, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Deputy Sheriff William Edward Petry
Floyd County Sheriff's Office, KY
EOW: Thursday, June 30, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Sergeant Jean-Harold Louis Astree
Fairburn Police Department, GA
EOW: Thursday, July 28, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Detective Justin Michael Terry
Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department, NV
EOW: Friday, June 10, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Police Officer Jacob Russell Chaffins
Prestonsburg Police Department, KY
EOW: Friday, July 1, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



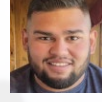
Mounted Deputy Nichole Shuff
Clare County Sheriff's Department, MI
EOW: Friday, July 29, 2022
Cause: Animal related



Deputy First Class Glenn R. Hilliard
Wicomico County Sheriff's Office, MD
EOW: Sunday, June 12, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Sergeant John K. Williams
Coralville Police Department, IA
EOW: Sunday, July 3, 2022
Cause: Duty related illness



Deputy Sheriff Lorenzo Bustos
Smith County Sheriff's Office, TX
EOW: Friday, July 29, 2022
Cause: Vehicular assault



Sergeant Michael Domingo Paredes
El Monte Police Department, CA
EOW: Tuesday, June 14, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



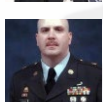
Police Officer Loren Michael Courts
Detroit Police Department, MI
EOW: Wednesday, July 6, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Deputy Sheriff II Jamie Lynn Reynolds
Spalding County Sheriff's Office, GA
EOW: Sunday, July 31, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



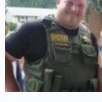
Police Officer Joseph Anthony Santana
El Monte Police Department, CA
EOW: Tuesday, June 14, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



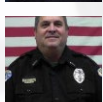
Parole Supervisor Ronald D. Spangler, Jr.
Pennsylvania Parole Board, PA
EOW: Friday, July 15, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Police Officer Noah Jacob Shahnnavaz
Elwood Police Department, IN
EOW: Sunday, July 31, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Deputy Sheriff Austin W. "Melvin" Rich
Fremont County Sheriff's Office, IA
EOW: Tuesday, June 14, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Police Officer Brian D. Olliff
Natchitoches Police Department, LA
EOW: Saturday, July 16, 2022
Cause: Heatstroke



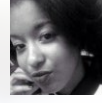
Sergeant Matthew Ryan Fishman
Wayne County Sheriff's Office, NC
EOW: Tuesday, August 2, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Deputy Sheriff J'Mar Colin Abel
Chambers County Sheriff's Office, AL
EOW: Monday, June 20, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Undersheriff Lawrence George Koren
Bernalillo County Sheriff's Office, NM
EOW: Saturday, July 16, 2022
Cause: Aircraft accident



Special Police Officer Maurica Manyan
District of Columbia Public Library Office of Public Safety, DC
EOW: Thursday, August 4, 2022
Cause: Gunfire (Inadvertent)



Deputy Sheriff Austin Derek Aldridge
Spartanburg County Sheriff's Office, SC
EOW: Tuesday, June 21, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



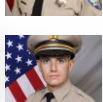
Lieutenant Fred Douglas Beers, III
Bernalillo County Sheriff's Office, NM
EOW: Saturday, July 16, 2022
Cause: Aircraft accident



Deputy Sheriff Andrew Peery
El Paso County Sheriff's Office, CO
EOW: Sunday, August 7, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Detention Officer Jeremiah James Sto
Perry County Sheriff's Office, AR
EOW: Wednesday, June 22, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



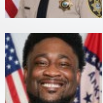
Deputy Sheriff Michael Adam Levison
Bernalillo County Sheriff's Office, NM
EOW: Saturday, July 16, 2022
Cause: Aircraft accident



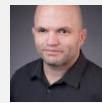
Corporal Chad M. Beattie
Washington County Sheriff's Office, PA
EOW: Wednesday, August 10, 2022
Cause: Heart attack



Deputy Sheriff Jeff L. Hermanson
Saunders County Sheriff's Office, NE
EOW: Wednesday, June 22, 2022
Cause: Heart attack



Patrolman Vincent Anthony Parks
Jonesboro Police Department, AR
EOW: Sunday, July 17, 2022
Cause: Duty related illness

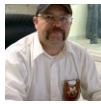


Deputy Sheriff Ned P. Byrd
Wake County Sheriff's Office, NC
EOW: Thursday, August 11, 2022
Cause: Gunfire





Police Officer Cesar "Echy" Echaverry
Miami-Dade Police Department, FL
EOW: Wednesday, August 17, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Captain William Riley Hargraves
Osage County Sheriff's Office, OK
EOW: Friday, August 19, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Special Agent Jose Antonio Perez
Florida Department of Law Enforcement,
EOW: Saturday, August 20, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Police Officer Ivan Mauricio Lopez
Mount Vernon Police Department, AL
EOW: Monday, August 22, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Sergeant Robert Blaine Swartz
Oklahoma County Sheriff's Office, OK
EOW: Monday, August 22, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Sergeant Harold Lee Russell, II
Tennessee Highway Patrol, TN
EOW: Tuesday, August 23, 2022
Cause: Aircraft accident



Detective Matthew Walker Blansett
Marion County Sheriff's Department, TN
EOW: Tuesday, August 23, 2022
Cause: Aircraft accident



Constable Deborah Martinez-Garibay
Pima County Constable's Office, AZ
EOW: Thursday, August 25, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Correctional Officer III Kaitlyn Breanne Ritnour
Texas Department of Criminal Justice -
Correctional Institutions Division, TX
EOW: Saturday, September 3, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



Deputy Sheriff Jonathan Randall Koleski
Cobb County Sheriff's Office, GA
EOW: Thursday, September 8, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Deputy Sheriff Marshall Samuel Ervin
Cobb County Sheriff's Office, GA
EOW: Thursday, September 8, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



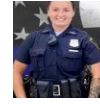
Trooper Cadet Patrick Donnell Dupree
Georgia State Patrol, GA
EOW: Thursday, September 8, 2022
Cause: Duty related illness



Police Officer Dillon Micheal Vakoff
Arvada Police Department, CO
EOW: Sunday, September 11, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Police Officer Lloyd "Mike" Todd
Detroit Police Department, MI
EOW: Monday, September 12, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



Police Officer Seara Burton
Richmond Police Department, IN
EOW: Sunday, September 18, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



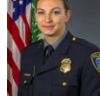
Deputy Sheriff Michael Hartwick
Pinellas County Sheriff's Office, FL
EOW: Thursday, September 22, 2022
Cause: Vehicular assault



Senior Patrol Officer Anthony Martin
Austin Police Department, TX
EOW: Friday, September 23, 2022
Cause: Motorcycle crash



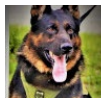
Master Police Officer Tyrell Owens-Riley
Columbia Police Department, SC
EOW: Saturday, September 24, 2022
Cause: Heart attack



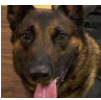
Sergeant Meagan Burke
Oklahoma City Police Department, OK
EOW: Thursday, September 29, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



K9 MEMORIAL



K9 Drago
Columbia County Sheriff's Office, FL
EOW: Wednesday, June 15, 2022
Cause: Heatstroke



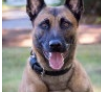
K9 Drago
Floyd County Sheriff's Office, KY
EOW: Thursday, June 30, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



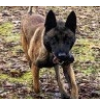
K9 Hannes
Kern County Sheriff's Office, CA
EOW: Thursday, August 18, 2022
Cause: Heatstroke



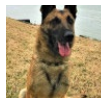
K9 Exo
Pascagoula Police Department, MS
EOW: Thursday, June 23, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



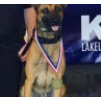
K9 Frankie
Massachusetts State Police, MA
EOW: Tuesday, July 26, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



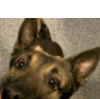
K9 Axel
Charleston Police Department, WV
EOW: Saturday, August 27, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



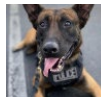
K9 Odin
Virginia State Police, VA
EOW: Sunday, June 26, 2022
Cause: Fire



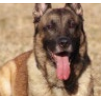
K9 Max
Lake Wales Police Department, FL
EOW: Wednesday, August 3, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



K9 Rocket
Metropolitan Police Department, DC
EOW: Monday, September 19, 2022
Cause: Heatstroke



K9 Cannon
Fountain Valley Police Department, CA
EOW: Tuesday, June 28, 2022
Cause: Heatstroke



K9 Blue
Niceville Police Department, FL
EOW: Sunday, August 7, 2022
Cause: Automobile crash



K9 Figo
Georgia State Patrol, GA
EOW: Friday, October 7, 2022
Cause: Gunfire



A POLICEMAN'S PRAYER

Saint Michael, heaven's glorious commissioner of police, who once so neatly and successfully cleared God's premises of all its undesirables, look with kindly and professional eyes on your earthly force.

Give us cool heads, stout hearts, and uncanny flair for investigation and wise judgment.

Make us the terror of burglars, the friend of children and law-abiding citizens, kind to strangers, polite to bores, strict with law-breakers and impervious to temptations.

You know, Saint Michael, from your own experiences with the devil, that the police officer's lot on earth is not always a happy one; but your sense of duty that so pleased God, your hard knocks that so surprised the devil, and your angelic self-control give us inspiration.

And when we lay down our night sticks, enroll us in your heavenly force, where we will be as proud to guard the throne of God as we have been to guard the city of all the people.

Amen.



Most Wanted Fugitives



Yulan Andony Archaga Carias

is wanted for the following alleged federal violations:
Cocaine importation; racketeering conspiracy; possession and conspiracy to possess machine guns.



Chuen Yip

is wanted for the following alleged federal violations:
Title 21 USC 846.



Kenny Jing Ang Chen

is wanted for the following alleged federal violations:
Conspiracy to Distribute Heroin, 21 USC 846; Aid & Abet Distribution of Heroin, 841(a)(1) and 18 USC 2; Aid & Abet Carrying of Firearm During Drug Trafficking, 18 USC 924(c)(1); Use of Minors in Drug Trafficking, 21 USC 861(a)(1).



Nemesio Oseguera-Cervantes

is wanted for the following alleged federal violations: 21 USC 846 21 USC 96321 USC 95921 USC 84121 USC 924.



Ismael Zambada Garcia

is wanted for the following alleged federal violations:
The following alleged Federal Drug Violations: 1) 18 USC Sec 1962 (d) RICO Conspiracy; 2) 21 USC 846 and 841 (a)(1) Conspiracy to Possess Controlled Substance, over 5 kilograms of cocaine and over 1000 kilograms of marijuana; 3) 21 USC 963952(a) and 960(a)(b)(1)(B) and (G); Conspiracy to import a controlled substance, over 5 kilograms of cocaine and over 1,000 kilograms of marijuana; 4) 18 USC 1956 Conspiracy to launder money instruments; 5) 18 USC 2 & 924(o) Conspiracy to possess firearms in furtherance of drug trafficking crimes and aid and abet; 6 thru 10) 18 USC 2 & 1959(a)(1)&(5); Violent Crimes in aid of racketeering activity and aiding and abetting; 11) 21 USC 848 (e)(1)(A) Murder while engaging in or working in furtherance of a continuing criminal enterprise or drug trafficking; 12) 21 USC 848(b)(1) and (2)(A) Engaging in a continuing criminal enterprise in furtherance of drug trafficking; 13) 18 USC 956 Conspiracy to kill in a foreign country; and (14) 18 USC 2 & 1201 Kidnaping and aiding and abetting.



Julio Alex Diaz

is wanted for the following alleged federal violations: 21 USC 846 Conspiracy to Possess with Intent to Distribute heroin, fentanyl, and cocaine.



Rommel Pascua Cipriano

is wanted for the following alleged federal violations:
Distribution.



Jesus Alfredo Guzman-Salazar

is wanted for the following alleged federal violations:
Conspiracy to Possess with Intent to Distribute Controlled Substance; Attempt/Conspiracy-Controlled Substance-Import/Export with Intent to Distribute.

STAY CONNECTED WITH THE HEROES THAT PROTECT US.



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