

The Hippie Juvenile

Although parents sometimes put their heads in the sand when it comes to drug abuse by their children, a full professor in a major New York University got a rude awakening in 1976.

Advised by an informant that he could introduce an undercover agent to a young male "hippie type" for the purchase of one thousand hits of LSD, Special Agent Michael "Scotty" Gray asked his partner, Special Agent Danny Pavichevich, to do the job. An accomplished undercover, Danny "fit the bill" perfectly; he looked and acted like a New York "dirtball."

So on a chilly night, the informant took Danny to meet the "hippie type" in New York's famed Central Park under the watchful eyes of Group #22 surveillance agents. Obscured by the dark and a large floppy hat, Danny could not clearly see the young hippie's face. However the target talked big and tried to impress Danny with the fact that he had once been arrested by the DEA and had "beat the charges."

Agreeing with the young "hippie" that one had to be extremely careful in the "business," Danny asked to see the LSD. But the young man was no fool. "When you show me the money, I'll show you the acid," he responded.

Danny then lead the young man out of the park and onto nearby Central Park West, a major street lined with very expensive apartment buildings, where he had left his G-Car with the "flashroll." And when the young "hippie type" saw the money, he gave Danny the LSD.

However when the arrest team approached, the young "hippie" tried to flee, running north on Central Park West. Special Agent George Feeney, who was approaching from the north and a little behind the others, jumped on the hood of a parked

car and pointed his revolver at the fleeing LSD dealer. "Stop or I'll shoot," he shouted in a loud and crisp voice. And when the young "hippie" stopped, George got down from his "perch" and not too gently pushed the now scared to death young man over the car's front fender, face up. Putting his gun in his prisoners face, George pulled off the large floppy hat.

"How old are you?" a startled George Feeney asked.

"I'm sixteen, Mister," the young boy cried.

"SHIT!" a shaken Special Agent Feeney roared. He could have injured a MINOR, or worse, in the heat of an arrest situation and he was a little "pissed off" at himself, his prisoner, and the world.

Back at the office, Group Supervisor Jeff Hall called the sixteen year old's father who the boy had sheepishly admitted was a full professor at New York University (name changed to avoid embarrassment to the University). A gracious Jeff Hall then drove the teenager, who had been arrested by DEA only a few weeks before for doing the same thing, to his fathers very expensive Central Park West apartment. The boy, because he had a curfew, had tried to do the deal only a few blocks from home.

The case was turned over to New York State's juvenile authorities for whatever action they deemed necessary.