

## Bill's Adventure

DEA Violent Crime Task Force Detective Bill Doheny was a six foot two inch, 230 pound ex-paratrooper whose Irish wit was capable of producing exuberant laughter. Although divorced, Bill was determined to spend as much time as his job would permit with his two young sons pursuing their mutual hobby, building model naval warships. And when circumstances allowed, Bill took his boys on outings to the aircraft carrier Enterprise, a naval museum permanently berth on the west side of Manhattan.

On one such trip, the boys experienced a little unplanned excitement which was typical of the everyday "lunacy" which exists in New York. As Bill and the boys drove along West Street towards the warship on a hot Sunday morning in 1994, Bill's beeper went off. Pulling to the curb at the first available public telephone, Bill got out of the car to call the office and in his haste forgot to lock the driver's side door. A truck containing fifty kilograms of pure cocaine had been intercepted the day before by the Missouri Highway Patrol and Bill's help would be needed to effect a "controlled delivery." He was to report to the office immediately. Explaining that he would have to return his highly disappointed sons to their mother first, Bill attention reverted to the car and to his horror he saw a "spaced out" five foot six inch Hispanic male in his early twenties opening the unlocked door.

Dropping the handset, Bill ran to the car and pushed the "wild eyed" intruder away. "Get away from the car or I'll bend you into a pretzel," he shouted. He had to get to work and hoped that that would be the end of it. A narcotics deal for fifty "keys of pure" far exceeded the need to arrest the "scum bag" and possibly spend the rest of the day processing a "low life."

However, the "space ranger" then attacked Bill with what he later described as the strength of a "crack crazed maniac." Wrestling his assailant to the ground, Bill identified himself

as a police officer and with a quickly freed right hand drew his off duty automatic. "If you don't stop, I'll blow your brains all over the street," Bill threatened. But when the out of control "asshole" grabbed for the gun, Bill had to use a "little" more force.

And before Bill could imprint the "perps" body into the concrete for all posterity, an NYPD "blue and white," summoned by a frantic call to 911 by an on looking pedestrian, arrived on the scene. The search incident to arrest confirmed Bill's supposition, the pant's pockets of the "wild eyed" hispanic contained numerous vials of crack cocaine.

Although Detective Bill Doheny was a little late joining his group, he was still able to provide valuable assistance in the apprehension of the recipients of the rented Ryder containing the fifty kilograms of pure cocaine. And when the day was over, Bill Doheny knew why he had become a policeman.

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