



# *The Siren*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE  
MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA  
1ST QUARTER ~ 2013

## NEW FACES, NEW PLACES...

Mike Rores, President  
Retired Deputy Sheriff  
Alameda County Sheriff's Office

I am honored to have been elected as President of the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California. I, along with the other Board members, were sworn in at the Annual Convention in Anaheim in September 2012. We have been busy with some house cleaning and reorganization and I'm excited about the future of the MMOC. We have a hard working Board and Support Staff assembled to carry the MMOC forward.

For those that don't know me, I retired from the Alameda County Sheriff's Office in 2007 after 32 years of service. During that time I was assigned to the Patrol Division. I enjoyed many years assigned to the Dual Sport Off Road Enforcement Unit. What better job pays you to ride a motorcycle? I was a member of the SWAT team and was a Field Training Officer.

I became a member of MMOC in 2007 and was recruited as a Director the same year.

MMOC is alive and well and I look forward to working with all of you.

Mike



Be sure to note our new address and phone number now that we have closed the Canoga Park Office and have "re-located" to Northern California. We no longer maintain a "brick and mortar" office but all the operations remain the same.

Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California  
PO Box 531  
San Lorenzo, CA 94580  
(707) 948-MMOC  
[www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org)





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SAFETY OR SORROW

## Cha Cha Cha Changes...

Michael Nichelini, Vice President  
Police Officer  
Vallejo Police Department

I too am honored to be elected as the Vice President of the Municipal Motorcycle Officer of California.

You will notice that this issue of the Siren is thicker than past issues. That is mostly due to the ramblings of Dennis "His Own Self - The Fool" Brown and also because we held off on the 4th Quarter issue. Behind the scenes a lot has been happening. We closed the office in Canoga Park and moved all of the equipment, files and memorabilia up north to our storage unit. We connected an "online" phone number that costs nothing and saves us from a monthly bill. You should not notice a thing and we hope to make connecting with the Board and Staff easier via the telephone. We made these changes to lower costs and hopefully streamline and operations and help us run more efficiently. We hope to "computerize" our operation a little more to make less work for the Board and Staff and allow us to keep up with the changing times.

I am certainly a traditionalist and we will make ever effort to keep the traditions of MMOC alive. Some of those traditions may just get a little polish.

As President Rores mentioned, the MMOC is alive and well. Rumors of it falling apart are not true. We have taken a hit in membership and participation but this seems to be a common theme with organizations. I know the other organizations I am a member of are feeling the same pinch and I'm sure you have experienced the same things

in your organizations. I think that things like Facebook, Instagram and Twitter have taken away the need for that good old fashioned face to face contact of years past. While we will be employing some of this technology, our rides, conventions and events will continue.

Speaking of technology, the we are pleased to announce the Grand Re-Opening of the MMOC Online Store. The website needed some upgrades as it was getting a little long in the tooth. The website provider assures me that the store will be up and running by the time you read this issue of the Siren.

Plans for the Annual Convention are in the works. We are leaning toward the sleepy little town of Pacific Grove. Many of us have fond memories of The Good 'Ol Days events and the California Police Motorcycle Competitions. More information to follow.

Happy New to all of you and I look forward to seeing you at an upcoming MMOC event.

*Mike*



# Ride Recap ~ Mount Saint Helens

## Thar She Blows

Dennis HOS Brown, Ride Director  
Retired Police Officer  
Oakland Police Department

When LAPD's Bob Hossfeld and His Own Self came up with the cocktail infused concept for an annual MMOC ride at the September 1994 Radisson Hotel San Diego Convention, many poo-poo'd our liquid brilliance as just hot air. One month later eight riders assembled on the central coast and blazed an inaugural 3 day trail, a double throw-down to the nay-sayers.

Fast forward 19 years to July 8th, 2012, and the evolution of our rides finds three of us "originals" pool side at the Quality Inn, Williams, California, basking in the warm afternoon sun as a prelude to our next 5 days of adventure touring. Let's talk about this year's cast of characters. Joining myself, my wife Rhoda and Broadmoor's Mary Ann Mann in our levity would be SFPD's Rene' LaPrevotte and significant other Susan Johnson, George and Barbara Firchow, Doug Foss, and just retired Chief Solo/Motor Training Officers Ed Callejas and Al Luenow. From Oakland PD yours truly, helicopter pilot extraordinaire Cliff Heanes and his wife Mickie Waid, Cliff's Honorary Member brother Jeff Heanes, and Kent Thornberry who retired from both Oakland and San Francisco PD's. Of interest, Mickie Waid's brother Joe and his son John, new Honorary Members both, joined us this year. Mark and Helen Murray represented San Leandro PD and Steve Armbruster, Bakersfield's finest. Bringing up the far south contingent, LAPD's Baron Laetzsch blew into town with girlfriend Josie Loughridge in tow, CK Williams' son Kenny and daughter-in-law Gwen were ever present and Pasadena PD's Past President of MMOC Terry Blumenthal brought soon to be Honorary Member Phil Ponzo out of Healdsburg. Herman Rellar of the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Office brought his long time riding partner Armando Vasquez along too. As the retired Fleet Manager for Co. Co. County Fire, we would wonder if Armando's wrenching talents would be called upon; all for naught. Last but not least, current MMOC Director Bill Loveless of the CHP represented that fine agency.

The above Rogues Gallery has certain new players that deserve an extra dose of verbiage; allow me to spew forth: Mickie Waid watched her husband Cliff ride off into the sunset with suspect Homies for more than 20 years of solo tours, his Harley hooties shedding parts from Arizona to

EDITORS NOTE: The following article is presented to you raw, uncut and un-edited just as the author intended. The MMOC does not take responsibility and accepts no liability for the accuracy of the content. Read at your own risk.



Oregon, and she finally said, no mas! In 2010 she bought a 250cc Honda Rebel, took the MSF training course, beat and bashed that ride for a year, then stepped up to a 700cc Honda NT700V-twin 4 months before our ride. Through constant surface street, freeway and parking lot practice, she has developed a very good skill-set with a smooth and fluid style! Callejas and Luenow are from SF, remember, so I pick and choose words carefully, lest I offend them and half of the PC world. NOT! These two are attached at the hip displaying their years of instructor knowledge, ride like brothers from a different mother and bunked together on the ride. They had several daily "lover's tiffs"; emblematic of that liberal bastion across the bay, yet at day's end they each were seen sequestered out of ears' reach talking to their opposite-sex paramours. WTF? Joe Waid, Mickie's 6'6" 350lb brother, brought his LS2 6.0-L 425hp Chevy powered 2008 Boss Hoss from Arizona and his not-too-small son John trailered a soft-tail Harley for those sections of roadway too tight for the Hoss. Almost big enough to carry the damn thing it was an amazing novelty seeing monster man and machine motoring down the road! Originally from Arkansas, I nicknamed these two "Big Bubba" and-not-so "Little Bubba". Big has been in the nuclear power industry all across the states for decades, has but two Masters Degrees and is currently the Director of Training at Palo Verde Nuclear Generating Station in Tonopah, Arizona. Little is a former Russelville, Arkansas Police Sgt. now working with his dad at the same nuclear plant as the Human Performance Manager. True southern gentlemen both, they were a daily revelation in words—some foreign to us west coasters, and always exuding charm and character.



Terry Blumenthal and I both started our LEO careers in 1965. He rode motors and then, like Cliff, flew air-support helicopters for the PD, became President of MMOC in 1984 (two years before me) and retired in 1994. Catching up with our pasts since we saw each other last century, he's been flying corporate jets and helicopters in the Bay Area since. Think Silicon Valley. His riding partner, Phil Ponzo, is a vintner out of Healdsburg who just happens to be a fixed wing jet-jockey corporate pilot too, stationed at Moffett Field. Phil's hot-rodded ST2 Ducati was the smallest bike on the ride yet he managed to bring a weeks' worth of exquisite vinos. Last but far from least is Herman Rellar who is a slim, trim 79 years old, started his law enforcement career in 1956 and retired off motors last year from Co.Co.County after 55 years of continuous service! Significantly, at retirement, he was the "senior" active motor cop in the state! We should all ride as good as he does, particularly on a 900+lb. GL1800!

Monday morning dawns early, too early for some, but at our requisite "Road Etiquette" meeting this year we review a new concept electronically bantered around amongst the participants for the preceding 3 weeks: Two separate groups of riders, one consisting of Sport-Touring and the other, Touring, each with 2 chase vehicles and everyone possessing turn-by-turn route sheets with noted fuel, food and rest stops at 90 to 125 mile intervals. I would lead the first group, Cliff Heanes the second. No peer pressure, no expectations; you pick and choose yer poison and at final tally, it was 9 riders per group. Twists and turns beckon, let's go for a ride.

My diabolical mind says it's far too easy and fast to jump on the super-slab from Williams to Medford so let's detour up to the of 8512' summit of Mount Lassen State Park via Ca. 36 and 89, but not before breakfast. Thanks to Mark and Helen Murray we stopped at the M&M Ranch House in Red Bluff



and what a find! Great food featuring locally produced meats and fare, we ate like kings. If you're in the area give 'em a try! Onto the mountain, we were to meet up with Cliff's group at two locations in the 34 miles of park roadway. Well the best laid plans of men and mice would dictate that His Own Self would hammer past both because the sweet song of horsepower and apex prevailed. No traffic;

pristine, clean and undulating tarmac would dictate to my little-kid inner-self: "Go for it Fool, don't need no stinkn' break, we can stop later." To say that my powers of observation were overridden by emotion would be an understatement and this would become a common occurrence on the trip, duly noted at least daily! An hour ahead of schedule we took a half-hour break at the park exit but the second group didn't show so on to our next stop 95 miles distant, the town of Mt. Shasta. GPS listed 3 different addresses for the Black Bear Diner and gas station next door; 401 Lake St, East, West and Court. Guess what, we practiced hot-laps, U-turns and no-turns around a town you can spit from one end to the other before we found the joint and what's worse, I've been there twice before! Observation donchano, or as Big Bubba would later note: "You po-leece sure get lost a lot, boy!" Gassed and fed we left as the Touring group arrived, a final 95 mile sprint to the Medford Red Lion that brought to end a 345 mile day.





Poolside, from the Sport Touring group, I got verbally trashed for my powers of observation or lack thereof and/or lack of restraint, and from the Touring group, praise heaped on me for splitting into two groups thereby allowing the wonderment of Mother Nature to soak in. Hmmm, they all trying to tell me something?

We have more than 360 miles to cover this sunny and cool Tuesday and with a 7am departure I'm not feeling the love from the grumpy and squinty-eyed throng. Breakfast awaits us in the small berg of Chemult, Oregon, 112 miles distant at a compass heading of north-east. Within 40 miles the country road dotted with many small towns and hamlets along the Rogue River has given way to sinewy

tarmac through the Umpqua National Forest in the Cascade Mountain Range. We own the road this day and for the next 70 miles it is pure bliss. Ever mindful of deer we tilt the horizon at mach 9 on the endless curves and elevation changes of smooth roadway. Verdant

and endless stands of Cedar, Hemlock and Douglas fir ensure the sun seldom peeks through the tall canopies of this wonderland on the back side of Crater Lake. At breakfast we are all in awe of the green paradise we just rode through!

Oregon State Route 58 is bordered by the Umpqua and Deschutes National Forests and is an 84 mile green beltway curving through a mother-nature-carved canyon. It's beautiful, scenic and brings us back to I-5 and a sprint to Albany to top-off and take a break. Our final trek to Kelso, Washington, loomed on the horizon. The antiquated bridge system through Portland and Vancouver over the Columbia River and several tributaries ensures stop and crawl, but we persevere and arrive at the Red Lion in time for the requisite cocktail hour and pool-side debriefing with the usual barbs thrown in. The two groups now together and domiciled at the same hotel for the next 3 nights we let our hair down, just a little. A respite from daily packing and early morning departures bodes well to all so why not tell lies and war stories until we're kicked out of the pool?

Our goal this Wednesday morning at 9am, July 11th is to "casually" ride to the amphitheater at the Windy Ridge View Center of Mount Saint Helens and then continue on the only route that circumnavigates the entire mountain. Having been on the two accessible sides of "the mountain" twice since she flipped her lid May 18th, 1980, this south-side route is the most challenging. We're off to Sr. 503 at Woodland on this balmy morning. Muggy and humid yet cool, a lush paradise of ferns and moss covered conifers down to the roadway render a pictorial paradise. The various state, county and forest roads that wend their way easterly from I-5 are diabolical with few straight sections longer than 400 feet. There are perhaps 50-75 180 degree

switchbacks on this posted 35-55 MPH, one-hundred mile steep ascent. And did I mention that more than 50 miles of Forest Roads were in LOUSY disrepair with frost-



heaves and pot-holes ever-present? Do the math and that leaves 50 miles of corner carving, very frequent shifts and braking too with judicious throttle control required. Nobody said it would be easy and with no desire to throw away a perfectly good and beautiful Nippon bride of 20 years or a Teutonic BMW of 7 years for that matter, we ran a 7/10's-8/10's pace at the front and made great time to the.....CLOSED GATE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE FINAL 10 MILE, 1,000' ASCENT TO THE TOP!!!!!! Wendy Ridge always opens on the 1st of July but apparently not this year due to heavy snows as recent as the week before our arrival! (Note: the road opened 4 days after our visit!) We bivouacked in the nearby parking lot for 45 minutes and as the Touring group arrived and looked at the closure I explained to Sir Heanes that the Park Ranger closed the gate in back of us after "our" tour of the Ridge. Sez I: He turned us around at the top due to inclement weather coming in. With a look of inquisitiveness, a wry smile and noting the clear skies above, Cliff's Tourette's momentarily kicked in, "You got to be S%\*+\*ING me! No way." Way, and with that said



the Sport Touring group beat-feet, spewing hydrocarbons in their face for fear of a fight breaking out!

Fourteen miles of Forest Road 25 had us in Randle for gas. At the station Rhoda asked me if I noticed she had been standing on the passenger pegs at times in lieu of sitting on the seat during the rougher sections of “road?” Having never ridden two-up on a “road” best described as an “Enduro Course” I assured her she instinctively did the correct thing—she’s that good of a pillion passenger! Seventeen miles west on SR 25 is the very small and quant logging town of Randle. Big Bubba met us there at the Plaza Jalisco Mexican Restaurant as he had scheduled conference calls this morning and there’s NO cell service from whence we came. Inside, and for all to hear, he made a hilarious and “twangy” observation of our two groups riding styles over the last few days and as we approached this restaurant: “The Sport Touring group always looks in perfect formation, fluid and smooth; the Touring group on the other hand is a mess of waddling baby ducklings.” Howling accolades, high-fives and pointed barbs aside, we were all in accord about this restaurant. Situated in a new, small and quaint shopping center that basically constitutes the visible town, they offered up fantastic and varied fresh-mex home-cooked cuisine that was phenomenal! Sixty miles later we were pool side, those of us “Fonzi-cool” savoring Big Bubbas eloquent words, the Daffy Duck contingency, licking their wounds. Peer pressure’s a bitch, donchano?

We have one conquest this last day of the ride; visit the Johnston Ridge Visitor Center on the north side of the mountain. State Route 504 from I-5 climbs 4264 feet from Castle Rock to the dead-end at Johnston Ridge, 52 miles distant. It is absolutely beautiful high-traction tarmac with no tar strips, mostly on-camber and a continuous peg scrapping cork-screw! Much like the vaunted Laguna Seca race track in Monterey that some of us poseurs have ridden during Moto GP weekend intermissions, 504 offers unlimited sight-lines and an E-Ticket challenge to your sensibilities coupled with a seemingly never ending ribbon of roadway to the clouds. At the top we had our requisite photo-op with St. Helens looming 4,000 feet higher in the background, viewed a 15 minute movie produced by a politically correct tree-

hugger Hollywood-type and then beat-feet for our steeds. Let’s partake of the nirvana again; down the mountain we go spewing hydrocarbons to the beat of RPM and erasing sidewall chicken-strips. At lunch in Castle Rock, to a man, er, person, everyone seemed to echo my sentiments: What a ride!

Last night as a group and what’s left to do but recap the ride, cast stones, utter accolades or offer criticism—constructive or not. As luck would have it EVERYONE seemed more than thrilled with what they perceived as a great time. Perfect weather, absolutely wonderful and scenic country and a very cohesive group of like-minded riders with no thin skin, braggadocio or attitudes. That’s a major accomplishment with 28 participants! And I would be remiss if I didn’t give a BIG shout-out to Cliff Heanes, for it was he, in his affable and steady manner, which contributed to the success of the Touring group and thereby ensured harmony amongst the ranks. His “waddling duck” minions loved the steady pace and resultant visual and aural gains. As Sir Heanes would later say to me: “Kudos to you on your choice of routes this year. Every year I think to myself there is no way to equal or surpass your previous choices, yet you did it again. Beautiful scenery and some insightful history, to boot. I’m really proud of

Mickie too, for this was a long and very challenging ride for her group-riding maiden voyage. I felt a little anxiety for sure, but the guys at the back of the pack really did a great job looking after her.”

Then there’s George and Barbara Firchow, Mary Ann Mann, John Waid and Mark and Helen Murray who contributed immensely as the chase vehicles. Without their efforts it would not have been as much fun! They truly provide a great service on and off the road. Let’s “unlax” and reminisce until they kick us out of the pool (again) and perhaps discuss where we’re going next year!

Thanks one and all for a fun-filled five days on the road. You made me proud to spearhead this MMOC ride; Rhoda and I had a blast!

I remain His Own Self  
Dennis M. Brown





## 2013 Cioppino Feed

Rich Bailey, Director  
Retired Police Officer  
San Jose Police Department

It's coming, it's just around the corner! After the parties, the holidays and the new year. Cioppino feed is in the planning stages as this goes to press. It will be Saturday, March 2, 2013. Rich and Kim are shaking out some scheduling details and putting the crew together. It's hoped we don't end up stepping on the other venues that launch with early spring arrival! We want to go to those too! But that's only as long as we don't miss out on delicious crab, seafood, Nicosia's great sausage and pasta!

Don't think that rich and i don't listen to your suggestions, either! We want to introduce a great bbq chicken as well. Yeah, yeah...Every year we like to shake it up with something new. So let's give it a try, ok? For those who don't appreciate cioppino; you will have a choice: cioppino or chicken. Say we don't aim to please!

Now, about our great volunteers? The cooks, the "setter uppers, the cleaner uppers," the servers (our San Jose State University Law Enforcement Students) and so forth...And of course...Our cioppino fans and guests of honor..You!! We are really looking forward to serving ya'll a stand out dinner again. Of course we are offering our MMOC members early booking and for those who request tables of 8, get your reservations and payment in early to lock down those tables.

Visit [www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org) regularly to learn of any updates and we will see you soon.

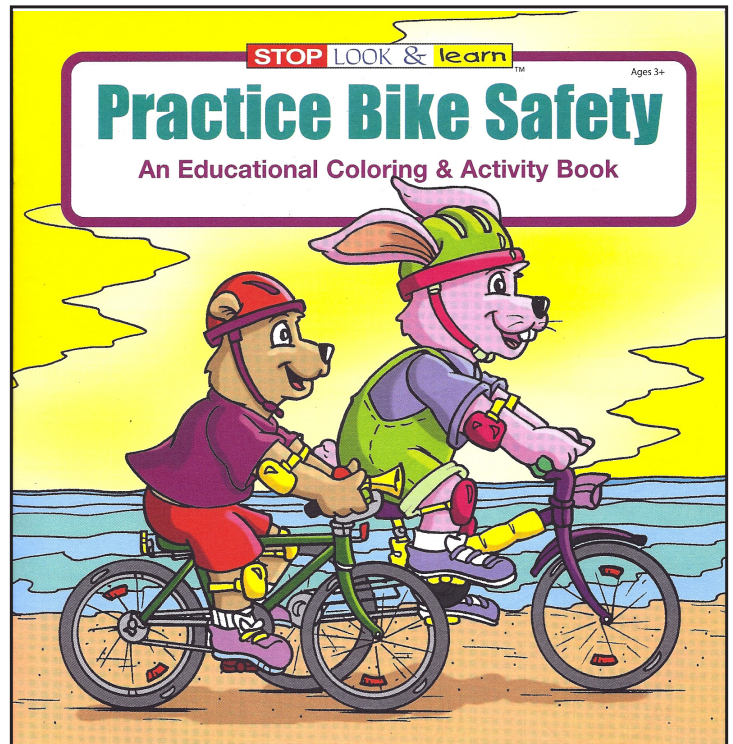
Rich & Kim Wirht (yeah...Recruited again.)



## MMOC Bicycle Safety Coloring Books

We still have bicycle safety coloring books available for kids. If your Department has a use for some coloring books to use for making presentations to schools let us know.

Contact Michael Nichelini  
[mnichelini@mmoc.org](mailto:mnichelini@mmoc.org)  
(707) 948-MMOC



Provided courtesy of the:  
Municipal Motorcycle Officers  
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[www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org)  
"Safety or Sorrow"



# The 20th Anniversary MMOC Ride

In celebration of two decades of plying the back roads of our Western States, this year's MMOC ride will have us journey from Gilroy to Bakersfield in search of motorcycle nirvana; and like last year's highly successful experiment, we will again separate into two groups, Touring and Sport Touring, each with dedicated chase vehicles. Our serpentine and scenic route through the agricultural empire of the arid central valley on secondary roads will occasionally touch on coastal waters for a cooling respite before turning east towards the Sequoia National Forest and much higher elevations. Warm temps will be the norm 70% of the ride and in lieu of rain gear, I suggest you pack a cool vest which can be a god-send on days over 90 degrees.

I have guaranteed 15 rooms at each of the hotels below (with the proviso there may be requests for more) at substantial group discount rates, listed under "MMOC ROOM BLOCK". Each has a 3 week cutoff date and 72 hour cancellation policy and awaits your reservations.

Monday, July 8th 2013: Best Western Forest Inn, 375 Leavesley Road - Gilroy (800) 237-7846 \$99.00 + tax.

Tuesday, July 9th 2013: Holiday Inn Express, 9010 W. Front Street - Atascadero (805) 462-0200 \$99.00 + tax.

Wednesday, July 10th and Thursday, July 11th 2013

Best Western Crystal Palace, 2620 Buck Owens Boulevard - Bakersfield (661) 327-9651 \$69.00 per night + tax.

This will again be a men's size only monogrammed T-Shirt year (\$22.00 S-XL, \$25.00 2X-4X) and I will need your size and name "imprint" information at least 45 days in advance for this commemorative gem. We'll settle up in Gilroy when I pass out route directions if you're GPS addled or, if you want to pre-program your "magic teleprompter", I can forward the route info to you a couple months before.

Hope to see you at our milestone celebration.

Dennis M. Brown @ [hos6350@sbcglobal.net](mailto:hos6350@sbcglobal.net)



20th Anniversary Ride







A PROGRAM OF THE CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL

# CMSP

California Motorcyclist  
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## “Safety or Sorrow”

### Lane Splitting Guidelines

Lane splitting in a safe and prudent manner is not illegal in the state of California. The term lane splitting, sometimes known as lane sharing, filtering or white-lining, refers to the process of a motorcyclist riding between lanes of stopped or slower moving traffic or moving between lanes to the front of traffic stopped at a traffic light.

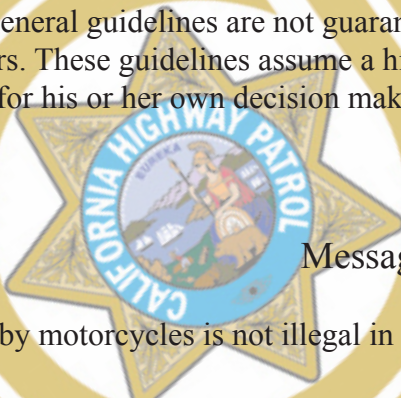
Motorcyclists who are competent enough riders to lane split, should follow these general guidelines if choosing to lane split:

- 1) Travel at a speed that is no more than 10 MPH faster than other traffic – danger increases at higher speed differentials.
- 2) It is not advisable to lane split when traffic flow is at 30 mph or faster – danger increases as overall speed increases.
- 3) Typically, it is more desirable to split between the #1 and #2 lanes than between other lanes.
- 4) Consider the total environment in which you are splitting, including the width of the lanes, size of surrounding vehicles, as well as roadway, weather, and lighting conditions.
- 5) Be alert and anticipate possible movements by other road users.

The Four R's or “Be-Attitudes” of Lane Splitting:

**Be Reasonable, be Responsible, be Respectful, be** aware of all Roadway and traffic conditions.

Note: These general guidelines are not guaranteed to keep you safe. Lane splitting should not be performed by inexperienced riders. These guidelines assume a high level of riding competency and experience. Every rider has ultimate responsibility for his or her own decision making and safety. Riders must be conscious of reducing crash risk at all times.



### Messages for Other Vehicle Drivers

Lane splitting by motorcycles is not illegal in California when done in a safe and prudent manner.

Motorists should not take it upon themselves to discourage motorcyclists from lane splitting.

Intentionally blocking or impeding a motorcyclist in a way that could cause harm to the rider is illegal (CVC 22400).

Opening a vehicle door to impede a motorcycle is illegal (CVC 22517).

Getting everyone home safe is a shared responsibility.



**MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA  
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**MARCH 2, 2013**

**SAN JOSE POLICE OFFICERS ASSOCIATION HALL**  
**1151 North 4<sup>th</sup> Street ~ San Jose, CA**

\$40 per person includes:

Hosted cocktails, Cioppino, Chicken, Sausage, Pasta, Salad & Bread

Doors open at 6:00PM ~ Dinner served at 7:00PM

Tickets sold only until February 22, 2012

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**SILICON VALLEY HOTEL**

1355 North 4<sup>th</sup> Street ~ San Jose, CA

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RATE \$89.00+tax (Mention MMOC for group rate)

**INCLUDES:** Buffet breakfast & free shuttle to/from SJC Airport

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Please print clearly

Number attending \_\_\_\_\_

(To reserve a table of 8, contact Rich Bailey - (408) 316-6114 or [rbailey1379@gmail.com](mailto:rbailey1379@gmail.com))

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Telephone and/or email address will be used to confirm receipt of your payment/reservation





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 DOROTHY CHAMBERS  
 DR. R. BERGLUND  
 ELIZABETH WEINSTEIN  
 ELSIE OMLIN  
 EVELYN ROSE  
 HERMAN SNOOK  
 IRMGARD HALL  
 JACQUES YEAGER  
 JEANETTE SHAMMAS  
 JENNIFER JOHNSON  
 JOSEPHINE HUNTER  
 JOYCE SEARS  
 JULIETA MELO  
 JUNE BUSHONG  
 KATHLEEN SOWDER  
 LEOLA RICHARDSON  
 LILIBETH SWANSON  
 LOIS KILLIAM  
 MARIANNE HIGDON  
 MARIE GROSS  
 MARK RANDALL  
 MARVIN BEASLEY  
 MARY ANNE FORTELNY  
 MARY GODWIN

MARY LEAVECK ( ES-  
 CROW )  
 MICHAEL GILL  
 NELL GORY  
 NU - WAYE W. CONDITION-  
 ING  
 PATRICIA MARTIN  
 RAFAEL LANDGRAVE  
 RANCHO AUTO CARE  
 REBECCA LAWRENCE  
 RENEE RODRIGUEZ  
 ROBERT WOLFE  
 ROBERTA HAMILTON  
 TRIPLES AUTOMOTIVE



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## Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California

PO Box 531  
San Lorenzo, CA 94580  
(707) 948-MMOC  
[www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org)

### UPCOMING EVENTS

Annual Cioppino Feed  
March 3, 2013  
San Jose Police Officers Association Hall

20th Anniversary Ride  
July 8-12, 2013  
Gilroy to Bakersfield

