

## Another Year Closer To Retirement!

Michael Nichelini, President  
Sergeant of Police  
Vallejo Police Department



Another year is rapidly coming to an end. As always, it's a time to reflect on the past and look to the future. The Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California continues to move forward. It's not always easy and there is always more that can be done. Your Board of Directors works hard to keep everything going.

Membership cards finally went out. As you may remember, the new membership cards and the process in which they are printed was introduced last year. The second time around went fairly smoothly, albeit slightly delayed, and by next year we should be right on the mark. I appreciate your patience as I am one of few that are still working full-time. I appreciate our Quartermaster Cliff Heanes more than many of you will ever know. He does more behind the scenes than anyone. He also handled all of the complaints about the membership cards being delayed. Cliff is also getting us caught up with membership pins. Some of you have been around a really long time! That's fantastic and you will be receiving your year pins shortly.

Speaking of membership, over 1500 police chiefs and commanders were contacted and sent information about the MMOC in an effort to recruit new members and/or renew those that have slipped away over the years. We hope this will begin to build our numbers back up. You too can help. Currently working in motors? Make sure your co-workers are members. Retired? Talk to some motors you see in a coffee shop or attend a motorcycle competition to spread the word.

The next big event is the Annual Cioppino Feed. The **date** and **hotel** information has changed. Director Rich Bailey and his team are putting together another amazing event.

The 85th Annual Convention was held in beautiful Carlsbad. A small turnout, but a good time nonetheless. We tried a slightly different format with mixed results. We had a lively general membership meeting where members voiced several opinions. It was inspiring to see the passion about this organization. While there are many opinions on the MMOC, one thing is for sure, there is a strong desire is keeping it going. Rich Bailey and I were reelected for another term. Bill Focha resigned from the Board and I appointed Larry Hodson to fill that vacancy. I want to thank Bill for being a Board member for the past year and for being a good friend. Bill stepped up to the plate to be on the Board when it was needed and I appreciate his dedication. Larry Hodson retired from Oakland PD many years ago and was one of the guys I looked up to as a kid....and he still has the coolest hair! Larry has jumped in with both feet. Immediately following his appointment he "volunteered" to be the Siren editor. A huge project that I know he will do well and this is his first edition. To lessen the work and try to save a few dollars, the Siren will be published three times a year. We will be pushing more content to the website for those months in between each issue.

This will be my last year as President. It has been an honor to be a part of this wonderful organization and I'm confident it will continue for many years to come. It will take work and help from the membership. I encourage more of you to get involved to keep MMOC alive.

**Hoping you all have a Merry Holiday Season and a Wonderful New Year!**

President	Michael Nichelini Sergeant of Police Vallejo PD		Treasurer	Gene Gray Retired Lieutenant Pasadena PD
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Director	Mark Murray (PP) Retired Officer San Leandro PD		Motorcycle Ride Director	Matt Greb Retired Officer Oakland PD
Director	Larry Hodson Retired Officer Oakland PD		Honor Guard	Don Winslow Retired Officer Pasadena PD

**Safety**  
**Or**  
**Sorrow**

## Cruising in the Mountains **AND** “Situational Awareness”

Mark Murray, Director & Past President  
Retired Officer  
San Leandro Police Department

Some of you know the story, a few have heard select parts of it, and some not at all. So here is a refresher.

First a little about my background. I spent 26 years with the San Leandro Police Department. Over 16 of those years I rode motors during three tours in Traffic. I trained at San Mateo PD’s motor school and had one relatively minor collision during my tenure at SLPD. I have been a member of MMOC and a Charter Member of the Blue Knights Chapter VII for over 20 years and put lots of miles on motorcycles, both on and off duty without major incident.

Five years ago in May, I was riding my HD Peace Officers Special from Chester toward Susanville around 1:00 pm. The weather was clear and warm, an excellent day for a ride. I was wearing tennis shoes, levis, long sleeve shirt with my old PD leather jacket, winter gloves (couldn’t find my summer gloves) and a new ¾ helmet which I had worn maybe 3 times.

My wife, Helen, was driving a pickup truck pulling a horse trailer in front of me. We were planning on dropping it off in Susanville and she was to ride back to Chester with me. We were traveling e/b on SR36 about 8

miles east of Chester at 55 mph. I couldn’t see around the truck and trailer very well, so I decided to pass her on a straight stretch. I signaled and pulled out to the left utilizing the w/b lane. I had accelerated to about 65 mph and pulled back in front of the pickup. I checked my left and right mirrors, then holy crap! There was a 200 lb. deer running across the e/b lane. The deer, traveling at an angle from my left to right, was about 200 feet in front of me. I grabbed the front brake, stepped on the foot brake and tried to lean away, but struck the deer on the right hind quarter. As I remember, I came off the bike and it continued e/b, went into a wobble and went down. I tumbled and rolled and came to rest in the w/b lane. Thinking that I might be run over by w/b traffic looking at the downed bike, I rolled myself off to the shoulder. I was very hot and tried to get my gloves and jacket unzipped, but couldn’t manage it due to increasing pain.

Numerous passersby stopped, including a nurse from the state prison 10 miles distant and two Resident-Post CHP officers who were at a range 5 miles away. They arrived to see the large hematoma above my eye rupture and flood my eyes with blood. Shortly after,

the Peninsula Fire ALS ambulance arrived and tended to my injuries and injected me with morphine for the pain. The ambulance transported me approximately 9 miles to a designated LZ, where I was loaded onto an air ambulance and flown to Renown Medical Center in Reno. Once there I was x-rayed, scanned, stitched and casted for my injuries.

Even though I was wearing a new ¾ helmet I managed to break my left orbital bone, nose, and cheek bones. I must have landed on my left side as I broke 7 ribs, two in two places, my left scapula (collarbone), and a toe on my left foot. I also suffered a deep abrasion on my right knee requiring stitches. I broke a bone in my right hand which required a pin to repair after the good Docs scrubbed that hand for road rash. Remember I was wearing heavy winter gloves? I feel very lucky to come out of this debacle and recover as well as I did. During my several months of healing and rehab, there were two other m/c vs. deer collisions in this same area: One rider

lost a leg and in the other with a couple, there was one fatality.

Always be aware of your surroundings. Scan ahead on both sides of the road. If you see movement be ready for anything. It could be the wind, could be a deer and up here, as several folks can attest to, it could be a bear. I was not expecting deer in the middle of the day as they usually come out at dawn or dusk.

Wear good equipment. Several friends have changed helmet styles as a result of the substantial facial injuries allowed by the (quality!) 3/4 helmet I was wearing. My leather jacket prevented some major road rash to my arms and shoulders, and CE approved armor padding as used by many textile jacket manufacturers may have provided additional impact protection.

Situational awareness is paramount. What's at your 3, 6, 9 and 12?

*Mark*

As the new kid on the block, a brief intro is in order. I was a Police Officer at the Oakland Police Department from 9 Feb 1972 to 11 Feb 1997. As such, I worked Patrol, flew helicopters and rode Harley Motors. Not sure which Pro-Pay endeavor vibrated the most, but they sure as hell were fun. And they paid me to do this?

I've been an MMOC member for 31 years, and at the 85<sup>th</sup> Annual Convention I volunteered to become a Board member and the new Editor/Publisher of this Siren.

Here's what you need to know: Pursuant to Board edict, the Siren will now be published Tri-Annually, in lieu of Quarterly, thereby saving us approx

\$1,300+ per annum, even with expansion from 8 to 12 pages as necessary.

With timely content from my colleagues and others that submit articles for publication, you will be receiving your new Sirens January 1<sup>st</sup>, May 1<sup>st</sup> and September 1<sup>st</sup> annually. Please note, because of teething problems, this is a combination of the last quarter of 2014 and 1<sup>st</sup> Tri Annual 2015 issue. Your next Siren will be May 1<sup>st</sup> and feature a recap of the San Jose Cioppino Feed and information from your new Executive Ride Director Mat Greb for the 22<sup>nd</sup> Annual MMOC Ride.

Formerly blonde and now grey in California, Larry Hodson.

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# Chronicles of the 21<sup>st</sup> Annual MMOC Ride

## OR How We Defied Gravity...Mostly

Dennis Brown, Past President  
Retired Police Officer  
Oakland PD

Waiting in the lobby of the Comfort Inn and Suites, Three Rivers, California this Monday, July 7, 2014 for nearly 2 hours due to their strictly enforced 4:00 PM check-in time has us physically and mentally steaming. Considering we're the only bodies in attendance, our 20 motorcycles and 3 chase vehicles the sole modes of hydrocarbon-spewing transportation in the parking lot, and housecleaning staff bid adieu shortly after we arrived just adds to the angst. Our room reservation and assignment packets sit prominently on top of the reservation desk for all to see, beckoning us much like a beat cop zeros into the local donut shop. We're domiciled, *almost*, and need to commence with our annual practice of telling lies, expansive and embellished war stories and swilling cheap beverages, donchano.

Who are the grumbling, sweating, collective we on this 95 degree day? From Oakland my wife Rhoda and yours truly; husband and wife duo Cliff Heanes and Mickie Waid; Larry and LaRene Hodson; Nick Nicosia; Doug Wayne and Ed "Dewey" Presnell. Bordering city San Leandro found Mark and Helen Murray in attendance. Alameda County was represented by Mike and Jeanie Rores and Broadmoor by Mary Ann Mann. San Francisco's Al Luenow and Ed Callejas blew into town, too. San Jose was represented by Rich Bailey and Kim Wirht and out of Healdsburg Phil Ponzo. The Southern California contingent: Pasadena's Terry Blumenthal, LA's Baron Laetzsch and the brother trio of Buzz, Ken and Ryan Williams. Cliff Heanes' brother Jeff from Beaumont was present, too. And last but not least, Mickie Waid's hilarious foreign-tongued Arkansas born "Bubba Brothers" Joe Ray and Lynn Allen Waid, now from Arizona and Ohio, respectively, saw fit to grace our presence.

The chronicles of our epic adventure soon to follow (I promise), buoyed bulbous and svelte bodies eventually bobbed in the pool, much like the cork of Two Buck Chuck. We've got 185 miles to cover tomorrow, the first 135 of which are in Sequoia National Park and Kings Canyon National Park within the Sequoia National Forest and Sierra National Forest respectively, wholly contained in the Giant Sequoia National Monument (government speak for more federal \$) which is divided by Tulare



County on the south, Fresno County on the north and bordered by Inyo County on the east and a mere speck of land on the western flank of the ginormous 400 mile long, 60 to 80 mile wide Sierra Nevada Mountain range. You got that, Bunkie? I know that when I spew my geography lesson to the hapless souls foolish enough to follow me in the morning, their grey-matter will be sizzling like a grilled Swiss-cheese sandwich!

An hour after sunrise over 14,494' Mt. Whitney, the tallest mountain in the contiguous 48 states and directly due east, we've concluded our riders meeting and it's time to enter the belly-of-the-beast this Tuesday. U.S. Forestry and AAA maps show an unending 135 mile succession of squiggly lines through the two parks on Ca. 198 (The Generals Highway) and Ca. 180 (Kings Canyon Scenic Byway), but their relief can't accurately depict the 4,000' elevation changes we'll experience *multiple* times or the thousand or so high G-load sweepers; nor, frankly does it foretell of the many sphincter-clinching kinks, predominantly with less than 100' apex to apex! Throw in a crazed carnival of 6-12% uphill *and* downhill rollercoaster grades with numerous blind and decreasing radius curves (thankfully on-camber, yet often causing wildly dilated eyes!), all married to excellent asphalt that serves to test suspension, brakes, and rider stamina. How many sets of undies did you bring, His Own Self?

We came for visual acuity too, and it's here in spades. Depending upon elevation, the two parks are predominantly mixed conifer forests that include sequoia, white fir, sugar pine, yellow pine and incense-cedar. Sprays of colorful wildflowers stand in sharp contrast with evergreens throughout numerous meadows

and groves. General Sherman, the world's largest living tree, is truly a sight to behold, and when I reduce it in my mind to toothpicks, there's enough for every man, woman and child in the universe. In stark disparity, greyish-white granite gleams in sunlight at higher elevations. Sheer 2,000' ascending walls almost touch the right shoulder on the thousands of eastbound curves to the end of Kings Canyon. The other shoulder? A disastrous precipice and plunge a thousand or more feet to the South Fork of the Kings Canyon River trickling *far* below! At the park turnaround, we hydrate in the shade of dense tree canopies on Gatorade and water after multiple temp fluctuations between 65 to 95 degrees, and taxing centripetal forces on ageing muscles and shoulders. Many kudos to Presnell and Wayne for (mostly) hanging with our "Sport-Touring" group. They were ever-present at each way-point with refreshments; not an easy task in a 4WD pickup!

With Cliff's "Touring-Group" nearly an hour behind, we head west towards our Fresno hotel 95 miles distant. The first 38 are now familiar and exhilarating fun, the last 57 miles 2 and 4 lane highway. It's "*only*" 100 in Fresno today thanks to a 10-15 degree cooling trend, and I suppose we should be thankful, but it did take its toll on several who didn't hydrate sufficiently. Almost 2 hours later we learn that Mickie Waid had crashed her 700 Honda about 10 miles after turning around at the end of Kings Canyon Park. Rounding a tight-radius left-hand curve, an eastbound motorhome crossed the double yellow into her lane forcing her wide onto the gravel shoulder where she tumbled to the ground. The stone and concrete retaining wall thankfully contained her and the bike, because it's a *loooooong* way down in that area! The bike wasn't pretty in the bed of the Murray's pickup, and quite frankly, neither was the usually bodacious Ms. Waid. Beaten, bruised and with abrasions about knees and face, the local E.R. Doctor would later proclaim her to be OK, save a sprained wrist and ankle. An advocate of "All The Gear All The Time", Mickie's now dirty Hi-Viz yellow, armored  $\frac{3}{4}$  length *Olympia* mesh jacket excelled with no visible distress. However, her new *HJC* modular flip-front, full-face helmet, was an unmitigated failure! The facial abrasions to her chin, nose and forehead happened how, you say? Gouges to the centrally and predominately located release button on the lower leading-edge of the chin-bar indicated an impact on something during her 25mph get-off allowed the chin-bar to spring open, leaving critical facial features exposed. Buyer

beware! Being the trooper she is and the sensitive nature of her "Bubba Brothers" (NOT), Joe and Lynn were later overheard complimenting her on the now rapidly emerging, perfectly formed, raccoon eyes!

Day one's histrionics behind us, let's regroup and ride again this beautiful 70 degree Wednesday morning. California 41 to Oakhurst is a relaxed and meandering two-lane studded with oak trees and barren grass lands in this summer of drought. Traffic is light, but a frustrating pattern is emerging in the middle of this 42 mile, 55mph leg: with few passing lanes, fewer pull-outs and almost non-existent broken double-yellow center lines we are relegated to a snail's pace twice, each for 8+ miles; first behind the ponytailed Prius driver and then a diesel pickup pulling a horse trailer. Successively, they have served up massive gridlock! Adequately posted with regulatory signs advising "slower vehicles use turnouts", the clueless imbeciles fail to cede several times and are ceremoniously greeted with a stereophonic cacophony of



horns and middle digit salutes from 50+ four and 2 wheelers when the very rare passing opportunity does materialize.

At Ca. 49N we finally shed the remnants of idiotic congestion and begin the southernmost terminus of this fabled ribbon of tarmac. Very light traffic, numerous passing lanes and manicured ranchettes interspersed throughout rolling hills allow a relaxed country pace for 28 miles to bucolic Mariposa. Days earlier I had called *Happy Burger Diner* with a courtesy notification of a motorcycle invasion at 9:30 am. Not only were they ready with extremely courteous wait-staff, we had our own reserved room away from the general public. I suspect the likes of some





Thursday morning, we awake to crystal blue skies and refreshing mid 60's. Seventy miles of Ca. 108 up, over, and down 9,624' Sonora Pass is a conundrum of freeway, 2 lane, single lane and goat path, with scenery and vegetation as varied as the quality and curvature of road surface we ply. Dense majestic forests give way to massive granite-rock outcroppings thousands of feet below the summit. Grasp that this is the oldest trans-Sierra trail into California and the "road" very closely follows the original 1865 wagon-train alignment with insane 8 to 26% (!) grades and pavement so contorted and spastic there are no straights for 20+ road miles either side of the summit. This ain't my first rodeo on 108, nor will it be my last, but each trip still generates user-selectable Tourette's Syndrome. Gravel strewn corners on otherwise good

pavement, and the occasional pickup pulling a 26+' travel trailer that you encounter around a blind curve as he encroaches into your already narrow 8' lane might add to the anxiety, too!

of our "Poster Children", read: Blumenthal, Callejas, the entire Williams clan, Dewey Presnell and most certainly the Bubba Brothers and their battered, raccoon-eyed baby sister, now sporting Audrey Hepburn-esc sunglasses ("Hmmm, which one o' y'all done that to the filly") may have had something to do with that! *Happy Burger* is known for their extensive menu, and whether breakfast or lunch was ordered, we were in and out in 45 minutes with excellent food!

At the intersection with U.S. 395, we of the "Sport Touring Group" hydrate and exchange expletive tirades before heading north another 18 miles to Coleville for breakfast. We inundate the *Meadowcliff Lodge Restaurant*, but the appreciative owner had the foresight to add an extra waitress based on my "clue" phone call days earlier. After a relaxing break and very good food, some elect to take the more relaxing route to Reno, read: Sonora Pass was enough for one day! The more adventurous of us? Six miles to Ca. 89, also known as Monitor Pass, 30 miles to the junction with Ca. 88 then an 19 mile sprint to Nv. 207, the beginning of fabled 20 mile long Kingsbury Grade into Lake Tahoe. The aforementioned splits were wonderfully scenic, offering commanding vistas of valleys below, interspersed with the occasional 10,000 acre ranch. The only caveat: Nevada continues to excessively seam-seal expansion cracks with strips of tar on their otherwise excellent asphalt, which engenders "oh shit" slip-angles far too frequently while negotiating hundreds of curves.

As much as I'd like to stay on gloriously serpentine Ca. 49 several hundred more miles to its northern end at Ca. 70 in the mini berg of Chilcoot (Pop. 200, maybe!), we're eastbound-and- down on Ca. 140 for 38 miles to Big Oak Flat Rd., the western edge of Yosemite National Park. Here, signs of the August 17, 2013 Rim Fire begin to emerge. We exit Yosemite on Ca. 120 and the enormity of the fire, which devastated 257,314 acres for more than 2 months until being contained on October 24, 2013, sinks in. We've ridden 40+ miles through fire scorched brush, oaks and pines, and on the eastern outskirts of Groveland come upon its point of origin. A few miles later: An "E" ticket adventure-ride down New Priest Grade on Ca. 120, offered up by a 910' elevation drop over 6 miles of insane curvature with perfect asphalt.....what's not to like? With little more than 30 miles to our Sonora digs, many of "The Faithful" feel the need to stop at Jamestown Harley Davidson to replace shed parts, broken parts, or procure de rigueur "Authentic Motor Clothing". Those of us riding Motors that remain *whole*, or not needing fringed vests check in at the hotel long before the "Bring In The Clowns" brigade arrives. It's pizza night, and after hours of pool frolicking, *Mountain Mikes* gets the call all delivery drivers dream of. "You're ordering how many pizzas? We'll be right there!"

The eastshore of Lake Tahoe finds us on U.S. 50 in light traffic comingled with oblivious sophomoric-twits that insist on driving 25-30 in a 35 mph zone *side-by-side* on this scenic 12 mile stretch of 2 lane, rendering forward thrust non-existent! Ah Ha, Lake Tahoe Eastshore Drive (Nv. 28) promises an escape from gridlock with another 12 miles of 45 mph zone. Beautiful, lake hugging, smooth and rhythmic flowing curves wind past estates, boat harbors and the occasional sandy beach. Valhalla? NOT! Within 2 miles we're mired in back of a trick looking C6

Corvette, the driver-of-which is more enamored with his high maintenance trophy queen than the road ahead.....which is vacant for miles! At Incline Village we can finally escape the jewelry encrusted, Dior sunglass bespectacled touchy-feely poseurs onto Country Club Drive which shortly merges onto majestic Mount Rose Highway. Finally, 24 miles of multi-lane, well paved and meandering roadway, with panoramic vistas of the Reno valley thousands of feet below. For about 10 miles, bliss, then we're stuck, mired in multiple summertime construction zones. It makes a grown man want to cry! Eventually, we merge onto the new U.S. 395/Nv.I-580 and are promptly at our hotel.

The swimming pool beckons with arid high 90's and we luxuriate with margaritas and Coronas generously provided by Sunnyvale's DPS retiree Bill Weber, he of the gun-toting and hose-fondling brigade. The coup-de-gras bowshot: Tex-Mex enchiladas, rice and salad with soft drinks. Thanks Billy, ya' done good!

Gastronomical morning fluctuations notwithstanding, US 395 delivers us to I-80 West Friday, July 11<sup>th</sup> and we curve up and over crisp and crystal clear 7240' Donner Summit to Ca. 20W. Dense stands of pines grow down to the single lane roadway, and for 30 miles we're shrouded under the canopies of timber 100 feet above our procession. Cool, damp, and with a wonderful musky smell in its own micro-climate, it's best to savor the olfactory delights, as surely Bambi lurks in the thick underbrush. A reunion with Ca. 49S delivers us in a half hour to the omelet capitol of California, Sweet Peas Restaurant in

Auburn. The food and service, as always, is home-style and exquisite. With a 55 mile freeway sprint, we wrap up this epoch 1000 mile 21<sup>st</sup> Annual Ride at Woodland's Best Western Shadow Inn. This is MMOC's second sojourn here, and it remains one of the chain's best kept secrets. Spacious rooms with modern amenities, excellent room soundproofing and super-efficient whisper-quiet air conditioning all contribute to the ambience. Then there's the central courtyard theme with expansive pool and hot tubs lending credence to my style of ride's-end frivolity. Time to let down my thinning thicket of hair, for it's party and commiserating time!

Twenty one years, 100's of participants, and countless returnees; it has been EXTREMELY rewarding rekindling old and making new friendships alike, within the MMOC fold. Discovering meandering tarmac off the beaten path throughout 6 states in pursuit of motorcycling nirvana with great compatriots has indeed left an indelible mark in this vacant cranium. Freeways expedite, yet backroads speak to our history of yesterday, and it's here we reunite with the slower pace of decades gone by and the history of storied America.

This year's ride was dedicated to friend, co-founder, and first 10 year Ride Leader Bob Hossfeld, and throughout our journey, I could feel him gazing down from the Heavens above laughing his ass off at the histrionics, evolution and tribulations of our merry riders.

Thanks, one and all: it has truly been a memorable and rewarding reign of terror. WHAT A RIDE!





# **Alameda County Sheriff's Office**

## **Dual-Sport Class 6 - 17 Oct 14**

I missed the first week of class, as the dates had been changed after I had scheduled my annual motorcycle ride with the boys. The second week of class involves mostly all on and off-road riding away from the RTC (Regional Training Center), and can be highly entertaining for the rear guard instructor - me! A great group of guys, no wax museum here, two from Oakland PD, and the ever entertaining deputies from Stanislaus County.

Graduation ride was uneventful, but a great ride through Morgan Territory enlivened by fall colors. Joining us were Sgt. Cordova and Dep. Berndt, former graduates of our class, on their brand new Kawasaki KLR650s.

Congrats to the class of October 2014 !

Mat Greb, Vice President



FRONT ROW (L-R): Off. Jorge Garcia - Oakland PD, Dep. Kevin Dillon - Alameda County SO

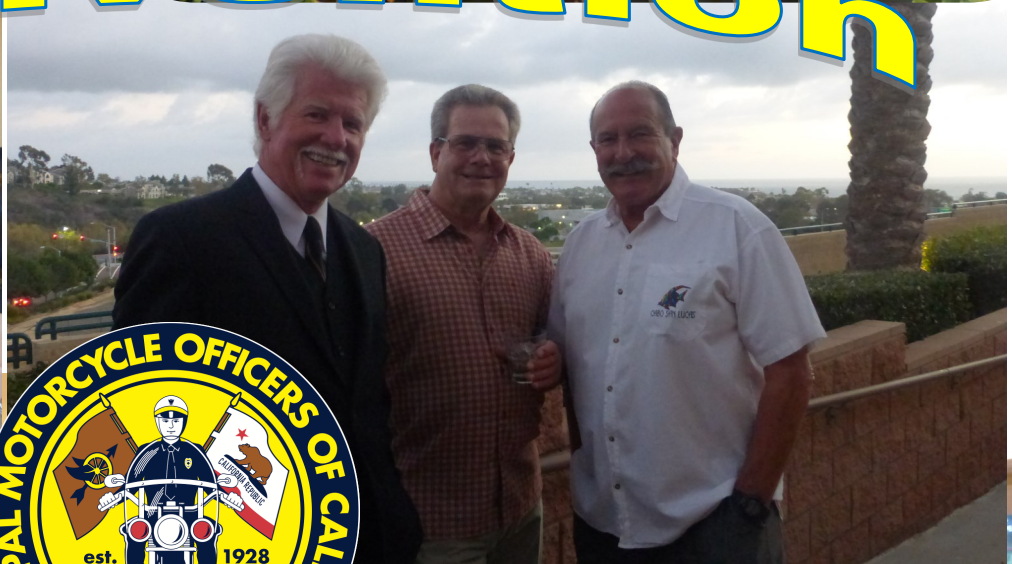
SECOND ROW: Off. Tom Fara - Modesto PD, Off. Jarrod Pippin - Modesto PD, Dep. Brian Wilson - Stanislaus County SO, Dep. Robert Huffman - Stanislaus County SO, Off. Michael Gibson - Albany PD

THIRD ROW: Sgt. Dennis Cordova - Stanislaus County SO, Instructor Herb Fuentes (Alameda PD - Ret.), Dep. Robert Berndt - Stanislaus County SO, Instructor Matt Greb (Oakland PD - Ret.)





# 85th Annual Convention





# Ernest M. Hovard

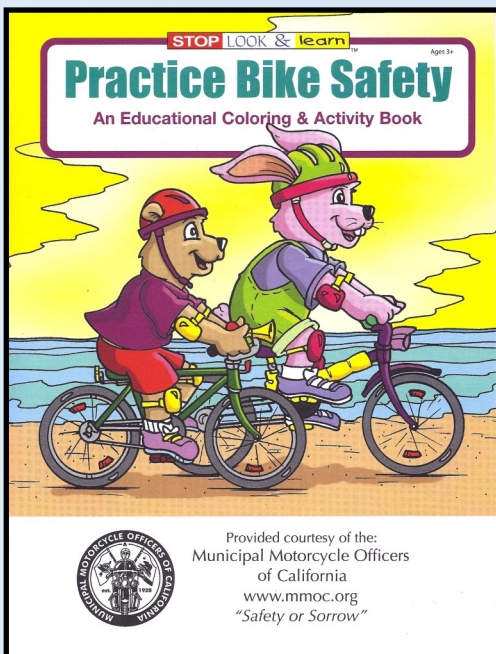
## Pasadena P. D. (Sgt. Retired) & MMOC Past-President

MMOC would like to pay tribute to a very dedicated member of our organization on this very extraordinary anniversary.

Ernie M. Hovard is an icon in his own right, joining the Pasadena Police Department on November 2, 1946. As all of us do, he was assigned straight to Patrol. On August 9, 1947 Ernie received what was considered to be a very prestigious position on the Pasadena Motor Squad where he served with distinction.

He joined the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California on July 11, 1949, and has maintained his membership faithfully since then. On September 15, 1959, Ernie was nominated to the position of **President** of MMOC at our Sacramento Convention. At the young age of **90 years**, Ernie continues to be an Active member of the MMOC, **65 years and counting**.

Throughout Ernie's life he has been an avid collector of Indian artifacts from all over the world. To this day he continues to collect items for his personal museum with the support of his children and grandchildren.



### MMOC Bicycle Safety Coloring Books

The MMOC is committed to traffic and bicycle safety. Our fund-raising efforts make it possible for us to provide educational coloring books and crayon sets to police department's all over the State of California. Please contact us if you would like some of these products for one of your upcoming events.

Contact Mark Murray  
(707) 948-MMOC



**MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA  
PRESENTS**



**RAFFLE PRIZES**  
Music and Dancing

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For information  
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**THE ANNUAL CIOPPINO FEED**

**MARCH 14, 2015**

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1151 North 4<sup>th</sup> Street ~ San Jose, CA**

\$45 per person includes:

Hosted cocktails, Cioppino, Chicken (by request), Pasta, Sausage, Salad & Bread  
Doors open at 6:00PM ~ Dinner served at 7:00PM

Tickets payments must be postmarked by March 5, 2015

**ONLY 175 PRE-SALE TICKETS – TICKETS WILL NOT BE SOLD AT THE DOOR**

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## **Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California**

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[www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org)**

### **UPCOMING EVENTS**

**Cioppino Feed  
March 14, 2015  
San Jose POA**

