



Wow, get up to go to the restroom at the Convention and come back to find that my cohorts on the Board voted me your new President for 2015-2016. I am proud to do it again, thanks. By now we have survived the Convention, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's. I also give thanks that I no longer have to wear motor britches. With all the eating and party-going I am lucky to fit into sweats.

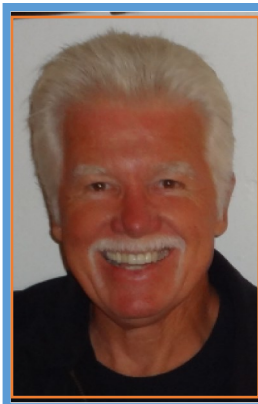
Unfortunately as time goes on so does life. As you will read in this issue of the Siren, we have lost another icon of MMOC. LAPD's Edward "Bud" Harper passed away on Thanksgiving Day. Our heartfelt thoughts and prayers go out to his wife Madeline and their 5 children.

Our 2015-2016 board has been very proactive and able to plan and schedule the 2016 Convention for this September. Please read those details on page 11 and hope you will attend.

Also coming up is the always epic San Jose Annual Cioppino Feed in March; see you there or be square.

For those retired, keep the battery tender on; those still working, the rubber side down. As Hill Street Blues Sgt. Phil Esterhaus (Michael Conrad) would advise at the end of line up, "Let's be careful out there"!

President, Mark Murray mmurray@mmoc.org



Here we are in the new year 2016. There has been a lot of planning going on to make it a great year for MMOC. Watch for the Siren through the year for all the details of up coming events.

I am happy to have our new Directors who bring with them their enthusiasm and ideas. They are really great guys who have implemented wonderful ideas to boost the membership and participation.

We will be using a new Siren printing company for this publication and I'm confident the upside-down and out of order page problems will be eliminated.

Editor In Chief , Lawrence Hodson lhodson@mmoc.org

2016 Staff

President	Mark Murray
Vice President	Lawrence Hodson
Director	Doug Wayne
Director	Chuck Rabaut
Director	Dale Turner



Treasurer	Gene Gray
Secretary	Rhoda Nishiyama
Quartermaster	Cliff Heanes
Ride Director	Dennis Brown
Web-Master	Doug Wayne
Honor Guard	Don Winslow

Director: Doug Wayne
Oakland P.D.
RETIRED

After serving 4 years ('74 - '78) in the USMC, I joined the Oakland Police Dept. in 1978. I went to the OPD motor school in November 1982, taught by 3 great OPD instructors, Rich Cademartori, Don Lopes and Fred Foster. In 1983, I transferred to OPD motors and joined MMOC in 1984. I spent 12 years on motors, both as an Officer and a Sergeant (and fortunate enough to be a motor instructor for 5 yrs.) Needless to say, those were the best 12 yrs. of my 26+ year career! I retired in 2004 and have been living the good life, with my wife, Cathy, ever since.

About 7 years ago, I volunteered to run the MMOC website, which I continue to do. Speaking of this website, if you have any suggestions, please feel free to contact me. I strive to keep the information current and relevant.

At this year's (2015) Annual MMOC Convention, I became a Board member. As with the website, I welcome any suggestions, any of you may have, to make our organization better. Please feel free to contact me about any issue regarding the MMOC.

A little bit more about this year's 86th Annual MMOC Convention, held in Minden, NV. We pulled it off!!! Having such a late start to put this together, for reasons which will go unmentioned, Gene Gray did an excellent job organizing the whole shebang, doling out numerous tasks to the Board members and staff. Everything went so smoothly, you'd never know how much scrambling we did, right up until the last minute. Our attendance was low, but those of us who attended had a great time!

On Sunday, 17 of us had an excellent Past President's dinner, in a private room, at the Carson Valley Inn Steak House.

Monday was registration, the welcome luncheon,

and the general membership meeting. Discussions included how to increase membership, funding the Organization, the 2016 Ciopinno Feed, and next year's convention site, which was decided would be in Pismo Beach.

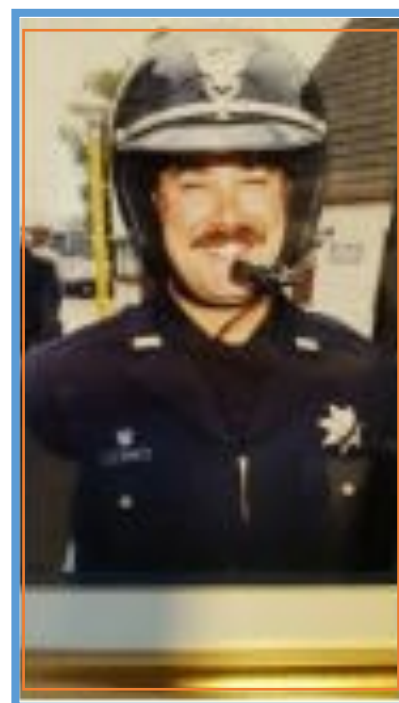
On Tuesday, we packed into our two 15-passenger vans and headed to Virginia City and the Silver State National Peace Officer's Museum. Some really interesting things to see in Virginia City and a great day trip. We topped the day off at the oldest bar in Nevada, the Genoa Bar. Again a must stop, if you're in the area.

Since Wednesday morning and afternoon were free, Cathy and I invited everyone over to our home for lunch. Burgers and brews kept everyone filled up. We really enjoyed having everyone over, as did my dog, Rocky, who probably, and secretly, ate more than anyone else. For those concerned, he never got sick. A good time was had by all at the President's Dinner, Wednesday night. Our DJ got the dancers in the crowd engaged, doing some kind of line dancing. Ironically, the two biggest prize winners, Nancy (Gene Gray's girlfriend) and Ed Pressnell (everyone's friend and a great helper, for me, at the convention), are not MMOC members! How'd that happen??

I'd like to thank the Carson Valley Inn for providing great hospitality and food. See you next year at Pismo Beach!

Take care
and ride safe,
Doug Wayne

Dwayne@
mmoc.org



Director: Chuck Rabaut Huron P.D.

I began my career in law enforcement as a Police Intern with San Jose PD in 1981 and started the San Jose Police Academy in January of 1982. During my eclectic career, I've worked as a fully-sworn employee for 10 different agencies (note: There were several periods of simultaneous dual agency employment). I was fortunate enough to have worked my way from Police Officer up to Chief, and then back down to Officer whilst still enjoying many assignments, like 4 years in S.W.A.T. and over 20 as a Motor/Traffic Officer, although not always on 2-wheels. Thirty-four years goes by pretty darn quick when you're having fun, staying busy with work & family. I've retired 3 times thus far (got the retired ID's and badges to prove it) but am still blessed to be working part-time as a designated full-time Officer in the sprawling metropolis of Huron, California. I live in Grover Beach with my wife, kids, and the dogs. I've been a member of MMOC since 1986 and am sincerely honored to work with our membership as we revitalize our illustriously historic organization.



Chuck Rabaut

crabaut@mmoc.org

Director: Dale Turner Los Angeles P.D. Retired

I served in the active Marine Corps from 1965 – 1969 and saw combat action in Vietnam with the 3rd Marine Division in 1967-68.

I joined LAPD on October 5, 1970. After working patrol and collision investigation I went to motors in October 1975. In 1977 I joined MMOC and attended my first MMOC convention in 1978. The majority of my career was spent on motors (27 Years) both as a Motor Officer and as a Motor Sergeant. In 1990 I was awarded the Los Angeles Police Departments highest award for bravery, the "Medal of Valor". The award helped pave the way to some great assignments.

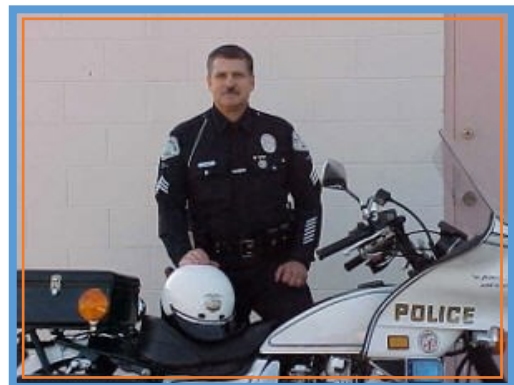
On October 18, 2003 after 33 years of service I retired. I loved being a "Motor Cop" and I truly believe that there are two types of Cops, "Motor Cops and those who wish they were".

Today I devote my retirement to my wife Emily, five adult children and eight grandchildren.

I'm active with the 1st Marine Division Association and E Clampus Vitus and look forward to serving MMOC and as a new director.

In closing, a word to the wise,

"Never go to the restroom during nominations"



Dale Turner dturner@mmoc.org

The B.O.L.D.F.A.R.T.S. OR 22nd Annual MMOC Ride?

A disclaimer: The following is a semi-official recap of the officially cancelled 22nd Annual MMOC July Ride scheduled for August 17-20 but convened August 3rd thru the 7th in conjunction with a previously scheduled **Brotherhood of Oddball Loquacious Dinosaurs with Fractionally Advanced Riding TechniqueS** non official MMOC ride to Show Low, Arizona. Got that in your memory bank, Reggie? You'll be quizzed later!

For a short history lesson, MMOC rode to Show Low, Arizona, in October, 2007, one of 3 years we had a July and October ride. Getting there was a pain-in-the-ass; the riding there anything but, with spectacular scenery and great roads in most quadrants. So it was, LAPD retiree and resident Baron "the German" Laetzsch and I started conspiring on a return trip almost 2 years ago. Maps and Google Earth paint an abstract picture, his wealth-of-knowledge of the region, a 3D *Monet*! We plotted a couple of new routes differing from our earlier visit, and the B.O.L.D.F.A.R.T.S ride became reality.

From the Bay Area August 3rd, Rhoda and I, along with Al Luenow and Mary Ann Mann motored to Bustling Barstow where Doug Wayne and polar opposite Dewey "Motor- Mouth" Presnell rode in from Minden, Nevada. Hot, yes, but not unbearable thanks to an early arrival, the cool pool and cold suds under the canopy of umbrellas.

Monday, we departed on our remaining 500 mile journey at 0600 to beat the heat through Needles and lower elevations east on I-40 until we climbed up into the 5-7 thousand foot mountain passes. Enroute, Needles was comparatively cold an hour earlier, with Havasu City @ 108 around 0900! It cooled off back to the mid 80's as Cliff Heanes' group merged with us in Winslow, Arizona. They started days earlier in SoCal's Beaumont, venturing to Buckeye, Arizona, and then on to our meet and greet. Who were these adventurous elite riders with suspect Beverly Hills Hillbilly's backgrounds? Cliff's wife Mickie, his brother Jeff, and Mickie's brothers Lynn and Joe Waid. Throughout this day's journey, strategic combined fuel/food/hydration stops allowed us to get to Show Low at 2:00 pm, the 5,500' elevation keeping the temperature at a very comfortable seasonal norm of 85.

The German met us at our host hotel, the excellent Days Inn, and pointed out several very good restaurants within walking distance. While the anal among us polished their chrome, throbbing American-made V-Twin wonders; this BMW mounted scribe, the ever bodacious Ms. Nishiyama, Honda mounted Lynn and Mary Ann kicked off the celebratory pool party before a gourmet Mexican dinner across the street. With 3 days of area rides ahead, time to hit the hay.

Sunrise Tuesday the 5th was crystal clear and crisp. I had flashbacks of why I skipped the National Parks Petrified Forest leg N-E of Show Low in 2007. With a mental picture of moonscape, I couldn't envision beauty. Let's go find out. Baron led us on our 55 mile journey to the park entrance, and as we descended to the toll-booth in the middle of nowhere, it hit me. *Damn His Own Self, you're freak'n brilliant!* Contained inside this kiosk, the size and appearance of a 40's era wooden-plank two-holer outhouse with an air conditioner tacked on the side was Ms. Grumpy Official Rangerette *manning* the barren outpost. It took her 15 minutes to get our 11 bikes through as the sun bore down on us. To quote Broom Hilda, "if you have a National Parks Pass, our regulations require picture I.D. too or you have to pay with cash, that's what my boss said." Then there was the 2 hour slow-speed crawl amongst the thousands of cars, SUV's, motorhomes and busses traversing this federally funded pothole infested roadway. The smiles on the faces of the "cagers" spoke to their glowing approval of 75 square miles of nuclear wasteland; my opinion was slightly different. No one asked. I do recall seeing 3 green trees, a like number of semi-verdant cacti and 3 or 4 cementacious-looking prehistoric logs laying horizontal in this vast dust bowl. There was no partridge in a pear tree; neither could survive in this inhospitable wilderness!

Back at the ranch and more pool fodder. Much of this afternoon's hilarity centered on the sights, or lack thereof, during today's ride; the German stayed out of earshot. True to life and with beauty in the beholder's eyes, nine Nays, 2 Ayes and 1 martini addled abstention. Gorge palates, quench thirst or just luxuriate in the confines of our rooms? Those are tough questions to answer as the sun sets once again on Show Low.

Mornings are fantastic this time of year in Show Low, with pine scent wafting through the air as billowy white clouds drift above. We're on a middling journey this early Wednesday as we head southwest on US 60, the brilliant sun thankfully rising to our rear. Ten miles of aspen and pine canopied roadway with narrow shoulders give way to 60 miles of fantastic tarmac following the Salt River Canyon; a majestic and strikingly colorful view from the well maintained winding and undulating asphalt far, far above. Numerous vista outlooks offer us spectacular Kodak moments, the pictures on display @ www.mmoc.org. They fractionally depict what our craniums digest; granite, sandstone and red rock melding to paint a wonderfully vibrant and brilliant picture. We ascend, descent hundreds of times in thousand foot swings as the blacktop attempts to follow the deep canyon. Snaking and on camber, this wonderment of engineering oftentimes requires hard input into the bars to negotiate the beautiful sweeping roadway,

of course dependent on your enthusiasm, exuberance and, *ahem*, pace.

All too soon we're in Globe and a short ride brings us to Az. 188 where we once again drop-the-hammer past Roosevelt Lake, the largest body of water in Arizona..... excluding their deep sea port on the Atlantic. Mostly high plains and traffic free, we own the road and are quickly at Baron's favorite countryside diner, the Butcher Hook at Tonto Basin. A single dwelling oasis set back 50 yards from the road, it *don't look like much*, however this Tajmahal is a wonderful respite from the blazing sun. And the food? Phenomenal, mom and pop or otherwise! After gorging for over an hour, we soon merged onto Az. 87 and then Az. 260E from Payson, setting course for our hotel. Ninety miles of bucolic green-belt, small quaint bergs and many-mini forests in this pastoral setting prove relaxing, satisfying our inquisitiveness graphically. Back at the ranch, we grade this day's 250 mile spectacular ride and scenery. Eleven Ayes, zero Nays and one martini addled Abstention. German and I soak in the accolades but truth-be-told, it was his vision of another Monet.

Our last and final day was to be a short ride through the Pine Top-Lakeside region S-E of town before the promise of an afternoon BBQ at Baron's house. AAA maps depict a bleak picture of road quality or surface type through the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest, German knows better. From Az. 260E we set-sail at a casual droning pace, Baron leading us to Az. 273W towards Sunrise Lake, then a promise of Az. 261 and the Big Lake Overlook. What a revelation! I can't take the sightseeing pace early on and soon Rhoda and I blow past the group, tilting the horizon proving too tempting for immeasurable distance. The gently curving and undulating roads bisect green and lush, almost manicured golf-course-quality cattle grazing land for as far as the eye can see. The wide road surface is consistently *PERFECT* with nary a tar strip, great line-of-sight, squiggly enough to make it marvelous in the shallow valleys and no traffic. Yes, the Missus and I did miss a group turn off the highway, but back-tracking just added to the excitement as we arrived at the overlook with a Cheshire grin from ear to ear. Words cannot describe this last 40 mile stretch of pictorial racetrack through State/Federal/Indian land. Motor-cycling nirvana! A hotel-bound reverse-route sashay found us early afternoon cleaning up and dressing down from riding gear to shorts and de rigueur Hawaiian shirts.

Ron Stringer is a retired LAPD Motor and MMOC member with more than 30 years standing. He and wife Lieda winter in Lake Havasu City and summer in Show Low.....refer to paragraph #4 for rational! They offered to ferry us the 4 miles to and from the Laetzsch estate; we gladly accepted their gracious offer! At casa German, Baron and wife Kathy were relaxing, savoring the aroma waft-

ing through the kitchen and foretelling of our pending feast. To ensure perfection, he hired the head chef from their local Elks Club and his sou chef girlfriend who were busy preparing the huge slabs of ribeye steak, tri-bean chili and what else, German potato salad. Steak preparation alone required 3 days of "cowboy dry rub" marinating and then last minute slathering of freshly diced garlic. The pungent fragrance of simmering chili and other foodstuffs had us crying for fulfillment, but first an outdoors democratic discussion on next year's ride intertwined with suds enhanced war stories and self-proclaimed accolades. By unanimous vote I won "Rider Of The Century", Dewey Presnell was awarded "The Walking Encyclopedia" trophy and Lynn Waid a gift certificate, redeemable at any English speaking speech therapist far, far removed from his Arkansas state of birth. As for the 23rd Annual MMOC Ride, ya'all find that choice elsewhere in this issue, ya'hear?

With steaks on the barby and cooked to order, time to gorge. Absolutely phenomenal flavor, texture and tender beyond belief; the 3 bean chili and potato salad greatly accentuating this gourmet dinner. You just don't get this flavorful bouquet outside a very specialized, read: EXPENSIVE, restaurant! For hours we chomped, jawed and heaped well deserved praise on Baron's edict of a professionally prepared banquet, and the day's ride. All too soon it was time to bid adieu to our leader-of-the-pack and most gracious host, thank the Stringers and partake of one last poolside frolic while reflecting on the beauty and wonderment of this region's tour. Oh, and pack for our sunrise departure.

Reverse route for those of us bound for the Bay Area had a smattering of rain with only one noteworthy shower high in the Arizona mountains of the Kaibab National Forest approaching Williams, none requiring rain gear. Another overnighter in Bustling Bodacious Barstow and home the next day. Sniff.

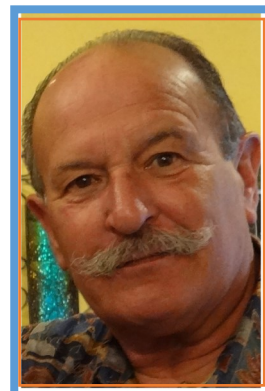
So, was this the **B.O.L.D.F.A.R.T.S.** (we are) ride OR the **22nd Annual MMOC Ride**? Your choice dear reader, but judging from the miles-of-smiles on the kissers of my brother and sister participants, we don't give a cow-chip, meadow-muffin, barn-biscuit crap; it was a beautiful and memorable experience with great co-horts and riders; the weather and scenery mere icing on the cake.

That's all folks.

Dennis M. Brown,

His Own Self @

hos6350@sbcglobal.net



Riding with the BCMC —Part Deux

Our story opens on just another gloriously beautiful California coastal morning. Friday July 3rd the sun was shining, the birds were chirping, and our hero's motor was singing its shrill pitch. Eager as I was to once again partake of the "BCMC" experience, I embarked on my ride to So-Cal where I would for the second time have the honor of joining the highly exalted "Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California Honor Guard" riding the streets, boulevards, and freeways of the greater LA area.

Sailing southbound down the 101, halfway between Santa Maria and Buellton, I spotted a bike in the distance flying up behind me at warp speed. Traffic was moderate and I prefer the #1 lane because it's usually the smoothest flowing. As the bike was closing fast, I noticed the rider's traffic splitting skills were of a high-caliber and therefore, he was more than likely, a "Chippie". If not, it was an uninitiated dufus road-squid who fails to comprehend we LEO Motors have eagle eyes in all quadrants. I held my velocity (75-ish) and awaited his arrival.

The Chippie, as deduced, closed his approach and I yielded the left-portion of my lane so he could pull alongside, because: Whenever flying in formation, I reflexively choose right wingman position; this due to my old "beat wife" Ralph Stanley. Ralph, God rest his soul, enjoyed a humorously competitive Spirit. I trained him on motors in '86, and we always rode in *very tight* formation. He preferred right wing. On more than one occasion while riding enforcement, we would simultaneously observe a righteous violation. Ralph inevitably would reach over and flip my kill switch off as he zoomed after the perpetrator. The instructor learned from the student, but I digress.

As my new found friend and I rode parallel, he gave me the quick once-over, tossed out the inquisitive "Sup-Bro?" nod after ogling my Huron PD Motor and uniform, gears whirring and gnashing in his cranium thinking I'm a little OFF THE BEAT, then twisted his HD throttle and departed as rapidly as he and

this throbbing steed had arrived. So, on with my scenic tour I go, for about 20 minutes more. Just after Gaviota State Beach, I see the same Chippie ahead, on a T/S with a large van. As I pulled in behind, he flashes a Code 4, and back into the cool California coastal breeze I go.

At Santa Barbara, whilst stopping for fuel, I was struck by the oh-so-familiar smell of baby oil roasting in the sun. A short beach-ward jaunt searching for the source of the wafting aroma yielded a view of scantily clad, nylon and spandex covered, Richard Simmons-esque elderly exercise-escapees. Obviously ladies of wealth, quite possibly trolling to attract an amorous gigolo. My lust-filled fantasies dashed, back on the road again in search of other mental images.

Living life large and enjoying the day (if not the traffic) in LA, I soaked up more of the So-Cal rays nearing the end of my morning cruise. Later, arriving in San Dimas, I was caught under a "dark cloud" and un-ceremoniously obtained a flat rear tire. I rode (thank God for "Run-Flat" tires) to the nearest service station where I inspected the entire tire/wheel assembly very thoroughly but could not-for-the-life-of-me locate the source of the leak. It being the eve to the Fourth of July, dealerships were now closed. Enter Don Winslow, the ever generous and kind to a fault Grand Poohbah of our BCMC Honor Guard, who responded immediately in his SUV attempting to locate repair shops as he traveled. However, when all was said and done, the best we two could come up with was a crotch-rocket store with an inner tube that was closing in an hour and a friend of Don's who owns an auto repair shop but doesn't wrench on bikes. Don led me to his friend's shop where we utilized his tools and floor jack and ripped off my KZ1000P's rear wheel. where we utilized his tools and floor jack and ripped off my KZ1000P's rear wheel. The tube was installed and with 3 sets of Pat had gotten a personal invitation from Santa Monica PD Chief Jacqueline Seabrooks for the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California Honor

Riding with the Big City Motor Cop

(Continued from Pg 6)

Guard to ride at the front of their parade. Finally, no more riding to the *REAR* of "Mounted Patrol Units" for us. Although I've been called a horse's ass by peers, perps and lovers for years, I just don't like smelling like one!

Well, the parade went off beautifully,



almost. Ol' Kick Start (Kevin Cotter) has probably garnered more notoriety from his many Shit-Magnet stories, similar to "The Big Guy in the Satin Flower Dress" who was 488-ing some chips and fleeing with his ill-gotten booty when he unwittingly stumbled upon the scene. Once again Kevin reaped more attention mid-way through our parade. In the middle of downtown Santa Monica, with hundreds of participants in lock-step, Ol' Kick Start flooded his Antique 1942 Flat-Head Harley, bringing the entire procession to an unintended Parade Rest whilst he commenced to furiously hop up & down on the kick starter. A pregnant pause and eerie hush fell upon the gathered masses as he performed calisthenics on his cannibalistic yesteryear cycle. Moments later when his bike finally fired up, the crowd ignited into a rousing round of applause; to which Ol' Kick Start

merely tipped his requisite period correct soft-cap, bowed, and continued in the parade. Don, ever the gentleman, stopped at least 5 times to allow smiling children to run over, turn on the siren and have pictures taken with family.



Kevin's misfortune was the only dark cloud that hovered on this beautiful sunny day, with one *EXCEPTION*: Winslow musta been standing too close while we were pulling off my KZ's wheel because on his way home from the Santa Monica Parade, he too unceremoniously obtained a flat tire; but to balance Ying & Yang, his was the front. Where mine was chump-change, Don's at 700 buckaroos necessitated his deep pockets.

And, on my ride home straight up PCH on another gloriously beautiful California coastal day, the sun was shining, the birds were chirping and our hero's motor was singing its shrill pitch.

Chuck Rabaut

The Continuing Deer Strike Saga

By Mark Murray

In my article last year, I told you the story of my horrific encounter with a deer. Since then I have had several inquiries into the Emergency Medical aspect of my misfortune.

As law enforcement officers, we have all been to a T/C scene, perhaps witnessed, or worse, been involved in a traffic collision. We know how it works, *usually*: Law enforcement shows up and maybe an ambulance and or the fire department; the cops take the report, the ambulance takes the injured and the cars are towed away. Pretty simple right? Maybe in the city and suburbs, but not so much in remote areas. For example, your group is riding east on SR 32 from Chico toward Lake Almanor, a distance of about 65 miles. About 30 miles out of Chico as you are rounding a curve, a bike in front of you hits a melon sized rock and goes down, sliding across the road with the bike on top of the rider. The rider is injured to the point of needing immediate medical care. Call 911 right? Nope, there is no cell service there. OK send someone to find a land-line phone. Do you know where you are? You could be in Butte, Plumas or Tehama County. The best alternative, GPS can provide latitude and longitude coordinates or find the nearest DOT Paddle Marker that has the 3 letter county and mile posting on it. Give that info to the 911 operator. Depending on which 911 answering point gets the call for help may dictate which agencies get dispatched to your scene.

I am a Volunteer firefighter with the Chester Fire Dept. (CFD). Our Dept has one of 2 ALS ambulances in the Almanor basin. CDF responds west on SR36 past Mineral, west on SR 32 to Butte Meadows, and 45-60 minutes up into Lassen Park. These Code 3 response times can be 30-40 minutes on a good day. Given night or inclement weather, even longer. Also responding to your scene may be CalFire, Chester Fire, Tehama Co Fire, and depending on time of year, USFS; although trained as EMR's (formally First Responders) you may be lucky and get an EMT or really lucky with a Paramedic. SO, I suggest carrying a small first aid kit containing a CPR mask, gloves and compress bandages, along with a bandage with a hemostatic agent to stop uncontrollable bleeding (combat gauze or similar).

Usually the ground ambulance medic will request an air ambulance if the call sounds serious enough. The location will dictate which privately owned company responds.

Chester is in an intersection of three companies. Mountain Life Flight to the east, Enloe Flight Care toward the west and REACH toward the north (sometimes the Air Ambulance will arrive in Lassen Park before the ground ambulance can get there).

Who pays for the flight? You do or your insurance does, *maybe*. Mine was \$32k and after my insurance paid their part I had to pay \$2700 out-of-pocket since I wasn't a member. I soon joined 3 air ambulance companies for very little.



I would suggest that if you ride a lot and ride in areas that are remote you look into Air Ambulance memberships. Different companies cover different areas and some have reciprocity with others. These companies can be found on line with explanations of coverage area and costs. Several of the most popular are: CALSTAR, Mountain Life Flight, REACH, Enloe Life Flight, Phi and MedjetAssist. Interestingly, several brand-specific motorcycle associations such as BMWMOA and Harley's HOG offer substantial group discounts that are too significant to ignore.

You can also find nationwide air ambulances; however, read the fine print as I noticed they will fly you between facilities and are NOT First Response Emergency Care providers.

Ride safe, Mark Murray

The 23d Annual MMOC Ride

For 2016, we're going to return to Cedar City, Utah, and the spectacular National Parks (N.P.) on the outskirts of ground zero. Last ventured in July, 2011, this edition will feature a more in-depth motor ride through Zion augmented by an "interior-park bus tour" into the private-vehicle restricted bowels of the N.P. For 2 more leisurely days of higher mileage treks devoid of vehicular and pedestrian congestion, we'll once again visit Bryce Canyon and the Grand Staircase-Escalante Monument to the east, a new and inviting territory for us.

Cedar City will be a destination ride, Rhoda and I are going on the northern route of I-80 & U.S.50 and returning home via the south on I-15, Ca.58 & I-5. Same distance, different scenery; the latter a bold-face-lie. We'll kick off this adventure with a meet-and-greet in beautiful downtown Fernley and here's all the lodging info. Note that all rooming prices were negotiated and reserved under "MMOC Group Reservations" OR my name with a 72 hour cutoff and 24 hour cancellation clause.

Monday, July 18, 2016: Super 8 Fernley,
1350 W. Newlands Dr., Fernley, Nevada. 89408.
775 575 5555. 15 rooms @ \$75.00 + tax.

Tuesday, July 19, 2016: Jailhouse Motel,
211 5th St., Ely, Nv. 89301.
775 289 3033. 15 rooms in the "west wing" @ \$53.00 + tax.



Wednesday, July 20 **thru** and including **Saturday**, July 23, 2016:
Ramada Inn (formerly the Crystal Inn)
1575 West 200th North, Cedar City, Ut. 84720.
435 586 8888. 20 rooms 1st and 2nd floor
"pool view" @ \$65.00 + tax.

Sunday, July 24, 2016: La Quinta Inn & Suites,
500 E Steuber Rd., Tehachapi, Ca. 93561.
661 823 8000. 5 rooms @ \$79.00 + tax.



Please remember, the Cedar City region can be a three season micro-climate riding area in July. Plan ahead and prep your bike for the long ride, including tires! With at least 3 N.P. entry stations we'll pass through, bring your National Parks Senior Pass (if you qualify) to waive the entry fees. SFPD's George and Barbara Firchow will once again be one of our chase vehicles, coming from Lincoln, Nebraska (!) and, if you care to join us on this epoch adventure, let me know where you'll filter in. Also, I'll be glad to assist in finding a bunk-mate to save some \$\$ if you so desire.

His Own Self, Dennis M. Brown hos6350@sbcglobal.net

2016 CIOPPINO FEED IS COMING

SAVE THE DATE! SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 2016

Yes it's on! Another Cioppino Feed is in the works and will be held again at the
San Jose Police Officer's Association Hall.

For those of you who missed out on last year's event, you missed one great time. The feedback from our attendees was overwhelming. They said it was *one of the best Cioppino Feeds we've ever done!* That's quite the compliment and we attribute much of it to the efforts of the volunteers and Bob Collin's Pasta Markets fabulous cooks!

The Cioppino last year was brimming with shellfish and tons of Dungeness Crab as well as the addition of large Snow crab legs and claws.

The flavor was robust and everyone raved.

We hope you will come join us for another year of fabulous food, including thick Cioppino chock full of seafood, chicken, salad, pasta, Nick Nicosia's fabulous sausages, music, prizes and of course, the awesome camaraderie.

WHERE: SAN JOSE POLICE OFFICERS
ASSOCIATION HALL
1151 N 4th STREET

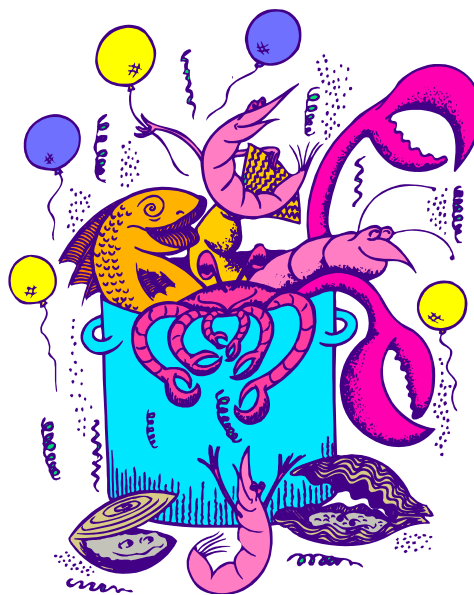
HOST HOTEL: HOLIDAY INN
1350 N 1ST STREET
SAN JOSE, CA

SPECIAL ROOM RATES FOR MMOC CIOPPINO FEED

ATTENDEES \$99.00+TAX

CALL 408 453-6200 AND MENTION YOU ARE

"MMOC CIOPPINO FEED ATTENDEE"



**Watch for the flyer with more information along with your registration coupon
which will be posted on the MMOC website at www.mmoc.org**

Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California

87th Annual Convention



CLIFF'S RESORT GUEST SPECIALS

Cliff's Coupon for Breakfast \$10.00
at Marisols (tax & Gratuity included)

Participants staying at Cliff Resort
will receive 10% off Spa services

Wine Tasting

Melodrama Show

Shopping

Attendance Fee PP: \$110.00

MAIL TO:

MMOC 2016 CONVENTION

P. O. Box 531

San Lorenzo, CA. 94580

2016 CONVENTION AT CLIFF'S RESORT HOTEL

September 6th thru September 8th

2757 Shell Beach Road
Pismo Beach, CA. 93449

RESERVATIONS

CALL: 1-805-773-5000

**DROP DEAD DATE TO REGISTER: AUGUST
4, 2016**

Mention "MMOC" for discount

ROOM RATE

Mon, Tues & Wed 9/5 thru 7 = \$90.00 +

Parking Fee & City Tax

Thursday 9/8 \$119.00 + Parking Fee &

City Tax

ITINERARY

Monday 9/5 = Staff Meetings

Tuesday 9/6 = Registration

Welcome Luncheon / Membership
Meeting

Wednesday 9/7 = Wine Tasting

Melodrama Show = 40s & 50s style

President's BALL Entree Choices

NAME _____ GUEST _____ DEPARTMENT _____

Print

Print

CHOICES: NY STEAK _____ (R- M- W) STUFFED BREAST OF CHICKEN _____ WHITE FISH _____

Edward Allen “Bud” Harper: August 24, 1935 EPW: November 26, 2015

Perhaps the Watch Commander addressed him Edward in angst for the extra-large non-regulation handlebar moustache that festooned his smiling and impish face, but those of us that knew “Bud” had several other monikers for the man we came to love: “E. Studly Budright” and “Goose” come readily to mind. These nicknames came from transformations only Bud could make, dressed in uniform or suit-and-tie one minute, then don bib overalls and become a hayseed, complete with straw jutting from his teeth in the blink of an eye.

Born in Fairfax, Oklahoma, Bud served on Active Duty in the U.S. Army for four years beginning in 1953, and enlisted in the Army Reserve in 1961, retiring 20 years later as a Chief Warrant Officer. Military bearing in his DNA, Bud joined LAPD in June, 1963, served in many units and amassed 17 years on Motors starting in 1970, including a long tour on the prestigious LAPD Motorcycle Drill Team. Cost-cutting measures saw the Drill Team disbanded in 1977, and after much discussion and some dissention among cohorts, Bud negotiated with the Chief’s Office a proposal: We’ll volunteer our time, you ensure we get the time off as requested, allow travel out of town or state and provide insurance coverage. That system is in use to this day.

Bud joined MMOC in 1970, was elected to the Board of Directors in 1982, and served as President in 1985-1986. He was a staple at all of our functions for over four decades, always professing Motors was the best “job” he ever had. Not content to be idle, Bud was also the Commander of the LA Police Post 381 of the American Legion. After 28 years of valiant service, he retired in 1991.

Bud and Madeline, his loving wife of over 50 years, ventured back to Oklahoma, buying a farm in Skiatook and naturally a tractor to plow the back 40 *and* often convey him to town! He became a Master Mason and Worship Master of their local lodge. Madeline and children Paul, Marty, Roxanne, Molly and Bernadette were at his bedside in the final days, the nucleus of his love for Family, God and Country.



Rest in peace my friend, you made a mark on all the lives you touched; we love you and we’ll see you in heaven.

Mike Shanks, LAPD: Motor & Drill Team partner, family confidant and friend, along with Dennis Brown, OPD: Madeline and Bud’s partner in crime and hysteries since 1970.