

# The Siren

Official Publication of the  
Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California  
September 2015 Siren

## From the Editor's Desk

Here at my spacious "Corporate Office" I've just finished a month's long stint of removing and replacing the Twin Cam 88 motor in what else, my 2001 Harley custom bagger. Forty years of gearhead wrenching has taught me: POSITIVE oil pressure = GOOD, NEGATIVE oil pressure = BAD. That one \$200.00 oil pump failure could render my throbbing American and all-powerful V Twin a molten lump of aluminum and iron is tough to swallow. Chiding and guffaws aside (you know who you are!), thousands of dollars later, a factory exchange program has my mo-sheen once again burnin' down the road and I'm lovin' it.

Switching gears (better than my Harley?) I hope you appreciate the on-time arrival of recent past issues of your *Siren*. Yes, going from Quarterly to Tri-Annual was a cost cutting endeavor, but we now try to provide more quality and informative content in a timely manner.

Our own Gene Grey (Past President) has stepped up and taken charge of the 2015 Convention at the Carson Valley Inn, Minden, Nevada. Members, Directors and wives have also stepped up and taken various jobs to make this Convention the great event it has always been for those lucky enough to attend.

There will be three board Member Positions open at the time of the Convention. We are looking for members to take these positions. If interested, please let a Director know.

As always, all Directors can be reached via message phone: 707 948 MMOC or via USPS @ P.O. Box 531, San Lorenzo, Ca. 94580. My email address remains: [lhodson@mmoc.org](mailto:lhodson@mmoc.org).

Lawrence Hodson, Editor-in-Cheeze.



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**Safety**

**Or**

**Sorrow**

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# Cinco de Drinko, 2015

**One hundred and fifty three years ago**, on Cinco de Mayo, 1862 (the 5<sup>th</sup> of May for you history challenged Gringos of generation X and Y) the French forces of President Napoleon III attacked the Mexican town of Puebla in an attempt to get a stronghold into the Americas, and territories north and south. Although greatly outnumbered by the 6,000 strong contingent of Frogs resplendent in starched dress blue uniforms, 2,000 tattered yet resilient Mexican soldiers kicked their collective posterior, sending the escargot-eating poseurs back to a continent with a surfeit of pomp and polish, albeit a deficit of Mano y Mano warfare. *Sacre' Bleu!*

To commemorate this epic national holiday, a wayward band of SF's finest and yours truly once again struck out across the plains May 4<sup>th</sup>, destination Scottsdale, Arizona, to break bread and savor tequila and cervezas with the Mexican peoples of the region. Our "Nation of Flags" riders included this politically correct Portuguese scribe, Ed Callejas, questionably of South or Central American heritage, Frenchman Al Luenow, Italian Mike Favetti, Spaniard Brian Canedo and Assyrian Dave Herman. Our motors were as varied and disparate, too: Victory, Harley, BMW, Suzuki and Yamaha steeds, covering a spectrum from touring to custom bagger, sport touring to adventurer.

Intrepid leader Favetti, he of the AAA mindset in lieu of Garmin GPS, plotted an off-the-beaten-path trek south-east to Palm Desert for our first night's revelry. Ditching I-5 at Gorman, we strafed pothole infested Ca 138 through SCENIC Lancaster, Palmdale, Littlerock, Phelan and other desolate burgs. Constant 40 to 60 mph side and headwinds had us dodging suicidal tumbleweeds and Brer Rabbit in between dust storms for the last 200 miles to the hotel.

Camaraderie flourished yet distrust was subtle, if not pervasive. Case in point: Callejas and Luenow have bunked together on motor rides for decades, yet each freely admits to sleeping with one eye open. Subconscious wariness dating back to 1862, or otherwise? No such maladies existed with myself and Favetti nor Herman and Canedo. "Can't we all just get along" became our daily mantra when eyeballing each other or rides of choice.

Another 250 windblown miles of I-10 found us poolside May 5<sup>th</sup> in ever-emerging upscale Scottsdale, the Beverly Hills of Arizona, but with more Zip Codes than a measly 90210. We visited local cantinas by day and night, many

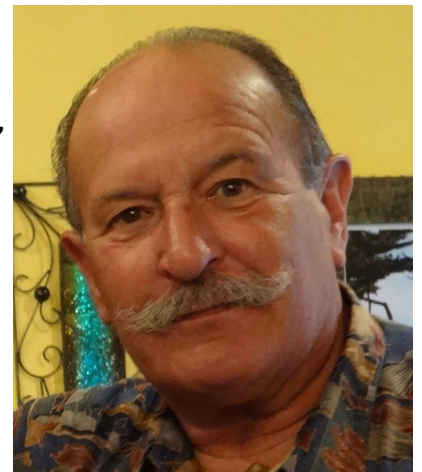
resplendent with Mexican flags and colorfully dressed patrons and employees. Callejas was our defacto interpreter; however, we soon learned most new amigos spoke better English than he. Oh, la verguena! Bread broken, palates satisfied and no visions of Callejas flamenco dancing wearing a serape and sombrero realized, we set sail for Bakersfield May 7th.

Northerly winds were once again horrible on I-10 so we set a diagonal N-W course through more-sheltered valleys. At mile marker 81 we headed to Salome (Favetti pronounced it salami!), picked up US 60 to Hope, then Az. 72 to Parker at the border. California 62 delivered us to US 95 N/B and its delightful high speed undulating sweepers to Needles. After this 150 mile respite of tailwinds, W/B I-40 and Ca. 58 from Barstow, even though sunny and mild at 75 degrees, proved once again it ain't fun leaning left for 275 miles! The coup de gras? Approaching Edwards AFB, black clouds ahead foretold of changing weather, and after 30+ miles to the Tehachapi summit in torrential rain, hail and finally snow at the top did I find a sheltered station. De rigueur Hawaiian shirt and vented over jacket don't cut it in 34 degree slosh!

Bakersfield, at a balmy 80 degrees, necessitated an impromptu poolside cocktail hour before cabbing it to our requisite eatery, the great KC Steakhouse. Seeking a reprieve from daily touristas, beef and Kentucky whiskies sounded great to our hungry sextet. No, Luenow did not order escargot, preferring not to get thrown out, but he did savor a finely decanted Cabernet Sauvignon. *Sacre' Bleu a nouveau!*

Riders may vary on our yearly 1750 mile Cinco de Drinko trek, but not our mission: Peace in the Americas so that "we can all just get along". Muchos Gracias, Amigos!

**Dennis M. Brown,**  
***His Own Self***



The following article was published in the November 2014 edition of the BMW Owners News magazine. It is reprinted with permission of the Editor and that of the author, Dr. Lee Foote, Professor, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Canada.

### ***Motorcycle-Deer Collisions Through a Biologist Biker's Eyes***

The velvet covered branches were bobbing in the grass moving parallel to the highway . . . why? There was something underneath them, it had eyes, it was a buck mule deer running through tall grass parallel to the road-way. It all seemed so surreal. My right hand had a mind of its own and said "Hit the binders NOW you fool!" So I grabbed a big handful of front discs and hauled down to about 55 mph just as the buck touched pavement and arced through the air at such a trajectory that I could have shaken hands with his trailing hooves. I had almost achieved every motorcyclist's nightmare.

Despite all the advanced training, emergency braking practice, bike setup, and extra vigilance, deer seem to be a wild-card risk that can still leap out and bash any biker. This set me thinking. I am a wildlife biologist, big game hunter and a long distance motorcyclist, so maybe I dwell on these things more than most. I also know there is a vast wealth of motorcyclist knowledge, experience and a little mythology out there on deer and motorcycles. Here is one perspective, a few statistics, along with some wild-life biology thrown in.

The statistics are telling – deer numbers have climbed to epic proportions with some 30 million in the US alone, which is about 60 times as many as the nation had in 1925. Thank protection, agricultural foods and predator removal. At least 10 states have deer populations numbering at least 20 percent of the state's total human population. The problem for motorists is clear: we hit deer in staggering numbers, over one million times in 2010, according to State Farm Insurance statistics. Although miles driven increased 2 percent between 2008 and 2010, reported deer collisions increased tenfold. It seems to hinge partly on the numbers of deer. Over 200 human deaths per year are attributed to deer collisions, making them the most dangerous wildlife in North America, hundreds of times more deaths than caused by sharks. Interestingly, cell phones are 80 times more dangerous than deer with 16,000 deaths caused per year by drivers chatting and driving. For motorcyclists, the statistics are not good. On average, motorcycle-deer collisions end worse than car-deer collisions with motorcyclists representing about

70 percent of the human deaths from deer collisions despite the lower numbers of motorcyclists and riding being a seasonal activity in much of the country.

The often published advice to motorcyclists, while accurate, is boringly consistent in its repetition – install good lights, don't ride at dusk and dawn, beware the November breeding season, be alert, and slow down. But is there more that we can learn to reduce our risks?

Maybe.

To make sense of the seemingly erratic reactions of deer, it helps to put oneself in the deer's shoes, or hooves, as it may be. What options do they perceive and what might motivate them to do what they are doing? *Why* are deer at the roadside in the first place? Deer meet their biological needs of food, water, shelter and social activity in different areas which means they must travel locally each day. Often deer-crossing sites are a quirk of geology, fences, food supplies or river valleys that channel deer to certain logical crossing sites as effectively as bridges and crosswalks channel humans. Deer hunters understand the consistency of these daily patterns of movement and call them "funnels." The probability of encounter is much higher here, and such sites deserve extra alertness. Deer-crossing sign or not, you can detect these areas even in dim or dark conditions. For example, watch closely when the land flattens out along a river bottom; when a solitary line of trees crosses the prairie; where a field edge abuts a forest edge, or; when a rock wall canyon finally has a traversable break in the landscape. Travelling, running or traffic-nervous deer are a real handful because they make adrenaline-fueled dashes that could be on a collision course with your bike. The blue-green phosphorescent glow of their eyes is often still and staring at you as you approach. Even if you spot the deer, you may not see those eyes drop to a single eye shine as the deer turns, dips and dashes out.

A second category of deer-crossings occurs when deer are drawn to roadsides to feed. Interestingly, and foolishly, roadsides are often planted in nutritious mixes of ground cover such as clover, dandelions, kudzu, mustards and low leafy greens. They are sometimes fertilized to ensure good soil coverage, they get full sunlight and are mowed to keep them in tender re-growth condition. Furthermore, browsing competition from grazing livestock is excluded by fences – a real deer smorgasbord! Roadside deer that are feeding are often in a very different head-space, rather stomach-space, than travelling deer. These individuals may be completely comfortable with traffic and will be spending a lot of time in head-down eating mode. Their eye movement is generally more relaxed and eye shine may be near ground level or moving up and

down smoothly. Still, they may wander out into the roadway as if they owned it. It is still worth slowing and watching them carefully in case your eye shine analysis at 80 feet per second is flawed.

The seemingly goofy things deer do right before running into you are often carefully calculated by the deer to *avoid* contact. The problem is, their math is off. It is as if they are doing their calculations in SAE for a metric world. Those deer lineages that have survived in North America since the last ice age carry in their DNA the instinctive escape mechanisms to avoid predators such as wolves, coyotes, mountain lions, human pursuers and even extinct short-faced bears and saber-toothed cats. This ancient and instinctive “memory” of pursuit is the reason sometimes given for the excessively evolved fleetness of North American Pronghorn (sometimes called antelope) who can run far faster than is needed to escape any existing predator. Their speed is probably a holdover from the era 15,000 years ago when there actually WERE North American versions of cheetahs giving them a run for their money.

All prey species have what is called a “flight threshold” and such distances are pretty obvious for various species. Birders and hunters know that when hunted, Wild Turkeys flee at more than 200 meters, yet in the same conditions, Bobwhite Quail wait in concealment until they are almost stepped on before flying. When a threat gets to the fringe of an animal’s comfort zone, they move away. If the threat leaps up well inside their comfort zone, like a springing cat or chasing wolf, the prey often rapidly re-prioritizes -which looks a lot like panic- as it dashes away. Flushed prey typically dash toward safety, even if that known safety is back on the other side the road they just crossed. Bang!

So, to put these pieces together: deer perceive your motorcycle at some great distance and in short order, you have penetrated their comfort zone, and mere moments later you pose a full-on threat, causing a massive deer panic. Really now, what options did the deer have? Yes, it could simply stand still, trusting your charging, snarling predaceous motorcycle would bear down on it but ultimately, not press the charge, right? Now imagine you are standing in the open watching a charging bull or grizzly bear run directly at you. Would your nerves let you stand still and say “Oh, it will veer off at the last minute.”

When a deer sees say a BMW R1200 GS racing forward at 60 mph on an acute closing angle to his escape route, his evolutionary triangulation might say “Dash across this long black flat rock and into the trees before

the shiny growling thingie gets its teeth into you!” The deer is not too concerned at first. After all, your bike is still 50 yards away, and he knows from instinct and experience that with such a generous lead he can outrun anything on two or four legs. The problem is deer have simply not evolved around wheels or with *anything* that can cover 50 yards in two seconds. As we motor into their inner sanctum of evasion, they sometimes freak out and make bad directional decisions into our travel path. They make it look almost deliberate sometimes.

Those deer that survive traffic for a few years can learn, however. Like people living near train tracks who stop hearing trains with time, deer undergo a process called “habituation” where they ignore traffic, having learned that they can indeed safely munch clover a mere 3 meters from a busy interstate. There is some suggestion that fawns can learn this from their moms, too. Such learning takes time and repeated exposure, however. Few people realize how differently time is measured in deer years. A 10-year old deer is ancient, and most die by gun, bumper or fang in their first 18 months. Few of the deer encountered along roadways are over three years of age and, thus, simply haven’t had the time to learn all about the vagaries of traffic patterns. Would you trust your 3-year-old in traffic? Heck, I worry about my teenagers!

Still, some old does will stand still and watch for gaps in the traffic before crossing roads, thereby showing evidence of learning. The fawns and yearlings following her though haven’t a clue initially. The older bucks too may dodge cars until October and November roll around, then, the creeping power of testosterone converts their priorities. Their typical focus on concealment and survival is supplanted by horniness. They are like 18-year old boys at a seashore bikini party where the daiquiris and tequila shots are free. Bucks in this condition can’t be bothered with bullets, arrows or motorcycles because the breeding season is short. Priorities baby, priorities. As they cast about seeking breeding opportunities, the bucks’ range and daily rate of travel more than doubles, their movements are more direct and more scent-focused, so they may ignore traffic. They follow does into habitats unfamiliar to them and when frightened, may dash off in random directions seeking escape, even if this carries them through sliding glass doors, fences, into water wells or right into traffic.

Of our deer species, white-tailed deer appear the riskiest because of their dashing behavior, because they prefer dense cover, and because they occupy every U.S. state except Utah. Mule deer and black-tailed deer of the

western states are a little calmer and tend to use more open habitats. Deer size varies ten-fold from the diminutive 25 pound Key deer in Florida to the 250 pound boreal subspecies. Elk, moose, and pronghorns have their own idiosyncrasies, too. Elk are big, tall, very social and make large movements well into the dark hours each night to reach feeding areas. They are fond of agricultural fields and hay stacks and readily cross roads. It is possible to ride into a herd of them in the dark. Moose are even bigger, taller, blacker, less gregarious, and are darned near invisible in the dark. Their fur seems to absorb light but their four white stocking feet may shine in a very disorienting way. They are less agile and more phlegmatic, standing still in the roadway at times. One does not think to look upward at dangerous animals, but moose can reach 7 feet tall at the antler tips. Pronghorn are smaller animals of the wide open country. They run tremendously fast and move sort of arrow-like, meaning they are not so prone to rapid changes of direction. In some states it is illegal to hunt pronghorn within 500 yards of a roadway, hence they often congregate in this safety zone. Don't even get me started on bison, cattle or horses on the roadways. Hit one of these and you just had a really bad day.

Reducing a motorcyclist's risk is part situation analysis, part planning around probabilities and part rider reaction. Learn to recognize the high-risk situations or slow down during the dawn and sunset periods when the hoofed crowd is most active. This activity pattern is called crepuscular – a great scrabble word with a nasty ring to it. Learn your common routes and build a mental map of high wildlife-use areas. One road outside of Butte, Montana is popularly called "Venison Alley." The probability planning part is using your mental maps to adjust to the changes in risks, route selection, traction and visibility. In low-light conditions, consider using a truck 2 seconds ahead in your lane as a rolling shield. Even if you prefer the outer tire track for travel, consider shifting to the middle tire track to add a meter of escape distance and center yourself from roadside deer. Really good gear will help a lot in contact with hard antlers, hooves and bones but also shield you from some abrasion in the tarmac slide that might follow a collision. The rider reaction part involves developing a preventative search image for roadside deer – look for ears, the horizontal line of the back, the raised white tail on white-tails, or the cream-coloured rump patch on mule deer. At night look for chest-high reflective eyes that shine liquid blue green. Practice this identification when you see deer. Learn to read deer be-

havior, but don't completely trust it. Deer must have adrenal glands the size of softballs, and alarmed deer behave totally differently from relaxed feeding deer. They can go from stony immobility to flat out sprint in a blink of an eye. Fear the alarmed deer's sudden reactions.

In sudden deer encounters, I recommend you slow rapidly enough to chirp your front tire or activate your anti-lock sensors, especially when you see deer moving toward your travel path. This is controversial, however; some say keep a steady throttle to avoid provoking evasive reactions. I prefer to scrub off speed enough to provide more time and options for evasion or, at worst, to reduce speed at contact. Watch the deer's movement, direction and pattern and remain aware that an unseen second, third or tenth deer may be following the first one across the road. Finally, if a collision seems a strong possibility, steer away from the animal's head and toward the rear of the animal (assuming no oncoming traffic complications). Deer have a weak reverse gear and can't pivot quickly on slippery tarmac. She may clear out of the way forward at the last minute. If, despite all this, a collision seems inevitable, get the bike straight and stable, stay on the brakes until the last instant when you need your gyroscopic stability, brace, and try to stay upright. Many have hit deer and not gone down thereby avoiding the road-related injuries and additional bike damage. It might even be worthwhile ducking and letting pieces roll over you if the deer is mid-leap. Sometimes they squat like an NBA Center for a big bound which allows the bike to roll over them; even though you may bend forks, catch some air or get a little tangled up, it is better than a deer in the chest. Watch some You Tube video recordings to get a sense of the speed and violence of motorcycle-deer collisions. I am guessing you will want to slow down, too.

I have seen no evidence that horns, flashing lights or deer whistles work to move deer away; however, if they increase your awareness as reminders, they may have value that way.

It is only polite to warn oncoming motorists that there are deer in the road. I like to flash my high beams and put my hands up on my helmet like antlers. They will figure it out.

There are some things in motorcycling for which you simply cannot be fully prepared, like oil spills on the highway, flying debris from oncoming traffic, rain that morphs into hail, or deer erupting from a brushy roadside. Think about it and put as much in your favor as possible. Good luck and I hope you *don't* get your deer this year

**Dr. Lee Foote.**



# ***Gone, but not Forgotten***

**John Joseph Leonard**  
**1941 - 2015**

To all who knew him there was no other like him. On July 24, 2015 John Joseph Leonard passed away after a long illness.

J. J., as he was affectionately known, was everyone's friend, partner and mentor no matter who they were or where he was.

John was not only our dear friend but also a loving husband, wonderful father, grandfather, and godfather to my children.

Those who were close to J. J. find that this is an incredible loss that words can barely describe.

J. J. made it known he was first a husband to his lovely wife Julie Ann, second a father and grandfather, third a PROUD Marine, and finally an outstanding Los Angeles Police Officer where he served 37 years.



J. J. was also a joiner who participated in many American organizations, including the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California where he Served a total of 33 years.

He ascended to President after multiple terms on the Board of Directors.

John was also a member of the American Legion rising to the rank of Commander.

We cannot honor J. J. without honoring his dedicated and loyal wife Julie Ann. She stood by him through thick and thin, never wavering and giving J. J. the strength he showed to all.

**R.I.P old friend.**  
**Baron Laetzsch LAPD**



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# Douglas G. Foss: June 11, 1949–August 6, 2015

**It is with a heavy and saddened heart** I report the passing of my great friend Doug Foss after a valiant 2 year battle with cancer. Born in San Francisco, he attended Catholic schools and at 18 years old, joined the Army for a 3 year enlistment. After 2 tours in Vietnam as an MP river-boat 50 caliber gunner, Doug returned stateside to study Law Enforcement at City College of San Francisco.

Doug proudly served at SFPD for 32 years, first assigned to Mission Station and then to Traffic Bureau as an A.I.B. investigator. During that 8 year stint, he developed their departments first digitally computerized accident scene diagram system, still in use to this day. That dedication to detail and duty afforded a transfer to the Solo Motorcycle Unit and the work and camaraderie he so loved, culminating in 23 years on Solo's.

I first met Doug in 2000 when he joined the Blue Knights and MMOC. We became fast friends, sharing the love of the open road and any adventure on 2 wheels. Tens of thousands of side-by-side miles always put smiles on our faces at days end. A more caring, generous and loyal person could not be found and he truly was a Motor Man to the end.

Doug is survived by his brother Kenneth Foss, SFPD retired and former Traffic Bureau Captain, loving and wonderful wife Anna, son Joseph (active Navy Air Traffic Controller), daughter Shelley and 2 grandsons. Doug was preceded in death by his first wife Kathleen and other son John. Funeral services were held August 11th in Salem, Oregon and he was interred in the family plot at Holy Cross Cemetery, All Saints Mausoleum in Colma, California, August 14<sup>th</sup>, 2015 with many caring friends, former Brothers-in-Blue and a unfirmed SFPD Solo Escort in attendance.



**Rest in heavenly peace my friend, to know you was to love you.**

**Dennis M. Brown, OPD Retired.**





# John Joseph Marty

**John Joseph Marty** passed away peacefully at home on Thursday April 23, 2015 after a brief battle with cancer. He was 77 years old. He is survived by his wife Janice Marie Marty of 54 years, 4 children, and 3 grandchildren. He diligently and unselfishly served the Millbrae community for 32 years. John worked as a Millbrae firefighter for two years (1964-1966) before transferring to the Millbrae Police Dept. where he worked another 30 years, from 1966-1996. He was appointed to motors in 1980, at which time he joined the MMOC, an organization he was proud of belonging to.



During his tenure with Millbrae PD, John became a beloved fixture in the community, known by many simply as “Officer Marty” or “Big John” (he stood 6’4” and large framed) the friendly motorcycle cop, who always had a big smile and pleasant disposition (many said he had a way of actually making getting a traffic citation or stern warning a pleasant experience).

Citizens knew him to always go out of his way to help anyone in need within the community, well beyond mere professional law enforcement assistance. You’d even see him on occasion, stopping by on his “motor” to chat and pick the fruit off an elderly citizen’s tree, as they could not do so themselves. His generosity was as big as his smile.



Although at the time of his passing, John had been retired from law enforcement for most 20 years, he still served the community in many ways. His memorial service held at St. Dunstan’s Catholic Church, was overflowing with not only family and friends, but a sea of Millbrae residents and business owners, who knew and loved him (the church which holds 1000 people, was standing room only); a true and fitting tribute to a local “motor cop” who positively impacted several generations of Millbrae’s community.

**Submitted by his son**

**John D. Marty**

**Rohnert Park P.D.**



# Paul D. Salerno – CalPauly

**Paul Dennis Salerno, age 62, of San Jose, California passed away unexpectedly on May 13, 2015 in Marathon, Florida where he was vacationing with friends.**

**He was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut and graduated from St. Andrew's School in Bridgeport and Notre Dame High School in Fairfield, CT. In 1974 he joined the Police Department in Newton, CT but moved to San Jose, California in 1979, joining the San Jose Police Department where he spent the next 36 years and retired in 2007. While Paul spent many years in Patrol and Undercover Narcotics his true love was Motors and everything on two wheels. He joined the Cal-Tex motorcycle Riders in 1998 and traveled with them on many trips, as varied as Vancouver, BC to Texas. In 2014 he and a long-time friend traveled by motorcycle the entire length of fabled Rt. 66 from California to Provincetown, MA, down to Florida and returned via the southern route visiting friends and family along the way. He was also a long term MMOC member and familiar sight at the annual San Jose Cioppino Feed.**



**Paul is survived by his loving wife, Nancy; daughter Angela Nelson; son-in-law Andy Nelson; grandson Jordan; his brothers Marty and Frank in CT and Russell in Florida, along with a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, in-laws, and of course, his chosen family - his many, many friends. His love, laughter, famous sense of humor and his appreciation for the people around him will forever be missed.**



# **2016 CIOPPINO FEED IS COMING**

**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.

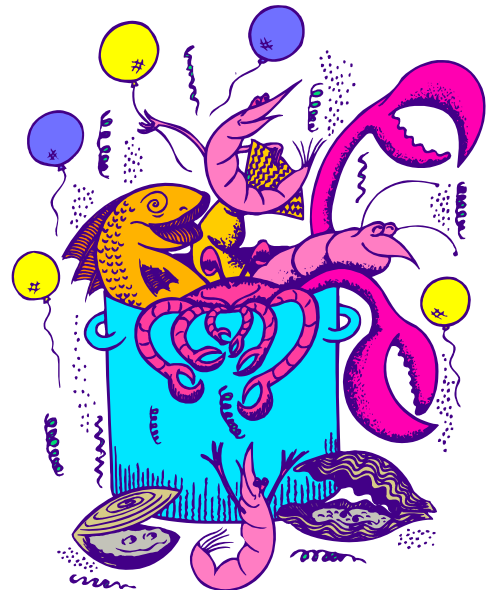
We hope you will come join us for another year of fabulous food, including thick Cioppino chock full of seafood, chicken, salad, pasta, Nick Nicosia's fabulous sausages, music, prizes and of course, the awesome camaraderie.

## **SAVE THE DATE! - SATURDAY - MARCH 12, 2016**

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1151 N 4<sup>TH</sup> STREET, SAN JOSE, CA**

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# ***Municipal Motor Officers of California***

## ***86th Annual Convention***

***September 14th - 16th 2015***

## **Itinerary**

### **Monday—14 Sept 2015**

1000—1300 hours: Registration (Lobby)

1400—1700 hours: Luncheon (Douglas Room)

1730—2200 hours: Members Meeting

(Douglas Room)

### **Tuesday—15 Sept 2015**

(Time to be announced)

Silver City Police Museum, Virginia City

### **Wednesday—16 Sept 2015**

Free Day / Visit Minden attractions

President's Ball, Douglass / Sierra Room

1800 –1830 hours: Social 1/2 hour

1830—2200 hours: Dinner

*The 86th Annual  
Municipal Motorcycle Officers  
Of California Convention*

**Location:**

**Carson Valley Inn  
1627 Highway 395 North  
Minden, NV 89423**



*See You there*



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## **Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California**

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

### **UPCOMING EVENTS**

**86th Annual Convention  
September 14—16, 2015  
Carson Valley Inn, Minden, NV  
See Flyer on Page 11**

**Next Years Cioppino Feed  
March 12th, 2016  
Same Location—SJPOA Hall  
See Flyer on Page 10**

