



# The Siren

## FROM THE PREZ .....

Gene Gray  
President  
*Pasadena P.D., LT., Retired*

All is well on the home front with MMOC. Bruno and Ellen are now fully retired living in their Castle in Cambria. Tom Bailey, Santa Cruz P. D., Sgt. Retired, is on the way to Sparks, Nevada and we all are just enjoying our own Paradise.

The Corporate office is going through some changes with the biggest being a change in our mailing address. All mail will go to:

**MMOC**  
80 W. Sierra Madre Blvd. #391  
Sierra Madre, CA 91024

The office telephone is still operating and checked periodically; do not expect an immediate reply. I am receiving the annual dues for fiscal year 2011 – 2012 slowly but surely.

Rich and Kim's annual Cioppino Feed is only a memory now but a great one. It went off without a hitch with Rich and Dennis Brown's volunteers. The food was great; the entertainment was superb including Past-President Dick Tush's history lesson. Lot of dancing and friends rekindling their bond. With this much success we all look forward to 2012.

The annual Convention is on a roll. Bill Loveless (MMOC Director) has done a great job in organizing the event beginning September 12<sup>th</sup> aboard the "Delta King" in "Old Town" Sacramento. Judy and I met Director Bill Loveless in Sacramento on May 15<sup>th</sup> and had the grand tour. While there I was able to finalize issues with the "Delta King" staff and the "Rio Café" Staff so there won't be any hitches when we all arrive. Assisting Bill will be Kim Wirht who volunteered to delight everyone with their check in "Goody" bag.

At this September Convention we will see J. J. Leonard step down from his position as Director and see MMOC's long time member Mike Nichelini step into J. J.'s shoes. Mike ran for office last year at which time we published his bio and photograph. Mike is from Vallejo and still ridding with gusto. I believe he will bring a lot to our organization; J. J. will still remain an intricate part of MMOC as a "Past-President."

By the time you get this mews letter Dennis Brown's ride "Invading Utah" will be at an end or close to it. We all hope that the participants were able to "Keep the Rubber Side Down" and came home safely.





## MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA

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Sierra Madre, CA 91024  
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[www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org)

## 2011 OFFICERS

President	<b>Gene Gray</b> Pasadena P. D. Lt., Retired
Vice-President	<b>Michael Roes</b> Alameda County Sheriff Sgt., Retired
Director	<b>Rich Bailey</b> San Jose P.D. Retired
Director	<b>J.J. Leonard</b> Los Angeles P.D. Retired
Director	<b>William N. Loveless</b> Calif. Highway Patrol Retired

## ❧ BIG THANKS TO ALL...

Rich Bailey  
*Director*  
*San Jose P. D., Retired*

For those who attended the Cioppino feed, we had a great time. As you know, it was another sell out. We were able to serve each table instead of the banquet style, stand in line approach. This style cut down the serving time. We were able to serve everyone in less than 30 minutes. I would like to thank all of those MMOC members who attended. It was nice to see some old faces from the past!

The MMOC convention is only 3 months away. Old Sacramento offers a wide variety of things to do as a group or on your own. This will be one of those conventions that we will all remember. I am hoping that everyone can attend this year. See you in September aboard the beautiful Delta King with a great itinerary.



## ❧ RIDIN' SAFE

Mike Rores  
*Vice President*  
*Alameda County Sheriff's Office*  
*Sergeant, Retired*

Spring has passed and summer has arrived. By the time you read this our annual MMOC ride will be over. This year our trip was to Utah to visit Bryce, Zion and Canyonlands National parks, with a side trip to the north rim of the Grand Canyon. As we went the first week of July you can count on the fact it was hot!

Riding in hot weather takes as much preparation as riding in cold or wet weather, although the gear you bring will be less and lighter. Before you head out on that ride into 90 or 100 degree temperatures, be sure to drink plenty of water beforehand and bring plenty with you or have access to it. Wearing just a vest or T-shirt in hot weather may feel cooler but you dehydrate at much faster rate as opposed to wearing long sleeves or lightweight mesh style jacket, not to mention the fact that you have far less protection in the event of an accident. The thought of sliding along on 120 degree asphalt with my arms and upper body exposed does not appeal to me. You're also more susceptible to heat exhaustion or heat stroke.

As for me and my passenger we wear armored mesh jackets with cooling vests and micro-fiber moisture wicking shirts underneath, we re-hydrate the vest at every rest or gas stop and we both stay relatively comfortable even 100+ degree temps. Although we may not look "cool" (temperature or other wise), we are and I feel a little safer.

So if you don't, at least consider wearing mesh and or a cooling vest, you'll not only be more comfortable you'll be safer and probably smell a little better too!

Our next event is the annual convention. This year it is being held in Old Sacramento, a great venue with lots to see and do in the area. So sign up and lets break a record with attendance! The more the merrier! As always, stay up on two wheels, and most of all have fun doing it!

Hope to see at the convention.

*Mike Rores*

## ❧ THE CHIPPY.....

William N. Loveless  
*Director*  
*CHP N. Sacramento, Retired*

Okay, the warm weather is here alerting us it's time to drag out the old motorcycle, do a safety inspection, and polish it up. By the time you read this the Cal-Tex ride will be a memory including South Lake Tahoe. The MMOC ride, "Invading Utah," will be in full swing. Always keep in mind you may be an excellent department trained motor / solo, but there are many drivers out there who do not see motorcycles for one reason or another.

We all know and love Mickey Metcalfe, retired SJPd, who served as bartender at our Cioppino Feed. Well a couple weeks ago, prior to the Cal-Tex ride, Mickey was out riding one of his many Harleys when he was struck by an individual driving a pickup. The details are a little sketchy as I write this but I did learn he suffered a fractured pelvis, head injuries plus other undescribed injuries. Mickey spent 5 days in the hospital but has since been released and is resting at home. When I talked with him he said he will make it to the Cal-Tex ride, maybe not riding but he will be there.

So no matter how good a rider you are it only takes one inattentive driver to ruin your day. When I ride I expect all the drivers around me to be inattentive and to do something they will regret, Try not to be caught off-guard, never ride in someone's blind spot and always look for an escape route.

Now that I've given you some updates and my advice have a safe and fun summer. Remember part of the summer fun can be at our annual Convention, if you haven't signed up yet you need to get to it 'cause time is running out to secure a discounted room blocked by MMOC on the "Delta King." - "Old Town" Sacramento.



## ❧ YOU'RE NOT A COP UNTIL YOU TASTE THEM

The department was all astir, there was a lot of laughing and joking due to all the new officers, myself included, hitting the streets today for the first time. After months of seemingly endless amounts of classes, paperwork, and lectures we were finally done with the Police Academy and ready to join the ranks of our department.

All you could see were rows of cadets with huge smiles and polished badges. As we sat in the briefing room, we could barely sit still anxiously awaiting our turn to be introduced and given our beat assignment or, for the lay person, our own portion of the city to "serve and protect."

It was then that he walked in. A statue of a man - 6 foot 3 and 230 pounds of solid muscle, he had black hair with highlights of gray and steely eyes that make you feel nervous even when he wasn't looking at you. He had a reputation for being the biggest and the smartest officer to ever work our fair city. He had been on the department for longer than anyone could remember and those years of service had made him into somewhat of a legend.

The new guys, or "rookies" as he called us, both respected and feared him. When he spoke even, the most seasoned officers paid attention. It was almost a privilege when one of the rookies got to be around when he would tell one of his police stories about the old days. But we knew our place and never interrupted for fear of being shooed away. He was respected and revered by all who knew him.

After my first year on the department I still had never heard or saw him speak to any of the rookies for any length of time. When he did speak to them all he would say was, "So, you want to be a policeman do you hero?" I'll tell you what, when you can tell me what they taste like, then you can call yourself a real policeman."

This particular phrase I had heard dozens of times. Me and my buddies all had bets about "what they taste like" actually referred to. Some believed it referred to the taste of your own blood after a hard fight. Others thought it referred to the taste of sweat after a long day's work. Being on the department for a year, I thought I knew just about everyone and everything.

So one afternoon, I mustered up the courage and walked up to him. When he looked down at me, I said "You know, I think I've paid my dues. I've been in plenty of fights, made dozens of arrests, and sweated my butt off just like everyone else. So what does that little saying of yours mean anyway?" With that, he merely stated, "Well, seeing as how you've said and done it all, you tell me what it means, hero." When I had no answer, he shook his head and snickered, "rookies," and walked away.

The next evening was to be the worst one to date. The night started out slow, but as the evening wore on, the calls became more frequent and dangerous. I made several small arrests and then had a real knock down drag out fight. However, I was able to make the arrest without hurting the suspect or myself. After that, I was looking forward to just letting the shift wind down and getting home to my wife and daughter.

I had just glanced at my watch and it was 11:55, five more minutes and I would be on my way to the house. I don't know if it was fatigue or just my imagination, but as I drove down one of the streets on my beat, I thought I saw my daughter standing on someone else's porch. I looked again but it was not my daughter as I had first thought but merely a small child about her age. She was probably only six or seven years old and dressed in an oversized shirt that hung to her feet. She was clutching an old rag doll in her arms that looked older than me.



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I immediately stopped my patrol car to see what she was doing outside her house at such an hour by herself. When I approached, there seemed to be a sigh of relief on her face. I had to laugh to myself, thinking she sees the hero policeman come to save the day. I knelt at her side and asked what she was doing outside.

She said "My mommy and daddy just had a really big fight and now mommy won't wake up." My mind was reeling. Now what do I do? I instantly called for back-up and ran to the nearest window. As I looked inside I saw a man standing over a lady with his hands covered in blood, her blood. I kicked open the door, pushed the man aside and checked for a pulse, but unable to find one. I immediately cuffed the man and began doing CPR on the lady.

It was then I heard a small voice from behind me, "Mr. Policeman, please make my mommy wake up." I continued to perform CPR until my backup and medics arrived but they said it was too late. She was dead. I then looked at the man. He said, "I don't know what happened. She was yelling at me to stop drinking and go get a job and I had just had enough. I just shoved her so she would leave me alone and she fell and hit her head." As I walked the man out to the car in handcuffs, I again saw that little girl. In the five minutes that has passed, I went from hero to monster. Not only was I unable to wake up her mommy, but now I was taking daddy away too.

Before I left the scene, I thought I would talk to the little girl. To say what, I don't know. Maybe just to tell her I was sorry about her mommy and daddy. But as I approached, she turned away and I knew it was useless and I would probably make it worse.

As I sat in the locker room at the station, I kept replaying the whole thing in my mind. Maybe if I would have been faster or done something different, just maybe that little girl would still have her mother. And even though it may sound selfish, I would still be the hero. It was then that I felt a large hand on my shoulder. I heard that all too familiar question again, "Well, hero, what do they taste like?"

But before I could get mad or shout some sarcastic remark, I realized that all the pent up emotions had flooded the surface and there was a steady stream of tears cascading down my face. It was at that moment that I realized what the answer to his question was.

## Tears.

With that, he began to walk away, but he stopped. "You know, there was nothing you could have done differently," he said. "Sometimes you can do everything right and still the outcome is the same. You may not be the hero you once thought you were, but now you ARE a police officer."

**With deep sorrow MMOC regrets to announce the passing of:**

**HARLEY W. KIMBLE** (EOW)

July 25, 2010

Bakersfield P.D. Active MMOC member since 1952

Spouse - Edna



**PETE M. DITO** (EOW)

May 3, 2011

San Francisco P.D. Active MMOC member since 1964

Spouse - Sandra



# MMOC ANNUAL CONVENTION 2011

September 12<sup>th</sup>-15<sup>th</sup>

## SAVE THE DATE

Experience A BIT OF YESTERYEAR, WIEN PADDLE BOATS STEAMED UP AND DOWN THE SACRAMENTO RIVER TO SAN FRANCISCO. TOUR HISTORIC OLD SACRAMENTO and TOUR THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION, FORT SUTTER, OLD TOWN RAILROAD, CALIFORNIA MILITARY MUSEUM AND POLICE MEMORIAL.

Dinner & Show at Laughs Unlimited

See Convention Itinerary online @ [www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org)

RESERVE YOUR CABIN by calling 800-825-5464. Rates: \$103 single/\$115 double  
Block in effect to **July 30, 2011.**

Bill offers shuttle service from Sacto airport. Email arrival information.  
Contact: Bill Loveless at [wnloveless@att.net](mailto:wnloveless@att.net) or call (916) 802-1182



*The Delta King 1938*

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Make your selection and send together with payment to MMOC

\* Note New Mailing Address\*

Print Names \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse/Guest \_\_\_\_\_

**PRESIDENTS DINNER:** Delicious Choice of Entree at the President's Ball:

NY Steak    Chicken Cordon Bleu    Fettuccini    Vegetarian Y/N

How Prepared?

MMOC  
80 W. Sierra Madre Blvd.  
# 391  
Sierra Madre, CA. 91024

Attendance Fee \$125  
Per Person



## ❁ TOM BAILEY RETIRES

### SERGEANT, SANTA CRUZ P.D.

Sergeant Tom Bailey retired on June 2, 2011 after 27 years with the Santa Cruz Police Department. Tom originally started his career in Law Enforcement working as a San Joaquin County Park Ranger. After three years with San Joaquin County he was picked up by the Santa Cruz Police Department where he remained.

Tom spent the majority of his career working uniform assignments such as patrol and traffic. His career also included several years working Investigations.

Sergeant Bailey reflected on his career stating that his true love was traffic. He worked traffic as a Patrol Officer and later as Sergeant. He was always easy to spot on his Police Harley with his big smile cruisin' our City streets.

While working traffic Tom became involved with the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California, a State non-profit Corporation promoting bicycle and traffic safety. Tom joined the organization May 3, 1986 and his dedication to traffic safety still is paramount to him. Through the years with MMOC Tom rose to become President of the organization and remained there until he retired from the Board with the lifelong title of "Past-President."

After 27 years with the Santa Cruz Police Department and his 25 years of dedication in traffic safety Tom has surely made his mark. Tom will be moving to Sparks, Nevada with his lovely wife, Renee, and daughter to take a well deserved rest.

*Congratulations Tom from all of us.....*



*This photograph represents our 52<sup>nd</sup> Annual MMOC Convention  
Oxnard, California on September 23, 1982*

*Thanks to Richard Litsinger, L.A.P.D. Active member since February 1, 1970*





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