



# *The Siren*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE  
MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA  
4TH QUARTER ~ 2011

## **Courage Still Lives, Even In Retirement...**

Gene Gray, President  
Lieutenant, Retired  
Pasadena Police Department

Before leaving the Convention, I learned from Don Winslow (MMOC Honor Guard founder & retired Pasadena PD Motor Officer) that a retired LAPD officer and active member of the MMOC's Honor Guard stopped a potential disaster by his courageous act. The membership and I would like to congratulate Joe Gomez for his unselfish bravery. As most members know, our Honor Guard Motors lead numerous parades throughout the State; the last one being a "911 Parade" on Sunday, September 11, 2011 which consisted of over 1,000 parade participants beginning at Point Mugu.

MMOC Honor Guard member, Joe Gomez, was heading up Highway 101 towing his motorcycle to their next parade in Cambria. As he was traveling just north of Buellton, CA, he came upon a massive traffic jam. While stopped he took his binoculars out to view the problem. It turned out to be a "jumper" on the Highway 154 overcrossing. A lone California Highway Patrol Officer was on scene and every time the officer would step toward the "jumper," he would move closer to the edge with the possibility of pulling the officer with him.

Joe decided to walk up the line of cars, out of site, and managed to get on the edge of the bridge behind the "jumper." At the proper time, Joe ran up behind the "jumper" and placed a carotid restraint on the subject, causing the him to fall to the ground unconscious. Joe and the CHP officer then handcuffed the subject.

After the CHP took control of the subject our MMOC member walked back to his truck, never giving his name or any information to the authorities. By the way a civilian stuck in the traffic jam told Joe as he walked to his truck "you could have done that another way." Gomez ignored the comment, got in his truck and continued on to Cambria.

Someone wrote Joe's license plate number down which was turned over to the California Highway Patrol whereupon they found out that Joe was a retired LAPD officer. Since then he has been contacted by the California Highway Patrol advising him that he will be awarded for his bravery and the saving of the "jumper" and the CHP officer. The award ceremony will take place in Santa Barbara in May. We will



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## 2012 DIRECTORS

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Vice President	Michael Rores Retired Sergeant Alameda County SO
Director	Rich Bailey Retired Officer San Jose PD
Director	William Loveless Retired Officer CA Highway Patrol
Director	Michael Nichelini Officer Vallejo PD

keep you posted as more information comes in.

The 2011 Convention aboard the "Delta King" in 'Ol Town Sacramento is only a wonderful memory now. I give William N. Loveless (MMOC Director) full credit for its success. His guidance and organizational skills brought each day and the activities to a great conclusion. With any luck another Board member will give you a full re-cap on this great Convention.

*Gene*



## Motor School - Member Recruitment

Cliff Heanes - Quartermaster  
Officer, Retired  
Oakland Police Department

On September 21, 2011 Past President and current Ride Director Dennis Brown, along with Vice President Mike Rores and Quartermaster Cliff Heanes, sponsored a BBQ for the students at the Alameda County SO's EVOC motorcycle course. While the students chowed down on some very delicious ½ pound cheeseburgers with all the condiments and refreshments, Dennis provided a history of the MMOC organization and the special camaraderie that exists among motor officers throughout the state of California. Mike then explained the goals and functions of MMOC. Following these presentations, applications were handed out to each student with an invitation to join us.

I would also like to take this opportunity to extend a sincere thank you to Director Bill Loveless for organizing and putting on this year's convention. It was held aboard the Delta King paddle wheel steamship moored in Old Sacramento. There



were several wonderful planned activities along with many museums, shops and saloons specific to Old Sacramento. A job well done. Thanks Bill.



Front Row L-R: Dan Hemenway – Alameda County SO, Raleigh Patterson (Instructor) – Walnut Creek PD Retired, Colleen McMahon-Sepulveda – Santa Cruz PD, Frank Russo – Monterey PD, Juan Espinoza – King City PD, Jake Pinkas – Monterey PD.

Back Row L-R: Herb Fuentes (Instructor) – Alameda PD Retired, Jacob Shannon – Fremont PD, Chris Perry – Ceres PD, Darrell Thornton – Contra Costa County SO, Robby Chon – South San Francisco PD, Edmund Robinson – Alameda County SO.



## INVADING UTAH

Dennis Brown - Touring Executive Ride Director  
Officer, Retired  
Oakland Police Department

Somehow touring California, Oregon, Nevada and even Arizona seemed so passé when MMOC could initiate an entirely new life-style to the inhabitants of Utah. When Brigham Young led the first band of Mormon pioneers to Salt Lake Valley July 24, 1847, the U.S. government was not too keen on multiple marriages and decades of strife ensued with the settlers. Denied statehood several times, the 1890 Manifesto endorsed by the Mormon Church officially proclaimed a ban on Polygamy (perhaps spirits too?) and paved the way for Utah to become the 45th State admitted to the Union, January 4, 1896.

Now in defense of some of my MMOC brethren who would take issue with that Manifesto, I proclaim our ride to the verdant and colorful southwestern plains, valleys, mountain tops and canyons of Utah, breaking bread, educating and imbibing with the natives, was an overwhelming success. We came in peace yet conquered philosophically, and as one of the famous King Brothers (don't remember if it was Rodney, Martin Luther or Larry) continuously whispered in our ears: follow the credo, "Can't we all just get along?"

Let's begin the exploration of the National Parks in that region of the state with a more westerly rendezvous two days earlier on Saturday, July 2nd in the beautiful gambling mecca of Reno, Nevada. On a warm sunlit afternoon, retired Sunnyvale Department of Public Safety (think: 6 months carrying a gun, 6 months fondling a fire hose!) Lieutenant Bill Weber generously hosted a pool-side cocktail party and fantastic food fest. Since the mid 1990s, Bill has made the Mount Rose area

his home, dabbled in real estate and is a tenured Commissioner on the Washoe County Planning Commission. Sharing in the jibes and partaking of the vittles, refreshments and cool waters with Rhoda and me, were Mike and Jeanie Rores, Mary Ann Mann, Bill Loveless, Doug Foss and the duo of Rene LaPrevotte and Susan Johnson (who joined us for the evening revelry but had to leave the following morning due to prior commitments). Loren Carlen, long time Honorary Member and friend of SoCal's CK Williams showed up too, keeping us "young" whippersnappers in line. It was a long day and thanks to Weber, a great and memorable evening.

On the morning of July 3rd, we departed for Ely, Nevada, a barren 322 mile trek mostly on US-50. Meeting us for breakfast at the Black Bear Diner in the bustling metropolis of Fernley, Nevada were the Heanes brothers, Cliff and Jeff who caught up to us on our easterly trek on their throbbing Harleys and Mark and Helen Murray who caged it into town to say hello. Good vittles and company, but time to ride.

Some would say there is merit to performing a thorough pre-ride inspection on one's iron steed, especially when the finish line looms 2,000 or more miles distant mostly on secondary roads and where the infrequent "TOWN" is a piss-poor use of a noun! Austin, Nevada met those criteria, with a restaurant and gas station and nothing else. It's here Loveless discovered his front tire tread was separating from the carcass. It's here that we observed a black donut with the resilience of prehistoric coal or a burnt briquette on the front of Bill's GL1500.....or so it looked. It's here that we collectively feared to inspect the rear tire. It's also here that we left Bill to putt further east to Eureka solo, 70 miles distant, at a much slower pace and meet us at our lunch stop. Now understand, Eureka, Nevada has perhaps 6 1/2 more inhabitants than Austin, the same level of "services" and a newly repaved ¼ mile long Main Street that was under construction by their County

road crew in June 2010, when 20 of us hapless souls from Oakland and San Francisco blazed a path to Pikes Peak for that famous Hill Climb. The wheels of time turn slowly in rural America, donchaknow! Facing a 77 mile leg into Ely and noting another section of the tire delaminating, Bill forged ahead with the Heanes brothers riding in tow. Ten minutes later we blew past them in a 70 mph zone, duly noting their 35 mph pace with hazard flashers pronouncing for the entire world.....we're crawling and say a couple Hail Mary's! By the time the trio reached us at the Jailhouse Motel and Casino in Ely, we were all checked in, on our second brewsky and, applying Police Forensics, noted said tire was now TOAST! Moreover, both front and rear hoops qualified as "Mississippi May Pops" as eighteen thousand miles on sun-baked stone-age rubber will do! A rousing serenade of Bill Engvall's words, "Here's Your Sign." was apropos!

The "shock and awe" of Loveless' debacle was soon overcome when retired Bakersfield PD's Steve Armbruster arrived an hour later via his digs in Silverton, Oregon. He rode the 840 miles straight through in 14 hours. That in itself is amazing but more so, he had gotten off a plane in Portland just hours earlier after motorcycle touring in Europe for 2 weeks, and then visiting in-laws in England for another 2 weeks! I get jet-lag going from PST to EST, but not Steve, and he was therefore bestowed the Ironman Award by all.

Two hundred thirty five years after signing the Declaration Of Independence, firewater and fireworks awaited us in Utah; therefore, it was time to say goodbye to Loveless who is landlocked at the hotel during this holiday weekend and blaze a 210 mile trail through barren wasteland, or so it seems, to Cedar City. Transitioning from Nevada Highway 319 to Utah Highway 56 draws a stark comparison: at the exact state line, the previous dustbowl moonscape of abandoned farms and brown pastures



gave way to our final 60 mile trek through verdant land where water flows freely for crops of barley and oats, and cattle and horses graze in painted green pastures. Water is the life-blood of a thriving agriculture and are we witnessing politics at its finest?

As we pulled into the Crystal Inn, our home for the next 5 nights, my very-best-new-most-favorite-friend George Firchow greeted us at the lobby with brewskis in hand and a warm welcome. He and Barbara have been in town for a day from Lincoln, Nebraska, an 1,100 mile jaunt. One of my “old” Motor partners, Carroll “Lefty” Wright pulled up seconds later from Whitefish, Montana on his Suzuki Hayabusa, his 1,086 mile trip a two day affair. More importantly, he’s been a lifelong motorcyclist, an MMOC member since the 1970s and this is his first ride! Welcome aboard Lefty. Checked in and gathered poolside for several hours, the reflective glint of a bright afternoon sun mirroring off the huge windshield of a beautiful teal GL1500 announced the arrival of Baron Laetzsch and lady friend Josie Loughridge. When asked if said windshield was stolen from the mast of one of Magellan’s sailing ships, I think Herr German’s native-tongue outburst was, er, profanity laced.

Well into the evening and amongst incoming shrapnel from fireworks, we discussed the order of the 6 National Parks and Monuments we’re here to visit in the next 4 days, the routes of which are outlined on hand-out sheets. With more than 900 miles to ride and the requisite scenic and lunch stops, plus the ever-present threat of afternoon thunder-boomers, my naiveté led to the stupid question: “Did

anyone bring a lap-top so we can check hourly and regional weather patterns?” Damn, what a mistake! Within nano seconds, computer geeks Armbruster, Foss, Loughridge, Rhoda and the Heanes Bros. whipped out every conceivable type of electronic device from fancy leather embossed hip holsters, faux diamond-encrusted titanium cases and that



Jailhouse Motel & Casino in Ely, NV - Pictured left to right: Bill Loveless, Rhoda Nishiyama, Dennis “HOS” Brown, Doug Foss, Mike Rores, Jeanie Rores, Cliff Heanes, Steve, Armbruste & Jeff Heanes.

old stand-by enclosure, Naugahyde! I mean, these yuppie nut-cases fondled smart phones, Droids, iPads, iPhones and iPods, then segued into nerd heaven salivating over a discussion on apps and gigabytes. Armbruster won this impromptu Q&A, thereby becoming the only Iron Man Awardee in the contiguous 48 states likewise classified as a geek and nerd too! Question answered, I think: we’ll leave tomorrow morning at 0700hrs for Zion N.P. and Cedar Breaks National Monument.

A beautiful and refreshingly cool sunrise greeted us as we departed on this day’s 175 mile jaunt. Minimal traffic and 55 miles into the ride we paraded down 25 mph residential two-lane Utah 9 in the very sleepy hollow of Rockville, just a mile

or so from the south entrance to the park. Every house on both sides of one mile long Main Street is proudly adorned with an American Flag on a staff in their front yard this July 5th morning! We are in awe of their patriotism! Utah 9 winds through Zion like a sidewinder snake, according us a magnificent crawling-pace-view of cliffs towering above, then through the 1.1 mile long Zion-Mount Carmel Tunnel to the east exit. This pitch-black tunnel was bored in the 1920s to allow passage to US Route 89 and facilitated our venture to lunch at the Thunderbird Restaurant in Mt. Carmel Junction. Internet ratings don't do their excellent staff and cuisine justice.

Bellies full, it was time to pick up the pace for an early afternoon visit to Cedar Breaks Nat'l Monument, 55 miles distant. "Only 55 miles you say?" Reggie. There ain't nothing straight out here; besides, when I laid out our daily routes, I searched for the most diabolical, scenic and serpentine pathways to motorcycle nirvana! Several stops at this monument afforded us group photos from wind-whipped 10,500 ft. rock outcroppings. More than a mile below, raptors soared through canyons in search of prey as multiple streams continue their million year quest to alter rock strata.

Two hours later we toasted resident nerds and geeks poolside as the heavens opened up at the prescribed time. Score one for their electronic wizardry and disillusioned mindset! High 80s returned shortly as steam rose from the deck and once again there's unanimity: "My (insert brand name, model # and storage capacity) geekculator sez the weather's clear at the Grand Canyon tomorrow." Remember that prophecy! Bill Loveless showed up late afternoon sporting a new front hoop after a 260 mile flat-bed tow from Ely to St. George, Utah. Ahhhh, but it continues..... tied to his top-trunk was a new rear tire the St. George dealership didn't have, soooooo Bill had to ride back to Cedar City where he purchased

that.....but their mechanic was off sick and injured soooooo Bill had to ride back the 55 miles to St. George on July 6th to have it mounted before rejoining us! Damn, would it ever end?

On the morning of July 6th, we cleared the cobwebs at 0700hrs and departed on our 350 mile round trip to the North Rim. Wide open roads and sparse traffic delivered us in short order into Arizona and the Jacob Lake Inn and Restaurant, just shy of the parks portal. This eatery was highly recommended on the internet and we agreed, as many alternative delicacies were offered by our waiter Bruce, and Mike Rores, Baron Laetzsch and the Heanes Brothers devoured their organic fruit compotes while we macho manly-types stuck to traditional fare. Within 45 miles of twisting and undulating tarmac, we ascended through dense aspen forest and sheer-walled canyon roadway—many miles flanked by bright green pastures with foraging deer—to the park's visitor center. For those of us who have ridden to both the North and South Rims, we are unanimous in our belief: The road to the North Rim is far less congested much more scenic and challenging, and the view from various outlooks slightly less panoramic albeit more enjoyable because of diminished pedestrian traffic. Our 8,255 foot perch on this crystal clear 80 degree day is more than one thousand feet higher than the South Rim, visible 10 miles distant. Just minutes after noon, it's time to ride the 175 miles back to reality. Five miles down, black clouds passed overhead and then opened up, drenching us in a steady chilling down-pour for the next 40 miles. Some hapless souls donned rain gear on the infrequent narrow shoulders, the rest of us elected to ride back to the Jacob Lake Restaurant gas station and seek refuge while topping off. Some are soaked without rain gear; others drenched but now covered in fashionable plastic at this damp lower-altitude mid 70s. Within 1/2 mile from the



station, drizzle gave way to low 90s and bright sun as I laughed at the overdressed sweating dumkopfs with steam wafting out of their neck and sleeve openings on our remaining 130 mile voyage! Back at the ranch, darts and verbal abuse were heaped on Foss and Armbruster for their collective ignorance of all things weather and computer related. Hero yesterday, P.O.S. today!

Our third day's round trip ride to Red Canyon and Bryce Canyon N.P., with a detour to the lava beds of Dixie National Forest, was a 240 mile stark-contrast lesson in topography. Vivid green grazing

Friday, July 8th is our fourth and final MMOC Tour day. Kolob Canyons is a promontory viewing point in the northwestern quadrant of Zion N.P. and accessible by motor vehicle only from exit 40 off I-15. It offers spectacular sight lines in a region favored by backpackers and mountain goats alike, but does not connect to the south or east park entrances. After a short but rewarding visit, we departed the high elevation fog and light drizzle for St. George 30 miles distant, and then picked up UT-18 for a 35 mile sprint to Mountain Meadow. This State Shrine on a grassy meadow in rural



Zion National Park, Utah - Pictured left to right: Mike Rores, Jeanie Rores, Steve Armbruster, Josie Loughridge, Baron Laetzsch, Rhoda Nishiyama, Dennis "HOS" Brown, Barbara Firchow, Jeff Heanes, Lefty Wright, Mary Ann Mann, & Cliff Heanes

pastures gave way to bright red vertical rock arching over our roadways, magnificent multi-hued spires and columns reached from thousands of feet below to the heavens above and hundreds of square miles of grey-black lava beds disgorged centuries ago treated our aural senses. Our education and wonderment is broken only by the occasional petrol and consumable fuel stop. Mid afternoon, our requisite pool deck cocktail party ushered in another deluge and welcome relief from the 90 degree bright sun.

Washington County commemorates the September 11, 1857 massacre of 120 pioneers passing through the region from Arkansas to California, allegedly at the hands of Mormon Church settlers and hierarchy alike. If only the famous King Brothers had been born a century earlier there may have been a more peaceful resolution.... "Can't we all just get along?" September Dawn, the 2007 movie starring John Voight and Terrence Stamp paints an ugly picture of church philosophy in

that era and you can draw your own conclusion.

Early afternoon we're back-at-the-ranch preparing for the hot-rod car show that is invading Cedar City this day, Saturday and Sunday too. Our hotel is booked to the gills with my type of people and the parking lot resembles downtown Reno and Sparks, Nevada during the annual Hot August Nights funfest. We motorcyclists blend and bond with the owners, myself trying not to salivate on meticulous paint and chrome. The common denominator, Internal Combustion! Late afternoon the Crystal Inn sponsored an outdoor barbecue with hundreds of us feasting at long rows of tables. What could reign in this event? Rain! It poured for two hours necessitating sprints to our rooms and eliciting grumbling from hot rodders with calloused hands reeking of polishing compounds and wax. Late into the evening the assembled we recapped our daily rides and this year's festivities, coming to the conclusion: The sights of the region are unparalleled with both lush and barren canyon floors; sheer and stepped canyon walls married to spires, columns and arches painted every color and hue from bright red to tan; rock strata that causes geologist's hearts to palpitate and sparsely traveled roads throughout in excellent condition, all contributed to a wonderfully scenic, memorable and immensely fun tour. The hotel staff is outstanding and our nightly meals in their restaurant very good with varied and tasty entrees. Not once did we feel the need to look elsewhere for sustenance. And let's not forget our participants; a cohesive gathering of competent, fun loving and humorous riders not afraid to throw darts or share accolades!

Tire kicking at 6 am sucks, but we said our goodbyes to those going in different directions and with throttle cables stretched, the Rores, Mary Ann and the Firchows join Rhoda and me in our quest to get across the Mojave Desert before stifling heat saps our strength. One hour later and 170

miles down I-15, we stopped in Vegas for fuel and Gatorade where it was 75 degrees. Impossible you say Reggie? Like I said, we had it on afterburner, particularly through the glorious downhill serpentine canyon-stretch near Littlefield, Arizona and we transitioned from Mountain Time to Pacific Time. You do the math. After two more hours we ate lunch in Barstow where it was now in the mid 90s and rising. Cool vests donned, CA-58 spirited us towards our evening stay in Bakersfield, where the further west we ventured, the hotter it became. At the top of the Tehachapi summit, aptly named for the town we're blowing past and the only section of this four lane without a center divide K-rail, a scraggly and flea infested Wile E. Coyote sprinted north across our westbound lanes in pursuit of the mystical and invisible Roadrunner. Half an hour later and sweltering in 109 degree heat at our motel entrance, Rores and Mary Ann would swear I hit his tail! I was still wide-eyed although not profanity-laced- speechless and nevertheless needed to change my strides, thankful for divine intervention.

Hours of pool-side meditation segued into filet mignon at the premier KC Steakhouse in downtown Bakersfield which morphed into slumber-land. Tomorrow's another day and will see us to our 2,466 mile trip's end. Goodnight all, thanks again everyone, and George and Barbara..... you're the greatest! Can't we all just get along?

As my weary digits stroke this key board, here is a reminder to check [www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org) for the 2011 trip photos and the latest updated info on the 2012 MMOC tour. Where to? Thanks in part to retired LAPD's Gary Smith, now living in Washington State, beginning July 8, 2012, in Williams, California, we're going to venture north to Medford, Oregon on the 9th, then on to Kelso, Washington for the 10th, 11th and 12th. Much like STDs, I have a disdain for freeways and interstates and will, where possible, seek



out scenic secondary and back roads to get us to Mount Saint Helens. Contract negotiations for the hotels will be complete in weeks and lodging and route info posted to the First Quarter 2012 Siren. Care to join us in our quest to discover America?

I remain, Dennis M. Brown

Executive Ride Director at hos6350@sbcglobal.net

## DUES DUES DUES

The 2011-2012 membership dues were due by July 1st. Some of you appear to have forgotten so this is a reminder to send MMOC your \$36 to help us with our goal teaching Bicycle & Traffic Safety. We will be sending out renewal notices in conjunction with this reminder.

California Law Enforcement's Wish Upon a Star Foundation  
PO Box 4000  
Visalia, CA 93278

September 15, 2011

Wish Upon a Star:

Enclosed find a check in the sum of \$258.00 which was raised during an impromptu raffle held during the annual convention of the **Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California** (MMOC) this week in Sacramento, California.

Wish Upon a Star's work is well known, and prior to my retirement from the San Francisco Police Department in 2003, I worked with Maureen Logan as a Northern California resource for your fine organization.

The proceeds of this raffle, as mentioned above, was quite spontaneous as someone brought a pair of cheap shower shoes to our hospitality room with "MMOC" on the sides in embossing tape. My wife Susan, a famously pushy woman, then began bidding on the flip-flops with the proceeds promised to Wish Upon a Star. The bidding on these \$5.00 shoes stopped somewhere near one hundred-fifty dollars and the proud winner, retired Los Angeles Police Motor Officer **John "JJ" Leonard**, immediately donated them back to be re-raffled and bid another \$20 on the shoes he just bought for \$170!

An additional \$88.00 was bid, totaling the \$258.00 you now find enclosed.

The Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California thanks you for your continued support of California's sick and terminally ill children. Keep up the good work and may God bless your endeavors and may He also continue to bless our great Country!

Very sincerely yours,



Rene LaPrevotte  
Placerville, CA

MMOC members help  
dreams come true!

# In Memory

Longtime member Franklyn G. Harrison passed away July 1, 2011 after a short illness. Frank rode motors for the Oakland Police Department. Frank was active in MMOC and several other organizations. Frank will be missed.



## The Future Is Upon Us

Michael Nichelini - Director  
Police Officer  
Vallejo Police Department

I'm honored to have been elected to the Board of the MMOC. I'm equally honored to step into the shoes of the outgoing Director John "JJ" Leonard. When I was 14 years old I attended the Annual Pacific Grove Police Motorcycle Competition. I saw the competitions (complete with Marine Corps white glove inspections) and the LAPD & OPD Drill Teams. I knew then and there that I wanted to be a motorman. I'm proud to say that years later I went to work for Oakland PD, transferred to Traffic, became a drill team member and later drill master to carry on the traditions of OPD Motors and the Drill Team. I also got to compete in Pacific Grove. All in all I've had a great career and it's only half over....which means I got a few years to go and am still a "rookie" in MMOC years. After attending my first MMOC Convention last month in Sacramento I can tell you.....age is just a number. I've always enjoyed hearing about "the good ol' days" and feel it's important to carry on the history, tradition and stories (even though most of

those are greatly exaggerated) of police work and more specifically the art of being a Leather God. The Convention was great and I encourage all of you other "rookie" members like me to come out, get involved and ensure that the MMOC continues to thrive in the years to come. A wise man once told me....."Kid, these are your good old days." (Thanks, JAK).

You may have noticed the Siren has taken on a slightly different look. We are producing it "in-house" to save on cost and to try and get back to sending it by US Mail to each member. With the help of technology, we can do that with less cost than before. A full color version will be available online at [www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org). This is, of course, your organization. If you have any thoughts, comments or suggestions for the Siren or anything else for that matter, please let me know. You can e-mail me at [mnichelini@mmoc.org](mailto:mnichelini@mmoc.org)

Your Board of Directors will be working hard in the coming months to get the MMOC running a little more efficiently and we are excited about what is around the corner.

I look forward to seeing more of you at some upcoming events.

A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "Michael Nichelini".



# From the Chippy - Convention Report

William N. Loveless  
Officer, Retired  
California Highway Patrol

For those of you who were not at this year's MMOC convention, shame on you. You missed a good time. We got onto the Delta King Sunday morning to set up the hospitality suite. Then as the rooms were cleaned we were able to check into our rooms. We were mostly on the fourth and fifth decks. The boat was built in 1927. The people back then must of been shorter and skinny. The doorways on the boat were low and narrow. But other than that it was a great boat.

Sunday evening was the past presidents' dinner at the Rio City Cafe which was only two buildings away from the boat. We sat out on the back terrace with a great view of the river. The food was GREAT. I had the New York steak. It was tender and the steak sauce was fantastic. The waiter said it was bourbon steak sauce that they make at the cafe.

I shuttled a few people from the airport to the boat. But I didn't have to do any shuttling around to attractions outside of Old Sacramento. There was so much to see and do in Old Sacramento that no one wanted to go anywhere else. Monday afternoon was our buffet luncheon.

Tuesday was a free day and many checked out Old Sacramento. Tuesday evening we had a buffet dinner and show at Laughs Unlimited. Which was only one block away from the boat. We had a nice Italian dinner and then the comedy show. Laughs Unlimited is not open during the week but we had enough people attending that they hired a couple comedians and opened just for us.

Wednesday was another free day and Old Sacramento was again stormed by the troops.

Wednesday evening we had the Presidents' Ball. We had 32 raffle items. My mom (LaVerne Pettet) who hand makes jewelry had donated nine sets of necklaces and earrings for the raffle. Gene Gray presented her with a letter of thanks from the MMOC signed by all the directors. This brought her to tears when I read the letter to everyone before giving it to her. After dinner we had a DJ who played lots of oldies and goodies for all us oldies.

Thursday was shuttling people back to the airport and cleaning up the hospitality suite. Then I finally got home to take a nap.

This is the first time I have ever set up anything like this. It was interesting dealing with the hotels and the restaurants and the other events. But what was really stressful was not knowing how many people would show up and having to guarantee a certain number of rooms and a certain number of people for the meals. Thank goodness this year is over!!

Thanks to all who attended.



*Safety  
or  
Sorrow*

Rich Bailey - Director  
Officer, Retired  
San Jose Police Department

We all had a great time aboard the Delta King and carousing about town. Kim and I had not been back to Old Town Sacramento since the last MMOC get together in Sacramento in 2005 where our night out included a mystery dinner theatre night. We were not disappointed, though, as Director Bill Loveless put together a really nice venue including the dinner and comedy night and banquet. Good job, Bill.

I was excited to welcome Mike Nichelini onto the Board as a working motor officer who will lend a lot of expertise and help to kick start our organization into high gear just to keep up with him. I'm sure he will have lots of Gen-X skills to apply as he takes on the job of editor of the Siren Quarterly. Kim and I have offered to assist where we can. Speaking of our contribution...

It's time to mark those calendars again after all the conference attendees rooted for us to host the MMOC Cioppino Feed. We are truly grateful for the help offered by many of you and we will most certainly be calling out for some assistance for a really fun night.

We initially set a date of March 3rd. However, due to a potential conflict with another event, the date is officially set for MARCH 31, 2012. It is a great Saturday night filled with drama, good food and prizes. Oh and of course, seeing your friends and enjoying the jokes, war stories and good ol' camaraderie. The Clarion Hotel has agreed to host our out of town visitors again for a great rate of \$79 per night to MMOC members and guests.

Please check out MMOC website for upcoming information.

Past President Tom Vlassis  
Lieutenant, Retired  
Santa Cruz Police Department

The following is a recap of current legislative updates which have varying effects on state as well as local law enforcement. This is rather lengthy as some are positive but most are negative in regards to their effect on law enforcement. You can be the judge when you go to your local polls and vote on those that make it through the legislative review/approval system. As you will see, if some of these make it through the legal process and become law, there are some tough times ahead for those making, or have already made, a career in law enforcement.

### Initiatives:

Former Assembly member Roger Niello has introduced one that would set the retirement age to 62 for all public employees, limit pensions to 60 percent of employee's highest average base wage for three consecutive years, require employees to match CalPERS contributions, mandate public employees work full time for five consecutive years to receive a pension, proved public agency full discretion to modify pensions, prevent pension changes through contract or collective bargaining. Although this initiative seeks to "reform" public pensions, it does not affect current retirees.

A group known as the California Center for Public Policy (CCPP) has submitted three initiatives to the Attorney General's office for Title and Summary. The initiatives seek to eliminate public sector collective bargaining in California, institute a progressive income tax on public sector pensions about \$100,000 per year, and reform public sector pensions, including retirement ages for existing public sector employees.



### Legislation:

Last year several “two year” bills were introduced that, if approved, would have drastically redefined pensions. Being two year bills, they will be back front and center in January 2012. You may already be aware of some of these, but they are certainly worth repeating just in case; especially since they will be returning in 2012.

SB520-528 (Walters, R-Laguna Niguel). Senator Walters introduced 9 “pension reform” bills. They include the elimination of defined benefit plans, implementation of hybrid and 401k only retirement plans, elimination of collective bargaining over retirement, and a host of other issues. Obviously, none of these are law enforcement friendly.

AB870 (Grove, R-Bakersfield). This bill requires the CalPERS Board of Administration to create a hybrid retirement plan for public employees who become members on or after Jan. 1, 2012.

AB875 (Donnelly, R-Hesperia). This bill prohibits the inclusion for accrued leave of any form, or credit for overtime work, in the calculation of final compensation in determining an employee’s pension benefits.

AB961 (Mansoor, R-Costa Mesa). This bill excludes matters relating to pension benefits from the scope of representation of public employees by recognized employee organizations, thus prohibiting these employee organizations from negotiating pension benefits with their employers.

Not all the bills introduced have been harsh towards law enforcement. Here are some that have “proactive” reform. They focus on reform and are attempts to eliminate pension spiking and other perceived improprieties.

SB27 (Simitian, D-Palo Alto). This bill addresses pension spiking and other abuses in the pension system. It also bans any CalPERS member who retires on or after January 1, 2013,

from returning to public employment as a part-time worker, private contractor or employee for 180 days following their retirement. This bill has completed its journey through the Senate and is currently awaiting a hearing in the Appropriations Committee.

AB340 (Furutani, D-Long Beach). This bill prohibits cash payments from being counted as compensation for retirement purposes in 1937 Act counties and prohibits a retiree in those counties from immediately returning to employment with the public employer on a part-time or contract basis. This bill has completed its journey through both houses and is currently in the Assembly awaiting concurrence in Senate amendments.

AB344 (Firatamo, D-Long Beach). This bill prohibits CalPERS from granting exceptions to limits of increases in compensation that can be earned for the purposes of calculating retirement. AB344 also eliminates the ability of a CalPERS employer to request that a retired annuitant be extended beyond the 960 hour limit in any fiscal year. This bill has completed its journey through the Assembly and is currently awaiting a hearing in the Senate Appropriations Committee.



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**MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA  
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## **THE ANNUAL CIOPPINO FEED**

**MARCH 31, 2012**

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

Ticket price to be determined but will include:  
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### UPCOMING EVENTS

Annual Cioppino Feed  
March 31, 2012  
San Jose Police Officers Association Hall  
1151 North 4th Street  
San Jose, California  
Host Hotel - Clarion Hotel San Jose Airport  
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