



The Siren

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OF THE MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA
SEPTEMBER 2018

Milestones and Connections

Doug Wayne, President

We recently concluded our 25th Annual MMOC ride, which took us to both Mt. Rainier and Mount St. Helens. A beautiful ride it was and great weather, too. We could not have asked for more. But what made this a milestone ride was that fact that it culminated 25 years of motorcycle rides put on primarily by two individuals, Bob Hossfeld and Dennis Brown. Bob passed away in 2014, but as we all know, Dennis is alive and well, still kicking and still offering his opinions at every turn.

The planning of these rides is a very arduous task. It's not as simple as just planning a route and saying, "Let's go folks." In order to make it a successful ride there are some important tasks that must be accomplished. Once you have an idea for your route, you must contact all the hotels to negotiate a decent price and block rooms for everyone. You have to ensure there are eating establishments, both along the route, and within walking distance of the hotels, which are large enough to hold fifteen to twenty-five people at one time. Also, your route must take into consideration that not all motorcycles are made the same, and thus some can go a much longer distance than others so you'd better have gas stops planned and available. And, if you think this can all be done by sitting in front of your computer, I'd say you are wrong. Many of these rides were pre-ridden by Dennis, and others, to ensure all those important requirements could be met. Many times routes and lodging had to be changed to meet those requirements. You can imagine the amount of time it required, and this was all volunteered time.

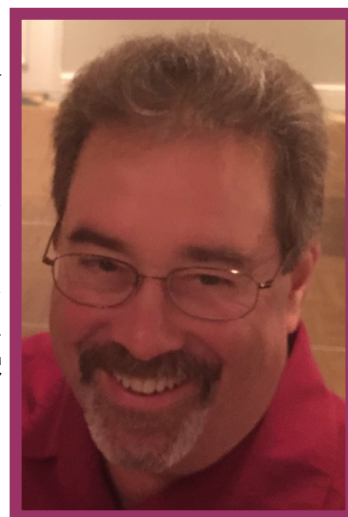
As many of you know, this was Dennis's last ride as Ride Director. Personally, and as an organization, we cannot thank Dennis enough for his time and effort over the past twenty-five years. As a side note, I'd also like to thank Rhoda, Dennis' wife, for all her support in these endeavors. Rhoda was an integral part of this process and was along for the ride since the ride's inception, in 1994. As a result of putting up with Dennis, and the rest of us on those rides, it is safe to say Rhoda has attained SAINTHOOD!

Director Ed Pressnell has volunteered to try his hand at planning next year's ride.

Dennis has graciously offered his time and support to Ed, so I feel we are in good hands for next year's ride. You will get a full update and breakdown of the July 2019 ride in the January 2019 issue of the Siren.

In March 2018 I took over the MMOC membership duties from Cliff Heanes. After muddling through this year's renewals in June, I cannot thank Cliff enough for the work he did over the past years. I now know the many volunteer hours Cliff put in to get the job done. I also now know why Cliff's wife, Mickie, told me I am her newest best friend.

Along with the getting out the annual renewals I started answering the MMOC voicemail and message line. I made connections with many of you who had left messages on the line. It was really good to speak with many of you, all of which I can say I had never spoken to before. I got kick from the stories you relayed to me, and many of us agreed that the stories seem to grow with time. If anyone would like me to contact me you can leave a message on the MMOC line at (707) 948-MMOC (6662), or via email at dwayne@mmoc.org. I check my email, and the MMOC line, daily.



2018 Staff

President - Doug Wayne

Vice President - Lawrence Hodson

Director - Ed "Dewey" Pressnell

Treasurer - Gene Gray

Secretary - Rhoda Nishiyama

Quartermaster - Cliff Heanes

Ride Director - Dennis Brown

Webmaster - Doug Wayne

Membership – Doug Wayne

The Humor Corner

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shone his flashlight around, looking for valuables when a voice in the dark said, "Jesus knows you're here."

He nearly jumped out of his boots, clicked his flashlight off, and froze. When he heard nothing more, after a bit, he shook his head and continued.

Just as he pulled the stereo out so he could disconnect the wires, clear as a bell he heard, "Jesus is watching you." Freaked out, he shined his light around frantically looking for the source of the voice. Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot. "Did you say that?" he hissed at the parrot.

"Yep", the parrot confessed, and then squawked, "I'm just trying to warn you."

The burglar relaxed. "Warn me, huh? Who in the world are you?"

"Moses," replied the bird.

"Moses?" the burglar laughed. "What What kind of people would name a bird Moses?" The parrot responded, "The same kind of people that would name their Rottweiler 'Jesus'."

The Majesty of Mt. Rainier

Twenty-five years and counting. What's next? The madness that constitutes this Silver Anniversary celebration of annual rides was conceived September, 1994, in San Diego, at what else but a convention hospitality room cocktail party. It became reality a month later in central California's horse-fly capitol of Santa Nella where the Mission De Oro Hotel front desk clerk issued each of us 8 to 10 unsuspecting victims an oversized fly swatter at check-in for our otherwise excellent rooms. Huh? You can't make this stuff up! That template was 2 nights and 3 days of exploratory riding, poolside critique and BS; the rest is history. *And derivative.*

A quarter century later and MMOC's ridden many, if not most areas of the western states, each enumerated in a different chronicle of one through twenty-five, and believe me, all versions have been unique, mostly hilarious and new discovery. This latest endeavor to 14,410 foot Mt. Rainier was no different; look at the brave and hearty souls that risked life and limb to join me and co-ride leader Cliff Heanes as we circuitously trekked north to Washington State. First was my beautiful, understanding and helpful wife Rhoda who does all the work and comes back for more. We had dignitaries, too, in the form of current Board President Doug Wayne and Director and new ride leader Ed "Dewey" Pressnell. Cliff's brother Jeff, Al Luenow, Ed Callejas, Mike and Jeanie Rores, Rich Bailey and Kim Wirht, Steve and Irene Armbruster, Kent Dalrymple, Cliff Rezentes, Brian Canedo, and the long distance duo of Andy Huffman from American Fork, Utah, and Baron Laetzsch, all the way from Show Low, Arizona, damn close to the New Mexico border...true dedication for both. And, our 25 year celebration would not be complete without mention of Mary Ann Mann, who has ridden or been "chase" on every one of our rides since inception, a factual statement that escapes all other attendees!

Woodland, Ca, became our meet and greet location and over the next several days we billeted at Klamath Falls, Oregon, The Dalles, Oregon, jumped across the Columbia River into Washington State and rode the southeast and southwest quadrants of Mt. Rainier entering from the Yakima side before bedding down in Kelso, not far from the coast for two nights. On our 3 day Journey to Kelso we covered well over a thousand miles, mostly backroad discovery routes featuring pines to redwoods, poplar to cedar and everything in between, including hundreds of square miles of high desert wheat fields on US-197 recently scorched by wild-fires yet still bisected by pristine Moto GP quality tarmac blessed with undulating and tight switchback turns into The Dalles.

The beauty of rural America is truly staggering and even the millions of visitors to Mt. Rainier annually can't trample the unspoiled old growth forest that prevails. She is staggeringly dense, verdant and moist with a very short summer and long winter to irrigate the ancient old growth of Western Hemlock, Western Red Cedar and Douglas Fir at the lower elevations. Vibrant wildflowers emerge to cover open meadows for the few months at lower elevations where the snow melts. *Above 6,000-7,000 feet other species of evergreens fight for survival in the excess of 93 feet of annual snowfall!*

To ride the 237 thousand square acre footprint of Rainier and savor all of her majesty would take precious

days we didn't have; however, we owned the road this weekday riding against the eastbound crawl of starry-eyed Canadians and visitors from the People's Republics of Portland and Seattle. With more than 20 major waterfalls, we saw perhaps 3 as we raced by; if there is one major gripe of this 5th oldest National Park in the U.S. (1899), parking within the boundary is extremely limited, antiquated if you will, and basically restricted on the south quadrant to the Henry M. Jackson Memorial Visitors Center which had us fending for ourselves in that filled to capacity lot. And remember, this was a slow weekday! Hundreds of cagers, if not a thousand, resplendent in costumes of earthen-tone khakis, hiking shoes, wide brim Tilley hats and vented long sleeve shirts to ward off the evil and dastardly relentless sun on this 70 degree day strolled about. Imagine Yosemite or Yellowstone with the same vehicular traffic and 80% less parking and that is the whole of Rainier's south quadrant!

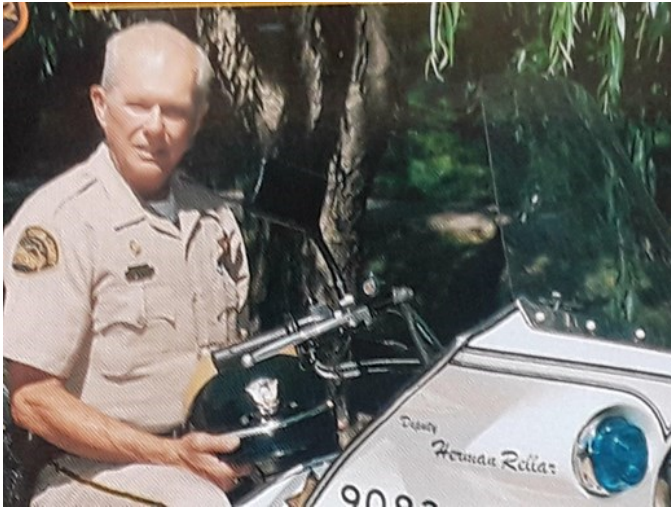
Five hours later we set up camp for 2 days at Kelso's Red Lion Hotel; in solitude, I reflected on the similarities of Mountains Rainier and St. Helens, perhaps 40 miles distant from one another. Each is an active volcano, each vents steam year round and more importantly, one gloriously blew 1,300 feet off her former 9,630 foot top in 1980 at more than 600 MPH! That was 3 years after my 1st visit. Time for a 5th visit tomorrow, 53 miles up WA. 504 E/B from I-5 to Johnston Ridge Observatory which was nonexistent and close to a dirt turnaround before her cataclysmic explosion. Our new visitors on this ride marveled at the beautiful forest for hundreds of square miles in all directions, all of which is new Doug Fir growth perhaps 25' tall since re-seeding by Weyerhaeuser Lumber 25 years ago. From my perspective, it's been an interesting transition over the last 41 years and one half hour of film in the Observatory Theater will show the evolution from pre explosion to almost current day.

All good things must come to an end and early Friday, July 13, we headed 380 miles south to Yreka, fending off the relentless Portland traffic. Temps were climbing into the high 90's as we came down-grade from Medford to the California border and were greeted by evidence of the previous day's vast wildfires that scorched across I-5. Saturday found most of us completing our 2,000+ mile counterclockwise circumnavigation home and the finish of this 25th adventure.

Thank you one and all for the heartwarming rides over the years and I sincerely wish Dewey Pressnell all the best in next year's adventure. He has a great vision for the future and excellent planning skills; given the lean angle capability of his Harlem Davison, many of us are sworn not to push him too hard from mid-pack. NOT!

With a Cheshire grin, I remain Dennis Brown, HOS





Sgt. (Retired) Herman Benjamin Rellar
October 21, 1932 - April 7, 2018
Concord, CA

Herman "Sonny" Benjamin Rellar, born on October 21, 1932 in Cincinnati, Ohio, to the late Eleanora Bietsch and the late Herman Rellar Sr., passed away on April 7, 2018 in Martinez, California in the company of his adoring wife Jody, his brother William Rellar and sister-in-law Marge, of CIN, OH. From 1952-56 Herman served in the Navy, onboard the USS AV-19 Hancock, during the [Korean War](#). Following in his dad footsteps, in 1956 Herman began a life long passion to protect and service and was sworn in as a Reserve [Police Officer](#) for the City of Pittsburg, in CA. In 1959, he became a Deputy sheriff for Contra Costa County where his accomplishments were many, to include being named Deputy of the Year, in 1962 being among the first officers in P.H. and 1st to operate radar, he founded the CCCounty Search and Rescue and Explorer units, 2x Reserve Coordinator and agency polygraph examiner. He retired as a Sergeant in 1986. Then, not ready to stop and smell the roses...a day after retiring, Herman donned the same uniform and was sworn in as a Reserve Deputy for another 25-years. Giving freely of his time, nights, weekends and holidays, he logged in 1000's of volunteer hours in patrol and special assignments. In 2010, using his call signal of 1-Mary-10, he signed-off giving his last radio transmission and finally retired his badge for good! During his career he always tried to make sure his demeanor, decisions and actions would reflect positively on his profession. He loved walking a foot beat in downtown Danville where sharing a smile and stopping to speak with shop keepers and passersbys was his daily goal. Officers affectionately referred to Herman as a "Cops Cop". He was also known, unofficially, with distinction as this Nations "Oldest Motorcycle Officer". Along with being a deputy Herman served as a POST subject matter expert and consultant. From 1962 to 2016 he instructed "tens of thousand" of students at various police academies (CCCounty., Napa, Alameda, and National Park), at various colleges, training centers, public and private venues throughout CA. He also operated a polygraph business and firearms consulting and training business. Herman was known as a happy, kind, givings and unpretentious man who always was thinking of the well-being of others. Herman was the beloved husband of Jody. He is survived by his daughter, Catherine Cook; brother, William Rellar and family; and grandchildren, Robert Whitmore (& spouse Amanda, GG children; William, Wyatt, Weston), Amanda Whitmore, and Michael Cook; former spouse Beverly Rellar. Herman enjoyed sharing a joke, fishing, Rving, trap and target shooting, riding his Harley, and being a member of the Aahmes Shrine Motorcycle Patrol. He was a member of Freemason Lodge 429, B.P.O.E. 1474, Aahmes Shrine and DMS Good Sam club. The family invites donations in Herman's name to the local MTZ VA CREC (specify the "Tahoe" Unit for in-patient recreation) call (916) 366-5372 OR www.Aahmes.org transportation fund OR ELKs #1474 local Veterans VA fund (925) 432-6905.

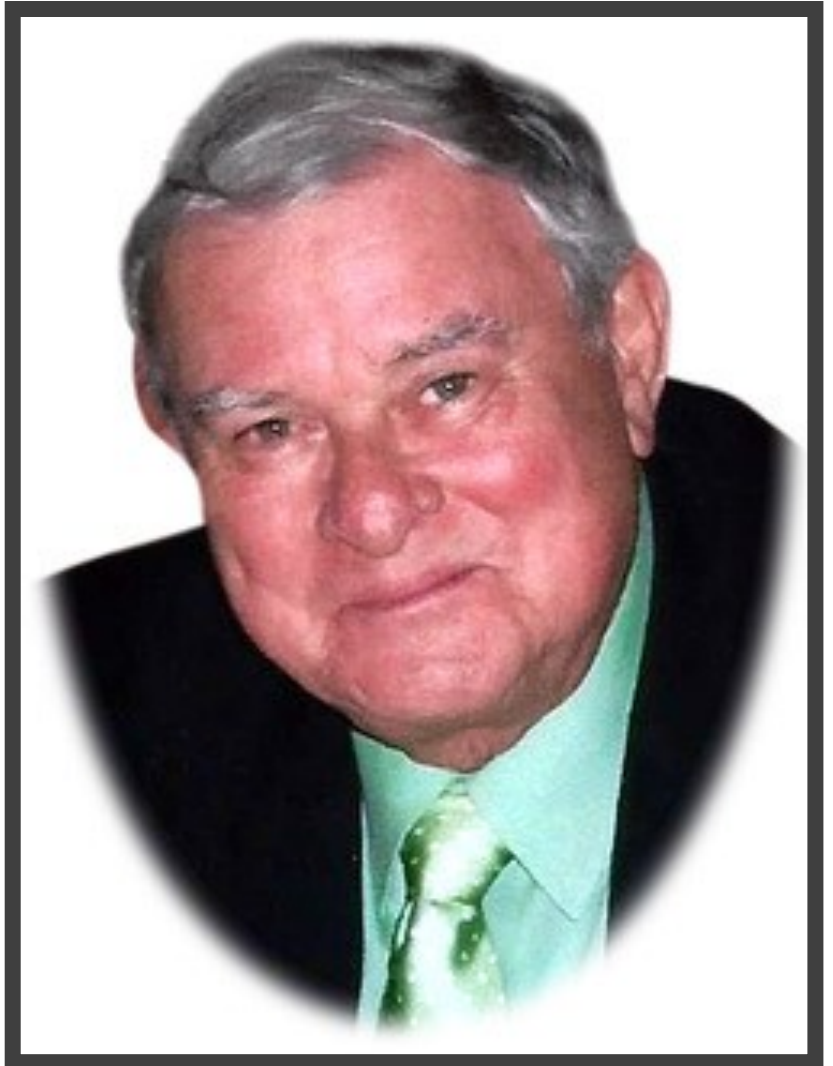


Past President Norman C. Wintjen May 17, 1937-June 28, 2018

Norm served in the US Army from 1956 to 1958, and was stationed throughout Germany. He joined the Los Angeles Police Department in October, 1960, served in Patrol then transferred to Traffic Division in 1964, undertaking their grueling Motor Academy.

After one year of then mandatory probation on bikes, Norm joined MMOC September 1, 1965. A decade later, he successfully ran for the Board of Directors and served in that capacity for several terms before being elected President by his peers. Norman held reign as the 51st and 52nd President of MMOC and presided over the 1980 convention at Las Palmas Hotel, Palm Desert and again in 1981 at the Red Lion Hotel in Sacramento. Both Conventions were an overwhelming success due in part to Norm's attention to detail and his perseverance.

In retirement, Norm and his wife Rose Marie traveled the world enjoying life to its fullest. Our condolences go out to Rose Marie and their family.



(The following is an unsolicited recommendation from an MMOC member)

“My New Helmet”

Ed Callejas

**San Francisco Police Dept. – Retired
MMOC member since 2003**



I'd like to share with you an experience that I had in the purchasing of a new motorcycle helmet. Over the Memorial Day weekend I was on a road trip to Boise Idaho when I decided to go visit the local BMW dealership. On display they had the new Shoei Neotech 2, Modular helmet. Having owned the original and having read all the reviews, I knew that I was in the market for the new upgrade. The cost of the helmet was \$799. The store manager gave me 10% off the cost, plus free shipping to my home in Northern Calif. Because there was no state tax to be paid in Idaho the total cost was \$719. I thought this was a great price for a great helmet, so I ordered it. The store manager contacted the Shoei distributor and they advised him that the helmet was on back order but that I would receive it within 30 days. 30 days came and went, still no helmet. I called the dealership to inquire on the hold up and he advised me that after speaking with the distributor, it would take me another 30 days to receive it. At this point I asked for a refund which he did, with no issues.

Knowing that I wanted this helmet, I began surfing the internet when I came across a site that offered 10% off your first purchase. The name of company was called “BAMFMOTO”. They're located in Portland Oregon. I called and spoke with the owner, James, and inquired about the helmet. I then asked him about the discount offered on his website. He said that he could do even better. He then quoted me a price that I couldn't believe. My total cost for this \$800 helmet was \$620, including shipping. Even though I believed that this was too good to be true, I felt that this was a deal that I couldn't pass up. I ordered the helmet. Within one week, my helmet was delivered via UPS. I couldn't believe how smoothly everything went. Since then, friends of mine have purchased helmets, or accessories, from BAMFMOTO. I told James that I was a member of the MMOC and explained to him what we're all about. He stated that he would afford our members the same discount. He deals with anything having to do with motorcycles. If he doesn't have it, he can get it. All you need to do is give him a call and mention the MMOC.

Here is their website: www.bamfmoto.com

Upcoming MMOC Events

March 9, 2019 – Cioppino Feed – San Jose

July 2019 – Annual Motorcycle Ride – Southern California

September 2019 – Annual Convention – Site TBD