

# MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA

## The Siren

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

OF THE MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA

January 2021

### From the East Bay hideout of The President

*Doug Wayne - Oakland PD - Retired*

I hope everyone had a pleasant Thanksgiving, a Merry Christmas, and an overall Happy Holidays. As I said previously, it has not been an easy year for any of us. We have all had to make sacrifices, some more than others. Unfortunately, some of you have lost family members during the "COVID-Curse". For others, traditional holiday family gatherings were put on hold until 2021. Now, that may be a blessing to some, but for the majority, I am sure it was a major disruption to our normal holiday routines.

I can say with some certainty that everyone of us at some point during 2020 have said, "I can't wait to get 2020 behind us and start 2021!" For me, there was a recent stretch of a few weeks where two of my neighbors, one across the street from me and one next to me, passed away. At the same time there were four Oakland Police retirees who passed away. Three of whom I worked with directly throughout my career. Two of those I worked with in Traffic Division. One of those, Rich Cademartori, was my motor school instructor. A finer gentleman could not be had. His demeanor and sense of humor were classics! He was Italian-American through-and-through. He was "old Oakland", growing up and going to school in north Oakland, during the last of Oakland's "good ole days". His mastery of Italian cooking was second to none. He would routinely be seen cooking at local Italian festivals and local Italian men's clubs.

Rich enlisted & sponsored me into MMOC in 1984. I also had the privilege to be a motor instructor with Rich, prior

to his retirement. One of Rich's favorite acronyms was ABC, "Always Be Cool". I'll relay one quick story; Rich was leading one of over a hundred of his motor schools on Skyline Boulevard, in the hills of Oakland. As he rounded a sharp curve, he caught a Bott's dot on his Harley Davidson motorcycle and went down siding on his derriere. The students, in disbelief, quickly parked their bikes, dismounted, and ran up to see if they could help Rich. To their amazement they saw Rich, sitting up in the middle of the street. When they got closer, Rich crossed his arms in an outward movement (like an umpire) and uttered, SAFE! Classic ABC.

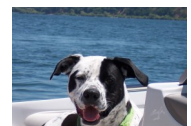
Past President Dennis Brown worked with Rich for over twenty years. **Please read Dennis' tribute to Rich later in this issue.**

If any of you have recently tried to buy MMOC merchandise from our website, you may have noticed that the site was unavailable. Good news, it is back up and running. We are open for business, but please remember, we are phasing out ALL merchandise sales. As the stock depletes, we will not be reordering. If ordering our merchandise is something you have been putting off it might be a good idea to get your orders in. You can view our products at <https://www.mmoc.org/shop>.

Another year has passed, and I would not wish 2020 on anyone, ever again. BRING ON 2021!!!

Take care, Doug

Rocky  
(2005-2020)



## **2021 Cioppino Feed**

### **(CANCELED)**

In mid-December the Board of Directors and the Cioppino Feed organizing committee made the hard and sad decision to cancel this year's upcoming Cioppino Feed. None of us planned on living through a pandemic so we are learning as we are going. We thought that it made more sense to cancel now rather than wait until the last minute as we had to do last year.

We are planning for the 2022 Cioppino Feed, with a tentative date of 19 March 2022.

For those of you who rolled-over your 2020 Cioppino Feed fees into 2021, and now want a refund, please contact us at either: 2021cioppino@mmoc.org or (707) 648-6662. If you want your roll-over fees applied to the 2022 Cioppino Feed, you are all set.

### **(A Little Humor)**

#### **Bottle of Wine**

Sally was driving home from one of her business trips in Northern Arizona when she saw an elderly Navajo woman walking on the side of the road. As the trip was a long and quiet one, she stopped and asked the Navajo woman if she would like a ride. With a silent nod of thanks, the woman got into the car.

Resuming the journey, Sally tried in vain to make a bit of small talk with the Navajo woman. The old woman just sat silently, looking intently at everything she saw, studying every little detail, until she noticed a brown bag on the seat next to Sally.

'What's in bag?' asked the old woman. Sally looked down at the brown bag and said, 'It's a bottle of wine. I got it for my husband.'

The Navajo woman was silent for another moment or two. Then speaking with the quiet wisdom of an elder, she said, 'Good trade.'

## **2021 Annual Convention**

**12—16 September 2021**

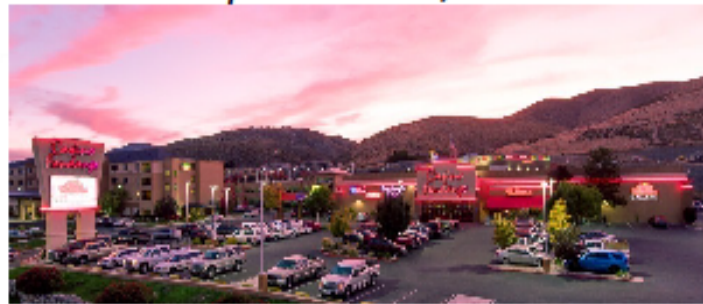
It's already time to mark your calendars for this year's MMOC Annual Convention. We are staying at the site of last year's canceled convention, Carson City, Nevada. We will stay at the Courtyard by Marriott and party at the adjacent Casino Fandango. We have negotiated great prices for both venues. The casino has five restaurants, including Duke's Steakhouse and the Rum Jungle Buffet. Also, there is a Galaxy Fandango 10 theater on site.



In addition to the usual convention activities we will also have a Tuesday BBQ, at the Prez' home. And, at the request of some of 2019's convention attendees, I am also planning a half-day motorcycle tour of the Sierra mountains. It will be on Wednesday morning into the early afternoon. We will have a lunch stop somewhere on our ride. For those of you who want to trailer your motorcycles you are more than welcome to park them and your bike at my house. We will work out all the transportation issues at a later time, but there will be plenty of room to keep your bikes garaged at my house. There is also free covered garage parking at the hotel/casino.

If you have never attended an MMOC convention, it is really just a relaxing few days. You are not obligated to attend any of the functions. Also, the days of the mandatory tuxedos and business suits are long gone. Casual is the order of business! What better time is it to make this your first convention and put 2020 behind once and for all. Oh, and don't forget, everyone wins a door prize, sometimes two! See the attached flyer for more details.

***Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California***  
***91st Annual Convention***  
***September 12 - 16, 2021***



***Courtyard by Marriott & Casino Fandango***  
***3870 S. Carson St, Carson City, NV 89701***



**ROOMS**  
**All Rooms - \$109.00 + tax**  
**Hotel Registration**  
**(Deadline is 21 Aug 2021)**



**Register by Phone – (775) 887-9900 – Reference “Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California”**

**Register Online by simply clicking [Here](#)**

**\*\*Courtyard by Marriott is 34 miles from Reno/Tahoe Intl. Airport – [Click here for more info.](#)**

**Convention Itinerary**

**Sunday – Past President’s Dinner – Past presidents and staff. Others may attend but must pay for their meals.**

**Monday - Registration 12:30 pm to 1:00 pm - Luncheon 1:00 pm - Annual Membership meeting 2:00 pm**

**Tuesday – BBQ late afternoon**

**Wednesday – Morning/early afternoon motorcycle ride – 6 pm - President’s Ball**

**Thursday – Checkout**

**MMOC REGISTRATION**

**(Remove and Return with Payment - Please Print)**

**Name \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse/Guest \_\_\_\_\_ Department \_\_\_\_\_**

**Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_ Amount Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_**

**OR Register online @ [www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org) using PayPal or Zelle. Registration deadline is **21 Aug 2021**. If you have questions please contact us at - [2021convention@mmoc.org](mailto:2021convention@mmoc.org) or call (707) 948-6662 and leave a message.**

**Attendance Fee \$135.00 Per Person – Payable to MMOC – Mail to 208 S. Barranca Ave, #8, Glendora, CA. 91741**

**Wednesday Night’s Dinner Options - Please indicate number for each: Roasted Prime Rib of Beef > \_\_\_\_\_**

**Pan Seared Salmon Served with Caper Beurre Blanc > \_\_\_\_\_, Chicken Parmesan > \_\_\_\_\_**

**If you are attending Sunday night’s Past President’s dinner, please indicate how many will attend \_\_\_\_\_**



## *Richard Anthony Cademartori:*

### *13 Nov 1943, EOW 5 Nov 2020*

It is with the deepest sorrow I report the passing 5 Nov 2020 of a man I call my best friend and hero, Richard Anthony Cademartori, 6311T, Oakland Police Department. Rich and I became buddies when we first met one morning in early January, 1966; I was a lowly rookie just short of graduation from the 40<sup>th</sup> Recruit Academy, Rich a “salted” street cop with cred and swagger had been hired 6 months previous, 14 Jun 1965, for the 37<sup>th</sup> class. We shared a common bond: riding dirt and street bikes from our very early teens, a passion that would carry on to this sorrowful end.

I went to Traffic Division in late 1967 to “work” radar cars, a select unit with tenured legends, while awaiting an opening for Motor school. That call came early 1968 when I went to Motors to replace Rich who was scheduled to precede me but unfortunately broke his leg just days before the class was to convene while riding his Matchless home to his North Oakland childhood house in the shadows of the old Italian bastion of Idora Park. After graduation, I often rode past that house on duty to rub salt in the wounds as he sat on the porch with his leg in a cast.

Richard easily passed Motor School in 1969 and his aptitude did not go unnoticed. Historically, prior to the mid 70’s, senior Motor Sergeants always instructed new recruits. Soon, Rich’s dedication and very professional demeanor, smooth and outstanding riding ability and unrelenting call to duty came to light within the administration who shortly thereafter appointed him as the Chief Instructor. He and I partnered on all 3 of our squads, from lowly relief to swing to days, and to say that we didn’t have tense and/or hilarious times together would be an understatement.

We shared many glorious firsts: Attending each other’s weddings, wildly celebrating the birth of our sons and daughters, attending MMOC conventions together as stalwart members, family camping expeditions, teaching our male rug-rats to ride dirt and street bikes after we spoiled them with their first of many carbon spewing two-wheelers and much more.

Likewise, we also experienced all too frequent “escapades”, both on and off duty, some of which could have ended tragically but had humorous endings. One that is mentionable comes readily to mind, an uproarious first:

One night in 1972, working an injury accident in downtown Oakland, Rich volunteered via radio to go to the hospital on his North Oakland beat and take a statement from one of the injured parties. Minutes later, our radio dispatcher reported an ER nurse at Alta Bates-Summit Hospital called stating there was a police motorcycle lying wrecked in the center of the convoluted 5 way (2 intersecting surface streets plus an elevated freeway off ramp, stop sign controlled in all directions) intersection directly in front of their Emergency Room Entrance. Within minutes multiple OPD and CHP units converged on the scene. That intersection, Webster and 34<sup>th</sup> Streets, plus an off ramp from I-580 above, had debris radially cast at high velocity from Rich’s demolished Harley in all directions, but no sign of him, a responsible vehicle, other physical evidence or even an indication of direction of impact or suspect flight. Now accompanied by a phalanx of doctors and nurses, we started an ever expanding foot and vehicle search and for at least 15 minutes had negative results. Flashlight batteries almost depleted, 2 of us walked about 50 feet down dimly lit 34<sup>th</sup> Street when a voice sarcastically called out “DB, you going to leave me here”? Lying flat on his back completely underneath a parked pickup laid our hero; impact trajectory had been so violent he was launched like a Scud missile! Comically, I grilled him like a Swiss cheese sandwich but he had no recollection of the accident or even how he arrived at that intersection. None!

(cont. from previous page)

An extremely conscientious ER doc and several nurses, none of whom were dressed for this cold winter's night, brushed me aside and laid prone to evaluate him and assess his injuries after they cut short our unusually brief, but almost daily Rowan and Martin routine. Bruised and battered, his helmet destroyed, leather jacket, boots and other gear abraded but miraculously, from outward appearances, only a deep cut was visible on his left thigh from a low lying muffler clamp! They extracted him from his sleepy repose and I suggested to the attending ER doctor they do a brain scan to see if there's anything left. An ambulance crew wheeled him on a gurney 75 yards or so into the ER for x rays and further evaluation. The intersection outside secured, I started a scene diagram in an ante room off the ER waiting room trying to make some semblance of the clueless chaos outside. What seemed like an eternity later, the same ER doc outside came in to introduce himself. Name redacted to protect the innocent, "R, B.", as he wanted to be called, asked me to follow him into the bowels of the hospital. Lying naked with no more than a folded sheet over his pride and joy in a brightly illuminated operating room, Rich was incoherently blabbing, asking about his bike, uniform, etc., etc. RB, laughing, reported he was "flying on pain killers and truth serum, ask him anything you want." He also stated Rich miraculously had no broken bones, only the cut on his leg and a concussion, "you want to stitch him up?" Say what?? It gets better. RB had me put on a mask, scrub my hands and as the nurse prepped the wound, Rich asked for a cigarette. Your read that right. Looking at the "Oxygen In Use" signs plastered on all the walls, I laughed when RB blurted out, "go ahead, maybe it'll shut him up!"

Camel smoke filtering up to the ceiling, RB demonstrated the first sutures then handed me the "needle and thread." Now our hero's eyes were REAL wide as I did 15 or more sutures to close him up, smoke puffing like a steam powered locomotive!

An hour later, Rich was driven home, slightly the worse for wear but after a week's R&R he was back to work; days later we again visited the hospital ER on duty where RB *and I* pulled the stitches. It should be noted, this felony hit and run was never solved, but for another 10 years, all was good on mother earth: Ride, eat, drink and be merry.

Then February 6, 1981, at 0947, catastrophe struck with radio blurting out the words far too many of us have heard over the course of our careers: *All units, shots fired, officer down* in the 6300 block of Telegraph. First units on scene found Rich lying on his side, discharged pistol next to him, bleeding in the street next to his bike and critically injured from at least one gunshot wound; in shock, he felt he had struck the suspect at least once then he was transported Code 3 to Herrick Hospital in Berkeley, the closest major trauma facility. His Harley had been struck several times and startled witnesses reported the suspect fled north into Berkeley in an old Ford station wagon after the chaotic gunfight. Within minutes, Berkeley PD reported a hostage situation in a side-street restaurant just blocks away, the matching suspect bleeding from an apparent gunshot wound. Multiple jurisdictions surrounded the restaurant where the suspect, a recidivist criminal, made it known to his prisoners he was not going to be taken alive. Shortly, he released his captives and came out onto the street, gun in hand and shooting. From cover, a phalanx of officers granted his death wish!

At Herrick Hospital, it was diagnosed Rich had been struck several times in the chest but miraculously his bulletproof vest did its job; however, one errant round bounced off the asphalt road and ricocheted under his vest striking a kidney.

(cont. from previous page)

Multiple surgeries later, Rich was transferred to Oakland's Summit Hospital for post-op care and further evaluation. One of his first visitors, "with privilege", was Doctor RB, the same conscientious and obviously classy Doc that "patched" him up 10 years previous. Our Homicide Division and the Coroner's report later validated Rich's belief; one of his shots did enter through the back window of the suspects' car, penetrate the driver's side seatback and would have proved fatal had he lived long enough before his ceremonious demise.

Rich was in ICU for close to a month then discharged home for R & R, now minus one kidney and with a temporary colostomy to allow the one miraculously remaining kidney to heal. During the ensuing year, he had several corrective surgeries and physical therapy; then phenomenally, came back to Motors, many documents and testimonials from surgeons and psychiatrists in hand, affirming his health. Ever the Leather God, he returned to his old beat and resumed his instructor status! February 14, 1997, Rich ceremoniously retired with 32 years at OPD, 28 of those years on Motors. Forever dedicated to Traffic Enforcement, Motors, safety and professionalism, he became a Chief Instructor in 1998 at The Alameda County Regional Training Center in Pleasanton, a second career he absolutely loved, teaching several hundred aspiring Motor Officers from across the state the nuances of their new chosen profession. Twenty one years later, in 2018, he retired again, saying, "*finito*".

February of twenty eighteen, we went on one last road trip, an overnighter to visit our long retired 92 year old city motorcycle mechanic, now in declining health. That night, holed up in a motel near Marysville, Rich, ever the quiet introspective character of our dynamic duo, revealed news that I had suspected for months, "I think my last kidney is failing, I don't know where this is heading, DB."

Later in 2018, Rich went on dialysis and once again led a fairly normal life, with the exception of thrice-weekly, hours long treatments that sapped his strength. He continued interaction with family,

friends and most importantly, his gumbas at the historic *Ligure Club*, a fraternal north Oakland Italian-American enclave, his father a founding member in 1934. Months later, Rich had the first of several setbacks that proved identical to when he was on a temporary colostomy in 1981. Recurring infections at the sites required for "Port(s)", this time necessary for dialysis, required lengthy hospital stays. Mid 2020, his immune system and strength failing, Rich returned home, now in isolation, weak and vulnerable for infection. We talked, via phone several times, each too brief for me but oxygen deprivation shortened for him.

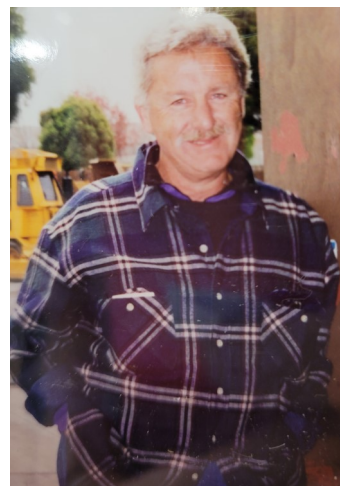
I will never forget the phone call I got November 5th just hours after Rich's passing and the resultant sucker punch in my gut. I knew it was coming but wasn't prepared for the impact. Gone was a man I shared 55 years of my life with, almost a brother and absolutely the best beat partner, friend and confident one could ever want. I spent 20 minutes composing myself before going downstairs to tell Rhoda. She didn't need to say anything, my emotions expressed both our feelings.

Arrivederci amico mio, finche' non ci rivedremo, ti voglio bene! Pace!

(Goodbye my friend, until we meet again, I love you)

Dennis M. Brown, OPD

Rich Cademartori  
(Circa 1994)



## **28<sup>th</sup> Annual Ride - The Dalles, Or. (July 25 – 2021)**

This year's MMOC ride is bringing us to the Columbia River Gorge, Oregon. I have scheduled the ride to start a bit later this year, on July 25th, 2021. I did this hoping a few extra weeks might help put COVID-19 behind us.

The July 25th starting date will be here before we know it. Soon we will be meeting in Klamath Falls. I hope that everyone will be in good health by then, and that the virus will be behind us as July arrives.

The Columbia River Gorge has been called as one of the most scenic areas in America for motorcycle riding with great curvy roads that are rated for all riders except a novice. I looked at numerous routes. All of them had good things to offer. After comparing the pluses and minuses of those routes I chose these routes which I believe will give us the best roads to ride, sights to see, and some great restaurants. We will ride about 200-225 miles per day covering the areas near The Dalles.

### **S/W Route Mt. Hood**

I watched a video about the northwest route first half which is a combination of long straightaways and sweepers. It looks like a great road. The restaurant I picked is the The Zig Zag Inn. World famous for its food, rolling papers and a large selection of Bigfoot keepsakes.

Click on > ZIGZAG INN - HOME or type in; [www.zigzaginn.com](http://www.zigzaginn.com)

### **N/W Route Cougar Washington Lake Lewis**

I watched a video about the northwest route's first half, which is a combination of long straightaways and sweepers. Farther up the road its tree lined with a few more curves which leads into the curvy corner combinations which last for several miles. The rider said pavement is fine, from the start of curvy area which was re-paved in 2017. The restaurant for this day is named The Cougar Lane Lodge / Rouge River Barbeque.

<https://www.cougarlane.com>



Cougar Lane BBQ Cougar Washington

### **S/E Route**

No videos of this route but I found some magazine articles which described the roads, good restaurants, and things to do. Shaniko Oregon is a Ghost/Vintage town. I found 2 good looking restaurants, the Korner Café in Fossil Or. and The Drive in in Condon Or.



Condon Or. Main St. Parade (Look like BMWs)

We should be at the Cousin's Country Inn by no later than 3 P.M. every day. Research of The Dalles area near our hotel found several interesting places to go. The list includes but not limited to these local establishments and several wineries.

Zims Brauhaus Bar  
604 E 2nd St, The Dalles, OR 97058  
<http://www.zimsbrauhaus.com/>

The Baldwin Saloon  
205 Court St.  
<http://baldwinsaloon.com/our-menu/>

Rivertap Pub  
703 E 2nd St  
<http://www.rivertappub.com/>

The Bargeway  
1535 Bargeway Rd. The Dalles  
<http://bargewaypub.com/>

Momma Janes Pancake House  
900 W 6th St, The Dalles, OR 97058  
1 mile east from Hotel

Casa El Mirador and Bar  
1424 W. 2<sup>nd</sup> St. The Dalles  
<http://casaelmirador.com/menus>

### **Hotel Information**

I made things easier by picking just 2 hotels. Both hotels offer the best value, services, and restaurants within walking distance of good food and of course an outdoor pool.

Make sure to mention Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California (or MMOC) and/or my name when making reservations.

A word of caution, the establishments will only guarantee room availability up to 30-days prior to July 25th, with a credit card transaction. Make your reservations early!

***When you book your room please call or email me to confirm your attendance. I will forward the initial detailed routes, gas, and food waypoints in Feb/March 2021. Should there be updates I will keep you posted.***

### **Sunday, July 25th, 2021 (also, see Friday below)**

We will be staying in Klamath Falls, OR. Due to COVID, hotels have received a Governor's directive to not quote group rates at this time (Cousin's Inn apparently didn't get the directive). If you plan on going on this ride contact me and as soon as I lock down the hotel I will notify you.

### **Monday July 26<sup>th</sup> thru Thursday July 29<sup>th</sup>, 2021**

Cousin's Country Inn, 2114 W. 6th St., The Dalles, OR. 97058 **(541) 298 5161.**

King rooms will be \$95.00 + taxes & fees

2 Queen beds will be \$105+ taxes & fees

This hotel also has a 30-day cutoff and 24-hour cancellation clause.

### **Friday July 30<sup>th</sup>, 2021**

(Same as Sunday July 25<sup>th</sup>)

### **Saturday July 31<sup>st</sup>, 2021**

Return home

**Ed "Dewey" Pressnell**  
**Ride Director**  
**deweys76@aol.com**



## Upcoming MMOC Events

### 28th Annual Motorcycle Ride

July 25 — 31, 2021

The Dalles, Oregon

### 91st Annual Convention

12 – 16 September 2021

Carson City, Nevada

### MMOC Board of Directors

Doug Wayne

President

Oakland P.D.

Retired

Lawrence Hodson

Vice President

Oakland P.D.

Retired

Edward “Dewey” Pressnell

Director

Oakland P.D.

Retired

### MMOC Staff

Rhoda Nishiyama

Secretary

Alameda Courts

Retired

C.E. “Gene” Gray

Treasurer

Pasadena P.D.

Retired

Timothy “T.J.” O’Connor

Recruiting Coordinator

Vallejo P.D./Oakland P.D.

Retired

**MMOC address: 208 S. Barranca Ave. #8 Glendora, CA 91741**

**(Tel. # 707-948-MMOC [6662])**

**Email: [mmocemail@mmoc.org](mailto:mmocemail@mmoc.org)**

**Website: [www.mmoc.org](http://www.mmoc.org)**

## MMOC Membership

We welcome anyone who is interested in becoming a member of MMOC to complete an application (next page). Eligibility requirements are listed on the application.

Mail the application, and the necessary document(s) to the address listed at the top of the application. If you have any questions please contact T.J. O’Connor at [heritageman03@gmail.com](mailto:heritageman03@gmail.com) or leave a message at (707) 948-6662 and we will promptly return your call.



**Municipal Motorcycle Officers  
Of California**

\*

1604 Jones St.  
Minden, NV. 89423  
Office (707) 948-6662



Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_  
(Last, First, Middle)

Residence Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Cell: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Employed by: \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation: \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**ACTIVE MEMBER:** defined as a person presently or previously employed by a STATE, COUNTY OR MUNICIPAL, law enforcement agency within the State of California as a two-wheeled Motorcycle Officer.  
**ASSOCIATE MEMBER:** may be a Police Officer, Deputy Sheriff, Reserve Officer, Judge, District or City Attorney or those who are similarly employed as defined in the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California by-laws.  
**HONORARY MEMBER:** may be a person accepted by the MMOC Board of Directors who desires and qualifies to be associated with the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California.

**TWO-WHEEL MOTORCYCLE CLASSIFICATION:** (Check appropriate box)

I am, or was previously, an **ACTIVE** motorcycle officer within the State of California: Yes ☐

Starting Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Previous Riding Dates: From \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_

I qualify as an **ASSOCIATE MEMBER** who has never ridden a two-wheeled motorcycle for a State, County, or Municipal law enforcement agency: Yes ☐

I desire to be an **HONORARY MEMBER** of the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California: Yes ☐

For Reinstatement (check one): Active Membership ☐ Associate Membership ☐ Honorary Membership ☐

*I certify the forgoing facts are true and hereby submit my application for MMOC membership (to the above listed address), along with my dues which are paid from July 1<sup>st</sup> through June 30<sup>th</sup> at the rate of \$36 per year or \$150 for a period of five (5) years. (PLEASE INCLUDE A COPY OF YOUR GOVERNMENTAL JURISDICTION ISSUED IDENTIFICATION CARD, WITH PHOTOGRAPH.)*

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Applicant Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Recommended by: \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature of Active Member Only)

Recommended by: \_\_\_\_\_ (Print name)

**OFFICE USE ONLY:** Date received: \_\_\_\_\_ Amt. Received: \_\_\_\_\_ Check #: \_\_\_\_\_ PayPal ☐ Cash ☐

## MMOC Members for 50+ Years

Ken Anderson—San Diego PD *	Louis Barberini Jr. —San Francisco PD
Thomas Beckham—Los Angeles PD	Dennis Brown—Oakland PD
Ronald Bryan—Los Angeles PD	Dennis Bujer—Los Angeles PD
Fred Butler—Oakland PD	Richard Cademartori—Oakland PD *
Frank Dallas—Los Angeles PD	Conrad Doty—Los Angeles PD
W. Guy Fox—US Treasury	Richard Frederiksen—Santa Monica PD
Harvey Harrison—San Francisco PD	Gordon Heisman—Culver City PD
Thomas Ickes—Millbrae PD	Donald Jensen—Oakland PD
Rolland Johnson—Arcadia PD	Cleon Jones—Los Angeles PD
Alan Knox—Campbell PD	Raymond Lavoie—Los Angeles PD
Pete Libert—San Francisco PD	James Lloy—Sacramento PD
Donald MacLennan—Los Angeles PD	John Mahoney—San Francisco PD
Steve Maxoutopoulos—San Francisco PD	Dennid Mooneyham—Los Angeles PD
Frank Negri Jr.—Honorary	Robert Pfof—Pasadena PD
Milburn Ragain—El Segundo PD	Mack Rhodes—Los Angeles PD
Leo Schlocker—Los Angeles PD	Robert Schraeder—Culver City PD
Gary Smith—Los Angeles PD	Larry Smith— San Diego PD
Charles Teague Jr.—Los Angeles PD	Ben Van Devender – Los Angeles PD *
William Walker—Manhattan Beach PD	Donald Winslow—Pasadena PD

\* Recently deceased members

Widows were not include in this list due to data collection restrictions

### A HERO's Poem

There are heroes who walk among us  
Never looking for glory or praise  
They do not seek recognition  
For their thoughtful, caring ways.  
Living lives of deep commitment  
To their law enforcement profession,  
Only exceeded by their commitment  
For those they hold dear  
Steadfast with a quiet strength  
Through times of laughter and tears.  
You are a person like that to me  
The most selfless men by far  
So, Ben, Ken & Rich, I'd like to thank you  
For being the HEROES that you are.



**Benjamin F. Van Devender**

**EOW—August 29, 2019**

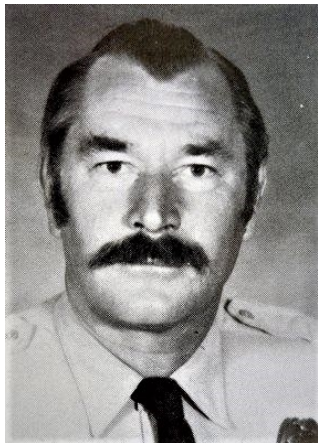
**Joined MMOC—1962**



Ben grew up in Pasadena, CA. He joined the Navy at age 18. He went into the Submarine Force and made Chief before being discharged four years later. He stayed in the Naval Reserve Unit where he received his Officer's Commission. He held every rate/rank in the Navy from recruit to full commander. He ended up being the Commander of the sub base in San Diego.

Ben entered the Los Angeles Police Academy on October 1, 1956. He went to Motors in September 1960. In 1968 he was promoted to Detective. After making Detective III, he became the Officer in Charge of the Narcotics Squad for south LA.





## Kenneth A. Anderson

**Born—26 October 1934**

**EOW—06 October, 2020**

**San Diego PD—1957 to 1990**

**Joined MMOC—1965**

**MMOC Past President—1983**

Ken ("Andy" at work) was born in Mt. Vernon, NY and was raised in Tuckahoe, New York. He worked any job offered; shoveling snow, mowing lawns, pumping gas, cleaning cars, and climbing up more than 80 feet to trim trees. He saved enough to buy an old car and an Indian motorcycle before he was quite able to drive legally. No one can now prove that he kept them in the woods, carried gasoline in glass jars to fuel them, and raced them with friends before he got his license.

He knew a New York motorcycle police officer when he was young who loved his job and decided that he wanted to become a motorcycle officer himself. He attended Colby College in Waterville, Maine, and transferred 2 years later to Lake Forest College, in Lake Forest, in the Chicago Metropolitan area.

He graduated with a degree in Psychology in 1957, bought a brand-new larkspur (light Aqua) blue 1957 Chevrolet, and drove to San Diego to take the San Diego Police Department job recruiters had offered. He was drafted into the U.S. Army 1958 and went through basic training at Fort Ord, California near Monterey. He was stationed at the Presidio of Monterey, CA.

Ken became a motorcycle police officer less than 10 years after joining the San Diego Police Department. Being a motorcycle Officer and Sergeant was a fulfillment of a dream born in his youth. He joined the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California and served as the president of MMOC. His happiest days on the police force were the days he rode. He continued to be active in MMOC for nearly 30 years.

He married Sandra in November of 1958, was blessed with three daughters, Lynnel, Theresa, and Lori. Later in 1977, he married Becky who had a daughter Elena. He was now the proud father of four girls.

He loved to tell a story and had an incisive wit. His brevity, word choice, and sense of timing were impeccable. He wasn't shy, and many of his jokes and stories had ratings beyond "PG". He had a natural understanding of people and human nature. Even as he highlighted your foibles, you could laugh as well. He was a kind supervisor who could see how to offer a just bit of advice or support. His reprimands were rare, short, and to the point. He was happy as a sergeant and did not want to be promoted out of the field and into an office. He truly enjoyed his work for 33+ years.

He loved reading poetry by Rudyard Kipling, Robert Service, Walt Whitman, Henry David Thoreau, and Robert Frost. He also read John Steinbeck and Ernest Hemingway. He served as a mentor for friends and family members, able to stand in as an older brother or father figure. He was many things to many people and was always ready to see the best in people without missing for a second that people can be amazing, complex, and wonderful yet fallible.

Two philosophies he repeated are, "it doesn't matter how much you make; it matters what you can save."



## **Richard A. Cademartori**

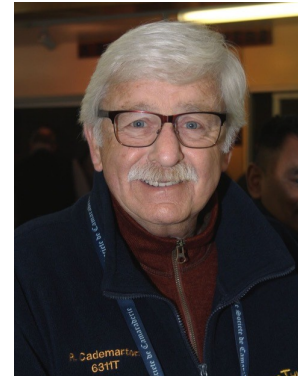
**Born—13 November 1943**

**EOW— 05 November 2020**

**Oakland Police Department**

**1965—1997**

**Joined MMOC— 1 July 1970**



Richard Anthony Cademartori passed away at his home in Martinez on November 5, 2020 with his loving girlfriend, Patsy Beaman, by his side. He was born in 1943 in Oakland, CA to Riccardo and Olga Cademartori. He graduated from Oakland Tech High School. He was married and had two children with former wife Carole Stirrat.

Rich joined the Oakland Police Department in July 1965 and served in the Patrol Division. He then became a Traffic and Commercial Enforcement Officer as well as a motorcycle training officer. In 1980, Richard was critically shot during a car stop in North Oakland. After a long recovery, he returned to work, continuing to teach for about 30 years until his retirement in 1997. He was a member of OPD Motorcycle Drill Team, a competitor at the Pacific Grove State Competition and a member of MMOC and AMA District 36 Enduro Riders Club.

Upon retirement from OPD Rich became a training officer at the Alameda County Sheriffs Department, where he trained motorcycle officers for another 20 years. It is estimated that he taught well over a thousand police officers from all over the State of California during his extraordinary career.

Richard enjoyed cooking, preparing many Traffic Division dinners and volunteering at a local senior center.

Most of all, Rich loved being with family and friends, whether it be holidays, police functions, dinners at the Fratellanza Club, or camping/fishing trips to Markleeville, or traveling to Italy.

He usually included motorcycle rides with almost everything he did!

Richard is survived by Patsy Beaman, his loving girlfriend, son Richard Anthony Cademartori, daughter-in-law Amy Cademartori, daughter Christine Marie Davis, and three beautiful grandchildren, Jake, Carson and Emma Cademartori.