

# MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA

## The Siren

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

OF THE MUNICIPAL MOTORCYCLE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA

September 2021

*From the site of the President's Convention BBQ*

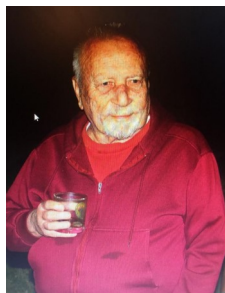
*Doug Wayne - Oakland PD - Retired*

Here we are, September 2021, and we are still dealing with COVID-19. Most of us have had restrictions reinstated here in Nevada and California. The trillion dollar question is; WHEN WILL IT EVER END?

The good news is we are going ahead with the Convention in a couple of weeks and we just finished a very successful 28th annual motorcycle ride to Oregon and Washington.

For some of us the ride started out in smokey Nevada and into eastern California, but fortunately as we got more towards Oregon the smoke dissipated. It's always a beautiful ride along parts of The Oregon Trail, which was used by the settlers back in the 1850's. Please read the **Ride Recap** article later in this issue.

If you happened to read the May '21 issue of the Siren, and specifically the Obituary section (last page), there was an obituary for James William "Bill" McFarland, who joined MMOC as an Honorary member in 1982. I am told Bill and his late wife, "Nona", were longtime fixtures at conventions years ago and everyone enjoyed their company.



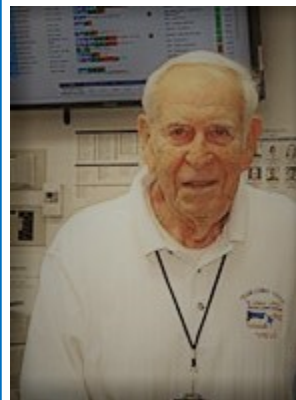
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Bill passed away in December 2020. I was contacted by his niece who said Bill had listed MMOC as the beneficiary in an annuity he had with AIG. After months of haggling with AIG they ultimately sent a check payable to MMOC a check for \$77, 000+! At the last Board of Director's meeting we discussed various ways to allocate those funds in order to honor Bill. It was decided to table further discussions until the issue could be brought to the General Membership meeting on Monday, 13 September 2021. I will report the results of that meeting in the January 2022 issue of the Siren. If any of you not attending the meeting would like to share your opinions, please send me an email (dwayne@mmoc.org) or leave a voice message on the MMOC phone line (707) 948-6662.

## A longtime MMOC Member's WWII Story

(From the desk of the Prez)



A few years back I received a phone message from Leo "Marty" Schlocker. He was inquiring about reactivating a membership for his brother, Alan. He also indicated he had just returned from his daily walk along Newport Beach. I looked up Marty in our database and found that he joined MMOC in 1955!

When I called Marty I could tell he was sharp as a tack! We got to talking and he told me he had been a prisoner of war, in WWII at the Battle of the Bulge. From many sources I was able to piece together this article of Marty's story of the battle at "Dead Man's Ridge", which received its name because the fighting was so intense and of the high casualty count sustained in order to take the strongly defended German emplacements. "Dead Man's Ridge" was just one of many battles making up the Battle of the Bulge. Sergeant Schlocker was assigned to the 513<sup>th</sup> Parachute Infantry Regiment (PIR) of the 17<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division.

### **(1) Battle of Dead Man's Ridge January 4 — January 9, 1945**

***The Battle of Dead Man's Ridge was part of the Allied counter-offensive in the southern part of the Bulge. The battle was fought in the vicinity of Renaumont, Houmont, Hubermont, Flamierge, and Pinsamont, Belgium. A ridge-line overlooking the strategically crucial towns of Flamierge and Flamizoulle which followed the Bastogne-Marche Highway was the primary location of the fighting. U.S. forces engaged the German 3rd Battalion Remmer Brigade, 29th Panzer Grenadier Regiment, 9th Panzer Grenadier Regiment, and the 104th Panzer Grenadier Regiment. During the early stages of the battle, the division earned the first of what would ultimately be four Medals of Honor. Sgt. Isadore Jachman, of the 513th PIR engaged and destroyed two German tanks with a bazooka. The advancing column was forced to retreat, but***

***Jachman himself was killed by machine gun fire. Over the course of the battle, the division suffered nearly 1,000 casualties, which earned it its name. This battle resulted in US forces holding commanding ground to the west of Bastogne, Belgium.***



Troops of Co. A, 513th PIR, 17th AB Division, walk toward Marche, Belgium, where they fought it out with the Nazis, trapping them in area near Bastogne. 1/10/45

(Courtesy of; Scions of the 17<sup>th</sup> Airborne)

### **(2) Schlocker's citation reads as follows:**

***"The Bronze Star, the Purple Heart and the Prisoner of War Medal are awarded to Command Sergeant Major Leo "Marty" Schlocker for heroic service during the time from 25 December to 6 January 1945 during the Battle of the Bulge. Sergeant Schlocker and his Battalion, 513<sup>th</sup> of the 17<sup>th</sup> Airborne Regiment, were enroute to Monty, Belgium to relieve elements of General Patton's Armored Division. He and the Battalion came under fire by German forces who captured the town of Monty earlier and moved beyond to meet his Battalion engaging with them in battle. While under hostile fire, constant bombardment, harsh weather conditions and great difficulty in acquiring ammunition many Americans were killed and wounded. During this operation, Sergeant Schlocker sustained wounds from shrapnel of an exploding 88 caliber (sic) round which penetrated his right foot and at the same time, deafened him in both ears. With these sustained wounds, he continued fighting and remained with his company while attempting to advance. His company numbered 150 and over 120 were killed in this battle.***

***The next day, on 6 January 1945, Sergeant Schlocker and a small element of his company were pinned***



*(cont.) down in the basement of a farmhouse. As fighting progressed during the day, the Germans encompassed the farmhouse with 15 Tiger tanks and 200 infantry soldiers. At this time Sergeant Schlocker and two men remaining alive in the farmhouse were captured. Upon his capture he and his fellow Americans were forced to walk 50 miles to the prison camp, Stalag 6-G, in Bonn, Germany. While at Stalag 6-G British heavy bombers destroyed the camp forcing the POWs to leave. They were transported by training '40 and 8 boxcars' to Limburg, Germany. During this time, American P-47 fighters strafed and destroyed the POW train killing many Americans. Due to the quick thinking of the POWs in Sergeant Schlocker's boxcar, they formed the letters 'POW' with their army blankets in the snow. This stopped the attack when the pilots saw the letters, 'POW'. From the site of the destroyed train, Sergeant Schlocker and the remaining POWs were forced to walk 75 miles in 7 days to Stalag 9-B in Bad Orb, Germany. On 22 April 1945 elements of General Patton's Armored Division burst through the walls of the prison camp in their tanks and liberated Sergeant Schlocker and his fellow 40,000 POWs in Stalag 9-B. Sergeant Schlocker's performance is in the highest traditions of the military and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army."*



Upon Marty's return, he worked 25 years for the Los Angeles Police Department. Over the next 30 years, he was Superintendent of Operations for the airfields in City of Los Angeles and Ontario. He now serves on the National Support Committee and as Ex-POW from Washington assigned to the VA Loma Linda medical center. He has volunteered at the Riverside Cemetery and 20 years for VALL, serving 14,573 hours. If a patient wants to talk, Marty is ready to listen. They share a passion for giving back to the Veterans that is inspiring to all.

You can see Marty's YouTube interview by [clicking here.](#)

Marty, enjoy your daily walks along the beach. **You certainly have earned it!**

- (1) Scions of the 17<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division
- (2) (2) Tales of Valor by Howard J. Leavitt ch 33

### **Cioppino Feed Status Announcement**

At our last Board of Director's meeting it was decided that we will **discontinue holding the annual Cioppino Feed**. This decision was based on a few things;

- 1) We have not held the cioppino feed for the past two years and felt it would be difficult to revive it, and, in light of that fact, if we wanted to discontinue it this would be the best time to stop.
- 2) It had become burdensome for the same few people to prepare months in advance to hold the cioppino feed. Many times we have sought out volunteers, to no avail.

At the General Membership meeting we will discuss what annual event we can have to replace the cioppino feed. If you have any suggestions and would like to share them please feel free to contact me @ (dwayne@mmoc.org or 707-948-6662).

I will inform the membership, withing weeks of the convention, of the outcome of our discussions and if needed will issue refunds to those who pre-paid. Thank you for your patience.

\*\*\*\*

If you have not been to an MMOC convention and would like to know what the convention entails I have included, below, this year's convention itinerary. Very little differs from year to year (except Tuesdays). We are in the planning stages for next year's convention, hopefully in Southern California. As soon as we finalize the location it will be posted on our MMOC website. Please check that site regularly for future convention and other information.

***Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California  
Courtyard by Marriott / Casino Fandango  
Carson City, NV***



***2021 Convention  
Itinerary***

**Sunday – September 12**

1630 – 1730: Early Convention Registration – Marriott Hospitality Rm# 101

**Monday – September 13**

1230 – 1300: Convention Registration – Casino Fandango Ballroom

1300 – 1400: Introductory Luncheon - Ballroom

1400 – 1530: General Membership Meeting - Ballroom

1530 – 1630: Group Game Time - Ballroom

**Tuesday – September 14**

1400 -???: President's BBQ – For those needing a ride to BBQ (15 min. from hotel) meet at from the  
(eat around 4 p.m.) hotel at 1345 hrs. For those driving, directions/map will be provided.

**Wednesday – September 15**

0900 – 1300: Motorcycle Ride and breakfast/lunch (no-host)

1100 – 1300: Ladies Day out to local shops (Gardnerville) with Cathy W. Meet in hotel lobby at  
1045 hrs. to arrange transportation.

1800 – 1830: President's Ball Social Hour

1830 – 2300: President's Ball (Dinner, Swearing in of Officers, Prizes, and Dancing)

**Thursday – September 16**

1100 – Hotel checkout



## Mountain View Police Department Motor Squad—1972



Pictured in the photo are from front to rear: Sergeant Ed Jenkins (now deceased), Max Rhinehart (eventually retired from Morgan Hill PD), Mel Harris (eventually retired from San Mateo County SO), Jim Weir (retired from MVPD as a sergeant), and Jim Husing (retired from MVPD as an Agent = corporal rank).

The photo was taken after we attended and escorted a funeral procession for a MVPD sergeant George Petty who had died of cancer.

The MVPD motor squad expanded to six motor positions later in the mid-1970's with a Federal Grant which gave the motor squad a riding sergeant permanently. Up to this point the traffic sergeant didn't ride a motor except on special occasions such as funerals and only if he was qualified such as sergeant Jenkins.

(Courtesy of MMOC member Jim Husing)

### The following is a solicitation received by MMOC

Bradley T. Hamilton wrote that he has five late 1978 & 1979 CHP KZ1000 police motorcycles for sale. If you are interested you can contact him at [bradleyerhamilton@gmail.com](mailto:bradleyerhamilton@gmail.com) or (515) 480-4471 (no voice mail so leave a text message).

## 28<sup>th</sup> Annual Ride Recap - The Dalles, Oregon - 2021

My ride started a day earlier than most when I rode up to Nevada to partner up with Doug Wayne. We decided to ride up US 395 to avoid the heat of I-5. We rode out on Sunday into a smoky morning that would get thicker and last longer than any of us wanted. We met Mike and Jeannie Rores at Hallelujah Junction, north of Reno, then off we rode towards Susanville and more smoke. Once past Susanville the smoke began to subside. Some beautiful roads lead us all the way to The Shilo Inn, in Klamath Falls, where we met up



with Larry & LaRene Hodson, our chase vehicle and later Jim Gordon OPD and Rick “Buck” Andreotti OPD & SFPD both on their first MMOC ride. The Shilo Inn is a nice hotel with a staff that met all our needs except for night desk clerk not noticing some suspect rolling Mike Rores’ bright red Kawasaki across the portico (in front of the desk clerk’s window) and then rolling it another thirty-plus yards before being left in the parking lot, after not being able to start it. I was shocked that this happened, but not because they tried to steal the Kawasaki, but that they moved it around my freshly washed Harley Davidson and past by two other Harleys and a BMW.

Go Figure! After laughing about the near loss of Mike’s bike we headed off to our lunch stop at the Cracker Barrel in Bend, Oregon. As we got off our bikes Jim Gordon blurted out, “Oh, Cracker Barrel? This is where old people go to die.” Once inside Cracker Barrel it was time to watch the faces of people in our group, who had never seen grits before, as the bowl was placed on the table. Not knowing what it was, they all tried it, and to no one’s surprise, no one liked it. After lunch we continued towards to The Dalles.

We headed north on US-97 to the iconic Cousin’s Country Inn. There we were met by the rest of our members who had ridden west from Idaho. Mickey Metcalf SJPD and his wife Bonnie were on their first MMOC ride, however, they are not new to MMOC. They’ve attended many of our Cioppino Feeds, with Mickey bartending for us. The crew from Idaho included Kent Dalrymple, Al Luenow, Steve Glickman, Mike Puccinelli, Rene Laprevette, Brian Canedo and of course Ed Callejas, all from SFPD. Steve and Irene Armbruster, Bakersfield P.D., also made the short trip from their home in Oregon. The idea of this ride was to mainly stay at one hotel and take short day trips to the scenic areas in Oregon and Washington. Logistically, this makes it much easier for everyone and everyone seemed to enjoy it. The first of our day-rides was a great



**The Hodson’s reliving an old experience in Shaniko**

ride, apart from the typical rain as you travel through Oregon in the summer. Not hard rain, but persistent and annoying. We started out going south towards Maupin, Oregon. As we were leaving town the Harley Davidson map told me to make a left onto Bakeoven Rd. I thought for sure this would be a dirt road in a quarter mile, but I was wrong. The road was smooth and wide open and fun to ride on. We then stopped at Shaniko Ghost Town. Just as the name implies, there was absolutely no one there, except us. This town dates to circa 1890s. It was a nice town and well worth the visit (to read more about the town’s history, [click here](#)). Back on the bikes, we headed off for lunch at our next stop for the day, in Condon Oregon. We traveled on some scenic back roads with nice twisty turns and some very beautiful riding to get to the Drive-In restaurant located in Condon. It was a nice place for lunch, actually it was the only place for lunch. The ride and the food made it a 5-star lunch. After lunch we headed back to the hotel for some well-deserved drinks and pool time. However, Doug and I were sidetracked as we had to work on our communications headsets, which would be a recurring theme during the trip.



(Ride Recap cont.)

Our second day-ride took us to the Mt. Hood area via Highway 30 (Columbia River Highway) up to the Rowena Crest Viewpoint, which led us to Highway 26 (Mt. Hood Scenic Byway) and the Fruit Loop Trail area.



This area produces cherries, blueberries, and raspberries. Some were being harvested the day we traveled through the valley towards our lunch as we passed large fields of lavender and flowers before we finally arrived at the Zigzag Mountain Café, in Zigzag Oregon. It was at that location where we encountered one of the hardest working restaurant families you'll ever find. The outward appearance of the restaurant would leave you to believe it was a hole-in-the-wall but once inside you found out differently. We stopped across the street, at the Zigzag Inn, but once again that restaurant was a Covid casualty. I went over to see if this ZZ

Café could accommodate us. I met the one waitress working there who said, "Sure, but we only have one cook" (her dad). Although we thought the wait would be long, especially since a party of twelve had just walked in before us, we decided to stay. I'm telling you; the young waitress could not have been more friendly and accommodating! There must have been forty people inside the restaurant, and she was non-stop. The food was excellent and surprisingly was served much sooner than expected. Another good day!



Our last of the day-rides was a destination that Doug Wayne says is ALWAYS on every ride I am on; a trip to the Harley Davidson (HD) dealership! This time I choose the Vancouver, Washington dealership. GOOD choice! We crossed over the Columbia River from The Dalles and proceeded east on Hwy-14, which at times was spitting distance to the Columbia River. What a beautiful road on which to ride a motorcycle! Doug said, "It might just be me, but I love riding a motorcycle when I have an ocean, lake or river within sight", and the Columbia River sure fit that category. Now, one reason for the stop at the HD dealership was due to malfunctioning communication systems. Back in the day most of us communicated bike-to-bike with CB systems. CB's have gone by the wayside on the newer bikes, replaced with "modern technology", the Bluetooth. Doug, not riding a newer bike, made his CB useless. I had talked Doug into spending the required \$500 (needed to get his entire system in sync) so we could communicate to better coordinate the riding formation movements. I won't go into the particulars but let me tell you, the "old" CBs were much more reliable and user friendly than the "modern technology" Bluetooth devices. I still walked out of that HD dealership about \$270 lighter. I could hear Doug in the back of my head saying, "Hey Dewey, it better work this time!"

Friday was our last day before splitting up. It was time to say goodbye to those heading back home to other parts of Oregon and Idaho. The rest of us headed back to our starting point, Shilo Inn in Klamath Falls. For the larger group, what we thought would be a routine ride turned out a little differently at the end. As Doug rode behind Jim Gordon, twenty-one miles from the hotel in Klamath Falls, Jim suddenly slowed and put his flashers on. Doug looked down at his gas gauge and thought there is no way he could have run out of gas. As he pulled up alongside Jim, Jim indicated that his throttle cable had probably snapped, which it had.

(Ride Recap cont.)

Doug tried to communicate their predicament to me, as I was leading the group, but that newfangled communication equipment didn't work, so off we rode (hey, that's one Dennis Brown tradition I kept alive). Jim got a tow and fortunately there was a repair shop in Klamath Falls waiting to make the easy repair.

We said our final goodbyes Saturday morning and off we rode back home. All said, it was a great ride. It was good to see some new faces on the ride and the camaraderie was evident throughout the week. You can view photos of the ride by [clicking here](#).

Next year's ride destination is still in the works, however, we are toying with the idea of making it late May or early June. I will keep you informed. Check the MMOC website regularly for updates.

Yours truly,

Co-conspirators: Ed Pressnell—Ride Director &  
Doug Wayne—Sidekick



### Graduation Speech

When my son graduated from high school, he had to give a speech. He began by reading from his prepared text. 'I want to talk about my mother and the wonderful influence she has on my life', he told the audience. 'She is a shining example of parenthood, and I love her more than words could ever do justice'. At this point he seemed to struggle for words. After a pause, he looked up with a sly grin and said, "Sorry, but it's really hard to read my mother's handwriting."

### 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

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Rhoda Nishiyama

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Alameda Courts

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C.E. "Gene" Gray

Treasurer

Pasadena P.D.

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Timothy "T.J." O'Connor

Recruiting Coordinator

Vallejo P.D./Oakland P.D.

Retired

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

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



## **Milburn Ragain**

**Born—10 September 1932**

**EOW— 02 July 2019**

**El Segundo Police Department**

**Joined MMOC— 1964**



On July 2, 2019 Milburn Ragain, loving husband, father and grandfather passed away at age 86. Milburn was born on September 10, 1932 to Luther and Bertha Ragain. He was raised in Mt. Grove, MO . He married his childhood friend Veneitta and they were happily married for 62 years. He is survived by two daughters, Joni and Julie; four grandchildren; Angela (Luke), Zach, Seth (Sara) and Ellen; and 11 great grandchildren.

Milburn served as a Marine Combat Veteran during the Korean Conflict and was awarded a Purple Heart. He was a retired motorcycle policeman and detective from the El Segundo, CA Police Department, where he earned many awards for his marksmanship. Milburn and Veneitta owned a farm in Mt. Grove, MO for many years. He later retired from Kansas City Kansas Community College as a CDL instructor. His favorite hobby was being a pitcher in fast pitch softball leagues and he played for teams like Hughes Aircraft and Mt. Grove First Baptist Church. Milburn and Veneitta loved to travel to State and National Parks and spend time with family and friends. Most importantly, he was a good Christian man who loved being involved with his church and especially helping others whenever he could. Milburn was a hardworking, honest, kind man, with the greatest sense of humor, who loved the Lord with all his heart.



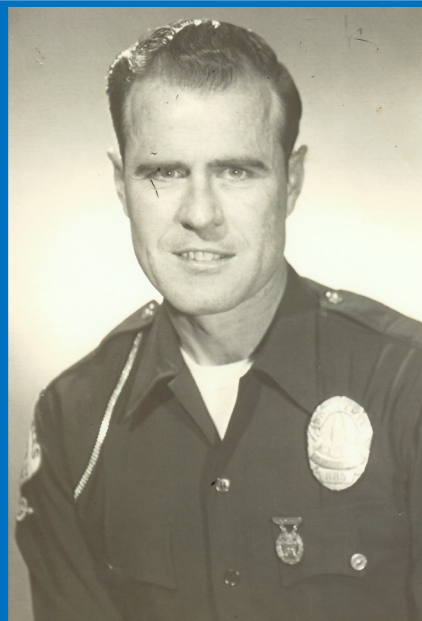
## **Jerry P. Jorgensen**

**Born—28 August 1937**

**EOW—30 May 2021**

**Los Angeles Police Department**

**Joined MMOC—1977**



## **Frank D. Dallas**

**Born: 14 December 1922**

**EOW: 30 May 2021**

**Los Angeles Police Department**

**Joined MMOC: 1977**



After serving four years in the Navy, during WWII, Frank joined the Lynwood, CA Police Department in 1948. Frank then transferred to South Gate before being accepted to the Los Angeles Police Department. Upon graduation, and after a short stint in Traffic Enforcement, he decided to become a motor officer. He was given an old kick-start Harley Davidson, which he promptly made his own by removing the windshield and muffler. He rode the streets of L.A. and freeways and was one of the last of the “soft hat” motor officers. He was on motors for ten years before becoming a Sergeant and then a Lieutenant.

Frank retired from LAPD in 1980. Subsequently, he worked for Valley College in Van Nuys, CA as part of their security force, until 2000. He also taught Administration of Justice classes at that institution of twenty-seven years.

After Frank’s retirement, there were many a time when he would get a wistful look in his eyes and say, “You know, in all the fifty-two years in law enforcement, the time I enjoyed most, and was the most fun, were the years I spent as a motor officer”.

Frank was respected by his peers and loved by his family.