



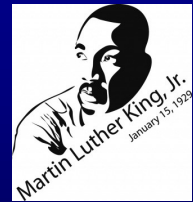
MBPD Retiree News

"Unity is strength for a better retirement"

DECEMBER 2010/
JANUARY 2011
Combined Issue

Happy New Year 2011

**HAPPY
NEW
YEAR**



Sam's Corner... "A Collection of Disorganized Thoughts"

Greetings to all and Happy New Year! Last year went by tremendously fast. Is it me, or does it seem like the older someone gets, the faster the months go by? I don't know. All I can say is that it seemed only yesterday that I was listening to the steady drone of Christmas music pouring out from everywhere; gas stations, stores, radios, mailboxes, street lights, etc...

Yes, although the holidays are over and everything is settling back down, I did want to say something about Christmas/holiday music. Please don't get me wrong, I personally

don't have anything against Christmas music, it represents goodness and wholesomeness of course. I just wish they would space it out a little, perhaps one song every say, 7 minutes. No, they hammer us with ho, ho, ho's, here comes Santa, and chestnuts roasting on an open fire. Every 22 seconds! C'mon folks, you're (as Lynda Veski would say) killing me! Funny, I never hear Hanukah music. Is there Hanukah music? Well, if there is, they ought to throw a couple of songs in there once in a while, just to balance things out. And while they're at it, throw in

some Kwanzaa music too. The more the merrier!

I'm sure you couldn't help noticing that you did not receive a newsletter in December of last year. The newsletter staff (all two of us) decided, with the blessing of the Presidente to take a month off. We may do that from time to time, but not too often. We were concerned that some of you were sitting up there on that mountain chalet in the middle of North Carolina, buried in 14 feet of snow and waiting for the mail to arrive so you could get your hands on that brand new December newsletter...And it never came.

Continued on pg 2

Vinny's Breakfast...

This month's breakfast will be held on **Friday, January 14th, 2011** at Lester's Diner. The time will be **9:30 A.M.** Sharp! Lester's is on 136th Avenue about half a mile south of Sunrise Blvd. in Sun-



rise. This monumental event will be open to all MBPD and MBFD retirees living in the Continental United States and Nicaragua.



Miami Beach FOP Lodge #8, 2011 Installation & Awards Banquet SPECIAL INVITATION FOR RETIREES

FOP President Alex Bello cordially invites you and a guest to the annual Installation and Awards Banquet. The 2011 Banquet will be held on January 22nd, 2011 at 6:00 P.M. at the Alexander Hotel, 5225 Collins Ave, Miami Beach, Florida 33139. Cocktail hour begins at 5:00 P.M.

Complimentary valet parking is included. Please RSVP by January 15th, 2011 by calling the FOP Office @ 305-534-2775 and leaving a message with the number of guests (retiree or retiree plus one).

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Sam's Corner ... *continued from page 1*

The tears you shed, the feelings of desperation and extreme anxiety you must have felt shake us to the core. Then of course we woke up.

Before I get into talking about the last leg of my big trip across the USA, which I'm sure you're growing quite weary with, since it happened "last" September and it's already 2011, I wanted to share with you something amusing that happened to me recently. The culprit in this case knows who he is and he has already been notified of his misdeed; although I have to admit it really wasn't his fault. It was mine. But why blame myself when I can shift the blame to him and "take the monkey off my back?"

Okay, okay, here's what happened. First of all let me just start by saying that on occasion, I get e-mails from several members that contain interesting and possibly provocative "material". All of it is funny, gag type stuff. I realize that some of my readers are on the conservative side when it comes to this kind of stuff so I'm stepping easy here, lest I step in some doggy poop that I can't get out of. I certainly don't really want to offend anyone.

I was sitting in my favorite coffee shop/diner with my laptop computer, having a cup and checking my e-mails. This is something I enjoy doing several times a week in the afternoons when I can. It's relaxing and takes my mind off the

extreme stress and pressure I

have to deal with as the editor-in-chief of the Miami Beach Police Retiree's Association newsletter. On this particular afternoon, the place was unusually busy and I found a seat with my back to the cashiers counter. There was a line of people growing behind me, waiting to place their orders.

I opened up my laptop, logged in and started to read my e-mails. I clicked on a file that had a pretty subdued name. There was a picture associated with it and I clicked on that. Well, lo and behold, one of those really provocative pictures popped up on the screen; you know, the kind that

makes me turn about 10 shades of red. I immediately cursed the fellow (yeah, yeah, most girls don't send this kind of stuff) who sent it and proceeded to bang on keys like a madman, trying to make that "bad" picture go away. Guess what? It wasn't going away. I finally used my extensive skills as a master computer technician (in my mind only) and did what I've been trained to do; that is, slam the laptop shut. This little stunt only drew more attention to me. I looked around and saw people looking at the floor, the ceiling, the pastries, and everything else... Everywhere except at me. Oh, good! They didn't see anything! We will leave it at that.

Uh, about my trip. Okay, we left off last month in Idaho, where my brother and I visited some friends in a town called Post Falls, just west of Coeur d'Alene, which is a

popular tourist destination in the summertime. Someone told me that, so I'm sharing that with you so it sounds like I'm Mr. Travel Agent, which of course I am not. Although during the time we were there, the weather was overcast and a bit dreary, it was still very nice and scenic, with mountains visible in the background. Most of my trip was uneventful. The only unusual incident was one that occurred in Post Falls. I almost got into a fight. Yes folks, a physical fight; with slapping, punching, and bad words.

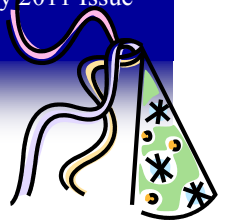
It was about 9 P.M. My brother and I hadn't eaten since lunch. We were hungry. We decided on Mexican food and set out to look for a Mexican restaurant. Unable to find something within close proximity to our hotel, we pulled into a sports bar, figuring perhaps they had tacos, nachos, burritos, or something like that. The place was packed. We stood by the front door for what seemed an eternity. There were no "seat yourself" or "wait to be seated" signs

like most normal restaurants. Servers were walking around, bartenders were bartending, and it was business as usual, but no guidance.

We decided to seat ourselves. A young fellow in his early 20's wearing a tight black t-shirt, black pants, an apron, a name tag, and



Sam's Corner... *continued from page 2*



bulging tattooed arms sort of sideways dropped a couple of menus in front of us and barked "what do guys want to drink?" I guess he worked there. There were three problems with this scenario. First, the place was dark, secondly, the menus had tiny, tiny little words, and lastly, I forgot my reading glasses in my truck. Not that they would have worked anyway since one of the requirements for being able to read is light. You see, the eyes cannot pick up images from a menu in darkness. My eye doctor told me this and I believe he is correct.

I told the server that we had never been in this place before and we needed a few to check out the drinks menu, wherever that was. He threw those at us too. My brother, who was smart enough to bring his glasses started to peruse the menu for us. My brother is smarter than me. He is a fire captain. I was only a police lieutenant. It is a proven fact that captains are smarter than lieutenants. Majors are smarter than captains, and so on and so forth. In fact, a bell captain at the Fontainebleau is smarter than a police lieutenant.

But getting back to my story, my smart brother the fire captain checked out the menu and was unable to find anything even remotely resembling Mexican cuisine. We were willing to deal with this and just get whatever, but we just didn't like the waiter. He was what we call in the business, a

-hole." We weren't locals and perhaps he knew that, because we didn't act like Post-Fallers, or Post Fallopian, or whatever they are. So my brother and I decided to leave without ordering anything. We got up and started to walk out the door. Our macho so-called waiter, who was now about 100 yards away taking care of one of his Post-Fallopian local customers yelled out "hey, where are you guys going?" I replied- "out". Who is this guy, my wife? I've gotta tell him where I'm going? We ignored him and exited the establishment.

We're about 10 feet from the door walking back to my truck when the door springs open and Mr. Pooh-Pooh head is now following us. "Hey, why did you guys leave?" We calmly told him in a nice way that we wanted Mexican food and they didn't have any. "Are you sure? Did I do something wrong?" I started getting annoyed. My brother walked away. I told him I didn't like the place or his attitude. He started telling me that he wanted feedback. Feedback on what?! "I want feedback, give me some feedback!" he barked. Oh yeah, this guy loved to bark. Perhaps he was a

noisy Chihuahua in another life. I



started to get really worried, like I was going to get in a fight worried. I finally told Pooh-Pooh not to worry about it, we're not from here and we will never be back. I guess that diffused the situation, be-

cause he shrugged his shoulders, turned around, and went back inside. We talked about that one for two whole days!

About 15 minutes later, we found a real Mexican restaurant, with a nice, non-steroidal Mexican waiter and excellent food, in a well-lit place. Afterwards we went back to the hotel and slept pretty well, although it took us awhile because we were still laughing about Mr. Pooh-Pooh head. The weather was not great when we started out the next morning. It was raining lightly and really dreary. We headed back east toward Summerset, South Dakota, where my brother lives. Summerset is a nice, scenic small town located between Rapid City and Sturgis. It's sort of in a valley, surrounded by the Black Hills. If the winter weather wasn't so harsh, I'd probably consider moving there. Although it's not as "vibrant" as South Florida, there's still plenty of stuff to do there and I doubt I'd get bored. But again, I think I recall my brother tell me recently that the weather had warmed up a bit, to about 9 degrees. Yeah, right!

One of the things we did while in Summerset was to go four-wheeling in the hills. Something I'd never done before. My brother and I are the opposite in terms of our leisure activities. He's an outdoorsman who loves fishing, hunting, and four-wheeling. He keeps an ATV (all terrain vehicle) in his garage and rides it straight to where he needs to go. In South Dakota, you can ride an ATV on the street (not the Interstate of course). He borrowed one from a friend and I rode his. I never had



"pooh-pooh head", or better yet, an "a

Sam's Corner... continued from page 3

formal training on an ATV, but I've driven them from time to time. I had a hunch that my formal training would begin very shortly after I climbed on to his ATV on a mild but crisp September morning.

I followed my brother through the streets of his development; we crossed a state highway, and then rumbled up a dirt road to the foothills. It didn't take but 10 minutes. Then things got really, really interesting. After explaining the basics, my brother Ruben assured me that the machine is very stable and can take an incredible amount of punishment, much more than I can. He explained that some of the primitive trails we would be riding on will contain deep sand, mud, ruts, water, large rocks, holes, and other assorted obstructions. I was getting a bit nervous. He told me to follow him and just power through anything deep or muddy, and I'd be fine. He was right.

We left his house at 10 A.M. and didn't get back until 7 P.M. I had more fun on that thing than I've had in years. My motorcycle doesn't even come close. At some point during the day when my brother felt I was ready, he put me out in front as the "navigator" where I began to negotiate the rough terrain with the ease of an expert. Of course, there were some moments where I began to get a little too confident, and as with all things, nature set me straight. But at least I didn't fall off, tip over, or otherwise embarrass myself.

At some point, as we were returning home, I ran out of gas on the highway. Ok, you're not going to believe this; we walked to a farmhouse. My

brother knocked on the door and asked the owner if he could give him a ride to a gas station to pick up some gas so we could get home. No, this is not one of those "farmhouse" jokes, where the farmer tells me his daughter is tending to the horses in the barn and "keep yo hands off her"! As my brother left with the elderly gentleman to get gas, I stayed with his wife. She made me a cup of coffee and we sat on the porch and talked until they returned. Nice folks! Would that have happened here? That's a big negatory good buddy! You see? I kept it nice and clean!

When we arrived home my sister in law proceeded to read my brother the riot act for staying out too late. I chuckled and went off to take a shower. Hey, I'm divorced! Been there and done that. It was a wonderful time, but it was time to go. We got up early one morning and went out for breakfast in Rapid City, then we said our goodbyes and I shoved off. As I headed back east on Interstate 90, I knew that this stretch of highway I'd been on a couple times before was going to be a long but beautiful one. Summerset is on the western part of South Dakota, near the Wyoming border. I was headed toward Minnesota, several hundred miles east. I set my cruise control, put on my satellite radio, eased back in my big comfy seat and enjoyed the ride.

The last leg of my trip (that's a mighty big leg) took me through Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and of course, back home to Florida. Ughh! Yeah I know it's my home but everyone knows the



Have a great New Year!

trip down I-95 is not exactly the "scenic" route, but it was the only game in town so I had to endure it. Just a little side note; while in North Carolina, I stopped and spent a couple of days with my godson and his girlfriend, which was a lot of fun.

All in all, except for Mr. Pooh-Pooh head, the neurotic, steroid laden waiter, it was a great trip. I traveled through, or into about 25 states. I will do this again. Next time I'll adjust my itinerary to include folks I missed on this trip, but it was something that I needed to do. My Toyota Tundra made the trip that much more enjoyable. It's powerful and comfortable; and with a gas mileage of about 4 miles to the gallon, my gas bill ensured that I will be pulling extra shifts at North Bay Village just to pay for fuel.

We will see you again in February, 2011. Hope you all had a great holiday!

Newsletter EXCLUSIVE

MBPD Retirees Resource Center

A couple of months ago, I made a request via the newsletter for folks to send me stuff that would be educational and/or benefitting to the members. I asked for, you know, "feedback." The response was immediate and phenomenal. I received some very positive and very inspiring feedback from my readers. Some of those comments were things like "you stink Gam!", and "stick to your day job, cause you can't write", and my favorite, "we want Jack Tighe back!"

In addition, some heartwarming personal visits from some of the retirees included a drive by shooting into my windows at 3 A.M. nice letters of compliment containing lethal doses of Anthrax, and a dead fish wrapped in my old newsletters, left at my front door with a touching note: "The MBPD Retirees Newsletter sleeps with the fishes." Thank you, I didn't know a 5 day old Catfish could taste so delicious.

So now I felt energized and ready to face the rest of my life in absolute fear and terror. Actually, I did get some stuff. For example, retired Capt. Jimmy Cumming was kind

enough to share with us some very important information on how to fulfill our responsibilities to our government by qualifying with our weapons, so that we can carry them all over the United States.

If you are one of those retirees that still packs an iron, roscoe, rod, piece, wheel gun, pistol, or any one of the other 17,000 names for a gun, you'll want to pay attention to this. I've provided you with the links to the websites. Just know that if we actually printed out all the material in the newsletter, we would have to raise your dues to \$200.00 a month just to pay the printing costs. If you have any questions about this stuff, let me know and I'll try to get the answers.

HR 218 Law Enforcement Retiree Resources:

*Training Link: www.floridashe.com

*Look up in Google: Strategic Training Solutions~HR218~Concealed weapon carry for retired law enforcement

*Check out a website called "THEE RANT" and search for Florida HR218 for law enforcement retirees.

*Link to: www.fdle.state.fl.us

*Search for "Basic CWT course by Lance Biddle.

*Check out a website called "PoliceLink" and search for HR-218.

*Check out "GovTrack.us" and search for S.1132: Law Enforcement Officers Safety Act, Improvement Act of 2010.

This law was signed by the President on October 12th, and closes a loophole that prohibited some officers from carrying hollow point ammo and large capacity pistol mags in some states (except perhaps New Jersey, unless someone heard differently, are they part of the USA?) Now it's legal for out of state officers and retirees with the proper certifications and credentials.

In addition, Jimmy also wanted to mention that for those of you looking for police, security, and some other civilian positions, The Florida Police Chiefs Association, and IACP websites provide excellent resources for these. I could get you the links, but I'm feeling really lazy right now.

Hey, do I have to do everything around here??

DECEMBER

Derby Brennan
Chris Dee
Lou Fata
Leslie (Scott) Forsyth
Irwin Goodman
Robert Hanlon
Tony Holt
Joan Donnelly-Ochoa
Jason Psaltides
Richard Pelosi
Ted Schempp
Steve Stuart
Lewis Sugar
William Teasdale
John H. Tighe
Gene Toreky

Carl Ward
Robert Williams



JANUARY

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Bill Davis
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Artie Ganz
Brian Gardner
Mark Hallman
Robert Jenkins
Phil Klefeker
Tommy Lederman
Nelson Long
Nick Lluy
Jerry Millican
Ed Santiago

Gary Schiaffo
Alan Skolnick
Cathy Tighe
David Tracey
Thelma Jasser
John Van Vranken
Buford Whitaker
Tevey Woolfe



In Memoriam...

In September and December, we lost two retirees. Our deepest sympathy goes out to the friends and family of Retired Officer Gene Addis. Gene passed away on Christmas Day.

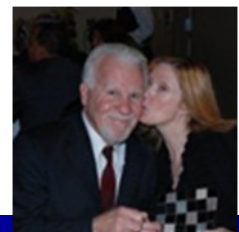
Richard Francioni passed away in November after a long battle with cancer. His services were held in Corbin, Kentucky on November 11 & 12. Our condolences go out to Richards friends and family.

2010 MBPD Retirees Holiday Party

The holiday party was held on December 3rd, 2010 at the Treetops Ballroom, Jungle Island in Miami. About 60 people showed up, and about 55 had a good time. The other 5 were eaten by two escaped tigers that wandered into the ballroom. The menu selection was good and the food was served buffet style, the tigers even went back for seconds. Vinnie reports that several guests had more than 4 helpings. Those guests will be mentioned in next month's newsletter unless they buy retiree polo shirts. Active Officer Chris Mitchell was back as the "DJ", spinning his tunes.

Highlights of the party include: The World's Greatest Detective (in his own mind), Paul Marcus playing photographer (I swear I didn't write that). Five gift baskets were up for grabs as door prizes. The winners were Carl Ward, Al Boza's wife Mimi, Division Chief Bill Riley, and Jim Casey's wife, Theresa winning for the second year in a row. Burt Greenburg won the 50-50 prize before he was eaten by a tiger. Thanks to everyone for making it a very special dinner.

Snapshots from the party



News Capsules...**Pension Dues**

Please be advised that dues are due (hey that's funny, dues are due!) by January 30th, 2011 for those members who do not have automatic pension deductions. Currently, dues have been received from the following members: Burt Greenburg and James Harkins. Send the checks to: Charlie Seraydar, 5701 SW 134th Ave, Southwest Ranches, FL 33330. Make the check out to: "Miami Beach Police Retiree's."

If we don't hear from you, we'll send retirees SWAT team to your house and confiscate your penny jar; also, you'll be banned from Lester's Diner.

MBPD Retirees on Facebook

We have a Facebook page under "Miami Beach Police Retirees", which, oddly enough is the name of this organization. The page is closed to the general public (those scuzzballs) and open only to us, active officers, and spouses, which is probably not a good idea, if you know what I mean.

Retiree T-SHIRTS

If you've been wearing that same old yellow-white tank top with the holes in it around the house, it's time to upgrade. Get a new polo shirt made by *Outerbanks*, which happens to be a company that makes polo shirts. They are available in black, ash gray, light blue, and pink (yes, pink). They feature a badge with "Miami Beach Police Retirees Association" embroidered around the badge. If you wear it while driving around Miami Beach, your chances of getting out of a ticket are now 300% better since Greg Strong is now retired. (This does not include those dreaded red light cameras.)

The cost is \$32.00 dollars for small, medium, and large. Sizes 2x and up cost \$3.00 extra, so you can either lose weight, or cough up an extra three bucks. Your choice! The association needs a minimum order of 24 shirts to get started, so if we can get one sucker to buy 24 shirts at once, we're in business. If you're interested, send a check made out to the "Miami Beach Police Retirees Association" to Vinnie Aprile @ 200 NW 121 Ave, Coral Springs, Florida, 33071.

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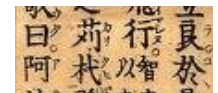
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gifted heroine as she journeys
along her destiny's path.



A Necessary End:
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