

MBPD RETIREE NEWS



"Unity is Strength for a better Retirement"

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



First of all, I'd like to take this opportunity to wish all a very happy new year. Good health, prosperity, fun times, and all of those other wonderful things. I don't know about you, but I'm sort of glad the holidays are over. The end-of-the-year holidays can be very stressful; especially the part about buying gifts for people. It's getting harder and harder to do this. I don't like crowds and I live near the Sawgrass Mall in Sunrise. It gets crazy there during the holidays. The parking lots are packed, the surrounding roads are packed, and people get downright aggressive.

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Disorganized Thoughts

The famous Rodney King (remember him?) once said- "Why can't we all just get along"? I'm fairly certain Rodney doesn't read this newsletter, but if he did, my answer to him would be- "Well Roney, because it's South Florida, and it's the holidays". Why am I talking about Rodney King?? How did he get into... Oops! I forgot... **Disorganized thoughts!**

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Vinny's Breakfast



On December 11, 2009

a breakfast was held at Lester's Diner, 1299 NW 136 Ave, Sunrise with 10 people attending. Attending were Samuel Gam, Lenny & Lynda Veski, Jim Burnette, Lisa Newland,

Paul Lupien, Vinny Aprile, Alan Skolnick, Al Boza and active Officer Jaime McCabe.



A Collection of Disorganized Thoughts...

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I don't want to talk about Rodney King; I want to talk about my some of my first jobs. It occurred to me the other day while I was driving around North Bay Village doing my little part-time gig that I've been working for about 37 years. This is nothing to brag about, because I know for a fact that some of my readers have been working for far longer than 37 years. Who those folks are I hesitate to reveal because doing so may disclose their age, and some might not appreciate that.

It's painfully obvious that many younger folks don't have the same work ethic as many of us did. My work ethic was certainly different than those who grew up in the 50's and 60's. A perfect example is retired (but still working) Sgt. Bill Godfrey. Well, actually, his title is: Reserve Detective Sergeant Bill Godfrey, Miami Beach Police Department, Criminal Investigation Division, Homicide/Cold Case Squad. At one time, Bill's day consisted of getting up at 5 A.M., dressing up in his work clothes, going out and pouring concrete until about 1 P.M. He would then go to the police station, shower, change into his uniform, and work as a police officer until midnight. He'd go home, go to bed, get up the next day and do it all over again. When he was off, he'd do his construction jobs and grab some overtime or off-duty to fill in. I got tired just watching him. He never seemed to get tired.



Not all of us could keep that pace for years and years. I doubt I could have done that for more than a month. But that's me. I did keep up a pretty aggressive pace at one time, but that didn't include construction work! For me, from the time I was about 13 years old, my father instilled in me the importance of work. Not necessarily *hard* work, but work nevertheless. Knowing early on that getting money from your parents was not as rewarding as getting your own, I set out to start my own little business. When I was about 13, I lived in what was (at the time) a quiet, residential area in North Miami Beach. It was my father's hard work in the late 1960's that put us there.

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Bill Arwood, Jim Casey,
James Corbett, Bill Davis,
Pat Evans, Ron Forester,
Artie Ganz, Brian Gardner,
Mark Hallman, Robert Jen-
kins, Phil Klefeker, Tommy
Lederman, Nelson Long,
Nick Lluy, Harold Mangels,

Jerry Millican, Ed Santiago,
Gary Schiaffo, Alan Skol-
nick, Patricia Schneider,
Cathy Tighe, David Tracey,
Thelma Jasser, John Van-
Vraken, Buford Whitaker,
and Tevey Woolfe.

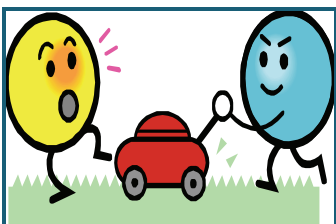


January Birthdays!

A Collection of Disorganized Thoughts...

Continued from page 2

Working as a waiter in a Miami Beach hotel had allowed him to scrape up enough savings to make a down payment on a \$19,000.00 house.



One day I grabbed his lawnmower....

Not sure if I asked him for permission, but one day I

grabbed his lawn mower, edger, and a can of gas out of the utility shed. Pulling the mower and edger behind me, I visited some of the houses in the neighborhood that looked like they needed landscape work and I managed to get some cutting jobs. I was charging around 10-15 dollars a cut, depending on the size of the lawn. It became a successful and lucrative little business for me, but then it became too much. My dad started complaining about the wear and tear on his equipment. About the same time, a professional landscaping crew cruising the neighborhood offered better, faster cuts for the same or less. I



Work It!

was out of a job, but it was rewarding. It proved I could work and make my own money. It was a little disheartening when my parents hired

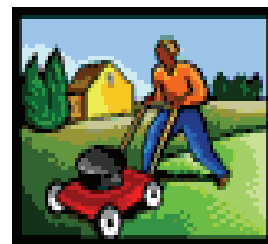
the crew that put me out of business to cut *our* lawn, rather than have to pay *me* to cut our lawn.

When I was about 15, I asked my father to help me get a job at the local Publix Supermarket. Watching the “bagboys” hustling back and forth, in and out of the store, pockets bulging with change was too much for me to ignore. They made some good money! He spoke with the manager and within a week I was a bagboy too. There was only one problem, I was specifically told that Publix has a “no tipping” policy. Forget what the other guys do, **YOU** can get fired for accepting tips. So, I had to make sure to be careful how I carried my tips, because sometimes a manager would tap my pockets to see if I was carrying change. Of course I was! It was my lunch money. “Stop eating so much” would be the usual response. They knew *exactly* what was going on because *they* did it too!

Working for Publix as a teenager was an experience I will never forget. It was my first real introduction to being a responsible person. Obviously I was dealing with the public, bosses, time schedules, paychecks, taxes, and other things that “grown ups” got to do, and it made me feel sort of important. Make no mistake, I was still a kid, and I did do some stupid stuff there. After a couple

of years of working as a bagboy, I was certain it was time to move up to stockman. Stockmen were usually older, late teens and early 20’s and beyond. I was only 17, but I felt I was ready. The manager, Mr. Layton, was skeptical, but he caved in and agreed to allow me to be a “stockman trainee”.

He gave me an aisle with Bar-B-Que briquettes, matches, lighter fluid, and gener-



ally dry, heavy items. I promised I would not let him down. The store had just gotten a hold of these computerized handheld ordering units. The isle I was on was not one desired by other stockman. I really wanted an isle with canned foods so I could practice slicing open boxes and price labeling cans at lightning fast speeds like I’d seen the other stockman do. I wanted to be like them and impress my boss. Unfortunately, I got the bottom of the barrel, so to speak, so I had to make do with what I had. I saw that my section was low on B-B-Que briquettes; so, I ordered what I thought were 6 bags of briquettes. I was happy with myself. A job well done!

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A Collection of Disorganized Thoughts...

Continued from page 3

A week later, the manager called me into his office. Mr. Layton asked me why I ordered 6 pallets of Bar-B-Que coals. I told him I had only ordered six bags. He took me to the back room and showed me the overstock of coals. My heart dropped. 30 minutes later I was bagging groceries again. I guess I was not cut out to be a stockman....Yet. Such is life at Publix when you're a 17 year old!



Anyway, I knew my place and continued bagging groceries and making money collecting spare change. One day I decided that I was tired of working at Publix and abruptly quit my job. The manager was on vacation, so I told the assistant manager that I was quitting for a better job. I didn't have a better job, but he didn't know that. I love cars so I ventured out to northwest 27th Avenue where all the used car lots were and got myself a job washing used cars. I figured I could work myself up to a "used car salesman" and make the really big bucks! By 1 P.M., my hands looked like prunes and I was exhausted. I quit my job and collected my pay.

The next day, I returned to Publix with my tail between my legs. I

told Mr. Layton that I was sorry I quit and that it would never happen again. I got frustrated and wanted to see what else was out there, blah, blah, and blah. Mr. Layton looked at me with a very puzzled look and said - "I didn't know you quit, forget about it! Go back to work!" I was so happy I could have kissed him!

Well, time went on. I did eventually quit Publix and got a job as a forklift operator at an auto parts warehouse. The job lasted about 6 months until the Beach hired me as a "CSS", which means "Community Service Specialist". I went on to become a dispatcher and then... Well, you know the rest of the story!!

I'm not sure how interesting that story really was, other than it tends to bring all of us back in time to really examine our lives, and where we've been. I know most of you probably have some really fascinating stories of your early work lives and some of the things you've done. As for me, I believe work is really important... But, I also think that some of you have really interesting stories to tell of life after your careers, and I (as well as others) would be delighted to hear about it. Again, and I've said this before, my e-mail address is

sam0444@yahoo.com. Please

write in and tell me about it. I'll put it in the newsletter. It's all for fun so don't worry. Some of you don't much like e-mails and you know who you are, so write me at: Samuel Gam, 11830 Northwest 39th Street, Sunrise, Florida 33323 and get your "15 minutes of fame"!

I'm trying to eat healthier these days, and that means staying away from fast food joints. But, I'll be honest with you, once in awhile I crave a Whopper from Burger King, or Quarter Pounder with Cheese from McDonalds. There is just something about the flavor that draws you to it. Now a days, it's not too often that I visit these places, but when I do I really want one of these burgers.



There's just something about the flavor...

And it's not just the burgers. McDonalds has these Fish Fillet sandwiches to die for. They put just the right amount of chemicals in there to make them very desirable.

Continued on pg 5

A Collection of Disorganized Thoughts...

Continued from page 4

The only thing I hate is going through the drive-thru. I just talked about the "work ethic" and how important it is. Obviously, especially here in South Florida, the terms "customer service" and "work ethic" just don't apply to these fast food joints. In my experience, about 90% of the time, the employees working at these fast food places are just downright rude. Especially at the drive-thru windows. I am sure you've experienced this.

Since I'm just a nice guy, I find myself thanking *them* for serving me! I'm sorry; shouldn't it be the other way around?? They're doing me a favor by selling me a Big Mac with heaven knows how many calories?? Ok, I wanted it, but darn! Can't you guys just be a *little* bit nice?? Are we asking too much??

Gotta tell you, when I'm in a police car and ordering at the drive through, I get very, very nervous. I read an arti-

cle about a cop somewhere in America who ordered a burger at the drive-thru. When he got his order, he went off somewhere to eat it. As he bit into it, he immediately began to bleed from his mouth. He drove himself to the emergency room at which time they discovered broken glass in his mouth, and in his burger! Needless to say an investigation was launched and the culprit, an employee was arrested. The story was

that he was upset with cops because he was arrested recently and wanted revenge! There are many times in my career when I've often wondered what I'm eating in addition to what I've ordered. We often joke about the "special sauce". I don't want to think about it, and neither should you!

Again my friends, Happy New Year and make it a good one!

See you next month.

In The News...

Former Distinguished Editor of our Newsletter writes... (In its original format)

Tighe writes I thank the Board of Directors for honoring me by presenting me with a plaque. The larger honor was the standing ovation as I went up to receive it. In my years with the department I never received that honor. I did however got many hymns

For a long time the old timers wondered if the newer retirees would pick up the challenge and



carry on the tradition of our organization. We who started, can rest easy as the Board are all new retirees

Hoverer I still would like to continue in a short way. By continue doing bios on new retirees. Most members know I have lost my voice; so I would use the computer. If you hear from me please cooperate (Jack, we will MAKE them cooperate!)

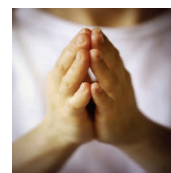
ANNUAL FOP AWARDS BANQUET

Alex Bello, FOP President, is inviting all retirees to attend the **Annual FOP Awards Banquet** on Jan 16th, 2010 at 6:00 P.M. on "Jungle Island", Parrot Jungle on Watson Island @ MacArthur Causeway. We have a great night planned for everyone and it will include gifts for each member. RSVP to the FOP at 305-534-2775. If no one an-

swers, please leave your information on the answering machine.

Cathy Tighe's Brother passes away

Cathy Tighe's brother, Steven Cutler passed away in the Month of December. Services were private. Our thoughts and prayers go out to Cathy and her family.



In The News...



Continued from page 5

Scotty Forsyth recovering from surgery!

To all our friends and family, on Wednesday, Scott had mitral valve replacement surgery, and today, December 25th at 4pm was transferred from ICU to a real room. He did well in surgery and is expected to have a full recovery. We should be home in Lake Placid on Wednesday just in time for New Years, which we will be happy about; with a whole new Scotty. He is not the "TIN MAN" anymore. Now, he has a sweeter, kinder new heart, so I can discontinue to lovingly call him "DICK".

The whole thing was a surprise. We thought he was feeling poorly because of a kidney stone, which he had zapped out on November 25th, NOT!! Some of you know that and some of you don't, so I am just getting everyone up to date. I am staying at our son's and will try to keep you posted, except as you all know I am not the best computer guru. Thank you for all your prayers and kind calls, we love you all and are glad you're our friends. We wish you all the best for the New Year! xoxoxoxo Karen

Highlights of the 2009 MBPD Retirees Holiday Party

By S. Gam

The 2009 Annual Retiree's Association holiday party was held on December 5th, 2009 at the West Broward Hall in Pembroke Pines. Around 72 people showed up, so the place was pretty much packed. It was a very pleasant evening, and the weather was sort of on the cold side, so dressing up was easy.

The menu selection was good and the food was served buffet style. Some of the highlights of the party include:

»Celia B. Locke, our pension administrator spoke of how the pension fund has remained strong, despite problems with the economy. This was encouraging news and was received well by the attendees.



(Left) Gene Toreky (Right) Wally Neumann

Enjoying the Annual 2009 Holiday Party!



»Bill O'Neil, our outgoing President was awarded with a plaque honoring him for his years of service and leadership to the Retiree's Association.

»Jack Tighe, editor of this

newsletter for many years was honored for his dedication and service. He received a standing ovation from the membership (see his response in the "In the News" section).

»Alex Bello, FOP Presi-

dent swore in the new directors of the Retiree's Association. President- Vinny Aprile, Vice-President- Lynda Veski, Secretary- Joan B. Ochoa, and Treasurer- Charlie Seraydar.

»In addition, four trustees were selected: Fred Walder, Bobby Jenkins, Lisa Newland, and Pat Ryan.

It was my first time attending this event and it definitely won't be my last. I enjoyed it and even got a little goofy with the new President while he was trying to make a speech. Don't be concerned, it was not alcohol related!

Thanks to all for attending and looking forward to the next one. Happy New Year!

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2009 Holiday Party



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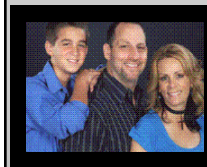
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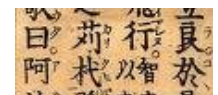
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"I'm Moving Back to Mars"

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When rookie South Beach
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agreed to work undercover, the
exceptionally tall and attrac-
tive woman had no idea what
was in store for her. Follow
the adventures of our uniquely
gifted heroine as she journeys
along her destiny's path.



A Necessary End:
A Katie Maguire novel

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