

**"UNITY IS STRENGTH FOR A BETTER RETIREMENT"**

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**Happy July 4th Everyone!**

Once again, Sam's Corner will have to return next month. You see, this is not MY newsletter, it's yours! And I would rather see your stuff get into the newsletter before mine. Our new look has generated a lot of interest from retirees to sit down and write; and that is great. You will see your stuff in there before mine. I'm not disappointed, at least I get another break. See you next month ... Maybe! **Sam G.**



### THE GREATEST SHOT EVER MADE BY A MIAMI BEACH POLICE OFFICER

*Jim Casey sent us this true story that happened back in 1961. He thought it would bring back memories to the "old timers" and be interesting to the "younger" members of the MBPD even if they didn't know the people involved. Although he didn't have to, he apologized for including the minute details. He couldn't help it, and said- "I guess it's the Irish in me." He wanted to mention all involved as well as he could remember. After all, it was over 48 years ago.*

It was Friday, December 16, 1961, a normal sunny day in Miami Beach, Florida, and the wind was blowing from the southeast at about 10-15 m.p.h. from the Atlantic Ocean. It was about 10:00

a.m., and I had just arrested a subject for a minor crime and was bringing him into the Uniform Division back door by the squad room to be booked. The hallway and front desk area appeared to be very busy at the time with a number of patrol officers, a couple of patrol sergeants, and Lt. James Siegendorf, the on duty Watch Commander milling about.

Everyone was discussing the hijacked charter boat that had taken place at the Chamber of Commerce boat docks at 5<sup>th</sup> Street and Alton Road. Supervisors were trying to determine some sort of plan to rescue the captain, later identified as Richard Gledhill, 29 years

old, and his First Mate Jack Harrington, who was 46 years old. The hijacker later identified as William Stoner, 19 years of age, forced the captain and first mate at gunpoint to take him aboard their 38' charter boat. He told them he wanted to be taken to Cuba so he could avenge his brother's death by a firing squad. He said, "I want to kill Castro." They advised him that they didn't have enough gas to reach Cuba. He told them, "You run out of gas and you both will run out of life."

It was later determined that Stoner had a silver plated .32 cal. revolver and also had four daggers, or knives, in an airline zippered bag. He told them, "We are going to Cuba to kill Castro.

He killed three of my buddies last year and I am going to kill him. You go man, go. I am not fooling." He was later described as a skinny ex-Navy African-American man from Mercersburg, PA.

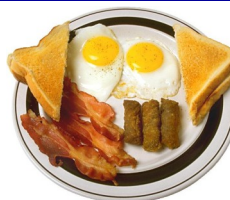
When the captain and first mate started its twin engines, the hijacker had jumped aboard the Sandona, the 38' charter boat, and threatened them both with his revolver. Officer Stanley Steinbrecher heard of the hijacked boat by radio. He raced to the end of Government Cut by Inlet Boulevard and fired three

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### Vinny's Breakfast

On June 5, 2010 a breakfast was held at Lester's Diner with 20 people attending. Attending were Wally Neumann, Howard Zeifman, Charlie Losey, Alan Skolnick, Sam Gam, Lynda Veski, Bill Rosenstein, Vinny Aprile, Bobby Bauer, Billy O' Neil,

John & Cathy Tighe, Jack & Amy Tighe, Paul Lupien and his wife, Susan, Buck Griscom, Donna Krolak(Jack's wife) and her nephew. Also retired firefighter, Tom Columbano.



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## THE GREATEST SHOT EVER MADE BY A MIAMI BEACH POLICEOFFICER

shots across the bow, but the Sandona kept heading out to sea.

I was living with my wife Theresa in an apartment at 1853 West Avenue, above Stolpmann Plumbing Company about one and a half miles north of the Miami Beach Police Headquarters at 120 Meridian Avenue. At that time the police department only had about six 12 gauge pump shotguns, two .45 cal. Thompson sub-machine guns, and a couple of World War II surplus Reising sub-machine guns in their armory. We had no telescopic sniper rifles, nor did we have a S.W.A.T. Team. We were all armed with personal firearms, mostly .38 cal. Revolvers. A few supervisors might have snub nose 2" revolvers. Most of the patrol officers had 4" Smith & Wesson or Colt revolvers. I remember Capt. Brown carried a .45 Colt in a slide belt holster.

We had some pretty good shots on the department and a few pretty bad shots. There was a police pistol team at the time, or before my time, that were very good. Retired Major Jesse Webb, who is now about 93 years old, was one of the best and Lt. Bruce Simmons was classed in the N.R.A. as a Distinguished Expert. He later trained personnel, private and military, in Vietnam and set up an I.D. Bureau in Vietnam similar to our I.D. section of the MBPD after retiring from our department.

There was a police range on Miami Beach about where North Shore Drive on Normandy Isle is now. Many of the Miami Beach police officers had served in World War II and Korea before becoming police officers and many were familiar with firearms.

I advised Lt. Siegendorf that I owned a

Fabrique Nationale, F.N Mauser action 30-06 hunting rifle. It had a Stith 4-power scope and mount on the rifle. In the late 1960's, I mounted a Redfield 2x-7x power scope with an adjustable rangefinder on the rifle. The rifle had been given to me as a gift from Albert "Sonny" Capone, my brother-in-law. He was an avid Marksman, and a life member of the N.R.A., and use to shoot sometimes with the Miami Beach Pistol Team. He was a friend of a number of officers and fellow Marksmen. Sonny had taken a nice Grizzly bear in British Columbia a few years before with the 30-06.

I had been in the National Guard in Miami. I joined shortly after the Korean War started. In June 1950 a number of my high school buddies joined as we didn't want to get drafted and figured the Guard would be activated and we would go together. While in the Guard I qualified as Expert with the M-1 Garand and later after going on active duty in Korea qualified as Expert with the M-1 Garand, .30 Cal. Carbine, and .45 Colt Auto Pistol. In later years I took several white tail deer in Florida, and several wild hogs and turkey with the custom rifle, as well as a buck mule deer in Montana and a bull elk in Wyoming.

My 41 year old son Sean shot a beautiful Marino Ram with the custom rifle when he was 15 years old and the mount hangs in his family room in Sebring, Florida. The rifle is very accurate and will shoot sub one inch groups at 100 yards. It was manufactured in 1948 and I still hunt with it and have fired hundreds of rounds at the range with it over the years.

While discussing the hijacking situation with Lt. Siegendorf, Motorcycle Officer

Bill Leary came in the back door. Bill was a handsome six foot happy go lucky Irish-American and former paratrooper, as well as a Korean veteran. His favorite act on St. Patrick's Day, every March 17<sup>th</sup>, was to replace his issue black bow tie with a green one, or wrap a large green scarf around his neck, and replace his issue motorcycle helmet with a green derby and ride around Miami Beach on his police Harley wishing everyone a Happy St. Patrick's Day!

As Lt. Siegendorf, Detective Sgt. Nick Valeriani and I got in my 1960 Ford patrol car, Bill joined us and asked to be dropped off at 7<sup>th</sup> Street and Alton Road, the site of a gun museum. We continued on to my apartment and I retrieved my 30-06 rifle and a full box of Winchester 180 gr. silver tip cartridges. I had last sighted in my rifle with 165 gr. Remington Core-loke pointed soft point ammo. Even then I knew enough about ballistics, ammo and accuracy that one should hunt with the same ammo you have sighted in with on a particular firearm. That ammo was sighted in to group 2 1/2" high at 100 yards on a bench rest. I had no idea what range I might have to shoot, but that the 180 gr. bullets from a different ammo manufacturer could be off somewhat and might shoot a little lower. I couldn't find the ammo I wanted at the time so I took what I had.

As we approached 7<sup>th</sup> Street and Alton Road I spotted Bill in the street. He had borrowed a Model 70 pre '64 Winchester .308 cal. from his friend who owned the museum. His friend told him it was sighted in and that he had killed a nice bull elk in Colorado with the rifle about a month before.

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## July Birthdays... July Birthdays... July Birthdays

Juan Andreu	Nick DiMartino	Don MacKenzie	Elmer Sutton
Terry Bahn	Mark Eichel	Dean Mielke	Lynda Veski
Robert Bauer	Rich Francioni	Bryan Miller	Bob Watson
Jim Blitch	Iva Gabor	Vinny Mulshine	Jim Whitehead
Jim Burnette	Woody Lucius	Dave Plescow	Billy Williams
Danny Clemons	Greg Strong	Jaime Rezzonico	Howard Zeifman
Pat Devaney	Warren Smith	Ernie Prather	



Happy Birthday to you... 🎵

## THE GREATEST SHOT EVER MADE BY A MIAMI BEACH POLICE OFFICER



We arrived at the Coast Guard Base on the McArthur Causeway and Bill showed me the rifle. It was equipped with a 3-9 power scope of good quality. I don't remember the make. I asked Bill what ammo he had and he also had 180 gr. Winchester silver tip. I mentioned to him that if we hit the subject with the 180 gr. silver tip it should really knock him on his ass. The only difference between the two rounds of the same .30 caliber is that the .308 shoots that round of 180 gr. at about 2600 F.P.S. about 100 F.P.S. slower than the 30-06 which has a velocity of about 2700 F.P.S. Both are highly accurate rifles and rounds. The .308 cartridge is just a little shorter and is made for a shorter action rifle. At the time it was the new N.A.T.O. cartridge.

We all boarded a 42' Coast Guard Cutter and headed east out of Government Cut. It was rough, as usual, going out the cut with a stiff wind blowing from the southeast from the Gulf Stream. As we cleared the rocks it appeared that we had about 3'-5' seas. Not too bad for November, as I have seen worse.

We picked up an escort of another Coast Guard cutter, the Miami Beach patrol boat, and a Coast Guard helicopter, as we caught up to the charter boat Sandona about nine miles out. We could see Fowey Light which is about 12 miles southeast of Government Cut. As we approached the Sandona, Lt. Siegendorf ordered us to keep our scoped rifles out of sight. We were on the fly bridge of the cutter with the Skipper.

We pulled in within 50 yards of the charter boat and saw Capt. Gledhill, the skipper, at the helm on the starboard (right) side of the boat. The subject was sitting on the port (left) side on a little higher level in a chair. He was facing the stern of the boat and was directly behind the First Mate Jack Harrington. William Stoner, the subject, was holding a silver plated or chrome revolver in his right hand and had

the barrel pointed directly at the back of Harrington's head. The seas were 3'-5' and were rolling in from the southeast. At that moment I said to myself, "What the hell have I got myself into?" When Stoner wasn't looking Bill and I took a quick look at the situation with our scoped rifles. We were about 25-30 yards away and it didn't look like too bad a shot except for the waves. We could plainly see Stoner and he was only about a foot behind Jack Harrington, the First Mate.

Lt. Siegendorf and Sgt. Nick Valeriani were continually calling Stoner with an electric bull horn to surrender and give up his weapon. He continually refused and waved us off. Lt. Siegendorf asked us both if we could make the shot. I told him that I didn't want to make it for fear of hitting the First Mate or missing and have him blow the back of Jack Harrington's head off. We had to contend with 3'-5' seas with both boats bouncing around. All of a sudden Bill said, "Lieutenant, let me take the shot. I can do it. I can do it." The seas were coming in on big rollers from the southeast. Bill asked the Coast Guard skipper to slow down and to radio the other cutter and police boat to drop back out of



the line of fire a little. He then asked our skipper to move in a little toward the Sandona and try and get on the same roller of wave. He asked me to back him up and take a shot if he missed. We both took a quick look through our scopes at the target. With us both on the same wave there was a one to

three second window where both boats would be on the same wave and a better sight picture could be made on the subject. If he missed, possibly another shot could be taken immediately. It would be better to take both shots at the same time, but I wasn't as sure about my shot as Bill was. I didn't want to take it. Every few seconds both boats were on the same wave for about three seconds and we had to mount our rifles 1-2-3 and fire. Lt. Siegendorf made the decision. Bill and I sighted in and he took the shot. My rifle had about 3 lbs. or less trigger pull. As we mounted from a standing position on the bridge leaning against the bridge bulkhead Bill shot. I was praying to myself that he wouldn't miss. He shot and I saw Stoner flip back and spin around and the round went through the port side Plexiglas right next to him. I knew he was hit and down. Capt. Gledhill grabbed the revolver and Jack Harrington, the First Mate, jumped on Stoner. I turned and slapped Bill on his right upper arm and said, "You did it. That was a hell of a shot."

Bill's face took the look of a man who knew he had just killed another human being. We gave our rifles to Lt. Siegendorf and boarded the Sandona with a couple of Coast Guards' men. Stoner was laying face down on the deck bleeding profusely.



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## THE GREATEST SHOT EVER MADE BY A MIAMI BEACH POLICE OFFICER



A Coast Guard sailor said "that's one dead hijacker." Stoner raised his head up off the deck and said, "I ain't dead" and plopped his head back on the deck.

The Medic Core men dressed his wound and they pulled him up in a helicopter basket and within minutes he was taken to the Trauma Center at Mercy Hospital. He was later transferred to Jackson Memorial Hospital.

Bill Leary's round hit Stoner in the right chest near the neck and came out between the right shoulder blade and spine. It was a perfect shot. Stoner was charged with two counts of attempted murder, grand theft and kidnapping. Three weeks later we went to court and he pled guilty and received three years in the state prison.

The only way this could have had a better ending was if Stoner had surrendered his revolver to the captain or first mate and not been shot. It could have ended much worse. Bill could have killed Stoner, or missed, and he could have killed the captain and first mate, or I could have killed Stoner or the first mate. I thank God to this day that I didn't have to take the shot.

I was reminded of this incident that took place over 48 years ago just recently when a little over a year ago on April 9, 2009, Captain Richard Phillips of the Maersk Alabama was captured by Somali pirates off the coast of Africa when they attempted to hijack his ship. His crew fought off the pirates and captured one of the four pirates.

Three U.S. Navy SEALs, who were highly trained snipers, parachuted undetected and were able to reach the U.S. destroyer undetected. They killed the three Somali pirates. They shot all three pirates from the

fantail of the U.S. Destroyer Bainbridge. Our U.S. Navy SEALs train for months with modern highly sophisticated special built firearms. They took out all three pirates with three simultaneous shots that sounded like one single muzzle blast. The distance was about 25 meters (about 80 feet). Under tow, the bobbing lifeboat rode on the Bainbridge's wake wave, which according to one source, gave the smaller craft a 17 second harmonic motion that allowed the lifeboat to lay steady in the water for about 8.5 seconds. It offered the chance for well-timed shots. But that is another story! (If interested, you can read about that story in detail in the August 2009 issue of the American Rifleman, the official Journal of the N.R.A. of America.)

This was somewhat similar to the three second time period that Bill Leary had when he took his shot over 48 years ago. Was his shot lucky or what? I think Bill was an Expert Marksman who had a very good rifle and scope and he had the COURAGE AND GUTS to take that shot. Bill was also very smart. He figured out quickly that if both boats were on the same wave, there would be a few seconds of still motion.

I think there was another factor that day. The Lord was looking over all our shoulders. Shortly afterwards Lt. Siegendorf said to me, "The decision I made today was the most difficult decision I have ever made in my career as a police officer." I agreed with him. He did make that decision.

A rather humorous thing that took place that day was an order from Sgt. Fred

Bizet that he gave to Bill and me as we stepped off the Coast Guard cutter. The news media and cameras were flashing. He said to us, "If the news media

question you, tell them you are the new Sniper Team and you recently finished your training and the Miami Beach Police recently bought those rifles." I'm glad no one questioned us.

Capt. Richard Gledhill invited Bill and me and others involved on the MBPD to fish with him anytime. Bill took his family fishing with him once. I don't know if anyone else did. I love to fish also, but I never went out with him.

On January 18, 1962, I received a Departmental Letter of Commendation

from Chief Michael Fox in reference to this incident and I'm sure all others involved received the same.

Bill Leary was injured on duty on this motorcycle some years later and retired on three-quarters pension, but afterwards continued his law enforcement career and became a U.S. Marshall along with retired Capt. Sandy Kohan. Sandy, who is about 84 years old, is an old hunting buddy of mine and lives about five miles north of me with his wife Martha in their new home on Lake Josephine south of Sebring, Florida. Their original home was destroyed by one of the four hurricanes that hit Florida in 2004.

Bill Leary passed away a number of years ago, as well as Lt. Siegendorf and Sgt. Valeriani. I retired in December, 1989, from the MBPD, but continued in law enforcement as a part-time Deputy Sheriff with the Highlands County Sheriff's Office. I served on the sheriff's office from May 1993 to January 9, 2006 when I retired permanently from law enforcement. I continue to enjoy life in Lake Placid, Florida with my wife Theresa (Terry), our children Diana and Sean, their spouses and our grandchildren.

**BLESSINGS TO ALL – RETIRED  
SERGEANT JAMES F. CASEY (JIM)**





## JACK TIGHE'S CORNER

### WALL OF HONOR

I received a copy of the group picture taken at the front of the station. Trouble is, each time I count I get anywhere from 35 to 38. I know only 11 served in my time.

### DEATHS

I don't know who wrote the obit on Mickey BRANNON, but it didn't describe what I remember, including about the time he threatened to shoot the tires of the city limousine. I do give him credit for constantly trying to get the City to use Humana Gold for health insurance. The board never gave it any consideration. When my insurance came to \$500 a month plus medicines, I looked into it and signed up. I don't have to pay a basic charge and most medicines are free. Yes, at times you pay a fee to see other doctors but the highest charge is ten dollars. A big savings

### OOPS!

The poker club I have financed for twenty years were quick to criticize me

on not giving the names of "Big" George GREEN, (1933-1965); and "little" Joe CAPUTO (1943-1974). Jesse WEBB sent a letter identifying them, also adding that "everything I wrote was true." Jesse added that he was 90 years old. So, I was thinking, at 80 we give free membership. What should we do for the two 90 year olds? Jesse Webb and Gerald WOLFF. The WEBB family enjoys longevity. Jack WEBB, JESSE'S brother is 85.

### THIS AND THAT

Charlie SERAYDAR is taking his family on vacation, and covering most states. He has his motor home, which is towing his Hummer, which is towing a trailer with two motorcycles. Love to see some poor toll taker trying to figure how much to charge. Maybe I'll have a contest, let's try to figure out how much will be his total gas bill is going to be!

Buck GRISCOM! Came to South Florida for a week and attended APRILE's breakfast. I have written items on Buck, including the fact he had more snitches than anybody. However, I would like to

tell another story. During a hurricane I was the only supervisor on the street, Buck called. "I have a gas tank in the street at 5<sup>th</sup> and Alton." I told him- "Pick it up and put it on the sidewalk." Buck asked for me to come by. When I got to 5<sup>th</sup> street, I found a HUGE gas tank, you know, the kind usually buried at gas stations. It had popped up and was rolling according to the wind. If a gust came, it would push the tank one way, if it let up the tank would roll back into the intersection. Buck got blocks from someplace and we stopped the tank from rolling.

### IKE YAWN

New phone numbers: Home: 352-236-3103 and Cell: 352 274-0505

### SICK BAY

Pray for Bill DAVIS. Arlene YOUNG reported that BILL DAVIS had a terrible fall and was in JMH Trauma Center. His family was with him. Rich FRANCIONI is having some type of surgery to his legs which will include the placing of rods.

## POLICE MEMORIAL CEREMONY

**On May 6th, 2010, Chief Noriega stood next to Erica Rakow, Scott Rakow's daughter at Tropical Park during the annual Countywide Police Memorial Ceremony. Erica also gave a speech although at this time we do not have that transcript. Here is the Chief's speech:**

Good evening and thank you all for being here.

It is truly an incredible honor to have been invited to speak at these **hallowed** grounds, on this night of remembrance and tribute for our fallen law enforcement heroes.

If you really think about it, there really is no better word than "HEROES" to describe those that gave their lives in the line of duty.

By its very definition, that word, **of itself**, attaches so many great descriptions,

qualities, and characteristics to a special type of individual.

Webster's dictionary defines a HERO in the following ways:

- A mythological or legendary figure often of divine descent endowed with great strength or ability.
- An **illustrious** warrior.
- A person admired for their achievements or qualities.

One that shows great courage.

There's no doubt **that** if you were to ask the families, friends, or co-workers of any of these fallen officers, they would all say that the law enforcement personnel we honor here tonight were nothing short of being real life heroes.

Having attended this memorial service

over the years, I believe that a comparable word for **heroes** that should be used to describe another group of individuals directly linked to our fallen brothers and sisters....that word is heroic. They are the courageous family members that were left behind to endure and survive the shock, tragedy, and the untimely loss of a father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandparent or some other family member.

Each year I have witnessed time and again, some of the most amazing family members step **on** to this stage and describe a level of resolve and courage that is second to none. They have all shared a story of a life **void** of their hero and left only with the memories and stories of their loved one. Incredibly, these individuals have consistently demonstrated a drive and motivation to excel in life and become the best person they could, **I believe**, as a tribute and commitment to the loved one they lost.

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# POLICE MEMORIAL CEREMONY



These family members and survivors are truly heroic in many ways, and they all deserve our love, support, and a big round of applause. From my personal experience, there is no better example of a heroic family member than the daughter of my fallen friend and partner, Officer Scott Rakow.

Her name is Erica Rakow, and I am humbled and honored that she will be sharing this same stage with me tonight. Before she comes up however, I have a few words that I would like to share about her Dad, Scott.

My history with Scott goes back to our high school days when we both attended Miami Beach Senior High School. I remember Scott as a great person, an excellent athlete, and an even better prankster. Scott was the type of person that everyone wanted to spend time with because of his ability to make others around him that much better.

My memory of Scott **also** includes the fact that he was initially an employee with the City of Miami Beach Parks Department for a few years working at the youth center as a counselor and coach. He even coached my sister who passed away after a tragic car accident back in 1985. As fate would have it, Scott and I both joined the Miami Beach Police Department in 1984 and our friendship was once again renewed after not having seen each other for several years following our high school graduation.

After becoming police officers, Scott and I eventually became reunited in an undercover unit called the Crime Suppression Team. In that assignment, Scott and I

became extremely close as partners. Besides the shared passion for our jobs, we would routinely hang out to play softball, basketball, and get together with our families. We especially enjoyed going and playing basketball **and** softball at the Police Olympics.

Days prior to his tragic demise on June 30, 1988, Scott and I were rooming together and participating in the Florida Law Enforcement Games (Police Olympics) as we had done every year since being hired. I remember going shopping with Scott during that trip and recall him buying a tiny pair of **pink** high-top converse sneakers for his daughter, who was only a few of months old at the time. I especially remember how excited he was to get back to see his wife and daughter, as we returned from that trip.

On our very first day back to work, Scott was shot during an undercover narcotics investigation that went bad and he passed away the very next day. The shock and pain of Scott's tragic and untimely death became almost too much for me to bear, both personally and professionally.

I have never forgotten what Scott meant to me, **and** his memory, as well as what he stood for, will never be forgotten. Scott was not only a phenomenal person but he was a great husband, father, son, brother, and friend. He had a servant's heart and he enjoyed helping people on or off duty.

Tragic events in life have a way of changing people's perceptions about how to be a better person and how to improve relationships with the important people in your life. Unfortunately sometimes these perceptions don't change until it's too late. A

couple of things that my relationship with fallen officer, friend, and partner Scott Rakow taught me was to make sure to treat everyone that crosses your path with respect and dignity, and never miss an opportunity to tell your family and friends how much you love them.

If you miss those opportunities, you may lose **or be robbed** of something precious that you can never get back. I want to thank my family as well as the many members of my Department **and staff**, who are in attendance tonight. I would also like to remind all of our law enforcement personnel to please be safe, as we do God's work to serve and protect our communities.

By the way, it goes without saying that each of you put your lives on the line every day you go to work with **no guarantee** that you will come back home at the end of your shifts. **Therefore**, I hope you consider yourselves heroes as well, because you are. You are the heroes that understand the dangers of our noble profession in order to defend society against evil. There truly is no calling in public service with more demands, higher expectations, and greater risks.

**PLEASE . . .** Let's make sure to not add any more names to this Memorial or any other next year.

May God bless all of you, and keep you and your families safe.

## NEWS CAPSULES



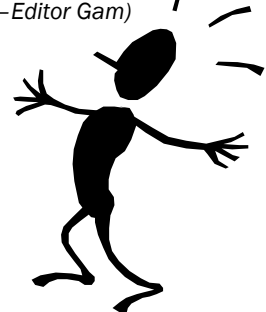
### THE SURPRISE VISIT

By Gene Toreky

Well! To my surprise, I got a call from Ed Young, who was in Maggie Valley with his family for a one week vacation. He called me after seeing the posted Lake Junaluska luncheon and came over to the house for a short visit, where we talked over old times; and of course what ailments we have as old timers... LoL (I think that's "Laugh Out Loud" in computer jargon). Ed looks good and will be returning home the next day! I just wanted to pass this along to everyone

out there.....g

(Although this is not really considered 'news', I think it's darn cute! So I put it in the newsletter! -Editor Gam)





# NEWS CAPSULES

## OFFICER NEEDS HELP!

By FOP President Alex Bello

On May 13<sup>th</sup>, Active Motor Officer Campos was responding to a call for service on his motorcycle. He was southbound on Washington Avenue. As he approached the intersection at 6th Street, a vehicle traveling northbound failed to yield the right

We are asking all interested Members to donate to the Officer Campos Fund as he cannot work the off-duty jobs that sustained his family. You can send a donation to:

### MBPD Retirees

5701 SW 134 Avenue

Southwest Ranches, FL. 33330



## POLICE AND FIRE

## FISHING TOURNAMENT

## RESULTS

Submitted by Officer Larry Marrero

The 2010 Police and Fire Tournament went off without a hitch and more importantly everyone returned to the dock safely. The weather was beautiful and the festivities were great. A total of 33 vessels participated with a wide variety of participants from Code, Fire, Parks and Recreation, Miami Dade Police, City of Miami Police, and of course our own.

A moment of silence was observed during the Awards Ceremony with Lt. Ethel

Jones, widow of the late John Jones present, honoring his passing and what he represented as a person, Miami Beach Police Officer, Father and Husband. Also, money was raised for Officer Sergio Campos and Det. Carlos Castillo of the Miami-Dade Police Department.

(Castillo was severely injured and almost killed by a scumbag while on duty several weeks ago, he is recovering at home).



Detective Robert Lanier with the Miami Beach PD won **1st Place**, catching a Dolphin weighing in at 33.55 lbs. The name of his team is called "Late Start."

## RETIREMENT PARTY

Hopefully you'll all get this in time! A Retirement Party will be held for **Officer Sammy Azicri** on Wednesday, July 7, 2010, from 1700 - 2000 hours at Texas De Brazil (300 Alton Road). The cost is \$25.00 per person. Please RSVP to Robin Henson at the Miami



## GENE TOREKY AND CATHY'S MOUNTAIN LUNCHEON

## IN COOL LAKE JUNALUSKA

Come join us and bring your cameras for the lakes and Town of Waynesville. Don't miss the downtown area.

**\*Where:** 689 N.LAKESHORE DR. LAKE JUNALUSKA, N.C. 28745 828-452-2881, TERRACE HOTEL.

**\*Time:** 12:00 NOON SHARP. The buffet is from 12:00 noon to 1:30 PM. The buffet price is \$10.50, All you can eat. Come early and check out the facility.

**\*When:** THURSDAY, 22 JULY 2010.

**\*How to get there:** Log in to the following website: [www.lakejunaluska.com](http://www.lakejunaluska.com). You should find maps on the website. Also, click on "Terrace Hotel", rooms are available if you should want to stay overnight. Go to the website for reservations or check in at the desk. The prices range from \$110.00 per night single and \$114.00 double. If those prices are too steep, you can also check out the "Terry Lynn" Motel, located between Waynesville and Maggie Valley. Their prices range from \$39.00 to \$44.00 per night. For more information, call GENE AND CATHY- Home: 828-944-0030, Gene's Cell phone, 828-734-7795. E-Mail: [toreky@charter.net](mailto:toreky@charter.net). RSVP BEFORE JULY 1<sup>st</sup>, 2010, So we can get an idea of how many are coming. While you're here, if you would like to do some gambling, we'll show you how to take the short, scenic Maggie Valley route to the Cherokee Casino. Hope to see you there!

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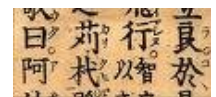
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