



▶ MBPD RETIREEE NEWS ◀

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February 2009 Newsletter Exclusive!

Submitted by S. Gam

Presidential Inauguration Detail

by Officer Alan Chin



Motor Officer Alan Chin was part of the detail sent to Washington DC for the Presidential inauguration. He was kind enough to write about his experiences. Sit back and enjoy this slightly edited version.

Some of you may be used to really cold weather, but I am absolutely not! It was freezing on inauguration day. The temperature in Washington was 25-27 degrees with a wind chill factor of 14-17 degrees! We had to be out there on post standing for 14 hours. Every 40 minutes a squad was allowed to go the indoor “warming room” for coffee and a 10 minute warm up session.

The Miami Beach Police Detail was posted in 400-500 block of Pennsylvania Ave. I was directly in front of the Canadian Consulate building. I was one of the many thousands of Officers working the parade route. We were housed at the Hilton in Maryland and charter bused in.

The Miami Beach Police Department sent 45 Officers to help with crowd control. Officers did not carry radios. The only personnel who carried radios were sergeants and up. We had a D.C. officer with us acting as liaison. Each section of the event had different communication channels. As you may have seen on TV, the parade route had the viewers, then a line of barricades, then a 5 foot separation, then another barricade. In addition, Officers were spread out evenly with Sergeants behind the officer’s line watching us watch the crowd. The sergeants were required to monitor officers to prevent them from turning around to look at the parade. So, officers couldn’t watch the parade, only the crowd. The lieutenants had to monitor everyone.

We flew in Sunday night and had dinner courtesy of the Chief. We had to be up at 0500 so the U.S. Marshals could swear us in as Deputy U.S. Marshals. We finished that detail at noon and had lunch. We got to “hang out” for a few hours, then hit the rack because we had to be up at 0200, dressed and on bus by 0300! The detail had to be on site at 0400 to miss the traffic mayhem and on post at 0500. We worked parade route until 1830 (6:30 pm)! Afterwards, we were bussed back to the hotel, had a great dinner with the guys, a nice hot a** shower and hit the rack. Back up and dressed by 0800, bussed to the airport and out by 1100....lalalalalaaaaaaaaa!

PRESIDENT, continued on page 2...

Luncheon Meeting

On Thursday, February 19, 2009 at noon a general membership meeting will be held at the ARK Restaurant, 6255 Stirling Road, Davie, FL, Phone 954-584-3075. The cost to members is \$15.00. The ARK is located east of University Dr and west of 441 on Stirling Rd. Hope to see you there!



Retirees Midstate Meeting

It is that time of year again, and the Miami Beach Police Retirees Mid-State Meeting in Orlando has been set for April 17-19, 2009!

Please call to make your reservations early!!!! Room rate is the same as last year at \$119!

Here are the details and menu will follow as the date gets closer: Embassy Suites Hotel, 8100 Lake Ave, Orlando, FL 32836. Telephone 407-239-1144

RESERVATIONS:

Reservations will be made by: Individual Call In no later than Wednesday, March 18, 2009. After that date, you agree that we may offer unused rooms held in your block to other customers to reduce our losses and your obligations under the performance clause. Reservations requested by your attendees after this date will be accepted based upon availability. Room and tax will be paid by individuals.

PRESIDENT, continued from page 1...

The papers and TV said there were no arrests, but in reality, there were a few. Some of my friends and family emailed me and wrote that since there were no arrests or problems “this is a great sign of what to come”. I told them they were obviously very naïve. For about 2 hours straight there was massive civil disobedience/disorder where all I heard on the DC radios was “priority!” here and “priority!” there. Crowds were over-running several sections, breaking down the barricades and tearing down fences. The crowds were definitely enormous. Fortunately however, the people in my section were great, very nice folks. As soon as I get photos, I will post them.



Alan Chin

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Membership Cards

Those members that pay their dues utilizing the pension deduction system will be receiving their 2009 Retirees Membership Card in the January newsletter. Those that pay by check please send the \$25.00 to Charlie Seraydar at 5701 SW 134th Ave, Southwest Ranches, Florida 33330. The checks should be made out to the Miami Beach Police Retirees Association. If you would like to change to having the money taken out of your paycheck, email me at Vin455@myacc.net and I will mail you a deduction form.

A big thank you to my daughter, Ashley for helping me with the membership cards.

Also if you have turned the magic number of 80 years old please notify me as your dues will then be free. Those members who already have the luxury of free dues will be getting their membership cards in the February newsletter.



Sick Bay

Our best wishes to those who we reported as being sick have either healed completely or are recovering. One retiree, Ike YAWN has become unable to walk or move around to much. He had two operations in the last year with no positive results. Just finished the shorts into L3, 5, and S1 that failed to improve his condition He now has a scooter chair helps.



I also attended the Yearly awards FOP dinner. Again, Vinny will report on who attended, and who won the awards. The Officer who was named “Officer of the Year”, had a bundle of awards previously, including one from the State. Good luck to him. One thing the dinner reminded me was I was President in 1986/3 64, along time ago. The organizers did a good job, using slides to show the officers and the reason they were named. One person attended hasn’t changed since he joined the department Alan SOLOWITZ. He shaved his head but he hasn’t gained any weight

As noticed I have finally have a replacement and I wish him luck; GAM you’re it! Good luck.

Meet an old timer – Dennis White

by *Samuel Gam*



I would venture to say that most of the retiree's reading this do not know Dennis White. After all, he was only on the Department a relatively short time (compared to most of you) and retired on a disability in June of 2008. I think you'll enjoy reading about Dennis and how he was able to earn his Miami Beach Police Officer's badge despite the incredible odds he faced throughout his life.

Retired Officer Dennis White was born in Atlanta, Georgia in September of 1956. At the age of 9 months, he contracted Polio. Dennis endured 11 surgeries as a child and had to wear a brace on his leg until the age of 17 years. After graduating high school in Lawrenceville, Georgia, he decided to obtain a degree in bible studies. From the time he was young, he worked hard to overcome his disability and preferred physical jobs over all else; so he worked in construction and property management.

Dennis relocated to South Florida in 1990. Somewhere during that time he married and divorced. In 2000, he began working for the City of Miami Beach as a Code Enforcement Officer. It was while working as a Code Enforcement Officer (now Code Compliance) that he met his current wife Alice while on a call in 2002. Alice, a U.S. Government employee for over 20 years called Code Enforcement about some violations in her building that were driving her crazy. Dennis responded like the "knight in shining armor" and resolved her issues. A consummate professional and always the gentleman, Dennis made sure that there were no conflict of interest issues, and then he asked Alice out on a date. One thing led to another and they married. They currently live in Hollywood with their two small dogs.

As far as police work was concerned, Dennis wanted to be a police officer since he was a child. He never acted on his dream because of his "condition". With Alice's love, support, and motivation, Dennis decided that his dream was worth going for. He applied to the Department and much to his delight, he discovered that he was indeed eligible, but he would have to undergo the same grueling physical tests as all the other applicants.

By now, Dennis was into his 40's and was not as physically fit as the younger applicants; yet, he pushed himself beyond the limits of his capabilities and passed every physical test that was thrown at him. That was just to get into the academy. Once hired, he entered the Broward Police Academy, Class # 222 where he continued to push himself daily, working twice as hard as anyone else to meet the requirements of the class. Not only did he meet the requirements, he exceeded them, so much so that he was elected Class President. After graduating, the Department conducted a "post-academy", which required the newly graduated officers to continue their physical fitness regimen until they were sworn in. Dennis and the others ran miles daily in addition to their enhanced academic schedule, tailored specifically to the Miami Beach Police Department. Again, Dennis met the daily challenges, putting his heart and soul into it 110%.

After being sworn in, Dennis was assigned FTO's Frank Vazquez, Carolyn Chin, and Cloris Vazquez. He passed his FTO program and went on become bike certified, AR-15 certified, and became a member of the Crisis Intervention Team. He also collected 11 commendations and was twice nominated for Officer of the Month. In his personal life, Dennis was

OLD TIMER, continued on page 4...

THANKS!

Dean Adler contributes website design and maintenance services for www.mbpdretirees.com (see Dean's ad on page 10 of this newsletter) from Cops and Firefighters in Business (CFB) as well as his mortgage business in Weston, Florida. Dean also donates the graphic design and printing services for this newsletter.

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active in his church and entered a program to become a fully ordained Pastor. He went on from there to actually run his own church. As a Pastor, Dennis is qualified to provide counseling and spiritual assistance to anyone who needs it. That's why he currently on the list of Miami Beach Police Chaplains.

As mentioned before, Dennis retired on a disability in June of 2008. His strong faith and support of his wife has kept him positive about his situation, although he sorely misses being a Miami Beach Police Officer. Dennis and Alice recently purchased land in Missouri where they plan to build a home and retire in a few years. But Dennis isn't done yet. He is, as I've said before, an active Chaplain with the Police Department and is starting a new job soon as a Medicare fraud investigator. While employed as an MBPD Officer, he became a much loved and respected member of the Department. We wish Dennis a happy retirement and best of luck in his new endeavor. If you'd like to contact Dennis, his e-mail address is: denniswhite00@hotmail.com.

“I've been rear ended!”

Retiree Fred Wooldridge writes a satire column for the Highlands Newspaper. He sometimes writes about his life as a policeman.



No, no, no, I wasn't attacked by gays. Shame on you, you bad, bad readers. This is a totally meaningless column about my life as a policeman. No, my life as a policeman wasn't totally meaningless, just this column.

Hey, it's the dead of winter and there's not much to write about, especially in the frozen metropolis of Highlands. I'm hoping to get a little smile and nothing more. I still believe the best stories are the ones that really happened, so here goes.

I'm waiting at a traffic light at a busy Miami Beach intersection when this old geezer, completely out of breath, rushes up to my police car and shouts, “Officer, I've been rear ended. Come quick before she gets away.” The old guy was breathing so hard I was afraid his heart would give out.

I said, “Jump in and tell me where your car is.”

The old guy looked puzzled as he climbed into my car. “Car? I don't have a car.”

Now I'm looking puzzled. “No car? You don't have a car? What got rear ended?”

With a Polish accent so thick you could hardly understand a word, he said, “Mine cart. She rear ended mine cart...not car. It's at Lundy's market. Oui, she broke my eggs and I'll have to pay. Hurry, officer, or she'll get away.”

I have a deep and lasting affection for the European Jews that migrated to our country to escape the Nazi regime. After their retirement, they moved to Miami Beach to enjoy life and await their death. Most lived on meager pensions and Social Security. South Beach was their home. All are dead now but my memories of this colorful culture will live in my memory until my death.

Lundy's Market was the busiest grocery in South Beach. It was also a hub of social activity and gossip. Everyone met at the grocery to learn who was sleeping with who and when. Yes, many of these old geezers used to “shack up.”

There was always pushing and shoving in the grocery lines and occasional cursing in Yiddish. I loved to get calls to Lundy's. I once got a call of a disturbance at the store and arrived to find two elderly women wallowing on the floor in physical combat. Their dresses were way over their heads and they were slugging it out. It was a gross sight.

REAR-ENDED, continued on page 5...

Then one afternoon I got a call for help from Officer Stanley Steinbrecher. He was at Lundy's. Stanley's nickname was liver lips for obvious reasons. He had been my field training officer so I had a special affection for him. I flipped on my emergency lights and headed for Lundy's.

As I approached the grocery I could see a crowd of over fifty people surrounding Stanley's squad car. The crowd, most over the age of seventy, was chanting, "Hitler, Hitler." By the way, you couldn't get more Jewish than Stanley.

I jumped from my car and plowed through the mob. There sat Stanley locked in his car with his liver lips pouting. An elderly lady sat in Stanley's back seat. She had to be at least ninety years old. Her walker sat prominently in the front passenger's seat. She had been caught shoplifting a packet of sponges from Lundy's and Stanley was taking her to jail. The store had a "no tolerance" policy on shoplifting

Wait, it gets better. Sitting on the ground and completely wrapped around Stanley's left front tire, was another old woman who was refusing to move until the shoplifter was released.

I spotted Lundy's manager standing on the sidewalk so I plowed through the angry crowd to speak with him. After several minutes of reasoning, I announced to the crowd that the shoplifter would be banned from the store but would be released. The crowd cheered and raced toward me. I dashed into the grocery to keep from getting gang hugged.

And here's my final Lundy's story, I promise. I'm walking a hallway at the police department and Rocky Pomerance, my chief, orders me to drive him to City Hall because his car is in the shop. On the way, he tells me to stop at Lundy's for a "quick bite."

Once inside, Rocky ordered two whole roasted chickens, one for each of us. "Eat fast," he said, "because I'm running late." In less than two minutes (I'm not making this up.) Rocky had devoured his entire chicken and said, "Let's go." I had only eaten a leg and part of a thigh. I stared in amazement at the carcass he left behind. The man was an eating machine. I would have to abandon my chicken to drive him the two remaining blocks to City Hall.

Nothing goes unnoticed at Lundy's. A man asked, "Officer, are you leaving that?" pointing to my chicken. "It's yours," I said.

On my way out of Lundy's, I grabbed a knish from a nearby counter. I took no more than two steps when a lady pointed at me and screamed, "Ganev, Ganev." She followed me from the store, pointing and screaming, "Ganev, Ganev."

Two things you need to know to survive as a cop on Miami Beach. A "quick bite" means less than two minutes and "Ganev" is a Yiddish word meaning...well, I'm a thief.



Sam's Corner- "A Collection of disorganized thoughts"

In my December 2008 column, I wrote some about motorcycles. Many moons ago, I had a 2003 Honda Gold Wing but had to get rid of it after my divorce. Immediately prior to that, I owned a 1998 Kawasaki Voyager. It was probably the most uncomfortable bike I had ever ridden. It was very top heavy, especially with me on it, because I am top heavy as well; and it was sort of underpowered, especially with me on it, because I'm sort of underpowered myself.

While riding through the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee, my riding partners, which included John DiCenso, my brother Ruben, Doug Reid, John Millerick, Mike Putz (in a vintage Corvette) and Scotty Lowe convinced me to try riding "The Dragon". The Dragon is a nickname for Deals Gap. U.S. Highway 129. 319 turns in 11 miles. Now I've never considered myself to be a great rider, but earlier that week we had ridden the Blue Ridge Parkway and the Cherohala Skyway. I did well on that ride and I was feeling pretty confident of my riding abilities. So I went for it. Big Mistake!



I never made the 319 turns in 11 miles. My big ride on "The Dragon" took me less than a mile and perhaps 4 turns before I crashed into ditch. All I remember is tumbling around like a pair of sneakers in a dryer and ending up face down in the rocky ditch. My brother ran up and yelled "Sam are you alright?!" All I could manage was a weak "I don't know, am I still in one piece?" I was, and after about 2 minutes he helped me up. The other guys had been ahead of me and didn't know I crashed.

Two good Samaritans on sport bikes stopped and helped my brother pull my bike out of the ditch. They asked me if I needed rescue and State Troopers. I was hurting a bit, but I was more embarrassed than anything else. I declined further "official" assistance. Amazingly, except for extensive cosmetic damage, the bike was mechanically sound. I rode it back to the Deals Gap Motorcycle Resort at the bottom of the mountain. You see, whenever one crashes their bike on "The Dragon", which evidently occurs quite often, they are required by local custom to nail a piece of their motorcycle to the "Tree of Shame" in front of the resort. I reported my mishap to the clerk inside the gift shop at which time I was promptly issued a hammer, a nail, and a Sharpie pen.

Under close supervision, I painfully limped to the "Tree of Shame" dragging a broken off piece of my 1998 Kawasaki Voyager, and nailed it to the tree. After using the Sharpie pen to mark the date and other pertinent information on the broken part, I stepped back a moment and looked at the tree. Hanging from this huge tree were hundreds of broken motorcycle parts. A wheel from a Harley. A windshield from wrecked Ducati. A piece of fender from a Yamaha. Obviously, I had lots of company up there. I didn't feel so bad anymore.

That riding trip was clearly over for me, but it was too late in the day to return home, so we continued to our destination. We had reservations at a local motorcycle camp. I don't recall the name of the place, but it was nice and I would have enjoyed it more but for my mishap. This camp had tiny cabins with two little beds and no amenities. The place was beautiful. It was in a valley and a nice chilly breeze blew the fallen leaves around. I shared a cabin with my brother.

The main building housed an office, the owner's quarters, a small coffee shop, and a cozy lobby area with couches. There was an out-building which contained bath and shower facilities, since the cabins did not have bathrooms. They really didn't have rules, except one "biggie". If you needed to use the restroom in the middle of the night, you were instructed to use the bathroom facility. Peeing in the grass next to your cabin was forbidden, and anyone caught doing so would be immediately thrown out and banned from the camp forever.

Well, the walk from our cabin to the bathroom was far, but not that far. One could easily make the trip, unless of course they were involved in a crash earlier that day and could barely walk. As I expected, my bladder awakened me at 3 A.M. I got up and limped to the door and opened it. It was about 35 degrees, pitch black, and a stiff icy wind blew right through me. My swollen foot was getting worse and the pain was really bad. I kept inching forward. First one step, then another, until I reached the ground. I could see the bathroom facility. It looked really really far away! How am I going to make it? I really needed to pee. If they catch me squirting on the grass, they'll throw me out! I didn't want to get thrown out. It was then that I made what we call in the business a "command decision". If they're going to throw me out, they would have to call an ambulance. I took a few steps to the left and peed in the grass. It felt nice. Oh boy did it feel nice! I finished up and hobbled back up the stairs into my warm cozy cabin and went back to sleep. I was never discovered, until now of course.

After riding back to South Florida in extreme pain from a swollen right foot, I went to my doctor. Fortunately, I only had minor ligament damage, which fixed itself, but it could have been much worse.

My current motorcycle is a 2005 Honda Gold Wing that I purchased used a few months ago. I am careful about where I ride it and I'm extremely careful when I'm riding. Some folks who really know what they're talking about tell me it doesn't matter how careful you are, some idiot will cut you off and you could very easily "go down". I know this, but I'm one of those "when it's your time it's your time" kind of guys. Regardless, I doubt I'll ever return to "The Dragon". My bike is too pretty to hang on the "Tree of Shame".

I'm getting a lot of positive feedback on this column, and getting calls and e-mails from people wanting me to share their "war stories" and funny anecdotes. That's great. Keep those stories coming in. Recently, I got a call from retired Lieutenant Larry Hankoff. Do you remember Larry? Almost immediately after retiring from the Miami Beach Police, he went on to sample 42 different police departments, finally settling with the Miami Dade Police Department. He has been with MDPD for over a year now, working the Intracoastal District. Since the theme for this month's column is motorcycles, Larry shared a funny story about something that happened to him, Dennis Ward, and Ron McHugh when they were working a radar detail on Alton Road one day. It had started to drizzle when Ron (who's still on active duty as a patrol sergeant) immediately put on his raincoat and began to pack up. Larry and Dennis proceeded to "bust his chops" about getting scared away by a little rain. After all, a "real motorman" can ride and work in any kind of weather, just like a mailman. It started to rain harder, so Dennis decided he wanted to get that last ticket before the deluge. As he stepped into the street, he evidently startled a woman driving a station wagon. She hit the brakes and spun out, crashing into and wiping out Larry and Dennis' Harley motorcycles. The car continued to spin out of control, finally crashing into a tree.



When the dust settled, they checked on the woman driving the station wagon and found her to be ok. Dennis and Larry stepped out into the street and surveyed the damage after notifying the dispatcher. There were pieces of motorcycle all over the place. The bikes were totaled. Dennis began laughing hysterically. Larry was in a daze. The rain stopped. Ron McHugh rode by the scene on his bike, pretending to be rubbernecker. As he rode by, he had a huge grin on his face that basically did not need to be explained.

Since Larry was always a worrier, he thought he and Dennis were in for trouble. But trouble never came. Obviously this incident did not hurt their careers. Larry is now a Sheriff and Dennis is the State Attorney for Monroe County. The only parts on the Alton Road "Tree of Shame" that rainy day came from a station wagon.

I attended Stanley Steinbrecher's funeral service today. When I was working, I never attended a retiree's funeral. Either I was on duty, working overtime, working off-duty, or doing something else. I was just too busy. Shame on me. I really didn't know Stanley. We attended some retiree's function together, but we didn't actually get to meet. He was busy talking to someone, and I was busy talking to someone else. I knew he was a Beach cop at one time, but that's all I knew about him. I should have taken the time to introduce myself and shake his hand. Now it's too late. Shame on me again.

For some reason, since I retired, the death or sickness of a retiree affects me more profoundly than before. Perhaps it's because I am retired, and I know that none of us will last forever. Perhaps it's also because I'm older and hopefully wiser, and I realize that although I've never actually worked with Stanley (and many others), we shared the same uniform and badge at different times in history. We also shared the streets of Miami Beach, and all of the burdens and dangers of police work. In my mind, that makes us brothers, sisters, and friends, regardless of whether or not we knew each other. It was comforting to meet Stanley's family, and to see friends I had not seen in years. The Rabbi's eulogy was well written and well presented. If I had known then what I know now, I would have taken the time to get to know more retirees, for they are an important part of the Police Department's history. Hopefully someday in the far future, someone will think of me that way as well. Rest in peace Stanley.

Due to time constraints, you will have to wait until March to hear the story of the "Phantom". Until then, take care of yourselves.

In Memoriam

Fentress (Frank) TOOLE, 70 years old, served from 1971 to 1988, mostly as a motorman, as a result of medical malpractice. His physician diagnosed FRANK as suffering from an upset stomach, when Frank first saw him as a patient, then signed the death certificate that the death was from a fall. The local ME reported the true cause was a heart attack that was not diagnosed. The one thing I remember about Frank was he was quick to laugh and when he did, his whole face would light up. He had gotten a job with an agency and was given the title of MAJOR, so he sent word to me that He now outranked me. The family hired a private investigation agency and an independent Pathologist to investigate the real cause of death. Our condolences to Bertha and family.



Stanley STEINBRECHER, who would have been 81 next month, served from 1956 to 1979. After being hospitalized when he had trouble breathing. That hospital sent him to a nursing home on Oakland Park Boulevard but when his problem increased he was sent to another hospital where he died. I always thought he had a death wish after his wife died. He was a chain smoker, and refused to stop. I rode with Stan for about three months and he could keep you laughing. One story took a full shift for his story, with me holding my sides laughing so much. Stanly was a UDT person while in the Navy during WW2, was discharged then married with children. When the Korean War broke out, Stan received mail telling him to report to 90 Church St (New Yorkers know that is a location you start your military service). Stan called and told them he didn't have to report but the Navy said he signed as a reservist when discharged. Stanley denied signing such a request but the Navy replied he had to be mistaken 'cause the Navy don't make mistakes like that. For a whole shift Stan kept telling the same outcome. He contacted his Rabbi relaying the story Then he went to every political person in City Hall but everyone finished telling him he had to be mistaken cause the Navy didn't make mistakes like that. He reported to 90 Church and again argued that he didn't sign as a reservist. Every person he contacted answered the same phrase "You must be mistaken, the Navy don't make mistakes. The same day he reported he was transferred to a base in New Jersey being issued the uniforms, etc Three days later he was on the west coast, then within a week was transferred to Japan where he was assigned to a ship. Within a month the ship at sea when it received orders to discharge Stan immediately that had not signed as a reservist. Stan had to remain on the ship for days until it returned to a base. Again this full story took a whole shift for Stan to tell it.

On January 27, 2009 the funeral of Stanley Steinbrecher was held at the Star of David Cemetery in Fort Lauderdale. Retirees attending were Ellen Knight, Charlie Seraydar, Mike Putz, Bernie Winer, Fred Wooldridge(wife, Maddy), Jack Mackie, Jack Tighe, Shelly Goldstein, Carl Ward, Frank Azcarate, Lynda Veski, Pete Matthews, Joan Donnelly-Ochoa, Artie Ganz, Samuel Gam, Artie Schickler(wife, Niki), Vinny Aprile and FOP President Alex Bello.

IN MEMORIAM, continued on page 9...

FOP Meeting

The next FOP Meeting is scheduled for Wednesday, February 11, 2009, at the Veterans of Foreign War, 650 West Avenue on the 1st floor. Parking is available across the street in the South Shore Parking Lot. The Meeting is scheduled for 5:00 p.m.; however, refreshments will be served starting at 4:30 p.m.

New FOP Executive Board Elections

Congratulations to the following employees who were recently selected to serve as FOP Executive Board Members for 2009/2010:

- * President Alex Bello
- * 1st Vice President Gus Sanchez
- * Secretary Kevin Millan
- * Trustee Phil Archer
- * Trustee Robert Azicri
- * Trustee Arley Flaherty

February Birthdays

Charles Appel, Edgar Avila, Bobby Bishop, Joseph Brownlow, Carlos DeVarona, Marshall Garber, Peter Gutierrez, Bill Jones, James Harris, Mark Hochstadt, Lori Figliolia-Harris, Ellen Knight, Bill MacDonald, Pat Ryan, Dick Tobin, & Lori Wieder.

Happy 80th Birthday to Bill Teasdale I received an e-mail from Bill Teasdale advising that on 12/28/2008 he celebrated his 80th birthday. Bill advised that he is still standing and exercising. Bill will no longer have to pay dues per our by-laws. Hope you get to celebrate many, many more.

Stanley was a Navy frog man(Navy Seal) in World War II and served with the Miami Beach Police Department for twenty years retiring as a Detective Sergeant. Stan is survived by his children Edward, Jay, Stephen, Susan, and Randy. He also has 11 grandchildren and 2 great- grandchildren. RIP Stanley.

One retiree attending Stanley's funeral was Artie SCHICKLER. The old sayingthat if you look in the dictionary for friend, it would have a picture of Art with a reference to Stanley. In a wheelchair Stanley depended on Art to take him to the grocery store, the doctors, or where ever else he had to go. To me the word FRIEND should be written in gold to describe Art.

Stanley's services were held on Tuesday, the 27th. Eighteen retired officers attending. Vinny also will write on who attended. Mostly those attending were part of the "North Dade express ", Officers who lived in North Dade, meeting at the Royal Castle then car pooling to work. I was very impressed with the Rabbi that officiated. He referred to Stanley as a strong man who first served as a UDT in the Navy, seeing duty in the South Pacific, then becoming a police officer. Then he added that the police work is a unique job that builds camaraderie more then any other career. One attendee was newly installed FOP President Alex BELLO. Thank you for attending.

Irving CYPEN 90 years old, known to oldtimers ass Judge CYPEN, As I remember, he was the Justice of the Peace and a City Judge. Was well thought of by all the members of the department.

Bill and Jeanne's Big Adventure

On a beautiful Sunday afternoon we boarded our trusty steed and flew down to Everglades City for lunch. There was no wind and not a cloud in the sky, a perfect day for flying. We departed North Perry Airport, with about 20 other aircraft, all intent on having stone crab for lunch. The flight took 35 minutes with all landing safely. After lunch we headed back to th air port and began the take-off process. When it was my turn I taxied out and began my take-off roll. The wheels left the ground and I was up about 15 feet. Thats when I realized we ate to much for lunch and had a weight problem. The plane moaned and groaned and fell back to the runway. I again tried to get airborne , but only rose another 10 feet and came back down. It was at this point that I asked Jeanne to jump out on the next bounce so that I might be able to fly. She actually turned me down and on the next bounce we landed in the Mangroves. We looked at each other and started laughing, neither one of us w ere hu rt and the stone crab stayed down. It was amazing how fast everyone showed up; FRU, Fire Engines, Sheriff, Locals, etc. The cherubic FRU lady kept poking me , asking if anything hurts. The only thing that hurt was her poking at me. As it stands right now the plane was declared a total loss so it looks like I have to go shopping and find another. All you folks I promised a ride to, don't despair, O'Neil will fly again, but Jeanne said she would prefer a boat.

See more pictures like these at <http://community.webshots.com/user/rockdog2007>



1999 Retirees' Dinner



2008 Holiday Party

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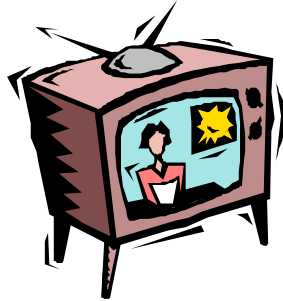
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