



MBPD RETIREE NEWSLETTER

"Unity Is Strength For A Better Retirement"

www.mbpdretirees.com

September 2010 Issue

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Sam's Corner "A Collection of Disorganized Thoughts"

August 2010 is coming to a close and September is just around the corner. I just peeked at my electric bill and it's well over \$300.00. I like it cold in my house and I probably should get a more energy efficient air conditioner, but it's expensive. I'll do it though because I guess it's the right thing to do in the long run.

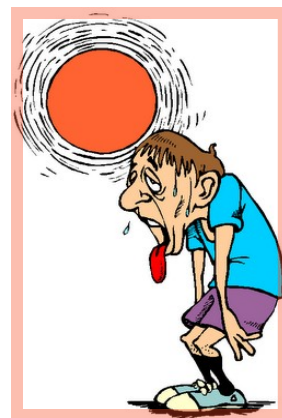
The heat and humidity has been oppressive. I don't know if it's because of this "global warming" business that some believe and some don't (I somewhat believe it), or if it's because I'm getting older and I'm less able to tolerate extremes, whether it be cold or heat. At my job in good old North

Bay Village, I'm not busting my butt thank heavens, but there are those days where I actually have to get out of car and do some work. It goes with the territory. I spend five minutes out of the car and I'm already drenched.

School started a few days ago and we are assigned the crossing guard details for the kiddies, since they laid off the city's only crossing guard due to "budget cuts". I was out there about 45 minutes directing traffic. When I got back in the car, I felt as though I had jumped in a pool of lukewarm water with my uniform on. Took me a good half hour to dry off sitting in the air conditioned

car. That's not healthy either, but hey, what are you going to do?

The car I drive is 10 years old and has about 80,000 miles on it. Not bad for a police car. Last Sunday, the air conditioning went out. Since there were no spares, I either had to "man up" and drive without A/C like the



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Vinny's Breakfast...

★ The next breakfast will be held on September 17 at 9:30am at Lester's Diner located at 1299 NW 136 AVE, I-75 to Sunrise Blvd., E to NW 136 Ave., make right turn, Lester's is on the right. All are invited. Hope to see you there.

On August 27th, 2010, a breakfast was held at Lester's Diner in Sunrise with 23 people attending. Retirees attending were Tommy Moran, Pat Ryan, Jack Tighe, Vinny Aprile, John & Cathy Tighe, Don Freeman, Carlos Deva-rona, Alan Skolnick, Jim Burnette, Lisa Newland, Pete

Newland, Pete Bitume, Rick Mendoza, Charlie Seraydar, Sam Gam, Dean Adler, Joan Ochoa, Jason Psaltides, Eddie Santiago, Paul Dinkins, Steve Stuart and Bill Lamb. Active officer Pat Quinlan made his customary appearance. Rick Mendoza told us he traveled 12 and half hours from north-

ern Georgia for the breakfast. Talk about a guy being hungry! Also Bill Lamb (the retired motorman), who retired in 1979 stood up and gave an impromptu speech, thanking Jack Tighe for all the work he had done having started the newsletter and writing for many years about

about the happenings going on involving the retirees. Bill then thanked Sam Gam for taking over the newsletter and continuing the outstanding tradition. Thank you Mr. Lamb for your kind words and compliments; makes us feel good!





Sam's Corner... *Continued from pg1*

old timers, or beg for help. I went with plan B. One of my co-workers, who has a fair background in auto mechanics, sent me to Advance Auto with instructions to pick up one of those auto air recharge kits. He explained that sometimes it gets so hot that auto A/C systems may "bleed out" some Freon. If the system gets a little low, the compressor will stop working. What do I care how it happened, just fix it! Thank heavens the little cheapo kit worked, and my A/C is back to blowing cold again!

"I think however we've gone too far with this antibacterial business."

I don't know about you folks, but I'm growing a tad weary of all these automobile insurance commercials on TV nowadays. Now, the Progressive commercials I can tolerate, since most of them feature that cute, nutty girl who works in the "sales" department. I sort of have a crush on her, and I'm willing to switch to Progressive Insurance just so I can get to meet her. Unfortunately, I don't know exactly where she works and I doubt that place even exists. I think I'm too old for her anyway. So, I'll stick with Geico, whose mascots include a super intelligent Australian Gecko Lizard, a stack of cash with eyes, and a couple of goofy cave men.

Here's what really gets me. We get the

message. We know Geico, Allstate, and Progressive sell car insurance. Put it to rest already! We are bombarded with TV ads, radio ads, computer ads, and billboards letting us know that we can save money by switching to one company or the other. Just wait until you have an accident and these companies have to pay your claim. They him and haw, ask all kinds of questions, and basically put you through the wringer just to save some money or avoid paying a claim altogether.

When it comes to paying claims, in my opinion (of course), based on personal experience, insurance companies will do everything in their power to minimize their losses. This is all well and good. I don't have a problem with insurance companies, or any company for that matter trying to be fiscally responsible during these hard times. But when you are spending millions of dollars for advertising, I think it becomes a problem. Next time you sit through a one hour program, count the number of times Geico advertises for auto insurance and you'll see what I'm talking about. I bet if they cut their advertising budget in half, their "message" would still get out and they could cut my premiums as well. I guess that makes too much sense. I wonder how much they're paying that talking lizard?



I think cleanliness and personal hygiene are important. Over the past few years, companies have been

cashing in on new trends in personal hygiene products. In addition to plain soap, they've produced all kinds of new body washes that smell really good. As if regular soaps weren't enough, now we have antibacterial soaps. I thought regular soap was antibacterial soap. You mean all these years I've been taking showers with bacterial soap? I smelled good but I was a walking cess-pool?

I'm not making fun of this stuff. I know of people who carry small bottles of antibacterial hand wash, and I think that's delightful. I carry a large bottle in my police car and use it often, especially after pumping gas, which is quite often since my car gets about 6 miles to the gallon. I feel better after doing this. I feel cleaner and safer, knowing that all of those people who used the gas pump before me, from the lawn maintenance guy, to the 1st grade teacher, to the wanted sexual predator from Iowa are not going to make me sick.

Actually, I'm more worried about the 1st grade teacher. She's the one exposed to all those sick little kids, blowing snot balls and airborne pathogens all over the classroom. I think however we've gone too far with this antibacterial business. A soap company has just come out with a new product that almost guarantees you'll never have to touch anything that makes you sick again. It's a soap dispenser with some kind of sensor that dispenses soap when you put your hand near it. So you don't have to put your finger on that filthy, viral/bacterial infested plunger.

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Sam's Corner... *continued from pg #2*

Mind you now, when you dispense soap, you wash your hands afterwards; so what's the difference?

I think they're trying to make people so paranoid, that they'll just stay home and wash their hands all day like zombies. Why leave the house? There are germs out there with your name on them, ready to infiltrate your mucus membranes and tunnel into your body, turning you into a giant pusbag. I wonder what happened years ago with there were just regular bars of soap. How many people died from serious bacterial infections? How many of us disinfected our hands and kitchens after

"I'm taking a long road trip next month."



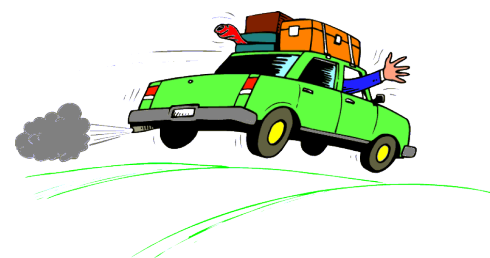
cutting up raw chicken. I never saw my mother doing that, and I never got sick either. Now I'm afraid to cut up chicken. I don't have enough soap or paper towels to get rid of the horrible

diseases hidden in chicken juice. By the way, do you know how much bacteria the

newsletter your reading contains?? Better wash your hands, now!

I'm taking a long road trip next month. It's been years since I had a decent vacation, so I'm long past overdue. I love to drive, so much so that I probably should have been a long distance trucker, or a bus driver. I'm taking my

Toyota Tundra, an extremely reliable and comfortable truck. I plan to drive up the Florida Panhandle then turn west, motor out to Arizona, and then up through Colorado to northern Idaho, back down to South Dakota, then east to North Carolina and Georgia, finally getting back to South Florida. I'll be visiting numerous friends and family along the way. I'm excited about it, and



I'll tell you all about it when I get back. I'm sure you can't wait to hear the stories. What else do you have to do? You're retired! Remember?!

September Birthdays...

BUD DAWSON

PAUL DINKINS

PRISCILLA GRANDAGE

BERT GREENBERG



Happy Birthday To You...!!!!

KEVIN GRAHAM

HOWARD GROSS

ZELL HALL

GARTH HAMMAN

WILLIAM LAMB

WILLIAM "MIKE" LOWE

JACK LYNCH

CHARLIE LOSEY

RICK MENDOZA

WILLIAM MAXWELL

DON MCGAVERN

JOHN MILLERICK

RONALD "SCOTT" MORGAN

LISA NEWLAND

REGINA SIEDENTOPF

JEFF SCHAEFER

WILLIAM SKINNER

LEO WEBER

DENNIS WHITE

GERALD WOLFF



News Capsules...

Health Trust Re-Enrollment, By Gary Kluger

Probably in October or November of this year the Health Trust will be initiating a mandatory re-enrollment for ALL members. When the paper work comes in the mail don't throw it away, read it and follow the instructions! This re-enrollment is in lieu of an audit to verify member status. Too many members have divorced and too many children are no longer eligible and we are not advised. Not to mention everyone who has moved and not advised us of their new addresses. For Health Trust member retirees who want to stay "in the loop", My e-mail address is: gbkworf@bellsouth.net. E-mail me with a request and I will add you to my e-mail list.



CONGRATULATIONS DANNY REID!

Since the Miami Beach Police Bulletin only focuses on active duty officers, they did not report the achievements of Retired Capt. Danny Reid. It seems his accomplishment at the 2010 Police Olympics (Officially called the Florida Police & Fire Games) was omitted from the last newsletter. Danny received a bronze medal in Men's Singles Bowling (Division B). Danny attended the games for 12 straight years with a brief hiatus for 7 years. He returned to the

Games in 2007. Since that time, he has achieved at least one medal in the Games for the past four years (2007-two, 2008-three, 2009-three, 2010-one); all in the highly competitive sport of bowling. Danny plans to attend at least 2 more years before retiring for good! Congratulations again and keep us posted on your progress.

RETIREE RICHARD FRANCIONI

Retiree Richard Francioni was diagnosed with [stage 4 cancer](#). His family has provided his contact information for those that may want to reach out to him. The address is [200 Poplar St. Corbin, KY 40201](#). Cell phone number is [606-620-3319](#).



Mortgage Rates in the Mid 4% Range!



- 30 Year rates (and APRs) are in the mid 4% range.
- 15 Year rates (and APRs) are in the low, low 4% range.
- Interest rates of course will vary based on credit score, loan to value, type of mortgage, etc. but we are consistently closing loans with great rates.
- If you or anyone you know are purchasing or might benefit from refinancing, please call Dean Adler on his cell at (954)558-0302. See Dean's ad on the last page of newsletter.



Tighe's Corner...

THIS AND THAT... Jim CASEY has the most remarkable memory. Last month's recap of Bill LEARY's most amazing shot. His recollection of dates, times, personnel, weapons (and how they were attained) was intact on all issues. This was not the first time Jim has submitted an article. The previous one was also filled with exact info. Me, I nod my head when people bring up any incident I was involved in.

"We are one of a few or only departments where the 175-185 monies go to the Officers and not the City.."

With the monthly receipt from the pension office, you will find a request for Art SHICKLER to contact either me or the pension office. This began when Bert GREENBERG learned Art's phone was no longer a working number. Art GANZ, the pension board and I also failed when e-mailing him. Fred WALDER reported his e-mails were received

but not answered.

The Miami Beach News e-mailed by SERAYDAR centered on siblings following parents into employment with the Beach. It includes the YERO brothers as an example. If you add those who joined the profession, we lead by a large margin. Just in Pembroke Pines alone, Steve GROVES has two sons. I call PP Miami Beach north because of the number of

Miami Beach retiree's siblings hired. One reason might be that the pension was written by Phil ROSENTHAL

PENSION: To finish my report on our pension, I asked if you knew who Phil ROSENTHAL and Bob SINGER were and how had they affect our pension system. The pension system George GREEN established was controlled by the city. In the early 60's the fund was

valued about 3-4 million. Even though banks were paying 3.25 % interest, the city, playing safe, were getting 2.5 %. ROSENTHAL and SINGER, both Beach firemen spearheaded placing an issue on the ballot establishing control to a committee as currently structured. Even though pressure was exerted by the City and Department Chiefs, the measure passed. We were the first in the industry to establish such a board. The board hired its own actuary and invested in stocks that returned high dividends, which in turn allowed better and better pensions.

Although I haven't mentioned this unique benefit before, I would like to give some background. We are one of a few or only departments where the 175-185 monies go to the Officers and not the City. I give credit to Sgt Al HAKAM who stood next to the voting box and told everyone on how to vote.

The Comic Strip...



Retired Police Department Nostalgia...

This is a reproduction of an e-mail sent to Ed Avila and in turn sent to me several months ago. The author is unknown but everything about it is so true. Enjoy!

I retired from Suffolk PD in '89. I was going to send this privately and not post it to the whole group because only "dinosaurs" would appreciate its content. But after seeing how many other list members were near retirement, thought I'd share it.

"I was once told that being a good street cop is like coming to work in a wet suit and peeing in your pants. It's a nice warm feeling, but you're the only one who knows anything has happened.."

Just before retiring, some young puppy was busting my chops about how law enforcement has changed, and the system is improving for the best. I just smiled and gave him a little laugh. He asked what was so funny. I told him that I felt sorry for him. When asked why, I told him, "Because in about 15 years, THIS is going to be your good old days."

We all saw the change in our jobs. I came on in 1970. I used to tell the rookies that our academy lasted 3 months. They gave us a stick, a gun, a dime, and kicked us out into the street. They told us: If you need help, use the dime. If

you can't get to a phone, use the stick. If using the stick pisses him off, use the gun. And the first order we received when we were assigned to a precinct was from our road sergeant. His order was "Don't you EVER bother me, kid."

Law enforcement then, was much different than the current mission. We delivered babies, got rough in the alley when we needed to, made "Solomon like" decisions at least once a tour, and often wound up being big brother to the kid we roughed up in that alley a year or so ago. And, for some reason, none of that managed to get on a report. And the department didn't really want to know. All they wanted was numbers, and no ripples in the pond.

Because of the changing times, and the evolution of law enforcement, the modern young officers will never see that form of policing, and of course this is best. The current way is the right way... now. But it was different then (ergo, the Dinosaur Syndrome).

When it's time to go, we wonder if we're going to miss the job. After all, other than our kids and a few marriages, it was the most important thing in our lives. Actually, it was the other way around. The job was first, but only another cop could understand how I mean that.

But have faith brother! After a short time of feeling completely impudent, (after all, you're just John Q. now), reality hits like a lead weight. It's not the job we miss after all. It's what we, as individuals, had accomplished while in this profession that we miss. The chal-

lenge of life and death, good and bad, right and wrong, or even simply easing the pain of some poor bastard for



awhile, someone we will never see again.

We know the reality of what's happening out there. We are the ones who have spent our entire adult life picking up the pieces of people's broken lives. And the bitch of it all is that no one except us knows what we did out there.

I was once told that being a good street cop is like coming to work in a wet suit and peeing in your pants. It's a nice warm feeling, but you're the only one who knows anything has happened.

What I missed mostly, though, were the people I worked with. Most of us came on the job together at the age of 21 or 22. We grew up together. We were family. We went to each other's weddings, shared the joy of our children's births, and we mourned the deaths of family members and marriages. We celebrated the good times, and huddled close in the bad.



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Retired Police Department Nostalgia... continued from pg#4

We went from rookies who couldn't take our eyes off of the tin number of the old timer we worked with, to dinosaurs. After all, what they gave us was just a job. What we made of it was a profession. We fulfilled our mission, and did the impossible each and every day, despite the department and its regulations.

"I'm taking a long road trip next month."

I think the thing that nags you the most when you first retire is: After you leave the job and remove your armor, the part of you that you tucked away on that shelf for all those years, comes out. It looks at all the things you've hidden away. All the terrible and all the wonderful things that happened out there. And it asks you the questions that no one will ever answer:

"Do you think I did OK? Did I make a difference? Was I a good cop?" You

know what? Yeah, you were a good cop! And you know it!

In closing: The best advice I got, by far, was from an old friend who left the job a few years before me. He told me to stay healthy, work out and watch my diet. He said "Cause that way, the first day of every month you can look in the mirror, smile and say. Screwed them out of another month's pension!!" Be well, my brother!!



The MIAMI BEACH POLICE RETIREES ANNUAL HOLIDAY PARTY

Mark your calendars and plan on attending the MBPD Retirees annual holiday party. This year, the party will be held in the beautiful Treetop Ballroom at Jungle Island. Jungle Island is on the north side of the MacArthur Causeway, just prior to entering the City of Miami Beach.

Date: December 3rd, 2010 **Time:** 6:00 P.M. until 10:00 P.M. **With a cocktail hour from 6:00 P.M. to 7:00 P.M.** **Cost:** \$30.00 per person.

Menu selections include:

Starters: The Sunset Buffet, a selection of international cheeses and tropical fruit garnish, mixed wild field greens, classic Caesar salad with parmesan, fresh mozzarella with plum tomatoes, marinated mushrooms.

Entrees: Grilled salmon or mahi-mahi, "the freshest catch of the day", roast sirloin of beef with hunters sauce, chicken piccata, garden fresh vegetable, rice pilaf, and special potatoes with a really fancy name that I can't even pronounce.

Dessert: Apple strudel, banana bread pudding, key lime squares, double chocolate-chocolate cake.

Please RSVP and send checks made to the **MIAMI BEACH POLICE RETIREES ASSOCIATION** to **Charlie Seraydar, 5701 SW 134th AVE, SOUTHWEST RANCHES, FL 33330.**

RSVP must be received by November 25th, 2010.



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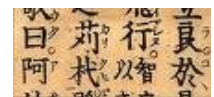
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along her destiny's path.



A Necessary End:
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