



MBPD RETIREE NEWS

Unity is Strength for a Better Retirement

October 2011 Issue

Sam's Corner...

"A Collection of Disorganized Thoughts"

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Finally! I see you're holding the latest issue of our retiree's newsletter in your hot little hands and you can't wait to dig in. As in every month, Sam's Corner will massage your brain with microscopic bursts of colorful bolts of psychedelic lightning bolts with a fruity chocolate-like aroma scientifically designed to excite your senses without the use of unlawful and harmful synthetic substances, or dried, smoldering crushed and inhaled aromatic plant substances. If you don't believe me just read on!

After a hiatus of about a year, I decided to go back to the gym. You know, the gymnasium. The place with lots of heavy machinery designed to whip us back into the best shape of our lives, whatever

that is. I don't like going to the gym but I don't hate it either. Once I get there and start doing what I have to do, such as inflicting pain on my body (yeah, I pay thirty one bucks a month to LA Fitness to suffer), I actually feel better. It's those things they call "endorphins" being released into my bloodstream. A sense of peace passes throughout me, and I feel good. But the gym is a weird place and I'll tell you why I feel that way.

The very idea of paying to go to a place so people can watch you sweat and suffer is a strange concept in and of itself. I don't go to socialize, I can barely speak! Many folks do go to socialize and I would suspect even use it as a dating service. I'd like to do this,

since I am single and always looking, but unfortunately the gym is not a good place for me to do that. It's obviously a very competitive atmosphere. Sam Gam has never been a physical person, although I'm in better shape now than I have been in years and that's a good thing; but Sam Gam is no competition for what's going on at LA Fitness.

I'm not putting myself down, I'm a realist; and the reality is that there are people there in really, really good shape! I'm talking about real muscles baby! The kind that you see in magazines. Sammy boy doesn't have those. He's trying, really trying.

Continued on pg 2



Special Days Observed in October:

Breast Cancer Awareness Month

Columbus Day

Yom Kippur

Halloween Day

Doug Bales, Joe Basler, Jeff Bernstein, Andy Caputo, Richard Caracaus, Mario Cappelletti, John Clements, Kenny Chapman, Tom Davis, Kenneth Dudenhofer, Norvel (Ray) Duncan, Robert Frame, Samuel Gam, Dennis Godbold, Shelly Goldstein, Mike Grant, LeeAnn Gutierrez, James Harris, Andrew Kuncas, Robert Hundevadt, Jack Mackie, John Moore, Romilio Perez, Tony Pizzo, Dick Procyk, John Quiros, Bill Riley, Ellen Roelofs, Tony Sammarco, Andy Soto, Loretta Wein, Tom Wilson, Ed Young, Dennis White, Gerald Wolff

Columbus Day



Sam's Corner... continued from page 1

It's just not in the genes. I'm a people watcher, and if you are too, get a gym membership. It's entertainment at its best. Some people are really stuck on themselves. I love the guys who stand in front of the mirror and pose, especially when a woman walks by; or when they see a woman working out alone and they walk up and offer weightlifting tips.

When I go, I put on my little ear buds, turn on the music and "zone out." I also try to prevent direct eye contact with others. Working out and doing "cardio" is sort of empty time. It's like you're floating in the "twilight zone". You've set aside this block of time to literally torture yourself, and you're counting every minute. The pain will end eventually, but it's just something you endure. The music helps pass the time. Watching people also helps pass the time.

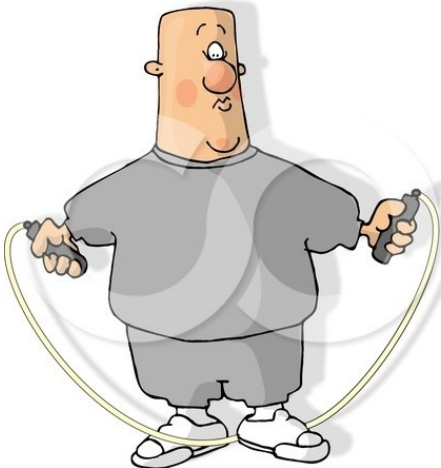
Most people who go to the gym don't talk to or acknowledge each other. Here you have a hundred people sweating next to each other and most of them aren't communicating. They are in the same "twilight zone." At LA Fitness, they have these large screen televisions all over the place flashing continuous programming related to classes, upcoming events, and tips called "gym etiquette." For example, they advise not to "grunt, scream, sit on equipment between sets (which everybody does), curse, etc..."

One thing that annoys the heck out of me is how some of these muscle heads purposely drop heavy weights on the floor when they're done lifting. It's sort of



like when a gorilla bangs his chest to show everyone how cool and ferocious he is; I mean, I don't know if gorillas really do that, but we see it on TV all the time. The muscle head will finish a set and throw 640 pounds of iron to the floor which makes a noise like a freight train crashing and makes the floor shake as if there's an earthquake. Someday, the whole place is gonna collapse, mark my words.

Another thing about LA Fitness that annoys me is occasionally, they invite vendors to set up booths all over the place to advertise and sell specialized gym



clothing, protein powder, vitamins, and other crap. Then they try to stop you and talk to you about it. Evidently, it's "trendy" to be seen talking to these representatives, and they all look like either swimsuit models or bodybuilders. I try to avoid them, even if I have to squeeze between two Stairmasters to get away from them.

I go to the gym wearing ugly shorts, an oversize t-shirt, and old sneakers. I don't care if people look at my big old white legs. This is not a popularity contest. There are folks who spend a *lot* of money to look good, and they do look good, but it's not for me; I'm a simple guy just trying squeeze out a few years more. Despite all of my gripes and such, I really do like going, and for the most part I'll admit that I *did* exaggerate a bit about some things, but it was all done for the shock value. It worked didn't it? Don't tell me you didn't see those psychedelic little lightning bolts and smell the fruity chocolate!

Now when get home from the gym, I like to take a shower because...I'm sweaty. Of course, I use anti-bacterial soap, because *they* said I should. Who are they?? Why are "they" saying this? I know why, because "they" figured out that "they" can scare you into buying anti-bacterial soap for more money, "they" will get rich quicker.

One of my "regulars" recently sent me a very interesting e-mail about the recent obsession with raw chicken juice and anti-bacterial soap and stuff like that. It pointed out that many years ago, we were not obsessed with this stuff. I probably touched lots of raw chicken juice and never got sick. But I'll never do that again. Now they're saying that raw chicken juice is like...radioactive or something. It's full of bacteria, raw sewage, tainted pus and blood, and goat sperm. Not only can you get very sick from touching chicken juice, but you'll grow an extra eye somewhere, and your liver will explode. I just think it's a ploy to get more money out of us.

One thing I do like to do is carry a bottle of that anti-bacterial hand jelly stuff in my vehicles and I use it quite a bit. It makes me feel better, especially after I pump gas. Do you know how many people "handle" themselves in a pornographic manner before they pump gas? I don't know but it's probably a lot!

There's slew of anti-bacterial products on the market now, next to non anti-bacterial products, which is something I can't figure out. So let me figure this one out- If I use anti-bacterial bathroom toilet spray to clean my toilet, I drink out of the bowl right? I don't have to go to the kitchen in the middle of the night for a glass of water and risk turning the light on and running into a mean cockroach looking for a midnight snack. I mean, all the bacteria were killed weren't they? I'll be ok right?



News Capsules...

Lunch in Tennessee, by John Krolak

Hey retirees, it's time for lunch in Tennessee. C'mon to the Tennessee Boys luncheon on Thursday, October 13th, 2011 at 12 Noon in Knoxville at the O'Charleys, located at 3050 South Mall Road.

Hallman, Drucker, Lucius, Martinez, Mackey, Krolak, Seres, Millican say they will be there. Who else will be there? It could be you! Bring your wives and even your mothers in law if ya like. It's a beautiful time of the year in the mountains and should be a good time for all.

Lunch in the Mountains, by Jerry Millican

The annual "Lunch in the Mountains" was held at the Brasstown Valley Resort in Young Harris, Georgia on July 28th, 2011. Attending were some of the usual suspects and a couple of new faces, Keith & Pat Strickland, Nick & Paula DiMartino, Nelson Long, Jim & Gail Corbett, Jerry & Julie Millican, Alan & Betty Seres, Carl & Jackie Ward, and Jack & Donna Krolak. The restaurant gave us the private room in the back with a view and had a pasta buffet or items off the menu. Most chose the buffet. We had a good time catching up and the hit of the afternoon was when some anonymous attendee picked up the tab and even paid the tip. Don't think we can depend on that happening next year nor should we expect it but all of us do appreciate it. There were no known complaints from the attendees about the food, service, or the amenities so we're probably going to return there next year unless someone else wants to suggest a location and make arrangements. We'll try and give more notice so hopefully more retirees will be able to attend.

Carl Ward, World Traveler?

Wow! A Beach guy won something for a change; I, being a member of the international police association just got notified that Carl Ward won the raffle tickets to anywhere in the world for two ...congrats to Carl. Gene Toreky, aka "The Phantom".

Life Insurance through deferred comp, By Joan Donnelly Ochoa

Just a note to you retirees that may have life insurance through your deferred comp (Nationwide) account. (Remember Allan Schlefstein?). I never really paid much attention to it, but today I had a financial advisor go over all my policies. Turns out that while you are an active employee, The City of Miami Beach is the owner and beneficiary of your policy. Unless you signed a "Policy Management" form when you separated, they remain the owner & beneficiary. So, if you have one you might want to call to see who is listed on your policy. The phone number is 877-677-3678. They will send you the form, or let me know and I can e-mail one to you.

General Membership Meeting Announcement

On October 20th, 2011 at 12 Noon, a general membership meeting will be held at the Blue Moon Diner located in the SW corner of Griffin Road and Palm Ave, Cooper City. Cost is \$11.00 per person and includes meal, tax and gratuity..... The main dishes will be: Grilled Marinated Chicken Breast on Caesar Salad, Grouper broiled with white wine, lemon, and garlic crust; served with rice and vegetables, oven roasted turkey wrap with steak fries and finally, an 8oz. Angus Steak Cheeseburger with steak fries. All entrees include soft drink. Cash bar-wine or beer.

Hope to see you there.



DEATH OF MILLIE SCHIAFFO, GARY'S MOM, By Tommy Moran

Gary's mom, Millie Schiaffo, passed away the weekend of September 24th, 2011. She was 94 years old. A graveside ceremony was held on Wednesday, September 28th, 2011 at Forrest Lawn North Cemetery.

Millie had been suffering from Alzheimer's for several years and she is now at peace. One of Gary's best stories of her was when she was still living on her own; he would go to her apartment for dinner. You know how those Italian mothers feed their kids. She would load one thing after another on him. "Have another chicken cutlet", "Here is some more pasta", "Don't tell me you're full already" (he had already been eating for 4 hours). What was sad was as she got really up in her years what once was the best Italian food under the sun, got ugly. Gary said that no matter what she served, chicken, meatballs, lasagna, ravioli, it all tasted like camphor balls. God Bless Millie.



Our Deepest Sympathy

Was I A Good Cop?

Sent by Rick Mendoza (It's been floating around the internet for a few years)

To those not retired, you will get there someday. To the others, I just had to pass this on. Pass this on to any other retiree you know that I may have skipped over. I think we can all relate in one way or another to this..... Especially the last paragraph!

Thoughts from a cop who retired in 2002:

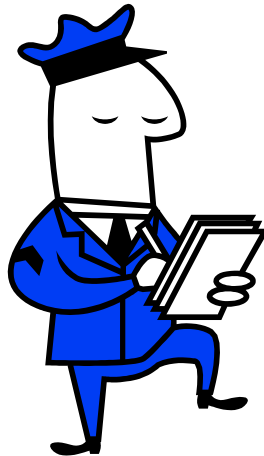
Just before retiring, some young puppy was busting my chops about how law enforcement has changed, and the system is improving for the best. I just smiled and gave him a little laugh. He asked what was so funny. I told him that I felt sorry for him. When asked why, I told him, "**Because in about 15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

We all saw the change in our jobs. I came on in 1971. 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 district was from our 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.

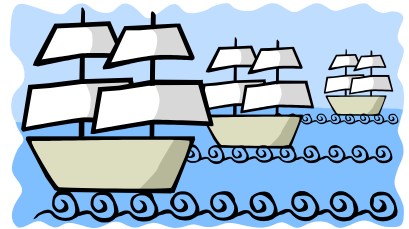
But have faith, brother! After a short time of feeling completely impotent (after all, you're just John Q. now), reality hits like a lead weight.

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 challenge of life and death, good and bad, right and wrong, or even simply easing the pain of some poor bastard for a while, 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.

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 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!



Numb to Violence, by Fred Wooldridge

I'm not sure if I fully understand the philosophy behind firing a weapon into the air. Don't people understand that each projectile will eventually lose velocity and fall back to earth, possibly killing a friend or ally? Maybe they don't care. Even Democrats wouldn't do such a stupid thing....well, maybe on New Year's Eve.

I can't watch the conflict in Libya anymore. Is it really a war or a bunch of yahoo Libyan rednecks wasting Muammar al-Gaddafi's ammo? Or are they hoping one of the .50 caliber rounds will punch a hole in Gaddafi's head. Then I think to myself, *who cares!* I've seen and been a part of way too much violence in my lifetime. Violence, like in Libya, reminds me of things I would like to forget....ugly times, like the stupid battle started by a black motorcycle rider named Arthur McDuffie.

In the early morning hours of December 17, 1979, Miami police officers pursued 33-year old McDuffie on his Kawasaki motorcycle on an 8-minute high speed chase through the residential streets of Miami's all black Liberty City and Overtown at speeds of over 80 mph. McDuffie eventually crashed and was caught after a short foot chase.

Here's a little something for you to chew on. In the seventies, no one....I mean no one.....ran from the police without getting their butt whipped after they were caught. It was the unofficial law of the land. What happened to McDuffie after the chase is still in question. He was taken to the hospital with multiple fractures to his skull. Was he beaten to death by the police or did he sustain some of his injuries when he lost control of his motorcycle at high speed and the cops just finished him off? Actually, for McDuffie, it didn't matter. He was dead.

Of the eight officers involved in the chase, three were indicted for manslaughter in McDuffie's death and one officer for second degree murder. Tensions between blacks and the police were at their maximum so the trial was moved to another city. Anger filled the streets of Miami.

When all the officers were found not guilty, a protest started and in a short time, a full riot developed. Parts of the

city were set afire and firefighters and the police were being fired on by snipers. First, rioters looted all the stores in their neighborhood. Then they burned their groceries, their gas stations, their schools....everything. Why don't blacks ever burn the white neighborhoods? Dumb, dumb, dumb!

The next day I was ordered to take a SWAT team to the Miami airport and pick up Benjamin Hooks, President of the NAACP. We escorted him and his entourage to the Fontainebleau Hotel on Miami Beach. He had come to speak to the rioters and quell the unrest.

After treating my team to a sumptuous and very expensive dinner in a private dining room at the hotel, we headed for his penthouse suite on the top floor. We searched the floor and I posted guards. When the floor was secure, Hooks and I walked out on the wraparound penthouse balcony. He poured himself a scotch and offered me one. I smiled and refused.

Lighting a cigar, he said, "I guess you don't smoke either."

I smiled again, "No, Sir."

Looking west from the penthouse balcony, we stared across Biscayne Bay and the burning city. Without looking at me, Hooks spoke softly, "You see all that violence, all that waste....all that burning? None of that has anything to do with the injustice of the black people. They're just a bunch of hoodlums taking advantage of an unfortunate situation. Those people don't give a damn about Arthur McDuffie or the plight of the black people."

I was stunned Hooks would admit that fact. He was right but I was shocked he was admitting to the truth. What always starts off to be a just cause turns quickly into a riot with people looting and burning their own groceries, churches, gas stations and department stores.

"About tomorrow, sir," I said, turning to face him. "I'm concerned about tomorrow. If things don't improve by morning, you may have to cancel your rally at the park."

"Everything will be just fine, Commander. I'll see you at ten and we'll be just fine.

You wait and see. Those are my people," Hooks confidently responded.

The next morning, a small army of squad cars and three SWAT teams headed for a small park in Overtown. I rode in Hook's limo so I could be in radio contact with my protection team. It seemed that every citizen was firing his weapon into the air. The city was thick with smoke. Firemen could not keep up and many buildings just burned down. As our small contingent of vehicles turned onto NE 5th Street, a chair was thrown from an upper window and hit Hook's limo. He was visibly shaken.

As we approached the park where Hooks would give his speech, we were stopped by two Miami SWAT teams in armored SWAT trucks. They told us the park was volatile and an extremely dangerous place to venture into. They strongly recommended we not enter. I'll never forget the look on Ben Hook's face....the disappointment that he would not be able to help.

We returned to the hotel and several hours later headed for the airport. Overtown continued to burn for another three days and the gunfire only ceased when its' citizens ran out of bullets.

Soooo, excuse me if I don't give a tinker's damn about the rights of the Libyan people and the injustice forced on them. I would suggest that most of the so call "freedom fighters" are just a bunch of thugs who are out to kill, plunder and loot what they can. The media assigned to Libya never showed us the looting and burning. In the beginning I'm sure a handful of Libyans really cared about killing Gaddafi and changing their government. But in time, like most riots, were replaced with terrorists with a hidden agenda, coupled with local hoodlums who just want to plunder and loot. Maybe if they fire enough rounds into the air, everyone will be found dead with holes in the top of their heads, a just reward for their stupidity. Libya is not changing for the good. It's just changing hoodlums.

***Deceived**, a mystery/thriller, would make a great Christmas present. Pick it up at Shakespeare's book store, the book nook at The Toy Store or Chapter Two in Cashiers.*



Miami Beach Police Retirees Holiday Party Announcement!

WHERE: WEST BROWARD HALL, 927 NW 178TH AVE, PEMBROKE PINES

WHEN: DECEMBER 10TH, 2011 6PM-10PM (COCKTAIL HOUR 6PM-7PM)

COST: \$30.00 PER PERSON

Come join your friends and celebrate the holiday season!

Menu entrée choices are:

Chicken Marsala

Pasta Primavera with shrimp

Prime Rib

Garlic Mashed Potatoes

Sauteed Vegetables

Dinner Includes:

Home Dinner Rolls and Butter

Soda, Beer, and Wine

Music will be supplied by DJ (Officer) Chris Mitchell

PLEASE RSVP

Send Checks to:

Miami Beach Police Retirees Association

CHARLIE SERAYDAR

5701 SW 134TH AVE

SOUTHWEST RANCHES, FL 33330

RSVP must be received by November 23rd, 2011



Breast Cancer Awareness Month



Sam's Corner... continued from page 2

There's anti-bacterial dishwasher soap, toilet spray, floor cleaner, bar soap, candles, apples, chicken, mangos, watches, televisions, plates, telephones, makeup, and notebook paper. No there's not! I'm being silly, only like the first four items, the rest I made up. My advice, stay away from raw chicken juice and you'll be just fine.

I want to report a Jimmy Booth sighting. Jimmy recently rolled into North Bay Village and met us at the Hess Gas Station, our unofficial sub-station. Jimmy looks good and does not appear to have changed much, he's still a very... uh...interesting fellow. Jimmy spent about a half hour with us then he had to leave to attend to some "business." Jimmy lives part time in Nicaragua and loves it there.




It's Breast Cancer Awareness Month and the Miami Beach Police Department had one of their squad cars specially painted pink and white for the occasion. The car will be shown off at the various events around town. It looks really good and we're putting a picture of it here, although it doesn't matter because this newsletter is now BLACK AND WHITE!!! But, if you log on the Retiree's website, you can see the newsletter in full color. Great job, someone was on the ball with that car.



Last but not least, let's keep Carl Ward and his doctors in our prayers. Carl has been having heart troubles lately and by the time you read this he will have

had a procedure to determine if he's a good candidate for a pacemaker defibrillator implant, since the electrical system of his heart was damaged by a recent heart attack. Carl is one of the "really good guys" (amongst many) and shows up at many of our South Florida get-togethers.

In closing, I've noticed the weather is changing and it couldn't have come at a better time. Our members up north are really starting to see it. Could this hot and humid weather be finished for us in South Florida? I certainly hope so!! See ya next month!

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