

THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION

NOTEBOOK



Member of COPS
California Organization
of Police & Sheriffs.

Official Publication of the San Francisco Police Officers' Association

To Promote the Efficiency and Good Name of the San Francisco Police Department and its Members

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1991

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POA ELECTION NOTICE

The annual SFPOA Board of Directors Election for Station/Bureau representatives will take place between January 24, 1992 and February 10, 1992. (Ballots will be counted on Wed., 2/12/92.) Any member wishing to submit his/her name in nomination may do so by sending written correspondence to the members of the Nominating Committee by Thursday, December 12, 1991. Nominations may also be made at the General Membership meeting scheduled for Tuesday 12/19/91 at 1700 hours at the POA building, 510 7th Street. In addition, the membership will be asked to vote on Constitution/By-Laws changes. These changes, as yet unspecified, will be printed next month.

In accordance with Article 5, Section 3 of the POA's Constitution and By-Laws:

"The Nominating Committee shall consist of three (3) active members appointed by the President during the first week of November. It shall be their duty to receive nominations and report on the eligibility of the nominees at the December quarterly membership meeting."

The following named members are hereby appointed as "The Nominating Committee":

Bert Olson	FOB
Bill Shoaf	CSMS
Farrell Suslow	Taxi Detail

Law Enforcement Union Recommended

by Joe Reilly

The Labor Affiliation Committee, with representatives from the SF Police Officers Association, the SFD.A. Investigators Association and the SF Airport Police Association, has agreed to develop a proposed restructuring and merger of the three associations which would result in the creation of a new AFL-CIO affiliated local union.

Under this concept, the current associations would each become a chapter of the local police union which they would collectively form. The Board of Directors of the local union would be elected proportionately from the three chapters and become the main representative and governing body of the local union. Union membership would be available to sworn personnel employed by the represented agencies.

By forming a local union and affiliating with an AFL-CIO national union, the influence and strength of the new union expands tremendously, beyond that which was built individually over the years by the now merged associations. While the perspective and scope of union activity will remain focused on the police/law enforcement environment, the union will have new forums available to exert its influence and pursue its objectives at both

the national level and within San Francisco. The unique labor environment of law enforcement has always demanded a specialized employee organization. Accordingly, there will always be law enforcement responsibilities which transcend labor issues, however law enforcement must not continue to deprive itself of access to the rest of the labor community.

Representatives at the latest Affiliation Committee meeting were Al Triguero, Gary Delagnes and Al Casciato, (chair), SFPOA; Richard Austring and Bruce Austin, SFD.A. Investigators Association; John Scully and Joe Reilly, SF Airport POA; and Vince Courtney, SFPOA counsel. Each association has submitted its by-laws for study with respect to the proposed merger and union formation. A more detailed description of the proposal under study will result and be presented to the respective memberships. Please contact your station rep or an Affiliation Committee member with your questions or comments as the committee's work continues.

(Editor's Note: Joe Reilly, a former member of the SFPOA Board and former NOTEBOOK columnist, is currently Secretary of the SF Airport Police Officers Association)

Jordan For Mayor

by Ray Benson, Chairperson
Legislative Committee

The Police Officer's Association has endorsed Frank Jordan for Mayor of San Francisco, and pledges full support for his candidacy in the December 10, 1991 runoff against Art Agnos.

Jordan has an excellent chance of becoming the City's next Mayor. He came in approximately 10,000 votes ahead of Agnos on November 5th and, since that date, his campaign has made a sincere and effective effort to demonstrate that he is willing and capable of representing all the people of this City fairly.

The Agnos campaign strategy, by sharp contrast, has been to divide the City right down the middle by attempting to scare liberal voters, at least those that don't know the Agnos administration well enough, into thinking that if Agnos is not reelected, every progressive cause will be in jeopardy. To accomplish this goal, the Agnos camp is attempting to make Jordan out to be another David Duke. However, those of us who have worked with Frank Jordan know him to be a fair man who is committed to progressive principles to a far greater extent than Art Agnos.

Harry Britt, who has been a real progressive throughout his career, isn't buying one bit of the Agnos line and will not move into the Agnos camp against Jordan. Britt has been a longtime supporter of progressive issues across the board, often acting as an articulate advocate not only for numerous gay and lesbian issues, but also for environmentalists, affordable housing, women, most labor unions and the homeless. He has been there for the POA on every legitimate issue that we have gone to him with.

Britt opposed Agnos in November, as did Dick Hongisto and Angela Alioto, because he was "giving liberalism a bad name" — a statement made by Hongisto frequently on the campaign trail. Agnos clearly betrayed many liberal organizations, leaders and causes during his first term as Mayor, and does not deserve their support now.

Far more significant than Agnos' betrayal of certain liberal supporters, however, was the Agnos divisive style of governing. The Agnos administration not



only played political hardball, but would deliberately pit groups against each other whenever, from their distorted viewpoint, it suited Agnos's personal political purposes. Misinformation was his greatest tool, while the damage that might result from his divisive tactics was irrelevant.

Agnos now is using misinformation in a futile attempt to convince the voters that Frank Jordan is the Antichrist. We think and hope this will be his last effort as divisive politics in his capacity as Mayor. Our City deserves better. Vote for Frank Jordan, and do what you can to get as many voters out to vote against Art Agnos and the style of politics that his administration has stood for.

**Vote for
FRANK JORDAN
on December 10th**

The Notebook Needs You

We need your articles to make this the best possible newspaper. Articles should be sent to:
Tom Flippin, Editor
SFPOA Notebook
510 7th Street
San Francisco, CA 94103
Deadline for January issue:
Monday, December 30, 1991

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Widows and Orphans Aid Association

The regular monthly meeting of The Widows and Orphans Aid Association was called to order by Pres Thomas Burton as 2:05 P.M. Wednesday November 20, 1991 in the Community Conference Room, Ingleside Station.

ROLL CALL OF OFFICERS: All Present, Also P. Presidents J. Hegarty and O. Elvander.

MINUTES OF LAST MEETING: Approved as presented to the membership in writing.

COMMUNICATIONS: Following donations received and acknowledged: JOHN KEKER and PIUS LEE - monthly salary as Police Commissioners.

BILLS: Usual Bills presented by Treas. Parenti - benefits, salaries, taxes — APPROVED. Treas. Parenti reported the following deaths:

DONALD HICKS was born in Natchez, Mississippi in 1947. Don was employed as the manager of a delivery service before joining the department in 1980. He was assigned to Northern Station for 6 months, then transferred to Central, from there to Potrero where he remained until his retirement on disability in 1991 at the age of 44. Donald received the following awards during his short time in the Department: 1984-Bronze for saving the life of a man whose throat had been slashed; 1985-Bronze for the arrest of armed suspect wanted for taxicab holdups and who had stabbed a cab driver in one of the holdups; 1988-Bronze for the capture of an armed suspect who had shot at another person. Donald had been retired but a short time when he passed away at the age of 45.

MANULETE ORTEGA: Born in U.S. Naval Hospital in San Diego, Manuel worked as an Athletic Director for CYO as a volunteer and as a Probation Officer at

Juvenile Center before becoming a member of the Department in 1984 at age 28. He was awarded the following C/C while in the Department - Arrest of an armed suspect who had fired shots at passing vehicles; Arrest of a drug-crazed suspect who had threatened to throw a baby out a window; Arrest of a suspect wanted for rape with bodily harm. Manny had worked at Northern and Southern, before being transferred to Potrero where he worked until his death in 1991 at the early age of 47.

REPORT OF TRUSTEES: Mr. Bricker, Security Pacific National Bank, reported an increase of \$30,000.00 in the Portfolio. Recommended purchases of U.S. Treasury Notes and certain stocks at a total cost of \$303,800.00. Approved by Trustees. Mrs. Good-Swan, Senior Trust Officer of Bank reported that the DUES NOTICES had been sent to all Cash Members of The Association. USUAL DUES OF \$36.00.

NEW BUSINESS: The following were nominated for the year of 1992-93: PRESIDENT - KEVIN O'CONNOR, VICE PRESIDENT - PETER MALONEY, TREASURER - WILLIAM PARENTI, TRUSTEES - WILLIAM HARDEMAN, ROBERT HUEGLE, JAMES STURKEN.

ADJOURNMENT: There being no further business to come before the membership, the meeting was adjourned at 2.45 P.M. in memory of the above departed Brothers.

Paternally,
Robert J. McKee, Secretary

ALL RETIRED MEMBERS — DUES NOTICES HAVE BEEN SENT — IF YOU DO NOT RECEIVE YOURS BY DECEMBER 1, 1991 CALL BILL PARENTI 681-6133 or BOB MC KEE 587-4570.



POLICE POST #456 NEWS

by Greg Corrales

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Psalms 133:1

By the time this column is printed, the long-delayed merger of Fire Fighters Post 97 with Police Post 456 should be a fait accompli. The first thing I am compelled to do is reassure you fire fighters we crime fighters would rather have a sister in a w--- house than a brother in a fire house! Now that we have the inevitable out of the way, I have to tell you fire fighters that we are so glad that we have merged it's **incredible!** I think that it's especially appropriate that we have merged during the holiday season. During the holidays is when families become close. The bond between crime fighters and fire fighters makes us like a family. As they say, misery loves company. Between the politicians (especially the politicians), the Federal Judges (especially the Federal Judges) and the media (**ESPECIALLY, ESPECIALLY THE MEDIA**), the most dedicated, courageous, and most under-paid city employees have become the most popular whipping-boys (whipping-people?) in San Francisco. You guys did read that outrageous column in the Chronicle/Examiner on Sunday, 11-17-91, talking about the police abandoning the citizens to save themselves? In the same breath they mention the Oakland hero fire fighter and police officer that died trying to save the citizens of Oakland. From what I have read, the citizenry of the entire Bay Area are as in-

sulted and offended by the hypocrisy of the media as we might hope.

For you courageous fire fighters that I will "cap on" at every opportunity, I have to explain the next section of this column. I am humiliated to admit this, but when the Gulf War broke out, we had an alleged police officer who had been in the reserves for seventeen years, taking advantage of every benefit the military would extend him. When he went AWOL from the military when his unit was activated during the Gulf War, and when he simultaneously went AWOL from the SFPD, I began to have my doubts about the guy. Despite the obvious evidence, however, I asked a couple "coppers" whose opinion I respect, about the guy. I wouldn't understand not going. But if these good "coppers" had said, "I don't know why he isn't going to the Gulf, but he's a good cop," I would have remained mute. I tried to remain mute, but two things prevented it. Number one, the good cops I asked about him said that in their opinion he was a sniveling whiner. The second, and most important reason, was that I've got two young hard-charging **Real** policemen that were activated and served in the Gulf. For these reasons, I usually have a "Pusillanimity" Update: London (UPI) A British serviceman who refused to fight in the Persian Gulf War was convicted by a court-martial in September of desertion and sentenced to 14 months in prison. Gunner Williams left his post in Germany hours before his unit was to leave for the Gulf and returned to Britain to speak at anti-war rallies before being arrested.

Being a Highly Skilled, Professionally Trained, Marine Corps, Airborne, Shock tooper, I hate to mention this, but I am one of the few **honest** columnists you will come across. Therefore, I must report that the Hayward Marine Corps reservist charged with desertion after refusing to serve in

(See POST 456, Page 6)

Editorial Policy

The *Notebook* is the official newspaper of the San Francisco Police Officers' Association and is published to express the policies, the ideals and the accomplishments of the Association. It is the *Notebook's* editorial policy to allow members to express their individual opinions and concerns within the necessary considerations of legality and space. Submissions that are racist, sexist, and/or unnecessarily inflammatory or offensive will not be published. Contributors must include their names with all submissions but may request that their names not be printed. Anonymously submitted material will not be published. The SFPOA and the *Notebook* are not responsible for unsolicited material. The editors reserve the right to edit submissions to conform to this policy.

The San Francisco Police Officers' Association NOTEBOOK

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THE SFPOA NOTEBOOK is the official publication of the San Francisco Police Officers' Association. However, opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the SFPOA or the San Francisco Police Department.

Members or readers submitting letters or articles to the editor are requested to observe these simple rules:
• Address letters to the Editor's Mail Box, 510 7th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.
• Letters must be accompanied by the writer's true name and address. The name, but not the street address, will be published with the letter.
• Unsigned letters and/or articles will not be used.
• Writers are assured freedom of expression within necessary limits of space and good taste.
• The editor reserves the right to add editor's notes to any article submitted, if necessary.
• Articles should be typed, double-spaced.

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POA BULLETIN

#91-112
November 5, 1991

To: Association Members
From: Al Trigueiro, President

The Association is receiving numerous complaints regarding the lack of service being provided by Caleb Smith and Sons, Inc., uniform supplier. Members have complained of a lack of items available to try on to measure a proper fit, a limited number of uniform items at the facility, and unreasonable delays (6-12 weeks) in filling orders.

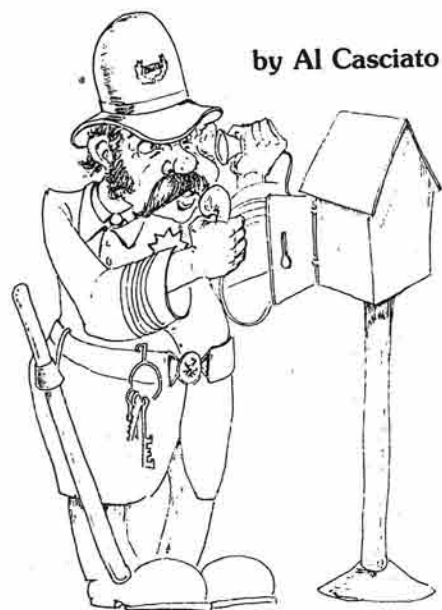
The Department's Planning Division is maintaining a file of these complaints for use against this company in order to hold it accountable to its contractual obligations with the City.

If you receive less than acceptable service, or **no service at all** from Smith and Sons Inc., forward a short memorandum through channels to the Planning Division describing the details of the problem.

I will keep you informed on the scope and resolution of the problem.

AROUND THE DEPARTMENT

by Al Casciato



Deadline for this edition was Monday, November 25 — so material for the column was at a premium and may not be timely. Apologies in advance.

... **Isn't it criminal?** Potrero Station officers searching the back lot of the sewer department facility on Jerrold St. came across 18 brand new radio cars which appear to have been hidden there some-time ago and are now starting to rust. If we can't afford to outfit radio cars for the street, we shouldn't be allowing them to waste away. Either sell them or use them; anything else is criminal...

... Vice Crimes **Jeff Woo** has resigned to become an investigator for the S.F. State Police. Reason? Better benefits; a hard decision but let's hope our new contract will entice him back...

The 5th Column unmasked: POA Secretary **Steve Johnson** is up in arms — livid may be an understatement. Seems that Steve was recently asked to sit on a panel to discuss police discipline procedures by Lt. **Ed Pecinovsky**, Management Control. Another of the panelists was former POA V-P, and current aide to Mayor Agnos, **Paul Chignell**, who told Steve that in San Anselmo where he is a councilman, the police officers were going to receive a very good salary and benefits package. Steve is so angry with Paul, believing now more than ever that during the Agnos term, POA contract efforts were subverted by the POA V.P. and "Labor Rep" of the mayor's staff...

Business Cards: **Craig Sherfold** is 7 (seven) years old and suffering from terminal cancer. He has a wish and desire to be included in the Guinness Book of World Records for the largest number of business cards collected by one person. Off. **Mitch Grobeson**, Co. D, has volunteered to collect cards for Craig — so please send your cards to Mitch at Mission Station, 1240 Valencia St., S.F. 94110...

Plug for B-1 Violators: Is B-1 on your mind lately? Have you noticed how those making up the FAT list are seldom on it? Despite this unfairness, **Officer Lombardo** at Mission Station has helped shed 250 pounds off the department's FAT list. Lorraine herself has lost 30 pounds using the AMAZING MICRO DIET. Police physician Dr. **Parsons** says, "The Micro Diet can be very helpful and effective as part of the lifestyle change necessary to lose excess weight and maintain B-1 standards." Officer Lombardo is offering the Micro Diet introductory 5-day sample pack including meals, book and VCR tape for \$50, her cost. Enjoy the holidays and remember her number 653-SFPD when you get SCALE shock. Lorraine will provide free UPS service of meals to police personnel...

Injury Alert: Injuries from automatics are up at the range — be sure to practice regularly if you own an automatic because proficiency prevents accidents...

Retirees: **Dean Hirst** who wore star #553 and retired from Potrero Station in 1970 is "alive and well" residing in Brownsville which is in Yuba County. Dean keeps busy with his amateur radio — call sign KBGRIE — and tending his summer home at Dome Creek, British Columbia...

Red Collins, who has been out 16 years, has been spotted dancing away the evening at a local yacht club — Red's doing very well and has recovered significantly from a very scary stroke.

Sol Weiner has been assigned new duties at the Credit Union, among which will be visiting the district stations to impart the wisdom of the experienced on our new generation of savers, home purchasers, etc., etc...

Old Cartoons: **John Sterling** is trying to put together a book of all his old cartoons. Unfortunately, John did not make a copy of many for himself. So if you have a Sterling cartoon in your files, please make a copy and send it to John, c/o POA, 510 - 7th St., SF 94103...

The Mike O'Brien Memorial Pistol Match was a lot of fun for all the participants and is a wonderful way to keep Mike's memory alive. Mike's son, Matt, now 12 years old, participated for the first time and managed to outscore 14 trained police officers (smile)...

Births: **Inspector Belinda Kerr** has now returned from maternity leave, having given birth to Aaron Paul Kerr-Jacobs, 9 lbs. 5 oz., 21 inches on 5-25-91. Dad is Ron Jacobs, our source at S & C Ford. Lil Aaron joins big brother Sam who is now 19 months. Belinda is working in the Auto Detail...

Co. E's **Jeff and Joan Roth** welcomed **Eric Michael**, 5 lbs. 5 oz., 18 inches on 11-20-91 at 2039 hours. Uncle Ron (SID) and big sis Aimee, 3-1/2 yrs. have coordinated some of the welcoming festivities for Lil Eric. All are doing well.

Congrats and best wishes for the future to all...

A happy customer: Inspectors **Al Duncan** and **John Tursi** responded to the Geneva Towers in search of a domestic violence suspect. After a bizarre experience with the elevators, they located the suspect on the 8th floor. Upon returning to the Hall, Al called the victim to advise her that her boyfriend had been taken into custody. Upon being told, the suspect began screaming uncontrollably. Al and John began to worry, asking themselves would she now become a "reluctant victim". Upon finally calming down, Al and John were relieved to hear her say "Thank you, thank you, thank you. Today is my birthday and this is the most wonderful birthday gift I would have."...

Real rat... Communication dispatchers gather every evening around the rear door of the hall, at about 2310 hours, for the long scary walk to their cars in the parking lots. Fearing muggers many are armed with mace and by walking together believe that an assault will be prevented. What they had not counted on was the appearance of a rat... a real 4 legged one with a long hairless tail... seems that this Mickey / Minnie feeds in the planter boxes near the Children's Center and is becoming bolder

and bolder as he / she becomes more comfortable with humans. Won't it be interesting when **Mickey or Minnie's** friend — all show up for a family gathering and maybe a little tour of the Hall...eck.

Commend or Condemn???

Several officers have been beating up on P.O.A. Executive Board members **Gary Delagnes** and **Steve Johnson** about why the department holds D.A.B.O.R. and O.C.C. hearings regularly and with much greater frequency than Medal of Valor / Commendation Ceremonies ... Their only response is that maybe the Department and Commission are more interested in condemning than in commending. Let's hope that will not be true in the next administration...

Politics, Politics, Politics...

The Political Season is almost over. Friendships have been made and lost, but most of all a historic realignment of San Francisco "Body Politic" has taken place and in the forefront has been the P.O.A. Whether Agnos or Jordan wins the P.O.A. has emerged as a major player and if the proposed merger with the Airport P.O.A. and the District Attorney Investigator's Association takes place, and Local 911 is formed within the AFL-CIO Labor Council a truly powerful organization will have been born. An organization which will carry us into the next century and a new era; an era in which technologies, concepts, and applications of Policing will be vastly different than today...

Recession / Depression ???

At the recent C.P.O.A. (California Peace Officer's Association) conference in Santa Barbara; Potrero Station Lt. **Jack Ballentine** discussed the issue of the economy with many of the attendees. To a person, each thanked their good fortune for having a job in a field which is considered essential ... a widely held belief is that when real hard times strike there will be less need for higher ups and more need for line officers ... look for fewer Chiefs and Supervisors; the salary savings will be used to maintain line staffing levels...

Happy Holidays and let's hope that the citizenry will bestow a new mayor on our City in December.

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clients, and their families.



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SAN FRANCISCO**Fellowship of
Christian
Peace Officers****The Threatened Line**

Reading the Notebook at one time was an enjoyable experience, but now the accumulated variety of articles has turned it into a literary production of frustrations. If all the words, sentences and paragraphs written were orchestrated into music, the sound would be so offensive that no instrument could play such sour notes.

The Thin Blue Line has been fragmented, leaving large gaps. unprotected flanks, exposed backs, and mental mechanisms are rusted. That Line is now a vulnerable target for special interest groups to maneuver between the gaps, set up camp, and begin to dictate policy. All of which has nothing to do with the origin of police work — which is putting bad guys in jail — period.

The unification of the Line must be brought back, the gaps repaired, and with it a restored pride in your job. You spend most of your life on that Line, and if political fingers begin to pull and push the Line for their own purpose the job will only get tougher.

The answer is not in "man". Who knows if he is a wise man or a fool or what he will do when he has control over the Line. No, the only answer is to place your trust in God. He is the one who, if asked by His people, can unite and bind that Line to make it strong once again. Understand that your sum total of power with God is prayer. This is not theory, but fact, that has been proven since the creation of man.

We, of the Fellowship of Christian Peace Officers, are going to ask you, the men and women of the SFPD for a special request. It has long been our desire to find out the men and women in the Department who are Christians and who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and who will pray for the SFPD. The task is simple: write your name, station or detail and send it to Lt. Jim Crowley, Northern Station. Please do it!

One More Thing!! February 11 through February 13 (Tuesday through Thursday)

is the 16th annual Law Enforcement Conference to be held at Mount Hermon (Santa Cruz Mountains). The featured speaker is **Mike Ryan**. Mike is our Chaplain in the SFPD, and directs the Family Support Program. For more information on this Conference contact: Ed Erdelatz - 553-1148, Dan Hampton, 557-6730 or Jim Crowley, 553-9761.

Until next time, God Bless You.
Jim Higgins, Ret. Inspector SFPD.

**Law Enforcement
Personnel Gather
In February**

If you serve in a law enforcement field, you need to set aside February 11 through February 13, Tuesday through Thursday, for Mount Hermon's 16th Annual Law Enforcement Conference.

Mount Hermon aims to provide an environment for stress relief, recreation and spiritual growth. To the backdrop of towering redwood trees, fragrant mountain air and streamside hiking trails, we add plenty of fellowship and friendship opportunities, tasty meals and comfortable lodging.

Our featured speaker is **MIKE RYAN**, Senior Pastor of Peninsula Covenant Church in Redwood City, California. Mike is also a chaplain with the San Francisco Police Department where he directs the Family Support Program. **DAVE TALBOTT** and **RICK SCHRANCK** will provide music and hosting leadership.

You may arrive early and have Monday night and an extra day for an additional \$20 per room. However, if your registration and deposit are received by November 25, Monday night is FREE! No meals are served during this early arrival; the full conference begins Tuesday night with a 7 pm buffet.

Prices, which include all meals and snacks, housing and program range from \$102.50 for a single economy to \$132.50 for single deluxe; and from \$207.50 for double economy to \$262.50 for double deluxe. Single rates are for double occupancy; add \$30.00 for single occupancy. Contact the Registrar for a detailed brochure, or Campership form for financial assistance.

**RETIRED
MEMBERS
COLUMN**

by Gino Marionetti & Mike Sugrue

**Seasons Greetings**

Mike and I wish to express our deepest gratitude and thanks to everyone who has attended our seminars.

I hope that we achieved our goal of making the road to retirement run a little smoother. This year we held our 9th retirement seminar, and, while Mike and I do not have an accurate count, it has to be in the neighborhood of 500 who have attended them.

Seasons greetings to all active and

retired members of our department. May the coming holiday season be filled with joy and may our hearts contain two important ingredients, love in our heart for our fellow man and our God.

May the good Lord continue to bring you and all of your loved ones good health as well as happiness.

Gino Marionetti & Mike Sugrue
Coordinators, Retirement Planning Seminars

**The Policeman's Wife**

by Clayton Matthews

Many times I know you've heard,
Of the one who leads a dog's life,
But there's only one who deserves those
She is — the Policeman's wife.

Her hardships are more than one,
As you will very soon see,
So slow down girls — please don't run,
If you are a Policeman's wife to be.

When she first marries him, she's very proud,
That's Her man — all dressed in blue,
She wants to be with him, out in a crowd,
For everything's so nice and new.

The first year goes by fast;
As She learns about his job.
She learns of criminals in the past;
And of places that they rob.

The second year and years to come,
The excitement disappears.
What used to be the thrill to some,
Now — turns into fears.

She starts to worry about her man,
And hates to hear the phone ring.
Just imagine — if you can,
The sadness it could bring.

She never knows, when she will hear,
That her husband's hurt — or dead;
Or that he's stopping off for just one beer,
And again she's alone in bed.

After awhile the time slows down,
And she finds she's more alone.
He's no longer a man about town;
But a man — who's never home.

She finds she has to change her ways,
From the opposite of before.
The days are nights and nights are days,
Her life just took a detour.

I'll try and take a month or two,
Of a copper's wife routine,
And let you see what she goes through,
So you'll know just what I mean.

A week of four to twelve comes first,
And she dines all by herself,
Her hungers gone and she has no thirst;
She's read all the books on the shelf.

'Course you'll say she could go to shows,
But she can't do that every night.
She could visit relatives and friends she knows;
But they'll soon get sick of her sight.

She listens to the radio or watches T.V.
Until the rest of the night is done.
Then goes to bed or waits to see,
If he'll be home by one.

The next week is twelve to eight,
While he's at work — she sleeps
She hardly ever sees her mate,
Because of the hours he keeps.

When he come home and goes to bed,
He sleeps all through the day.
And all he has to look ahead,
Is — tiptoeing all the way.

She looks ahead to his day off,
Like a ship coming into port.
But even then, Fate has to scoff,
As he has to go to court.

I've mentioned all the bad things,
About being a Policeman's wife.
And though she wears a halo and wings,
She sure leads a hell of a life.

So if a Policeman's wife you be,
Some day will come the dawn.
And in the light you'll plainly see, —
A copper's wife never dies — she just hangs on.

The Police Officer's Life

*I have been where you fear to be
I have seen what you fear to see
I have done what you fear to do
All these things I've done for you.*

*I am the one you lean upon
The one you cast your scorn upon
The one you bring your troubles to
All these people I've been for you.*

*The one you ask to stand apart
The one you feel should have no heart
The one you call the officer in blue
But I am human just like you.*

*And through the years I've come to see
That I am not what you ask of me
So take this badge and take this gun
Will you take it? Will anyone?*

*And when you watch a person die
And hear a battered baby cry
Then do you think that you can be
All these things that you ask of me?*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

The 'Dumb Cop'

by Clayton Matthews

Whenever you go to a show,
And the Hero comes out on top,
A Detective captures the foe.
And the laughs are on a — "Dumb Cop."

On the radio — there's mystery plays;
And the law always get their main
But who proves the point — "Crime never pays?"
The "Dumb Cop"? — No! — Charlie Chan.

Even if a Stage Play you see;
Or a musical — full of Be-Bop.
Somewhere in the show there'll be —
The eventful, laughable — "Dumb Cop."

Whenever you hear a funny song;
Or listen to funnier tales;
The joke is never about "Hopalong"
But about a "Dumb Cop" — never fails.

Now who is the "Dumb Cop," you ask
And as stupid as that can he be?

Answering this will be no task;
Just look all around — and you'll see.

Who helps your children cross the street?
And helps "Mother" on her way?
It's not a detective that you meet;
But a "Dumb Cop" — every day.

Who patrols the streets, late hours at night?
And makes it safe for you and your home?
The Detectives — with their uncanny foresight?
No! The "Dumb Cop" — and he's all alone.

If there is a menace to harm you;
Or your children; or your wife;
A "Dumb Cop" — maybe two — will offer his life.

So let the Detectives have their glory —
The "Dumb Cop" — his restriction.
But remember the words of this story —
"Prevention" — is as good as Conviction.



FROM THE PRESIDENT

ARBITRATION SET TO BEGIN

Season's Greetings! On behalf of the Board of Directors, I wish you and your families a joyful Holiday Season with a New Year full of hope and personal accomplishments. It is with abundant optimism that our Association faces the New Year as 1991 set the stage for our first ever Interest Arbitration as part of the process outlined by our successful ballot measure, Proposition D.

It's been a long, tedious journey of negotiations with plenty of down-time thrown in for good measure. The Collective Bargaining Steering Committee began its efforts on February 15, 1991 and we are close to entering the final arbitration stage. One of the country's renowned arbitrators, John Kagel, has been mutually selected and he will begin the mediation/arbitration phase on December 3rd. Our POA attorneys forecast a completion date in early 1992 with the caveat that anything to delay the inevitable can be expected from City Hall. This will be the most significant Interest Arbitration proceeding to date in California, and I am hopeful that the outcome will return our members to their rightful place in terms of overall wages and benefits.

DECEMBER 10, RUN-OFF

Optimistically, 1992 will also usher in a new era for our members at City Hall. San Francisco voters will soon choose a mayoral candidate and with any luck it will be POA endorsed run-off candidate and ex-chief Frank Jordan.

If you believe as I do, a change is essential if this City expects to collectively and without malice towards any one group work to solving its problems. A mayor is needed who is not vindictive, who won't pit one group against another and who is supportive of the job and sensitive to the role of a police officer in our City. I must urge each and everyone to support your Association's efforts to elect Frank Jordan the next Mayor of San Francisco.

My experience at a recent labor meeting, to question the candidates, is an example of what this Association has endured for the past 3-1/2 years under an Agnos Administration and what it could expect if he is re-elected.

Sal Rosselli of Local 250 (Hospital and Health care workers) had assembled labor unions who had originally supported Angela Alioto's bid for Mayor in the primary election. Approximately ten unions were represented that Thursday morning, November 14 at SEIU Headquarters on Golden Gate Avenue and the candidates were each allotted an hour for a personal introduction followed by individual questions from the union representatives.

Appearing first and, responding to my question about how to get our police officers back to a prevailing wage and benefits, Frank Jordan stated: "I am committed, first and foremost, to getting the Department back up to its authorized strength. The Department is currently 168 officers below authorized strength and public safety in San Francisco is dependent upon correcting that staffing deficit and ensuring that officers have the

resources at their disposal to get the job done and that they are not overworked and understaffed as they are now. Once that is done, we can then look at finding the resources to increase the wages and benefits of our officers. The collective bargaining process just implemented will provide an avenue for approaching this issue in a manner that is equitable and in the best interests of our law enforcement personnel and the City's taxpayers."

Before Mr. Agnos entered the room and before his hour with the unions was to begin, the program's organizer and member of Local 250, Larry Griffin, tapped me on the shoulder and whispered that the mayor did not want me to be at this question and discussion session since the POA had already endorsed Frank Jordan. When told of the mayor's request, to ban the POA, the other unions made it very clear that I could remain if I wished. I stayed.

When my turn came to question Mr. Agnos, I asked the same question of him as I had of Frank Jordan.

Agnos' response was remarkable —

He told the gathering that the City wasn't able to agree to our wage package proposal since the unions present had themselves taken a wage freeze during the fiscal year; besides, he had been privy to a salary and benefit survey that placed the SFPD at or near the top in most every category.

Agnos continued by telling the group of labor leaders that his administration had been good to our members, since he had signed a "first ever" MOU, "giving" the Department a uniform allowance; and that he was the champion of the 4/10 plan, keeping it from dissolution by the former chief. Finally, he opened a manila envelope that his driver had handed to him prior to the beginning of the question and answer period and removed a copy of the previous issue of this *Notebook*, pointing to the lead article entitled Go Frank Go, and indicating that the POA had already made its endorsement decision.

Then it was my turn —

Informing the mayor that during the endless months of bargaining the POA had, at one time, offered a six month wage freeze to initiate some movement on the part of the City. (But, of course, that was to no avail.) Explaining that the salary survey he alluded to unfairly compares us to cities across the nation with much lower cost of living indexes besides the survey's other glaring deficiencies. Reminding him that Chief Casey, his appointee, had recently initiated the meet and confer process in order to dissolve the 4/10 schedule.

And, finally, thinking that two could play the game "Show and Tell", I removed from my valise a copy of the Sentinel newspaper containing the article with Art Agnos' by-line blasting the POA's alliance with Angela Alioto and painting our Association with a racist/sexist brush —

At this point, Mr. Agnos vehemently protested: "I didn't write that article, and you know that".

Isn't the present state of City Government simply inspiring?
Merry Christmas.

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No On Agnos

November 25, 1991

To All Politicians:

The mayor's race has divided our City as no other political race in modern time. The cause of this divisiveness has been Mayor Art Agnos. Though Mayor Agnos received the majority of the votes cast by the San Francisco COPE, he did not receive enough for endorsement. The overwhelming majority of the local unions are not supporting his re-election.

The reasons are Mayor Agnos has: vetoed prevailing wages for hospital workers; opposed the Democratic Party's position on binding arbitration for police officers and firefighters; opposed or impeded every growth issue in the last ten (10) years; frozen city employees wages, two out of three years; ignored prevailing wages on building contracts let by the City; sabotaged an apprenticeship ordinance that would have been a boon to minorities and women wanting to enter into the construction trades; refused to support the organization of Parc 55; and has been viciously vindictive to those unions who dared to stand up to him. Because our feelings are so strong in opposing Mayor Agnos' re-election, we are asking you not to burn your bridges with the majority of local unions in this City by your activity on Agnos' behalf.

If you are a friend of our enemy, what does that make you to us. Our future support of you will reflect your support of our position on this important labor issue.

Sincerely,

SAN FRANCISCO BUILDING AND
CONSTRUCTION TRADES COUNCIL
STANLEY M. SMITH
SECRETARY-TREASURER

CC:

Hospital & Institutional Workers Local 250
San Francisco Police Officers' Association
San Francisco Firefighters
Service Employees Union Local 14
International Federation of Professional & Engineers Local 21
Plumbers & Pipe Fitters Local 38
Electrical Workers' Local 6
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Goodbye Art!!

by Kelly Carroll

Tuesday, December 10, is the date of the mayoral run-off. The POA-endorsed candidate, Frank Jordan, enters the final stretch of this race well positioned to win. His campaign is gaining momentum and the voters of San Francisco are clearly fed up with Art Agnos' transparent attempts to divide the City in his desperate attempt to salvage his career as a politician. We are seeing the lengthening shadow that is the twilight of Art Agnos' mayoral incumbency. **NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION**

Your help is critical in the eleventh hour of this campaign to remove Art Agnos.

Beginning Monday, December 9th at 2200 hours volunteers are needed to place doorhangers in precincts around the City.

Make plans to volunteer time before your work day Tuesday or, after your tour of duty Monday night. Present yourself at either location and identify yourself as a POA volunteer. You will be given doorhangers and a precinct map. Plan on spending 1½ - 2 hours to complete the task.

Two main distribution points will be available:

1. Jordan campaign headquarters 1919 Van Ness (cross of Jackson)
2. Jordan campaign headquarters 1550 Taraval (cross of 26th Ave.)

Commit now! Contact Kelly Carroll, Pager #708-3470, or Holly Pera, Pager #708-0469 to confirm your participation or answer questions.

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1991 Law Enforcement Reflections Of Past And Present Officer Of The Year

George "Boy George" Rivera, kingpin of a \$15 million heroin ring in the Bronx, for three years used New Yorkers as human guinea pigs to test various heroin mixes and, according to law enforcement officials, was behind the murders of at least six people who stood in his way. For fun, the baby-faced 23-year-old would hire a limousine and head with several friends to a New Jersey amusement park for a day of enjoying roller coasters and other rides.

Rivera and several of his associates no longer are joy-riding the deadly wave of crime and are behind bars now, thanks in large part to the tireless work and investigative skills of U.S. Marshals Service Inspector William Scott, named the American Police Hall of Fame 1991 Law Enforcement Officer of the Year. (Rivera was sentenced April 24 to life in prison without parole on federal narcotics conspiracy and tax evasion charges; several other top-level accomplices, including the organization hit man, have been indicted with some convicted already).

Scott, who has spent more than 20 years in federal law enforcement, has received numerous commendations for his work in the apprehension and conviction of dangerous criminals such as Rivera, as well as prevention of potential hijackings, capture of escaped felons and maintenance of courtroom security during highly sensitive trials of terrorists.

"Somebody's got to sacrifice something in order to make the community a better place to live in," said Scott, a former Marine whose soft-spoken demeanor at first blush seems inappropriate for such an accomplished crimefighter.

But, in fact, it is this calculated self-composure that has helped Scott as he has been involved in several armed confrontations and other tense spots in his work as



William Scott
American Police Hall of Fame
1991 Officer of the Year

an inspector and senior criminal investigator with the U.S. Marshals Service, which is a unit of the U.S. Department of Justice and is the oldest U.S. law enforcement agency.

An expert in such diverse areas as marksmanship, martial arts, police survival tactics, anti-terrorism, intelligence gathering, hostage negotiation and dignitary protection, Scott was a police science major at City University of New York and has completed dozens of specialized training courses. Stories featuring Scott have appeared on national television on "Top Cops" and "Hard Copy." On May 15, when Scott received his award during Police Memorial day ceremonies at the American Police Hall of fame, Scott appeared live on "CBS This Morning."

by Philip Fleck, Co. D

The other day I had a very strange insight; I was overcome with emotion that I thought I had lost long ago. Here after ten years of police work, and seeing just about everything there was to see, I've become very good at detaching myself, not being emotional, you know, doing the macho thing! But then it happened.

It all started a couple weeks ago when Joe and I went to visit another member and a good friend in the hospital. Now I was the pro, I'd seen many people with AIDS, and pretty much knew what to expect. Our friend was struggling with this disease, and looked very much the part. So I dutifully put on my: "I can handle anything disguise" and maintained my usual self controlled attitude. What I failed to realize is that this was the first time Joe had seen a close friend suffering with this disease and the toll it takes on one.

It was a good visit, and Joe was his usual good natured, sometimes comical self with our friend. As we left the hospital room and headed towards the elevator, I turned to look at Joe, he glanced at me and suddenly without warning, started crying uncontrollably. Here I was, looking as this soon-to-be cop freely showing this intense emo-

tion in front of me. I had forgotten that the last time Joe had seen our friend, he was this healthy and extremely handsome man; Joe was shattered at what this disease had done to our friend. So, being the perennial caregiver, I put my arm around Joe, and we left the hospital.

A few nights later I came home and sat down to watch television. After scanning through the channels, I found the movie "Longtime Companion" and began to watch it, even though I had seen it before. At the end of the movie, where the stars are walking on the beach and one says, "I just want to be there when they find the cure," I began to think about how many friends I have lost and could lose as a result of this disease; I fell asleep with that thought on my mind.

The next morning I got up and drove out to the beach before work. I walked along the beach and started thinking how much I want to grow old with my friends, all of my friends. I thought how lonely it would be without the company of the friends I love, and I thought: God, I just want to be around when they find the cure. I want my friends to be around when they find the cure, I sat down on the sand, looked out to the ocean, and I cried.

POST 456

(Continued From Page 2)

Operation Desert Shield has pleaded guilty to lesser charges in a military court. Erik Larsen, who could have (and in this writer's opinion should have) been sentenced to death for deserting during wartime, pleaded this week to the lesser offenses of unauthorized absence and missing his unit's movement.

For you former members of Post 97 and new members of Post 456, I have to tell you something. As the Post scribe, I try not to boast about the Marine Corps too much. The guys understand how jarheads are, and put up with a little favoritism. I have also vowed to my regular readers not to dwell on the Nam too much. But one thing that I will not leave alone is the Agent Orange scandal. If any of you need any information about Agent Orange, give me a call at Northern Station 553-1563, or at home, 759-1076.

If you haven't been following the Agent Orange scandal, you might believe federal agents when they claim that agent Orange is not a potent threat. Dr. Vernon L. Houk of the Centers for Disease Control has said that the evacuation of dioxin-infested Times Beach, MO. was unnecessary.

Now for a reality check: Former Chief of Naval Operation, Admiral Elmo Zumwalt Jr. (whose son died several years ago as a result of exposure to Agent Orange while serving our country in Vietnam), has accused the government and the manufacturers of Agent Orange with a massive cover-up concerning the hazards of dioxin. Zumwalt's charges came in a fiery 12-page statement filed as evidence in a New York federal court hearing of an Agent Orange class action suit by a group of ailing veterans and spouses of deceased Vietnam veterans. Zumwalt's affidavit contradicted recent statements downplaying the hazards of dioxin by Dr. Vernon Houk. Zumwalt's affidavit cited Houk's comments to the media as "an apparent public relations campaign" intended "to cover up emerging evidence strongly confirming the harmful effects of dioxin. Dr. Houk's politically motivated efforts to cover up the true effects of dioxin, and manipulate public perception, coincide with the similar, economically motivated, efforts of chemical companies that produce dioxin."

I went into the United States Marine Corps in April of 1966 at the ripe old age of 17-years-old. In September of 1969 I went into the San Francisco Police Department. When I say the good old days, I think of when I came in, in 1969. 1969 was before white, bleeding heart liberals decided that Mexican-Americans were incapable of competing with white males. The good old days were when we got to prove that we could compete with anyone on an equal basis. More of that in a later issue. What I was getting to is that as the holidays are upon us. I would like to urge all of us veterans/crime fighters/fire fighters, to, at some point during the holidays, hoist one and toast to the fallen comrades. I will dedicate the below, written by Ron Suciu, to my too many fallen comrades:

Journey Along The Wall

Let me pause a bit and ponder of another day and time when ideas, came not in fits and starts and I put them not in rhyme.

To a time when I walked unhampered by this limp or by this cane, to a period of springtime and before these autumn rains.

There were eight in our number then, lads striving to be grown. Seven have now departed. As for me, I'm left alone.

Left solitary to remember each youthful face and friend, remembering our boyhood before I round the bend.

One a college classmate, two others were high school chums, two officers, one enlisted, but when death comes, it comes.

The other four — Marines, not known to one another, three of them my friends, the fourth one more a brother.

Now I hobble down the walkway, through clouded eyes I view their Wall. Someone whispers, "Perhaps he knew one."

I whisper, "I knew them all."

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A Gift Of Time

Transfer Of Sick Leave And/Or Vacation Credits To Catastrophically Ill Employees

Reaching out to the needs of catastrophically ill employees of the City and County of San Francisco, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors has enacted Ordinance 114-90. This ordinance allows City and County employees to donate a portion of their accumulated sick leave or vacation credits to catastrophically ill co-workers.

How Can I Be The Recipient Of Another's Sick Leave or Vacation Credits?

Before you can be granted a donation of sick leave or vacation time from another City and County employee, it first must be determined that you are suffering from a catastrophic illness. Catastrophic illness, as defined by this ordinance, means:

- You must have sustained a life-threatening illness or injury;
- This illness or injury prevents you from returning to work for at least 30 days; and
- You must have previously exhausted all of your available paid sick, vacation, compensatory and in-lieu time.

Application For Catastrophic Illness Status.

If you believe you meet these conditions, the first step is to fill out an Application for Catastrophic Illness Status and submit it, along with any supporting medical records, to the Personnel Office of the Department of Public Health. Application forms may be obtained from the Department of Public Health, Personnel Office, 101 Grove Street, Room 212, San Francisco, CA 94102, 554-2580. During the review of your application, you may be requested to provide additional medical documentation, and/or submit to a medical examination by a physician in order to help determine if you qualify for catastrophic illness status.

Medical Confidentiality. Until the Department of Public Health has decided whether you meet the definition of catastrophically ill, all information regarding your application will be kept strictly confidential and will not be revealed. Any medical records submitted to help support your application will remain confidential at all times.

What Happens If My Application Is Approved?

If your application is approved you will be assigned a Recipient Identification Number. This number keeps your identity confidential. However, employees certified as catastrophically ill can identify themselves and make their Recipient Identification Number known to other employees in order to take advantage of the sick leave and vacation benefits available for transfer by co-workers. Employees wishing to make a gift of their sick leave or vacation credits are required to choose a recipient for their donation from a list of Recipient Identification Numbers which will be maintained and periodically circulated by the Department of Public Health.

All sick leave or vacation credits you receive from another employee will be credited to you as sick leave only. In any given pay period, you may not receive transferred sick leave or vacation credits totally more than 100% of your normally

scheduled hours for such a pay period. The maximum number of hours you may receive for any single catastrophic illness is 3,120 hours (78 weeks).

Maintaining Your Catastrophic Illness Status. In order to continue to qualify as catastrophically ill, you may from time to time be required to submit to a specified examination and/or supply further documentation of your current medical status.

What Happens If My Application Is Denied?

If you are determined not to be catastrophically ill under the definition of Ordinance 114-90, you have the right to appeal the decision. The Department of Public Health will notify you in writing explaining the reasons for their decisions, as well as the procedures for filing an appeal. It is not necessary to exhaust the appeals process before reapplying for catastrophic illness status; a new application may be submitted after observing a 30-day waiting period from the date that your application was denied.

How Can I Donate My Sick Leave Or Vacation Credits To A Catastrophically Ill Employee?

To donate sick leave or vacation credits to another City and County employee, you:

- Must not be catastrophically ill;
- Must be eligible to accumulate and use sick leave and vacation credits;
- Must retain a minimum of 64 hours sick leave for your own personal use.

In order to donate, you must complete a Donor's Vacation/Sick Pay Transfer form which is available from your departmental Payroll/Personnel office. On the form you must specify the amount of sick leave or vacation credits you wish to donate and the special Recipient Identification Number of a co-worker that has been designated catastrophically ill. The Department of Public Health will maintain, reproduce and periodically circulate a list of Recipient Identification Numbers in order that donors may easily specify a beneficiary of their sick leave or vacation credits.

The maximum donation you may make during any given pay period is 80 hours (2 weeks); the maximum donation you may make per calendar year is 480 hours (12 weeks). Sick leave/vacation hours must be transferred in 8-hour increments and may be transferred only once per pay period, per recipient. All transfers are final and irrevocable.

Your Sick Leave And Vacation Credits Are Not For Sale

Sick leave and vacation credits, granted to each employee through their service to the City and County of San Francisco, cannot be sold, bartered or traded to any other employee under any circumstances. The only provision for affording another employee a portion of your sick leave or vacation credits is under the stipulations of this ordinance. There are no exceptions.

For Further Information...

If you would like further information regarding Ordinance 114-90, copies are available for inspection in your department Payroll/Personnel Office.

My View From The Bottom Of The Barrel

by Jerry Donovan

Career Enhancement? To me Career Enhancement would be to do away with Probation and the OR Project, then turn Alcatraz into the County Jail, but that is about as likely as it is for Art Agnos to remain a San Franciscan after leaving the Mayor's office ... it will never happen.

For Career Enhancement the usual proposals are bandied about, extra pay for education, forced rotation every five years, bilingual pay, CPOP pay, and FTO pay, etc. These bonus payments are fine, and I'm sure some will be eventually adopted. However, what about the officers who just work day in and night out doing the "backbone of the Department" work, patrol.

Officers who have spouses, children, house payments, alimony or child support and did not have their degrees or college credits before entering the Department, find it extremely difficult to attain these marks without sacrificing his or her family life or not being able to meet the financial burdens — these burdens result in additional stress on the job and at the home.

It also bothers me that people assigned to inside jobs, working 9 to 5, weekends off, never have to rotate hours, never have to get up and go to Court, or wrestle with the denizens of the City's crime world, and then they wiggle their way into these "bonus" areas for all the plums. There are always exceptions, and I know some officers *do* have families, and *do* work patrol, and *do* go to school — what I'm saying is that, in doing so, hardships have fallen on those marriages and families.

Captain Hebel is heading the Committee

(why is it we have more committees than officers) for Career Enhancement. To him and his committee - I suggest something that has and is being done in other Departments. Allow Q-2 Officers, Q-50 Sergeants, and Q-35 Inspectors to enroll in a plan where after twenty years on the job these employees can have a Lieutenant's portion of pension be taken out of their pay check, then at time of retirement they retire at the rank of Lieutenant's pay.

This would accomplish many things, one being security to officers in retirement. Another point would be to allow officers *not* to have to go through the stress of the new wave promotional B.S. of re-weighting scores, adverse impact, and altering exam results.

One the final points I'll make here is the most beneficial for the Department and the public: that an excellent patrol officer investigator would not move up in rank and out of a position they love and are very good at just to attain retirement security. It is common knowledge that a Q-2 can make more money than a Sergeant or Lieutenant with the EWW, Court, Candlestick, etc., so only those genuinely interested in promotion as a job change could so so, and the bitterness left after our current exam process would be greatly reduced.

So, let's see, we have officers doing what they really want to do, people who really want to be promoted being promoted, less stress and resentment among the ranks, officers retiring with dignity and security, and larger contributions going into the retirement fund. That's what I call enhancing everyone's career.

Century 21

Tony Pulvirenti
Member S.F.P.D.
Co. K

Karen Pulvirenti

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Big 19

(aka: Daily Incident Recap)

Here's a selection of Big 19s from November. The level of violence in the city seems to be rising. Where will it end?

11/02/91

- 1627 HOT PROWL BURGLARY: Unit blk Sumner. Victim (WM27) woke to noises on premises. He saw the suspect (NM20-25) leaving with his property and gave chase. Suspect dropped the receiver to stereo set and fled. No injuries, loss TBD. Case 911 479 748, Off. Gan, Co B.
- 2200 ROBBERY WITH KNIFE, STABBING: 3rd & Channel. Victim (NM32) took suspects (WM40, NM50) to lunch. Suspects then robbed him and stabbed him in the neck. Victim to MEH in stable condition. Loss: TBD. Case 911 481 232, Officer Frisk, Co C.
- 0100 STABBING: 900 blk Connecticut. Suspect (F) nfd, stabbed victim (NM41) during argument. Victim to MEH in stable condition with puncture wounds to abdomen. Lt. Carlin notified. Case 911 481 925, Officer King, Co. C.
- 0129 ROBBERY WITH GUN, HOT CHASE — FATAL 519, ARREST MADE: 16th & Potrero. One suspect (OM17) entered store and removed property; fled. The victim, a security guard (NM44), gave chase but the other two suspects (OM19, OM14-15) brandished guns while the first suspect drove the suspect car away. Some 20 minutes later, 3H4C spotted the suspect vehicle and attempted a stop. A hot chase ended with the suspect vehicle losing control and striking a utility pole on Bacon Street. One suspect (OM14-15) expired from injuries of the collision, the other two suspects were subsequently taken into custody. Night Inves. at scene. Case 911 481 919, Off. McEachern, Co D.
- 0345 SHOOTING: 26th & Treat. Victims (WM21, Samoan M24) were talking to each other when the suspect (Unknown) approached them and shot them. Suspect then fled. Night Investigations at scene. Victims to MEH and St. Lukes, in critical condition with injuries to chest area. Case 911 482 199, Officer Kaprosch, Co D.

11/04/91

- 1815 SHOOTING: SB US HWY 101. Victim (NM, 36) and Suspects (2WML 18-20) exchange words on the freeway. Victim rearends the Suspects' vehicle. Suspects shoot Victim in the thigh. Victim in stable condition at MEH. Lt. Carlin/Night Investigation notified. Case 911 489 515. Officer Halloran Co. H.
- 2030 ARMED ROBBERY/GUN: 5th & Market Sts. Victim (NM32) is approached by two Suspects, (NM25) who display revolver and demand money before fleeing. Loss: \$125. Case 911 489 963. Officer Murphy, Co B.
- 0201 SHOOTING: 18th & Mission Sts. Victims (WML, 31 & 32) are shot by three Suspects (WML) in a vehicle. Lt. Carlin/Night Investigations notified. Victims in stable condition at MEH. Case 911 490 891. Officer Lee, Co D.
- 0215 ARSON OF A VEHICLE: Toland & McKinnon. Truck found engulfed in fire. Vehicle is a total loss. Case 911 490 744. Officer Philpott, Co C.

11/06/91

- 2104 SHOOTING: 1900 blk Sunnydale. Victim (NM27) walking down street when

shot by unknown suspect(s). Victim in stable condition at SFGH for wound to l/leg. Night Inv. notified. Case 911 500 456, Off. Cassanego, Co H.

- 2120 ROBBERY/AUTO STOLEN - ARREST MADE: 18th & Capp. Victim, (WM51) was parking his car when suspect (NM25) approached, hit victim in head several times and stole victim's wallet and auto. Suspect later arrested by SFPD, case 911 500 503. Off. Tom, Co D.
- 2245 SHOOTING: 200 blk Blythdale. Victim standing outside when he heard a "pop" and felt pain. No known suspect(s) at this time. Victim shot in stomach and both legs. In critical condition at SFGH. Night Inv. investigating, case 911 500 901. Off Androvich, Co H.
- 2335 STABBING: 3rd & Jamestown, aboard Muni bus. Victim (NF13) attacked by two suspects (NMs), no further, with club. Victim at SFGH with broken rib and nose. Victim unable to give much info. Case 911 501 147, Off. Tarvar, Co C.
- 0030 ADW WITH CLUB: 3rd & Ingerson. Victim (NM25) attacked by two suspects, (NMs) no further, with club. Victim at SFGH with broken rib and nose. Victim unable to give much info. Case 911 501 147, Off. Tarvar, Co C.
- 0116 AGGRAVATED ASSAULT: 2000 blk 36th Ave. Daughter (WF61) attacks mother (WF87) inflicting numerous bite wounds. Victims condition became critical at UC hospital due to shock. Night Inv. investigating. Case 911 501 404, Off. Bokura, Co H
- 0350 AGGRAVATED ASSAULT: 200 blk Jones. Victim (WM40) assaulted by unknown suspect(s). Victim in critical condition at SFGH with head injuries. Night Inv. notified. Case 911 501 432. Off. Cardenas, TTF
- 0400 HIT & RUN ACCIDENT: Randolph & Head. Victim (NM34) intoxicated, walking in street hit by speeding vehicle. Victim in stable condition at SFGH, injuries TBD. Case 911 501 517, Off. Taylor, Co I

11/08/91

- 1840 SHOOTING: 1500 Blk of Eddy St. suspect (NM20) approaches Victim (NM) displays gun and shoots Victim twice. Suspect then flees. Victim taken to MEH. Night Invest notified. Case 911 511 362. Off. Evanson, Co E.
- 2000 SHOOTING: 1000 blk of Wisconsin St. Victim (NF23) and Suspect (NF23) get into an argument, Suspect then shoots Victim and flees. Night Inves. notified. Case 911 511 635. Off. Zografos, Co C.
- 2150 HOMICIDE/SHOOTING: 2200 blk of 24th St. Victim (WF28) and Suspect (WM37) get into an argument. Suspect shoots Victim. Suspect later taken into custody. Insp. Kenny notified. Case 911 512 081. Insp Levin.
- 0350 ARSON/ARREST MADE: 2600 blk of Judah St. Suspect (CM24) placed lighted newspaper into mail slot of a closed business. Police respond and take suspect into custody. Insp. Levin/Night Investigations. Case 911 513 067 Officer Taylor, Co I

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That's right, folks. My secret source of hysterical...uh, historical photos has been tapped dry. I'd love to keep this thing going, but I'm going to have to rely on you readers (and especially those of you who only look at the pictures). If you have a likely photo, send it to:

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The Christmas

by Frank J. Pickens

Midnight watch 0010 hours.

Ah, yes, it was Christmas eve while I was in the locker room dressing, but by the time I made it to briefing, it had become Christmas. As I entered the briefing room, I was sure I was late, and once I sat down, I knew for sure. "Thanks for joining us tonight, Pickens. You are approximately ten minutes late. All these other guys made it here on time, but not you. I think you owe us an explanation."

As you might gather, my relationship with my sergeant had changed since last Christmas, from bad to worse! "Come on, Sarge. It's Christmas. Can't you give me a break?"

"I want an explanation now, Mister!" I could sense the shift getting tense as they sensed another confrontation coming on. Since it was Christmas, I did not want to put everyone in a bad mood, so I figured I would answer the Sergeant condescendingly, "Well, I have no excuse. I'm sorry."

"Well, that's not good enough, Pickens. Let's have an answer."

Okay, I thought, I'll give him one. "Well, Sergeant, I was driving to work when out of nowhere this deer ran out in front of my car. I tried to avoid it, but I ended up injuring it. When I got out of my car, I saw that the deer had a red nose. I figured it was Rudolph, and he was on his way to work. So naturally I had to take him to the pet hospital to get him all fixed up. He's doing fine, Sarge!"

Sergeant Lucas was fuming, but he really didn't know what to say. I suppose his idea of revenge was to assign the ride-along who was waiting out in the lobby, to me. I took it in stride, though. This Christmas was the first one in several years that I actually was looking forward to, and I wasn't going to let Sergeant Lucas ruin it.

I had a wonderful girlfriend, which helped alleviate some of the inner turmoil I was feeling related to the job. Between wars with the brass and the criminals, along

with an unappreciative public, I had begun to feel my efforts as a cop were a waste of time.

After briefing came to a merciful end, I quickly grabbed my pursuit box and went into the weight room to use the telephone. I wanted to call my girlfriend before hitting the streets, and I figured Lucas would never find me here.

I ended up having a rather short conversation with my girlfriend, because I knew I had a rider waiting in the lobby. I also knew Sergeant Lucas would, no doubt, be turning the station upside down looking for me. My girlfriend always ended our phone conversations the same way, as she would ask, "Are you wearing your vest?" I would then bang the telephone receiver against my vest's shock plate twice, and that would make her happy. She was something special.

As soon as I hung up the phone, I instantly heard Sergeant Lucas' voice blare out over the intercom. "Pickens, wherever you are, dial extension 62 now! That brought a smile to my face. Only a pinhead like Lucas would page me on the loudspeaker like that. I, of course, would not call him, but I knew I'd better go pick up my rider and leave before 'the rolling donut' (which is what we called Lucas) sent the S.W.A.T. team out after me.

As I strolled toward the lobby, a very profound truth hit me. In our business, many of us at one time or another inevitably develop adversarial relationships with our peers or members of the brass. The sad thing is that most of these relationships last throughout our entire careers, with some becoming downright ugly. Lucas and I were two such people.

I walked into the front lobby, wondering why somebody would want to go on a police ride-along at midnight on Christmas morning. The authorization had come straight down from the chiefs office, which was rather bizarre in its own right. "Hi. Are you Officer Pickens?"

"Yes, I am."

The stranger reached out his hand. "It is nice to meet you. My name is Joseph." That is definitely a name associated with Christmas, I thought.

"It's nice to meet you, Joseph."

I told him I would only be a couple of minutes, and he said, "Don't worry about me. I will pass the time reading your B.O.L.'s and your hot sheet." There was definitely something out of the ordinary about this guy, but I could not put my finger on it. One thing was for certain; Joseph knew his way around a police station. When I was finally all set to go, I found Joseph reading the wanted persons bulletins. He knew all the vehicle code and

penal code sections really well — just like a cop! I wondered again just what this guy was doing here tonight.

As I loaded my gear into the car, Joseph told me that he appreciated me taking him on a ride-along, especially since I didn't like ride-alongs. I was shocked that he knew that and said, "Look, I don't know how you know that. As a matter of fact, how do you know that?"

"It is just a feeling I have." He was right about that! This guy perplexed me, and I really wanted to penetrate his cool veneer and find out just who he was. As mysterious as he seemed to be, he was equally polite, polished, and respectful — traits that a cop is not used to seeing.

I finally put myself in service and was immediately dispatched to an in-progress domestic dispute. Joseph was silent as I rolled "Code 3." Along the way I told him that he did not have to wait inside the car, but to stay in the background so he did not get hurt.

As I arrived on the scene, along with the simultaneous arrival of two other units, it didn't take us long to realize that we had a real fracas going. I think it was when the Christmas tree came flying off the second floor balcony that it became apparent these two combatants had lost the Christmas spirit!

We made contact with the two parties — boyfriend and girlfriend — and separated them. They had both been drinking — surprise, surprise. Although we had pried them apart, the yelling and cursing continued. When the girl finally stopped yelling, we all thought that we now might make some progress. Wrong! Although she stopped talking, her anger had not subsided, and she went from the verbal level to the physical in the blink of an eye. She had found a box of decorations, and had begun firing Christmas ornaments around the room.

We finally gained some semblance of control, but were unable to coax either party into leaving. It would be bad judgment to leave these two alone, but we had reached an impasse.

I guess Joseph had been just outside, listening, watching, and ducking ornaments. He came over to me and spoke.

"Frank, why don't you let me talk to the girl."

"Well, Joseph, that's probably not a good idea, but at this point, I guess it can't hurt."

Joseph took the girl into the kitchen and returned with her only two minutes later. She was silent and even apologetic. Joseph then proceeded to go into another room with the boyfriend, and talked with him. They both returned very quickly, and with the same results. He apologized to his girlfriend, and everything was resolved. It was the damndest thing I'd ever seen, and my cohorts were equally amazed. I quickly took my cue. "Well, I

guess it's time to go. Merry Christmas."

As we all left, we could not help but ask Joseph how he did it. All he said was, "I simply talked, and they listened. It is a talent of mine." He then waited to get back into my patrol car and obviously did not want to elaborate.

One of the other officers whispered, "Frank, who is that guy?" I didn't know, but I intended to find out.

I got back in the car and went back in service, but before I could start asking Joseph some more personal questions, I was dispatched to another call. It was a missing seven-year-old boy — a disturbing call for a Christmas morning. As I drove, I told Joseph, "I hate calls like this. Just where would a seven-year-old boy be at two in the morning on Christmas day?"

Joseph calmly responded, "Don't worry. We will find him."

As I pulled up to the house, I saw the parents on the porch, both fully dressed with flashlights in hand. I briefly spoke with the father, who was quite distraught, and he told me his son's name was Paul.

He told me Paul had wanted desperately to wait up for Santa Claus to see for himself that he was real. He told me he had finally gotten Paul to go to bed around 10:00 p.m. He went to check on him around 1:45 a.m., and Paul was gone and was nowhere in the house. It seemed that some kids in the neighborhood had been telling Paul that there was no Santa Claus. They also made fun of his letter to Santa in which he asked for a train set. Paul had been quite upset.

Joseph had been listening to my conversation with Paul's father with a keen interest.

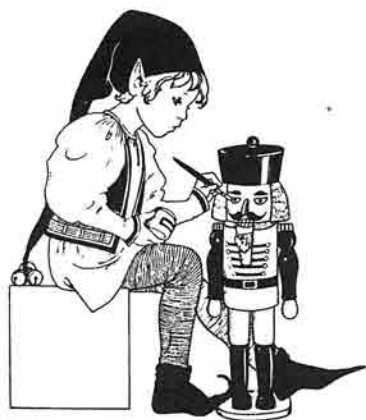
I tried to console the father by telling him that we would find Paul, because he certainly could not be very far away. I knew both the parents would be out searching for Paul, but I suggested that one of them stay at the house in case Paul came home.

A total of four units combed the entire area for over an hour, with no luck. I asked Joseph, "Where could a four-year-old boy go at this time of the morning?" Joseph did not answer right away, but when I drove by a grove of trees, he instantly told me to stop the car. I did, and watched Joseph open the car door and immediately exit the car. He walked directly into the darkness of the grove of towering eucalyptus trees. I got out of my patrol car to follow Joseph and yelled, "Hey, we already checked this area!"

Joseph continued to walk with a determined purpose, and he finally came to a stop at the base of a giant oak tree which stood in the center of the grove. I watched him look up and say, "Paul, it is time to come down."

As I approached Joseph's location, I looked up in amazement to see the missing boy, Paul, climb down out of the tree. I once again wondered to myself, just who is this guy?

We helped Paul down and made sure he was okay. We got in my patrol car and I immediately put out a broadcast that we



Happy Holidays To One

mas Rider

had found the boy and would be taking him home. The boy had not said a word yet, but he finally spoke. He looked at Joseph and said, "Are you Santa Claus?" I waited with anticipation to hear Joseph's response, and it was quite interesting.

"No, Paul, I am not Santa Claus, but I am a very close friend." Paul excitedly responded, "You mean there is a Santa Claus!"

"Oh yeah, and you will see on Christmas morning that your wish will come true."

We took Paul home, and by the time we left, it was 0330 hours. I put myself in service, and thought to myself, now I'm going to find out what this guy's story is.

"Hey Joseph, how about a cup of coffee?"

"Sure, that would be great."

Okay, I thought, and I headed for the coffee shop.

"Say, Joseph, how long do you want to ride for?"

"Oh, I am just about finished."

As I mulled over the peculiarity of his last statement, I spotted a vehicle in the parking lot of the local high school. Although it was quite dark, and it was an off-street parking lot, I could tell the vehicle was occupied. It is just part of a cop's sixth sense to pick out suspicious cars, and this one had no business being here.

I doubled back and Joseph instantly commented, "You going back to check out that car?"

By now, I had gotten used to Joseph's clairvoyant perceptions and did not have the time to investigate them right now.

"Yeah, there's a car with four or five people in it."

"Well, are you going to call it in?"

"No, Joseph. It's probably kids drinking."

He persisted, "Call it in, Frank, or I will."

I pulled behind the car and spotlighted the interior, but with a carload of people, you can't see that much. Joseph grabbed the microphone and held it in front of my face.

"Look, Joseph, I'm not calling it in."

I got out of my patrol car and walked toward the other vehicle's driver's side. I shined my flashlight in the back seat and saw some beer cans. I approached the driver and asked him to step out of the car.

"I'm not getting out, cop. It's Christmas, so bug off."

"Either step out of the car or I'll pull you out through the window, punk."

"Go ahead and try."

As I reached for this vermin's head, I saw the front seat passenger reach under the seat and begin to lift a .357 Colt Python up toward my chest. All I could think of was, "God, I'm dead."

A split second later, the silence of the night was broken by the ominous sound of a shotgun shell being cranked into the chamber of a 12-gauge shotgun. The gun-wielding passenger felt the cold steel barrel touch the side of his head. "Drop the gun or say goodbye."

The gun fell to the floor, and I looked

across the top of the car and saw Joseph standing there with shotgun in hand. He smiled and said, "I told you to call it in."

I called for cover, and while we waited, Joseph and I got everyone out of the car and put them face down on the cement. The other units arrived and took everyone to jail. Joseph got in my car and put the shotgun in the rack.

I looked at Joseph, and with a sarcastic tone, said, "Well, since I had the car keys with me, I suppose you have an explanation as to how you got the shotgun out of the rack."

With a smirk on his face, Joseph instantly responded, "I have no comment."

"That figures," I mumbled. "Well, how about that cup of coffee now?"

"No, Frank, it is time for me to go now. If you will just drive me up to the boulevard and let me out, I would be grateful."

I sat there in amazement, and then started the car and drove off. I think Joseph could sense my befuddlement, and before I could unleash a barrage of questions, he said, "Please do not ask me anything else." I did not. I drove in silence up to the boulevard at the base of the foothills.

"You can let me out here."

I pulled over and stopped the car. I wanted to ask him so many things, but I knew he had said all he was going to say and nothing else needed to be said, except for one thing: "Joseph, it is four in the morning. There are no houses around here, no buses running. Where do you live?"

He did not respond to my inquiry; he just opened the door and got out. He walked around to the driver's side and stuck out his hand. "Thank you for letting me ride with you on this Christmas morning."

I shook his hand and said, "No, Joseph, thank you. You saved my life."

"Just think of all the lives you, and thousands like you, have saved. It was my pleasure to help. Merry Christmas!"

Joseph started to walk away, and then stopped. He walked back over to me and said, "I know that you do not understand all that has happened tonight or even who I am. I know that you have felt bitter about being a police officer, and that the futility of the job has been eating away at you. Like so many others who wear the badge, you wonder whether or not you really make a difference or if all your efforts are really in vain. It seems that for every criminal you arrest, ten more pop up to take his place. For every righteous bust you make, you wonder whether a sharp defense lawyer will make a mockery of your arrest or search and seizure procedures, and even if you get past that, the judge will sentence him to only a minimum term and he will be back on the streets in no time at all. Lastly, you suffer because so often the brass treats its offic-

ers so poorly, and harass, threaten, and betray them in many situations. You wonder sometimes just who is the real criminal. Despite all that, you can never feel that your job is futile, for it is not. On the contrary. It is nobler than any, and the centurion who performs such a job is true royalty. Just your mere presence in the patrol car, on the motorcycle, on horseback, in the helicopter, in the unmarked car, or on foot makes people feel safe. They know you're out there for them to call when help is needed, any hour of any day or night, 365 days a year. The greatness of this service can never be diminished, and in life or death, the police officer's work is eternal. Never forget that, my friend."

Joseph walked away into the darkness as I sat in the car, soothed by his oratory. It was beautiful. I decided to try and follow Joseph even though minutes had passed during my interlude of contemplation. I drove a few blocks up into the hills and finally spotted his silhouette against the backdrop of the misty orange streetlights. Once I got to his location, he was gone, and the only place he could have entered was the grounds of our local cemetery. There was nothing else here. Although I did not want to, I entered the cemetery grounds with flashlight in hand. I was not thrilled about this, but I knew Joseph had to be here. I searched for about ten minutes with no luck, until I spotted him through the mist about 20 feet away. I ran over to where he had been standing, but he was gone — just vanished. I stood there, bewildered and confused, staring pensively into the darkness. I suddenly noticed the headstone that Joseph had been standing next to, and knelt down to read the engraved words. I peered in disbelief at what I read.

*Here lies Joseph
police officer killed in the line of duty
December 25, 1960.*

*The policeman is the minister of God
to thee for good But if Thou do
that which is evil, be afraid; for he
beareth not the sword in vain.*

Romans 13:3

I walked out of the cemetery, got in my car, and drove away. I finished out the remainder of the shift within the solitude of my patrol car, reflecting on what I had experienced on this Christmas morning. At 0800 hours, I pulled into the station and parked my car. Two other officers asked me where Joseph went. I told them he had left around 0400 hours.

"He sure was a strange sort, wasn't he? Did you ever find out who he was?"

"Just a cop like you and me," I replied,

and I walked away, not wanting to be questioned further.

I was putting my equipment away when I was paged by Dispatch. They told me I had a phone call, and it was from Paul's father (the boy I had found earlier). It turned out that the train set that Paul had wished for had become a reality, but Paul's father did not know how it got there. It was neatly gift wrapped and placed by their front door. Paul's father wanted to thank me, but I told him it wasn't me. I knew who was responsible. Paul's father asked me who, and I told him, "Santa Claus. Who else?" Paul's father laughed and told me to thank him. I thought to myself that Joseph wasn't kidding when he had told Paul he was close friends with Mr. Claus.

I changed out of my uniform and could not wait to head over to my girlfriend's house. This Christmas was a very special one for me. I never told a soul about what I experienced, with the exception of my girlfriend. I was never the same after my experience with Joseph, because I now knew just how special being a cop was, and how crucial my role was in society. Of course, I would have my ups and downs like all cops, but when I get down, I just think of Joseph, and smile.

A few months later, I went back to that cemetery, but there was no sign of Joseph's plot and headstone. I was not sad or surprised, because I knew next Christmas, and each one after that, Joseph would be in another town, and on Christmas morning, some lucky police officer would get a visit from the Christmas rider. Like myself, he or she would discover that a police officer's job is forever eternal and is never in vain.



Holidays And All

What Is A Cop ?

Cops are human (believe it or not) just like the rest of us. They come in both sexes but mostly male. They also come in various sizes. This sometimes depends on whether you are looking for one or trying to hide something. However, they are mostly big.

Cops are found everywhere: on land, on the sea, in the air, on horses, in cars, and sometimes in your hair. In spite of the fact that "you can't find one when you want one" they are usually there when it counts the most. The best way to get one is to pick up the phone.

Cops deliver lectures, babies, and bad news. They are required to have the wisdom of Solomon, the disposition of a lamb and muscles of steel and are often accused of having a heart to match. He's the one who rings the door bell, swallows hard and announces the passing of a loved one, then spends the rest of the day wondering why he ever took such a "crummy" job.

On TV a cop is an oaf who couldn't find a bull fiddle in a telephone booth. In real life he's expected to find a little blonde boy "about so high" in a crowd of a half million people. In fiction he gets help from private eyes, reporters, and "who-dun-it" fans. In real life, mostly all he gets from the public is "I didn't see nutting."

When he serves a summons he's a monster. If he lets you go he's a doll. To little kids he's either a friend or a bogeyman, depending on how the parents feel about it. He works "around the clock," split shifts, Sundays and holidays and it always kills him when a joker says, "Hey, tomorrow is Election day, I'm off, let's go

fishing." (That's the day he works twenty hours.)

A cop is like a little girl, who, when she was good, was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid. When a cop is good "he's getting paid for it." When he makes a mistake "he's a grafter and that goes for the rest of them too." When he shoots a stick-up man he's a hero, except when the stick-up man is "only a kid, anybody coulda seen that."

Lots of them have homes, some of them covered with ivy, but most of them covered with mortgages. If he drives a big car he's a chiseler; a little car, "who's he kidding." His credit is good; this is very helpful, because his salary isn't. Cops raise lots of kids, most of them belong to other people,

A cop sees more misery, bloodshed, trouble, and sunrises than the average person. Like the postman, cops must be out in all weather. His uniform changes with the climate, but his outlook on life remains about the same; mostly a blank, but hoping for a better world.

Cops like days off, vacations and coffee. They don't like auto horns, family fights and anonymous letter writers. They have unions, but they can't strike. They must be impartial, courteous, and always remember the slogan "At your service."

Cops get medals for saving lives, stopping runaway horses, and shooting it out with bandits (once in a while his widow gets the medal.) But sometimes the most rewarding moment comes when after some small kindness to an older person, he feels the warm handclasp, looks into grateful eyes, and hears, "THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU, SON."



The Christmas Spirit

by Mark Hawthorne

The crisp, cool, night was refreshing. The stars were glowing like sparklers on the fourth of July. The full moon cast enough light this night that street lights seemed to pale in comparison.

As he sat awake in his bed awaiting to be overcome by the sandman, the excitement would not leave his body. He tossed and turned trying to reconcile with what he knew eventually must occur. He had to find sleep, no matter how difficult, in order for the magic of Christmas to begin. As he looked around his room, he noticed his toys strangely looking back at him as if to say, tonight is magic. He'd been very impatient about its arrival and even more impatient about the arrival of the "big man," the Christmas guru, the bearded saint, Santa Claus.

For eight-year-old Sean Cavendish, tonight would bring with it blessing and a quasi-nightmare. As did all good children throughout the years, Sean left milk and chocolate chip cookies near the fire place for the big man. After all, he knew working hard had to be rewarded this early Christmas morning. As he began to doze, the last sound he heard was that of the chimes ringing out 12 bells. As his eyes closed, the magic began. The toys came alive and began dancing around his bed, the song and merriment brought joy to his heart. The toy soldiers marching in formation, the Ninja turtles sharing pizza, the busy bee construction workers creating roadways on the quilt of life for this world of toy people. Sean sat patiently and enjoyed every moment.

A startle suddenly overcame him, causing him to awaken abruptly to the sound of footsteps below in the living room. He also heard strange noises coming from the roof like some sort of scratching and the slightest ringing of bells. Sean realized the moment was here. Tonight, he would once and for all find out if what was rumored was true. As he looked around his room, he found all of his toys in their proper places with each having what appeared to be smiles on their faces. He strangely felt what he had dreamt was true and that was cause for the smiles.

He began his trek to the floor below with as much stealth as he could muster in the

night darkness. The shards of moon beams seeping through the windows assisted enough to allow Sean the dignity of not banging off the walls. As he entered the living room, the room was bright and he saw gifts abound. He did not see anyone but could hear sounds from the roof echoing down through the fireplace. "On Dancer, on Prancer, on Blitzen, let's ride, we have many others so don't break stride." He saw the empty glass and partially eaten cookies on the table. He knew someone had been there. He thought it was Santa but he wanted to be sure. One thing he had learned from his dad and teacher at school, leave nothing to chance. Sean carefully carried the glass to his room and stored it without disturbing the surface on his dresser. After Christmas vacation he would take the glass to school, since their recent science project was on the human skin. He knew his teacher could help him in making sure the fingerprints were in fact that of Santa.

Sean found sleep again and at the first light of morning, he awakened to the joys of Christmas day. The family gathered around the tree sharing in the joys of giving and receiving. But one thing Sean would not give was the secret he possessed of his encounter. The exchanges and excitement over, Sean ran back to his room with his gifts in hand very excited. As he pushed open the door and stumbled on the sill, his prized possession fell to the floor, breaking into pieces. Uncontrolled yells came bellowing from him as his perfect proof of Santa shattered into pieces. As his father arrived to console Sean's grief, Sean explained what had happened. His father told Sean he knew one of the best identification specialists in the police department and would take the glass to be examined.

All day long, Sean was on pins and needles wondering. As the telephone rang, Sean almost jumped through the roof. Sean's dad had taken the call, spoken briefly, and hung up the phone. He came walking over to Sean with a radiant smile. "Son, the spirit of Christmas lives on just as you suspected." Sean knew now that Santa had been present and that Christmas from this day forward would be more special than ever.

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Rick Rice (Mgr.)



Walking The Beat

The following is an excerpt of the 1991 Community Service Award speech given by Officer Ibay at the Bernal Heights Neighborhood Center's "Cabaret" on October 18th.

I feel really good that we, meaning the community and the police working as a team, are making a difference in Bernal Heights — making it a safer neighborhood for everyone. I feel awkward, though, to be honored for a job that I am getting paid for and for an assignment which I enjoy doing as much as camping in the wilderness with my family. I feel doubly awkward to receive an award for a job assignment in a neighborhood where it is relatively safe, although there is still a lot of room for improvement. This is in comparison to the many dangerous assignments of the women and men of the San Francisco Police Department. Everyday these officers put on their uniforms and badges at the start of their shifts wondering if that could be their last — or if they will finish their shifts with the same amount of holes in their bodies as when they started. These officers do their job night and day with dedication; but they are not being honored tonight. And they don't expect to be.

I would like to share with you a conversation I had with a fellow police officer just

two days ago. This officer, along with two others, responded to a call for assistance in the Sunnysdale area. They provided assistance and handled the situation. On their way back to their patrol cars, bottles were thrown at them by people who dislike police officers. The officer was hit in the face and suffered a big lump and a distinguished bruise. He was taken to the hospital. When he returned to the police station, I immediately approached him and asked him how he was doing and how he felt. He answered, "Rey, I will be alright. Those few bad people will not stop me from continuing to serve the good people of this city." Of course, after that statement, I immediately checked him for any more head injuries.

Ladies and gentlemen, that officer really meant what he said. These are the types of officers San Francisco has.

San Francisco police officers are a dedicated bunch and I am proud to be one of them. Your police officers are ready to serve you and protect — and they care.

On behalf of them, I proudly accept this award. With them, with your permission, I share this honor. Thank you!

Reprinted from
the New Bernal Journal

Update: 459 P.C.

by M. Paggiani, Co. D

PEOPLE V MCCORMACK, 91 C.D.O.S. 7595 (Sept. 1991)

Question: Has a burglary been committed when the defendant formed the intent to steal after he entered the main structure but before he entered the room from which he took property?

Answer: Yes.

Summary: In this Sacramento case, Clayton McCormack was charged with burglary (459 P.C.) after he was found removing property from one of the bedrooms in a residence. McCormack contended he was invited into the home and did not have the requisite intent to steal upon his initial entry into the residence.

Ruling: The appellate court affirmed the burglary conviction, holding that the intent

to steal the personal property of another need not be in the mind of the person at the time of the initial entry into the structure, if the defendant subsequently formed the intent and entered a room within the structure for the purpose of stealing property there.

Obviously, a person is guilty of burglary if the person enters a specified structure with the intent to steal the property of another. This appellate court ruling held that there are numerous decisions holding that entry into a room with the specific intent to steal is burglary. The court further noted that the definition of burglary has included entry into a room with the requisite intent since the penal code was first adopted in 1872.

In conclusion, a person has violated the burglary statute if it is found the person formed the intent to steal after he entered the main structure but before he entered the room from which he took property.

Debunking the "Workers Don't Need Unions Anymore" Line

by Richard J. Perry

Conventional wisdom in recent years had been that labor has had its day. We've all heard the lines: unions are outdated. Working people needed unions at one point but not anymore. Employers are decent today, they treat their people ok. And for those who don't the government provides protections.

Bull! Ask the families of the 25 dead poultry workers in Hamlet N.C. what they think about caring employers and concerned government. It was in Hamlet N.C. where 25 workers at Imperial Food Products were killed and 60 hurt when sealed fire doors trapped them like rats in their non-union chicken processing plant.

Decent employers today? Sure. Imperial Food Products paid its people dirt; had them working in a building with no windows, no emergency lights, no sprinkler system, no emergency evacuation plan. And it padlocked the fire doors.

Government protections? Sure. Not once in 11 years — not once — had an OSHA inspector even set foot in the Imperial Food Products plant.

No American should make the mistake

of thinking that employers today are any more benevolent or compassionate or concerned than employers a century ago. Business is in business to make money, not to create decent safe jobs. If employers were out to do good they'd be running social service agencies.

Does anybody really think that auto plants or steel mills or coal mines would be better places to work today if there were no unions? Does anybody think their own employer be it a retail store or a factory or an insurance company or even a state highway department wouldn't try to cut corners if it meant making or saving a few dollars more?

Overwhelmingly today's decent employers are decent because unions force them to be decent.

The North Carolina tragedy gives meaning to the term "Look for the Union Label." The label tells us that the people who produced the goods you're about to buy have been treated decently and fairly. They're not working in a plant with locked fire doors. And if they're found to be you can be damned sure their union will get those doors unlocked fast.

Police Lab Discovers Non-Reactive Chemical

The heaviest element known to science was recently discovered by SFPD criminologists. The element, tentatively named Administratium, has no protons or electrons and thus has an atomic number of 0. However, it does have 1 neutron, 125 assistant neutrons, 75 vice neutrons, and 111 vice neutrons. This gives it an atomic mass of 312. These 312 particles are held together by a force that involves the continuous exchange of meson-like particles called morons.

Since it has no electrons, Administratium is inert. However, it can be detected chemically as it impedes every reaction it comes into contact with. According to the discoverers, a minute amount of Administratium caused one reaction to take over four days to complete, when it would normally occur in less than one second.

Administratium has a normal half-life

of approximately four years, at which time it does not actually decay, but instead undergoes a reorganization in which assistant neutrons, vice neutrons and assistant vice neutrons exchange places. Some studies have shown that the atomic weight actually increases after each reorganization.

Research at other laboratories indicates that Administratium occurs naturally in the atmosphere. It tends to concentrate at certain points, such as large corporations, universities and especially government agencies.

Scientists point out that Administratium is known to be toxic at any level of concentration and can easily destroy any productive reactions where it is allowed to accumulate. Attempts are being made to determine how Administratium can be controlled to prevent irreversible damage, but results to date are not promising.

Attorney General, DA's Hit Emergency Response Company's Scare Tactics

District Attorney Arlo Smith, district attorneys from seven other counties and the Attorney General have joined forces seeking \$2 million in penalties from a lawsuit filed yesterday against an emergency response communications company which geared its sales pitch to seniors and the disabled. The target of the civil enforcement action is Life Alert Emergency Response Inc., a Los Angeles based company charged with utilizing extensive television advertising and high pressure in-home presentations to sell electronic equipment used to summon emergency services providers.

"Last year we had issued a consumer alert urging consumers to take a good look at the advertisements geared toward seniors and the disabled before they purchase these emergency response units," D.A. Smith stated.

The complaint, filed in Sonoma County Superior Court, alleges that Life Alert and its corporate officials engage in false advertising, scare tactics, high pressure sales pitches and violations of the state's home solicitations law. In addition to seeking \$2 million in civil penalties, this action asks that consumers be refunded their monies and that Life Alert be enjoined from engaging in unfair business practices and deceptive advertising.

The lawsuit claims that Life Alert engages in a pattern of misrepresentations about its system and those who staff it. Sales representatives allegedly mislead consumers by telling them its system is staffed by ex-police and ex-traffic controllers who have special access to "911" emergency services, that local emergency agencies react faster to Life Alert calls than to regular "911" calls and other claims that imply that Life Alert customers receive preferential treatment from public emergency services providers.

The complaint also alleges that Life Alert used high-pressure tactics to sell its pro-

duct. "It is alleged that Life Alert's training seminars instruct sales people to wear down elderly customers," Assistant District Attorney Robert Perez, head of the SFDA's Consumer and Environmental Unit, added.

Laurel Pallock, director of the SFDA's Consumer Mediation Unit, said that it was also alleged that Life Alert salespersons were also trained to utilize a standard sales fraud technique called the "price drop" where consumers are quoted inflated sales prices so they could be artificially dropped for "special" customers. Life Alert is charged with including unnecessary items in its package as another ploy to increase the asking price so that salespersons could then strike "bargain" deals by dropping these unnecessary items to lower the price.

The lawsuit alleges that Life Alert sales staff also failed to orally instruct consumers about their right to cancel the contract within three days of signing, and the company did not provide refunds within ten days, as required by California's home solicitations contract law. The lawsuit also claims that Life Alert would install equipment during the three-day cancellation period in order to make it more difficult for consumers to cancel their contracts.

Life Alert is headquartered in Chatsworth, California, and is owned and operated by Isaac and Mariam Shepherd. Life Alert and the Shepherds are being sued by the District Attorneys of Alameda, Los Angeles, Monterey, Napa, San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara and Sonoma Counties.

The lawsuit seeks a minimum of \$2 million in civil penalties and an injunction barring the companies from continuing violations of deceptive advertising and unfair business practices, as well as restitution to injured consumers.

"If you feel that you were pressured into purchasing such equipment, please contact our consumer protection unit at (415)553-1814," D.A. Smith stated.



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THE MEMBERS SPEAK

The opinions expressed on these pages are solely those of the authors. They do not reflect the official views or policies of the SFPOA.



Willis Casey
Chief of Police
San Francisco Police Department
850 Bryant Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

Gayle Wright, Secretary
S.F. Veteran Police Officers Assn.
P.O. Box 22046
San Francisco, CA 94122

Dear Chief Casey:

We, the members of the San Francisco Veteran Police Officers' Association, witnessed a pitiful display of police response at the State Building on the night of September 30, 1991.

We never thought that we would see blatant cowardice in not responding to calls for help from police officers.

We would like to know from you why the officers calling for help were not immediately attended to.

Sincerely,
Gale Wright
Secretary,
S.F. Veteran Police Officers Assn.

Dear Gayle:

The letter you wrote to me concerning the incident at the State Building on the night of September 30, 1991, is an insult to the officers who were at the scene. Your allegations are totally without fact.

You and your organization owe the members of this Police Department an apology.

Sincerely yours,
Willis A. Casey
Chief of Police

Editor's Note: I talked to Gale about this exchange, and he tells me the Chief has missed the point. The failure to respond (or failure of nerve) was that of the ranking officer on the scene...not of the rank and file cops (who were eager to go in and take control of the situation).

Happy Days

by William Kidd

I clearly recall a morning almost four years ago, when I met a member of the SFPOA Board of Directors in the hallway of the fourth floor. "Happy days are here again," he said, with a hearty smile and gloating sincerity. He went on to say that things would be much different — and better — now that we had "our man in City Hall."

He was obviously wrong, but was certainly not the first — or last — of our members to make this mistake. I point this out because, in my observations of and participation with the SFPOA over 22 years, I see us continuing to pursue this myth that we will lose out should we fail to endorse the winning candidate for mayor. Where is the evidence that supports this theory? What are the facts?

The facts are that if any benefits are forthcoming at all, they benefit a few select individuals, and not the majority of working cops that this organization is supposed to represent. Despite the fact that the most glaring example of this is also the most recent, with select beneficiaries of the Agnos administration, why is it that we are willing to follow the same path?

I have seen candidates come and go with our support and sometimes our endorsement, and once they are sworn in they all seem to suffer remarkable memory lapse. And yet, we continue to stand there, with our hand out, time and time again, the perennial fools, anxious to give money, time and support to politi-

cians who promptly display their contempt once firmly ensconced in the Mayor's office. George Moscone squeaked into office and rewarded us with Charles Gain. Dianne Feinstein promised a Memorandum of Understanding within 90 days; that never came to pass. And then there's good old "happy days" Art. The marvelous strides we have made during the last two Administrations came directly from the people of San Francisco, usually despite, not because of the support of the Mayor's Office.

Now we are falling all over each other to jump on the Jordan bandwagon, after he has quite adequately demonstrated: his vindictiveness toward politically inconvenient subordinates, such as Jack Jordan and Frank McCoy; his shameful ignorance of standard police practices, as with the Smoot investigation, and his appearance before an international assembly of gang investigators, at which, to the mortification of many a San Francisco police officer, he lectured on S.F. parking problems; his willingness to sacrifice subordinates for his own benefit, as with McCoy, Dean, myself, Casillas, Welch, Lang, Hall, Cairns, his own brother, and others; and his opposition to our best interests, such as his opposition to Proposition D, which he reaffirmed at Candidate's Night.

Frank Jordan has provided us with ample evidence of what we can expect from him, and it is not likely to be any different from that of his predecessors.

I am certainly not an advocate of endorsing Art Agnos. But why must we endorse either? Frank Jordan was an indecisive, spineless Chief, who was ap-

Yes on Proposition A

by Mabel Teng and Robert Varni
Trustees of City College
of San Francisco

Editors Note: Although the POA has taken no position on this issue, some members urged me to print this article

The two of us may not agree on the mayor's race, but as trustees of City College of San Francisco, we do agree on what we need to do for the children of our city.

San Francisco voters have an opportunity with the December ballot to make measureable progress in improving public education in the city. Proposition A is an emergency and temporary sales tax that is expected to raise \$21 million in its short duration. Money from the quarter-cent tax would be given to the city's two public education institutions: the K-12 system and the community college, City College of San Francisco.

Passage of Proposition A ought to be the goal of the entire community.

The complex problems now confronting the public schools have received much publicity. Grade school teachers have been laid off, sports and music programs have been deleted from the budget, and libraries have been starved. The community college has seen a startling 14 percent increase in enrollment, without a corresponding increase in funding from the state government. The growing college population has placed a heavy burden on the enormous and vital array of classes, and on services such as counseling and child-care for students who also are parents. More than 12,000 residents have no choice but to sit on waiting lists for English language classes. They need language skills to move up the job ladder, which also would generate more income for the city. In addition, tuition increases and class reduction at UC Berkeley and SF State University have placed City College in the role of bottom net for many college-bound students caught in the squeeze, particularly individuals from working families.

The temporary sales tax increase is not intended to be a permanent solution for the schools, but without a doubt, the money will help heal the damage our schools and children have suffered in recent years. The taxpayers and voters already have stated their commitment to education. Unfortunately for students, the governor acted against popular sen-

timent and was unable to provide the full funding guaranteed under Proposition 98, a measure that sets the level of funding for education.

We cannot take out schools for granted and simply hope that the situation will get better. There are 60,000 students in the K-12 schools who need a chance to become problem solvers, and another 85,000 students at City College from age 18 to 80 who want to increase their knowledge and skills to make better lives for themselves while broadening their contributions to the community. Far too many students attend crowded classes and study with inadequate materials in dilapidated buildings.

From a broad perspective, numerous studies have proven the link between education, economics and the quality of life. For society's sake, we need to move forward on an opportunity like Proposition A and follow through on our commitment to education. Local action does make a difference.

Voters who are skeptical about the issue of education funding are welcome to take a closer look at all the things the public schools want to do and are trying to do. Visit the computer labs and literature classes in the high schools. Leaf through the course schedule from City College and discover the institution's vast resources of learning: we teach people how to repair aircraft engines, operate high-tech computer software, learn about trade and exports, prepare for four-year universities, and study for citizenship tests.

Every day, at hundreds of sites across the city, students young and old go to school. These students are our neighbors, the children down the street, and ourselves. We are not easily reminded of the wonderful activities going on inside the school walls everywhere in the community, or the gravity of making our system work. That is, until the system has collapsed.

We are not helpless in our formidable task of producing a literate, efficient, thoughtful society. We simply need to think about our grandchildren when we consider paying a few extra pennies at the cash register.

And remember: By law the tax cannot be extended beyond 18 months, when we anticipate the recession to end. This is a strategic plan based on an impending crisis — not a band-aid that will fall off in 1994.

pointed and remained because he did what he was told. What possible reason is there to believe it would be any different were he the Mayor? If he were, he certainly wouldn't be taking his direction from us; nor does his record give any cause to believe he would even give serious concern to our input, as he demonstrated with his equivocation and flight with regard to Proposition D.

I question whether we can ensure the removal of Agnos or the victory of Jordan whether we endorse Jordan or not. If the opposition to Agnos is a reality, then he will be defeated; those voters are not waiting to see how we will go. I am simply asking why it is that we should, again, blindly support someone who has clearly shown his willingness to betray working cops, when it will benefit him. Unlike his predecessors, Frank Jordan has already demonstrated how he will perform in the role of a governmental executive: unless there are direct political benefits to him, there is no sacrifice (by us) too great for him to make.

This Association, of any special or political entity in this City, should be the one to do the right thing. Endorsing the candidacy of either Agnos or Jordan is clearly not doing what is right. Even our candidate of choice has expressed

great misgivings about supporting either candidate!

With the arrival of the current SFPOA leadership, the Association returned to a pattern of open, candid and upright conduct. I believe that remaining neutral in this mayoral runoff election is the only manner by which this Association can continue along that path.

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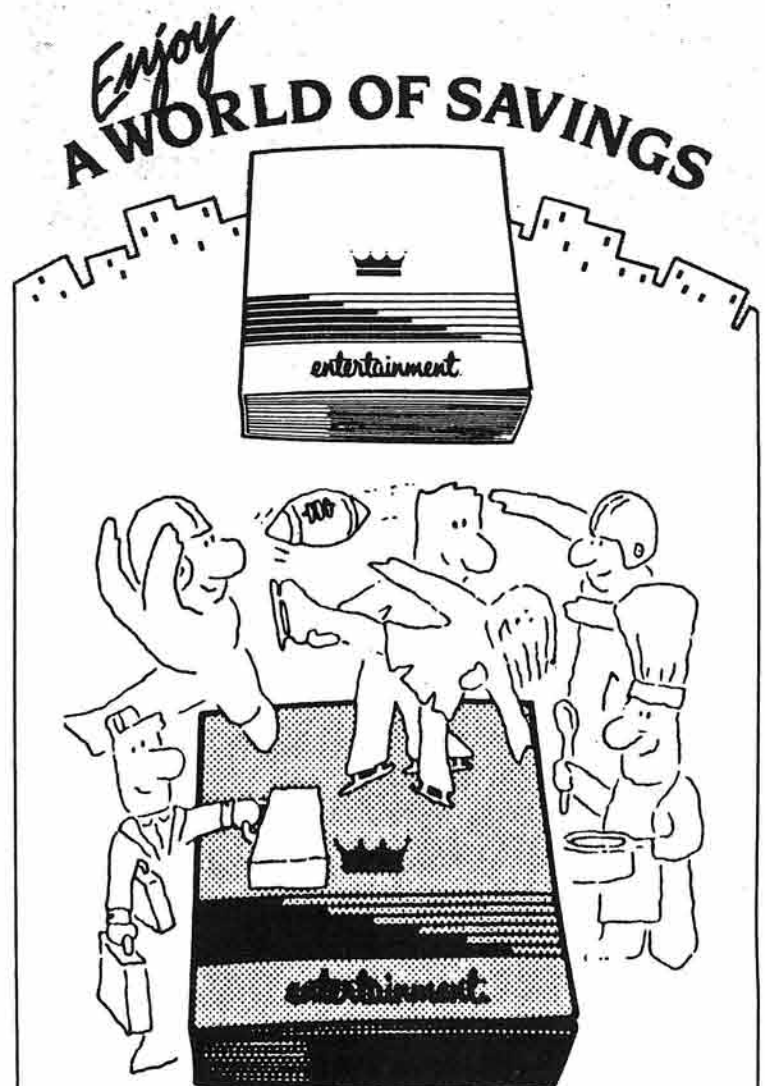
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Letters

Anyone But Agnos

Editor:

Pity poor Mr. Agnos. It appears that he has become so far removed from the people who elected him (and whom he ostensibly serves) and, become so insular due to sycophants he surrounds himself with, that he fails to grasp the "big picture" in this election.

He chides his opponent as a "nice guy," and this is meant to be derogatory! The idea being, apparently, that decency and public governance are antithetical.

I'm sorry Mr. Agnos, but, this layman's opinion is that the November 5 vote was in large measure, a referendum on what the public perceives to be your "slick" insider-style of city politics. To suggest that a "nice guy" isn't quite up to leading this cosmopolitan city just underscores how out of touch you are with the voting populace. As for me, give me "decent" and uncharismatic government any day rather than the elitist, "inside" brand of politics practiced by you and your cronies.

Nicole Greely
San Francisco

*Reprinted from the
San Francisco Chronicle,
October 15, 1991*

Appreciated

SFPOA
510 - 7th St.
S.F., CA 94103

Dear Members:

Donald "J.D." Hicks was very proud to be a member of the POA. Thank you all for remembering him.

Regards,
Gene Tartoglia

SFPOA
510 - 7th St.
S.F., CA 94103

Brother Officers:

Your expression of sympathy is appreciated by John Grubensky's family and each and every one of his fellow officers.

Our sorrow is tempered by the knowledge that others understand our loss.

Thank you,
Robert F. Valladon, Jr.
President
Oakland Police Officers Association

Thanks

The Honorable John Burton
California State Assembly
711 Van Ness Ave., Suite 300
San Francisco, CA 94102

Dear Mr. Burton:

I was very pleased to receive your letter indicating AB 770 had been signed by the governor. I wish to express my sincere appreciation for all that you and your staff have done for me.

I realize now that you have opened the door to allow me to receive the much desired Teaching Credential which I had been previously denied.

It is nice to know that an ordinary cop can get the help he needs when no one else can help.

Your efforts, determination and professionalism will never be overlooked by this third generation San Franciscan and his family.

Oro En Paz, Fierro En Guerra,
Sergeant Henry Parra #981
San Francisco Police Department

Thanks

Mr. Al Trigueiro, President
SFPOA
510 7th Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

Dear Mr. Trigueiro:

On behalf of the Auxiliary of Little Children's Aid, I would like to extend our most sincere appreciation for your generous gift of \$100.00 to our organization.

Our purpose is to bring as much aid and comfort to needy children and their families and donations such as yours go a long way in helping to fund our many programs. With the holiday season fast approaching, rest assured that your gift will be very much appreciated.

Thank you so much again.
Sincerely,

Cecilia R. Enright, President
Little Children's Aid

Mr. Al Trigueiro
President, SFPOA
Community Service Fund
510 7th Street
S.F., CA 94103

Dear Mr. Trigueiro:

Thank you so much for the San Francisco Police Officers' Association's contribution of \$200 in support of programs at Recreation Center for the Handicapped, Inc.

As you may know, we provide programs in recreation, education, socialization, vocational rehabilitation and respite care for 1800 individuals with disabilities in our community. Our participants range in age from 5 to over 85 years. This November we will celebrate our 39th year of service.

Each winter, members of the San Francisc Police Department play basketball with the Center's famous undefeated team — "The Wildcats." The game is the highlight of the season. Regardless of their disability, every member of the team participates with great enthusiasm and the police have become warm friends.

We deeply appreciate all the support we receive from the S.F. Police as well as this generous check from the S.F. Police Officers' Association.

May God bless and protect all the members of your association.

With warmest regards,
Janet Pomeroy.
Founder and Director

Stephanie Bloesch
San Rafael, California

Dear Stephanie:

Thank you! Your letter was a wonderful boost at a time when I really needed it. I just hope that the Association will be able to lend a hand in the future.

Your suggestion is a good one — please give me a call at your convenience to discuss the issue further.

Gratefully,
Al Trigueiro

P.S. Keep your eyes on the Notebook, as I'm publishing your letter!

Al Trigueiro, President
SFPOA

Dear Al:

It is with great pride that I take this opportunity to thank you for the San Francisco Police plaque bestowed upon our company commemorating its 75 years of service to our Great City. I truly appreciate your taking the time to honor us! Many heartfelt thanks to San Francisco's Finest.

Sincerely,
Ermalind Guerin
Owner, J.S. Guerin & Company

Al Trigueiro, President
SFPOA

Dear Mr. Trigueiro,

Thank you for your donation of \$200.00 to Big Brothers/Big Sisters of San Francisco. Our agency matches concerned adult volunteers with underprivileged youth from low income, single-parent homes. Big Brothers/Big Sisters provides for over 330 matches each year. Your gift helps us to maintain these vital relationships.

The children in our program receive guidance to grow through the problems associated with urban childhood. Their Big Brother or Big Sister encourages them to avoid drugs, to protect themselves from an unwanted pregnancy, to understand the importance of an education, and to avoid delinquency. The effectiveness of the program is evident in figures like these: 90% of the Little Brothers and Sisters graduate from high school, compared to less than 50% of their peers from the same socio-economic background. Little Sisters are less than 1/3 as likely to become teen parents than their peers.

Your generosity is appreciated. This gift is a wise investment in the future of our community.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,
Lance G. Lindsey
Executive Director

Tom Flippin, Editor
SFPOA Notebook

RE: The National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial

Dear Tom:

My hat is off to the San Francisco Police Department Police Officers Association and especially to Jerry Donovan for sharing a stirring experience, a true tribute to our unsung heros. I must admit his reflections touched me deeply.

Very truly yours,
Steve Maxoutopoulos
Retired #66

San Francisco Police Officers Association
510 - 7th St.
S.F., CA 94103

Gentlemen:

Thank you for your Mailgram of congratulations, and for your kind words of support to me in my new role as Chief of Police of the San Jose Police Department.

It is an exciting time for me, personally, and for the Department, and there will be many challenges in the future for the community, as well. Your encouragement is very much appreciated.

Sincerely,
Louis A. Cobarruviaz
Chief of Police

Mr. Al Trigueiro, President
SFPOA

Dear Mr. Trigueiro:

I apologize for taking so long to thank you for all your support for Best Buddies' first event in San Francisco. It was a terrific celebration of the chapters in the Bay Area, I am delighted that you were a part of such a special night.

The proceeds from the evening will go directly to supporting the five chapters currently in operation in the Bay Area and assist Best Buddies in expanding next Fall. The program has been met with such great success but none of it would be possible without the support of people like you.

Best Buddies will continue to build in California and nationally thanks to your interest. I appreciate your support and hope you will continue to stay involved with Best Budies.

All the best,
Anthony K. Shriver, President

Al Trigueiro, President
S.F.P.O.A.
510 Seventh Street
San Francisco, CA. 94103

Dear Al:

My thanks for your contribution to my campaign for re-election to the 16th Assembly District.

Your support and friendship is greatly appreciated.

I look forward to working with you to improve the quality of life for all Californians.

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SFPOA Basketball 1991

This article is dedicated to Kevin Gotchet and to Kurt Bruneman, get well soon.

Happy holidays from the Commissioner. Week four, we had San Mateo Task Force Team lose to US Customs, 50 to 41. This left Customs in sole possession of first place in the east. Taylor's team looks like they are a fixture at the number one spot in the east.

The FBI went down in week four, losing to Bruneman and Company. The Gnats, as they call themselves played just like that. The Gnats played great defense. Case in point, Stellini had Gurinski throwing elbows at him. Gurinski even threw the ball at poor Arthur. Stellini also stole the ball from Lewis who was very surprised! Kurt's 26 points secured the 51 to 43 Gnat

victory. Gnnnnnats! Ingleside 4 and 0 so far. Spiteri's team is hitting on all players. Each starter scoring double figures makes Ingleside hard to defense.

Week five. Narcotics has all their players showing up. Narcs have but together two straight wins, climbing to 2 and 3. Narcos now in 3rd place! Narcs 78, Inspectors 70. Inspectors 0 and 5. Ingleside 5 and 0,, beating CHP 61 to 41.

Week six. Bruneman hurt! Gnats drop two in a row. Gnats lose to number 1 Ingleside 65 to 50, second loss to Mission 61 to 41. Gallegos, Burkley, Moran, Kaprosh, Clemons and Machi.

Park drops TAC/HQ to 0-6. Barker's 27 points made the difference 64 to 53. Chows back, scores 17, but no puts.

Customs rolls along beating Central 60 to 52. Fouchart scores 22 for Customs relieving Wallrapp of the scoring worries. Wallrapp held to 11 points by Jerry 'Nino' Calgaro. Nino scored 24 and Rodriguez's 20 was not enough. Central without Deignan, Greenwood and Porto.

Week 7. First OT game this year. Northern 2 and Southern Play to a 65-65 tie after 36 minutes. Northern 2's height came through at the end. As Chris Knight tipped in a missed free throw to tie the game with 8 seconds to play. Southern could not score allowing the game to go into OT.

At the end, Northern 2 wins 71 to 68. Southern wasted a 41 point out put from Hannibal.

Ingleside and the FBI win and await the

December 17th show down for the No. 1 spot in the west. Ingleside 7-0.

Second OT game in a week, Northern Gnats fight down to the end, only to lose to the Narcotics team 62-60. The Bruneman loss Gnats had the Narcos on the ropes by staying ahead of them the entire game. JR's 3 pointer tied the game saving the imminent loss.

In OT the Gnats were out scored. Roche and Haley hit 21 points. Narcotics was fighting all game and came back to win after a 31 to 18 half time score.

Oh, one last thing, my friend Corrado Petruzzella is not a dirty player. Just as myself or Mat Hanley, basketball is a physical game.

WESTERN CONFERENCE		
Ingleside	7	0
FBI	4	1
CHP Redwood City	4	1
Northern 2	4	3
Southern	3	3
Central	3	3
Northern Gnats	3	4
TAC/HQ	0	7
EASTERN CONFERENCE		
US Customs	6	1
Mission	5	2
Narcotics	5	3
Park	4	4
San Mateo Task Force	3	
Inspectors	2	4
Potrero	1	5
Airport	1	5
Daly City PD	0	6

Six teams from each division go to the playoffs.

SFPOA BASKETBALL LEADING SCORERS NOVEMBER 27, 1991							
WESTERN CONFERENCE				EASTERN CONFERENCE			
1.	Kurt Bruneman	Gnats	119	1.	J. Barker	Park	117
2.	Alan Hannibal	Southern	117	2.	T. Dempsey	Narcotics	112
3.	Nino Calgaro	Central	109	3.	Wallrapp	US Customs	111
4.	Tony Rodriguez	Central	97	4.	M. Hanley	Narcotics	101
5.	Ed Delcarlo	Ingleside	89	5.	M. Gallegos	Mission	100
6.	Stefan Roché	Gnats	87	6.	S. Chase	San Mateo	96
7.	Bob Puts	TAC/HQ	81	7.	F. Ducart	US Customs	92
8.	Hans Vigil	Northern 2	80	8.	Spain	San Mateo	92
9.	Siebert	Ingleside	76	9.	F. Cortez	US Customs	77
10.	Suhl	CHP	73	10.	Kaprosh	Mission	74
11.	Collins	Northern 2	73	11.	C. Petruzzella	Park	69
12.	Lankford	Southern	69	12.	M. Keane	Airport	68

Golf Fun In The Sun

by Larry Minasian, Co. F

The San Francisco Police Golf Club is now accepting reservations for what promises to be an absolutely great golf trip to Phoenix, Arizona, in the spring of next year. Arrangements have already been made for four nights stay at the Embassy Suites Hotel from Monday, May 18, through Friday, May 22. As with all Embassy Suites Hotels, a full complimentary buffet breakfast is served each morning, and each evening finds the hotel hosting a two-hour cocktail party. In between all that, we are scheduling golf at some of the prettiest courses in the country.

Final confirmation on the golf courses

to be played has not been made yet. Tentatively, we are looking at three rounds of golf as part of our trip package along with two additional rounds on an optional basis. The courses included in our tournament (as of now) are Orange Tree, Superstition Springs and the Camelback Golf Club's Indian Bend Course. The two suggested courses for our arrival and departure days are the Arizona Biltmore Adobe Course and the Karsten Course at Arizona State University. Playing these outstanding courses can only make for an exceptional golfing experience.

The actual package to be put together by our club will include air fare, rental car, three rounds of golf, tournament prizes

and accommodations at the Embassy Suites (based on double occupancy) The trip is being put together for golfers, and it is hoped that everyone joining us will be playing golf.

This trip will be available to all interested golfers, but first priority will go to members of our golf club and their guests. We have already reserved accommodations for 32 people but this can be increased if there are more people who want to go. The estimated cost for the trip package is \$500 per person (double occupancy); however, we won't know the exact cost until all arrangements have been made. A \$50 per person deposit is required by January 1, 1992, and a follow-up questionnaire will be sent to each person submitting a deposit. Deposits can be sent

to either Larry Minasian or Jerry Cassidy.

Other Golf Club news: It appears that Jerry Cassidy has won this year's club championship. With only our December tournament at Adobe Creek left to go, Jerry has built an insurmountable lead and should reign as this year's champ. Congratulations, Jerry.

In our most recent tournament, Joe Allegro Jr. and Roger Foge took low net and low gross honors at Tony Lema on November 8. On October 25, Jack Gibson and Jerry Cassidy posted the best net and gross scores of the day at Vallejo's Blue Rock Springs. At Tony Lema, Roger Foge experienced a momentary state of panic on the Par 3 10th hole. Right from the tee Roger's shot was dead on line for the flag and as he watched his ball he suddenly realized that he was not paid up on his hole-in-one insurance. Roger quickly reached in his pocket and attempted to give Jerry Cassidy \$.85 in change. Just as Jerry was about to turn thumbs down, Roger's ball rolled to within two inches of the cup and stopped. A great shot which helped Roger post his score of 73 for the day.

Our next tournament is set for December 8th at Adobe Creek in Petaluma. Anyone interested in playing should notify Jerry or Larry as soon as possible. The cost is \$35 and includes the use of a cart.

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1991 Turkey Shoot Winners

Congratulations to the below listed members who scored 12 or better at the San Francisco Police Officers' Association Annual Turkey Shoot. Scores, according to the Range personnel, were at an all-time low, but will surely improve in the new year with the re-institution of the regularly scheduled range qualifications. Turkeys can be picked up in person at the California Poultry Sales, Inc., 777 Brannan Street between the hours of 0800 and 1700 hours. This year's cutoff was 12 ... 12?!?! Last year the cutoff score was 25. Wha' happened?!?!

- Aitchison, R. #1382
- Arietta, W. #304
- Ballentine, J. #1197
- Becker, L. #1171
- Belous, R. #1393
- Benassini, M. #1131
- Berti, D. #769
- Bill, P. #1259
- Bisordi, J. #2001
- Boyd, D. #339
- Brookbush, K. #2040
- Brown, A. #976
- Bruton, T. #2009
- Cadigan, P. #470
- Callejas, E. #219
- Celaya, D. #113
- Chan, C. #1886
- Ching, R. #1964
- Crestetto, A. #664
- Dare, E. #625
- Dillard, D. #1399
- Dodds, W. #1228
- Donovan, J. #797
- Eisenmann, T. #1909
- Farrell, J. #410
- Fitzer, R. #196
- Fontana, D. #1570
- Ford, P. #748
- Frederick, G. #570
- Frediani, R. #25
- Gannon, M. #842
- Geeter, E. #1273
- Glickman, S. #1446
- Harrold, J. #1838
- Hedges-Hiller, S. #1649
- Hernandez, A. #703
- Holle, J. #596
- Howren, E. #299
- Jefferies, M. #2018
- Karp, R. #1768
- Keohane, C. #1663
- Kidd, W. #1051
- King, R. #194
- Kranci, D. #1230
- Krimsky, M. #1424
- Lee, F. #1518
- Lee, R. #115
- Long, J. #1135
- MacDonald, B. #1267
- Mahoney, R. #578

- Martin, R. #1324
- McCann, A. #962
- McGrath, T. #1652
- Meixner, D. #1153
- Melendez, A. #1550
- Mirkovich, R. #2048
- Morgan, J. #777
- Murphy, T. #1040
- O'Connor, D. #1990
- Olson, B. #1126
- Parashis, J. #55
- Pennebaker, G. #1585
- Peters, D. #1694
- Peters, G. #127
- Peterson, J. #1432
- Petrie, J. #1158
- Portoni, J. #1364
- Puccetti, R. #759
- Puts, B. #312
- Quigley, D. #298
- Ragona, R. #1216
- Ramlan, L. #2162
- Ray, R. #1323
- Ryan, R. #450
- Santos, J. #1508
- Schlotfeldt, P. #438
- Scott, W. #1030
- Seybold, M. #1869
- Sheehan, R. #361
- Sieber, D. #471
- Sloan, D. #1385
- Smith, T. #349
- Smoot, J. #535
- Stokes, J. #511
- Strange, J. #1339
- Strom, K. #718
- Sullivan, M. #1613
- Sylvester, G. #837
- Tittel, S. #2104
- Totah, R. #2140
- Tsang, V. #878
- Walsh, M. #41
- Warren, C. #1450
- Way, M. #1736
- Weld, C. #1119
- White, S. #822
- Wilcox, M. #1140
- Williams, J. #1452
- Williams, Ken #197



by Dennis Bianchi

November 3, 1991 was this year's New York City Marathon. This race seems to get bigger in numbers every year and 1991 was no exception. 26,000 runners lined up at the start line this year, making it the world's largest marathon. In the midst of that mass of runners were two of San Francisco's Finest; Captain John Newlin and Officer Pamela Hofsass, both of Mission Station.

These fine-tuned runners turned in outstanding performances and represented our Department with class as well as speed.

Captain Newlin knocked off more than 30 minutes from his first San Francisco Marathon and stated he plans on getting even faster. He's planning on running the S.F. Marathon and the N.Y. Marathon in 1992. Go get 'em John.

Pamela has had more than her share of bad breaks recently. She trained hard to run the Napa Marathon and the weather

was lousy. She still ran a fine race. She trained hard for the San Francisco Marathon and got the flu just a few days before the race and couldn't run. Being the physical-fitness buff she is she began working out hard for the N.Y. Marathon. Again, a dark cloud came her way. About two weeks before the race Pamela was working the bicycle patrol in the Castro District and had occasion to pursue a bad guy. In hot pursuit on 17th Street her cycle's wheel struck the trolley tracks and spilled her to the ground, knee first. Twenty stitches were needed to close the wound and Pam's training came to a halt. She watched her diet and did what she was ordered to do by the doctor. November 3 found Pam running. She finished in 3 hours, 47 minutes and is ready for more!

A hearty congratulations to both of you and a big "thank you" for representing the Department in such an admirable fashion., Perhaps one or both of these runners can write a description of the event and share their thoughts about running in "The Big Apple."

December is the month for the Christmas Relays. Get yourself a team together, (four-person teams) and have some healthy fun during the holidays.

Whatever you choose, now is the time to choose in favor of your health. Running isn't for everyone but some form of aerobic exercise should become part of your lifestyle. Dancing, strenuous walking, biking, cycling, swimming; the list is long. Select one you feel you will be comfortable doing, will keep doing and then Just Do It!



Swimming News



by Don Matisek

In the last competition for the year, the two members who competed in the Marin County Senior Games came home with six medals.

In the 25 yard freestyle, Howard Kyle finished 1st followed by Don Matisek in 2nd. The finishes were repeated in the 50 yd. and the 100 yd. freestyle.

Many of the department members who might want to swim have stated that they are embarrassed by where they would finish if they raced. They should remember that we only report the first five places in the paper and don't put down the others. Many of us finish way down there when we try other strokes that we are trying to improve

on. None of the present swimming members swam in college and about half competed in high school... a long time ago. All of us swim to help our bodies physically, and to keep the weight down (in some cases not too successfully).

If anyone is interested in competing next year in the state games in San Diego, the International Games in Washington D.C., or some others we get invited to, they should contact any of the members for information.

The active duty members are Art Gabac - Muni, Ed Kenny - Homicide, Don Matisek - F.O.B., Frank Petuya - Co. B, Mike Truman - Co. K, Solos

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Jill Connolly	Co. G	Karen Lynch	H&R Detail
Fred Crisp	Co. A	Pam Mitchell	Co. F
Dave Goff	Co. F	Glen Mori	Muni Detail

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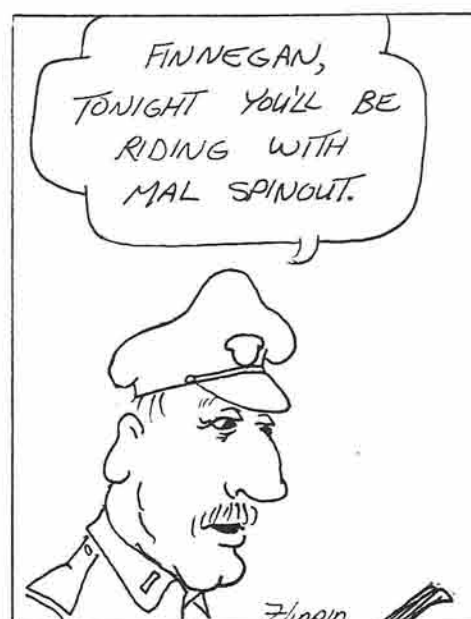
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ON THE STREET/Tom Flippin



Funny ...But True

by Tom Flippin, Editor



POSSESSION OF CONTROLLED POPCORN: Two Idaho women were sentenced to jail and fined in the final chapter of the "Great Popcorn Caper."

The women, Joan and Susan, are sisters residing in the town of Rexburg. They first ran afoul of the law when they tried to enter the Holiday Theater while carrying a controlled substance. The controlled substance in this case was popcorn...popcorn purchased at the neighboring Paramount Twin Theaters. The eagle-eyed manager of the Holiday spotted the illegal goods and ordered the sisters to leave the theater... they refused... the police were called...

A jury convicted the two miscreants of trespassing; obstructing, resisting, and delaying a police officer. The judge gave 'em one day in jail and a \$50 fine each.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE, A CLIFF FOR A CLIFF: Iran may not be the first country you'd think of in connection with innovative criminal justice practices, but maybe they do have the right idea.

It was reported in the daily Salaam that a 21-year-old man convicted of sodomy and murder was executed there recently by throwing him from a cliff. The man, who was not identified, had been convicted by an Islamic court which decreed that he die the same way he killed his victims.

The man was charged with seizing three boys, ages 11 to 13, sodomizing them and then throwing them from a cliff on Sahebozzaman Mountain. One of the boys survived the fall and reported the crime.

It may seem a cruel sentence, but it can truly be said that the odds of this guy committing similar crimes in the future have fallen to zero.

DRIVING MISSES ... THEY'RE DOOZIES: Two sisters from West Virginia were reported missing by their parents, but the incident had a happy ending when the girls' aunt reported finding them some ten

hours later. The ten hours were spent driving, which neither of the girls had ever done before... both of them being only 11-years-old.

The girls, who were determined to see their aunt's newborn baby girl, borrowed their grandfather's car... piled clothing on the front seat so they could see over the dash... packed up some soda pop, snack foods, and an atlas for their trek from West Virginia to Kentucky. The wily joyriders stopped for gas often, putting in just a few dollars worth each time so no one would have time to notice that they were too young to be driving. Their only set-back came when they got lost briefly in Lexington, KY. They did get to see the baby!

DUMB: Michael Smith, 29, is another candidate for dumb-crook-of-the-month. He recently tried to rob a New York couple using a realistic-looking toy gun. The woman, obviously unfazed by Smith's gun, pulled out a realistic toy gun of her own. At this, Smith dropped his toy gun and began begging for his life.

When the couple began calling for help, Smith took off running. A neighbor came out with a baseball bat and threw it at the fleeing crook, knocking him down. This guy is not only dumb but unlucky!

DUMBER: A couple of dumb burglars from Miami are resting in jail after their carefully planned caper went awry.

They needed to get through some steel doors to get into a pawn shop, so they brought everything they needed. They had gloves, metal shears, a power saw, a portable generator and an extension cord. The only thing they forgot was the look-out. While they were cutting through the doors they made such a racket that they didn't hear the burglar alarm going off.

The local police did hear it, arrived on the scene (and presumably tapped them on the shoulder) and took 'em away to a nice, quiet cell.

DUMBEST: Our winner of this month's dumb crook award is Melvin Lincoln of Stockton. Lincoln, a funeral director for 26 years, faked his own death twice and his wife's death once to collect on life insurance policies. He collected in 1986 (the death certificate showing cause of death as lung cancer), and he collected again in 1990 (cause of death a heart attack). Later investigations showed both death certificates had Lincoln's fingerprints all over them.

Ol' Melvin was tripped up when he foolishly tried to renew his driver's license. The DMV computers rejected his renewal application and flashed "DECEASED" alerting DMV investigators that something was amiss. Melvin admitted to mail fraud in the \$140,000 scam. Remember, Melvin; the dead don't drive!



Editorial Comment

The Manhattanization Project

by Tom Flippin, Editor

Manhattanization, at least as used in San Francisco, usually refers to the proliferation of huge buildings downtown. The artificial canyons created by these buildings are cold, inhospitable places. Giant walls of glass and steel ... strong winds blowing through them ... these are not the places we associate with San Francisco. San Francisco, to most of us, means the neighborhoods ... small, diverse areas within the City. Each area with its own beauty and warmth ... each distinct, but each needed as a part of the whole City.

Manhattanization could have other meanings. Think of a big, sprawling, ugly place where scowling people push and shove their way down filthy sidewalks, as frightening beggars shout their demands and tattered scarecrows gesticulate crazily. This isn't a vision of hell ... this is a walk down certain streets of San Francisco today. Manhattanization, thus, could easily refer to the destruction of a civilized way of life. The portrait just painted is not the way we want to think of San Francisco, but it is the destination to which the City seems headed.

As downtown San Francisco has become a hostile place ... filled with unhappy people hurrying to work, then hurrying to leave ... so the neighborhoods are becoming hostile. They are being split apart, turned one against the other. Politicians, with their own hidden agendas, play on differences ... exaggerate fears and problems ... and grow powerful on the divisions which widen between communities. Carbetbaggers, to use a term which dates back to Civil War times, come into the City and trumpet their plans to "straighten out" the place.

The growing polarization of San

Francisco's neighborhood communities reflects the success of a strategy as old as (or even older than) the Roman Empire: a strategy called divide-and-conquer. The present administration, with the connivance of certain, so-called community leaders, have preached a gospel of distrust-your-neighbor, fear-your-fellows and up-yours-I-got-mine. This philosophy is directly responsible for the mess that exists today in the City.

Of course, not all the woes of San Francisco can be placed at City Hall's doorsteps. It was Governor Reagan who shut down the institutions which cared for the mentally ill. A national recession has added many people to the rolls of the homeless. However, after almost four years the plans and promises issuing forth from City Hall have accomplished less than nothing. The problems are worse than they were four years ago and the problems are growing.

During World War II, the United States embarked on a great, secret undertaking. This secret plan was the development of the atomic bomb. The code name for this top-secret project was The Manhattan Project. The secret, destructive plans of the current administration could well be code-named The Manhattanization Project. Divide-and-conquer ... inflate-the-fears ... pennies-for-problems, dollars-for-deceit. The M-Project has left us a ticking bomb ... ready to explode into hate and terror. We need to turn the clock back, away from that explosion, and bring our diverse communities back together ... to work together again to make San Francisco the wonderful city it once was.

Vote for Frank Jordan on December 10th.