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

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NUMBER 12

SFPD Tier II Pension System

Vince Courtney, Esq.
Davis, Reno & Courtney
90 New Montgomery Street, Suite
#909
San Francisco, CA 94105

Dear Vince:

Enclosed please find a letter from Marian Sullivan, the wife of one of our disabled officers (Michael Sullivan), regarding the inadequacies of the Tier II Pension Plan.

After speaking with Marian who along with her husband Mike, has been frustrated by this present system, she is very willing to support our efforts for a change in any way that we would deem helpful. A copy of her letter will appear in the next issue of the Notebook and I am suggesting that copies be sent to our friends on the Board of Supervisors as well.

Please let me know your thoughts on this subject and how Marian can best be used to help with the upgrading of the woefully inadequate Tier II Pension System.

Sincerely,
SAN FRANCISCO POLICE
OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION
Al Trigueiro, President

Al Triguero President
San Francisco Police Officers Association
510 Seventh Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

Dear Al:

My husband, Sgt. Michael Sullivan, suggested I write you about my concerns regarding the San Francisco Police Department's Tier II retirement plan.

I have studied the booklets outlining the Tier I and Tier II retirement plans and I have studied the City Charter sections that address Tier II. I have also obtained some general information about police retirements offered by the Public Employees' Retirement System (PERS).

I am deeply concerned about what I have found. The benefits of Tier II are so poor, they could be considered scandal-

ous. My guess is the reason there has not been a more sustained hue and cry about them is that so few police officers have yet to be affected by them. Unless an officer on Tier II has been off for more than a year because of one injury, has qualified for a disability pension, and/or has accepted a disability pension, he or she has probably not thought much about the specific benefits of Tier II and therefore has not fully realized what a grossly inferior pension plan it really is. But in just ten short years, the first wave of Tier II-covered officers will begin qualifying for service pension and it is then that the full financial implications of Tier II will become reality—and it will be too late to do anything about them.

I would like to discuss the three main categories of benefits covered by the Tier II retirement plan: disability retirement, service retirement, and survivor allowance.

For almost 11 years now, Michael and I have struggled through the frustration and the financial hardships caused by the industrial disability provisions of Tier II. We have had to fight to have the City pay some of Michael's medical bills and make reimbursements, and we have spent many months in those years with Michael completely off salary, receiving only workers compensation's weekly benefits. We have endured all of this despite the fact that Michael received his injuries in the line of duty. (The man who did this to Michael spent a year in prison for assault on a police officer.)

If Michael were to accept a Tier II disability retirement, he would receive as his benefit, 50% of the average of his last three years' salary which means about 45% of his current salary. Tier II prohibits him from seeking to supplement that benefit with a workers compensation rating—something both Tier I and PERS allow. Therefore, Michael's maximum benefit is 45% with a 2% of original principal annual adjustment. To add insult to injury, if Michael retired and then, despite his injury, found employment with a salary equal to a police sergeant, the City

(See TIER II, Back Page)

H.R. 4897 — The National Police and Peace Officer Protection Act

Submitted by Robin Matthews, Co. H

I recently read in Police magazine about the House of Representatives Bill 4897, the National Police and Peace Officer Protection Act, and wrote to them requesting more information on the Bill. I was sent the September 1992 membership newsletter of the Law Enforcement Alliance of America (LEAA), Vol. 1, No. 3, which had two pages of information concerning the Bill. I'm not going to type out both pages of information, but I will pass on to you the text of the Bill as printed in the newsletter, which all of us should be aware of.

H.R. 4897 THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES April 9, 1992

A BILL To amend title I of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 to deny grant funds to States unless law enforcement officers are permitted to carry concealed firearms.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled.

SECTION 1: SHORT TITLE.

This Act may be cited as the "National Police and Peace Officer

SECTION 2: DENIAL OF GRANT FUNDS.

(a) CONCEALED FIREARMS - Part H of title I of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 is amended by adding at the end of the following:

"ELIGIBILITY FOR FUNDS" SEC. 820. (a) No State or unit of local government shall be eligible to receive funds under this title, directly or indirectly, unless such State or unit of local government allows a law enforcement or retired law enforcement officer from any jurisdiction within the United States to carry concealed firearms.

(b) To assist States and units of local

government to identify such officers, the Attorney General shall determine procedures for certification of such officers and issue certification cards.

(c) For purposes of this section:

(1) The term 'concealed firearm' means a firearm readily accessible to the officer and carried on or about the body.

(2) The term 'law enforcement officer' means an individual serving a public agency who is a sworn, full-time employee with powers of arrest and meets certification and training requirements established by such agency to carry a firearm while on duty.

(3) The term 'retired law enforcement officer' means a former law enforcement officer who has served a sufficient period of time in such capacity to become vested in the retirement system of a public agency with which the officer was employed and retired from such agency in good standing and includes line of duty disability retirement.

(b) EFFECTIVE DATE - The amendment made by subsection (a) shall apply on a date that is one year after the date of the enactment of this Act.

The bill has been sent to the House Judiciary Committee; and the Law Enforcement Alliance of America is building a base of support so that when the 103rd Congress convenes in January, they'll be ready to launch a major drive to enact it into law.

I feel that it's imperative that this Bill be enacted into law for the protection of ourselves as well as our families. The people that we, as law enforcement officers, deal with on a daily basis, don't necessarily spend their entire lives in San Francisco. People have long memories, especially if they're locked up for a number of years, and have nothing but time to think about paybacks.

(See PROTECTION, Back Page)

The Notebook Needs You!!

We need your articles, announcements and photos to make this the best newspaper possible.

Any and all material should be sent to:

Tom Flippin, Editor

SFPOA Notebook

510 7th Street

San Francisco, CA 94103

The deadline for the January issue is

Monday, January 4, 1993

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Widows and Orphans Aid Association

The regular monthly meeting of The Widows and Orphans Aid Association was called to order at 2:05 p.m. by V. Pres. P. Maloney, Thursday, November 11, 1992 at Ingleside St. Conference.

ROLL CALL OF OFFICERS: Pres. O'Connor, Trustees Jeffery & Sturken excused. All other officers present. Other members: Jack Cipparrone, Ray Crosat, Mark Sullivan, George Cathree, Art Lockwood.

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

BILLS: Treas. Parenti presented regular bills for benefits, salaries, taxes. **APPROVED.**

Treas. Parenti reported the following deaths:

LANNIS LEWIS: Born in Portland, Ore. 1904, Lanny joined the department in 1938 at age 33. Assigned to Headquarters Company, where he received his Academy Training, after which he was transferred to the Solo Motorcycles, where he remained until his retirement for service in 1969 at age 65. Lanny was quite active in the Veteran Police Association, being the chief cook and bottle washer for many years. He was awarded a C/C for the arrest of a suspect who had robbed a bank. Lanny was 88 at the time of his death.

JERALD O'BRIEN: Born in Oakland in 1934, Jerry was working as a business machine mechanic before becoming a member of the department in 1957 at age 22. While in the academy, he was assigned to Northern Station, working in vice. After a year, he returned to the Academy and finished his training. He was sent to Northern, remained there for a year, then to Taraval for a year. Transferred to Ingleside, Jerry remained there

for 10 years and, when promoted to Sergeant in 1969, was assigned to Southern. After promotion to Lieutenant in 1974 he was transferred to Potrero, where he retired on disability in 1976 at age 43. Jerry received the following awards: 1966 C/C for arrest of two juveniles who had committed 20 burglaries in Ingleside District; 1962 C/C for arrest of a prowler attempting a burglary of a drug store; 1964 Bronze Medal of Valor for arrest and disarming of a suspect with a shotgun who had fired shots at another person. Jerald was a young 58 when he passed away.

REPORT OF TRUSTEES: Mr. Bricker, V. Pres., Investments Bank of America, reported that there was a slight loss in the Portfolio due to IBM & Syntex. No recommendations at this time.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS: Motion McKee/2nd Hardeman that 2nd reading on Amending Benefits for Members in Armed Forces be tabled until a later date. **APPROVED.**

NEW BUSINESS: Nomination of Officers: **PRESIDENT:** PETER MALONEY; **VICE PRESIDENT:** ROBERT HUEGLE; **SECRETARY:** ROBERT MCKEE; **TRUSTEES:** MARK SULLIVAN, GEORGE JEFFERY and ROBERT KURPINSKY.

GOOD OF THE ASSOCIATION: V. Pres. Maloney set next regular meeting for Wednesday, December 16, 1992, 2 p.m. Conference Room at Ingleside Station.

ADJOURNMENT: There being no further business to come before the membership, the meeting was adjourned at 2:40 p.m. in memory of the above departed Brothers.

Fraternally,
Bob McKee, Secretary



POLICE POST #456 NEWS

by Greg Corrales

"Perhaps I should not insist on this bold maneuver, but it is my style, my way of doing things."

Napoleon, 1813

During veterans day ceremonies in the rotunda of the Arkansas State Capitol, President-Elect Clinton pledged to keep a strong U.S. military and to make no trade agreements with Vietnam until all MIA/POW issues are settled. President-Elect Clinton also promised to work closely with veterans groups in reforming VA health care, to appoint an effective Secretary for Veterans Affairs and to move quickly to deal with the problems of former members of the armed forces who are now homeless. We shall see!

This last November 13th was the fiftieth anniversary of the greatest loss suffered by any one family in U.S. naval history. That 13 November too, was a Friday the thirteenth. On that morning, 13 November, 1942, a Japanese submarine fired a torpedo into the USS Juneau in the Battle of Guadalcanal. The ship went down in sixteen seconds.

Among the seven hundred sailors killed were five from Waterloo, Iowa: the five Sullivan Brothers, George, 28; Francis, 27; Joseph, 24; Madison, 23; and Albert, 20. They had all talked about joining the Navy. When their buddy, Bill Ball, was

killed on the USS Arizona during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the five Sullivans decided to enlist together to avenge his death. During wartime, the accepted policy was to separate family members. The brothers however, persisted, and their request to be assigned together was finally approved.

Surviving the brothers were their parents, their only sister, Genevieve, and the youngest brother's wife and son, Mrs. Katherine Sullivan and Jimmy. Commitment to the Navy and to the war cause lived on with the remaining Sullivans. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan set forth on a nationwide tour of the shipyards and war plants supporting the Navy cause and praising the workers to inspire their continued efforts. Genevieve did her part by joining the Naval service as a WAVE (Women Accepted for voluntary Emergency Service). Little Jimmy Sullivan went on to serve, too. When he turned seventeen he enlisted in the Navy, just like his father.

The Navy honored the service and sacrifice of the five Sullivan brothers on 4 April, 1943, here in San Francisco when Mrs. Sullivan christened the destroyer named for the famous brothers: the USS The Sullivans. The destroyer went on to earn nine battle stars in the war.

As part of its continuing commemoration of the 50th anniversary of WWII, the National Archives has announced the publication of "American Women and the U.S. Armed Forces," compiled by Charlotte Palmer Seeley and revised by Virginia C. Purdy and Robert Gruber. This new guide describes records in the National Archives, its 12 regional branches and nine presidential libraries that relate to American women who interacted with

(See POST, Page 16)

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.

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• 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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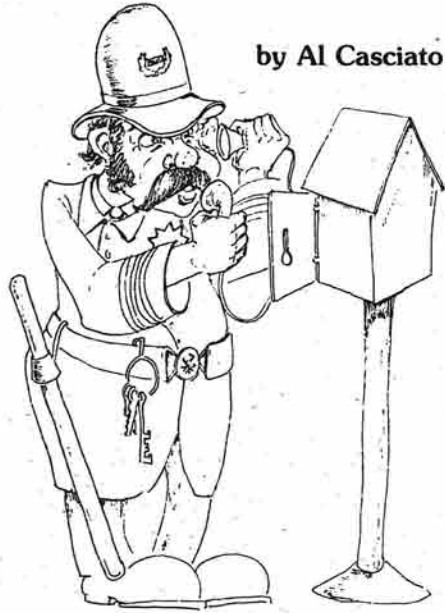
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AROUND THE DEPARTMENT



by Al Casciato

Happy Holidays to all. May the New Year be prosperous, safe and calm ...

... **Save the 10 hour day???** Here are some signals to look for to determine whether or not your boss is in favor of making every effort to save the 10 hour work schedule. 1. Are there seven balanced watch-off groups? If there are, then there is no reason to have fixed watches off. 2. Watch starting times must complement each other (i.e. 06-16 11-21) in order to maximize equipment. 3. Every-one must be CPOP trained and maintain monthly work plans and beat books because this is the only way to measure and document the goals and productivity of the Department ...

... **Fraud Unit Note:** During the holidays, robbers with pens will steal much more than all the crooks with guns, knives or strongarms will ...



... **Retirees:** **Daniel P. Lynch** who has now been out for 14 years, resides in Post Fall, Idaho sends a big hello. **Gene Del Carlo** plays tennis regularly, works two days a week at the ANA Hotel for **Matt Krilitich**, and spends a lot of time at the police basketball games watching his son Edward play center for the Ingleside team ...

Births:

The Maron's **Dave** (Co. H) and **Aida** (Fiscal) welcomed their first born October 3, 1992. Lil **Camille Theresa**, 7 lbs. 3 oz., 20 inches, made her debut at 0630 hours.

Management Information Systems **Glenn and Nida Sylvester** welcomed their 4th child, **Jonathan Michael**, 6 lbs. 2 oz., 19-1/2 inches at 1715 hours, November 16, 1992. Nida points out that Jonathan weighs in at exactly the same amount that oldest **Jason** did 16 years ago. Glenn marvels at how much the procedures have changed. Mom has plenty of help besides Jason, sisters **Kimberly** 10, **Krystalyn** 9 and Dad Glenn (who has taken a month's maternity leave) are all pampering Jonathan.

Congrats to all and best wishes for the future.



... **Suggestion:** My friend **Vivian** from the Mission asks in response to last

Happy Holidays and A Prosperous New Year To All Our Readers and Advertisers.



month's column, "Why can't you start a non-profit to purchase the K-9 dogs like it was done for the fingerprint computer?" Good question. Well, K-9 Unit? Chief? Ken Moses? Can you help? ...

Hepatitis B Shots: Big reminder; if you did not complete the series, do so A.S.A.P. — prevention is so important — contact the Franciscan Treatment Room to complete or start you inoculations.

Exposure: While on the subject of health, infectious TB is on the upswing and how susceptible are we to exposure? We are exposed everyday if in the district

station or Hall of Justice where the infected prisoners are housed.

No One Escapes: Chief Ribera and aide, **Officer Carl Tennenbaum**, were approached by a man who wanted to turn

himself in for warrants — They escorted him to the Tenderloin Task Force where, during the booking process, it was discovered that the prisoner had infectious "T.B." and possibly hepatitis. No one is safe from exposure.

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RETIRED MEMBERS COLUMN

by Gino Marionetti & Mike Sugrue



Inspector John E. McKenna — Legend In His Own Time

A heavenly package weighing 7 pounds, 7 ounces was delivered to Alice McKenna at St. Lukes Hospital at 2:15 P.M. on November 13, 1929. That package was John Eugene McKenna...he had one thing in common with most other babies: his striking resemblance to Sir Winston Churchill.

One evening shortly thereafter The Three Wise Men appeared to his mother and predicted that John would be a true Christian, a man among men, the salt of the earth, and a pillar of society. He would possess an intellectual and inquiring mind which would bring him many honors.

Academically, the predictions came true: he always made the honor roll; starting at Columbus Elementary, Polytechnic H.S., City College, and finally earning a B.S. at U.C. Berkeley.

Any further plans had to be set aside when the Korean War began; John was drafted into the U.S. Army. After basic training at Fort Ord, he was among the few chosen for specialized Counterintelligence Training at Fort Holobird, Maryland.

After graduating from that training, John received a ten day leave before being sent overseas. Time to relax, have a good time and forget about the war. His leave flew by, but one morning he awoke, in a sober frame of mind, and realized he had no money left to travel to Seattle where he was to be sent overseas. He asked his father for a loan. With that beautiful, Irish sense of humor, his father looked at the heavens and said, "Not only do I give my son to the army, but I also have to pay them for him to go to war."

John was assigned to a project based on the east coast of Korea. It involved slipping native Koreans across enemy lines to gather tactical information. After two months, the project was abandoned due to the high attrition rate... He was then



assigned as Intelligence Liaison Officer to the Turkish Brigade. It was quite an experience, since John kept trying to get them to take prisoners in order to gather info, and the Turks didn't believe in taking any prisoners.

His next assignment was with the South Korean National Police; a force made up mostly of young, untrained villagers. It was like playing Russian Roulette on returning to the base...as the guard started firing without asking for the password.

One unforgettable moment occurred as John was taking a Chinese officer to Tokyo for debriefing. The plane developed problems, and the pilot told them to put on their parachutes. John was convinced something was wrong when the pilot passed down the aisle and jumped! John did likewise; unfortunately, the Chinese officer did not survive the trip. John was lucky enough to incur only a broken nose and knee injuries.

While recovering, he was granted leave and travelled throughout Japan and Hong Kong. It was the beginning of a love affair with the Far East. John was discharged from the army with a Bronze Star and a medal from the South Koreans.

John wanted to join the police department on his return to San Francisco, but there were no tests in the immediate future. Instead, he went to work for BofA, hoping to be assigned to their Asian facilities.

Christmas Greetings From Retirement Seminars

by Gino Marionetti & Mike Sugrue

May the Spirit of Christmas in your hearts be full of loving thoughts for each loving twosome as well as for people of good will.

May your plans and dreams for the New Year come true.

Christmas has many meanings for so many people. It is a time for sharing our happiness with our loved one's that bring families together and being charitable toward the less fortunate ones as well as setting aside a certain portion of the day to celebrate the birthday of our Lord.

Christmas is also a time to express our feelings and exchanging gifts but retired Sergeant Bill Wilson gave me one of the greatest gifts one can receive. It will remain with me until I receive God's calling. Christmas as we know can be the hardest time of the year, tragedies that occurred to people will surface as sorrow and tears fill their hearts.

Perhaps Bill's message will bring a little sunshine into their lives from the darkness that now exist.

Bill is dying with honor as the sands of life are running out and it is not likely that he will be with us during the holi-

days. A few days ago I heard from Gwen that he had sustained a heart attack. Let's hope that the good Lord will have him with his loved one's for the holidays. Bill whispered into my ears that if you placed all the illnesses in a basket that there would be someone who was worse off than himself. There have been many blessings in his life: a faithful, wonderful and beautiful wife, two precious and loving daughters and four healthy and wonderful grandchildren who are proud, whenever anyone asks them who taught them to swim, to say "My grandfather." They have all had a great part in enriching his life. These beautiful thoughts and sayings come from a man who has not had solid food for four months and has to be fed intravenously by the use of a pumping machine that is inserted in his body. A wonderful and meaningful resolution for the upcoming year would be to take Bill's advice and that would be to start learning to live each day to its fullest as no one promised us a tomorrow. If the thought occurs and when you hoisting a drink, have one on Bill! We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Healthy and Happy New Year

Soon enough, his goal of becoming a police officer looked possible. Tests were being given for many departments. His choice was still S.F. At the same time, love bloomed in the person of Juliana O'Brien, who was to become his wife.

Back to law enforcement, after a test which was taken by 5,000 applicants, John's name appeared as number five on the list. John's training was at the old Academy in Golden Gate Park. Some of the people involved in training at this time were: John Meehan, Captain, Alvin Nicolini, Ed Epting, and Charles Fowlie. These fine men were wonderful teachers and perfect role models for new policemen.

John's first assignment was to Richmond Station. There he met and worked with many fine men: Ron Schneider, John and Ignatius Lynch, Ed Passche, Mike Kennedy and Lt. Barnaby O'Leary. Later, John was assigned to the Bureau of Special Services, working plainclothes on gambling and then prostitution. There he worked for Joe Hallisey, Jim Mullan and Bob Davis. His partner was John Kafka, whom he describes as the best undercover man who ever lived. The outstanding work they did got them to the Bureau of Inspectors. After learning the ropes John was assigned to Homicide, where he worked with a bunch of wonderful characters. Some of them were: Walter Kracke, John Fotinos, Gus Coreris, Ken Manley, Gene "Lurch" Fogarty, Dave Toschi, Bill Armstrong, Jack Cleary and Telly Sleveldt. John also hooked up again with Ron Schneider and made a new and lasting friend, Al Podesta.

The sixties was a busy time for Homicide Detail. The Haight/Ashbury supplied many bizarre murders; radicals bombed police stations (at Park Station, Val McDonald was killed and Bob Fogarty was injured); and Chinatown seemed to explode with new gangs such as the Wah Ching. Working with Sandy Daly, John began setting up files on Asian gang activity.

John was transferred to the Intelligence Unit where he worked with George Huegle and Tim Simmons under the leadership of Dermott Philpott. Dermott always prided himself on his working knowledge of Cantonese. Everyone went along

with it, even the Chinese...at least until he was gone, when everyone would have a good laugh.

John and Juliana were married for 25 years and were blessed with five children when tragedy struck. Juliana succumbed to cancer. Life, of course, must go on, and so did John. He was instrumental in founding the International Asian Gang Investigators Association. He began travelling all over the world, especially the Far East, as part of his activity in this area. During one of these trips, in Hong Kong, he met Marilyn, who became his second wife.

During the Democratic Convention in S.F., John met the vice president of National Semi Conductor, a major Corporation in Silicon Valley. The subject of John's retirement came up, and the VP asked John to make a security check of their European facilities while using up some of his vacation time. This opened up a whole new world. After retiring from the SFPD, John was appointed as Manager of Corporate Security.

For six years John and Marilyn travelled the world for National Semi Conductor. One memorable trip involved closing down a plant in Germany and retrieving all the technological equipment and documents. Moving all this material through several countries, watching all the while for hijackers, was no easy task. Thanks to foresight on John's part, it turned out to be a piece of cake. At any border crossing or foul-up, John pulled out an SFPD cap as a memento...a happy official would say, "Ah, Dirty Harry!"...and they would be allowed on their way.

The long trips recently caught up with them, and John retired from NSC (and Marilyn retired from the phone company). They just purchased a second home in Folsom. Their children are doing well, several are following in John's footsteps in law enforcement. John's advice to those contemplating retirement is to always be doing something. John and Marilyn do charity work for their parish church, and he takes courses on import/export of hi-tech material.

John quotes the following from Ulysses by Tennyson:

"Much have I seen and known, Cities of men and manners, climates councils, governments. I am part of all that I have met."

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Banding Decision Summary

Affirming a district court judgment approving the City and County of San Francisco's proposal to "band" scores from the 1989 promotion examinations for police sergeant and assistant inspector, the court of appeals held that, neither title VII, as amended by the Civil Rights Act of 1991, the federal constitution, nor a previous consent decree prohibited the City from treating such examination scores falling within a statistically derived "band" as substantively equivalent for purposes of the knowledge, skills, and abilities measured by the examination, and using them, together with other-than-race selection criteria, to promote a higher percentage of minority officers to those positions than would be promoted under a strict rank order system.

The City and County of San Francisco entered into a consent decree earlier in this action, based upon an undisputed history of discrimination, that prohibits it from unlawfully discriminating against any employee or applicant for employment with its Police Department on the basis of race, sex, or national origin. The decree provides for specific, definable and good faith efforts to be made by the City to achieve certain goals for employment of women and minorities within a specified time period. It establishes as a target the appointment of minorities and women to sergeant and assistant inspector positions in proportion to their representation in the qualified applicant pool and sets a long term goal of 45 percent minority representation in the police department. The consent decree also prohibits the use of selection procedures that have an adverse impact on minorities and women unless they are proven to be valid. Pursuant to the consent decree, in 1991 the district court declared "banding" a legally valid scoring procedure for 1989 promotion examinations to certain ranks in the police department. The district court order permitted the City to treat scores that fall within a statistically derived "band" as substantively equivalent for purpose of the knowledge, skills, and abilities measured by the examination. The City proposed to use banding in connection with the last 15 of 115 appointments to promote a higher percentage of minority officers to sergeant and assistant inspector positions than would be promoted under a strict rank order system. The City also proposed three criteria in addition to race to be used in selecting candidates for promotion from within the band. The district court declared banding and the proposed selection criteria legally sound. Appellant union San Francisco Police Officers Association challenged the district court order approving the City's affirmative action plan.

[1] The court initially noted that while title VII proscribes employer discrimination against any individual on the basis of race with respect to the terms and condi-

tions of employment, this proscription does not bar the use of race conscious affirmative action programs when certain criteria are met. Thus, a voluntary adoption of a race-based remedy may be justified by a showing that a manifest imbalance exists, reflecting under representation of women and minorities in traditionally segregated job categories. [2] As such, the court agreed that amendments to title VII by the Civil Rights Act of 1991 left unaffected affirmative action programs that were in accordance with law prior to passage of the Act. [3] The court noted that in reversing the result of several Supreme Court title VII decisions by adopting the Act, Congress did not state that it also sought to overturn affirmative action.

[4] Public employers are permitted to use race as a factor in selecting between qualified applicants under a narrowly tailored affirmative action plan designed to remedy past unlawful discrimination. [5] Here, the district court's determination of prior discriminatory policies and conduct in the San Francisco Police Department, coupled with continued evidence of discriminatory impact, satisfied the strong basis in the evidence test for voluntary affirmative action. [6] The court stated that it has not required that a particular examination be proven invalid to implement a voluntary race-conscious affirmative action program designed to remedy prior discrimination. [7] The consent decree itself provides a proper rationale for race conscious promotions and serves as a valid defense against the police union's reverse discrimination arguments.

[8] Accordingly, the court held that the district court did not clearly err in finding that banding, as proposed by the City, is more valid, or at least substantially equally valid to rank order promotions to the specified positions. [9] Consequently, the court rejected the union's argument that the City's banding proposal was improper and that strict rank order promotions were required unless the City first determined that the examination scores were invalid under the federal Uniform Guidelines on Employee Selection Procedures. The court stated that such guidelines do not forbid the use of alternative selection procedures until one procedure is proven invalid. [10] The court observed that, on the contrary, before utilizing a procedure that has an adverse impact on minorities, the City has an obligation under the Uniform Guidelines to explore alternative procedures and implement them if they have less of an adverse impact and are substantially equally valid to rank ordering. Here, it was undisputed that the results of the 1989 tests in question had an adverse impact against minority candidates for promotion. In this circumstance, rather than prohibiting banding, the Uniform Guidelines counseled in favor of its implementation to mitigate the adverse impact of the examination.

Letters To The Editor, S.F. Examiner

New Police Chief, POA Dispute Charges In Op-Ed Column

After the editorial in The Examiner (Nov. 5) praising my selection as chief of police and stating that I should be given a chance, I was shocked by the unfounded and bizarre accusations made against me by Larry Bush on my first day as chief ("The POA's new chief of police," Op-Ed, Nov. 10).

Bush obviously does not understand the budget process or labor negotiations, nor does he know me as a person. If he had done his homework, he would have talked to the budget staff and labor negotiating teams of both Mayor Agnos and Mayor Jordan. More importantly, if Bush had any professional courtesy he would have spoken to me.

At a time when I am trying to create a response to our crime problem, by bringing the community and the department together, I find Bush's baseless attack disheartening for the members of my department and the people of this great city.

I am proud to have begun my administration with the support of all of the employee organizations, including the minority members of my department. I am committed to bringing change to the department and holding my command staff personally accountable for reducing crime and improving the quality of life in San Francisco. I am confident that the people of San Francisco believe in this vision and will support my efforts.

Anthony D. Ribera
Chief of Police
San Francisco

The article by Larry Bush is an effort to focus hostility against The City's police officers by cleverly packaging a series of inaccuracies and events taken out of context. The author of this hit piece worked for the Agnos administration and was one of the mayor's most zealous political operatives.

The most serious misconception the Bush article provides your readers is that The City's police officers condone the conduct of the officers who beat Rodney King. We don't, haven't and won't.

The article criticizes the Police Officers Association (POA) for opposing participation by police officers in 1991 Gay Freedom Day Parade. In fact, the POA supported that parade.

The role then-Capt. Ribera played in negotiating with the union was that of a resource person due to his experience in the police department's fiscal office. He had virtually no decision-making authority. Thus, Ribera was not "in charge of negotiations," and was assigned to the negotiating team by the Agnos administration, not Mayor Jordan.

The article also states that the POA contract was negotiated by The City "based entirely on a pay survey done by the POA itself." This, too, is false. A great deal of information and comparative salary and benefit data were relied on by the parties during negotiations that resulted in The City contract with the POA.

Al Trigueiro
President, SFPOA
San Francisco

There have always been some who would like to transform the San Francisco Police Department into the San Francisco Political Department. Former Art Agnos staffer Larry Bush is one of these.

Bush, in a loose-limbed diatribe, attacked Chief Tony Ribera, the Police Officers Association and Mayor Jordan. Most wish the new chief well, given his focus on diversity within the department and on street crime throughout San Francisco.

As for Bush's union-bashing attack on the POA, his contention that it is "run by a right-wing group" is a hoot. Bush seems to have real problems with the fact that the police union is a democratic organization, perhaps reflecting his insecurity with the concept. This is the same organization that Bush presumably praised when it endorsed Agnos during his first run for office.

Most citizens ask that police, their union and the chief all serve the public and follow the law. What does Bush want?

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Stress and the Police Family

by Norita Vlach, Ph.D. and
Bill Vlach, Ph.D.

"Police have the most stressful job in the world". This has been said by social scientists, police themselves, and partners of the police officer. If one looks at the hours involved, shift changes, the lack of community support, the way police are treated, and the horrors on the job, it is obviously stressful work. But what is frequently not mentioned is the toll this stress takes on relationships. The divorce rates among police are astronomical. This signals to both gay and straight couples the difficulty of having a police officer as a partner.

It seems like almost everything the officer does is a challenge to the relationship: During the academy, he/she may begin losing non police friends; the hours make it impossible to enjoy a family in typical ways; because of the intensity of the work the officer may feel that she/he

is more important than the partner; and a critical incident can create an enormous gap of feeling and understanding between the officer and the partner.

Couples have different values, different backgrounds, different perspectives, therefore all couples have disagreements. During the holidays and in times of crisis disagreements frequently become highlighted. The most often cited arguments are about money, children, in laws, chores, and sex. These are natural problems, but some times they can get out of hand.

The early warning signs that a relationship is heading for trouble include:

- *Too many fights
- *Not enough fights (many people use fights as a way of getting the communications going, and love to make up afterward)
- *The "F Ration" is off (There is more fighting than fornicating.)
- *One of the partners always defends the kids

*It feels like things have shifted to a blame orientation from a problem solving approach

*Positive statements about each other have stopped ("Do you love me or do you not? You told me once, but I forgot.")

*The kids are getting in trouble

*Alcohol use increases

*Increased sexual problems

*Feelings of despair

All of this can disintegrate into a cold, stale relationship, splitting up or divorce, and/or violence. These sorts of couple problems have roots. Typically they have to do with the stage a relationship is in. For example, when a couple begins, there is the "falling in love" stage - the partner is idealized, has no flaws, and everything is possible. (Ain't love wonderful".) A little further down the path, the couple begins to negotiate various aspects of their lives together — who cooks, who does the laundry, where the holidays are spent. Not fun, but necessary. Later the couple must deal with the everydayness of life — going to work, paying bills, dealing with mundane problems. For some, another stage is the birth and maturation of children, culminating in the 'empty nest' of children leaving home. Struggling through, mastering, these stages makes a relationship. Everybody gets stuck at one point or another. If they can't free themselves, the relationship may become toxic.

As a relationship goes through stages, so does a police officer. Our work the last few years has taught us that many of the crises couples and families endure result from difficulties in dealing with these passages. While not every officer and her/his family go through these exact steps in this order, peer counselors have acknowledged to us that these are the most common career and relationship stages for many in the department.

(0 - 2 years)

Coming out of the Academy, the rookie is plagued with many self doubts. These are natural, normal, since the officer has not really been tested. Fear, insecurity, awkwardness are coupled with a strong sense of idealism and excitement as the new officer enthusiastically embraces the department. Some officers experience a profound identity crisis, especially if life in the department is quite different from the way life was organized before joining up. A need for acceptance by peers is vital and may lead to the loss of old friends, if there are some who don't support and understand the police career decision.

(2 - 5 years)

Here is where many relationships start to feel the strain. Many are becoming thoroughly "bonded" to the department. Often officers now feel quite confident, competent, and even somewhat all powerful. A sense of pride in a job well done can be one reaction, or a swelled head.

The cop stories are starting to get old for the partner and family. The career officer may start to feel more of a distance, more unappreciated, since the partner has developed other interests. By now the

family should be good at adjusting to the demands of the department, but there sometimes develops a gnawing sense of frustration and anger. Many relationships reach a crisis peak during this stage, and many don't survive.

(5-7 years)

The disenchantment stage (or burnt idealism) sets in here. Many are taking on extra jobs; some have gone back to school. Some have dealt with family breakup and this may contribute to a sense of isolation and a cynical shell. Many feel less of a sense of support from the public, not just the family. Some officers look for outside relationships at this stage; some start new families.

There are more police officers married to each other at this stage. Some relationships have worked out independent lives well. Many partners are pretty wise to the informal rules of the department.

(7 plus years)

"It's only a job". Some have a calendar that's checking off the days towards retirement. Officers at this passage point are not hustlers but have a greater sense of maturity about the limitations of the job. In many officers, a sense of peace and acceptance is what is needed now.

Partners and families have grown up and sometimes away; they're independent. The trick is to stay friends, rekindle the romance and nurture the common interests.

What are some ways you can tune up the family, relight the romance when you feel your home front is not all it should be? Start talking regularly with your partner about some of these life stage issues. Keep sharing what is going on at work, including your thoughts, feelings, and opinions.

To enrich and enjoy the relationship (and to prevent major damage), here are some proactive steps:

***Communication:** This is the single most important item for a couple. If you don't talk, you are guaranteed trouble.

*Lose a fight once in a while; it's good for you and for the relationship.

*Don't get the kids into it; they'll just make it worse.

*Tell her/him about the idiots you have to deal with at work.

*Don't get your parents into it; they'll just make it worse.

*When you're upset, don't go to the bar with your co-workers.

*During arguments, don't call names, don't say "you always" or "you never".

*Hold hands in public; go for a walk together; go to a movie together; go on a date; get a weekend away; make love.

Couples who have successful long term relationships have one thing in common: they are best friends with each other.

Editor's Note: Drs. Norita and Bill Vlach are licensed therapists and have worked with SFPD for over ten years as couple's therapists, peer counselor trainers, and consultants. They will be holding a workshop on police couple's renewal on Valentine's Day weekend.

The Other Side Of Christmas

by Officer Edward Browne

The Christmas season is here! Bustling downtown shoppers are seen scurrying about from store to store with shopping bags filled with gifts. Flickering decorative ornaments and lights are seen illuminating both department store windows and houses alike. Hundreds of small children with smiling faces are seen lining up for their special visit with old Saint Nick. The aroma of chestnuts roasting on an open fire and the smell of a fresh and tall pine tree filling the air stir the air of the holiday season. The Christmas season is a very special time of year. It's a season of joy and of festivities with family and friends. It's a time of heartfelt emotions and of giving. The yule time season rekindles warm and fond memories of holidays past. It's a magical time of year for many people from different walks of life.

Not everyone's Christmas is a happy one. As a police officer I have lived the other side of Christmas. The dejected and loathsome side that only police officers would be touched by. Nothing is more sobering than walking a foot beat in the Tenderloin district of San Francisco on Christmas Eve. In the Tenderloin we watch the homeless shiver in the freezing and bone-chilling night air. Desperation, hope-

lessness and sadness abound everywhere. Mothers along with their infants and adolescent children beg for money and free handouts on the wind swept street corners. The destitute search and find shelter in doorways drenched and saturated with urine, defecation and garbage. The old and feeble are found dead in their rodent-infested hotel rooms from loneliness. We find the distraught and anguished dead from suicide. The young runaways walk the streets looking for a trick, along with the junkies looking for their next fix. We see the mentally ill and despondent roaming the streets aimlessly, mingling with juvenile drug pushers. Crazy transients are plundering and robbing the sick and weak.

Yes, the Christmas season is a special time of year. It evokes many different emotions for many different people. The holiday season summons the good and evil in people. The men and women of the San Francisco Police Department who work Christmas and Christmas Eve know this sorrowful side of Christmas very well. It consumes our lives like no other season. For us, the protectors of life and keepers of the peace, it's a vivid reminder of how unjust life really is and how blessed we really are. Merry Christmas to all.

JACK RIORDAN

Attorney At Law

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Christmas Lessons

by Frank J. Pickens

I could hear the wind howling outside my window as the branches and leaves brushed up against it. I knew it was cold outside and would get even chillier tonight. However, I felt quite comfortable and protected from the elements, inside my home.

I leaned back in my recliner and shifted my gaze toward the dancing flames in the fireplace, which lit up an otherwise darkened room. Well, it wasn't totally dark, because the Christmas tree lights and ornaments shimmered and flashed. I had my perfect Christmas Eve setting, which had become a tradition, or rather a ritual, with me. Every Christmas Eve I would spend time sitting alone next to the fire, staring at my Christmas tree. This setting seemed to provide a stage for serious contemplation—some happy, some sad. It was only this time of year that could provide me with warm sensations or generate a deep emptiness sometimes both.

This Christmas was special for me, however, because I had recently gotten married. This was my first Christmas with my wife, which made it special. Although after paying for a large wedding and honeymoon, we were financially depleted. I guess our wedding was our Christmas present, as we were not going to exchange gifts.

My wife is a paramedic, and a damn good one, although she spends a lot of time fighting with supervisors and being a pain in their neck. Ah, it's just one of the things I love about her. She is definitely her own person and doesn't get pushed around a perfect match for me. The problem was she worked 24-hour shifts; like tonight, which left me alone to engage in my customary Christmas Eve ritual.

I was very troubled tonight about today's society, and my job, and mostly about how alienated I had become by choice. All you see out there are scumbag mutants like Ice-T, who is looked up to by kids, which is a scary situation. You see gangs and are inundated with rap music, along with drugs and alcohol. And the youth of America taking it all in and thriving on it. Cops deal with this all the time, but sometimes you just feel that everyone is trash. You just don't see much good in people, period. I felt this way, and it was no longer just a passing phase. Yes, I had gotten the pep talks about how much cops make a difference, are appreciated, and all that B.S., but it didn't cut it anymore. I even had a special inspiration from my Christmas rider last year, but it did not sustain me.

The fire was slowly dying out and the flames changed shape. I turned my head toward the reflection of the fire off of my large frames on the wall. These frames contained parts of my police patch collection. I decided to refocus my thoughts on a happier topic.

I had only been collecting patches for about four years, but each year I had become increasingly fanatical about it. I went to patch collection shows, and had made contacts with some really nice people. I looked at one frame which contained all 58 county sheriffs' patches in the state. I had two smaller frames that contain all the agencies in certain counties. I was currently in the process of collecting all 50 state highway patrol patches. However, my pride and joy was my collection of all the California coastal cities. It was a unique collection, and I had worked on it for two years. I was only lacking one patch, and had been lacking it for a long time. I had tried everything to get one, but the main problem was that like the L.A.P.D., this department stopped wearing patches over 20 years ago.

Breaking Surf P.D. had no patches for

me to complete my collection. The Chief would not even try to help me locate an old one. I did talk to an old timer there, who unfortunately did not have any old patches. To make matters worse, he told me it was the prettiest patch he had ever seen and showed me some photographs of himself in uniform. The patch was cool! It had a guy on a surfboard with a huge blue and white wave breaking in behind him, and it said "Police" in the lower center of the patch where the sand was. Best patch I'd ever seen. It was my dream to have it to complete my collection, but I guessed I never would get it.

Supposedly, the story goes that in 1968, a cop designed the patch for Breaking Surf. Two years later, he was killed in a pursuit, and, in honor of his memory, the department buried all the patches with him. No one in the department has worn one of those patches ever since. Well, as badly as I wanted that patch, I would never even consider exhuming the body! That would be kind of sick.

I finally went ahead and framed all my coastal city patches, leaving one space open for Breaking Surf. It was always the first question asked when anyone saw that frame.

The ringing chimes from the large grandfather clock interrupted my Christmas Eve microcosm. It was now 10:00 p.m., which meant it was time for me to start getting ready for work. I had no desire to get up and leave my comfortable surroundings and go to work. I was physically and mentally tired, and I didn't want to move. I wondered what this Christmas Eve had in store for me, since my last two were definitely quite unique. I really wanted a normal shift.

I showered and shaved and got all my gear together. I extinguished the fire, and as I headed out the door, I took one last look at my coastal cities patch collection and the one empty space. "I'll have to eliminate that empty spot," I thought, since it looked hopeless to get that last patch.

I was greeted by a harsh wind as I headed to my car. I quickly got in and put on some Christmas music. It took me about 25 minutes to get to work. As hard as I tried to gear up for work, I found it impossible. My legs were tired and my vision was blurry. This was the graveyard shift at its best—my legacy.

I arrived at work rather late, so I hustled up to the locker room to change. I just made it to briefing on time. It turned out to be a quick and quiet briefing. Most of the guys were rather subdued, but that was pretty normal.

I got into my patrol car and emptied out the garbage left by some swing or day shift guy. I then made my traditional trek to the gas pump to fill up an empty car. There was another officer watching me.

"On empty again, huh?"
"Yes, of course."

I then proceeded to put only five gallons in it, and the other officer curiously asked me, "Only five gallons?"

"Yeah. That's about how much gas I'll use on this shift, and it will be on empty again when I'm through! Why fill it up for those jerks?" He just shook his head.

I pulled out of the station and headed up into the residential area.

The streets were pretty much deserted, as usual. At this time of the morning, most families were tucked away in bed for the night, with the kids eagerly awaiting Christmas morning.

I decided to leave the residential areas and cruise the main avenues. I always enjoyed the way the local merchants decorated their businesses. I then spotted a tow truck in front of one of the stores. There was a patrol car next to it, and I noticed one of our rookie officers was towing a

vehicle for some obscure violation. I rolled my window down.

"Hey, you must be pretty hard up for something to do!"

"Oh, why don't you go and patrol your own beat?"

"I can't. I have to cover your beat while you're screwing off out here, Rookie."

Some of these guys are unbelievable. It wouldn't surprise me if he had cited some of the cars at midnight mass.

I headed out toward the bay front, and then glanced at my watch. Damn. It was only 0130 hours. It looked like a long night ahead. I turned onto Bayshore Blvd., and passed a sheriff's unit. I gave him the traditional cop flick of the spotlight in recognition, which he or she, I think, returned. The sheriff's unit made a quick U-turn and caught up with me at the light. It was a she, and an attractive one at that! She certainly knew it too. She looked over at me coolly, so I did my usual, "Hey, Deputy, stay out of my city."

"I didn't see your name on the road sign under City Limits!" She obviously had no sense of humor. "Besides, this is my county, and I'll go where I want because there is a lot of police work to be done."

Well, excuse me! She was so stiff and new, it was a wonder she could get into her uniform; but I would not let her get away with the last word.

"Hey, I know the Sheriff's Department runs two deputies to a car at night, but I can pretty much figure out why you're alone!" The light turned green. "Merry Christmas." I took off.

I usually always enjoy talking with other agencies, but sometimes some of them are hard to take. I turned onto Bayshore Blvd., and was not surprised to see that there was zero traffic. As I drove a mile or so down the street, I was shocked to suddenly find an old truck stopped at a light. The light was green, but the truck was not moving. "It must be a drunk driver," I thought. But as I approached the vehicle, I didn't see any driver. I stopped my car and flipped on my ambers. I figured the driver would be passed out on the seat, but as I walked toward the truck, I was greeted by an alarming sight. I saw a body on the ground next to the truck, so I instantly let Dispatch know what I had. I cleared the inside of the truck and then went to check on the subject, who appeared to be an old man.

I really didn't notice at first that the man had a Santa Claus outfit on. He was moving a little and groaning. He was cut on the nose and mouth, and there was blood on his grey beard.

"Thank goodness you're here, Officer. You have to help me."

"Take it easy, Santa. I'll call you an ambulance."

I didn't know what else to call him, so I used the obvious.

"No, no ambulance. I will be alright. You have to get my bag of presents."

"I really think you need an ambulance."
This guy had to be over 60 years old. I

tried to remove his beard to help him breathe easier.

"The beard is real, Son."

"What happened here?" I asked.

"Just listen, Officer. A man in a green sedan pulled up to the light next to me. He jumped out of his car and ran over to my truck. He pulled me out and hit me twice and left me on the ground. He took my large bag of presents, and drove off onto the freeway. His license plate said "GRINCH."

"Well, that's appropriate," I muttered.

"You have to go after him and catch him. I need those gifts. Go now. I will be "Okay. I'll go and check it out, Santa, or whatever your name is!"

I got in my car and Santa yelled, "That is my name!"

I gave Dispatch a description of the suspect vehicle and said I would be trying to locate it. I requested another unit to go to Santa's location and take care of him.

I laughed to myself at Santa's seriousness in believing he was indeed Santa, but I knew better than to dispute it. After what I experienced the last two Christmases, I had new perspectives on possibilities.

As I drove onto the freeway, I had no expectations of finding the suspect to this travesty, but I thought I would try. After about one minute of driving north, I decided to take the Highway 92 interchange, which is a 25-mile route to the coast over the mountains. I'm not sure what prompted me to take this course of action, but it was just a hunch. I flipped my rotators on and went Mach 3. If indeed the suspect went this way, I would have some ground to make up. Well, that's part of the reason; I also just like driving fast.

As I neared the mountains, I shut my emergency lights off so I wouldn't tip the suspect. Once I hit the mountains, I slowed up as the highway narrowed to two-lane traffic. I started up a steep hill and caught up to some traffic bunched up behind a slow-moving big rig. I then noticed a green sedan two cars ahead of me. I smiled as I knew my hunch had paid off.

I switched to County Communications to radio my position and asked for cover. They copied me, but not very well. I was just going to follow the suspect until I got another unit. However, for some reason, the suspect vehicle peeled around the big rig and sped off into the wrong lane. I had to hit my lights and follow. I radioed to

County to update them on my situation, but all I got was static. Suddenly, I was in a hot pursuit, and I was alone.

As I headed through the winding hills, it was easy for me to follow the suspect vehicle. It was pitch black in those mountains, and high beams were a must. The suspect was heading for the summit, which was the last exit of Highway 92. If he continued on 92, his next stop would be Breaking Surf City on the coast, where I knew they would be waiting.

The suspect seemed to vanish at the

(See CHRISTMAS, Page 14)

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SAN FRANCISCO

Fellowship of Christian Peace Officers

by Father Heaney Chaplain, S.F.P.D.

I am proud to be a member and supporter of the Fellowship of Christian Police Officers in San Francisco. I shouldn't have to explain the reasons for my membership, but perhaps it would be enlightening if I explain my perception of what the organization is. Keep in mind that this is a personal perception, but I believe it conforms with what our members see it to be.

First of all, I should explain what it is not because there are some serious misconceptions of the goals and ideals of the group. It is **NOT** a subversive group of peace officers attempting to force their religious and moral convictions on others. Secondly, it is not a subversive group trying to change the policies of the San Francisco Police Department. And finally, it is not a haven for crusaders trying to change the moral climate of the City which they serve.

What it is, in my view, is an ever expanding cell of professional peace officers dedicated to serve and protect the citizens of an ever changing society while maintaining their own commitment to and love for the Judaic Christian tradition of morality.

The morality and ethics in San Francisco, or lack of them, may be of concern to the Christian Peace Officer, but they are not the proper object of the law enforcement powers which he has been called upon to exercise. Standards of morality and ethics frequently differ from their own convictions and cause them great concern for the future of our society but where they are not covered by law, peace officers are prevented from intervening by virtue of their law enforcement capacities. They are not, and do not act as, judges of ethics and morality in the society in which they serve. That is not

their function.

However, Christians of any profession will frequently find themselves in conflict with what passes for the latest social mores and they have a right and a duty to protect themselves and their loved ones from what they perceive as evil.

And this, simply put, is the function of the Fellowship of Christian Police Officers...to meet together, to pray together and to reinforce one another's commitment to the ideals of the Judaic Christian tradition.

Historically, the group has met once a month for the purposes described above. And since police officers come into constant contact with convictions and actions contrary to their most cherished beliefs, we might say that it is imperative for their own spiritual and moral welfare that they have frequent opportunities to receive the support of their fellow peace officers.

I feel that the group has been highly successful in this endeavor, bringing officers to a realization that they are not alone in their struggle to maintain their own sense of religion and morality on a job that all too often offers them the other side of the coin. These meetings are a source of strength and encouragement that can be found nowhere else. Many don't expect a frank personal revelation of religious beliefs or moral standards from

their fellow police officers, but it is precisely because of these personal disclosures that officers come to know that there is a strength in their faith in God that becomes more and more necessary in the discharge of their duties.

The next meeting of the Fellowship of Christian Police Officers will take place in the lower hall of the Apostleship of the Sea, 399 Fremont St., cross of Harrison, on Wednesday, January 8, at 12:00 noon. A delicious buffet luncheon will be served for \$10.00. There will be no special speaker for this meeting. Rather it will be an open, facilitated discussion on the very real problems faced by Christian Police Officers. If you don't see any real problems, others do, and maybe you can offer a solution.

Please call Jim Crowley for information and reservations.

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The Street Survival '93 Seminar will be presented by Calibre Press, Inc. on April 5, 6, 7, 1993 at the Red Lion Hotel/San Diego. This program is the nation's most respected and popular officer survival training.

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To register, send check, credit card number or departmental purchase order to Janna Lindberg or "JL", Calibre Press, Inc.; 666 Dundee Road, Suite 1607; Northbrook, IL 60062-2760 or, call Toll-Free 1-800-323-0037 with Mastercard,

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(These discount rates are only available until Dec. 31, 1992)

Note: Attendees should ask for the Meeting Services Desk when calling the 800 number to make airline reservations. This discount will be an additional 5% over the Supersaver Rate.

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This material will cause even the most experienced veterans to change their investigative habits, and will stay with young investigators throughout their careers. This program is a "must" for anyone handling homicide cases, but investigators handling other types of crime can not help but benefit. In addition to the wealth of information provided by the program itself, you will also have the invaluable opportunity to meet and network with over 150 of your colleagues who share the same interests. You will also leave the program inspired to take on your next case.

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TUITION: \$140 per person if names are received by 5 p.m., Friday, January 22, 1993 (includes Evidence Manual). Persons registering after January 22, must pay the regular tuition of \$155. Registrations may be made by either telephone, mail or fax. To qualify for the special \$140 tuition, telephone and fax registrations must be received by 5 p.m., Friday, January 22, and written registrations must be postmarked no later than January 22, 1993. Tuition payment may be made after this date. If your new fiscal year is about to begin, we will not bill until after that date if you so request. We will also gladly adjust other billing procedures to accommodate the needs of individual departments. Visa and MasterCard accepted.

Requests for refunds will be honored up to 5 p.m., Monday, February 1, 1993, after which cancellations will be subject to a \$20 service charge. No refunds will be allowed for cancellations received after 5 p.m., Thursday, February 4, 1993.

DISCOUNT: Immediately after this program, and at the same location, we have scheduled one of our highly acclaimed Gang Seminars. This separate, two-day Gang Seminar will begin on Thursday, February 11, 1993. Anyone attending both of these back-to-back, independent programs will receive a total tuition discount of 10%, and will realize substantial savings on travel costs. A separate course announcement for the Gang Seminar is enclosed with this mailing.

COURSE CREDIT: This 15-hour course is eligible for accreditation by virtually any state which has a mandatory, in-service training program, including in this region: California, Arizona, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho and Utah. (In California, it meets "training point criteria" - but with no reimbursement.) Each participant will receive a Diploma and an additional Certificate for court expertise, training and promotion files.

LOCATION: Red Lion Hotel, 100 West Glenoaks, Glendale, California 91203. (818) 956-5466. Conveniently located in beautiful downtown Glendale, with ample free parking for all seminar attendees, and free Burbank airport shuttle. Just off Hwy. 134, one mile from I-5. This fabulous, brand new hotel features two restaurants, three lounges, heated indoor/outdoor pool, spa, sauna, steam room and weight room. Walk to a variety of restaurants, entertainment options and one of Southern California's largest malls. Nearby attractions include Universal Studios.

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SIGN-IN/TIMES: Sign-in and receive course materials on Tuesday, February 9, from 7:30 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. Class will begin promptly at 9:00 a.m. on Tuesday, and conclude at 5:00 p.m. on Wednesday.

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Halloween Thanks

by Rich Pate, Co. D

On 10/31/92, I was assigned to provide a hot meal for the officers working in the Castro on Halloween. The night was a success, and I would like to thank the following persons for their assistance, donations and contributions to this effort. Without their help, it would have been impossible to set this event up.

Chief Thomas Murphy
Commander Arnold
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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.

It's Only Paper ... Really?

by John A. Sterling
Supervisor-in-charge.

Our insatiable appetite for pulp must be curbed. If not, the corresponding ecological disaster will soon reach our doorsteps. This Department can take steps to moderate its own gluttony. The Department is requiring its members to submit 'cheat sheets' itemizing the minutiae of daily activities; such as what was done, how often, and for how long. Strictly nickel and dime stuff. 'Cheat sheets' are like resumes; subject to doctoring, as we have seen done by seemingly up-right folks. Assembly line work and door-to-door sales lend themselves to this kind of calculation.

Police work is different. It is prophylactic in nature, in that mere police visibility suppresses criminal activity. Another requirement is for supervisors to harvest hourly computer data of current activities to track down who is doing what and when. The amorphous nature of the data renders it unreliable, as dispatch can confirm. The information culled is therefore meaningless in formulating valid conclusions. Multiply the number of hours by the number of supervisors by the number of stations, and one can imagine the mound of paper collected in a year. Add the 'cheat sheets', and the mound turns into a mountain. It is obviously a bureaucratic plot to generate indoor work and an excuse to avoid street work. What's more, it ensures the preservation of the bureaucratic species.

I have a selfish reason for advocating restraint. My people are pressed further and further back into the interior of the rain forests, while the foliage we once called home is stripped to feed the mills that produce the paper that supply the forms bureaucrats love to fill out. I agonize that I must yet use another piece of paper to plead their case.

The Department's declared purpose of gathering this data is to provide an insight into the worth and value of its members and to utilize the data as a qualifier in promotions. It is a departure from the past. At one time we were not even allowed to mention our names, nor brag about our derring-do at assessment centers, lest we take undue advantage of our more sedate rivals. Individual deeds are once again in vogue. We have grown accustomed to the new order and have almost forgotten the old ways of promotion by prescribed method in sequential order.

Some promotions were made for their intended purpose, others magically appear. Magical because they are unexplained. It is further dignified by time, as each succeeding chief promotes from his own pious attendants and excludes the cursed and the ill-starred. All the while the cynical protocol of false decorum is observed. Having offended the

intelligence of the common member, the Department now wish to recognize and reward good deeds. However, the means are wasteful.

I, on the other hand, have an alternative. To most effectively assess the disparate and unique contributions of our members, we need only to turn to their immediate supervisors. They, in their pragmatic wisdom and closer scrutiny, are in a better position to gauge performance and observe potential for advancement. Efficiency reports should be implemented; couched in concise paragraphs, no more than one page, and be given quarterly. To justify the conclusions and to avert protests, supervisors should keep journals. With just four pages to review a year, imagine the savings in time and effort.

The current method employed cannot adequately measure attributes and potentials. Divisions of labor among crypto, razzle-dazzle, and patrol units force an unfair distribution of chores. Consequently the comparison becomes inadequate.

For example, how can we equate a public affairs officer who clips press notices favorable to the chief with a street cop clipping drug dealers? Do we compare an academy staffer teaching others how to subdue felons with one actually doing it on the street? Does a solo cop ticketing an old lady for an illegal turn compare with a plain cop diffusing a hairy family dispute? How can chauffeuring the chief be compared with chasing carjackers? How about the light-duty folks who sacrificed their bodies and, now that their battered bodies can no longer serve, are unceremoniously consigned to menial chores. Do they forfeit their chance for promotion because their 'cheat sheets' are blank?

My proposal for a proficiency report would look like this:

EFFICIENCY REPORT OF OFF. BRENDAN O'SMARTY #1/2 FOR THE LAST QUARTER OF 1992. Off. O'Smarty is bright and alert. The smiles and joy he sparks from the public are spoiled only by the unsavory jealousy of one unkind soul who maliciously calls him a dummy. Beneath his wooden exterior beats a soft and caring heart. His performance is flawless, his knowledge extensive, and his love for his brethren unflagging. His remarkable achievement of late is his successful talking of a homeless man out of a suicidal leap. His sensitivity and selfless follow-up turned this man life around from his parasitical existence. Off. O'Smarty's wise counsel gave this man reason to reach farther than his grasp. I am happy to relate that this man is now a fellow at the Hoover Institute and moonlights as a highly paid police consultant. It pays to touch someone. Off. O'Smarty is qualified and deserves promotion.

The Emperor Is Wearing No Clothes

by Greg Clark

As employees of the City and County of San Francisco we earn wages. We receive a steady stream of bi-monthly checks compensating us for our choice to spend our time protecting and serving.

As wage earners we have a limited time that we can earn paychecks. We must take advantage of this time to insure our post wage earning independence. To take advantage of this time there are two fundamental principles that are similar for every wage earner. These principals are Save and Invest.

The longer we maintain good or bad savings and investing habits, the harder they are to change. We work hard for our money and we deserve to have a winning mindset.


We can succeed by setting aside a portion of our income each payday to pay ourselves first and invest that money into

something that gives us pleasure. By following a disciplined month to month program that addresses our individual needs we will reap bounties of pleasure.

The elements of a solid financial foundation can be found in the Deferred Compensation Program. If you have not yet begun investing and saving, do not put it off any longer. I began saving in Deferred Comp about three years after I joined the SFPD. I wish that I had not been a procrastinator, but I put off for years what I should have done immediately.

Have the stomach to make the hard choice between "What's in it for me in the short term" vs "Strategic long range planning."

Although I do not work for ITT Hartford, I would be happy to show you the risks and benefits of saving and investing in their/our Deferred Compensation Program. My pager number is 719-8828, Greg Clark.



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It Beats Walking!

When two Washington traffic policemen found themselves walking the beat because the force hasn't got the money to replace their smashed patrol cars, they persuaded their chief to let them and other colleagues use their own cars to keep up the war on car thieves, with spectacular results. They draw a pitance in mileage but make it up on overtime. LUCY HODGES, our Washington correspondent, accompanied them on some terrifying chases through the "armpits" of the crime ridden capital of the USA.

The youths said nothing and wore sheepish expressions. What could they say? They were in handcuffs, held against the unmarked police car while the two policemen relished their first arrests of the day.

For officers David Wilber and Bob Alder, it justified the previous dreary hours of cruising around the housing estates and shabby streets of South-East Washington looking for stolen cars, checking suspect vehicles against a computerised list.

Their attention had been caught by the youthfulness of the pair in the old grey Oldsmobile coming towards them. Alder ran his eye down the police department's 1010 List, a summary of 600 cars stolen in the city. Yes! They had a hit. The Oldsmobile was on their list. Wilber executed a U-turn, keeping his eye on the grey car, and was off in hot pursuit.

Minutes later the boys, one aged 17 and the other 12, had been dragged out of

the stolen car and subjected to thorough searches. A few rocks of Crack were found in the older boy's pocket. On the dashboard was scrawled in felt-tip "The Weed Mobile 40 ounce". Wires hung untidily out of the dashboard where the ignition had been tampered with. The keyhole in the boot had been punched out.

Officers Wilber and Alder were pleased with themselves. In the two months in which they had been operating their two-man surveillance team they had notched up 50 arrests, more than the auto theft unit in their district and more than the other 10 officers who worked part-time at the task. They have also arrested perpetrators of four car-jackings, the new rage in American cities, whereby cars are stolen at the point of a gun.

This success has earned them the praise of Deputy Chief Charles R. Bacon, commander of the 6th District, who gave them the go-ahead to pursue car thieves when they came to him with the idea earlier this year. Their assignment has been extended indefinitely. "They showed initiative", said Bacon. "They came up with a recommendation after researching a problem and they have been successful in what they set out to do. They have had a good impact on the statistics."

Wilber, 29, had put in the written proposal as a way of dealing with a problem of serious concern to the local residents in Anacostia, a heavily black area which the officers referred to as "the armpit of the city". There was particular

anxiety about the number of cars which vanished from the parking lot and streets outside Deanwood metro station, and Wilber thought he could do something.

He collected statistics on stolen cars as well as thefts from autos and found there had been substantial increases in previous months. In the 6th District car thefts are up by more than 30 percent this year.

It happened too that he and his colleague, Bob Alder, 25, were without cars. The police cars assigned to them had been wrecked in accidents, and no new cars were being bought because of a budget crisis; which meant they were often assigned to foot patrol, the lowest status for an American policeman.

Being given permission to work on auto thefts put them in a car again. You could call it enlightened self-interest. Such is their desire to resume their places behind the wheel that they are driving their own cars, in Wilber's case an unmarked police car formerly used by police in Virginia. They each receive \$75 a month to cover the cost of petrol and don't seem to mind that the vehicles are subject to heavy wear and tear.

The happiness they show in their new job clearly outweighs any other concern. "I really like doing this," said Wilber. "Otherwise we would be walking up and down the street doing nothing. And it's better than being under the radio in a scout car, waiting for something to happen and running from one call to another. Also this is a pretty widespread problem, so we have a lot of success."

Success means arrests, which means time in court. This, in turn, means overtime and extra pay, amounting to several thousand dollars on top of their annual salary of \$27,000. And their work is proactive. They are behaving like detectives in contrast to the job of a patrol officer which is reactive. This must explain some of the satisfaction they get from the work.

This was apparent during the three hours I spent with the officers, being driven round scruffy streets and through grim housing estates on the look-out for stolen vehicles. They knew the patch like it was their back garden and pointed out notorious spots - crack houses, sites of gruesome shootings and prostitutes' haunts.

From time to time Wilber would slam his foot down in response to a crackling message on the car radio, snap his head-

lights on and roar up the streets.

His big 1986 Chevy Caprice would career maniacally through the traffic at 70 to 80 miles an hour, sometimes down the wrong side of the street, while your correspondent cowered in terror. There appeared to be no need for this (the two men were not on patrol) other than to terrify me and to get their adrenaline going.

On one occasion, when the Chevy's brakes were giving off foul fumes from such handling, a sleek black Acura sporting temporary paper registration plates reacted violently to the sight of the car. Presumably he spied the uniform and short back-and-sides of police officers.

He took off at some speed, jumping traffic lights, and looking like he wanted to be somewhere else. The officers set off after him, reasoning that he was in a stolen Acura, "We're in Maryland now, and we're not supposed to be," said Wilber. He slowed down, having lost sight of the Japanese car.

Both officers were smarting at having lost their prey and were ribbed repeatedly by colleagues on the beat that day. "That car was definitely stolen," said Wilber. "Another unit said there was a report taken for stolen plates. But that's a misdemeanor, and we're only allowed to chase in Maryland for a felony."

"But that car's going to come back. Next time we will sneak up on him. It's a very nice car. The driver is going to be able to meet a lot of girls with that car."

The grey Oldsmobile caught later was a consolation prize. Wilber and Bob were able to apprehend it without too much effort. Chasing after stolen cars is now forbidden in Washington because too many innocent people have died in the process. The courts don't prosecute on stolen autos because of lack of time and resources.

Officers Wilber and Alder gibe at this ban and at the criminal justice system. They know the youths they caught in the Oldsmobile won't be prosecuted, if for no other reason than that they are under age. But they comfort themselves with the arrests, and the fact that they can scratch one more missing car off their list.

There is little doubt that their initiative will stand their careers in good stead. All they have to watch is that they don't have an accident.

Reprinted from *POLICE, The Voice of The Service*, October 1992

My Favorite Cop

Police Commission President Harry Low announced that the "My Favorite Cop" award winner for November 1992 is Officer Lorie Brophy.

This monthly award is given to the police officer who has taken that extra

step or exhibited a special kindness that makes you feel he or she is your friend as well as your protector.

Officer Lorie Brophy is a 10-year veteran of the San Francisco Police Department who is currently assigned to the "school car" in the Richmond Police District.

Officer Brophy serves as a role model for both male and female students in the Richmond District by projecting and reinforcing the ideals of honesty and respect.

Honors were bestowed upon Officer Brophy by Commission President Harry Low, Supervisor Annemarie Conroy, and Anne Kronenberg of the Mayor's Office.

The monthly awards are co-sponsored by the Embarcadero Center and the San Francisco Independent newspaper in concert with the S.F. Council of District Merchants and the S.F. Chamber of Commerce.

"My Favorite Cop" is chosen by a combination of citizen ballots and recommendations by fellow officers. Ballots are carried weekly in the San Francisco Independent as well as distributed by merchants throughout the city. Final selections are made by a panel of judges who review the monthly.

Training News

by Frank McKee, Academy

For the past year the Academy training staff has been offering a Defensive Tactics Course on each Thursday from 1700 to 1830 hours.

The course is open to any San Francisco Police Officer who wishes to attend.

Due to scheduling difficulties it is necessary to change the day on which the class meets.

Beginning on December 1, 1992, the class will be held on Tuesday of each week from 1700 to 1830 hours.

Anyone who wishes to participate in the training may do so by simply wearing comfortable workout clothing and being present at the Academy gym on any Tuesday evening (1700 -1830 hrs.)

Practical Advice For Aspiring Cops

So You Want To Be A Cop

by Frank Pickens and Jeff Bonilla

146 Pages; \$14.00

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Reviewed by Tom Flippin, Editor

The two authors are police officers in Burlingame. Frank Pickens writes articles and draws cartoons for various cop-oriented publications (including the SFPOA Notebook).

This book fills a space in law enforcement-type books. It isn't fiction...well, some of it is. It isn't a how-to book...well, some of it is. What the book really is...is a sort of primer; an introduction to the real world of police work. The authors have interspersed factual, down-to-earth chapters with fictional stories/tall tales which

amusingly illustrate real-life situations.

The obvious audience, those people interested in becoming cops, will find a wealth of factual information, lots of tips and hints, and a few warnings about the down-side of wearing the star. Those already in the business should find the book entertaining, also.

Would-be police officers are led step-by-step from the initial testing process to a new cop's first "solo" ride; from dealing with the shift sergeant to adjusting to shift work. Various chapters address such topics as "Surviving The Academy...", "Out On Your Own", "Silver And Brass", and "Burnout".

There are some very plain-spoken and realistic appraisals of the difficulties involved in cops' personal relationships and the hazards of so-called "routine" police work...shift work, burnout, etc.

The facts presented are correct; the advice given is helpful; and the tall tales are very entertaining. All in all, the authors have done an excellent job in showing the reality of police work.

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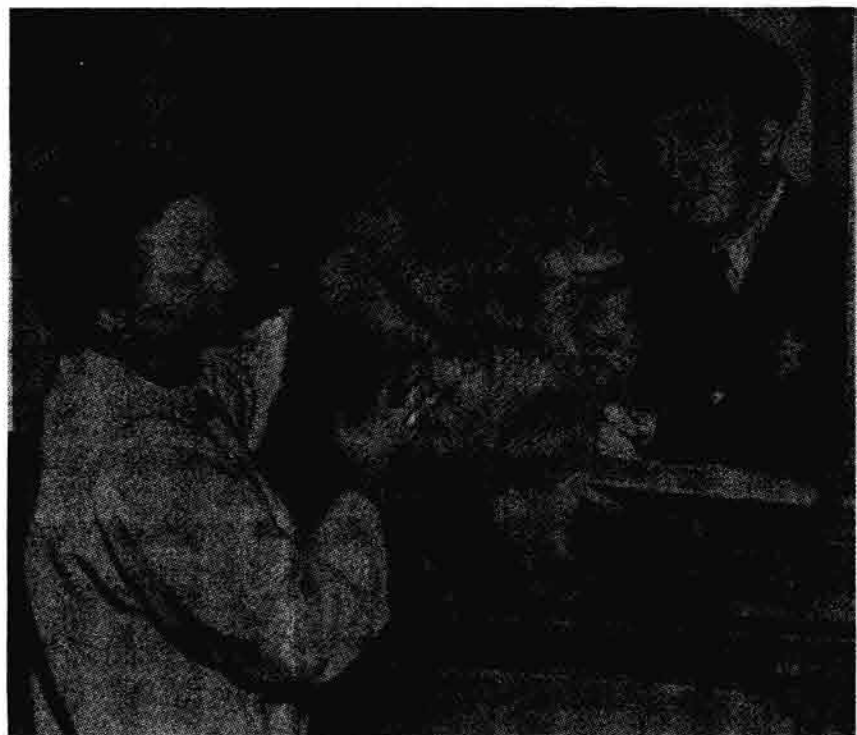
Caption, Caption . . . Who's Got A Caption?

OK! All you wits and half-wits out there, we're looking for a caption for this dramatic action photo from out of SFPD's past. Next month we'll reprint the photo with the winning caption and credit the brilliant respondent responsible.

Whaddaya mean you want a prize, too?



And The Winner Is . . .



"Darling, would you mind watching little Muffy until I return from shopping?"

Name withheld by request

Runner-up:

"That's a doggone large order of 'chow' mein!"

*Submitted by Carolyn Yee,
Communications*



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Attempted Assassination of Police Officers: November 21, 1992.
Officer John VanKoll and Bob Doss were patrolling in the Army Street Project area (Army/Harrison Streets) when a sniper fired on their marked police car striking Officer VanKoll in the hand. Fortunately the officer is recovering from the wound thanks to the immediate action of his partner and the outstanding medical staff at SFGH. And, thanks to the impressive reward from the Mayor's Office for the arrest and conviction of those responsible for the attempted murder of police officers, we are hoping for a successful conclusion to this outrageous act.

**San Francisco Examiner Article
Sunday 11/22/92
"9-1-1 Is A Disaster Waiting To
Happen"**

The following excerpt from the Examiner article just had to make it into "Close Encounters":

"We're stretched very thin", added a dispatcher. "We're continually sending the patrol units from one emergency to the next. They go from 'shots fired' to 'assaults' to 'robberies in progress' **all night long**. Lesser priorities like auto theft, vandalism, burglaries are not getting the attention they deserve. This is a potential hazard because even a noise complaint can escalate into a serious fight."

What a powerful statement.

What a scary situation.

If our City Attorney would only honor the true spirit of Proposition D (Collective Bargaining) we could save the citizens of San Francisco hundreds of thousands of dollars in the hiring and training of badly needed personnel

Prisoner Processing: Please disregard SFPD Dept. Bulletin 92-292 "Admitting Prisoners to SFGH". This bulletin, issued under the auspices of a former Chief of Police, gave officers little hope of any constructive change to expedite the process. We now have a new Deputy Chief of Patrol who will, no doubt, priori-



Close Encounters

by Steve Johnson, Secretary SFPOA

tize prisoner processing. However, if the manner in which the new Deputy Chief of Patrol handled the staffing of Thanksgiving is any indication of his empathy for patrol, we are in big trouble. The Deputy Chief lowered staffing at every district station below minimal standards for the holiday. Many officers returning to their midnight watch assignments from their days off heard that their holiday watch

Officers Carvalho and Wronski handled 17 runs. Officers Maionchi and Matthews, the 3D15C unit, handled 8 runs, including 3 felony arrests which included an involved on-view 261 arrest."

"**Sergeant Newland** was the only supervisor working during the time frame of 0200-0600 hours, and he did an outstanding job in supervising and directing his crew."

"I have found that it is not unusual for the midnight officers to be so busy, even during the weekdays, that they have no time to take their meal period."

Lt. Richard Racine/Mission Station

Who's Not Doing What Department: The residents living nearby Mission Playground (19th/Valencia) have specifically requested our increased attention to the narcotic dealing in the area. Sgt. **Joe Dutto's** Mission Task Force complied — I tracked one of the subjects arrested at the 19th/Valencia playground and found the following scenario:

10/12/91 (last year): Subject A arrested for possession of marijuana for sale. Pleads guilty to misdemeanor - consents to search condition during probation.

09/30/92: Subject A now charged with possession of marijuana for sale and sale of marijuana. Arrest was conducted through surveillance, taped statement from buyer incriminating

Subject A and, with a quote from the District Attorney's office that, "He's only on misdemeanor probation.", the case is dismissed "in the interest of justice". Question now is, whose justice??"

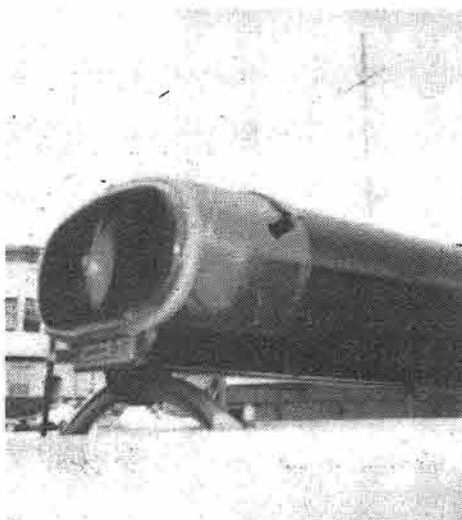
10/24/92: Subject A arrested again — this time for smoking 'crack'. Jail?? Nope — Dismissed in the interest of justice.

11/10/92: Subject A arrested for selling marijuana — you got it — dismissed in the interest of justice.

I kiddingly refer to **Sgt. Joe Dutto and his group** as the Red Adairs of the SFPD — But even Red and his gang can get burned out after a while.

Sleepy Taraval? Not Anymore...:

Officer Richard Dell Agostino, Carmelo Dangelo, Brian Nannery and Kenneth Nichols arrived at a robbery-in-progress at the McDonald's in Stonestown and immediately tried to secure the perimeter as there was a suspect armed with a sawed-off shotgun still inside. But before the officers could set up,



Officer Ed Coley had the light bar on the vehicle he was driving shot out while passing by the Army Street projects.

was cancelled the day before Thanksgiving — I wish to make it perfectly clear to Deputy Chief Tom Petrini, Patrol, that we (SFPOA) will not tolerate any further arbitrary actions that compromise officer/public safety

Mission Station Midnight Crew:
Lt. Richard Racine, Co D, made sure the former captain of Co D, (now Chief of Police Ribera), knew of the outstanding work being done by the officers on the midnight watch. The Lieutenant submitted the following notes in a memo to the former captain:

"On Friday night, 10/23/92, **Officers Ramirez and Wronski**, the crew of the 3D12C unit, handled 26 runs. **Officers Tsujimoto and Matthews**, the crew of 3D13C, handled 29 runs. **Officers Rolovich and Marcic**, the 3D15C unit, handled 14 runs including 3 reports and a drunk driver arrest."

"Saturday, 10/24/92, was a repeat of Friday night. **Officers Rolovich and Tsujimoto**, the 3D11C unit, handled 20 runs in spite of being detailed for 5 hours to an event staged on Castro Street. Of-

CHRISTIAN PEACOCK

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the suspect fled the restaurant, pointing his weapon at **Officer D'Angelo**.

Officer Dell Agostino recognized the danger **Officer D'Angelo** was in and fired several shots at the suspect. The suspect continued to run towards Buckingham Way and was later captured following an outstanding perimeter-controlled search by **Officers Oscar Carcelon, Damon Williams, Robert Wong, Rafael Labutan, John Robertson, and Tom Jankovic**.

And again in the Taraval ...

Officer John Lanfranchi, Brian Nannery and Theodore Tom responded to an address on Gonzales Street on a call of a woman screaming for help. When they arrived they heard crying and screaming from within a nearby apartment. **Officer Lanfranchi** immediately forced entry into the apartment and found a woman lying in a pool of blood with her throat slit. A bloodied suspect was found in the kitchen area of the apartment and, after a fierce struggle, the officers were finally able to subdue him. A further search of the crime scene revealed a second homicide victim located in the bathroom with numerous stab wounds and throat also slit.

Still in the Taraval ... 0305 Hours: (From Dispatch) "A 217 (shooting) victim at Holloway & Plymouth."

0307 Hours: (From Dispatch) "Victim possibly shot in the head."

0308 Hours: (311E arrives at scene) "Code 3 408 (Calls for emergency response for ambulance) — 217 (shooting) to the head."

And that shooting had nothing to do with the homicide arrest that **Officer Bob Knighton** made on the 1800 block of the Great Highway. Bob was very fortunate since he was a one officer unit and yet was able to apprehend a suspect and recover the gun used.

And so it goes (in the Taraval) ...

Officers Joe Buono and Mary Dunnigan, Co. H, responded to Oceanview Playground to assist Taraval units in searching for a shooting suspect. When they heard gunshots at Montana/Capitol Streets, the officers approached 4 suspects, one of whom had a gun, when the suspects broke and ran. **Officers Buono and Dunnigan** gave chase. One individual the officers were chasing stopped and fired several rounds at **Officer Buono**. The officers later recovered four, 9mm casings in the area.

"No gun - Plenty of dope": Officers Gary Constantine and Robert Leung were at Connecticut and Wisconsin Streets when they watched two vehicles traveling on Wisconsin pass each other in opposite directions. When the two vehicles were parallel, the officers heard gunfire and saw a muzzle flash

between the cars. **Officers Constantine and Leung** chased one vehicle and after a brief detention ended up arresting the driver of the vehicle (a juvenile) for possession of narcotics for sale.

Another Attempted Assassination of a Mission Station Police Officer:

Officer Ed Coley, Co. D, was transporting several prisoners from Mission to City Prison traveling eastbound on Army and, when he drove by the infamous Army Street Project area, he took several rounds, one of which broke the light bar on his vehicle.

Note: A lot of times citizens don't fully realize the psychological stress that our members are under. Responding to robberies-in-progress, the processing of murder scenes and occasionally having to dodge a bullet does nothing to alleviate the increased pressure. That's why we need to keep whatever stress-relievers we still have — some people refer to them as "benefits", we just count them as a little something to relieve the tedious task of worrying about whether/not you're going to make it through the watch. I mention this as a prelude to having to respond to Deputy Chief Tom Petrini's request to



Officer Richard Tong with the sawed-off, fully-loaded shotgun recovered in the arrest of a gang member.

meet/confer over our 4/10 watch-off schedule. I hope the Deputy Chief can fully realize the impact of how much the extra time away from a "red line" assignment really means to our members.

November 7, 1992: **Officers Susan Roth, William Murray, Pam Hofsass, and Marco DesAngles** were on "zero tolerance" patrol in the 16th/Mission area when they observed a suspect in a highly agitated state, jumping on vehicles, and screaming at no one in particular. The officers realized the individual had to be taken into custody for the protection of others because of his aggressive behavior. The subject was restrained and trans-

ported to SFGH for evaluation. These cases are extremely difficult for officers since the suspects are usually prone to biting officers or armed with hypodermic needles.

November 8, 1992: **Officers Michael Burkley and Lance Martin** responded to a family argument at 0830 on a Sunday morning on the 500 block of Shotwell and end up having to disarm one of the subjects — relieving him of his fully-loaded .380 semi-automatic handgun. (Don't worry, Deputy Chief, the officers weren't driving together; they were one officer units that just happened to be available to back each other up)

Officers Steve Mulkeen and Michael Burkley (Yeah, I'm guilty of giving Mission Station top billing) responded to a call involving a mentally deranged subject on Dolores Street. The subject had barricaded herself inside her apartment and was flashing butcher knives out the window at passers-by. Steve and Mike ended up having to force entry into the apartment and were successful in taking custody of the woman who was in need of psychiatric help.

November 11, 1992: **Officers Richard Tong and Bill Brunicardi** (Mission Station) were informed by a jilted lover that her former boyfriend was involved in gang shootings. After an outstanding investigation by the two officers a sawed-off, fully-loaded shotgun was recovered and a body to go with it for booking purposes.

If you know of any 'Close Encounters' I might have missed, please bring it to my attention by sending me a copy of the report to the POA.

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CHRISTMAS

(Continued From Page 7)

summithe must have killed the lights. It was pitch black, and I had to make a decision on which way he went. Suddenly, I saw a flashing red light down on Summit Road. It couldn't be a police unit or the suspect, but it was something. I took off on Summit Road. I slowly went down a steep hill and came upon the suspect vehicle. It was parked on the side of the road with no lights on. I tried radioing County Communications, but had no luck. I was at an impasse. I decided I couldn't wait out here all night for cover to come, and although I was in a bad officer safety position, I would proceed cautiously.

I lit up the interior of the suspect vehicle as well as possible, and nobody was inside, unless they were laying low. The trunk appeared locked. I spotlighted the surrounding area to make sure I wouldn't get ambushed. I decided to make my best felony approach for my one-man assault force. I cleared the car and found Santa's large bag of presents in the back seat. That made me happy. The suspect must have fled on foot.

I started to take Santa's bag out of the suspect car and put it into mine. As I walked back to my trunk, I was greeted by the sight of the suspect. His gun was pointed right at me, and as I dropped the bag of presents to go for my gun, I heard his gun go off. The bullet hit my arm, and, as I dropped to the ground, my head hit the bumper. I was dizzy and groggy as I fell

to the ground but still cognizant enough to know I was in deep trouble.

The suspect began walking toward me to most likely finish me off. I was unable to get my gun. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a police car came flying down the hill and came skidding at the suspect. I saw the suspect turn toward the onrushing patrol car to fire, but the car slammed into him before he could fire. I saw an officer and someone else get out of the police car. They came over to me and helped me back to their car. It was strange, because the police car was old and had only one circular light bubble on top. It looked like a police car from the Andy Griffith Show. Who were these guys?

The officer put me in the back seat, and then he got in and drove off Code 3. I was getting pretty groggy in the back seat, but I was able to make out the passenger. It was someone dressed like Santa Claus. "I must be losing it," I thought.

The officer never made any radio transmission, and all he said to me was, "You'll be alright." I lost consciousness shortly after that.

I woke up to find that I was in a hospital bed, hooked up to an I.V. and a heart monitor. I didn't know how seriously I was injured, yet strangely enough, I didn't seem to feel that badly. I did have a brutal headache, felt very weak and tired, and seemed to be in a foglike state. All in all, I felt normal, because I always feel like this on graveyards!

I started trying to remember what events had transpired to land me in the hospital, but I was drawing a blank. I did recall being

involved in a chase after discovering a Santa Claus battery. No, not a battery-powered Santa, but a Santa who was a victim of a battery. After that, I couldn't remember much. I did vaguely recall being shot at, which would explain why I was here.

About this time, a nurse entered my room. "Well, hello, Officer. How are you feeling?"

"Fine, thanks, and yourself?"

"Oh, I see you have a sense of humor!"

"Of course. I have to; I'm a cop. Could you please tell me what happened to She completely ignored my question. "You know, you must be somebody's special officer, because Santa Claus came all the way from the North Pole to visit you. He's right outside."

"Yeah, right. Did he bring the Easter Bunny and the Great Pumpkin with him?"

"You mean you don't believe in Santa and his reindeer?"

"Look, Nurse, I met Santa and his reindeer two years ago when I made a traffic stop on them!" I paused momentarily to make sure I wasn't in the psycho ward. "Well, why don't you show him in?"

The nurse walked out, and lo and behold, Santa Claus walked in.

"Merry Christmas, son. How are you doing?"

"Fine, Santa. Am I just a stop on your Christmas Day hospital rounds?"

"No. I came just to see you. There are other Santas to visit other people."

"Well, why am I so special?"

"Well, you did a favor for Santa last night."

"I did, huh? Well, maybe you could fill me in on what that was."

"No, because I don't know too much about it."

"Well, I think you do, especially since you have a blood-stained beard. It was you I helped." It was starting to come back to me. "It was you in the police car that helped me, too. I want to know what's going on, and I want to know now!"

"I guess I can't fool a cop especially you. Well, I came here to thank you for all you've done. I asked for your help last night, and I was not supposed to. You were never meant to be involved in finding the grinch and my bag of presents. By helping me, you risked injury and death. Also, I had to help you because I put you in that predicament."

"So you are really Santa?"

"I am one of many, many Santas. People think there is only one, but we are many. It's more than a one-man job, you know."

"Well, how did you find me last night, and just who or what were you with when you found me? I know that cop and police car were ancient."

"Well, being Santa gives me some special privileges, and so I called upon someone familiar with the area to give me some help. Let's just say he was an old friend

who was only more than happy to come back and help out another police officer in need."

I sat up in my bed, and I really didn't know what to say, but I understood somehow who had helped me.

"Are you sure I'm not in the psycho ward, Santa?"

"No, you aren't. I came not only to thank you, but to tell you that the world is not the happiest place. There are a lot of bad people and bad things, just as there is bad in my world too. When people help other people to be happy then life is good, and making people happy can be a very small gesture or a very large deed. One person can touch the lives of many others as you did. The bag of gifts you recovered contained two engagement rings, a family portrait from an eight-year-old to his parents, a family heirloom from one brother to another who haven't spoken to each other in years, and many other special gifts to bring people together and make them happy. Without that bag of presents, many lives would have been affected. So, you see, the secret is to ignore all the bad people and things and surround yourself with the good. Enjoy the good friends, family, and things you like. Don't worry about the rest. And most of all, remember the good that police do."

After listening to Santa, there wasn't much to say.

"Well, what happened to the person who took your presents?"

"Oh, the grinch...we gave him a pretty good shot with the patrol car, so he won't be around till next year."

"I didn't know a grinch could drive a car," I silently muttered.

"What, son?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Well, son, I've got to run. Oh, by the way, here is a present for your wife." He handed me a gift-wrapped box, and whispered, "It's a ceramic elephant statue! I know she collects them and it is one she doesn't have."

"Is there anything you don't know, Santa?"

"Not much, my friend. Oh, here's something for you. It is from the officer that helped you last night."

I took the box.

"Good bye, son."

"See you, Santa."

I watched Santa leave, and proceeded to open my gift. I couldn't believe what I saw. It was a mint condition police patch in a plastic case. **It was a Breaking Surf P.D. patch!** I couldn't believe it.

I was released from the hospital that day, since all I had was a flesh wound and minor concussion. I couldn't wait to get home, but I had one quick stop to make. I went by my police station and walked into the on-duty Captain's office.

"Pickens, how are you? What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to put in for next Christmas Eve off."

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TUITION: \$140 per person if names are received by 5 p.m., Friday, January 22, 1993 (includes Gang Manual). Persons registering after January 22, must pay the regular tuition of \$155. Registrations may be made by either telephone, mail or fax. To qualify for the special \$140 tuition, telephone and fax registrations must be received by 5 p.m., Friday, January 22, and written registrations must be postmarked no later than January 22, 1993. Tuition payment may be made after this date. If your new fiscal year is about to begin, we will not bill until after that date if you so request. We will also gladly adjust other billing procedures to accommodate the needs of individual departments. Visa and MasterCard accepted.

Requests for refunds will be honored up to 5 p.m., Wednesday, February 3, 1993, after which cancellations will be subject to a \$20 service charge. No refunds will be allowed for cancellations received after 5 p.m., Monday, February 8, 1993.

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SIGN-IN/TIMES: Sign-in and receive course materials on Thursday, February 11, from 7:00 a.m. to 8:30 a.m. Class will begin promptly at 8:30 a.m. on Thursday, and conclude at 4:00 p.m. on Friday.

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FACULTY: Joe Guzman, O.S.S. - Gang Unit, Los Angeles Co. S.O. (Hispanic Street Gangs); Marcus Frank, Asian Gang Unit, Westminster P.D. (Asian Gangs); John Yarbrough, Homicide Bureau, Los Angeles Co. S.O. (Drive-by Shootings & Gang Homicides); Tom Harris, O.S.S. - Gang Unit, Los Angeles Co. S.O. (Black Street Gangs); Dale Welling, Federal Bureau of Prisons, Sacramento (Prison Gangs); and Bob Jones, Gang Unit, Orange Co. D.A.'s Office (Gang Search Warrants).

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Consent Decree Quarterly Report #3

DATE: OCTOBER 30, 1992
TO: HONORABLE ROBERT F. PECKHAM, JUDGE
NORTHERN DISTRICT FEDERAL COURT
FROM: NATHANIEL TRIVES, AUDITOR/MONITOR

SUBJECT: 1992 QUARTERLY REPORT #3 PURSUANT TO CONSENT DECREE, OFFICERS FOR JUSTICE vs. CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION; UNITED STATES vs. CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO Nos. C-73-0657 AND C-772884 RFP.

I. INTRODUCTION

This is a report dealing with the fiscal information and other activities required by the Consent Decree and subsequent Court Orders pertaining thereto.

Attached are the "Meeting Summaries" for the quarter. (See Attachment 1)

II. FISCAL ACTIVITIES

The \$500,000 (Auditor/Monitor Fund) is in a revolving re-investment account. As of September 30, 1992 including principal and interest, the "Auditor/Monitor Fund" balance is \$600,000.00 and earning at a rate of 4.005% per annum. (See Attachment II) The Auditor/Monitor has, as of September 30, 1992, expended the sum of \$58,503.27 from the budget of \$221,024.00 authorized by the Board of Supervisors for the Fiscal Year 1991-92.

The \$400,000 (Back Pay Fund) has been closed out.

III. CONSENT DECREE ACTIVITIES RELATED TO Q-2 LISTS E-91. E-92. E-93. E-94. E-95. E-96. E-97. E-98. E-99. E-100, E-101 AND E-102. AND 103.

HOUSING POLICE GRANTED STATUS RIGHTS TO Q-2A

Thirty-eight (38) Recruit Classes (#133-#170) as of September 30, 1992 had passed through the eight-month period as required by the Consent Decree. Excluding Exempt Hires (30 Court-Ordered appointed women and 9 Court-ordered appointed persons bilingual in Chinese), this represents a total of 1049 officers, 459 (43.76%) of whom are minorities, and 590 (56.24%) are non-minorities; or 190 (18.11%) women and 859 (81.89%) men.

The above data reflects that the percentage for women is 1.89% below 20% and the percentage for minorities is 6.24% below 50%. (See Attachment III)

Including the Court-Ordered Exempt persons, a total of 1,394 recruits have been eligible for counting in compliance with Consent Decree Section 9(c). One thousand sixty-nine (1069) have successfully completed the eight months of service and three hundred twenty-five (325) have not. The 1069 successful officers are composed of 472 (44.15%) minorities and 597 (55.85%) non-minorities; or 203 (18.99%) women and 866 (81.01%) men. (See Attachment III)

The total number of recruits hired (governed by the Consent Decree and including Exempt Hires) as of September 30, 1992 was 1,436 of which 663 (46.17%) were minorities and 773 (53.83%) were non-minorities; or 314 (21.87%) were women and 1,122 (78.13%) were men. As of the same date, there were one thousand one hundred-eleven (1,111) who completed training or were still in the training process. Four hundred ninety-one (44.19%) were minorities and six hundred-twenty (55.81%) were non-minorities; or two hundred-sixteen (19.44%) were women and eight hundred-ninety-five (80.56%) were men. (See Attachment 111).

ment 111).

The total number of recruits hired (governed by the Consent Decree and excluding Exempt Hires) as of September 30, 1992 was 1,397, of which 641 (45.88%) were minorities and 756 (54.12%) were non-minorities; or 284 (20.33%) were women and 1,113 (79.67%) were men. As of the same date, there were one thousand ninety-one (1,091) recruits who completed training or were still in the training process. Out of this number, 478 (43.81%) were minorities and 613 (56.19%) were non-minorities; or 203 (18.61%) were women and 888 (81.39%) were men. (See Attachment III)

* In addition, 11 Housing Police Officers were given status rights to the rank of Q-2 Police Officer with 4 (36.36%) non-minority, 7 (63.64%) minority, 11 (100%) male. Ten (10) of the officers were appointed to the rank of Q-2, Police Officer on July 13, 1992, and one officer was appointed on August 21, 1992.

The summary statistics are final.

IV. CONSENT DECREE DIVISION

A. Q-2 ACTIVITY/ EXAMINATIONS

Academy Classes: All members of the 170th Recruit Class were transferred on August 8, 1992 from Field Training to their regular assignments in the district patrol stations. The 171st Recruit Class entered the Academy on August 10, 1992. Forty (40) Recruits are in the 171st Recruit Class with 22 (55%) non-minority, 18 (45%) minority, 28 (70%) male, 12 (30%) female.

B. Q-35 ASSISTANT INSPECTOR / Q-50 SERGEANT EXAMINATION(S)

Effective July 20, 1992, thirty-eight (38) officers were appointed to the permanent rank of Q-50, Sergeant. These appointments bring to 100 the number of officers appointed to permanent Q-50, Sergeant status from the current Q-50, Sergeant Eligible List. An additional 15 officers, selected through a Court-approved banding process, continue to serve as Q-50, Sergeants in a Like Work Like Pay (LWLP) capacity.

Effective September 2, 1992, all Q-35, Assistant Inspectors were promoted to Q380 Inspector.

C. Q-60 LIEUTENANT EXAMINATION

During this quarter, Dr. Sheldon Zedeck, Consultants for Organizational Resource Effectiveness (CORE) Corporation revised the Q-60 examination draft components to comply with recommendations of the psychometric experts, Dr. Irwin Goldstein, representing Department of Justice; Dr. Larry Meyers, representing Police Officers' Association. The revised draft components will be reviewed by the Subject Matter Experts next quarter.

D. Q-80 CAPTAIN EXAMINATION

No Q-80 activity to report for this quarter.

E. RECRUITMENT AND RETENTION UNIT

During the third quarter of 1992, the Recruitment and Retention Unit began counseling and tutorial services for the new 171st recruit class. Completed and now in distribution is the, "Police Officer Information Booklet" (Attachment IV). This booklet provides basic employment and training information for those interested in becoming officers.

The R&R Unit continued to provide recruitment information, making presentations to community groups and schools

and staffing an information booth at the Nihonmachi Street Fair in Japantown.

V. AUDITOR/MONITOR COMMENTS

The following items were discussed during the quarter and are brought to your attention:

- The parties' July meeting was cancelled due to conflict in schedules by counsel;

- Oral arguments were heard on July 13, 1992 by the 9th Circuit Courts of Appeals regarding the Banding Issue;

- On September 2, 1992, Acting Chief Murphy appointed the one hundred-one (101) Q-35 (Assistant Inspector) who were permanently installed into that position on March 12, 1992 to full Inspectors (Q380 Inspector);

- Certain members of the department have alleged that there is disparate treatment in appointments to specialized units, such as: narcotics, gang task force, etc. These discussions may lead to a General Order D-17 complaint;

- Budgetary crisis (issues) with the city continues to be the dominate topic occupying the time of most city department managers, and plans to institutionalize certain segments of the consent decree have been delayed;

- Continued questions regarding vacancies in Q35/50 positions have gone unanswered and it was suggested that an information bulletin Re: the status of exams and promotions be published by the chief of police;

- Suggestions made by counsel addressing concerns about the Q60 (Lieutenant) exam development have been passed by way of the city attorney's office to Dr. Sheldon Zedeck, the examination consultant. These concerns had to do with expanded ways to test for one's level of managerial potential and/or competence;

- We are pleased to announce that beginning next quarter D. Mei Lon Sam, Acting Consent Decree Coordinator/Examination Unit Supervisor is due to return to work after a prolonged sick leave;

- The future of consent decree is being discussed by a number of ad hoc groups. The Auditor/Monitor is kept abreast of these discussions;

- Field Training Officer (FTO) Program has been cut from approximately 167 to 70 positions. An overriding question raised by the plaintiffs is whether or not there will be adequate protected-class representa-

tion in the FTO Program after these reductions;

- The chief of police position is still vacant and the Auditor/Monitor's office has assisted in the selection process by providing a list to the city attorney's office of qualified minority and women candidates from major departments throughout the country. It is the understanding of the Auditor/Monitor that this list has been forwarded to the Mayor's committee appointed to select the chief of police; and,

- The Auditor/Monitor received from counsel two written responses to the Thirteen Year Report. (See Attached copies Attachment V)

VI. COMPLAINTS / INVESTIGATIONS

Two outstanding complaints are still being monitored by this office.

VII. PERSONNEL ACTIVITIES

The Auditor/Monitor's office has no personnel activity to report.



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Women's Issues Committee Party



Chief Ribera and members of the Women's Issues Committee, from left to right, Debra Anderson (Co. B), Linda Wittcop (Co. D), Jennifer Lee (Co. D), Kathy Linden (Narcotics), Carri Lucas (Co. D), Chief Ribera, Nicole Greely (Juvenile), Holly Pera (Juvenile), Toni Cato (Co. B), and Dolly Casazza (EEO).

by Linda Wittcop, Co-Chair

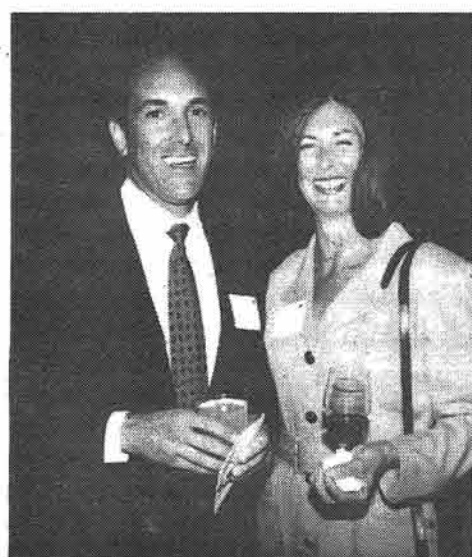
On November 12 the POA's Women's Issues Committee hosted a cocktail party for its women members at the Forest Hill Lodge. The party was attended by over 100 women, Chief Ribera and members of the Command Staff as well as members of the Board of Supervisors and the Police Commission. The POA Executive Board was represented by Al Trigueiro and Phil Dito and many of the station representatives were there also.

The event was a success due to the time and efforts of many people. First of all, we would like to thank Al Trigueiro and the entire Board for their unanimous support of our idea to host this party. The party was staffed with bartenders and waiters from our Department who volunteered their time. Our thanks to Dave Faingold, John Murphy, John Greenwood, Joe McKenna, Liam Frost, Mark Solomon,

Ronan Shouldice, John Ehrlich, and Dan & Greely. We also want to thank Bob Fitzer for taking photographs and providing an exhibit from the Police Museum. A special commendation for Committee member Kathy Linden for organizing the bar. The catering was provided by Anita Jimenez of the Sky's The Limit Catering - the food was plentiful and delicious.

We would like to note that special guests Pat Barsetti, President of the Police Officers' Wives Association and Shari Edwards from the Women Peace Officers' Association were also able to be with us. Peter Walsh from Mission Station was instrumental in providing an impromptu post. Party celebration at Johnny Love's in the Northern.

All in all the party was a successful event and provided an opportunity to meet new friends and renew old friendships.



POA President Al Trigueiro and Commissioner Nelson.



Commander Holder and Nancy Brewer (Co. C).



Ann Corriera (Co. F), Commissioner Rodriguez, Mary Donnigan (Co. H), and Maria Oropeza (Narcotics).



Deputy Chief Lau, Nancy Brewer (Co. C), and Jill Connolly (Co. G).



Pat Correa (TTF) and Lt. Al Casciato (Co. E).



Ronan Shouldice (Co. D), Mark Solomon (Co. F), Joe McKenna (Narcotics), John Murphy (Narcotics), John Greenwood (Narcotics), and Dave Faingold (Narcotics).

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POST

(Continued From Page 2)

and eventually formed a part of the nation's armed forces. Covering the past two centuries, the volume highlights the evolving role of women in the military: as wives and mothers of soldiers, as suppliers of military goods and services and as participants in and victims of war. A comprehensive name and subject index and four appendices are included. The 368 page hardcover volume is available for \$25.00 (plus \$3.00 shipping and handling) from the National Archives Trust Fund, P.O. Box 100793, Atlanta, GA 30384.

American women have been directly involved in military activities since the birth of the nation, but the history of that involvement has remained largely unrecognized. A woman that made it into the popular history books was Revolutionary War heroine Mary Ludwig Hays McCauley. She earned her legendary fame and nickname, "Molly Pitcher," at the Battle of Monmouth, where she carried water to thirsty soldiers and took her artilleryman

husband's place at the cannon when he collapsed from exhaustion.

One of her contemporaries, Deborah Sampson (1760-1827), is less renowned. At the age of 22, Sampson enlisted under the name of Robert Shurtleff in the 4th Massachusetts Regiment of the Continental Army. She saw action several times and was wounded more than once. After revealing her true identity, she received an honorable discharge in 1783. In 1838, Congress passed an act providing full military pension to her heirs.

Police Post #456 meets at 2000 hours on the second Tuesday of each month. Please try to attend a meeting. We meet at the POA Building, 510 Seventh Street.

QUESTION: What would you do if you found yourself in a room with Hitler, Stalin, and a lawyer, and you had a gun with only two bullets?

ANSWER: Shoot the lawyer twice.

I will take this opportunity to wish everyone happy holidays. I fervently hope that each of you will experience the happiness that I have this last year!

LETTERS

Thanks

SFPOA
510 Seventh St.
San Francisco, CA 94103

Dear Mr. Trigueiro:

Your kind expression of sympathy is deeply appreciated and gratefully acknowledged. Thank you for your thoughts and prayers and your offers of help.

Sincerely
Mrs. Evelyn Porter & Family

SFPOA
510 Seventh St.
San Francisco, CA 94103

Dear Members:

Thank you for the donation to the Apostleship of the Sea in memory of Tom Fourre. The Apostleship meant a great deal to him and to us; he loved his work and his family and was a fortunate man. Thank you again.

The Fourre Family

Justice?

Tom Flippin, Editor
SFPOA Notebook
510 Seventh Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

Dear Editor:

Most mornings, a number of us old has-beens get together for an hour or so at the local doughnut shop here in Larkspur to swap tall tales and to solve the world's problems. For want of something better — and without opposition — I dreamed up the title: LIARS' CLUB. Even if not the most deserved appellation, perhaps it serves to keep us from taking ourselves too seriously.

Among the faithful, in as good — or bad — standing as anybody, is one Joe Stone, out to pasture from the SFPD. Every so often, Joe brings along a copy of your NOTEBOOK to share with us some of the more outrageous of the outrages routinely visited upon SF's FINEST (and possibly to watch my blood rise to the boiling point as I digest accounts of the depredations your resident scumbags commonly perpetrate and get away with — and which are not considered sufficiently newsworthy to be deserving of attention by your marvelous city press.)

Well, tell me about it. My family and I have been victims of a travesty of justice so outrageous as to make run-of-the-mill outrages pale into insignificance! How many S.F. cops, or anyone else, for that matter — have ever heard of a case where identified and confessed killers have had all proceedings against them

short-circuited, without their ever coming to trial **twice**, by the same "judge"! — thus enabling them to actually get away with murder?

Last summer, at the height of the fire/arson "season" I synopsisized this terrible tragedy in the accompanying letter to The Chronicle, which they declined to print — and evidently threw into the trash. (Had the topic been overcrowded jails, opposition to the death penalty or whining about "police brutality," doubtless it would have been featured in eight-point type!)

Perhaps you may care to put into the Notebook that which The Chronicle found unworthy of notice. If nothing else, it may serve to disabuse any who still believe crime doesn't pay, of that notion. If pickings are lean in S.F., let them gravitate to Mendocino County and hit the jackpot!

All best regards,
John Lippitt
Business Faculty, Ret'd.
City College of San Francisco

Note: Cops — and firemen — welcome at our LIARS' CLUB in Larkspur at around 9:30 to 11, Mondays at the Legion Hall, Tuesdays-Fridays, "Doughnut Alley," just off the main drag in the middle of town. (Joe Stone might even fall for a cup of coffee.)

Letters Editor
SF CHRONICLE
5th & Mission Sts.
San Francisco, CA 94102

Sir:

At this tinder-dry fire-critical time of the year, there have been repeated admonitions to the public to be on the lookout for arsonists. My personal reaction to this, stemming from bitter experience, could be summed up in two words: Why bother?

My son, a U.S. Naval Aviator flying an airtanker for the California Department of Forestry, died fighting a fire deliberately set by two criminals, each with a history of lawless behavior. Notwithstanding that Section 189 of the California Penal Code identifies arson resulting in death as murder of the first degree, the "law" sat back and allowed my son's murderers to walk away from it all — with not even as much of a penalty as is imposed for overtime parking!

There was no doubt whatsoever as to the guilt of these worthies; not only had they been seen at the scene, they made detailed confessions of their vile deed. But none of this mattered to the judge before whom this case came — in a backwater court in the Mendocino County boondocks. Incredibly, he somehow dredged-up a supposed flaw in the reading of their rights and thereupon dismissed everything! Later, when charges were refiled, who should surface at the county seat in Ukiah, some 30 miles from his home turf, but the selfsame

"judge." This time around, he managed to spring these murderers once again by advancing the allegation that they had been denied a speedy trial. Actually, there never was a trial at all! This vaunted judge succeeded in short-circuiting the whole process! The two arsonists must be laughing up their sleeves to this day.

And, later, when there was a civil trial, the culprits' lawyer scoffed at what had happened in these words: "So they started a little fire. It didn't amount to much." How could it be that a crime that cost my son his life and left millions in property losses "didn't amount to much"?

So, perhaps, if you should discover an arsonist and just look the other way, you might wind-up presiding over your very own courtroom in Mendocino County.

Yours Sincerely,
John P. Lippitt

Thanks

Al Trigueiro, President
SFPOA
510 Seventh Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

Dear Mr. Trigueiro:

Thank you very much for the \$1,000 donation to the Kauai Police Relief Association. This donation will be allocated to each member of the Department to aid them in their recovery effort from the devastation caused by Hurricane Iniki. This thoughtful display of caring and concern will go a long way in boosting the morale of our members, especially knowing that it came from their fellow officers of the San Francisco PD in California — from a far away place, and yet possessed with a close feeling of comradery to take up and send this generous donation.

Each employee and family members, like all residents of Kauai are working hard at returning their lives to normalcy, but we believe this will take a long time. We sincerely appreciate all of the concern and help, as Kauai has never experienced a disaster of this large scale. Although water, electricity and telephone service have been restored to the entire island, thanks to the many who helped from off-island, the majority of residents have yet to settle with their insurance companies and general contractors to start rebuilding their

homes. The shortage of building materials also hinders a quick recovery effort, but we will continue to do our best at repairing these damages caused by the hurricane and look optimistically to a brighter future.

Thank you very much for your generous donation and for keeping us in your thoughts and prayers.

Sincerely,
CALVIN C. FUJITA
Chief of Police

SFPOA
510 Seventh St.
San Francisco, CA 94103

Dear Friends:

I know that neither Tommy or I got the chance to thank all of you for your kindness and generosity. Needless to say that this has been an extremely trying time for Tommy, Jerry, and I. To think that so many people cared enough to come to our event and to be so generous made it a truly special evening.

I would especially like to thank Jim Drago and Mark Hurley for putting the event together. Almost 300 people came through the door for our benefit. I promise you that we will never forget. I would also like to thank the Brass who showed up, as I know that showing up at any event that I am involved in can be detrimental to one's career.

I promise that I will continue to serve the membership with no personal agenda, and that we will continue to work everyday to make the lives of our members a little bit better.

Gary Delagnes
Tom Yuen

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

Dear Mr. Trigueiro,

On behalf of the Four Seasons Clift, I would like to thank you for your generous donation to the Terry Fox Run which was held on Saturday, November 21, 1992 at the Golden Gate Park. As you know, the proceeds will be donated to Stanford Children Hospital for cancer research.

The Run was a success with cooperative weather, enthusiastic runners and fun prizes.

We appreciate your support and gain, many thanks.

Sincerely,
George Cordon



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POLICE ACTIVITIES LEAGUE



When a pal needs a PAL

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PAL LAW ENFORCEMENT CADETS

by Officer Ray Musante

The PAL Law Enforcement Cadet Program is underway with forty-five cadets who are experiencing and learning new things. They are learning that drills are not easy and police codes are more a language than just numbers. Inspector Cal Nutting, Robbery Investigation, gave a presentation on how cases start, are developed, and end. Communication coordinator Ben Tuvera and assistant Mary Decker took the cadets through a police dispatcher's shift and gave them an overview of regular incoming calls, 911 calls and dispatching calls.

The Cadets participated in a Halloween detail at Mission Station which allowed them to see the department in action. They saw how planning, supervision and execution of assignments produce a successful police mission.

Campus-Chief of Police Nat Johnson of the University of San Francisco provided the cadets with a tour of the campus while reviewing the scope of duties and requirements of a campus police officer. The ride-a-long activity on campus was enjoyed by all.

Officer Earl Crothers of the US Park Police reviewed patrol duties of the US Park police and the coordination of efforts between Park Police and SFPD.

Parole agent Larry Eberlee of the northern patrol district in Daly City gave the Cadets an insight into the duties of a parole agent. He covered the California Department of Corrections operation of state persons, community correctional facilities and supervision of parolees.

PAL CHEERLEADERS

by Sophia Isom

On Saturday, October 24, 1992, eighty of the SF PAL Cheerleaders participated in the Pop Warner Redwood Empire Junior Football Conference Cheerleading Competition at Santa Rosa Junior College.

The SF PAL Cheerleaders competed against 14 other organizations in the football conference. Each of these organizations had four or five squads within their units. This event began at 3:00 PM and ended at 10:00 PM. The SF participants left San Francisco at 11:30 AM and returned at approximately 12 midnight. This event turned into an extremely long outing for the participants, coaches, and spectators.

The only squad that was not judged during this competition was the mascots. They performed a dance routine and two cheers. They each received a trophy immediately after their heart warming performance.

The competition was judged by cheerleading professionals affiliated with two well-known cheerleading camps, the United Spirit Association and the National Cheerleading Association. These judges also judge cheerleading competitions and try-outs for high school, college, The National Basketball Association and the National Football League. The awards categories are determined by a point system. 90 to 100 is a superior rating which is equivalent to first place, 80 to 90 is an excellent rating which is equivalent to second place, and 50 to 70 is an outstanding rating which is equivalent to third place. The level of judging was extremely critical for this event. Approximately three

superior ratings were given during the entire competition. Furthermore, several squads fell below the minimal award rating.

The Jr. Pee Wees and Pee Wee cheerleaders performed a dance routine and cross over cheer which is combined with music, cheers, and stunts. Both these squads received ribbons in the outstanding category.

The Jr. Midgets and Midgets cheerleaders performed late into the evening. Both squads on this level gave great performances and received excellent ratings.

Unfortunately, none of SF PAL squads won this year and did not advance to the 1992 Regional Competition. Although they did not win this year, it still was a pleasant experience for the participants. Some dedicated parents also made the day nicer because they organized a potluck dinner for all the participants and coaches.

There are five different squads within this program:

MASCOTS: Ages 5 to 7

Coached by: Sonya Ivory Hardy, Carol

Oliver, and Paulette Washington

JR. PEE WEES: Ages 8 to 9

Coached by: Sonya Ivory Hardy, Carol Oliver, and Paulette Washington

PEE WEES: Ages 9 to 10

Coached by: Lynn Col 1 ins, Ava Garrick, and Tenille Singleton

JR. MIDGETS: Ages 11 to 12

Coached by: Marlene Carr, Marilyn Jackson, Nikki Smith, and Tonia Woodson

MIDGETS: Ages 13 to 14

Coached by: Katherine Branch and Sophia Isom

Sign-ups for the oncoming season will occur between March and June of 1993.

FROM ALL OF US AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE ACTIVITIES LEAGUE, HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO ALL WHO HAVE GIVEN US SUPPORT BY THOUGHT, BY WORD, OR DEED.

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PATRICIA FREY,
Manager, CHP Recreation Fund

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UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
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by Rene LaPrevotte

If you read any of the dozen or so motorcycle magazines that are on the newsstands, you've seen the full page color advertisements for various motorcycle tours of the Alps. The ads and brochures all show high serpentine alpine roads with storybook backdrops and mesmerized motorcyclists traversing one high mountain pass after another.

I had been interested in doing the Alps for several years. I'd sent away for all the literature and talked with several people who have made the trip themselves, including Kent Dalwimple of the solos who had made the trip not once, but THREE times. I knew I'd be making the trip too, but maybe next year when the finances are a bit better. My "significant other", Kathie and I have assured ourselves that "someday" we will be one with the splendor of the Alps, but the cost of the trip places it somewhat more pricey than a weekend in Matzatlan and just slightly less than a commercial trip on the space shuttle. Actually, the top-of-the-line, everything included package is about \$3,900 for the rider and \$3,300 for the passenger; plus airfare to the East coast. Another factor

in our procrastination was the poor condition of the US dollar against the European currencies which made travel on the continent even more costly. So we continued to say "someday", until Kathie's best friend, an avid motorcyclist herself, was diagnosed at age 26 with breast cancer and was gone by the beginning of this year. The realization of our mortality ... that there are no promises for tomorrow... was all it took to push us to send off our deposits. You only live once, besides, the police credit union gave me this neat blue credit card. Why not?

The two major motorcycle tour companies are Desmond Alpine Adventure Tours and the Eidelweiss Alpine Tour. We decided to go with the Desmond trip because Kathie likes the color of Desmond's brochures better than those from Eidelweiss. Nobody said we were going to be scientific about this. At any rate, after a few false starts, like signing up to do the Western Alps and finding ourselves on the Eastern Tour, we departed SFO on July 10th for Zurich, Switzerland. Flying from the West Coast to New York, spending a few hours in the insanity of JFK airport, then on a Swissair 747 for the transatlantic flight put us in



Rene & Kathie at Bavaria's idea of "low-cost housing."

Zurich about a week after we left San Francisco. Believe me when I tell you that "jet lag" is real, and it causes you to drool down the front of your shirt as you fight nature's call for immediate sleep. Once at the airport in Zurich, you begin looking for other travelers carrying motorcycle helmets, and, as they begin arriving from all over the world, you begin sizing the others up for what you perceive their riding style to be. Kathie and I come from the segment called "Sport tourists" which means if you return after the ride without the footpegs bevelled off the bike, and actually saw something other than the apex of the road, you were going to sedately. At the other end of the spectrum are the Harley riders and Gold Wingers, who chug along at speeds so relaxed that the bugs bounce off their windshields, rather than exploding upon impact. Once we have all assembled, Mr. Desmond's girl Friday, Tia, arrives and tells us to go to the money exchange and trade our now useless American script for German Marks, Austrian Marks, Swiss Francs and Italian Lira. Each currency is placed in a zip-loc bag by country, as we learn that we will travel two or even three countries in a single day. The approved system is to shove four zip-loc bags full of monopoly money down your shirt, then, when you want to make an expenditure in your host nation, you pull out the appropriate bag of money and hold it open like a kid in a candy store as you mutter: "Is this enough" (Usually it wasn't). So now we have bags of funny looking currency and board a train for a 45 minute ride to the Hotel Panorama in a quaint little village with a

name about two feet long with more vowels than you could imagine in one word. Our hotel overlooks Lake Zurich and lives up to Desmond's reputation for four star accommodations. We have a two hour riders' meeting, which essentially tells us to forget everything we know about riding and adopt the European style: blink your headlight, use your left turn signal, and treat cars on the road as debris that must be overtaken before the real fun can begin. We also learn Desmond's unique way of reading maps (which are plentiful and excellent) and finding our next day's destination with a minimum of lost souls! Then are introduced to the motorcycles that will be home for the next sixteen days, fill out the usual insurance info and releases of liability before being handed over the keys for a brief one hour tour of the area to familiarize ourselves with European road signs and traffic. Motorcyclists in Europe are highly regarded, and you are expected to lane split. If you are in a line of cars at a traffic signal, you are expected to pass the stalled procession and take your rightful spot at the head of the line. In short, motorcyclists in the Alps are expected to operate their machines in a manner that would infuriate the buffoons who clutter the freeways in the U.S. and might get you shot in Southern California. The European mindset is what it is, because most every motorist in Europe was first taught to drive on a moped and then graduated to a low power motorcycle. They appreciate bikers and treat us like "Kings of the Road". After our shake-down tour of Zurich, we have the first of many sumptuous

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The author drinks in some of the local character at a 600-year-old brewery-monastery.

dinners to come, and most of the forty riders and passengers retire for the evening. I retire to the hotel lounge and after paying five bucks for a twelve ounce beer, begin to fear that the two thousand dollars I brought for gas and beer wasn't enough.

We wake up the next morning, as excited as kids on Christmas day, and find a rain storm that would have sent Noah looking for his toolbox. We were warned of the unpredictability of the alpine weather, so the riders and passengers don all forms of protective rain attire and hit the road. Ahead of us are about 240 passes that traverse the alps, with exotic names such as St. Gathard, Brenner, Bernina, St. Bernard and Grossglockner. During our adventure we visited a foot-bridge used by the Romans that was a century old when Christ was born, a pass where Napoleon slaughtered seven thousand Russians in a single engagement and 1,000 year old monasteries. We listened to Mozart being played in a Salzberg castle and swam in Lake Guarda. We rode cable cars to the tops of glaciers and toured the interior of one glacier that was cut-out with a hallway into an interior room deep within the 20,000 year old mountain of sky-blue ice.

As expected, the roads were twisty and serpentine. The Stelvo pass has 48 switchbacks as you ascend the mountain, then at least that many on the descent. Our journey took us through Switzerland, where you could literally eat off the sidewalks; with a crime rate hovering around zero percent. (every family is required to possess an automatic weapon and 100 rounds of ammo for national security). I was amazed to see hundreds of bicycles in front of local stores, without a single bikelock in the bunch. Our tour guides told us we could leave leather jackets and helmets on the unattended bikes without fear of theft (must have something to do with all those automatic weapons). We toured the castles of Germany and the salt mines outside Salzberg, Austria. The salt mine tour was a kick in the pants, as they dress you in the garb worn by the salt miners for the past 600 years and take

you into the mountain on a little train with a seat like a two passenger jet ski (It goes about the same speed too). Once inside the mine, you actually slide from one level to the next lower by a wooden slide that has been in use for centuries.

By the time we made Italy, the weather warmed and rains disappeared. In Italy we were admonished to forget all the trust we learned in Switzerland and lock everything that we wanted to bring back to the USA with us. Besides the oppressive humidity in Italy, it cost me the equivalent of \$35 US dollars to fill my bike with gas. That didn't bother me as much as the thought that it was seven less beers I would be able to buy. The towns we stayed in during the tour were mostly ski resorts that were in their off-season. We stayed in a ski lodge in Obergurgl that had a ski lift just outside our window. In St Moritz we stayed at the Hotel Swizerhof, which was the most beautiful place we've ever seen, with prices to match. In addition to the aforementioned \$5.00 beers, I wanted to buy a baseball cap to cover my "helmet head" during lunch stops and when told a simple cap with St. Moritz embroidered on it was \$52.00. I decided that oily hair wasn't all that bad after all. We also spent a night in the principality of Lichenstein, which is about the size of Colma, but appreciably more picturesque.

Even with the most stunning scenery on this planet beyond every turn in the road, the thing that made the trip so memorable were the people. We met ex policemen, fighter pilots, engineers, businessmen and a doctor from places as diverse as Alaska, Chicago, Connecticut, Indonesia and Malaysia. The one thing these people had in common was the love of motorcycles and a good time.

Everyone helped one another, and fast and lasting friendships were born. I had a millionaire bleed the front brakes on the BMW K1 that I was riding and was invited to his home state of Connecticut with Kathie to ride one of his Gold Wings and watch the colors turn in Vermont.

As expected, there was a broad



This scenic bridge was three centuries old when our declaration of independence was signed.

crossection of riding abilities, and, yes, there were spills. One sport rider from Texas flew home the third day after riding his Honda CBR 900 through a guard rail after a jet lag induced nod-off. His ankle was damaged, as was the Honda, so he flew home but vowed to return. In all there were thirteen crashes, two with broken bones. When you consider that the roads were unfamiliar, many were riding at speeds they'd never attempted before, plus everyone was on an unfamiliar motorcycle, the lack of serious injury was rather fortunate indeed (There has been one fatality in the fourteen years Desmond has run these trips).

This tour was all the more special, as it was sponsored by RIDER magazine, and was written-up in their November 1992 issue. If you have a copy, that's me in the group photo wearing the coat and tie with swimtrunks. Rider magazine gave fannypacks and tour pins to every rider

and kept the tour leaders on their toes.

Sixteen days and three thousand kilometers went under our wheels far too quickly, and, before we knew it, it was our last night and the awards banquet. Everyone was given a memento of the trip that was felt to have some bearing on the recipient's riding style or personality. I was given a book on the sights of the alps, as Desmond said that I couldn't have seen a thing at the speeds we were traveling. We all hugged, said farewell to our new friends and left the most fantastic motorcycling odyssey imaginable. It's been three months since we returned home, and we still have "Alpine homesickness".

Was it worth the eleven thousand dollars we spent in total? It depends on your outlook. Was it something I do again? SIGN ME UP FOR 1994. Don't wait until you lose a friend to decide that life's too short.

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SPORTS



Golf Club News

by Jerry Cassidy

It seems hard to believe, as 1992 comes to an end, but the San Francisco Police Golf Club is completing its nineteenth year. During that nineteen years we have played over sixteen thousand rounds of golf, in over two hundred and fifty events, on approximately forty different golf courses.

At present we have one hundred and sixty members, but have had as high as two hundred and five members in one year. Counting everyone who has ever belonged, we have had approximately three hundred and sixty members.

The club is open to all active and retired 'sworn' members of the San Francisco Police Department regardless of ability. The only requirement is the knowledge and practice of golf course etiquette.

'We play monthly tournaments on Bay

Area golf courses with prizes given on a handicap basis. We also have a yearly Nevada trip (usually Reno) including wives, plus a go away trip for just the guys (members and golfing guests).

This year (1992) our go away trip was to Phoenix, Arizona and it was such a hit that another trip to Phoenix is being planned for 1993. This trip will be open to all members of the S.F.P.D., but, for purposes of competition, it would be easier if the person had a club handicap.

The yearly dues are \$10. (Jan-Dec). Anyone interested, send either Captain Larry Minasian at Headquarters Company or me, Jerry Cassidy, 237 San Marin Dr, Novato, Ca. 94945 (897-0226) a check (\$10.) made out to "S.F. Police Golf Club", and you will receive a 1993 schedule and a copy of the next bulletin. Please include your home address and phone number as well as your unit assignment.

The 6th Annual Campbell's Soups First Run

WHAT: Those who want to hit the ground running (or walking) in the New Year should mark their calendars for the 6th Annual CAMPBELL'S SOUPS FIRST RUN, a 2-mile New Year's Eve Midnight Run/Walk presented by Parisian Sourdough. It is San Francisco's only nighttime running event, and the race annually draws over 4,000 runners, walkers, and wheelers to the start line. Some highlights include a pre-race aerobics warm-up, a 10-second countdown to the start of the race (and the New Year) followed by a live rendition of Auld Lang Syne and a fireworks show as runners depart the start line at the stroke of midnight. Hundreds of bright Coleman lanterns illuminate the picturesque course which takes runners/walkers through the Presidio and Crissy Field. The revelry continues at the post-race First Party, a non-alcohol party featuring live music, dancing into the wee hours, an awards presentation, and fabulous door prizes. The perks don't end there. Guilt-free stomach stretching continues into the night with complimentary refreshments and snacks including hot Campbell's Soup, Parisian Sourdough Bread, MJB Coffee and Tea, Carnation Hot Chocolate, Mothers Cookies, Clearly Canadian, Orangina, Aqua Vie, Perrier, and O'Doul's Non-Alcoholic Beer served to registered runners. Registered runners also take home a colorful 100% long-sleeve cotton t-shirt, no doubt a proud addition to anyone's collection.

WHEN: The race starts at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. On-site

registration begins at 9 p.m.

WHERE: Registration, start/finish and post-race First Party will take place in front of the Presidio Commissary next to Crissy Field.

WHY: To serve as a successful fundraiser for San Francisco Big Brothers/Big Sisters, an organization that reaches out to boys and girls from single-parent families who may be lonely, unhappy or troubled. Big Brothers/Big Sisters provided one-to-one companionship and encouragement by matching these youths with an adult volunteer friend. Also to offer a healthy and safe alternative New Year's Eve celebration. To promote fitness as an important lifestyle component. What better time to renew the commitment to a healthy and fit lifestyle than New Year's Eve.

DIVISIONS: Men — Open 18-39, (Master 40+)

Women — Open 18-39, (Master 40+)

Wheelchair — Open

PRIZES: The first overall male and female will each be awarded a trip for two, including airfare and lodging for 5 days/5 nights in Sydney, Australia, and for 5 days/5 nights in the Great Barrier Reef, sponsored by Continental Airlines and Australia Air. Additional prizes such as tickets to cultural events and dinners at fine San Francisco restaurants will be awarded.

ENTRY FEE: Pre-registration - \$20. Race-day registration - \$25.

RACE HOTLINE: 415-387-2178



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I would like to wish you and your families a Merry Christmas and a safe and prosperous New Year. Thank you for your business and referrals during 1992. I look forward to helping you with all your real estate needs in the coming year.

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"The Copper's Kids"

by Clayton Matthews

Do you ever think of the kids you see?
Or remember when you were one?
Or maybe you have two or three —
(and sometimes wish — you had none).

Anyway, — you know how kids are?
How they talk about their folks —
The things they do — Their brand new car
Their hobbies — and their jokes?

They tell of the jobs their fathers had —
Some brag — others do not.
Some point, and say, "See, that's my Dad."
They're all the same — teenage-to-tot.

But what about a Policeman's Son?
Or his daughter — Or one of each?
Is it rough — Or is it fun?
And are they so hard to teach?

Well, let's look at them from a different view
through their own eyes and heart.
The things they see are quite a few;
so right from scratch, we'll start.

Between the years — of one to four—
there is not too much they know.
They see you come in and out the door;
but they know not where you go.

Now comes the years from five to ten;
that's where you're right on top.
So look forward to — or remember when
they often yell — "My Daddy's a Cop."

But now the trouble starts to brew;
especially with your son.
For through the many years he grew,
his eyes were on your gun.

Now some Policemen will try to teach,
that the gun is not a toy.
Others will keep it — 'high, out of reach!';
but remember — he's still a boy.

They tell the other kids at school;
that their Dad is on the force.
Most of them are proud — as a rule;
but a few are not — of course.

They all hear those wise cracks pop;
you know the ones I mean —
"Does your father work?" — "No, he's a Cop."
They're as old as Ace — King — Queen.

Well, now they're in their 'teen age;
and things are getting worse.
They feel as if they're in a Cage;
that we're acting like a nurse.

The boys wants to be like 'one of the gang';
and its pretty hard to do.
He either holds back — for afraid he'll hang;
Or else he takes advantage of you.

Now the girl's problem is different yet.
She wants to stay out very late;
But how many boys that she has met,
Will go with a Cop's daughter on a date?

The 'Coppers' kids got it pretty rough;
for the examples they have to make.
Just being your children is not enough;
So they try to be more — for your sake.

When headlines blare of graft and vice;
or of a policeman who went bad.
Your kids don't run and hide like mice;
but they stick up for their Dad.

Well, now they're married and now they're gone;
and today is another day.
Who knows what the future is — here on?
your kid may be a Cop too — someday.

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ON THE STREET/Tom Flippin



Funny ... But True

by Tom Flippin, Editor



SHORT AND SILLY: Singapore is noted for passing laws regulating all kinds of conduct...but a toilet patrol? 17 people have been nabbed for failing to flush after using public toilets, in violation of a new law. Offenders can be fined \$500.

Some 30 of SFPD's downtown officers were routed from their 5th floor offices when inmates on the floor above flooded them out by flushing clothing and other material down a toilet.

In Sacramento, a drunk driver crashed his car into an office building, setting it on fire. Undaunted, he went next door to a restaurant and had a piece of pie. Police arrested him as he waited for a cab at the restaurant, watching the building he ran into burn.



Oregon officials are trying to find out how Jeff Wagner got a fake FBI ID card and a fake pistol carved from wood. He used the ID to walk out of a maximum security prison recently...luckily, he then tried to use the fake gun to hold up a store and was caught.

Andrew Martinez, Berkeley's "Naked Guy", went to court a few weeks ago to appear on charges of indecent exposure. The charges had been dropped, but Martinez, who appeared in court naked, was arrested by court officers...for indecent exposure.

San Bernadino County sheriff's deputies have been issued new handbooks on personal etiquette. The handbooks include, among other things, how to shake hands...and how to eat a banana.

In Rhode Island, six people stopped to help a woman who had a heart attack. One of them was later arrested for stealing \$10 from the woman's purse as she lay dying on the sidewalk.

DUELING BANJOS: Edward Benson, a 63-year-old man from West Milton, Ohio was arrested for the murder of his wife recently. It seems he beat her to death with a pair of banjos.

Miami County Chief Deputy Charles Price said, "I've been an officer for 30 years, and that's the first banjo killing I've seen."

Benson was being held on a charge of aggravated murder...



STUPID-CROOK-OF-THE-MONTH: Marty Dito, Co. F, sends along the saga of a guy who definitely qualifies as stupidest crook for this month.

It seems that Officers Hal Butler and Rachel Karp arrested this guy on Haight St. for possession of LSD and cocaine. When they got him to the station he gave them Michael Keenan as his name...it came back clear...riiight. Marty decided to go ahead and book him under that name, although it was obviously false, and let downtown get his prints and find out who he really was.

Not necessary...when our rocket scientist signed the booking card, he signed it "Gordon Moon"...who just happened to have a \$10,000 warrant. When Marty and the other officers called him by his real name, he said, "I have the right to remain silent." As Park Station enjoyed a rousing round of laughter, "Moon" man could be heard muttering to himself, "Major f**k-up!"

DAFFY DUI: What began as a funny/silly DUI citation may end up in front of Kentucky's Supreme Court.

James Jagger is confined to a wheelchair because of a gunshot wound he received 20 years ago. In March, Jagger, while driving his battery-powered wheelchair home, stopped for a few brews. Later, as he drove home, he encountered an obstruction on the sidewalk and drove into the street...where a waiting police officer stopped and cited him. Because of Jagger's condition, he was unable to deliver enough breath into a breath-tester to generate an alcohol-level reading.

Jagger's lawyer says Kentucky's DUI law is too vague about what constitutes a vehicle...the prosecutor says he may drop the whole case, since there's no breath-test...the judge wants to hear from the Legislature about their intent when writing the new law...and an assistant state attorney general says Jagger can be prosecuted under other laws: such as the one that prohibits a drunken person from driving a horse-drawn buggy or riding a bicycle.

TIER II

(Continued From Page 1)

would withhold his retirement allowance. You see, there is an earnings limitation attached to Tier II—there is no such thing attached to Tier I or PERS.

In the same situation, Tier I would have afforded Michael a disability pension of up to 90%; PERS would have allowed 75%.

Tier II's service pension is also found wanting. At age 50, an officer can retire at 50% if he or she has at least 25 years of service. But since it is 50% of final compensation (which is defined in Tier II as the average of the last three years salary), the benefit is really approximately 45%. If the officer chooses to wait to retire until he or she has earned the maximum retirement rate of 70%, the same definition applies. So the maximum Tier II service retirement is really 65%, not 70% as the plan implies. This is a full 10% less than Tier I's maximum retirement rate of 75%. Also, since there is only a 2% of original benefit annual adjustment to the Tier II retirement as compared to a much fairer annual adjustment to Tier I, a Tier II retiree will be unable to keep up with the cost of living and will quickly fall behind financially.

Tier II's survivor benefits are atrocious. If an officer retires on a Tier II service retirement and then dies, his surviving family would then receive half of his retirement benefit. Such a family could find itself trying to live on 22 1/2% of that officer's original salary!

For example, if an officer was earning \$4,000 a month at age 50 and chose to retire, his service pension would be approximately \$1800 a month. If he then died, his surviving spouse and family would receive half of that or \$900 a month (\$10,800 a year). Good grief, the U.S. Dept. of Labor places the poverty level for a family of four at \$13,950! Is \$900 a month an acceptable benefit after an officer has put his life on the line, and his family has lived with that risk for at least 25 years? After paying medical insurance, the family might net about \$600 a month.

In comparison, a welfare family of four receives a monthly benefit of \$753 from Aid to Dependent Children and is entitled to \$144 a month in food stamps and health coverage through Medi-Cal. So a surviving family of a retired Tier II officer could net almost 50% more income a month by going on welfare. Think of it, even welfare can beat Tier II!

There are many more inequities and absurdities in the Tier II retirement plan that I could cite, but I do not want this letter to grow tedious. Please, I would like nothing better than for you to show me where my interpretations of Tier II have gone wrong. If they are correct, I would like to know what efforts are currently underway to improve police retirement benefits and how I can help.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Marian Sullivan

PROTECTION

(Continued From Page 1)

Am I just being overly paranoid? I don't think so. Laurel and I were on vacation two years ago, and we stopped in a drug store in a tiny town in the middle of nowhere in Wyoming. As soon as I walked in, a man in the store pointed his finger at me and said "You're a cop." Fortunately for me, he was friendly; I didn't know him from Adam, but he certainly knew me.

On another trip, Laurel and I were on Maui, and as we went to a store counter to pay for a purchase, the man behind the counter looked at Laurel and said, "I know

you; you're a San Francisco cop; you use to walk a foot beat in the Castro." That had been years prior, but he remembered her as if it were yesterday.

Both incidents were unnerving for us. Although nothing bad had come out of the encounters, it certainly could have gone the other way if we had run into people who had a grudge to settle with us.

Please support this Bill by contacting your state and local representatives and urging them to support this bill. For more information, contact the Law Enforcement Alliance of America, 7700 Leesburg Pike, Suite 421, Falls Church, VA 22043, (703) 847-COPS, (800) 766-8578.

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