



Paul Azevedo

The Reactor

One Chief Too Few

Well, they gave Al Olsen two hats in the Oct. 26 Tribune cartoon to go with the two heads he will supposedly need as Public Safety Director, and almost everyone cheered.

The Tribune editorially blessed this union, as did former Mayor Pete Murray and present Mayor Jeanette Warden, and others often at opposite ends in policy decisions. The gist of the story seems to be the \$60,000 we're going to save in salary and benefits by not having a fire chief. Saving money is a laudable goal, and Al Olson certainly is competent enough to handle the job, so what is it that's bugging me?

I don't think we are gaining much except another layer of bureaucracy. We could save about as much money by naming Gary Stofan fire chief and leaving his Deputy Chief title vacant.

As it is, what we'll have is a police chief distracted by the problems and paperwork of the fire department, and a Deputy Fire Chief who will almost be chief, but not quite. In other words, all the headaches and few of the perks.

Pacifica has lost several good police people over the years as it became clear they had gone up here as far as they could go. Ray Shipley, Eureka Police Chief, and Al Tebaldi up in Washington are cases in point.

Firefighting administration doesn't seem to be the kind of training that would ever prepare a person to

handle the police department. So if Gary Stofan wants the big title, he has to go elsewhere, taking his experience and knowledge of the Pacifica area with him, area knowledge more valuable to a firefighter than comparable knowledge to a police administrator.

How many of our best firefighters will leave as it becomes clear that none of them will ever be public safety director?

11-9-83...

There's nothing like an ice cream cone, particularly an old-fashioned really good ice cream cone, to send me back 45 years or so to the Tower Ice Cream store in Santa Rosa.

The giant cone outside was matched by the giant 10 cent double dip cone inside, a childhood price comparison I likely will never see again. May Gee and I reminisced about childhood ice cream memories, like the nickel cones of our childhoods, as we sat at her Pacifica Ice Creamery the other day. The talk got around to nickel kid's matinees, and nickel candy bars.

Funny how I've forgotten every one of the movies I saw those Saturday afternoons in 1940-41, but I remember the price of the event, and the thrill of winning a nickel candy bar when they drew my ticket out of the hat. I couldn't tell you the price of hamburger then, and certainly not T-Bone steak, but the price of the movie? Yes!

Inflation plays cruel tricks, doesn't it?

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Did you read that story in last week's Tribune, how Don Warden of FOP again interfered with petition passers seeking recall signatures? I oppose the recall, but if I hear of one more such bullying, intimidating incident, I will sign the recall just to defy this self-appointed vigilante. If we don't defend democracy in comparatively petty situations, we will wake up to find we have lost it in great matters as well.