

## Derr

from page 17

Just like the two Kirk Browns, when the O'Connors formalized their business partnership, their personal relationship became more equal and turned away from the parent/child dynamic. Since that transition, Dan said, Lori has learned to respect his opinion more—a challenge, she says, for any well-meaning Italian mother. "It hasn't always been this easy," admitted Dan, but now, at least, his mom "doesn't hit you over the head" with parental advice.

## Re-dedication

from front page

80 years, they were showing serious signs of age. Especially bad were the Isinglass shields with a light behind them, illuminating a small cross.

I was asked if I knew anyone who could do the restoration. I told them that Mr. McAllister's daughter had resided here in town all her life until recently. She is now living in a nearby town and she might know something about the subject. Her name is Frances (McAllister) Sullivan and she remembers her father making the lamps when she was a small child. Frances, who is now 85 years of age is still very active and is skilled in stain-glass design and construction.

Perhaps the lesson in Dan O'Connor's and Kirk Brown, Jr.'s homeward gazes lies in what they see whenever they look back. "He's the best thing that's ever happened to my real estate career," Lori said of her son.

After working solo for so many years, Kirk Brown, the father, says he welcomed the change of atmosphere. "It's nice having a bright guy in the office," he said. "I know I'm sounding really cornball, but I really like my son." •

She remembers her father teaching her many things about mechanical and electrical. When told of the need for restoration, she asked for job. Her offer was accepted.

She remade the shields with the cross in the middle with leaded stain-glass. Last month they were completed and the results are now in place on each side of the Alter. On Sunday, September 20, the church celebrated its 95<sup>th</sup> anniversary and Frances was asked to assist in the re-dedication of the lamps at that event.

The pastor told Frances that she knew her father would be pleased with his daughter's work. •

## Frankly

from page 6

a self-imposed thing.

That's kinda how I feel some Monday mornings. I am pleased as punch to have filed my columns, but then the clock starts again, ticking off the minutes towards the next deadline. Tick-tock-tick-tock...As I await an athlete or a column regular to do something that I can make fun of in next week's paper.

Just thought that I would share that with you. My pleasure.

Referenced my friend Steve W., a couple of weeks ago, figuring that he wouldn't see the shot I took at him because he said the paper is not delivered to him. Like he couldn't go to the newspaper rack and pick one up, right? But I ran into SW while I was researching, and actually handed him a copy of the paper. Steve and his golfing buddies have started crashing my research spot, creating a bit of very noisy havoc, presumably lying about their golf scores, carrying on like they just birdied the 18<sup>th</sup> hole at Augusta National. When all they probably did was give themselves a four-foot putt for a bogey on the ninth hole at the beautiful nine-hole course down the road.

I still didn't think he would peruse the column, but lo and behold, he *did* read the column, and laughed at his inclusion. Which I appreciate. Don't want to torque anyone off. His lady friend also read the jab, and wondered why I mentioned that I "dunder-headedly" included the dude in my wedding oh so many years ago. Someday I may tell her, *if* I ever get to meet her. SW also rambled on about a couple of issues that took place, oh, eons ago, one involving being cut from

the frosh/soph baseball team at Mira Costa. Give it a rest, my friend. It happened about 35 years ago and you probably deserved to be cut. If I remember correctly, you then took up pole vaulting and were cut from the track team, too?

Soldiering on, Soulja Boy. See how hip I am? Are the kids still listening to that tune. Yo?

Came across an amusing story, in a potty humor sort of way, while I was scanning the www. the other day. Seems that ex-USC QB Sean Salisbury, who had made a second career in the media after hanging around in the NFL for a decent number of years, was canned from his current gig talking on el radio in Dallas.

Or, according to the ex-QB, it was an amicable parting of the ways. Heck, I gotta pay a little better attention to the talent on ESPN other than Erin Andrews and Suzy Kolber, because I thought that Salisbury was still working for the sports giant—that maybe he had been on an extended vacation.

Turns out that ESPN had let the talking head go a long time ago, and one of the reasons may have been that the ex-SCer allegedly flashed some very private, below-the-waist cell phone pictures of himself to somewhat bemused (bored?) folks at an after-hours ESPN gathering.

Salisbury denies the scurrilous allegations and is threatening to write a tell-all book about his years working for the folks in Bristol, Connecticut. Wonder if he will include any of his alleged private photos, or photos of his privates? Thanks for tuning in... •

## Warner

from page 6

Another *Cialis* commercial just interrupted my column writing. Dang. Okay, back to reality. Turns out the *Great One* hasn't been that great of a hockey coach. Wayne Gretzky quit last week, turning over the pathetic Phoenix Coyotes to the very lucky Dave Tippett. Tippett is an ex-LA King assistant, who spent the last few years as the head guy in Dallas with the Stars. Before he was canned. Tough times out there, man.

Apparently, two guys were fighting to take control of the bankrupt Yotes. And neither one of them wanted to keep good old 99 around. Said Gretzky: "Since both remaining bidders have made it clear that I don't fit into their plans, I approached general manager Don Maloney and suggested he begin looking for someone to replace me as coach." So the guy fired himself. Balls up, Wayne. Go home, hang with Janet, and consider your next move. Jerry West wasn't much of a coach either. And Magic Johnson couldn't spell "coach." Sometimes the great ones don't make great coaches.

Believe that my LA Kings open up on Saturday against the Coyotes?

Back to the football, pro-style. My Rams triumphantly turtled to 0-3 on their way to a beautiful 0-16 season. Lost to the Pack-

ers last Sunday, and I guarantee that they will lose to whomever they play this week. Which happens to be my new favorite team, the 49ers. Who will be pretty focused after suffering a heartbreaking loss to the Vikes last week.

How do I say that the good news is that QB Marc "Tinman" Bulger was knocked out of the game in the first half, and that the Ram offense picked up some steam once the retread Kyle Boller took over? Course I looked at one of the Ram fan websites, and saw this cheery post: "First, I am glad that Bulger got 'hurt,' so that we could finally get some points on the board...we still have Jackson who dances more than he plays, cornerbacks that can't see the ball, and a quarterback who gets hurt 75 percent of the time." Other than that, all is well in Ramfanland.

And the beat goes on in St. Louis.

Baseball stuff next week, maybe. Unless I write about me and my friends. Dodgers are clear and in, congrats to fan *Dodger Girl*. Angels are driving me crazy, what with a crappy loss last Saturday evening, but if the Halos haven't clinched by the time you read this, the beverages are on me. Friday night. And some of you may know where to find me, don'tcha? •

## K-9

from front page

their sense of smell is over one million times greater than humans and their vision is 15 times greater," said McEnroe. Given this vast skill set and the savings in annual man hours mentioned above, it's no wonder the ESPD can justify paying the expenses associated with having police canines. Most police dogs cost in the vicinity of \$10,000. However, in D'Jango's case, no City dollars were actually used, thus making the deal in even greater bargain. "He was purchased from the asset forfeiture fund," explained McEnroe. The fund is El Segundo's percentage of monies from sales of illicitly acquired (e.g. through drug dealing) assets seized by the government. "The funds can go towards training, dispatch and purchasing the dog."

Prior to his new assignment, McEnroe had assisted in the local K-9 department for the last three years. He also agitated (acted as a decoy to encourage aggression at certain times during the police dog training process) for prior El Segundo service dogs as well as for other South Bay K-9 teams that were part of his training group. McEnroe originally completed the LASD Police Academy in October 2005 and joined El Segundo's patrol division shortly thereafter. He is also a member of the local SWAT team and was prior department representative for the South Bay Gang Task Force.

As might be expected, McEnroe and

D'Jango work closely with Officer Cameron and Arthur. "He has been mentoring me and helping me become a successful K-9 handler," McEnroe said of Cameron. "We also train together on a weekly basis. If there is an incident requiring the utilization of the K-9 unit, we will be called out and will often work together to assist with the incident."


Although not yet trained in narcotics, D'Jango has the ability to locate key pieces of evidence quickly. "He can find anything that has a recent human scent," said McEnroe. "If someone robs a bank and throws away the gun, it would take a long time for officers to search for that gun when you can send in a dog." In fact, in order for D'Jango to pass his training course "final" exam and earn his certification to work on the streets, he had to find a gun hidden in bushes 200 to 300 feet away—and do so in under 10 minutes.

McEnroe looks forward to years of productive service with his new partner, who also became his pet as is the standard practice with K-9 dogs. "He has a great temperament, is very friendly and very obedient, and he's with me all the time," he said. "And when I'm not around, we have a big kennel in our backyard." Under the City's policy, McEnroe will be able to purchase D'Jango for the sum of \$1 when the dog retires from service. It's just another welcome bargain during a dicey economy... •

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