



75th
Anniversary

THE BEACON

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2007

A PUBLICATION OF THE SOUTH COAST CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB

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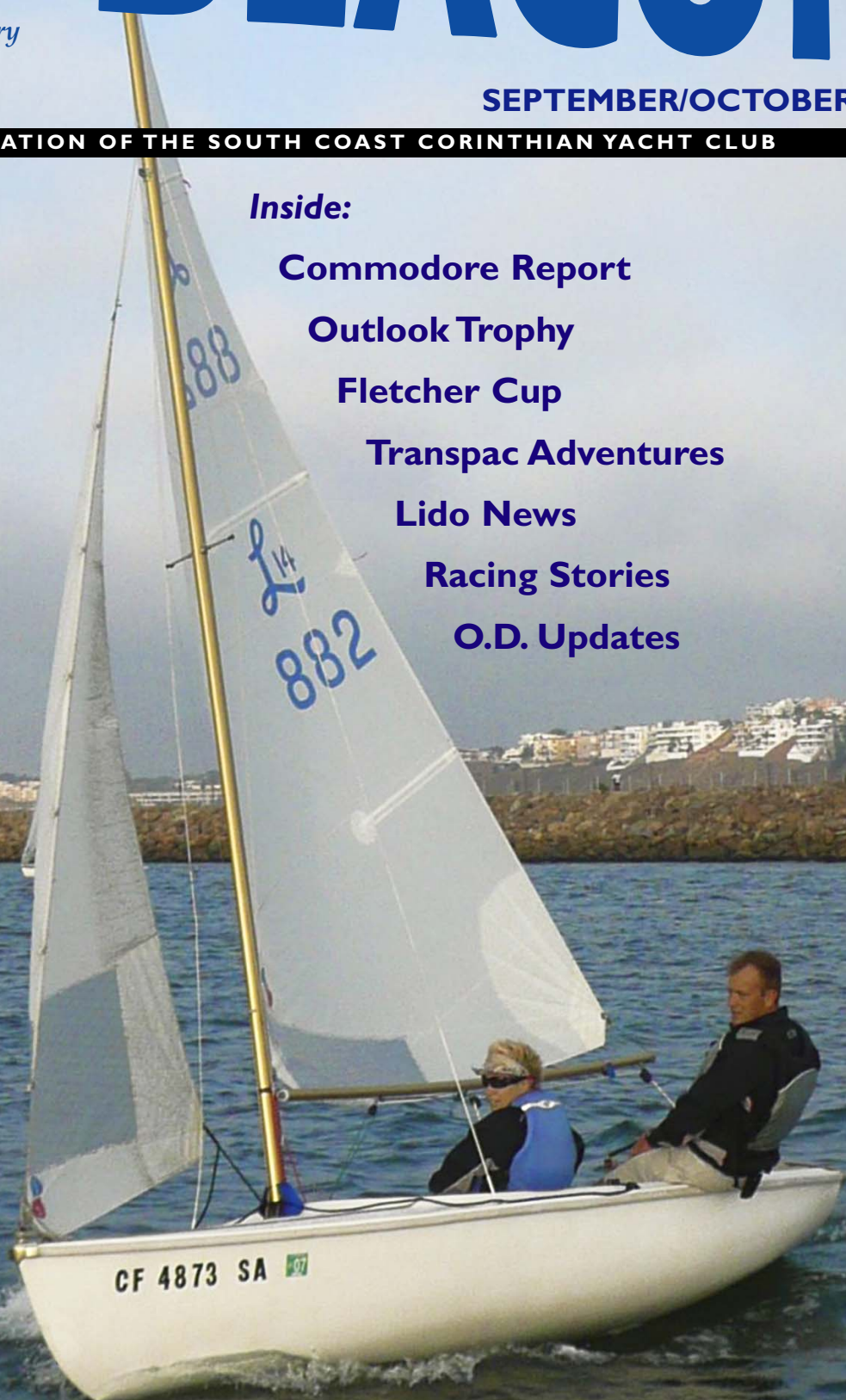
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SCCYC's Stu Coleman and Shari Landon get their First Lido Victory in the DRYC Sundown Series.



**VICE
REPORT**
by
Stu Coleman

It seems like the Beacon comes out less frequently but this issue has a great variety of sailing stories.

August was a busy month for the club and its members and started off with a rum soaked weekend as Shari and I muddled Mojito after Mojito on the first weekend. Two weeks later, the annual commodore's cruise to the Isthmus on the weekend of the 18th-19th drew sailors and powerboaters. Early arrivers were moored at Two Harbors and Shari and I were lucky to get a mooring at Emerald Bay. We enjoyed a great barbecue on Saturday night at the beach and the requisite number of Buffalo Milks after dinner.

The following weekend was the annual BBQ dinner/meeting at the clubhouse followed by an enthusiastic group of small boat sailors competing in the Outlook Trophy on Sunday. More on that race later in this issue.

September saw the end of the Thursday night Sunstroke Series with Tracey Kenney and *Shenamigans* winning the Lido class after 19 races, with Peter Beale's *Pulce* clinching second, Bruce and his *Bandito* team claiming third and Kelly Cantley's *Transitio* syndicate snagging 4th. SCCYC members ran six of the races as Race Committee, a task that we may formalize for next season as South Coast members were the most numerous participants in this California Yacht Club Series. September also saw the end of the five race Friday Night Sundowner Series hosted by Del Rey Yacht Club. Kelly Cantley and her *Transitio* Team claimed top honors with team *Indy* moving from underdog status to taking second place in the series. It has been a really fun season for Shari and I racing the Lido 14 and we



The Rain Squalls that drenched the Fletcher Cup racers soon made their way over land.

look forward to getting more club members sailing this affordable dinghy.

On September 8th, we hosted the SFVYC Patriot's Day racers with *Camelot* and *Reliance* competing in the Cruiser class. This has been a great season of camaraderie with our valley friends, hosting their 8 local cruising races at our clubhouse and I look forward to another season of shared racing and barbecues.

The following weekend saw SCCYC host the SBYRC Man/ Woman Series racers for hospitality at our clubhouse and thanks go to Kelly, Mark and Tracey for coordinating that event.

The annual Fletcher Cup cruise to Catalina saw only *Papalagi*, *Camelot* and *Reliance* brave the rain squalls and the wind on the nose to venture to the island where they were rewarded with close in moorings. Dylan hosted a nice BBQ on the Beach and the crews readied for the next day of racing. At 11:00, the SCCYC fleet with the RBYC boats, *No Way* and *Oliver* charged ahead at 5 knots toward Palos Verdes. Soon the fleet was headed and some continued on to Dana Point while two aimed for the West End. Then the wind shut off completely as our windvane spun lazy circles on the top of the mast. Eventually, the wind filled in and the fleet enjoyed the building winds all the way back to Santa Monica Bay with the ancient, but spry, *Oliver* taking corrected honors.

Last weekend saw a great turnout at SMWYC with Karyn Jones and Kelly taking a 1-2 in the Man Woman Series, *Camelot* and *Reliance* taking a 1-2 in Spinnaker class and Harry Johnson's *Vita Brevis* nailing a 2nd place in the 30+ fleet.

We have our Man/Woman Race coming up on Saturday, October 20th with some great Chili, Cornbread and Salad hospitality which will be the menu for our annual business meeting that evening as the nominating committee unveils the proposed slate for next year.

Our seasonal racing finale will be the the Campbell Cup on Sunday, October 28 with a race from the breakwater flag to SMBB and back to the clubhouse. Honoring the legacy of the first sailor to sail out of MDR, this race will be open to Lidos.

We are excited to state that the Gala Installation Dinner will be held Sunday, December 2 in the grand waterfront room of Shanghai Reds at 7pm with the commodore's reception being held at the clubhouse starting around 5:30 pm.

I know there was more that our members did, but that's all for now.

I look forward to working and racing with all of you as we wrap up another great year for South Coast Corinthian Yacht Club — Stu

Racing to Hawaii Aboard the 68 'Cheetah

by Elizabeth James

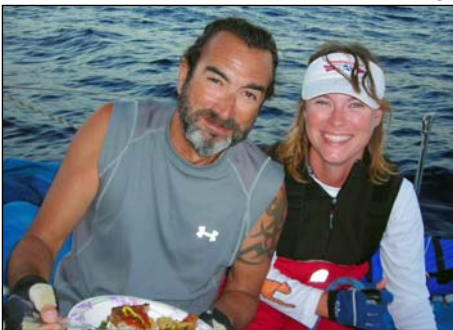
When being questioned by the countless numbers of salty veterans congregating in the yacht clubs upon our return from Transpac, one scene has acted itself out invariably.

They look at me. They look at the other members of my crew including my typical posse: Gimmy Tranquillo and Steve Mullen. They turn to me (the only girl on the boat) and say "This was your first Transpac, right?" I nod and smile, and retort "This was all of our first times."

The duel look of and intrigue and slight admiration for the team of green-horns is priceless. I'm not sure which surprised them more... that none of us had ever done it or that Gimmy (the salty old dog that looks like he's sailed the world single-handed, multiple times, on a Columbia 22 for that matter) hadn't done it before. Either way, it's priceless.

Before the boat left Long Beach, the predominate reaction was one of skepticism mixed with a bit of worry. A reaction that I nonchalantly pushed aside as a gross over reaction. This might have been a little more for self protection than blatant disregard. After all, once we cast off there was no going back. I was stuck on this boat with 8 men.

The amenities, I have to admit, were probably some of the more luxurious I've been privy too. We had full meals (no freeze dry!), electric heads, a generator, water maker and the best of all... hot showers! Which were definitely appreciated half way through the trip while thinking of those suckers stuck out there on the TP 52's eating



Dinner always tastes better at sea



After the squalls come the rainbows, and hopefully the trophy of gold.

freeze dried eggs and using baby wipes for a bath!

We set out optimistic to make the voyage in 10 days (with plenty of food at that!) An optimism that faded shortly before the start as we drifted over line in less than 5 knots of wind. We gained some of our spirit back later that night as we passed the West End of Catalina. We lost all sight of land or boats and the wind picked up to 20 knots. This... we thought... is the way the race will blow!

Again... disappointment. Over the next few days our average wind speed was between 8-12 knots. Respectable for buoy sailing in the Santa Monica Bay, but infuriating on your second day on a trip to the farthest piece of land in the entire ocean. As our wise skipper, Chris, pointed out after day 2... the perception of our rations was greatly affecting our boat speed.

We kept our jib up for 3 days before hoisting a spinnaker, performing countless jib changes to adapt to the ever-changing wind. As all the days started to roll into each other, excitement came from the smallest maneuver.

The first night that we did put up our spinnaker, the A-1, squalls were still not yet on our mental radar. We were told they would come further in our trip. But as dark clouds formed at our starboard rear quarter the telltale signs displayed themselves. First comes rain,

then comes the wind. Gimmy, the wise mariner that he is, was the first to tag the ominous cloud as a squall. Like deer in headlights, we sat through the rain. And right as it was Gimmy's turn to relinquish the helm... the wind came. Completely unprepared with our A-1 up, we were knocked down and in danger of losing the sail. An all-hands-on-deck emergency was called and we crew worked to douse the sail and hoist a heavier one. Our first squall catastrophe was averted. We hoped it would leave us with a better understanding of how to handle these squalls. We knew the basics... Wind in the squall can be twice as fast, gybe when you get headed, exit port poll, avoid the lull after the squall... now we just need to put these theories into practice. Learning the nuances between big squalls and little squalls, day squalls and night squalls, in fact being Squall Hunters became our primary focus.

During the day we continued to be challenged with light winds. During the night we continued to be challenged with squall after squall with constant flux in direction and speed. We felt gratified however with our results each morning, for almost the entire race we came in 3rd at roll call.

The days were filled with taking your turn at the helm, trimming main, scavenging for food and doing laundry.

Steve had enough foresight at the beginning of the race to bring a bottle of detergent. There were very few daylight hours where somebody's unmentionables were not stung out on the lifelines or draped around winches. Occasionally there would be a freighter or a bird, or flotsam of some sort that would grab everybody's attention. About 9 days in, we saw another boat. It's still unclear who it was but out of process of elimination we believe it was Ragtime.

And then we realized we were going to miss the first party.

And then the second party.

And then the food started running low.

At day 10 we knew we had to ration. The days were moving slowly, it was very hot and we started to lose enjoyment out of chasing squalls. Unless it was to feel their light raindrops in the middle of the noon day sun.

Steve and Chris and myself sat down and rationed out our last remaining dribbles of food. We were rationed 1 can of tuna, 2 Chin Cups and 10 pieces of chocolate for the remainder of the trip. Luckily we had enough pasta for everyone to have a pretty palatable dinner every night.

The whole trip had become mundane. We had experienced our fair share of squalls and knock downs and bad weather and doldrums. We were exhausted. We could do a sail change and gybe the boat with four people on deck in the middle of the night with no problem. Showers had become the biggest excitement of the day.

It was one of these nights that Steve, Gimmy and I were on deck around 4 in the morning. Steve was on the helm and had about 15 minutes left before he went down. Then, without notice we went from 12 to 30 knots with a 15 degree wind shift. We were knocked on our ear and water started flooding the boat. We had our A-1 up and I eased the spin sheet to release pressure. Gimmy took the helm and Steve and I prepared to take the sail down. We had removed the daisy earlier to assist in a fast sail change if needed. By the time we were ready to douse (and we moved quick!) the sail had wrapped around the forestay and tied itself in the tight-

est knot I had ever seen and started putting loads of pressure on the forestay. An unfortunate event that would have been prevented if the daisy had remained in place. It was all-hands-on-deck as we spent 4 hours trying to untangle this knot, which also wrapped around the bottom of the forestay and the topping lift. As the sun came up the mangled, torn and cut sail hung lifelessly from the forestay in rags. We lost our A-1, but luckily it was in repairable shape.

*It was all-hands-on-deck
again as we were accosted
by squalls from what felt
like all sides.*

The wind continued to blow for the next day and our spirits rose as first glimpses of land birds, big cruisers and finally Maui were spotted. We began to see high twenties sustained. The squalls, which travel to Hawaii, were bigger and meaner and more frequent that night than they had been. It was all-hands-on-deck again as we were accosted by squalls from what felt like all sides. We took down the A-2 with a little fight, but it did come down. In an effort to save time we hoisted the A-4 bald headed. I watched in fear as we fought every inch of the sail to mast-head. I felt slightly relieved as it hit the top. We were headed straight for Maui in 30 knots full speed ahead.



Elizabeth and Steve in a Sunset Moment

Immediately we had to gybe. As the massive sail came around the forestay and pulled the boat violently to one side I was able to breathe again as it filled and steadied the boat for one moment. A split second later we were on our ear in the worst knock down that any of us had experience. I watched as the mast of a 70' boat came dangerously close to the water. Water came flooding over the boat drenching the crew and down below. The sail was out of control and within seconds of hoisting that brand new A-4 it was shredded in the wind. As soon as the boat righted itself and we knew the crew was safe we worked tirelessly to remove the sail. Pieces floated down as the actual damage manifested itself. The sail was in an unrepairable state, along with its halyard which was shredded as well.

With no sails left to hoist, we brought out the gennaker. Fear again arose in me as we were preparing to



Blue Skies, Blue Seas and a really big Green Deck!

hoist yet another sail bald headed. We had it set, it went half way up with no problem, it went three-quarters of the way... it was almost there! And then it started to wrap. After seeing this happen too many times on this trip, the whole crew joined us on the foredeck to pull the sail down. As we pulled with all our might and twisted the forestay to release the sail, it started to come down. Slowly at first and then faster, covering the entire crew. Having been up for what seemed like days, we sat there laughing and trying to regain the energy to put the sail away and carry on with the last leg of this adventure. We wisely decided on a jib. After all... we haven't even hit the Molokai Channel yet and we are down 3 spinnakers!

As night turned to dawn and the wind decreased we did manage to fly the genaker safely. We had only a few miles left and the call was made to re-hoist the A-2 and finish the race under full spinnaker. A call that I was not keen on to begin with. As we were packing the shoot I (gratefully!) noticed a long tear down the luff from its hasty take down only a few hours earlier. Not 15 minutes later, I heard a shout from above. The only spare halyard we had had burst

while flying the genaker. Like pro's, we took down the sail. We flew the jib on our last remaining halyard across the finish line.

Later that day, sitting in the sun at yacht club I realized why those salty old dogs gave us looks of such apprehension when we proudly announced that we were all newbies. However, I would not have traded that experience for the world. The crew was amazing. The boat held up magnificently. And how else would you want to be initiated into your first Transpac? We suffered a lot of breakage, some injuries, we were all tired and hungry and smelly. But the experience was priceless.

Just the beauty of the Pacific Ocean was enough to warrant a return. Cloud formations unseen to any other part of the world. Sunsets and sunrises that would take your breath away and rendered the crew silent for minutes afterwards. The second day out we even saw



The Real Pot of Gold at the End of the Rainbow, Diamond Head

the elusive green flash. Shooting stars beyond number. Rainbows scattered the morning sky. The stars were so bright you could not make out constellations.

I am sure that all of us had our moments of melt down and utter frustration and wanting to never do anything like this again (Hey! I'm sure some of you feel that way after Santa Barbara King Harbor!). We all came out better sailors and stronger people who had an extraordinary experience. Now I am frequently asked the question, "Would you do it again?" I inevitable respond "In a heartbeat!" — EJ

71st Outlook Trophy Regatta Draws Mixed Winds and a Shortened Course

Only 11 boats, but great racing among the Lidos, highlighted the running of the oldest continuous regatta on Santa Monica Bay. With the crew of three Lidos serving as Race Committee, only three Lidos made it to the starting line (but all finished) Also joining the fray were the venerable Thistle, a 11' Kite, 2 Hobie Waves and 4 Holder 20s. The Holders are not actually allowed to compete for the Outlook Trophy which is limited to center board boats but they compete under rule 102, "the more the merrier".

The noon start was only delayed 10 minutes after towing most of the centerboarder boats to the the line and the highest handicapped Kite started at 12:10 in 6 knots of wind. The Lidos started 3 minutes later with the wind still at 210° and light. The Hobies,

Holder and the Thistle soon followed. After 45 minutes, the Kite had finished the first 2 mile leg, and still leading the fleet. By 13:38 the wind had shifted 100° to 310° and increased to 8 knots and the faster rated boats were catching the boats that had started first. At 14:00, the wind had dropped to 5 knots and most of the fleet had only sailed 5 miles with 8 miles left to go.

With the diminishing winds and slowing fleet and the fact that in the centerboarder class, all of the faster rated boats had passed the early started boats, the Race Committee decided to shorten the race at the "Q" mark with a finish at the "S" mark committee boat line. Naturally, as soon as the markset boat began signalling shorten course, the wind piped up to 17 knots and the fleet had a screaming reach to the fin-



Brian Mason and his "Lil Dude" Thistle Crew win the Outlook Trophy Two Years in a Row

ish with the last boat screaming by at 14:39:18. The wind increased to above 20 knots and all boats made it back safely. Thanks to Don, Shari and Gary for the R/C work and the racers for making it happen.

2007 Outlook Trophy Winners

1st C/B	Lil' Dude	Thistle	Brian Mason
2nd C/B	Sparkle	Lido 14	Phoebe Staff
3rd C/B	Bandito	Lido 14	Susan Taylor & Werner Horn
1st MH	Hobie Wave	Hobie	Eric Starr
1st H20	Problem Child	Hold20	Ralphie Middleton

LIDO DAY SAILING

by Bruce Fleck

Sonia, Juan Diego and I did a day sail in September. I brought the lido home to Canoga Park after the last Sundowner. The next morning we drove to Lake Piru, less than an hour away. We have plans for Lake Casitas and Castaic Lake in future weekends. All are less than an hour from the Valley.

Lake Piru charges \$20 to use the lake for the day. Having the lights on a board rather than the trailer means the lights stay high and dry in the trunk while the boat gets wet ramp launching. I have some really old sails, I call them my quiet sails, that go up in a few minutes. Then cast off.

We sailed back and fourth a couple of times, sailed into a few nooks and cranes to check out the scenery. Sonia and Juan both "accidentally" fell off the boat into the "no swimming lake". Luckily they just hap-



Bruce and Juan Rigging Bandito
pened to be wearing their swim suits. I took care that they stayed close to the boat, fearful of the water skiers. With only about 10 inches of free board there is no need to put out the swim ladder, just throw a leg over and scramble back in. The water was beautiful. Next time we will bring a small anchor and all of us will be able to take a dip. Or maybe we will try to get on shore.

After their dip, we heaved to and enjoyed a leisurely picnic lunch on the boat! Roast chicken, fruit, some chips and soft drinks. Plenty of room, of

course you have to hold your lunch on your lap and drink out of bottles with tops, but this is a picnic on the water in the sun. Maybe I should get some drink holders to mount on the trunk.

After sailing we, not too carefully rolled up the old sails, dropped the mast and tied the boat down and drove home. Why bother to wash off the boat?

The following weekend I was invited to help with Protest Committee for the Ventura Cup out of Ventura Yacht Club. After hearing one protest on Saturday, I had all day Sunday to kill. So, I drop the Lido in the water. Sailed by myself out to the starting area, about a half mile off shore. Then sailed back in and around the marina to scope out the great houses with private docks. Really enjoyed the solo sail, was able to tack the boat and even put up the pole going down wind. Two of the other judges saw me sailing around and commented independently that I really looked like I was enjoying myself. They were right.
— Bruce

O.D. CORNER Special thanks go out to Mark Register, Kelly Cantley, Gary and Tom and everyone else who has become the accidental O.D. Attendance for this 3X a year duty has been spotty for many of our members. Some make it a big deal and provide extra value for our members; Some don't show. For those outstanding O.D.s, Gary Speck is currently in the lead as "Top Dropper" for the year with Tom Estlow and the Lido fleets shadow dropper, Sandy B, showing big numbers. Please show up and log your drop!

QUARTERMASTER'S CORNER

We have a plethora of great South Coast Corinthian Yacht Club logo wear available in the Ship's Store. If you can't find your size, place a request on the cork board near the Beer Cooler and we will get it ordered for you.

- Golf shirt\$28.00
- T Shirt\$18.00
- T Shirt (Long Sleeve)\$20.00
- Sweatshirt.....\$25.00
(\$2.00 surcharge for any 2XL & up)
- Windbreaker Jacket.....\$65.00
- Baseball Cap\$20.00
- Hat Bands.....\$10.00
- Brief Case.....\$20.00
- Bouillons\$30.00
- Golf Towels\$10.00
- Burgees.....\$20.00
- License Plate Holder.....\$10.00
- Canvas Tote\$15.00
- Zippered Tote\$15.00
- Club House Throw Blanket....\$35.00

Membership Report

ACTIVE MEMBERS ~ 76

- Flag Members 65
- Life Members 3
- Non Resident Members 7
- Cruising Members 0
- Honorary Members 1
- Active Staff Commodores 10

NEW MEMBERS 3

- J.T.Alex
- Joann Dean
- Dan Golding

*Rail meat*

SCCYCers Go Hollywood

by Dylan Porter

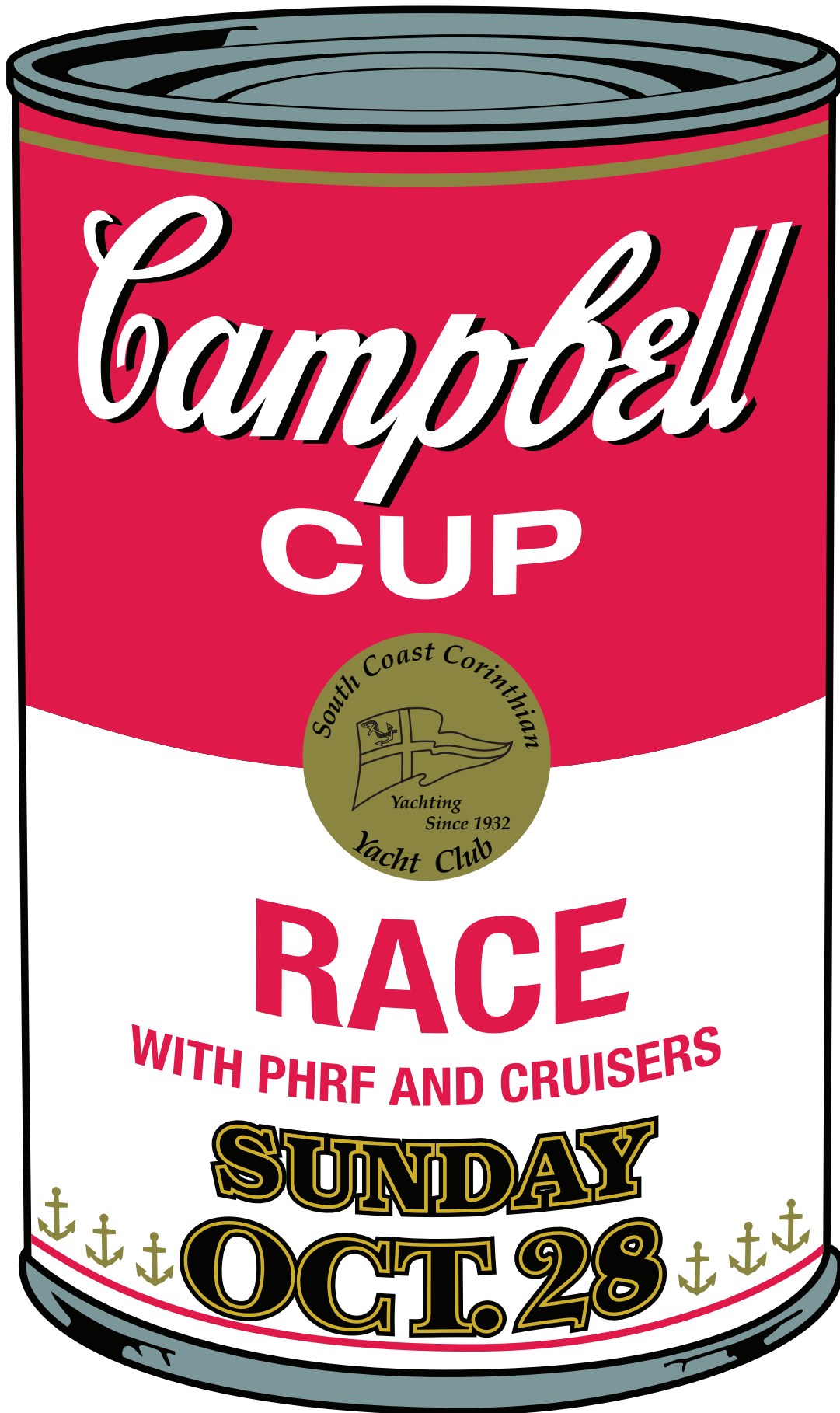
Is it the carefree Summer spirit? Good karma? Echoes of Baywatch? A shortage of local MDR guys due to the Transpac race? Whatever the explanation, SCCYC members Mike O'Brien and Dylan Porter were happy to host a photo shoot for a group of models aboard their boats this month.

The shoot was arranged by fashion photographer (and sailor) Thomas Connor who snapped these pictures. The day began with a review of the shoot script and other preparations. Models hit their marks and posed around different parts of the boats on queue. Dave from Vessel Assist, and even the county Sheriff's boat got into the act. The group turned some heads in the marina as passing boats stopped to check out what was going on.

*Did someone call for help?**Captain Dylan and crew**Mike and the pirates*

**2007 Marina Del Rey
Man/Woman Series Finale**
A Man, A Woman and a Boat!

Saturday 10/20 hosted by SCCYC
(Races are open to PHRF Spin and PHRF Non-Spin Boats)





O.D. SCHEDULE

& Club Events

Friday 1800 - 2200 Hrs (Year Round Hours)	Saturday 1200-1700 Hrs (Spring Hours)	Sunday 1200-1700 Hrs (Spring Hours)
10/12 Sam Pepkowitz	10/13 Jerr Dunlop	10/14 Kelly Cantley
10/19 Don Baker	10/20 Nancy Tilford 2-For-1 Sail M/W 4 Annual Business Dinner	10/21 Bernard Auroux SMWYC Octoberfest
10/26 Peter Beale	10/27 Sandy Bartiromo	10/28 Sherry Barone Campbell Cup
11/2 Sandy Clark First Friday Dinner	11/3 Mike Cheda	11/4 Jim Doherty Board Meeting
11/9 Geoff Downer	11/10 Tom Estlow	11/11 Bruce Fleck
11/16 Rick Horner	11/17 Dan Grabski Annual Election Dinner	11/18 Peter Gonzalez
11/23 Dana Hutton	11/24 Harry Johnson Decorating Party	11/25 Karyn Jones
11/30 Bob Kellock	12/1 Tracey Kenney	12/2 Ron Kenney Installation Dinner
12/7 Trish LaVay MDR Boat Parade	12/8 Ron Judkins MDR Boat Parade	12/9 Shari Landon Board Meeting
12/11 Gray Marshall	12/15 Jerry Magnussen	12/16 Gary Magnuson

If you cannot fulfill your duty on your assigned date, please get a replacement and notify Tracy Kenney (rearcommodore@scyc.org) of your replacement. It is your responsibility to fulfill your duty or find a replacement; otherwise you may be assessed a donation of one arm or leg.

Reminder: Please fill out the OD logbook, as it may be the only record that you fulfilled your duty.

NOTE: The sponsoring member introduces the new Member to O.D duty on the first tour.

Sign Up for One Dinner! Call 310 821-6407 to RSVP

Jan 5	First Friday Dinner	Gary Speck	July 6	First Friday Dinner	Jerr Dunlop
Jan 27	Membership Meeting	Dan Grabski	July 20	Membership Meeting	
Feb 2	First Friday Dinner	Harry Johnson	July 21-22	O/D Weekend Race Hospitality	Jim & Maureen Doherty
Feb 24	Membership Meeting	Jim & Maureen Doherty	Aug 3	First Friday Dinner	Peter & Kathy Gonzales
March 2	First Friday Dinner	Tom & Karmen Estlow	Aug 25	Membership Meeting	Stu Coleman
March 23	Membership Meeting	Stu Coleman	Aug 26	Outlook Trophy Hospitality	Stu Coleman
Mar 24-25	Les Storrs Race Hospitality	Mike O'Brien	Sept 7	First Friday Dinner	
April 6	First Friday Dinner	Robert Symer	Sept 21	Membership Meeting	William Dampier
April 14	Lido Invitational Hospitality	Lido Fleet 2	Sept 23	Fletcher Cup Race Hospitality	Edward Teach
April 20	Membership Meeting	Jerry Magnussen	Oct. 5	First Friday Dinner	Tracey Kenney & Rob
May 4	First Friday Dinner	Barbara Widawski	Oct. 20	Membership Meeting	Stu & Maureen
May 19	Membership Meeting	Stu Coleman	Oct 20	Two for One Race Hospitality	Stu & Maureen
May 27	Corinthian Cup Race Hospitality	Mike O'Brien	Nov 2	First Friday Dinner	
June 1	First Friday Dinner	Mike Priest	Nov 17	Membership Meeting	Jerr Dunlop
June 23	Membership Meeting	Shari Landon	Dec 1	Installation Dinner	Stu Coleman



SOUTH COAST CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB

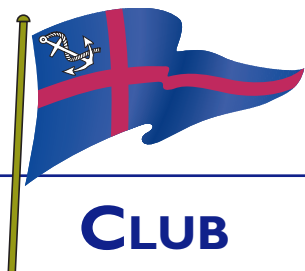
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