

ANNUAL MEETING

ELECTION OF OFFICERS & ANNUAL DINNER

18 November, 1989

OFFICER'S CLUB

U.S. Naval Academy - Annapolis, Md.

DINNER INCLUDES:

GLASS OF WINE
CHOICE OF APPETIZER:
CRAB FONDUE
CAJUN POPCORN SHRIMP
COMMANDER'S SALAD
ROLLS & BUTTER
SORBET
"SURF & TURF" ENTREE **
(MINI LOBSTER TAIL & BEEF TENDERLOIN)
BEVERAGE

**LIMITED SUBSTITUTIONS AVAILABLE

PRICE: \$16.00 PER PERSON
(GRATUITY & TAX INCLUDED)

Reservations Required!

Form on Page 2

VODCA
Newsletter

No. 11-89 20 Oct 1989

Please attend
this meeting -
The future of
YODCA will be
discussed

ENJOY VODCA CAMARADERIE

6:30 PM - COCKTAILS
7:00 PM - DINNER
8:30 PM - MEETING



Changes to our Membership List

June 22, 1989

Dear Sid,

Do I qualify for the Guinness Book of World Records? I just bought my 3rd Albin Vega.

In 1973 I purchased a 1972 model with sail number 1472. In 1978 I purchased a 1977 model with sail number 3216.

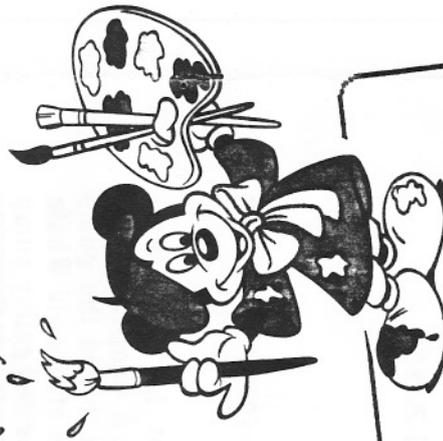
Last week I purchased a 1974 Vega, number 2132, from Bob & Cleo Phillips.

Their "Thess" is now my "BANDIPUR".

After an absence of a few years, I would like to re-join VODCA. Please send me a dues bill, etc.

Sincerely,

D. L. "Pat" Prouty
6626 Pharoah
Corpus Christi, TX 78412



Zinc Prop Anode

- VEGA MARINE AB (FROLUNDA, SWEDEN) LISTS THE PART IN THEIR LAST CATALOGUE AS FOLLOWS:
#7749 ANODBRIKA/ANOD WASHER \$8.00 (PACKING, SHIPPING & US DUTY IS EXTRA)

OUR NEWEST MEMBERS - WELCOME!

JOAN & GUS EDISON
125 SEAFORTH CRESCENT
SEAFORTH, SYDNEY N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA 2092
#1772 LYRIC (1973)

DONALD & CARMEN WILSON
P.O. BOX 126
ROCKPORT, ME 04856
#1422 ENCORE (1970)

CONRAD GEYSER
64 OLD SHORE ROAD
COTUIT, MA 02635
#384 NELION (1969)

DAYTON & BONNIE PROUTY
(Prior member - re-joining)
6626 PHAROAH
CORPUS CHRISTI, TX 78412
#2132 BANDIPUR (1974)

NEWEST ADDRESSES:

TAYLON & JACQUELINE ALGON
53 PINE STREET
MILBURN, NJ 07041

PAUL & MARY GRADY
16 HIGH STREET
KENNEBUNK, ME 04043

RODNEY REICHERT
7745 DENTCREST DRIVE
DALLAS, TX 75240

PAUL & MELANIE HALVACHS
3337 W. CHAIN OF ROCKS RD
GRANITE CITY, IL 62040

ROBERT & ANITA MACCRONE
QUACKENHILL FARM
BOX 152B RD #3
BRUNSWICK, NY 2160-9802

BOB & DENNIE CORBETT
19828 32ND AVENUE
SEATTLE, WA 98155

JOSEPH & KERSTIN PETTIGREW
41298 HIBISCUS ROAD
VENICE, FL 34293

REPLACEMENT GALLEY PUMPS:



*c/ Mr. & Mrs. James Bishop
426 Camden Rd.
Alameda, CA 94501*

5-20-89

Dear Mr. Rosen.

Enclosed find \$2.00 for viewing a copy of the Vega Westbound video tape.

We finally found a replacement for the Whale "Gusher" pumps used on the Vegas. A company by the name of "Sea Dog" company purchased the pump molds and now makes 100% copies of the old Whale "Gusher". The 3 - 6 G.P.M. foot operated galley pump uses a 1/2 inch hose fitting and bolts in the same manner as the old Whale "Gusher" did.

The part number is # 517060

Cost is about \$35.

Write to: SEA DOG,

P.O. BOX 479,

EVERETT, WA 98206

We are looking forward to seeing the tape. Hope all is well with you. Have a good summer.

Sincerely,

Jim Bishop

REPLACEMENT FOOT PUMP DIAPHRAGMS:

Tampa, Florida
10 July 1989

Dear Sidney,

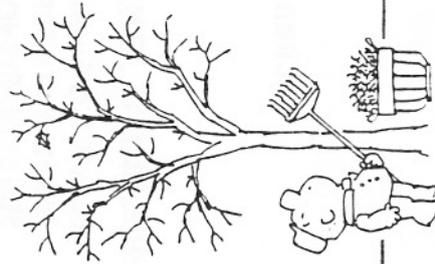
I received my copy of the #7-89 newsletter and was happy to find that an update of our membership list was included.

When I bought my Vega, the sea-water foot pump in the galley had been disconnected and after being put back into service only worked a few times before the diaphragm cracked and started to leak. I knew that it would be next to impossible to buy a new diaphragm and so I went to a local gasket supply house. I found that they stocked a very suitable materiel that I could use as a replacement diaphragm. The material is slightly heavier than the original, but contains fabric cords. It will probably last longer then the original one.

If any of our members should need a new diaphragm for their foot pumps, I would be happy to send the material and even punch the screw holes for them. The price would be whatever they consider the material to be worth to them. Fair enough!

Very truly yours,

John Ritter
WMVO
"FREIHEIT"



Have Problem - Need Help!

5/10/89
2 KING ARTHUR'S COURT
EAST SETAUKET, NY 11731



MR. SIDNEY ROSEN
10615 WHITMAN CIRCLE
ORLANDO, FLORIDA 32821

DEAR SID,

THANKS AGAIN FOR THE M24-P GREASE FROM MASTER LUBRICANTS. IT LOOKS VERY PROMISING & I WILL INTRODUCE THIS STUFF INTO MY STUFFING BOX THIS SEASON. WILL ADVISE YOU AS TO MY SUCCESS OR OTHERWISE.

IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVE HAD A MINOR PROBLEM WITH MY COMBI GEAR EVER SINCE I GOT THE BOAT & I WONDER IF YOU OR ANY OF OUR VODCA MEMBERS HAVE EXPERIENCED THIS OR HAVE ANY IDEA HOW TO CURE IT. INCIDENTALLY, THE ORIGINAL OWNER HAD THE SAME PROBLEM. IT IS THAT WHEN THE BOAT IS ON ITS' CRADLE, I CAN FEATHER THE PROP AND HAVE NO PROBLEM RETURNING THE THROTTLE LEVER TO FORWARD., BUT IF THE BOAT IS SAILING & I FEATHER THE PROP, AFTER AS LITTLE AS A MINUTE OR TWO OF SAILING WITH THE ENGINE OFF, I HAVE GREAT DIFFICULTY MOVING THE SHIFT LEVER.



I HAVE A FEELING THAT IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH EITHER THRUST BEARINGS OR BLADE RACKS, BUT AS THE GEAR FUNCTIONS PERFECTLY IN ALL OTHER RESPECTS, I HAVE NOT PLAYED AROUND WITH THE COMBI MECHANISM.

I TELEPHONED ALBIN IN COS COB BUT THE BEST THEY COULD TELL ME IS THATN WHEN THEY WERE MARKETING THE VEGA THEY OCCASIONALLY OBSERVED THAT PROBLEM.

ANY COMMENTS FROM OUR VODCA MEMBERSHIP WOULD BE MOST APPRECIATED.

THANKS AGAIN & BEST REGARDS -

BERNIE SMITH

Bernie Smith

VEGA DISCOVERY
#3228



Ballad Owners Please Note:

LARS LEMBY, PRESIDENT OF VODA IN SWEDEN, ADVISES THAT SPARE PARTS FOR THE ALBIN BALLAD CAN POSSIBLY BE OBTAINED FROM THE FOLLOWING :

TABY SKEPPSHANDEL
HAMNVAGEN 6
S-183 51 TABY,
SWEDEN

TELEFAX: +46 *8-756 75 86

Circumnavigation Completed - Tarka sails on!



"TARKA THE OTTER"

Started en route to Hawaii - 31/5/89
Finished Hilo, Hawaii - - 6/6/89

Dear Sid:

Time to bring you (& our VODCA readers) up to date again.

After spending Christmas in St. Lucia, we sailed up to Martinique on December 26th. Like most of the inter-island passages, this was a windy and bumpy close reach, but in glorious sunshine and only 20 miles across, soon over.

Martinique is a Department - i.e. an integrated part of France and receives a great deal of tourism from France, both in the form of regular tourists (up to ten 767 flights a day at this time of the year) and as charter boaters and cruisers doing a one year circuit from Europe. So, we saw many more boats here than we had seen elsewhere in our travels - 150/200 in each of the two main anchorages near the capitol of FORT DE FRANCE. There are charter fleets of up to 30 boats that go around in great squadrons and are a positive menace as they arrive en masse at already crowded anchorages at sunset. Some of the boats are famous ex-racers such as the 3-masted VENDREDI 13 of OSTAR fame, Eric Tabarty's PEN DUICK IV, and high performance catamarans like ELF AQUITAINE 6. Fort-de-France is quite cosmopolitan, with many chic and expensive boutiques, traffic jams on the 4 lane highways and a pollution problem - quite different from the poorer and less developed islands we had seen so far.

Further north, still on the leeward side is the much quieter and more traditional old capitol of ST. PIERRE which has, however, a rolly and exposed anchorage. A large volcano dominates the town. In 1902 this erupted with great violence and killed all but one of the bustling city's inhabitants (the sole survivor was a drunk in the town jail who subsequently made a fortune exhibiting his burns at circuses). The sleepy city is very French, with quiet cafes and cobbled backstreets along which you can find pre-1902 ruins.

Next stop north was an island which many cruisers by-pass: DOMINICA (pronounced Domin-eeca; no connection with the Dominican Republic). This is partly because the capitol, RUSEAU, has a reputation for aggressive and possibly violent boat-boys. Although a murder was committed on a yacht two years ago at the alternative anchorage of Prince Rupert Bay, we decided to try that anchorage and we were glad that we did. As so often happens incidents get blown up out of proportion and cruisers tend to hear only one side of the story. (In this case the murder victim was involved in major drug dealing.) We had an initial spectacular welcome by two large grey whales, about two miles offshore, and then, while still a mile out, the expected flotilla of boat-boys in rowboats and outboard-powered dugouts. There is good competition for business but it is all quite good humored. The most dynamic operator here was a young fellow who called himself Christopher Columbus and, having the biggest outboard, he got most of the business. But he didn't have it all his way. One morning we watched as, fast-talking, he tried to "kidnap" a couple who couldn't remember who they'd signed up with. He was speeding gleefully to shore with his captives when his rivals appeared on the scene the subsequent shouting match and the transfer "at sea" of the bewildered couple was a sight to behold.



The island is very green and mountainous. It is almost perpetually shrouded in clouds which create a fine tropical rain forest above about 2000 feet; one of the inhabitants

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of the forest is a large frog which the locals hunt by flashlight and which is served up as a great delicacy under the name of "Mountain Chicken". On the East (windward) coast is the CARIB reserve where live the last of the indigenous Indians that Columbus discovered in the islands from 1620 onwards. They were a savage people (a corruption of their name gave rise to the word cannibal) who had themselves displaced the people loving ARAWAKS, but no match for the Spanish, British and French colonisers.

The highlight of Dominica, for us, were the great rambling ruins of FORT SHIRLEY, from the British colonial era, overlooking Prince Rupert Bay: Old cannons and mortars lie abandoned in the long grass, great fortifications loom up out of the dark jungle, broken up by strangler figs, and everywhere you look you can find old clay pipes, fragments of 200 year old pottery, musket balls, etc.

Down with the Dominican flag (a complex one, which took several hours labour) and up again with the French Tricolor as we made for LES SAINTES, a small group of islands just south of the much larger island of GUADELOUPE, a French Department like Martinique. More history as we crossed the channel: this was the site of the Battle of the Saints, 1782, when Rodney and Hood defeated the French fleet decisively and made naval history by "crossing the enemy line" for the first time - the tactic repeated by Nelson at Trafalgar. There are no cars on Les Saintes and only one quaint and quiet little village, where you can buy your French bread or sip Pastis in the shady square by the ferry landing. Too many yachts, as in all the French Islands, and few of the French yachts care anything for anchoring etiquette, but if you don't mind some "migraine" anchorages you can get away from the crowd. There's a large fort called Fort Napoleon on the big island, but more atmospheric was the overgrown and neglected Fort Josephine across the strait. On that same island you can explore the ruins of the abandoned Leper colony.

It was by now February and though the Trades are still strong, it was time for us to be moving on if we wanted to be through Panama and away from Mexico by the next hurricane season, which begins in late May. So, we hurried up the coast of Guadeloupe, stopping briefly at the old town of BASSETERRE with its huge FORT ST. CHARLES then up to the delightful anchorage of DESHAIES, on the NW tip of the island. Although this is the lee coast, and therefore the seas, squalls of great intensity can sweep down the mountains. 40 to 50 knots are quite common. We had a fierce beat into Deshaies Bay after an ultra-rapid change down from a full main & genoa to storm jib alone. As you can imagine dismastings are not rare hereabouts, as boats are caught unawares with too much canvas up.

French officialdom is very relaxed and easygoing and we were able to leave Guadeloupe with no charges and the minimum of formalities. The same is not always true of the formerly British islands, where there is quite often a paper chase and overtime charges are significant enough to make one time one's inter-island passages during official weekday working hours.

Our final destination in the eastern Caribbean islands was the tiny British crown colony of MONSERRAT. This is pretty much off the beaten track, overshadowed as it is by the tourist-oriented nearby island of ANTIGUA, and possessing no satisfactory anchorage. The roadstead anchorage off the capitol (Plymouth) is always roilly and when we tried the recommended alternative of OLD ROAD BAY, poor TARKA's mast was arcing through 90°. All the more incentive to go ashore! The boats (10,000 of them) are very friendly here and the island is relatively prosperous with the looms of the famous Sea Island cotton industry, a very exclusive mystique-like expatriate development and the famous air-studios where the Rolling Stones et al came to record.



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This is also the home of Radio Antilles, the best source of weather forecasting in the Caribbean and a voice to which we became very accustomed during our eight months in the region

The passage to Panama (1200 n.m.) was one we were not entirely looking forward to. The U.S. Pilot charts (which gave a month by month analysis of winds, weather dead free, currents, pressures, etc for all the world) showed large areas where we could expect average Force 5 winds and seas over 10 ft. We have learnt from experience that for an average of Force 5 to be attained, it has to blow Force 7 for a large proportion of the time! Indeed, we sped along, but in seas so rough that when one dark and squally night south of Puerto Rico the US Coastguard materialized abruptly out of the blackness and dazzled us with their spotlight, they were obliged to confess that boarding us would be too dangerous. They had to be content with a one hour interrogation on the VHF.

We arrived at COLON, the Atlantic port for the Panama Canal, in 15 -20 ft seas and 30 knots of wind, 10 days after leaving Monserrat - at 120 n.m. a day, one of our faster runs. The city is a blaze of light, with navigation lights of every colour, shape and duration; huge blacked-out ships coming and going every few minutes; others at anchor ablaze with lights. All quite terrifying; really! You have to be very careful indeed as you weave your way to the designated yacht anchorage on THE FLATS, doing your best to avoid everyone else in the dark. In the distance, all night, you can see the great loom of the floodlights that illuminate the GATUN Locks - enough to set your pulse racing.

At the Atlantic end of the canal, the Panama Yacht Club, with slips, showers, laundromat, bar, restaurant, etc, etc, makes transient yachts feel very welcome and this is a handy base from which to begin the lengthy paperwork necessary for a canal transit. In the nearby city of Gatun, you must go to 4 or 5 separate offices, but the most important is that of the ADMEASURER, who, once you have made an appointment, officially comes to measure your yacht according to canal regulations. One of our admeasurer's recent assignments had been the remeasuring QE II after a refit. Her transit fee was \$90,000. (U.S). "TARKA's" came out at ten (\$10.), plus a \$50. flat fee for the measuring (not needed next time) and a returnable \$35. deposit in case we damaged the canal.

Next problem: finding the extra crew for the 2-day transit. In addition to the skipper and the official pilot, each yacht must have 4 line handlers - for maneuvering the yacht in the locks. Most people do a trade: i.e. they go and help another yacht do their transit, then everybody comes back again and does the transit again on the other yacht(s). We traded with a young South African couple, and to make up the rest of the numbers to four, we paid a young Scots lad \$40 to help us. There is no shortage of European or American students around the place seeking to make some pocket money in this manner.

And so the big day arrived. Yachts transit 2 days a week - Tuesdays and Thursdays - and at this time of the year there are usually 6 or 7 going through together. All the pilots arrive at the yacht club (late, of course, with the skippers getting more nervous by the minute) and announce that you have one-hour to do the six miles to Gatun Locks! I feared for Tarka's poor 16-year old 10 hp MD6A but fortunately the pilots didn't enforce the minimum speed limit. So, we all chugged off at about 4 knots, heavily laden with 6 bodies and lots of liquid refreshment.

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We arrived in front of the 3 flight Gatun Locks, which looked like the jaws of Hell and then followed a Chinese fire-drill as, in a strong crosswind with tankers and freighters steaming up and down the none-too-wide channel every few minutes, and rafted up in three pairs. We were with a 12 ton 42 footer and I was very reluctant that we "carry" him on any of the four mooring lines that will be used to hold us centre channel. After much discussion in English and Spanish between pilots and skippers, it was agreed that all four lines would go from the bigger yacht and that we would nestle alongside. The skipper has the last word in all the arrangements and is free to override the pilot if he genuinely feels his vessel might otherwise be endangered.

Motoring into the 1000-ft long chamber of the first lock, four canal employees (two on either side) toss down heaving lines from the top of the 40 ft-high concrete walls. These we attach to our four 100 ft heavy mooring lines and when the pilot so indicates, they are looped over bollards on shore. It's then a question of tightening and slacking the four lines until the 3 rafts of 2 boats each are secure and tight in the centre-chamber, well away from the walls. The great grey steel gates close behind us, and the pilot calls into his VHF "Ready for water."

The turbulence in each of the six locks we go through is quite considerable (especially in the first and last locks where salt and fresh water mix) and our linehandlers had their work cut out for them, tightening and slackening the lines to hold us in our position as we rise or fall the 28 feet of each lock. For those interested in figures, our transit used about 125 million gallons of fresh water - not bad, considering they charge 50¢ a gallon for it at the Balboa Yacht Club, at the Pacific end!

As the levels in each lock equalize two canal employees lift off your lines and, still rafted together, you motor forward as they walk the lines onward. It's customary in the last lock to send up a couple of cans of Balboa Beer in a plastic bag, as a "thank-you" for their efforts. With our four lines all going from the bigger yacht in the 3 up-levels, I had an easy time of it, and was able to take lots of photos. As we went up, a cruise ship, the "Crown Odyssey" was going down, and we had an appreciative audience of about 2000, packing the liner's rails and waving.

As the last gates open, you're on the fresh water of Gatun Lake, 85 feet above sea level. As there was a stiff following breeze, our pilot, David, now let us hoist sail and we sped off at 5 knots, first into a now-disused side-channel called the Balboa Cut, then onto the main channel. You can't stray too far off the buoyed channel, even though you're on a very large expanse of water. Dead tree stumps loom up out of the water on every side, one or two seemingly alive after having been under water 75 years (the canal opened in 1914). Needless to say, you don't want to have a gybe in front of an oncoming bulk carrier, so occasionally it was all hands holding the boom out until the ship was past!

By evening, we had done about 25 miles of beautiful sailing, winding our way between jungle clad islands over whitecapped blue waves. Supposedly, there are black panthers, boas, and tapirs on the bigger islands. For the night, we pulled off the main channel at GAMBOA, which is a stop on the Trans-Isthmus railway and where so many of the canal's dredgers and tugs are kept. Our pilot went ashore for the night, and we had a pleasant evening swimming, sipping our beers and watching the big ships slipping silently by, barely 100 yards away. It's crowded with 5 on a fully laden Vega for the night, but fortunately it didn't rain, so we could sleep in the cockpit.

(Continued in next month's issue of our newsletter)

"All Right, Buddy... Pull Over!"

By Don Cole, as published in *Coronado Comments*



If you think these things can't happen to you... while returning to Dana Point Harbor following the last race of the day, the wind unexpectedly increased from its race-time velocity of six knots to gusts of 20 knots. This posed a problem for those of us trying to thread our way between the stinkpots and each other, fighting the gusts that funnelled between the structures on land. Boats in front of us were capsizing and Ted Stoker ran his boat onto the rocks trying to avoid the power cruisers. It didn't help that our destination, Dana Point Yacht Club, a couple hundred yards away, was directly upwind.

What could possibly make this more interesting? How about a "fresh from the academy" harbor patrolman shouting into his megaphone, ordering us to slow down? He warned us that we were breaking the five-mile-per-hour speed limit. He did not bother to notice that these were "survival conditions" and that we were doing our best just to stay afloat. Apparently the substantial wakes created by the power cruisers also escaped his attention.

The next thing I heard was, "small sailboat with the white sails, slow down immediately!" Specific, huh? Next, I heard, with an even more forceful tone, "blue sailboat, loosen your sails to slow down!" I realized that he was directing his comments to me in *True Blue*. My sails were already eased out a fair distance in an attempt to keep the boat flat. I wasn't about to thrash my sails for this ignorant cop. The next thing I know, he orders me to report to the marine department immediately. This did not set well with me, as the marine department was a good 50 yards back.

The officer approached me from the dock while my back was to him and I was lowering my thrashing sails. My crew could tell by the color of my face that I probably wasn't going to handle this calmly.

She was right. I was told to report to the dock, but I told him that he would have to wait while I tended to my boat. As a would-be "Dirty Harry," he did not appreciate my ignoring him. Finally, as I approached him, I noticed that he was writing up a citation. I asked what he was doing, and he said that he was citing me for going 10 miles per hour in a 5 mile per hour zone. **Ten miles per hour!!** If I could sail that fast upwind, I certainly would have placed higher than third in the regatta! I tried to explain what I had been doing out there. I couldn't luff my sails and still make my way to the Club. He suggested that I should have dropped my headsail. It was then that I pointed to Bob and Jim Lockwood, who were drifting backwards while attempting to sail without their jib (presumably per orders from the same officer). He said, "obviously, you are all inexperienced sailors." I asked him if he had ever sailed before. "No," he admitted, "but I have talked to people that have." You will have to imagine my reply to that comment because we can't publish it here. Realizing what I was up against, I grabbed my citation and told him to look for me in court.

Now imagine the courtroom scene, since boat speeding is tried in criminal court. My case seemed pretty wimpy when compared to the thieves, muggers, and burglars whose cases were being heard in the same room. As the judge silently read my case, his expression reflected past experiences with speeders. He responded with a tired speech: "Mr. Cole, you have been cited for driving your boat 10 miles per hour in Dana Point Harbor. Now you are probably going to tell me 'honest, your honor, I was only going four miles per hour.' Well, I have heard that story before, and would guess that you were probably speeding."

I interrupted politely, "your Honor, may I say something?"

"Yes, Mr. Cole," he replied.



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Bussum 12/8/89


VEGA



Dear Mr. Rosen,

We do hope you are very well. Herewith we send you our Bulletin #53, a membership-list and a Vega yacht test. Perhaps you can use this for the VODCA newsletter.

Overhere we enjoy a very fine summer.

My Husband, Gert, is preparing our Vega for a 24 hour race on the Yoselmeer.

The Anglo-Dutch rally in Great Britain was a great success. twenty British and eight Dutch Vegas and their crews had a wonderful time. They met the Swedish Vega "GALATEA TURBO" at Brighton Harbour home sailing to Stockholm.

Many greetings and best wishes to you, your family and the VODCA.

Gré Wonder

NILS & "STINA" TIDNER (GALATEA TURBO # 2516) WERE RETURNING TO TABY, SWEDEN AFTER A TWO YEAR VOYAGE TO THE THE US AND CARIBBEAN WATERS.



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I was in a sailboat, not a power boat," I said.

With a look of complete astonishment, he questioned, "A sailboat?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "without an auxiliary motor."

"No motor?" he again questioned, with a look of wonderment. It was clear that I had caught him of guard.

"No motor, sir."

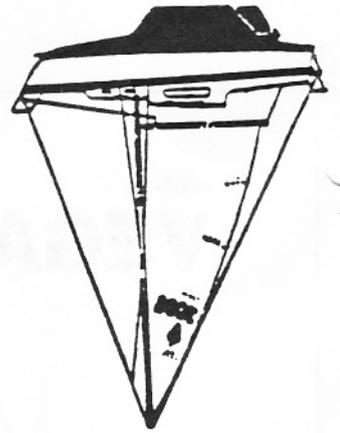
Out of the corner of my eye, I could see the patrolman wince at each remark by the judge. Needless to say, this set the stage for me to leave the courtroom unscathed. The judge interrupted the patrolman's and my inexperienced courtroom bickering with his summation: "In all my years on

the bench, I have never heard of a sailor being pulled over for speeding. Considering the wind-speed conditions observed by the officer, I imagine that Mr. Cole had few options but to reach his destination promptly while attempting to stay afloat. I do not think that the patrolman's action was in the best interest of improving the level of safety for Mr. Cole or his fellow sailors."

He dismissed the case after instructing the officer to reevaluate his priorities if faced with a similar situation in the future.

The deeply disturbed look on the patrolman's face, and our brief verbal exchange afterwards outside the courtroom, was almost worth the whole ordeal. Ten miles per hour—RIGHT!Δ

PAUL HALVACHS
3337 W. CHAIN OF ROCKS ROAD
GRANITE CITY, IL 62040



First Class

What's wrong?

C/O SIDNEY A. ROSEN
10615 WHITMAN CIRCLE
ORLANDO, FL 32821



VODKA

Happy Halloween

731 3760



*down stairs
across from pharmacy*

*10:00 TUES.
Tracy Summers
2nd FL.
206*