

VEGA Newsletter

Sidney A. Rosen, Editor (407) 352-9250

25 Jan 1992

Voice of American Vega Sailors

No.2-92

- **Boat/US Guide to Towing Companies:**

SID ROSEN HAS A BOAT/US LISTING OF TOWING COMPANIES, COSTS & SERVICES FOR VARIOUS SECTIONS OF THE U.S. IT MAY BE GOOD TO KEEP ON THE BOAT IN THE EVENT OF AN EMERGENCY. IT IS A LITTLE LARGE TO PUBLISH IN OUR NEWSLETTER; SO, IF YOU WOULD LIKE A LISTING FOR YOUR AREA JUST SEND A POSTCARD TO SID.

- **Stuffing Box Grease Available:**

TUBES OF LUBRIKO #MP40 WATERPROOF STUFFING BOX GREASE ARE AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT. THE PRICE IS STILL \$5.75 PER 8OZ. TUBE. THIS GREASE WAS ORIGINALLY COMPOUNDED TO FIT OUR NEEDS AND THEY STILL MAKE IT FOR US.

- **An extra month for all!**

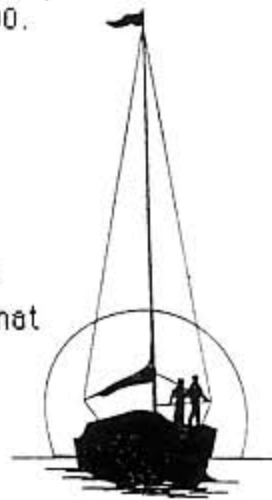
WITH THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR FINANCIAL CONDITION, AN EXTRA MONTH WILL BE ADDED TO ALL 1992 MEMBERSHIPS (NOW PAYABLE). ACCORDINGLY, EACH MEMBER WILL RECEIVE 13 ISSUES OF OUR NEWSLETTER IN 1992 INSTEAD OF THE USUAL 12.

- **Burgees:**

AN ADDITIONAL SUPPLY OF BURGEES HAVE BEEN ORDERED. THESE MEASURE 17x24 INCHES, ARE WELL MADE OF NYLON AND ARE NICE FLAGS TO FLY. THE PRICE IS STILL ONLY \$8.00.

- **N.E. Albin Newsletter:**

Gordon Douty, Editor of the N.E. Albin Newsletter reported seven Albin skippers attended the first annual Albin reunion in Port Judith, MA. The owners were from MA, CT, PA and Montreal, Canada. Mr. Douty advises that two Ballard skippers are now on his mailing list.



• MONIQUE & BOB ECKWALL (#123) WRITE FROM PORT VENDRES, FRANCE THAT THE US STAMPS ON OUR NEWSLETTERS "ARE THE JOY OF TWO LITTLE FRENCH GIRLS".

The Vega Newsletter
American Vega Association



Financial Report

End FY '90 bank balance (December 1, 1990) \$2597.00

Receipts

1991 Initial membership, fees/dues	\$1620.00	
Prepaid 1992 fees/dues	420.00	
Interest earned on checking account	169.00	
Burgee sales	200.00	
Miscellaneous (contributions)	28.00	
"Vega Westbound" tape rentals	8.00	
Profit on sale of stuffing box grease	<u>9.00</u>	
Total Receipts	\$2454.00	<u>\$2454.00</u>
		\$5051.00

Expenditures

Reproduction	\$1089.00	
Postage (Correspondance & newsletters)	876.00	
Supplies	48.00	
Bank charges (returned checks/checks)	28.00	
Computer maintenance/repair	135.00	
Refunds (overpaid dues, etc)	<u>48.00</u>	
Total Expenditures	\$2224.00	<u>\$2224.00</u>

Checkbook Balance December 1, 1991 \$2827.00

Other assets:

Burgees on Hand 1 ● 8.00

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It's Time to Pay your dues:- \$10.00 US
11.00 Canada
16.00 Overseas

CONCERNED BOATERS
NATIONAL WATER RIGHTS CONFERENCE
601 WEST 1ST STREET
STUART, FLORIDA 34994

For information or to volunteer, please call:
CONCERNED BOATERS (407) 288 0952

CONFERENCE PROGRAMS
DRUM NATIONAL EXPERTS

The conference is timed to immediately follow the Miami Boat Show. Invited guests will include members of Boating Writers International, which holds a conference at the same time, industry representatives, and folks who have become active in working toward freeing the federal waterways.

On the program:

* Who Are the Live-aboards? Ed Thorsutt, University of Maryland; Gustavo Antonini, University of Florida; and one or two other experts.

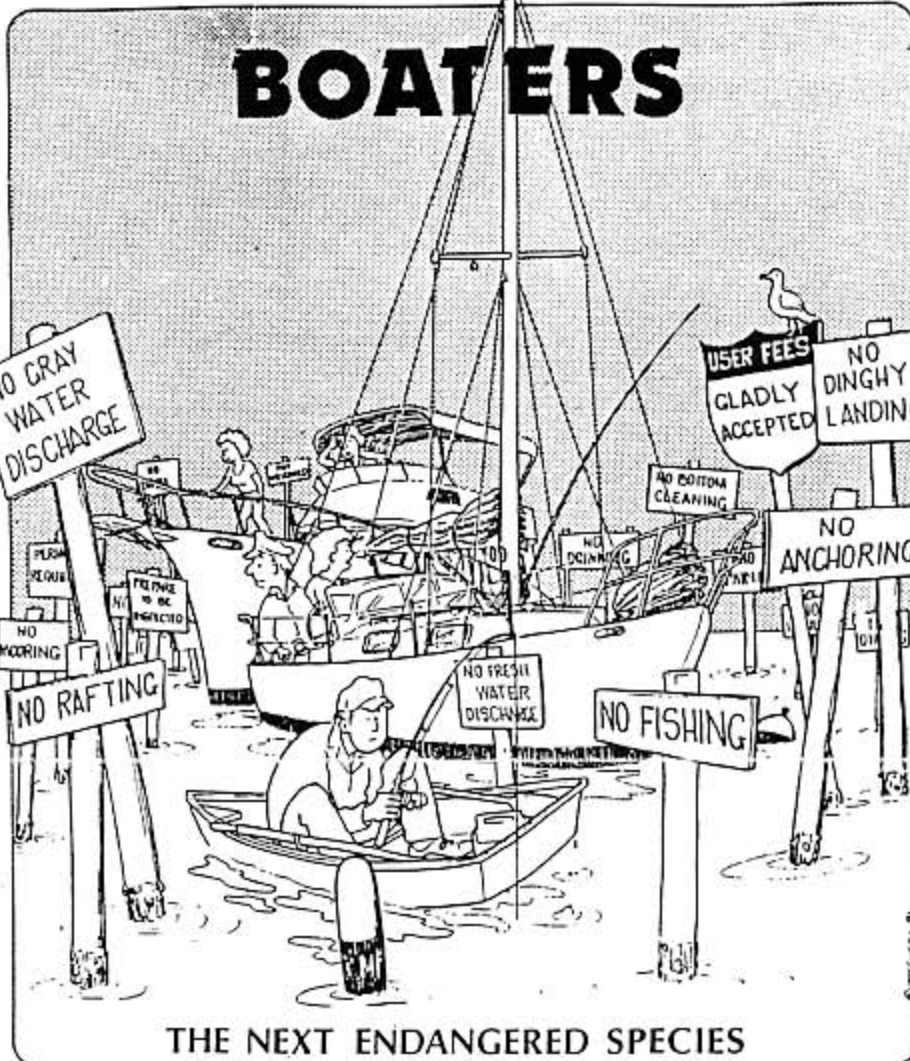
* Stopping the Crazy Regulations. A panel of people from South Carolina, Hawaii, Florida, and possibly the Virgin Islands and elsewhere on how they stopped (or didn't stop) statewide regulations banning certain uses of the federal waters.

* How Do We Lobby for Change? Mike Sciulla, vice president of BOAT US; Richard Wittig, president, Defense Products Marketing; Charles Altman, who helped write New York's boating legislation, and others.

* Getting the Word Out. Jim Flannery, Soundings' expert on anchoring issues, and Craig Warnous, editor of Living Aboard, will lead a panel of newspaper and magazine editors to tell us what's most effective in attracting media coverage of these issues.

* Legal Eagles. A lawyer's panel to explain the legal issues. Ted Guy, Stuart; Tom Davis, Sausalito; Stephen Schwartz, Boca Raton, Florida; Howard Sutter, Miami; and others.

* Update: Anchoring Rights. Get five people to present state pictures for the hottest areas: Florida, Virgins, Hawaii, California, maybe more.



THE NEXT ENDANGERED SPECIES

National Water Rights Conference

February 21 -24 , 1992
STUART, FLORIDA

Please join NWRA today! Send \$20 to: 601 W. 1st St. Stuart FL 34994
Thanks! Valerie Jones

FOC LICENSE FEE

THANKS to BOAT US again, the VHF radio "user fee" of \$50 went down in flames. Sen. Ernest Hollings, D-SC, was instrumental in sinking the plan.

Vega Newsletter
American Vega Association

Copy

10615 Whitman Circle
Orlando, Fl 32821
November 15, 1991

Mr. John Sprague
166 Maple Street
Guelph, Ontario
Canada N1G 2G7

Dear John,

I would like you to know that when you wrote to "Practical Sailor" you did us the most tremendous favor in a long time. Since that article appeared, we have gained seven new members! * In all our past years we have never gotten that kind of results from publicity in even the big sailing magazines ("Sail" and "Cruising World").

I was so thrilled that I took out a subscription to "Practical Sailor" and have found it most interesting.

Just today I got an inquiry from a Vega owner in Singapore (of all places) which in all probability was a result the same publicity.

I greatly appreciate all the support you have given us during the many years that you have been a member! Your many letters have been extremely helpful to so many of our people. On behalf of all our Vega skippers, let me say "Thanks".

Sincerely,

* *currently nine new members*

Information wanted -
Diesel forced air heating system
for the Vega. Please contact:
Jim Watson
2770 Alki Avenue, SW #401
Seattle, WA 98116
Tel : (206) 935-0835

Sidney A. Rosen
Secretary & Editor



Terry Polis (#027, "No Problem") Vs. Hurricane Bob -

The Epiphany



I woke peacefully from a deep sleep, warm and comfortable in my bunk. I even remember having a smile on my face, though I don't remember the dream. My consciousness lingered behind my eyelids in the quiet. Too quiet!

Suddenly I remembered where I was and what was happening and instantly I was in the present, fully waked, standing, and staring out through the cabin ports. The iron grey sky was still, the harbor surrounding me was flat, there was no wind.

"Thank god", I thought, "It blew out to sea, it blew out to sea!"

I pulled open the cabin hatch covers and saw Tom standing on the bow of his sturdy black steel cutter (a type of sailboat distinguished by the mast amidships) behind me cranking in a hundred and fifty feet of rope, thirty-five feet of chain and a storm anchor, obviously preparing to get under way.

"Something's wrong here," I said aloud to no one, "Where's he going?"

I snapped on the marine weather station and the words were crushing. "On his present course, Bob is expected to hit Newport at 1400 hours, 2 o'clock this afternoon. Hurricane warning is in full effect. Coastal and low lying areas are being evacuated...."

I was stunned, unbelieving. I glanced at the clock. Seven. A simple calculation gave me seven hours to do what else? I scrambled into the cockpit of my sloop, forcing down the first feelings of panic. I called to Tom.

"Morning", I yelled over with false bravado.

"Hey, guy." he called back. He had almost reached the anchor.

"Where you headed?"

"Oh, I got lucky. A friend of mine told me about an empty slip at the town dock. They're holding it for me. They say it's pretty protected."

"Oh. Well, good luck."

"Thanks," he said, now bending over to lock his anchor on deck. He didn't move particularly fast, there was no wind and his heavy boat remained motionless. "What are you gonna do?"

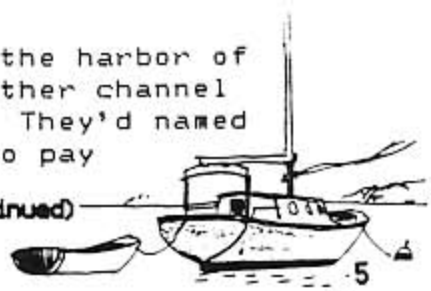
"I'm not sure, but I'll figure something out."

"Well good luck to you."

I went below and started coffee. "What am I going to do?" I thought.

The week before, while happily anchored in the harbor of Block Island, Rhode Island, I'd heard on the weather channel that there was a tropical storm in the islands. They'd named it Bob. Living aboard a small boat, you learn to pay

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attention to that sort of thing. But it was a thousand miles away and would probably blow out by week's end. I didn't give it another thought until Saturday evening. I'd left Block Island in the morning and sailed into Newport at about 2:30 in the afternoon. The point at Fort Adams jutted into a sea of boats, anchored and facing shore. There was a jazz concert in progress directed toward the Narraganset Bay. A really hot band was playing "Respect" and I could have sworn it was Areatha with the mike. I dropped the sails and tied them off, and kicked on the diesel engine to pick my way through more boats of every shape and size than I'd ever seen assembled in one place in my life. It was occasionally tricky, what with anchor lines and launches everywhere. It was also thrilling, I'd never sailed into Newport before.

I finally found a spot and dropped the "hook" in the public anchorage area, and went below to take a nap. When I woke, I made dinner and turned on the radio. There was an announcement that tropical storm "Bob" had been upgraded to hurricane strength, and could head north to New England.

By Monday morning the marine weather reports confirmed that "Bob" was due to strike New England the next day. I spoke to some of the other boaters anchored around me in the harbor, several of whom had been through hurricanes before, but no one could give me any advise different from what I already knew. I motored my dinghy into town and bought some provisions in the morning. Many boaters at the chandleries were buying more anchor line and chain and I realized that the weekenders who seemed to be ignoring the forecast of an impending natural disaster the day before were tourists. Those of us still in Newport on a Monday morning before a hurricane were a much more serious lot, and it was of some comfort to be among others of the same ilk. But beneath the banter and smiles, we were all nervous.

I decided that I would ride it out and returned to my boat. There was a lot to do to prepare for a hurricane, and when you are cruising, you carry many items you'd never dream of taking while out for a day sail. I removed the sails from the decks, bagged and stowed them in the forward cabin below. I unbolted the canvas dodger (wind and spray screen) and its frame from the cabin trunk and also stowed it in the forward cabin. I removed the life-ring and the flags flying from the mast, the radar reflector, anything and everything from above the deck or in the cockpit that could blow away or create any extra windage.


In about three hours the boat looked as if it had been through a chop shop, like it looks when I leave it in the water for the winter, without its cover.

Below deck, in the cabin, I secured anything that looked like it could topple or spill. I closed and fastened all of the lockers and sealed any open vents or ports that led inside the boat. I shut all of the gate valves and seacocks which expose the boat below its waterline.

Back on deck, I prepared two more anchors to be deployed. Onto my new storm anchor I shackled ten feet of

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chain and 120 feet of rode (the name for rope when used as anchor line).

I placed these two in the dinghy and rowed them out a hundred feet ahead of the boat and at 45 degrees to it and dropped them in twenty feet of water. I tied these anchor lines to the bow cleat and also led them aft to the stern cleats, just in case the forward cleat couldn't hold. I surveyed my work and went below to make dinner and read about hurricanes in my copy of American Practical Navigator. Seemed like a good idea to know what I was up against.

After dinner, while it was still light, I motored to shore and called my sailing buddy, Lyn, at home. He had been terribly worried about me and was relieved that I called. Together, 200 miles apart, we reviewed my options. Step by step we went over my preparations and my choice to stay at anchor. He had his charts of the Narragansett Bay and adjacent waters spread open on the family room floor, and he called my attention to some hurricane barricades which were north of the Bay, up the Providence River. I agreed to carefully look over my own charts and call him early the next morning to inform him of my final plan of action. It was still a long way till tomorrow and I still shook my head, disbelieving that a hurricane was imminent.

When I returned to the boat, I noticed that "Katya", a 65 foot sail boat off of my starboard beam (right side), was letting go of her mooring line. I watched as she turned slowly and made her way to the main channel. She turned north, picking up speed until I lost sight of her as she steamed under the Newport Bay Bridge. There was nothing more to be done tonight except turn in early and get plenty of sleep. So I did.


Looking around me in the un-natural quiet of this morning, I realized that many boats had left during the night. The anchorage was not nearly so crowded as it had been the days before. I became conscious of a growing tightness in my stomach. I forced myself to breathe deeply and let go of some of the anxiety. I was not hungry, but did have some coffee as I sat in the empty cockpit and looked over the charts to decide whether a run up river were a prudent decision.

The charts indicated that the first set of hurricane barricades were a considerable distance. A sailboat's top speed is a function of its length at the waterline. My Vega 27 has a theoretical top speed of six and a quarter knots, or eight and a half statute miles per hour. At that blistering pace, I knew a run for cover was now out of the question. Besides, NOAA weather (National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration) was predicting the hurricane would slam into the Narragansett Bay and head north, directly up the Providence River! No, that wasn't the answer.

I looked about me at those who chose to stay and then at the moorings left empty by so many of the boats that fled the



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day before and during the night.

Katya, that was the answer! Her mooring! If an 1100 pound mushroom anchor sunken in the mud below with a connecting chain and float would hold a 65 footer through the normal changes of wind all summer long, surely it would hold my little twenty-seven in any wind.

I quickly put my coffee cup in the sink below and climbed down the swimming ladder into "Duhbe" dinghy. I rowed out to both of the anchors I'd set the day before and hauled them aboard the dinghy grateful they hadn't set themselves too deeply yet. I put them on the deck of the Vega and scampered aboard. Hand over hand I pulled on the remaining anchor rode and once the boat glided over it, I was able to pull it free of the bottom. Quickly, I started up the motor and made a slow sweeping circle around several boats. "No Problem" came up on Katya's empty mooring nose into the light wind which had just come up. With my boat hook I was able to take hold of the hose covered line leading from the top of the mooring bouy and secure it to the bow cleat on the Vega. I made it fast with another line cleated over it, and then deployed the two anchors still on deck. "Can't be too careful", I thought.

I lashed the tiller amidships and tied down the stern seat cover, something I've never done before. Looking around the boat, I realized there was nothing else to be done, I had done everything I could. It was about nine-thirty in the morning and the light wind I'd felt moments earlier had increased slightly.

"Now what?" I said aloud. Now what indeed. I was suddenly scared. The grip on my stomach returned. "What should I do?"


I went below and pulled on my foul weather boots and bib. That seemed like a rational thing to do. I poured out the coffee and cleaned up the galley. Being busy, actually doing something, diverted my attention from the real question I'd been avoiding since I heard the first reports of a hurricane days ago, to stay or not to stay.

I had to decide, and I had to decide quickly. It had begun to rain and the wind was steadily increasing. What should I do?

I had planned this four week trip alone on a twenty-seven foot sailboat for many months. Actually it was to be a shake down cruise for a longer trip I was thinking of making, every sailor's dream, a slow cruise south to the islands for the winter, return in the Spring. Two years ago, when this current economic recession started, I, like many others didn't see it for what it really was. By the time I realized that the economic meltdown was not an extended seasonal lull, but a nationwide malady, it was too late to recover my losses. For a long time, I had been very hard on myself about those errors in judgement and mistakes made until I realized that I needed some distance from this business that I'd been in for the past thirteen years. Time to re-

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evaluate, take inventory, just stop for a little while. And how appropriate, I was going to be forty in a few months. So I began to close the business and plan my mid-life crisis. I figured I'd have it alone on the boat, a better plan than waiting a while longer and take the chance of dragging others through it with me. By the time I left the Barnegat Inlet during the first week in August, I had sold trucks, tools and equipment, paid off the car and cancelled insurance policies, shut off phones and stored my worldly belongings. Few encumbrances and fewer people to answer to. Simplify, back to basics.

I stood in the cockpit of my floating home and looked around in the rising wind. Except for a few transient cruisers, most of the boats were unoccupied. A couple of staunch individuals were still aboard their vessels securing them. All of the worldly goods that meant anything to me for many months were here on this boat. My books, binoculars, bicycle, my new manual typewriter. Clothes, cassette tape collection, sailing gear, all the things that I'd been living with and using were here. "No Problem" had in fact, become my home.

Now this.

And then, an epiphany, a decision that was as instantaneous as it was irreversible. I went below and opened my soft luggage suitcase in which I stored most of my clothes. I turned and packed my binoculars and a handful of tapes. I looked around and found my camera, and that portable shortwave radio. When the suitcase was full I grabbed my canvas duffel and went through the same exercise. From my cruising "safe", a hollowed out book I kept in my cruising bookcase, I took my credit cards and traveller's checks and stuffed them into the pocket of my foul weather jacket. Exiting the cabin, I locked the hatches.

Over the stern rail, I lowered my gear into the dinghy, then climbed onto the swimming ladder and stood on the rung closest to the bouncing little boat in the water inches below.

I spoke aloud to the lifeless form of fiberglass and aluminum, cast iron and wood, which I had owned and fixed and lived aboard and tended to for the past six years.

"You've been a good boat, no you've been a great boat. I've done everything I can to insure that you'll be here when I get back. There's nothing else I can do. It's out of my hands. I can't control the weather. And in the end, you're just a boat."

I must have been quite a sight standing in the rain at a phone booth in Newport dressed from top to bottom in bright yellow. A duffel bag over one shoulder, a suitcase over the other, and an outboard motor in one hand. Like Ben Franklin with loaves of bread under his arms.

It was seven-thirty in the morning in Los Angeles when my brother answered the phone. He could hear the wind around

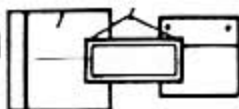
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me. Lyn had called him the night before and told him of my situation, and promised to keep him informed. I gave him the update.

"God, am I glad you're safe and off that boat." he said. "And you're decision was the right one. After all you're the treasure here".

Terry Polin

bulletin
board



Documentation is recommended for
those going out of the US.

Document Your Boat

Vessel documentation is a one-time process of registering your boat with the U.S. Coast Guard instead of with a state agency. Rather than being known by state numbers on the bow, your boat is registered by its name, homeport, USCG number, and tonnage. Documentation grants your boat more privileges and prestige! A documented boat is easier to buy, finance and sell because its entire history from the builder to the present owner is officially established and recorded with the Coast Guard.

★ Atlantic Maritime Services ★

13 North Morningside Drive
Westport, CT 06880

ANNE H. WOKANOVICZ (203)454-1131

The above is for information only
and does not constitute endorsement
of the service.

"Current" News

If you store your boat ashore for the winter and want shore power hooked up, don't be surprised if the yard charges for an electrician's services. A new section of the National Fire Protection Association Standard for Marinas and Boat Yards requires vessels in dry storage to be tested by a competent electrician for evidence of electrical leakage if any shore power is applied to the boat's electrical system. When a boat is in the water, an electrical fault can find a path to ground in the surrounding water. The same system out of water presents a shock hazard. Surveyors have reported nasty shocks from touching a metal rudder of a boat out of water.



From coast to coast all kinds of local & state ordinances have been written to curtail your anchoring, docking and other boating rights.

Find out who is doing what!
Write:

"Concerned Boaters"
601 West 1st Street
Stuart, FL 34994

Ask for a copy of their
newsletter!



Solar Is Safer

I read your article on automotive type battery chargers and removed the one I had been using on our boat. After studying the alternatives, I bought a small solar panel. This little five watt panel not only keeps the battery fully charged but appears to carry the load of our Loran, VHF radio, and depth finder (during daylight sailing, of course).

Considering that a solar charger presents no fire hazard, no electrolysis, and requires no maintenance, I wonder why they are not more popular?

John D. Cline
Pensacola, Florida

We never thought about a solar panel as a safety item - until now.



Look who joined

THE VEGA NEWSLETTER

NAME DE LEON, VICTOR HOME PHONE (206) 248-2587
SPOUSE DE LEON, JUDITH M. WORK PHONE (206) 442-6060
ADDRESS 12231 5TH AVE SOUTH
SEATTLE, WA ZIP CODE 98168-2046
SAIL NO. 2216 YEAR 1974 BOAT NAME WIND ROSE
YACHT CLUB _____
WHERE BERTHED SOUTH PARK MARINA - SEATTLE, WA
RADIO: CB _____ VHF / AMATEUR _____

THE VEGA NEWSLETTER

NAME Jim Watson HOME PHONE (206) 935-0835
SPOUSE - WORK PHONE (206) 433-2358
ADDRESS 2770 Alki Ave. S.W. #401
Seattle, WA ZIP CODE 98116
SAIL NO. 3215 YEAR 77 BOAT NAME Raven
YACHT CLUB _____
WHERE BERTHED Shilshole Marina - Seattle
RADIO: CB ✓ VHF ✓ AMATEUR _____

THE VEGA NEWSLETTER

NAME JIM LEGERE HOME PHONE (902) 826-7626
SPOUSE SUE WHITEHOUSE WORK PHONE (902) 422-4500
ADDRESS P.O. Box 21, TANTALLON,
NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA ZIP CODE BOJ 3J0
SAIL NO. 2002 YEAR 73 BOAT NAME ALCYON
YACHT CLUB _____
WHERE BERTHED ST. MARGARET'S BAY, NOVA SCOTIA
RADIO: CB _____ VHF CALL SIGN AMATEUR _____
CFD 5137

