

25 Feb 1999

Voice of American Vega Sailors

No. 2 - 99

Please welcome our newest members!

Ben Kagay
8619 Rockmore
Houston, TX 77064
Tel: (281) -1529
#2496, "No hay, No hay", 1976

Jim Hendrick
P.O. Box 424
Vineyard Haven, MA 02568
jimh@capecod.net
#1374, Daintree", 1968

Federico Camilo
115 Payson Avenue - Apt 6A
New York, NY 10034
Tel: (914) 698-3324
3085, "Wind Harmony", 1977

Jean B. Piaud
874 Francheville
Rock Forest, Quebec
Canada, J1N 2K2
Tel: (819) 684-4603

Robert Z. Reed
12907 Topping Estates - South Drive
St. Louis, Mo 63131
(314) 965-6813

Kim Gundler
2500 Wildflower Road
Blythewood, SC 29016



Albert Anderson urgently needs new window gaskets. Does anyone know what material to use and where it can be obtained?

His address is: 46 129 Lilipuna Road
Kaneohe, HI 98744

Out of business? Our supplier of stuffing box grease for the past 20+ years has either gone out of business or changed their name and cannot be located. Tell us, what do you use and where do you get it?

Still available: Reprints of Nick & Jenny Coghlan's 1990 report "Preparing your Vega for Extended offshore Cruising" (19 pages). Just send \$1.00 to help defray copying & postage costs.

A new source for 0-21 and 0-22 engine parts;

Fors Marin AB in Sweden just sent me their parts catalogues for the O-21 and O-22 engines. The catalogues are too big to publish. If you need parts, please write, call or email me for the address, stock numbers and prices.

Our burgees have been reordered. If you would like one, just send \$9.00 to Sid Rosen.

4 Vegas - a new record?

August Duurvoort reports that he is now looking for his 4th vega! Good Luck August!

P.O. Box 21,
Tantallon, Nova Scotia
January 28, 1999



Dear Sid,

And so another year has slipped by! Of course, with our Vega's number being 2002, we are more excited about New Year's three years hence than the Millennium... Which raises an interesting point: Where is the Millennium Vega? Its not on our membership list... was it even exported to North America? I figure it was probably built mid 1973. Does anyone know where Vega 2000 is?

1998 was a busy family year for us. The birth in June of our son Sam curtailed our sailing a little bit. I think his first sail was at age five weeks, but we didn't venture very far. Overnight junkets take on a whole new meaning with a baby onboard; when its feeding time, the whole anchorage knows! Despite that, we did get a lot of day sailing in as well as perhaps a half dozen nights on board.

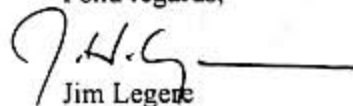
The biggest obstacle to sailing proved to be unrelated to our newest crew. While the arrival of our new crew was a joyous disruption, on September 2nd we had a very tragic disruption. Approximately eight miles from us, at the mouth of St. Margaret's Bay, Swissair Flight 111 crashed into the sea and all 229 on board perished. The Bay area was shut - no vessel traffic - for about a month. Everyone in our area was very distressed by the magnitude of the tragedy. There was a steady influx of grim and distraught people into our area: searchers, families of victims and Coast Guard and military personnel. Never again will we sail out of our pleasant bay without pausing to consider the 229 whose lives were so suddenly cut short.

I've been doing a little surfing at the new American Vega Association web site. David has done a really great job. As well, I have been receiving regular reports on Bryan Althouse's Caribbean adventures via e-mail from his father. Its nice to hear of younger Vega people out there 'doing it'! It seems that one has to be young or retired to have the impudence to throw off the traces and just go voyaging; I guess I'll have to wait for the latter opportunity...

I have enclosed US \$ 20.00 to cover this year's dues. Please accept my thanks for yet another year of Vega Newsletters. I don't know what we'll do when you finally decide 'enough is enough'... the web site is great but not everyone is connected to the Internet. I still like to have a hard copy in hand, to read with my coffee or take to the Reading Room...

Take Care, Sid!

Fond regards,


Jim Legere
ALCYON (#2002)

What is the average age of our membership?

• Vega #2000 ("Tchaika") was originally owned by John Romary of Fairfax, Va. We lost track of it for many years, but in 1993 it was owned by Rodney Reichert of Flower Mound Texas. It's whereabouts and current owner are unknown.

Lars Lemby
 Kastanjevägen 8
 S-132 46 Saltsjö-Boo
 Tel/fax: +46 8-715 87 04
 e-mail: lars.lemby@swipnet.se

1 Nov 98

Mr Steve Birch
 8, Cockshot Road
 Malvern
 Worcs WR14 2TT
 ENGLAND



Check that stemhead fitting!

Dear Steve,

When I was re-reading the Internet message from you I suddenly realised that you had been dismasted. I am sorry for your sake. A very bad piece of news. We have had a few stemhead fitting failures in Sweden through the years but — by good luck — the mast has remained standing, supported by the lower fore-shrouds.

Laszlo, our Vega Club Bulletin editor, has been searching through our records in vain. He could not find my contribution on this matter. I have therefore made a new drawing of my solution, which you will find attached. The basic drawing, on which I have superimposed my improvement, is the original drawing by Per Brohäll for the prototype vega.

Note the details about welding: According to my —now very old — education in welding (I once had a C certificate, i.e. the simplest of all) you shall not let two welds join in a corner, because this will cause a lot of unwanted stresses in the joint. However, the piece as I have made it is now super-strong, so it may not matter too much if the welds meet as long as they are properly made.

The centre piece is now much thicker than before. The original piece was too thin which showed in elongated holes where the fore-stay and tack of the genoa were attached.

The new crosspieces have two 10 mm holes. These are very handy for attaching gear. When I race with my hanked on heavy near max. genoa I reeve a "Cunningham line" from the hole on one side, through a cunningham hole in the genoa about 20 cm up, back again through a block fastened in the other hole and then back to the cockpit.

When cruising with hanked on sails I reeve a "downhaul line" through the block in one of the holes and then tie it to the shackle in the halyard. It travels up along the forestay with the genoa when hoisted. When I want to get the sail down I let the halyard fly and pull the sail down on to the deck and then belay the "down-hauling line". I have also experimented with an extra turn of the "down-haul line" through a little block that travels up with the hanks to a point perpendicular to the clew, the to and through the clew, back to another tiny block on the other side, then up to the head of the sail. If I let the sheet fly and pull on the "downhaul line" I gather up the sail near the forestay. Then I ease away on the halyard and pull the sail down on the foredeck. If I do it the other way — keep the sheet tight and ease off the halyard first I get the sail down along the side of the deck. The only problem with the latter arrangement is that it takes some time to reeve the "downhaul line" when bending under a sail.

The fore-stay is attached to the front hole in the (thick) centre piece and the sail is normally tacked to the centre hole. When changing headsails I use the spare hole in the centre piece.

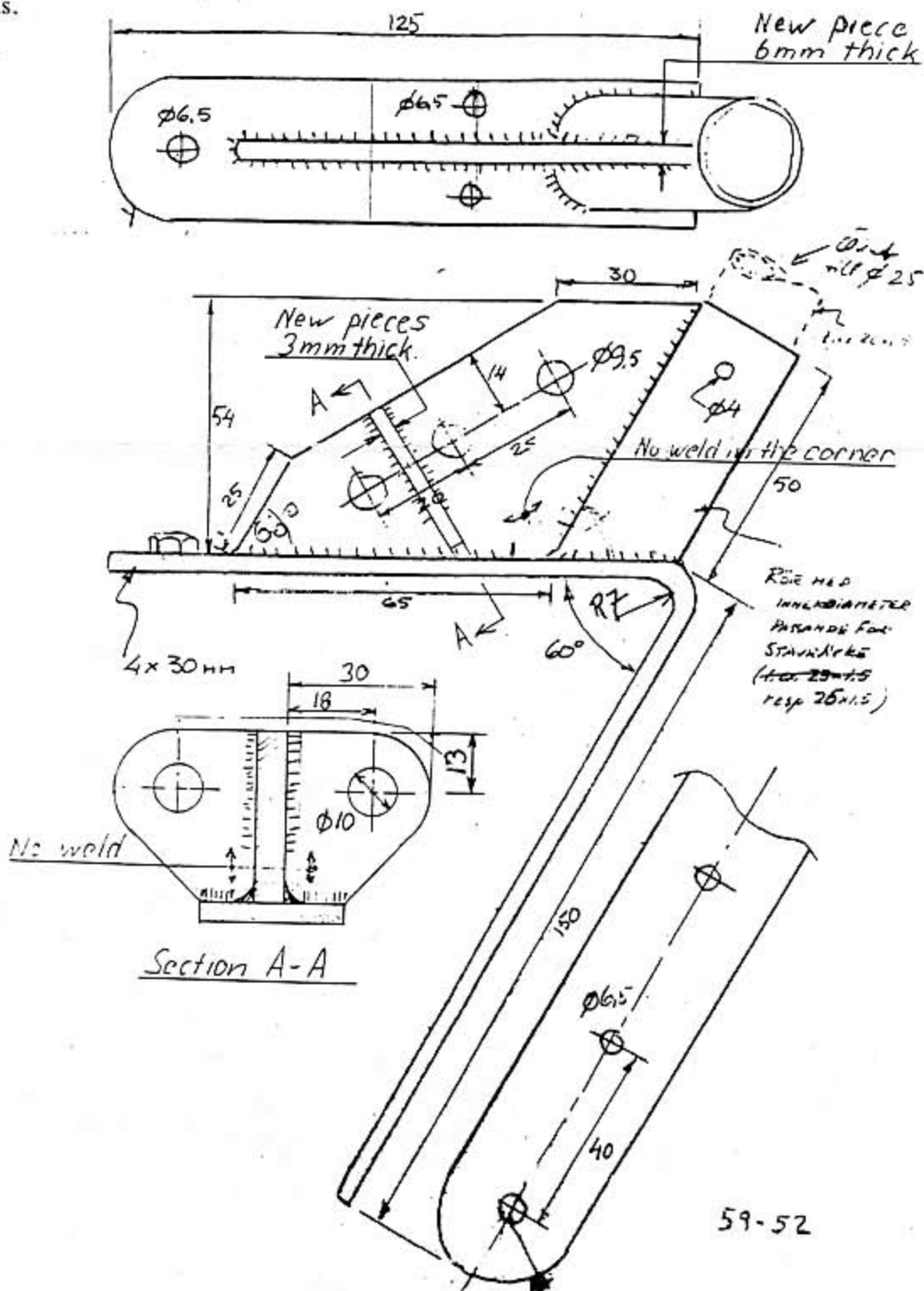
In practice it has turned out rather difficult to get a shackle through this hole when there is already another sail on the fore-stay. To make things easier I have put a "twisted shackle" permanently in the after hole and so lifted the point of attachment an inch upwards.

When sailing with a furling genoa (I have got one at last, for better and for worse) I attach the fore-stay to the centre hole in the (thick) centre piece and lash down the furling profile to the 3 empty holes (1 in the centre piece, 2 in the crosspieces). In this case the "twisted shackle" is used as a foreword fastening point for the flat lifeline that runs along the deck on both sides. I can hook my safetyline to this before I leave the cockpit and the hook runs along with me as I climb forward.

All this would have been described much better with a few sketches, but I am not so good at drawing. Still I hope that you and VAGB will find this information useful.

Regards,

Lars L



Going to Mexico with Walter & Judy Brown



Dear Sid,

12/15/98

Lyric departed San Francisco mid November, we're on our way to Mexico. The going has been slow. Lousy weather. No wind, too much wind, wind from wrong direction, waves between large and huge, etc. To keep this short I'll just touch on what's been happening. First of all we've got an E mail address, it's bestvega @ hotmail.com. Mail will be answered sporadically. Perhaps we're not really the best Vega but I have little doubt that we're the best equipped Vega in the world and probably can also claim title to being the heaviest. We're down 3 to 4 inches on our lines. This has made me a bit nervous about handling bad weather. Mostly I'm worried about being pooped. The cockpit is so large and the drains so small.

Anyway. We left Redwood City and spent several days at Treasure Island where we did a serious look at what we had on board and managed to get a couple of hundred pounds off of the boat. Also found out that our radar was not working. Went to Sausalito and took care of that. Next was under the Golden Gate, out a few miles and a hard left for Half Moon Bay. A friend has a mooring there and we side tied to one of his friends sadly neglected little sloop. The boat was being used as a roosting spot by every bird in the area. All in all it was a "fowl" place to be. With a storm coming we went into the dock to wait it out. Felix and Gloria on the Vega "Tern" came in a couple of days after us. We spent several days waiting for a window to open. Felix left the day before us with rather larger waves than I like and made it to Santa Cruz without problem. We left the next day with much nicer weather and also headed for Santa Cruz. While we were enroute the Coast Guard put out a notice via the VHF that Santa Cruz had been closed due to shoaling of the entrance. We changed course and went for Monterey. Made it after dark and missed the entrance. While looking for it, Judy heard what she thought was surf. She was right! We turned in time to avoid grounding and found the entrance. Since we had never been there before and entering in the dark we slowly motored in. Wrong thing to do! Terrific surge in the entrance. We managed not to hit anything and found a slip. We spent the next nine days waiting for another window.

El Nino last year, La Nina this year. They'll probably be blaming it on El Padre next year. Wind on the pacific coast tends to be northerly. With La Nina however we've been getting a lot of south winds. Most of this coast is a lee shore, what few anchorage's there are tend to be exposed to the south. The surfers here have been very happy this year. They've had more high surf than ever. Now we get into the next part of the trip. After nine days in Monterey we had our window. Turned out that it was only part open. We motor sailed down the Big Sur coast and just north of Point Piedros Blancos started getting into rain. The rain got heavier and our north wind stated clocking to the west and getting stronger. This was not good. To make a long story short we had no place to go but a lee shore or out to sea. We were several miles off shore when it started. We turned into the wind and close reached for sea room. It was now night and the NOAA broad cast was advising mariners about a fast moving low that was hitting Piedros Blancos with gusts to 50 mph. With the main double reefed and no jib we hove to. We made about a knot an hour this way and the next morning found ourselves about 17 miles off shore. A very scary night especially after the rain stopped and the clouds blew away. Then we could see just how big the seas were. We didn't get pooped but the cockpit was ankle deep at times from seas breaking over the bow. A dear friend with a canvas shop gave us a new dodger as a going away present. It was a life saver. Being able to sit under it in that weather was great.

The next morning with the storm abating we made for San Simeon which is about 7 miles down the coast. It has an anchorage usable in all but southerly winds. The wind was still westerly and we figured it would be roly. It was. The main wouldn't come down and inspection showed a grommet torn out of the luff and a jammed sail slide. We had replaced Lyric's mast with the one from Sonia to get an extruded track. (Lyric's old mast had the riveted track.) An addition we had made was mast steps. I can't say enough in their favor. They allowed a bad situation to be easily resolved. Anyway we dropped our anchor and set it. We each had a glass of wine and fell asleep at 6 PM after having been up for 36 hours. The next morning we upped anchor and made for Morrow Bay. The entrance there had been closed frequently

but was open and we were able to enter. Side tied at the Morrow Bay Yacht Club and tried to put the boat in order. The folks from the Canvas Shop came down, picked up our sail, repaired it, and brought it back. I figured we'd pay between \$50 and \$100, they charged us \$20. Nice folks, nice town, nice club. We met a couple from Vancouver there on a 28 ft aluminum sloop that is built like a destroyer. I figure this boat is impervious to all but exploding volcanoes and cruise missiles. We wound up buddy boating around the notorious Point Conception with them and had a wonderful trip in delightful conditions. We'd hoped to stop in at Santa Barbara but our arrival would have been in the wee hours so we passed on to Channel Islands Harbor where we are currently waiting for the Santa Ana winds to subside. Next stop is Marina Del Rey then on to Long Beach for Christmas with Judy's Kids. As an aside, Felix and Gloria caught up with us in Morrow Bay and Gloria jumped ship. The lady gave it her best shot but had been constantly sea sick. They put the boat on a mooring and went to Mexico by land. Felix will be back in a month or so to continue on down the coast with a crew from his yacht club.

The new engine is proving totally reliable. It starts quickly and runs smooth. Some what loud but aren't they all? I'm not real pleased with my fuel consumption and am burning .46 gal an hour at approximately 2600 rpm for around 5 knots boat speed. I'd like to hear from other folks who put in a Yanmar 2GM20 engine. What kind of fuel consumption are you getting and what size prop are you using? We have a 12 X 9 RH on. That's it for now.

1/1/99

Happy New Year! Not a whole lot to say. The rest of the trip has been without significant incident. We've continued to motor sail down the coast with light winds and gentle swells. Fuel consumption seems to be getting better after re-trimming the boat. Our little flotilla has grown with the addition of a Cal 40 out of Seattle with Terry and Don aboard. They're a couple of construction types who have taken a 30 year old boat and turned it into a fast cruising showboat. Also met Willie, a singlehander on a Vancouver 25 out of Canada. He's been to Hawaii on the boat and made 3 Atlantic crossings. I'm very impressed with the layout of the interior and anybody thinking of redoing a Vega interior should find one of these boats first. Visit it with a note pad and folding rule, you'll get lots of good ideas.

Anyway we left Channel Islands Harbor and spent a few days in Marina Del Rey. From there we went to Downtown Marina in Long Beach, significant in that the entry takes you in with the "Queen Mary" off your port side. I put a couple of extra cockpit drains in the transom and feel a lot safer for having done so. We spent several days there while chasing down parts to repair the drills I burned out while drilling the transom. Note: A Makita drill (mine) is much cheaper to repair than a Milwaukee (Ken's). Also got to see Judy's kids who live in Long Beach. Left there and stopped briefly in Alamitos Bay marina to take on fuel and propane. We then hit our first significant fog of the trip. Radar made it somewhat less appalling but we did have a few close calls with power boats that didn't show on our screen. One idiot came tearing through at high speed and was crossing in front of our bow when he saw us. I think he realized how foolish he was being as he then slowed considerably and turned away. We celebrated the new year last night in Dana Point marina, named after Richard Henry himself. Anyone who doesn't know who he is, is hereby ordered to turn in their sailing license until they read his book. It's mandatory reading. Next stop Ocean Side harbor, from there to Mission Bay and then on to San Diego, our last "port of call" in this country. I'll update this in a few days.

1/5/99

Back again. Actually back up north again. We've back tracked up the coast to Newport Beach. The plan is to cruise to Catalina Island tomorrow. Spend a few days on a mooring there and then down to Mission Bay for three days (maximum amount of time the local authorities allow you to anchor) and then on to San Diego. Hopefully we won't have to spend much time there. We need to get to Mexico as the budget is shrinking more rapidly than expected.

Aboard "Lyric"
Walt & Judy



Urgent! Sid is running out of "news" for our newsletter. He needs to hear from you! Tell us of your problems; your successes, your failures and your adventures. Share your experiences with your fellow Vega skippers! We want to know!

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November 15th, 1998



Sidney Rosen,
10615 Whitman Circle,
Orlando, Florida, 32821

Dear Sid:

Please find my cheque for \$14.00, \$12.00 for this year and \$2.00 that I was short last year.

We are getting ready to head down to Texas again for the winter, leaving here the 1st of December.

It seems unbelievable that I have owned Griffiti now for 9 years.

It has been a happy experience in spite of the cost of maintaining a sailboat on the intercoastal where it is out of the water only 3 times in that period with the next haul out possibly next year.

Aside from the cost of haul outs, there has been some major repairs, some self inflicted and some accidental:

1990: Replace water jacket	\$500
1992 Reboresand rebuild engine caused by overheat caused by running engine at dockside when floating plastic junk blocked water flow which was un-noticed by off season maintenance person. Boat US insurance however picked up 50% of cost of \$4000	\$2000
1995 Replaced fuel tank with plastic, new seals for combi unit (I greased too much and popped them) replaced water jacket * put in a proper electrical panel, new batteries and battery cables and replaced Dodger (Albin Marine from Sweden)	\$1800
1996 New rigging using 316 SS kept old turnbuckles to keep price down	\$900
1997 Rebuilt cutlass bearing housing, hull around the bearing was damaged and required cutting out and replacing	\$650
1998 Restitched main sail and working jib (included new leech lines)	\$250

The Re-build was a bit of a shock, however after the re-build the compression was too stiff to hand crank so I expect a normal re-build would have been required in due course.

We have a pretty good selection of good mechanics and riggers in the coastal bend area of Texas

From my experiences, my advice to new old or new boat owners is to change the oil and filter regularly (in my case once a year), run the engine regularly (in my case every 15 days) year round, check fuel filters regularly (every couple of months) and before starting motor after very heavy rain fall. When you find water in the bilge, source it.

The boat, your excellent technical support and Albin Marine from Gotenberg makes it straight forward to own and maintain a Vega.

"I now have to duck my head more"

27142 Schooner Way R.R.#2
Pender Island, BC
Canada V0N 2M2
26 Jan 1999

Dear Sid,

I see that its (dues paying) time of the year again. Nothing really to report from here. I've just done a couple of things to the old boat and taken part in some local races and cruises.

One thing which needed to be done was to replace the 1 1/4" x 3 1/4" mahogany beam under the mast with a new solid mahogany one which measures 2 1/2" thick by 7". This means that I now have to duck my head more when I go forward. I also threw out the 1 1/4" x 2 1/4" studs on either side of the door opening that the beam rests on, and installed one of 2" x 4" mahogany - all epoxied and bolted in place.

Please note the small change of my address and my new telephone # which is:
(250) 629-3945.

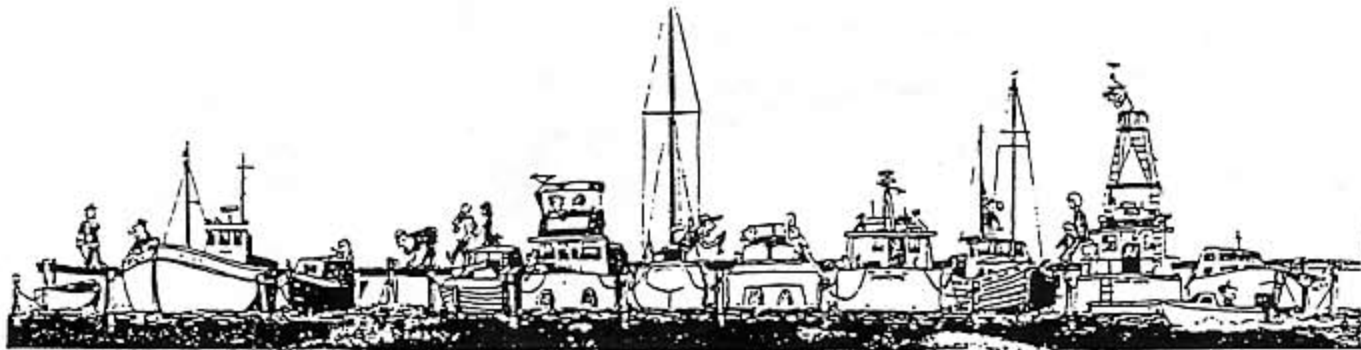
I know you're looking for a replacement editor; but you're doing such a great job! We all appreciate it! Perhaps someone will take pity on you and rise to the occasion!

All the best for the last year of the century

Peter

Peter Bell

**** Editor's note:** One of founding members of VODCA was very tall and kept hitting his head everytime he went into the forward cabin. To save further bangings and pain, he mounted a cushion (held in place by velcro strips) over the doorway. (why didn't I think of that!)



"Tandaleo" - San Francisco to Hawaii

as reported in Latitude 38 magazine, July 1998

My brother Pablo and I had been at sea for a little more than 17 days in my small boat before making landfall. I'll leave it to those who've made similar passages to imagine how we felt. - and above all, how we smelled! Overall, our adventure had gone smoothly in the sense that we didn't sink the boat. Other than that, it had been pretty harsh - particularly the weather during the first six days. But I suppose it's the challenge of life at sea that makes ocean sailing such an exciting alternative to routine life ashore. At sea you have no choice but to accept the conditions Nature gives you. And if something breaks, you must accept it with a salty grin.

I began the Hawaii adventure blind to the obstacles my brother and I would face and the difficulties we would have to endure. In a way, I was fortunate not to have had any specific expectations about how the trip would go - because they would have been terribly wrong. For prior to our trip my concept of sailing was limited to leisurely sails to Angel Island with 20 knots of wind and flat water. It's not always like that, I quickly learned, on the ocean.

Our trip was rough from the beginning, as we weren't blessed with a grace period between the calm of the bay and the tempest that was out in the ocean. Instead of being gently nudged out of the Gate, it was as though we were hurled through like a skipping stone into the stormy ocean. Almost immediately, northerly winds of 30 knots forced us to sail over the seemingly jagged swells at about seven knots. We barely had a chance to look back and say our farewells to the Golden Gate.

By the afternoon the swells grew to a towering 10 feet, and the wind blew even harder. These conditions would have been enough to terrify any novice San Francisco sailors - and it just got worse. We used the Autohelm autopilot all that day while we alternately took turns trying to get some rest. Unfortunately, the excitement, the fear, and the sea sickness prevented us from catching even a wink of sleep. It would take us awhile to become accustomed to sleeping with the sound of waves crashing on. We're not sure that experienced sailors would have fared much better.

Conditions moderated slightly that night, but our foul weather gear had already been soaked through. The discomfort we felt was unimaginable! Around midnight we had a misfortune would have us cursing for the

remainder of the trip - the autopilot stopped working. It had been fine for a year, but as soon as we got 60 miles out it decided not to work anymore.

Since ours was a very low-budget trip, I didn't have a backup autopilot or windvane. This meant that we'd have to steer the boat by hand continuously for the next 2,140 miles. If we were to be at sea for the next 20 days, each of us would have to be at the helm for 10 of those days. Taking one's turn at the helm quickly became the most dreaded chore on the boat. It was worse than doing the dishes; worse than killing and gutting the fish and even worse than cooking. And cooking was quite a task. The stove we cooked on swung in a 40 degree arc, and therefore sent food flying about the cabin. Trying to cook created a mess that even farm animals would have shunned.

Our second day at sea was even more unpleasant than the first. It blew 35 knots and gusted to 40 - so hard that it blew the masthead fly right off the mast! The swells were 15 feet tall and had breaking crests. We did everything we could to steer our boat - which seemed so minute - bow to these awesome swells. Had any of these swells hit the boat the wrong way, I'm sure *Tandaleo*, would have been knocked down like a bowling pin and dismasted.

The thought of what might happen to our boat and us was extremely unnerving, so we did everything we could to stay alert during our watches. But staying awake - let alone being alert - became more difficult by the day because we were terribly fatigued and not getting much sleep. Our four hour watches seemed to last for four days! I spent almost all my time on watch trying to keep myself awake by drinking coffee, listening to my Walkman or even singing to myself. What little other time there was I used to dream about taking off my freezing foul weather gear and lying down.

Nevertheless, the thought of turning back never once crossed our minds. For we were young - Pablo 24 and me, 22 - and we were determined to sail to Hawaii. No force of nature was going to stop us.

For me, the trip was like an initiation into manhood, for it was the first time in my life that I had to endure such discomfort for so long. It was also the greatest challenge I'd ever dished out for myself - because failure could have easily meant death. It must have been symbolic or something, because for the first time in my life I let my beard -

although most people would have called it peach fuzz - grow out.

After about six days of very rough weather - and the almost total lack of sleep - it seemed dangerous to continue in the same manner. So we struck the sails, battened down the hatches and both slept like babies for seven hours. We were so tired that we didn't even notice the banging or tossing of the boat.

The next day - what a blessing! - was calm and beautiful. We were able to shake two reefs out of the main and replace the storm jib with the 100% genoa for the first time! Our mood quickly improved as much as the weather. We dried our wet clothing in the cockpit, and for the first time got a chance to appreciate being in the middle of such a grand ocean on such a small boat. To make the day even more magical, we were befriended by two dolphins who joyfully encircled the boat at full speed as if to put on a show. Or maybe they thought the boat was a slow and clumsy animal that needed swimming lessons.

From that sixth day on, the sea began to show us a calmer side. The wind dropped to 15 knots - and on some days even to complete calm. Both Pablo and I slept much better and our tricks at the helm became less monotonous.

By halfway through the trip, steering the boat had become second nature. I could keep the boat on course with only an occasional glance at the compass, so most of my time at the helm was spent either writing or admiring the scenery. Sometimes I would get carried away with whatever I was doing and temporarily drift off course. I would catch myself a moment later and correct myself - unless my brother was in the cockpit and caught me first. When that happened he'd get furious! He hadn't taken to the adventure as well as I, and he viewed every second off course as an extra second more that he would have to spend enduring the torture.

I sure wasn't looking at things that way. During the stormy weather, I also wanted to hurry to Hawaii as fast as possible. But during calmer weather, I really enjoyed being on the water. I have to admit that I was expecting to be able to play my guitar, read, and otherwise relax a little bit more but the long terms at the helm put a damper on that.

During the calmer days, however, I couldn't help but be enchanted by the overwhelming beauty and uniqueness of the ocean. It's so vast and timeless that I lost all sense of linear thought, and couldn't help but appreciate the things that might normally have seemed too ordinary or simple to reflect on. The light from the moon dancing on the rolling swells, for example. Or the

immaculate sunsets, with pastel colored rays of sunlight reflecting off the clouds to make them appear to be suspended balls of fire. On another occasion, I spent about an hour watching the swells crash into our bow wave, slosh up the side of the boat, then crash back onto the water below. It was fascinating.

I also had a few interesting experiences where it seemed to me that the ocean was out of level. It looked like the horizon behind us was higher than the horizon in front of the bow - or as though we were sailing downhill! I didn't believe my eyes, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't convince them to perceive things correctly. On another day, it appeared as though we were in the middle of a bowl, with the horizon above us! This made me think I was getting delirious. But following the trip I discovered that several other sailors have written about the exact same thing.

We were at sea for 17 1/2 days - but it felt like an eternity. When I got up for my early morning shift on the last day, I could see the lights of the islands in the distance. You have no idea what an incredible feeling it gave me! It was a combination of ecstasy and triumph. As far as I was concerned, I'd proven to myself that I could achieve anything I put made me remember my mind to.

Making landfall made me remember the days when I would sit on my boat in California and read other people's accounts of ocean crossings - and wishing it had been me. Landfall also made me remember the day in April when I returned to California from a vacation in Kauai - and called my brother to tell him that I would be sailing my boat to Hawaii in 2 1/2 months. This, even though I didn't have any money and my boat wasn't ready for such a cruise. I remembered painting my neighbor's boat in order to make the money I needed to buy equipment for the trip - and working on my own boat in what little spare time I had. I also remember the trips to the Seconds Can Factory in Sacramento in order to stock the boat with food. We knew the food wouldn't taste very good, but the important thing was that it was cheap.

Sailing a 27-foot boat from California to Hawaii in only 17 days was also - at least in my mind - a great achievement. Some slick TransPac boats with fancy equipment have taken longer, and my little boat is about the furthest thing from a racing boat possible.

It is now a beautiful day in August and I am sitting on my boat in Hanalei Bay, which is known as one of the most beautiful anchorages in the world. As I am sitting here I am writing this story of my very own ocean crossing - hoping everyone enjoys it

as much as I enjoyed the stories written by all the sailors before me.

P.S. The above cruise actually took place back in 1993 but with so many sailors about to cast off for Hawaii, I thought the timing was appropriate - and the subject matter timeless.

P.P.S. After I got to Hawaii, I lived there for five years. I recently moved to San Diego and purchased XT-SEA, a Ranger 33. Starting on February 1 I'll be taking off on a 10 month sailing

adventure which, like the last one will end up in Hawaii. I plan on spending four months in the Sea of Cortez and mainland Mexico, hurricane season in Costa Rica and maybe even further south. In November I'll make the 4,500-mile crossing to Hawaii. Having learned my lesson the last time, I won't be going without a windvane and will in general be better equipped.

- Sterling 9/15/93

(Our thanks to Frank Gallardo for sending us the above article)



The COMBI bearing was available locally

February 17, 1998

Hi Sid.

Lots of rain here as you may have heard. - the harbor here is closed due to storm caused shoaling. My spring project will be to pull the prop shaft (boat in the water) & replace the COMBI "O-ring" and bearing. My last repair job lasted about ten years.

RE: making a new Cutlass bearing: I had one made 6 years ago & installed it with hopes of a slight improvement and quieting the rattling. There has to be a bit of "slop" to allow the operating sleeve to slide and the nylon may swell a bit due to immersion.

The COMBI bearing was available at a local bearing supply shop: Consolidated #NKIA -5906. It cost \$72.00. The "O" rings (metric) were only available from Sweden.

Hope all is well!

Ric Eiserling

Edible boats

While we were sailing in the wilderness this summer, we needed to make some minor repairs to our wooden kayak paddles. John Vigor had suggested the use of ordinary kitchen flour as filler for epoxy resin in his article "Rubrail Revival," in the premier issue of Good Old Boat. We had epoxy aboard but no purpose-made filler, so we used wheat flour from our galley. Later I emailed John that I was surprised at the good structural properties of flour/epoxy mix, and commented that the material was not easy to sand by hand. His reply:

Thanks for the flour/epoxy info. Yes, I'm sure flour makes a good bonding filler. If you want a sanding filler, you need only add dried yeast to the mix to create millions of microballoons. And if you let it cure in an oven for 30 minutes at 400 degrees Fahrenheit, you'll have a loaf of epoxy/sanding filler/bread — the world's first edible epoxy. Future shipwrecked mariners will never starve — they'll simply eat their boats. Better patent it quick before someone else makes a fortune out of it.

Good advice, John. Please don't try this at home. This bread should only be made by professionals!

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