

VEGA

Newsletter

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

Jun/Jul 1995

Voice of American Vega Sailors

No. 6/7 -95

With each passing year, more members worry about their stuffing boxes. The following is a reprint of a letter by John Sprague in the July 1984 VODCA Newsletter

166 Maple St
Guelph, Ontario
June 11, 1984
Canada N1G 2G7

Mr. Sidney Rosen
3338 Glenmore Drive
Falls Church, Va 22041

Dear Sid,

A word to VODCA members in praise of Henry Gustafsson and his Swedish Vega parts. He seems to be running a first-class operation and as you indicated in an earlier newsletter he carries everything from forestay (182 crowns - I think about US \$23.) to rudders - \$139.

My stuffing box leaked (again) and this time I found the operating sleeve a little bent and asymmetrically worn. So I called Henry on a Friday and two weeks later his tail-end kit was in our local Customs House, neatly padded in polystyrene and wood. The stainless operating sleeve is a thing of beauty. The stuffing box looks like it might work, a bronze affair neatly machined with a screw-in front, seals, packing and a tube in the top to pour in oil. There was even a squeeze-bottle of heavy oil, new O-rings all along, a cutlass bearing, and gaskets for the reversing box. For good measure I also bought new sets of the tapered rings to hold the shaft and the sleeve, and new gland nuts to replace the ones that I had torn the corners off. These too were apparently in stock. He shipped it all and said he would send a bill. It hasn't arrived as yet so I can't tell you the shipping cost.

If you are considering a replacement, you might be interested in this one. Other members have installed it and to our knowledge have found while it runs hot, it works very well. Please remember the prices mentioned are over 10 years old

Our late member Jim Sheldon had several dealings with the firm and was always satisfied. Our March newsletter lists the firm's address.

December 21, 1994
4722 53rd Ave. S.W.
Seattle, WA 98116


Dear Sid:

For those working on cutlass bearings: when I bought my boat the surveyor was able to wobble the propeller up and down and side to side. he said, "you'll need a new cutlass bearing. Its an easy job." So when I hauled out for several months I first took the bearing housing to Seattle's experts, Doc Freemans. Their expert recommended my housing be bored out to accommodate a standard U. S size, a one inch. I did this and with the help of fellow Vega owner, Victor DeLeon, rebuilt the combi and put the shaft back in. I found more slop than before. Out came the shaft again and this time I trail fitted a yellow teflon bearing Victor had purchased from England. My local machinist thought there was still too much play - nine thousandths. So this machinist obtained some teflon rod and machined me a bearing that fits the shaft much more tightly; three thousandths necessary because of that much wear on that part of the shaft.

When I showed the machinist my shaft and propeller he went nuts. The adjustable pitch propeller is a thing of pure beauty to him. If anyone is going to a fixed propeller he's interested in obtaining the variable pitch one.

Now that I've done all this, does anyone know what the proper clearance is for a Vega cutlass bearing?

Cheers,


Jim Watson
Raven V3215



P.S. Somehow you're showing my wife, heanne, as owner of Raven.

Drip and splash, drip and splash,
The wind do howl, and the rain do' lash,
From where does all this water flow?
There's more up there, than down below!

(From the Vega Assn of Great Britain
newsletter Feb 1995)

● **Engine report**

After five years of use, Gordon & Mary Hempton, (Mamie, #1147), highly recommend the 18hp Volvo #2002 engine.



Tony Skidmore reaches New Zealand

20 November '94

Opua, Bay of Islands
New Zealand

The Vega Newsletter
Sid Rosen,
10615 Whitman Circle,
Orlando, Florida, U.S.A. 32821



Dear Sid:

The retirement cruise on "Lorna Doone" (Vega #1517) continues to bring me 'South of West' And I am currently in North Island, New Zealand for the cyclone season. My last letter was from Tonga where I spent an unforgettable three months in the anchorages of the Vava'u & Northern Ha'apai groups. So many experiences Sid, so many strange & interesting sights, that it is difficult to know how to begin describing it. The climate is almost perfect in the winter months, the water is crystal clear & the swimming & diving on the reefs must be experienced to be believed. The 'Friendly Islands', as they are known, seems the best description certainly a cruising yachtman's paradise. many of the boats that I met in the various anchorages were on their second season in the islands; one boat on it's thirteenth!

The generally accepted date to leave the tropics is late October or early November, which marks the theoretical start of the cyclone season in the South-West Pacific. I cleared for bay of Islands at Customs in Nephew, Vava'u (total charges for three months of \$30.00 Pa'anga about \$25.00 U.S.) & left on the 26th of October with memories to last a lifetime.

The first week of the trip south to New Zealand was in ideal conditions, close reaching with never less than 200 miles (run noon to noon) & a best days run of 115 miles. We hurried past the island of Koa, a perfect cone, 3,380 feet high & on past the location where Fletcher Christian seized the 'Bounty' and cast Bligh & his loyal crew members adrift in the open launch. One day, towards the end of the first week, a big container-ship climbed up over the horizon astern of us, steering a parallel course. As is usual, I called them up on VHF channel 16 to make sure they had seen us & to pass the time of day. The officer of the watch, on finding out that we were out of Victoria, British Columbia, volunteered the information that they has a lady passenger on board from Victoria, B.C. and "would I like to talk to her? After five minutes or so the lady passenger was found and brought up to the wheelhouse for a chat. To make the coincidence even greater they had passed another Canadian yacht, also from Victoria, B.C., only an hour before! As they overtook us the lady with whom I spoke took photographs & I believe a video of "Lorna Doone" sailing along all of which she has kindly offered to forward to my address. This excitement over, we continued on South & West, across the International Dateline where we jumped a day - into colder latitudes. A strange experience to be wearing long trousers and a sweater after five months in the tropics.

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About 300 miles from our destination the barometer fell and we had a minor blow from the North East. I lay a-hull for thirty hours while this passed through and then had light head winds for the remaining distance. The charts indicate a half knot current setting to the South for the approach to North Island, but, possibly due to heavy rains & the spring run-off we experienced up to two knots frustrating when you are closehauled in light weather conditions. We persevered however & finally rounded Cape Brett (a perfect island with a big hole through the middle of it) into the beautiful Bay of Islands. Half way up the Bay a customs launch saw our Canadian Flag & came over to say "Welcome to New Zealand." At their suggestion I called harbour control on Opua & gave them an estimated time of arrival for clearing. So many yachts spend the cyclone season in New Zealand that entering & clearing is a routine, well organised, procedure. Immigration gives you an automatic three month visa, which can be renewed for an additional three months at the end of that term. Agriculture checks what stores you are bringing into the country (no fruit or vegetables) & Harbour control explains where you can anchor & where the showers, laundromat, fresh water supply, garbage disposal, etc is located. Total dues for six months in New Zealand waters: \$60.00 N.Z. (\$38.00 U.S.)

Having cleared, I motored down the river & anchored. A nearby boat flying a Canadian flag turned out to be another singlehander from Victoria, B.C. our company's accountant retired this last 2 1/2 years and enjoying his retirement cruise as much as I am enjoying mine. What little I have seen of New Zealand so far seems delightful. Green rolling hills, narrow winding roads, small wooden houses with corrugated iron roofs, and friendly, welcoming people "Good on Ya" they say & "Righty Ho". I overheard a mother admonishing her young daughter who had been careless eating an ice cream cone, "you've got it all over your frock!"

Sid, I thought our other Vega owners might be interested in a couple of aspects of offshore cruising; anchors & anchoring procedure in coral & navigation in the computer age.

With the extended cruise in mind I modified the stemhead roller arrangement by replacing the existing fitting with a larger, more substantial one, fabricated out of 3/8 stainless steel. The new fitting is secured with five 1/4" diameter stainless bolts & incorporates substantial cheek plates, a 2" diameter nylon roller & a 5/16 drop nose pin that renders the chain captive between the cheek plates. The other addition was a watertight bronze cover for the access through the deck to the forepeak chain locker.

For ground tackle I carry the following:

- 7.5 Kg (15lb) Bruce anchor with 200 feet of 1/4" diameter BBB chain
- 7.5 Kg (15lb) Bruce anchor with 250 feet of 7/16" diameter Nylon braid and 20 feet of 5/16 BBB chain
- 7.5 Kg (15lb) Bruce anchor with 250 feet of 7/16" diameter nylon 3 strand and 20 feet of 5/16" BBB chain

On such a small, light, boat the weight of "all chain" is a problem. (200' of 1/4" chain weighs approx. 165 pounds. However, when anchoring in coral there is really no alternative. The three months spent in the Vava'u & Ha'apai group anchorages (all coral of course) were a real learning experience!

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The water is perfectly clear & the technique is to select a patch of sand in between the coral heads ("Bomies" as they are known) in which to let go. All is well until the wind goes round & you start to swing two or three days in an anchorage & inevitably the chain is wrapped round and round the coral heads. An Australian yachtsman who I discussed this with described it as being "the one cigar butt on the wedding cake of paradise!" Prior to leaving, your best bet is to swim over the chain with a face mask I memorize the direction of the wraps "Two turns 360° anti clockwise, etc, etc." When anchored in "dead" coral the wraps can cause the coral head to shear off from the sea bed. "Lorna Doone" cunningly tied a modified form of the clove hitch around a dead coral head in Lotuma; it sheared off from the sea bed and I had to sweat it all the way up to the surface. (Fortunately it was only about 18" in diameter), get a line on the chain under and pick away at the clove hitch with the boat hook! An anchor winch would be so nice, but really isn't practical on "Lorna Doone" where the dinghy stores forward of the mast. We had a Tsunami warning once and I moved out & anchored in 90' of water. I certainly could have used an anchor winch when it came time to retrieve that lot!

Where I am anchored in the river here at Opuā there is a flood/ebb that runs about two knots. A couple of times the wind has blown around 20 knots and with the wind against the tide the Vega lays beam on & requires a "V" shaped stem fender because of the chain tending to lead slightly aft. I have improvised a fender from a kedge warp, coiled & bound around to leave an eye at each end. I centre this on the stem about a foot above the waterline and secure it to the bow pulpit with a line port and starboard! One amusing incident before I leave anchoring: When I moved further up the river to where I am currently anchored, I took a careful transit of a tree and a prominent black rock in a field to make sure we weren't dragging. By the time I coiled few lines & squared things away, a matter of a couple of minutes, I was horrified to see that we had dragged about 50 feet. I suddenly realized- that my "prominent black rock" was actually a "black sheep" - the only black one in a flock of white sheep grazing quietly in the field!

It is nearly 25 years since I last went ocean cruising and of all the many changes & advances, the biggest has to be in the area of navigation. Twenty five years ago there was no Sat Nav or GPS, no navigation calculators, no quartz crystal time pieces. How different it is today! "Lorna Doone" carries the following navigation equipment:

- "Plastimo" Bulkhead mounted compass
- "Sestrel" hand bearing compass
- "Bushnell" Binoculars with built in compass
- (2) "Zeiss Yacht sextants
- "Merlin" navigation calculator
- "Garmin G.P.S. (hand held)
- (2) "Seiko Quartz watches
- (2) Short wave radios ("Sony" & "Realistic")

Because of tradition, a joy in itself and very much a part of any seafaring, and as a mental exercise I continue to navigate with the sextant. Not much of a "mental exercise" though because the reducing is done on the "merlin" calculator; producing both latitude and longitude. In the event that the calculator should fail, I have reduction tables, almanac and Baker Line plotting



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sheets on board all unused so far. The GPS is a true miracle to anyone who has been to sea without one. In cloudy, overcast conditions, or, when passing close to offshore dangers at night it is a true Godsend. Just A press of the button and you have Lat. & Long. right now! What a comfort. *How did we ever manage without it?* I try to imagine the early explorers, Cook and Vancouver- not only having a problem with accurate time, but no charts either! It is one thing to roar along through the dark night when you have an accurate chart & know exactly where you are

The standard Vega chart table at the starboardbd side of the companionway is long gone from "Iorna Doone" (different sink & counter top arrangement). To achieve a larger working surface for use as a chart table I had the port and starboardbd berth cushions cut into each halve amidships. Whichever bunk flat is on the weather side becomes the acting 'chart table'. A three foot section of cushion is lifted off and stowed on the opposite bun. This leaves a 3'x2' exposed area of plywood exposed as a chart table. Kneeling on the cabin sole with knees braced against the bunk faces you have both hands free. A final word about charts expensive & you need so many! I bought photo copied charts (full sized & currently dated) from Bellingham Chart Printers. The saving was considerable! The charts have worked out very well. The only problem with them is that when they are stowed in plastic chart envelopes there is a tendency for the black photocopy print to partially transfer to the inside of the plastic cover though the chart remains perfectly legible. Cruising guides to the various areas visited are expensive but to my mind are money well spent.

Will keep in touch with you Sid:

Kind regards:

The December 1994 issue of "Cruising World" contained an article entitled 'lessons from the Storm.' In June of 1994 the New Zealand to Tonga race was hammered by an intense storm bearing winds up to 40 knots & 40 foot seas. 3 sailors and 7 boats were lost. 10 EPIRB's were activated. Where was Tony?

(Handwritten signature) (TONY SKIDMORE)

> A question by the editor: *Is Tony soloing on his retirement "cruise or is someone with him?"*

■ **Beam me up, captain**

It is easy to forget how unintelligible nautical terms can be to a neophyte. But to do so can be at your own peril, as a cruising skipper learned while he was heading down the Red Sea with a couple of inexperienced hands he'd signed on for the passage. He'd been awake and a bit anxious most of the night,

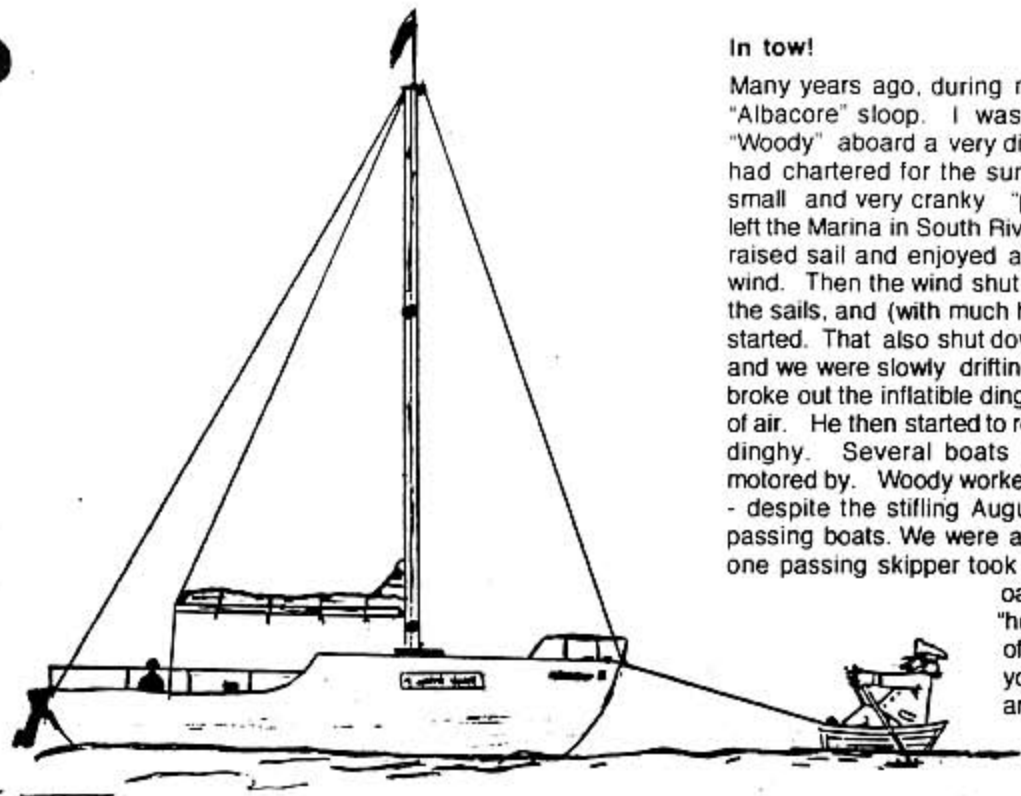
weaving his large boat between shipping lanes and reefs, when an anticipated lighthouse appeared. Feeling relief and in need of a quick nap, he told his neophyte crewmembers to hold the course and awaken him as soon as the lighthouse was abeam.

When he awoke, he discovered to his horror that

he had been asleep for more than four hours and that the lighthouse was rapidly receding astern. "Why didn't you wake me?" he asked the crew.

Back came the reply, "Because it never became just a beam. You can see for yourself it's still flashing." - John Campbell, 1/89

January 1995 Sail








In tow!

Many years ago, during my early days of sailing a 15ft "Albacore" sloop. I was invited to sail with my friend "Woody" aboard a very dilapidated 'Cal 25' sloop that he had chartered for the summer. It was equipped with a small and very cranky "pull-start" outboard engine. We left the Marina in South River, Md and got out into the river, raised sail and enjoyed about five minutes of very light wind. Then the wind shut down for the day. Down came the sails, and (with much hand pulling) the engine finally started. That also shut down for the day (perhaps eternity) and we were slowly drifting on the incoming tide. Woody broke out the inflatable dingy and "huffed and puffed" it full of air. He then started to row, towing the boat behind the dinghy. Several boats passed us, laughing as they motored by. Woody worked the oars and refused any help - despite the stifling August heat and cat-calls from the passing boats. We were almost back at the marina when one passing skipper took pictures of Woody working the oars. By then Woody was really "hot under the collar". The skipper of the other boat shouted "would you like a tow? Woody's angry answer was "They are in tow!"

Sid Rosen

► **Mooring anchors -**

The following chart was extracted from a November 1994 BOAT/US report entitled "Looking Below the Bottom Line". The Anchors were tested in Rhode Island's Newport harbor by pulling on them with a 65 foot tugboat powered by two 450 hp engines capable of generating up to 14,000 pounds of pull. Two strain gauges were used in the testing: one was an analog mechanical type, the other was digital which fed data to a lap top computer. Water depth was about 18 feet

MOORING ANCHOR TYPE	HELICAL SCREW	MANTA RAY	DOR-MOR	MUSHROOM	CONCRETE BLOCKS	
						
			650 lbs.	500 lbs.	SINGLE 2,000 lbs.	DOUBLE 8,000 lbs.
RESISTING FORCE (in pounds)	12,000 no breakout	12,000 no breakout	4,500 at breakout	1,200 at breakout	800 at breakout	4,000 at breakout
WATER DEPTH (in feet)	20	19	18	15	14	35
SCOPE	4:1	4:1	3:1	3.5:1	3:1	3:1
(Approximate) Cost Installed	\$850	\$1,150	\$1,125	\$1,100	\$350	\$550

12-17-94

SIDNEY A ROSEN
10615 WHITMAN CIRCLE
ORLANDO, FL 32821

DEAR SID, — JUST A NOTE TO LET YOU KNOW WE
PURCHASED 'BOCHICA' # 1066 FROM MARK ALLEN AND
ARE READYING HER FOR A TRIP BY TRUCK TO BRUNSWICK,
GA. THEN WIFE BARBARA AND I WILL PROCEED DOWN THE
INTERCOASTAL TO LAKE WORTH INLET THEN TO MANOWAR
KEY IN THE ABARD'S WHEN WE FIND A SETTLED GULF STREAM.
I AM ADDING ROLLER FURLING (FURLEX) AND AN AUTOHELM
POD IN DEFERENCE TO OUR AGEING BODIES. WE PLAN TO
BASE HER IN THE BAHAMAS + SPEND 3-4 MONTHS
CRUISING THERE EACH WINTER.

THE ALLENS HAVE GIVEN BOCHICA GOOD CARE + SHE DOESNT
SHOW HER AGE (1971) SHE HAS A WESTERBEKE 13 WITH
250 HOURS ON THE METER. MARK ALSO LEFT ME ALL VEGA
NEWSLETTERS BACK TO 87. READING THEM IS LIKE EATING
PEANUTS - JUST ONE MORE BEFORE I GO TO BED. FOUND
THEM INFORMATIVE + INTERESTING PARTICULARLY THE WELL
WRITTEN 'TARKA THE OTTER' ADVENTURES.

I THINK IVE COUGHT THE VEGA FEVER AFTER BEING CONVINCED
THAT THE ONLY BOAT WORTH OWNING HAS A NICE SPRINGY
SHEER. (MY MAINE BOAT IS A SEAWIND 30) I HOPE I
DONT HAVE TOO MANY MISADVENTURES TO REPORT.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

Paul

PAUL McMAHON.
R.D. 3 BOX 1094
BELFAST, ME 04915

I think we are sinking!

Channing Barlow
370 Quissett Avenue
Falmouth, MA 02540



November 20, 1994

Dear Sid,

Your request for material in the November newsletter have unloosed the following which I had written in 1986. This was written precomputer so correcting it may be a bit of a chore.

Traveling in consort is perfect for "older people." We four, of Average age 69, had sailed two boats independently during the day but had rafted together for cocktails and dinner. During the night the wind crescendoed to that well known whoosh through the rigging. It wasn't long after we got underway the next morning that I was forced to turn to my wife and say, "Peg, I think we are sinking."

sidebar: Definition of Zephyr: (from Sailing by Henry Beard and Ray McKie)

"Warm pleasant breeze, named after the mythical Greek god of wishful thinking, false hopes, and unreliable forecasts."

Our Vega 27 was named "Zephyr." When I bought her I had thoughts of a name change until I found that federal documentation requirements for a change of identity would entail a \$75. charge. We compensated for that by naming our inflatable dinghy "Puff."

Our "Zephyr" is a typical boat -- that hole in the water into which you throw money. Over five years: two blown engines, a transmission failure, and a lost shaft and prop have displaced their share of green water with greenbacks!

But, in 1986 confidence was rebuilt and we were planning the perfect overnight cruise. We, and friends in a Chesapeake Bay Skipjack wanted the fun of sailing in company and the privacy of our own cabins and heads.

A proper conference of Skippers and Mates was convened the night before our departure and the available weather reports checked. We planned to go south from Crow Cove, Isleboro, Maine, on a favorable falling tide and a not-too-tough southerly which might just give us an adequate slant for the Fox Island thoroughfare, separating Vinalhaven and North Haven Islands. The next day would see us returning on the northerly tide with a standard southwesterly predicted. The scenario was just perfect.

We dropped our moorings in Crow Cove a little in advance of the tide change and headed down the west coast of Isleboro in a rather light southwesterly. We agreed to monitor channel 68.

It was really delightful. Peg and I took a long tack towards Camden and came back southeast to beat around Mark Island. Vami had dropped somewhat behind us as we passed Mark Island to port and headed for Drunkard's Reef off the thoroughfare. All went well, and we

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advised Vami that we would opt for Carver Cove because of the nice things said about it in the Cruising Guide. When we dropped our hook we agreed that it was worthwhile - with only a littler doubt about why the young-crewed Zodiacs had to speed around in constantly diminishing circles. When Vami arrived she tied up alongside to starboard, presumably only for cocktails and dinner. But you know-how that goes, and after a delicious respite our clouded judgment decided that we would not break the raft for the night. Actually it was no problem. When I awoke during the night and heard that shrill Whoosh of the rising wind, I felt the raft was riding nicely on our anchor, and Big Bertha, our largest fender was maintaining an adequate separation of the boats. Who cared about wind strength as long as it came from the south? Besides, we felt we could cope with lessening visibility.

After a wonderful breakfast (the kind not permitted at home) Vami got underway about 0830. She was somewhat slower than our Zephyr so this made some sense. We again agreed to keep in touch on Channel 68 but this time only for the first five minutes of each hour, in deference to Vami's battery powered equipment. Zephyr finally extricated a clay-coated hook at about 08435 - by which time the south-west wind was already gusting well above the top of a NOAA 10-20 MPH prediction. Visibility was about two miles.

Babbidge Island was still in sight as we motored toward it. It seemed that our piloting would not be too difficult particularly with the backup of the waypoints on the wonderful Ioran.

As we went east of Babbidge the seas approached 5-6 feet and with the water on our port quarter, our inflatable was being most capricious. My wife who has sailed with me for more years than I am authorized to report, was complaining about the action of the boat and the exhaust smell under power. Just before hoisting sail I raised the RPM to 2000 to see if it would smooth things out - which it did modestly. A few minutes later, before letting out the genoa, Peg at the tiller said: "We have lost headway." The engine sounded fine but Peg was right. We began to flounder in the angry water and spray-driven wind.

There is nothing worse than a lack of motive power in malevolent circumstance. The first move was to pull out the roller-furling genoa to resume some measure of control. The engine, producing no propulsion, was shut down. My first worry was that the transmission had failed, and I masochistically blamed it on the fact that I had neglected to check the transmission oil that morning as my own regulations prescribed. But Peg recalled, with some horror, that two year previously, our nephew had without any apparent cause lost the shaft and prop of Zephyr in Sippican Harbor at Marion, Massachusetts. One glance in the cabin confirmed the worst. The rug was floating and we were taking on water fast.

We knew of one thing to do in a hurry. Out of the lazarette came the emergency manually-operated pump discharge hose and the waffle pump went to work furiously. Then Peg fought with our swollen teak grating to get it up off the cockpit sole. When she succeeded I began the laborious task of removing sixteen 1 1/2 inch screws from the fiberglass sole itself. As I was doing this, Peg was sailing straight into bald Island tillering with her left hand and pumping with her right. After an interminable time, during which we managed to maintain a quite remarkable calm, up came the sole and we had a look into the bowels of the boat. Sure enough the shaft was gone and seawater was pouring in through the resultant opening. I rushed forward to the cabin remembering that we had stocked wooden plugs for just this kind of purpose. The water was over the top of my Topsiders. This is when I had to report that we were taking in water faster than we were pumping it out and were

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indeed sinking. But then I found the right plug and a hammer and joy of joys, the plug went into the shaft hole. What a relief!

But our troubles were not yet over. In retrospect, each problem was quite surmountable. At the time, however, there were just too many things to do - all at once. The boat was jumping like a dervish and navigation had long since been abandoned. We had come left to head for Compass Island Ledge and this made our course a dead beat and very unpleasant. The big jenny was too much sail; the inflatable was like a rambunctious kid at a wedding, and occasionally creating a tremendous drag. The pounding hull was pelting us with water and the motion of the boat did not do much for calm thinking.

At this point we furled in more than half of the genoa but soon realized that this would not get us where we had to go. Some of you know that steering northwest along the north coast of New Haven requires attention to navigation and steering. Peg announced she was not making Compass Island, which was a must. Furthermore, she thought she had a reef (Grass Ledge) straight ahead! So, with little pleasure, we jibed around to starboard and headed south. We got enough distance between us and the reef and came about again. We were faced with trying to get up the mainsail with a reef in it. This took a little doing! This was partially because the halyard insisted upon having a little interaction with the spinnaker block. As the wind continued to pipe up, it was pretty obvious that we had to reduce sail again - so the jenny came in entirely. In that mode we crept past Compass.

We still had miles to go to the south end of Islesboro. Vami came up on the radio, saying they had us in sight. We soon approached them as they lingered for us. By now our bilge was scarcely damp thanks to the wooden plug and the pump. Fortunately, our electrical service was still functioning even though our two batteries had been completely submerged for a good period of time - And that had worried me greatly!

My mind remembered the loran and I plugged it in the ironically numbered Way point 13, just south of Pendleton Point. It functioned perfectly and, in the haze, cleared up some considerable doubts. About 1:30 we entered Bracketts Channel - stilled under the reefed main. We flew up the channel, around the corner to the left and picked up a mooring at the Dark Harbor Boat Yard. Wow!

A little later Vami came along side and we drank all available beverages and picnicked from our two iceboxes. It was so peaceful after the morning "exercise". We then went into the dock on Vami and in less than a half hour the boatyard crew and Zephyr sitting safely on land with her drains emptying out the last bits of seawater.

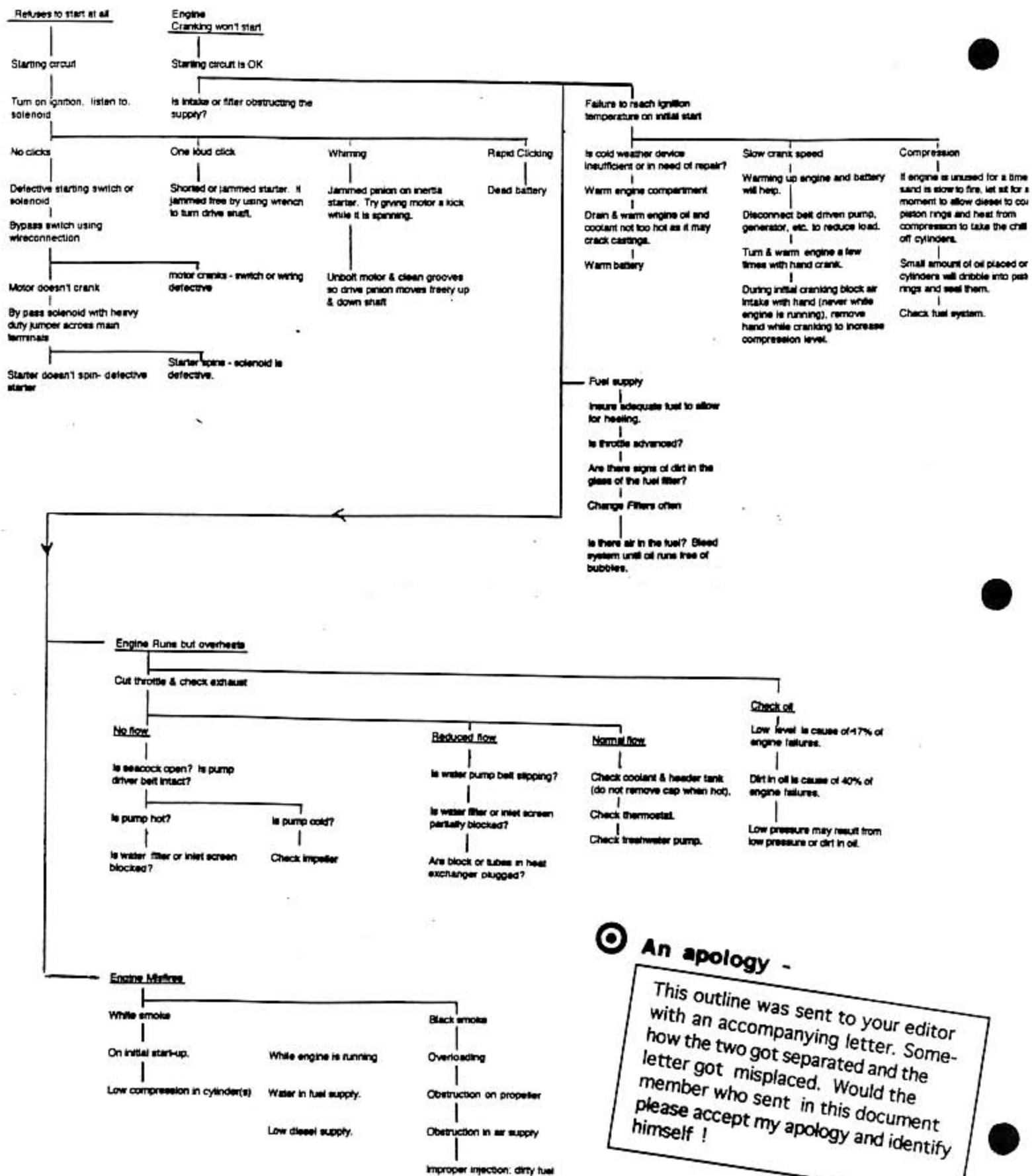
So, what is the point of all this? First off Peg and I learned something about ourselves. We did alright. We didn't panic. I'm not saying we were expert, but we didn't disgrace ourselves. We got the benefit of a lot of fore-rethinking and preparation: The auxiliary pump, the plugs, the radiotelephone which could have called the Coast Guard, the EPIRB, the jiffy reefing, the harness (unused although it should have been!) The big result; is that we feel stronger, not weaker. We will go again and that is how we plan to keep ourselves young!

Keep up the good work!

Cham



DIESEL PROBLEMS



⊙ An apology -

This outline was sent to your editor with an accompanying letter. Somehow the two got separated and the letter got misplaced. Would the member who sent in this document please accept my apology and identify himself !

Anyone need spare parts?

Houston, November 16, 1994

VEGA Newsletter

Sidney A. Rosen
10615 Whitman Circle
Orlando, FL 32821



Willem J. Timmermans
1011 Caspian Lane
Houston, Texas 77090

Dear Sid:

Your urgent call for copy in the 11-94 Newsletter has brought me to do what I had been intending to do for some time, and write ! I started this year with a plan to have Mioritsa provided with a new coat of paint to cover up her fading gelcoat, and ended up installing a new engine. Needless to say, this cost more than planned. The paint job was a great success. Deck and hull were painted with several coats of Ameron polyurethane enamel, and including a bottom job, and a good restoration of the non-skid surfaces (mixing fine sand with the paint). The first quote I got was \$13,000, but finally I found someone who to do it for just under \$4000. I used the opportunity to have the pulpits straightened and replaced some of the other deck fittings, but by and large everything went back where it came from.

I had asked my diesel expert to check the engine while the boat was out of the water because it had become very difficult to start it. The verdict was that it needed a new head (the old one was too far gone to be built back up and machined once more, and the parts alone would amount to \$2500, but were not available in the US. Add labor to this, and after \$4000, plus I would have an old engine with possibly some frozen piston rings and other ailments. I guess I could have tried some of the foreign sources I have been reading about in the VEGA Newsletter, but the old MD6B had been very costly in maintenance since the salt water cooling and our high temperatures are just bad for old iron engine blocks. I decided to have the whole lot replaced with a Yanmar 2GM20F, and a new shaft and prop (the Combi drive doesn't match with anything else but the Volvo Penta). The cost of the engine itself was \$4490, with another \$1600 for muffler, controls, instrument panel, shaft and prop, and other miscellaneous parts. Add to this \$2250 labor, and the total investments this year match the maximum the insurance covered the boat for. She does look like new, however, and with the new 13 inch three bladed prop and an 18 HP engine it feels as if you could ski behind the boat. The only drawback is that my Manual Voltage Control doesn't work with the new Hitachi LR155-20 alternator. Has anyone found a solution to that ?

- As a result of all this I have now some parts available for interested parties:

- Combi drive
- four year old feathering prop

(continued)

- 20 year old prop blades with a brazed crack, still useful as spare
- muffler
- starter motor
- alternator
- miscellaneous impellers, filters etc.

Unfortunately the installing mechanic was too impatient to study the slick engineering design of the Combi drive, and cut the shaft and tube; I don't know if the shaft could be successfully rewelded.

Last October I participated again in the Harvest Moon Regatta, a race from Galveston to Port Aransas, about 155 nm in the Gulf of Mexico. It turned out to be a rough beam reach when we rode the tail of Hurricane Rosa as it crossed over from the Pacific on its way to cause widespread flooding in Southeast Texas. Of the 185 boats that participated five ran aground. Mioritsa handled it well as usual, with an "unzipped" mainsail head as only damage (not bad for an 18 year old sail), not as bad as last year's race when the wave pounding caused the bulkheads under the V-berth to buckle; and this is supposed to be an easy ride !! Unfortunately we did not repeat last year's success, and placed second.

I have finally installed a holding tank in the interest of legality, and of course the environment. It is placed in the compartment behind the head under the sliding sink. It doesn't hold a lot, but then it won't have to ! The attached sketch illustrates the shape, location, and the plumbing I installed. It is unfortunately not possible to give accurate dimensions, since the tank was shaped to fit the curved hull, so I made a cardboard mock-up and gave this to the local PVC expert to copy. I can't say that I have extensive experience in its use, but it works, and didn't cost more than about \$230 in materials. The piping is 1.5" schedule 40 PVC pipe with glued elbows and connectors. The tank was fitted with female treaded connections for the fill and discharge pipe, and a 0.5" vent. Rather than an expensive "Y" valve I decided to use a regular \$10, 1.5" gate valve, so I maintain the ability to discharge via the old through hull valve when offshore, and take the handwheel off while in the Bay.

Finally, I recall that in an earlier VEGA Newsletter you asked for translators; if you have something Dutch I should be able to help if you haven't already found another Dutchman.

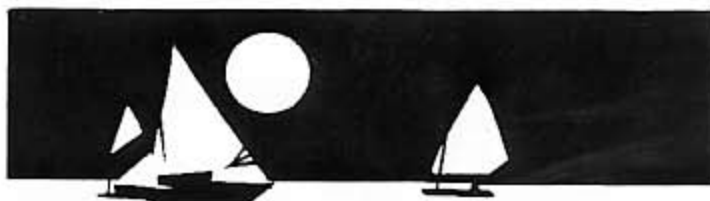
Best Regards,

(continued)

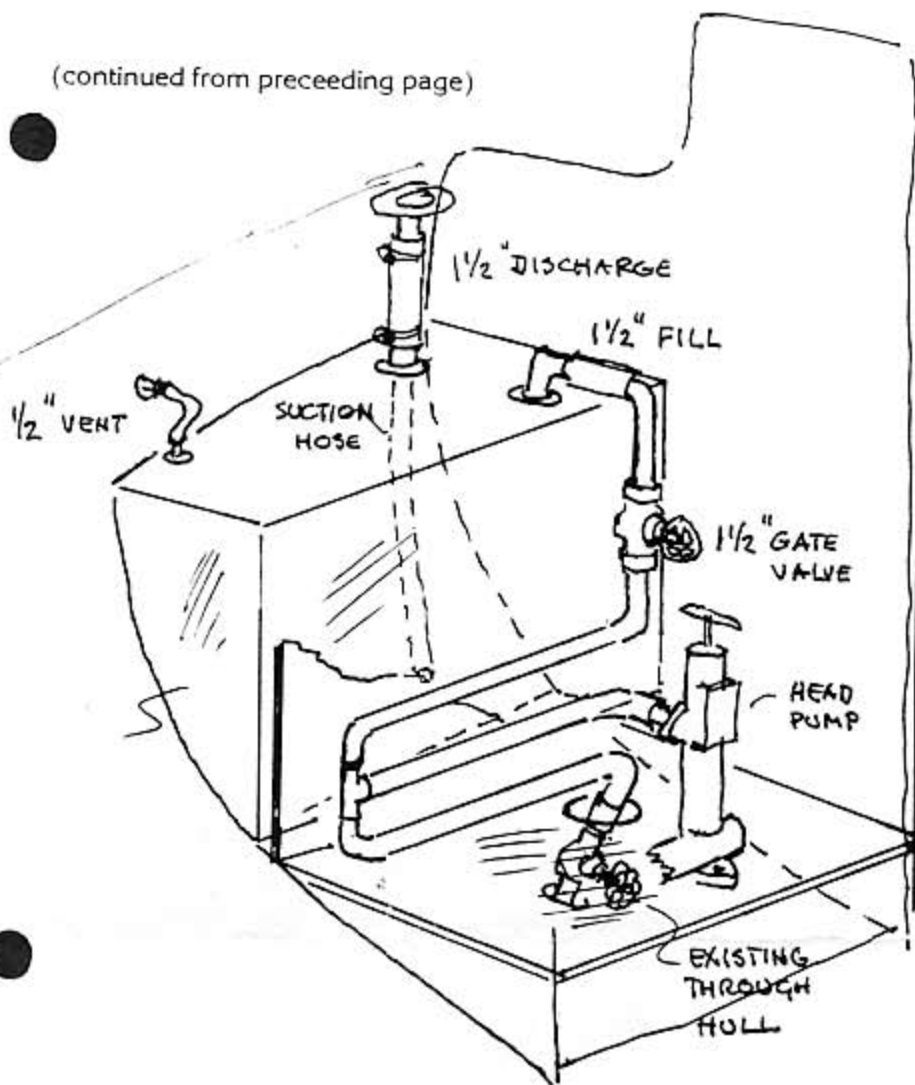
Willem Timmermans

Willem J. Timmermans

Mioritsa, VEGA # 2930



(continued from preceding page)



Jeffrey & Patti Boatwinich
8180
Shore Drive
Norfolk, VA 23518
Tel.: (804) 480-3413
#2621, "Sea Star", 1975

John & Constance Zimmerman
P.O. Box 13
Bivalve, MD 21814
Tel: (410) 873-2890
#876, "Obscurity", 1970

• • Welcome Aboard! • •

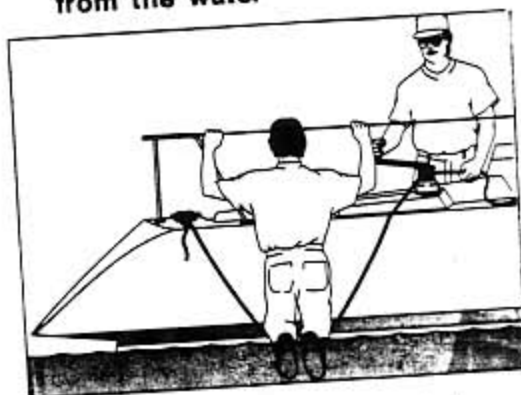
• John Leiland is doing well

One of our former members, Bill Leiland, Wadmallow Island, S.C. writes that his son John is doing well and is enrolled at Trident Academy in Mt. Pleasant about 25 miles from his home. Trident is a special private school where John is trying to catch up academically after an almost fatal carbon monoxide poisoning several years ago aboard his father's Vega. [John was sleeping in the main cabin with the forward and companionway hatches closed. A leaky exhaust pumped carbon monoxide into the cabin almost killing him.]

• A standard Vega burgee ?

The Vega One Design Association (VODA) in Sweden would like to standardize all Vega club burgees. We have sent one of our burgees for consideration

A good method of recovering a man from the water



The elevator-lift recovery method involves tying a line to a cleat at the stern, leading the other end to a winch forward, and then dropping the end of the line in the water. The person in the water puts his or her knees or feet in the bight and grasps another line as ondeck crew use the winch to lift the person out of the water

from "Sail", March 1995

"Two Years in the Atlantic"

Lars Lemby
Knutstjenvägen 8
S-132 46 Saltjö-Boo
Sweden
Tel./Fax: +46*8-715 87 04

23 Nov 94



Sidney A. Rosen
10615 Whitman Circle
Orlando, FL 32821
USA

Dear Sid,

Thank you for informing me about the book by Nils and Stina Tidner about their journey.

Yes, I have it. It is in Swedish and is partly a collection of their very well written letters home, in which they tell about their experiences and doings, partly it contains a collection on technical and VEGA-structural details. There are also good photographs. It is pleasant and interesting reading.

The "book" I have got is Xerox-copied, not printed. It was (still is?) made by Gunnar Tidner, the father of Nils, on request. I don't think they have a supply. The price was 150 SEK, if I remember it correctly. Gunnar's idea was to use the surplus (which must have been very little!) together with means collected in other ways to create some kind of fund in remembrance of Nils. This fund would work for increasing the safety at sea. However, I have not heard if he still maintains the idea and I have not asked, as I have the feeling the subject will always be painful. However, I believe Gunnar will be happy to send you a copy. If you wish, I shall ask him to do so. Or you can write him yourself. That might cheer him.

Gunnar Tidner
Stallvägen 6
183 38 Täby

Tel: +046 *8-758 35 74

I am sure that you have read about the big ferry ESTONIA that sank with almost 1000 persons near the place where we suspect GALATEA TURBO perished. Although the weather that destroyed ESTONIA would probably not have harmed a hove-to VEGA - the wind was force 8 - 9, the seas 6-210m high, but long and not breaking and there were no shoals in the area - it reminds us of the Baltic, tiny and enclosed as it seems, must be treated with great respect.

Also thanks for the latest Newsletter, that contained interesting reading as always. What a good job you are doing, Sid! A short comment on heating system in a VEGA: In our waters heating is essential if the evenings are to be pleasant. At first we had a Calor-gas driven hot air circulating system. The problem was that it got so hot at the ceiling that a standing person would faint, fall to the floor and there freeze! We now have a paraffin-heated hot-water system with radiators under the two bunks in the salomand one athwartships in the fo'c'sle. This installation works fine in our climate (spring, autumn and chilly summers) but it is not efficient enough for wintering;

Kind regards,

Your editor has very pleasant memories of a visit by Nils & Stina when they were in Florida. Member Gunnar Asker ((Wind Harmony, #3085) told Sid about the book.

It was "only" \$3000.

Laval, Novembre 1st 1994

Dear Sid,

We are very pleased to enter the 'Vega Association" family. I'm sorry for the delay in writing but you'll understand why as you read our letter.

We learned of the association from M. Giles Aganier who was the owner of the Vega "Petit Bonheur". We are Canadians but we sail on Lake Champlain in New York state. We sail exclusively on Lake Champlain because we have two young children.

We still have our original Volvo Penta MD6A engine. It all started in the summer of '92. when we had to have the stuffing box repaired. The mechanic told us that we should change the sleeve. We went along with that and had the sleeve changed. During the summer the engine started to choke. We then noticed water in the oil.

At the end of that summer the mechanic changed the O-ring of the water pump. He thought the water was coming from there. Afterward the boat was taken out of the water for winter storage. The following spring the boat was put into the water and everything was fine. Two weeks later we found water was still mixing with the oil. We then decided to change marina and try another mechanic since we did not have confidence in him anymore.

The other marina checked the head gasket, but it was fine. The next thing they did was to take out the engine and have a pressure test. Again everything was fine. The mechanic didn't understand where the water was coming from. They finally found that the water was coming from the shaft. Apparently the first marina had damaged the shaft, the sleeve and the ring. The shaft and sleeve had been scratched with a pipe wrench.

So, the marina rebuilt the shaft, changed the seals and O-ring. The sleeve had to be polished. A month and a half later seemed to be fine. The total expense came up to \$3,000.00

Claude and Lise Brind'Amour
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