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- \* Founding members
- \*\* First member outside the Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis area



Yvan Monnard  
258-442  
Mirabel, Quebec

March 29, 1994

Mr. & Mrs James Watson  
4722 53rd Ave S.W.  
Seattle, WA 98116, U.S.A.

Dear Leanne & Jim,

Thank you for your letter. I will try to answer the various points.

No, we did not share share patterns of dodgers with others. It is very difficult to solve this dodger problem due to the distance. If you were ordering a sail, for example, no problem. I have the computer, the sail plan, everything.

For the dodger, it's all different. To have a perfect shape, a dodger should follow exactly (to the 1/8 of an inch) the curves of the stainless frame. Colette is bending her own frames, but it is an absolute drag (non to speak about the price) to send a set of bent frames.

So, finally, we came to the conclusion that the only things we can offer are few advices and some photos of our own dodger.

So for the advice. . . .

- a) ask for 7/8 stainless tubing (wall thickness 0.49 or 0.65 indifferent)
- b) Cloth must be Sunbrella, window must be 0.30 mil.
- c) A very good idea is to have "stifflegs" installed from the two sides of the rear tube, going down not to the existing deck mounted hinges (round with 3 screws), but both sides on two other hinges mount on the main companionway (see sketch).
- d) If possible, the lower part of the dodger is not installed on the deck with commomnsense fasteners but goes into something called a "flex-a-rail"

Colette had, in fact, reupholstered our cushions and she mentioned to Leanne "Sunbrella Furniture" the best in quality for such a job.

"ELVIRE" is actually at rest, near Lake Okeechobee, Florida. I made a beautiful trip of 1400 nm last October. Unfortunately, the control sleeve has succumbed and I will be obliged to remove the whole comedia, from Combi to propeller, in order to replace this thing . . . Follow the saga in one of our newsletters.

It seems from your description that our models of the Vega are the same, concerning the coamings and other details. Our sail number is 3199. I have installed a simple Lexan porthole, not an opening one. Just a plate one just behind the mast. I wanted to be able to see forward without being obliged to jump into the cockpit.

I hope this little bit of information may help. Regards to Leanne and yourself.

DEAR SYD,

This is our answer to the fellow Jim.  
We're back to Montreal after a wonderful winter.

Regards, hope to hear from you soon,

YVAN



**Paul Halvachs writes to John Sprague about a sunshade**

R.R. 1 Box 1140  
Brewer, ME 04412  
March 29, 1993



Dear John,

This is in response to your inquiry about awnings. Our awning came with our boat which we purchased used in 1984. It is not perfect, but after spending 4 of the past 6 years either cruising or living aboard in Florida, it has proven to be a durable shade.

As you can see from the drawings, it is an 80" by 96" (6'6" X 8') rectangle with sleeves in the front & back. It has side & stern flaps to protect against the sun throughout the day. When not in use, these flaps can be rolled up and tied. A split in the center of the rear edge of the awning allows it to be carried further aft. P.V.C. poles are fitted through the sleeves and the center loop can be used with the main halyard to tent the center.

The awning sits on top of the boom and cannot be used while sailing. Five lines secure the front of the awning: One from the center forward to the mast; one to each aft side stay; one down to each lifeline stanchion base. All lines are tensioned to make a slight bow in the P.V.C. poles. The aft P.V.C. pole fits behind the backstay. The side flaps can be let down & tied to the lifelines.

The awning has been up continuously for months while living aboard. It survived a total white-out squall with winds 50 knots or higher. We had it restitched and reinforced twice, mostly for chafe around the backstay, topping lift, and where the sleeves come in contact with the boom. Last season we recoated it with a paint-on silicone sealer which renewed its water repellency.

Although it may seem cumbersome tying all those lines, I can raise the awning in 10 minutes. When down, it is rolled up and secured to the coach house handrails. I used an additional P.V.C. pole while living aboard for added support.

There are a few changes I might make. First, I would have removable side and rear sunflaps. In Florida, I saw some made of a screen-like mesh that blocked out the sun but allowed air passage. I would also make the flaps longer (30" ?) as sometimes we had to clip towels to the bottom of the flaps to block out the rising or setting sun. Inserting the aft pole through its sleeve was difficult because the two piece p.V.C. pole often disconnected at the joint. We ultimately replaced it with a long, one piece pole. Our awning may be entirely satisfactory, but we do appreciate the extra shelter it provides during rainy or sunny days.

Bill & Karen Sides ("LYRA") designed a covered wagon type awning which can be used while under sail. We copied their design but found that it sits too low

(continued)

on our boat. Bill raised his boom about 6" because he is so tall, and that made the crucial difference in how his awning performed. The pattern for the Sides' awning is in our manual.

Lastly, I've had two ideas for awnings. The first would be a custom dodger taller than the original with a detachable cockpit awning extending from the back edge. The other would be a P.V.C. stand to be under the boom.

I hope this can help. Please let me know if you find a successful solution.

Smooth sailing,



Paul Halvachs  
"Double Fantasy"

*Editors comment: This letter was written in 1993 - prior to John Sprague's extended cruise from Canada to Florida and back. As reported previously, while cruising on the Florida west coast, John bought a mini-bimini sunshade which John Meissner (Bradenton, FL) had recommended.*

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Jim Reardon writes -

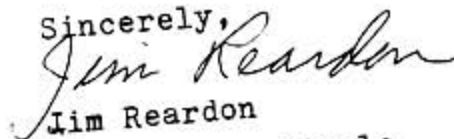
March 25, 1994

Dear Sidney,

Just recieved my Vega package from you two days ago. Many thanks for your prompt reply. I will be calling all the Vega owners in Mass. soon to touch bases, and hopefully find some local parts suppliers. Spring is approaching fast and my list of things to do on the Vega is getting longer instead of shorter. Currently, I am trying to decide on the best MSD system to match my small budget. Also, I have to replace my cutless bearing, which will require me to pull the shaft. I hope "Combi Without Tears" by John Thorp pulls me through.

My major expense this spring will be a new electrical system from the battery up. This will include a new panel, with voltmeter, new engine gauges, new speed and depth, and a new location for the batteries. I glassed in a new shelf in the starboard cockpit locker to raise them up a bit more out of harms way. Enclosed is a check to cover the cost of the following items. I would love to view the Vega video and make a copy, also please send me fifty feet of your cockpit hatch tape. I had earlier requested a club burgee but had not yet recieved it. I wish I had a name to give you for my boat but my wife and I have not quite come to an agreement yet. Hope you have a pleasant season on the water this year.

Sincerely,



Jim Reardon  
3 Eel River Circle  
Plymouth, Ma. 02360

Hull ■ 2902



## 'It was a great adventure which we will never forget!'

Dear Sid,

I really enjoy getting the newsletter each month and always read it the day it arrives. I particularly enjoy hearing of the adventures of those taking the Vegas offshore. El'nor is now parked beside the house on her trailer - resting after a busy summer. On May 15th we departed Saint John for Bermuda 800 miles due South. The day of departure was fine and with a 10 knot breeze on the stern we got to use the spinnaker for the first and last time. My crew, a husband and wife, Terry and Sharron cooked up some chicken burgers which we all enjoyed until Terry got sick. Nerves and a moderate Bay of Fundy swell can do terrible things to your stomach when you don't yet have your sea legs.

Our first night gave us good weather but a poor LORAN-C signal kept me busy trying to navigate in the 2 knot current which changes constantly with the tide. By the way, Bay of Fundy tides are the highest in the world. During our first night the favorable breeze died and by morning we were wishing for some wind. Be careful what you wish for! By 10:00 A.M. we were suffering out first force 7 on the nose. I had El'nor beat to windward but as the waves grew to near 8 feet the pounding at the bow got too much. With reefed main and helm lashed slightly to leeward, she rode these waves like a seagull. The crew and I did not do so well, but as the winds departed that evening so did the mal-de-mer.

The next few days gave us fine weather but only light wind, so we motorsailed about a quarter of the time. We found the Georges Banks area to be a busy spot with lots of fishing boats. With good visibility we could often see 4 or 5 at a time. Both the U.S. and Canadians are very jealous of their fishing borders in this area as you may very well have heard. First a Canadian then a U.S. fisheries plane flew over us at low altitude when we crossed the international boundaries. They departed quickly as a Vega does not look anything like a trawler. The Canadian pilot gave us a wave from his twin engine plane. It was hard to see the U.S. pilot as he roared by us at about 400 knots in a twin engine jet.

On the 18th of May we motorsailed into the Gulf stream. That afternoon wearing T-shirts we were visited by a minke whale and porpoises which frolicked about, chasing schools of fish. Early evening saw the wind rise from the southwest and by midnight we were lying ahull in a full gale. We were too busy holding on and too scared to be seasick. The only good thing was the waves breaking over the boat and half filling the cockpit, carrying warm water. I remember Terry's eyes looking like saucers and I stayed up with him through most of his watch. It always seems so much worse at night.

The next four days were hellish. The wind would drop for a few hours to about 15 knots only to rise again to over 30, and almost always on the nose. Squalls passing through would easily double the wind speed and if the howling in the rigging didn't get on your nerves, then the all too close lightening would. To make matters worse we were averaging only 45 miles a day in this weather! For

(continued)

many hour hove to, we were making one knot through the water but the loran showed we were losing ground. The gulf-stream did not want to let us go.

At around 4 am on the 22nd 320 miles north of Bermuda I attempted to hoist the main in improving but still poor conditions. We are not sure exactly what happened but it got caught on something. The mainsail did not seem to be setting properly, and upon inspection with the spotlight I noticed a small tear near the leech about 1 third the way up. In the confusion we accidentally jibed. We watched in horror as our only mainsail tore completely in half!

That day the weather moderated but was still directly out of the south. I attempted to beat to windward with the lone number one but soon found it impossible with the light air and heavy swell. I bagged the genoa leaving it on the bow with the tack still fastened so it would not get away, and we began to motor. A short while later the boat slowed down for no apparent reason. I realized what was going on two seconds too late, and did not react in time to stop the genoa from wrapping around the propeller. The engine stopped very suddenly. The waves plus our speed against them combined to strip the mailbag off the sail even though it was tied to the bow pulpit with its drawstring. If the tack had not been fastened to the bow we would probably have lost the sail.

Going over the stern with a mask and safety harness I discovered the head of the sail wrapped tightly around the shaft. After four dives the sail came free. I was repeatedly smacked on the head while under El'nor because of the heavy swell, but probably deserved this for being so stupid. The head of the genoa was torn, and I decided not to use it for fear it would go they way of the mainsail. We were now 300 miles north of Bermuda with no mainsail, no genoa, a very tired crew, and about ten gallons of fuel. It was time for s new plan. I'm not sure about my crew, but I always feel better when I have a plan. We would continue to motor southward, keeping an eye out for shipping, and calling for assistance on the VHF every half hour. After all we had seen ships before, and surely they would sell us some fuel. It sounded like a good plan.

By mid-afternoon the wind began to rise once more to near gale force, and of course, on the nose! The hull began to pound and we were moving very slowly, using up our precious fuel.. That evening found us lying ahull and discouraged. My plan did not seem to be working, and I felt if our situation continued to worsen we would be in serious trouble. After much discussion, and with heavy heart, and was the only night I did not get any sleep lying in my berth trying to think of our options.

Sometime in the wee hours of the morning I stuck my head into the cockpit to look things over and after glancing at the compass, discovered the wind had veered to the west. It was still at least force 7, and so before taking action, I told Terry and Sharon what I wanted to do. With harness and raingear on, I crawled up to the bow, and hoisted the storm jib. We were now on a beam reach headed straight for Bermuda at five and a half knots! It was a wild ride with tons of spray but very little pounding. We all felt a little better - at least we were moving again.

(continued)



I had begun to lose faith that the EPIRB would bring us help when we noticed static breaking through the squelch on the VHF. Terry suggested I turn the squelch off as it would increase our reception range. Through all the static we heard the words "U>S> Coast Guard". Sharron began to cry. It took a while before we could talk with them as they kept fading in and out, probably because they were flying a search pattern. When they finally read my lat. & Lon. over their VHF, the big four engine plane flew close enough for us to see. They quickly found us when Terry shone the floodlight into the early morning sky. After I told the Coast Guard our situation they flew off and found a ship headed in our general direction. We were then told to continue to head south and the ship would overtake us early in the afternoon, and give us fuel.

That afternoon a U.S. Navy plane on a training mission flew over to see how we were doing. They had difficulty in seeing us as many of the white caps were bigger than a Vega, so we guided them to us. They were very helpful in guiding the ship to us. Shortly before the ship reached us the plane headed back to the states thanking us for giving them a point to fly to.

Upon reaching us, the ship, a bulk carrier About 400 feet long, turned to windward and slowed to 4 knots. Motoring beside the rusty old ship 50 feet away we caught the heaving line on the first throw. Terry then hauled onto the bow 4 five gallon jugs of diesel fuel while I steered and Sharon took care of communications. With the sea at about force 6 we were all very busy, and Terry did surprisingly well on the pitching deck handling the filled containers. After hauling their lines back and giving us some incredulous looks and a cheerful wave, they headed on toward their destination of Mexico. I would tell you the ship's name but it is nearly unpronounceable, and we never did get the spelling right. We thanked the captain and began sailing at five knots with a lone working jib.

The next morning found us about 150 miles north of Bermuda, and with no wind. The weather was beautiful and spirits were high. As the seas slowly calmed we set to work cleaning up ourselves and the boat. We threw out many pounds of perishable food that had gone bad. It was a shame to see it go to waste, but we just didn't eat much during all the rough weather.

The fuel we got from the bulk carrier was nearly black, and three gallons would completely clog the filter in the funnel. This caused migrate concern, and I promised the motor a new fuel filter when we got to Bermuda. The Volvo MD7A continued to run non-stop until the next day, when at 11:30 AM I shut her down after tying up at the Bermuda Customs wharf. After ten days in a little boat, we staggered about looking at the beautiful scenery, with big grins on our faces. I could go on and on about Bermuda, but this letter is getting too long.. Suffice it to say, it is a worthwhile destination.

The sail loft in St. Georges did a fine job repairing the main and genoa for 200 dollars. I found the marine store in Hamilton a bit pricy, but in Bermuda you don't have a big choice of places to shop for such things a fuel filters.

(continued)

**TRICK OR TREAT**

After a week, my crew flew home, and as was planned, my new crew, Dave arrived one week before departure. We left Bermuda on June 14th making good time with a 20 knot east wind for two days. On the 16th the wind died and we began to motor. The only extraordinary thing about our return trip was that we motored, and motored, and motored through nearly 500 miles of calm seas. Web covered 800 nautical miles in 6 days 3 hours. As you may have guessed I bought extra fuel to put in the jugs I got from the bulk carrier. A total of 40 gallons.

Some may question a few decisions (I made during the trip. I know I certainly did. My crew and I learned a lot and it was a great adventure which we will never forget.

El'nor is a fine craft and proved herself to be much tougher than her captain and crew. We have been talking about making the trip again and the only change I would make is to add a storm trisail to take the strain from the mainsail when the wind kicks up.

Well, so long for now and keep up the good work. It is appreciated.

Fair winds,  
 Gary Hovey  
 RR#2 Clifton Royal  
 Kings Co. N.B.  
 Canada EOG 1N0

Thank you Gary for your  
 excellent reporting !



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Don't forget: You can join Boat/US or renew your membership for half the regular price! Ask Sid for an application.



Dan Argabright writes:

3505 ROSALINDA DRIVE  
RENO, NV 89503  
702-746-5143  
2/2/94



We learn of a prior Vega Association in Texas

WILLEM J. TIMMERMANS  
1011 CASPIAN LANE  
HOUSTON, TX 77090  
24 FEB1994

DEAR MR. ROSEN,

I LEARNED ABOUT THE VEGA ASSOCIATION FROM "LATITUDE 38" (THE BEST SAILING MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD) AND I WOULD LIKE TO BECOME A MEMBER.

I UNDERSTAND THAT ANNUAL DUES ARE \$10.00 A YEAR AND HAVE ENCLOSED A CHECK FOR THAT AMOUNT. IF THE DUES ARE MORE PLEASE LET ME KNOW AND I'LL SEND YOU THE DIFFERENCE.

I OWN HULL #1346 ND I LOVE THE BOAT. I WOULD, HOWEVER, LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE VEGA. I HAVE MY VEGA SLIPPED IN BERKLEY MARINA IN CA.

THIS SUMMER I AM SAILING MY VEGA TO HAWAII. IF THERE ARE ANY VEGA SKIPPERS WHO CAN ADVISE ME ABOUT SAFETY RELATED PROBLEMS (?) WITH OLDER VEGAS I WOULD REALLY APPRECIATE KNOWING ABOUT THEM BEFORE I SET SAIL.

THE ONLY NOBVIOUS PROBLEM I CAN SEE IS THAT THE MAST IS COMPRESSING ITS SUPPORT.

ALSO, I AM USING A NAVIK WIND VANE FOR SELF STEERING ON MY HAWAIIAN TRIP. I'D APPRECIATE ANY TIPS ABOUT IT FROM CLUB MEMBERS

SINCERELY

*Dan Argabright*

SIDNEY A. ROSEN  
10615 WHITMAN CIRCLE  
ORLANDO, FL 32821

DEAR MR. ROSEN,

THROUGH MR. ED WEAVER I HEARD ABOUT YOUR VEGA ORGANIZATION AND NEWSLETTER, AND WOULD LIKE TO BECOME A MEMBER.

I HAVE BEEN THE OWNER OF "MORITSA", SAIL #2930 SINCE 1976, AND WAS A MEMBER OF THE SHORT-LIVED VEGA ONE DESIGN OF TEXAS ASSOCIATION. I DO MOST OF MY SAILING ON GALVESTON BAY AND ALONG THE TEXAS GULF COAST.

ENCLOSED IS MY CHECK FOR \$10.00 PLEASE ADVISE IF THIS IS NOT CORRECT.

SINCERELY,

*Willem J. Timmermans*

Give a hoot.  
Don't pollute.



## FLOTSAM & JETSAM

- America 3, the first all female team in the 143-year history of the America's cup competition is being backed by Bill Koch - defender of the 1992 America's Cup. BOAT/U.S. is sponsoring a nationwide funding campaign for the female team.
- New tolls are in effect on the New York State Barge Canal (Erie Canal) based upon boat length - \$15. a day for a Vega (\$75. for an unlimited season pass)
- After a nine year absence I recently visited the main BOAT/U.S marine store in Alexandria Va. where I spent a delightful hour. I had a grand time! I felt like a kid in a candy store. I was very impressed with a bulkhead mounted propane cabin heater that was on display.
- During one of my travels in Florida I had occasion to use a public restroom. After washing my hands I went to dry them. Someone had placed a sticker on the hot air blower (dryer) that read "Press button for a message from your congressman!"
- Ron Pugh, a former VODCA Commodore, has been sailing on Lake Dillon (Colorado). Racing is very popular there every weekend with about 30-40 boats participating.
- While our 1994 membership list is dated May 15th, it actually went to the printer on the afternoon of May 13th. All dues received after that time we not listed - (but we love you anyway!)
- Out of the past! During WWII your editor served with a Military Police unit guarding and transporting prisoners of war. The unit has now planned their first reunion to be held in North Carolina this fall. It should be fun!
- Pat & Julie Callahan, Santa Rosa, CA, sold their Vega several years ago are currently building a 40 ft steel sailboat by themselves. It takes a lot of time and determination.

**Mark G. Allen**  
Fosterville Road

Rural Route 2 Box 625  
Bridgeton, Maine 04009

Vega Newsletter

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

Dear Sid,

After much soul searching (actually for three years!) we must sell our Vega- #1066, "Bochica", #1066 which is a documented boat. It has a Westerbeke 13hp diesel engine with 260 hours on it, folding prop, a number of sails several of them brand new, Loran, EPIRB, among other things. The boat is in excellent condition and has given us many years of very enjoyable sailing. We really hate to do it but, the time has come.

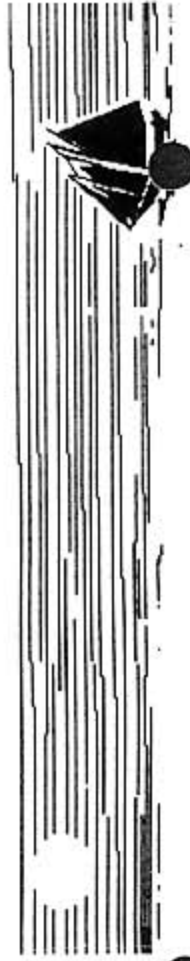
We hope all is well with you. Many thanks for all your wonderful work for the association. We have saved all of our past newsletters with all the invaluable info!

Thank you.

very truly yours,



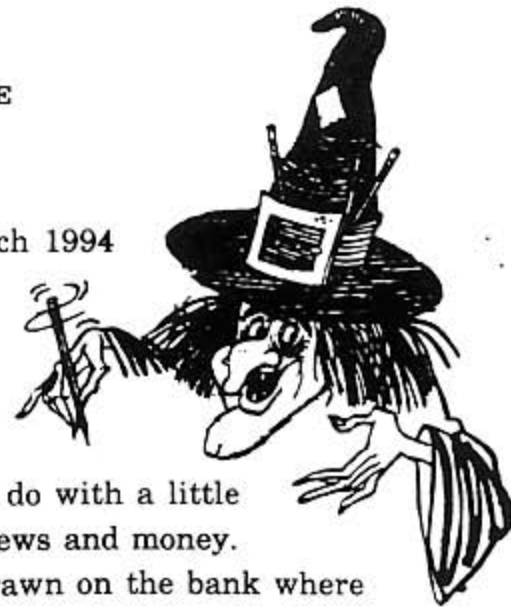
Mark G. Allen.



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Tel: 68 82 17 55

2 March 1994

Sidney A. Rosen  
10615 Whitman circle  
Orlando, Fl 32821 USA



Hail to thee O Mighty Editor !

How's that for an opening Sid? I thought you could do with a little deferential stroking in light of your successive calls for news and money. Speaking of the latter, please find my check for dues - drawn on the bank where I once had funds.

I don't have a heck of a lot to say this year. (I think dry rot has set in.) Everything here has been peaceful. What's new doesn't have anything to do with sailing; I'm writing a monthly column for a newspaper in Tennessee about our lives here. It's filled with the everyday passions, lusts, appetites and other hot stuff that one would expect from the pen of an old goat.

We are planning on coming back to the States in April - my daughter is going to bless us with a grandchild. She lives in Maryland; near where Susitna is stored. While we're there I'll put the boat up for sale. Last summer I had the occasion to climb aboard a motorsailer from the finger pier - we have floating docks here - and was "stove up" for two days after. Its terribly humiliating when the mind leaps up and the body plods along behind !

Which reminds me of a comment I heard, years ago, on TV. A retired ship's captain was being interviewed (he was eighty five) about his health. He said: "Up on the bridge I'm as good a man as I ever was. But below the waterline I'm not worth a damn."

It's lunch time now so I've got to go - baked guinea hen with Roquefort cheese stuffing. If the membership knows of any young man who's loaded with dreams and a little light on "the lolly", pass him on to me.

Best regards to you, Florence and our members.

*Bob & Monique*

**HAPPY HALLOWEEN !**