

Best wishes for a happy and healthy holiday season !



Happy sailing !

Peter Bell (Walkabout, #707) writes -

21 July 1992

1044 Readings Drive
R.R. #3 Sidney, B.C.
V8L 3X9

Mr. Sidney Rosen
Editor, Vega News
Orlando, Fl. .

Dear Sid,

Thanks for your lengthy and interesting letter, and please find enclosed money order for my dues and a Vega Burgee. If the postage is more than I've allowed for, let me know and I'll see you right.

I've never used the radio, but I assume the "whiskey tango alpha, 7257" is the call sign. (Written on the sticker beside the hand microphone). I moved here from Alberta a few months ago. No job, but I do have the boat; so I have my priorities right!!

Luckily, the Vega is a honey of a boat to sail, so right from the word "go" I have had no trouble in sailing alone. Initially I had a sailing partner who took his "basic" course with me. Unfortunately, although only 37, he now has terminal cancer. So, I've been sailing alone while my wife has been spending a few months back with family in her native Norway. (I'm originally from New Zealand, so we're really an international team.

The only Vega owner I've actually met here is Ulrika Wahlstrom ("Vagary") who lives aboard her boat in Sidney. At nearby Westport Marina I can see three Vegas from the parking lot and there may well be others. It seems that I'm really joining a big family.

We all have our dreams, and I was intrigued with your statement that the Vega can go just about anywhere. Of course I have a lot of learning to do, but I would dearly like to sail at least to Hawaii..... well, we'll see!

Finally, I wonder if the Coghlan's wrote a book about their experiences? If not, perhaps they at least wrote about them in the Vega News? I'd be interested to hear how they coped, how the boat handled in storms; their choice of sails for different conditions, etc.

Thanks for the newsletter!

Sincerely

Peter Bell
Peter Bell



Why not try Racing?

DESPITE the fact the Vega design is over 20 years old, it is a credit to her designer, Per Brohall, that there are still very few boats between 25 and 30 ft to rival her.

We can all vouch for the superb design of the accommodation that truly seems to have found the way to fit a quart into a pint pot, and the excellent sea-keeping ability that has been demonstrated by several long-distance, offshore passages completed by members of the Class.

What does come as a surprise to many is the fact that the Vega still has the speed to be competitive as a club racing boat against many far newer designs, some of which have no other use apart from racing.

Rough Diamond, a 1971 Vega complete with the 12hp petrol engine, demonstrates the design's versatility by acting as my permanent home and as a regular member of the Cowes racing fleet.

During 1991 *Rough Diamond* completed approximately 50 races in the Island Sailing Club's Tuesday night series, Cowes Cruiser-Racer Association's Saturday Solent and Coastal series, plus other events such as the Round the Island Race and Cowes Week.

I am glad to report that 1991 was even more successful than the previous season, with *Rough Diamond* capturing a cabinet's worth of silverware and providing her crew with a very enjoyable and satisfying season.

What remains now is to convince the rest of you Vega owners to come join us on the race course and experience the satisfaction of seeing the expressions of the crews on far larger boats as your Vega steams past! Besides which, *Rough Diamond* needs some family company to stop the handicappers altering our handicap each time we win, as they have been doing all season!

This year's Round the Island started with the

promise of a rough ride but, in fact, proved to be less windy than the previous year although we did manage to reduce our passage time by 40 minutes to 8hrs 42min. Unfortunately, we did not get a spinnaker ride along the full length of the south Island shore so our performance against other class yachts did not live up to our 'second in group' in 1990. Neither did we get close to our speed record of 12.6 knots, also achieved during the previous year's race.

That record did come under threat later in the season during the Nab Tower Race – the final event in the Island Sailing Club's racing calendar. That race started in Force 6 with Force 8/9 forecast. Fortunately the race committee wisely decided to shorten the race to a few laps around a Solent course. The F8 arrived just after the start.

This was by far the windiest race we have completed with *Rough Diamond* but since we were defending the trophy we plugged on, despite the wind against tide conditions building some of the largest seas I have seen in the Solent. Indeed, we were surfing at over 10 knots on the first reach with two reefs in the main and a No3 genoa. By the beginning of the second beat we had dropped the main completely and were struggling to windward under small genoa alone.

With the tops of the large seas being blown to leeward to mix with the horizontal rain, it was clear that the crew could think of several million better ways of spending this September Saturday. But with the promise from me that the worst was over, we battled our way to the final turning mark.

By this time we were lying last on the water in our class – as was to be expected since we were the lowest handicap boat still racing – but we were still in with a chance on handicap. That was when I saw a couple of leaders hoist spinnakers for the final run back to Cowes.

To hoist or not, that was the question! As my crew looked at me with worried expressions I considered the risk to my floating home of a broach under spinnaker in those seas. For once I decided to play safe – or reasonably so. Instead of a spinnaker we re-hoisted the main, shook out both reefs and hoisted the No2 genoa on the spinnaker halyard wing and wing with the No3.

Under this rig we surfed down the seas, clocking 11½ knots with the bow wave back by the shrouds and the tiller going light on each surf. We easily outpaced Contessas and Nicholson 32s but couldn't make up the difference on the leaders. In the end we finished third in class and I still kick myself for not hoisting the spinnaker. Not only am I sure that we could have won with the kite up but I would love to know just how fast the Vega can be driven in those conditions! I have to admit, though, that the rest of the crew do not share my curiosity.

It is in downwind sailing that the Vega really shows her heels to many newer designs. The fairly flat run and low deadrise of the hull provide this speed while the bow has enough flare to prevent it burying when driving into seas downwind. The fairly light displacement, even with all my live-aboard gear to carry, helps this downwind performance and the long, shallow keel provides directional stability.

Unlike fin and skeg designs, however, the attached rudder does not give a lot of control when really pushing the boat downwind and it is often necessary to use full helm in both directions to keep the boat tracking in a straight line downwind.

Upwind, the shallow keel which is great for cruising is a lot less useful when racing. This is especially true on the Solent courses when one is faced with a beat against wind and tide. This is when we really suffer against the newer designs; we can't point as high, we make more leeway and are slower to tack – a real penalty when trying to beat up the shore to cheat the tide. Still, one can't have everything, and the Vega is a brilliant compromise. Certainly, when a Vega has the

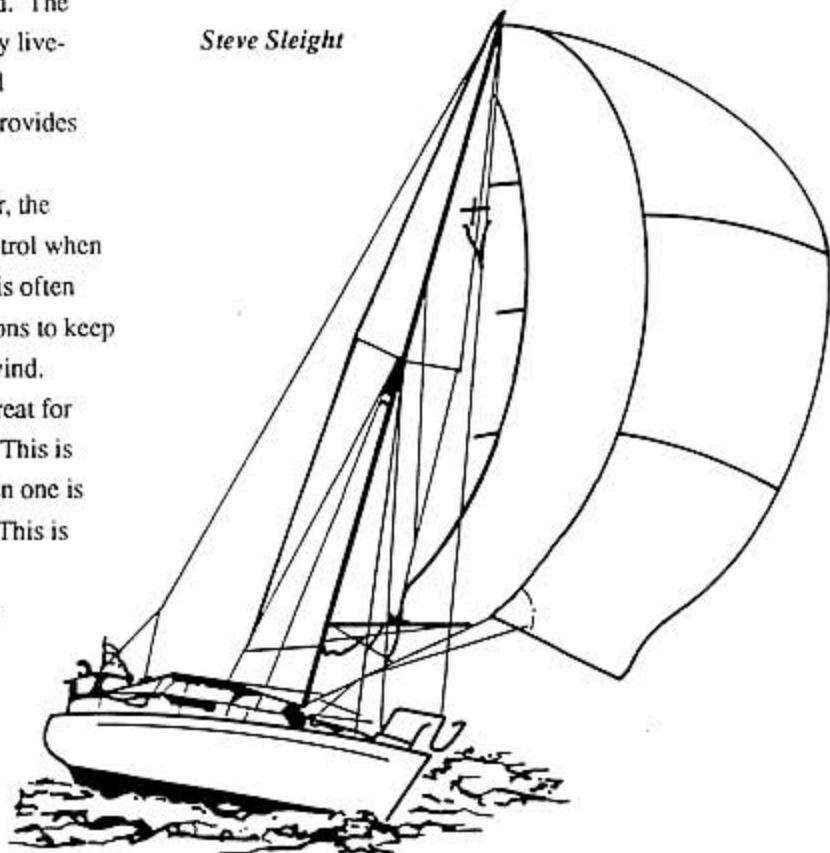
benefit of a beat with the tide and a run against it, there are few other cruiser-racers that can compete.

So how about a few races next season? You'll need a decent main and No1 genoa plus a spinnaker, but all these will stand you in good stead for cruising. You'll also need a tiller extension so that you can sit where you can see the telltales and the opposition! Unfortunately, for racing, the Vega is not laid out particularly well on deck but it is still possible for the crew to sit on the rail upwind which really helps the performance.

I usually race with a minimum of three and a maximum of five, including me. Five is nice for the longer races since everyone can take a break and there is always a pair of hands to serve sandwiches and coffee, but four is the ideal number for most races.

Why not give racing a try next season? You'll find that you will learn more about improving your boat's performance in a few short races than a couple of seasons pottering – and everything you learn will stand you in good stead when you head off for the summer's cruise.

Steve Sleight



"Built like a brick" you know what -

Sidney,

9/14/92

I've enclosed an article from the Sept. issue of Yachtsman. I spoke with Bill Parks, their editor, he said no problem with re-printing in the newsletter. He currently sails an Islander 36 but is familiar with the Vega and asked if we could send him one of the newsletters. The address for Yachtsman is, 2019 Clement Avenue, Alameda, CA 94501. His phone is, (510) 865-7500. He was kind enough to give me the number for the owners, it's (209) 836-2027.

I called Denise and she elaborated on the article. She said that they had the dodger folded forward when the other boat hit. As it came aboard it left bottom paint on the dodger, parked itself briefly on the cabin and as the still spinning prop engaged the deck worked it way overboard on the opposite side. The mast came down, the boom was broken in three places, stanchions were bent and the prop cut a hole through the hull, deck and across the cabin top. According to Denise, the Coast Guards comment was the boat was built like a brick shithouse! They were amazed that it didn't sink. It didn't take on any water until they were towed in. Concern for integrity of the electrical system made them decide against motor-ing in. As the article says, the boat was "Sonia" a 1974, hull # 1189. It had a Volvo MD6A with a Combi that worked well.

All for now,

Walt Brown
aboard
"Lyric"
Redwood City
San Francisco Bay

P.S. Hope everyone down there did okay with your recent hurricane. Looking forward to hearing your comments on same.

P.P.S. I forgot to mention that it's suspected that the other boat was operating with there LORAN interfaced to an autopilot. Just set it up and let it take itself from waypoint to waypoint. Sounds good but from the above, obviously not.

(ARTICLE ON NEXT PAGE)



**No radio License?
The fine is \$2,000.**

The Federal Communications Commission (FCC) promises stepped up enforcement of marine radio licensing rules, with first offenders receiving fines of \$2,000 for

violations that previously resulted in warnings.

Many boaters who purchase used boats don't realize that a license posted in the boat is

not transferable, Freeman says. The boater must obtain a new one in his or her own name.

* Soundings, December 1992

Sailing vacation ends with a bang

In a classic right-of-way situation, the 27-foot sailboat *Sonia* was on a starboard tack in Raccoon Strait Aug. 4, when the sailors saw a fishing boat approaching from the direction of the Gate.

It was a clear day, early in the afternoon, and no one aboard the sailboat was concerned about the powerboat. After all, the sailboat has the clear right-of-way, the view was unobstructed and the powerboat had plenty of time to make any course correction necessary to avoid the sailboat.

But sometimes the obvious thing doesn't happen, and this was one of those times. Instead of steering around the sailboat, the powerboat not only slammed into it broadside, but vaulted over the top, ripping off the rig and leaving its propeller imbedded in the boom.

There were three people on the sailboat and four in the powerboat and, somehow, no one was injured. "That's the totally unbelievable part of it,"

said Richard Dixon, Coast Guard senior chief petty officer. "If the powerboat had hit a little bit aft, it would have landed in the sailboat's cockpit, where everyone was sitting."

He said the people in the powerboat were returning from salmon fishing outside the Gate. Federal investigators are looking into the possibility of filing charges. "The cause was improper lookout—they said they never saw the sailing vessel," Dixon said. "Evidently nobody in the powerboat was looking where they were going."

The sailboat was a 27-foot Albin Vega belonging to Robert and Denise Vincent of Tracy. They were aboard with their 17-year-old daughter when the collision occurred. They were on the second day of what they hoped would be a week-long sailing vacation. They had owned the boat only four months.

"We saw the powerboat, we had the right-of-way, so we just held our course so we

wouldn't cause any confusion," said Denise Vincent. "We didn't realize they weren't keeping a watch. We could have been the Angel Island ferry they they still would have hit us. They just weren't watching."

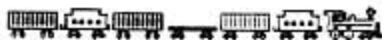
"If they had hit two feet back we'd all be dead."

She said she was negotiating with the insurance company for a settlement. "Then we'll be buying another boat," she said. "We'd like to go cruising in the South Seas someday."

The powerboat is a 24-foot Fiberform with a new gasoline engine. It belongs to George Shipsey of Greenbrae. He said he simply didn't see the sailboat.

"It happened too soon, and I couldn't do a damned thing about it," he said. "It's just an accident, that's all. I'm 78 years old, I've been on the water all my life, and I've never hit anything. It's damned unfortunate, but there he was, and there I was."

Our Thanks to Walt Brown for sending this to us



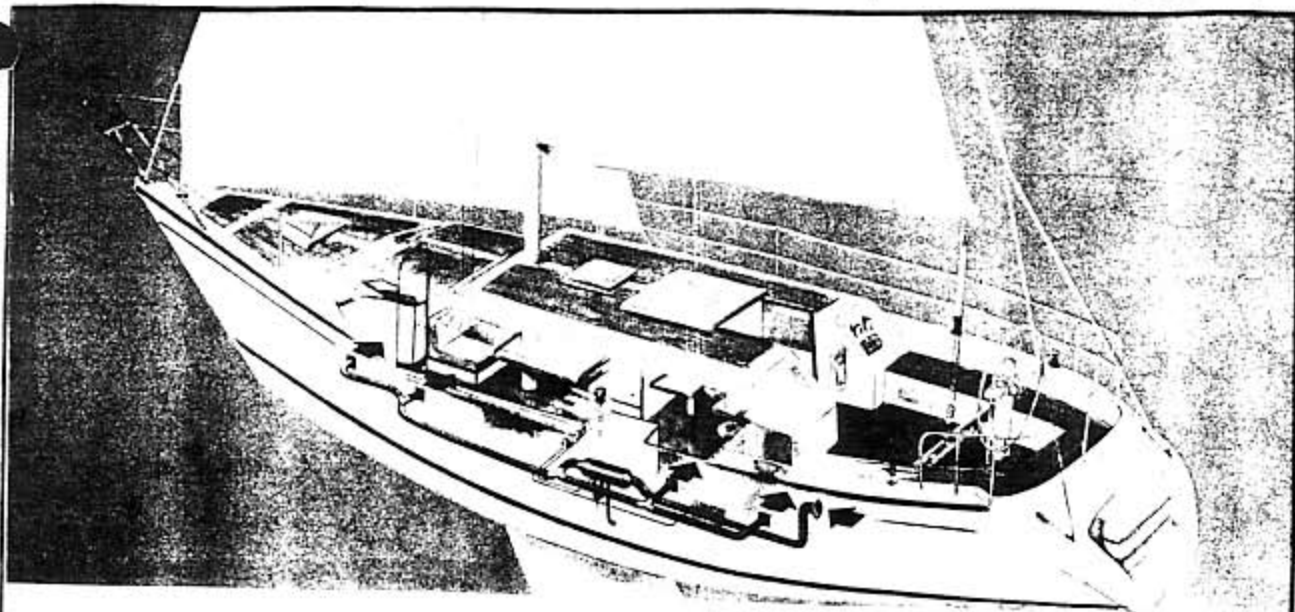
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This looks like a dandy heater:

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Pleasure Boating show to Air weekly on TV

An Annapolis company has signed a contract with a national sports network boasting an audience of 30 million homes to produce 13 original half-hour shows that explore recreational boating from a variety of angles.

"Pleasure Boating Today" is scheduled to begin airing on local affiliates of Prime Network on April 1, provid-

ing a weekly magazine for boaters of all experiences and types, says Jeff Eser, general partner of White Star Enterprises.

For example, the first show's profile is on Suzanne Poggell and her sailing school Womanship. The feature is on Ed Cutts of the renowned Cutts & Case Boatyard in

Oxford, Md. The safety section is on a hull survey of a boat, and the tip of the week is how to put together an abandon ship bag. The gadget is a product called "Boat Pool," which protects boaters who want to swim in waters that have irritants such as sea nettles, and the boat of the week is a 63-foot Infinity offshore motor racing yacht.

OTTOWA, ONTARIO
CANADA
3 JULY 1992

DEAR SID,

I WROTE EARLIER SAYING THAT WE WERE ON THE MOVE AGAIN. THIS TIME ITS' ALL PART OF MY JOB. I'VE TAKEN A POSITION AT THE CANADIAN EMBASSY IN MEXICO CITY, FOR A TWO YEAR DURATION. OUR NEW ADDRESS:

NICK & JENNY COGHLAN
P.O. BOX 500 (MXICO)
OTTOWA, ONTARIO
CANADA K1N 8T7

WITH MEXICO CITY AT LEAST 6 HOURS DRIVE FROM THE SEA, WE SHALL REGRETTABLY, LEAVING 'TARKA' IN STORAGE HERE FOR THAT PERIOD.

WE'VE BEEN GETTING GOOD USE OUT OF OUR BOAT THIS YEAR. SHE'S BASED AT IVEY LEA, IN THE 1000 ISLANDS AREA - THE CANADIAN SHORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER. THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL "COTTAGE COUNTRY" - BEAUTIFUL OLD HOLIDAY HOMES DOTTED OVER THE DENSLY TREED 1000 ISLANDS. (THERE ARE IN FACT A LOT MORE THAN 1000.) ON A SUNNY DAY THE AREA IS VERY BUSY, MAINLY WITH POWER BOATS, AND ALSO QUITE A FEW SIGHTSEEING TOUR BOATS. WE ALWAYS SEEMED TO GET SOME WIND, THOUGH - MORE, IN FACT, THAN WE USED TO GET ON THE OCEAN IN B.C.

TWO BIG DIFFERENCES FROM B.C. : THERE'S A CONSTANT CURRENT TO THE EAST (UP TO 3-4 KNOTS) IN CONSTRICTED PLACES) AND, IF YOU TOUCH BOTTOM, YOU CAN'T JUST WAIT TO FLOAT OFF AGAIN WHEN THE TIDE RISES! SOME OF THE ANCHORAGES, TOO, AT A DEPTH OF ONLY 5 FT, ARE A LITTLE SHALLOW FOR COMFORT.

THERE'S AT LEAST ONE VEGA AROUND. AN OLDER ONE, I THINK, WITH THE ENTIRE AREA ABOVE THE COVE STRIPE PAINTED BLUE. UNFORTUNATELY, WE ONLY SAW IT PASSING AT A DISTANCE AND WEREN'T ABLE TO ATTRACT THE SKIPPERS ATTENTION.

BEFORE WE TAKE OFF, WE'RE PLANNING TEN DAYS OR SO OF SAILING AROUND THE EASTERN END OF LAKE ONTARIO - POSSIBLY UP INTO AN AREA CALLED THE BAY OF QUINTE, WHICH I BELIEVE IS QUITE POPULAR.

WELL, WE SHALL ONLY TEMPORARILY BE 'SWALLOWING THE ANCHOR', SO KEEP THOSE NEWSLETTERS COMING. I KNOW THAT, SOONER OR LATER, WE JUST SHAN'T BE ABLE TO RESIST GETTING UP AND SAILING OFF.

HASTA LUEGO - IF ANY OF OUR MEMBERS ARE PASSING THROUGH MEXICO CITY, PLEASE BE SURE TO CONTACT US THROUGH THE CANADIAN EMBASSY.

LOVE

Nick + Jenny

"TARKA THE OTTER"

Hard times chasing the trade winds to barbados

Five Australian boats entered the first Atlantic race for cruising yachts.

. . . Gus & Joan Edson sailed one of them.

BOISTEROUS was the euphemism, used mainly by the larger boats, for the gales and heavy weather that struck northern Europe late last year.

"A boisterous time?" the arriving yachts were asked as they gathered in Las Palmas in the Canary Islands for the start of the first Atlantic Race for Cruising Yachts. "Bloody rough," was more often than not the reply.

Getting to the start turned out to be harder than the 2,700 nautical mile race to Barbados in the West Indies. Of the 280 entrants only 210 yachts, including five Australian boats, made it to the starting line.

In the under-30ft class in which we had entered our 27ft sloop Lyric, only 15 of the 30 hopefuls were there for the starting gun. One entrant, we heard, after a pounding in the English Channel, Biscay, and then the Portuguese coast, had put his yacht up for sale in Gibraltar and taken up golf.

We sailed out of Gibraltar into a full northerly gale the local meteorological office had failed to forecast.

Running before the wind, we were soon hurtling down 30ft seas. Lyric shot off the large waves like a surfboard as we



YACHTING

GUS EDISON

progressively reduced our sail area to a scrap the size of a teatowel.

It was exhilarating sailing, skidding down the front of these big seas, the breaking crests tumbling either side, all day and into the night.

Then under a full moon, with the wind increasing to 50 knots (Force 9), Lyric swerved under a breaking crest of a wave and was knocked flat. A whole Atlantic roller swept over the boat, hurling me across the cockpit on top of the tiller, which smashed in two, and on to the leeward lifelines which were almost under water.

My safety harness of webbing braces tied me to the boat. I emerged with seaboots dragging in the Atlantic, hanging on to a leeward stanchion.

Water poured through the open hatch swamping Joan in her bunk and our satellite navigator, putting it out of action. (This device pinpoints a boat's position using signals from passing satellites. It doesn't work under water.)

Our radio direction finder had been thrown across the cabin and

broken. So suddenly we were without electronic navigational aids, and it was back to sextant and log line, and a hurried re-reading of the notes from Jeff Toghill's navigation classes in Mosman, Sydney.

We bound the tiller together with cord and for the next two days Lyric ran before the wind with no sail at all (running under bare poles it is called) still making more than 100 nautical miles a day. The wind finally moderated though and Lanzarote, the northernmost Canary Island off the coast of Africa, emerged through the haze.

It was then on to Las Palmas on the island of Gran Canaria. Each day more and more yachts arrived and crowded into the small boat harbour.

There were yachts from 23 nations, one of them a fragile-looking 24-footer with two young Czech refugees promised asylum in the US. More than 1,500 people, scores of cats and dogs and at least two canaries were aboard the boats. The oldest competitor was 73, and the youngest, a New Zealand baby of three months.

An astonishing array of skills was available. There were electronic engineers, mechanics, divers, shipwrights, sailmakers and even a German yacht with a

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

"I saw what looked like a large black rubber bouy. As we drew closer I realised I was looking into the face of a 40ft sperm whale"

We Welcome our newest members -

THE VEGA NEWSLETTER

NAME Kent Little HOME PHONE (713) 332 - 9633
 SPOUSE Elizabeth (Liz) WORK PHONE (713) 334 - 1993 (best)
 ADDRESS 2812 Jeb Stuart
League City, TX ZIP CODE 77573
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 YACHT CLUB _____
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KENT IS
A
YACHT
BROKER
IN KEMAH,
TEXAS

dentist and two dental nurses as crew.

Innumerable transatlantic voyages have started from Las Palmas since Christopher Columbus, and this made the hospitality of the people all the more remarkable.

In the week before the start every night was a party. Twice the city provided vast barbecues and free wine for more than 2,000 people. Singers and dancers performed. Jazz bands played.

After hearing how costly the West Indies had become, we loaded three months' supply of tinned food. With water, wine and beer for the crossing, Lyric sat low in the water. The fo'ard cabin was crammed with fruit and vegetables including 60 oranges, just in case of scurvy.

THE DAY of the start arrived and the fleet sailed to the guns of an ancient Spanish warship. The aim of all boats was to pick up the trade winds – the constant easterlies in tropical latitudes which, in days past, used to drive the square-rigged sailing ships.

For us the trade winds proved elusive. First we had calms, days of squalls, then calms again. For the first two days, other yachts were visible on the horizon but then we were alone. It was unusually cold at night. We crossed the Tropic of Cancer in heavy sweaters and oilskins.

About a week out, while lying becalmed we saw another yacht on the horizon. We started the engine and motored over to say hello.

Seeing her French flag I shouted out "Bonjour." A naked and startled French couple appeared. An awkward conversation about the weather followed before we drifted on.

Soon after we started getting the trade winds, fitfully at first. Joan baked bread in a little oven which sits on top of the kerosene burner. Fresh bread at sea is one of sailing's delights. And others followed: fruit cakes and chocolate cakes topped with tinned cream and strawberry jam. Flying fish skipped away from the bow, while storm petrels and fulmars followed astern.

Two weeks out, bowling along as dusk approached, I saw what looked like a large black rubber buoy. As we drew closer I realised I was looking into the face of a 40ft sperm whale, the sea breaking over its huge body. It turned facing the boat as we sailed past only feet from it.

Then we noticed two other whales about 60 yards away, both spouting. It was an anxious moment. In the Pacific a couple of years ago a yacht was repeatedly rammed and sunk by a whale. Whales sleep on the surface and yachts quite commonly bump into them.

The wind slowly increased to near gale force and with it we reduced sail. Once again we were down to a tiny piece of sail as large seas, the deep blue of tropical waters and streaked with foam, towered behind the boat.

Soon it was a gale (Force 8), unusual in the trades. Joan likened the boat's motion to living in the revolving barrel at Luna Park.

Lighting the stove became impossible as it needed to be primed with methylated spirits, and we found burning meths would be tossed across the cabin. So it was no coffee and cold cans of baked beans as we lay in our bunks listening to the wind howling in the rigging. Golf seemed not such a bad idea.

We thought of Tom Vernon in Shuffle, one of the two 22-footers in the race who used to read Solzhenitsyn in bad weather to reassure himself that someone else was having a worse time.

Within a few days though, the weather settled down to the classic trade wind conditions: a good warm breeze astern and relatively calm seas. Carrying full sail we were making 120 to 130 miles a day.

This idyllic sailing was to last for the rest of the voyage. A hot sun, a bright moon; we were "rolling down the trades" at last.

Fiddling with the radio early one morning, we picked up calypso from a Barbados station. Soon we were getting music from the other islands and from Latin America.

A tiny migrating bird, which looked like a speckled sparrow, flapped on board, right into the cockpit, so exhausted it was beyond fear. It sat beside us and promptly fell asleep. It stayed all night and in the morning refused water and breadcrumbs before flying on.

A day later Barbados appeared on the horizon. An athletic Barbadian came skimming past on a windsurfer shouting "Welcome to Barbados, man." It was the beginning of a great welcome.

We crossed the line on Christmas Day 26 days after leaving Las Palmas, and finished 66th, winning a bottle of rum and a wooden plaque.

The first boat across the line was the 54ft American trimaran Running Cloud which took 14 days. The winner on handicap was the 33ft Finnish yacht Molla III.

A lot of boats had broken gear – ripped sails, broken booms and spinnaker poles. One singlehander sprung a leak not long after the start and virtually had to pump the whole way.

But the most amazing story was that of the cat Choy, a personable tortoiseshell which fell overboard from the yacht Lionheart. Missing Choy, the American owner turned the yacht around and tacked back into heavy seas and strong winds.

Choy was found yowling loudly and stroking strongly for Barbados, 1,000 miles away. Having used up 8½ of her lives Choy was given a special prize of two flying fish at the prizegiving.

With old friends from Las Palmas, we gathered for a barbecue on the beach under the coconut palms, drank the superb rum of the island while calypso echoed from distant bars. It was a boisterous time.

Gus Edison ("Lyric#1772) has been a member since 1989. He lives in Sidney, Australia



Federal boat tax -

President Bush on Nov. 2 signed legislation repealing the user fee on recreational boats, but the tax bill carrying repeal of the luxury tax met with an expected veto the day after the election. Effective immediately, all boats 21 feet and under no longer must display the decal showing that their owners paid the user fee. On Oct. 1, 1993, all boats 37 feet and under will be exempt, and as of Oct. 1, 1994, the fee will be repealed entirely.

* Soundings, December 1992



1 "magnificent" dodger for the Vega -

SEPT 14, 1992

Les petites voiles

Dix ans d'expérience en voiles et gréements

Colette et Yvan
vous proposent un service professionnel

ELUIRE # 3199

DEAR SID,

OUR LAST FIVE WEEKS OF CRUISING DOWN ST-LAWRENCE RIVER AND UP THE SAGUENAY - A TRIP OF MORE THAN 800 MILES - TAUGHT US ONE LESSON, AMONG OTHERS, ABOUT ELUIRE: THE BOAT IS FAR MORE SEAWORTHY THAN HER CREW --- AND THE 10 HORSEPOWER OF OUR VOLVO MD6 IS ARE NOT A MATCH FOR TIDES AND CURRENTS AND 30 KNOTS OF WIND INTO THE NOSE!

SO, WE ARE PLANNING TO CHANGE THE TEN HORSE - THING FOR WHAT? VOLVO 2002? PERKINS THREE CYL. OF COURSE, THE COMBI WILL BE REPLACED FOR A STANDARD TRANSMISSION IN THE PROCESS.

HAS ANY VEGA-OWNER-FRIENDLY-MEMBER A GOOD ANSWER TO OFFER, I MEAN A SOLUTION THAT HAS BEEN PROVED ON HIS/HER OWN BOAT?

COLETTE AND I WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO READ ON THE SUBJECT. WE ARE ALSO INTERESTED IN 2 BIGGER WINCHES ADAPTABLE ON ELUIRE.

BY THE WAY, COLETTE BUILT A MAGNIFICENT DODGER FOR THE BOAT. SHE CALLS IT "CONVERTIBLE" --- BECAUSE THE TWO SIDES ARE DETACHABLE AND MADE OF WINDOW MATERIAL ZIPPABLE TO THE MAIN THING, SO ITS CLEAR ALL AROUND, AND VERY SOLID ANYWAYS BECAUSE OF TWO STIFF LEGS SUPPORTING THE STRUCTURE (IN STAINLESS). PATTERNS ARE IN OUR SHOP FOR ANY INTERESTED CUSTOMER-MEMBER.

OUR ADDRESS FOR NEXT WINTER, STARTING NOVEMBER 1, WILL STILL BE: S.O.S. CANVAS AND SAILS
116, HENDRICKS ISLE
33301, FORT-LAUDERDALE
305-524-7653

BEST REGARDS TO ALL OF YOU,

COLETTE + YVAN