

VODCA Newsletter

No. 11-90

Vega One Design Chesapeake Association

Oct 25, 1990

Commodore	:	Phil Rogers	:	(301) 224-8870
Vice Commodore	:	Bill Etheridge	:	(804) 722-5369
Treasurer, Secretary & Editor	:	Sid Rosen	:	(407) 352-9250



American Vega Association to succeed Vega One Design Chesapeake Association

As previously announced in the December 1989 edition (#1-90) of the VODCA newsletter, VODCA will be terminated as a formal organization. On December 1st it will be replaced by an informal type of association with no officers. A monthly newsletter will be published which will be similar to the current VODCA newsletter. Contact will still be maintained with The Vega One Design Association and our sister Vega associations abroad.

The "VODCA Newsletter" has always been the mainstay of the present organization and as "The Vega Newsletter" it will continue to be the voice of American Vega sailors. Its goal will be no different than VODCA's has been for the past 14 years - the exchange of information on the repair, maintenance and improvement of the Vega class sloop. Membership in the American Vega Association will be through subscription to the "Vega Newsletter". The current VODCA burgee will continue in use by the American Vega Association.

In accordance with VODCA by-laws and under the VODCA articles of incorporation as a non profit corporation in the state of Maryland, VODCA was required to have certain elected officers and hold Annual and Semi-Annual meetings in specified months, etc. In the past, this was never a problem but after VODCA evolved into a national organization; the nucleus of members living in the Maryland, D.C., and Virginia areas declined and it became increasingly difficult to obtain the necessary quorum to constitute legal meetings and almost impossible to get people to fill the required officer positions.

Accordingly, a decision to terminate VODCA in its' 1990 fiscal year was approved at the last VODCA Annual Meeting in Annapolis, MD on November 18th 1989.

So, at the end of our fiscal year on November 30, 1990, all VODCA memberships will be transferred to the new Informal American Vega Association.

VODCA assets, currently consisting of 25 club burgees and money in the club's checking account will be transferred to the new association by the current VODCA treasurer, Sid Rosen. This will ensure the future financial continuance by providing substantial "seed" money. An end FY-1990 VODCA financial statement will be published at the termination of VODCA.

In the event that Sid Rosen should be unable to continue the new newsletter, the Rosen's have planned to donate the money remaining in the treasury to non-profit maritime museums such as the Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic CT, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, Solomons, MD, etc. The gift would be made as a bequest from VODCA.



Welcome

VEGA ONE DESIGN CHESAPEAKE ASSOCIATION, INC (VOOCA)

Name Ulf Wahlstrom Home Phone () -
Spouse's Name Ulrika Wahlstrom Work Phone (604) 386-3277
Address Box 20019, 4-9764 5th Street
Sidney, B.C., Canada Zip Code V8L 4Z0
Hull/Sail No. 965 Year 1970 Boat Name Vagary
Colors: Hull White Cove Stripe Blue Spinnaker Red-White-Blue
YACHT CLUB _____
WHERE BERTHED Tsehum Harbour, Sidney, B.C.
Radio: CB _____ VHF yes Amateur _____



VEGA ONE DESIGN CHESAPEAKE ASSOCIATION, INC (VOOCA)

Name DANIEL GOLD Home Phone (415) 759-5121
Spouse's Name _____ Work Phone (415) 266-2685
Address 3223 Santiago St.
SF, CA. 94116 Zip Code _____
Hull/Sail No. 1519 Year 1973 Boat Name TERN
Colors: Hull White Cove Stripe Red Spinnaker Red/White/Blue
YACHT CLUB NORTHPOINT
WHERE BERTHED PIER 39
Radio: CB _____ VHF Amateur _____

VEGA ONE DESIGN CHESAPEAKE ASSOCIATION, INC (VOOCA)

Name Allan D. Graves Home Phone (207) 255-4486
Spouse's Name Carole L. Graves Work Phone (207) 255-3397
Address Box 397 Mechies Me. 04654 Zip Code _____
Hull/Sail No. 2223 Year 1974 Boat Name Squancy
Colors: Hull Red Cove Stripe _____ Spinnaker White
YACHT CLUB Port 2 Starboard
WHERE BERTHED Bucks Harbor, Mechies Port, Me.
Radio: CB VHF Amateur _____
WYC 6538



NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Chartering on Great Slave Lake in
the Northwest Territories
makes real the
cruising dream
of genuine discovery

STORY BY DAVID F. PELLY
PHOTOS BY DONNA BARNETT

In brisk 20-knot winds, our boat fairly flew past a cliff face just out of reach to starboard. The depth-sounder's red numerals read 598, then 596, then 599: a lot of water beneath the keel when you're only spitting distance from a solid rock wall. The cliff towered above us, rising more than 200 metres straight out of the water. The boat seemed to dance with the thrill of it.

We were sailing *Snow Bunting*, a 27-foot *Albin Vega*, on Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories. This was the sort of travel usually reserved for canoeists and backpackers. We did not see another boat for 10 days. We drank the cold, clear water straight out of the lake. We anchored and stepped ashore wherever we chose, with no consideration of the possibility of private property. The VHF was superfluous — no one could have heard



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our calls. We were alone in the remote reaches of the lake's East Arm, a part of the Canadian landscape so untrammelled that it is being considered for national park status. Perhaps most remarkable, we were on a charter vacation.

A note on chart 6341 reinforced our solitude: "Soundings are of a reconnaissance nature, therefore caution should be exercised. The East Arm is not surveyed." Out of curiosity I counted: on the entire 100-nautical-mile length of our cruising ground, an area of approximately 3,000 square kilometres, there were only 82 soundings marked on the chart — about one for every 35 square kilometres. Scarcely enough to be any use at all.

We had entered this region by float-plane, a short flight east from Yellowknife. Circling high overhead, we looked down into a small emerald bay containing two boats at anchor. The pilot lowered the nose of the plane into a steep approach, and soon two crews were clambering aboard their new floating homes — the other bound westward back to Yellowknife, and ours headed eastward toward discovery.

We passed a nesting bald eagle as we worked out of the islands that sheltered our initial anchorage to gain the open water of Great Slave's East Arm. Spruce trees lined the shore with a density that suggested man had never set foot among them. Wearing only T-shirts and shorts, and taking care against the ill effects of excess sun, we sailed into the isolation of the sub-arctic world.

As we approached the evening's planned anchorage, the wind freshened, reminding us to pick our spot with care. The next morning, secure inside *Snow Bunting*, we awoke to a howling wind. One look outside revealed a cold, grey sky and sheets of rain driving horizontally through the spruce ringing our secluded bay. Visibility "out to sea" was less than a mile. The hospitable environment of yesterday had evaporated, leaving us to face the reality of our isolation.

But our anchor was holding well, and our cabin was warm. There's an old meteorological adage that fits this part of the country well: if you don't like the weather, wait 10 minutes and it will change. It took longer than that, but sure enough the wind and rain abated and the fog slowly lifted. We began the next leg of our journey ghosting through thin mist before a light breeze.

The wind picked up, dispersing the mist and pushing us on at a good five knots. We manoeuvred confidently through the narrow channel that leads eastward into McLeod Bay and then, suddenly, the wind backed and died to little more than a breath.

We drifted, waiting patiently, remembering the old adage and enjoying the sun's warmth. Two hours and only a few miles later, the light wind backed to the southeast; we altered course, and plans, to head into McLeod Bay.

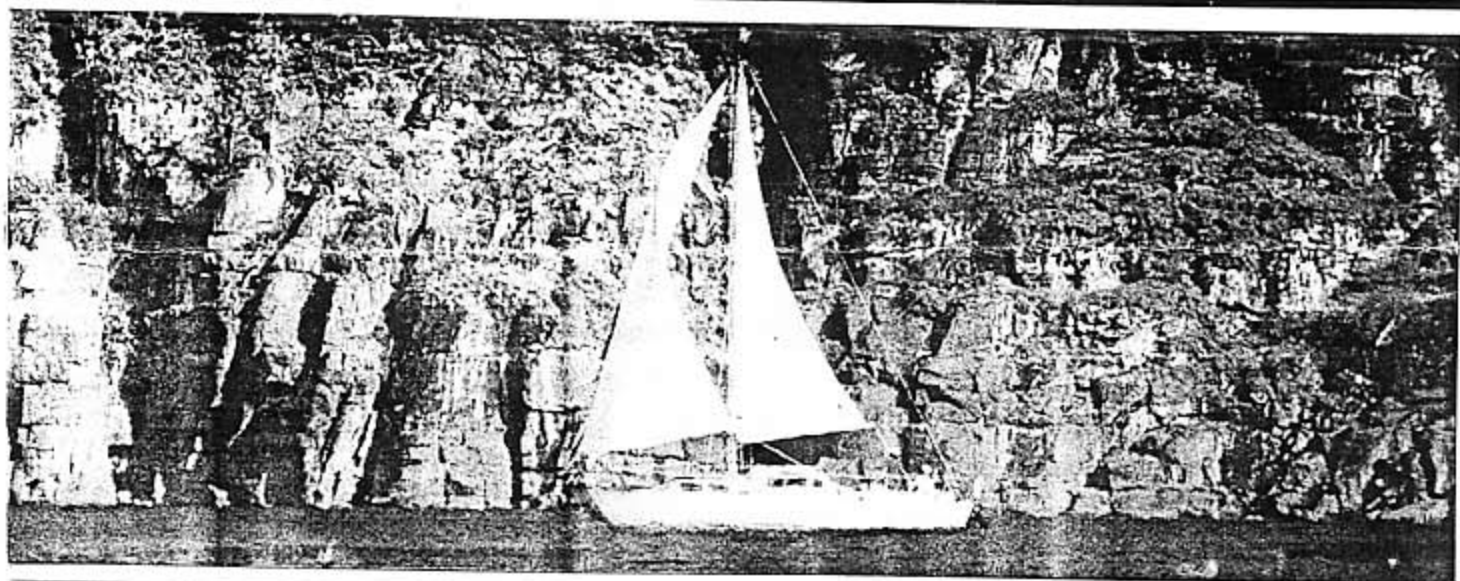
There was no pressure to log miles. The sun would be up virtually around the

clock. We had no commitment to any particular itinerary. Any of the myriad small bays along the north shore could provide us with a reasonable anchorage, when the time came. We began contemplating the pleasures of dinner at the cockpit table while drifting in mid-bay.

No sooner were plans laid — though fortunately not the table — than the wind swung to the northeast and built to respectable sailing strength. We rushed below for sweaters, jackets and gloves with the temperature dropping dramatically. The treeline was less than 50 kilometres to the north, and fresh air from the arctic barrenlands swept down from the hills. The cold air sweeping over comparatively warm water produced the low-lying arctic fog that is usually associated with open-water harbours in mid-winter — the kind of fog that conceals only the lower half of most craft, creating the eerie effect of masts marching along atop the rolling fog.

When the fog blew away, the rain pelted down. Thoughts of dinner in the cockpit seemed to belong in some remote past. An hour later, as we entered a bay searching out an anchorage, all of us bedecked in foul-weather gear, the rain stopped and the sun returned.

This was Great Slave sailing as we had expected it. In the course of covering about 30 nautical miles in more or less the same direction, we'd had winds on nearly every angle and sails set in a half-dozen combinations. We'd worn shorts part of



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the day, sweaters and rain gear for the rest of it. The experience reminded us that we were left to our own resources, engaged in a serious expedition of solitary cruising unlike anything the Great Lakes, the Virgins or the Trade Winds had ever offered.

Shortly after dropping anchor, we took a hint from the arctic terns swooping and diving at the mouth of a small river flowing into the bay. It took only three casts to land a sizeable lake trout and secure fresh filets for dinner, enjoyed in the comfort of *Snow Bunting's* cabin.

Continuing east through McLeod Bay the next day under sunny skies, my eyes were continually drawn to the rocky cliffs of the south shore. From a distance they appeared to rise straight out of the water, high into the sky — only later, sailing close by them, did I realize how true that first impression was. It was the longest chain of cliffs I had ever seen, snaking pink and green above the water, part of a dramatic fault line in the hard sedimentary rock in the Canadian Shield.

The waters we sailed were named after one of the many unsung heroes of the history bound up in that national back-

bone. McLeod was a fur trader, a canoe-man, an explorer. He, like so many others of his kind, helped carve a nation out of the rocky Shield.

In 1833-34, McLeod accompanied British naval explorer George Back on the first venture by Europeans far into the barrenlands northeast of Great Slave Lake. It was an era of great exploration surrounding the search for a northwest passage across the roof of North America. Back, one of the most accomplished explorers of his day, then led his party down the mightiest river of the barrens (which now bears his name) to the Arctic Ocean. His surveying remained the reference point for the region on all maps of Canada produced for more than a century.

The eastern extremity of Great Slave Lake was chosen as the site for the expedition's over-wintering post. Poised on the edge of the barrenlands, where the trees give way to the open prairie of the tundra, Back's small band spent the winter building a boat and preparing themselves for the 2,000-km journey they would make the next summer to the Arctic coast and back. That overwintering post became the destination for our sailing adventure.

It is not possible to sail a boat farther to the east across the interior of the Northwest Territories. We sailed right into the mouth of the Lockhart River, which cascades down from the barrenlands. We anchored, feeling more deeply embraced by the wilderness than ever, and rowed ashore to visit the site of George Back's Fort Reliance.

After pulling the dinghy onto a patch of sandy beach, we turned inland to search out the fort. To our surprise, we stumbled across an old Dene burial site just beyond the beach in a raised clearing. Across the river, we knew, was an abandoned Dene village, occupied until earlier this century. Three weathered crosses standing at odd angles reminded us of the Indians who once peopled this area. Their connection to the land endures, though the Dene live in larger communities on the main body of the lake. We followed their old paths through the spruce forest, sure the traditional route would take us to the clearing which once contained Fort Reliance.

All that remains of the post is the chimneys — four tall structures of stone and clay. A government plaque declares in English and Chipewyan that it is "one of

the best-preserved sites of early exploration in the western sub-arctic." I once retraced George Back's route across the barrenlands by canoe, and standing before the fireplace that warmed him through the winter of 1833-34 was a special moment for me. With some imagination, it was possible to envisage the quarters as Back described them in his journal:

"The house was fifty feet long and thirty broad, having four separate rooms, with a spacious hall in the centre for the reception and accommodation of the Indians. Each of the rooms has a fireplace and a rude chimney, which, save that it suffered a fair proportion of the smoke to descend into the room, answered tolerably well. A diminutive apology for a room, neither wind nor water tight, was attached to the hall, and dignified with the name of a kitchen."

As we walked back to *Snow Bunting* along the forest paths, the silence was broken only by the calls of sundry birds. It was an unusual twist to a sailing voyage, to venture into the unknown, to push a boat farther into the wilderness than any before her, to retrace the footsteps of both early explorers and Dene hunters.

Our thanks to John Dekin, Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada for sending this article. Also our thanks to John Sprague, Guelph, Ontario, Canada ("Flagfish #1492) who sent us a very similar article entitled: "Sailing Great Slave Lake" which arrived shortly after this one.

CHARTERING INFORMATION

Sail North is Canada's northernmost charter company. For information on its Great Slave Lake operation, contact Sail North, Box 2497, Yellowknife, N.W.T. X1A 2P8; 403/873-8019

In 10 days of sailing on the East Arm, we had experienced the thrill that comes from truly leaving behind civilization. We had stepped into a piece of Canadian history, caught and cooked fresh lake trout from the cleanest water anywhere in the world. We made a campfire on a pristine

beach that has seen only a handful of visitors since George Back camped there more than 150 years ago. We saw bald eagles, loons, mergansers, arctic terns and a dozen other birds. We took our boat into bays that might never have been explored this way before. We had enjoyed the challenge of navigating without most of the usual aids, in an area the Pilot describes thus: "The vistas of hills, islands and headlands charm the eye, but are apt to confuse the mariner."

So much of Great Slave remains to be explored by sailors. A glance at the chart reveals place-names and passages that have yet to become part of this adventurous brand of truly Canadian yachting. Even as our cruise ended, we felt we had barely begun to discover the secrets and pleasures of these waters. Nowhere else would the name *Snow Bunting* have seemed so apt for the hardy little boat that took us safely on a voyage of discovery in the sub-arctic wilderness. ⚓

David F. Pelly is an experienced sailor and seasoned arctic traveller. His books include Expedition: An Arctic Journey Through History on George Back's River.

Needed: A source for window moulding

June 25, 1990

Dear Sid:

I have just completed refinishing the main cabin of my Vega. Last year I did the port side. This year I completed the job - doing the starboard side. I stripped the interior down to the bare hull applied a fiber cloth insulation and covered this with naugahyde cloth. Then I refinished the woodwork and was able to get everything back together again.

I took pictures of the interior as I worked on the project. If they turn out, I'll send you a set along with samples of the materials used. While I had everything out, I painted the interior including the storage compartments below the bunks.

I have a question and a need. My boat was built in 1968 and is getting just as tired as I am. The black moulding around the windows have been leaking and deteriorating. Do you know where the replacement moulding can be found? If you do, I'd appreciate your sending me the address.

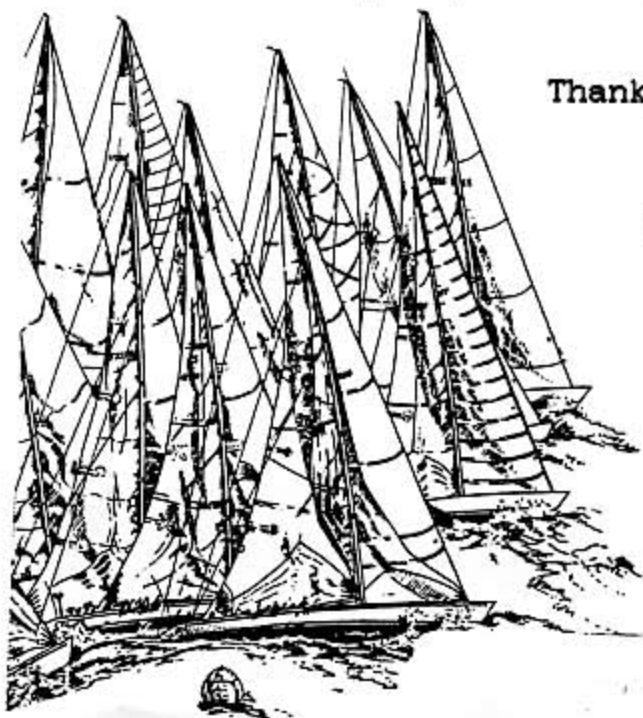
If the stuffing box grease is still available, I would like two tubes and have enclosed my check for \$10.50. If you cannot accumulate enough orders to meet the manufacturers shipping requirements, please do not return the check. Put it into our club account to help cover some of the postage costs - which must be high.

Thanks for all your help.

Best regards -

Dick Brauer

Dick Brauer
2049 Lake Shore Drive
Michigan City, Indiana 46360



Replacing your rigging:

Hi Sid

I am writing this to share with our VODCA readers what I recently learned about standing rigging on the Vega.

When I bought my Vega I had the upper shrouds cut and eye/fork pivots installed as part of a mast tabernacle project (a whole other story). The rigging shop which swedged the terminal made a measurement error on one shroud and replaced it - giving me back the old (original) shroud. I took it to an industrial testing shop and had the lower terminal pull-tested to destruction. The wire did not pull out of the swedge and the wire broke at its rated strength - pretty good for fourteen year old wire!

Last fall, while inspecting the lower shroud terminals, I discovered a cracked swedge on the relatively new (six year old) wire, and still no cracks on the old original wire. After lots of question asking and confusion I learned the following:

The Vega was originally rigged with type 316 wire and Gibb 316 terminals. The most common formulation for S stainless steel rigging wire and terminals is type 304. To compare, type 304 is about 20% stronger for size for size, 25% cheaper, and has a shorter life expectancy due to its vulnerability to corrosion. Type 316 is not common here in California, though I am told it is highly recommended in the tropics.

My choice (and there were many) was to replace both upper and lower shrouds and forestay with type 316 wire and terminals using (to add more confusion to this mess) a relatively new type of wire called DYFORM. DYFORM wire strands are wedge shaped rather than round; the result being having wire that is heavier, stronger, and of course, more expensive.

Here are the comparisons:

	<u>Type 304 wire</u>	<u>Type 316 wire</u>	<u>Type Dyform</u>
Cost/foot	\$0.26	\$1.30	\$1.33
Weight/foot	N/A	0.71 lb.	0.85 lb
Break strength	4700 lb.	3960 lb.	5054 lb

Regarding terminals: either Gibb or Ronstan eyes or Norseman/Stalock fittings are all made of type 316 stainless. The self assembled Horseman and Staylocks are preferred by some due to the fact that you can assemble your own rig instead of having it swedged. They are also more expensive. They will work with Dyform wire.

If the new wire that I've installed lasts as long as the original wire, I'll be very happy. Hope this information will be useful to other Vega owners.....

Rick Eiserling
#935 "SPINNER"



MARIGOT BAY, A JEWEL IN THE CARIBBEAN

Last year in Tortola we became interested in charter sailing. We have quite a few friends with chartering experience who have told us that Moorings, Ltd. is the best. Moorings now operates oceanwide with charter fleets in Tortola and St. Lucia in the Caribbean, Baja California in Mexico, and also Tahiti and Tonga in the Pacific. Recently they have expanded operations to the Mediterranean.

For my 75th birthday Louise suggested sailing and we decided to celebrate with a charter sail. Already in September 1987 we had contacted Moorings for a four-day charter out of Tortola during the first week of February 1988, but nothing was available then. Moorings suggested Marigot Bay Resort in St. Lucia. This proved to be lucky! We contracted for a 43-foot Benetau Moorings sloop to accommodate Louise, my daughter Suzanne, and her husband Bobby, myself, and my son Robert. Because I am unfamiliar with St. Lucia-Martinique waters and, most important, local weather conditions, we decided to have a local skipper come along.

We flew down with American Airlines. Customs clearance in St. Lucia was efficient and courteous. The taxi ride from Hewanorra airport on the southern tip of St. Lucia was laborious, but magnificent. St. Lucia has its own individuality and is not like the other islands we have visited. It is both lush with an intense green vegetation and mountainous with a presently inactive, but live volcano in Soufriere. When the driver stopped for a look through an opening in the vegetation, after the arduous car ride of one hour and 20 minutes, Marigot Harbour was sighted far below. Marigot Harbour is unique in beauty and topography. It is sheltered from the Caribbean and is not visible from the Sea, but the masts from a "United Nations" of boats make Marigot Harbour easily recognizable from the outside. During our stay we counted sailboats from England, USA, Canada, Finland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Mexico, France, a Bahamian cruise ship and a couple of charter motor sailers from Honduras. There is an outer cove where the cruise ships anchor, and an inner harbour for the Moorings Charter Fleet and visiting sail boats. Marigot Bay has two restaurants, one on each shore. The Hurricane Hole Hotel has the "Rusty Anchor", which is very good. On the opposite side is "Doolittles". A little ferry chugs across the inner harbour day and night. It comes almost as soon as someone appears on the dock.

The whole setting is idyllic and tropical. Soft breezes ventilate the restaurants and the cottages aided by silent ceiling fans. Palm trees line up the shores and interspersed are colorful



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hibiscus and bougainvilleas. The setting becomes unique because both shore lines of the outer as well as inner harbor are steep and high. The last stretch of road coming down to Hurricane Hole Hotel is at an incline of about 30 degrees. This may not sound so steep, but draw this angle on paper and you will realize the steepness.

Over on the Doolittle's side there is also a palm tree lined sand beach, and further out a rocky area for snorkeling. A steep self-operated cable trolley for up to four persons climbs the hillside on that side. At the end station there is a magnificent vista of the entire harbor.

The morning of our first sailing day began after breakfast with an excellent 90-minute briefing by the very efficient, Myrna of the Moorings. With humor she told us about customs clearance, about anchorages and anchoring procedures, and what to do, and more important what not to do. We found the boat perfect for our needs and well maintained. It flew the English flag, because the owner is from Southampton, England. The boat was appropriately named "The Spice of Life." We immediately became friends with our native 28-year old skipper "George", who has six-year experience with Moorings.

In the sheltered Marigot harbour you would not expect it to blow hard at sea, and Bobby Norman looked surprised at me when I asked that all hatches should be closed. I was forewarned by the Captain of an incoming boat from the Grenadines, who told me it was advisable to reef the sails before leaving the dock. Our first anchorage for the evening was Rodney Bay, just under lee of "Pigeon Island", so named by British Admiral Rodney, who raised homing pigeons. The sail to Pigeon Island was fast even though we had to tack several times. Wind was NE and brisk at around 20 knots with gusts of considerable higher intensity. We sailed with a 60 percent open *genoa* and a reefed main sail. We left Marigot Harbour at 14:15 hrs. and arrived to Rodney Bay at 17:15. My birthday was celebrated with an excellent dinner on board prepared by Bobby Norman. By 10 PM everyone was sound asleep.

At 8:15 AM, after a glorious dip and breakfast, we set sail for Martinique and were in the open ocean soon, where the Atlantic comes rolling into the Caribbean. The winds were strong, but the passage comfortable because of the long Atlantic swells. We were abreast of Diamond Rock off the western shore of Martinique at 12:15 and anchored in Fort de France Yacht Harbor at 13:50. The average sailing speed was well over 6 knots. One hour of the elapsed time was motor sailing, which was comfortable in the choppy seas off the lee shore of Martinique, where the seas are more confused than during the ocean sailing in the "Martinique Passage."

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Boat/US

REMEMBER AS A VODCA MEMBER YOU CAN JOIN BOAT/US OR RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP AT HALF PRICE. SID HAS THE NECESSARY FORMS.



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Our Captain went ashore for customs clearance while we had a leisurely lunch and swam and watched the many boats arrive and leave. George suggested that we anchor off Trois Islets across the bay from Fort de France. The captain had local knowledge of the bay waters, which was required in the tricky passage across the bay to Trois Islets, where we dropped anchor for the night.

We had a great dinner ashore at a creole restaurant in the Meridien Hotel. Bobby and Suzy Norman were upset that they could not phone the United States from the Meridien Hotel, where they only allowed hotel guests to use the phones for long distance calls. While they were trying their luck in another nearby hotel, there was a blackout and they had to search their way back to our table in the restaurant, where we ate comfortably in candle light.

The next morning we motored across the bay to Fort de France Yacht Harbor and were put ashore by George in Fort de France for a brief visit in town. This is a bustling city, very French, with traffic congestion and all the advantages and disadvantages of modern civilization. Quite a contrast from the quiet St. Lucia. The old fortress with a commanding view of the city and the harbor was not accessible to tourists. It is a military reservation and the French army guards politely but firmly advised "Defense d'entrer."

After an interesting walking tour and a quick bite in a bistro, we returned to "Spice of Life" and departed at 13:10 under strong winds under genoa alone and made good speed passing Cape Solomon at 14:15, arriving in Grande Anse D'Arlet at 14:35 where we swam and made a shore excursion in the fishing village. I managed to procure five beers for five U.S. dollars, which was not easy, since payments are supposed to be strictly in French currency. Telephone communication to U.S.A. was also here not possible, but one could call mainland France.

On the 6th of February we left Grand Anse D'Arlet at 9:02 AM. The wind was brisk and we passed Diamond Rock at 9:45 AM. The passage across from Diamond Rock to Castries Yacht Harbor, which was our destination for the day, was quite windy. We had a double reef in the main sail and the genoa furled to 50 percent. It was a glorious sail. We arrived to Castries Yacht Harbor at 13:30. The last hour we motor sailed to charge the batteries which ran the two refrigerators. This reminded us of what we well know - that the combination of engine and sails in stormy weather provides the most comfortable movements of the hull in the seas.

That evening we had a pleasant dinner at Jimmy's Bar, where we met a Swedish couple. The wife had just arrived by plane and the husband had sailed his sloop, which was no larger than our Vega at home, all the way to the West Indies from Sollefteå in the North of Sweden on the Baltic.

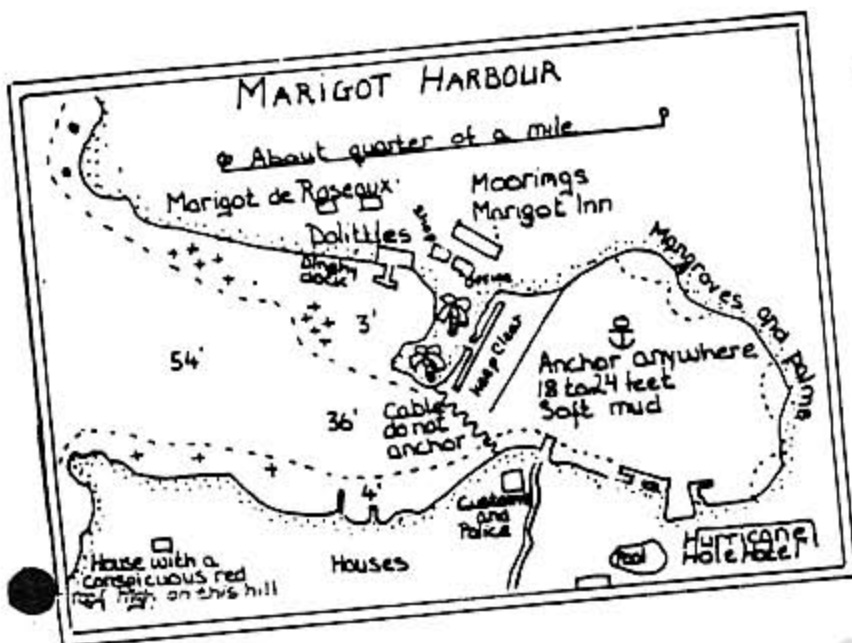
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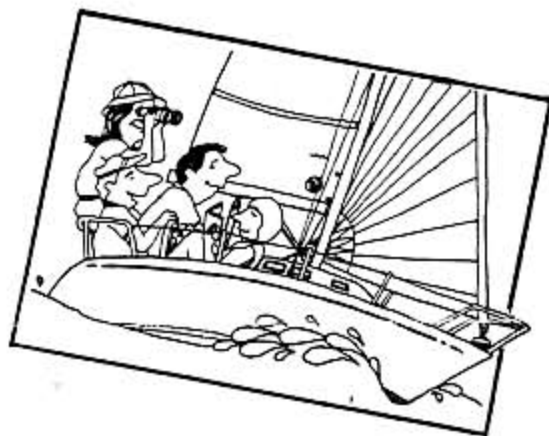
The following morning we returned to the Moorings at Marigot Harbour. If you intend to charter in the Caribbean, Moorings is the Company to deal with. I am amazed at the efficiency of that Organization.

This short cruise was the perfect way to celebrate my 75th birthday.



Gunnar Asker

Gunnar Asker



HERE ARE SOME TIPS ON IMPROVING YOUR BOAT'S PERFORMANCE BY ERIC MORRISON, VEGA ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN, AS GLEANED FROM ONE OF THEIR PAST NEWSLETTERS:

- 1 Mast rake 30° aft.
- 2 Check mast in upright athwartships by using a tape.
- 3 Shroud bottlescrews should be hand-tight with forward pair: of shrouds tighter than the remainder.
- 4 Forestay must be very tight for efficient beating.
- 5 Advantageous to have a backstay tension adjuster using a lanyard around the two parts of the bridle.
- 6 Vega should possess a small amount of weather helm. With genoa set in a steady force 3 helm should be able to be controlled by one finger.
- 7 If excessive weather helm rake mast forward.
- 8 The centre of effort (belly, to me) of the mainsail is 50% aft, and the genoa 40% aft.
- 9 Foresails should have telltales. If lower telltale flutters continuously, move sheet blocks aft.
- 10 Projected line of jib sheet from block to clew of foresail should bisect the luff of the sail, a general guide only.