



Flicka Friends

Winter 1995 Vol. 1 # 3



Gill and *Dart*, hull # 77, take on Cape Fear

by Gill Outerbridge

Cape Fear. The very name strikes apprehension-even terror- into the heart of the tentative mariner

The cruising guide warns of tidal rips and overfalls, swift currents, funnelled winds, shoals and sand bars plus a profusion of channel markers, nuns, cans, buoys, back ranges, front ranges, flashers and day beacons and... well, you begin to wonder if maybe you shouldn't be driving south after all.



Pictured above is Gill Outerbridge from St George's, Bermuda sailing with what appears to be a parasol. Must be some pleasant sailing conditions in Bermuda!

The day I nosed my tiny sloop *Dart* out of the safety of sheltered Snow's Cut in North Carolina's Intracoastal Waterway and stuck a toe-as it were-into the Cape Fear River, conditions were less than favourable.

Clouds

Sullen grey clouds glowered from masthead height, rain spat maliciously and the headwind was starting to whip the white caps into a frontal frenzy.

As we started to leap and bounce across the menacing chop, the dinghy being towed astern jerked nervously on her line like a young colt. As I peered through rain smeared binoculars for familiar red

and green course makers, they began to vanish one at a time. A white squall approaching fast! I needed no further excuse, pushed the tiller hard over, and we raced (at all of six knots) for the welcoming arms of Snow's Cut and the shelter of snug Carolina Beach.

Cheer

Failing to halt our progress the wavelets chuckled evilly at our stern. We gave a great cheer of deliverance, and I sprang below to fire up the SeaSwing stove and prepare a mug of celebratory hot spiced apple cider.

There was a rumble, thump, crump, the engine raced madly, muffled curses echoed in the cockpit. And everything

came to a horrid stop.

Aground at our moment of triumph!

We were swiftly surrounded by a fleet of amicable pleasure craft sporting fishing poles, picnic campers, kiddies and grannies.

Morning dawned balmy and sunny, a light breeze on the beam. Away we go! We fired up the outboard, hoisted sail and set off merrily down a different Cape Fear River, one that smiled and sparkled. Even the tide flowed our way hastening our progress to sunny Southport.

A flock of ungainly-looking pelicans swung past us in loose formation. On a nearby sandbar, flocks of gulls perched

See Cape page 2

Happy Holidays

All of us at *Flicka Friends* hope you and your loved ones have a very happy holiday season and the best of all possible New Years. We also hope that your sailing adventures continue and that you share those adventures with all of the Friends.



Hot News

Flicka exchange proposed

Subscriber Gill Outerbridge has proposed that we organize a Flicka exchange.

What she has in mind is a kind of time-shared arrangement where Flicka owners from around the country or world correspond with each other and offer to exchange the use of their Flicka for the use of another Flicka in some other port. For instance, two weeks aboard one boat in the Chesapeake for two weeks aboard the other person's boat in Puget Sound or the Great Lakes.

In fact Gill is currently looking to arrange such an exchange or to charter a Flicka for a few days this November in a warm US sailing area. Your editor is also looking for such an exchange during the Thanksgiving weekend in the Port Townsend, WA area. Call Gill at (809) 297-1853 if you can help. My number appears on page 8.

For Sale

Ted Trimmer in Honolulu has used light air sails for the Flicka available. They are reasonably priced, and his price includes shipping. Interested parties can contact him at P. O. Box 31234, Honolulu, HI 96820-1234 or you can call him at (808) 836-7978. The sails are set up for Harken roller furling.



Pictured at left is Gill's Flicka *Dart* as it is hoisted into the waters of Hamilton Harbour after her dry crossing of the Atlantic as deck cargo from the US to Bermuda.

Dart's port of origin was Erie PA and was traileed overland from Erie to Annapolis for her first voyage with Gill at the helm. Gill has since cruised thousands of miles aboard *Dart*.

Cape

amicably with their diminutive counterparts, the delicate terns.

We romped and skimmed past all the right markers, under the bridge and as we made the final turn off dreaded Cape Fear, the tide turned impotently against us.

My crew looked up hopefully clutching a tow line. "Uh oh", I said. "Time we got ourselves off."

Lashing the tiller we hoisted the main, cleated off the mainsheet and then both jammed ourselves onto the bow platform to take weight off of the stern.

Dart obediently sailed herself in a tight circle, swung off the sandbar, and we were away. Back under power we slid ignominiously into Southport Harbour amid friendly waves and toots from the spectator fleet.

The apple cider sure tasted good

Letters

The following are some samples of letters that have been coming in.

Dear Dennis,

You are doing a great job with **Flicka Friends**. Keep up the good work. The photo content is entertaining and informative so I sent a couple along (photos). If a Lake Michigan rendezvous makes up per your suggestion, how about Grand Traverse Bay as a location? Beautiful country and waters, lots of small bays, Traverse City for communication, Beaver Island and some smaller islands a day's sail away, Lake Charlevoix, Little Traverse Bay. The place is fraught with pleasure, and of course Suttons Bay is my favorite.

Unlike John Haven Jr. and other rugged Flicka sailors, I am a fair weather sailor. Even with that limitation, I manage to have some grand times with my little boat and get into trouble of some sort or another now and then. Broken jaw on the gaff of my mainsail the last time out to seven knots down wind in too much breeze for a full main. Of great help to me is my tab rudder, controlled by a throttle cable. It takes the load off the tiller particularly on reaches. Great little boat. What a grand favor Bruce Bingham did us all when he developed the Flicka, and that includes the many who admire its lines from shore.

With best wishes,
Dick Shepherd
Cincinnati, Ohio

Ben Main Jr. is pictured on page 5

Dear Dennis,

Thank you for returning my phone call. As a "wanna-be" Flicka owner, any publication relating to the boat is of interest to me. I have enclosed information about Bighorn Canyon National Recreation Area. Located about 100 miles east of Yellowstone on the Wyoming, Montana border, this seventy

mile long reservoir offers interesting boating. Since I have the **only** sailboat registered in the county, it severely limits any contact with other sailors. The next county west does have three or four sailboats.

Tom Davison
Fort Smith, Montana

Dear Dennis,

I am currently sailing out of Stonington CT on Fisher's Island Sound. My Flicka has been sailing for nearly thirteen seasons, and my projects have included replacing the bowsprit, the rudder cheeks, and now this year my bobstay gave its life to protect the boat when I was blown into a concrete bulkhead. This did not happen fast, but it took a lot of bending to stop the 6,000 pound boat.

Herb Anderson, Bainbridge Mnr. NY

From Hawaii

After sailing fifteen different sailboats, I still haven't sailed a more sea-kindly or sea worthy vessel than the Flicka. If anyone has wondered about five to seven knot speeds on a Flicka, rest assured that this is not a fluke. My passages show such speeds over days at a time. As a precaution I reef in and down whenever I go below to sleep. I have only seen two ships in the four years that I've cruised my Flicka. My sails have become solo because it's easier and in some cases a necessity. Not only does the Flicka sail fast and well, but she is ideal for the single-hander. Just try to ask someone (anyone) if they'd like to sail across the Kaiwi Channel from Oahu to Molikai in the normal six to twelve foot seas.

Ted Trimmer Hull # 415
Honolulu, Hawaii

Thoughts from your editor Dennis Pratt

This is the third edition of **Flicka Friends** and it is the largest so far. I have long thought that Flicka owners held strong affections for their boats and were committed to them more than owners of most other boats. From the now nearly sixty responses I have had to the newsletter, this theory proves quite true.

Marshall in Louisiana sent me \$100. to help start the newsletter. Bill in Missouri has offered financial support to expand the size of the newsletter. Another subscriber sent in an extra \$10. just because he thought I could use the money. I can't think of a newsletter devoted to a single boat that could have generated such responses. It must be the people. The people who sail the Flickas are from many walks of life and from nearly all parts of the country, yet there are similarities.

Almost everyday, I receive mail or a phone call from another Flicka Friend. I hear from people who are extremely enthusiastic about sailing and about the little ships that have made many of their deeply held dreams come to the surface and ride the waves along with them.

I admire a now deceased photographer I had the pleasure to meet once, Garry Winogrand. He told me that he goes to where people are interested in order to make his photographs. He might go to a rodeo, a road rally or a county fair. He did not say he photographed interesting people, rather interested people. Those are the exciting people; those are the people we want to know. Flicka friends are interested people. I teach in an urban high school, and I know what things can be like when people are not interested.

One size, but Flickas come in many styles and colors

On this double page spread appear some of the pictures that have been sent in over the past few months. This publication is always in need of pictures, and I hope everyone continues to send them in. Even if you can't get pictures under sail, some interior photos would be great and some photos of yourself and friends and loved ones enjoying themselves on the water.



Top: Tom Buzzi's hull # 220 *Becky Ann* sailing with friends in Galveston Bay, Houston Texas. Below: James Rochette of new Waterford, Ohio aboard *Eventide* Below left: The *Prince of Whales* on Lake Michigan, summer 1995, Dennis Pratt hull #75. I just can't resist putting a picture of my boat in. If I get more photos, I'll put those in.





Left: Hull # 363 *Maddie Bean* belonging to Max and Jani Parker of Hayes, VA. They sail her in the lower Chesapeake. They love the way people stop and look at her when they sail by. Middle left: Ed Rissmiller's hull # 292 *Salar*, commissioned March 4, 1984 and sailing in St. Petersburg FL. Middle right: Jim Brunson with *Kari Anne* on Long Island Sound Bottom left: Richard Shepherd's *Ben Main Jr.* in its current garb as a sloop with an overlapping, roller furling jib. The totally enclosed cockpit is the greatest boon of all. At home in Suttons Bay, MI. Bottom right: *Ben Main Jr.* had been rigged as a wooden sparred gaff headed cutter. She is shown here sailing Grand Traverse Bay in fog during 1990.



Projects and Ideas

The following are some of the projects that readers have completed on their *Flickas*.

Prince of Whales, Great lakes: One of the projects my son and I completed last year was to build a cabinet in front of the anchor locker. First we covered the V space between the two shelves with 1/4 inch mahogany secured to the shelf fiddles with a few small brass screws. The cabinet is built of 1/4 inch plywood laminated with an off white counter type material available at normal building supply stores. It is reinforced with 1 X 2 pine strips that run the entire length or width of the cabinet cover. Teak trim was added to the outside edges of the unit. We cut three holes in the face of the cabinet, installed a teak louvered door on each side for access to the bedding kept there. In the center we cut a larger hole and fitted it with a slightly ornate picture frame and picture mounted on hinges. The pictured frame opens and behind it is a 13 inch television we use to watch movies played through a camcorder. There is also a master TV hookup at our marina that provides exceptionally good reception. No cable.

We made the cabinet face a tight fit and simply press it into place not securing it with any fasteners at all. So far it has stayed in place without problems. The advantage to this is that we can easily remove the TV for the winter. We can also take the entire unit home for the winter should we decide to make some improvements. Also if we need access to the chain locker, we just remove the cabinet face. The TV is held in place with bungee cords, the thick black kind used for securing cargo to trucks or trailers.

This is the second attempt at making a cabinet. The first was made in three pieces and gave way after a few years.



The picture above is the cabinet aboard the *Prince of Whales*. The louvered doors were purchased already made from Boat US

The next project comes from Tom Buzzi in Houston Texas. This year the pintles finally gave out on hull #220 *Becky Ann* so I decided to replace them. I called the factory, told them when my *Flicka* was built and waited for the replacement gudgeons and pintles. Four weeks and \$500.00 later a new set arrived. They were considerably heftier than the originals, good! However, the width of the jaws on the pintle ends was considerably less than the width of the stock pintles (the originals), bad!

Oh well. I may have to grind down the fiberglass a tad to be able to slip the new pintles over the leading edge of the rudder. I laid out the position of the new pintle straps and routed out the fiberglass and gelcoat. I had only gone 1/8 inch deep and was completely through any meaningful fiberglass or mat or roving. Not only that but I discovered both air and light foam pockets.

A quick call to Robin at PSC assured me that no one had cut corners with my

rudder and filled it with floor sweepings. PSC rudders are lightened intentionally so they will be neutrally buoyant. I was however going to have to dish out the rudder on both sides and fill in the dish with substantial glass and mat. The dishing would have to be deep enough so that at least 1/4 inch of good glass remained after the straps were again routed into the rudder.

I wanted to reuse the holes in the transom from the old gudgeon fittings plus my tiller height was critical for the Autohelm. I made a jig to hold all three gudgeons in the right relative spacing, and plumb. One vertical measurement from the top of the old top pintle was all that was necessary to have the repaired rudder hang at the correct height on the transom.

The glassing, layout and routing of the slots for the new pintle straps took two weeks of spare time, but the perfect alignment and solid no wobble feel on the tiller made all the effort worth while.

see rudder page 7

Bristol Boats

by Bill Strop of hull #79 in Saint Joseph, Missouri

A young farmer admired to have a shiny, mirror-finish on his axe. So he took it to the village blacksmith who agree to grind and polish it if the farmer would turn the grinding wheel. Many hours later, the pooped farmer panted, "I think I'd like a speckled axe better". That's kind of how I looked at maintaining exterior teak. What with the constant bleaching, sealing, tung oiling or (heaven forbid) varnishing, it's been easy to "admire the driftwood look." 'Til now.

Over the past two weekends, I have checked out my neighbor's gorgeous teak "do". His teak is a warm, mahogany red hue with a hard, semi-gloss finish. Not the garish pumpkin tint you so often get from proprietary tung oils. With my neighbor's permission I will impart to you how he achieved this enviable and handsome finish.

Red automatic transmission oil! Clean your teak as usual. sand and bronze wool the ridges. Bleach out any mildew stains. Then, tape it off (using blue Scotch "long mask" tape) and wipe on transmission oil sparingly. Repeat twice, wiping off the excess. This seals the grain and lifts any remaining mildew. Occasional tung oil wipings will maintain the look.

The perfect spider spray! Available through the Brookstone catalog, it lasts for weeks outdoors. And it won't take off boat wax or stain. To order, call 1-800-926-7000 and ask for "Shoo-Fly Screen and Surface Insect Spray, Item #F-15104. Spray bottom of hull and deck joint, turnbuckles, screens, dock lines and cracks. It can also be used inside sail covers, sail bags, and on the lower four feet of luff and foot of your roller furling genoa.

The Midnight Samaritan

by John C. Ellis hull #78, Bethany Beach, Delaware

I was sailing alone on the Chesapeake for a few days. On a quiet evening, I decided to anchor just off shore on the west side of the Bay for the night.

So I pulled up about 75 yard off shore and dropped the Bruce in about 10 feet of water. Foolishly, I did not check for drag, and I let out only about 35 feet of rode, but it was virtually calm and the forecast called for more of the same. Safe, secure, I had a couple of martinis, some dinner, a bit of TV, and tucked in for a lovely sleep in the gently rocking arms of *Drummer*.

As I came fully awake at 2:30 in the morning, I realized there was a substantial wind in the rigging. I found black skies and 15 knots of wind blowing me toward shore. The dragging anchor was still out there as we were now 50 yards closer to shore. An unpleasant situation.

The Bay was alive with nettles as I went over the side. It was almost easy turning *Drummer* around and walking her to deeper water. It was harder trying to tow her farther out by swimming and holding her anchor. I climbed back aboard to think. Surely there is a better way, and since then I have thought of many.

To this day, I can hardly believe what happened next. A voice came out of the pitch black night on this lonely beach in the sticks of Maryland, "Would you like some help?" I cried out my greetings, and he came wading out to me through the nettles. It was still not easy for the Flicka is indeed a heavy boat, but over the next half hour we got the old girl far enough out to make a motorized getaway. As I did, my savior dove off the back of the boat and swam to shore through the nettles. I shouted my thanks, my blessings, my undying love and everything else to his disappearing form.

A couple of days later, I went to look for him. There was a row of about 8 houses on a small bluff overlooking the spot where I had been, and I thought he must reside there. I knocked on every door on that bluff. In one home I found an old salt who said he had seen me anchor, noted that I let out insufficient rode and had tried to radio me for over an hour. Radio off during cocktail hour. He had no idea who my midnight Samaritan might have been, nor, to this day, do I.

Rudder from page 6

If I had known what was involved I might have postponed the switch for another year. I could see a boatyard charging upwards of \$1000. to do this job with parts and labor. That's what I would charge someone anyway.

Isn't messing about in small boats fun?

Tom Buzzi

Please add my name to those Flicka owners and those who are interested in the boat. Your name will not be given to any other publication at any time. This publication is not for profit. Any fees collected will be used to produce and distribute the newsletter. I have already received enough responses to publish and mail 60 copies for nine months. Thank you all very much.

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Name _____

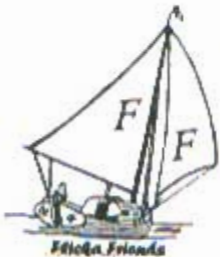
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a Flicka _____ Hull # _____ Boat name _____

Telephone (Optional) _____

Make a \$10.00 check payable to Dennis Pratt and send to the address on the bottom of this page.
708-299-5744 or 708-299-5911



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Flicka Friends



Winter 1995

Supplement

Volume 1 Issue 3

Things that didn't fit but couldn't wait

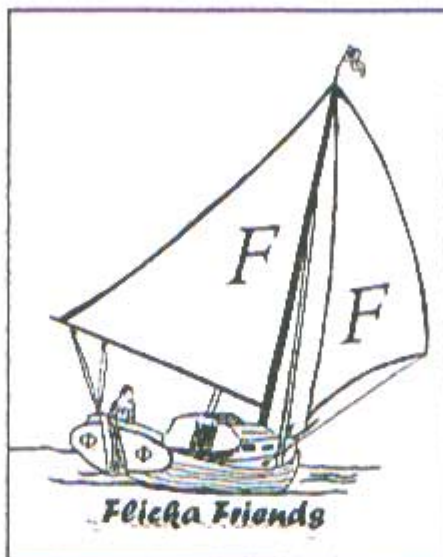
This supplement is added to the third issue of Flicka Friends because there just wasn't enough space to add a few things, and it would have been a shame for them to wait for the next issue that may not be out until spring. At first I had intended to create a quarterly newsletter, but I have developed such an enthusiasm for this publication that I have completed the issues much sooner than I had anticipated. The result may be that I will run out of material too fast.

I do hope that this third issue motivates the subscribers to send in articles and photos. The articles can be on any subject relating to the boats of sailing in general or to the people involved with the boats. The photos can be of the boats, inside and out, of the people enjoying the boats or of specific projects related to the boats. They can even be of any pets enjoying the boats.

A word or two is in order about the third issue being printed in full color. I had

The printing company made a mistake and printed every page in full color. I am very grateful.

intended to print pages four and five in color and the rest black and white. The printing (actually copying) company made a mistake and printed every page in color. Fortunately, it was their mistake, and they did not charge me for their error. The edition was quite costly to print anyway, but it was about one third of what it would have been had I asked that all the pages be in color.



Baba 30 for sale, consider Flicka in part trade

Dennis Heams of Temperance, Michigan has a 1983 Baba 30 for sale and used to own a Flicka. He has a particular difficulty finding a reasonably priced slip to accommodate the draft of his Baba. He wants to sell the boat and has expressed the possibility of a trade involving a Flicka.

From the pictures he sent, his boat looks beautiful. If any reader is interested please contact him directly.

Dennis Heams (313) 854-5121
9317 Summerfield Rd.
Temperance, MI 48182

Circumnavigate the US anyone?

Gill Outerbridge (featured in issue #3) would love to circumnavigate the US—intracoastal most of the way thence to the Great Lakes, Tennessee, Mississippi, Florida etc. Gill doesn't particularly want to do it alone, but would like to see if there are any other Flicka owners who might be interested in joining forces and traveling together. Who knows we might get a fleet together and start our own answer to the ARC.

The trip would take careful planning to take advantage of the best weather. Some other owners may already have knowledge of many of the routes. Since this and other sailing adventures involving Flicka fleets appeal to your editor, this subject will no doubt come up again. For now, those interested can contact Gill direct. Her address and phone appear in issue #3 on page 2.

The upcoming directory

As promised the directory will be out in early December. Many people have returned the directory forms. Some have not. I have decided to print the names of all members in the directory unless an individual asks me not to. If that is the case, please let me know by November 30th if you do not want to be included in the directory