



# Flicka Friends



Fall 1996 Vol. 2 #2

## Hoist the yard, set the braces..... relax

by Dennis Pratt

### Ancient rig finds place on modern sloop

Take a little used whisker pole, 100 feet of 3/8 inch line, one eye fitting, thirty dollars worth of canvas from a local paint store, and what do you get? That's easy, two braces, two sheets and a square sail that pushes the Flicka easily at nearly five knots with a following fifteen knot breeze. No kidding!

After reading a short article in *Forty-eight North* (a publication in the Seattle area) that described the installation of a square sail on a thirty-five foot sloop, I decided to see if it would actually work and how difficult it might be to control the extra lines necessary to pull it off.

I use a small telescoping whisker pole

**I was able to do something I rarely do when sailing downwind—relax...**

that extends to twelve feet as a yard. A line tied to each end of the yard and an eye attached at the mid point connected to the jib halyard raises the sail. The sail is a 12 X 15 foot painter's canvass drop cloth. The cloth came with the edges folded over and sewn with double stitching ready for grommets.



**Pictured above is the Prince of Whales with her square sail**

The twelve foot wide top of the sail has grommets placed one foot apart and accepts a line that is looped through the grommets and around the yard. Braces made from 3/8 inch line are attached to the ends of the yard and led through the blocks on the Genoa track and tied to a cleat. The bottom of the sail has one grommet attached to each corner. Again, 3/8 inch line is attached to each grommet and led through the jib blocks to a winch.

Unlike a spinnaker, the square sail can be raised on almost any point of sail and adjusted after it is up. I haven't tried to raise the sail directly into the wind, but it could probably be done. In my second trial, I raised the sail with the wind abeam and abaft. Both worked.

Once up, there are four lines to deal with initially, two braces and two sheets. But once set for existing wind conditions and desired course, I was able to do something I am rarely able to do when sailing downwind—relax. She was very easy to steer with little pressure on the tiller, no risk of accidental jibe, nothing to hit friends or helmsman. When it's time to take down the sail, release the jib sheet and down it comes straddling the lifelines and behaving with courtesy and respect.

The controlling lines are then released, the pole is collapsed to its shortest length, the sail wrapped around the yard and stowed in the quarter berth. Of course you can't sail back. but that's the nature of sailing crafts. Total cost for the rig was under \$100.

**Send more stuff**

**As mentioned in the last issue this publication is in need of articles and photos for upcoming issues. Please take a few minutes to write about your experiences with the boats. Recipes and cooking experiences would be good. Anchoring experiences, heavy weather, light air sailing, dinghy ideas, gear failures, pointing problems, others.**

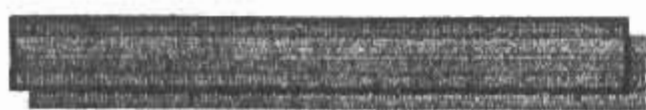


## Hot News

### Coming in the next issue

• A glacial sailing adventure from the Alaskans mentioned below

• More from John Hazen on *Windward Pilgrim*



## Alaskans In Search of... Florida Flicka Friend

Bob and Tina Robinson will be sunning themselves in Florida during mid-December.

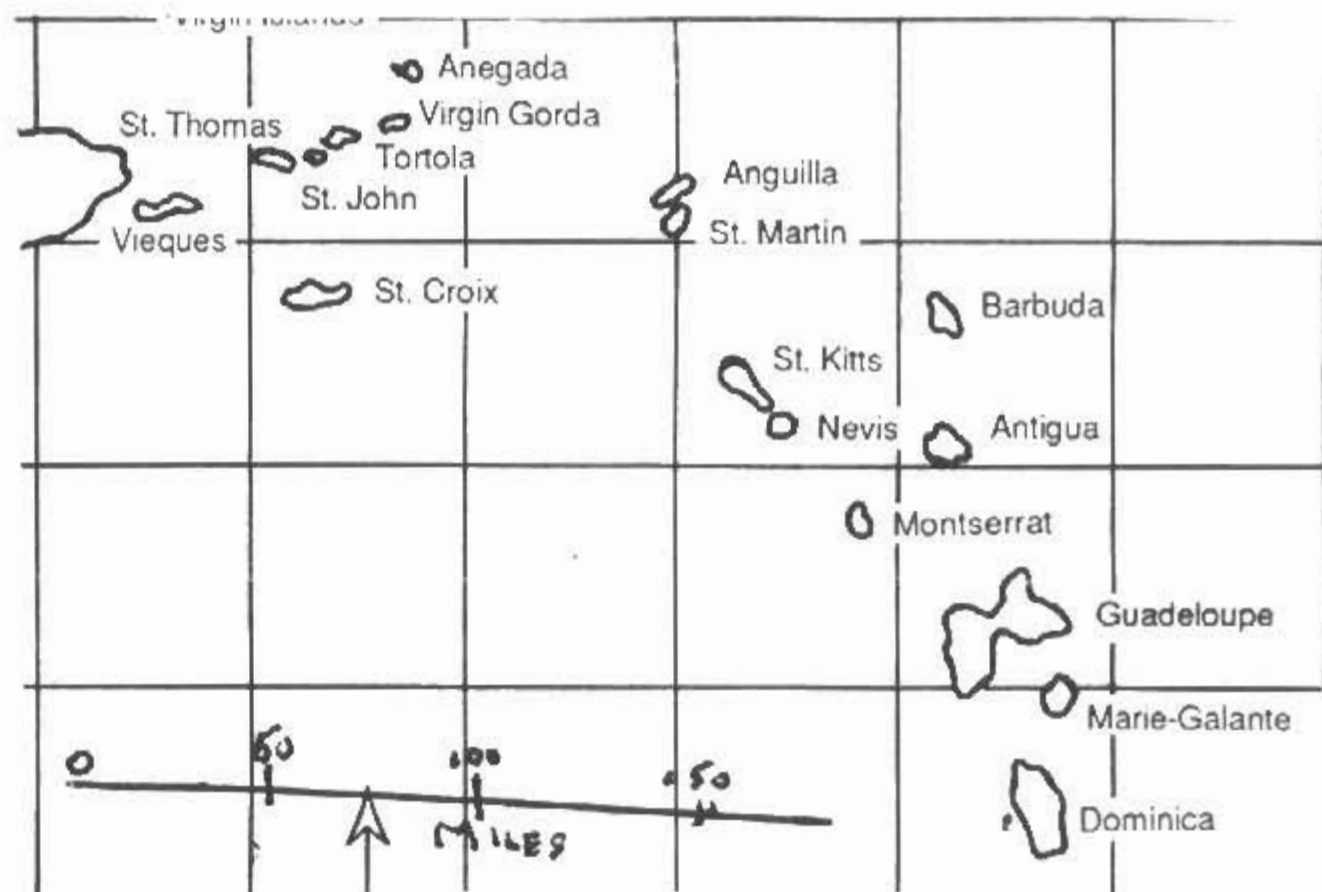


We would dearly love to have access to a Flicka for a few days or even a few hours during our stay. We can return the favor with *Maritime* (Flicka #426) in Juneau, Alaska. Please leave a message at (407) 452-5106 or write to PO Box 22507, Juneau, Alaska 99802. We look forward to meeting a Flicka Friend.

## An adventure in paradise...by Bob Tonks, American Virgin Islands

Since we were going to be in Maine for the summer, I told my son Andrew he could cruise my *Flicka of St. Croix*, hull number 99, in the Caribbean as long as he returned by August 15 so I would have ample time to have her hauled before hurricane season.

He and a friend, Wayne Clark, arrived here July 14 and spent two days reorganizing the stowage lockers and doing everything necessary to get the boat ready using local experienced help. They then took off on the forty-mile sail to St. John and had a very pleasant week cruising the British Virgin Islands. After their week in the British Virgin Islands, they set sail for Anguilla and their plans called for sailing from there down to the island of Dominica.



They started out under ideal conditions. During the summer, winds are usually light, not the 25-30 knot variety we frequently endure during the winter. Shortly after leaving, a strong headwind from the east started to build and soon reached over thirty knots. Andrew and Wayne were reefed down, but the genoa roller furler line parted so they were stuck with a full genoa.

They had to sail partially luffing both sails. To add to their troubles, the wooden part of the outboard bracket snapped dunking the outboard. Fortunately they had tied a line onto the outboard and were able to haul it back in. About this time the boat began to fill with green water, and soon it was knee deep in the cabin. They traced the problem to a failed hose clamp on a cockpit scupper hose. Since the drain holes are far from the exit holes at the transom, it was not the first place they looked for the problem. To add to their troubles the electric bilge pump quit. The manual pump and a bucket were enough to tackle the problem. They were now about three miles west of Saba. (Editor, note: Saba is a five square mile volcanic island near Anguilla). As they beat toward Saba, the GPS made it clear that they were gaining nothing to windward. It was time to ask for help. They reached Saba on the VHF, but none of the Saba Park Department boats was available. A fishing boat overheard their call and was kind enough to come out and tow them into the harbor. See Caribbean page 3

## Caribbean from page two

The harbor has a recently built seawall, but within the wall conditions were anything but calm. As they were being towed, they struck the seawall pushing the bowsprit back several inches, and as they came along the seawall two of the starboard stations were snapped off. Once ashore, they found someone who fabricated a new wooden outboard bracket, and they set the motor out to dry.

Wayne's time for cruising had run out so he flew back to the States. After resting up, Andrew took off for an overnight sail to St. Martin under ideal conditions, a beam reach with the boat sailing herself. We met him on St. Croix on August 18th and felt his sense of pride at having survived his ordeal. We had the boat hauled in advance of the active hurricane season to await Edouard, Fran and Hortense. Fortunately these ladies were well behaved and caused no damage here.

## Thoughts from your editor Dennis Pratt

For those of us Flicka sailors with latitude problems that annually caused attitude problems another season is coming to an end. At 42 degrees north there is little other choice but to pull the boat and wait for spring. Of course there are those at 48 degrees north (the Seattle area) and others even farther north that keep their boats in water year round. No such luck here with that huge expanse of cold Canadian air breathing down our necks. It does give us the chance to look at and make repairs to the bottom, take some strain off the rigging, look after the electronics and in my case replace the windows on the dodger and probably replace the cabin sole. Still it would be nice once to get a big charcoal grill and prepare a Thanksgiving dinner aboard the *Prince of Whales*. A young tom turkey slowly roasting off the stern rail with its sweet aromas filtering down the companionway as guests enjoyed cocktails and conversation. If we really pushed it, we might be able to have six people for the meal; that's enough. I did once have Thanksgiving dinner aboard a *Dana* crossing the Atlantic in 1992, a can of sliced peaches, but that's another story.

I still like the idea of some kind of rendezvous for all the *Flicka Friends*, but as of yet there has been little response to my mentions of a meeting. I know it's difficult for most members to get their boats to the Midwest for a rendezvous. We could hold a rendezvous with a few boats and many people. I'm thinking of a weekend get-together toward the end of July 1997 in Michigan. Let me know if there is any interest. The next issue will have specific details of time, place, activities and costs.

## Your boat has sunk!

by R.J. Morris

Chris and I normally spend our time between Frankfurt Germany, where we live and work, and our second home in Ouistreham, France (Normandie) when we are not aboard *San-souci* (hull # 124).

Because of my small but all-consuming involvement in the planning, execution and sustainment of the Bosnia-Herzegovina peace initiative (Operation Joint Endeavor), I had been restricted exclusively to Germany between October, 1995 and April, 1996. *Sans-souci* spent the winter on the hard in Lemmer, Holland, high, dry and alone.

I was only able to get away from work for a short weekend in October to unstep the mast and had prepared her for the winter the best I could with the time available. I left the remainder of

the work to a Dutch gentleman who had previously worked for me, with the understanding that he would prepare her for the water before she went back in the first of April. I made it clear that I would have to depend on him as I would not be able to be there when she went in. I had every confidence in his workmanship and dependability from my previous experiences with him, and thought I had nothing whatsoever to be concerned about. Just goes to show, when you think you have nothing to worry about, you had better start worrying.

The harbormaster called me on April 3 and said that *Sans-souci* had been removed from the water because she had sunk. He had put her in the water on April 1, and three days later he discovered she was under water. He had made a quick inspection of the hull and found no holes. He had no idea why she sank. Luckily, in the berth she was in, there was only two meters of water under her keel. Things could have been much worse had she been moored in North Sea tidal waters.

I called my contractor who drained the water, removed everything from the boat that could be removed and transported her to another marina. The engine and electrical items that were submerged had to be taken apart for drying and cleaning; many items had to be replaced.

My insurance company came to the conclusion (as I had) that the seacock to the toilet and the inlet valve had both been left open causing water to fill up the tank, subsequently the head, then the bilge; well, you get the picture. To make a terribly long and boring story (if it isn't your boat) a bit shorter, the insurance company paid 50 percent, and I ended up paying over \$1000. for not having been there to check things out as I should have.

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. *Flicka Friends* is now in the black. There is enough to publish through 1997, no color. Send \$10.00 to start a subscription. Thank you all very much. "Flicka Friends" Copyright 1996  
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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 Flicka Friends or Dennis Pratt and send to the address on the bottom of this page. 847-299-5744 or 847-299-5911**



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