



# Flicka Friends

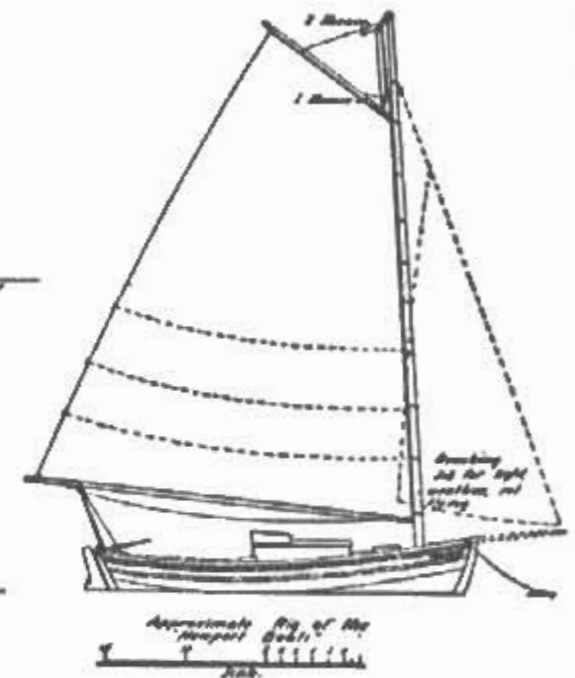
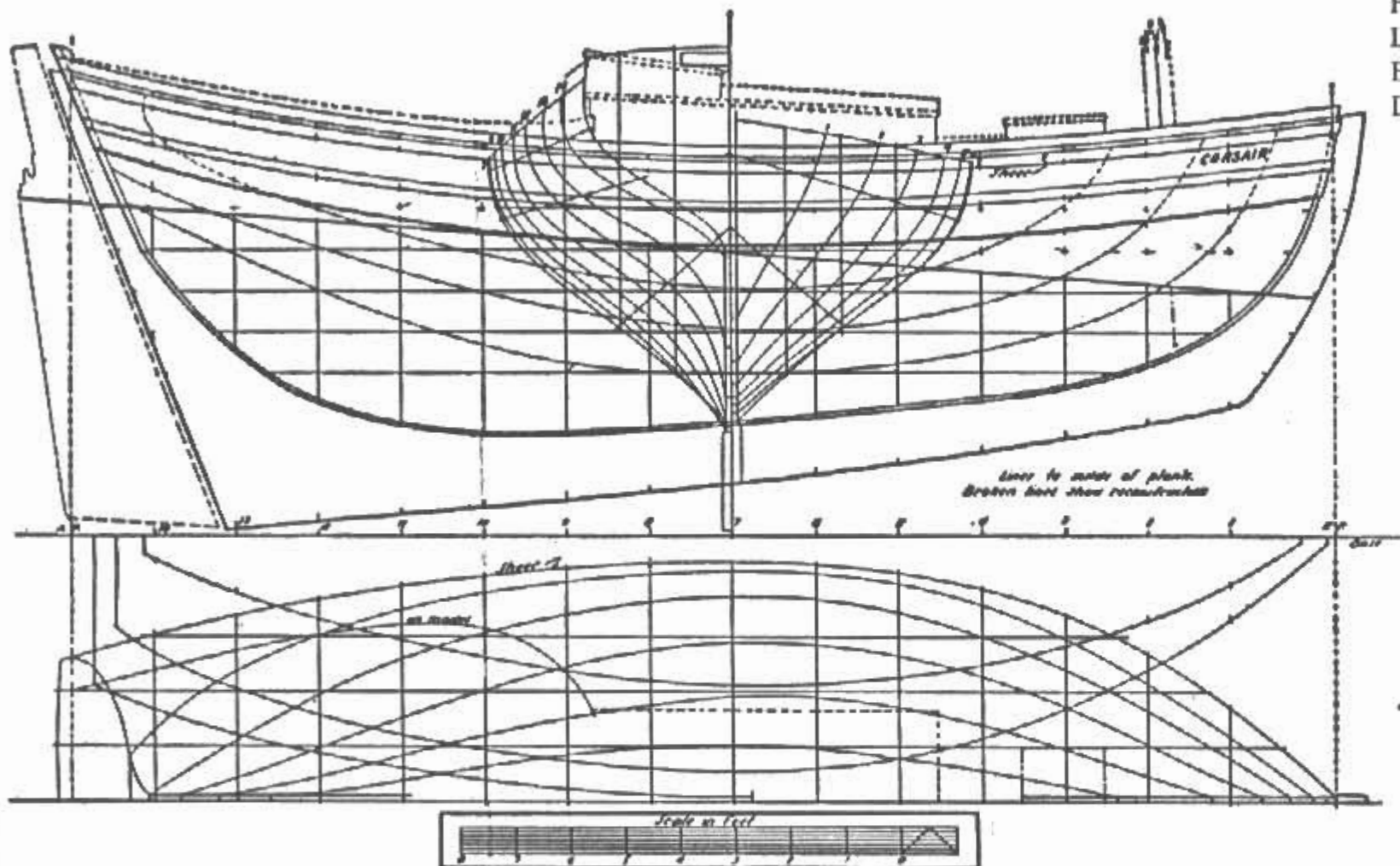


Winter 1997 Vol. 2 # 3

## Flickas have a hearty American origin

Lines taken from a half-hull model in a museum in Rhode Island.

Full size hull  
LOA 22'11"  
Beam 8'8"  
Draft 5'9"



The lines printed above are taken from a half-hull model believed to be a contemporary of the actual Newport boat commercially fishing the waters of Narragansett Bay in the middle of the nineteenth century. It has been widely reported that Flicka designer Bruce Bingham was inspired by these Newport boats. The original boats had several features in common with the Flicka. They were about the same length (22 feet), had an outboard rudder, a powerful sheer, a short bowsprit capable of being unshipped when not needed, and a keel running from stem to stern. Flicka owners and admirers will no doubt recognize many of these characteristics. The Newport boats were gaff-rigged as some of the current Flickas are. The original rig on the Newports was similar to the later catboats except that the mast was not stepped as far forward. In fact the Newport boats were later replaced by the catboats. The latest known example of a Newport boat seems to date from about 1850.

One disadvantage of a heavy keel boat that has only one mast and one sail is that at times it is very difficult to come about and the possibility of getting into irons is great. Once in irons, these heavy workboats with only the one sail and one mast had to back the main, gain sternway and put the helm over the opposite way to the way the boat should pay off. Such a maneuver can lead to a knockdown since she has no way on as she catches the wind from the other side. As a result there have been only four boats of this type in the history of American workboats, the Newport boat, the Bahama Sharpshooter, a double-ender used at Eastport Maine and waterboats used at Gloucester and Boston. Of course the Flicka has ample area in the (see Newport page six)

**Send more stuff**

*As always this section of the front page asks for articles, photos and other information from readers. This time we're begging. This issue represents nearly the last of the stuff sent in by readers. I know there have been winter projects out there or planning and dreaming sessions for upcoming cruises. Please send in some material for publication.*



## What's wrong with this picture?

by Dennis Pratt

My tooth, which had been painful for a few days before I left, was acting up again when I heard, "This is the captain, folks. We have a situation here. The Reno terminal has lost their ILS (instrument landing system) so we'll have to put down in Las Vegas until their system is up and running again. We're sorry for the inconvenience, but we should have you back on your way to Reno as soon as it's up again. We don't anticipate a long delay." The MD 80 then landed in Las Vegas. "This is the captain again. There has been slight damage to the aircraft on landing so we ask you to deplane and wait until we move in other equipment to take you to Reno." The plane emptied. About 100 passengers were ushered into the gate area to wait for a smaller aircraft needing about thirty volunteers to give up their seats in exchange for a free trip anywhere Reno Air flew. There were many willing to give up their seats. Not me. I boarded the smaller plane for Reno and one hour and thirty minutes later touched down in a blinding snow storm at the Reno airport. We were assured by the cabin attendants that the plane would be going on to Seattle. It didn't.

No word came from the flight crew. No word came from the ground crew. But the TV monitor at the gate definitely said, "cancelled." After I alerted a young gate attendant to the cancellation of the flight, she asked others what to do, and then began writing vouchers for the Hampton Hotel in downtown Reno. She also said there was a shuttle to take us to the hotel. We had to claim our bags at Reno. The bags arrived at the conveyor belt one hour after we landed. I had a large bag, a small bag and a boxed table saw. I carried a small cart for the saw, but nonetheless it was a bulky package to



Pictured above is a scene that rarely happens, a Western Washington snowstorm

carry to a hotel. It didn't make the trip. I left it in the lost luggage office hoping to retrieve it in the morning. It was cold and very snowy in Reno. The driver of the hotel shuttle could only fit ten people in his bus but assured everyone waiting in the cold that he would return even if he had to make several trips. Like Charlie on the MTA, he never returned. The lost luggage lady wrote vouchers for cab fare to the hotel as long as there were at least four people sharing a cab. Cabs came about one every two or three minutes. There were sixty-four people waiting for cabs. I and three other people finally got a cab commanded by a driver who very much enjoyed stories of people in distress, and with the slightest encouragement such as me saying, "How ya doing?" bursted into incoherent but nevertheless depressing tales of human misery he had either witnessed or had heard about. My tooth continued to make its existence known with increasing pain.

We arrived at the hotel to take our places in a long registration line. As I inched up to the counter and finally expected it to be my turn, the couple in front of me launched a long, angry, loud and accurate attack on the shuttle driver who promised to return and never did. This tirade of course did not help speed up my registration.

I was finally in a room and away from airports. An intense sea-green neon glow from a Kino parlor/restaurant/wedding chapel filled the room. It didn't matter. It was nearly two in the morning. I was in the wrong city, awake with a toothache.

I caught the shuttle at 7:00 a.m. the next morning. I picked up the table saw at the farthest location possible from the Reno counter, and after a forty-five minute wait to check the bags, I headed for the gate. The plane was there and without much delay made it to Seattle. That made it two days to get to Seattle from Chicago by air. My son Geoff and two of his friends, who had agreed to pick me up, had stayed overnight at a hotel near Seatac and were waiting at the gate. A half hour later, unusually short by Reno Air standards, we claimed the bags, table saw and all and loaded everything in a 1976 Volvo station wagon. My son Geoff lives in Port Townsend, Washington. On a good day, it takes two hours to get to Port Townsend from Seattle.

Within two days of my arrival at Geoff's Flicka, it snowed over five inches in Port Townsend. It is very rare to have any snow that sticks down by the harbor in that



town. I was amused for a minute or two. The next day dumped nearly two feet of snow on Geoff's boat in addition to the five inches that had not yet melted. Everything stopped. The town has no snow removal equipment and is unwilling to pay any private contractors to provide it. The stores were also unwilling to pay for any snow removal although there were vehicles capable of plowing the snow. One store was able to clear its lot sufficiently to allow a few cars. This was the *Penny Saver*. It does not have the proper name. Its marketing philosophy makes a 7-11 look like a deep discount retailer. It was the only game in town. The supermarket was closed for fear of the roof collapsing.

It started to warm up the next day as 50 to 60 mile per hour winds from the south moved in for two days.

Twenty-five foot swells were reported on the coast as the winds there were of hurricane strength. We feared that the mooring lines might snap from the combination of snow, rain, cold temperatures and extremely strong winds. The mooring lines held; it was not the most restful of nights. It then rained for five straight days.

In addition to visiting my son for the Christmas and New Year holidays, another purpose of my visit was to help with the construction of a small pleasure tugboat my son and his friend are building for me. The melting snow made it impossible to park the car anywhere near the shed built for the construction. The shed is inside a partially completed barn about five miles out of town on higher ground than the harbor. Huge mud ruts under two and a half feet of melting snow made the road impassable for two days. When it finally was passable, the water around the shed made it impossible to approach by car. We waded through ice cold standing water to bring materials to the shed and to work on the boat. Fifty pounds of kitty litter didn't help very much to dry out the dirt floor, but an oversized push broom was just the ticket to push the hundreds of

pounds of water off the sagging roof. Some of the water wound up inside the shed since only the lower parts of its wall are made of traditional building materials with the remainder being constructed from plastic sheeting. We warmed up the shed using a fifty-five gallon oil drum converted to a woodstove. Actually it works quite well if you're standing right next to it. My toothache was nearly unnoticeable next to all the other disasters I was experiencing.

Aboard Geoff's boat that night, the TV stations endlessly reported every caved in roof, collapsed boathouse, sunken boat, washed out road, fallen bridge and what they called thousands of car accidents. The newscasts also included pictures of the Reno airport completely underwater. My return flight was scheduled to stop in Reno the next day. I called home and asked what the weather was like in Chicago. My wife Terry said it was 62 degrees. I screamed and fully expected to be arrested as a maniac on the loose at the Seatac Airport. Unlike Charlie of MTA fame, I did return.

Editor's note: For those of you too young to remember or for those of you old enough but who prefer not to clutter your heads with stupid stuff, Charlie is a character in a song who didn't have the five cents necessary to exit the mass transportation system in Boston. The song aided a protest against a fare requirement of the MTA.

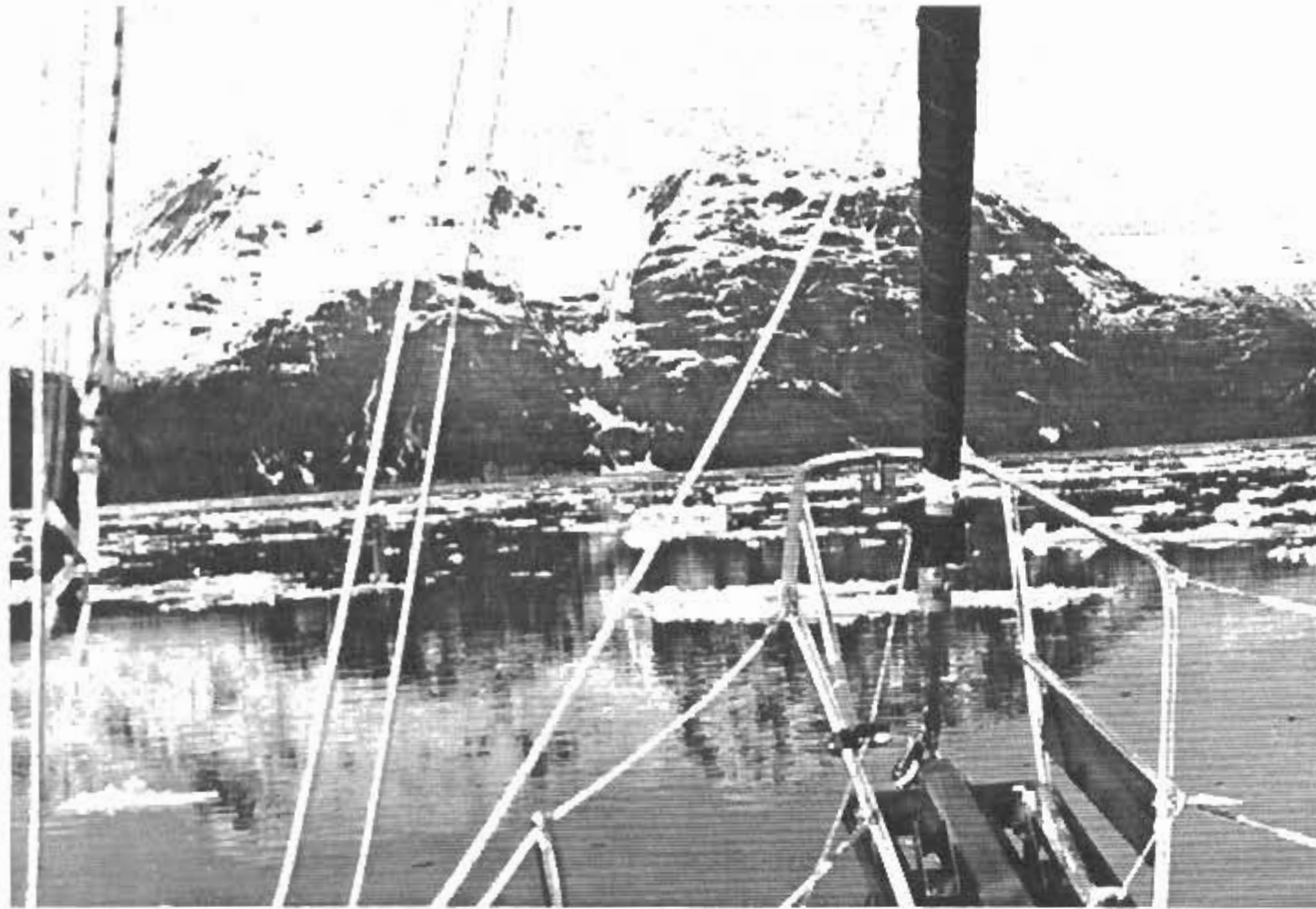


Pictured above is Flicka #80 under its igloo-like covering. It actually does help insulate the boat. Below another Flicka under the care of mother nature.





# Bears, wolves, mountain goats and a moose



*Maritime* Flicka #426 has an excellent view of glaciers and a close up and personal relationship with field ice.

by Bob and Twila Robinson

Glacier Bay, the pinnacle of an Alaskan cruise. Though we live just sixty miles from Glacier Bay we had never been there. This past summer was to change that and provide us and *Maritime* (Flicka #426) with a fantastic three week cruise to the famous field of ice.

In mid-April, after a long and cold winter of waiting for the temperature to remain above freezing, we began the spring commissioning process. This gave us three weeks to prepare *Maritime* for her summer cruise. With one week to go we began to wonder just how much wouldn't get done. The rain and near freezing temperatures had us moving slowly. Remembering what a fellow sailor told us about making three lists: 1) things that could mean life or death, 2) things that you absolutely must have done before leaving and 3) things that would be nice to get done, feeling that we had at least finished the first one, made some progress on the second and knowing we would never get the third done, we departed Juneau, Alaska on May 4th. With an early morning departure and clear blue skies we grilled our steaks that night at Funter Bay, forty miles from Juneau. The long awaited trip had finally begun.

The following day, with a good wind we crossed Lynn Canal and arrived Hoonah, Alaska. The next evening, we arrived at Bartlett Cove, the entrance to Glacier Bay. With only a few employees getting the lodge ready for the coming season and *Maritime* being 20 feet we tied to the dinghy dock for the night, giving us quick access to the early morning showers. We departed Bartlett Cove the next morning with the flood tide and immediately knew why Glacier Bay was so popular. pending our first day in the West Arm offered us views of glaciers and mountains second to none. Our

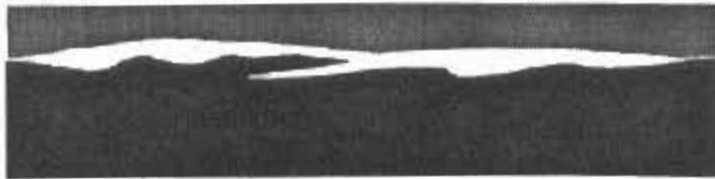
night we anchored in the North Sandy Cove, the entrance to Muir Inlet. This set the stage for a wonderful trip up Muir Inlet and a great spinnaker sail back down. That evening we anchored at Fingers Bay. After three days of clear blue skies and near freezing temperatures, we still had not seen another boat and enjoyed having this wonderful park to ourselves. The following morning, while eating breakfast and deciding what to do, we watched a black bear walking the beach. Having seen a little of Glacier Bay, but with the good weather we returned to Bartlett Cove to begin our trip to Pelican, Alaska.

This part of the trip would take us to Cross Sound, the entrance to the Pacific Ocean. We anchored that night at Mite Cove, on the south side of Cross Sound. The following day, with a west wind blowing, we enjoyed a day of ocean sailing and returned to Mite Cove. With so much left to see in Glacier Bay we knew we had to go back.

The lodge was now open providing us with a chance to let someone else do the cooking. As permits for entrance into the park are not required prior to June 1, we once again used the dinghy dock for moorage. Ah, the advantages of a Flicka. We had heard Geike Inlet offered a good chance to see the ever elusive mountain goat. Today was to reward us with both black bears and mountain goats. We arrived Shag Cove in Geike Inlet where we had hoped to anchor. The anchorage was too deep so we drifted and began searching the sides of the mountains that formed the cove. At last, not just another patch of snow that didn't move, but mountain goats! We spent the afternoon watching those sure-footed animals, while a short distance away a bear was climbing down the hillside. That evening in Fingers Bay we watched a black bear strolling the beach. A great way to end a day of wildlife viewing.

The next day we planned on relaxing while at anchor. Though, that evening, with a strong ebb current, a good north wind, a cold brew and a warm shower





As I write this, I truly wish we could have made time stand still

Cove and took advantage of *Maritime's* size and the dinghy dock. As more wildlife was to be seen we departed the lodge the next morning and sailed for North Sandy Cove. We weren't disappointed; we watched five different black bears throughout the day. A female moose made a short appearance and that evening the wolves began to serenade us. As I write this I truly wish we could have made time stand still that day.

The following day we watched mountain goats on hillsides as we slowly made our way to Blue Mouse Cove. There we were greeted by the biggest, meanest looking black bear we have ever seen. With a beautiful shiny black coat and brown muzzle he proceeded to the water's edge to watch us as we watched him. Our destination, a floathouse just thirty feet from shore. Yes, bears are good swimmers, and we were very concerned. We tied to the floathouse and our friend retreated to the woods. We then joked about the bear using our pepper spray for seasoning. We made an early departure in the morning.

Today with the grace of mother nature the ice allowed us within a half mile of Reid Glacier. While sitting in the ice, to our starboard, we watched a large brown bear walking the beach. When the bear came to an outcrop of rock along the shore, no problem, splash and a swimming we will go. An event we watched repeated again and again. The bear then began to climb the mountain near the glacier. The ice water must have felt good as the bear made a beeline for the snow. Soon the bear was too far off to watch, and we began our next quest; the cooler was running low on ice. There were many icebergs



Above: Springtime in Alaska, you can tell because the boat is in water not ice.

nearby and we had our fishing net at the ready. Glacier Bay being a National Park and Preserve, nothing is to be removed, including the ice. We were to learn that after our departure.

We still had a few days left on our three week vacation so the following day we remained in Hoonah enjoying meals made to order with ice cream for dessert. We departed Hoonah and returned to Funter Bay. During the night, it began to rain; we had yet to don foul weather gear and were not about to start now. We slept in and stayed below hoping the rain would pass. It stopped raining the following night and that afternoon we arrived Auke Bay, Alaska. We were now only thirty-two miles from Juneau via water or just twelve miles to our house via the road system. Since we know several people in Auke Bay we were offered rides home. We declined; we just didn't want the glory of this wonderful trip to end. All too soon the morning arrived and we were underway for Juneau.

*Maritime* and her crew arrived Juneau with no fanfare, champagne or balloons. We were simply back home. Next summer, three weeks, let's see. we will need to start our list of charts and dreams do come true.

### Thoughts from your editor...Dennis Pratt

They have just closed the Chicago public school for the second day due to severe weather. The Chicago public schools is my employer. I can't say that I am broken hearted.

Buffalo are roaming free on the Dakota plains having simply walked over the fences with the help of huge snowdrifts, The west coast is sliding away. Texans and Louisianans, learning how to drive on ice, are earning failing grades. Airports are frequently closed and de-icing equipment is working overtime. The Chicago lighthouse is surrounded by ice; football fans are going topless.

This is the time to get out the charts and plan the cruise of a lifetime. It doesn't actually matter if it ever really happens or not. Just sit down with your cruising mate and plan "where," "when", "how," "what," and "why,". Imagine a starlit crossing to your favorite anchorage with a warm twelve knot breeze off the starboard quarter, the sweet sounds of waves passing the hull as your Flicka approaches six knots with no sea running and Polaris reminding you of your relationship to the heavens. Or you could wake up and shovel the snow.



## Newport

from page one

foretriangle to provide enough force to come about. Still it is not unusual for Flickas to be backwinded when coming about.

Bruce Bingham has taken the qualities of seaworthiness and a manageable size and added comfort and a distinctive sense of presence with its pesky bow, strong sheer and graceful tumblehome to a design that had its origins in nineteenth century American heartiness and produced a new design that respects its origins. It's always easier for great designers to see far ahead because they stand on the shoulders of giants.



## Hot News

### Rendezvous set for July 19 and 20 near Chicago

Plans are nearing completion for a rendezvous for Flicka owners and those interested in the boat for July 19th and 20th at Northpoint Harbor about forty miles north of Chicago on Lake Michigan. I know of at least one Flicka that will be there, hull #75 *The Prince of Whales*. Northpoint is my new homeport for this coming year. The facilities there have nearly new floating docks, electric, cable TV and phone hook-ups. There is a large community room that will be available for showing slides and conducting seminars. There are hotels in the area, and I can promise at least one car to help ferry people from the harbor to the hotels. Every Flicka Friend is welcome to attend. Fill out the form at right to help me make preparations.

## 18th century inventor spends his life pursuing the correct time

Your editor has just finished reading a biography of John Harrison (1693-1776) who devoted his life to solving the most pressing scientific problem of his age, the determination of longitude at sea. Wow, what a difference 250 years make, just flip on the GPS and wait a few minutes for it to lock on the birds overhead and voilà, latitude and longitude and so many other miracles that it takes even a reasonably intelligent person a while to understand them all.

It was not always so. While establishing latitude had been long practiced aboard ships prior to the 18th century using instruments such as the quadrant and astrolabe, the ability to determine longitude had long eluded the scientific community. So confounding was the problem that the English Parliament in 1714 passed the Longitude Act creating an organization having the authority to award a 20,000 pound sterling prize (millions of dollars by today's standards) to anyone who could devise a method of determining longitude within one and one half degrees at the end of a transatlantic crossing.

To do this of course one needed to know the exact time in two places at

clocks that were only moderately accurate on land, it was useless to expect them to perform well enough at sea to be of any use to navigators.

A clockmaker named John Harrison took up the challenge and devised several models of chronometers that eventually culminated in his model H-5 that was only five inches in diameter and capable of telling time well enough to award him the prize.

He had to overcome many problems including the changes that occur in metals as the temperature and humidity changes. Each expansion and contraction can cause a timepiece to lose or gain time. Lubrication is also a problem. As temperature and humidity change, the viscosity of the lubricant changes and alter the performance of the gears. He also had to invent a way for the clock to be wound and keep running during the process. As an irony of time, the only feature of Harrison's chronometer that was kept by later manufacturers of highly accurate timepieces was the feature that allows them to keep time while they are being wound.

Even though Harrison chronometer was proven accurate on transatlantic voyages, it took him years to pry the full amount of prize money from the crown.

### Rendezvous information

Yes I would like to attend July 19 and 20, 1997, Name \_\_\_\_\_

I would like information on hotels and/or facilities for bringing my boat.  
\_\_\_\_\_

Number of persons in party \_\_\_\_\_

Are you willing to make a presentation? \_\_\_\_\_

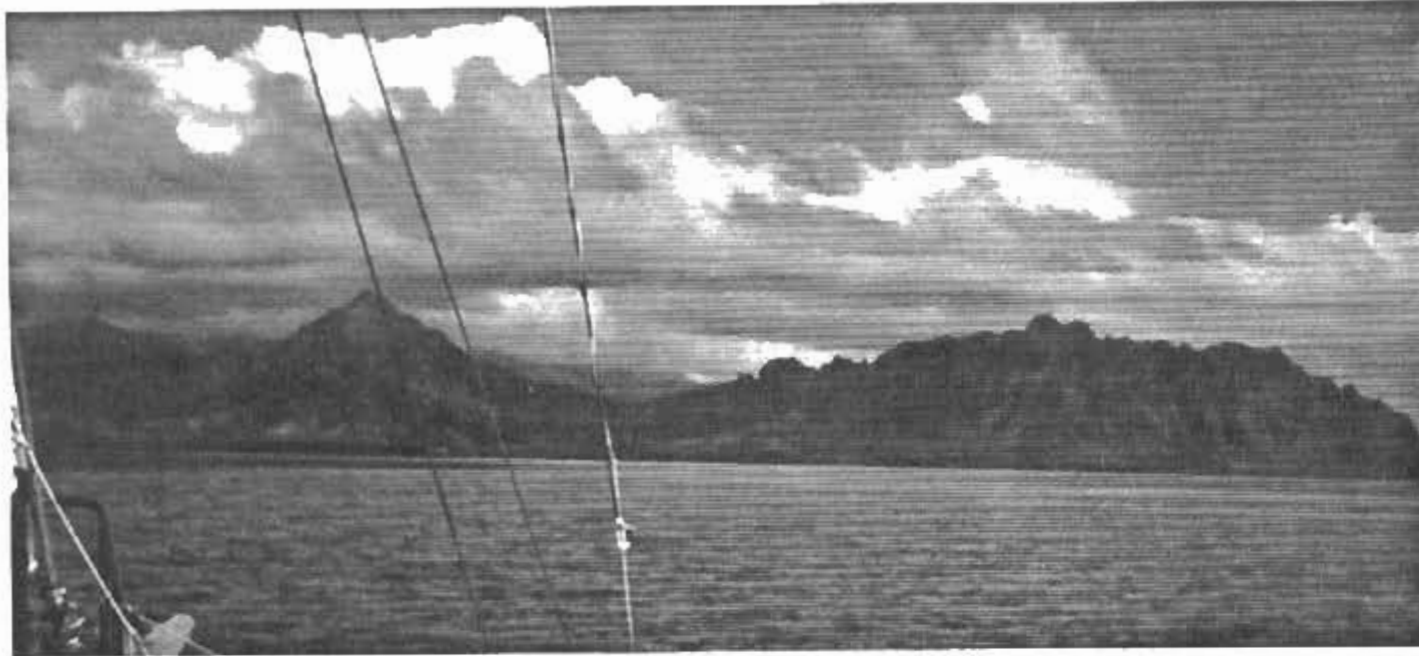
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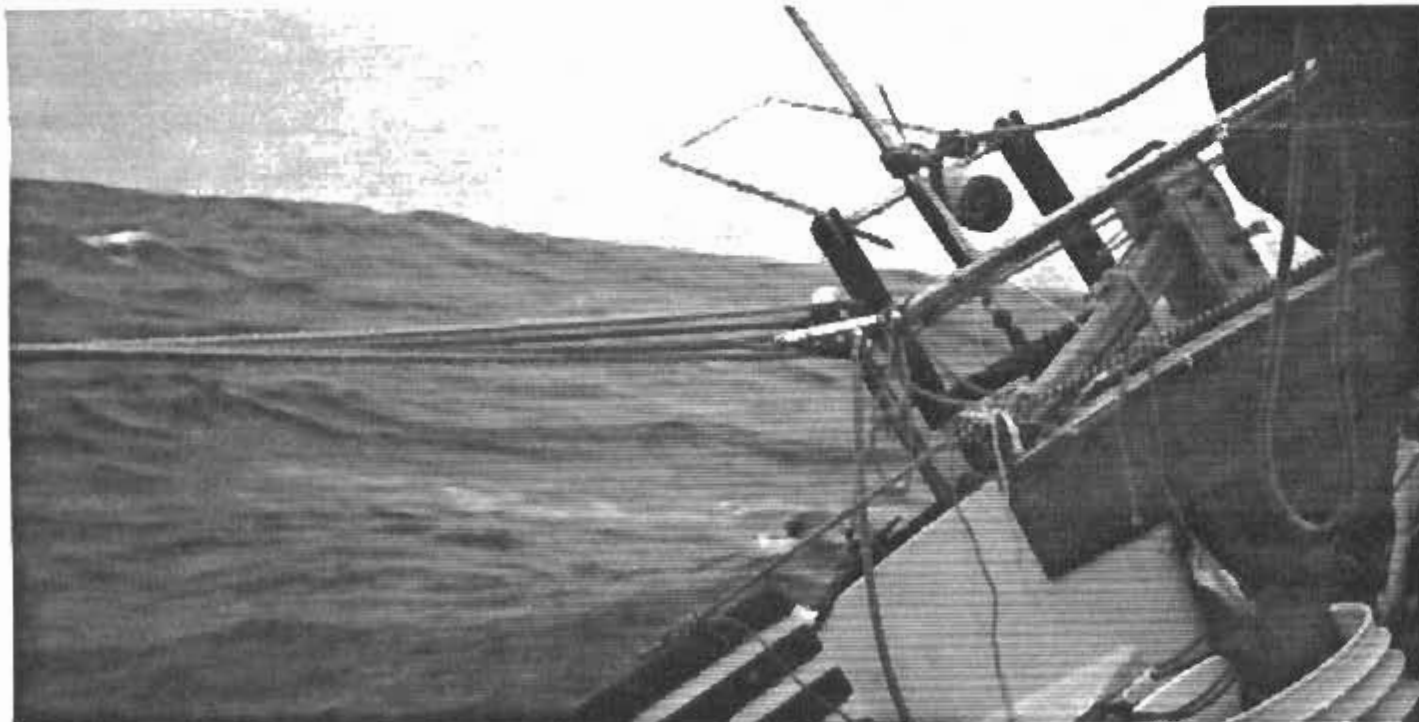
# Odds and Ends

Items and pictures received some time ago but never published

From point A to point B. Top photo is point A, Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii



Below is going from point A to point B at 49 degrees north.



Above is point B, Ucluelet, British Columbia. All photos by John Hazen Jr, aboard *Windward Pilgrim* Flicka #22.

## Letters...

Dear Flicka Friends,

A possible note of interest- For several years my halyards have been hard to move requiring tugging to bring the sails down. I thought it normal until this summer when thirteen years of storage in the sun, they both gave out. I lowered the mast to replace them and when I tried to feed the new StaSet through the masthead fitting, I could not do it.

I finally removed the through bolt releasing the fitting and found the bolt had two grooves worn in it by the two halyards. They were slight but I was impressed that a stainless bolt could be worn by a line. I redrilled a new bolt hole slightly below the original, and now the sails practically fall down when I ask them to.

Doris and Pete Wakeland  
*Tan Barque* hull # 277  
Silver City, NM

## About our newsletter...

Flicka Friends is still in the black and has enough money to continue publishing throughout the year. I have come to learn that some readers keep a file of back issues of the publication and actually pass it on to the next owner after they sell the boat. It is a good feeling to know that the information submitted by readers has been of such great interest to others.

Nevertheless, it is sometimes hard for me to get going on producing the next issue since it often seems like a solitary effort, and I probably work better when I have the direct interaction of others to help give me a kick to keep on track. Each time I hear from Flicka Friend, I feel more motivated to go to the computer and finish another edition. So, friends out there, keep those kicks

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 1997

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Do you own a Flicka \_\_\_\_\_ Hull # \_\_\_\_\_ Boat name \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone (Optional) \_\_\_\_\_ 154  
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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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first class