



Flicka Friends



Spring 1997 Vol. 2 #4

Voyage to America..... from America?

VOYAGE TO AMERICA

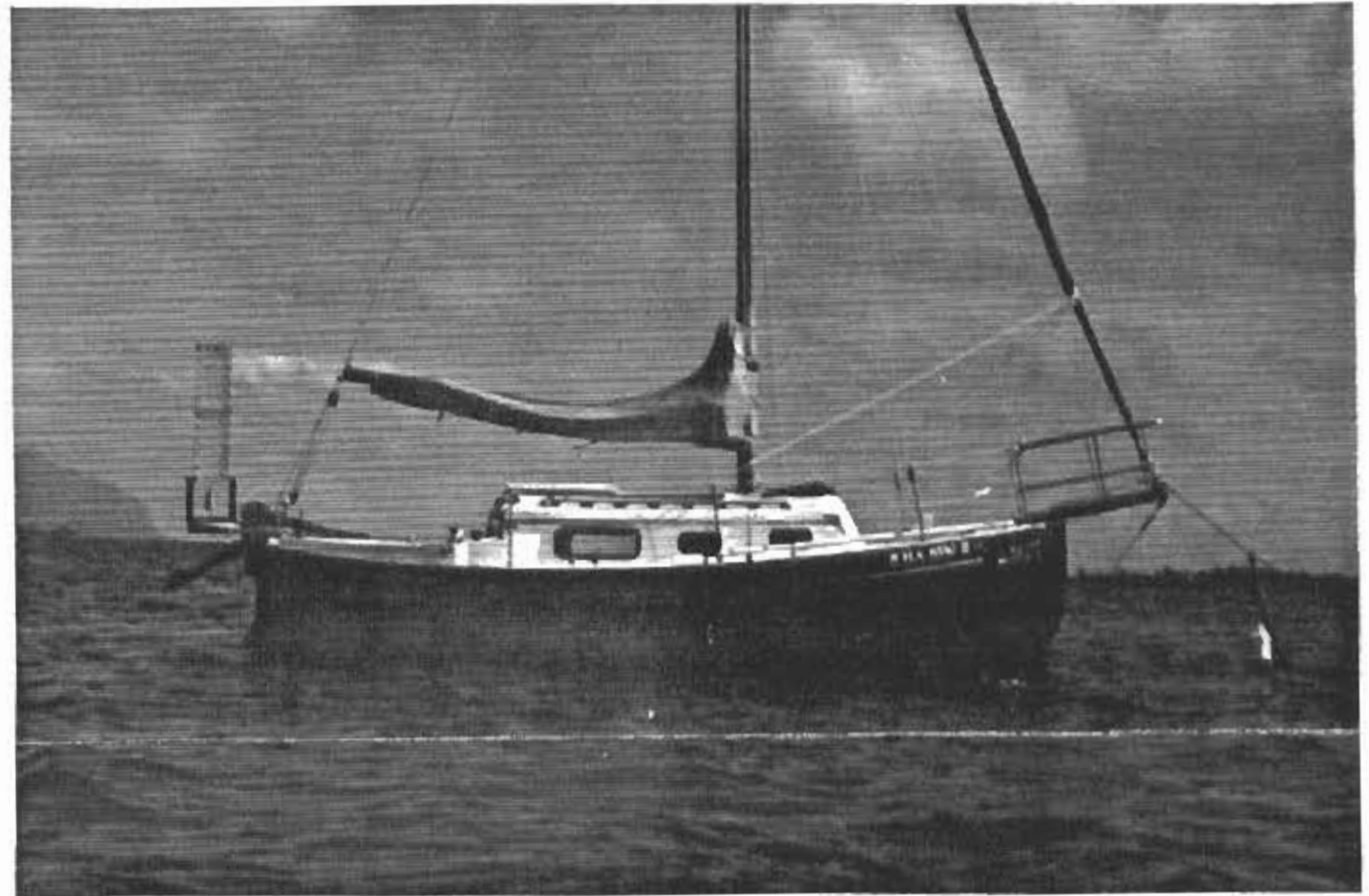
by John Hazen, Jr.

Contrary to popular belief, a single-hander aboard a 20 foot sailboat does not go slowly insane. Though, upon revealing such an intention to friends and fellow sailors, he will hear more often than not, "You're insane!"

You begin to think that you really are nuts when that day arrives and you are standing on the bow of your tiny yacht, mooring line in hand, about to drop it into the water. You've gone to Costco, loaded the boat with a month's worth of groceries. You've said goodbye to everybody, enjoyed the attention of the goodbye dinner. . .the cards, the gifts. Today's the day. You're committed or maybe ought to be.

The destination: Puget Sound; the many islands to sail to and explore; the marinas to pull into and the slips to tie up to; the calm, protected sailing and the whole different attitude toward cruising sailors and liveboards.

The route: due North, over the top of the Pacific High; then east to Neah Bay, Washington; down the Strait of Juan de Fuca to Port Townsend. see page 4



Above: One day a document was rubberbanded to my sheet winch.



No State of Hawaii Patrol boats out here, cool.

Send more stuff

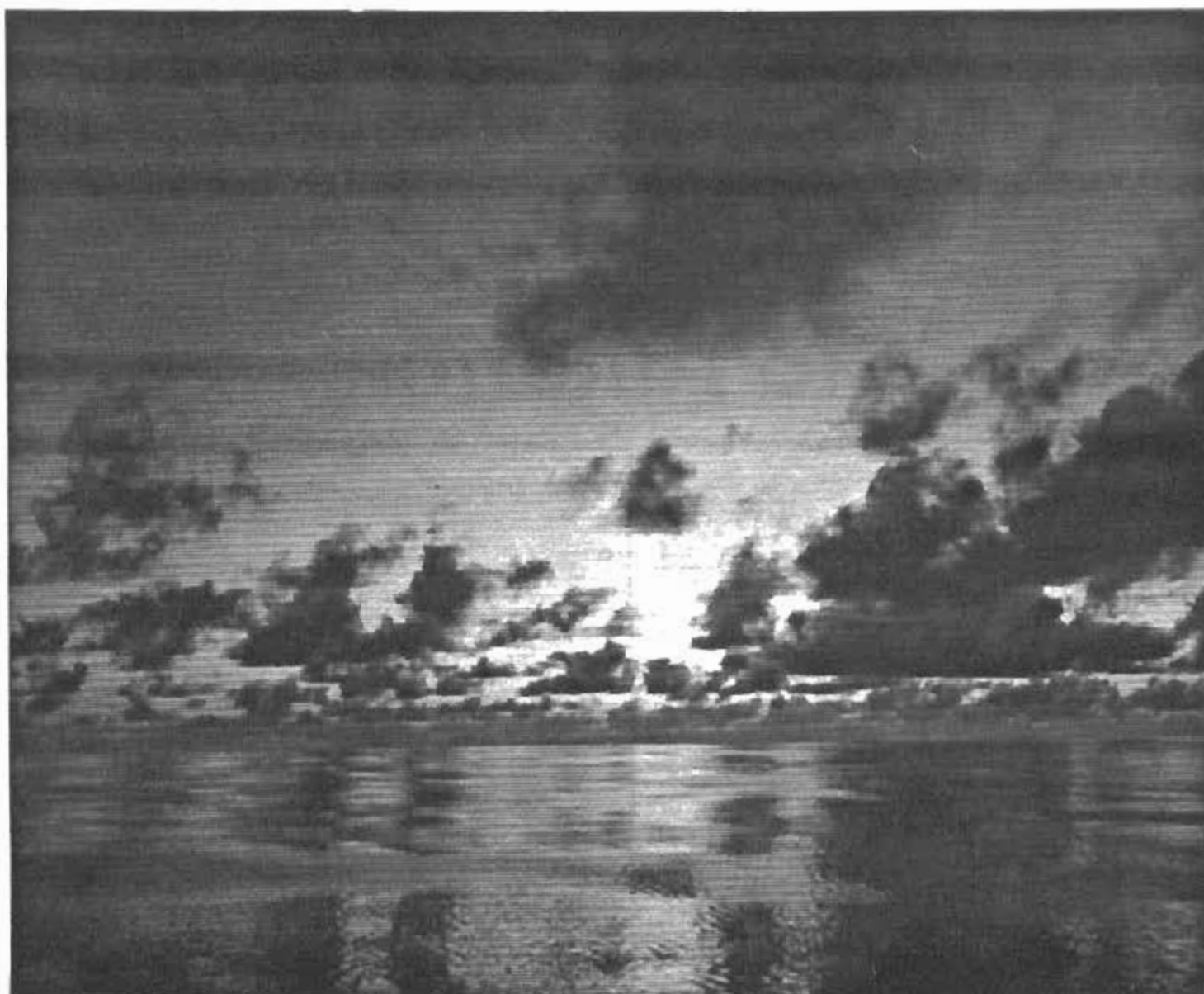
As always this section of the front page asks for articles, photos and other information from readers. Please send what you can even if it is a small article or a short story or a recipe. Photos are always great to receive. Also if anyone has ideas for new features, please let us know. There must be some launching stories waiting to happen.

Not all I dreamed of, but...by Dennis Pratt

Since I was about seventeen, I have often dreamed of an ocean passage in a small boat, beating along with a tropical breeze, a bottle of a vintage Bordeaux red breathing in the cockpit, some soft ripened cheese and the inviting aroma of baking bread rising from the gently gimbaled oven down below and me without a care in the world. I didn't realize how much of fantasy's fool I really was until I actually took such a voyage.

Three of us left from Las Palmas in the Canary Islands on the smallest boat in the fleet, a twenty-four foot sloop called *Ishtar*. The name of the boat alone should have been enough to warn me. The original *Ishtar* was a Babylonian goddess with a remarkably irritable disposition. We were on our way to San Salvador in the Bahamas tracing Columbus's route to the New World as participants in the America 500 rally in November of 1992.

We left the harbor in the late afternoon under a brisk wind and spent most of the next hour trying to find the starting line. None on board was an experienced racer. Even though one end of the starting line was marked by an enormous Spanish naval vessel we had trouble finding the other end. We believe we found it and crossed it. At any rate we were off toward the island of La Gomera to make a symbolic stop just as Columbus did. We had an easier time finding La Gomera than Columbus did. We didn't even have to use our compass. As the smallest and therefore the slowest boat all we did was simply follow the stern lights of the faster 139 other boats. A little depressing but fool-proof since it was unlikely all 139 boats were going the wrong way.



Pictured above is one of the many beautiful sunsets out in the Atlantic

There is evidence that Christopher had a beautiful mistress waiting for him on the island. We got a loaf of bread and our anchor fouled on a cable. After twelve hours we were able to raise the anchor and leave the fabled mountains of La Gomera astern. That first night at sea gave us a magnificent sunset and no crowd around us to spoil our view. What followed were days and days of perfect weather-so perfect that it became impossible to tell the days apart. We stood three hour watches giving each crew member a chance to sleep for six hours. But a chance was all it was because the winds grew more changeable, and we were each summoned on deck during our *nap time* and rarely got a full six hours sleep. Then came following winds and seas. Even with a modest following sea a twenty-four foot sailboat feels as if it is surfing the really big ones. It quickly became a circus act to accomplish even the most routine tasks. Visiting the head turned into an Olympic event; boiling water was abandoned in favor of canned beverages with pop tops. Entering and leaving the settee berths was a bit of a trick as well, but once in we managed to sleep. We had rigged the berths with lee cloths and put the long back cushion between our body and the cloths. With added pillows on the outboard side, we had been able to construct a cocoon. Thus enveloped, we slept almost as naturally as other cocoon dwellers. Except of course we were incessantly pried from our sanctuary to help out on deck or to stand our regular watch. Running meant that the helmsman had to constantly watch the angle of the wind to prevent an accidental jibe. We prevented most of them, but not all. Among other things an accidental jibe in mid Atlantic is loud, a big snap. One snap was considerably louder than the others. That time the backstay broke, somehow the mast remained vertical. Later the mast would be horizontal, but that's getting ahead of the story.

see page 3

That time the backstay broke, somehow the mast remained vertical. Later the mast would be horizontal

We had other problems as well: the auto pilot stopped working, the roller furling gear needed three people and a winch to operate it, the power to the VHF radio disappeared, the external antenna for the GPS told us we were in the wrong ocean, the wind instruments hadn't worked when we stepped on board, the knot log proved to be for decorative purposes only, the whisker pole was the wrong size for the boat, the back stay broke twice, the main halyard used as a temporary backstay broke once, the spinnaker halyard used as a temporary back stay broke once, and the mast fell down once. The seams on the dodger started coming apart, and the emergency VHF radio in the survival tube was corroded. The last two didn't seem too important in the face of having to make an alternative landfall on the island of Mayaguana, one of the outer islands in the Bahamas. Mayaguana was 130 miles to the southwest. The diesel engine did work and we had enough fuel to reach the island. As we powered over the reefs to the wrenching sounds of coral scraping the bottom, we knew we had made it back to terra firma. We dropped anchor in four feet of water and rowed an inflatable against a twenty knot headwind to shore and a waiting cheeseburger in paradise.

The voyage was undertaken aboard a Dana in December of 1992.

Windvanes

In the next issue we plan to cover self-steering for the Flicka as extensively as possible. We have at least one article already (from Gill in Bermuda) but need as many more as possible. Please send in descriptions and photos of your vane or of others that you know. John Hazen Jr. (story page one) has made his own.

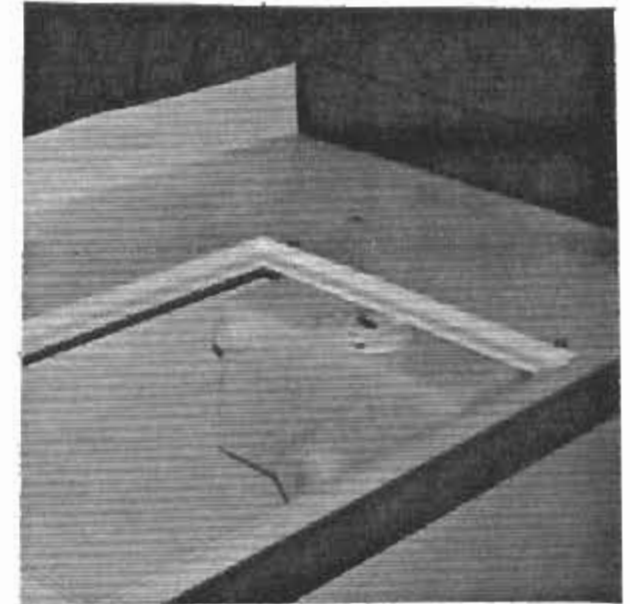
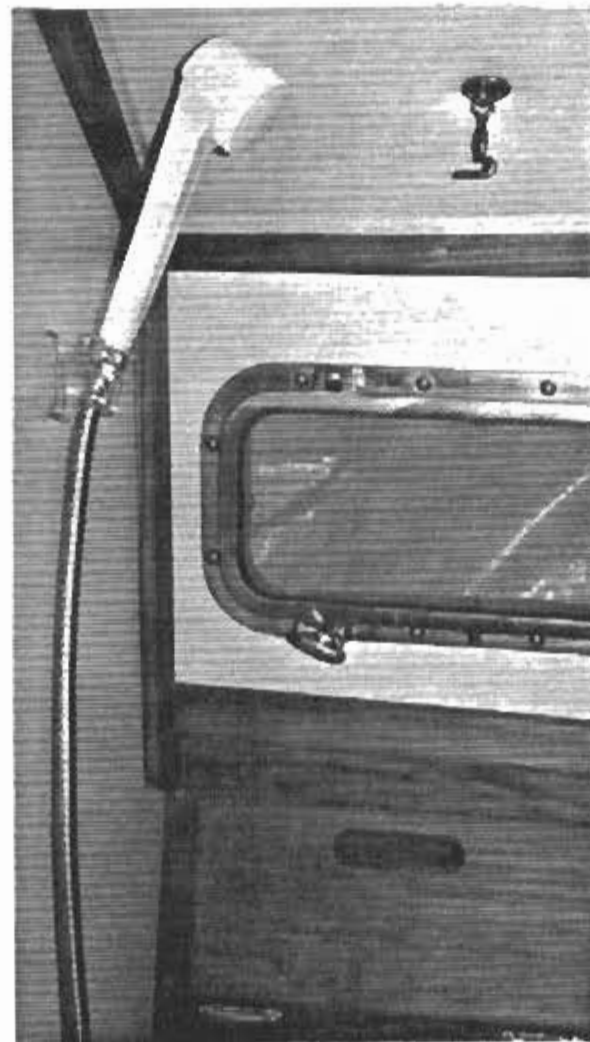
A little hot shower makes a Flicka even cozier

By Walter T. Fandel hull # 431 Pingouin

$$T3 = \frac{(2G \times T1) + (1G \times T2)}{3}$$

One may wonder why an article on a low cost shower system for Flickas with enclosed heads leads off with a mathematical equation. The reason is simple. The equation is the basis for determining the water temperature of the shower system I installed in my 1996 Flicka, *Pingouin*.

When I considered installing an inside shower, practicality, cost and maintenance were paramount. Fortunately, I planned ahead and had the factory install a drain in the head when the boat was under construction. A heat exchanger on the engine doesn't make sense because the engine is so small it would not get the water hot enough and running the engine too cool is not a good idea. I don't want the engine to run every time I take a shower anyway. Electric water heaters are expensive and require a shore power hookup. Such systems also require maintenance that I don't care to have. Most important, a Flicka's water storage is limited and a certain amount of discipline is required in its usage. I wanted to make my shower system use a minimum amount of fresh water but still be sufficient enough to wash off salt or whatever. Needless to say, a shower in a Flicka's head is mostly a sit down affair and requires some amount of contortionist behavior, unless one of course is very small dimensioned.



Left: The completed shower system assembly in hull number 431. Above: The water storage tank mounted in the starboard storage bin. See page four for the covered storage bin.

The system consists of a three gallon polyethylene water tank mounted under the settee just forward of the head, a Nautilist manual demand pump located in the same area,

see page 4

To America from page one, concludes on page five

I had been living aboard *Windard Pilgrim* since May of 1988. Just onshore I rented a space in a homeowner's backyard to store my dingy, park my bicycle, and to use the house for water and showers. The quiet anchorage at the southern end of Kaneohe Bay was just such a neat place to live. I enjoyed calm cool mornings that turned into perfect afternoon sailing. Sunsets turned clouds above me into a pastel lightshow. Then, the Koolaus would be back lit defining their majestic outline.

One day a document was found rubberbanded to my sheet winch. Hawaii Revised Statute Number Such-and-Such declared living aboard, other than at AlaWai or Keehi Marina, illegal. If I was caught manning my vessel at anchorage I could be fined \$75, my boat impounded or evicted. Not long thereafter, a large orange inflatable began patrolling the anchorages in the bay.

Luckily the patrols were conducted while I was ashore at work. But days off spent aboard were threatened by the possibility of having to answer to the two large officers pulling alongside.

August 2 was the day. My insides churned with excitement with a little bit of nervous anxiety thrown in at the thought of the unknown adventure the month or so will bring. I finally dropped the mooring line, then made my way aft to the purring 4 horse Yamaha outboard. The bow fell off just a bit. With a decisive twist of the throttle I gunned the engine and began my journey to America.

Once out of the anchorage I raised the sails, secured the outboard, then enjoyed the last sail on this beautiful Hawaiian morning to the northern end of Kaneohe Bay.

For the next few days the trades propelled us northward at 122 miles per day, and I settled in for my life aboard.

My fourth day at sea was calm. It's quiet. It's still. It's a cinch shooting the sun at noon on a steady cabin top. It's a hoot comparing my fix with the GPS.

I read. I nap. I check out every little object that's visible on the slick-surfaced ocean. I can see every stick, piece of foam, fish burp for miles around.

A glint of sunlight. A flashy sparkle. A Japanese glass ball with nylon netting tightly knitted around it. I started up the outboard and motored to the school globe sized float. I grabbed it, then attached it under the steering vane and beamed at such a fortuitous rare find.

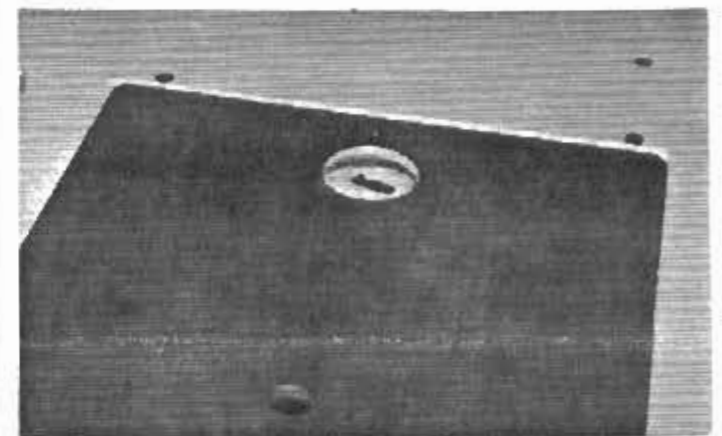
The days came and went, books were read and re-read. My daily positions were noted on the chart as I journeyed on a large arch bending eastward. A fix positioned me in one of the most remote areas of the earth. No State of Hawaii Patrol Boats out here. Cool!

The ocean is different every day. After a night of screaming winds, flashing lightning threatening my mast, reefing sails, unreefing sails, I woke up to a glorious morning of azure blue Trade Wind weather and scooted along lazily and did another 100 mile day.

My home-made steering vane was working really well. I was enjoying my huge paperback book collection. Nights brought out zillions of stars and fascinating talk shows from AM radio stations from the West Coast. I did not like baths. The ocean

Shower from page three

a water proof toggle switch (this is where the discipline is required) mounted in the fore and aft low bulkhead on the starboard side of the head and a Tempo handheld marine shower mounted on the forward bulkhead in the head. Appropriate hoses are hidden as much as possible. The water tank was modified to include a different drain and filler port. I used a Scandvik glass reinforced deck fill for the latter but modified it slightly. All parts can be purchased from West Marine and others for about \$150. One might want to add a waterproof curtain in front of the wet locker opening. I have not yet done so but probably will.



The bin cover has an extra hole cut in to give access to the water storage tank.

Pour two gallons of cold water into the shower tank. The temperature of that water could be 60 to 70 degrees during the summer where I sail in New England. This is the T1 in the above equation. Bring one gallon of water to a boil on the galley stove (be patient) and pour it into the shower tank. This is the T2 in the equation. A few minutes should be allowed for the tank temperature, T3 to equalize. The shower will then be ready for use. Obviously a bit of experimentation will be needed depending on your initial T1 temperature and your preference for a hot shower T3. If it's a warm sunny day and one has a sun shower, but the idea of a "au natural" shower on deck in a crowded harbor is not your thing, the sun shower water can be transferred to the internal system with no "T's" at all.

from page 4

The evening brought the gale. The ocean was huge, loud, and attracted my attention.

was getting colder as I soaped up naked in the cockpit then rinsed by pouring pressure cooker pots full of water over me. I then had to dry off without falling overboard.

An afternoon's conditions turned lumpy and chaotic. The sky turned dark and ominous. I reefed. I tied stuff down. I stowed gear below recalling my knockdown during my Tahiti trip. The mess, the bleeding, the cracked ribs.

The evening brought the gale. The ocean was huge, loud, and attracted my attention. With the tiller dampened with a bungee cord and the vane tied down and secured, the Flicka climbed the 10 foot walls of water comfortably. I would hardly hear the tempest outside as I napped on the cabin sole.

Wednesday, August 31st
Shook reefs out at 5 a.m.
Beautiful day! Saw first ship.
Only 200 miles to go to Neah Bay
ETA Friday!

Friday, September 2nd
Land! Snow capped mountains!
Vancouver Island dead ahead! Yahoo!

I sailed right up to the coast and then tacked down Vancouver Island against a stiff southerly. I spotted a 30 foot sailboat turning into the entrance of an inlet. I sailed up to the C&C 30 and hailed the helmsman. He invited me to follow him into the nearby marina.

Ucluelet. Try to say it aloud after being alone for 32 days. It makes your tongue curl funny.

The crew aboard Sorroco invited me to raft up to their boat. They scribbled a phone number to all Customs and directed me to the harbormaster's

America from page 4

office. Still in yellow foulies, still barefoot, I wobbled up to the tiny office, checked in and called Customs.

A woman showed up with a clipboard at my boat about 20 minutes later. By then I'd peeled off my yellow suit and straightened the boat up a bit.

Any fruits or vegetables?
I ate them all.
Any crew members?

I created a comical, wide-eyed countenance and answer very slowly, I ate them all. She rolled her eyes, handed me a receipt and mechanically announced, Welcome to Canada. Enjoy your stay. She almost smiled. Hey! I was smiling!

I ran back up to the office to call my dad back in Hawaii. Canada? What the hell you doing in Canada? Dads are like that. A hot shower and a good shave was next. I reported at dinnertime to Sorroco, clean shaven, clean smelling, a proud and happy singlehander with quite a tale to tell to the wide-eyed weekend cruisers.

It took me a week of cruising through the Broken Group Archipelago, partying in Bamfield, crossing the Strait of Juan de Fuca, dodging freighters at sunset, to finally grope into Neah Bay on a mid-September midnight, back in the good old US of A.

Well, not exactly the USA. Neah Bay is a Makah Indian community. A large sign at the entrance to town states that you are a guest and you'd better behave yourself. I behaved myself. I enjoyed myself. The September sunsets were beautiful. I called friends and wrote postcards. The huge museum was fascinating.

After doing Neah Bay, I journeyed down the Strait to Sekiu, Freshwater Bay, Port Angeles and finally Port Townsend. At Fleet Marine they put my weary little Flicka up on the hard for a winter's rest. My brother drove all the way up from Battleground to pick me up and join his family so I could get settled and decide about my new life in America.

Thoughts from your editor...Dennis Pratt

It's still cold here in the Chicago area with few if any signs that we will have a spring. We often don't. The *Prince of Whales* is scheduled to go in the water on April 3. I try to avoid April Fool's Day lest friends make the obvious comparison. One year there was actually a thin layer of ice in the harbor as I entered in the spring. We found open patches and made it to the slip without incident.

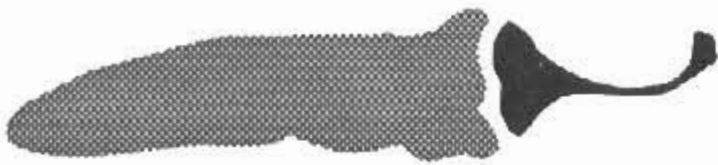
The boat did not receive much attention

over this winter partly because of the weather and partly because I have been going to the Seattle area regularly to check on the progress of a small tugboat that my son is building for me in Port Townsend. It's about 18 feet long with a protected wheelhouse and camping accommodations for two people. I expect to return to the Puget Sound area during the off season here and use the tug. Retiring in a few years to Puget Sound, I will have two boats.

Flicka Friend wants to meet Flicka Friend

Gill Outerbridge has expressed interest in corresponding with a single-hander Flicka sailor who is male and single. Gill can be reached at:

Box GE 225
St. George's Bermuda
GE BX



Hot News

Rendezvous set for July 19 and 20 near Chicago

Sadly there has been only one near definite positive response to the rendezvous set for July. Designer Bruce Bingham expressed some interest in addition to the one other person. Since Flickas were not aggressively marketed in the midwest there are few of the boats here, and a rendezvous involving the boats seems like a formidable task. It would be great to have the people come with or without the boats to share some of their experiences and stories.

This must be the last call for respondents since it is vital to reserve the space at the conference center in the harbor before it is taken. I will need to reserve the space before the season is too far along. Gill Outerbridge from Bermuda has offered to give a presentation on sailing in Bermuda. I will give a presentation on the history and preparation of the newsletter. Perhaps I can get the local PSC dealer to do something as well.

Old copy of "Scrollwork" discovered in files

It seems as if there has been at least one other attempt to develop a newsletter dedicated to the *Flicka*. I found a copy of a 1987 newsletter called the *Scrollwork* published by Morris and Karen London of Arnold, Maryland.

The issue reports some of the same challenges any newsletter experiences such as finding enough material to print and getting motivated to produce each issue.

The issue I have shows a picture of a Northstar Flicka gaff rigged with a headsail and a dolphin striker. The mast must be well over thirty feet long.

Another article from the "Scrollwork".

Good tasting water

We had a problem with a chemical taste in the water on our Flicka. We finally installed a charcoal water filter, but also had to install a water pump to get the water through the filter. We purchased the filter at an RV store, and it took an afternoon to install. We often sail where the water is questionable and we superchlorinate our water. The filter even takes the chlorine taste out of the water

Racing ratings:

The Flicka generally gets a PHRF (performance handicap racing fleet) rating of about 300 which means Flickas are given 300 seconds per mile over the race course. On a can race with lots of windward work, Flickas generally do not do very well. On port to port races there is a greater opportunity for the Flickas to make a good showing as witness by a fine finish that Bruce Bingham made on Sabrina in a round Long Island race some years ago.

Cleaning the water tanks:

The addition of a white plastic screw-on deck access plate on the top of the water tank really takes the chore out of cleaning it. Use one large enough for your fist to comfortably fit holding a wet sponge. Then clean the tank regularly. (Editors note) For drinking water I invariably carry water in jerry jugs and avoid altogether the possibility of the tank water being bad).

T-shirts, or hats or burgees anyone? The "Scrollwork" had drawings and an order form for t-shirts and hats with a sailplan drawing of the Flicka printed on the front. If anyone is interested in gear of this kind, please say so and we'll arrange with a local supplier to have some items available.

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? _____

Letters...

Below are some of the letters recently received

From Gill Outerbridge in Bermuda aboard "Dart".

Greetings from Bermuda where it is warm and sunny and a perfect breeze blowing across St. George's sheltered harbour.

The other evening I browsed through all the back issues of *Flicka Friends* and I can tell you I find it totally inspiring to think there are so many owners out there in all sorts of places having a great time.

When I bought *Dart* I chose a *Flicka* because I wanted a boat small enough to maintain and handle alone but with the potential of extended cruising. Seven years later and she still fits the bill.

She is back in the water with all new ports. I replaced the smalls ones with Beckson and the large one with Bowmar. They are now all opening ports which will be great in the summer months. I had persistent leaks under the side deck on the port side near the companionway and finally bit the bullet and unbolted the rear ten feet of genos track, unscrewed the hull/deck joint and pried it apart. After a good thick coating of 5200 it was replaced and the interior is now dry as a bone. The support pad under the mast was showing signs of compression with a slight sink in the middle and crazing of the gel coat. It was dug out completely and a block of teak inserted and fibreglassed in.. Topped with a stainless steel plate and then the tabernacle fitting and I think it is stronger than the original. Entirely new rigging was a good idea after seventeen years. In removing the fitting from the end of the bowsprit I discovered the where two small screws held it in place the wood had rotted completely unseen. The rot was dug out and the holes filled in with epoxy. The screws are not necessary as the fitting is held in place with the bobstay and forestay etc.. But they let in enough water to do what could have been serious damage. I suggest this is a spot worth examining. Needless to say I did not redrill for screws on replacing the fitting and rigging.

Cheers,
Gill

Dear Dennis,

While *Flicka's* single storage drawer under the galley stove is reasonably sized, it is really not very convenient for the storage of cutlery and similar items. I made a very simple modification to the top edges of this drawer which enabled me to add a cutlery tray. Page 568 of the '97 West Marine catalog offers the tray for \$4.95. The dimensions of this tray, which I'm sure is an accident as far as my application is concerned, allows it to be dropped into the drawer without falling in. It does not, however, drop in low enough for its top to clear the bottom of edge of the cabinet. If one wants to close the drawer with the tray in place and also be able to slide the tray back and forth, the top edges of the drawer must be relieved to form a track and allow more cabinet space.

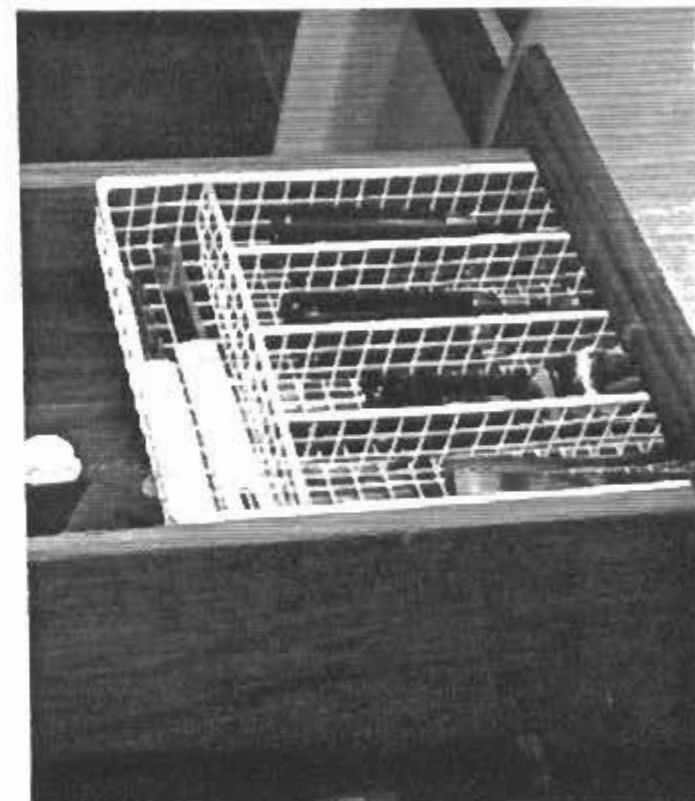
I accomplished this by carefully scribing lines on the inside of each side of the drawer, then cutting away the wood to form a small track on each side. I used a very sharp knife and finished with sand paper.

What resulted are increased drawer storage and a very convenient placement for cutlery. Whoever makes these drawers at the factory could easily make this modification prior to drawer assembly at little or no extra cost. Someone should suggest same.

Sincerely,

Walter T. Frandel

Pictured below is the completed installation of Walter's cutlery tray.



Let's hear from some new folks

Since the newsletter's debut in 1995, a small but talented groups of readers have been sending in most of the material used on these pages. I think it would do us all some good to hear from some of the people we don't often hear from. You don't have to have found a marvelous new addition to the boat or have sailed across an ocean. An afternoon sail with family and friends would make a good story or other adventures such as sailing with small children or what provisions you or your guests take to avoid seasickness. Please jot down a few notes and send them in with photos.

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. Send \$10.00 to start a subscription. Thank you all very much. "Flicka Friends" Copyright 1997. The date after your name on the label is expiration date of your current subscription.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

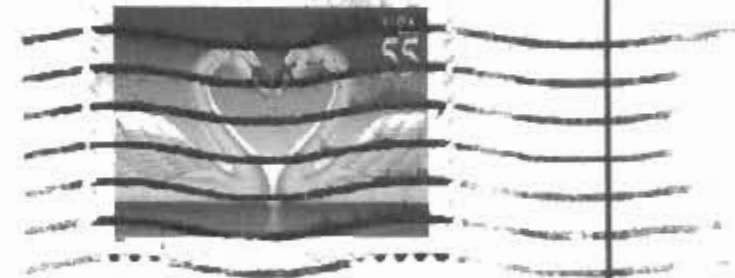
Do you own a Flicka _____ Hull # _____ Boat name _____

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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