



Flicka Friends



Fall 1997

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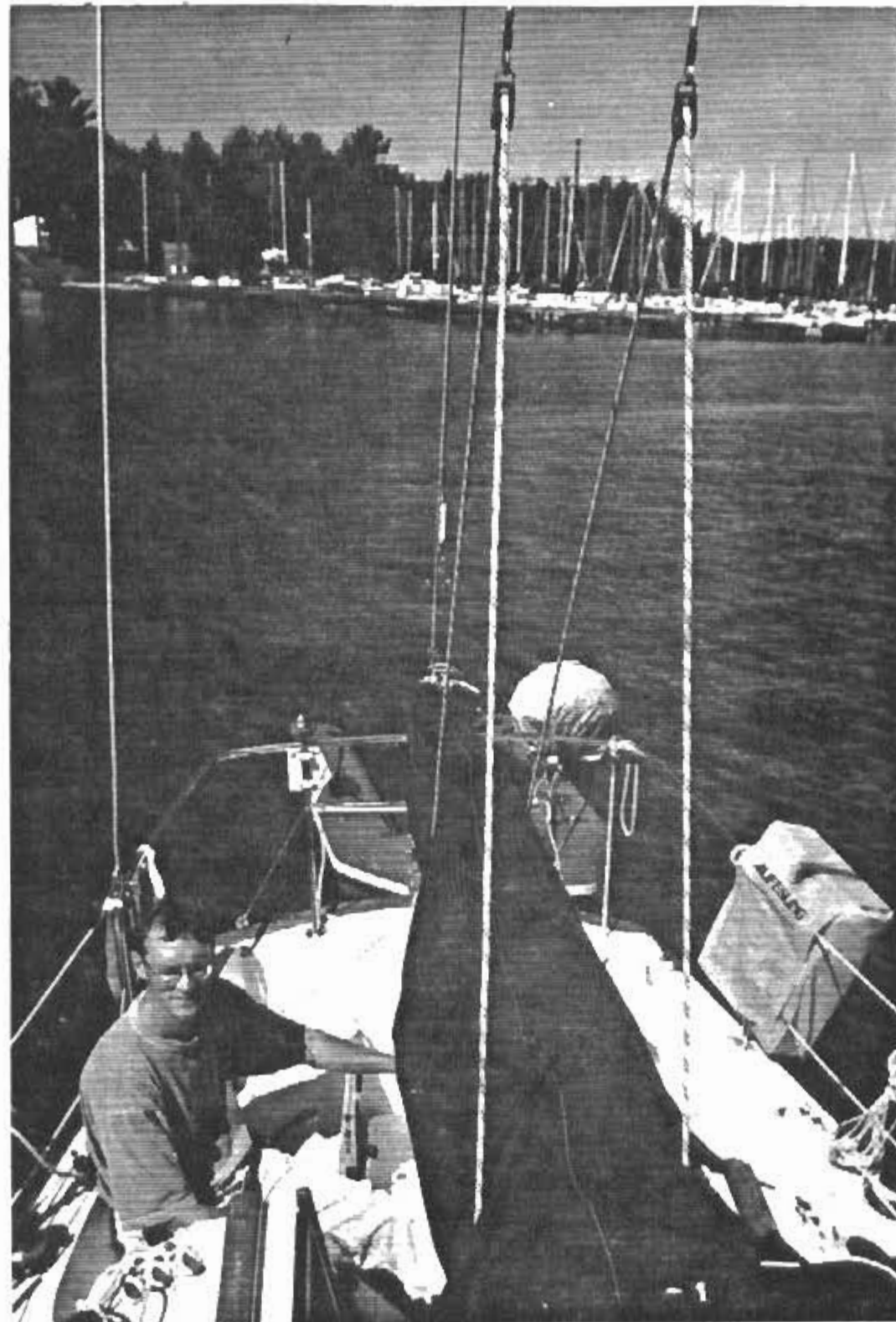
Sailing in the Apostle Islands

By Tom Davison

Looking for Schooner Bay Marina requires a little more time than the other marinas around Bayfield, Wisconsin. Driving down the gravel road into the marina brings about a certain amount of doubt. Turning the last corner, a number of boats come into view, eliminating the concern about finding a marina. The average boat length here is more than thirty feet, maybe even forty feet. The smallest sailboat is the Pacific Seacraft Flicka that I am looking for. Walking down the dock, I find a green hull about half way down the right side.

Dave Mills is aboard *JULIE ANNE*, preparing for a several of days on Lake Superior. I introduce my wife and talk briefly about our plans. Betsy will meet us at Little Sand Bay later today. There are a number of details left. We top off the diesel tank, fill a small water jug and bring the dinghy over from the ramp. Stowing my gear aboard takes only a few minutes.

Within the hour, we are motoring past the narrow entrance of the marina and into the protected waters of the Apostle Islands. Once clear of the harbor entrance, we raise the main and unfurl the genoa. Reaching north, we head for the channel between Oak and Stockton Island. Turning west near Oak Island, the winds vary slightly al-



Motoring out of Schooner Bay Marina aboard *JULIE ANNE*

lowing us to continue easily. Oak Island eliminates the waves and we enjoy fine sailing. Nearing the south shore of Manitou Island, we clear Oak Island and begin to encounter larger waves. The wind changes and we adjust the sails. Making headway is more difficult. Continuing west, we travel toward Otter Island, finally tacking back toward the mainland. Several tacks are necessary to travel south into the channel between Oak and Raspberry Islands.

After another tack, we approach the dock on the south shore of Raspberry Island. Nearing the dock, a small sailboat moves into the open water and raises the mainsail. Instantly, we recognize the gaff-rig and watch the skipper set the large sail on the catboat and travel past. Lowering our sails, we motor the last few minutes to the dock. The westerly winds are creating a light chop. Docking between the two fingers, we easily tie up in the protected water. Forty feet above is Raspberry Lighthouse. This woodframe lighthouse was built in 1863. the lighthouse was equipped with

a fifth order fresnel lens. Flash panels were added in 1891. The lighthouse was redesigned in 1906 creating a duplex. The lighthouse was fully automated in 1947.

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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, a short story or a recipe. Photos are always great to receive. Also, if anyone has ideas for new features, please let me know. Wishing everyone all the best for the holiday season.

Sight unseen and still a beauty

by Bill Schmidt

I just bought a Flicka—sight unseen. Stupid? I don't know. I'm in Wisconsin. The boat's in Florida. I know a guy who knows someone who knows a boat surveyor down there. Surveyor's report: stove is trash; new interior; wiring by Bugs Bunny; but running rigging good and except for minor blistering the hull is sound. Even the boat yard guy told me, "Nice lookin' little boat." Good enough for me. I bought it.

Without telling you the price I'm telling you the price was right. My ex-wife would call it cheap. I'd call it frugal—a deal. At least now when I'm accused of still having the first dime I ever earned I can honestly say I spent it on a Flicka.

Let me point out you're not dealing with a sane man here. For the past twenty years, I've made hundreds of imaginary crossings in my mind-conjured Flicka. I've collected Flicka articles for the past

fifteen years. I haven't had a dream in the last ten where this pudgy little boat hasn't drifted across my mind shrouded in a halo.

I know there is supposed to be a difference between spiritual and material things. But owning a Flicka is a religious matter. To me the Flicka is a vessel that flows through your vessels and pumps to your heart thoughts of exotic pleasures and far away places. No one who owns one wants to die and drift up to heaven. They want to sail there in their Flicka.

But before I die I wanted to call 'Flicka Friends' editor Dennis Pratt to see just how much doo doo I had stepped in for buying a boat sight—unseen. First Dennis chuckled kindly. Then he spewed out a wealth of information that even fifteen years of Flicka articles had omitted. When I was done scribing, I knew exactly what systems I needed to check when my older Flicka arrived, plumbing, electrical, parts replacement and all. The man is filled to the brim with a rare combination: patience and knowledge.

Thoughts from your editor...Dennis Pratt

In the article above the author mentions TC Vollum and the refit of her Flicka. TC lives in Oregon and keeps her boat in Port Townsend, Washington. Her Flicka is a serious off shore cruiser that has crossed the Pacific.

This past summer, shortly after I helped my son Geoff relaunch his Flicka after he had painted the hull black and we were on our way to his slip in the Port Townsend Boat Haven, a woman with considerable élan raced to the end of the pier and yelled, "Hey, great paint job." Neither of us knew at that moment who that could have been, but it was unlikely it was someone unfamiliar with Flickas.

We tied up the boat and I went to find the lady who commented on the paint job. It was TC whom I had never met. She turned out to be a delightful person and we chatted for a while about Flickas. She actually had known my son's Flicka in its previous life.

TC's boat is painted a bright Kelly green and is equipped to take on the oceans of the world. There is a detailed description of her refit printed in *Cruising World* about a year and a half ago. The article lists what she has done and the cost for each item. The paint job was the most costly item, but it is an excellent job and the most striking color on a Flicka I have ever seen.

Which brought me to the next question. How can I get a cheap (frugal) trailer to haul my dream from Florida to Wisconsin. Dennis told me to stand at the end of a two-mile trailer requisition line he has and then not to hold my breath waiting for one. After saying goodbye, I relayed this to my neighbor who knows a guy who has a friend leaving for Florida with a boat trailer in January. Who knows?

Two final points of this overwritten ordeal...

First: I already know I'll feel like TC Vollum when her "cheap Flicka in sound condition" arrived ready for her refit. Chronicled in a *Cruising World* article, she wrote, "My heart sunk when I first laid eyes...on it" But I'm happy to note that she fixed it up and is now sailing the world in her Flicka.

Last: Hey, I know what you're thinking. If this gut sails his boat with the same method and logic he used in buying it he'll be dead in a year. Maybe so, but what a way to go. In my Flicka to heaven.

Subscription renewal

Please note the date next to your name as it indicates when your subscription is up for renewal. The renewal cost is \$10.00 per year. There is not much left in the kitty at the moment what with some unanticipated expenses with copying photographs and having to redo an entire issue due to my own mistakes.

I also send issues to some people who have not renewed since I print enough extra anyway.

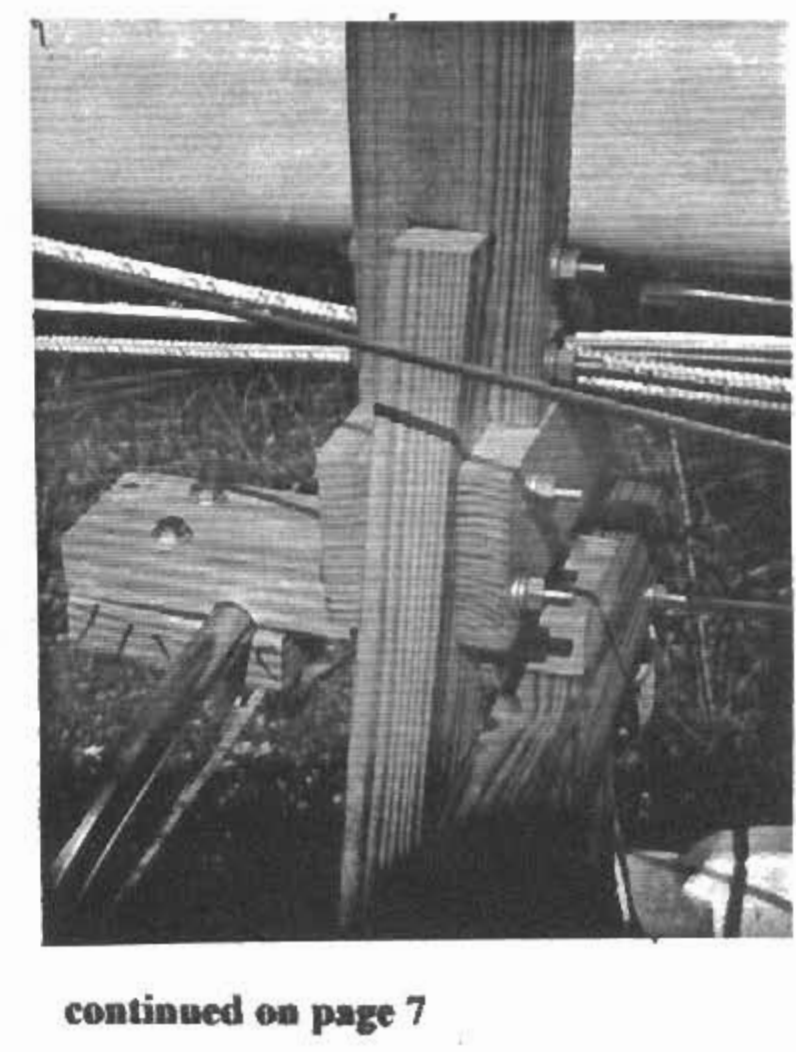
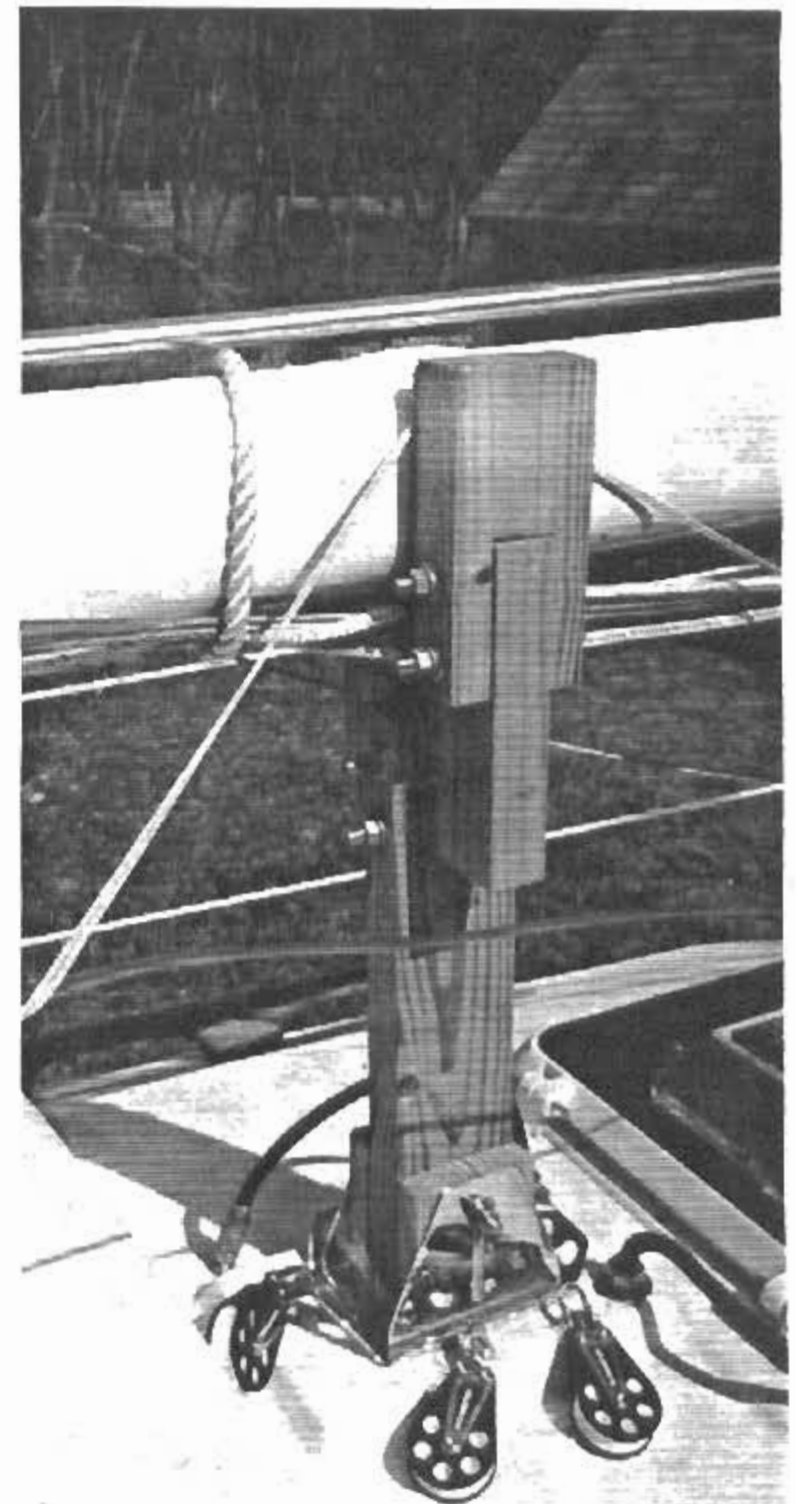
Since the next issue will not be out until late winter 1998, I would like to wish all the Flicka Friends the happiest and healthiest of holidays and all the best for the coming year. Enjoy your adventures.

Let's stow the mast more professionally

by **Walter T. Fandel**
Pingouin hull #431

This past winter, my first with the boat, I looked at the way in which the mast and boom were supported for hauling the boat to my home and decided something better was needed. The boom had been lashed down on the deck with some padding. The arrangement protected everything but was not very professional. The mast was supported at two ends with appropriate padding and lashed to the forward and aft pulpits. Everything arrived home in good order but, again, I felt something better was needed.

The photos printed here show my three point support for the mast. Also shown is a two point support arrangement for the boom. All of the parts were fabricated from pressure treated lumber and fastened by galvanized steel hardware. All three mast support points are on rubber and rug padding. The cavity of each support captures the flats on the mast sides and prevents any mast twist or rotation. In addition, there are slots on both sides of each support into which halyards, stays and the like rest to keep them in order and out of the way. The boom supports clamp on to the stanchions and are shaped to match the boom's cross section. Again, rug padding is used to protect the paint finish.



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Sailing in the

Returning to *JULIE ANNE*, we head west toward Little Sand Bay Harbor. Several boats pass as we near the harbor. The last vessel was seemingly from another era. An old fishing boat motored out, crossing the wake of the large cruiser. I was surprised to see that the fishing boat rolled heavily over this wake.

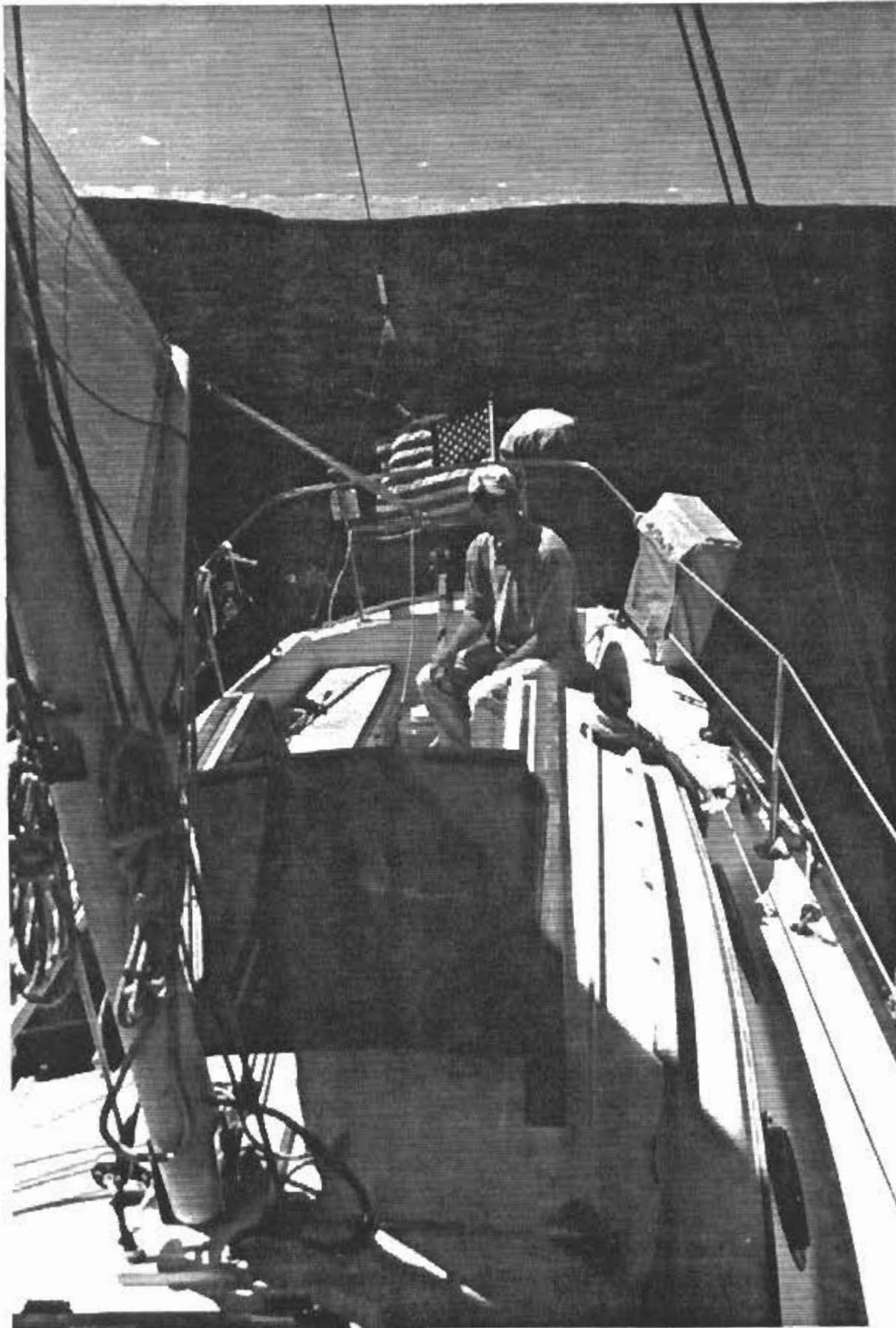
Entering the harbor at Little Sand Bay, we find more boats than might be expected on a Wednesday night. All ten slips were full and the only remaining space was located on the Town of Russell side of the little harbor. Somewhat sanded in, most deep draft boats avoid this dock.

As we turn around in the harbor, the captain of a 35' Pearson ketch calls to us, saying that the water is shallow along that dock, and suggests that we med-moor. In nearly the same breath, he asks if our boat is a Flicka. Of course it is. Dave is familiar with the siting of this harbor, he selects an approach to clear the sand and put our port side to the dock. A simple and correct docking. I was glad of it, especially with the number of experienced power and sailboat crews watching.

What happened next could be out of a Pacific Seacraft Flicka advertisement. Several people wander over and then several more. Before we knew it, there were eight people looking at the Flicka. They asked questions about the sailboat, the length, weight, headroom, etc. Some were interested enough to ask for look below deck. Later, I joked with Dave about selling tickets the next time we dock.

Little Sand Bay is away from most of the charter boats and the

tourists of Bayfield. Protected by large breakwalls and an approach channel, it is a perfect little harbor. There are about a dozen slips on the west side and enough dock for several large boats. A ranger station, visitor center, launch ramp, water and campground round out the services.



Sailing Julie Anne near Hermit Island in the Apostle Islands Archipelago.

are fishing camps that date back into the late 1890's and a few are still being used as inholdings with the National Lakeshore.

The names associated with them include F. Shaw, B. Hill, S.

Little Sand Bay is also the location of an old fishing camp, one of two that have been restored by the National Park Service. The Hokensons fished from this location from the mid-1920's, retiring in the 1960's. There are several buildings including a twine shed, ice house, and a herring shed along the dock.

After agreeing on a meeting time the following morning, Betsy and I drive off to the crowds of Bayfield and the nightly battle of eating dinner. Between driving, eating and getting back to the room, we would finally settle in by 9:30 p.m. I wish to be aboard a sailboat enjoying the sunset and not battling the tourists in downtown Bayfield. Certainly, a good sunset was missed.

The weather for the second day is much different from first. The western skies are gradually turning grey and dark. Rain was forecast and expected. Leaving Little Sand Bay around 8:30 am., our immediate course was the southeastern tip of Sand Island. The area between Sand Island and the mainland is shallow. Near the island, we began to see houses along the shore. They

Apostle Islands

Phipps, F. Anderson, C. Jensen and one was known as Camp Stella. Some of the boats working this area in the past were the Easton, America, Roy Herring King, C.W. Turner and the Apostle Island. Activities in the camps ranged from mending nets, cleaning fish, setting and cooking (making moonshine).

Turning west, we find depths of ten feet, certainly more than the charted seven feet. West of the old fishing camps, we pass an open fishing motorboat. Just ahead, we find a net stretching across the bay. Passing over it would mean keeping away from the buoys that mark each end of the net. *JULIE ANNE* clears the net easily.

Beyond Eagle Island, we put the autopilot in place and enjoyed having someone else steer. A short time later, the wind finally increases enough to raise the sails. They were favorable allowing a reach. After a quick lunch with the autopilot steering, we encounter the first rain.

Passing Hebster, I enter the latitude and longitude our destination. The waypoint should put us between the breakwalls at Port Wing. Now I would be able to see just how accurate my G.P.S. really is. The winds disappear, forcing us to motor. Since we were under power, it was easy to follow the G.P.S. readings toward the breakwaters at the Port Wing inlet. The waypoint was reached at nearly the same time we entered the dredged channel between the breakwalls. My faith in the use of the global positioning system improved considerably. Entering Port Wing, we slowly travel to the end of the dredged area east of the channel from Lake Superior. The depth gage showed 14 feet through much of the channel. We dock in the

transient slips near the breakwall. Port Wing was first named Bratt's Landing in the late 1800's. Changed to Newport in 1893, the name finally named after Isaac Wing (of Bayfield) who paid for improvements.

Walking toward the marina office in the rain, we pass several fishing boats, a number of charter fishing boats and power boats. There were a few services at the marina office, including fishing supplies, soda, restrooms, and showers. The closest cafe was two miles down the road in the town of Port Wing.

Betsy drove in about an hour after we docked. We noticed my navy blue Jeep approaching and I stepped out into her view. With head to toe yellow foul weather gear, I certainly stood out from the surrounding scenery. After a few photographs, it was time to depart. I said good-bye to Dave and we drove off toward Bayfield. Dinner was once again something difficult to accomplish. Reservations were required and we had to return an hour later. The food was good, but the dining room was crowded and loud. The next day was spent looking at the boats in the Bayfield Wooden Boat Rendezvous.

Several days later, I called Dave and asked about the rest of his trip. Dave said that he continued on to Duluth the next morning, enjoying the favorable northeast winds. The return trip was more difficult,

going to weather much of the way.

My thanks to Dave for two great sailing days.



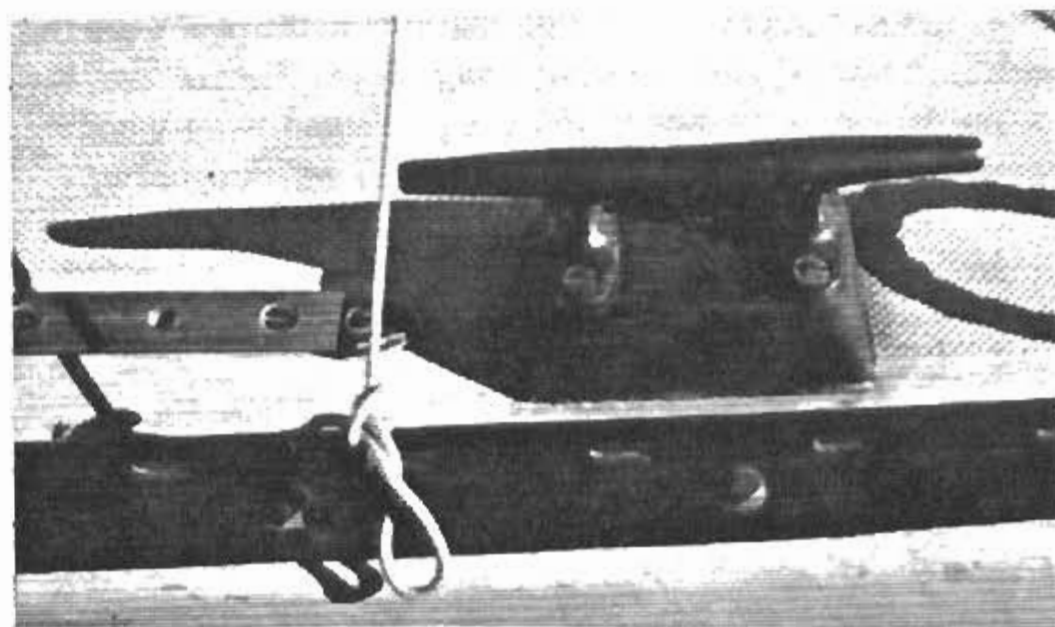
Julie Anne at the transient docks located at Port Wing, Wisconsin.

A few improvements from Peter Wakefield

Peter sails hull # 277 *Tan Barque* and has sent photos of some of the changes he has made to his Flicka.



Above: The standard hanging locker has been divided into a smaller hanging locker and two shelves have been added to the outboard side of the locker. Below: Peter ordered the standard clothing locker but added a shelf on each side that is fixed with a small retaining clip on the inboard side to hold plastic baskets for underwear and socks, etc. The center shelf lifts out to give access to the anchor locker.



Above: On the starboard deck Peter mounted an 8 inch bronze cleat on a teak block about 1 3/4 inches high to attach a spring line and avoid chafe on the cabin top near the foredeck. Below: The chain locker has been divided into two compartments and a second cleat and deck plate added room enough for 50 feet of chain and 250 feet of rode on each side. Note some bend in his CQR, interesting evenings at anchor.



More on stowing the mast professionally

from page 3

The method I employed to fabricate the stanchion and pulpit clamps, as shown in the photos, was to bore a one inch diameter hole in two 2X4 pieces held together during the boring and then remove some thickness from one of them on a table saw so that when they were bolted together they would clamp nicely on to a pulpit or stanchion.

The tabernacle support for the mast is held in place by the same bolt that positions the base of the mast. Lastly, I made a tiny cradle to support the bottom end of the roller furler. It is bolted to the bottom end of the mast.

My cost for all of the above was under \$50. There was, however a considerable amount of sweat involved.



Please add my name to those Flicka Friends 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. The date after your name on the label is the expiration date of your current subscription. Thank you all very much.

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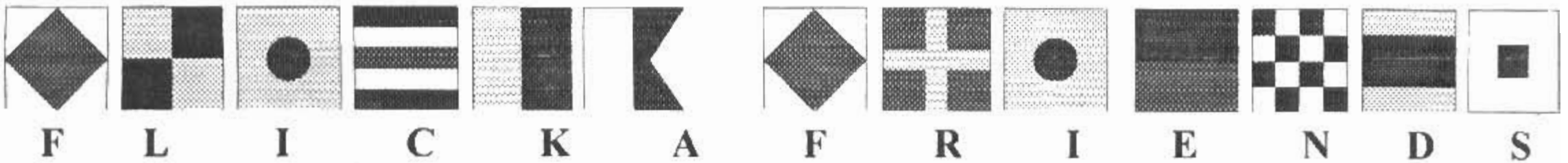
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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Do you own a Flicka? YES NO Hull Number _____ Boat Name _____

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