



Flicka Friends



Summer 2000

Vol. 5, No. 2

s/v RAPPURT Sails For Hawaii

By Jill Geary

With their senses of humor still intact, Jack Harding and retired attorney Don Marken (*KIRI*, Pacific Seacraft Flicka #241) are casting off for Radio Bay, Hilo, Hawaii. With more than a years worth of preparation nearly complete, both are extremely relaxed. They, and Jack Harding's Flicka *RAPPURT*, were ready.

RAPPURT is a 1984 Pacific Seacraft hull and deck, purchased by Jack as a sailor completion kit. For a time, these kits were available from Pacific Seacraft in various stages of completion. Jack selected the deck, hull and rudder version, purchasing hull # 298 from the factory. Jack began finishing his Flicka through-out the 1980's and 1990's during spare time from his job with the Boeing Aircraft Corporation in Seattle, Washington.

RAPPURT's interior is seaworthy as well as unique. Designed and built by Jack, her long galley is to starboard opposite the full length settee, with custom lee cloth, to port.

The galley includes a two burner propane stove (not gimballed) as well as a single, propane gimballed burner of the Sea Swing type. Her deep sink handles the forty gallons of potable water, operated by a foot pump.

Moving forward, the V-berth is a bit offset, with an insert, and large hanging locker to starboard. Jack built the berth a bit higher than standard thus providing for more storage below and low. During the passage, Jack and Don will stow clothing atop the V-berth, alternating off-watch sleeping on the settee. The head



Jack Harding and Don Marken aboard *RAPPURT* (PSC # 298) on April 23, 2000, one day prior to their departure for Hawaii.

requirements are solved with the simple bucket approach, located under the insert.

Aft to port is the quarter berth where the dinghy and the safety equipment are stowed. Included in the safety inventory is the valise type Beaufort - Dunlop four man life raft with inflatable floor and canopy, a Pur Survivor Model 06 handheld watermaker, a nine foot Paratech sea anchor with six hundred of three strand line on a spool, 406 EPIRB, and provisioning for forty days.

Ground tackle consists of a 20# CQR with thirty of high test chain and three hundred feet of braid, as well as a 10 kilogram (22 pound) Bruce anchor. Jack mentions that if his cruising destination

were, let's say, the South Pacific for an extended period of time, he would most definitely modify his ground tackle to include more chain.

Electronics are limited to two handheld GPS, a sextant, and VHF. Two 74A gel cell batteries are the DC supply, charged by either the 35A engine (Yanmar 1 GM) alternator, or the single 30W, 1.7A Solarex solar panel which is flat mounted to the sea hood. No autopilot is on board. Self steering is left to the Monitor wind vane.

Speaking of the *RAPPURT*'s inboard diesel, the prop can be centered by aligning the prop shaft to pre-determined

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San Diego to Hawaii in 21 Days

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m/v SCAMPER?



What is a motorboat doing on the pages of Flicka Friends? The answer is that it belongs to Geoff Pratt, who also owns s/v VALENTINE - Pacific Seacraft Flicka # 86.

Next Issue

The next issue of Flicka friends is already beginning to take shape with three articles:

- Flicka Profile: *BEN MAIN, Jr.*, Richard Shepard
- Installing Radar on s/v *HOTSPUR* by Eric Jungemann
- Building s/v *QED* by Dave Kenyon
The first in a series about construction of a Flicka)

If you have something about sailing your Flicka from this summer, please forward the articles and/or photos to Dennis or to me. I'd like to include them in the Fall or Winter issue.

By Geoff Pratt

After eighty years plying the enchanting waters of the Pacific Northwest, the Scamper, a 36 foot fantail launch built in 1920 and painstakingly restored to her original glory joins the charter fleet in Friday Harbor, WA. The Scamper has been featured on the cover of "Woodenboat" magazine and on the cover of Northwest Yachting.

There are persistent stories that she was pressed into service in WWII to look for submarines in the strait of Juan de Fuca and also some evidence she may have been used to smuggle rum or other forbidden cargo from Canadian ports to the U.S. during prohibition.

The Scamper has a unique pilot house, an elliptical stern, a pesky bow and slightly raked windows that make her appear to be moving when she is actually standing still. She rides very close to the water and gives her passengers the thrill of gliding through the seas almost as if one were in

a kayak but with considerably more safety.

The boat is a unique example of the dreams and talents of one individual, Charles William Harris, a University of Washington professor who made a name for himself designing and building fish ladders so salmon could bypass the locks and dams and return to fresh water to spawn. Harris designed the boat for himself and in 1923 took his family to Alaska aboard the Scamper.

Scamper Charters offers whale watching cruises, harbor tours, sunset cruises and private charters year round leaving from M dock slip M-7 Friday Harbor, WA. You can reach them via their web page:

www.scampercharter.com

or by calling:

(360) 370-5133

(877) 314-3532

Toll Free

Thanks for the Articles!

About Flicka Friends



Jill and Steve Geary aboard s/v SHILOH (PSC # 44) in San Diego. She provided two articles for this issue of Flicka Friends. Thanks!

From the Editor

By Tom Davison

Dennis Pratt traded his class room this summer for a charter boat. He is helping his son Geoff with a new business in the San Juan Islands. The vessel is a 1932 Fan Tai motorboat (see the story on the opposite page).

Looking back, the prospects of publishing another issue of Flicka Friend seemed bleak. There were a few articles scheduled, but a small issue appeared to be the limit of the available information. Jill Geary forwarded two articles that would fill a six page issue. Then Thomas Murphy forwarded the second installment about his trip to Bermuda aboard s/v *FIRST BORN*. All of a sudden, there was enough to publish a ten page issue of Flicka Friends. This is the largest issue of this newsletter that has been published so far.

The fall issue already has a gaff-rig article and several photos. I'm looking for a couple more gaff articles in an effort to publish an entire issue on them. If you have something to offer, please let me know. There will also be the first of a series of articles about the construction of s/v *QED*, a home built Flicka hull (also a gaff rig) that was fitted with a Pacific Seacraft Flicka deck.

For a future article, I'd like to hear the pros and cons about the two Flicka interiors. Is the enclosed head worth the loss of the starboard berth? Some feel that the head ruined the interior, others think it made the Flicka a true little ship. Please let me know your thoughts.

The sail issue still needs photos of Flickas under sail. If you can help illustrate this particular issue with an image of your photo, it would be great.

Flicka Friends is a newsletter written for the people who own, crew aboard or are interested in the Flicka, a 20 foot sailing vessel designed by Bruce P. Bingham. Based on the Newport boats of Block Island Sound, this little ship has been built from various materials since the 1970's until the present day.

This includes Flickas constructed from plans obtained directly from Bruce P. Bingham's California office. About 400 sets of plans were sold. According to Bruce Bingham, many Flickas can be found in New Zealand Australia and Sweden. A number of hulls were built by Nor'star and some were completed by Westerly Marine. The manufacturer of the bulk of the class is Pacific Seacraft Corporation who built 430+ hulls in Fullerton, California.

Flicka Friends is published on a quarterly basis, with issues being mailed in March, June, September and December. The cost of a subscription is \$10.00 US and can be mailed directly to the Publisher.

Articles, letters, comments and photos relating to the Flicka are welcomed and encouraged.

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Dennis Pratt/Flicka Friends

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Flicka Profile:

By Jill Geary

When Steve and I elected to purchase another Flicka, we decidedly concluded that we did not want a "project" boat. Having owned *ESPERANZA*, (1987 Pacific Seacraft Flicka hull # 338) several years prior, we knew what we loved about the boats, and we were also aware of potential problems that crop up after years of being in the harsh marine environment. After debating the pros and cons of "inboard vs. outboard" and "marine head vs. not", we decided to find an older Flicka, to be purchased with cash on hand.

We found *SHILOH* (1978 Pacific Seacraft Flicka # 44) on an island in Washington state. Many upgrades, replacements, and restorations had recently been completed, thus making her a less-than-likely candi-date for large investments of additional time or money to bring her up to snuff.

Several of her selling points included a new Lewmar forward hatch, newly rebedded bronze portholes that replaced the formerly plastic ones, new Harken Unit Zero roller furling system for the jib, dark blue Awlgrip on her faded blue topsides, and a new Yamaha four stroke outboard engine.

Her bottom had also been previously treated with an epoxy barrier coat—so she was relatively blister free and expected to stay that way. Having been originally rigged at the factory as a gaff, this meant that her present Marconi rig spars and rigging were also relatively new. With a fair and reasonable purchase price, the deal was finalized pending the installation of her new, factory built bow sprit (this, too, is a story unto itself).



Steve Geary leaving Dana Point, California about s/v SHILOH, heading for Oceanside.



Jill sailed s/v SHILOH out to Catalina Island, stopping at Avalon Harbor.

s/v SHILOH



s/v SHILOH'S forward V-berth. The old plaid Herculon was Replaced with navy denim. It may not last as long But is better for a few years anyway.



The starboard berth of s/v SHILOH. Note the shelf above the electrical panel and the radio installation.

When she arrived in Southern California via truck, we quickly commissioned her (with the surprise and much appreciated help of Val Kask, owner of *VARUA*, Pacific Seacraft Flicka # 62), and began checking necessary equipment, such as rigging and electrical wiring, prior to her launch for Catalina Island and, ultimately San Diego.

Upon a closer inspection of the electrical panel (yes, we did have her surveyed in Washington), we found a few surprises. For one, the anchor-steaming light was partially disconnected at the top of the mast. Much of the wiring was not up to code and the alternator on the outboard generated excessive voltage. The temporary fix for our trip being to energize every light, inside and out while motoring at RPM's much above idle, thus reducing the overcharging of the single lead acid battery.

And many of the electrical circuits were not protected with fuses or breakers. It took about a day of rewiring with heavier gauge Ancor marine grade wiring to make her safe for the rest of the trip. We were planning some major electrical additions in the near future—so we did not want to go overboard at this time.

We went overboard later, but that is grist for another story. In fact, the events surrounding the trip to Catalina are yet another story

Editor: I'd like to feature an different Flicka in each issue of Flicka Friends. If you would like to see your Flicka here, please let me know.

Bermuda Passage

By Thomas Murphy

DAY 5

Absolutely no wind, breeze or puff for 30 hours. This morning I seem to be aimlessly drifting over smooth seas. The sun came up red. I had a restless night. The sails are down so there was no banging or slapping from the constant rolling of the boat. The boat seems to be drifting in circles as the small swells roll and slide us around. The noise from the wires slapping inside the mast is annoying. I need to do something today if the wind does not come up.

One idea is to get out my celestial navigation notes. Maybe I can make sense out of what I learned two years ago and I do need to run the engine to charge the battery. The icebox has finally stopped holding the cold of the ice. You can smell the raw odor of "warm" refrigerated goods throughout the cabin. My second cup of coffee tasted good.

I am rotating two sets of clothes. Both are lightweight long sleeved shirts and long pants. I'll wash using my underpants as the wash cloth this morning so they will be dry tomorrow. I turned all my electrical appliances off yesterday at 6:00 p.m.

At 9:40 p.m., I put on the running lights. There is no use running my LORAN when I'm going nowhere. I need to pump my sanitary tank and the bilge today. I just took a GPS fix. It shows for the past 18 hours we traveled 7 miles south and less than 6 miles east. At least we're heading in the right direction but not at the speed I want.

I realize my biggest concern is my wife, Sarah. I told her it would take from 8 to 10 days, in good weather, to make it to Bermuda. I think after 10 days she will panic and begin to call the Coast Guard. I guess I shouldn't worry about this now, plenty of time to do that in four days. There is still the 3 knot breeze out of the NE. The sky is crystal clear with lots of puffy white clouds on the horizon. There

are hardly any waves but the swells rock the boat. See you at Noon.

At noon the breeze seems to be holding at a steady 5 knots. The GPS shows us doing about 4 knots. I put up the 90 degrees jib knowing that the two (main and jib) on a reach can increase my speed. It seems to be working. Waves are now choppy with foot plus swells. As it has been so far on this trip, we are running somewhat parallel to the wave pattern. When we get out of sync with slipping over the waves, we get a hard bounce that can jar your teeth.

For the most part it's been like being on a roller coaster, undulating smoothly over endless waves. I can now usually anticipate the odd or rouge wave. My stomach goes empty and I tense up. Immediately I grab to brace myself on to whatever is handy. Rarely I end up being caught unawares but when I do, it usually ends up with a pretty serious injury.

When I think about it, my back and chest are badly hurt but I can't take the time to care. I'll begin to air out the icebox and use it to store my extra water. By mid-afternoon I turned off the engine and checked the battery meter. It shows it nice and full. There are some clouds moving toward me from the South. No clouds anywhere else. I'm steering 120 degrees compass in a light 3 to 5 knot wind out of the NE. The seas are quiet with small choppy waves. I'm riding across the two feet swells easily.

DAY 6

No wind all morning. I saw a cruise ship go by, East of me about 10 miles. I didn't see anyone wave back to me. The sky has some clouds but the sun commands this mid-day. The GPS shows I'm drifting North by NE. I have to make a decision as to what to do. I have three quarters of a tank of fuel with a spare 5 gallon tank, enough to run 30 hours at 5 knots.

The seas are quiet and smooth so the boat will move. I decide on motoring to the SE

for 10 hours. I pray this is my best advice I can give me out here. I start the engine and set it at 28K heading 140 degrees compass. My 90 degrees jib is up with a double reefed main. We're moving nicely at 6 knots by the knotmeter. A comment on some of the junk you see out here. Lots of wood, mostly two by fours. If I see something odd in the water, I watch it as we go by. Trash, wood, boxes and foam, whatever.

Around 5:00 PM I made my first human contact in days, a container ship "Stellar Light". I saw it coming off the starboard quarter over two hours ago. At first I thought it might be a cruise ship but as it got closer I could see the containers. I started to run bearings on her and they weren't changing. This is definitely bad news. I'm thinking, maybe we will miss each other.

But by the time I was to make a decision, the decision was already made. I was too close; I could see the names on the containers. I changed course to cut behind her. Slowly I crawled, 180, 210, 240, until my bow was bouncing in her stern wake. I then straighten out and within 10 minutes I'm back on course.

I then heard a call on Channel 16 to the sailboat off the starboard side. That's me! "Stellar Light" with a whole bunch of numbers and letters is calling me. I called back and was relieved he spoke English. I told him where I came from and where I was heading. He told me I'm right in the middle of the Gulf Stream and that tomorrow I'll have a strong Western wind. Love him. We chatted a while before we signed off. I think the reason he called is because I made way for him. One courtesy deserves another. For dinner I thought I would celebrate. One can of baked beans mixed with one can of Beenie Weenies and some stale pretzel crisps. It was bad.

DAY 7

If I'm correct, I have a little over 240 miles to go to Bermuda. At 60 miles a day, that should get me there on Saturday,

Part Two

Day 10. I pray this wind holds. It's nice to be doing 5 knots by sail. I'm on starboard tack and sitting on the port side. I need to change sides to try to better balance the boat to self-steer. The seas have a light chop and rolling swells. The sun is in and out of the fast moving clouds. I still haven't seen a ship for a long time. I caught an hour "cat nap" in the early p.m. It was bouncy so I had to jam myself athwart the forward berth. Even though this was exhausting, I got some sleep. I can hear the sprays slapping off the cabin's roof.

I will celebrate my crossing out of the "Stream" with a can of beef stew and a warm can of fruit. Maybe I'll go way out and mix a glass of Tang. About 5:00 p.m. I saw two ships, one off my stern to the West that looked like a freighter. The other looked like a sailboat. After a while, the one became a container ship heading NE. The sailboat was heading NW. I waited until she was off my beam to raise her on my VHF. She gave me her name "Serius" and that she was a 40 foot sloop heading to Massachusetts after a race to Bermuda.

I foolishly asked about the weather the next couple of days. They told me that they were tracking the first tropical storm and it was off the Georgia coast. It's supposed to come smack through here on Day 9. They said the wind will turn SE then the storm will hit the next day with 45 plus winds. Like I wanted to hear this? Their parting words to make haste to Bermuda sounded stupid. Me a maximum of 5 knots and over 200 miles away. Right!

DAY 8

5:20 AM - A week has passed and I'm about two-thirds of the way to Bermuda. Would you believe that I haven't had to touch the tiller the past 18 hours. I slept poorly last night. The boat was on a permanent 35 degrees heel and bouncing over the waves. I had some luck at other times sleeping athwart ship but last night it didn't work. So I ended up lying on the port side.

I just finished my fix and plot. I have been traveling more East than South, namely, 7 minutes latitude to 51 minutes longitude. I need to keep me busy. I think I'll read the GPS manual and find out how to do all those cutesy things like set waypoints. I put on the LORAN and pulled in three good stations. The fix agreed with the GPS so I'm not lost.

By evening the seas have turned rougher. Waves and swells are getting up to the five feet status. The GPS says I have about 250 miles to go. The wind is out of the SE. I seem to be running over the waves at a decent angle but every so often we hit the waves wrong and there is one hard jolt. It's hard to do anything but hold on. The wind is building but we don't seem to be going that fast in the water. We've traveled 19 miles in the past 6 hours. The sky is cloudy but no real signs of a blow. I've decided to drop the jib and double reef the main at the first sign of a problem. By evening the worst seems to be happening. The winds are out of the SE and strong at 25 plus knots. I put the main completely down, wrapped her tight, took down the stays and wrapped her tightly to the lifelines. I put the fuel tank back into the anchor locker, still full of fuel. I double checked that everything was tied and secure. If that storm comes tonight, I'm ready.

DAY 9

Well, the worst has befallen me. The storm predicted is here. There is a very strong wind, 35 to 45 knots, out of the SE. All night long the boat rolled and rocked as I propped myself up against the bench and counter inside the boat. In my check of the outside conditions, there are dark, heavy clouds all over the South and East skies. The North looks like a normal day.

The seas are rough with swells well over the top of the cabin. I'm just floating with no sails and the tiller free. By midday conditions have continued to deteriorate. I'm propped up inside the cabin. The rain hasn't started yet the waves are larger

with noticeable whitecaps. The wind has increased steadily to past 40 knots.

I was hit with a rogue wave about 10 minutes ago. It hit the starboard side and rolled her over 90 degrees. That dumped everything out of the starboard cabinets and storage areas. The port portals began to leak. It was a monster wave. It left without an apology. I don't think it will be the last one. I managed to eat a bowl of cereal and drink a cup of hot coffee.

The 15th hour of this storm saw another rouge wave hit the stern. It drove us through a wave. I was looking out the portals when it hit. Slip, slip, slip. I could see water cover each portal in succession. Then water dripped like small waterfalls from each portal. Then light appeared in reverse through each portal.

My body waited a second to recover from the sense that the whole boat was submerged, bounced up and was now floating O.K. again. Good boat. Everything in the boat is damp, sticky or wet. It's getting hot inside here but I can't open anything for fear that I'll let the ocean in too. During these hours, I read and re-read about Bermuda.

All night there were no changes in the outside conditions with the winds still at 40 plus knots, and the waves are better than 15 feet. I haven't been swamped or knocked over again but she has been washed over numerous times. It's hard to do anything but brace myself, ready for the next wave or crash. I don't know how far I'm being blown off course, where I'll end up, I just want this to end!

DAY 10

By early morning it looked like the storm had gone. Waves are still high but the wind seems to be out of the SW at a variable 10 to 15 knots. Unbelievable, I spent 33 hours in that storm. The GPS shows us about 40 miles North of where we started in this storm. There is a good wind and I'm anxious to get started back

(Continued on page 8)

Bermuda Passage: Part Two

(Continued from page 7)

to Bermuda. I reset my clocks for Bermuda time. Everything in the boat is wet and sticky.

The Noon fix shows that we made about 34 miles in the last 7 hours, which is a speed a little under 5 knots on this wind.

The waves are still large with some crashing over the cabin and soaking me. The wind is holding at 15 knots with lots of clouds but the sun can spring out nice and bright. The course seems to keep us in between the gently rolling swells, climbing each slowly and then sliding down to the next. There is a nice balance of wind, waves and steering that seems so natural and easy. If I weren't so exhausted, I'd love this.

DAY 11

Would you believe I'm still at sea? Today was the day I told my wife I would call her from Bermuda. This is my day of grace. If she doesn't hear from me by tomorrow, I'll think she start to call the Coast Guard. In the Yachtsman Guide it says that channel 27 gives weather forecasts from Bermuda at 8:35 p.m. local time. I listened from 8 to 9 p.m. last night but didn't hear a squeak. I must be too far away.

No ships were seen during the night. There is a heavy overcast sky. The boat is still sticky and wet (After 3 days of rain and being closed up, I guess so!) We traveled over 40 miles in the 12 hours during the night. 183 miles left to Bermuda.

I just finished my breakfast of cereal with luke warm reconstituted milk. Blahs! I have enough dry milk for one more bowl. I brought two 20 ounce boxes of raisin bran and one 12 ounce of dry milk. Nice match, they will both give out at the same time.

The skies are now clear and the wind has decreased out of the SE to 5 to 10 knots. It's variable. We are traveling on a starboard tack and now under full sails

(main and 90 degree). My Noon fix shows that we did 20 miles in the past 6 hours. At this rate I'll be in Bermuda sometime Monday.

DAY 12

It was a restless night for me. It started out being hot then it turned cool. I had to wrap myself up in the sleeping bag. I now sitting here in the cockpit and feel a cold breeze from the SW. That doesn't make sense? The wind kept up all night to self-steer her at 200 degrees compass. The seas are quieter this morning, with waves one to two feet. I need to ready myself and the boat for tomorrow.

I want to put the diesel fuel into the tank, take a bath, get my papers ready for customs, fix the flag and get my quarantine flag ready, lubricate the engine controls, and pump sanitary. My GPS position shows I have exactly 100 miles to go.

Everything is still wet. The sun is hot. Wherever I go in the boat, I start to sweat. I opened the forward hatch to catch some wind to cool off. It doesn't seem to help. I started the engine at 2:00 p.m. at 25k and set up the autotiller to steer to Bermuda. I double reefed the main so the engine and autotiller don't work against the blows that ever so often come through.

We are still running diagonal to the waves on a 10 to 15 knot wind off a starboard tack. All afternoon I heard on VHF channel 16 an alert to all ships that a blue hull sailboat going by the name of *FIRST BORN* was overdue. Any ships sighting this boat are to contact Bermuda Harbour Radio.

I called back every half hour with no response. Around 7 p.m. I was finally able to get through. They heard me faintly but they heard me. I gave them my position and my ETA. I asked them to call my wife to let her know I was O.K. They said she calls often and will tell her on the next call my message.

DAY 13

At 6 a.m. I'm about 15 miles Northeast of Bermuda. I already made contact with Bermuda Harbour Radio. I have my charts all laid out. I'm running on a starboard tack at 175 degrees compass with all sails up and engine set at 26K.

I have my yellow quarantine flag up with my "Old Glory" right above it. I took down the radar reflector and set out the docking lines. I've been plotting my progress hourly and we are doing well. The sky is clear with clouds only over the Island.

Waves are non-existent and the wind is down to 5 knots. I saw a cruise ship pull in around 7:30 am. I will head toward the same spot on the Island. It's true there is a 2 to 3 knot current going North here. I'm traveling only about 3 knots over ground.

I am guided into St. George's Bay by a friendly Bermuda Harbour Radio. It was tricky to find the Custom House but once there, it was no problem tying up.

They did a search of my boat and I claimed only the flare gun that they will hold until I leave. I paid my money, filled out papers for customs and found out I could tie up along one part of the harbour, anchor out in the bay in the designated area or pay for a berth at St. George's Dingy and Sports Club.

I figured I wanted a shower and rest so the Dingy Club would get me. I called my wife from a phone on the dock. It was great to hear her voice after so many days.

While I was tied up at Customs, passengers from the cruise ship came by to see the "little blue sailboat" that was lost at sea. I had to smile at the idea "lost at sea."

The first part of this two part series appeared in the last issue of Flicka Friends.

s/v RAPPORT Sails For Hawaii



s/v RAPPORT in San Diego, California one day before setting sail for Hawaii with Jack Harding and Don Marken aboard. *s/v SHILOH* is located aft of *RAPPORT*.

(Continued from page 1)

marks when the engine is not in use, thus reducing drag. *RAPPORT* carries twenty-two gallons of diesel plus an additional five gallons in jerry jugs.

On deck, *RAPPORT* is a marvel. At first glance it is apparent that she is very strong and overbuilt, even by Pacific Seacraft standards. Her mast tabernacle is extremely beefy, her chain plates are longer and thicker, and her bow pulpit is actually that of a Dana. Everything is oversized.

The trys'l track is mounted on the starboard side of the mast to eliminate its interfering with the luff of the mainsail. Jack lines are 3/16" cable, covered with blue nylon webbing, and attached both port and starboard from the after-end of the coach house forward to the after-end of the bow platform.

Lightning protection is also a 3/16" cable attached at one end to the lower toggle of the starboard upper shroud (got that?), and the other end trailing in the water. When not needed it stows neatly along the lower lifeline. Winches are bronze (the type like the Pardeys use, for the life of me I don't know the name). Jack remarks he would not select these if he were to outfit *RAPPORT* again.

The sail inventory includes one main, one genoa (about a 140%), stays'l, storm jib, trys'l (about 8 oz.), drifter, and two working jibs with hanks sewn on in an alternating fashion, thus allowing for hanking both on to the headstay simultaneously, sharing a halyard, and running twin headsails. The whisker pole is stowed forward. Halyards are led aft.

Jack and Don are anticipating a 30 day passage for the 2,400 nautical mile journey, as we live vicariously through their adventure we say: "Fair Winds and God Speed."

Note: The trip was completed in 21 days (114 mi./day).



The custom interior of *s/v RAPPORT* built by Jack Harding. Note that the cooking area is on the starboard side, opposite that of the factory Flickas.

Flicka Friends - Summer 2000

Please add my name to the Flicka Friends and those who are interested in the Flicka, a Bruce P. Bingham design. Your name will not be given to any other publication at any time. This newsletter is not for profit. Any fees collected will be used to produce and distribute the newsletter.

To start a subscription, make a \$10.00 check payable to Flicka Friends or Dennis Pratt and send to the address on the bottom of this page. The date after your name on the label is the expiration date of your current subscription. Thank you all very much.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
TELEPHONE _____ E-MAIL _____

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

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Place
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Postage
Here

To: