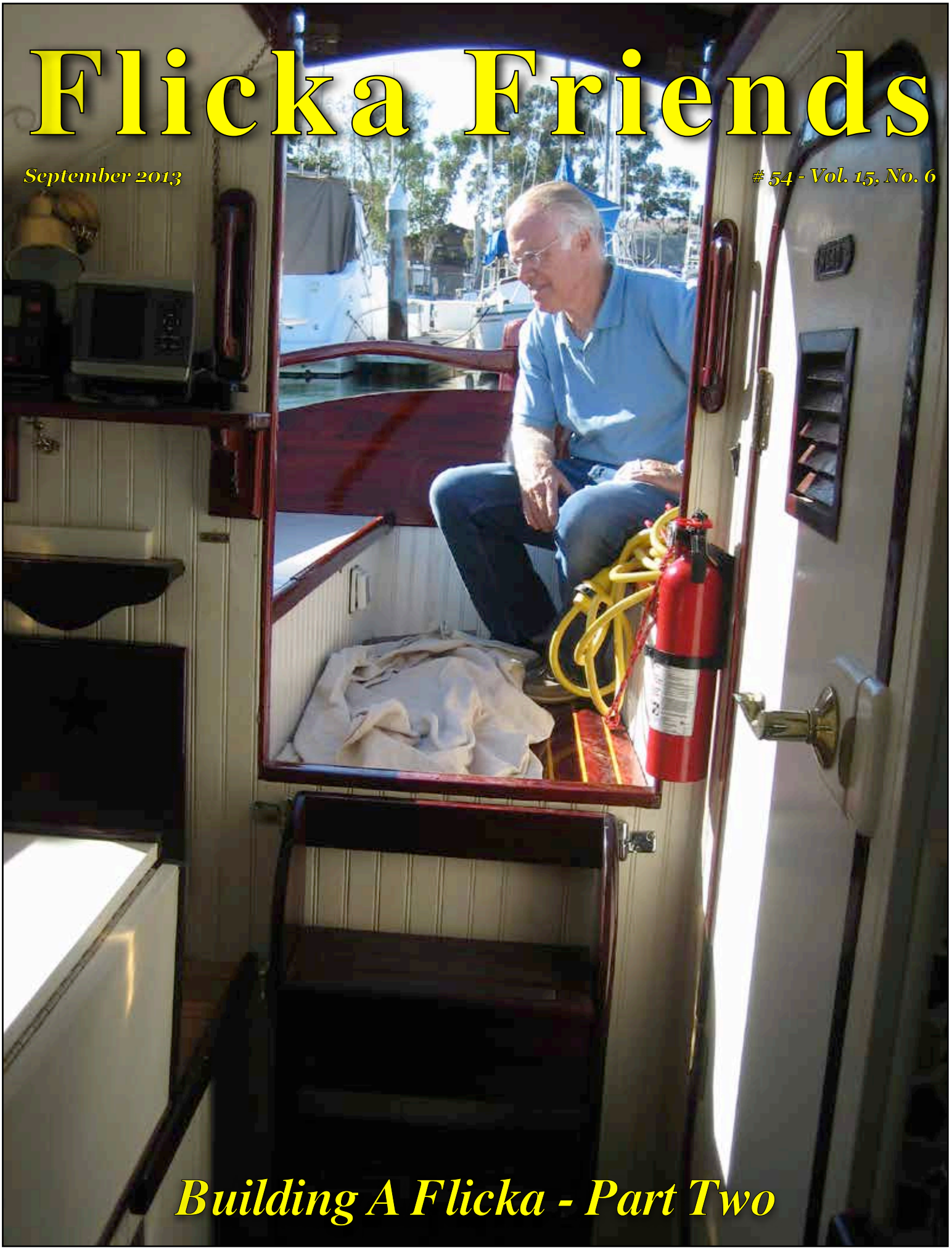
Flicka Friends

September 2013

54 - Vol. 15, No. 6



Building A Flicka - Part Two

Contents

The Next Issue...

The next issue of Flicka Friends is a photo gallery issue. Please send me photos of your Flicka and from your trips last summer for publication. Don't forget to add a caption along with where the photos was taken, your Flicka's name, home port and hull number.

Thanks!

Front Cover

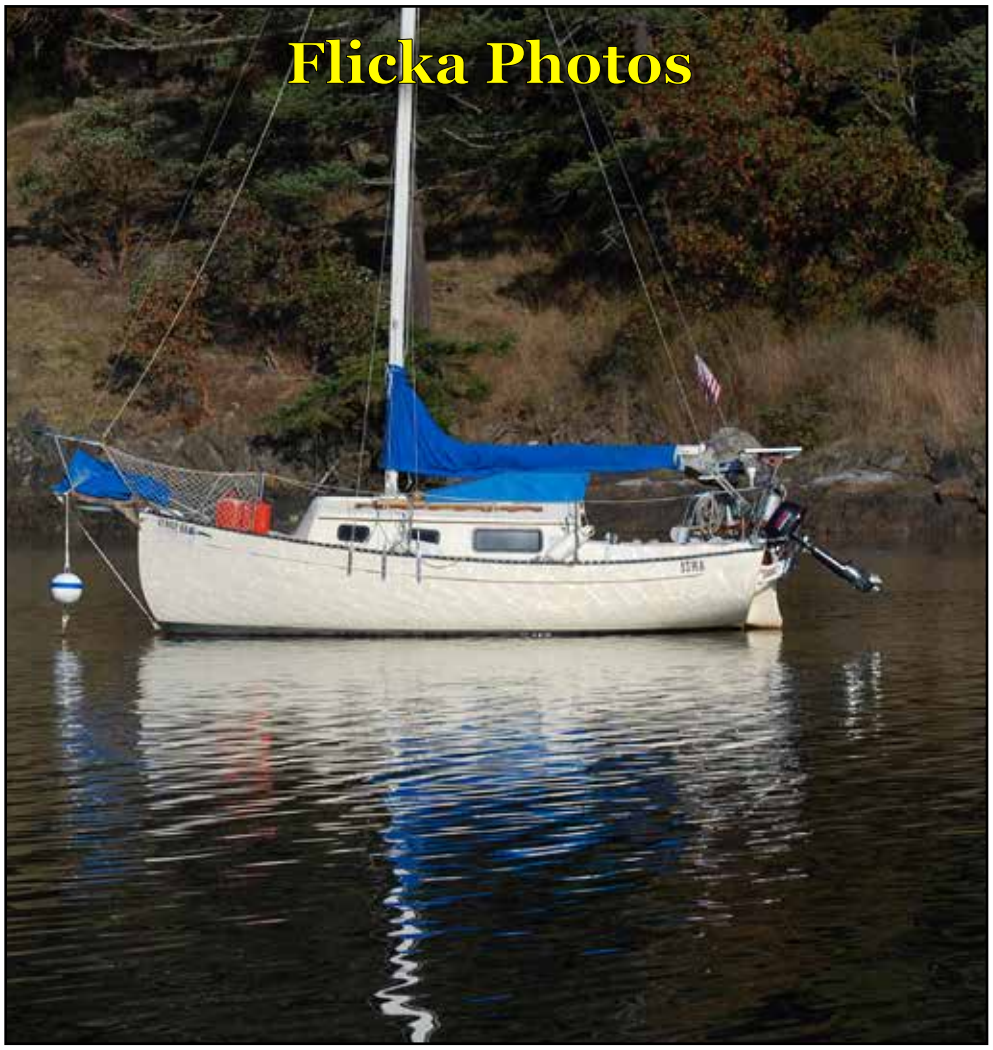
Getting ready to hook up the shore power after docking s/y **RED RASCAL**.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2013

Back Cover

Heading out of Suttons Bay aboard s/y **ZANZIBAR**.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

Issue 54, Version 15.6.3

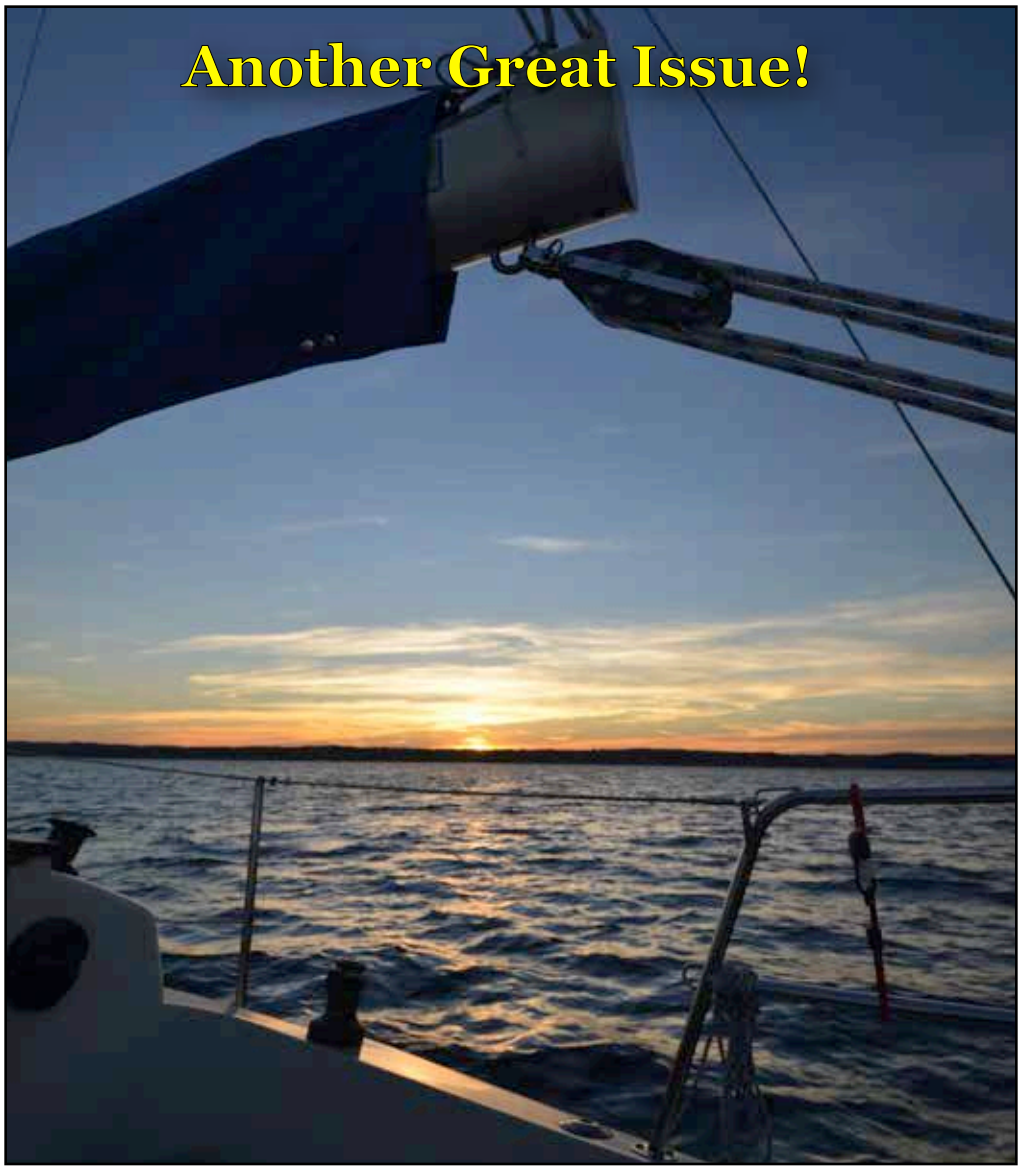
Flicka Photos



Walter Lockhart's Flicka s/y **ISHA** in Friday Harbor (# 40). This is his 27th summer of sailing in the Pacific Northwest.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

WHISPER near the leeward mark of the America's Cup in San Francisco Bay.
Photo: Michael La Guardia © 2013

Another Great Issue!



Heading south on Grand Traverse Bay at sunset.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

By Tom Davison
s/y BLUE SKIES

While a bit late, this issue of Flicka Friends has a number of great articles. This issue include trips in Mexico, New Zealand, Michigan, and Washington.

Bob Collier sent another installment about building his Flicka, s/y **RED RASCAL**. This is the second of twelve articles that describe the process of building a Flicka from Bruce P. Bingham's plans.

Richard Lawless has also sent in an article about buying his Flicka (s/y **HEART of GOLD**) in New Zealand. This is the first part of a series of articles about sailing home to Australia across the Tasman Sea, a solo 1,300 mile passage. Richard will be sending in a number of articles about his time in the waters of New Zealand and the crossing to Australia.

Randy Richardson has a story about sailing his Flicka, s/y **ZANZIBAR** on Lake Michigan from Traverse City to Charlevoix.

Bill Hogan has sent in an article from his trip aboard s/y **NOMAD** from southern California to Cabo San Lucas, and around to La Paz, Mexico in the Sea of Cortez.

There are a few maintenance articles as well, including adding G.P.S. to a marine VHF radio, trying to get a correct GFI outlet, an exhaust modification, and totes for storage.

There is a marina profile about Friday Harbor, Washington.

My thanks to each of the Flicka captains that sent in article for this issue! The next Flicka Friends is a photo gallery issue. If you have an image and a caption about your Flicka, please forward it to me ASAP!

About Flicka Friends

Flicka Friends is a newsletter that is written specifically for the people who own, crew aboard, or are interested in the Flicka, a twenty 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 from the 1970's until 2002. This includes Flickas constructed from plans obtained directly from Bruce'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 who built 434 hulls in California.

Flicka Friends is published on a quarterly basis: with issues being posted to the internet in March, June, September and December. Articles and photographs are welcome and encouraged.

You can download the current issue as well as the back issues of Flicka Friends from the Flicka Home Page:

www.flicka20.com

Flicka Friends is always in need of articles and photographs for publication. Please consider sending something to me for the next issue of the newsletter.

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Layout and Frames

Nailing the wood together allowed cutting identical frames for port and starboard side of my Flicka.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2013

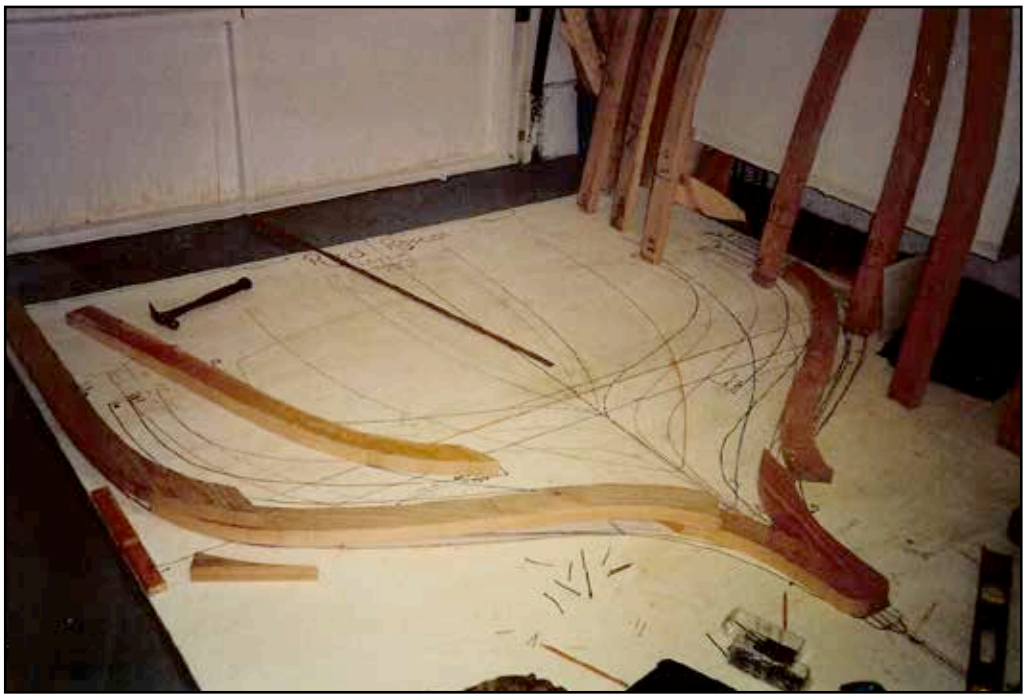
By Bob Collier
s/y RED RASCAL
Your fanatical Builder

When we last left off, I had posed two questions: puzzles. To refresh our memories, they were:

One: How to obtain the missing half-frame patterns since traditionally only the forward half-frames of the starboard side were drawn and the aft half-frames of the port side. This probably was to prevent too many confusing lines since each sister frame is a mirror image of its opposite side.

Two: How does one transfer the frame patterns to the lay-out board and still not cut, puncture, or damage the plans in any way.

Well, I was confronted with these two questions as I began the building process. These are not academic questions. I checked with the books that I have and, with the exception of one source that recommended cutting out a frame pattern, they seemed to agree that using an ice pick sort of tool (it is smaller than an ice pick and is referred to as a "lofting pick") to puncture an outline of a



Checking the sections to be sure of the right curvature and spacing.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2013

frame on the floor of the loft. This, however, would eventually shred the plans. But, boat building companies have several copies of the plans. I have only one, so the lofting pick was out.

OK, I decided to use CARBON PAPER. My office had a few boxes that were no longer used due to the advent of the computer. By laying down several sheets of carbon paper I could transfer the frame pattern to the lay-out board.

This answers question # (2). As to the first, I doubled the carbon paper and placed them back-to-back on the lay-out board. So, now when I copied the plans while they were affixed to the board, I not only got the pattern transferred to the lay-out board but also on the back side of the plans.

When I turned the plans over I had the mirror image of the particular frame on the back. I just flipped the plans over and lay down more carbon paper, single sheets, face down, traced the carbon copy frame and, voila, question #(1) answered!

Now that I had all of the frames drawn and color-coded, I began sawing the frames. Since the widest board I had was a 2x12" Douglas Fir, this meant that the frames were cut in sections or pieces. These sections were placed on the lay-out board to make sure they were of the correct curvature.

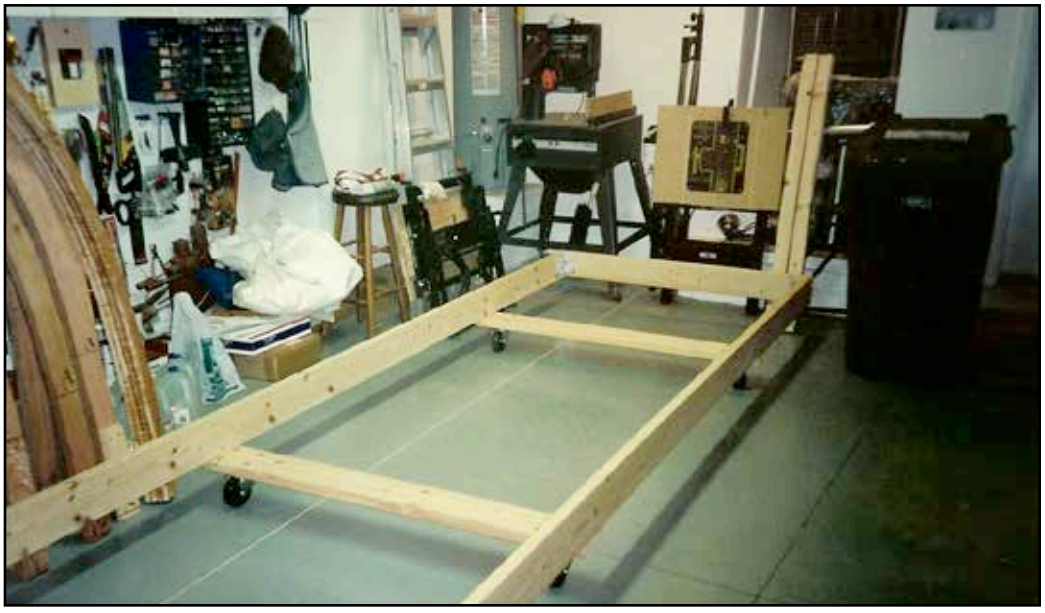
The port and starboard frames were cut simultaneously to be sure that both sides were equal. On which four 2x's sections were cut at the same time and then put on the lay-out board. They were temporarily nailed together to hold them in place during the cutting. The photo of sections on the lay-out board show the necessity of using the board to be sure one has the right curvature and spacing. The next photo illustrates the sections put together to form a complete frame.

After the frames were all constructed, the transom was next. This was 2 sheets of ¾" plywood epoxied together and cut to shape. This brings us to another problem. In spite of having moved a non-bearing wall back to gain a valuable 10" more (now the garage was 20' 10". Wow! What was I going to do with all that extra space?), I still could not build a 20' boat in that cramped space.

Well, the solution was to build a movable or rolling jig. This would allow me to turn the boat at an angle in the two-car garage. When I was done building for the day I'd roll the jig/boat back against one wall and still allow my wife to park her car in the garage. The jig consisted of a rectangle 18' long and 6' wide of 2"x 8" boards. At a discount builders' supply I bought six heavy duty casters, each able to support 500 pounds, a total of 3,000 pounds.

Your fanatical boat builder, Bob Collier

Half of the frames have been completed. For added strength, the gussets were added in front and back of the frame.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2013



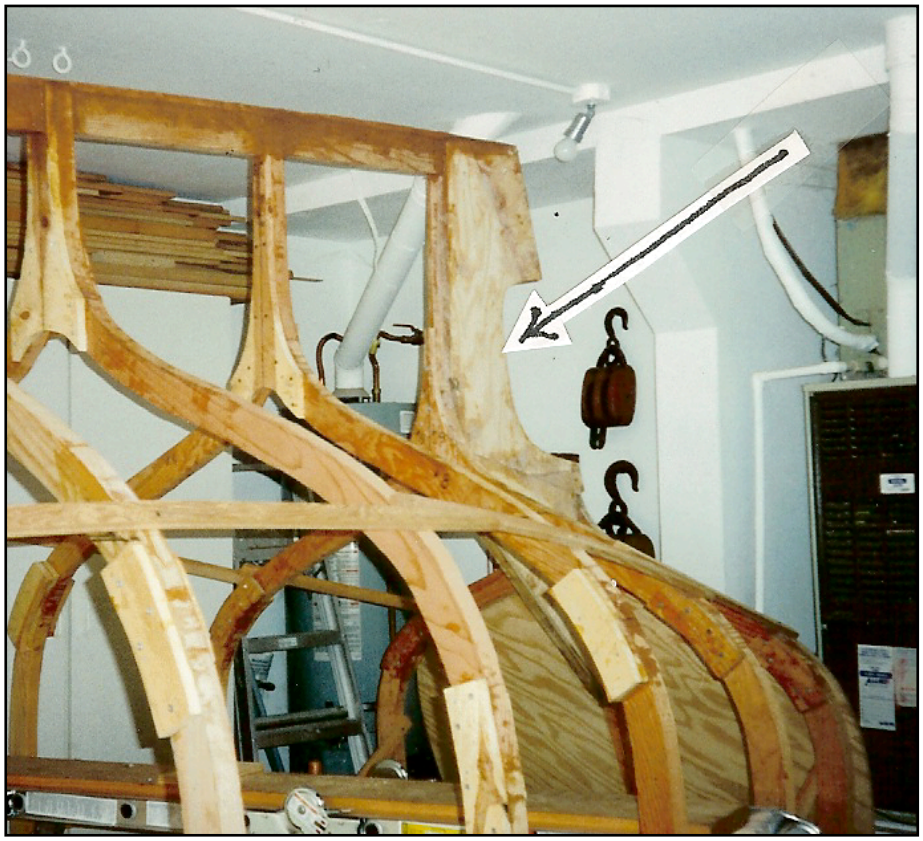
The building rig constructed. The frames were then attached to it by cross members of 2x4's. The rolling jib was a great idea.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2013

Carbon copying for the deadwood (that area of wood or fiberglass between the transom and the keel. It provides support for the motor shaft, the shaft log). You also see the frames attached to the building jig.

Photo: Bob Collier © 2013

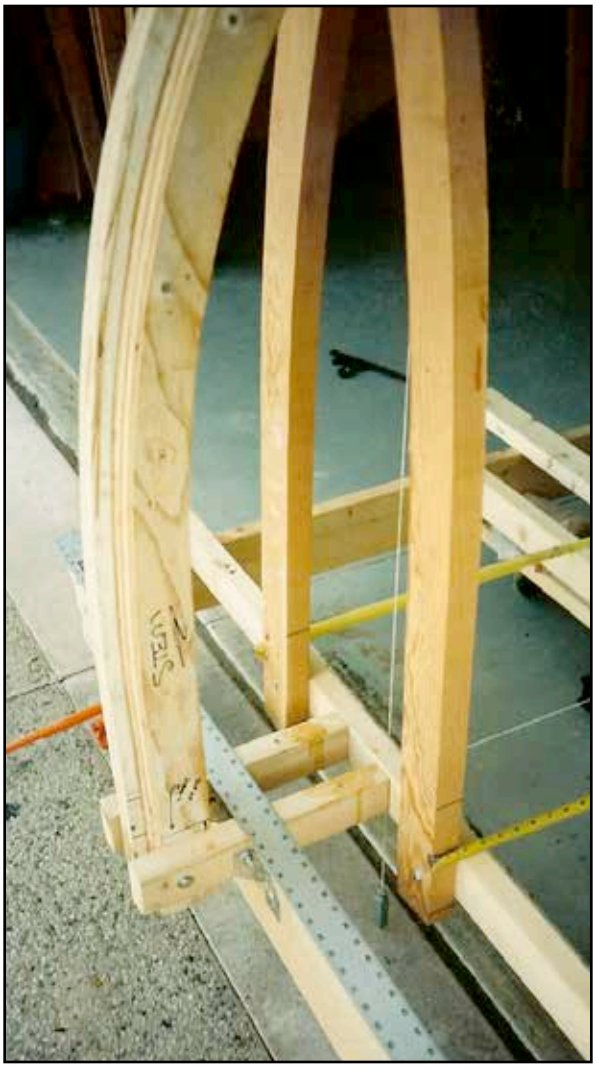
Two layers of 3/4" plywood make up the transom.

Photo: Bob Collier © 2013



The building jig was constructed and the frames were then attached to it by cross members of 2x4s. The rolling jig was a great idea, but I encountered a problem I hadn't thought about. The garage floor was not level. It was made to slope towards the entrance so that hosing off the floor would allow the water to flow out the door. So, that meant that each time I worked on the boat I had to re-plumb and level the jig! This added quite a bit of time to the building process. The deadwood is in place (arrow) along with the keel and frames all attached to the jig. There is also a ribband or temporary plank in place to stabilize the frames and keep them absolutely vertical. As the planking proceeds these temporary planks are either removed or moved to another position to hold this new area stable as added planks are applied.

Photo: Bob Collier © 2013



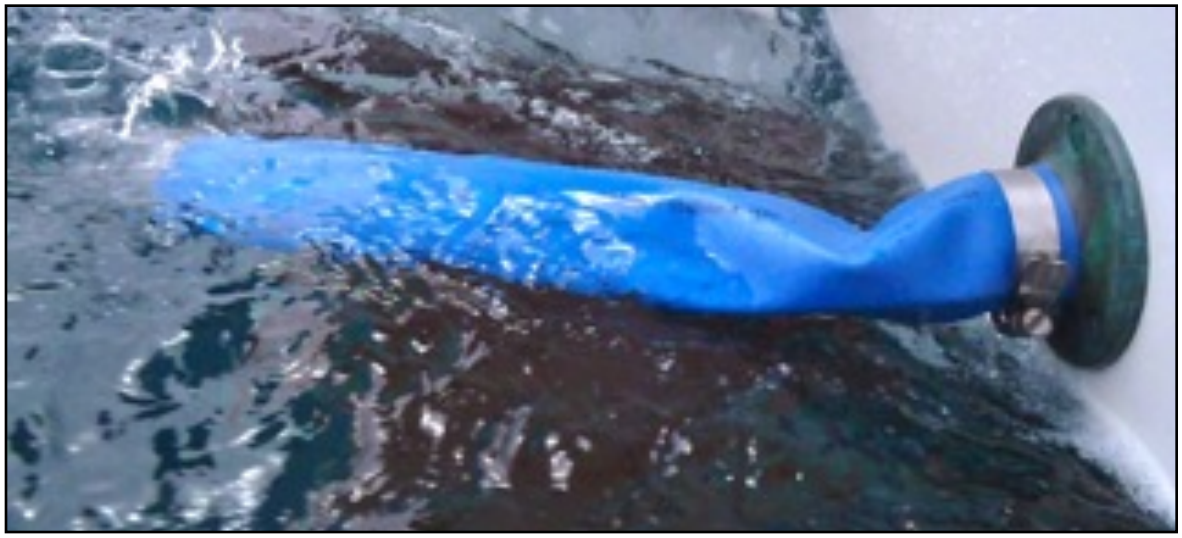
Using jacks and a plumb bob for centering.

Photo: Bob Collier © 2013

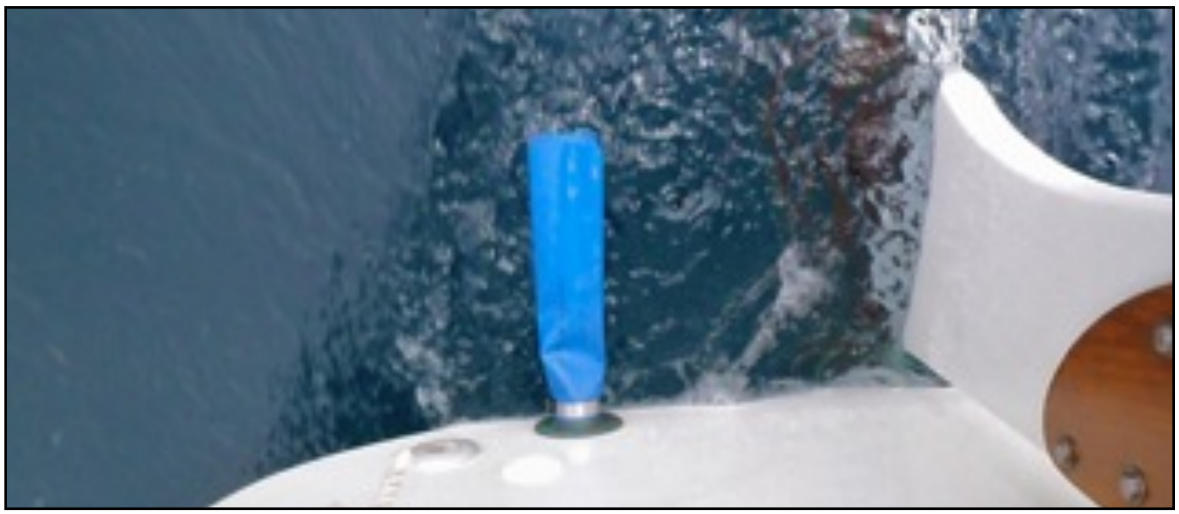
The Sooty Water Blues

By Christopher Quint
s/y KATHLEEN FAY (# 297)

The hose in use with the engine
Photo: Christopher Quint © 2013



Motoring home aboard s/y **ZANZIBAR** on Grand Traverse Bay.
Photo: Christopher Quint © 2013



Motoring home aboard s/y **ZANZIBAR** on Grand Traverse Bay.
Photo: Christopher Quint © 2013

I had been experiencing soot build-up from the exhaust on the transom and the starboard side of the rudder. This occurred after the first tank of fuel had been half consumed. I knew that I was going to have to check the condition of the injector and injector fuel pump to make sure that I was getting the most out of my fuel. Until I had the time to check this out I wanted to see if a simple addition could lessen the black mess on the transom.

My exhaust thru-haul measured about 40 mm (1 9/16") and at first I was looking for a piece of ridged bilge hose. None would fit well and then I saw a roll of 2" vinyl pool drain hose used on the exhaust side of a pump for draining swimming pools to the street or garden.

I was attracted to this way of proving the worth of my idea as it only cost $1.59/foot! I had a 2" hose clamp already. This coupled up nicely and then I got the idea to cut the outboard end of the hose in a convex crescent so the hose mouth would collapse like a joker valve and prevent seawater intake.

This 1 foot section of hose does not touch the water when the boat is at rest; it just hangs. Any wake from another boat is blocked from entering.

While my boat is underway the exhaust easily belches out the hose without impedance. When I am sailing and she is squatting at the stern the hose lies flat on the water and the crescent closes down. Best of all, there is no more unsightly exhaust soot anywhere, and much less smell of exhaust when a following wind scoots behind us.

I have now had the engine parts rebuilt but I can't think of a reason to take off the hose except if I found one in navy blue!

A New D.S.C. Radio

By Randy Richardson
s/y ZANZIBAR (# 387)

Recently, the decision was made to upgrade **ZANZIBAR's** antiquated VHF marine radio with a new model that includes Digital Selective Calling (DSC). The main (really only) reason that I wanted DSC was its' ability to transmit a distress call with the boat's GPS position embedded in the message. The West Marine VHF-580 radio was selected based largely on price and local availability.

Now that I had the radio, G.P.S. data would need to be supplied. Usually this would be done by connecting a chart plotter's NMEA-0183 output to the radios NMEA-0183 input. Since my Flicka doesn't have a chart plotter, another method would be needed to get GPS information. The solution was adding an external G.P.S. antenna to the VHF radio.

The Globalsat BR-355 serial GPS receiver was selected. Note that you must use the serial version as the BU-353 USB receiver will NOT work. The BR-355 required 5VDC so a little 5VDC buck regulator was purchased to drop the power from 12VDC to 5VDC.

With all the parts in hand, the radio was mounted on the ceiling above the quarter berth. Next, the radio's 12VDC input was run to **ZANZIBAR's** VHF circuit breaker on the electrical panel and the existing VHF antenna was connected.

The installation process was: Flip the breaker on and turn the radio on. It was Plug and Play. I flipped the breaker back off and connected the 12VDC input side of the DC12-DC5 converter to the same breaker and flipped it back on. I checked the converters output with a meter and it read 5VDC. So far so good. I flipped the breaker off again, cut the connector off the GPS receiver and connected the bare wires to the DC-DC converter and radio using crimp terminals.

I flipped the breaker back on, turned the radio on, and watched the display as it read "Checking GPS." After a few minutes the display changed to "GPS DATA OK." I pushed the "ENT" button on the radio and sure enough, there it was: **ZANZIBAR's** current latitude and longitude coordinates. The last step in the project was to register Boat/U.S. and input my Maritime Mobile Service Identity (M.M.S.I.) they issued.

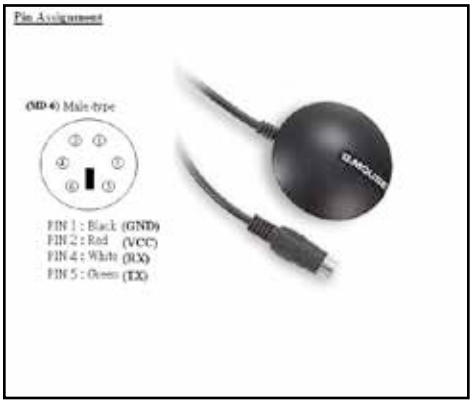
The total cost of this project was about $180.00.

Marine Radio *	$120.00
GPS Receiver **	$ 35.00
DC-DC Converter **	$ 5.00
Crimp Terminals **	$ 5.00
Shipping, taxes, etc.	$ 15.00

*West Marine ** Amazon

My new West Marine D.S.C. V.H.F. Marine radio installed above the quarterberth.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

A power converter and some basic rewiring made this project possible.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013



The "puck" G.P.S. antenna provides G.P.S. information to my new marine radio.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Getting The Right Part

The AC main breaker and the non-GFI outlet aboard my Flicka. Time for new parts and upgrading.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

By Tom Davison
s/y BLUE SKIES

With three AC outlets on my sailboat, I wanted to make sure that there were no GFI issues. Since the non-GFI outlets were identified as a problem in the survey, getting something new and proper was my plan. I checked the West Marine website and found a video about the Marinco AC GFI Outlet with removable screws to allow using ring connectors rather than spades. Looked like a good way to go.

Off to West Marine to purchase a Marinco AC GFI Outlet. Later I decided to convert all three outlet to GFI, so two more outlets were purchased at a second West Marine on the way to my Flicka. When I reached my sailboat, the part wasn't right. It was a AC GFI outlet for household use and NOT designed for marine use. Looking into this part, I found:

1). There is a small plastic "tooth" in the way of the screws on my Marinco AC GFI Outlet. This prevents using a spade or a ring connector unless removed.

2). The electrical contact screws do NOT come out. This prevents the use of a proper ring connector for marine applications.

3). Checking the packaging, there are instructions for household wiring, i.e. wrapping the wire around the screw.

4). I contacted West Marine to complaint about the incorrect part. They forwarded my complaint to Marinco who is looking into the problem.

5). The Marinco technician said there is a difference from the other AC GFI Outlets: additional corrosion resistance and removal screws.

6). Leviton is the supplier for Marinco and Marinco has additional requirements.

7). The Marinco GFI Outlets purchased at West Marine are NOT the correct part for the marine use.

8). Looks like Leviton sent the wrong outlet, Marinco missed the mistake, and West Marine did as well.

9). My AC GFI outlets need to be replaced by either West Marine or Marinco with the correct marine grade item.

A bit of leg work over the winter should get this resolved. So far, just a promise by West Marine to refund my money.

How much of a safety issue would the Marinco GFI AC outlets be if I had removed the small plastic tooth and used a spade connector to install it into my sailboat? Probably less than you would think. Still, I wanted a marine grade part for the AC outlets in my Flicka. The ones purchased cost at least double what the actual part that I received, and they will be replaced with the correct part when available.

The only AC appliance had been disconnected on the last trip, so I decided to wait for the correct part, one that was designed for marine use with the additional corrosion resistance and the removal screws. This correct part will allow using ring connectors that was required for a proper marine installation. Add sealed adhesive shrink connectors and the installation should be proper and safe.

There is another method that could be used and that would be the installation of a GFI system on the AC panel. Since the Flicka is wired to 1980 standards, there is no AC Panel, just a AC Main Breaker. I'll be looking into this arrangement as well.

Hopefully, the correct part will be available for installation on my next trip aboard s/y **BLUES SKIES** in the Pacific Northwest.

Flying And Buying My Flicka

My new Flicka, s/y **HEART of GOLD** in New Zealand.
Photo: Richard Lawless © 2013

By Richard "Riddy" Lawless
s/y HEART of GOLD

I don't know where the idea originally came from, but I'd always loved traveling, the ocean, planning the next adventure, and exploring new places. Sailing my own boat seemed to be ideal way to go, to be self sufficient, having everything you needed with you, wherever you went, being responsible for yourself and the boat, but ultimately in the hands of mother nature. I read about sailing adventures way before I had sailed myself. Books such as Dove by Robin Lee Graham, Desperate Voyage by John Caldwell, After 50,000 miles by Hal Roth and Jesse Martin's Lionheart all fueled the dream before I had could afford my own boat. I was always going to do it, it was just a matter of when.

After finishing high school I brought a 14 foot Caper Cat catamaran, which I sailed around the Broadwater on the Gold Coast in Queensland, and the Gippsland Lakes in Victoria. The cat had enough storage in each of the hulls to fit plenty of camping gear and food. It was a fun, easy and forgiving boat to learn to sail on, but I was always keeping an eye out for my next boat, something capable of going offshore and doing extended trips.

Having lived in Chile for a year, backpacked through Asia and South America for another year, I decided to knuckle down and study an Environmental Science at The University of Wollongong in NSW. Throughout the degree I worked a few casual jobs - research assistant, labourer, supermarket fruit & veg guy - always with the goal of buying a yacht and doing a voyage somewhere. I constantly researched (and still do) the different yachts out there, comparing what was affordable, what was available in Australia and what little yachts were tough enough to cross oceans. I considered Contessa 26's, which were well proven, but there weren't many in Australia (Nick Jaffe, originally from Melbourne in Vic, sailed a Contessa 26 singlehanded from the UK back to Aus in 2008/2009, his blog was a gold mine of information for someone planning a long voyage on a small boat, and on a budget).

There were a few Nordic Folkboats around but many were wooden and needed a lot of work, not to mention they looked pretty cramped. Top Hat 25's in Australia were another I was also considering, as well as Raven 26's in NZ. I had first read about the Flicka 20 in the book 'Twenty small sailboats to take you anywhere' by John Vigor but had never come across any the frequent boatpoint searches.

One yacht searching procrastination session on trademe (New Zealand's sort of eBay) brought me to a Flicka 20 for sale in NZ. She'd just returned from a singlehanded trip throughout NZ, Fiji, Tonga and back, and was sitting on a mooring in the Bay of Islands in New Zealand, pretty much ready to go again. I came back to this listing a few times, and the more I thought about it, the more I thought maybe this could just work. I had a 3-month summer university break coming up, I'd saved almost enough money and I had no commitments over the coming summer.

A bit more research into the Flicka's showed they were well proven tough little things. The one I was looking at, **HEART of GOLD,** was built by Nor' Star in 1975, and as far as I know, believed to be one of

My first sight of s/y **HEART of GOLD**, dried out along the dock.
Photo: Richard Lawless © 2013

the first Nor' Star hulls. The original owner had her shipped out and imported to NZ, selling her when he moved away. Researching the weather in the Tasman at that time of year, Jimmy Cornells' World Crusing Routes suggested that, even though it was cyclone season in the Coral Sea, Tasman crossings in the southern hemisphere summer were possible given you had a good forecast.

The pieces were falling into place, so after a few phone calls I had return flights to Auckland booked to check it out. I flew over in Sept 2011, took a bus about 3hrs north of Auckland to Opua, in the Bay of Islands and stayed with the boat's owner, Richard Cross.

In the morning we drove down to a little boatyard tucked around the corner from the main Opua marina. Heart of Gold was dried out alongside the dock at low tide. She looked like a proud, capable little thing sitting there on its keel with her bluff bow, wide beam and solid looking bowsprit. I took a heap of photos and checked out everything on board.

Even though I hadn't been on many yachts to compare, I was still impressed with how much room there was in the cabin. The Flicka's really are well laid out and comfortable for a boat only 6ft longer than my catamaran.

It had all the features you'd expect to find on a bigger yacht: furling jib; fully battened main with three reef points; a staysail on a boom; full height lifelines; stainless steel bowsprit, bench tops and compression arch; two 100 litre water tanks; 60m of chain on the anchor; a proper LPG oven and stove; heater; fridge; toilet; plenty of storage; a reliable little Yanmar diesel and a cosy little bunk and bookshelf.

We took her for a quick sail the next day, then I flew back to Sydney content and satisfied that I'd found what I'd been looking for. I ironed out some of the finer details, organized a survey to be completed, researched import taxes, Australian registration, moorings, etc. The survey didn't show any problems apart from a couple of minor blisters below the waterline. I made an offer which Richard accepted, and she was all mine.

The boat did previously have a Navik windvane on it when it sailed up to Fiji. The previous owner Richard

Cross couldn't fault the Navik. It was easily mounted (could be lashed on), lightweight and simple to use. The only down side being that they aren't made anymore and original parts were hard to come by. I found one for sale on eBay in the US and had it shipped over to a friend's place in Auckland waiting for me. As soon as the uni semester finished at the end of October that year, I flew back to the Bay of Islands with a backpack and some books, and moved aboard for the next 2 1/2 months.

Learning to sail in New Zealand

Having never slept onboard a yacht before, the first night aboard was pretty cool. I remember Rich Cross described it to climbing back into the womb, which if you don't think into it too much, is a pretty good description. I imagine it similar to what a caterpillar might feel like going into a cocoon. Protected from the elements, tucked up in the V berth and rocked to sleep, with the sound of water lapping the hull.

The first few days aboard it rained heavily and I was quite happy to stay on the mooring getting acquainted with all the little systems, digging through cupboards discovering spare alternators, anchors, ships bells, old survey reports, chasing wiring and hoses under the V berth, pouring water into the bilge and seeing how fast it was pumped out, testing the LPG alarm and remembering what valves did what.

Dad flew over for a couple of weeks to learn the ropes with me. Having never sailed before either (apart from on the 14 foott catamaran), he was just as eager to learn as I was. Being a mechanic and having a natural ability to fix pretty much anything, he had a good look over everything including the little Yanmar. We changed the oil, replaced a few worn belts and a leaking water pump (apparently pretty common on the Yanmar 1GM's).

We made a few modifications to the windvane and mounted it on the stern. One thing we quickly discovered is how fast the days pass when you're living on a mooring and don't have a car. Nothing is a simple task, going to the chandlery or the supermarket become all day affairs.

The interior of s/y **HEART of GOLD**.
Photo: Richard Lawless © 2013

The bunk and books aboard my Flicka, s/y **HEART of GOLD**.
Photo: Richard Lawless © 2013

Anchored in the warm New Zealand weather.
Photo: Richard Lawless © 2013

At anchor in New Zealand, s/y **HEART of GOLD** is the smallest boat in the harbor.
Photo: Richard Lawless © 2013

My father working on the Yanmar inboard diesel engine of s/y **HEART of GOLD**.
Photo: Richard Lawless © 2013

HEART of GOLD anchored in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand.
Photo: Richard Lawless © 2013

Putting in the first reef ever on s/y **HEART of GOLD**.
Photo: Richard Lawless © 2013

Before we left the safety of the mooring for our first sail we raised and lowered the main, unfurled and furled the genoa, checked the engine went in and out of gear smoothly and chose a path through the other moored boats to open water.

One of my first concerns was hitting another boat whilst coming and going from the mooring. I learnt that these thoughts (concerns, worries, fears....) remain with you all the time when you're sailing. I think they're a good thing to have, like an awareness of what could go wrong and how quickly it could happen. It keeps you on your toes and makes you think three steps ahead.

As my experience grew, the consequences got progressively more serious. Will the anchor drag overnight? Will the motor start first go if I don't make this tack? Is that where the unmarked reef was? Will a tanker run me down overnight? Will I be able to go to windward in 30 knots off a lee shore? What if my windvane breaks in the middle of the Tasman? It's a part of sailing that I like, those little thoughts in the back of your mind. They're often missing in daily life on land and make you feel alive with the sense of apprehension, responsibility, relief and achievement they offer in return for having them.

We took a few short day trips up and down the channel from Opua to Paihia and Russel before venturing further around the point into the Bay of Islands. One afternoon early on we put a reef in for the first time. It was probably only blowing about 25 knots but we just went back and forth across the channel, dad at the helm while I was working out the reefing lines and sail ties.

I pulled the main in to its third reef I remember we were pretty pleased with our efforts. It was surprising how much difference reducing the sail area made. The heel angle reduced, the weight on the tiller lightened, boat speed slowed down and there wasn't as much spray. These were the sort of little steps we took that helped my confidence build. I had read about the theory and technique in books but actually doing it on my own boat was a different thing, solidifying all the reading in experience and memories.

Editor: Addition stories about **HEART of GOLD** will appear in future issues of Flicka Friends.

Totes and Duffels

By Tom Davison
s/y BLUE SKIES

My Flicka is far from where I live and getting things to and from the sailboat can be a challenge at times. Besides organizing the movement of items for flying, there is a need to manage things onboard as well.

A four roller suitcase has been purchased to get everything through the airports. This suitcase moves freely without the need to drag it along. While this is great in airports, a suitcase really doesn't work on a Flicka. Luckily, I have storage on the island and the bulky suitcase can be changed to something else.

One of the best things for me under the tree last Christmas proved to be one of the least expensive. My wife ordered a L.L. Bean Tote with my boat name embroidered on it. It was an instant hit with me and I couldn't wait to be back aboard my Flicka in the Pacific Northwest to try it out. My Christmas tote was a large model with the regular straps and a zippered enclosure.

These totes come in a variety of sizes, some with or without a zipped enclosures and regular or long handles. The tote proved very helpful in getting things to and from the Flicka. Since I remove everything between trips, gathering everything was difficult.

On the last trip, I needed more totes, but ordering them takes time. Another option was needed. The solution was actually a gift from a marina. While at the Cap Sante Marina in Anacortes, Washington, they were making a serious effort to fill the twenty-five percent of the marina's boat slips that were empty. They had key floats, brochures, and some other promotional items. One item they gave me was a small tote bag with their marina's name on it. This proved to be the inspiration for organizing my Flicka.

Since this grocery bag style tote bag easily fit on the shelve above the v-berth, I wanted to find a few more. The remedy was no farther than the grocery store on Lopez Island. I drove over to see what they offered and purchased six of them. The cost was low, a couple of dollars for each one.

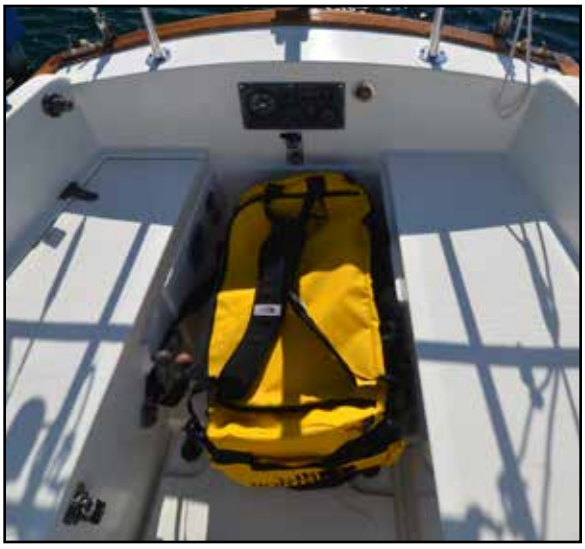
Back aboard my Flicka, I found that they fit nicely and allowed gathering all the miscellaneous items quickly and easily. All the little items quickly disappeared into them.

When it came time to clear out the Flicka at the end of the trip, it was accomplished in three cart loads. Considering that the cushions and sails were taken as well, this isn't too bad. Loading and unloading is even easier now that I'm adjusting to tide tables and waiting for the

The first trip to storage required several trips with a cart. Too much loose stuff!
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

Reusable grocery bags solved the moving problems for s/y **BLUE SKIES**.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

A duffel and two totes: Plenty of room for everything!
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013



The quarterberth is perfect place for the duffel. Shoulder straps make carrying easy.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

The L.L. Bean Totes bags in the cockpit of s/y **ZANZIBAR.**
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

high tide when I can to eliminate the steep pitch of the gangway to the parking lot.

The latest addition for traveling is a large North Bag duffle bag. Primarily, this bag will be used to hold all my stuff for a trip on the water. Clothing, life jacket, rain gear, sun screen, a fleece jacket, Tilley hat, and whatever else might be needed. This keeps everything in a single location and you don't have to be concerned that you left something behind either at home or on the boat. It also fits inside my new roller suitcase with some spare room.

Talking with others using the North Face duffel bag while at airports, I've heard some great things. These bags are bomb-proof. They are durable and they last. One person I talked to had what appeared to be a brand new bag. In fact, he had been using the bag for a number of years on many flights.

The North Face duffel has regular carrying straps and a shoulder harness system so you can carry the bag like a backpack. The straps are removable in case you check the bag at the airport. The only down side is the initial cost, but the lifespan of this great bag should negate this one drawback. You get what you pay for!

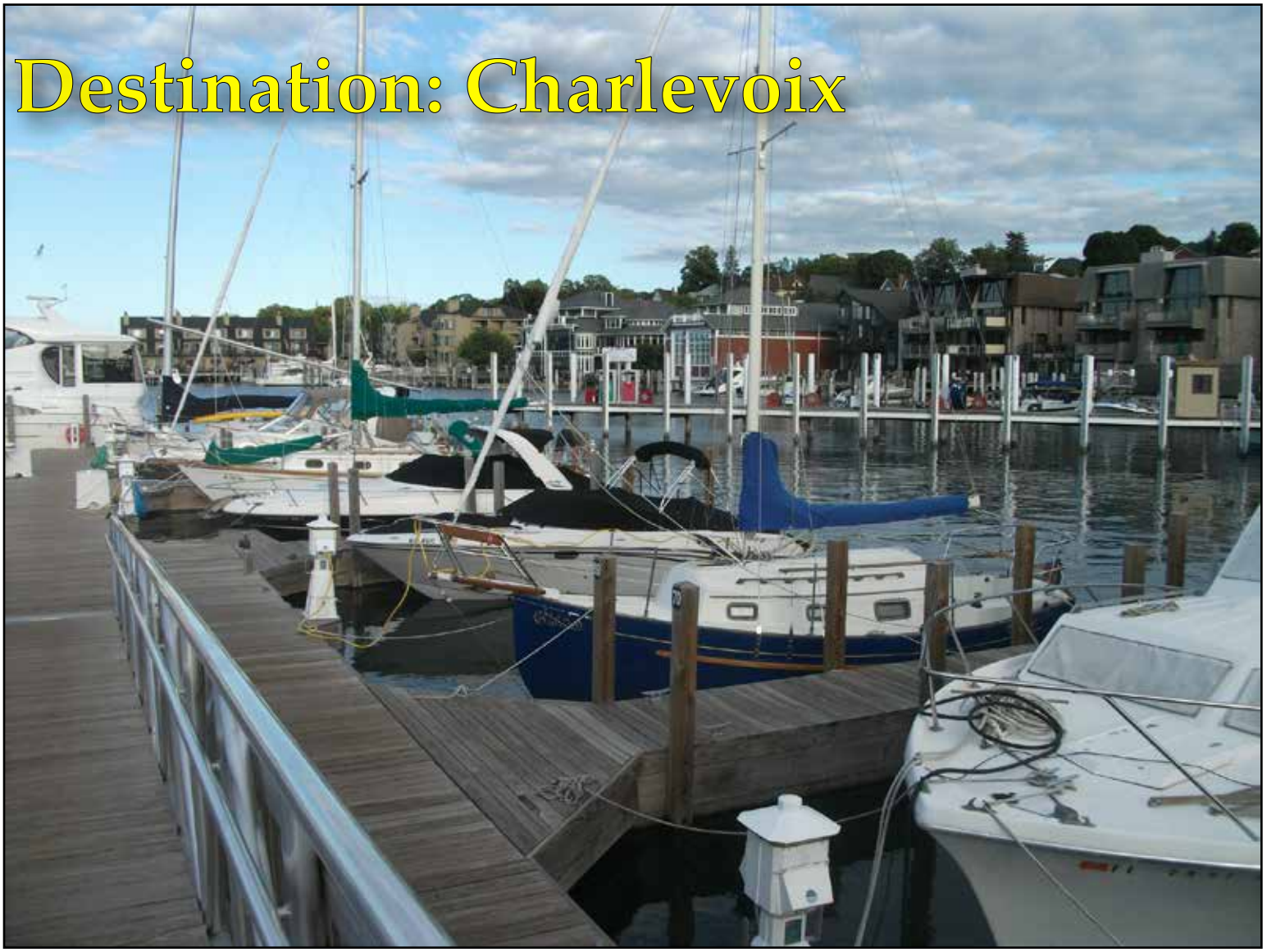
One other advantage of the L.L. Bean totes is having one in your suitcase. I did on the last trip to the Pacific Northwest and found that the single bag exceeded the standard weight limits. The bottom line is that checking the suitcase would mean a $200 charge. Having the tote with me allowed splitting the items into two bags and checking them. The result was a charge of $25.00 for the first bag and $35.00 for the second, a savings of $140.00.

Another path for those with sewing machines would be the creation of custom totes that actual fit the space on the shelves and maybe some of the lockers in the Flicka too. They would maximize the use of every inch of space aboard and eliminate the cluttered look that many cruising sailboats take onboard. Things like tool bags and tool rolls come to mind. The heavy duck fabric could be replaced with lighter Sunbrella fabric, something that would shed water better.

My birthday brought another one of these totes, identical to the first one except that it had the longer handles which makes the using the bag much easier. The shorter handles don't stay on your shoulder while the longer ones will. Perfect for hauling groceries or laundry.

Looking forward, there will be more "real" totes ordered from L.L. Bean. Until then, the fabric reusable grocery bags will be used aboard s/y **BLUE SKIES.** Replacing a damaged or worn out grocery bag will be easy. Adding a tote from each marina that I visit is a another way to add a tote bag.

Destination: Charlevoix



ZANZIBAR at the dock in the City Marina of Charlevoix, MI.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

By Randy Richardson
s/y ZANZIBAR

The original plan was to sail solo from Traverse City to Beaver Island by way of Northport and Charlevoix. However, Charlevoix was so nice I decided to spend an extra day there and make a day trip to Beaver on the ferry.

The trip started from **ZANZIBAR's** home port of Elmwood Marina in Traverse City, Michigan. The first leg up Grand Traverse bay to Northport was about twenty-five miles. The wind started out light but built as the day progressed. Soon **ZANZIBAR** was galloping up the bay on a broad reach at six mph.

By the time we turned into Northport bay the wind was really blowing and the clouds were looking pretty ominous. It was nice to get settled in a slip and put on a pot of soup. The next day broke with small craft warnings so I stayed put in Northport Marina for another day.

The weather was severe only five miles south of **ZANZIBAR** and Northport. MI.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Plotting the course for the next day: Northport to Charlevoix.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Fine dining aboard Hotel **ZANZIBAR**.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Morning stop before heading into Lake Michigan.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

The following day, the small craft warnings were lifted. The Lake Michigan buoy was reporting winds out of the Northwest at twenty to twenty-five knots with waves from two to three feet. Time to go, after getting a sweet roll and coffee at Barb's Bakery of course.

The leg from Northport to Charlevoix was about twenty miles. Before clearing Northport Point, I put a reef in the main and rolled in half the genoa. It was a little blustery out on Lake Michigan, but **ZANZIBAR** was in her element and heading for Charlevoix on a course of 060 True. The next turn was a the Green can buoy "1" located off of Fisherman Island.

Along the way, **ZANZIBAR** and I would cross a simple boundary at the mouth of Grand Traverse Bay. It would be the first time in the open waters of Lake Michigan for both of us.

The Saint Mary's cement plant on South Point near Charlevoix makes a great landmark which can be seen from miles away. At Buoy "Red 2" off South Point, we turned to 113 True and headed for the Pine River that connects Lake Michigan to Round Lake and then into Lake Charlevoix.

The Memorial Bridge is a double leaf bascule bridge over the Pine River and it opens on the hour and 1/2 hour if needed to let sailboats, large boats or ships through. The Charlevoix City Marina is on the west side of Round Lake so you need to deal with the bridge if you're going to the marina.

This was my first time sailing into Charlevoix and, being by myself, I was a little worried about the bridge. Both sides of the river have high steel seawalls that will not accommodate tying a small sailboat to. The Pine River Channel is one hundred and fifty feet at the mouth and the width decreases to one hundred ten feet at the Memorial Bridge.

The large Emerald Isle ferryboat that runs between Charlevoix and Beaver Island uses the river and there is also quite a bit of recreational boat traffic in the summer. I timed my entrance to coincide with the bridge openings and to avoid the Ferry schedule.

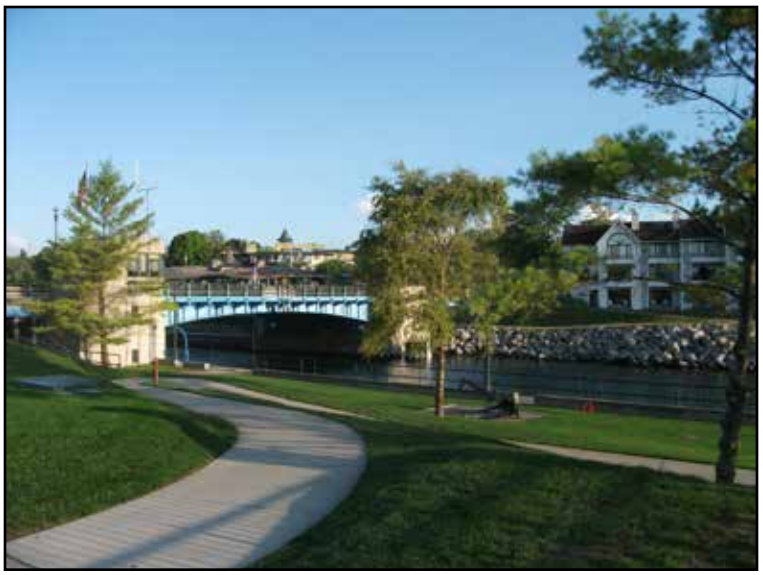
I got to the bridge a few minutes early. The wind was blowing me toward the bridge so I couldn't just sit and wait for it to open. The only thing I could think to do was to drive around in circles timed to fit in between the power boats going in and out of the river. This would sure have been a bad time for the diesel to go on strike. Fortunately, the little Yanmar chugged away until the bridge opened and we were back on our way.

After clearing the bridge and coming into Round Lake, a turn to starboard took us to the marina. What a beautiful place and a great marina staff. Rebuilt in 2007, this marina blends well into the town. The stonework around the marina and park

The cement plant near Charlevoix, Michigan.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Turning toward the Pine River at the bell buoy.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Heading under the bridge and into Round Lake.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013



The bridge over the Pine River in Charlevoix, Michigan.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

The Charlevoix Marina was rebuilt in the last ten years.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Besides new floating docks, there is a large green space.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

A day trip to Beaver Island aboard the Emerald Isle.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Beaver Island is located thirty-two miles from Charlevoix.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

The St. James Yacht Club on Beaver Island.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Historical Museum in St. James, Michigan.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Sunset over the Pine River and Lake Michigan in the distance.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Lights around the Charlevoix Marina from the boat slip.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

An early morning departure from Charlevoix aboard s/y **ZANZIBAR** and the next stop is Elmwood Marina - 40+ miles away.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Another sailboat followed me out of the Pine River into Lake Michigan.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

With no wind, motoring home was the only option.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

Hiding from the sun on the calm and hot trip back south in Grand Traverse Bay.
Photo: Randy Richardson © 2013

flows in wavy patterns and quaint street lamps illuminate the pathways. The marina's rock work was designed to emulate the patterns on the eight so-called mushroom houses in Charlevoix that were designed by Earl Young (1889-1975).

The marina is located next to a large open area park which has a band shell where soft jazz was being played. Above the marina, little shops and small restaurants line Bridge Street.

The Weathervane and Edgewater restaurants are just a short walk back to the river and are both great if a more upscale dinner is desired. Olson's supermarket is within walking distance to the south for resupplying the ships stores.

I had planned on leaving the following morning to sail to Beaver Island but was so impressed with Charlevoix that I decided if I could keep my slip for another night I would stay here and make a day trip to Beaver on the ferry instead.

It all worked out. The Emerald Isle ferryboat covers thirty-two miles in two hours. The ferry trip and time spent on the island was a lot of fun.

Beaver Island is a thirteen by six mile island with a year-round population of 687 people. Services are varied and include most thing you would need to visit or even winter over. The island traces it's roots to Ireland and you might see the Irish courtesy flag flying on a starboard spreader.

After spending another enjoyable night in Charlevoix it was time to head home. Dealing with the bridge at six in the morning with calm winds was a no brainer. Just sit and wait for it to open.

Being "inside" of the bridge is almost never a problem. However, a week after leaving, the bridge "stuck" in the down position for seven hours while an electrical problem was diagnosed and repaired.

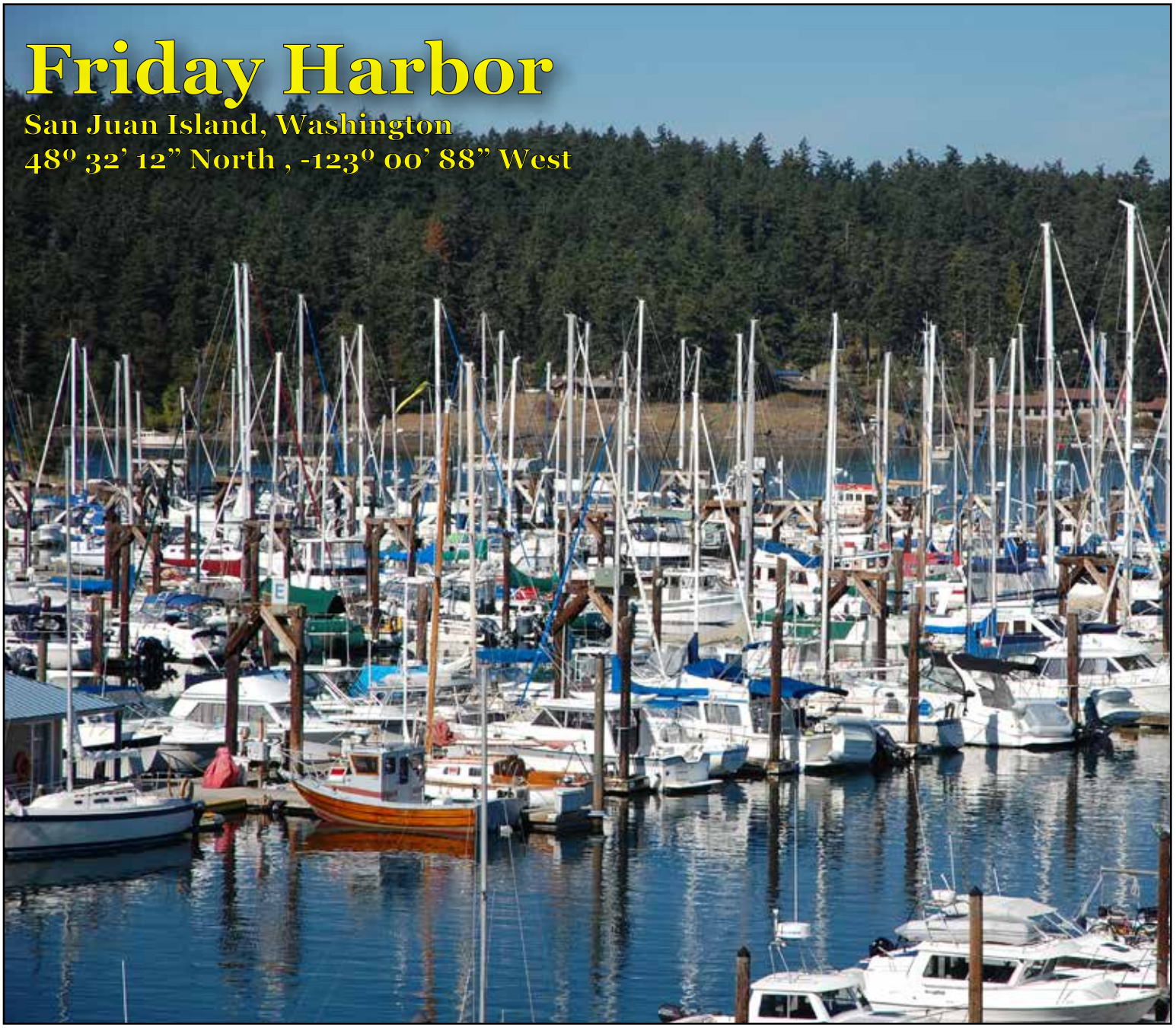
The windy conditions of the preceding days which made for such good sailing was over and the trip home was made motoring. The autopilot was put to good use on the way back into Grand Traverse Bay.

By afternoon it was dead calm and getting pretty hot under the August sun. An umbrella was rigged to the boom to provide a little much needed shade for the remainder of the trip.

After forty-five miles of motoring, s/y **ZANZIBAR** and I were back home. This had been a great trip. It was a lot of fun sailing and staying aboard my Flicka.

Friday Harbor

San Juan Island, Washington
48º 32' 12" North , -123º 00' 88" West



With space for five hundred boats, Friday Harbor is the largest marina in the San Juan Islands.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

By Tom Davison
s/y BLUE SKIES

Just about every type of watercraft can be found in and around the Port of Friday Harbor. This includes small paddling and rowing vessels, cruising power and sailboats, large yachts, commercial fishing boats, and Washington State ferryboats. Add scheduled float plane service along with regular ferry arrivals and you have a busy mix. Arrive on a weekend or holiday and this harbor is most likely the busiest in the San Juan Island Archipelago. For some, this may be busier than they care for, but Friday Harbor is a good place the stop on the to other areas.

With twenty restaurants, finding a place to eat isn't a problem in Friday Harbor. A wide variety of foods are available. Many of the businesses are located just blocks from the marina.

There are a variety of businesses that cater to the 2,162 residents of Friday Harbor and 6,894 residents of San Juan Island. They include bookstores, bakeries, automotive supplies, hardware, a farmer's market, and many marine related businesses can be found as well. They run the spectrum from canvas for your boat, to repairs, parts, hauling, mechanical & electrical services, and a small West Marine store.

Tourist related businesses abound, with whale watching, boat tours, sailing tours, kayak tours, gift shops, specialty shops, and the Whale Museum.

Friday Harbor is a busy stop for the Washington State Ferry System with trips to the other islands, the mainland in Anacortes, and west to Sidney, Canada. There is U.S. Customs as well for clearing into the states. Friday Harbor is a good place to stop to recharge your batteries, fill the fuel tank and get ready for exploring the San Juan Islands. Friday Harbor is close enough to most places within the San Juan Islands and only hours from Canada and the Gulf Islands.

View of the Port of Friday Harbor from the marina office.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

The gas dock at the Port of Friday Harbor.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

Looking across Front Street and up Spring Street in Friday Harbor.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

Service / Information	
Location	Washington
Latitude	48° 07' 48"
Longitude	85° 36' 38"
Boat Ramp	No / Nearby
Boat Slips / Transients	500+ / 100+
Boat Draft	5-6' to 50-60'
Boat Slip Length	20 to 300'
Boat Storage	No
Brokerage	Yes
Cable TV	Free Wifi
Carts for Marina Use	Yes
Concession / Vending	One Block
Customs	Yes
Diesel	Yes
Electrical 30/50/100 Amp	Yes / Yes / Yes
Fish Cleaning Station	Yes
Garbage / Waste / Recycling	Yes / Yes / Yes
Gasoline	Yes
Ice / Groceries	Yes
Internet / Wi-Fi	Yes
Laundry	Yes
Launch Fee	N.A.
Lodging	Nearby
Mooring / Dinghy Dock	Yes
Post Office	0.5 mile
Pump-Out	Fixed & Mobile
Repairs	Yes
Restrooms	Yes
Restaurants	Close by, nearly 50
Safe Harbor	N.A.
Security / Gated Access	Yes / No
Ship's Store	YES
Showers	Yes
Telephone	(360) 378-2688
Towing	Yes
Trailer Storage	Yes
Travel-Lift	Two Ton Crane
Water Hookup	Yes
Year Built	1950 / 1972

The Last Thing You Check

Rowing out to s/y **NOMAD**, anchored in the calm La Paz Channel after weathering the storm.
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013

By Bill Hogan
s/y NOMAD

"The forecast looks good for hitting the Cerralvo Channel, the trip to Ispiritu Santo's Playa Bonanza is a short 40 mile hop, and we'll be able to judge when the current turns in the San Lorenzo channel much easier than from here at Los Muertos."

So began the most exciting, difficult day of our trip. Storm stories are a staple of cruising narratives, yet storms and heavy weather made up only a tiny fraction of the time we spent voyaging. We never encountered true heavy weather, and we never had to adopt any storm tactics - defined as survival tactics such as heaving to, deploying a drogue, or abandoning upwind progress and running. We were always able to make way towards our destination, even when it was blowing over thirty knots, even when our destination lay upwind. We never needed the storm jib or trysail.

Isla Cerralvo has a notorious channel that lies approximately 100 miles Northwest from the tip of the Baja Peninsula. The waves here are some of the largest in the Sea of Cortez. The wind blows hard and consistently. Kite surfers come from all over the world to ride at La Ventana beach adjacent to the channel.

We departed the absolutely beautiful Bahia de Los Muertos at 11:00 a.m., hoping to ride a 2.5 knot tidal current before it reversed twelve hours later. With following winds a strong current is no problem, but if the wind turns against the current, look out! Small wind waves quickly steepen and start breaking. Our weather prediction service, the generally reliable internet based Predict Wind showed a beam wind of ten to fifteen knots, with the possibility of twenty knots in the evening.

"Hmmmm - Hey Saba, I think we should continue to Playa Bonanza today, and ride this breeze for all its worth. Playa Bonanza is an open roadstead anchorage supposedly without hazards."

"OK - sounds good."

At around 3:00 p.m., a Mexican Navy gunboat appeared on the horizon, parked directly in the middle of the Cerralvo channel.

"Look - There's the Navy, ha-ha-ha - Maybe they will board us like the U.S. Coast Guard did in Long Beach, Jack boots and all!"

We were under spinnaker, just like we were in Long Beach, and I hated the thought of having to stop for some silly "safety inspection" or whatever...

Saba enjoys the view as s/y **NOMAD** loops along downwind under maximum possible sail: an asymmetrical spinnaker, a 140% genoa poled out and full main (sheeted amidships to damped trolling). Over 600 square feet of sail on a 20 foot requires caution and constant vigilance to windward for wind shifts or changes. ***Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013***

We trudged along for the next couple of hours, and the ship didn't move. About a mile from the ship, just as we cleared the northern tip of Isla Cerralvo, I noticed some VERY dark water to the Northwest. "Let's drop the kite and putting up the 140 Genny - it will be dark soon, and I don't like the looks of that water to windward."

Note: Thirty-six knots as recorded by our weather station on the evening of April 10th in the Cerralvo Channel.

After hoisting the big genoa, the water continued to darken, and it was clearly advancing towards us, so I took out the binoculars to get a better look. What I saw looked terrifying: boiling black water topped with whitecaps. I decided we'd better reef down the main, strike the Genoa, and put up the heavy weather jib. Just as I completed those tasks we were hit with a wall of wind and water, the likes of which I'd never seen before.

The Navy gunboat turned tail, and began running before the building wind. A one hundred foot long steel warship, high-tailing it gave us pause.

"Looks like we're in for it baby – hang on!"

Waves were breaking every three seconds against the bow and although they were not large - four or five feet maximum, they were steeper and more vicious than any I'd ever seen. Their small size and short period is the sweet spot sea state were **NOMAD** is the least happy.

Sour spot?

In big swells a Flicka rides like a duck - up and over the waves, but in the small stuff the ride is bumpier- she heels over 25 or 30 degrees, water comes over the lee rail, and you bounce along like a ping pong ball.

Since conditions were still building I made the decision to remove the flexible solar panels we deploy atop the Bimini in fair weather, and handed them down the companionway to Saba who stowed them below.

We then folded the Bimini and lashed it to the cabin-top to reduce windage aft and the resultant "weather helm" or steering imbalance it creates in strong conditions.

NOMAD was charging along well at this point, but I'd made an error in sheeting our heavy weather jib by not re-leading it's sheets outside of the shrouds. This meant that the sail had a lot of twist in it, which while good for spilling air in the gusts, gave her "lee helm" in the lulls - meaning she was not pointing as close to the wind as possible, and this is also hard on the sailcloth - allowing the leech (trailing edge) of the sail to flog.

Once the boat was settled down and making her way towards what our guide books promised would be a safe haven, I asked Saba to pass me up some water to rid myself of the dry metallic taste filling my mouth from the adrenaline rush. Just as I asked her for a drink, the biggest wave the storm came over the front of the boat, and hit me in square the face.

"Hey Saba - can you pass me up Water.....WHAM!...

".....HEY! I meant FRESH water!!!!!"

Saba was laughing hysterically, and despite the storm, I had to laugh with her at the timing of that wave strike.

"Yea, OK, that WAS pretty funny, I've gotta admit....."

The boat was charging along happily under autopilot, when suddenly, the autopilot lost power, and I had to take over. Luckily, it was just a circuit breaker that had overloaded, and Saba was able to quickly reset it. Then, the worst of the wind and waves struck, with **NOMAD** burying her lee coaming, along with the winch under water. Green water sloshed over the coaming into the cockpit, and we were knocked down past forty-five degrees – not so much by the wind, but by a series of waves. Still, she was making well over five knots, even with the pounding she was taking.

Then, a few minutes later: **ALL POWER WENT DOWN.**

To make matters worse, darkness had fallen, making the loss of power even more critical. Without any power we were flying blind - No GPS, no depth sounder, no running lights, no cabin lights, or even a light for the compass to steer by. I attempted heaving to, but with the main double reefed she refused to keep her head up in the thirty-five knot breeze.

This is why we have back-up lighting, and why I repeatedly practiced traditional navigation and compass steering leading up to our voyage. I had Saba dig out the backup navigation lights, and I quickly lashed them to the boat. Saba then booted up the I-pad, which had Navionics loaded. She propped it up on the chart table where It was out of the weather, but I could see it from the helm. I figured out which heading

was best, and commenced hand steering towards Playa Bonanza, a supposedly sheltered anchorage on the east side of Isla Ispiritu Santo twenty-five nautical miles away.

Twenty-five nautical miles. Crap. That's almost thirty normal miles. I had Saba pass me a headlamp, and she lit our oil lamps for cabin lighting. We'd already been out for over eight hours, and had another five to go under difficult conditions.

At the end of the passage lay an unfamiliar landfall at night, with dicey one hundred and fifty year old charts (seriously) without a depth sounder. We didn't have so much as a moon for illumination.

At least the shore we were clawing towards was a weather shore. Aborting our approach would be easy and safe if it came to that, allowing us to reach or run off away from danger. We were prepared to run off across the entire Sea of Cortez if needed, but things were certainly not desperate, just uncomfortable.

To anchor, we'd need our chart-plotter's depth sounder to determine depth and the amount of chain required for good holding.

I lashed the helm, and went below to see what I could do.....

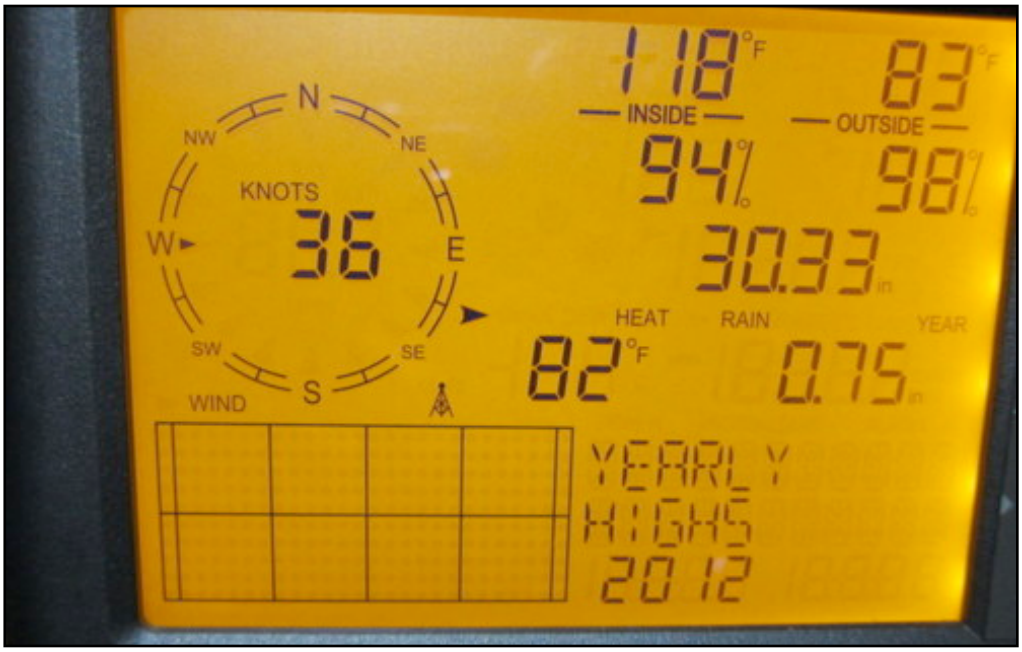
As wind and waves lashed our little boat, I tried to calmly assess the situation and our options:

Concerns:

1. We had no autopilot. This meant I had to hand steer, when I really would have preferred to keep watch from down below, where it was warm and dry.
2. We'd been dressed for the warm afternoon, but now it was dark, and I was wet. Although the air and water weren't very cold, the desert air was very dry, leading to evaporative cooling and potential hypothermia.
3. We had no chart-plotter or depth sounder for navigation
4. We had no fixed VHF radio to call for help
5. We had no navigation lights and were invisible to other shipping
6. We did not have a powerful engine, just a small electric outboard.

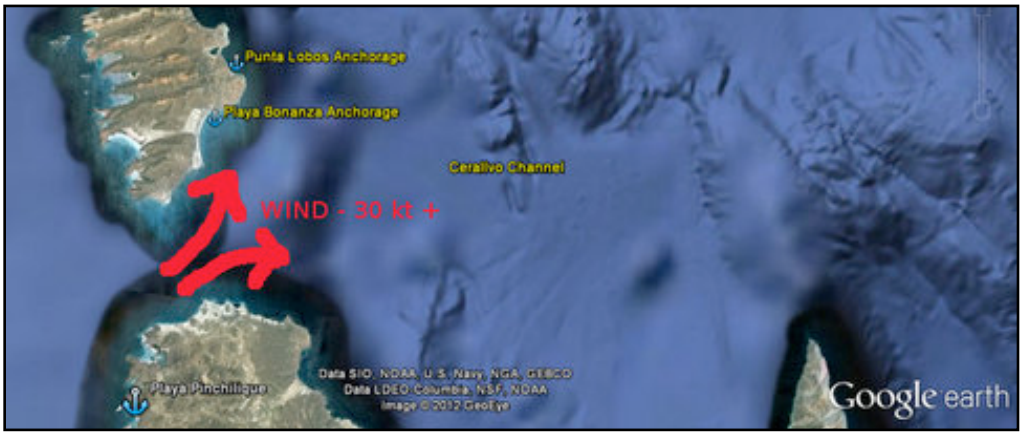
On the plus side:

1. Saba and I were proficient at sailing **NOMAD** without electrical gear. We had practiced sailing compass courses and dead reckoning.



Thirty-six knots as recorded by our weather station on the evening of April 10th in the Cerralvo Channel.
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013

Our route on the evening of April 10th in the Cerralvo Channel.
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013



The path of the winds on April 10th in the Cerralvo Channel.
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013

NOMAD approaches Cabo San Lazaro off Baja's Pacific Coast.
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013

Caleta Lobos, the water really is that color!
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013

2. We had experienced strong winds and big waves traveling down the Pacific, and had a routine for clearing the decks and securing things below when the sea kicked up, and we had immediately reduced sail, reefed down the main, cleared the decks, and battened down the hatches as the winds approached.

3. I had extensive experience in hand steering compass courses.

4. We had two fully charged hand-held VHF radios, three EPIRB rescue beacons, and a satellite phone programed with emergency numbers.

5. We had a fully charged I-pad with detailed charts of the area we were in.

6. We had adequate food and water for a extended stay at sea if needed.

7. We were closing on a weather shore as opposed to being pinned against a lee shore, giving us the option of aborting our approach and running right back from where we came from.

8. I'd purchased standalone, portable battery powered navigation lights - although we were the only boat out there.

9. We were well practiced at anchoring under sail, even at night, even in unfamiliar anchorages.

The first priority was to maintain control of the boat. Well, the boat took care of that all by herself, even with the helm lashed.

Next - thermal management. I lashed the helm and donned my full foul-weather gear - staying warm and dry was essential to maintaining stamina and judgment. We needed depth information if we were going to anchor that night, so I lashed the helm again and crawled below and attempted to troubleshoot the electrical problem with the boat knocked down 35 degrees, hard on the wind.

Rather than attempt to track down the electrical fault, I grabbed the multi-meter and quickly determined that our 400 ah house battery bank was fully charged, so I grabbed some wire cutters, strippers, and a couple of test leads, cut the chartplotter wires away from the main electrical bus, and jumped them directly to the main batteries...

SUCCESS!

We now had speed, depth, and track info in the cockpit. I keyed in the coordinates a waypoint off of Playa Bonanza, from our cruising guide, and headed off into the pitch black night towards it. Twenty minutes with the helm lashed and we were perfectly on

course. Perfectly. Better than I'd done actively steering. Flicka's are that good. We reached Playa Bonanza about four hours later.

The bilge alarm went off just once, and two strokes of the manual pump quickly cleared it. Its true what they say: in heavy weather, water WILL find its way below.

NOMAD's interior stayed bone dry, even with the upper hatch board out, even with seas literally fire hosing over the bow and into the cockpit and, occasionally my face.

Why oh why did I remove that dodger the boat came with? Oh yah, because without any handrails on it, going forward was suicidal. **NOMAD** requires going forward often.

When we reached the anchorage it was a death-trap. Four foot waves swept across the shallow bay making it untenable. Since the anchorage is safe in prevailing north winds, southerly coromuels make it dangerous. About 1/4 mile out I aborted our approach. It was clear that wind and waves were not going to subside. So much for the `` cruising guide - we would have to find another place to stay.

About thirty minutes later after fighting round-ups and disorientation in the rough dark waters, I figured we could find shelter in a small cove behind behind Punta Lobos.

I deployed our four horsepower electric outboard as a back-up, but we were going to sail into this anchorage. The waves subsided as we beat around the point and into the cove, but the winds were still blowing offshore over twenty-five knots.

We had practiced a lot of short tacking before setting off and that practice was about to pay off in gale conditions in a remote anchorage in the pitch black dark....

"READY ABOUT?"

"Ready!"

"HARD-A-LEE!"

As I steered, Saba worked the sheets, enabling a series of short crisp tacks bringing us closer and closer to the rocky beach. About 300 yards off I handed the helm to Saba, and struck and secured the main. We did the final series of tacks under jib only, and on the final tack, Saba called out the depth to me, as I readied the anchor on the foredeck for deployment.

"Fifty, forty-five, forty feet!"

"Anchor Away - Release The Jib Sheet"

With the jib luffing, **NOMAD** fell off quickly. As always when anchoring, she lay beam-to the wind and drifted away downwind from her

NOMAD riding her anchor at Los Muertos
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013

Sailing in the Canal de La Paz on the morning after the storm.
Note the orange storm jib secured to the port life line.
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013

NOMAD docked in La Paz, Baja California Sur.
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013

NOMAD in Cabo San Lucas after 900 miles of sailing south from California.

anchor. I carefully paid out one hundred and eighty feet of chain, waiting for our little ship to fall back and gain momentum before tightening the clutch on the windlass, snubbing the rode and setting the hook.

We were not over a favorable sand bottom with good holding. Keeping one hand on the chain, I could feel it vibrating as it dragged across the rocky bottom. After what seemed like a lifetime, the vibration stopped the chain rose and the the anchor set, hard...

Success!

Exhausted, we looked around and noted that another boat had also sought shelter there. By morning, a third boat was lying next to us. Both crews looked every bit as frazzled as us.

I also quickly discovered what the had disabled our electrical system:

The master power switch had been inadvertently switched off.

It lies at the base of the companionway steps, and one of us apparently stepped on it in the heat of battle. It did its job perfectly, cutting all power to all electronics.

It's always the last thing you check...

Dinner in Ensenada.
Photo: Bill Hogan © 2013

Where are they now?

Bill and Saba are currently back in the United States. Saba is working on a Master's degree in architecture, and Bill is pursuing a career as in the arts as a photographer. You can see some of his work and additional photographs of their voyage at:

www.Hoganfineart.com.

Meanwhile, **NOMAD** lies happily in the care of the good people at Marina De La Paz. Since Bill and Saba are marooned in Los Angeles for the foreseeable future, s/y **NOMAD** is listed for sale with La Paz Yachts. They hope she goes to someone who will enjoy sailing her as much as they did.

Double-Reefing on West Bay

Downwind sailing aboard s/y **ZANZIBAR** near Power Island on Grand Traverse Bay.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

By Tom Davison
s/y BLUE SKIES / Crew: s/y ZANZIBAR

When checked last night, the forecast called for sunny and light winds and I excepted to do a bit of motoring or motor-sailing today. That changed overnight and the winds would be fifteen to twenty knots: perfect Flicka weather. Leaving the dock, it was obvious that the winds would be a bit higher than those forecast. The weather was grand for October in Michigan. The temperature on the water was warm and a light shirt or fleece was enough.

After clearing the breakwall of the marina, the main was set and then the genoa. Turning north, the wind shifted around a bit but eventually settled in astern. We would be running down the bay. As the fetch increased, the waves started effecting the sailing a bit. As waves passed under s/y **ZANZIBAR**, we would "wallow" a bit. While more than manageable, we started looking for a way to control the motion. Some extra distance across the bay wasn't too much of a penalty for the quieter motion.

What really worked was pointing to starboard slightly, changing the direction of the wind on the sails. Without a whisker pole to fly the sails wind and wing, this option worked well. Eventually, we added a double reef in the main and the motions quieted down. We still have occasional waves that presented a problem, but nothing serious at all. Pointing off, reducing sail area worked and the speed from the G.P.S. still showed around five knots or so more on the trip to the north. This worked very well. Next stop: Suttons Bay.

When the main sail blanketed the genoa occasionally, the filling genoa popped when full again. We needed something to reduce the stress on the genoa. The solution was simple: loop a bungee cord around the genoa sheet and connect the hooks to the upper lifeline loop on the stern pulpit. This worked very well, cushioning the line and eliminating the problem completely. Back to sailing north and controlling the roll of the boat as the waves passed underneath the Flicka.

Over the next couple of hours, we sailed north in West Traverse Bay, gradually watching the Mission Peninsula light get closer and closer. Several miles south of Lee Point, we tacked and set the course for the Green Buoy across the channel at the mouth of the Suttons Bay.

As we neared the turn into Suttons Bay at Lee Point, the winds picked up, reaching twenty-five knots at times. As our point of sail changed, we transitioned from downwind, a beam reach, and then sailing upwind, all as the highest winds of the day arrived. After entering the bay, the conditions remained steady for awhile. Another sail adjustment was made by rolling up the genoa roughly 50%. While the Flicka would take a bit more sail area, this change balanced the boat. It was incredible to be sailing upwind in twenty-five knots of wind with no immediate need to steer. The Flicka tracked perfectly! The heal was just ten degrees and we were making five knots or more.

Before entering the bay, we noticed a single small sailboat working south as well. We made very good progress compared to the other sailboat. It turned out to be a Cape Dory Typhoon with two people aboard. They were only flying the genoa, not their main.

The Cape Dory sailing in Suttons Bay, Lake Michigan.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

Calm conditions were a considerable contrast to the weather around mid-day.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

Motoring home aboard s/y **ZANZIBAR** on Grand Traverse Bay.
Photo: Tom Davison © 2013

We followed the Cape Dory into the bay and tacked behind them several times. Eventually, we tacked short and made our way back to the stronger winds on the east side of the bay. As the winds dropped, the reefs were let out for the last two tacks at the south end of the bay. Near the marina, we dropped the main and furled the genoa. It was time to dock and have lunch.

The marina at Suttons Bay is close to a number of restaurants. We walked four blocks to one of the local watering holes. The burger was just right for a long day on the water. It was great food at tourist prices. Walking back to the marina, it was obvious that the winds had dropped considerably. We hoped to be sailing out of the bay.

Back aboard s/y **ZANZIBAR** and clear of the marina, we hoisted the sails in an attempt to sail out of the bay. The winds were nothing like what he arrived in. We light winds and not enough daylight left in the day. So, we motor-sailed down the bay and around Lee Point, heading south again. With the wind right on the nose, motor-sailing didn't provide any tangible increase in speed and the sail was lowered for the motor trip home.

The autopilot was brought out for the trip home. The motoring was boring and letting a mechanical device deal with pointing the bow in the right direction was a good idea.

The scenery was anything but boring. The trees were roughly thirty percent of peak fall color, so the shorelines were beginning to come alive with color. Another week or so should bring the peak colors to the lakeshore.

Little by little, the landmarks and buoys went by. Checking the time, our arrival would be thirty minutes or so after dark. Like on the way north, except for a few boats, we were the only ones out.

After watching the sunset, we continued south for another couple of miles before turning into the marina. Entering in the dark was just a little more difficult since a spot light isn't used. At times, the breakwall lights are obscured by gulls and cormorants but not this evening.

Docking in the dark with very little wind was easy enough. The light from the marina walkways proved sufficient. This had been a great day on the water. Even after dark, the temperatures were comfortable. Two more days until the weather turns...winter is coming.