

Flicka Friends

Summer 2007



Vol. 12, No. 2





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Next Issues...

- Sailing on Lake Charlevoix aboard s/y BEN MAIN, Jr.
- Sailing from Florida to Rio Dulce aboard s/y HONU
- Hose replacement aboard the Flicka. A detailed look at the multitude of hoses, where they go, and how much replacement would cost.

Cover Photos

FRONT COVER

One of the best sailing days ever on Suttons Bay, Michigan aboard s/y BEN MAIN, Jr.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2007

BACK COVER

Heading into Suttons Bay Marina after a great day of sailing aboard s/y BEN MAIN, Jr.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2007

If you have a high quality photo of your Flicka and would like to see it on the cover, please let me know.

tom@flicka20.com

A New Beginning?



BEN MAIN, Jr. on the city dock wall two days before the new Charlevoix Marina was to be opened.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2007

By Tom Davison

The issue that I planned wasn't finished and that was mostly due to computer limitations. The Lake Charlevoix Issue contains quite a few images, maybe more than any issue so far. Because of the file size of each images, the issue files exceeded 750 MB and reached the point that Windows XP displayed low memory messages.

There was no other option but to purchase additional RAM for my computer. Checking the PDF manual, I found that the maximum for this slightly older computer would be two gigabytes.

I was just about to drive into town to buy some Ram when Randy Kroeck e-mailed me to make a small donation to the Flicka Home Page for helping him sell his Flicka s/y HONU. While I don't solicit anything from Flicka sellers, his offer was accepted and my computer was upgraded.

Randy and I are both working on articles. The next issue will be about sailing to Rio Dulce aboard s/y HONU and the winter issue will be about sailing on Lake Charlevoix aboard s/y BEN MAIN, Jr. The new two issues will have plenty of images showing Flickas. One is blue water, the other sweet water. Thanks Randy!



An Octogenarian Aboard



Dick Shepherd running before a twenty knot wind at 5.9 knots aboard s/y BEN MAIN, Jr. under a full main. The next trip was even faster.

Tom Davison © 2007

By Tom Davison

Last summer was busy and my sailing days were limited. Besides the trip to Lake Charlevoix, I spent several afternoons sailing with Dick Shepherd, the second owner of s/y **BEN MAIN, Jr.**

At the request of Tom Grimes, I stopped by Dick Shepard's summer cottage to convince him and his wife that a sailing trip would be a good thing to do. Sailing with an octogenarian was a little concerning given a couple of health limitations which prevented him from sailing over the last couple of years. Both agreed that he could make the trip and a time was set for the following afternoon. It was mostly overcast and the wind was over twenty knots. We raced down the bay and al-

most reached six knots under just the full main.

A week later, I was out sailing with Dick and Tom Grimes. This day of sailing has to be one of my best ever. The wind was across the bay and we traveled out and back without tacking (see the cover photo). The speed was ninety to ninety-five percent of the main and genoa. Weather was a perfect seventy degrees.

Heading out, we charged down the bay at 6.2 knots. On the return trip, we managed 6.7 knots. We reached the marina early, so we headed out again. We all enjoyed the day and kept pace with a Catalina 28 on the way back. This day was truly a gift, especially for the octogenarian aboard.

About Flicka Friends

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 from the since the 1970's. 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 Corporation who built 434 hulls in California. Only time will tell the future of the Flicka after the recent purchase of Pacific Seacraft's assets at a bankruptcy auction.

Flicka Friends is published on a quarterly basis, with issues being mailed in March, June, September and December. Articles, letters, comments and photos relating to the Flicka are welcomed and encouraged.

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Dennis Pratt/Flicka Friends

Dennis Pratt - Publisher
685 Spring Street, #191
Friday Harbor, WA 98250
(360) 370-5133
dennis@flicka20.com

Tom Davison - Editor
P.O. Box 462
Empire, MI 49630-0462
(231) 326-6011
tom@flicka20.com

<http://www.flicka20.com>



Flicka Dreams: A Young

By Blake Perlingieri

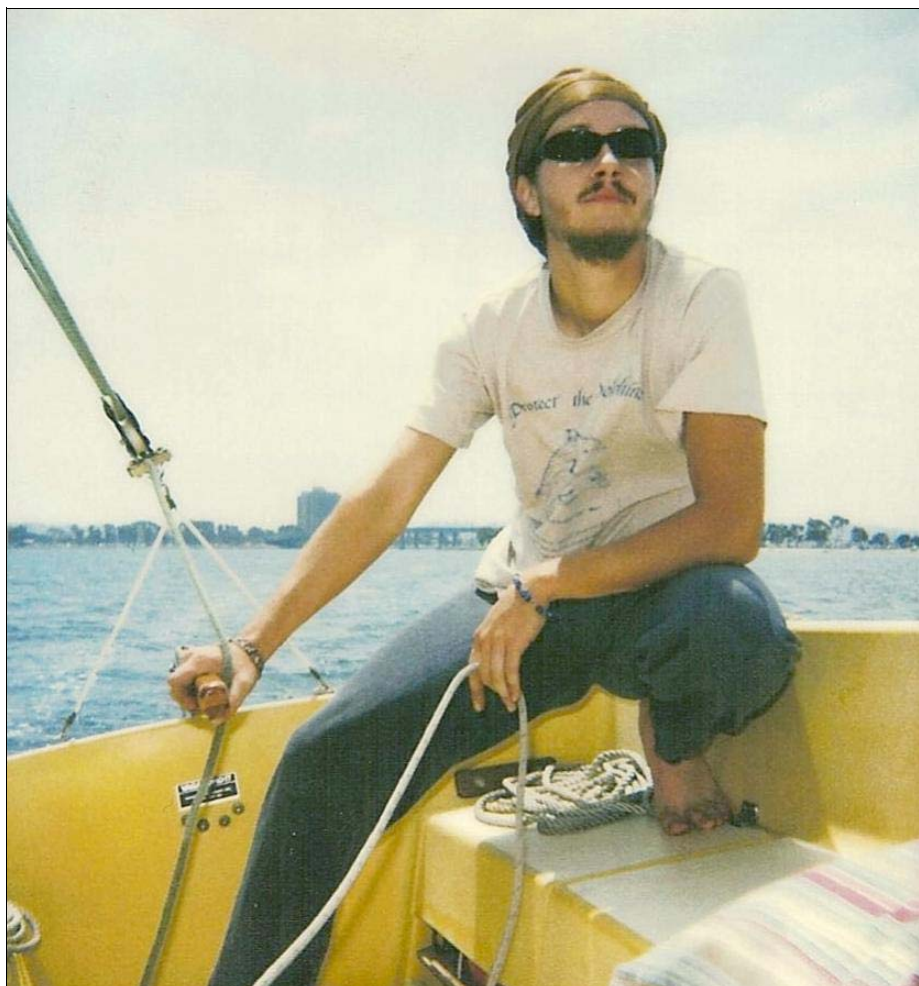
Now that the excitement of my Flicka purchase is nine months past, I've settled into a certain calm assuredness and pride that most of you are all too familiar with.

First a bit of history. I've always loved the ocean. I grew up on the beach in Del Mar, California in the 1970's. I was inspired by my grandfather, George Perlingieri senior, a sailor and avid fisherman. In 1982, my best friend and I saved our newspaper route dollars and purchased a 16 foot plywood sloop. Our goal was to run away to San Francisco from San Diego.

After much preparation and working on the boat in secret, we set sail. Not realizing that wood needs to swell, while taking on a lot of water, we were rescued by the Coast Guard leaving the harbor. Embarrassed, we were towed to safety where we were forced to confess our plans (ala Robin Lee Graham) to our respective parents.

In 1983, my father, George Jr., and I were taking sailing classes together at the Coast Guard flotilla, and Mission Bay Aquatic center, and sailing our Vagabond 17 on the bay. In 1984, as a young and now ex-Coast Guardsman, I took my severance pay and bought my next boat, a McCuen Champion. It was a fat little sloop with an odd layout that would be my home for two years. I even constructed a wood cabin crown as my first major boat modification which gave me full headroom.

Soon I landed my first job as a sailing instructor at San Diego's Sailing Club and School, rowing the nautical mile to work in my Zodiac tender. I taught yuppie landlubbers in the finer arts. I maintained and instructed on a fleet of Catalina's from 22 -34 feet. The early 1980's were really a revival time for sailing as many flocked to the sport; some even adopted the lifestyle.



The author sailing the family sloop on San Diego Bay in 1986.

Photo: Blake Perlingieri © 2007

It was at this time that I saw my first Flicka, and it was love at first sight. Truly her lines were so appealing that my eye was forever changed at that point. Other boats looked cheaper; plastic, mass-produced and without character. At that time, a Flicka was far out of this young sailor's budget, though I researched the design extensively. She and others of her line and design and sailing took on a new dimension for me.

One fateful night aboard my sloop Natural Science, on the periphery of the channel, I was awakened by repeated "Ahoy'!" and a very loud horn getting

louder by the second. It seems my anchor had been fouled by literally tons of seaweed, which had dragged me into the middle of the ship's channel. Not twenty yards away was a Navy destroyer, bearing down directly upon me. I flew to the bow, where I discovered my anchor rode was totally immovable. I quickly cut and buoyed it. Some said I should have let it go, but the Danforth was a big ticket item to me and not to be lost.

Hopping back astern, I fired up my little Suzuki two horsepower outboard, and motored out of the way with barely five feet to spare with the shouts



Sailor Comes Full Circle at 40



Transporting our Flicka from Central Oregon to Portland and a permanent moorage.

Photo: Blake Perlingieri © 2007

and lights of sailors far above my head. The bow wake of the ship nearly cap-sized me but I was out of harm's way. Heading for the Coast Guard's transient dock in San Diego harbor, and a bit rattled, I called my dad and step-mom at 3:00 am. They collected me and brought me home; damn that couch felt good. Within a year I'd be in college, my boat sold, and the sailing life a memory; a dream on hold.

Fast forward to 1994. My former business partner and I bonded over mutual love for Flickas, and barely six months into store ownership, we bought him (what a nice guy I was) his Flicka first; we were both eventually to have one, so the plan went.



Dad and I sailing together again after 20 years.

Photo: Blake Perlingieri © 2007



Launching s/y Nomad at the Columbia River with my best friend, Rick

Photo: Blake Perlingieri © 2007

Our first day off since opening our shop found us transporting his boat from south San Francisco bay to Sausalito. Our day sail passed the nautical miles in good time in a hard 25 knot wind. Unreefed, we made the journey on one tack, and the stout little yacht



Flicka Dreams: A Young

lived up to her reputation. The next fourteen years was spent establishing my business after Kristian and I parted ways and cities. Moving to Oregon, I built up the business that would eventually deliver me from the daily grind after an honest 19 years, thanks to my manager and best friend, Rick.

It is now 2005. Married, with two daughters, we pick up a clean Catalina 22 to get the wife and kids hooked. A summer of good Central Oregon lake sailing, and with dad and step-mom aboard, but still not being able to stand up, even with the pop-top up, I knew what the next boat would be. There have been few changes in 20 years as you can see, a bit more hair and a few more tattoos.

On the way back from my 40th birthday in British Columbia, we detoured to check out an isolated little Flicka on a trailer, in the middle of nowhere. In a month, she was mine, delivered via land to Central Oregon.

After the winter of sprucing her up with new teak and bronze portlights, refurbishing her EZ-Loader trailer with rollers, paint, electrics, and the like, she followed us to our new home in Portland. She isn't the easy 10 minute launch the trailerable Catalina was, and Bingham's self-stepping system was a bit difficult for me; we used the truck to hoist it.

For all you tech buffs, I towed her easily with a 3/4 ton biodiesel powered Suburban. We required some brake cooling-off stops coming down the mountain, but after a three hour drive, a three hour launch and borrowing innumerable tools from the Coast Station (seemingly a reoccurring theme in my life), she was afloat. Now she's permanently slipped on the Columbia where we're off in the channel in minutes when weather is fair or when opportunity presents.



My first mate, Mayan learning docking skills

Photo: Blake Perlingieri © 2007

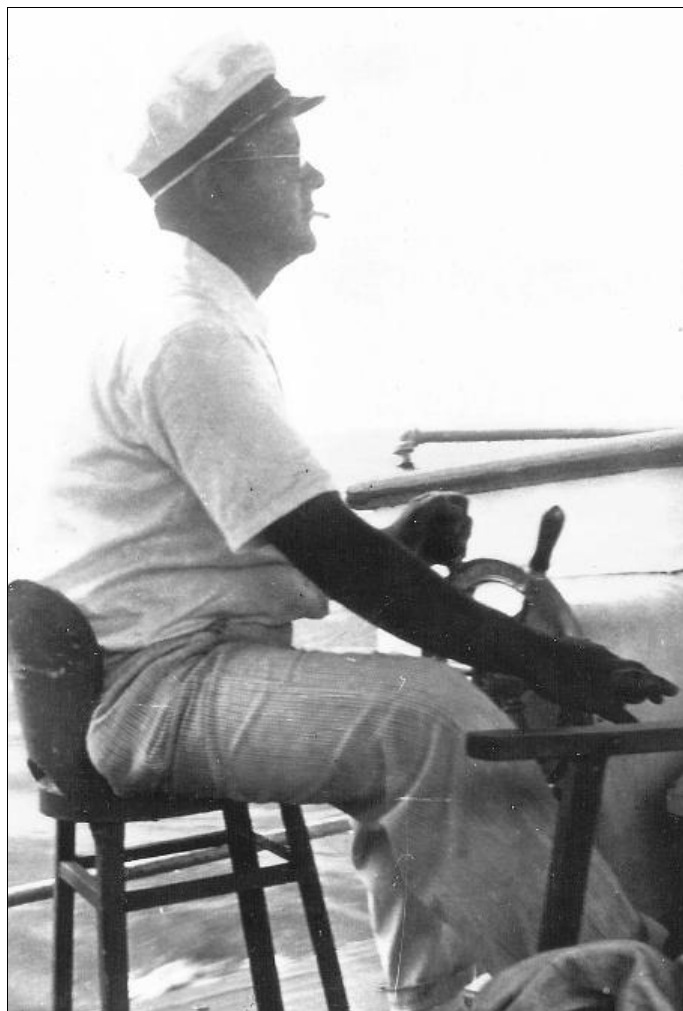


The captain in his cabin.

Photo: Blake Perlingieri © 2007



Sailor Comes Full Circle at 40



Grandpa George Perlingieri at the helm in the early 1960's.

Photo: Blake Perlingieri © 2007



Wife Leah, the girls Mayan and Isadore, and Grandma Cookie in our Flicka.

Photo: Blake Perlingieri © 2007

My dad even had the Pacific Seacraft Flicka's factory brochure he had kept for all these years as a gift for me and my new acquisition. Bruce's self-illustrated book is a must for any Flicka owner, along with Ferenc Mate's books, which have proved not only informative, but validating of my taste in sailing vessels of the classic and salty pedigree. Mate is also quite funny, and makes for an engaging read, whatever his subject may be.

The previous owner sailed her on Puget Sound for ten years and had pushed her

with a Johnson 9.9 o/b with a deep thrust propeller, which I definitely recommend for moving such a heavy small boat. I'd also add that backing up with an outboard, the boat responds poorly. This is one reason in favor of inboard diesels. It's something about applying torque from the centerline, underwater.

Launching with Rick, we'd discover the five knot river current while docking and exiting from the first slip. It proved to be a bit embarrassing more than once, especially with throttle stuck in

reverse...nuff said, it happens to the best of us. It's always nice to have your #1 to fend you off. We've since moved to a more current-free marina. Now my oldest daughter Mayan, is a big help steering, tying dock lines, scrubbing and ,in general, being a five year old first mate.

While my story falls short of the glory of some that I have read whose Flickas are in more glamorous coastal or island locations and have had more exciting crossings, I'd just say that any time on the water with family is priceless.

