



Flicka Friends



Fall 1995 Vol. 1 #2

#22 Windward Pilgrim sails to Tahiti

Adventure to Tahiti

by John Hazen Jr.

The monster had been growing for hours. It loomed silently in the darkness. It was coming. This one was going to be different from the rest. The ones around it were already ten feet tall. There were thousands of them. I had no idea what was about to happen as I slept on the cabin sole of my tiny yacht *Windward Pilgrim*. On my twenty-fifth night at sea, my position in the Pacific Ocean was at the right place...at the wrong time.

The first three and a half weeks of sailing from Hilo to Tahiti were uneventful. I enjoyed trade wind sailing for about ten days, then arrived at the Convergence Zone or Doldrums. For the next few days, the ocean was calm and peaceful interrupted only by rain squalls.

I was alone on the ocean. Any form of life meant company. There were brown

...in phosphorescence its fin and back broke the surface and slid along side of the boat.

booby birds "strafing" in curiosity. Captain! captain! They're coming in at one o'clock! Battle stations! Battle stations! There were playful porpoises squeaking and gliding effortlessly just in front of the bow, their dorsal fins disappearing then reappearing on the glassy surface of the sea. A large pelagic shark interrupted an evening meal. Bejeweled in phosphorescence its fin and back broke the surface and (cont. page 3)



Pictured above is John Hazen Jr. aboard *Windward Pilgrim*.



Above is John's solar generator that can follow the sun just about anywhere.

First issue generates nearly 40 reponses from two continents

The first issue of "Flicka Friends" has generated nearly forty responses as of August 21, 1995. That's easily enough money to continue publishing for at least a year.

Pacific Seacraft Corp. was kind enough to send out about 400 copies of the newsletter using their Flicka owner mailing list. They even paid the postage. Don Kohlmann, the head of sales for PSC wrote an encouraging letter and agreed to send them out if I would send him the copies.

The responses came from Alaska, Europe, the Virgin Islands, Bermuda, both coasts, the Great Lakes, Montana, Texas, Tennessee, Missouri and the Gulf Coast. Some people sent articles, letters and pictures, others simply sent back the subscription form. All but three of the respondents own Flickas. Two are currently looking for used Flickas. One person sent listings for about a dozen Flickas.

I'd like to thank everyone for the kind letters and the support to continue this little publication. I hope it serves well.



Hot News

The following are bits and pieces from various letters sent to "Flicka Friends"

John Hazen Jr. built his steering vane for the trip to Tahiti for under \$200. He used polyurethane cutting boards, scrap sailcloth from a dumpster and a bit of stainless steel rod.

Brian Motto and his family of four live on their Flicka now in Port Townsend, WA. They plan to sail to Alaska.

Tom McCabe sails hull #42 on the New England coast and has the retirement goal of going down the ICW to spend the winter of 1997-8 in the Bahamas with a destination of Georgetown in the Exhumas. He also suggests a reader question and answer column. If this appeals to readers, send your questions, and I will print a one sheet question issue to be sent out before each issue of the newsletter so answers may be printed in each issue.

Roger J. Morris sails *San Souci*, hull #124 in Europe. He spent the summer of 1993 coastal cruising the North German coast near Bremerhaven. During the summer of 1994, he transited the Holland canals to the Islemeer (the large inland sea of Holland). Future plans for the boat include a single side band, a wind vane and maybe a radar receiver.

Richard Shepherd at 75 years+, as he puts it, sails *Ben-Main* on the Great Lakes. He owns several small sailing vessels and is very interested in a Flicka rendezvous.

Rendezvous thoughts

I like the idea of having a 3-4 day raft-up in Lake Michigan during mid July in 1997. Plenty of time to plan. If there is any interest in this, please let me know.

Home built found in Dunkirk New York

Pictured below is a homebuilt Flicka sent in by Tom and Marge Rancudo of Point Blank, Texas. They found this boat while on a trip to New York in 1993. Tom and Marge say that the boat was sailed across the Atlantic to England by her builder. He had deepened the keel and added more ballast to offset the rig he planned to use. The second picture below is their boat *Otter* moored forty-nine feet from their back door. *Otter* had severe blister problems which were cured by using Interlux 2000/2001. It certainly must be cozy having a Flicka out your back door and in the water.



The two masts are visible in this picture necessitating the extra ballast the builder added for the trip across the Atlantic. This Flicka was for sale in 1993.



The perfect backyard, water, a beach and hull number 89 waiting to go out.

to Tahiti

slid along side the boat. It was so close I could have reached out and touched it. The shark turned and rammed the hull. The hard thud beneath me got me up and off the cockpit seat in a flash. In another flash I was in the companionway with a very sharp fillet knife in my hand. With adrenaline pumping hot through my veins and my breathing slow and purposeful I promised, "You jump into the cockpit and you're fish food." The shark, half as long as the boat I was standing in, turned and swam away.

The monster arrived silently in the night. I had chosen to stretch out in the relative comfort of the cabin sole on this particular night because of the gale outside. Here the screaming tempest of 40 knot winds and 12 foot seas seemed far away, and the motion of the little yacht gallantly climbing wave after wave through the night was easy to deal with.

A split second before the avalanche of white water hit the boat, I heard the

monster let go. A muffled roar, then a booming crash. The whole yacht was lifted up and thrown on its side. The interior instantly became a chaotic maelstrom as stores, seawater and I swirled and tumbled. I awoke face up and in terror. I yelled, "No! No! No!" to the indifferent darkness. My heart pounded when I discovered the boat was now lying on its side, half full of ocean, and a square hole where the companionway hatch used to be. It was dark. I was alone. I was scared as hell.

The first thing I wanted to do was to get the boat back upright. I did not want the boat to sink, right here, right now. I slowly, painfully climbed onto the galley hoping my weight would make a difference. It did, and the boat slowly rolled back upright.

I felt the source of warm blood as I examined the top of my head with my hand. Nothing serious, just messy. The heavy aluminum Sea Cook stove was right where my head was when I was lying down. As I climbed through the companionway, pain shot through the muscles of my back. I felt as if I had been

hit by a car. The mast was still up. The reefed main and jib were still intact. The steering vane blade was gone. The small outboard was still attached to its bracket. I then tied a bungee cord to the tiller, and the boat began to beat to windward again.

I felt a little better now. The bleeding had stopped. My hair and beard were matted with coagulated blood. The wind was still howling, and the seas were still huge. I pushed the little light button on the side of my watch. One forty-six a. m.

This is not fun. I thought to myself as I dipped and bailed. "Why in the world am I out here doing this? Why am I sailing across the earth's largest ocean alone in a twenty foot boat?"

Some of us are content with vicariously experiencing other people's adventures. Some of us aren't. So here I am, in the middle of nowhere, up to my armpits in adventure.

The next three days seemed interminable. I just lay there and looked up at the overcast sky. The boat was sailing on its own just fine. The thought of sighting Tahiti within the next few days kept my spirits up. I finally found the can opener and lived off fruit cocktail and cling peaches.

On the third day, I anxiously waited for noon and a clear sky. It looked promising. I dug out the sextant and stood against the mast. I braced myself against the motion of the boat and scanned around for something encouraging. LAND!

My chest pounded with delight, and my mouth broke out in a huge grin. I hollered and babbled upon the sight of a dark mountainous island dead ahead. I had no use for the sextant now. I disconnected the bungee from the tiller and steered directly for the island.

Huahine, "I'm here, I'm finally here," I said to myself aloud. I stood on the foredeck and savored the beauty of the place I had sailed so far to reach.

We should all get together just to take pictures of these little boats under sail.

Not many people sent pictures of their boats under sail. We all know how hard it is to get them. At right is a picture of the *Prince of Whales* flying her cruising chute. The photo was taken from a small Zodiac on a light air day. We have fickle winds sometimes.



Please add my name to those Flicka owners and those who are interested in the boat. Your name will not be given to any other publication at any time. This publication is not for profit. Any fees collected will be used to produce and distribute the newsletter. I have already received enough responses to publish and mail 40 copies for another year. Thank you all very much.

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a Flicka _____ Hull # _____

Telephone (Optional) _____



Rob Innerfeld's hull #310 *Slayna* at anchor in San Diego.

Make a \$10.00 check payable to Dennis Pratt and send to the address on the bottom of this page.



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