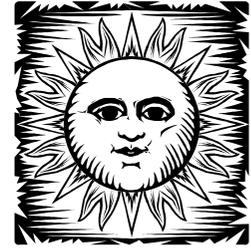


Flicka Friends



Summer 1998

Vol. 4, No. 1

Voyage of a Pocket Battleship

By Anthony Steward

After 260 days of exposure to the elements in a 19 foot open boat, you would think that I would have chosen the easy life. Every man has a right to choose his own oppressor, for me it would be the open ocean. Less than six months after circum-navigating, I was planning my next voyage. There weren't many options as most records had already been set. I wanted to stay in a small boat as the challenge was greater. I was well aware that Kenichi Horie held the non-stop record in the smallest yacht, a 30 foot sloop. This was always on my mind and now with the advent of reliable watermakers, any size was possible.

The only criteria that had to be met was that the yacht would have to be able to carry one ton of supplies and withstand Cape Horn weather. I initially estimated that a 26 foot yacht was the minimum length one could go. That was until I saw a Flicka sailing in Force Six on the South African Coast. On close inspection of this unique little boat, I quickly came to realize a Flicka was equivalent to a 26 foot yacht. My mind was made up, a Flicka it would be. It took less than a month to convince my poor wife that this is what I needed to do as well as find a builder.

The Knudsen family in Durban agreed to build a Flicka for me. I took delivery of the hull and deck in November 1993 and with the help of my long suffering Suzie and friends, we launched **SELECTED RISKS** at



Anthony Steward leaving Durban Harbor for a circumnavigation aboard *SELECTED RISKS*.

the end of January 1994. One startling difference between the building of my open boat and the fitting out of the Flicka for a non-stop voyage was that there were very few sceptics. Once people had viewed **SELECTED RISKS** and the preparation we had done, virtually all believed it was possible.

SELECTED RISKS' first sea trial was entering the Wednesday Night Race in Durban Harbour. The little Flicka's speed was unbelievable and certainly unex-plainable; we easily held off challenges from yachts twice

our size. After **SELECTED RISKS'** first performance, the Knudsen Family were overwhelmed with enquiries for Flickas; a big pity they had already decided to return to Norway.

The key issue on a non-stop voyage is water, with two watermakers installed (each capable of producing 5 liter an hour on three 75 watt solar panels, with a petrol generator as back up) fresh water would be no problem. The wonders of dehydrated and irradiated food still fascinates me. I will never forget my first rounding of Cape Horn

(Continued on page 4)

Flicka Friends is four years old!

About Flicka Friends

Flicka Friends is a subscription newsletter written specifically for the people who own, crew aboard, or are interested in the Flicka, a Bruce P. Bingham design.

Based on the Newport boats of Block Island Sound, this little ship has been built from various materials since the 1960's until the present day.

Hulls have been completed by home builders using plans supplied by Bruce Bingham. More than 400 plans were sold and according to Bruce Bingham, many Flickas can be found in New Zealand, Australia and Sweden.

Commercial builders of the Flicka include Nor'Star, Westerly Marine and Pacific Seacraft Corporation.

Pacific Seacraft (Fullerton, California) has built nearly 450 hulls. The Flicka is a current production model.

Flicka Friends is published quarterly. Articles, photographs and letters are welcome and encouraged.

Please note the date next to your name, it indicates when your subscription needs to be renewed. The cost of a subscription is \$10.00 US and can be mailed directly to the editor:

© Copyright 1998

Dennis Pratt
Flicka Friends
3775 Gregory Drive
Northbrook, IL 60062-7103
(847) 299-5744

Dennis1492@aol.com

From the Guest Editor

By Tom Davison

With several issues of Flicka Friends behind me, I have learned quite a bit about publishing a newsletter. More importantly, I've realized that Flicka owners are the reason for the success of this newsletter.

My thanks again to all of the people who have provided a photo or an article. This includes Anthony Steward, Rod Bruckdorfer, Bill Strop, Jim Iseminger, Hunter Davis, Steve Fisher, Pete & Doris Wakeland, Terry & Connie McCauley, Jan Allen & John Wolstenholme and Kristy Lugert & Scott Tuma.

The Flicka photo issue is getting closer to reality, but another ten photos are needed to fill every page. If you have a photo from an outing last summer, please consider

forwarding it with a caption.

Looking ahead, the 1999 Summer Issue will mark five years of Flicka Friends. I'd like to publish a twelve page Flicka Friends issue that contains a number of articles about sailing our favorite little ship.

The goal is to cover the spectrum of sailing — from inland lakes to coastal cruising and off-shore sailing. The format will be a one page vertical format just like page six of this issue. A vertical 3 1/2 x 5 inch photo will be placed on each page. The text should total three hundred words. Please forward your article and photo to Dennis in Illinois or to me in Montana:

Tom Davison
1576 Lancelot Place, # 6
Billings, MT 59105
(406) 248-8240
windigo@imt.net

It is a Small World

By Tom Davison

In May, I decided to locate Anthony Steward. He was mentioned in the Passage Notes section of the August 1994 issue of Cruising World Magazine.

My first e-mail was to Cruising World. They responded, stating that Mr. Steward's trip into the Atlantic Ocean aboard his Durbin built Flicka ended with a boat fire. They had no other information. Next, I tried an e-mail to a South African based sailing magazine. They didn't have any knowledge of Mr. Steward. Looking on the internet for search engines produced several in South Africa. An inquiry was made to one and four responses were listed. Three had to do with Mr. Steward's trip around the world in an open boat. The last was vague, but a South African Yacht

Club was listed. My next e-mail was sent to the Royal Cape Yacht Club in Capetown, South Africa. A short message asked if they knew of him. As it turned out, Anthony Steward is the Yacht Club's General Manager.

An e-mail was sent describing Flicka Friends and asking if Mr. Steward if he might be interested in writing an article about his experiences about **SELECTED RISKS**.

I was pleased to receive an e-mail several days later. Anthony expressed an interest in owning a Flicka again and hoped to forward an article. Just as the last issue was going to the printer, Anthony forwarded an article via e-mail about his trip into the Atlantic. The photos for the article arrived in mid-August. With the Internet, the world is getting smaller every day. Just one more reason to sail a Flicka.

BRISTOL BOATS

By Bill Strop

Pity we "puddle sailors". Tides don't breast us. Currents don't set us. We don't heave to swells nor count the rollers. The only rogue waves we encounter are one finger salutes from power boaters. Clawing off a lee shore is in our lexicon but not in our experience. Getting "pooped" is only a hazard at the pumpout station. So what is the point of maintaining our craft in "Bristol fashion"? Are we merely "Walter Mittying"? Why Not!

Consider a Saturday at Smithville Lake, Paradise, Missouri early last month. A deep low had scuttled in early on bringing winds at 30 knots gusting 40. Hardly promising but I had agreed to take an MC scower out on "Baby Grand". I was frankly a little sorry that I had touted her to him as a "go anywhere — take anything" vessel. Still she had two reefpoints available on the main and I had a 100 on the bow with two reefpoints available to it. "Lets just go take a look."

By the time we made dockside things were out of hand already. The wind was straight down the anchorage with breakers. Two sweet 16s had braved it unwisely. One skipper had cleated off the main and had promptly broached and foundered. The other had parted a stay and lost the rig.

A slovenly Buccaneer had thought better of it, had made for the dock and broken her bow off under the lip. It was rescue time. So who was to go out? Few wanted to chance it and, truth to tell, few of the boats were up to it. It came down to us.

Let's pause and consider the definition of "bristol". It is defined as "shipshape and in ordered fashion". Everything is tended to, looked after-stout, working and capable.

Early on I decided to replace the marginal Johnson 9.9 Sail-master with a Yamaha 9.9 four stroke (a "necked down" 18 hp torquey kicker) so that I could more readily back down and back up. We needed that to back out of the slip and pull her head thru the wind. I had replaced the marginal stern cleats and bow cleats with meatier bronze staghorns used on the PS 37s and added another set amidships—all with large 316ti stainless backplates. Places to attach warps and lines. A large bronze bollard for towing and anchoring was fitted, similarly backplated. We could get there, tie off and tow!

After some dicey moments the fools in the water were ashore and the casualty boats rescued. No big deal in warm water with shore nearby. But still... "Could have been worse in frigid waters with shoaling and rocky lee shore." Point is your boat should be prepared to rescue itself from your bad judgment and, hopefully, aid others. The confidence that a well fitted and maintained boat engenders is a worthy goal in and of itself.

As long as we were "out there" we lit off the rig and sailed all afternoon, safely reefed, as the only vessel on the lake. Later we learned that three power boats had swamped and sunk and a fourth went down with its dock. We trusted our rig because it had been assiduously checked and renewed. Decisions to tack, or failing that wear ship came easily. We didn't worry that a muffed jibe would bring a "gravity storm".

Bristol is not just varnished teak and shiny metal. I suggest, however, that in order to do those things you have to look closely at the boat when you're doing them. THAT'S what Bristol is all about.

**See you on the water, Bill Strop
aboard "Baby Grand"**

Flicka Trailer For Sale

By Jan Allen & John Wolstenholme

After recently selling *CORSAIR*, our Pacific Seacraft Flicka, we were left with the trailer since the new owner didn't want it.

It is a 1989 EZ-Loader 8TSR trailer that is set up for a Flicka, galvanized with tandem axles, spare tire, surge brakes and an EZ Lift weight distributing hitch.

\$3,000 OBO

If anyone is interested in purchasing it, please contact us at:

**Jan Allen & John Wolstenholme
121 N. Heliotrope Avenue
Monrovia, CA 91016
(626) 303-1817**

By The Way

The number of Flicka Friends continues to grow. The list of subscribers has grown from the 40 responses after the first issue (Summer 1995), to 85 in the Spring of 1996 and then to 130 last winter. The last issue of Flicka Friends was mailed to 156 personal and business addresses. The totals are as follows:

- 31 U.S. States
- 3 Canadian Provinces
- 6 other countries.

The other countries include:

- Bermuda
- Canada
- Chile
- France
- Great Britain
- Japan

SELECTED RISKS:

(Continued from page 1)

in 1987 after forty days at sea eating hot apple pie just like Grandma's. The total weight of supplies loaded was 1.2 tons. Amazingly there was still lots of space. The interior was basic. There was a collision bulkhead at the mast, access being through a waterproof hatch to supplies stored in milk crates bolted in place. The cabin had a single bunk on the starboard side with chart table and galley on the port side. There was no finish. The fibreglass was painted with flow coat, basic but functional. The petrol generator was fitted under the cockpit.

The weather dictates departure from Durban, the South African Coast is not to be taken lightly. Southwesterly gales are common and opposed by the fast south flowing current, creates very big steep seas that are notorious for ripping the bows off ships. If one is patient, getting down the coast can be a dream sail. I was not alone, there were three round the world cruisers waiting for the three day weather window to get us past the Wild Coast of Transkei. Once you are off Port Elizabeth, you are safe as the current parts company with the coast and there are quite a few safe anchorages.

Finally a big enough window arrived on the February 26, 1994. At short notice, I was saying goodbye to friends and my wife who had now come to terms with the fact that she would not see me for over a year. A light easterly made an enjoyable start to the voyage with **SELECTED RISKS** clocking five knots with the genoa poled out.

To keep me company was an ex-forty foot racing yacht with a Swiss sailor and a forty five foot cruiser with a German family. The first 270 nautical miles was the most worrying, as this constituted the Wild Coast with absolutely no safe havens.

The easterly prevailed with a maximum of 25 knots. The Flicka revelled in these conditions even though fully laden.



Fire and Smoke damage to the interior of Anthony Steward's Durban Built Flicka - s/v *SELECTED RISKS*

Thirty-six hours later we were off East London, an average speed of 7.5 knots. At times, we logged 9.2 knots across the ground as we picked up the centre of the current. I radioed East London for a weather report and a chat. My cruising companions joined in, refusing to believe my position as this put me in front of both of them by 5 and 10 nautical miles. Roger, the Swiss sailor refused to accept that a 20ft boat could be ahead of his ex-racer. The best thing was that I had been sailing conservatively! Four hours later, Roger managed to pass me with his spinnaker up!

Although the weather had been kind it was not plain sailing. Of grave concern was the low batteries obviously caused by a short which I had not been able to trace. Added to this, a generator that refused to start, I

decided to anchor off Port Elizabeth with the intention of solving the problems and getting the batteries back to full power. The rules are specific concerning non-stop voyages, you can anchor and repair but no outside assistance is allowed. I will never forget the incident when Olivier De Kersauson on his sixty foot Tri-Marran pulled into Cape Town to effect repairs on his non-stop voyage. I helped him get underway out of the confines of the harbour and this led to the fastest non-stop solo voyage not being recognized. A terrible price to pay for such a minor indiscretion, but rules are rules.

I left Port Elizabeth confident that electrical problems were a thing of the past. The 280 nautical miles to Cape Agulhas were uneventful in a following breeze of 10 - 25 knots, we averaged 5.6

Voyage of a Pocket Battleship

knots. For this leg I utilized a 200% Genoa. Flown off the bow sprit and with the main stowed, **SELECTED RISKS** tracked superbly. I have found it takes me five days to become fully attuned to the ocean environment. I now felt at home. This reminded me of my open boat voyage and how much I enjoyed being isolated. Africa does not allow you to escape her claws that easily. Off the shallow Banks of Cape Agulhas, I experienced the first real gale of the voyage. A forty-five knot westerly kept us hove to off Agulhas for thirty six hours I don't think **SELECTED RISKS** even noticed.

Once the wind veered to the south I set course for the Cape of Storms as Cape Point was named by Bartholomew Diaz 500 years earlier. In all my years of sailing, this turned out to be my best rounding of the Cape, flat seas and no wind. We were becalmed for over thirty hours with the Cape in full view. A harrowing time with trawlers and ships charging everywhere with no regard for my little Flicka. I was unable to sleep. Its amazing how man turns out to be your biggest danger at sea. With a rocket flare in one hand and the radio in the other, I kept vigil. What a relief when the breeze filled in from the southwest. A rendezvous had been arranged off Cape Town to hand over an article and photographs to a local magazine. This had me writing furiously as Cape Town loomed.

The first major hurdle past, my mind was firmly on the Atlantic high which forces you to sail way to the north before turning west. I had heard that Flickas could set unbelievable passage times once on the open ocean; a figure of 133 nautical miles had been suggested by someone in the know, but nobody believed this in Durban.

SELECTED RISKS with 1.2 tons of supplies was about to substantiate this claim. With the 200% genoa and a poled out stay sail the first five days, from Cape Town set distances from a lowly 119 nautical miles to an unbelievable 137 nautical miles in twenty four hours. Thank goodness, I photographed my GPS otherwise they would still be calling me a liar. How do you explain to a racing yachtsman that a 20 foot heavy displacement traditional yacht has been able to do this? I still haven't managed to remove their frowns.

History repeats itself. I was back to a low power situation which totally alluded me. I could not pinpoint the problem. I thought I had solved it by rewiring the auto pilot in Port Elizabeth which worked but now I was back to the same situation and after checking every lead and point I could find nothing wrong. Added to my woes was the generator refusing to start. At sea I find one develops amazing abilities to overcome problems because you are so focused and there is no distraction but the worst is frustration when you can't find the problem. My biggest concern was to keeping some power in the 110 amp. hour batteries because if they became too low it

would be impossible to recharge with the solar panels and the small generator I had. I knew the petrol generator was a mistake from day one, but the price of a diesel one was way beyond my funds, so I had had to make do.

What I am about to write is a great embarrassment to me as a professional sailor. It highlights the stupidity of ignoring safety to solve a problem. I hope that people will learn that it is not worth it to break fundamental safety rules. I stripped the generator of all its protective covers and after four hours of work finally got it started which was such a huge relief as now I could keep the battery charged up. After half an hour of running, I realized the fuel was low but was loathe to turn it off. I attempted to fill the tank in a rolling sea from a five gallon drum with the generator still running. I was exceptionally careful and am positive I did not spill, but still it went up in flames.

We built the boat to be totally watertight to survive being capsized off Cape Horn. The only exit was a 3 foot by 3 foot watertight hatch and the generator was placed directly below. I actually used it as a step to exit and enter. I was trapped below with the flames completely covering my exit. Panic I did because the flames and heat started to quickly overwhelm me. Thank goodness the fire extinguisher had been mounted on the forward bulkhead, otherwise I would have definitely burned to death.

How long the fire lasted I actually don't know. It was most probably a few seconds but the damage was complete. I suffered burns on my hands and arms. I think this was from my initial reaction in trying to put the fire out with my hands. My hair caught alight from the burning insulation but I only noticed this once the fire was out and I was recovering in the cockpit.

I am still not clear on how long it took me to reach St. Helena Island, whether it was four or five days. That was the type of daze I was in (they didn't give me an entry stamp in my passport so this hasn't solved my mystery).

I was in great pain from the burns and could not go below because the fire extinguisher powder was everywhere, I could not breathe as the powder choked me. The St. Helenians are familiar with us crazy yachts-man and took great care of me until I could take a ship home.

Writing this article makes me deeply sad as I know we would have succeeded if it wasn't for my stupidity. The Flicka is deserving of holding title to the smallest non-stop circumnavigation. I can only apologize to all Flicka owners that the record is not held by a Flicka as this amazing little "Pocket Battleship" would have easily done it.

Engines, Schedules and Plans

By Rod Bruckdorfer

"Let's sail to Bermuda" "Oh, OK." replied my wife and ship-mate. With those simple statements, the pilot charts for the Atlantic were dusted off and we looked at the charts for May, June and July. Based on wind roses, frequency of hurricanes and sea states projected by the pilot chart, June was selected as the best time to make the passage from the Chesapeake to Bermuda. According to the compilation of data displayed before us, the winds would be Force 4 (11 - 16 knots) and mostly out of the south and southwest with wave heights of 4 feet.

I would gunkhole from Baltimore, Maryland to the mouth of the Chesapeake, then either beam or close reach to Bermuda where my wife would join African Moon for the passage back. We set our sailing date for the week of June 1st and wrote down our punch list to prepare the boat for "the voyage" which we had dreamed about when we rebuilt African Moon between 1989 and 1994.

The first item on "The List" was to replace the leaking oil seal on the camshaft of the boat's 22 year old 6 HP Farymann diesel. According to the Farymann mechanic, "No Problem." Little did we know, hidden within the engine was a gremlin which would test our patience and provide us with an opportunity to complete a self-taught course in Diesel Mechanics. It also taught us a valuable lesson in preparing for an ocean passage.

After returning from helping my wives parents on their farm, I started work on the engine the 2nd week in May. "No Problem," I disconnected the water hoses, fuel lines, disassembled the intake and exhaust manifolds, removed the valve rockers and pushrod, pulled the engine head, removed the two pulleys on the camshaft, disconnected the governor linkage and pulled the injector pump and fuel pump in a two hour period. The camshaft came out as described in the shop manual. I paid a mechanic to show me how to press out the camshaft from its housing and I thought, "No Problem" until the

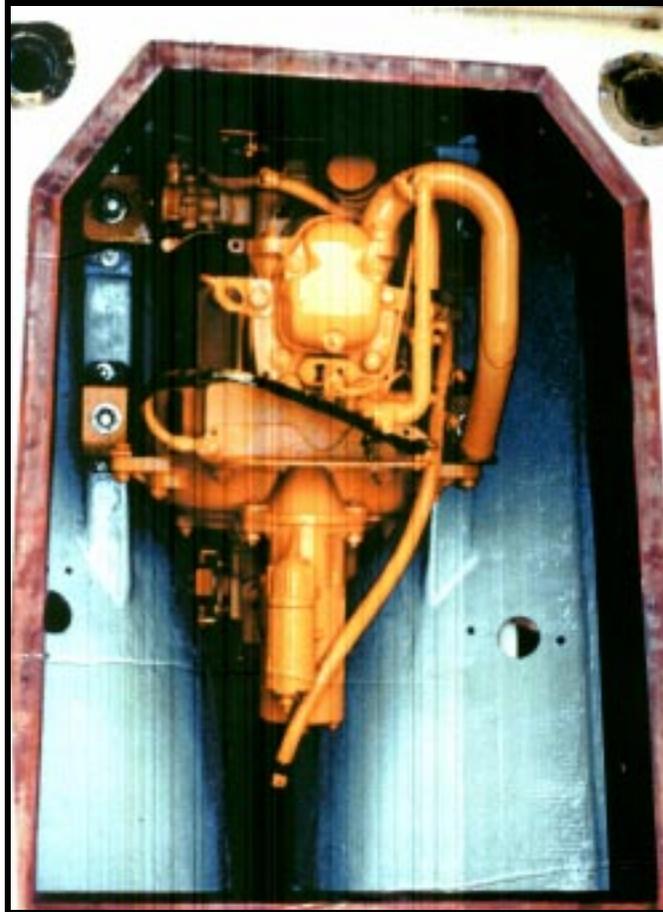
first gremlin visited me - a bad main camshaft bearing. I consulted with the local guru's at the "worker's lounge," the outdoor deck overlooking our marina. "That's a \$10 bearing you can find at any bearing shop." After few days wait to have the bearing shipped and \$50 later, a very kind retired aircraft mechanic showed me how to press the camshaft assembly and housing together. He was pleased to pass along his years of knowledge and I was grateful for the help but we still lacked one part, a \$14 nut. After about a week's wait, the nut arrived from Germany. We moved our sailing date again and thought, "Bermuda here we come." Lesson One was never, never say, "No Problem."

The engine was assembled in text book fashion. Now for the test, the engine started after a few cranks but lacked power and would not idle. I re-checked the valve clearance then searched all over to ensure I had not left any parts out. I checked the compression by turning the engine over with the hand crank. Either the farm had done wonders for my physical conditioning or the engine lacked compression.

My wife suggested, I check the latter. Yep, no compression and more frantic searching to see if I had left the head gasket under an oil stained rag. Based on past experience, I suspected the intake valve was not seating correctly and removed the intake manifold. Sherlock Holmes would have

been proud, besides my intuitive deduction, the intake manifold was coated with soot and when the engine was hand cranked, blowback was detected.

I sent the engine head to Farymann USA and explained my scheduled sailing window. "No problem," they replied and rushed the job through the shop for me. One week later, I placed the head on the engine, slowly torqued the head bolts to specifications, installed the pushrods and valve rockers then carefully hand cranked the engine. The crank handle STOPPED. I rechecked the valves, backed off the set screws on the each rocker arm and tried again. Again, a frantic search was conducted to determine if I forgot to install the copper head gasket - I thought of the line from the movie Apollo 13, "We



**AFRICAN MOON's Bright Yellow
6 HP Farymann Diesel Engine**

have a problem Houston.” I telephoned Farymann USA, “We suspect the shop we contracted, shaved the head. We (Farymann) have told them before, the tolerances are too close to remove metal from the head.” They shipped a L-30 head, which, according to the manual, is supposed to fit a K-30 engine.”

I moved my sailing date forward to the 19th of June. When the head arrived, it did not fit. Lesson two was set to memory - “Never set a sailing date.” I recognized that I had lost my weather window and canceled the voyage to Bermuda. Later, I learned the boats returning from the West Marine Bermuda Rally (July 4th) were pounded with squalls for four days.

Farymann USA located a new engine head in Holland, as Farymann in Germany no longer manufactures the K-30. Farymann USA air shipped the head to me and I assembled the engine. By now, I was calling myself “Capt. Diesel.” The engine would not start. After consulting with another Farymann diesel mechanic, who I had done business with before, I pulled the injector and injector pump and made an appointment with the Bosch Injector Doctor. This was the final fix.

In retrospect, Farymann USA was very fair about the mistake and only charged for the cost of rebuilding the head and shipping the new head and valves to me. This was about 1/2 the cost of a new engine head assembly. Further, the only problem directly related to Farymann USA, was the initial rebuilding of the head which may have been triggered by my need to rush the job. The engine is 22 years old and most of the problems were already there waiting to happen. “Do we still like the engine?,” the answer is yes. The engine is very simple, rugged, splash lubricated and is easily hand cranked because of its large flywheel.

The downside of this experience was missing our weather window for the trip to Bermuda. The upside is I now feel, given the proper tools and a shop manual, I can rebuild any small diesel engine. In addition, we both feel that we have learned several lessons about planning an ocean passage. Avoid using the term, “No Problem” - most jobs on a sailboat take longer than estimated and in many cases, other problems are discovered as work progresses. Based on our experience rebuilding African Moon, we knew it always takes longer than initially estimated to complete a job but it is so easy to slip into the “No Problem” mode. We have found that the logistics of finding the right part or fitting can turn a 1 hour job into a 4 hour job. In our case, the unexpected turned a 2 day job into a 6 week test of endurance. We both believe you should never set a firm sailing date or develop a rigid schedule around that date. We have seen other sailors do this and inevitable they set sail either a few weeks later or cancel the voyage. This has happened to us twice now. Both times, we ran into problems which were not foreseen.

An ocean passage is serious business and when the trip is not coming together, it is time to rethink one's plans. Trying to rush through a punch list to meet a sailing date only provides frustrations and may jeopardize the safety of the boat. Try to avoid setting a definitive date. It is difficult enough to get the boat ready, let alone on time. If you miss the sailing date, friends and other sailors will start asking when are you going, which only adds stress to the job. Further, if you have a change of plans,

either because of boat problems, family matters or business, you save yourself the embarrassment of having to tell everyone you can not make it. Most of your friends really want you to make the trip and admire you for going on such an adventure, why disappoint them by setting a date or announcing definitive plans. It is difficult, when you have to schedule your vacation at work, to avoid not setting a date but use terms such as, “We may go,”— “If we can get the boat ready on time”, etc. Do not disappoint yourself or your friends, especially when someone may give you a little send-off party. This has happened to me and it was embarrassing when we could not make our planned trip.

Have an alternate plan(s), should you not be able to make the main trip, you will be happier. Once our trip was officially canceled, we decided to explore the Chesapeake Bay and make plans for a trip to Bermuda next year. This has proved to be a good opportunity to shakedown the boat and learn how to live on a small boat. Allow enough time to prepare the boat. The family business I needed to tend for a month, decreased the time for getting the boat ready by a month - it was not enough. When this happened I should have canceled the trip. The desire “to go” sometimes can over shadow realistic aspects of ocean voyaging.

Do not sail outside of the weather window. This increases the risk associated with any passage and may jeopardize the safety of the boat and its crew. It is so easy to keep on moving the date forward by another week. I wanted to do this trip and kept on pushing the window forward. I should have recognized the trip was not coming together and canceled the voyage when the planned simple repair became a major repair. Only sail when you are ready, the boat is ready and you have a good weather window. Test all systems and ensure that they are working.

In retrospect, if we could have made the passage, sailing after just completing a major repair would have been foolish. We are still working out a few problems. These are easier and safer to deal with in home waters than in the middle of the ocean. True, you will never complete the punch list but ensure the major items on the list are completed. You can always finish the minor items either underway or at your next port.

As you prepare the boat, the priority of each item of the punch list will change as your sailing date approaches. We evaluate the punch list each day. This reevaluation process ensure the critical items related to the safe operation of the boat are completed on time and the little “I would like this item” are always placed at the end of the list. Sailing is just one aspect of the boating experience and above all, enjoy the experience. It is one of the few endeavors which seems to always provide a learning experience. Sitting at the dock enjoying the company of friends, watching a sunset from the cockpit or enjoying a good book to the sound of rain on the cabin top can be just as much fun as the art of sailing.

Where ever you go, may “the stars swing slow and the seas roll easy” - from the song 'Turning Toward the Morning' by Gordon Bok.

Flicka Friends - Summer 1998

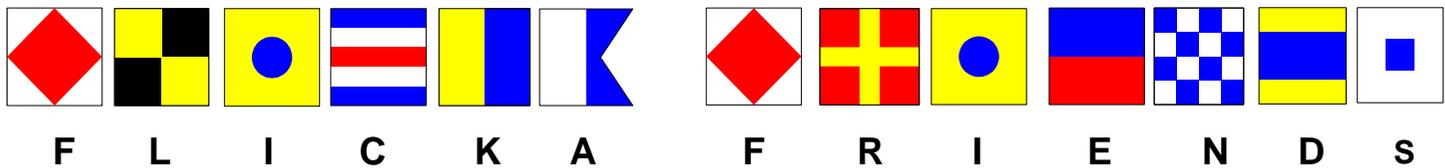
Please add my name to the Flicka Friends and those who are interested in the Bruce P. Bingham design - Flicka. Your name will not be given to any other publication at any time. This publication is not for profit. Any fees collected will be used to produce and distribute the newsletter.

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

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

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

“Flicka Friends” © 1998 by Dennis Pratt. All rights reserved, except for information that may have a prior copyright used here by permission.



Dennis Pratt
Flicka Friends
3775 Gregory Drive

Place
U.S.
Postage
Here

To: