



Flicka Friends



Fall 1998

Vol. 4, No. 2

KAWABUNGA's South Sea Adventure

By Dennis Pratt

One beautifully sunlit July morning as I pulled away from a dock in Pentwater, Michigan, another cruiser called over to compliment my Flicka and his parting words were, "She can go anywhere, that!" I replied, "Yes, but not today."

Charles Dewell said, "Yes today" and took his factory refurbished 1981 Flicka *Kawabunga* on a ten thousand mile adventure of a lifetime. His experiences and insights are chronicled in his new book, *Kawabunga's South Seas Adventure* published by South Seas Publishing of Marina Del Rey, CA

Charles left from San Diego in May of 1995, and his wife Margaret joined him later in Tahiti. One of the reasons he gives for taking the voyage is that he "was in a rat race, and the rats were winning." Seems like a good reason to me to take a 20 foot boat on a 10,000 mile jaunt across the Pacific. The voyage took him to the Marquesas, Tahiti, Christmas Island, Palmyra, Hawaii and back to California. Charles records many of the details of provisioning and actually sailing a small boat so great a distance.

He gives a nightmare account of his failures and successes at having his little diesel repaired in Tahiti after the air intake had become a convenient doorway for seawater entering his fuel supply and of course his engine. Shortly after the long awaited arrival of his spare parts in Tahiti, they were promptly stolen. Charles began the long process of having to have replacement parts for the replacements shipped to paradise.



KAWABUNGA! anchored in Cooks Bay, Moorea.

"Paradise" the word is a distant drum that is capable of playing different tunes for each of us to march to. It reminds me of a television show called "Adventures in Paradise," and ever since watching that show I have had an intense fascination with the island of Tahiti despite what I have read that suggested that it didn't qualify as "paradise." Some of the realities that Charles describes including violent protests against French government nuclear testing, the necessity of loading his shotgun, the prompt theft of his replacement parts, his observation that "the liquor stores were looted; the book stores were not" have incredibly done little to dampen my enthusiasm for a visit to Tahiti.

After a long stay in Tahiti, he and Margaret set sail for Moorea which they thoroughly enjoyed and then on to other islands in the Polynesian group, to Christmas Island, Palmyra and then Hawaii. From Hawaii Margaret returned to the US mainland, and Charles sailed his Flicka from there to San Diego. The only drawback it seems to sailing a Flicka for long periods of time is the inevitable motion of the boat which courtesy of the quiddity of physics is much more violent on boats the size of a Flicka than on boats of greater waterline lengths. No question about it. I once sailed a 24 foot Dana from the Canaries to the Bahamas, and there was quite a bit of motion. I have always assumed that one sails a small boat half

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Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays!

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. 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.

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KAWABUNGA continued

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way around the world to settle some philosophical, physical or metaphysical questions. We may. Charles' book as with many others I have read dealing with the same themes doesn't answer those questions. Perhaps it is because the questions are unique to the people who ask them.

Or for many of us like departed singer Harry Chapin says in one of his ballads, "...and all your dreams of far off places you find in your children's faces, one by one." Charles does say "...I cannot imagine looking up from my deathbed and saying, Gee, I sure wish I would have worked in insurance during those two

years in the 1990's instead of going on that darn cruise."

Kawabunga's South Seas Adventure is a very readable and enjoyable book for anyone, but no doubt it will be especially be dear to the hearts of small boat sailors in general and Flicka sailors in particular.

You can order your copy from:

South Seas Publishing Company
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Marina del Rey, California 90292

(800) 440-8001
310-305-4123 (Tel)
310-305-3757 (Fax)

From the Guest Editor

By Tom Davison

When the photos arrived from Jill Geary for the "Flicka Fever Hits Catalina Island" article, it was clear that there are many different Flickas out there. The blue hull of **KAWABUNGA!**, the white hulls of **VARUA** and **ESPERANZA**, the black hull of **NOD** — all were Flickas, and each was unique. Some other Flickas that come to mind include the green & white hulled **BECKY ANN**, the green hulls of **JULIE ANNE** & **TIKAROA**, the yellow hull of **GYPSY ROVER** and **SOMEWHERE IIB's** brown hull

Each Flicka is different with a particular story to tell. I'd like to include a new one page "column" in Flicka Friends: **Flicka Profile**. It would allow showcasing a particular Flicka, her local sailing area or cruising ground, recent passages and the owner's) as well. The article about **CORSAIR** or s/v **AFRICAN MOON** should serve as a template for future Flicka Profile articles. If you are interested, please forward a 3 1/2 inch by 5 inch photo with a caption, along with 250 to 300 words.

Another idea would be to publish an entire issue based on **Gaff-Rigged Flickas**. My files contain several photos of gaffers, but no articles. Anyone want to step forward with something for this project?

Home-built Flickas are out there as well, but I have yet to see an article. This would also make another great issue. Bruce Bingham says there could be more than 400 running around out there. Hopefully, we can locate several home-built Flicka owners that would consider writing an article.

This issue of Flicka Friends gets us closer to the previous quarterly publication schedule. The following issue will be published several months from now.

As always, we could use another article or two. If you can, write something about a trip from the past cruising season and forward it to Dennis in Illinois or me in Montana.

I hope that everyone's new year is a good one.

Enjoy the Holidays!

The Travels of CORSAIR



CORSAIR (Flicka # 199) ready for another freeway passage

By Jan Allen & John Wolstenholme

We bought **CORSAIR** (Pacific Seacraft Flicka # 199) in September 1986 and spent a year improving and outfitting her. In October of 1987, we sailed under the Golden Gate and headed south, stopping at most all harbors all the way to Cabo San Lucas. We made a three day passage to Puerto Vallarta and harbor hopped south along the Mexican Rivera as far as Melaque. We had so much fun there that we stayed until March 1988 when it was time to head north again.

We sailed to San Blas and Isla Isabella where we crossed the Sea of Cortez. A norther hit us midway in the shallow sea producing square waves. We'd fall off one and submarine through the next. John had to wear his dive mask and decided to add a dodger before the next cruise!

We spent the summer exploring the Baja coast and midriff islands. In October when

it got chilly, John got a ride to L.A. and returned with a truck and trailer. We pulled **CORSAIR** out of Bahia de Los Angeles and were back in the Bay area in a few days.

We never really intended to live on a 20 foot boat for 12 years, but that year in Mexico was so much fun that we couldn't wait to do it again. Living aboard while we worked was the fastest way to get there.

By September of 1991, we had a nice kitty and a better truck. Our marina had a 3 ton lift which could just get an empty **CORSAIR** on the trailer.

It was fun pulling into campgrounds on our way across the southern USA. We'd climb the ladder and lounge in the cockpit high above all the RV's. We got a lot of attention! **CORSAIR** was launched in LaBelle, Florida on the Okeechobee Water way.

We putted across Florida and then down the Intracoastal to Miami where we added a G.P.S., watermaker, and solar panels.

In December, we sailed across the Gulf Stream to Gun Cay, the Berrys, Nassau, the Exumas, and Long, Conception and Rum Cays. The Bahamas were the first landfall for Columbus so being there in 1992 for the quincentennial ceremonies was fabulous. Snorkeling on the coral reefs was awesome.

By the end of July it was so hot and humid, we decided to return to LaBelle and put **CORSAIR** back on the trailer. We were in Daytona Beach when Hurricane Andrew devastated the Bahamas and Miami. Good timing for us but sad for the friends we'd made.

We slowly camped our way across the mid-USA visiting friends along the way. Back to Port Sonoma and work until May 1996 when we once again loaded **CORSAIR** on the trailer.

This time we headed north to Port Townsend, Washington. We cruised the San Juans, Canadian Gulf Islands, British Columbia's Sunshine Coast, Princess Inlet to Chatterbox Falls (a must see gorgeous place!), Desolation Sound, Vancouver and back to Port Townsend.

By October it was time to head south and we decided to spend the winter in southern California where our families are, after a rather cool and rainy summer.

In May 1998, we planned to cruise the Channel Island for the summer and anchored at Catalina. The El Nino winter lasted until nearly July! We pulled into Marina del Rey to reprovision and a dock neighbor fell in love with **CORSAIR** and bought her!

We had cruised the three places we'd wanted a trailerable boat for and had decided to get a bit larger boat, so now we are searching...

Flicka Fun in the

By John Calhoon

Labor Day is a unique holiday in the Pacific Northwest. Its a turning point for most of us, the last three day weekend of the summer, kids go back to school and we usually get a good taste of fall weather about then. This year, summer kept going and going...right through Labor Day, making for perfect cruising conditions in the San Juan Islands. Of course summer weather usually means light and variable winds and not much sailing.

With our trailer in the shop for a tongue extension, Margaret and I decided to take a three day weekend before Labor Day to move our Flicka 20, **AMERICAN PIE**, from her Lake Union berth to the Port of Friday Harbor Marina with overnight stops at Shilshole Bay Marina and Port Townsend.

Getting into Puget Sound from fresh water moorage requires a trip through the Ballard Locks and on weekends this can put a 2-3 hour dent in your schedule, so we elected to lock through after work on Friday and stay overnight at Shilshole with a fine dinner on the porch at Charlie's. Margaret and I first met at Charlie's so its a special place for us.

We headed north through Puget Sound and up Admiralty Inlet under power and sunny skies. The wind picked up nicely in the afternoon and we tacked the last few miles into Port Townsend. The Point Hudson Marina is a great place to stay as its very close to the downtown shops and restaurant, and has a marine store 200 feet from the docks.

We made it in just before the store closed at 4:00 and purchased a shiny new plug for our shore power cord. I'm very stingy with power when we're restricted to batteries, and Margaret really enjoyed having unlimited use of the cabin lights for a change.

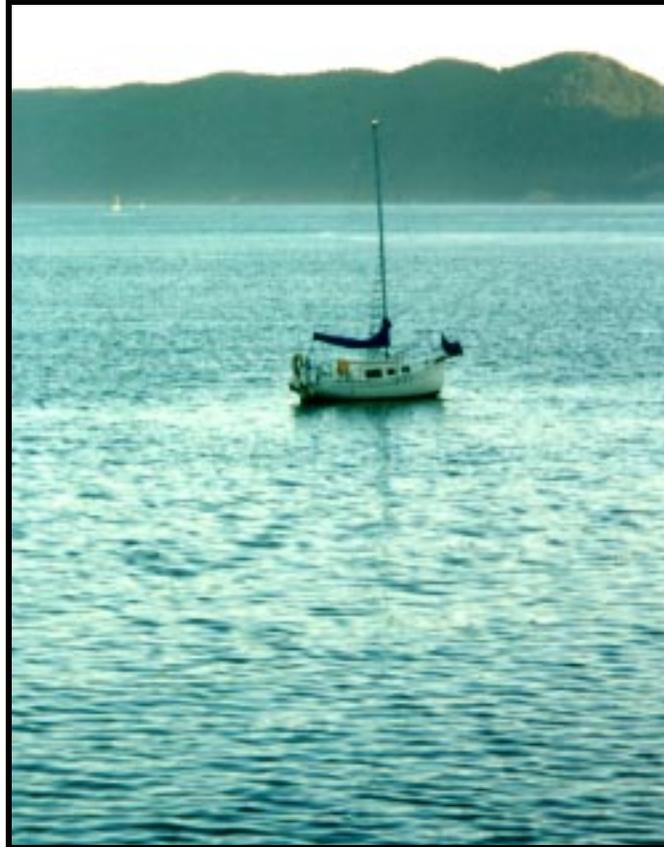
We awoke early to a chorus of fog horns and with a quick look outside, it was obvious we wouldn't make our planned early

departure. A breakfast of Margaret's French toast made the wait worthwhile and by 9:30 we were headed out for the Straits of San Juan De Fuca. The wind decided to take a vacation and we slowly motored towards Cattle Point.

Entering San Juan Channel at the end of the ebb tide, the tranquility of the islands made the long transit worthwhile. Fisherman's Bay, our planned destination for the day, is known as a challenging port as the entrance is very narrow, with shallows all around. Using a diagram in the Waggoner Cruising Guide and helpful postings on the markers, we negotiated the channel without a problem.

We received our slip assignment by cell-phone from Island Marine Center, right before they left for the evening. After baking in the sun all day, ice cream sounded like the perfect cure. We walked the short distance into Lopez Village and enjoyed a bowl of locally made raspberry ice cream while enjoying a view of Fisherman's Bay in the distance.

It felt almost decadent to be cruising on a Monday while everyone else was working. We made the short trip from Lopez to the Port of Friday Harbor Marina in a couple hours and berthed along the guest dock, which is about a 5 mile walk from the



AMERICAN PIE anchored in Doe Bay on Orcas Island.

showers and rest rooms.

Just kidding, but you will get some good exercise making the trip. It started looking like a Flicka convention with two additional specimen's tying up close by. Having spotted a car at the Anacortes ferry terminal, we took an evening ferry and headed home for a few days of productivity.

Friday afternoon, before Labor Day, found us mired in holiday traffic. Our trailer was ready for pickup in Monroe which not only is a portal to the Cascade Mountains and eastern Washington, but was also host to the Evergreen State Fair that weekend. After fetching our trailer we headed back to Anacortes

San Juan Islands

and caught an evening ferry to Friday Harbor. We thought the idea of spotting our boat in the islands and commuting by ferry was a pretty unique idea, but upon disembarking at Friday Harbor we joined a hundred other people marching towards the guest moorage. So much for genius!

Our destination for Saturday was the marina on the north end of Blakely Island, only a couple hours away. After another delicious breakfast we ventured into town for groceries and a few boat parts. King's Market has a great marine store on the second level and further up the street are an Ace Hardware, CarQuest and Radio Shack.

After topping off with fuel, we made a leisurely noon departure with a helpful flood tide that propelled us through Upright Channel. We arrived at Blakely early in the afternoon and entertained the earlier arrivals by inflating our dinghy for the first time and paddling about the marina. Some kids had been diving off the dock all day long so we decided to join them for a refreshing dip.

We really made our mark with the visiting Seattle Yacht Club when we jumped into the very cold water. We were both up the boarding ladder and over to the hot showers in a matter of minutes! Blakely is all privately owned and moorage guests are restricted to the marina area.

Even with the confined access, Blakely is a very pleasant stop and has a well stocked store. The outgoing tide made Peavine Pass run like a river, in the wrong direction, so we had another quiet morning before a noon departure. Doe Bay was our next stop. Doe Bay is exposed to Rosario Strait but as good holding right in front of the facilities and in a small cove. If you've ever wondered where all those VW buses with flowers and peace signs went, you'll find them at Doe Bay. With a clothing optional hot-tub, yurts and a hostel, high society is drastically under

represented. We've always enjoyed our visits to Doe Bay including the interesting people we've met. We paddled to shore at sundown and found an artist painting a seascape with **AMERICAN PIE** in the center. After enjoying a relaxing hour in the hot tub we rowed back to **AMERICAN PIE** under a bright full moon. This was the first time we'd anchored overnight on our own, but with no wind and a fairly flat tide, we had no problem holding through the night.

Labor Day arrived with fog rolling across the straights. Of course it was bright blue looking straight up. We hung out until ten A.M. and headed out along with the morning kayak tour. There was a steady stream of boats heading east but we decided to press our luck and got a ride from the tide making the buoy off Reef Point in two hours.

We had a clear view of our destination at Cap Sante until the fog blew back in. With low visibility we heard the fog horn of a fast moving ferry off our starboard bow and made a quick dodge to port. The silhouette of the ferry passed us at 100 yards or so and the fog quickly lifted. Going through Guemes Channel at the end of a weekend is a carnival ride as dozens of powerful wake monsters head in



AMERICAN PIE being placed on the trailer in Anacortes, WA at the end of the weekend.

for port.

Arriving at the Cap Sante Marina in Anacortes after only a three hour transit, we ate lunch and stowed the mast. The Flicka isn't the easiest boat to trailer, but by using Bruce Bingham's mast lowering rig, dropping and stowing the mast only takes about an hour. The line for the boat lift was pretty long, but after about an hour the helpful crew at Cap Sante Marina gently placed **AMERICAN PIE** on her trailer for the trip home. Driving south on I-5 through surprisingly light holiday traffic, we did what we do best and planned out next summer's cruises aboard **AMERICAN PIE**.

Installing Propane on a Flicka

By Pete Wakeland

Having had experience with an alcohol stove, a kerosene stove, and a propane stove, my wife and I agree that there is no comparison. We prefer propane.

In fact, she says it accounts for her willingness to continue sailing. The stove and the inboard diesel were the top criteria when we bought **TAN BARQUE** in November 1983.

Buying from the factory allowed us to specify a covered compartment between the seats at the aft end of the cockpit. I assume one could still buy the fiberglass cover from the factory, making certain they could match your model year for fit. The compartment bulkhead could be a simple plywood/teak trimmed affair to the cover.

If you go this route, be sure to place the cover far enough to port so the line locker cover will open/close easily without rubbing too much on the propane compartment cover in the closed position.

The adaptation I made was drilling a hole through the transom, as low as possible, to provide venting for escaping fumes. I bought an exterior bronze vent from the factory to match the other vents on the boat for outside on the transom and covered the inside opening with a plastic facing with a sleeve attached to fit the drilled hole.

The compartment holds two propane bottles that weigh about 14 pounds each when full, and approximately one gallon for fuels. It's nice having two since it practically eliminates running out of fuel. We've had no trouble buying propane in Mexico, British Columbia or the East Coast, after they stop laughing about the "big" purchase.

A simple two-way valve connected either the #1 or #2 tank to the regulator, then on to the line to the solenoid that goes



The propane storage box located in the aft cockpit of TAN BARQUE (Pacific Seacraft Flicka # 277)

through the bulkhead into the quarter berth.

Lines from the tanks to the switch are copper tubing attached to standard propane tank fittings. Lines from the solenoid to the stove are flexible tubing purchased from a propane dealer to make sure they meet specifications.

DO NOT try to jury rig flexible tubing with hose clamps. The dealer can fabricate any length you want or need.

The through bulkhead solenoid was mounted inside the propane compartment and wired to the control panel that I mounted on the aft cabin bulkhead to the port of the companionway ladder. This makes it easy to run power wires to the fuse panel and connect whichever switch you might select.

I epoxied a couple of brackets to the underside of the cockpit seat in the quarter berth to secure the flexible tubing

from possible impact with sail bags, etc., and also secured the tubing high up on the hull wall of the quarter berth for the same security. The tubing continued high until reaching the galley bulkhead where I drilled a hole to permit access to the stove where the tubing connection was straight forward.

I have to chuckle when I review the number of safety valves/switches, individual burners on the stove, master valve on the stove, solenoid with automatic closure in the event of power failure, valve on top of tank and fuse panel.

The installation was relatively simple and easy, even for me. Just consult your propane dealer for the tanks and tubing. They might have the solenoid, but I got my from a marine supply. We enjoyed the results of this installation for 15 years without any trouble of any kind. It has given us much comfort and pleasure. Well worth it to us.

My Friend Flicka

By Jim Iseminger

Those of you over fifty, like me, may recall from the forties the book and the movie "My Friend Flicka." Something about a kid and a horse. And as I write these lines, it suddenly strikes me where this newsletter got its name!

My love affair with the Flicka started the first time I saw one; the lines, the solid construction, and the cabin. I would drive hundreds of miles just to look at one. After an actual sail in one, I started perusing the used market seriously. It was hard to find a good one at the right price. A good one was located and it appeared there would be a sale. When the deal fell through I become almost physically ill.

Finally an ad in "Soundings" looked promising. The boat, a 1982 — hull # 210, was in Maryland and I live in the nautical maritime state of Nebraska. Well, it was worth a trip. I found this Flicka, forgotten and forlorn, up on jackstands in an obscure boatyard off Chesapeake Bay.

She was dirty and unattractive after three years plus in drydock, but different things hinted that she was a diamond in the rough. Sound hull, no signs of abuse, a good survey, a diesel that kicked off immediately upon addition of a battery. Back home I go, do some soul searching and then phone negotiating, and struck a deal subject to sea trial.

Second trip. Before launch an sea trial, with permission, I scrapped, sanded and painted the bottom. I must have been pretty sure about the sale to do all that work! Sure enough, she passed the trial and I had myself a Flicka! Next challenge; since it was

impossible to sail her back to Nebraska, I needed a trailer. I'd settled on a builder of excellent custom trailers, Tom Mann. Only one problem, he was located in Excelsior, Minnesota. He knew of a good cross-country transporter of boats, who I lined up.

Third Trip. I wanted to get some major maintenance and other things done where the experts were rather than later in boatyard devoid Nebraska. This was accomplished at Wicks Westcott's Great Neck Boatyard in Galena, Maryland. Good people, good job. Then retrieval and readying the boat for transport.

Over the next three months, transport was accomplished, Tom Mann built an excellent trailer under the Flicka, my Jeep Cherokee was rigged for big-time towing. The happy day arrived when I brought her home! I did further cleaning and maintenance in my driveway — a second coat of bottom paint, lovingly revarnishing the fir bowsprit, cleaning the standing rigging, etc. We launched her in Branched Oak Reservoir near Lincoln, Nebraska and berthed her in a slip formerly occupied by my Compac 19.

In early September 1995, with the help of the Branched Oak Yacht Club, we christened the boat **HALCYANN**. Halcyon: poetic term meaning "joyful, carefree, and everything's cool," as in "halcyon days of

youth." LeAnn: understanding spouse who let me go through all of the above and buy the boat.

HALCYANN probably has the distinction of the Flicka living and sailing on the smallest body of water, our 1,800 acre lake. The boat is the frequent object of admiration. Now people come around to look at our Flicka just as I used to do.



**Jim Iseminger and the newly
Christened s/v HALCYANN.**

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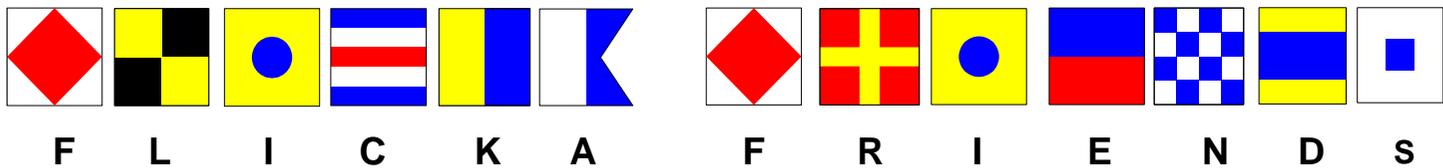
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NAME _____
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Do you own a Flicka? YES NO Hull Number _____ Boat Name _____

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