

Flicka Friends

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An emergency replacement tiller in place aboard s/y ZANZIBAR.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2014

COVER

CAJUN BEAUTY in the slings and ready to launch on the Gulf Coast of Florida.

Photo: Mike Wack © 2014

BACK COVER

PARADOX at anchor in Coecles Harbor.

Photo: John Laton © 2014

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ZANZIBAR back at the dock after an evening sail on Grand Traverse Bay.

Photo: Tom Davison © 2014

BUILDING A FLICKA

FROM LINES TO LAUNCH
A GAFF-RIGGED CRUISING SAILBOAT



by ROBERT H. COLLIER

The story of s/y **RED RASCAL** is available from Amazon.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2014

By Tom Davison

Recently, Bob Collier worked with Blurb to publish the story of building his Flicka. The publication date was mid-June 2014, so you should be able to obtain after that date. The book was created using the BLURP published system and marketed on Amazon. Search by his name to locate the link.

Just got a copy from the author and it is a great book. With 178 color images, there are plenty of construction steps to review.

A hardcover edition is \$73.35 and a softcover edition is \$61.58.

This book joins several other great books for your Flicka library:

KAWABUNGA's South Sea Adventure
Charlie Dewell

Going About: A waterway Adventure
Gill Outerbridge

Story of Myth
Reg Hinnant

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 2014. 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. OceanCraft Sailboats recently acquired the Flicka molds and will be building the Flicka in North Carolina.

Two versions of **Flicka Friends** are published on a quarterly basis with regular issues being posted to the internet in March, June, September and December. Photo Gallery issues are published in January, April, July, and October. Articles, stories, and photographs are welcomed 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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Bungs and Berths

Building RED RASCAL
Part Six of Twelve



Finished V-berth and forward interior of s/y RED RASCAL.

Photo: Bob Collier © 2014

By Bob Collier
s/y RED RASCAL

We've covered the head and the galley. But before continuing, I would like to show you a method of making PLUGS or BUNGS - those wooden coverings for the heads of screws.

You can just buy plugs, but these will not match your wood, even if it is the same kind of wood. The best way is to cut your own out of scrap wood from your wood project.

As I delved into each of the previous chapters, I felt it was more "armchair building" on your part with little or no application to your own boat. We all have projects that we undertake to improve our boat and attaching them will often involve screwing the object to the boat. Fiddles, trail boards, custom blocks, edge trim, replacement of a mounting board for an

outboard motor, the list goes on. So, due to the hundreds of screws on my boat, I have developed a method and tips that you can use to yield plugs that are nearly invisible when finished

Plugs / Bungs - To begin, one needs to buy two items: a 3/8" bit (yeah, I know, you already have one, but I would recommend a new and very sharp one that you keep only for plug cutting) and a 3/8" plug cutter

The local builders' supply usually has 1/4", 3/8", and 1/2", but the 3/8" is the most versatile one to buy. The 3/8" bit is used to drill approximately 1/4 to 3/8 of an inch into the wood at the site of your screw hole. Then drill the rest of the way with a smaller bit that fits the screw you are going to use. If possible, it is best and easiest using a drill press. Large objects may not lend themselves to using a

drill press outside of the boat - it's not essential, I've done many holes freehanded and they turn out fine.

After you have done this, take a scrap of wood from your project, preferably a plank with the grain running with the length of the plank.

Draw a line the length of the scrap plank and in the middle where you plan to drill with the plug-cutting bit (soft lead pencil or pen). It won't show when finished, but is essential to know the direction of the grain. After cutting a plug, the grain will be hard to see without the guideline. Now drill about 3/4 of the way through the scrap wood with the plug cutter. This is best accomplished with a drill press, again not mandatory.

If you've done this before to this point, the following is a departure from the usual



1. Bit and plug cutter.
Bob Collier © 2014



2. Drilling plugs in wood strip.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2014



3. Adding tape to control plugs while cutting with band saw.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2014

method of cutting. Use masking tape to cover the partially cut plugs' holes.

Now turn your scrap of wood on its side and using your band saw (or jig saw, or carefully with a handsaw) cut the board about 1/2 thickness of the scrap wood. This is best visualized in the photo # 4.

Once this is completed, slowly peel the masking tape off---this results in the cut plugs adhering to the tape and you have a strip of tape with plugs attached looking sort of like "Candy Dots", if they still make that candy. With the strip of plugs attached to the masking tape, you are now ready to pull each one off, put a spot of glue on it and press into the drilled hole with the grain. Just tap the plug firmly to seat it well in the hole. Don't worry if glue oozes out. It's OK to wipe the excess off, but after lightly sanding the plug flush to the object you are making, all remnants of the glue will be gone.

Other techniques advise one to chisel out the plugs from the scrap wood. I've tried that method and ended up ruining more plugs than I saved. Also, the tape not only collects the plugs, but also keeps them adherent to the scrap wood while cutting---otherwise the blade of the band saw causes them to flip out in all directions. When the glue has dried, sand the top of the plugs. Some will tell you to chisel off the top of the plugs. But, I caution you that this technique can easily split the plug causing it to break off below the surface.

Then you have to re-drill the hole, hopefully not enlarging it. I speak frustratingly from experience! Use a power sander, but be careful not to sand down the surface you are building.

OK, now to the **V-BERTH** - First, after consulting the plans, I decided to raise the berth two inches higher than Bingham's plans. This not only enlarged the area beneath the berth (for a water tank and batteries), but widened the berth to that of a King size bed!---at least at the head of the bed.

Initial construction consisted of providing a support for the berth. Instead of a lightweight frame, I installed 2x4s across the boat, which would add to the lateral strength of the boat and certainly support the berth. The 2x4s were bolted to the forward frames. Then the platform for the berth was cut from a 3/4" sheet of plywood.

Handholds were cut, plus hinges for the two hatch-like openings. The spaces between the frames were filled with flotation foam---all available space between the frames throughout the boat was packed with the flotation foam. This, in addition to all the wood in this basically wooden vessel, amounted to a non-sinkable boat.

This was by calculations from books on flotation needed versus the weight of the boat---I hope I never have the opportunity to test those formulas! Following this, furring strips were glued and screwed in place to accept the poplar strips. Then the entire forward berth area was paneled with poplar T&G.

All areas were painted an off-white. Also, two cupboards were added at the base of the berth for canned goods, etc. and an anchor rode locker forward. You can see the scrap plywood sole in this photo.

We'll soon take up the construction of the sole. This will be Padauk and Eastern Hard Rock Maple, rather than the usual Teak and Holly.

I had ordered a Teak and Holly board (about 3x6'), but when it arrived the board was 11/16th thick plywood and barely 1/16th teak.

Any dings or marring would cut right through this thin veneer of teak! That prompted me to make my own. Note the trim (fiddles) along the book shelves, galley bulkhead trim, and auxiliary compression posts which double as hand-holds and bunk bed support (starboard).

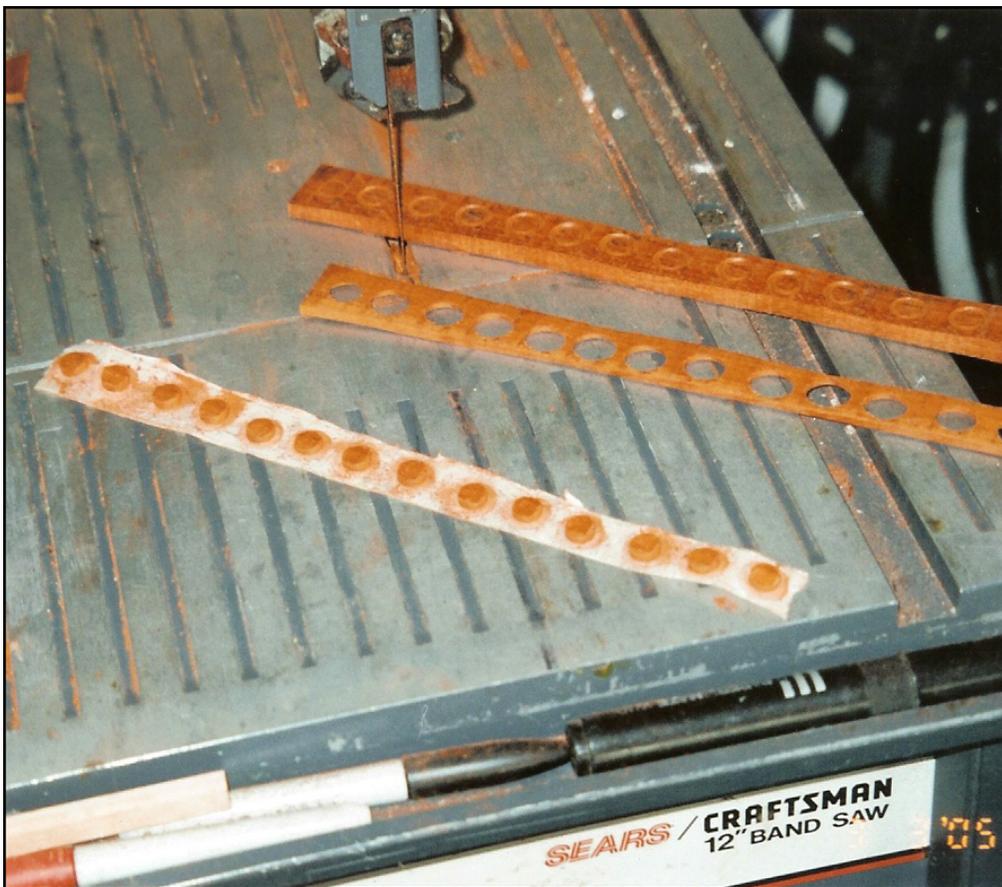
Well, that's enough for now---tune in next time for the "exciting" and innovative chapter on DINETTE & BUNK BEDS!



4. Trimming wood strip with plugs
Photo: Bob Collier © 2014



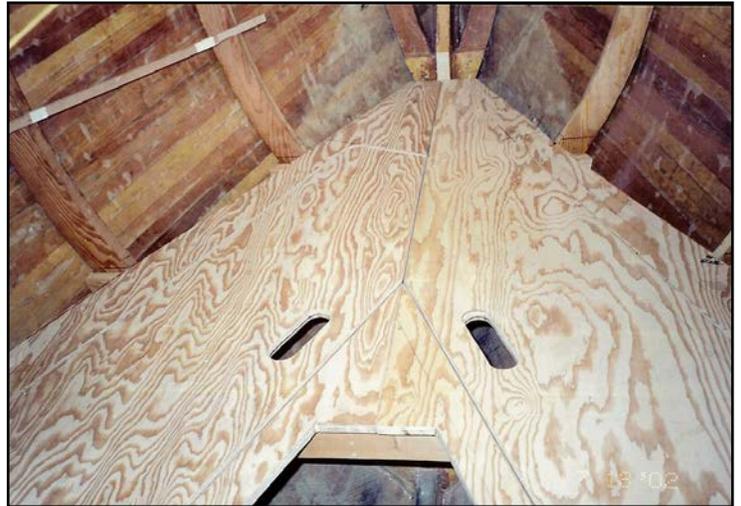
5. Inserting plugs.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2014



6. Fourteen plus in a neat package.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2014



7. V-berth framing.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2014



8. V-berth deck in place.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2014



9. Painted v-berth.
Photo: Bob Collier © 2014

s/y CAJUN BEAUTY

Pacific Seacraft Flicka # 311



A happy new captain and his Flicka: s/y CAJUN BEAUTY.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



Ready to splash! New bottom done and transom painted.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



CAJUN BEAUTY arriving from North Carolina.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



Splashing s/y CAJUN BEAUTY.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



Updating the registration on s/y **CAJUN BEAUTY**.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



Testing the Yanmar in muddy waters. A new fuel line was needed.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



My Flicka's interior: an enclosed head model.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



The two Good "Sams" that got us home.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



Taking the sails down after a day trip.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



A new sail on s/y **CAJUN BEAUTY**.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014



CAJUN BEAUTY at my dock.
Photo: Mike Wack © 2014

Sailing To Block Island

Or Maybe Not!



Sailing to Gardiner's Bay aboard s/y **PARADOX**,
Photo: John Laton © 2014

By John Laton

A chronicle of 2 couples long awaited and well planned vacation cruise in and around Long Island Sound, Gardiners Bay and destination Block Island (well maybe).

Day 1- July 2, 2005 - It all started with a dream of taking our 2 seaworthy vessels (Dave's Catalina 25 and my Flicka 20) on a 10 day Long Island/Block Island 4th of July super-cruise with stops in Gardiners Bay. Saturday, July 2nd was picked for our start date. We knew the wind probably would be too light and to cause us to motor sail all day to be at Plum Gut, the narrow funnel from which the Atlantic fills the Sound, for slack tide.

Our batteries being charged by our motors were very grateful but not as much as we were for our tillers autohelm. This being my first trip through the "Gut." I was a bit nervous about it and read and re-read all the charts and stories about the massive standing 10' waves. Violent riptides and yes, even sea monsters! My mate kept a close eye out for the sea monsters while I read the charts. My

friend Dave bravely took the lead as he had blazed this trail once before.

My mate and I looked and listened in awe as he announced that we were going to go between the lighthouse and the North Fork of Long Island (Orient point) to enter Gardiner's Bay. I looked at the charts again found that, yup, the rocks were still there from the North fork out to the lighthouse. Ahhh Dave.

I think we will go to the outside of the lighthouse. There might be just a bit more water there and I don't have Sea-Tows number handy. Courses were quickly modified and the trip through the narrow and violent Gut was history. Now through the "Gut", I felt like I could do anything and take my boat anywhere. Well anywhere where I did not have to try and back-up my Flicka. On we went to the "Orient-by-the-Sea" marina. A charming name that sounded so inviting and only \$30!

As I entered the walled marina I saw why it was only \$30. All power boats and all slung by lines on four poles. Having only been on a

mooring or dock and with only two dock lines, docking like this posed a problem.

David, an ol' hand at this medieval way of docking, was already in and waiting to assist me in this tight parking lot. Oh joy as I scrambled below for any form of rope or rope product. My spare anchor line looked back at me as if to say "don't even think about it!"

After twenty minutes of pulling and pushing from pole to pole, and much to the delight of the patrons eating lunch at the dock restaurant overlooking the basin, we were tied up. I was so embarrassed at my four pole docking skills and lack of extra lines that I sheepishly lowered our club "burgee" and then told the staff my name was "Rick" no last name, just Rick.

Day 2- Surprisingly, day two went off without a hitch. A great sail on Gardiners Bay and a picture perfect anchor at Coecles Harbor. Dinner aboard David's Summer Slopes brought out his secret recipe spare ribs. Ahhhhh, life was good!!



Sailing to Gardiner's Bay aboard s/y **PARADOX**,
Photo: John Laton © 2014



Into Clinton Harbor in confused seas and a confused captain with a cruising guide.
Photo: John Laton © 2014

Day 3 - Morning brought the four of us taking our two "dinks" into a nearby Marina. Disguised as "real paying guests", we brazenly partook of all the facility had to offer. A little bravado goes a long way, even the "guests" free ride to the Greenport ferry was taken advantage of. Now we felt like real pirates! Little did we know that fate was to step in very soon and even things out big-time. By 4:00 pm we were back from our pillaging and down below on my Flicka, Paradox, getting ready for hosting our friends for dinner.

Raised voices topside caught our attention. Could that be David shouting? Popping our heads out we found that yes, it was David and he was directing a scene out of ninety-nine famous anchoring mistakes. It seems a three story forty-five foot floating condo of a "yacht" had drifted its anchor rode across David's rudder and threatened to tear it loose.

To make matters worse, this huge vessel was "manned" by a lone confused and not very agile older woman. Her boat was dragging fast and Dave was yelling to start her engine. She instead began the long decent climbing down the three stories to toy with the windless at the bow. More shouts from David and she slowly ascended back up to third floor control room and did somehow manage to start the engine. Great work Dave, you got her to start the engine.

Evidently it was "caution to the wind" as she backed away from David's boat and right over my anchor line wrapping it up around her many props. She now shuts off her engines, descends the staircase, and calmly looks back at me and said "I would be open to any suggestions you might have as to how we may resolve this." I just stood there on my bow with boat hook in hand poised like a Roman gladiator and just shook my head.

After about twenty minutes of pulling and tugging, madam's husband arrives in his "launch" from an afternoon of clamming. Being the yachtsman that he was, and in true Lloyd Bridges style, he slaps on mask, fins and knife, down he goes. No doubt in my mind now. I say "this guy has done this many times before."

"Here are your lines. "I had to cut it" he announces and hands me the 2 pieces of rope like I'm supposed to be eternally grateful! Now what knot was it that can join an anchor line? I told him I was amazed at how accurate his wife was with the boat at cutting a 180' line at exactly 90'. I'm convinced the previous owner of my boat ran into this guy before because there was another full 200' of anchor rode down below and a spare anchor to boot!

My very expensive CQR anchor was saved and new rode attached. Life was good again. Well

for only about ten minutes. David announces, after moving his boat a safe distance away from the yachtsman and his wife, that his old outboard engine was not pumping water and was overheating. Dave, It's the 4th of July and your engine decides to go out? Dinner aboard the Flicka that evening was filled with good steaks and a heaping portion of the day's bad luck.

Day 4 - Early morning saw my Flicka towing Dave's boat to the 'pirated' marina and suddenly we are both now paying guests of said Marina. David drops off his engine. One day and \$450.00 later (he thought a \$75.00 impeller job) we are ready to rock and roll!

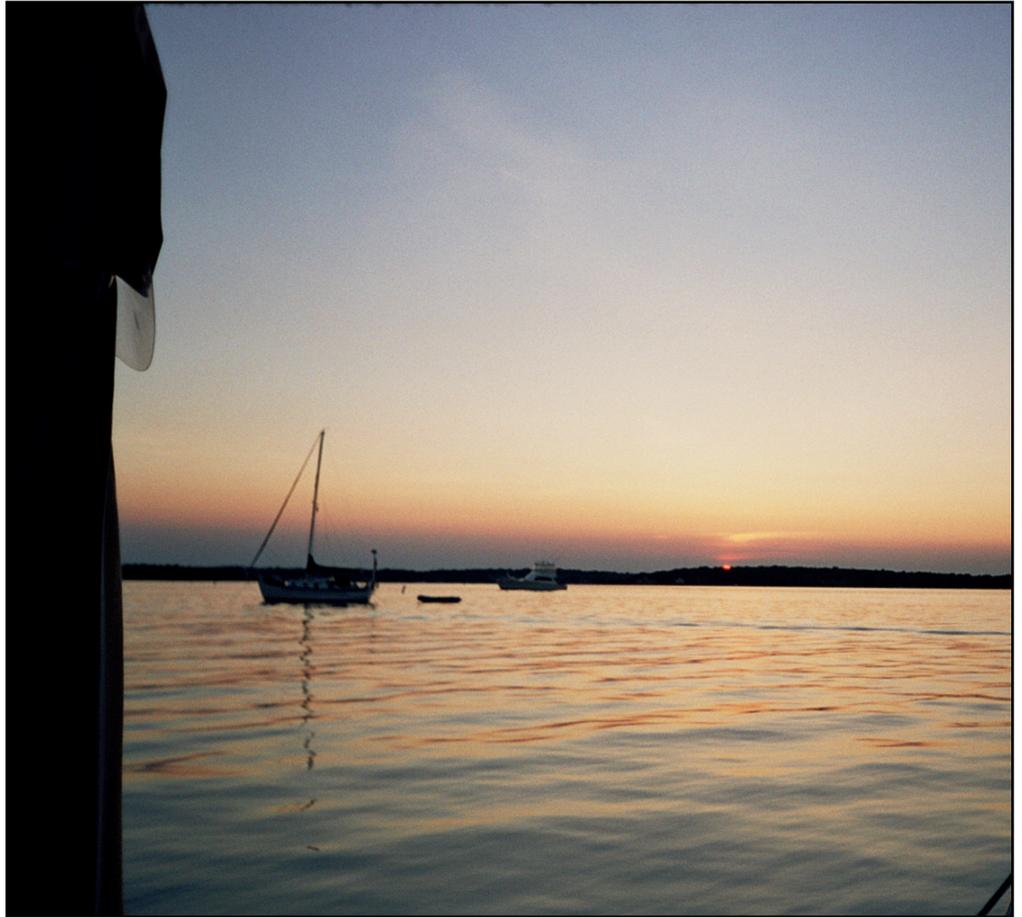
Day 5 - We are off to a short sail to 3 Mile Harbor and an overnight anchor. We decide in the morning to cut our planned trip short and give up the final destination of Block Island since a tropical storm was heading up the coast.

At anchor about 10:00 PM, a slight banging is heard aboard my Flicka and an investigation showed the once calm winds had picked up quite a bit and the tiller needed to be lashed. While doing this I noticed the 40' sailboat that was anchored 50 feet behind us was now a few feet off my port. We are dragging in 20-25 knot winds and our anchor evidently had become caught under the large chain anchor rode of the forty footer. My mate alerted, engine started, fenders and boat hook out. The way this trip is going, I should just leave the damn boat hook on deck.

It's a very dark and an unfamiliar anchorage but I try to power up and around the caught anchor. Every angle tried, no luck. It won't budge. There is no one aboard the forty footer. Not wanting to cut the very expensive CQR anchor just yet, I let out all my rode and find I can swing 15' behind the 40'er for the rest of the evening. Of course we are up all night watching and waiting.

Day 6 & 7 - Morning comes and we still find no one aboard the forty footer to assist with the caught anchor. More attempts to free the anchor in daylight gave way to just giving the anchor to Neptune as a sacrifice since he seemed to want it several days before anyway. David and his boat held fast all evening and were unaware of our predicament or so they said. I was sure I heard laughing from somewhere last night. Dave found us in the morning enjoying someone named "Connors" mooring ball. Hey it was an emergency.

By 9:00 AM, we are off heading toward the "GUT" and bent on getting to the end of our trip early. Less than a half mile out into the Bay Dave's boat slows to a stop and he announces via radio that the 'just repaired' engine is not turning the prop.



Sunset in Coecles Harbor.
 Photo: John Laton © 2014



The calm before the storm in Coecles Harbor.
 Photo: John Laton © 2014



Dave and his unlucky Catalina 25.
Photo: John Laton © 2014



Orient by the Sea Marina with four pole docking.
Photo: John Laton © 2014

Tow boat Flicka was back in service and out comes, you guessed it, that indispensable boat hook just in case. Did I say I was going to mount that boathook on deck? After a brief examination, David's newly repaired Evinrude outboard now has been diagnosed with a broken driveshaft.

It was quickly decided to give the engine last rites and he called, you guessed it, the now very familiar Pirate Marina. The Marina said they could not get him another Evinrude but promised they could get Dave a new Johnson in just two days. We all seemed to take that comment the wrong way except for Dave.

Towed back out of 3 Mile Harbor and into the bay, David and his mate sail au natural (that's without a motor) back to our now good friends at renamed Budget Busting Marina.

Now since our clubs cruise coordinator, Cindy, suggested we stop in Coecles Harbor while on our trip, it was ironic that we spent these next two days as paying guests of the Marina while remnants of hurricane Cindy, now a tropical storm, passed through.

Day 8 – I awoke in the morning as Cindy's wind and rain pelted us at mooring. Looking out the port hole toward David's boat, I saw him drenched and yanking the life out of his dinks "Cruise N Carry" air cooled motor. Now appropriately re-named the "Curse N Carry".

It was unrelenting and after watching with remorse for several minutes I went below and laughed so hard I coughed up some of the pride I have been swallowing during this trip.

Eventually, the call came for Dave to accept delivery of his new \$2,000.00 outboard and we had the honor of motoring him in since his dink motor was officially now DOA.

Amazingly, he still had a smile on his face. For the two grand he spent on a new motor, he could have rented a private plane to fly him and his mate to Block Island and stay at a first class hotel.

And he still had a smile on his face?? It made me a bit nervous since it reminded me of the smile that Jack Nicholson had in the movie "The Shinning." I kept waiting for him to 'crack'.

Day 9 - Okay, the new motor is on Dave's boat and he's motoring around the harbor to break it in. It's a beautiful day since tropical storm "Cindy" has passed. One could only hope this was the beginning of the end. We decided to go back to the four pole. "Orient by the Sea" marina to have a good head start through the 'Gut' the next morning. The wind was blowing pretty strong so our sails were reefed to balance our boats. It was a great

adventurous sail as we cruised at about 6-7 knots through Gardiners bay toward Orient By the Sea Marina.

This time, going into that small hole in the sea wall at Orient seemed as easy as driving to the corner store. We breezed into the dock space as if we had done it a thousand times before and thanks to the 'dragging' lady and her husband cutting our anchor line I now had the correct number of dock lines.

Actually, I think we really just didn't give a damn what happened to our boats at this point. We just wanted to go home. After another marathon happy hour things didn't seem all that bad this week. How could that be?

Day 10 - At this point, we survived the week and it was finally time to make one long day's journey home.. about 40 or so miles. Hell, we have been trying to go home for the last four days. Can this day be any different? We could only hope.

We untied our boats and motored out of the channel. The wind was picking up by the minute. To complicate matters, both Orient Point Ferry's decided make their presence known just as we were turning the corner around the lighthouse and into the Gut.

Can we add any more chaos to the mix? Okay, let's see, the tide is going in and the wind is blowing out at about 15 to 20 knots...

Hmmmmm, this is the same scenario I read about in my "gloom and doom" books about Plum Gut. Could that stuff they said really be true? Now we're at the point of no return. Damn, look at the size of those waves. There were four confused "rollers" in a row about 6-8 feet high that came crashing in among the very nasty standing waves. Should have gotten there closer to slack I reminded Dave.

After getting chewed up and spit out by the Gut, we enter Long Island sound and find the weather over the past few days has turned the sound into a washing machine of short choppy constant 4-6 footers almost dead on our course home. After battling the whitecaps for about 5 hours, and making way at about 2 1/2 to 3 knots, David gave the call to cut the sailing day short of our destination.

"John, my crew and I have decided to go to Clinton CT's Cedar Island Marina for the night." My mate answered the call in less than a millisecond, "Great idea." I have to admit, I'm glad David made the call because I wasn't going to be the first one to wimp out since the Flicka was taking the steep chop well.

We headed into Clinton harbor after making a quick phone call for reservations and out of



Towing our friends back to Coecles Marina.

Photo: John Laton © 2014



PARADOX at anchor in Coecles Harbor.
Photo: John Laton © 2014

the chaos and into the lap of luxury at Cedar Island Marina. I pulled to the dock first and Dave followed close behind. As Dave approached the dock he went to put the brand new motor in reverse. Yeah reverse, okay now, reverse. Dave, Dave reverse! He shouted I can't get it in reverse.

I could see the smoke bellowing out of the top of his head like a steam locomotive from the turn of the century. A quick killing of the engine and of course the all present boat hook got Dave in with minimal ego damage. After cooling off at the pool in the 98 degree heat, the motor cover came off and with the help of a little grease, the motor worked it's way into reverse.

OKAY, HAPPY HOUR again! After recapping the day, we all agreed that we were happy just to be alive. Then came the coup de gras. I asked Dave if I could use his grill to make us some grilled kielbasa and went below to fetch it. He came up saying "I can't, seems the rough ride shook it loose and now it's broken too"!

For the second time on this trip the roar of my laughter could be heard all the way down Long Island Sound. Can anything else go wrong for this guy? Okay, it's time for another cocktail and maybe he'll forget. Just please keep any sharp objects away from him.

Day 11 - Now it has been five days that we've been trying to make it only about fifty miles to return home to our club in New Haven harbor CT. A twice broken outboard and a tropical storm kept us hostage in Gardiners Bay.

As we headed out of Clinton's Cedar Island Marina it wasn't long before we could see that the seas were still churning up and wind was again 15-20 on the nose. It was decided that motoring was in order to get out into the sound a little South past Faulkner's Island which would allow us a course change to sail back home to New Haven Harbor.

Did I just say "back to "New Haven Harbor" home sweet home?? Could it be true?? Nothing is ever as easy as it seems it should be. Finally, yes, we made it, and just in time to celebrate our safe return with a final cold beer. Did I mention how good that beer tasted being on dry land?

Overall, it was a trip we'll never forget to be sure. It improved and strengthened our sailing skills and showed that you can still have a lot of laughs even when things don't go quite right over and over again.

Throughout the trip and through some dirty seas I must say my 20' Flicka came through leaving both my mate and I feeling safe, comfortable and confident.

