

THE CONCORDIAN

A NEWSLETTER FOR LOVERS OF CONCORDIA YACHTS
FALL 2013, NUMBER 55



Photo © Alison Langley

Photo © Alison Langley

Cover photograph of the fleet just after the start of the Castine Classic Yacht Regatta, 2013. Photograph © by Alison Langley,

75 Years

1938 – 2013

The Concordia Yawl



75th ANNIVERSARY

WEEK ONE

CASTINE YACHT CLUB CLASSIC YACHT SYMPOSIUM and RACE

This special year of the Concordia Yawl started in Castine at the end of July with a wonderful, but sparsely attended, dinner for owners at Ann Ashton's summer home overlooking the harbor in Castine. I was the only owner to show up so the conversation was probably more wide ranging and didn't dwell constantly on our boats. The lobsters were delicious.

Tuesday and Wednesday, July 30 and 31, saw the fleet assemble and tie up at the town dock, in the Maine Maritime Academy basin and at the Castine Yacht Club floats. A total of 14 Concordias were in attendance, including *Allure*, *Ariadne*, *Eagle*, *Golondrina*, *Java*, *Javelin*, *Katrina*, *Mandala*, *Misty*, *Otter*, *Phalarope*, *Portunus*, *Snow Falcon*, and *Thistledown*.

For a number of years, the Castine Yacht Club has put on a symposium the afternoon prior to the Castine to Camden Classic Yacht Race and this year they wisely chose to honor the Concordia Yawls. Bob Scott (who at one time had an interest in *Fleetwood*), David Bicks and the officers and members of the CYC have a well refined process for hosting these symposia which includes press coverage in all the US as well as European marine periodicals and local publications. They even brought the British Photographer Kathy Mansfield over to cover the three day weekend. Her work will eventually lead to a major article on the history of our boats in the British publication, **Classic Boat**. Castine was plastered with big posters and little fliers announcing the symposium and dock walk.

With the fleet on display Wednesday, hundreds of people swarmed the floats ogling the boats from top to bottom, inside and out. Once again, I heard stories of delightful afternoons to getting beaten up on offshore passages while sailing on one of the sisters. I'm constantly amazed at how many people have had some contact with our boats and previous owners and how deeply affected they have been by the experience.

At 4 that afternoon, we reassembled in the Delano Auditorium for the symposium. The hall was packed. I was asked by Bob and David to moderate an open discussion on the boats, their origins, and the state of the fleet currently. The panel consisted of Doug Adkins, *Coriolis*, who spoke about the early history of Concordia with the Abeking & Rasmussen yard; Queene Foster, *Misty*, who has owned three Concordias since graduating from college; Giffy Full, the dean of wooden boat



Wednesday afternoon at the Castine Town Dock.

Photo © Benjamin Mendlowitz



Castine Classic Yacht Symposium, 2013

Panelists, left to right, Doug Adkins, Brodie MacGregor, Queene Foster, Ben Mendlowitz, Giffy Full, Pam Parker and Jon Wilson

Opposite. Top: *Allure* leading fleet at the start, Castine Race.

Bottom: *Eagle*, *Misty*, *Katrina*, *Mandala*, and *Phalarope*.

Both photos © Alison Langley

REUNION RECAP

Photo © Alison Langley



5

Photo © Alison Langley



surveyors who talked about the longevity of the boats and the character of the owners; Brodie MacGregor, owner of the Concordia Company, who discussed the wonderful relationship over the decades of the owners to their boats; Benjamin Mendlowitz, who has chosen to keep his *Starlight* as close to the way she came from A&R as possible; Pam Parker, who grew up aboard *Portunus* and is now, decades later, her caretaker; and Jon Wilson, of **WoodenBoat Magazine** and owner of the Concordia 33 *Free Spirit*. I asked each panelist to lead off with a very short comment about his or her involvement with the boats before getting into a wide ranging conversation about Concordias.

I won't attempt to cover every comment, but a general theme quickly emerged which was the special qualities of the people who are attracted to these boats. The fleet has from the start attracted knowledgeable and experienced sailors who know what to expect and are willing to do what is necessary to keep each boat in top condition as well as keeping the fleet intact.

6 Giffy stated that a competent boatyard could build a new sistership for about \$350,000 which caused a bit of murmuring in the room. (A few days later when I offered Steve White, Brooklin Boatyard, a check for that amount his response was that I left off a 1 in front of the 350,000. The rig alone would be about \$90,000 to duplicate today, he said. Oh, well.)

Other comments ranged from Jon saying how perfect the Concordia berths are for initiating a relationship to Doug's observation that the 39s cockpit is sexier due to the "cleavage" built in at the forward end that the 41 cockpit lacks. Shortly after these two observations and toward the end of a full two hours of talk, Doug suggested that the hors d'oeuvres and drinks at the CYC might be gone unless we move on. So we did.

Thursday morning, August 1, broke with thick fog filling the harbor and questions of whether we would be able to get a race off and on time. However, as we motored to the starting area, the fog lifted enough to find the line and gave every indication of soon clearing. The CYC Race Committee started our nine boats first both to give the assembled photographers and spectators a clear view of our fleet and to honor the boats.

Racing to Camden were *Allure*, *Eagle*, *Golondrina*, *Javelin*, *Katrina*, *Mandala*, *Misty*, *Otter* and *Phalarope*. The start was frankly spectacular as the starboard tack boats emerged from the fog. Also spectacular was *Golondrina's* port start that cleared the starboard boats by a large margin and gave her a jump on the larger 41s. The winner both on elapsed and corrected time was *Katrina*, winner of the Phalarope Trophy, with *Otter* next and *Golondrina* a few seconds behind her in third.

The day ended with most of the fleet tied up three abreast at the Camden Yacht Club floats.



Misty, shortly after the start

Photo © Kathy Mansfield



Rafted at the Camden Yacht Club.

Photo © Kathy Mansfield

CAMDEN YACHT CLUB CAMDEN FEEDER RACE

The Camden to Brooklin feeder race on Friday, August 2, offered a bit of fog and not much wind. After the start was moved from The Graves to east of Goose Island, the course over the top of North Haven was a bit challenging with shifty winds, the usual strong currents, always against us, but conditions were good enough to get us into East Penobscot Bay in good fashion.

Then the rain came along with the fog which killed the wind. Most boats started the iron genny abeam of Stonington since dinner seemed more inviting than a few more hours drifting to Brooklin.

Eagle, *Phalarope* and *Mandala* stuck it out to the end, finishing in that order, and were the only boats to finish of the 28 starters in Classics A Class. Also starting in class were the Concordias *Allure*, *Golondrina*, *Javelin*, *Katrina*, *Misty*, *Otter*, and *Westray*. Terry, Diane and Nica, the wonder dog, on *Mandala*, garnered mention for the Slowest Elapsed Time of 7 hours, 35 minutes and 14 seconds.

EGGEMOGGIN REACH REGATTA WOODENBOAT, BROOKLIN

Saturday, August 3, was a nearly perfect day with bright sun and a good, stiff breeze offering up one of the fastest races on record. Concordias made up half of the 28 boat Classic Class B class. *Otter* won the Concordia trophy with her fourth place finish on corrected time in the class. The second Concordia was *Katrina* only 13 seconds ahead of *Golondrina*. Unfortunately, those damn 41s rate better than a 39 fractional rig so *Golondrina* had to give both time. But they don't sail faster. (Sorry. Lost my reporter's objectivity.)

The rest of the fleet, in order of finishing, consisted of *Misty*, *Allure*, *Javelin*, *Eagle*, *Java*, *Snow Falcon*, *Phalarope*, *Starlight*, *Mandala*, *Westray* and *Irian*. This was one of the largest fleets of Concordias at the ERR.

If you've never done the ERR you owe it to yourself and your crew to participate at least once. In addition to 14 Concordias this year there were a total of 93 absolutely gorgeous wooden boats sailing in Jericho Bay. One spends as much time ogling the other boats as one does concentrating on the race. Yes, Classic Class B is the most competitive of the divisions in the ERR, but the start line is long, affording every boat enough room, and everyone settles into their own race very quickly. The biggest challenge is reading the wind patterns that change as the day progresses and making the tidal currents work for you.

As much fun as the race is, the dinner ashore is equally appealing giving everyone an excuse, especially after a few beers, of resailing the course while catching up with old friends. The evening ends with the awards ceremony followed by an exceptional band playing into the late hours.



The Eagle crew at the ERR

Photo © Kathy Mansfield

WEEK TWO

CORINTHIAN CLASSIC YACHT REGATTA, MARBLEHEAD

Four Concordias participated in the two days of racing at the Corinthian Classic Regatta in Marblehead the weekend of August 10 and 11. Sponsored by Panerai, the weekend was well organized with good, long races both days, but in variable winds.

Saturday started with a nice breeze but it gently faded during the day. *Crocodile* was the first Concordia to finish, followed by *Raka*, *Harrier* and *Eagle*.

Sunday was even lighter, but picked up at the very end. Local knowledge paid off with some of the locals seeming to take weird fliers only to end up way ahead of the visitors. We, on *Crocodile*, watched an elderly schooner head way inshore, so far inshore that we ignored her, only to rediscover her as she shot out from the beach to leave us all in her wake at the windward pin.

Our strategy on the return leg was to play the middle which in hindsight was not the smartest move. We watched *Harrier* slowly creep up on and then pass everyone. It was a bit disconcerting to watch Jesse and his crew slowly creep by us especially since we were tweaking sails left and right while the *Harrier* crew gave the indication that they were merely out for a nice day sail. No suggestions of any effort being exerted on that boat. But, what was really happening was that we were all being given a lesson of what 58 years of seriously racing *Harrier* can lead to. Good lesson.

Somehow *Eagle* snuck ahead of *Crocodile* on the next to last leg so our objective was to regain lost ground on her.

It worked, with *Eagle* rounding the pin a mere boat length ahead. A luffing match was initiated by *Eagle* which cut off our passing her to windward, and there was not enough wind to sail through her lee, so we fell way off, went wing and wing half way down the last leg, then threw up the mizzen staysail, heated it up and raced in the building wind to the finish line well in front.

Harrier was the first Concordia, followed by *Crocodile*, *Eagle*. *Raka* did not finish due to technical problems, unfortunately.

A gala dinner was served after the Saturday race at the Corinthian Yacht Club followed by Ray Hunt's son, Sham, speaking about his father and his designs. Humorous, thoughtful, and as in depth as could be in forty five minutes, Sham kept the racers enthralled. For me, Sham's presentation was the high point of the weekend. (Well...actually... smoking *Eagle* on the last leg came close.)

After the Sunday race the awards ceremony, again at the Corinthian Yacht Club, was packed with owners and crew of all the 58 boats attending. What we didn't know is that this year, in honor of the 75th anniversary of the Concordias, the organizers created a Concordia Class and a series of Trophies. *Eagle* took third, *Harrier* second and *Crocodile* first. When Jesse Bontecou and *Harrier's* award was announced, the entire assembly gave Jesse a standing ovation as he walked to the front. Respect for experience is acknowledged and has it's rewards.



Photo © Carol Hill

Jesse Bontecou, Tim Bontecou, John Eide, Richard Hutchinson on Harrier.

Photo © Carol Hill

WEEK THREE

OPERA HOUSE CUP, NANTUCKET

Summer Wind, No. 97, participated in the Opera House Cup Classic Yacht race this season at Nantucket on Sunday, August 18. Most of you are aware of this storied event. It's one of a series of classic yacht events around the world, sponsored by Panerai. I never really "got it" prior to this year. Don't get me wrong, I "got" the beauty of the whole thing for sure; we've been in Nantucket's harbor during that event for years, if only to take it all in. And the very idea of enjoying a classic sailing yacht is one of the reasons why we bought *Summer Wind*. But, until this summer I didn't really understand the extent to which Panerai was supporting classic yacht sailing by running their beautiful events across the globe each year, with three of them wrapping up their series (Marblehead, followed by the Opera House Cup and finally, Newport). We pondered this while sitting in Panerai's luxurious "booth", made up of curved teak walls and flooring, featuring glass-encased Panerai watches on display, with a continuous loop of remarkable film of the various Panerai global sailing events running on a huge flat-screen monitor, enhanced by soft classical music playing in the background. Amidst all of this were a series of white cotton canvas seating areas and coffee tables adorned with (in some cases) expensive books and other odds and ends. And all of it beautifully situated at the water's edge at the Nantucket Yacht Club. Many of you are familiar with all of this, but for us it was new and pretty darned nice! We bought the CD (and everything else they offered, as I did drink the cool-aid!). And in viewing that CD (short films of each of last year's events around the world) my wife Carole made the point that we don't know of any institution or group of people working to promote the idea of classic, historic sailing yachts to the extent that Panerai does. Some of you probably know that Panerai occasionally undertakes restorations of yachts in need of repair (and at remarkable expense!). Only a company such as Panerai can truly afford this kind of undertaking. And in fact, without that very substantial investment, the yachts they choose to sponsor would languish. For more on that, take a look at the timeless classic Fife Eileen and other yachts, on the Panerai website. There is a remarkable and truly laudable effort, which in many ways is keeping the whole idea of the classic sailing yacht alive. And the celebration of these floating works of art is what Opera Cup (and the other sponsored events) is all about.

There were three Concordias in Nantucket harbor for the event this year; ours, *Eagle* and *Wizard*. This was the first time we had raced our boat (remember, please, that Carole had not even

sailed prior to our buying the boat six years ago) and it was the first time I had skippered a race since I was in my teens. We finished 43rd out of 48 boats. While our place in the fleet did not matter to me one bit, what did matter was that we would represent the beauty and spirit of this important event. I'm confident in our results, in that regard.

We were given two awards in recognition of the beauty of our boat. The first was during the first awards night, in celebrating the participants and winners of the youth sailing programs and races. We were caught off guard when called up to the podium along with a few other boat owners and given a wonderful framed photo of some America's Cup yachts under sail, in recognition of *Summer Wind* representing the essence of classic sailing vessels, or something to that effect.

When we attended the Opera Cup awards dinner on Sunday night, we were surprised again with a similar "Special Recognition Award" for *Summer Wind*, among several other very worthy boats mentioned, receiving another wonderful framed photo. Finally, there's an award called the "Performance Award" which is given to three vessels. The inscription reads *Presented to the vessels which exceeded expected performance for the conditions*. I know the inscription because we won the bloody thing! I asked the presenter if a mistake had been made, because while we crossed the finish line slightly ahead of *Eagle* (a great boat, owned and crewed by wonderful people!), we were handily beaten to the basin by *Wizard*, another great boat, sailed by a very capable captain/owner and crew (they were awarded 2nd place in the Performance category), as well as 41 other wonderful boats! I was assured that the silver bowl I was holding was meant for our boat. The winner for the previous year was *Wild Horses*, so I guess it wasn't an award given in hopes that it would persuade us show up again next year. Nevertheless, while I'm still trying to figure out why it was deserved (I'm thinking the fact that we actually finished was the 'performance that exceeded their expectations'!) it certainly is a cool thing to have on the shelf at home!

Our present plan calls for our participating in next years' Panerai events in Marblehead, Nantucket and Newport (although we always talk tough about next season's plans after a few cock-tails). Our intention is to represent our fleet as best we are able, as Concordias are truly among those timeless sailing vessels worthy of a tipped cap.

DANA BRACKETT

WEEK FOUR

75th ANNIVERSARY REUNION CELEBRATION, PADANARAM

The culmination of the summer was the Anniversary reunion at Padanaram August 23, 24 and 25 where old friends reconnected and new friendships were formed. The weather was nearly perfect so wandering the grounds at the New Bedford Yacht Club could not have been better.



The typical Buzzard's Bay wind came in on schedule for the Saturday race which caused a bit of a concern for some boats that broken fittings, busted spinnaker poles and other minor snags reported. Unfortunately, a few boats had to drop due to damage.

But the best part of the racing, in addition to being on fabled Buzzard's Bay, was owners who came from too far away to bring their boats were accommodated on board. For me, it was low pressure racing while getting the opportunity to see how another owner managed the boat. Much fun.

Saturday evening dinner under the tent was followed by introductions by Brodie who announced his passing of the torch to Stuart who has taken over the management of the Concordia Company.

Stuart followed his father first with a heartfelt thanks to Brodie before awarding of the prizes from the day's racing.

The fleet was divided into spinnaker and non-spinnaker classes but no handicaps were assessed. In the spinnaker class, *Luna* crossed the line first, followed by *Crocodile*, then *Winnie of Bourne*, *Matinicus*, *Mandala*, *Westray* and *Eagle*.

In the non-spinnaker fleet, Chris Wedge in *Kee Nee Noh* took first followed by *Harrier*, *Sonnet*, *Grace*, *Summer Wind*, *Snowy Owl* and *Raka*.

Doug Adkins took the floor to thanks Elizabeth Meyer for her long support of the fleet from the time of her initial purchase of *Buckaroo II* to her epic book, *Concordia Yawls: The First Fifty Years* continuing down to today.



Photo © Carol Hill

Juan Corradi and Christina Spellman, *Westray*, received a special trophy at the awards dinner. As Juan writes:

The plate was passed from *Winnie of Bourne* to *Westray*, and Arvid Klein mentioned that the reason was to award enthusiasm. Well, that was much too generous, as our enthusiasm was not precisely matched by stellar performance. But our enthusiasm did take us on the Marblehead to Halifax Race, where the light winds on the nose made us go too far to the East. Still, on corrected time we were 22 out of 72 yachts and the only small classic wooden vessel. So *Westray* became *We-Stray*. But Arvid and Cynthia were undaunted and decided to pass on the tray nonetheless.

On *Westray* we hold their tenure of *Winnie of Bourne* as exemplar of what should be done with a Concordia yawl, and we promise to do our best while we keep that precious tray for a while and keep sailing on *Westray*.



Juan, left, above, shows the plate to an unknown person and Andrew Crocker, one of *Crocodile's* crew.

Arvid wrote that the plate was awarded to *Winnie* as a consolation prize at the 70th Anniversary Reunion. Originally it was given to the Concordia Company by Mystic Seaport.

BRODIE MACGREGOR

There were in fact two notable 75th anniversaries this year. The second was the celebration of Brodie's 75th birthday and, due to the organization of Doug Adkins, Brodie was presented with a token of our appreciation.

Doug discovered a dry card compass made in the 1840's or 1850's by Duncan McGregor of Glasgow and Greenock near Brodie's childhood home on the Clyde in western Scotland. This dry card compass is typically of those used on the great clipper ships. Wet compasses with the card floating in alcohol were not generally in use until approximately the Civil War, a decade or so later.



The plaque, mimicking the Concordia builder's plate, reads:

Celebrating the 75th Anniversary of
The Concordia Yawl
&
The 75th Birthday of
Robert A. "Brodie" MacGregor
In Grateful Appreciation from
The Fleet of Yawls and Sloops
August 24, 2013

The locust base was made by Stewart McDougall who with his wife Denny owned *Kodama* for over 30 years.

When presenting the compass, Doug made mention of Brodie's 35 year involvement with the Concordia Company as well as some highlights from those years.

Earlier, Brodie spoke of the long history of experienced and knowledgeable owners who have been involved with the fleet over the decades. He also publicly announced that he had turned over the running and presidency of the Concordia Company to his son, Stuart.

We thank Brodie for his work in keeping the fleet healthy and wish him well in this new stage of his life.



Brodie MacGregor and Doug Adkins



Brodie and the Harrier crew, Richard Hutchinson, Jesse Bontecou and Tim Bontecou.

All three photos this page © Carol Hill

Photo © Alison Langley



Photo © Alison Langley



Three more photographs from the Castiene race by Alison Langley.

Top: Katrina, Javelin and Misty

Left: I can't believe we did it, but Golondrina pulled off a perfect port start and Alison got it!

Below: Left, Phalarope, Misty, Katrina, Ben Mendlowitz photographing from his chase boat, Javelin and Allure beating across to Islesboro as the fog burns off.

All photos © Alison Langley



Photo © Alison Langley

THE CONCORDIAN TROPHY

In the last issue you read that The Concordian had created a trophy for the Concordia that placed highest in all seven of the races from Castine to Padanaram. To be eligible, the boat had to participate in all races, the Castine Classic, the Camden Feeder Race, the ERR, the two Corinthian Classic races in Marblehead, the Opera House Cup and the Concordia Reunion Race at Padanaram.

According to my far from precise calculations, one third of the fleet participated in one or more of the weekend events this summer. Fourteen were on the dock in Castine, 10 raced in Camden, 14 showed up for the ERR, four did the two races in Marblehead, three at the Opera House Cup and 24 sailed into Padanaram for the Reunion.

But only one boat actually fulfilled the requirements to be eligible for the Concordian Trophy and that was Dan Smith's

Eagle. As Dan wrote, "It was an unforgettable adventure that covered 544.28 nautical miles over the nearly five weeks and seven races." Dan wrangled up 12 crew for the seven races with Robin and their two sons being the steady crew and the rest drawn from friends, fiancées and local sailmakers. "I plan to add a plaque to the trophy with all thirteen crew members' names."

"I really wanted to get a picture of my two sons and me holding the trophy, but my oldest son is a first year resident in orthopedics at Dartmouth and had to leave directly after the race and before the awards ceremony to get back to work. He has hardly surfaced since. The trophy therefore went up to our house on Islesboro, and the three of us will probably not be able to be in the same location for a photograph again before next summer."



Youngest son Nick Smith, Portsmouth, NH, in the middle along with two of *Eagle*'s twelve crew members, Hannah Chetkowski of Boston and Shawn Thompson of Waterbury, Vermont, holding the Concordian Trophy the night of the ceremony in Padanaram.

Thanks to the **W. & L. Howland Insurance Agency, Inc.** for underwriting a portion of the production cost of the Concordian. The W. & L. Howland Insurance Agency has been insuring yachts since 1936. They are located at 962 Kempton Street, New Bedford, MA 02740 and can be reached at: 508.992.7731 or 800.848.7731; or email yachts@wlhowland.com

Thanks to **J Class Management** for underwriting a portion of our production costs. J Class Management has in stock the *Concordia Yawls*, the *First Fifty Years* coffee table book as well as a print from John Mecray and two from Don Demers. Visit their website in order to purchase these fabulous items. www.concordiayawls.com

JAVA

No. 1, Casey built, 1938

Vagn and Sally Worm, Brooklin, ME
ex Escape, Java, Kiowa.

Nothing to report really, except that we enjoyed being on the dock at Castine, and meeting many ConCORDians. It was also fun to be in the ERR again with our three generation crew of Sally, myself, daughter Erika and her son Caleb, plus we did rather our best effort yet in the ERR. Playing the South side of the course really paid off right after the start. *Java* even beat some other ConCORDias who were flying spinnakers on a boat for boat basis at the finish!

Regards to you and thank you for all your work on the 75th.
VAGN & SALLY WORM

SALTAIRE

No. 9, 1951

Rob DesMarais, Conway, AR
ex Whisper, El Ho III, Moana, Whisper,
Amphora.

It is fall and I had a great time sailing in Maine this summer on *Mickey Finn* to recharge the physical and emotional batteries! Reconnected with old friends and connected with new ones.

I set up the workshop this past month by getting the bandsaw, dust collection, plane, router table and chopsaw all running! I had a wall halfway down the center of the building erected. I am looking to add a loft floor over to the boat and then another wall up to the ceiling. Then the plans are to build some shelving for planks, masts, booms and all that stuff sitting under the boat. As I probably mentioned in a few issues past, I have a new keel timber and most of the backbone pieces along with deadwood roughed cut by Paul Rollins. He is still on-call/board and hopes to come install them this winter. He has been an excellent resource and friend and very easy to work with.

As you can see from the work table picture, ^{see page 23} I have laminated 15 pairs of ribs starting aft. They are out of Douglas Fir, West Epoxy with layers of glass tape between them. My wisdom with the glass is not to starve the lamination of epoxy with clamping. They were laid up outside of the boat on the table. Upon planing them, success in no starved areas.

Although I am committed not to succumb to the temptation

of a nice bonfire, I am open to discuss options of selling or entertain interest in a syndicate. Anybody interested in lending a physical hand, a distant hand in fabricating parts in their shop, give me a shout. <raka025@yahoo.com>
Mobile: 501.258.2123.

It will take a community to get this thing floating again. I would also like to thank two special friends who I failed to mention last issue. The first and foremost is Vince Todd, from Durham, NH, owner of *Thora*, a Little Harbor 36. He unselfishly came to Arkansas to help me move *Saltaire* after my two year contentious divorce. Paul Rollins was the other east coast friend that helped load and unload this boat. She is becoming quite the traveler. I would be remised if I did not thank the 23 members of the Toad Suck Harley Davidson Chapter of Conway, AR for their help in this big move. They showed up with 11 trucks and trailers and got it done in six hours!!! No shots were fired.
ROB DESMARAIS

PRAXILLA

No. 10, 1952

Dominic Champa, Fairfield CT
ex Rusta IV. Intrepid, Woodwind,
Concord, Quiet Thunder.

Need I say more? Why I love my boat.
DOMINIC CHAMPA

LOTUS

No. 15, 1953

Wendell Frost, Renton, WA
ex Skylark, Icranca, Abri, Skylark,
Vahevala, Lotus, Sovereign.

My attraction to the ConCORDias comes from my teen years in the 1960's prowling the Mattapoisett and Marion waterfronts admiring the ConCORDia yawls tugging at their moorings as if straining to get underway into Buzzards Bay. They were, still are and will always stand out with their beautiful bow, just the 'right' sheer and the small transom.
WENDELL FROST

Hull number, current name, (* indicates a 41) build date, previous names. Current owners, hail port.

No. 1, Java, 1938, ex Escape, Java, Kiowa. Casey built. Vagn and Sally Worm, Brooklin, ME

No. 2, Malay I, 1939, ex Jobiska, Ina. Lawley built. IYRS, Newport, RI

No. 3, Halcyon, 1946, Casey built. Lost at sea, 2010.

No. 4, Tempo, 1947, ex Actaea, Windseye. Casey built. John Heube, Murfreesborom TN

No. 5, Duende, 1950, ex Sheila, Suva, Cabaret. First A&R build. Kurt Kavanaugh, Falmouth, ME



Java rounding Halibut Rock, ERR, 2013

Photo © Kathy Mansfield



Praxilla

FLEETWOOD

No. 20, 1954

Kersten Prophet, Kiel, Germany

ex Swan III, Swan.

“Don’t worry. We will take care of you.”

This promise, sent from John Eide, some days before the Concordia reunion, became truth. So now it’s time to say again thanks to all of you. Thanks to you, Bruce Flenniken, from *Principia*, who picked me up at Logan Airport and drove me to New Bedford. Thanks to Brodie MacGregor for the warm welcome at Concordia Company, for letting me be part of the welcome tour to the fleet with the plastic whaler (a Ray Hunt design) and the warm welcome words to me in his speech. Thanks to Hank Bornhafft from *Magic* who gave me a berth during the reunion on board of *Magic*. Thanks to Jesse Bontecou and his crew from *Harrier*, who invited me for dinner at Friday night: it was delicious!

Thanks to Terry Fisher and Diane Rosenfeld from *Mandala* who invited me to the race: it was a great fun for me to sail with you on *Mandala*, I really enjoyed it and I never will forget the patience of *Mandala*’s boat dog, Nica, when she was tumbled in the fore sheets. Thanks to all my friends, those who I’ve known since I bought *Fleetwood* and those who I met at the 75th reunion. Thanks for the invitations that I had Sunday morning for the days after the reunion. I wish I could accept all of your lovely offers. Finally the biggest thank you to John Eide who did all the arrangements, took me after the reunion to Portland and a sail on *Golondrina* in Casco Bay and a car drive up the coast of Maine. I really enjoyed it all. I feel like a son in a big family and I love you all!

I feel all these relationships on every mile, on every hour that I stay with *Fleetwood*. This and her behavior to withstand every weather makes it so gorgeous to own her!

KERSTEN PROPHET

STREAMER

No. 21, 1954

Roger Burke, S. Dartmouth, MA

ex Crisette, Amanda III, Wind Shadow

Roger Burke, Ipswich MA, Jim Crawford, Concord MA, Brodie MacGregor, South Dartmouth MA and I (Rusty Aertsen, Boston MA) found *Streamer* in 2000, hard on her blocks and too long outside on the hot tarmac with no other buyers in sight. She had been the inspired creation of Rose Dolan, who somehow convinced Waldo Howland to make a “few changes” to the traditional 39 foot Yawl design. First and foremost, she has a bowsprit. Down below, she has an accommodating V-birth in a spacious forward cabin, and an enlarged head. And the galley, sink and stove run down the starboard side where the bench and pipe birth would have been. On her port side are over/under bench style births. There was still room for lockers forward of the stove on the starboard side. A prominent topside feature is her Charlie Noble, standing proud on its deck iron above the stove on the starboard side deck, requiring careful treading on the way forward to pick up a mooring or tend to lines and sails. So we took a collective deep breath and took the leap – why not, her hull was still fair and she had all her parts. What were we thinking?

A year later she was re-commissioned at Concordia Company, after 18 complete new frames, 20 sister frames, 13 floors, 17 planks, a new stern post, new dead wood, new bridge deck, new cabin bulkheads and a rebuild of her galley and cabin. She received new bronze bow and stern pulpits, and a rebuilt main mast. And her running back stays were remounted. All systems were upgraded; and we added a Raymarine GPS/Radar as she was destined for an Islesboro, ME mooring. We kept her powerful Westerbeke diesel, and, in a fit of dementia, her original non-self tailing main winches.

What we soon discovered was that we had a truly great Coast of Maine cruiser on our hands. The cabin configuration works very well once you get used to it, and the CQR plow on a roller on the bowsprit makes for easy anchoring. And she is quick around the marks due to the larger fore triangle created by the bowsprit.

As the years come and go, partnerships ebb and flow, and partners come and go. For the original partners, our great pride was bringing *Streamer* back to life. We like to plan our “annual meeting” in Islesboro in the late fall and look forward to a brisk frostbite sail around to various harbors in Penobscot Bay. And think about lifelong sailing friendships.

RUSTY AERTSEN

No. 6, Rowdy, 1951, ex Sheila, Tabakea, Shiela, Tabakea. Laura & David McCurdy, Middletown, RI

No. 7, Aureole, 1951, ex Dusky III, Rayanna Verity. David Catlett, Wickford, RI

No. 8, Papajeco, 1951, ex Moorea, Circe, Windhover. Salvatore Nichotra, West Haven CT

No. 9, Saltaire, 1951, ex Whisper, El Ho III, Moana, Whisper, Amphora. Rob DesMarais, Conway, AR

No. 10, Praxilla, 1952, ex Rusta IV, Intrepid, Woodwind, Concord, Quiet Thunder. Dominic Champa, Fairfield CT

No. 11, Winnie of Bourne, 1952, ex Winnie of Bourne, Winnie. John Arvid Klein & Cynthia Crimmins, Darien Ct



Left and above: Fleetwood

17

Below: Streamer



STARLIGHT

No. 23, 1954

Ben Mendlowitz & Deborah Brewster,
Brooklin, ME
ex Scotch Mist.

Our love affair with *Starlight* began almost 23 years ago, in July, 1991. We took possession in Padanaram as her third owners, following the Rankin and Loutrel families. In the early years of our ownership we were in touch with members of both families who generously shared their own *Scotch Mist* (with the Rankins) and *Starlight* (Loutrels) stories. She had not been sailed for a while and although structurally sound, she was looking a little worse for wear as my husband Ben, John Dunbar, my brother Alden (a partner in *Starlight* when we bought her), and Maynard Bray sailed and motored downeast from Padanaram to Eggemoggin Reach in Brooklin, her new home.

18 In the Gulf of Maine they approached one boat heading southward in the windless, early morning. As irony would have it, that boat was the beautifully maintained Concordia yawl *Matinicus* with her owner Elizabeth Meyer at the helm. Intrigued by a sister ship passing, Elizabeth steered a close port-to-port course and called over to *Starlight's* crew as she passed, "Have you been icebreaking with her?" I'm not sure there was an audible response. Anne Bray and I joined the crew in Rockport for the last leg home. As they were awaiting our arrival, they spent the time in a dinghy, moving slowly around *Starlight* touching up her topsides with a stray can of white paint borrowed from Rockport Marine.

Starlight had always been a family boat and that is the best of what she has been for us. In 1991 we had four children, one a college graduate and off in the world, one a high school student who would not consider separating his feet from his beloved baseball diamond or his hand from a baseball glove, and two toddlers who had no options. These little ones were at our mercy and spent their formative summers sailing with us in the waters between Penobscot Bay and Mount Desert Island with a foray or two beyond to places like Roque Island and Mount Desert Rock. A return trip from Roque was especially notable against a strong southwesterly wind, rough seas and two young children who took turns retching over the side the entire way back to MDI where we compensated with hot showers and ice cream cones ashore in Northeast Harbor.

During these years we spent wondrous days sailing and nights at favorite anchorages like Buckle, McGlathery, Pickering, the Bards, and many other islands where we explored their interiors and rock-hopped the perimeter of these micro-worlds.

Sam and Hannah entered a special zone as they stepped aboard *Starlight*. They played endlessly down below with Lego, kneeling on the port side lower bunk while they built worlds of Lego structures together on the upper/outer bunk (*Starlight* was built with an upper and lower berth to port in the main cabin to comfortably sleep 5.) They loved to listen to tapes and they loved nothing more than the stories of E. B. White. We heard *Charlotte's Web*, ("Where's Papa going with that ax?"), *Stuart Little*, and my own favorite, *The Trumpet of the Swan*, over and over and over again. None of us ever tired of it.

They shared the fo'c's'l as their bedroom, Hannah on the port bunk and Sam to starboard. At bedtime I sat atop the locker between their pipe berths and read Arthur Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons* series to them. We all loved these stories and I would read for about an hour. When it became clear that the read-aloud was winding down for the night, Sam and Hannah would share a private signal, lean over and begin a synchronous beat of their hands on the lockers below their bunks while chanting, "Read another chapter, read another



Sam and Hannah lowering the jib.

Photo © Ben Mendlowitz

No. 12, Absinthe, 1952, ex Acquilon, Kahala, Orso Del Mare, Racquet II, Absinthe. Alex Kuli, Castine ME

No. 13, Phalarope, 1952, ex Parthenia, Madrigal, Candy, Alert. Ann Ashton, Castine, ME

No. 14, Saxon, 1953. Craig & Marcia Steidle, Annapolis, MD.

No. 15, Lotus, 1953, ex Skylark, Icranca, Abri, Skylark, Vahevala, Lotus, Sovereign. Wendell Frost, Renton, WA



Starlight

Photo © Ben Mendlowitz

chapter....” More often than not, another chapter was read. We saved Arthur Ransome for the boat in those years, and his books were a significant part of the attraction of spending two, and three, sometimes four nights on the boat each week. In the best of times we counted over 40 nights one summer spent on *Starlight* cruising our home waters. Heaven.

The children got older and began developing lives that didn’t necessarily include so much time on *Starlight*. We adjusted. Eventually Sam and Hannah moved on and away. (We like to think that Sam’s choice of career on ships at sea is a result of the love for the water he cultivated during those early years on *Starlight*.) Ben and I discovered the wonders of sailing together without the kids, sticking to the nearby islands and perfect anchorages for getaways most weekends each summer. Sometimes we meet up with friends, often we are delighted to be on our own, savoring great sails, good books, listening to A Prairie Home Companion on Saturday nights,

and enjoying beer and Cape Cod potato chips, a treat we only allow ourselves on *Starlight* where they taste incomparably delicious!

Every summer since we took ownership, various of my four siblings and their offspring, along with our own children, gather for the week surrounding the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta. We practice for a day or so, race with plenty of crew, and generally have a fine time, even winning once or twice when the wind blows hard. Mostly, we enjoy each other’s company, and the comfort and companionship afforded in *Starlight*’s cockpit, on her decks, and below. She gives no end of pleasure for which we are forever grateful. She is launched by the end of May and, as Sam and Hannah used to say, “unlaunched” in mid-October. Those five months are the best of the year.

DEBORAH BREWSTER

BEN MENDLOWITZ

MARY ELLEN

No. 26, 1955

Chuck Thompson, Columbia, SC
ex Concor, Emirau, Babe, Angel,
Suzanne, Mary Ann.

It's a beautiful morning in South Carolina. Fall is finally starting to make the mornings crisp. There's a light fog over the farm and I've got my coffee and am headed down to the boat shed to muse a bit over what is to be done. Neither *Mary Ellen* nor I were able to come North to join you for the reunion but we dream of the day when we can.

The sun is just peaking in the open door and illuminating the open hull and recent work. It again crosses my mind that

our boats are reaching an age where the restorations required are economically unwarranted. But not a single boat has yet been abandoned.

I can't give you a beautiful picture of *Mary Ellen* on the water. But there are sometimes, like this morning, that a Concordia is beautiful even when she is on the hard and half disassembled.

In a way I feel privileged to be able to restore this boat. There's an even deeper appreciation and understanding of the boats in general, and your boat in particular, that comes from restoring or being very involved in a restoration. I've reached mid-way in my restoration and I know every inch of her up to that point. From seeing where damage occurred in the past,

I know what to keep an eye on in the future. And I feel like an archaeologist sometimes. I see the remnants of the old wrought iron bolts. I see where the A&R shipwrights left their marks and made adjustments here and there. It's interesting to see the repairs and small changes that have been made—some good, some clearly less successful. There are some mysteries—like what was *Mary Ellen's* keel timber made of? It is neither oak nor mahogany nor any specie I've ever worked with.

Our boats are generally a joy to work on. They were kept simple and usually it is not hard to figure out how things were put together and come apart. There are few surprises other than the amount of time it takes to do anything.

It sometimes seems strange to me how much I appreciate the boats even though I have yet to sail one and am unlikely to sail my own for a couple of more years. The Concordia is still about the prettiest boat ever made. At this point, I could have saved some money and been sailing something rather pretty. But I don't regret the decision. I'm quite sure that, having gone through this restoration, my joy and pride in sailing *Mary Ellen* will be immeasurably greater. I'm really looking forward to it.

CHUCK THOMPSON



- No. 16, Maggie Dunn 1953, ex Gamecock, Grayling, Sumatra, Malacca, Maelstrom. Terry & Melanie Tucker, Corte Madera, CA
No. 17, Actea*, 1953, ex Actea, Dolphin, Green Witch, Ann McKim, Oz. Tony Harwell, Palatka, FL
No. 18, Spice*, 1954, ex Armata, Janorah, Sylph, Spice, Sara, Crescent. Tom & Terri Laird, Beverly, MA
No. 19, Otter*, 1954, ex Sly Mongoose III, Otter, Edelweiss. Robert Keefer, Rockport, ME
No. 20, Fleetwood, 1954, ex Swan III, Swan. Kersten Prophet, Kiel, Germany
No. 21, Streamer, 1954, ex Crisette, Amanda III, Wind Shadow. Roger Burke, S. Dartmouth, MA



Above, Saltaire in her new home.
Right, laminated frames ready to install.
See story, page 16



No. 31, 1955

Jay & Eunice Panetta, Manchester, MA
ex Half Mine II, Griffon, JE-DE-JO,
Chosen, White Flower.

I'd had my eye on Concordia yawls since the early 1970s. Since I was but a recent college graduate at that time, the Concordia design represented a vision of the unattainable. Yet it was a vision that lingered vividly in the imagination. I was able to attend the 50th anniversary celebrations in Padanaram in 1988, and that memorable experience certainly advanced the idea of eventual ownership, though a few more years elapsed before I was far enough along in my career to begin making time for extended sailing. My wife and I bought *Owl* in the Spring of 1996, and it was one of the best decisions we've ever made as a couple. Eunice, an avid sailor and experienced judge of fine things, took a long first look at No. 31 and declared, "It must be done." We knew just what we were getting into, namely a boat that was "old school" in the very best of ways. I had done all my early cruising aboard wooden boats, and was entirely comfortable with the Concordia's snug interior and straightforward systems. When we found her, *Owl* was fresh from a comprehensive, award-winning restoration by Peter Costa, and we continue to appreciate his splendid work to this day. The boat now lives at the Crocker yard in Manchester, along with *Raka* and *Crocodile*.

We have taken our boat to Maine (and at times on to Canada) nearly every summer that we have owned her. Our yearly average of 1250 miles sailed has brought us well past 22,000 miles in the logbook. Our daughter had her first sail in 1998 at age three weeks, and has not missed a season since.

Wherein lies the authentic genius of these boats? Many useful perspectives will be offered up in this issue of the Concordian, every one valid in its way. Here is my own insight, which came to me after several years with the boat: the Concordia 39 is a vessel of absolutely ideal dimensions, neither too big nor too small.

Not too big means that even a solo sailor can manage the

vessel with ease, as I very often do. The compact "T" shaped cockpit, relatively low sheet loads, and uncanny self-steering ability mean that a Concordia is quite easily handled, even at higher winds speeds. Because a 39 can so readily be singlehanded, any good day can be a sailing day, regardless of whether crew can be mustered. Not too big also means that the anchor is still small enough to be deployed without a windlass, and that the owner's share of the maintenance never seems truly daunting. When boats begin to exceed 40 feet in length, the rapid increases in volume, displacement, windage, and loads really start make to themselves known. Bring a 39 solo into a tight dock space on a breezy day? No big problem. Attempt the same with a 45 foot boat? That's somewhat more difficult. Do a good bit of the maintenance on a 39 yourself? It's a nice project. Attempt the same on a 50 foot boat? The task can seem quite overwhelming.

Not too small means that no matter what the state of the

weather, we never feel overmatched. We have been through some impressive blows over the years, yet there have been few if any moments of genuine anxiety. Our boat inspires great confidence, and seems able to stand up comfortably to most any situation, given prudent reductions in sail. While generous displacement is currently held in low esteem in many circles, it is in my judgment a splendid trait: admirable stability and excellent manners in a seaway, though not always found in the modern raceboat package, are characteristics to be prized. Not too small also means that one can be exceedingly happy living aboard a 39 for weeks at a time. And we do.

Missing from this discussion thus far, but of central importance, is the matter of aesthetics. Ray Hunt produced the Concordia lines during

an era when yacht design was science in part, but also still involved a considerable measure of art. Owners are able to savor his peerless synthesis of form and function whenever they raise their sails.

I will close by saying that Concordia owners can always expect a warm reception in Manchester Harbor. Simply call the MYC on Channel 78, and you will be shown to a guest mooring at no charge. Make your way to the clubhouse and they'll direct you to our home just up the road, where we will be most happy to welcome you.

JAY PANETTA





Owl, above and opposite.

MANDALA

No. 34, 1955

Terry Fisher, Lincoln, MA

ex Harmony II, Bianca, Malacca,

Kithogue, Sazerac, Pelletreau.

Mandala adds three things to our lives.

First and foremost, a zone of peace. Our jobs are hectic. All year, we look forward to August, which we traditionally spend cruising with Nica, our Portuguese water dog. The photo, opposite, top, evokes for us the primary mood of those trips. We'd just arrived in Roque Island after a long day dodging lobster boats in the fog. When, at last, we slipped into the ring of islands shielding Roque, the fog lifted, and we found ourselves alone. After anchoring, we attached the outboard engine to our dinghy – but soon removed it, reluctant to disturb the quiet. (If you look carefully at the photo, you can see the motor on the deck.) We spent two days at that spot, burning driftwood in the stove to warm the cabin when it drizzled, exploring the beach when the sun emerged. Glorious and restorative.

Next, excitement. Storms raise our adrenaline levels, of course. We've spent a hurricane on *Mandala* (hunkered down in Scituate Harbor), and we've sailed through some fierce squalls. But those we could do without. The form of excitement we have come to savor is providing by racing. Our skills are limited; most often we finish in the middle of the fleet. But we find races inspiring. *Mandala* herself seems to share our sentiment. The urgency and grace she displays when trimmed properly suggest that she is as engaged in the chase as we are.

Finally, beauty. All of her dimensions are deeply satisfying, aesthetically. The arc of her sheer, of course. The slimness of her hull, accentuated by the tumblehome. The taper of her stern, so different from modern boats. The proportions of her traditional, fractional rig. The understated elegance of her sun-bleached brightwork. The surprising gentleness with which she slices through seemingly formidable waves. Lovely.

These three dimensions are intertwined. The calm she induces derives in part from her beauty. Her beauty, in turn, derives in part from awareness of her capacity for speed. The tension of breezy passages enhances appreciation of the quietness of the evenings that follow. And so forth.

For us, she's a perfect combination.

TERRY FISHER & DIANE ROSENFELD



Mandala at Roque Island



Photo © Carol Hill

Mandala's racing crew at the Reunion: Kersten Prophet, Christina Wilgren, Diane, Terry at the tiller, Ken Shapiro, acting as tactician. Ron Shapiro and Nica, the wonder dog, are below.

Photo © Carol Hill



Mandala racing at the 75th

Photo © Carol Hill

No. 28, Safari, 1955. Dick & Lisa Zimmermann, Magnolia, MA.

No. 29, Feather*, 1955, ex Liat, Feather, Arawak. Adam Linderman, Stamford, CT

No. 30, Harrier*, 1955. Jesse Bontecou, Jamestown, RI.

No. 31, Owl, 1955, ex Half Mine II, Griffon, JE-DE-JO, Chosen, White Flower. Jay & Eunice Panetta, Manchester, MA

No. 32, Mirage, 1955, ex Priscilla, Mirage, Akamai, Clair de Lune. Ric & Strandy Quesada, S. Freeport, ME

No. 33, Weatherly, 1955, ex Phoebe S, Sunda. Sharon DeLucca & Bayk Castaldi, Bristol, RI



YANKEE

No. 37, 1956

James Cosgrove, Liverpool NY
ex Windsong, Windoon II, Kestrel,
Saqqara.

Okay I'll share a few of my fondest moments aboard *Yankee* and why she's so special to me:

When she's bowling along on a close reach at seven knots, just champing at her bitt, under a brilliant sun and azure sea, tossing cool spray in my face;

The glow of personal satisfaction from welcoming friends aboard who have never before sailed as they marvel at *Yankee's* performance and beauty;

On rare night passages, "snapping on" to do foredeck work as she surges ahead under a full moon, the sky ablaze with stars;

The excitement when we drop her mooring pendants for a day's sailing ahead with family and friends;

Satisfaction when we fetch up the pendants after a prolonged passage;

Serving my hungry crew "*Yankee* burgers" with pickles, chips and St. Paulie Girls;

Sleeping in her cockpit, under the stars;

Her cozy butternut cabin, especially in early morning, as sunbeams beat down through the skylight;

Cranking up Gershwin, Strauss or Wagner on the stereo during a comfortable, sunny reach;

Cranking up The Doors, Cream or Dire Straits when the air gets fluky;

Her attracting constant praise for her classic beauty wherever she ventures--even in winter storage, "on the hard;"

Her unending demands for attention to details: the brightwork, finishing, minor fixes to this or that, all giving me purpose, great personal satisfaction, pride and reward.

JAMES COSGROVE



RAKA

No. 43, 1956

Greg & Catherine Crockett,
Manchester, MA.

Picture is worth a thousand words. *Opposite*
GREG & CATHERINE CROCKETT

HARBINGER

No. 48, 1957

Larry Warner, Marion, MA
ex Ballerina



This was taken by Onne Van der Wal and used in a 1985 article in *Sail Magazine*, entitled *Heavy Weather Sailing*. As if you didn't guess, the picture is of our *Concordia Harbinger* out in a less than optimal day.

LARRY WARNER

No. 34, *Mandala*, 1955, ex *Harmony II*, *Bianca*, *Malacca*, *Kithogue*, *Sazerac*, *Pelletreau*. Terry Fisher, Lincoln, MA,

No. 35, *Memory*, 1955, ex *Scone*. Jeff King, Gloucester, MA

No. 36, *Magic**, 1956. Henry Bornhoff III, Cotuit Harbor, MA

No. 37, *Yankee**, 1956, ex *Windsong*, *Windoon II*, *Kestrel*, *Saqqara*. James Cosgrove, Liverpool NY

No. 38, *Nefertiti**, 1956, ex *Dusky IV*, *Moonglow*. John Williams Company, Mt. Desert Island, ME



Raka

JAVELIN

No. 57, 1958

Concordia Co. So. Dartmouth, MA

In 1978 my father started working at Concordia Company. We spent some time down at the New Bedford Yacht Club and it was ¼ mile down the street from our house, so it was nice to have him working so close to home. The next several years, I would join my father, particularly on weekend mornings, to go down to the office, get the mail from the Packet P.O. Box 203 (spin the dial twice around to H, back to F), and join him on ventures out in the yard or, better yet, in the harbor.

I would take any opportunity I could to run the Whaler or the 17 foot Culler Skiff (which is now owned by Concordia shipwright Christian Hall) with my father aboard.

Throughout my childhood at Concordia, the Yawls weren't a primary focus of mine. It was really the work boats that I could run at an early age and custom boats Concordia built at that time. I was involved in local club racing starting at about age 10.

28

I remember going to Smith Neck and Concordia Custom during these years with my father. There were always a few projects going on that were pretty interesting. I particularly remember the commissioning parties at South Wharf – and jumping into the basin with my sister & our friends.

My own experience with Yawls started more typically for a local kid growing up in Padanaram and going to the New Bedford Yacht Club Sailing School. Sailing to Quicks Hole with Dan Strohmeier on *Malay* and going with friends on their grandfather's Yawl *Absinthe*.

Driving the launch at NBYC from age 18 to 21 allowed me much time to reflect on boats and start to understand the allure of the Concordia Yawls. One of the most memorable boats in the harbor at that time was Jack Lund's *Renaissance*.

In the mid 1990s I remember going with former service manager Geoff Marshall to Nantucket to deliver a Yawl back to Concordia for winter storage. It was late in the season, probably around Halloween, and it was rainy and very rough. It was the first time I saw how well the boats handled difficult conditions.

When I started at Concordia in September 2004, one of my first tasks was to take a Yawl out sailing with two of our shipwrights. My job was sail the boat while they inspected for leaks. It was blowing 20+ and we were working the boat hard off Nonquitt. I heard one of my shipwrights start to panic a bit with the volume of water coming in way up forward. We kept going for a while.

In 2006 I joined my father on Jeff Makhholm's *Arapaho* for a race from the Canal to Castine, Maine. That was my first

overnight sailing experience on a Concordia. I sailed with Jeff again at an Opera House Cup and at Figawi as a Concordia Sponsor.

Starting about 2007, on the last Thursday in June, Concordia Service Manager Steve Lima and I would leave Padanaram for Mystic and the Wooden Boat Show. The 70 mile sail began to signify the start of summer for me. Basically every boat that could be ready for the season was in the water, and finally we could sit back and enjoy a sail.

We have taken *Arapaho*, *Luna*, *Savu*, *Whimbrel* and *Grace* (then *Tecumseh*) to Mystic. Circling at the bascule bridge, arriving at the Seaport, then cleaning the boat from top to bottom before going ashore. Spending time at the shows is spending time aboard. Deliveries are highly enjoyable. Cleaning the boats really help you know and appreciate the boats and their beauty.

After several years in a tent at the Newport Boat Show, I decided to take a Concordia to the Brokerage Show at Newport Shipyard, which runs the same dates. We've done that show the last two years with *Grace* and *Winnie of Bourne*. A bad day on a Concordia is better than the best day in a booth.

I've had the great fortune of sailing on Concordias in Maine each of the last two early Augusts. First on *Grace* when she was *Tecumseh*, then on company owned *Javelin*. I haven't met one owner who takes these experiences for granted. At right is *Javelin*, currently undergoing some repairs from a minor mishap we had this summer. She is on the market. We will keep participating in these great adventures either in our own boat if she hasn't sold, or in a brokerage boat as available.

STUART MACGREGOR



No. 39, Donegal, 1956, ex Land's End, Tripoli Fledermaus, Candide. Sarah Conner & Arthur Dalton, Southport, ME
No. 40, Skye, 1956, ex Skye, White Wave. Wayne & Kim George & Doug Peterson, Marblehead, MA
No. 41, Sisypheus, 1956, ex Auda, Pameda, Merlin, Nimue. John Towle, East Falmouth, MA
No. 42, Margaret, 1956, ex Arundel, Vetsera, El Conquistadore. Robert Hovey, Ferndale, WA
No. 43, Raka, 1956. Greg & Catherine Crockett, Manchester, MA.



Javelin

LIVE YANKEE

No. 64, 1958

Rev. Matthew Thompson, Dartmouth, England.

The story of *Live Yankee*. Or, How did a Concordia end up in Dartmouth – Dartmouth UK?

My name is Matthew Thomson and I live in a small historic village called Congresbury, just south of Bristol in the west of England. About this time last year a friend of mine, Mark Rolt, a traditional shipwright in Bristol, and I travelled first to Florida and then to Maryland to look at two Concordia Yawls that were for sale in our price range.

I had been introduced to Concordias after seeing one as part of a photospread in an English Classic Boat magazine all about “classic” American designs. Mark and I had just been to view an English Yawl down in Plymouth, South Devon, and over a cup of tea afterwards I happened to come across the photo of the Concordia in the magazine. Probably the most expensive cup of tea I am ever likely to drink for it was love at first sight.

Two weeks later Mark and I were on a plane to Jacksonville, Florida and from there by hire car to Maryland.



Having never been to America before I had totally underestimated the journey, eight hundred and fifty miles and we only had twenty four hours to do it in. However, come Monday lunchtime we arrived at The Wharf,

Handy's Point, Maryland, and were greeted by the yard's owner, Pepper, and his wife. And there was *Live Yankee* next



to the Clubhouse, having been ashore for some years, hidden under a tarpaulin. Mark quickly cast his expert eye over her and well, as they say, there was no way back.

After shaking hands and the drive back to Florida to catch

our flight home to the UK the next stage was the logistics of how to transport a 40 foot Concordia across the pond to

Britain. Pepper was very helpful and prepared *Live Yankee*



for her travels. She travelled first by lorry to Baltimore, then transferred to another trailer which was used to board her onto a RoRo Car Ferry first for Germany (her country of origin) and then for Southampton, England. There she

was transferred again to another lorry for the drive west to Mark's yard in Bristol where she arrived on a cold, dark night, Wednesday the 28th December, just after Christmas. What a Christmas present. We celebrated her arrival with a glass or

two of mulled cider warmed in Mark's yard.



In the New Year the work of restoration began. The previous owner had already begun the job by replacing some of the planks either side above the keelson, and this was added to replacing

another nine planks in all along with other various woodwork that Mark, as a traditional Shipwright, carried out himself. A new engine, rewiring, and new standing rigging etc. followed. The scraping, the puttying and the varnishing have been down to me along with not a little help from one's friends, old and new.

Come the beginning of September *Live Yankee* was ready to launch and a large crane lifted her clear of the yard into



the water on Monday the 3rd. That we had got as far as we had has been not short of a miracle because the weather this summer in England has been pretty atrocious – varnishing and painting under a tarpaulin with one's nose hard pressed

against the side of the coachroof has been the order of the day.

Still, come late September we were able to take *Live Yankee* out through all the various locks into the Avon gorge and out

No. 44, Lacerta, 1956, ex Shadow, Nike. Mark Walter & Janet Norman, Annapolis, MD

No. 45, Loon, 1956, ex Systole, Taloa, Freewind, Taola. Bonnie Simon, Woods Hole MA

No. 46, Kodama, 1956, ex Josephine, Helena, Escape. Gale & Michael Gropp, Bellingham, WA

No. 47, Ariadne, 1957, ex Whitecap, Cantata, Marin. Charles Stone, Brooksville, ME

No. 48, Harbinger, 1957, ex Ballerina. Larry Warner, Marion, MA

into the Bristol Channel for her first sail in probably not less than five years. Anyone who knows the Bristol Channel will know that it is not the kindest of places to undertake a test sail. It has the second highest tidal flow in the world, over thirty feet at Springs, and when you get wind over tide, which invariably you do with a prevailing South Westerly at least at some point in your voyage, well it all gets a bit lumpy. Add to this Force 6 over the decks into the wind and *Live Yankee* had something of a baptism of fire, pots and pans flying everywhere below. Little should I have worried, for she came through with flying colours.



All was set for the three hundred mile voyage from Bristol, round Lands End, that separates the English Channel from the Irish Sea and then up to Dartmouth on the South coast. At 4:00am on a Friday morning at the beginning of October we cast off from Bristol in the dark through the swing bridge and the deep lock that opened us up to the gateway of the Avon. Sadly by the time we got the first fifty miles under our belt the winds had increased to

Gale Force, the cockpit drains weren't working properly, and we had managed to blow out the furling Genoa with the UV strip coming away from the main body of the sail. After some deliberation, and with all agreed, we turned back and returned to Bristol for repairs. Only a couple of weeks later a lady with a far larger boat was attempting to come the other way, from Cornwall north, and sadly lost her boat and her life around the same Lands End, our own little, what can be in tough wind and seas, Cape Horn.

The old Celts, fifth till the eight century, who incidentally possibly discovered Newfoundland and Labrador a whole load of years before Christopher Columbus and all that, described Lands End as needing to be treated with the utmost respect even back then, separating the 'safe' sea (the English channel) from the 'dark' sea (The Irish Sea), even back then.

So, in the end we haven't quite made it to Dartmouth yet, from which I would imagine "South Dartmouth," the home of Waldo Howland's yard, takes its name. Waiting lists for

moorings in this historic deep water estuary of Dartmouth are hard to come by and waiting times can be anything up to ten years. Imagine my surprise then when, on the very same day as we were coming through Atlanta Airport for our connecting flight home to England from America, that I received an email from Dartmouth Harbour Office offering me a mooring for a forty foot boat in prime spot opposite the world renowned Dart Naval College, two hundred yards from the very same Naval College in which Waldo Howland was based during his time in the UK in the Second World War (for those of you who know his book you can see various photos). Maybe he was looking down on us that day.



What next? Well, we've taken the decision to keep *Live Yankee* in Bristol over the winter. We have many more coats of varnish and not least the internal painting yet to do. How much winter sailing we will be able to get in will be questionable but who knows. We then hope to make a second attempt at the trip to Dartmouth in the Spring. My wife Jan and I feel very fortunate and indeed privileged

to join the Concordia family. I would in print like to say a very big thank you to John Eide, who has helped Mark and I behind the scenes so much with so much personal knowledge and experience without which we would not have got this far. I would also like to thank Kersten Prophet, the owner of *Fleetwood* of Kiel in Germany, who has a wonderful craft and has put us in touch with GD Boote Ltd, the maker of many of Abeking and Rasmussen's bronze fittings, and helped me translate into German, too. The welcome Jan and I have felt has been very gratefully received and we only hope to be able to reciprocate in some way some day. All I can say is, if ever anyone is over in this part of the world please get in touch. It would be lovely to hear from you, and when we do make it eventually to Dartmouth, UK that is, I will certainly raise a glass to all those in South Dartmouth, and also to the memory of Waldo himself who has given us so much joy already and many memories already to tell.

MATTHEW THOMSON

GOLONDRINA

No. 65, 1958

John Eide, Portland, ME

ex Le Reve.

When I first got *Golondrina*, in 1991, I wrote in these pages how this Minnesota, E Scow sailing, kid came to Maine, discovered four Concordias being unwrapped in South Freeport in April of 1971 and fell totally, head over heels, in love. I had never seen a hull form as beautiful as that of those four. I'd never sailed on a keel boat. I was hooked.

In May of 1991, three of us flew to St. John, USVI, to sail her to Portland via Bermuda and Padanaram. We were all sloop sailors so had no idea the function of that tiny rag in the back. By the time we got to Bermuda, we knew we could balance the boat with it and that it would tell us if our sail trim was even the least bit off. North of the Gulf Stream, less than 18 hours from Padanaram, we were beat up rather badly by an un-forecast gale so we went under bare poles for about 16 hours and not once did the boat show any signs of not wanting to take care of herself and, by extension, take care of us in the 20 foot seas and 30 knot winds. We felt safe.

That's the short version.

In the early years, I used the ERR as a testing ground for learning about sail shape and trim as well as relearning all the racing strategies from my misspent youth on the Midwest lakes. *Raka*, an identical 39 fractional rig, was next to us on a close reach leg one year and we could not shake her so I turned the helm over to one of the crew and started to adjust outhaul and downhaul tension and genny fairlead position until I understood what shape went faster and which went slower. We walked away from them. Every summer we

dogged Greg Carroll, *Moonfleet*, until he could not shake us. All much fun since the other owners were so willing to offer suggestions at dinner after the race.

Initially, our goal was to finish in the top half of the Concordia fleet, which I think we did all but once, then to finish near the top in Classic B Class, the most competitive class at the ERR. We did take a Concordia trophy once and Classic B once, as I recall.

Much of the credit for her success is due to a wonderful and consistent crew who have been with me since the late '90s, which is the other, and more important part of our boats. They seem to attract good, dedicated and knowledgeable people who know that if they treat *Golondrina* kindly, she will take care of them in return. And offer much fun in the process. Three of my crews jumped over from sailing the plastic fantastic boats out of the Portland Yacht Club but have given up racing there since they find the competition, and more importantly, the camaraderie among the owners and crew more civilized in the wooden boat races.

Everywhere I take *Golondrina*, whether an isolated cove here in Maine or a large anchorage in the Caribbean, someone invariably dinghys over to tell me a story about his or her experience on a Concordia. Sometimes it's an ocean race, sometimes it's an extended cruise, sometimes it's a perfect daysail in Maine, sometimes it's dating the owners son, sometimes it's rebuilding one. Everyone has a story and stepping aboard seems to unleash these memories. I'm fascinated by all these tales because they all revolve around the owners or the families who were the caretakers at that time.

The Concordia history is all about the people who have been attracted to our boats during the past 75 years.

JOHN EIDE



Golondrina inches through Otter's lee.

Photo © Alison Langley

No. 49, *Moonfleet*, 1957, ex *Moonfleet*, Dalliance, Hajari III, Lune. Jan Rozendaal, S. Burlington, VT

No. 50, *Djarkarta*, 1957, ex *Electa*, *Djakarta*, Banjo, Carol Lyn. Michael & Debbie Hoch, Rockport, ME

No. 51, *Vintage*, 1957, ex *Gala*, *Zafir*. Richard & Eleanore Baxendale, Seattle, WA

No. 52, *Taliesin*,* 1957, ex *Banda*, *Sagola*, *Running Bear*, *Lupine*, *Banda*. Dan Harple, So. Dartmouth, MA

No. 53, *Dolce**, 1957, ex *Prettimarie*, *Prettyrose*, *Beauty*. Swanee Hunt, Cambridge, MA

Photo © Alison Langley



Golondrina pulls off a perfect port start, Castine

Photo © Alison Langley

33



Golondrina at the ERR, 2013

Photo © Kathy Mansfield

PORTUNUS

No. 75, 1959

Pamela Parker, Boothbay Harbor, ME
ex Land's End.

Dearest *Portunus*:

Where do I start? You have been a part of my life as long as I can remember. You have been a teacher, a playmate, and a refuge to me for 45 years.

Do you remember the toddler who groped along your broad deck as she got her sea legs? I can still taste the lifelines. By the time I was four or five I was scampering around on deck, standing on the cockpit seats while I learned to steer, or playing with the shroud rollers endlessly to everyone's annoyance. When the wind piped up and your leeward rail went under, I learned to wedge myself safely between the lifelines and the windward winch and not look down. I spent hours with dad, oiling blocks, using marlin for almost anything, playing with cotter pins and frustrating mom because she couldn't understand how we could spend so much time together in silence and be so content. Hopefully, you don't remember the rough trip from Wareham to Padanaram one October when I went below against my parent's advice because I was scared, only to realize too late why my mother said she could not come down to comfort me.

I used to curl up in the jib on the forward deck and fall asleep to the thrum of your engine, with the warm deck, gritty with no-skid, against my cheek. I sat on the stern for hours trying to touch my toes to the waves, daydreaming and learning your steady rhythms. I adorned your cabin with toilet paper ghosts, swung like a monkey from the grab rails below, and tried hard to catch fish with a scrap of bologna on a drop line with a rusty hook. Of course fish like bologna, doesn't everything?

I remember looking for you, panic rising, as I rowed around Camden Harbor in pea soup fog, and the relief I felt when you finally came into view. But perhaps the best memories are those at anchor in the evening, listening to dad read *The Boat that Wouldn't Float* and laughing so hard I cried, mom's teeth chattered and dad would have to pause to catch his breath. Yes, that is why I faithfully put that book on board every year along with the Parcheesi game, though I haven't played for years.

I learned to use the big gear shift and throttle and most importantly the kill switch, and appreciate the quiet. I remember feeling proud when dad made me responsible for

setting, trimming, and dousing your mizzen. I tied figure 8 knots in everything because dad said every line should end with one. I learned to never put a locking hitch on a sheet and always put one on a halyard. I learned that it took you a long time to stop. My bunk was starboard and forward, with the cubby behind the locker where I kept my books and treasures. I still hear the sound of the water rushing by the hull next to my ear when I dream.

I remember taking you out by myself for the first time, shortly after dad died, having never done it before, but knowing we would be alright and perhaps I would hear his voice in your rigging. We did that a lot, sometimes the wind dropped and I would doze off until the first stirring of your sails would wake me. You helped me teach many people to sail, you made it so easy, you gave them confidence. You gave me confidence. You gave me comfort. You gave me freedom. You give me refuge. I will love you forever....

PAMELA PARKER



Portunus rafted up at the Camden dock after the Castine Classic race

Photo © Kathy Mansfield

No. 54, Horizon*, 1957,, ex Melinda, Eurydice. Robert & Valerie Grindrod, Hampton, ME

No. 55, Kiva, 1957. Douglas Hoffman, Fairfield, CT

No. 56, Whisper, 1957, ex Nereid, Tern II. Jeff & Karyn Henschel, Bedford, NY

No. 57, Javelin, 1958, Concordia Company, So. Dartmouth, MA

No. 58, Off Call, 1958. Peter Castner, Camden, ME



SUMATRA

No. 76, 1960

Scott Dethloff, Port Townsend, WA
ex Cymba.

Heavy Weather Sailing Aboard *Sumatra*, Puget Sound,
October 27 to October 30, 2006.

I left Port Hadlock and sailed north up Port Townsend Bay on Friday morning, October 27, with my two crew, Walt and Clark. The wind was from the south blowing 25 to 35 knots. With a cruising plan to head north to Friday Harbor on San Juan Island, I felt *Sumatra* was easily capable of handling the conditions. *Sumatra* has a traditionally rigged main and we were using the cruising jib with jib boom.

We hoisted the jib and mizzen only. This was a good decision because as soon as we left the bay and entered Admiralty Inlet, the wind was a steady Force 8 (35 knots) from the south gusting to Force 9 (46 knots) peak. The weather was cold but the sun was out and we moved nicely through some moderate chop (three to five foot) across the sound to Whidbey Island and further north. *Sumatra* was well balanced and we cruised at about 8 knots most of the time, topping out at 10.5 knots. The chop eased to the east of Smith Island as we gained the benefit of the flood tide and the sail was reasonably smooth for several hours across the Strait of Juan de Fuca. We blew through Cattle Pass on the flood and had an elating run up San Juan Channel at 7.5 knots in flat water. To make it better, we met a pod of Orca whales near the entrance to Friday Harbor. After the whales, we found a slip in Friday Harbor, turned on our electric cabin heater, and relaxed before dinner and a fine well earned sleep. Dock to dock time was six hours.

Saturday was mild and we cruised up the west side on San Juan Island looking for whales. While sailing under main and mizzen west of Lime Kiln point at about 5.5 knots, we were spotted by about 30 playful porpoises and had a rousing good time until a squall came in and made us work. But the sun came out later and we had a pleasant cruise past Roche Harbor. That night we tied to a mooring buoy at Jones Island Marine Park and settled in for a good meal and some nice wine.

Sunday was our real test. We left Jones Island at 6:30 am on the ebb tide with a plan to gain Point Wilson (near Port Townsend) on the slack flood tide. After playing with four active sea lions in Cattle Pass, we began our return crossing of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The wind was again from the south,

20 to 25 knots, and against the ebb tide which stirred up some moderate rollers. We set the jib and put one reef in the main. *Sumatra* was well balanced and we sailed south for four hours and never had to touch the helm. We were, however, behind schedule and began to motor sail as we approached the east bound shipping lane of the Strait.

We arrived north of Point Wilson during the flood, rather than at slack. Normally, going south on the flood is the way to enter Admiralty Inlet, but not against a massive southerly wind. It was blowing straight out of the south at 35 knots against the flood tide and there was nothing but waves, white caps, blowing water, and an angry looking sky ahead of us. The wind was Force 7 or 8, about 30 to 35 knots, with higher gusts. The seas were rough with a horrible five or six foot chop. Sheets of water continuously washed the deck. There was wind and spray everywhere. Even with my safety glasses on it was hard to look forward.

I opted to sail south along Whidbey Island to avoid the "potato patch" near Point Wilson. This was a mistake. Not only did it add significant distance and time to our trip, it made Whidbey Island a lee shore and it provided no relief in the miserable conditions. We dropped the jib and motor sailed with the reefed main for about two hours. Conditions were bad enough that I decided not to go on deck and place the second reef in the main, as we were powered up and pretty well balanced under main and engine. We short tacked the Whidbey shore staying far enough offshore that we could alter course if we lost engine power. The engine and main together gave us enough power to make headway against the head wind and waves, but progress was slow. By the time we tacked for Port Townsend Bay, we were very cold and wet.

After making flat water in Port Townsend Bay, I set the second reef in the main and re-hoisted the jib. *Sumatra* was balanced upwind in 35 knots, although our tacking angle was a disappointing 120 degrees.

What Did We Learn?

Boat balance is excellent on all points of sail. She is powerful and fast in a breeze, and just fantastic going downwind in these conditions. FUN! Upwind in 25 to 35 knots is no real problem.

Avoid the big chop in Puget Sound, even if on the favorable tide. It is dangerous and not the place to be. I should have hove to for several hours until the flood tide and wind eased, or anchored overnight nearby in Discovery Bay until conditions improved. Next time, I won't go for it!

Despite potentially bad weather, fall is a great time to see marine life in Puget Sound.

SCOTT DETHLOFF

No. 59, Snow Bird, 1958, ex Mary G. Guilliam Aersten IV, So. Freeport, ME

No. 60, Principia*, 1958, ex Windquest, Ariel, Lorne. Bruce Flenniken, PAdanaram, MA

No. 61, Tam O'Shanter, 1958. David Soule, Marblehead, MA

No. 62, Thistledown, 1958. Jean C. Becton, Blue Hill, ME

No. 63, Sonnet*, ex Baroda. 1958, Jim Brown, Hampton, NH



37



WESTRAY

No. 79, 1960

Juan Corradi & Christina Spellman,
Newport, RI

After Many a Summer Sails the Yawl: *Westray* in 2013.

To paraphrase Sinatra: When the Concordia Class was 75 in 2013, it was a very good year. For *Westray*, the season started with the customary launch at Parker's Boatyard in Cataumet, after spending the winter in a shed at Ballentine's Boat Shop, and then a lively delivery the length of Buzzards Bay to summer quarters in Newport. This was in May. The weather was uneven and sometimes so raucous that it frustrated some of our crew practices for the Marblehead to Halifax Race. But all preparations were completed and the boat was ready for her first offshore race under our stewardship (during her lifetime, she had plenty of offshore adventures under her three previous owners). We took her to Marblehead with a magic stopover at Pocasset on the 4th of July. That night, under a bright dome of fireworks, *Westray* turned 53 (she was commissioned on July 4, 1960 with Waldo Howland saluting with cannon as she left South Dartmouth).

The Halifax Race started on July 7th. There were 75 entrants, and *Westray* was the smallest of the few classics, the most distinguished being, as always, the 72 foot *Ticonderoga*. The race was frustrating as the winds were light and unexpectedly came from around 300 degrees, at barely 10 knots on the average. It was meant to be a drag race, not a drag of a race. A Concordia yawl is not at her best sailing to wind in light air. Besides, we made some tactical mistakes, such as going too far to the East (because of the wind angle), and falling into doldrums. And so, as in the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner, hour after hour

*We stuck, no breath no motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.*

To say nothing of the fog. By the time the wind improved and we started sailing faster toward Halifax, all the big boys (*Donnybrook*, *Rambler*, *Snow Lion*) were already in port. But finish we did, after three days, 21 minutes of elapsed time, with placings on corrected time seventh in a class of ten, and 22nd in a fleet of 75. Halifax was, as usual, friendly to all sailors, buzzing with activity and culturally diverse.

The return trip to Camden was uneventful, also in light airs, under sunny skies, with plenty of motoring. *Westray* stayed in

Maine until the events of late July: Concordia celebrations in Castine, a feeder race from Camden to Brooklin, and then the famed Eggemoggin Reach Regatta, a 15 mile course graced by a large collection of unbelievably beautiful wooden boats. The Concordia group (13 boats) got to know each other, and the yachts were honored at a symposium on July 31st at the Maine Maritime Academy. At the ERR, the best performing Concordias were *Otter*, *Katrina*, and *Golondrina*. *Westray's* main distinction was to collect lovely pictures of other boats from our deck, by our crew member and photographer Tyler Fields.

The anniversary year was capped by a reunion of the fleet at the New Bedford Yacht Club, and a race that featured classic Buzzards Bay conditions: 18 knots of wind and choppy seas. *Westray* completed the season with daily sails and a cruise to Padanaram.

But the greatest joy of the summer was to meet, in various ports of call and at several events, the previous owners and skippers of our yawl: Don and Julie Mac Nary; Tom Franklin; and John Melvin. 53 years of sailing condensed in one summer on the boat. To their exploits we added, this season, some 1,200 nautical miles of adventures. It may sound like an advertisement for a Swiss chronograph, but it is true that you never actually own a Concordia. You merely look after it for the next generation.

The stories to be told would fill volumes with tales of family outings, ocean crossings, races won and lost, and the firm conviction stated thousands of years ago by the Phoenicians: "The Gods do not deduct from man's allotted span those hours spent in sailing."

JUAN CORRADI & CHRISTINA SPELLMAN



No. 64, Live Yankee, 1958. Rev. Matthew Thompson, Dartmouth, England

No. 65, Golondrina, 1958, ex Le Reve. John Eide, Portland, ME

No. 66, Misty, 1959, ex Misty, Eclipse. Queene Foster, So. Freeport, ME

No. 67, Crocodile, 1959. Haskell Crocker, Manchester, MA.

No. 68, Persephone, 1959, ex Belle One, Eight Belles, Desperado, Belles. Clint Lively, Horseshoe Cove, ME

No. 69, Houri, 1959, ex Diablo. John Chatfield, Rockport, ME



Photo © Carol Hill

Westray, left, racing at the 75th Reunion and above, cruising in Buzzard's Bay

Both Photos © Carol Hill

CORIOLIS

No. 82, 1960

Doug & Susan Adkins, Seattle, WA
ex Starsight.

Some yachting seasons are less adventurous and active than others. 2013 proved to be pretty quiet for *Coriolis* but not for us. The yawl made her way to her mooring on West Sound in May and remained there all summer except for a scant few, lovely afternoon sails. She returned south in early October to her fresh water winter berth on Portage Bay at the Seattle Yacht Club. Varnish was touched up and a tie-rod system was installed. A new extension leaf for the saloon table was created and we can actually now seat six if we are really friendly. (What is it that they say about the perfect size for a boat... drinks ten, feeds six, sleeps two? Well, something like that.)

Despite our scant use of *Coriolis* we enjoyed a big summer of sailing, first with a trip to Norway in July to sail the beautiful western fjords. It is a remarkable region with few cruising yachts but offering great deeps, high mountains, massive glaciers, wonderfully friendly people and astonishingly high prices for most everything. Just don't count it up is my advice. There are spots in the tightest fjords where the chart-plotter will lose satellites because the slice of sky is so narrow but in those same places there are still five bars on your cell-phone. Those Norwegians know really how to cover even steep and sparsely populated terrain.

My next sailing adventure was on *Javelin* joining Brodie MacGregor to take the boat down-east. There we were joined by Stuart MacGregor for the Castine-to-Camden Race, the Brooklin Feeder Race and the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta. The reception given us in Castine was wonderful and many folks came out to attend John Eide's well orchestrated Concordia Symposium before the races began. Plenty of Concordias were on display to a knowledgeable crowd at the Town Dock.

It was great fun. The Camden race was lively and involved a little shake-down excitement on *Javelin*. The Feeder Race was light and foggy but the ERR was ultimately memorable with a duel to the finish with Ben and Anne Niles on their very slippery *Allure*.

Susan joined me for the final sailing extravaganza of the summer at the 75th Celebration at Padanaram. We were lucky enough to join Dick Taylor on the exquisite *Snowy Owl* for the Saturday race in the non-spinnaker division and finished well despite the tactician (yours truly) not having given the skipper

the start he deserved. Generous jousting with *Westray* capped the finish. The evening was marked by a wonderful dinner.

For me the highlight was the honor of presenting Brodie with a 75th Anniversary and Birthday trophy organized and paid for by many members of the fleet. A mounted antique Scottish dry card compass was intended to celebrate the 75 great years of the yawls and Brodie. It was terrific fun and we think Brodie thought so too despite never wishing to be the center of attention.

So, it was a good Concordia summer after all. Our northwest fleet is changing but is still vibrant. Winter will bring the first wooding of *Coriolis's* varnished topsides since 2003 so eleven seasons is pretty good and we will long remember this great 75th year.

DOUG ADKINS



Doug Adkins with the Taylors aboard *Snowy Owl* after the Reunion Race
Photo© Carol Hill

No. 70, Irian*, 1959, ex Banda, Game Cock II, Pameda, Kristal. Darrow Lebovici & Meg Twohey, So. Freeport, ME

No. 71, Polaris*, 1959. Kenneth Brittle, Richmond, VA.

No. 72, Grace*, 1959, ex Arachne, Paramour. Michael & Nancy Herde, Greenwich, CT

No. 73, Tosca, 1959, ex Ygerne, Tynaje, Windemere. Drs. Gerald & Mary Fitzgerald, St. Anthony, Newfoiundland, Canada.

No. 74, Wizard, 1959, ex Wizard, Soprano. Karl Anderson, Henry Dane, William Scatchard, So. Dennis, MA

No. 75, Portunus, 1959, ex Land's End. Pamela Parker, Boothbay Harbor, ME

CROCODILE

No. 67, 1959

Haskell Crocker, Manchester, MA

My favorite images of *Crocodile* are from the inside looking out. This is because these images capture the heart and soul of the vessel, namely the people who we share our experiences with. Having spent the last fifty years growing up on our family's Concordia, I will admit to having taken her beauty and exceptional seaworthiness for granted. So while others swoon over the perfect form and functionality that a Concordia embodies, my mind goes directly to unique experiences shared between our four generations onboard *Crocodile*.



The picture above took place on what ended up being the last overnight sail with my father Edgar and his grandson, my son, Pearce. While I am not sure exactly what nugget was being passed along on the proper care and handling of a Concordia when this image was taken - it was probably a subtle reminder to a ten year old boy that "all things on a Concordia go together just right and work in such a way that if you are forcing something or have a weather helm, then listen to *Crocodile* and she will help you to think through what you may be doing wrong".

I chose to hold off on my first gem of Concordia knowledge with my son until it would be a truly important one, one that he would of course forget and suffer the consequences of and listen a bit harder in the future to what *Crocodile* or I had to say. At bed time on our first overnight voyage I reminded Pearce "Do not forget that you are going to bed in the forward cabin on a Concordia, so when you wake up in the morning DO NOT IMMEDIATELY SIT UP IN BED". Well, as you would expect, not long after he woke in the morning I heard the expected thud of a forehead hitting the overhead. I do get a giggle as it is now the first piece of advice that my son gives all new guests on board.

As my son has never since sat up in the forward cabin he is clearly a better learner than I. During the 75th Anniversary festivities in Padanaram last summer, I again got to hear that unique thud as my own forehead met the overhead on Sunday morning. But I may choose to blame that on a late night with friends and family sharing our favorite *Crocodile* memories over a few Dark n' Stormies.

HASKELL CROCKER

SNOWBIRD

No. 59, 1958

Guilliaem Aersten IV, So. Freeport, ME
ex Mary G.

Snowbird has been in the Aertsen family since 1995. She was then - and still is - a completely original 39 - down to her teak deck, traditional galley and ice chest, pipe births, Wilcox head, cast iron stove, club-footed jib, bronze winches, wooden blocks and running backstays. I still have her original Manchester sails, including a canary yellow mizzen staysail, which certainly makes her stand out in a crowd. Her only real upgrades have been a Yanmar diesel and Raymarine GPS/Radar.



After many years sailing out of Padanaram and enjoying the big wind of Buzzard's Bay with family and friends, I decided to relocate her to South Freeport, ME so I could spend more time exploring the coast of Maine. As is the case in Padanaram, Concordia Yawls are a fixture in South Freeport where *Snowbird* gets expert attention by Strout's Point Wharf Co. *Snowbird* fits right in.

As I was going back over all those years of photographs of life on board *Snowbird*, I kept coming back to the wonderful memories of my daughter, Frances, growing up on *Snowbird*, sailing season after sailing season. And this summer my 18 month old granddaughter, Maggie, had her first sail as the uniquely great Concordia experience continues into the next generation.

RUSTY AERSTEN

ALLURE

No. 87, 1961

Ben & Anne Niles, So. Freeport, ME
ex Janie, Jemima, Bahari.

This was *Allure's* 53rd year afloat and our 27th aboard. Like the past several years, all *Allure's* 2013 sailing was in Maine between Casco Bay and Mt. Desert. Some was with family, but with our children now grown, more often just the two of us. We added a day to our annual participation in the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta and related events, to attend the excellent anniversary symposium in Castine and race to Camden. At the 75th Anniversary in Padanarum, Ben had the privilege of crewing on *Luna*, a bright 41 built alongside *Allure*. *Luna* is fast when the breeze and chop are up.

Our first seven years with *Allure* were spent sailing on Puget Sound, the Straits of Juan de Fuca and among the San Juan and Gulf Islands of the Pacific Northwest. The boat wintered alongside our houseboat on Lake Union and Ben did virtually all the maintenance. With our first child, Halsey, as infant crew we took a month and circumnavigated Vancouver Island. After his brother, Nate, was born, we cruised the Pacific

Northwest with two young children.

In 1994 we relocated to Maine and never considered leaving *Allure* behind. That year our daughter, Hilary, was born and we began many years of cruising Maine waters with three children aboard. Cruising with five on a boat that has four bunks was easy at first when the two youngest could double-bunk. Later we carried a pipe berth to suspend over the cookstove and starboard berth. We got as far east as Cross Island and Cutler together a couple of times before the children got old enough to start having other summer agendas. Our priorities were to explore places you can't drive to and especially when the children were small, we tried to make two island or beach stops each day.

After so many years together, we have huge confidence in *Allure's* capabilities and she brings us much joy: the feel of the tiller, the sound of water on the hull and the sight of her at anchor in beautiful places. She has become a part of who we are as a family and when we can sail together, it is cherished family time.

Allure...we think we'll keep her.

ANNE AND BEN NILES



Allure at the ERR

No. 76, Sumatra, 1960, ex Cymba. Scott Dethloff, Port Townsend, WA
No. 77, Malay, 1960, ex Cannoneer II, Marinette. Cheryl Strohmeier, Pemaquid, ME
No. 78, Matinicus, 1960, ex Buckaroo II. Peter Coffin, Newport, RI
No. 79, Westray, 1960. Juan Corradi & Christina Spellman, Newport, RI



Allure at the ERR



Allure, left, and Javelin going to windward at the Castine Race

Photo © Alison Langley

EAGLE

No. 92, 1962

Dan & Robin Smith, Isleboro, ME
ex Geisha Girl, Kalua, Firefall, Ambient,
White Light, Savu.

The reasons to fall in love with a Concordia Yawl are many and will be restated often through this newsletter. Her clean sheer lines, her simple but amazingly cozy and well laid-out cabin, her seaworthiness, the feel of her tiller, and even the beauty built into the mahogany coamings; all of these reasons I'm in complete agreement with, but what this boat has meant for my family and me has become a far deeper reason to love this yawl.

As a relative newcomer to the fleet, we bought *Eagle* in late 2009 and launched her in 2010. The decision to purchase her was simple in retrospect. I've been an avid woodworker nearly my entire life, first as a clockmaker, then a cabinetmaker, and more recently as a boat builder. I immediately appreciated the value and craftsmanship of Concordia Yawls, and specifically my *Eagle*.

But what has made me most proud has been the effect this beauty has had on my family. As native Midwesterners, we have previously been limited to lake sailing and yearly weeklong charters in Maine. When we bought *Eagle*, my two boys and I jumped aboard and without delay sailed from South Dartmouth to Maine on a glorious four-day beam reach. How could I ever put a value on what that trip meant to my then 20 and 24-year old sons and me?

A few short weeks later, along with my wife and a son's girlfriend, we entered our first race, the Castine to Camden feeder to the ERR. We finished last. Not just last in our class, but Dead Last out of 60-some boats. It was a humiliating introduction to racing we'll never forget. But a precedent was established. When I begged to quit and motor into Camden as darkness approached, neither boy would agree. We therefore drifted across the finish line on the flood tide, sails limp, and then slinked into a quiet restaurant for dinner, the celebration long over at the Camden Yacht Club.

We've continued to race, and slowly gained confidence and experience. The girlfriend became a daughter-in-law, and both she and my wife have become able seamen. This year we won the Camden Classic, not only first among the Concordia fleet, but also first in our entire class. The moment we truly won that race was when we were in irons in the light air, even completing two 360s while trying to establish a line that would get us into Stonington harbor, with rain chilling us to the bone. We again wanted to quit, but we could never bring ourselves

to reach down and turn on the engine. Separated from the fleet by the fog, we were convinced we had once again come in last, until we sloshed into a restaurant late that evening, only to be startled by the ovation we received from the diners.

This summer we travelled 600 nautical miles and participated in seven races, and my boys rearranged their lives to help crew on weekends. My wife and I were alone for 200 of those miles, sometimes late at night and in heavy seas and rainstorms. She never complained, and she never quit. None of us flinched when the jib halyard winch broke off the mast just seconds before the start of the Marblehead Classic race, nor when the spinnaker halyard flew to the masthead just prior to start of the final Concordia Reunion Weekend race. My boys just reacted as a crew, whether responding with a makeshift winch, or running four stories up the mast to retrieve the errant halyard in 20 plus knot winds, oblivious to the pressure of the approaching starting gun. There was such a spirit of camaraderie as all of us went about our jobs that I sometimes just shook my head in disbelief. We finished the summer exhausted but enthusiastic about what we had learned. Through this I've watched my family develop into avid sailors and become as passionate about *Eagle* as I am. It is with a sense of honor and privilege that we will continue to sail this boat and cultivate the friendships we've started with other owners in the fleet.

Finally, we took particular pride in following the America's Cup races this fall and we understood entirely, albeit on a larger scale, why Team Oracle refused to give up after they were down eight races to one. Never give up. Never, ever, give up. What better way to teach that life lesson than aboard a Concordia Yawl?

C DANIEL SMITH



Eagle finding her way in the fog, Castine Race

Photo © Kathy Mansfield

No. 80, Goldeneye, 1960. Carey & Claude Turnbull, Bar Harbor, ME

No. 81, Envolee, 1960, ex Kypris, Godwit, Papillon. Claude Engle, Gibson Island, MD

No. 82, Coriolis*, 1960, ex Starsight. Doug & Susan Adkins, Seattle, WA

No. 83, Christie, 1961, ex Fantasy. Richard Robie, Marblehead, MA

No. 84, Snow Falcon, 1961, ex Aeolus, Afterglow, Oriole. George Gans, Pumpkin Island, ME



Eagle at Padanaram.

Photo © Carol Hill

KATRINA

No. 94, 1963

Katrina Parson, Rockport, ME,
ex Whisper.

Dear Katrina:

You turned 50 this year! In our heads we threw you a birthday party and shouted “speech, speech!” We imagined that in response, you delivered us these remarks:

Family:

Thank you for not throwing a grand soiree on this milestone occasion. I would not have known how to react to such attention, given that dressing up and acting fancy isn't exactly what we all do best. After 48 years together I've come to rely on consistent behavior from you, my kindred spirits, so pomp and ceremony would certainly have been bewildering.

In the spirit of celebrating our preference for understatement, thank you for treating me more like a Belgian draft horse than a finer-boned dressage diva. Had my fate been to fall into the hands of owners who cherished my high-brow good looks over my working woman's spirit I could have been put to use trotting jodhpured socialites around groomed rings! And although I admit I would rock a room bedazzled in pearls and Chanel, thank you for recognizing I was a Katherine Hepburn and not an Elizabeth Taylor. Give me khakis and a crisp white button-down—simple lines, no make-up. I'm about showing-up, not up-showing. And believe me, I know you would have kicked me out of the family long ago did I not possess the necessary cerebral goods under my natural blonde head. Beauty without brains is a bore, and I'm most grateful for having been blessed with both.

So although I feel your pain when my maintenance bills arrive on your desk, I urge you to recognize that were it not for the fuss being made in celebration of Concordia's 75th anniversary, I'm 100% sure my 50th birthday would have escaped your collective notice entirely — which is, of course, exactly what I would have preferred! After all, what chick in her right mind would object to having her 50th birthday slip silently into the record books?!

I trust you hear my heart celebrating you, family, who have so loyally seen to it that wrinkles stand no chance of appearing anywhere near my moon or star, and that my sheer and overhang continue to elicit whistles from men half my age—especially when they approach me from behind! Please know how obvious it is to this aging starlet that I'm the lucky one to still find myself in a position of such right fit with

owners who continue to care for me with such passion. Why else do you think I remain so committed to delivering you sweet sailing adventure after sweet sailing adventure at age 50? As a creature untrained to decipher work from play, I was born knowing what you know—that the marrow is “out there,” not on the mooring.

So, you keep me in shape and I'll remain the trusted athletic beauty I was born-- and more importantly, raised-- to be. Here's to carrying on with a partnership that's clearly working for both of us! May our focus remain on adventures that lie ahead, not behind in calculations of years that have evolved into decades. Clearly we're all only as old as we feel!

Yours faithfully in ongoing health and happiness,
KATRINA

Alongside Katrina Parson's (my mother, and the boat's namesake) ongoing ownership, the management of our beloved 41 foot Concordia Yawl *Katrina* passed into my hands this spring, and we transitioned her from Brooklin to Rockport, Maine this past summer. Her sweetly preserved state did not occur via a fluke of nature or simple good luck. It is directly attributable to an enviable set of circumstances: superior genetic origins (thanks to her legendary designers and builders) coupled with an increasingly rare case of multi-generational family TLC.

In return for the 48 years of uninterrupted care my mother's family has devoted to this work of functional art, *Katrina* has more than upheld her end of the deal. She appears to be as vibrant at 50 as she was when my grandfather, Hans Rozendaal, took possession of her in 1965. Like her sister Concordias, *Katrina* possesses an apparent simplicity that masks her revolutionary design-- design that delivers a functionality that stands the test of time and relieves us of the burden to need to understand exactly how something works before we can experience the joy of using it. It's all the things you don't see that deliver these vessels their rare elegance.

As we transition *Katrina* from one generation to the next she shows few signs of weakness or weariness. Having been treated to a magnificent centerline rebuild at Benjamin River Boat Yard 15 years ago, then cared for by the capable craftsmen at the Brooklin Boatyard, she is now being cared for by a pair of wonderfully talented owners at Kalliste Yacht Services in Lincolnville, Maine.

Our family feels extraordinarily honored to continue to have *Katrina* gracing our lives, and trust that she feels similarly!
WENDIE DEMUTH

No. 85, Arapaho*, 1961, ex Armata. Jeff Makhholm, So. Dartmouth, MA

No. 86, Dame of Sark, 1961. James Phye & Bob Heckart, So. Dartmouth, MA

No. 87, Allure, 1961, ex Janie, Jemima, Bahari. Ben & Anne Niles, So. Freeport, ME

No. 88. Luna*, 1962, ex Astra, Aegena, Renaissance. Stephen Symchych, Marion MA



Photo © Kathy Mansfield

Katrina's crew at Castine. Left to right, Joe Harris (skipper), Wendie Demuth, son and daughter of owner Katrina Parson, Julianna Barbieri, Patrick O'Connor and Hugh Piggen at the helm relaxing before the ERR start.

Photo © Kathy Mansfield



MADRIGAL

No. 98, 1964

Ken & Ron Shapiro, Round Pond, ME

So the yard called to let us know they would commence with the annual launching of our 60 year old, iron fastened cutter under one important condition: that we don't sail her beyond the harbor entrance. What a way to inform two brothers that their 30 foot beloved vessel, *Peregrino*, was ready for her surrender.

My father had purchased her in Ibiza after a month long trip through the Mediterranean with our whole family. This was in the early 1960s.

From her early rebirth in the United States at the Knickerbocker Yacht Club on Long Island Sound, to Marblehead, to the coast of Maine, she ushered us into her permanent berth in Round Pond Harbor, Muscongus Bay.

We had years of pleasant sailing, adventuring our coast, from then until the day of reckoning in 2005.

48 By chance, my brother Ron had just noticed an ad in the *Working Waterfront* paper, asking for interest in purchasing a 41 foot Concordia yawl. She was donated by Rob Bass to the Island Institute, as a gift to be sold by closed bid.

As the *Peregrino* set her last sail, the possibility of a Concordia had risen on our horizon as a new hope.

I was dispatched to Rockport Marine on a cold and damp Spring day to have a look at her. I was directed up to a remote storage shed, where I found her waiting. She was nestled in the dim lit atmosphere between other sleeping boats of her length. It was dank and somewhat of a challenge to keep positive in the face of her locale. There was a piece of plastic covered with pigeon droppings pulled over her topside. I searched and found a ladder, which I leaned against her, hesitantly climbing with guarded expectation. As I progressed to her topside, I pulled back the soiled plastic sheet, and stopped in my tracks. What was exposed made me gasp as my eyes widened. There, below my gaze lay the most beautiful naked woman I had ever seen. I fell madly in love.

After a period of touching and exploring, I quickly descended onto terra firma and called my brother. I told him we had to try to win her.

Our bid was accepted and a new love affair has flourished since. That's a lot of love to experience, and it is still burning strong.

Her name is *Madrigal*.

KEN SHAPIRO



Ron, top, and Ken Shapiro aboard their beloved Madrigal

No. 89, Woodwind, 1962, ex Belvedere, Freedom. Gary deSimone & Elizabeth Knope, North Haven CT

No. 90, Fabrice, 1962, ex Ingrid. David Godine, Medomak, ME

No. 91, Snowy Owl, 1962, ex Pat, Shimaera. Richard Taylor, Osterville, MA

No. 92, Eagle*, 1962, ex Geusha Girl, Kalua, Firefall, Ambiente, White Light, Savu. Dan & Robin Smith, Isleboro, ME

No. 93, Phantom*, 1963, ex Eden, Phantom, Eden. Joshua Dennerlein, Vineyard Haven, MA

No. 94, Katrina*, 1963, ex Whisper. Katrina Parson, Rockport, ME

Four exceptional marine photographers covered this summer's series of events. I can not thank them enough for participating and then generously offering images for our pleasure in this issue. Each has a web site so check out the links below, look at their images and consider a new image of your special Concordia for that blank spot on your wall. You won't be disappointed.



ALISON LANGLEY

Alison Langley has earned national recognition for her exquisite nautical photography, capturing the light, beauty and motion of classic yachts around the world.

After studied film at New York University, and photography at the Rhode Island School of Design, Alison began crewing on yachts and has sailed to the far corners of the world, making photos all the while. Since returning to New England in early 1992, classic wooden boats have become her love and her focus. Living in Camden, Maine, with her husband and children, she works on assignment for both the editorial and the commercial boating industry. In the summer she travels the Maine coast extensively on board her chase boat Tangent making both color and black & white images, with her specialty being classic and wooden boats.

Her photos are available in her Camden gallery and on-line at: <http://www.langleyphoto.com/>
To see her work from the Castine Classic Yacht Regatta, go to: <http://www.langleyphoto.com/blog/2013/08/>



BENJAMIN MENDLOWITZ

Benjamin Mendlowitz has been photographing traditional wooden boats since 1978, with covers and feature articles in *WoodenBoat Magazine* too numerous to mention. His images also appear in and on the covers of many other nautical periodicals and books. He began publishing the Calendar of Wooden Boats in 1983, and his company NOAH Publications continues this year with the 2014 edition. You can see his work and products at noahpublications.com as well as in bookstores and other marine catalogs.

49



CAROL HILL

Based in South Dartmouth, MA, Carol Hill is available for event and project photography of all sorts. She also spends time in Vermont and enjoys traveling, so is happy to consider non-local work. Carol began her photography career in high school in the early '70s photographing sports and events for the school's Photo Service. Carol's web site is: <http://cahill.smugmug.com/> You can reach her at: cahillphoto@gmail.com

To see more of Carol's photographs from the 75th Reunion, go to: <http://cahill.smugmug.com/Boats/Concordia-75th-Aug-2325-2013>



KATHY MANSFIELD

Kathy Mansfield comes from Massachusetts and now lives with her family in Wallingford, Oxfordshire in England. After a career on the sales and marketing side of academic publishing, she returned to her interest in classic and traditional boats, writing articles and photographing for magazines such as *WoodenBoat*, *Classic Boat*, *Water Craft* and *Chasse Marée*. Her photography appears on her calendar Classic Sail published by Tide Mark Press in CT; as book and magazine covers, posters and in exhibitions. In 2013 she covered the Wooden Boat Festival in Tasmania, Australia, the Castine symposium and regatta and other New England regattas, the five yearly Fife Regatta in Scotland, other classics regattas in England, Scotland and Brittany in France, plus the big classics regattas in the Mediterranean such as the Régates Royales and the Voiles de St Tropez. She is also a judge for the Maritime Foundation Media Awards for journalism, books and films.

Visit her site at: www.kathymansfieldphotos.com

Photos of the Castine race are at: http://www.pbase.com/kathymansfield/castine_2013

Photos of the ERR: <http://www.pbase.com/kathymansfield/eggemoggin12>

All other and uncredited photos are courtesy of individual Concordia owners.

KEE NEE NOH

No. 99, 1965

Chris Wedge & Jean Markel, Katona, NY
ex Porpoise.

I bought my first boat at 40, an O'Day 25, designed by Ray Hunt. It was inexpensive and easy to sail and fun to update with sails and electronics and gear that made weekend trips enjoyable. For all I knew, having just starting to sail in the middle of life, it handled okay, and I enjoyed doing the work myself.

Then came a moment, shortly after I had caught the sailing bug, when I admitted that much of what thrilled me about sailing, beyond the flying, freedom feeling, was the boats themselves. Classic boats. Boats in coffee table books.

In the summer of 2002 my wife and I and some friends cruised a charter boat out of Newport. I had Waldo Howland's book along, and having drunk in every word of *The Concordia Years*, I was amazed at how often the graceful silhouette of one of those yawls would snap my head around as we drifted through a mooring field. "There's another Concordia!" I'd announce like a backseat kid on vacation.

That September I flew with a friend to Rockport, Maine in a plane he had restored himself, to look at a Sparkman Stevens yawl in the harbor there. The pictures I had seen on the internet were a few years old and didn't show the veneer of neglect that the boat presented in person. I was little deflated when I heard my friend say "That's a beautiful boat over there."

"Yup, that's a Concordia. They're all beautiful", I answered. The broker's ears perked up and he told me that it might be available. We dingied over and climbed aboard.

She was perfect. The owner had stripped the bright work

the winter before, replaced planks, wiring, and the breaker panel. He'd bought new sails, put her on the mooring, and hadn't sailed her once. "I don't know anything about boats", said my friend, "but if you don't buy this, I will." He was kidding. I was smitten. That week I made the down payment.

The survey trip came in October, but by that time reality had taken hold. I'd lost sleep over the cost. I had no idea where I would keep it. I'd researched some of what it would take to maintain it. Clearly I was in too deep. On my way to the survey I told myself I would find one little flaw and be free of it.

When I pulled into Rockport Marine they had just lifted her out on the slings. My heart flipped. It hadn't occurred to me that the lines of that beautiful boat would continue underwater! I circled it. I ran my hand over her belly and up over the topsides. I tested the mysterious prop and rudder, both stoically withstanding scrutiny out of their element. I stepped back and took it all in at once. The boat knew more than me. It had pedigree and purpose. How could so many pieces suspended feel like one single perfect thought? She was a thoroughbred. An arrow.

In the eleven years hence she has not failed in any moment to have the same effect. It seems to me that amongst everything the mind of man has accomplished or destroyed, the Concordia Yawl stands as an expression of our harmony with all of it. With planets in silent orbits spinning in the heat of suns, with the gentle turbulence of warm air rising and cool air sinking and pushing, at 15 knots, our beautiful little boats over water.

Kee Nee Noh came from a song my daughter and I made up together when she was about three years old. It came easily and made us feel happy and so did the boat so that's what I named her. My daughter approved, but debated the spelling.
CHRIS WEDGE



No. 95, Diablo*, 1963, ex Raton, Diablo, Boots. Concordia Co. So Dartmouth, MA
No. 96, Whimbrel*, 1964, ex Connamara. Pieter & Susan Mimno, No. Marshfield, MA
No. 97, Summer Wind, 1964, ex Aquinnah, Chivaree, Tambourine. Dana & Carole Brackett, Padanaram, MA
No.--- 98, Madrigal*, 1964. Ken & Ron Shapiro, Round Pond, ME.



Photo © Carol Hill

Chris Wedge proudly displaying the 75th Anniversary Pennant after finishing first in class in Padanaram

Photo © Carol Hill

Elizabeth Meyer, BBF (that's Best Buddy of our Fleet) wrote a nice article, "A Yacht for the Ages," about the Concordia class on the occasion of our 75th which is in the winter 2014 issue of *Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors* magazine. Included are three photographs by our friends Alison Langley and Benjamin Mendlowitz. Check it out

ABACO

No. 102, 1966

Don & Cheryl Lippoth, Jr.,

So. Portland, ME

Don begins:

Abaco's relationship with us was tentative at best since she came to us in shambles. I was the one who could see through her scars, or so I thought. But Cheryl also secretly saw through the scars, but different scars, more surface scars. Her enthusiasm to tackle those more surface scars gave me the encouragement to go forward.

Had she known that she was the one who was going to have to do all the miserable little chores, because her hands are much smaller than mine, she might have had a different opinion. With a one inch scraper, she tirelessly scraped the entire inside of the boat. When I say "entire" I mean everything. The only place that wasn't touched by soot and dirty water was underneath the holding tank. Apparently even smoke doesn't like to go near a holding tank.

Cheryl adds:

Just when I thought *Abaco* and I were developing a meaningful relationship she challenged me with yet another backbreaking project!

Over the months she has patiently withstood the washing, the scraping and sanding and finally the painting so that she was beginning to look and feel like her former beauty. Both Don and I felt pleased with the progress and I believed the most difficult part was now behind me.

Not so! The head was the last area that needed to get the cosmetic once over. I tried a couple of times but the pipes and wires defeated me each time. The "boys" (Don and his father, Don Sr.) finally stripped her of all plumbing and wiring as well as the toilet and basin and I was given the go ahead. Even the cabinet doors and shelving had been removed. Yes, this was going to be a breeze!

Oh no, I groaned in dismay. More cubby holes and these are really difficult to access, the most forward one I know I can't get to and amazingly enough it is the blackest one of all. How did the smoke find its way in here and how am I going to follow? Feeling discouraged, I voiced my concern to Don and he quickly replied with "No, we are not pulling this apart like we did with the lockers. Do what you can!" Well, after hours of twisting and contorting, sanding and painting, I believe we have finally seen the last of the soot and smoke.

Don continues:

The painting and varnishing has begun and you can begin to see her regain her old glory. In the basement, removable parts are going back together.

One project that I thought was going to be easy, the mast strut, turned out to be a miserable task at best. *Abaco* has solid blocking in the area of the chainplates so I had to re-engineer what had already been designed. As I said, my love affair had already started and that kept me going.

Cheryl's love affair, on the other hand, was just starting and it has blossomed into a love affair that she doesn't talk about that much.

For the past 16 years all I could speak of was to own a *Concordia*. I was a broken record "There's one." "There's another over there." "There's one over there." That's all I could say. Cheryl just kept listening to me and wondering what was wrong with my head. This all changed when we were invited to *Golondrina*. As I stepped aboard, and then back onto the dock several times, Cheryl noticed the boat's steadiness and lack of motion, unlike our previous plastic boat. This got her attention.

Back to Cheryl:

Ever since meeting Don I had heard many wistful stories of his childhood days on their *Concordia*. Every time we spied a *Concordia* on a mooring somewhere, anywhere, we would sail by or row around and around the beautiful vessel and wonder whether our dream of owning such a prize would ever come to fruition.

One stormy day in Quahog Bay we discovered we were sharing the same cove with, yes, a *Concordia* and, true to form, Don decided to row over and say hello to the owner. He finally returned after helping pull the storm anchors which had been set for a now waning hurricane. A few weeks later we were invited to go for a sail with John on *Golondrina*.

I was thrilled and excited for this would be my first sail on a *Concordia*. There she was standing tall and proud at the dock. I shed my shoes and, at John's invitation, stepped aboard. The feel of the firm and solid deck beneath my feet instantly alerted me to something different, something strong and trustworthy. I took a seat in that comfortable cockpit and watched with interest as we pulled away from the dock with the confident throb of the diesel engine sounding in my ears. We finally turned to starboard into the harbor and I cheered as

No. 99, Kee-Nee-Noh, 1965, ex Porpoise. Chris Wedge & Jean Markel, Katona, NY

No. 100, Captiva, 1965, ex Haven Of Padanaram. John & Laurie Bullard, New Bedford, MA

No. 101, Sea Hawk*, 1965, ex Bequia, Sea Hawk, Christina. Reginald Butler, Marblehead, MA

No. 102, Abaco, 1966. Don & Cheryl Lippoth, Jr., So. Portland, ME

No. 103, Irene, 1966. Bert Damner, Sausalito, CA

No. 104, Under construction. Mark Webby, Onerahi, Whangarei, New Zealand



Cheryl painting the forepeak.



Primed.



Main Cabin primed. Note the custom SS reinforcing brackets, with hand hold.

the sails were raised. What a beautiful sight!

John cut the engine and wonderful silence! The wind was fair and she seemed to settle down and daintily take off as if she was at long last free. What a thrilling feeling as we cut through the water with such ease and grace. I loved her and thought, this is home.

Again Don:

This was the beginning of what has now blossomed into a beautiful relationship. *Abaco* has only touched the water for a few mere minutes since we purchased her and she's been living in a barn ever since. Maybe it's just not quite real yet or maybe she's not really ours yet. The jury is still out for *Abaco*. By the time we have finished rebuilding her, we will have hopefully passed her test as her new caretakers and her new family.

Cheryl has become more involved in the boat. She works tirelessly and with a lot of devotion, sometimes even more than my own. She keeps me on track. One task is completed at a time for *Abaco*. *Abaco* is, after all, the creation of many whose presence you can feel when working on her. Wood is wonderful. Glass may be practical but you won't find this boy, or Cheryl, dealing with a plastic boat. *Abaco* is the only girl for us.

DON LIPPOTH & CHERYL ADIE LIPPOTH

IRENE

No. 103, 1966

Doug Cole, Bellingham, WA

It is often said that the two happiest days of boat ownership are the day of purchase and the day of sale. The latter sentiment was not the case for me. Boats are not forever and I could see over the past year that, for a variety of reasons, the time to part with *Irene* was coming sooner rather than later. We purchased her in 1985 and I cannot recall a single sail, cruise or project that ended in less than total satisfaction. There was never a time, when coming up to her and seeing her beautiful lines, that my heart did not begin to race a bit.

Besides the joy of ownership, the circle of friends and acquaintances grew beyond expectation, for owning a Concordia also means joining a large and welcoming family, one with vast knowledge and experience and which covers a wide geographic area. Through the Concordia family we enjoyed cruising in unfamiliar areas as well as sharing our cruising grounds with Concordia owners on the opposite coast.

It was my longtime hope that when *Irene* eventually found

a new home that she would be in top condition and that her owners would carry on with lavish affection and attention. It appears this is the case with her new owners, Bert and Sisi Damner, who have renamed her *Encore* and in early September moved her to Sausalito. They do in fact seem quite smitten. I didn't learn until the day she was leaving for California that Bert and the Concordia class share a special year, but I won't embellish.

Though nowhere near the same, we have purchased another sailboat, Maine built, one perhaps requiring a bit less maintenance, and enjoyed cruising in Maine for several months this past summer prior to shipment west. It was fun visiting with Concordia friends throughout the summer, Ben Mendlowitz & Deborah Brewster, Peter Castner and our longtime Pacific Northwest Concordia friends the Adkins and MacDougals. We had a nice dinner with John Eide, Ben & Anne Niles, Don & Cheryl Lippoth and saw first hand *Abaco's* wonderful post-fire rebuild. We hope to remain part of the Concordia family via The Concordian and through visits with Concordia friends, new and old.

Please welcome *Encore's*, *ex-Irene's*, new owners, Bert and Sisi Damner!

DOUG COLE

54



The Concordian is compiled by and printed for the benefit of the owners and friends of the Concordia Yachts. It comes out in May and November each year at a cost of \$20 per year, due with the May issue. All are welcome to submit articles and images. Send your text as an email with attached photos of the largest file size possible, at least 200ppi. Text and images may not be reproduced in any form without the express written permission of the author and editor. Each issue will be archived on the Concordia site. You may contact the editor at jeide@meca.edu or 207-838-6760.

Back cover photograph of the fleet beating across to the Islesboro shore, Castine Race, 2013, © by Benjamin Mendlowitz.

