

THE CONCORDIAN

A NEWSLETTER FOR LOVERS OF CONCORDIA YACHTS
FALL 2016, NUMBER 61



NOTES

Nothing great to report, other than my computer did a slow death dance at the end of September. Into the shop for a quick replacement of the fan, apparently a common problem with some late model iMacs, which turned into not only a fan but a fried logic board due to overheating, malware, corrupt data and then a p*****g match between Apple and the repair shop over a faulty replacement logic board sent by Apple. I finally got it back, early November, but well past my deadline for this newsletter. So that's why you're getting it a bit late.

I'm too old for this. I grew up instilled with the philosophy that you purchased the best quality item you could afford, maintained it well, took good care of it so that it would last forever, or almost forever. I got this from my grandparents who went through WWI, the depression, then WWII so they had to approach their purchases with that attitude. All my cameras - Leicas, Nikons, a Cambo - were purchased used. I've never owned a new car, but bought proven long-life models and kept them for 10 to 15 years. Then look at the boats we sail. What dinosaurs they are.

2 My six month old iPhone is out of date. My two year old 27" iMac is almost an antique. "John. It's two years old! Don't fix it. Buy a new one."

★

More business. I am a bit paranoid over digital files going walkabout so I back up like crazy. I still, for example, have Margo's spread sheet that she sent me over five years ago. Unfortunately, I have two sets of mailing labels - the good set and the other set, the just in case set. Unfortunately, the "other set" was the one used for the labels for the last issue. Some of you may not have gotten your May issue. If you didn't get a copy, email me and I will send one off pronto. Sorry 'bout that.

Then a plea. If anyone knows how to print Avery Labels directly from a Google Drive spreadsheet, I'd like you to walk me through that.

★

Thank you for sending your submission as an email. That makes my life a lot easier. But, I'd like you, or most of you, to stop putting two space after a period. This is the 21st Century

and all style guides today, but one, say one space after a period is the correct way to space between sentences. (The one is a writing guide for lawyers which says lawyers should use one space if working on a computer but use two spaces after a period if they are using a typewriter. (You know any lawyers who still use a typewriter?)

What's the big deal? Do you have any idea how much time it takes to remove that second space in your submissions? I'd rather spend my time working with your photos and laying out another great issue than deleting spaces.

Boat names. Simply type it in like the rest of your sentence. Golondrina is my boat, not GOLONDRINA or "Golondrina" or **Golondrina**. Any form other than simply Golondrina means I have to retype your boat name.

I have style presets for everything. If I get an email with single spacing and normal boat name, I can copy and paste your essay into inDesign and have it formatted, ready for positioning in two minutes or less. Help me out.

★

My final rant is about photographs. I want the largest file size you can send me. The key is the ppi or p/i line in your image size box. For this publication, I need at least 240 ppi, preferably 300 ppi. 72 ppi is for the web and will look like crap when printed here. 240 ppi is the minimum for all types of printed output. Ideally, sending me a pic at 300 ppi and 8 x 10 inches would be perfect. For this issue I got some really nice pics that were 5x7 or so at 72 ppi. If I was to resample them to 240 ppi the image size would go down to a postage stamp which we would not be able to read. I did, however, get some that were huge in size, 27 by 40 inches at 72 ppi. That's OK. I can resample them to 240 ppi and they're big enough for printing.

Set your camera for largest jpeg size, download that and send it off without doing anything to it. Or even a RAW file. My gear can accept anything.

I did change paper stock for this issue so the photos can look even better. Hope you like the results.

JOHN EIDE

On the front cover: *Arapaho* and Jeff Makhholm beating to weather into 35 knots on Buzzard's Bay "with all sail up, simply for fun."
Back cover: *Spice* getting put back together.

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DOLCE

No. 53 Vineyard Haven, MA

I noticed when sailing *Dolce* last year that she was making more water forward than was acceptable. Knowing just enough about Concordia's to be dangerous and sensitive to the problems some of them have had over the years, I asked Ross Gannon to haul her so we could have a good look at her. Long story short, we found a 20 inch plus longitudinal crack in the forekeel and in driving out the bolts through the floor timbers found (as others have) a few of them broken. It was decided after getting her surveyed that the smart thing to do was to remove the mast step, remove the forekeel and replace both, which we have done...in Angelique. Once we removed the ceiling in the foc'sl we found (not surprisingly) a number of snapped frames forward of the mast step on both the port and starboard sides, all of which have now been replaced.

Our plan is to relaunch her in a couple of weeks and let her enjoy the winter in the harbor. We will complete the aesthetic work in the spring and have her back under sail shortly thereafter. As many in the Concordia family know, her original owner, Hugh Bullock, at Arthur Knapp's urging (so I am told) had her Sitka spruce mast replaced with an aluminum alloy mast. At a minimum we will be refinishing that mast before putting the rig back in next spring. Given the robust nature of the new Angelique mast step, we will have to take off a little less than 2 inches at the base of the mast. In the perfect world we'd have Myles Thurlow build us a new proper Sitka spruce mast, but for this non-profit to absorb that cost is beyond our means, so we'll stick (pun intended) with the aluminum one.

Not to leave anyone with the impression that we in any way regret Ambassador Hunt's kind gift to Sail Martha's Vineyard, the Concordia community should know that we found her to be everything a Concordia should be. She sailed beautifully, she looked beautifully and importantly she was enjoyed by our membership, especially the older members. And from my personal perspective, "She smelled right."

BROCK CALLEN



RETURN OF A NATIVE

Brock Callen smiled as he recalled the day an acquaintance on the Vineyard asked if he could provide advice to an off-Island friend who was having trouble selling a boat. Callen is the executive director of Sail Martha's Vineyard (Sail MV), the Island nonprofit with a range of programs dedicated to "protecting and perpetuating our Island's maritime heritage and culture" that is best known, perhaps, for providing free sailing instruction to Vineyard youths. He's a multi-talented and positive fellow who is always generous with his time and expertise. So his willingness to help was no surprise. It was the outcome of his efforts in this case that was surprising, since, as it turned out, it was no ordinary boat owner and no ordinary boat.



Callen made the call and spoke with an individual who represented philanthropist and former ambassador to Austria, Swanee Hunt, who told him the ambassador was interested in selling a forty-one-foot Concordia yawl that had been owned by her late husband, composer and conductor Charles Ansbacher. Ansbacher had named the vessel *Dolce*, which is a term used as instruction to a performer that music "is to be executed softly and sweetly." After Ansbacher's death in 2010, Hunt began looking for a new owner for *Dolce*, and her representative was seeking advice for moving the process along. Thus began a series of conversations that ultimately resulted in a very different outcome than the boat's sale.

Though designed in Padanaram on Buzzards Bay with New England waters in mind, most of the Concordia hulls were built in Germany.

In the world of sailing, Concordia yawls hold a special place. With their classic lines and mizzenmast set aft of the rudder post and cockpit – which is what makes it a yawl – they are highly prized not just for their racing and cruising abilities, but for their classic wooden beauty. The first Concordia was designed in 1938 by C. Raymond Hunt and Waldo Howland, who were partners in the Concordia Company of Padanaram, Massachusetts. Hunt was one of the giants of the pleasure boat industry, credited with perfecting both the ubiquitous "deep-V" hull shape for powerboats and the "unsinkable" Boston Whaler. The original yawl was commissioned as a custom yacht to replace a Howland family boat that had been destroyed in the famous hurricane of 1938. Little did the designers or owners imagine that eventually there would be 103 vessels of this class built between 1938 and 1966. Or that these yachts, with their distinctive star and moon at each end of their covestripe, would become admired visitors to not only New England harbors, but to ocean race destinations throughout the region. Remarkably, of 103 Concordia yawls built, 102 are still in service.

Callen was familiar with the Concordia class both by reputation and experience. Though all but the first four hulls were built in Germany, throughout their years of production the yawls were finished and sold out of Buzzards Bay. New England waters are still where you are most likely to find them sailing. As Callen and Hunt's representative talked, it became clear that *Dolce* was in good repair and seaworthy, but there was a drawback that was making it difficult to find a buyer. Concordia yawls are wooden boats, beloved by those who cherish wooden boats, but her first owner, following

the recommendation of famous yachtsman Arthur Knapp, replaced her original spruce mainmast with an aluminum one. Replacing the aluminum mast with a more appropriate wooden mast in order to raise *Dolce's* marketability was not something Hunt was interested in undertaking.

The conversations took a surprise turn when Hunt's representative asked if Sail MV would be interested in receiving the yacht as a donation. The suggestion was not entirely out of the blue; reselling donated boats is a regular part of Sail MV's fundraising effort. The donor receives a tax deduction and the organization can either keep the donated vessel as part of its program or sell it and use the proceeds to support the program. But never before had a boat the caliber of *Dolce* been offered, or one that, should they choose to keep it rather than sell it, might dramatically enhance Sail MV's programs. Not only could youths and adults learn large boat-handling skills, but maintaining and restoring the wooden yacht would fit nicely with the organization's goal of expanding its vocational boatbuilding and maintenance program.

The problem was, no one knew better than the board of Sail MV that there is no such thing as a free boat. A visit to *Dolce* in Boston by Captain Scott DiBiao, of the schooner *Juno*, and Nat Benjamin, of Gannon & Benjamin Marine Railway, confirmed that, other than the modernized mast, she was generally in good shape. But even if they endeavored to resell the boat, Callen and the board knew that the annual maintenance costs while they looked for a buyer would be prohibitive for an organization that raises its entire operating budget each year. It looked as if *Dolce* was a very generous gift that Sail MV couldn't afford to accept. But when Hunt offered a \$30,000 donation along with the boat to fund the maintenance for several years, and supporters of the organization donated an additional \$41,500 to the *Dolce* program at the annual Seafood Buffet and Auction on the waterfront, it seemed that the Concordia yawl was destined to come to the Island.

Or rather, return to her home island. Quite by coincidence, it came to light during the negotiations that the boat originally had been built in 1957 for Edgartown seasonal resident and investment banker Hugh Bullock, who named her *Prettimarie* in honor of his wife. As "hull number 53," she was built in the middle of the 103 Concordia yawls eventually constructed, but interestingly only three years after hull number 2, *Malay*, won the famous Newport to Bermuda Race, bringing great attention to the design. Bullock, a commodore of the Edgartown Yacht Club, used her to win the famous Martha's Vineyard Ocean Race, which circumnavigates the Island, in 1959, 1962, 1963, 1966, and 1967. He also won numerous other races, competing against some of the best sailors and yachts on the New England coast.

On one of the 'round the Island races in the 1960s, Bullock wasn't free to sail and invited Chappaquiddick resident Edo Potter, a well-known lifelong community activist and daughter of a distinguished yachtsman, to captain the vessel. She gladly accepted, and recalled with pride: "In those days women were not often asked to be on crews of racing boats, and it was most



enjoyable to win the race."

Bullock always employed two "crewmen" to look after the yacht. Westy Saltonstall, long-serving member of and chair of the USS Constitution Museum board, served in this capacity for three summers starting in 1959. "A big part of the job was to polish all the brass and wipe off the varnish on the boat every day," he recalled, "and also be available to crew for races or if Bullock chose to take guests out for a sail." He brought many interesting people: General Maxwell Taylor, then head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; business associates; poets. Bullock's wife was a poet herself.

"Concordia yawls have been privileged, perhaps more often than any other class [of] boats, to fly a yacht club Commodore's flag," wrote Waldo Howland in *The Concordia Years*. "Any sailor tacking into Edgartown's inner harbor must perforce pass close by the smartly run yacht club and then by *Prettimarie*. In so doing, surely he must at least sense that traditional yachting, and some of its best features, have not all together faded into the past.

Time does move on, however. In 1987, after thirty years as a centerpiece of Edgartown harbor, *Prettimarie* was sold and began what would be a twenty-seven year absence from the Island. It wasn't quite an odyssey: She sailed first across Buzzards Bay to South Dartmouth to be renamed *Prettirose*. Then some years later, she was sold again and taken around Cape Cod to Duxbury to be rechristened *Beauty*. Then back to South Dartmouth to Hunt and her husband and the name *Dolce*, and finally to Boston after his death. Which is where she was in the fall of 2014 when DiBiao, along with two

members of *Juno's* crew, arrived on behalf of Sail MV to sail her back to Vineyard Haven. She was hauled at the Martha's Vineyard Shipyard and stored for the winter by Gannon & Benjamin, and in June of last year a small group of volunteers launched her in her inaugural season as the flagship of the Sail MV fleet.

The question facing Sail MV was figuring out just how to best use her. According to board president Peggy Schwier, potential activities contemplated included opportunities for students in Sail MV coastal navigation classes to put their new skills to use, afternoon members' sails with a paid captain and senior Sail MV students serving as mates, tours of the vessel for younger Sail MV sailors, sails for donors or potential donors, and more. But after last year's initial "shakedown" season, the consensus is that the regular evening sails for members and supporters with Captain Annette Martel and Sail MV sailors as crew were the most successful. Like any voyage, once underway it is necessary to make course corrections that don't change the ultimate destination, but only the course to it. Which is to say, this summer provides a new opportunity for continued experimentation and more course corrections.

Whatever the ultimate suite of programs making use of *Dolce*, both Callen and Schwier spoke of the power of sailing the yawl to awaken those aboard to a different rhythm and appreciation for where they are and what they're doing. "The boat smells like history," says Callen. "It's a portal into the joys and responsibilities of sailing in an earlier era with far less electronic equipment and distractions, which allows one to slow down and appreciate the moment and the experience." As Schwier likes to point out, thanks to Hunt this vessel now too is an ambassador of sorts, with the assignment of bringing greater visibility to the organization's programs and furthering its goal of helping the Island to remember, celebrate, and practice its maritime traditions and heritage.

There is, of course, one more role that the classic yawl will play. Over the weekend of July 8-10, she will almost certainly race in the Vineyard Cup, Sail MV's annual regatta that draws sailors from all over New England and has grown into a three-day celebration of all things Vineyard and nautical. And, you know what they say: once a champion always a champion.

Welcome home, *Dolce*!

MATTHEW STACKPOLE

This article previously ran in the May 1, 2016, issue of Martha's Vineyard Magazine. Used with permission.

MAGIC

No. 36 Cotuit Harbor, MA

Magic is safely packed away inside at Triad Boatworks where she can get extra attention from me through the off season. *Loon* and *Envolee* are there also.

Regards,

HANK BORNHOFFT

MARY ELLEN

No. 26 Charleston, SC

The southern contingent of the Concordia fleet survived the 2016 hurricane season. Matthew was a close call for all of us but he seemed to do his worst damage south of me and north of *Actaea* and *Sarah*.

Not many weeks after *Mary Ellen* went back in the water it became clear I had to pull her out. As the planking swelled, she spit out her excess seam compound and the anti-foul paint along with it. What was intended to be a quick in and out turned out to be a month-long stay on dry land. The lift operator did not follow my instructions on where to put the slings and ended up crushing the rudder. Seems to have been a language issue as well as the operator's inexperience with sailing vessels having big aft overhangs. It took me a couple of weeks to make a new rudder and get it installed.

We've been back in the water over a month now and have enjoyed many sails in the Charleston harbor. I am waiting on really nice conditions to take *Mary Ellen* (the spouse) out into the ocean. She is finally getting comfortable with going out in a decent blow and sailing. It's time to add some waves to the mix. Thankfully, the sailing season down here is almost year round. *Mary Ellen* will stay in the water until hauled for spring maintenance. Most likely we will be sailing into November on some Indian Summer days and will resume again in March. That's the nice thing about being a member of the southern contingent.

Best wishes to the rest of the fleet.

CHUCK THOMPSON



FLEETWOOD

No. 20 Kiel, Germany

Our summer journey took us to the Swedish west coast archipelago, Gothenburg and Marstrand.

I started north with two friend of mine on a Thursday afternoon in July. We had a really fast 220 nautical mile cruise with one stop on the Danish Island of Anholt after the first 145 nautical miles. My wife and children came, as usually, by car and ferry, the friends took that way back. We had some nice sunny days in Gothenburg and the surrounding islands, finishing that part of the journey in Marstrand which is used to be called the "Cowes of Sweden."

Gothenburg is a compact city, with a big city feel with its wide avenues, streets and squares. The city's museums are within walking distance of each other. Gothenburg is home to a design academy and there is no shortage of home grown talent. There is a lot of vintage shopping and edgy denim to be bought in this town as well as huge shopping malls directly in the center. This was a major event for *Fleetwood's* female crew members, my wife Birte and daughters Lea and Elisa.

We spent two nights in the outer district at Langedrag Marina, three nights in the City Harbor, Lilla Bommen, a few



The Swedish west coast archipelago stretches from Gothenburg to the border of Norway. Thousands of islands dot the coastline known for its smooth and sculptured granite rocks, quaint little fishing villages and a bustling, boating lifestyle. In the surroundings of Gothenburg it's a little bit like the Coast around Camden, in Maine. The Swedish people talk about this area like: "This is where you can eat some of Europe's best seafood, glide past seals in your kayak, have a floating sauna, and soak in a seaweed bath at a spa."

Gothenburg was founded in 1621. The city planners were Dutch and obviously loved canals and the city's seafaring and eventful history are mirrored in its historical buildings.

nights in the archipelago and one night in Marstrand.

Marstrand is an absolute must-see. It's a Swedish playground for royalty and celebrities that boasts a rich and intriguing history. Here we enjoyed the impressive views across the archipelago from Carlsten's Fortress.

The way back to Kiel was a very tricky sail because a weather change brought in a period of strong and stormy South West winds. Therefore we sailed back via Copenhagen, which is always reasonable to visit. Sailing this route there is some protection given and the current on the bow is less than on the western routes. I spent a lot of time analyzing the weather situations and finally we sailed back from Copenhagen to Kiel

in four legs without any tack. Unfortunately, we did this during the nights when the wind slows down a bit and often turns in a reasonable direction. During days we stayed in harbor or at anchor. My family did a really good job even if this took us to our physical performance limit.

In September I did a cruise of 10 days alone. I had this wish for some years, but the needs of the family and the children have always been reasons against that. I enjoyed it very much and again I was impressed by the ability of the Concordia Yawl for this. This design has my unquestionable confidence and I'm full of respect for Waldo Howland and Ray Hunt.

We raced only two times this year. The first race we sailed at Kiel Week and the second race during German Classics in Laboe. We did well and were 4th both times.

Fleetwood is scheduled to be out of the water at the end of November and I will immediately start with winter work. This year's project is the renewal of the deck covering on the port side along the cabin and cockpit. The other parts of the deck I did already earlier. I will report on that in the spring issue.

Next year I plan to come to the ERR together with my older daughter, who will be 15. I would like to contact other owners who might have children about the same age. We hope to have the chance to sail on one of the participating Concordias. We will arrive in Boston very late on August 1st, and we have to leave on August 14th.

All the best for the winter season
KERSTEN PROPHET



Proud father Kersten send a short clip of his daughters performing on violin:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aLb6Yt3uX94>

He also included a clip of Fleetwood pounding into a stiff Baltic sea.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kjebTXnods0>

It's always fun to revisit this film:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yjvDJwiNa_4

KODAMA

No. 46 Bellingham, WA

Kodama turned sixty this year. In honor of that milestone, and as part of her continuing renewal process, we pulled her spars for an overhaul. She spent the winter and spring afloat in a covered boathouse in our local marina (what luxury!). Unlike their sisters in New England, the Pacific Northwest yawls typically spend their winters afloat under full-length boat covers.

At some stage in her earlier life, *Kodama's* spars were painted white and the paint was rather tired. We decided to take the spars back to bare wood, so removed all the rigging and most of the hardware. After close inspection, we found only a single glue joint failure (about three feet long on the

screws for hardware had been driven into it, pinning it in place (and probably creating an electrical failure as well). To extract it, we removed the luff track and riser, then routed a long slot opening into the aft interior lumen (sic) of the spar into which the new cable was laid. At the lower end, the cable exits the aft face of the mast above deck level and passes through an existing bronze swan-neck to a small terminal connector block below deck. At the upper end, we used the pre-existing exit for the abandoned cable. A new spline and track riser were then glued in place, and the track re-laid.

The spars then had ten coats of new varnish, and new fasteners were used for all the hardware, to take them back



mizzenmast). The original galvanized steel spreader bases and tangs showed signs of corrosion and we were not comfortable that they would serve much longer. We made scanned digital patterns for the replacements and had new bronze pieces water-cut, bent, and welded. They look very much like those made from plans for *Malay*. (See *The Concordian* No. 60).

We also found that the original electrical wiring in the mainmast had never been replaced. Its insulation was badly peeling and it was far lighter gauge than current practice would dictate, so it was replaced. It was interesting to see how a new masthead was fitted when the original fractional mainmast was converted to a masthead rig by her first owner to obtain a more favorable race rating.

When an earlier owner installed a radar antenna on the mizzenmast, the cable was run exterior to the mast. We took this opportunity to re-route it internally. We found an older abandoned radar cable inside the mast that broke when we tried to pull it out. Later examination showed that one or more

close to their original state.

Being in the boathouse, we stripped the locust toerails and cockpit coamings back to bare wood, then laid down ten new coats of varnish. Maintenance coats of varnish were applied elsewhere. Below decks, we installed a new battery state of charge monitor (Blue Seas 1830) and a sump tank and drain for the icebox, along with many other smaller projects.

On re-stepping, we put a mint 1956 half dollar in the mainmast step and a 2016 quarter under the mizzenmast. We hope some future owner will understand their significance.

Not too surprisingly, all that work took longer than we hoped, but we were able to get away for an enjoyable 3-1/2 week *Kodama* birthday cruise in the sheltered waters of the British Columbia coast, and another week in home waters.

GALE AND MICHAEL GROPP

SPICE

No. 18 Rockport, ME

Spice was launched this summer on July 21 following an extensive refit and replacement of most of her major timbers. Rockport Marine did an amazing job of the total refit from the water line down. We are eternally grateful for them pouring their heart and soul into *Spice*. A very large extra thank you to Glenn Pease, he is worth his weight in heart wood alone.



Following two weeks of stepping the masts and outfitting her, getting to know her electronics and going on sea trials, we entered the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta on August 6th. We are happy to report that *Spice* and her crew finished dead last in our class. We were also very excited to meet the many Concordia owners at the party following the race. We met *Otter* owner Bob Keefer and *Coriolis* owners Douglas and Susan Adkins. Also Terry Fisher of *Mandala*.

The next day *Spice* was invited to Hog Island for the 100th birthday party of the gaff yawl *Seminole*, hosted by Elizabeth Myers. Elizabeth introduced us to many other Concordia owners. We met the owners of *Phalarope*, *Snow Falcon*, *Eagle*, *Katrina* and *Misty*, just to name a few. It was a banner summer for meeting Concordia stewards.

While homeported at Rockport we also met Ben and Anne Niles of *Allure*, Darro Lebovici & Meg Twohey of *Irian*, the new owner of the boat formerly known as *Winnie of Bourne* and Jack Towles of *Sisyphus*. We met family members of the Crocker family and their boat *Crocodile*, and Peter Castner of *Off Call*. Additionally, we were allowed to view the work being done on *Dolce* while in Vineyard Haven.

We also managed to get in a great sail from Rockport down to Cape Cod, through the canal and Buzzards Bay into Vineyard Sound. We ended up taking a break and left *Spice* in Vineyard Haven for a week, then headed home the last week of August with a night in Nantucket followed by a straight shot up to Provincetown. I headed home to get Hannah into school while Brian and Kyle headed back to Rockport with *Spice*. It was an amazing trip and great to have *Spice* sailing in Buzzards Bay and the other old stomping grounds for all of us.

REBECCA SELLECK BARTH

WESTRAY

No. 79 Newport, RI



How many Concordia yawls have people recently seen moored in downtown Manhattan, on the Brooklyn side of the Brooklyn Bridge? Perhaps none in 50 years. For us the proudest move was to take *Westray* all the way from Newport through Long Island Sound to the busy waters of the East River. It was worth the travails: light air in the Sound, crowded harbors along the way, the fierce current of Hell Gate (we exceeded 9 knots of speed over the ground in front of the UN), then threading the needle to enter the new marina in Brooklyn, dodging ferries, tugboats, and water taxis with the same habits of yellow cabs, to finally secure the lines on insecure floating docks, subject to a steep and irregular surge. But then, what a pleasure to behold the graceful shape of our Concordia against a background of skyscrapers, a true beauty among most other boats.

The reason for this seemingly foolish adventure was to join the massive fleet of the New York Yacht Club for its 160th annual cruise, which took us – this time in company – back to our summer waters in Newport, through the Long Island Sound again (in August it should be renamed the Dead Sea) with a lovely itinerary as follows: New York Harbor to Oyster Bay, Oyster Bay to Thimble Islands, Thimble Islands to Fishers Island for a Lay Day, then Fishers Island to Block Island, and finally back to Newport in time for the Astor Cup Race.

It was a summer divertimento; a voyage back and forth between our two homes (360 NM all told) between the more regular summer cruises in Narragansett and Buzzards Bay. Although she would never catch up with the larger, faster boats – let alone the majestic motor cruisers – of the NYYC, *Westray* performed flawlessly and gave us the immeasurable pleasure of classic sailing: a speck of the old days in the harried present day.

JUAN CORRADI

ENCORE

No. 103 Sausalito, CA

Happy Birthday to *Encore* (former *Irene*), as she is 50 this year!

She is the newest of the Concordia fleet with many of the initial structural decisions making frame exceedingly strong, and A&R built her so beautifully in 1966. I was very fortunate to have Doug Cole as her prior steward for almost 30 years, as Doug took such loving care of her. We now celebrate our third year as her owners, and we feel truly blessed to have her in our lives.



This spring we did some bright work on her and put on some new lines. With that, she was ready to sail in her first Bay Area Race: The Master Mariner's Association Perpetual Race. This was the most exiting event in *Encore's* spring, as she took 1st Place in her class, sailing on a handicap basis with 35-40 other wooden boats in her division. Since I had not gone over a starting line in over 24 years, I was so pleased with our combined performance. The race course was 15 miles in the main portion of San Francisco Bay, and our start was on the City Front right off St. Francis Yacht Club. The wind was brisk, with an ebb tide. I had a great crew made up of my older son Bart (who had done a great deal of racing aboard my prior race boat *Damn Near*), Stafford Keegin, a good friend (who owns a Hinkley 41 that he sails from his home on Little Cranberry Island, Maine), as well as two very knowledgeable local sailors, one being Loyal Talbert (a gifted woodworker who helps me with *Encore* at times). A great crew is always essential and that they were. It was such fun that both of my sons now want us to race the old girl! After a good start at the leeward end of the line, we were off. In a reverse start, lowest handicaps start, so whichever boat finishes first, that is the winning boat. As we approached the last reach, one of our competitors was still ahead, rounding the buoy 1:30 minutes ahead of *Encore*. But on the last leg with brisk winds of 18 knots we were able to overtake the last boat and rounded the last weather mark

ahead by 3:15 and then sailed to the finish and won by three plus minutes. *Encore* sailed like a dream, her full main and 140 % jib plus mizzen. It was a fine day for all, but best of all for *Encore* as she demonstrated not only her elegance but also her capability to lead the pack. If "pride cometh before the fall," I have fallen!

Shortly after Labor Day, we traveled to Orcas Island, Washington. We visited friends and planned to see Doug Adkins and his 41 foot Concordia, *Coriolis*. Doug and Susan have a home on Orcas, and his Concordia is on a buoy off his dock. That is about perfect. Doug's 31 foot Bertram is docked in a slip, so after coffee and a scones we were able go aboard her. In the last year he had her stripped down to wood and revarnished with 15 coats of varnish including sealer...what a dream. His 30 plus years as her owner makes me realize the various projects ahead for us on *Encore*. As so many of you know, some of the best cruising is in the San Juan Islands and into Canada, and Orcas Island is the gateway to that area.

After our visit on Orcas, we ferried over to Port Townsend to see their wooden boat show, probably the best on the West Coast. Over two days we visited all types of woodies, both sail and yachts. This event is now 40 years old and many various events from building kayaks to a bronze foundry, to building and restoring wooden boats. When people asked if we had a wooden boat, and we told them her name (*Irene* being well known in the Northwest), each exclaimed what a beauty she is and what perfect boats Concordia's are! Yes, we agreed.

Now as our winter approaches, we will continue to sail as long as our weather is cooperative. We usually have less wind and bigger tides but winter sailing can be wonderful. Come to San Francisco and sail with us.

BERT DAMNER

ALLURE

No. 87 South Freeport, ME

Allure's season followed our familiar pattern of day sailing Casco Bay from home in June and July, then moving east for the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta and a cruise further east.

Following the ERR events, we joined several Concordias (including *Matinicus*) to celebrate the centennial celebration of Elizabeth Meyer's 1916 gaff yawl *Seminole* at Hog Island.

We then headed east to Machias Bay, with stops at Cross Island, Moose Snare Cove, the Roque Island archipelago and the Cow Yard. Returning west, our focus was Penobscot Bay.

The Yanmar engine installed for 2015 has been a success and hopefully we'll have no major projects in store for this year.

BEN AND ANNE NILES



11

Land Sea Stone

Photographs by John Eide







13

Machu Picchu

These photographs from the Antarctica Peninsula, Peruvian Inca ruins and Maine granite quarries are tied together by a common theme of man's appropriation of naturally occurring elements and their subsequent traces on the landscape.

Granite quarrying on Maine coastal islands was a huge industry between the end of the Civil War and the start of WWI. The stone was used to build numerous beautiful Beaux-Arts building up and down the eastern seaboard but the job of extracting and carving the granite took an equally huge toll on the quarrymen. Few traces remain of this industry. These images were made in the late 1980s using my Concordia sloop *Jeanne* as my base of operation.

The Inca ruins are the remains of a large, well organized society whose workers also shaped a granite-like stone to construct temples, housing, garden terraces, and other structures. Almost no traces of this culture, other than these structures, remain.

While the Maine quarries and the Inca ruins directly show man's chipping away at the natural world, the Antarctica landscape can be seen as reflective of man indirectly "chipping away" at the environment. Our vessel's captain almost daily pointed out coves that were inaccessible six years before or glaciers that have lost half their height in that same time or small islands that are now nearly ice free.



Palmer Quarry, Vinalhaven Island

Land Sea Stone

Photographs by John Eide

I regularly get emails from many of you wanting to know what jobs or adventures I've been involved in with *Golondrina*. I appreciate your interest but I feel I've submitted my share with tales of my two trips to the Caribbean, the massive gripe and floor timber replacement job, the AirHead toilet conversion and especially the masking tape survey.

But what's on these pages is what I have been involved in for the past few years. In February of 2014 I was on a 75 foot sloop that sailed from the tip of South America across the Southern Ocean to the Antarctica Peninsula. Out of that three week voyage came a large body of photographs of icebergs and landscapes. When I showed this new work to a curator at a local gallery, he wanted to exhibit them along with an older body of work I did on the granite quarries on Maine islands and a few images from Inca ruins in Peru.

These three bodies of work will be shown at the University of New England Art Gallery on the Portland Campus from January 18, through April 2, 2017.

To see more, go to: johnneide.com

★

You are all invited to the exhibition. If you're in the area on January 21, please stop in and say Hi! at the artist's reception. Or join us for any of the other events.

How does this project relate to Concordia Yawls? The organizer of this Antarctica adventure is a prominent Portland lawyer who is an avid sailor. He noticed *Golondrina* shortly after I brought it to Maine in 1991 from the Virgin Islands. He introduced himself, saying he had taught the Emmons' (*Golondrina*'s second owners) son and daughter sailing at the Biddeford Pool Yacht Club while he was in college.

In 1999, we crossed tacks in the Bahamas and spent a few days hiking and eating before going our separate routes to the Caribbean. Next, we sailed in company for a long week when we met up in Îles des Saintes then sailed on to Dominica for more hiking and eating and river exploration.

I've joined him on his boat sailing from Nova Scotia, up the west side of Newfoundland, with a quick hop over to Labrador, before being dropped off in St. Anthony. Next was a short two week sail down the inside passage of British Columbia.

But his big adventure was to sail to the Antarctica Peninsula from the tip of South America. (Rather than spell it all out here, go to johnneide.wordpress.com to see the blog I kept while in South America.)

We've become good friends so I boldly asked him if he would have invited me to Antarctica if I owned something other than a Concordia Yawl. "No" was his blunt answer.

Another advantage of owning *Golondrina*.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

•January 18, Wednesday. Doors open.

•January 21, Saturday. 3 to 5. Artist reception.

•February 2, Thursday. 5 to 7. Gallery talk. Conversation with photographer John Eide and photo historian Ray Saperstein, moderated by curator Steve Halpert, on the cultural, social, historical marks left by man on the landscape.

•February 8, Wednesday. 6:30 to 8. Gallery talk. Meeting of the Baxter Society. Open to the public. The problems and pleasures of hand binding digitally printed photographs in one-of-a-kind artist books.

•March 11, Saturday. 3 to 5. Back to Antarctica. Pechakucha-like presentations by members of the 2014 three week sailing voyage to the Antarctica Peninsula. Relive the adventure of a lifetime with us.

•March 16, Thursday. 6:30 to 8. Gallery talk. Meeting of the Bakery Photo Collective. Open to the public. Conversation with photographers John Eide and Jocelyn Lee, moderated by Tonee Harbert, on the intersection of landscape and documentary photography.

•Center for Excellence in the Marine Sciences professors with Antarctica experience
Panel Discussion with photographer John Eide, date TBD.

•April 2, Sunday. Last day.

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I've purposely placed this sheet in the middle so you may gently pull it out to post on the refrigerator, or other appropriate place.



SEAHAWK

No. 101 Bucks Harbor, ME

Swimmers photo of *Seahawk*. Not exactly an action shot. It was a hot, windless day in the Eggemoggin Reach.
ROGER KIRBY

CAMDEN AND ERR RACES

Conditions were again stellar for both the Camden to Brooklin Feeder race and the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta itself. Friday's race started with a good southerly breeze that, except for some soft spots in East Penobscot Bay, once again held all the way to Brooklin. Lots of reaching at hull speed and all five Concordias finished in less than four and a half hours. *Otter* had a great start and never looked back, but with her higher rating, she finished behind *Allure* on corrected time. *Mandala*, *Phalarope* and *Eagle* all finished within three minutes of each other and had some great boat-for-boat racing.

On Saturday, the 12 Concordia Yawl starters comprised over 60% of the Classic B class (the Concordia cutter *Free Spirit* was in a different class). At the start, the light westerly breeze died and shifted to a very light northerly, which along with the

flood current lead to some frustration, but the southerly settled in soon after. Once again, *Otter* got out to an early lead that served her well when much of the fleet sailed into a hole that developed a couple of miles before Egg Rock. Once around Egg Rock, boats again had a good southwest breeze and by the time most got to Halibut Rock the breeze had freshened considerably, making for more fast sailing and some exciting spinnaker work on the reach to the finish.

The order of finish on corrected time was: *Otter*, *Allure*, *Crocodile*, *Snow Falcon*, *Misty*, *Eagle*, *Mandala*, *Irian*, *Katrina* and *Spice* (*Starlight* DNF). Of note: *Spice* had been relaunched following a major re-build only about two weeks before the race. Unfortunately, *Memory V* (formerly *Winnie of Bourne*) and *Sisyphus*, although both entered, were unable to join us this year.

BEN NILES

ARAPAHO

No. 85 South Dartmouth, MA

Arapaho entered Buzzard's Bay on March 24th this year—a bit earlier than normal, but fully in the spirit of Dan Strohmeier, who always seemed to get into the water before my April 1 target date. A long season lay ahead.

However, I lost most of June. Needing a new survey to change insurers, I had her hauled on June 9th at South Wharf (formerly Concordia Wharf), with the venerable Paul Haley, who has surveyed her many times, looking on. But an aft strap, misplaced by an operator not familiar with our yawls, lifted *Arapaho* partly by the rudder. Having almost cleared the water, the rudder gave way. *Arapaho* slipped back in the slings, leaving the new shaft and prop to step in to bear the load—which they did, giving their lives to avert much greater damage. The rudder went to the bottom of the channel. It was fished out later by a diver for the hardware.

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Paul along with Stuart Macgregor, who was there also, saw it all happen. I'm glad I didn't. But Stuart and his crew, with their perfect woodworking, skill and vigor, fit an elegant new rudder, new shaft, a straightened rudderpost, and a re-tuned Maxprop (which went to the West Coast and back) to *Arapaho* and returned her to her mooring by the end of the month. This time Concordia's experienced travel lift operator was on site. I now have a wonderful new rudder that will surely outlive me.

I expect to haul sometime in mid-November, as usual.
JEFF MAKHOLM

EAGLE

No. 92 Isleboro, ME

We've enjoyed another great year of sailing *Eagle*. The summer season was shortened somewhat while preparing for the wedding of my younger son and his new bride, but that was hardly a hardship as both boys and their wives joined us again for the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta.

Becalmed at the start line, we took a full thirteen minutes to officially cross it, but caught up with the pack a bit further down the course. It turned out to be a glorious race but for a bent spinnaker bail that forced us to alter our finish and spare the lives of the crew. The post race party and music is just the best.

Next summer more time will be spent at sea.

On a personal note a tool cabinet I built for my woodshop/boathouse/wedding chapel on Islesboro is to be featured in this month's issue of Fine Woodworking Magazine's Tools & Shops. A videographer from the magazine also did a shoot of the cabinet and my shop for their website, but I don't really know how that works. (You can check it out at: <http://www.finewoodworking.com/2016/10/26/dan-smiths-dream-shop-tool-chest>)

No major projects for *Eagle* this winter, which is a good thing, but it's early yet in the decommissioning process, so surprises await, I'm sure.

DAN AND ROBIN SMITH



What's on YouTube?

I found these while looking up Kersten's videos.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VoqU8RIWyVM>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o-cCLKPT8dM>
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5_p2HbFpMaE
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2yVKBxeLoF8>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y52znbFidlg>

JAVA

No.1 Monaco

In the summer of 2014 I sailed into Harraseeket Harbor, South Freeport, Maine, with *Volterra* during a month long cruise along the North East Coast. And there, on their moorings, were two yawls with heart throbbing beautiful lines. (Not that *Volterra* at its full 80 feet does not also have a beautiful sheer line). Once ashore I learned that the two yawls were Concordias.

When I returned to Freeport a year later, I spent some time with Cym Hughes who helped me find *Java*, which I purchased sight unseen and had her shipped to Europe. The Transatlantic shipping plus the administrative red tape in Europe took almost a year to clear.

With a smooth bottom paint and a whole new set of sails, *Java* was finally ready for her debut in the Mediterranean at the Classic Regatta in Imperia, Italy. She distinguished herself with a 3rd in her class. From there it was on to the Royal Classic Regatta in Cannes, France followed by Le Voiles de St. Tropez. Our results here were less than we had hoped and we realize we have a lot to learn about what it takes to get the best from this sweet little boat. I would welcome any tips here, especially on tuning the rig, which I sense is important for good balance and upwind performance.

At the end of the regatta I was especially delighted to welcome Clark Poston on board who oversaw the restoration of *Java*. At the same time Thorpe Leeson came on board as the proud new owner of a Concordia, *Sumatra*, in Seattle. We all sat around enjoying a glass of Chateau Volterra rose talking about Concordias and the restoration of *Java* in particular.

JOSEF SCHENGILI



SUMATRA

No. 76 Newport, RI

Casey Fasciano, the captain of *Bolero*, and I bought *Sumatra* in Port Townsend, Washington, last fall and sailed around the San Juan Islands and Puget Sound then shipped it to Newport this spring.

The big story is that I was on *Java* in St. Tropez, France. The owner, Josef Schengili, owns this outrageous vineyard above St. Tropez, Chateau Volterra.

I think we should try to ship a few boats over here.

THORPE LEESON



Above: Josef Schengili, on the left, and Thorpe Leeson toasting us with glasses of Josef's Chateau Volterra rose.

Below: *Java* at St. Tropez.

Below, left: Josef at the helm of *Java* racing in Le Voiles St. Tropez.



POLARIS

No. 71 New Rochelle, NY

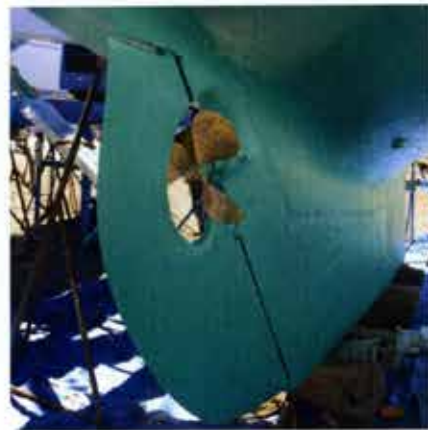
Leif Arntzen, as you've been reading here for the past few years, has been restoring a neglected 41 sloop and doing a sold job. He acquired *Polaris* just in time. I've had a really enjoyable time getting to know Leif, probably because he's a fellow Norse Viking. We've had numerous emails about restoration methodology, sources of supplies, why two coats of varnish is not enough, and becoming one with your sandpaper, among other topics.

Every trip I make to New York City involves at least one

breakfast with what Leif calls the Sea Salt Brigade: Leif, Juan Corradi, *Westray*, and myself. And Leif and I have at least one dinner. We only eat at Village restaurants that have paper table covers. Many hours after sitting down we have filled at least one, often two and once three, of those paper covers with numerous drawings. His wife refuses to join us since it's total guy boat talk. She usually arranges a night at the opera or theater with her girl friends.

I can not get Leif to write anything or edit his emails for the newsletter. But, he sends dozens of photos. So here are just a few that I've received in the past six months.

JOHN EIDE





WASABI

No. 39 Southport Island, ME

My husband, Tiger, and I acquired *Wasabi* in May of 2012. Some of the pluses she came with include: a new set of Nat Wilson working sails and rigging; 2007 Yanmar Diesel engine; P.E. Luke soapstone cabin heater; Force 10 CNG cook stove; decent interior and exterior cushions, sail and hatch covers; to name a few. She also came with one year of indoor storage.



Tiger used that time to work on the exterior paint and varnish and some refastening on the bottom. In 2013 we moved (by CWC Transport) *Wasabi* to our home in Southport, Maine. Tiger covered the boat and worked on stripping the main mast of her rigging for varnishing and then rerigged the mast. During the next few years Tiger took up the floors, stripped and repainted (2 coats of red lead paint) the bilge. He installed new bilge pumps, a new head, new stuffing box and reinstalled the engine. Our friend Jack Cantwell helped clean the fuel system and tanks and replaced the fuel lines and filters. I made a new cushion to span the forward cabin forming a double bed for us.

August 2016 we moved *Wasabi* to Hodgdon Yacht Services. Tiger and Jack painted the bottom (two coats), HYS launched her and let her swell for ten days. She barely took on water! During that time, Tiger and Jack put two more coats of varnish on the spars. Jay Maloney Rigging stepped the masts. Tiger installed a solar panel to charge the batteries and we moved her to our mooring in Ebenecook Harbor. We tuned the rig, bent on the sails and went sailing. She sails like a dream. We still have work to do on her, but look forward to another wonderful sailing season next year.

We have a wish list of things we need to make *Wasabi* complete: Genoa, Mizzen Staysail, Spinnaker Staysail and a Spinnaker Pole. If anyone has any of these items and would like to sell them please contact Sarah Conner or Tiger Dalton at 207-633-2056.

SARAH CONNER

LARA

No. 48 Pocono Lake, PA

My second summer with *Lara* began when we launched on Wednesday, June 8. A tad too early as events would attest. I had made the 500-plus mile drive from my home in Pocono Lake, PA, to Unity, ME (where *Lara* had spent the winter at John Flanzer's boatyard-on-a-farm) several days earlier.

The plan was to have two full days before launch in which to stow as much of my gear as possible. One lesson we learned last summer: The urge to start sailing can sometimes overwhelm the need to properly stow one's gear – with predictable results. That was the plan, and it pretty much worked.

The hour came when the hauler arrived to transport *Lara* the 23 miles from John's to the Municipal Landing in Belfast (at pop. 6,660 the self-proclaimed Biggest Little City in Maine). There, she was gently backed down the launch ramp (again, much the same as if she were a Boston Whaler) and our summer had begun. Did I say we were a tad too early?

There followed day upon day of blustery winds, drizzling rain and unseasonably chilly temperatures (the locals' description of the weather wasn't this charitable). *Lara's* masts weren't stepped until Friday and the riggers couldn't complete their job until the following Monday. After more gusty weather we finally bent on sails Wednesday, June 15, a week after launch.

Finally, Saturday brought the loveliest day of the eight *Lara* had been in the water. And with it, a reunion aboard with my very dear friends the Flanzers, John and his wife Dawn. The sun was shining, the temperature was climbing into the sixties, the wind was 10 or 11 knots and building from the southeast (right up the gut), and we were going sailing!

Once clear of the harbor, we sequentially hoisted our mizzen, main and 140% Genoa, cut our engine and broke off onto a port tack in the direction of the west channel of last summer's playground, Penobscot Bay. The breeze was freshening and we continued on the same tack for a good bit, logging up to 7.8 knots (towing our 8-foot dinghy and burying *Lara's* starboard rail once) before falling into the lee of the mainland.

The quieter air signaled it was time to come about onto a starboard tack and work our way past Turtle Head (we're familiar with some of the local geography by now) and into the east channel. Once again, we had a good stretch of sailing before we changed tack again, this time on a broad reach back to Belfast Harbor.

The jog home was the longest of the day and the wind had kicked up to a quite brisk 20 to 22 knots. After burying our starboard rail, we furled in about a third of our big jenny and still logged 8 knots (*Lara's* best in the short time I've been sailing her) on two separate occasions. Things had gone so well that we decided to take her to John's mooring off Young's Lobster Pound rather than return to the town landing. Cocktails and chips aboard, an appetite-building row to shore,

a sumptuous dinner in town at Darby's and my dear friends returned home. I returned to *Lara*. We were on our own!

But there was still work to be done on the boat. I was putting far too many hours on the engine to keep our batteries charged. Whether we needed a bigger alternator or a third house battery or both, we needed to get to the bottom things before we headed south. And we had only just begun to address that problem when falling oil pressure readings and plumes of bluish smoke signaled another one, this time with our 3GM30F Yanmar diesel.

So it was back to our old berth at the Municipal Landing, likely for at least a couple of weeks, while the engine was pulled and either repaired or replaced. I was beginning to feel snakebitten. A confluence of malevolent events had set back our timetable yet again. It was now July 27. The summer was flying past and we weren't getting much-needed time under sail.

In the end our course of action was, in John Flanzer's words, a no-brainer. We chose a new Yanmar 3YM30AE with a much larger alternator to help satisfy our growing appetite for electricity and a sense, at least, that we might avoid serious engine trouble for many months to come. We shall see.

We were assured that the new Yanmar would fit the old one's footprint exactly, so we figured installation time would be minimal. Translation: We'd be sailing again a lot sooner than if we waited on a rebuild.

A seemingly endless wait for the new engine (was it really faster to buy new than to rebuild?) came to an end the morning of Aug. 16, a full three weeks after the old one was decommissioned. It arrived in the bed of John Flanzer's pickup truck and was quickly hoisted onto Steve Garand's crane/barge, maneuvered into position and gently lowered down the companionway onto her new engine bed. I apologize for failing to introduce Steve earlier. He and his crane have done all of our mast stepping and unstepping and also pulled our old engine flawlessly.

The new engine's footprint was indeed the same as the old one. The mounts and alignment were perfect! But some of the other elements certainly were not.

For starters, the exhaust was on the wrong side. Then, as the engine was carefully inched into place, we discovered the shaft was 5/8 of an inch short of the coupling with the gear box. The instrument panel was an entirely different size and shape and the gauges, readouts and switches were all in one place, meaning the switches had to be relocated from the aft end of the cockpit. And, because the exhaust venting loop had to be moved, a section of the galley counter beneath the companionway would have to be rebuilt.

And so the installation of the new engine and a trial run out of the harbor and into the bay was accomplished over a span of several days and a real shakedown (engine, *Lara* and me) ensued during the last full week of August: An eight-day cruise Down East (out the Maine Coast) to Lubec/Eastport.

Although the cruise failed to fulfill one objective (secure a crewmate for the voyage south, now only a scant five to seven weeks off), it did fulfill another in giving me substantial sailing

time with *Lara*, still only my bride. Remember, we had had only a few weeks of actual sailing since I purchased her in August of 2014.

So this was as close to perfect as it could be under the circumstances. With Albert Kolodji, a 100-ton licensed captain, for crew, I set out down the eastern channel of Penobscot Bay past Castine (my previous farthest destination from Belfast) to the Eggemoggin Reach. It was an inauspicious start as I missed my first major mark, the red-and-white mid-channel "ER" buoy guarding the entrance to the Reach and we had to work our way back up above Deer Isle to an anchorage near Brooklin. I will blame the missed marker on the fog and drizzling rain that made this first leg of our journey something of an adventure.

A pleasant stopover in Northeast Harbor (splendid facilities), an hour-and-a-half exploration of the bird sanctuary on Petit Manan and excellent anchorages at Winter Harbor and Roque Island (where we walked that glorious sand beach for an hour or so, took us up the coast far enough to make a run for the Canadian border).

After a fuel stop in Little River we charged on to West Quoddy Point, where our little adventure was about to become a big adventure. Navigating without a chart (our marine supply dealer hadn't had this one for ages) and with a chartplotter that showed only a blank space for the Canadian side of the channel, we turned inland under power and made our way upstream toward the bridge connecting Lubec with Campobello Island.

We had already been running against the current as it was maybe half an hour past high tide, but my eyes must have looked like saucers when I saw the bore racing toward *Lara* as we approached the bridge. With eddies wrestling us first to starboard and then to port, I ran our new diesel wide open to barely inch our way upstream and past the bridge.

The town landing lay a few hundred yards to port beyond the bridge and some serious rocks and rip-rap guarding it. As I brought *Lara* cautiously to port, the current was still racing against us toward the bridge and my heart was absolutely pounding as I surveyed the relatively tiny patch of calm surrounding the landing just ahead.

I will confess, I was like the show-horse jumper that refused a gate, passing on my first approach to the dock. A circle at break-neck speed near idle with the current and then at full throttle against the current and finally a hearty serving of reverse in the calmer water brought us to dockside. I told Albert I was sh----- my pants.

It wasn't until later that I learned the bridge clearance was 47 feet at high tide. *Lara's* mainmast is measured at 46 feet, 3 inches. Oh!

Lubec (proud locals will tell you it is the easternmost town in the United States) proved to be an utterly charming port. We met some of the nicest people you could imagine, walked through a good deal of the town, partook of a morning tai chi group at the riverside park, studied a project there to reconstruct the skeleton of a finback whale that had beached there years earlier, had dinner and breakfast and took on

provisions before heading out a bit after low tide the next afternoon.

The trip back to Belfast was a bit of a slough as we were running into the teeth of a southwest wind a good deal of the way. We did spend some time exploring Main Street and Water Street in Bar Harbor, dining at Cherrystone's, overnighing there and showering the next morning at the Bar Harbor Club (very, very posh!) in-between anchorages at Little River and McGlathery Island.

A wind shift brought us a delightful day of sailing across Penobscot Bay, through Dark Harbor on Islesboro and up the western channel to Belfast. Albert did an off-the-top-of-the-head estimate that we had logged about 300 miles during the eight days. I had gained a very good friend and some valuable sailing experience and knowledge of my beautiful yawl.

Back home we had another day-sail, this time 4½ hours with John Barge the first Sunday in September, putting *Lara* through her paces as a sloop before John Flanzer began addressing some remaining problems. She still got up to 7.4 knots in a 12-14-knot afternoon breeze.

John Barge joined Albert and me the following weekend for a three-day foray to a few of the islands in the Gulf of Maine beyond Penobscot Bay – Matinicus, Ragged, Hurricane and Isle au Haute. The elements conspired against us and we bucked both the tide and the wind most of the way, but the visit to these remote islands was an unforgettable experience.

And returning from Isle au Haute on Sunday, Sept. 11, was even more unforgettable.

The forecast was for heavy weather with rain and winds of 20- to 25-knots, gusting to 30 knots. We put two reefs in the main and set out under jib and jigger.

We tore the leech on our 140 percent Genoa in winds building to better than 20 knots and put in to Stonington on Deer Isle to change headsails. Driving rain amid a thunderstorm with winds gusting to some 40 or 45 knots forced us below and when we came topside again, we discovered our anchor had dragged and we were drifting back onto a lobster boat.

Our still-new diesel was quickly pressed into service but, with the rain still falling and the wind still whipping, maneuver after maneuver failed to free our anchor. It had fouled on the lobster boat's mooring. In the end, we had to cut our barely used 44-pound Delta loose.

We motored out through the Deer Isle Thoroughfare and, with the winds easing, shook out the reefs in the mainsail, hoisted mizzen, main and our working jib and headed for home up the west side of the bay. We were approaching Turtle Head, the northern tip of Islesboro, when the winds freshened again. And freshened and freshened. I took us as close to shore as I dared in the lee of Turtle Head to douse our sails and we continued under power toward Belfast, some six miles ahead into a 25- to 30-knot wind and into seas swelling to four or more feet.

We were one wet and weary crew when we finally eased into our berth across from Three Tides. That experience taught me a lesson I will never forget. It was a Sunday, remember,

and one of my crew needed to return to work on Monday. My first instinct after hearing the marine weather forecast that morning was to stay put in Isle au Haute. I allowed myself to be persuaded otherwise. I will trust my own judgment in the future.

We acquired a new Delta, had our Genoa repaired at Bohndell's, John Flanzer and Bruce Cook finally installed a third house battery and then, on the last weekend in September, the weather turned winterish: a dramatic drop in the temperature accompanied by howling winds. It was in the upper 50s during the day and 40ish at night. I was wishing I was already headed south, but I still hadn't found crew other than day-sailors.

Then, with the arrival of October, there came a boatload of willing hands. (Why so late, I wondered, I'd have been out of here 15 degrees ago!) Among the prospects was John Barge. John had told me earlier that he was available only for day-sails and short cruises in Maine, so it came as a very pleasant surprise to suddenly have such an experienced and competent sailor aboard. Only one problem: he couldn't join me until Oct. 26. I had planned to sail around Oct. 15 and the City of Belfast was going to haul out the floating docks that were *Lara's* berth on Oct. 21 or 22.

Howard Whitcomb, the city's assistant harbor master, put it to me this way, "You need crew to get to your crew."

And so, from the remaining prospects, a free spirited 27-year-old from Nahant, MA, Matthew O'Neill, emerged. A carpenter, a musician (guitar and banjo), a beekeeper and a part-time soccer and swimming instructor at the YMCA, Matt, I learned, also had been sailing from a tender age with his father.

It was now Oct. 13, eerily close to the date when my dream was shattered last fall. But a five-hour sail on the bay that included two MOB drills, sailing on all points and reefing the mainsail in 12- to 15-knot winds, convinced me (and an experienced mate along for the "test drive") that young Matt was up to the task.

Our plan was not an ambitious one, simply to escape the increasingly bitter weather as quickly as was prudently possible. There is no wood stove aboard *Lara*, only an electric space heater, so I have mapped out marinas along our way where we can plug in. Figuring 30 to 35 miles a day, and setting aside lay days for weather and whatever (she's a boat!), I figure roughly a month before we're somewhere warm enough to anchor. Somewhere on the Chesapeake.



But our first leg will be across waters we have sailed often this glorious summer, hopefully a broad reach or a run before a northerly wind down the eastern channel of Penobscot Bay, past Camden and Rockland to Tenants Harbor.

The Great Adventure has at last begun!
STEVE WEEKS

RUDDER EATING ZOMBIE TRAVELIFT OPERATORS ATTACK THE FLEET

It's true. Three rudders were chewed up by Travelifts this summer and the results were not pretty. But I'll let each owner tell his tales in his own words.

Chuck Thompson, representing Mary Ellen

Not many weeks after *Mary Ellen* went back in the water it became clear I had to pull her out. What was intended to be a quick in and out turned out to be a month-long stay on dry land. The lift operator did not follow my instructions on where to put the slings and ended up crushing the rudder. Seems to have been a language issue as well as the operator's inexperience with sailing vessels having big aft overhangs. It took me a couple of weeks to make a new rudder and get it installed.



Jeff Makholm, speaking for Arapaho

I lost most of June. Needing a new survey to change insurers, I had her hauled on June 9th at South Wharf (formerly Concordia Wharf), with the venerable Paul Haley, who has surveyed her many times, looking on. But an aft strap, misplaced by an operator not familiar with our yawls, lifted *Arapaho* partly by the rudder. Having almost cleared the water, the rudder gave way. *Arapaho* slipped back in the slings, leaving the new shaft and prop to step in to bear the load—which they did, giving their lives to avert much greater damage. The rudder went to the bottom of the channel. It was fished out later by a diver for the hardware.



Paul along with Stuart Macgregor, who was there also, saw it all happen. I'm glad I didn't. But Stuart and his crew, with their perfect woodworking, skill and vigor, fit an elegant new rudder, new shaft, a straightened rudderpost, and a re-tuned Maxprop (which went to the West Coast and back) to *Arapaho* and returned her to her mooring by the end of the month. This time Concordia's experienced travel lift operator was on site. I now have a wonderful new rudder that will surely outlive me.

Leif Arntzen, on behalf of Polaris

Polaris has a new rudder, the old one was real tired as it turns out. When I hauled, the bottom pintle actually sheered off. We also replaced the pintles and gudgeons, ordered a new shaft due to signs of pitting, a stuffing box system, also not in good shape, and gear box coupling since we had to cut off the old. We decided to build a new rudder, because the heel was not in great shape due to overall tired bolting. Thought about repairing, but easier/quicker just build a new one. Concordia sent new hardware.



The Editor makes editorial comments

You knew I'd have something to say about this, didn't you? My question to all of us is "What is our responsibility in situations like this?" For those of us who take our boats to reputable yards where the owner and crew knows Concordias, probably nothing. They know the drill.

For those of us who do the work on our boats ourselves, like me, I feel we have to take some responsibility for overseeing the hauling and launching and stepping and unstepping process. That does not mean that we can start bossing around the pros, but rather it does mean that we should point out the characteristics of our hulls. Those of us who do our own work should have the construction drawing so bring that along.

When I got *Golondrina*, the hauler insisted that I drive four screws into the toe rails, two each side, to guide him in placing his Brownell trailer just in the right spot. Simple, effective, unobtrusive. He pulls his work order on my boat which indicates which bolster goes under which screw and what size blocking and wedging goes where and how to set the pads. The rear set also marks the bottom of the stern post, rudder heel, so it also locates on deck a point aft of which the sling can not be rigged.



Our boats are precious to us. We keep them in the best possible Bristol fashion and we have every reason to expect that those working on our boats will treat them the same way. Many years ago I moved *Golondrina* from a mooring to the most sheltered marina in Portland and was very happy until they hired a new rigger who was one of the most arrogant people I've met. He also managed to do some damage to one or the other of the masts each time he stepped or unstepped.

I left. I went to another marina where I'm the only wooden boat (unless Rob Desmaris brings in *Mickey Finn*) where they refuse to store or work on wooden boats. The boss is one of the best Open 40 and Open 60 shore managers (now retired) in the states. But, the majority of the crew has at one time or another sailed on or dated the owner's son or rigged or delivered or varnished or raced on or repowered a Concordia. They love *Golondrina* and treat her accordingly.

No Zombie Rudder Eating Travelift Operators work there.
JOHN EIDE

the Concordian

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Chuck meets Matthew. Thorpe drinks Joseph's wine. Lief fixes something. Rob installs a bolt. Zombie Travelift operators attack the fleet. Kerston sails in the Baltic. Ben wins. So does Bert.

