

THE CONCORDIAN

A NEWSLETTER FOR LOVERS OF CONCORDIA YACHTS
FALL 2017, NUMBER 63



NOTES

October sure ended with a bang. For me the bang was a neighbor's tree falling across my power line early Monday morning. By Tuesday it was announced that just under a million people in Maine were without power. And we only have about 1.4 million people in the entire state. It was also clear to me that my small power line serving only two houses would be far down the list, if not last on the list. It was.

So I did what any smart Mainer would do. I hopped on a bus and went to New York City where I stayed with a good friend in her warm NOHO loft close to good restaurants and bakeries and not far from subways that could get me to whatever galleries or museums I wanted to visit. At least it was warm in Maine so I had no fear of pipes freezing, unlike the last time.

This issue was ahead of schedule, a page or two and a few tweaks away from going to the printer, when the power went out so that's why the delay.

Either when I first met Louie Howland at the relaunching of *Kestrel* or when I interviewed him a year later, he mentioned that the Concordia Yard was his after school destination so I asked him to tell me about that experience. His essay gives us a good look into the operation of the yard under Waldo's command.

On launch day this past June, I was walking down the pier in step with a fellow I've known for decades but I never knew he had a connection to the Concordia fleet. He mentioned that he worked at Concordia but it turned out he was one of the boat keepers on *Winnie of Bourne* when Jack Parkinson owned her. So I interviewed him about his experience working on *Winnie* while still in prep school. Some of the wilder tales have been edited from his interview, especially stories from the '62 Bermuda race. He decided to leave those stories untold in such a public forum. If you invite Brad for a beer in the cabin he might relive some of them again.

Before the storm hit, *Golondrina* was out of the water and safely stowed in her new home, a large barn in Freeport, Maine, where she will rest until a buyer comes along. I will not be relaunching her so this was my last summer sailing her.

That said, someone better step up to take over the editorship of the Concordian. Once *Golondrina* sells, I will no longer

want this job. One owner who I approached said he was too busy but then said the real reason was that I had set the standard too high.

There are two parts to this project. One is the content which I actually have very little to do with. You supply the content. I only tweak it so it makes perfect sense to the rest of us. My approach to the content that I've created is self-serving, in truth. I always wanted to learn, for example, how to tune the rig of my boat so what better excuse to find out than to interview Joe Mello. What's the real scoop on the truss rod system? I found out by asking Peter Costa and others who were there when Greg Tuxwell developed it. I was very selfish. I wanted to know all this so I could make *Golondrina* function better.

The other part is the form. I've mentioned before that I taught for 38 years at the Maine College of Art down the hall from the Graphic Design department. Some of their aesthetics wore off on me over those decades so I just wanted to play graphic designer for a few weeks each year. It's been fun, but again, the form is nothing more than me being selfish in wanting to learn more about their process.

Plus I really like good photographs so I wanted to put as many of them in each issue as I possibly could. Our sexy boats deserve equally sexy photos. But the form of this newsletter certainly does not have to continue in the manner that I've created.

One of my newsletter advisors (Yes, like Eisenhower and his kitchen cabinet, I have my Concordian breakfast and dinner cabinet.) suggested I do the next newsletter ala Doug Cole, typed and xeroxed, so we can get back to the roots of what this publication is all about. Your stories. Maybe I will. Stay tuned.

My last summer on *Golondrina* was filled with great day sails in Casco Bay, often picking up a friend's guest mooring while we ate dinner and watched the sun set.

On the afternoon of the eclipse, my Graphic Designer friends Margo and Charles and I played with pin holes in sheets of paper casting crescent shapes all over *Golondrina* while drinking wine and munching goodies.

Enough. There are some good stories and strong photos in this issue. Enjoy them. I sure have.

JOHN EIDE



NIAM

No. 24 Chatham, MA

Niam has been a member of our family since she was launched in 1955. During her first decades, she was primarily a racer. With the late Charlie Leighton as tactician, and my father as navigator, she won a number of trophies on New York Yacht Club cruises and other regattas across New England. The 1970s were daysailing years. *Niam* was moored at Stage Harbor in Chatham, MA. – as she continues to be at the time of this writing – where the summer afternoon “smoky southwest” kicks up a chop reminiscent of Buzzard’s Bay.

Beginning in the late 1970s, *Niam* became a family cruising boat. Through the late 1980s, we covered the Maine coast, Bay of Fundy, including Grand Manan Island, and the southwest Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia. There was a bit of a learning curve for us, but the Concordia is so forgiving, and so sea kindly, that we never found ourselves in any real trouble. With the exception of the Cape Cod Canal exit chute into Buzzards Bay where, after a long ride home from Maine, we ran right into the teeth of a chop on steroids. The steep, breaking waves in that narrow channel stopped up cold and we had to set the mainsail and tack back and forth, and back and forth, for half a lifetime until we reached Buzzards Bay proper.

The 1990s and 2000s marked a return to daysailing as the next generation grew up on *Niam*. Concordias are not immune to the march of time and, by the new millennium, it became clear that a major rebuild was necessary. This was carried out at the Concordia Co. in Padanaram. The project was led by Steve Morrisseau with Chris Hall – still at Concordia – as his assistant. The project included a new keel, the replacement of most of the floor timbers, many frames and some planking. I remember staring dumbfounded at the empty space where the keel had been so long that eventually I was asked: “Would you like to go get some coffee?”

Niam has been maintained at Concordia Co. since she arrived from Abeking & Rasmussen. I remember, as a young boy, meeting Waldo Howland and also remember the obvious respect my father had for him. Once I asked why we had a yawl rig and my Dad replied that Waldo told him that, with six children, he could always make use of “another string to pull”. Indeed, I began my career absentmindedly tending the mizzen. As with any enterprise founded on skilled craftsmanship, the

fortunes of the Concordia yard have ebbed and flooded over the years but, from my perspective of managing the work on *Niam* for over 30 years, I believe the current team represents “peak flood”. We just completed a four week trip to Nova Scotia and *Niam* has never, in my memory, been in better shape.

With our kids grown, *Niam* returned to cruising in the mid-2000s. At this point, we’ve covered the New England coast from Shelter Island to the Canadian border and the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia from Shelburne to Country Harbor. Besides my brothers and sisters and their children, my old friends Roger Carroll and Ralph Rincones have been with the boat since 1980. The three of us have over 100 years of combined experience at this point and we seem to be getting the hang of it, although a bungled midnight arrival at the Sandwich Basin in the teeth of the current last month suggests we still haven’t exhausted our store of bad decisions.

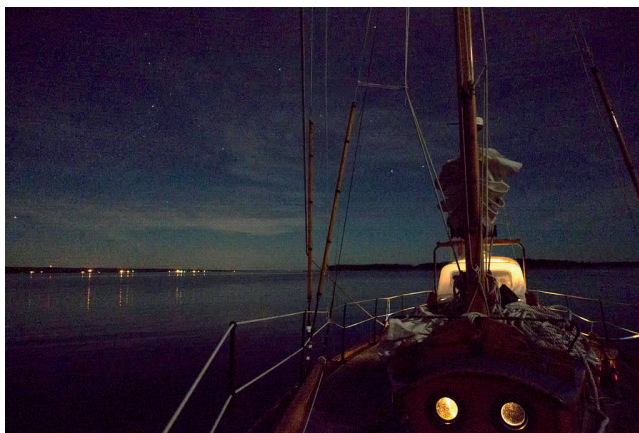
We have kept *Niam* very close to the original but have added modern navigational aids including radar and the AIS. The latter we have found to be extremely useful at night offshore. The rig was converted to a mast head jib long ago although when we moved to a roller furling jib, over my dumb objections, she sails more like the old ¾ rig.

The bateka dinghy is currently undergoing restoration at Roger Carroll Boat Carpenters in Chatham but, for cruising, we use an eight foot Dyer. We love the sailing rig on the Dyer and I’d like to take this opportunity to again apologize to Elizabeth Meyer for T-boning *Matinicus* during one of our “beer races” in the Dyer.

As to other improvements, I think we may have been the last Concordia to move to modern multi-speed winches. We’ve added a new drifter jib and a fully battened mizzen. We still use a Danforth anchor in the sands of Cape Cod but, for cruising, we switch to a CQR with a ton of chain. We kept the old alcohol stove (Sea Cook?) for too many years, switched briefly to an Origo, and then converted to propane. The only downside of the propane is that, in Nova Scotia, you have to go to the Costco in Halifax to get a refill.

We are planning a trip to Sorrento and the Mount Desert area this September and hope for many more good years of sailing.

BILL RYAN



FLEETWOOD

No. 20 Kiel, Germany

An extended welcome to Kersten Prophet and daughter Lea was desired by John Eide in a short note in the spring Concordian this year.

I got the first response the same day as the Concordian was in my post: Marc Tucker, new owner of *Whimbrel*, invited us for an extended weekend in his house, close to the Wooden Boat Compound and the ERR.

Next day an invitation from the Smith family, *Eagle*, came in, then the Ashton family, *Phalarope*, Anne and Ben Niles, *Allure*, and last but not least an invitation from Leif Arntzen, owner of *Polaris* for a Wednesday afternoon sail on Long Island Sound and some days in NYC. Thanks again to all of you and your families making this voyage unforgettable for us.

Last but not least, nothing would have been possible without John Eide's assistance, who supervised the voyage from the very beginning.

I had the luxury problem to decide about the invitations for the ERR! After long thoughts and discussions with Lea, I decided to sail with Marc Tucker on *Whimbrel*. He's living close to the race course and during summer time he has his two sons, their wives and his grandchildren between the ages of 10 and 20 in his house. This sounded like the perfect match to my daughter, who's 15.

Nevertheless we accepted as well the invitation for a drink at the Welcome Party at the Castine Yacht Club and the invitation for dinner and the night at Anne Ashton's home and the invitation of Leif Arntzen to stay in NYC.

Lea and I arrived at Boston Logan airport late in the evening. After a friendly welcome by the customs officer we got the last bus to Portland that night where we were picked up by John Eide. Unfortunately John and I had both been attacked by ticks some days before. John was being treated by a doctor and I had this tick bite that ignited during the flight.

So, we changed the plan for the first day. Instead of an early morning drive to attend the Aage Neilsen Symposium in Castine, John took me to a hospital immediately after they opened. After some paperwork and medical tests I got an antibiotic and the advice to eat as much as possible.

To follow doctors' advice we had a great breakfast at the Porthole on Portland's waterfront!

Later that day we arrived at the Castine Yacht Club, just in time for the Welcome Party. What fun, to meet this entire group friendly people. Taylor Allen was there with his wife Martha. His yard did the huge overhaul on my boat *Fleetwood* in 1996. And Bob Scott, former owner of *Fleetwood*, as well as many other friends, were there. Lea immediately began chatting with a young French fellow, Antoine Marion, from Paris, who stays in Maine as a summer sailing teacher and was member of the *Eagle* crew. Very spontaneously Lea was invited on *Eagle* for the Castine to Camden feeder race.

I became a member of the *Phalarope* crew. Only the question of a sleeping place in Camden was left. Easily, this was solved by an invitation from Scott Gazelle, S&S yawl *Palawan*, to his house in Rockport. So we were all set for the first race. Before that, we had a nice dinner party at the house of Ann Ashton and her family. Tom Ashton cooked a great pulled pork and other guests brought salads.

Next morning thick fog was over Bagaduce River. By the noon start time the fog had lifted on the Bay. A gentleman's start sent the boats on the course. A light wind took us down Penobscot Bay, tack after tack. Finally we sailed a short spinnaker course on the last leg to Camden.

In Camden a warm atmosphere welcomed us. After I found *Eagle* and Lea, we searched the harbor for our luggage. Surprisingly this was on the cabin top of *Falcon*, Bob Scott's NY 32. Happy together again!

Two weeks later, back in Germany, I asked Lea about her three highlights during our stay. Her first highlight was the day sailing with the loving people on board *Eagle*.

We had a comfortable night and a marvelous breakfast at the house of Scott Gazelle in Rockport. After that Marc Tucker picked us up for a car ride to Brooksville, where the Tucker family lives, which was four parents and five children, in addition to Marc Tucker and Kathy Bunk.

We got a more than warm welcome. Lea was invited to sleep in a kid's room with bunk beds



John and Lea at the Porthole



Tom pulling pork



Thursday's start



Antoine, the Adkins, Lea



Eagle on Thursday

together with the other children. The time together with the Tucker grandchildren was Lea's second highlight!

On that Friday afternoon we had a sail on *Whimbrel* on Penobscot Bay. *Whimbrel* is fitted out with main, mizzen, club jib and a small mizzen stay sail. No spinnaker, no genoa. Not the best potential for the light wind condition, forecasted for the ERR day. Nevertheless, it would be exciting and we wanted to be not the last Concordia in the race.

Next day the ERR start was delayed caused by fog. *Whimbrel* was crewed by Kathy and Marc, their sons Josh and Matt, grandson Lucas and me. The girls decided to stay on shore with regard to the announced rain.

The race started for *Whimbrel* on the last starting position in the Classic B group and we had to roll up the field from behind. Unfortunately this plan failed until we had Crow Island on the port. At that point we noticed that a field of nearly 40 boats stuck in a calm south of Hog Island. That was our time. As I was advised years ago by Elizabeth Meyer, I advised the *Whimbrel* crew to see how far off dead downwind they were to use the mizzen stay sail and when they should gybe for optimal VMG. With this tactic we passed the field. Indeed, we rolled up the field and became an amazing sixth place of ten Concordias in the race.

After the race I enjoyed meeting all the other Concordia people that I knew from former events. I was very happy to see Darrow and Meg from *Irian*, who I first met in 1996. We enjoyed the marvelous barbecue; I never saw anything like that before. My compliments to the ERR team for the organization of this event.

The Sunday after the race it was my honor to be taken by Marc Tucker to a social event in their neighborhood at a pottery workshop, to the annual general meeting of Bucks Harbor Yacht Club and the Tucker family organized a movie evening for their friends and us.

We really enjoyed all of this and will keep the time in our heart.

Now, like often in life, time passed more quickly than expected and suddenly Monday had arrived. Monday was the day to travel to New York City where we were invited by Leif Arntzen.

Unfortunately our original plan to go by bus from Bangor to NYC failed because the bus was fully booked. We knew that since the Castine evening and we had an reservation for an rental car from Bangor to NYC as an alternative. Unfortunately something was wrong with the reservation. Hertz asked for surprisingly \$625 for the one way car. After some discussions we decided to travel by bus to Boston and with Kathy Bonk's help we got train tickets from Boston to NYC. So, we got it all - including a three hour city walk in Boston. Nevertheless, we really enjoyed the adventure of traveling.

Finally we arrived in NYC at 10pm. Leif Arntzen arranged an apartment in his neighborhood in Greenwich Village. Mike, owner of this apartment was out for sailing on Long Island Sound and Buzzards Bay for some days.

NYC was amazing. First I had a beer with Leif at Whitehorse Tavern on Hudson Street while Lea enjoyed the unlimited W-Lan in the apartment. Next days Lea and I walked across the Brooklyn Bridge, took the ferry to Staten Island, cycled in Central Park, walked all along the High Line, shared our devotion at the 9/11 memorial, walked through little Italy and China Town, took the cableway to Roosevelt Island and last but not least we visited Top of the Rock at Rockefeller Center, Lea's third highlight.

Finally we meet Leif Arntzen on board *Polaris* at Hempstead Harbour Club. The major goal of this afternoon was to let *Polaris* sail with her spinnaker. Leif wrote later that day: "Thank you John and especially visiting Concordia sailors Kersten and Lea for teaching me how to fly this sail! And sharing knowledge of all things...." Leif, we really enjoyed it as well.

Friday morning was the time to leave NYC, we had an appointment with Mystic Seaport Research Center to have a look in *Fleetwood's* files. Mindy and Maribeth at Mystic were so helpful. It was an exciting experience to have all these papers in my hands and to feel the enthusiasm in the heart of her first owner. Also viewing the files of the three Bermuda races that *Fleetwood* sailed was a pleasure. I really recommend a visit to this exciting place.

The next two days we spent on Cape Cod. One day was whale watching from Provincetown, the other a day at the beach. Finally, our last day in Boston and then the flight back to Germany.

I really hope to see all our lovely hosts again and to welcome you in Kiel one day.

Maybe we meet at the 80th Concordia anniversary in 2018? I will be there.

KERSTEN PROPHET



Lea with the Whimbrel kids



The Whimbrel crew at the ERR



Lea and Kersten aboard Whimbrel



Lea and Kersten, top of the Rock



Leif gets the 'chute up

EAGLE

No. 92 Isleboro, ME

“Wooden boat maintenance is just a tax on happiness”. Those were the sage words unexpectedly voiced by my younger son, Nick, when I asked how he and his older brother Mike were going to afford to take care of the 80 year old, Sparkman & Stephens designed Dark Harbor 20 they had just purchased. My name is nowhere to be found on the title. I could only imagine the collective eye rolling of their young wives, acutely aware of the deprivations they may face as a result of their husbands’ misguided enthusiasm. And when Mike finishes varnishing the cedar strip wherry he’s been building the last three years, it will become the eighth wooden boat in our fleet, proof of the happiness we all share. But we are moving into a new tax bracket!

but a dense fog settled in, resulting in a view that could have just as easily been replicated sitting in a large hot tub. We poked our way into Northeast Harbor and settled down to card playing and hiking until the weather cleared. Several days later we were rewarded with clear skies and brisk winds for our trip home. It is such a comfortable boat to be aboard.

This was our eighth year in the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta series. My two sons are just too busy to make it for the Castine Classic race, so I’m always looking for crew. I was fortunate to land a young Frenchman, Antoine Marion, who immediately stepped in and proved to be excellent help, along with Kersten Prophet’s daughter Lea (*Fleetwood*) and a capable sailor in Reuben Brown from Camden. Our crew was



The Smith family racing aboard *Eagle* in the 2016 Camden to Brooklin Feeder Race. Note the new fabric bateka. Photo courtesy Andrew Sims.

After a glorious mid-October sail on an Indian summer day on Penobscot Bay, *Eagle* is soon to be put away at Rockport Marine. This is always a bittersweet time knowing the sailing season is over.

Early in the season I sailed with some of my buddies to Mount Desert Island. I was eager to show off the prettiest coastline in New England, from Camden to Northeast Harbor,

completed with Doug and Susan Adkins, owners of *Coriolis*. They proved to be an enjoyable addition, providing wit and a deep working knowledge of Concordia boats. Especially helpful was Doug’s ease with handling spinnaker sheets.

I made my share of tactical mistakes, one of which was running all the way to the shoreline leaving not only the can to port at the Islesboro Ledge, but the ledge itself to port since

we seemed to be on such a favorable tack. When we finally did tack back to starboard the water was so skinny we scared up a row of shorebirds perched on a bar just beneath the water. I suspect they were startled having never seen a boat in their neighborhood before. We made it through unscathed only by being significantly heeled over. As a result we were committed to sailing closer to the island than I wanted with the tides as they were. We were second among the Concordia fleet, no thanks to my navigational skills.

Nick's new spouse Emily joined Mike and me to become crew for the Camden Classic Race to Brooklin. We would have had a solid midline starboard start, except for another boat in our class (but not a Concordia) sailing on a port tack and crashing the line, relying entirely on our goodwill not to T-bone him. We would have been completely vindicated if we had, but the blood loss might have been extensive, not to mention the damage to our boat. We briefly considered crushing his dinghy, but Mike wisely turned the opportunity down thus costing us some valuable time. This is not to say we didn't shout some rather pointed expletives. We did ignore him the rest of the race and were pleased to have beaten him in the end. With a shorthanded but enthusiastic crew we had spinnakers and gennakers up and down multiple times that day and flew our mizzen staysail with abandon. It was a fast race with good steady breezes. We placed first among Concordias on corrected times but we didn't place in our class.

For the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta itself we had the full complement of my young crew with both sons and now also my older son's wife Kailee while my wife Robin was delighted to remain ashore and babysit the newest member of our team, Harrison.

It appeared the race would not happen because of the density of the fog. The radio chatter was unnerving as boats struggled to find one or both ends of the start line. After a short delay the fog lifted to reveal an amazing fleet of boats where none had seemingly existed just moments before.

Our start was good, but nothing compared to a legendary start by Ben Niles. I'm sure this will be recounted in detail elsewhere, but from my perspective, committee boat members were donning life jackets, calling loved ones, and preparing to jump overboard as his Concordia ran the line like a runaway train, hellbent on striking them amidships. Or something quite like that. Just a millisecond before impact the starting gun

sounded and *Allure* turned up.

We could have run a flawless race and not ever been able to catch up with that. We briefly considered conceding the race then and there (not really) but decided to soldier on. We did run a good race, but we were a little slow getting our spinnaker up on the downwind leg. We placed third against other Concordias on corrected times.

Later a Concordia owner asked me how we had made our boat faster. Our relative improvement in sailing is entirely the result of my young and enthusiastic crew. When we bought *Eagle* my two sons and I were new to the boat. We had never sailed one nor even been aboard one in our lives. But we've learned together.

I was talking to a retired Harvard sailing coach who summers on Islesboro and I asked him about the boat he was just getting ready to board to help crew. "They are fun to sail with," he revealed, "but they lack concentration." I reflected on that for quite a while. Racing a sailboat requires complete concentration for long periods of time, not an easy task when a race can be four plus hours long. I'm very lucky to be able to turn the tiller over to any of the crew when I lose focus and I know she'll be sailed better than when I'm at the helm. Someday with a little extra luck we'll do even better.

When I reflect that in our very first race ever we came in dead last out of the entire fleet (even behind a boat that had to retrieve a sailor that had fallen overboard) we know we've made some progress. We're not going to change our mast length, nor discard any wooden spars for aluminum. We're not going to refit with any space age sail fabric nor tear out anything to lighten her. We love her tiller. She's going to remain a classic cruising sailboat that will be comfortable to sail or race and will be identifiable as a vintage Concordia true to herself. We're just going to keep trying to improve our skills.

I love to sit around a fire pit with a drink in my hand discussing racing tactics with my sons, but it's really about the common bond we've developed as a result of starting a hobby together. I suspect in the not too distant future the boys and their wives (and even Harrison) will have me over in the corner of the boat manning a winch that makes a really nice sound when I sheet in a mythical line, and we'll sail even faster.

DAN SMITH

INFORMATION TO BE BURIED AT THE BOTTOM OF A PAGE

A YouTube clip has been making the rounds, it seems. It also seems it was sent somewhat proudly from one owner to another owner and seemingly forwarded somewhat anonymously from another owner to me, for some reason.

From the email I got, I quote: "Richard Stetson just sent us this link, but you can shortcut to about 1:40:" Here's the link:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9IyGLyTifG8>

UNNAMED NEWSLETTER EDITOR

NEVER

in the **HISTORY** of
American Yachting
has so daring a **START** been
ATTEMPTED

Charging down the line on starboard in the Classic B class at the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta, skipper Ben Niles hurdled *Allure* straight down the starting line toward the Committee Boat. He was just enough ahead of fellow Concordia *Otter* to not be forced up across and he was clear enough ahead to avoid barging. The real question was whether Ben had enough line left without either going over early or being forced to duck the Committee Boat, the later an unattractive prospect given the crowd of participants just beyond.

From my vantage point aboard the New York 32 *Isla*, jockeying for our start with Classic A, I could not believe someone would take the chance and I didn't think the boat would make it. With 15 seconds to go I saw her sail number and off-white hull. I realized it was Ben and I knew Susan was aboard. As the seconds ticked down on my watch, set a few seconds late, I waited for the carnage of *Allure* and the Race Committee.

The gun sounded. Ben immediately came to weather crossing the line and then shot into the wind and tacked, crossing the entire fleet on port. Everyone else was being pushed to the left side in a jumble of boats pinned to one another and serving up bad air. But not *Allure*. She was free and clear on port with one of the great starts in a crowd I have seen in a long time.

DOUG ADKINS



CORIOLIS

No. 82 Seattle, WA

In 2016 I had the good fortune to join Ben and Anne Niles for the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta, my first time racing on *Allure*. Ben demonstrated his aggressive style at the helm, notably with a close rounding of Egg Rock. *Allure* placed a well-deserved second in class.

This year I was again welcomed to join *Allure*. The race began with a breathtaking start. My front row seat on the house top at the start left this amateur speechless. I watched the wide-eyed members of the race committee begin to scramble to the bow and stern, wondering if their anchored craft would be split in two. Ben's incredible control of the helm at the start, with an immediate strategic tack, allowed his crew to breathe again. Fortunately the excellent seamanship of our competitors avoided colliding with us and everyone else at the line.

The rest of the race was a study in frustration with the illusive and erratic wind and massive numbers of lobster traps to dodge (not always successfully). However *Allure* and her crew prevailed to place first in her class and was awarded the Concordia Cup.

SUSAN ADKINS

WESTRAY

No. 79 Newport, RI

This past season we launched late and hauled out early, mostly due to the pesky weather in the North East. During June and July we cruised the familiar waters of Buzzards Bay and Narragansett Bay. In mid-July we took *Westray* to the Long Island Sound trailing our brand new wooden pram, in order to participate in wooden sailing dinghy races with four other yachts. The event took place on July 15 in the Thimble Islands, and we all had lots of fun.

In August, *Westray* participated in two classic regatta events, sponsored by the Herreshoff Museum and Panerai. With an amiable and seasoned crew, we managed to get second place in one of the Herreshoff races, and did not do shabbily on the Panerai races in Narragansett Bay. *Westray* also got the award for Best Boat in the annual classic boat parade in Newport Harbor.

Due to the risk of hurricanes, we hauled out in September, and *Westray* is now poised to undergo a series of improvements and restorations, including a new anchoring system and a refurbished coach house.

JUAN CORRADI AND CHRISTINA SPELLMAN



Westray in action at Newport, left. Juan and Cleo, above.

RACING: CAMDEN FEEDER AND ERR RACES



Approaching the ERR finish line. Photo by Anne from *Allure's* deck.

Friday's race from Camden to Brooklin was sailed in moderate to light southerly breezes with very limited visibility in most of the East Penobscot Bay portion. *Otter* had an excellent start and led the entire way, but finished third on corrected time, edged out by *Eagle* in first, then *Allure*. *Phalarope* and *Spice* were not far behind and all five Concordias finished the race by 5:30.

Saturday morning it was quite thick at the scheduled start time and there were many requests over VHF for the ERR race committee to provide lat/lon coordinates so boats could use their GPS to find the starting area. Following a half hour postponement, the breeze and visibility improved just enough to start the first class. By the time of the start for Classic B (comprised of nine Concordias and seven other similarly

rated boats), visibility was good and a southerly breeze was continuing to fill. Within a half hour there was plenty of breeze that held until the final leg home. *Allure* and *Otter* exchanged the lead several times, with *Otter* finishing first but second to *Allure* on corrected time. Corrected time placement matched order of finish for the other yawls, with *Eagle* third followed by *Spice*, *Snow Falcon*, *Whimbrel*, *Phalarope*, *Misty* and *Irian*. Other Concordias participating on other people's boats included Kersten Prophet (*Fleetwood*) and Doug and Susan Adkins (*Coriolis*).

Both *Javelin* and *Mirage* were entered but unable to attend; we hope to see them both next year, as well as frequent past participants *Starlight*, *Katrina*, *Crocodile*, *Winnie* and others.
BEN NILES

MY CONCORDIA YEARS

Although there were times when it seemed far longer, the actual walking distance between the Bush Street Elementary School and our house at 53 High Street in Padanaram Village was a scant one mile. Pa usually drove my sisters and me to school in the morning. Most afternoons, however, we made the return trip, at first on foot, later by bicycle, on our own.

I haven't the foggiest sense of what my sisters did on their way home. Visited with female schoolmates, I suppose, or stopped by Brown's Drugstore for ice cream or Coke. But I can tell you what I did, almost every school-day afternoon until I went off to Milton Academy at the age of 14 in 1951. What I did was proceed directly to South Wharf and the Howland family boatyard, Concordia Company, at 214 Elm Street. There from three or so until the yard closed at five I served as the yard's unofficial mascot, gadfly, and royal pain-in-the-ass all in one. Then I went home.

Master carpenters Bill Mackenzie, Leslie Randall, and Byron Briggs, ace plumber Paul Hudon, senior painters George Burns and Nick Demers, yard hands Arthur Correa, Louis Verissimo, Little Joe Viera.... These were just a few members of Concordia's remarkable crew. Each possessed unique skills and aptitudes. Each had been drawn to the yard by love of the sea and boats. All were amazingly tolerant of the grade-schooler who was their afternoon shadow and who never let up with his questions and his gratuitous commentary on the passing scene. As boss rigger Mike Hansen once told me, "You know more now, Louie, than you'll ever know the rest of your life." In my innocence I took this as a compliment. Seventy-two years later I still do. More or less.

Late summer and early autumn were, of course, times of heavy outdoor work, stripping boats of their gear, hauling them, scrubbing their bottoms, and putting them under winter cover. My father and yard foreman Martin Jackson had devised an elaborate marine railway and turntable for shunting boats into Concordia's sheds or outside storage areas. But hauling and moving a boat was never an altogether routine operation, and what power could not be supplied by the yard's ancient one-lung gasoline donkey engine was provided by Swedish steam.

I use the term Swedish steam in both its figurative and literal sense. Figurative, because for generations Swedish steam has been a euphemism for the strong backs and work ethic of Scandinavian deepwater sailors. Literal, because Concordia's legendary foreman, Swedish-born Martin Jackson, was arguably the most physically powerful man of his size who ever lived, possibly the hardest worker, and without question one of the canniest, most intelligent, and most resourceful professional seaman of his day.

Like his brothers Herbert, Walter, and Nils, Martin Jackson began his life as a commercial fisherman in the Baltic. Like his brothers, he emigrated to the United States at the earliest possibly opportunity. And like them he quickly found work as a paid hand and then skipper on top-flight American racing yachts. After a season or two sailing for the intensely competitive Harold S. Vanderbilt on the Burgess-designed

M Boat *Prestige*, Martin became the professional on my grandfather Howland's 75 square-meter sloop *Java* in 1929. He would have been called a boatman back then, as Waldo Howland explains in *A Life in Boats*. But that doesn't begin to suggest the range and depth of Martin's sailing skills and knowledge.

Although my grandfather could be irascible and demanding, he and Martin formed a happy and creative sailing partnership that endured until Waldo Howland acquired South Wharf and established the Concordia boat yard in 1941. When Uncle Wally was in England with the Navy in World War II, Martin and my father ran the yard together. It was in this period that I began spending my school afternoons at South Wharf and my respect and affection for Martin took root.

Autumn was for pulling, hauling, and heavy lifting, but it was in the winter, hidden from public view, that much of the year's most challenging work was accomplished: major and minor restoration of aging or damaged wooden hulls: the laying of new decks; endless minor repairs and modifications. Concordia's big brick main building and sail loft ground floor provided secure inside storage, though very little heat. You had to retreat to the carpentry shop and rigging loft for that.

I have a particular reason for remembering my visits to the brick storage building in the first two or three winters following the end of World War II. In those golden years, the Estonian-born Uku Walter was the professional on Seabury Stanton's New Bedford 35 sloop *Sea Breeze*, Tom Waddington was on Seabury's younger brother Otis Stanton's New Bedford 35 *Tropic Bird*, and Captain Harold E Hardy of Little Deer Island, Maine, was on my grandfather's Concordia, *Java* (ex-*Escape*). The three were good winter friends and fierce summer rivals. Their boats were stored next to each other within easy conversational reach. And what I would not give to spend just one more winter afternoon listening to them swap lies and tell jokes and share the lore and wisdom of their calling.

Being paid (however poorly) full-time and year-round, the men were expected to do all routine maintenance on their owner's boats and to cooperate with yard employees on jobs that required special skills or equipment. In fact, Uku, Tom, and Captain Hardy were each thoroughly competent mechanics and carpenters. Whether consciously or not, they competed amongst themselves—and with the yard crew in general—to produce work of exceptional quality and exemplary finish. They were also quick to share their hard-won knowledge and to offer a hand or a tool when needed. And while a steady stream of opinions and observations and sailing memories passed between them as the working day wound down at South Wharf, I never heard a four-letter word or an off-color joke.

Uku Walter went on to become the celebrated professional skipper of the Nantucket-based ocean-racing Alberg yawls *Katuna* and *Sea Lion*. Tom Waddington, a lifelong friend and cruising shipmate of Waldo Howland, became one of the most successful and admired captains in the Bahamian yacht charter

trade, as well as the author, with Harry Etheridge, of a notable Bahamas cruising guide. And following the death of Grandpa Howland, Captain Hardy signed on as skipper of Col. Arthur Herrington's Concordia yawl, *Auda*, and Uncle Wally's Culler packet schooner *Integrity*.

None of which answers the question Tom Waddington posed to Uku, Captain Hardy, and me one winter afternoon at South Wharf. "Who," Tom asked in his best musical hall Cockney accent, "was the greatest Englishman what England ever knowed?" The answer. "Gladstone was the greatest Englishman what England ever knowed." Coming from Tom, it had to be true.

the brown hair who is about 5 feet 7 inches tall? And while you're looking for my clock, did I mention that the Gray Scout you installed just two years back sometimes makes a strange knocking noise at 1,800 r.p.m.?

A feverish time, the very definition of spring. A time of rebirth and renewal with all the pain and urgency and beauty that implies. For a schoolboy, a time of endless excitement and interest, with the prospect of an early sail to top it off.

I ran the occasional errand or pushed the occasional broom for no pay at the yard in those elementary school years in a pretense of usefulness. In return, my ever supportive and encouraging Uncle Wally gave me free access to his vast

collection of back-issue *Yachtings*, *Rudders*, and *English Yachting Monthlies*, not to mention his warmly inscribed copies of books by Uffa Fox, Bill Atkin, Sherman Hoyt, and Clinton Crane. Later, during my years at Milton Academy and college, all my summer jobs were as a paid hand on local boats: Bob Almy's Casey 41 yawl *Sea Horse*; Bill Butler's 46-foot Aage Neilsen sloop *Solution*; Otis Stanton's *Tropic Bird*; Harry Sears' Concordia 41, *Actaea*; and C. F.

11



And the spring season at South Wharf? Almost indescribable. Suddenly boat owners who have been silent for half a year are sending peremptory letters, making demanding phone calls, and showing up at the yard with wives and kids in tow at all hours of the workday week and all weekend as well. Winter covers are coming off boats stored outside. Boats inside are being scraped and sanded, and await their new Easter finery of freshly painted topsides and bottoms, varnished brightwork, cove stripes, boot tops, and more. Uncle Wally and Martin Jackson and Alden Trull have become paranormal and are often visible in three or four different locations on South Wharf at once.

It rains steadily for a week or ten days, setting launching schedules back by a like amount. The latest Concordia inbound from Abeking and Rasmussen is overdue in transit. Where is the Chelsea ship's bell clock that Mr. X clearly remembers having entrusted to one of the yard workers—the one with

Adams' big Frank Paine cutter *Auk III*.

But the first paycheck I ever got from Concordia was in the aftermath of Hurricane Carol at the end of August 1954, when for a week or two I drove the yard pick-up truck and helped transport errant storm-damaged Beetle Cats and other small craft back to Concordia for repair.

It was during one of those salvage runs that I rescued a finely carved mahogany pipe rack from the shattered main cabin of a doomed visiting schooner. I also remember picking up a waterlogged paperback from the banks of the Upper Apponogansett. It was a torrid novel of lesbian romance. The title: *We Too Are Drifting*.

Even when I had formal summer sailing jobs, I had the occasional free day or weekend. These allowed me to take prospective buyers of Concordias out sailing on Buzzards Bay for Uncle Wally (for which I was well paid) or to crew on visiting Concordias in need of local knowledge for area races. This is how I came to race with such pleasure on George Hinman's *Sagola*, both of Gene Stetson's *Bandas*, Gene

Above: Louie, age 15, on deck of the Aage Neilsen sloop *Solution*, 1953.

Sydnor's *Windsong*, and Alex Bright's *Safari*. I also cruised a few times with Col. Arthur Herrington and Captain Hardy on *Auda*. It always gives me a kick to drop Col. Herrington's name, which will be familiar to seasoned readers of *The Concordian*. One of the greatest of all American automotive engineers, Col. Herrington was the man who perfected modern four-wheel drive—and invented the Jeep.

I suppose I should also mention the very first race in which I ever sailed in a Concordia yawl. This was a New Bedford Yacht Club cruising class event in the summer of 1949 or 1950, when I was 11 or 12. And I know for sure the boat was Harry Sears' first *Actaea*, the Concordia 39 built by Casey in 1947. Sears, who was otherwise engaged, had encouraged Uncle Wally to race the boat in his absence. For crew Uncle Wally invited Martin Jackson, Concordia assistant treasurer Alden Trull, and at least one other well-qualified Concordia employee. And me.

The venture was a disaster from before the start till after the finish, helped not in the slightest by a sou'west breeze that kept gaining in strength with each new gear failure or mistake in sail handling. The crew was, to put it politely, out of training. I will say that Uncle Wally and Martin kept their tempers in check to a remarkable extent. No lives were lost. Actual damage was inconsequential. But it was fortunate that Commodore Sears was elsewhere that day. I wish I had been, as well.

A few more lines and my tale will be done.

The week before Christmas in 1956 I got a phone call at college from Martin Jackson. How would I like to earn some holiday cash by helping bring a new Concordia down to Padanaram after she was off-loaded in East Boston? Martin and Concordia employee Mark Foster would come up to the Army Base Pier in Concordia's faithful Novy tow boat, *Fetcher*. My entire responsibility would be to meet *Fetcher* at the time appointed, board the new Concordia, help handle lines, then go below and make myself comfortable for the overnight run down Massachusetts Bay to the Cape Cod Canal and thence across Buzzards Bay to Padanaram.

It never occurred to me to ask whether the new Concordia had a working stove or an engine or a battery. Or blankets. Or two-way radio. Or flashlight. I never bothered to check the extended marine forecast. I just said yes and presented myself as required, and off we set for Padanaram in the late afternoon in a very light drizzle with the wind almost non-existent from the ENE and the temperature a few degrees above freezing.

It was a smooth, entirely uneventful ride, made the more so by the pint of California brandy that I had brought along in lieu of sandwiches and hot coffee—and by a gathering case of hypothermia. Next thing I knew we were passing Padanaram Breakwater with South Wharf in plain view.

As we came ashore, Alden Trull rushed towards us down the wharf. He put his hand on my shoulder. "I hate to have to tell you this," he said, "but your Grandfather Howland had a bad stroke last night. He's in St. Luke's Hospital. They say there isn't much hope for his recovery." Grandpa never regained consciousness. He died on 5 January 1957. The

Concordia yawl *Java* is his epitaph.

The last delivery I made for Concordia Company was during Easter break of that same sophomore year. The boat was Harry Sears' second Concordia, the 41-foot Abeking and Rasmussen sloop *Actaea* (as contrasted with her older 39-foot Casey sister) on which I had served as a professional in the summer of 1955. I was in command this time, and the boat had a fine Gray auxiliary and a small alcohol stove and a locker full of working and racing sails. She also carried some blankets. Three, I believe. Summer weight. Two wool and one cotton. And two lightweight sleeping bags.

For first mate (in fact, he should have been skipper) I had one of Concordia's very best sailors and craftsman, Wilton H. Butt, who had been a boatman in Padanaram for Demarest Lloyd before World War II and had made any number of yacht deliveries for Concordia in the years since then. The three-day forecast was for clear skies, moderate temperatures, and moderate winds from the WNW. Our destination was *Actaea's* summer anchorage, Indian Harbor, Greenwich.

We left Padanaram mid-week and looked forward to a quick passage to Fisher's Island where we planned to put in for the night. The passage was indeed quick, but the westerly soon became a thermal northwester off the Rhode Island shore with winds gusting to 25 and 30: a heavy spring breeze that was too much for our number two genoa and then a challenge even for a reefed main and working jib. Tacking became a chancy operation. Wearing ship was our only option. We put into Fisher's Island at nightfall under power, thoroughly exhausted, ravenously hungry, and with just a half pint of S. S. Pierce bourbon between us to help take the chill off. The primus burner heated water for coffee. It did not heat the main cabin of *Actaea*.

We awoke next morning to snow squalls and half a gale from the NW. The temperature down below was 26 degrees. On deck, maybe 27. Buttsie and I took one hard look around and declared a lay day. It was a positive joy to be able to row ashore for breakfast, then for lunch, and then for supper. Thank you, Commodore Sears, for the good food and drink.

The final leg of the trip to Indian Harbor was quick and easy. After stowing the sails and tying off her halyards we left *Actaea* in the care of Indian Harbor Yacht Club and walked into town to catch a train for Providence. We both had fine spring tans to show for our adventure.

They have all crossed the bar now, every last one of the men (and women, among them Mrs. Gamble, and Kitty Carr and Viola Hathaway) who made up the Concordia faculty during my undergraduate and graduate years at South Wharf. Every last one of the owners whom I sailed for and with so gratefully. And too many of my age mates and classmates. Wonderful to relate, however, nearly all the Concordia yawls and sloops themselves survive and thrive. They continue to give joy to their owners and crews. They continue to test the skills and fortitude of young and old sailors alike. The stars on their bows continue to shine brightly by day and their stern-quarter crescents by night. Long may they light the way.

LLEWELLYN HOWLAND III

THE 80TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION

The 80th Anniversary Reunion of the design of the Concordia Yawls is coming up next summer in Padanaram Harbor on August 24th through the 26th.

The tentative plans are for a cocktail reception on Friday, the 24th. A day of racing sandwiched between breakfast, with the skippers' meeting, and a gala dinner Saturday evening. And wrap-up breakfast Sunday morning.

Full details will be in the May issue of the Concordian. But don't wait. Place that weekend on your calendar.



Friday evening at the 75th Reunion at the New Bedford Yacht Club

In anticipation of the 80th Reunion, The Concordia Company is working to bring its web site up to date and accurate. Go to: www.concordiaboats.com. Take a look under Yawls and click on your boat. Is the ownership information accurate? Is the port where the boat spends the most of its time in use accurate? Please feel free to upload current pictures to the site.

STUART MACGREGOR

CONCORDIAN AWARD

In conjunction with the 75th Anniversary Reunion, you may recall that the Concordian put up a trophy for the boat that did all the races between the Castine Classic race and our Reunion race. This included, in addition to the Castine race, the Camden Feeder Race, the ERR, two days of racing in Marblehead and the Opera House Cup. Dan Smith with his enthusiastic crew on *Eagle* did them all and proudly went home with the trophy.

The intention was to lure as many boats from Maine and New Hampshire down to Buzzards Bay for the 75th.



The Concordian is willing to offer a similar enticement or trophy for the 80th. I'm considering honoring the boat coming the furthest distance by sea, or the boat arriving with two or more generations of only the owner's family aboard, or even the boat doing all the classic races prior to the Reunion again. One requirement, of course, is that her owner be at the helm for the duration. Contact me if you have any other

ideas that might be of interest to you or the fleet.

JOHN EIDE

ALLURE

No. 87 South Freeport, ME



2017 was our 31st summer on *Allure*. As usual, we took many day and evening sails near home in Casco Bay before heading east for the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta and related events. After the racing, *Allure* cruised for a couple of weeks and later weekends in the Penobscot, Blue Hill and Jericho Bay areas. A new Harkin furler worked well.

We had the pleasure of visiting with the owners of *Safari* and *Owl*, and a delightful late September evening sail aboard *Golondrina* in Portland. It's always interesting to compare the similarities, differences and updates on each other's boats.

The Nat Herreshoff NY 40 *Marilee* passing *Allure* to leeward in the Feeder Race on Friday, as seen in the above photo by Anne Niles. It only took a moment. Sights like this are what keep us coming back to the ERR year after year. We're looking forward to Alison Langley's stunning documentary about *Marilee*'s restoration, to be released this fall. You may see the official trailer at Alison Langley's blog by going to: <http://www.langleyphoto.com/blog/>
BEN NILES

PHANTOM

No. 93 Vineyard Haven, MA

I've always loved Concordia Yawls and reading old issues of the Concordian was a fantastic way to day dream about eventually owning one. The day dream became reality in June 2013 when my Dad sent me a link to *Phantom*'s Yachtworld posting and commented that it seemed cheap. I respond back, "It is." and that I had already contacted the broker. Less than three weeks later I was the proud new owner of the 41 footer *Phantom*.

This winter I'm planning to take a close look at the rigging, turnbuckles & life lines which may be due for replacement. I am also planning on adding a roller furler and upgrading the sails. Hopefully these are the last major projects for several years.

Over the four winters I've owned *Phantom* I've had

boatyards install the "jock strap system", replaced the original canvas on the cabin top with a synthetic fabric, and replaced the old Westerbeke with a brand new Beta Marine 43hp diesel.

My Dad, who most people assume is the owner, has been a big help in owning *Phantom*. The biggest project we worked on together was stripping all of *Phantom*'s exterior varnish and re-varnishing her with 10 coats of new varnish. I also removed most of *Phantom*'s interior to check her frames which I was happy to find were all in excellent shape and stripped the varnish from most of the interior and revarnished it. Finally, I also repainted the interior overhead which may have been the most backbreaking of all my winter projects. Painting and sanding





above your head is a tiring task.

I was not planning on getting a new engine this past winter but the old Westerbeke was installed in the early 1980s and was a couple years older than me. The story of the new engine begins with the first sail of 2016. It was an exciting day for me. I was sailing *Phantom* from Branford, CT to Shelter Island, NY with my girlfriend, Paige, and my Dad.

We left mid-morning to catch the tide. It was a beautiful Spring morning. There was no wind but the water was flat making it an easy motor. This was the first time Paige was going on a Sailing Adventure with me. In fact, she had never gone sailing before but was familiar with boats because she likes fishing.

The day started off well and we were having a great time. Then mid-way on our journey the engine started to rev up and down. My Dad and I looked at each other and thought ugh oh. A few minutes later the engine stopped.

We were drifting in the middle of Long Island sound. Luckily the current was still pushing us towards Plum Gut and the wind had picked up slightly. My Dad and Paige set the sails and we were making some headway towards our destination.

I was down below working on the engine. The issue was that the fuel filter was clogged with gunk. The fuel had a bug in it. I cleaned out the filter and the fuel/water separator. However, the hard part was bleeding the engine. The old Westerbeke's are notorious for how difficult they are to bleed. I attempted it multiple times. No luck. I attempted it one more time but when I was tightening the bleed screw, the bolt sheared off. I managed to plug the leak but that was the end of getting the engine re-started.

I went back on deck to find we had made good progress. Plum Gut was in view. If we could sail through before the current turned we might be able to sail all the way to Shelter

Island. We were tacking up wind and on our last tack we were lined up to make it through the Gut. We made it half way through and the wind died. Luckily, we were close to Plum Island in an eddy and we dropped anchor. It was time to call SeaTow.

While we waited Homeland Security came out from Plum Island to check on us. We thought they were going to ask us to leave since we were so close to the government harbor. To our surprise they just wanted to check out the boat!

Did I mention it was a Sunday night in mid-May? We all had to get to work Monday morning and we had a long adventure still ahead. SeaTow got us to the mooring after dark but Paige and I still had to get back to New York City and my Dad to New Jersey. While we waited for SeaTow, Paige called the only cab on Shelter Island and begged them to pick us up after hours. They normally stop working after 8:00 pm on Sundays in the off-season but the cab owner granted our wish and picked us up at 9:00 pm. She raced us over to the Shelter Island Ferry and we located a cab in Greenport, Long Island willing to drive us to LaGuardia airport so my dad could drive a rental car back to New Jersey. We made it to LGA at 1:00 am and my dad rented a car. He dropped us off in the city at 1:45 am and made the drive back to NJ arriving at 2:30 am.

At this point I was thinking: (1) Paige hates the boat, (2) she hates sailing and (3) if I wanted to keep Paige, I would have to sell *Phantom*. I found out later that my Dad told my Mom that either Paige or *Phantom* would not last in Josh's life. Well by Tuesday Paige told me, "that was fun...when can we go out to *Phantom* again!" Two years later, Paige loves *Phantom* and has told me that I am never allowed to sell *Phantom*. My Dad, however, refused to go sailing on *Phantom* until I replaced the engine.

JOSHUA DENNERLEIN

No. 31 Manchester, MA

After the first few sails of the season in early May of this year, I noticed that the bronze deck eye that receives the backstay was a strong 1/16" proud of the deck. I had never seen this before, and it definitely caught my attention. We decided to investigate, and it was a very good thing that we did: when we took the fitting apart, we found that the threads on both the deck fitting and the bronze rod onto which it screws (which



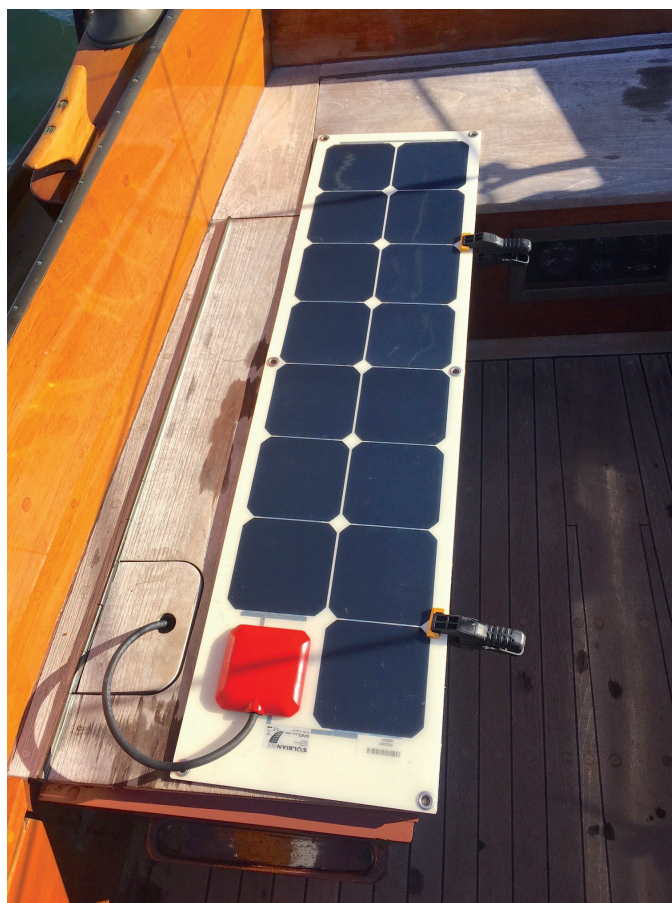
Left, bronze rod top, right, backstay fitting, both with corroded threads.

leads down to a bronze disk anchored in the horn timber) were in a state of deterioration. This connection could have given way at any time.

The repair turned out to be relatively straightforward. It was not difficult to remove all three of the component parts. None of them were available from Concordia Company, so Crocker's Boat Yard had their machinist go to work. He was able to re-bore and re-tap the existing deck fitting, going deeper this time. We replaced the bronze rod and went up a size, to 5/8". It proved possible to reuse the existing bronze disk. The third photo shows all three components as received from the machine shop. The necessary bend in the top of the rod was copied from the old rod, and was applied prior to threading. Everything was successfully reinstalled, and all is well. Other owners should certainly consider inspecting this particular connection.

We have made a welcome addition to our electrical system this year: a solar

charging panel. We ordinarily use the engine as little as possible, sailing on and off moorings and anchoring under sail whenever possible. When winds are light, we put up the



spinnaker and choose a closer destination for the day. As a result, keeping our batteries properly charged via the alternator alone has always been a challenge, whether cruising or daysailing. So we have obtained a compact Solbian charging panel that we place in the cockpit when the boat is not in use, and stow while sailing. Our panel is rated for 4 amps, though I believe it would likely send that sort of amperage only into a quite discharged battery. My meter shows that in a more typical scenario, with batteries down to 12.2 or so, the panel is putting out around 2 to 2.5 amps in full sunshine. Eight hours of that would give us at least 16 amp-hours, which should more than replace what is used in a day of sailing.

Batteries are happiest by far, and enjoy substantially longer service life, when kept at or near full charge. Yet after a long daysail, even an hour of engine running doesn't do it, alas—especially since achieving the last 10% of charge takes somewhat longer than achieving the previous 30-40%. My batteries are now sitting above 13 volts when I first arrive at the boat, and that is a level of charge we never could achieve via the alternator, even after hours of run time.

I chose Solbian's SP47 "All in One" model, which includes an integral charge controller—meaning that installation is simple. This panel is the ideal size to live on a cockpit seat, and stows easily below. Two inexpensive plastic squeeze

clamps keep it in place on the seat. We have also made up a 10-foot extension for the plug-in cord that we can use when cruising. If we're spending the morning at anchor and want to enjoy use of the entire cockpit, we can locate the panel temporarily on the cabin top or a side deck. We've found that

amperage is most definitely produced even on an overcast day. And we're very happy about the considerable engine run time that we've been able to eliminate.

JAY PANETTA

SOLAR PANELS

When I got the preceding article from Jay Panetta, I wrote back wanting more information about his choice of a solar collector panel. It turns out he got the panel, as well as good, solid information, from a friend of mine and a member of *Golondrina's* ERR racing crew, Bruce Schwab, who owns and runs Ocean Planet Energy. You can check out Jay's choice of panel as well as many other options at www.bruceschwab.com after reading Bruce's comments below. Bruce is offering a 10% discount to Concordia owners.

JOHN EIDE



For classic wooden boats lacking a good place for a permanent solar array (for aesthetic and/or space reasons), the Solbian "All in One" (AiO) series are a very handy solution. Note that the integrated MPPT solar controller is not a "multi-stage" type, nor does it have temperature compensation. Although those features may be desirable for long-term battery conditioning, the single-stage output of the AiO is far better treatment than most batteries ever get on a boat on a mooring. For 12V batteries, the AiO controller will target 13.8V, which is good compromise for a voltage high enough to help prevent sulfation, yet not so high as to overcharge the batteries if left connected for long periods of time.

Now for those boats with higher electrical loads (running a DC refrigerator, etc.), a larger solar array may be desirable. Any reasonably sized and well-built dodger or Bimini may be a good place for the Solbian semi-flexible panels (this is where most of the panels we sell wind up). The wires from the panels run below to controllers that are ideally near the batteries (for accurate temperature compensation) and those controllers will have multi-stage voltage output settings. That is, if the batteries are discharged below a certain voltage (depends on the controllers), they will try to do a full charge at a higher voltage, before settling down to a lower "float" voltage. This higher voltage helps to condition the batteries after a deep discharge, and the lower float voltage is all they need if they are not deeply discharged.

All that said, if the electrical loads are low, simply keeping the batteries topped up with an AiO panel may be all they ever need.

BRUCE SCHWAB

MORE BACKSTAY

The manner in which the backstay is attached to the deck, and then to the structure of the boat, seems to vary greatly from boat to boat. Here is a prime example of our mantra "A&R built 99 identical Concordia Yawls. Each one is different."

Owl seems to have been built according to the 1954 A&R construction drawing, reproduced below. You can see in the drawing something indicated that goes from the tang or deck eye down to and through the horn timber.

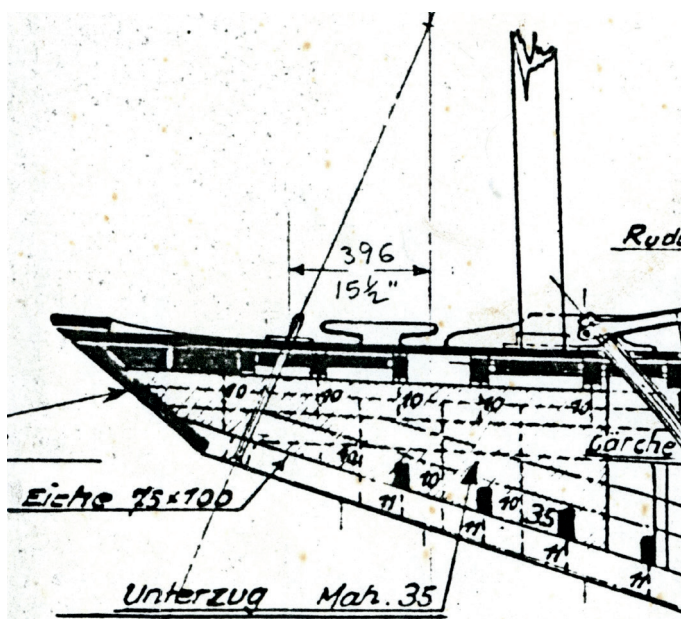
Not all boats I've seen have a rod like Jay found on *Owl*. *Golondrina* had nothing. I've seen boats with a bronze strap bolted to the underside of the eye and to the horn timber.

Owl is not the first boat that has had this issue. I've heard that other sisters have pulled out that eye by over stressing the rig. You might also remember Giffy Full's observation (issue 54) about broken floors over the horn timber on one of the fleet he surveyed caused by hitting a rock. The hard grounding focused all the forward momentum of the rig on that eye, the deck around it and down to the horn timber and floors.

The point is that you or your yard should check this eye at your next lay-up to make sure all is OK.

Something else to note from the drawing is the *Unterzug Mah. 35mm*. Translated, that indicates a beam of African Mahogany, 35mm thick, that ties the centerline deck beam to the horn timber which I assume is to take the deck compression of the mizzen mast. *Golondrina* didn't have this either. Odd.

JOHN EIDE



WORKING FOR JACK PARKINSON ON WINNIE OF BOURNE

"My god," I thought, "What have I done wrong?"

The late Eliot Putnam, headmaster of The Noble and Greenough School, called me into his office. Nobody was ever hauled in there unless they had done something really screwy.

Mr. Putnam said he had played football at Harvard with a gentleman named Mr. Jack Parkinson who was a pulling guard and he was the tailback. "We've been good friends all of our lives and he called me the other day asking me if we had any sailors at our school because he'd like to hire one or two for the summer to campaign his boat, *Winnie of Bourne*." So Parkinson hired me and my classmate, the late Stuart Finlay. Stuart and I were very good friends. We went on to sail more than 10,000 miles offshore together

Winnie had been refurbished with a new mast that was two feet lower. She now had a masthead rig rather than the original 7/8th rig. She had a new mast and new sails.

We worked on the boat in Padanaram where we got to know Bill Woodhouse Jr, with one withered arm, who served hot dogs. We ate hot dogs most everyday for lunch at Julia's Lunch on Bridge Street.

We would see Waldo Howland and his Swedish right-hand man Martin Jackson. But generally we were trying to stay out of trouble, or at least not get caught. When we weren't aboard her in Padanaram, we were in Bourne, but not very often, living in the chauffeur's cottage. Parkinson gave us a Jeep so we could go back and fourth and he paid us each \$300 a month each and fed us.

We did the Whalers Race, which was a tune up for the Bermuda Race, on Memorial Day weekend. And we did the New York Yacht Club cruise. This was the summer of '61, because in the summer of '62 we did the Newport to Bermuda Race.

Parkinson was a great raconteur and I recall his stories about the great parties on the NYYC cruise. I remember him saluting the race committee every start with great fanfare as we passed by the stern the RC boat. We'd sail under the RC stern and he'd doff his captain's hat and bow and he'd yell "Thank you. Well done. Carry on." and so forth, all done with great pomp and circumstance and humor.

Parkinson was a raconteur and loved to tell us stories. We were out in Edgartown in '61 on the NYYC cruise and Jack reminded us of his past. His father, Jack Parkinson, Sr, had a schooner and during a NYYC cruise, maybe 40 years earlier, when Jack Jr. was a young man, after a hard night ashore at the Edgartown Yacht Club, early the next morning Jack awoke hearing a person dive in for a swim. Jumping up on deck, he saw his sister's nightgown in the cockpit. She'd gone for a swim to clear the cobwebs. But she didn't know that the current runs at about three or three and a half knots in there. He hopped in the dinghy and went down current and found her hanging on to the anchor chain of a large sailing vessel, with three or four guys who were distracted from their morning duties by this pretty, naked girl hanging on the anchor rode. Jack had forgotten to take the nightgown, so she had to climb

over the transom in the buff to the delight of the deckhands.

Parkinson was a trustee of Mystic Seaport so one day he said, "OK guys, we've got to go down to Mystic 'cause I've got a board meeting. We'll take the boat there and we'll leave her on the other side of the pier from the *Charles Morgan* and after the board meeting I'll go back to NY on the train and on Friday I'll come back to relieve you and we'll go sailing again."

I remember touring the *Morgan*, which has now been totally rebuilt, but dying of the heat in her lee. I phoned him saying. "It's 100 degrees up here and there's no wind. Can we sail over to Block Island?" "Sure. Go ahead." This is the first time he let us take the boat by ourselves. Stuart and I sailed across to Block Island and we anchored off the power plant. For three days. That was the first time anyone had ever given me command of a boat without an elder aboard.

In '62 I was 18 and we raced *Winnie* in the Newport to Bermuda race with a crew of six. Jack Parkinson, Woody Glenn*, James Roosevelt, FDR's son, but I didn't realize it at the time, another fellow whose name I've forgotten and both Stuart and myself.

I don't remember the watch rotation, but we were at the helm for only 30 minutes at a time since Parkinson felt you lost your concentration after a half hour. Parkinson was the sole navigator and, remember, it was all celestial back then. The Gulf Stream strategy was to enter it 30 miles to the west of the rhumb line. Breakfast was fish eyes and glue - tapioca and oatmeal.

I remember two things about that race. One, it was very, very light. We had the sails down to prevent them from slatting. We'd swim.

The other thing I remember about that race was when we were approaching Bermuda it was daylight - beautiful conditions. We were sitting on the windward rail getting a sun tan. We were at least thirty or forty miles off. Remember, this was all celestial and Jack was the sole navigator. I happened to look down and I said "Hey, Skipper. I can see bottom!"

"What?" says he. "Holy ****. The bottom's not supposed to be there." We were way west of where we should have been so we turned left dramatically and set the spinnaker and ran easterly to get down to North Rock. I suppose that if we had done that in the night time, we'd have gone "boom, boom" and we might not be here right now.

I also remember how well that boat sailed. Reaching with a mizzen staysail, close reaching. Boy. There was a little bit more helm that you'd like. I took a sheet from the weather and put two or three turns around the tiller and by squeezing it I could more easily handle the windward helm.

In the Bermuda race he thought we were going to be last but we corrected to about 25th, 9th in class, out of about 130, so that was decent.

We did the return and I have something to say about that. On the return we sailed into a very sharp cold front below the stream. The wind got fresher and fresher coming out of

the northwest and I remember we were getting soaked but the water was warm. Jack came up in the morning and throws the hatch back. I took my eyes off the waves to look at him as he stuck his head out and I put three gallons right down the hatch. So we cleaned that all up and then I did it to him again, at which point he yells “Hove to. Hove to.” So we stripped sail and we ran off for about 35 hours streaming a couple of anchor rode. The waves were about 300 feet apart and about 40 feet high and every now and then we’d get a breaking one and we be surfing down the waves. We were blown about 50 miles back toward Bermuda.

I adored Jack Parkinson.

BRAD WILLAUER

Summering in Prout’s Neck, Maine, Brad began sailing at an early age and has an extensive record of Bermuda, Halifax and other offshore races. He is the Commodore elect of the CCA.

*Woody Glenn’s brother, Will, purchased *Winnie* from Jack’s widow.

Brad was interviewed by John Eide in September of 2017.

WINNIE

No. 11 Hyannis Port, MA

Greetings from London. I wanted to provide a quick update on *Winnie*. After several years of searching for the right Concordia 39, we purchased *Winnie* this past August. My son and I made passage from Rockport and the Gulf of Maine to Hyannis Port where we have a summer home. You will be happy to know she is renamed *Winnie* and is now part of the Hyannis Port fleet of wooden sailing yachts including another Concordia design, the schooner *Mya*.



Winnie is like new; a perfect family boat. She greatly benefitted from a world class rebuild in 2015 by Rockport Marine. She is fast and came in second in the annual Hyannis Port McKelvey Cup. *Winnie* will be maintained by Concordia Company in South Dartmouth MA. We look forward to racing her during the 2018 summer season.

HANK ERBE

WHY?

One of those questions I’ve always wondered about but never asked is: Why were so many of the early Concordias named after places in the South Seas? I understand Llewellyn Howland (re)naming the first after a site important to the 19th Century Howland whaling business but what induced the following owners to name boats *Banda* and *Sumatra* and whatever?

Why? And why not their wife’s or mistress’s name? So I asked Louie Howland and got this.

Dear John:

You ask about the tradition or convention of naming boats in the Concordia class for East Indian islands and territories. Going through Elizabeth Meyer’s detailed, albeit now outdated list of Concordia names, I was surprised to find how many of the boats have at one or another point (but never for their entire history) had East Indian names: *Java* (1), *Malay* (2), *Suva* (5), *Sumatra* (16), *Sunda* (33), *Malacca* (34), *Djakarta* (50), *Banda* (52), *Banda [II]* (70), *Sumatra [II]* (76), *Malay [II]* (77).

Additional Concordias have had names that suggest the East Indies, even if they do not in fact are: *Tabakea** (6), *Moanna* (9), *Kahala* (12), *Raka* (43), *Taloo* (45), *Kiva* (55), *Baroda* (63), and *Kalua* (92).

If the first Concordia, *Java*, had not originally been named *Escape*, it would be persuasive to suggest that Skipper Howland inspired later owners to consider extending the East Indian (and Hawaiian and South Sea Island) tradition. But in fact the second Concordia, *Malay*, was originally named *Jobisca*, and became *Malay* only because the father-in-law of Dan Strohmeier, her second owner, had won the Bermuda Race back in 1930 in a little schooner named *Malay*. Well, maybe Dan was slightly influenced by the renaming of *Escape*, but I doubt that was his primary inspiration.

Edward Cabot, who acquired *Sheila* (5) and renamed her *Suva*, was a great admirer of Skipper Howland, so there the influence of the *Java* name is clear. With *Sumatra*, *Sunda*, and the later East Indian Concordias, the tradition or convention becomes unmistakable. Presumably the practice of naming Concordias for Pacific islands and territories is just a variation and extension of the East Indian theme.

I sometimes wonder why Skipper Howland, seeking a new name for *Escape* following the 1944 hurricane, did not come up with *Golconda*, which was the name of another vessel in our Howland whaling fleet. If he had, then I would have the pleasure of explaining that *Golconda* was a fabled diamond mine in southern India—and perhaps inspired Stuart Caldera to name his Concordia *Baroda*, a wealthy city in the western Indian state of Gadjurta.

Why name your Concordia for an island in the mysterious and faraway East instead of your spouse or significant other? It all comes down to how you define romance.

It is in any event a small world.

LLEWELLYN HOWLAND III

*You may read the story of *Tabakea*’s name in issue 51.

POLARIS

No. 71 Hempstead Harbor, NY

What turbulent and emotional times we are in. Working and sailing *Polaris* has taken on more importance for me than ever before.

Polaris never ceases generating new mysteries as quickly as she solves old ones and it's been a wonderful touchstone for new experiences all along. The rebuilt mast and running gear are working well and looking good. Thank you John for all the tips (photo 1) and suggestions as my brother Arnt and I pulled the mast apart. (2, 3, 4, 5)

Bouncing a little in the Hempstead Harbor mooring field all season has got the hull tight as a drum, and a virtually dry bilge. Somehow I can feel improvement in her overall tone and vibrancy, and it's from the waves. The hull moves, swells, talks, lives.

I found seven plus knots to windward with the big Genny. This summer I learned how to fly the spinnaker AND the pole. (6) Thank you Kersten Prophet and your daughter Lea (7) for visiting with me and showing me how.

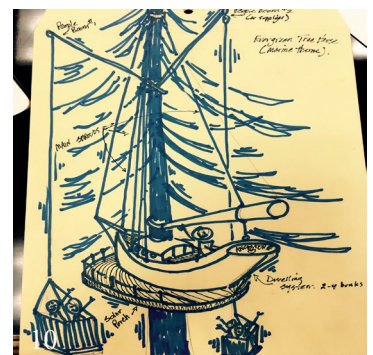
One afternoon we sailed with junior sailors and their parents in Hempstead Harbor, and it was a great adventure just watching the kids re-imagining themselves in all kinds of ways. (8) At one point we had three helms-persons at the same time...plus me!

I succeeded in getting *Polaris* rated for the first time I know of, but incorrectly. I based the fore-triangle LP on my drifter at 27' and entered my first race at Indian Harbor, meeting and racing alongside Michael Herde and his family on *Grace*. What a great time. We had fun tacking through lovely classics to the start, each one uniquely fine. We had even more fun playing and singing shanties in the cockpit of the 43 foot Rhodes *Golden Eye* with the Emmert family late into the night. Sleeping with my son Miles and our dog Russie in the cockpit under an open sky, with my nephew Arnt below in the starboard berth.

I heard more tall stories and short drawings and ideas from My Breakfast With John and Juan at the Noho Star, which always seems to lead to more work for me, of course. Gee, thanks guys.

The drop deck trailer modifications are mostly completed. The trailer was a former stone slab drop deck with an A-frame in the center for hauling stone slabs vertically. (9) Remaining work includes fabricating a mast and spar rack, and to refinish and clean up the center steel beam platform, as well as attaching larger pads for increased bearing surfaces on the stands. I'm not sure just yet, but likely will haul in mid-November and bring her to the shop for a few projects. I'll be working on replacing frame ends in the lower bilge section using Black Locust. I will be wooding the hull and refastening.

Did I mention that my niece Nahanni wants to build a tree fort for her children Azriel, Sparrow, & Olive in Portland Oregon? Well, they do, and here's a drawing (10) of my idea. I don't have any idea how far they'll get with it,



but that's their problem.

And, I hope to connect with a bateka this fall if I can arrange a few days off to drive up north to pick it up in Maine. If I do, I'm hoping to see *Golondrina* for real and for the first time.

On a mid-October Sunday, I sailed from Glen Cove to Brooklyn Bridge Park, with my friends Eric and Holly, my cousin Braden, and nephew Arnt Jeffrey Arntzen, beating into 15 to 25 knots from the southwest with a 3 to 5 knot ebb tide where no matter how narrow the East River got we could tack however we wanted and do no wrong. I had a good crew, and decided to fly the genny all the way. It was really enjoyable carving side to side, under the Throggs, Whitestone, RFK Triborough Bridges through Hell Gate, between Roosevelt Island and the traffic-jammed FDR Drive, surprising folks we past on the crowded pedestrian promenades, under the 59th Street Bridge, then the Williamsburg, Manhattan, and finally the Brooklyn Bridges. Everywhere we heard shouts and honks from shocked and delighted folks all along. Just past the Brooklyn Bridge I finally turned on the Westerbeke and slipped into the marina at the foot of Atlantic Avenue near Pier 5.

On Tuesday night Arnt Jeffrey, friend Andrew Hall, my son Miles and I made the return trip leaving around 8:30, just before low slack, and it was a remarkable sail northward up the East River with a southwest breeze and a strong tide. The moist heavy air remains of an earlier storm made the scene a surreal calm late into the night. At one point the breeze dropped to a whisper, barely making headway but just enough to stay center channel. The river was deserted end to end, yet still moving at 4 to 5 knots ground speed. It was so lovely, and the breeze came up as we emptied out past the Harlem River, past the Bronx River, into the headwaters of Long Island Sound.

In all these years of living in New York City, it had never occurred to me sail the East River, and here was *Polaris* making her fourth trip.

So I tried, but in the end I'm concerned about what's going on around me, and sincerely hope that the family and loved ones of anyone who reads this is OK wherever they may be.

So that's my story for now, and I'm sticking to it.

With all my love.

LEIF ARNTZEN



Leif at the helm with his son, Miles.

DOLCE

No. 53 Vineyard Haven, MA

Here is a bit of an update on Sail Martha's Vineyard's *Dolce*. We have completed a major restoration forward with a new fore keel, frames, floor timbers and mast step and have just completed an exterior effort from the bottom of the keel to the top of the coach. We have left the foc's'l unfinished, so a new owner can make the decision as to whether to install a V berth or reinstall the pipe berths. Although she is loved and appreciated for her significant Martha's Vineyard pedigree, our Board has made the decision to place her up for sale.

BROCK CALLEN



AUREOLE

No. 7 Wickford, RI

David G. Catlett who owned, restored, and sailed *Aureola* since 1991, passed away in January 2015



WHIMBREL

No. 96 Brooksville, ME

Last fall, we acquired *Whimbrel*, a bright Concordia 41 yawl owned for 40 years by Pieter Mimno and his wife Susan. Bob Vaughn, at Seal Cove Boatyard in Brooksville, Maine, had been taking care of her for 20 years and of our previous boat for even longer.

We equipped her with a club-footed jib, updated her navigation gear and got her rated for the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta. With the indispensable help of Kersten Prophet, owner of *Fleetwood*, a Concordia 39, we managed to come in 11th in a group of 18 boats in our very first race ever. Charlie and Sally Stone, owners of *Ariadne*, a Concordia 39 took us under their wing and got us up to speed on the world of Concordias. Darrow Lebovici and Meg Twohey, owners of *Irian*, a Concordia 41, which might reasonably be described as *Whimbrel's* sister ship, greeted us like long-lost friends and provided a wealth of information and ideas about our 'new' boat.

We've read both volumes of Waldo Howland's *A Life in Boats*, devoured Elizabeth Meyer's *Concordia Yawls: The First 50 Years* and also delved into Stan Grayson's biography of Ray Hunt. It is clear that we did not just buy a boat. We have joined a remarkable society of like-minded people whose love of beautiful wooden boats, the people who sail them and the life that comes with both make us wonder why we did not do this many years ago.

MARC TUCKER AND KATHY BONK

YANKEE

No. 37 Liverpool, NY

Personal health and age concerns have compelled me to part with *Yankee*, my 41-foot Concordia yawl, after 18 years of ownership,

Early July saw Brownell Boat Haulers remove Yankee from her winter shed on Lake Ontario for South Dartmouth, MA., and Concordia Co, where she will be brokered. I urge fellow Concordian readers to "pass the word" that this exceptional yawl now awaits another steward/caretaker.

Yankee offers a rare opportunity to own one of Concordia's few A&R-built custom cabins featuring butternut and teak throughout. Moreover, A&R installed insulation in her cabin, for alternate coolness and warmth, then finished the overhead with perfect joinery.

JAMES M. COSGROVE

ENCORE

No. 103 Sausalito, CA

After 75 inches of rain in Marin County last winter, I looked forward to spring as a time to give *Encore* the attention she deserves after such harsh storms. A haul out at Spaulding Wooden Boat Center in Sausalito was the beginning of lots of TLC for the grand old girl. The bottom was painted and then the topsides. Following those two steps, the house and cockpit were stripped of all the old varnish. Seven coats of varnish were applied, and she truly glistens and gleams in the sunshine.

My goal was to get all of this work done before Master Mariners Benevolent Association began the spring season with The Master Mariner's Regatta on San Francisco Bay. This is a well anticipated regatta among wooden boat owners, and it is one of the highlights of the season for us.

Encore is part of the Aloha Fleet, and she races against ten other similar yachts in her division. Our strongest competitor is *Sunda*, a 1936 masthead sloop that has won in the past. *Encore* has the highest rating, thus she started at the end of the fleet in this pursuit race. Our handicap allowed *Sunda* to start 5 minutes ahead of us.

The race began on San Francisco's City Front with the St. Francis Yacht Club in the background. It is a dramatic stage to begin any race. The nine other boats darted across the starting line before *Encore* was allowed to begin the 15 mile race course. After we started *Sunda*, who was sporting a pristine set of beautifully cut new sails, was a good five minutes ahead of us.

Encore performed so well sailing into a flood tide, and we had gained 45 seconds upon reaching Blackhaller's Buoy. As we headed down the waterfront towards Pier 39 and Blossom Rock we had shortened the distance between us to two minutes and 45 seconds. We kept plucking away at their lead, and we gained another one and a half minutes on their lead by the time we had passed Blossom Rock. We dropped our spinnaker at Blossom Rock and were on a reach to marker seven with our mizzen staysail up. It was then we took the lead and were ahead of *Sunda* by over a minute. On the final reach, *Encore* sailed

very well, rounding the last mark with a four minute lead which we kept to the finish line just off Treasure Island. In the end, *Encore* was the winning boat with an almost five minute lead boat for boat.

I had a great great crew: Nick Bates, Nicco Colomb, Bart Damner, my son, and Loyal Tarbet. Our sponsor for the Master Mariners Benevolent Foundation was Duke's Marine Hardware, a store specializing in used well-maintained yachting hardware. We flew their enormous flag with great pride!

After the race we sailed to Encinal Yacht Club for a dinner and the awards ceremony. Sisi, my *Encore* partner, and our dogs spent the night aboard and sailed back to Belvedere the next morning. This is the second year in a row we have won

this race. I have a feeling *Encore* will be flying new sails in this race next year. In rehashing the race before we went home the following morning the skipper of *Sunda* told us that he truly thought, with his new sails, he would beat *Encore* this year. He clearly doesn't know what a great competitor *Encore* is!

Encore had a great reunion with Doug Cole, her former owner who loved her as *Irene*. Doug Cole, as well as Doug and Susan Adkins, were in San Francisco for a Cruising Club of America meeting the second week of October. It was a perfect time for Doug Cole to come aboard and revisit his old friend. We had a perfect San Francisco fall day, with an unusual east wind, allowing us to sail under the Golden Gate Bridge. The Bay conditions were perfection.

The rest of the season consisted of short overnights and cruises about the Bay. Now as fall begins, our weather is just about perfect for sailing. The blustery summer

fog is gone until next year. We did have an exciting day two weeks ago when the Blue Angels came flying overhead for Fleet Week. It is an amazing spectacle not to be missed if you find yourself in San Francisco in the fall. I took some grandchildren and our own children out for the show of shows. It is never disappointing.

To each of you, I wish Fair Winds and Following Seas....and good sailing.

BERT AND SISI DAMNER



L to R: Susan and Doug Adkins, Bert Damner, Doug Cole

THE PLATE

The Plate is back. If you recall, in issue 55 on page 10, I mentioned a silver plated tray that was passed from *Winnie of Bourne* to *Westray* at the 75th reunion. In the next issue, 56, page 25, Dominic Champa, *Praxilla*, gave us the full and true story of the The Plate.

Briefly, The Plate, donated by Elizabeth Meyer, was originally given to the Concordia fleet at the 2005 IYRS Classic Yacht Cruise, organized by Elizabeth, past owner of *Matinicus*, for “the incredible enthusiasm of the Concordia class as a whole during the cruise.”

Dom Champa received The Plate for the fleet and took it upon himself to have engraved on The Plate all the names of our boats, accurate as of 2005. He also created an informal “deed of gift” for The Plate indicating that it be passed on to “as many Concordia owners as possible at every possible occasion.”

The first recipient of The Plate was *Abaco*, Jon and Dorothy Goldweitz, for winning a day’s race off Edgartown at a subsequent IYRS cruise. Jon awarded the plate to *Winnie of Bourne* at the 70th anniversary reunion for having the newest owners. Then it was passed on to *Westray*, Juan Corradi and Christina Spellman, for their active racing campaigns and general enthusiasm. Back to *Winnie* after her restoration following being T-boned.

Then The Plate disappeared. For well over two years I tried to trace it down, finally locating it in the possession of someone loosely connected to the Concordia fleet, but not an owner. Another three months passed before I actually got The Plate in my possession. It’s back!

In consultation with Dom Champa and Jon Goldweitz, we agree that the plate should return to its intended “deed of gift” and be passed around as often as possible to the members of the fleet. Considering that there are about 100 active boats, keeping the The Plate for a few years means that it might take well over 100 year for The Plate to make the rounds. Most of us don’t have 100 years.

We might suggest that if you find yourself the recipient of The Plate that you immediately invite your family and sailing friends to dinner, aboard or at home. Serve your favorite hors d’oeuvres from it, brag about your honor, then quickly pass it on to the owner(s) of a boat that has somehow gained your attention. After cleaning off the caviar, of course.

We ask that you do not alter the plate. Remember, the names engraved on it are from the names listed as of 2005. If you changed the name of your Concordia, live with the fact that the boat’s previous name is on The Plate. Accept it. Or change your boat’s name back to what it was in 2005. Furthermore, attempting to change a name will ruin the plate. It can’t be done. I’ve checked with the engraving pros.

To make The Plate easier to move around, I’ve created a wooden box to hold both it and a log book. The log book will contain a running list of all recipients of The Plate and the reason for and occasion of being awarded temporary care of The Plate. I would also like to dedicate a small corner of the Concordian to list who has it and why.

With this settled, and since The Plate is in my care, but only long enough to get the box finished and this issue of the Concordian out, I hereby forward The Plate to Anne and Ben Niles, for their long tenure with *Allure*, their active and very successful racing campaigns on her, for raising, in that small forward cabin, three offspring who have grown from tiny babies to now mature adults. (Child number one, at age one, sailed with them on a one month circumnavigation of Vancouver Island, not an easy voyage.)



The photo, above, by Alison Langley, shows *Allure* in all her racing glory at the 2015 Camden Feeder Race. Enjoy The Plate, Ben and Anne, then pass it on.

JOHN EIDE



JAVA
MALAY I
HALCYON
TEMPO
DUENDE
TABAKEA
AUREOLE
PAPA JECCO
WHISPER
SAFARI
FEATHER
HARRIER
OWL
MIRAGE
SUNDA
ORIANE
MEMORY
MAGIC
YANKEE
NEFERTITI
DONEGAL
SKYE
SSYPHUS
MARGARET
RAKA
LACERTA
LOON
KODAMA
ARIADNE
HARBINGER
MOONFLEET
CAROL LYN
VINTAGE
BANDA
MALAY
MATINICUS
WESTRAY
GOLDENEYE
ENVOLEE
CORIOLIS
CHRISTIE
SNOW FALCON
ARAPAHO
WINNIE OF BOURNE
PRAXILLA
TAKE FIVE
ABSINTHE
PHALAROPE
SAXON
SOVEREIGN
MAGGIE DUNN
ACTAEA
SPICE
THE
MUSEUM OF YACHTING
TROPHY
SPECIAL AWARD
14 YRS CRUISE
2005
CONCORDIA
DAME OF SARK
ALLURE
RENAISSANCE
WOODWIND
FABRILE
SHIMAERA
SAVU
EDEN
KATRINA
OTTER
FLEETWOOD
STREAMER
HERO
STARLIGHT
NIAM
WILD SWAN
MARY ANN
SARAH
SONNET
LIVE YANKEE
GOLONDRINA
MISTY
CROCODILE
DESPERADO
HOURI
IRIAN
POLARIS
PARAMOUR
TOSCA
WIZARD
FORTUNUS
SUMATRA
BEAUTY
HORIZON
KIVA
WHISPER
JAVELIN
OFF CALL
SNOW BIRD
PRINCIPIA
TAM O'SHANTER
THISTLEDOWN
DIABLO
WHIMBREL
TAMBOURINE
MADRIGAL
PORPOISE
CAPTIVA
SEA HAWK
ABACO
IRENE

LARA

No. 48 Pocono Lake, PA

Lara has come full circle.

She's back in Belfast, ME, where *The Great Adventure* began in the fall of 2015.

The Great Adventure, you may recall, was my dream of a multi-year odyssey that would take us south to the Bahamas this past winter, where we would explore the Exumas before sailing on to the islands of the Caribbean and, hopefully, the South Pacific.

As dreams go, this one was a beaut!

In reality, I had 10 exhilarating days of sailing and got as far south as Atlantic Highlands, NJ (on Sandy Hook Bay) before a worrisome leak led me to haul out and take a look at *Lara's* bottom. There was no apparent damage, but I decided to recaulk most of her bottom seams, a task that cost me valuable time and all of my crew.

Once her bottom seams were reefed, caulked, sealed and with two new coats of Ultima 40, *Lara* was ready to go by mid-November. But after two weeks of recruiting proved fruitless and with November turning into December, I had no crew.

I returned to my home in Pennsylvania's Pocono mountains on Dec. 3, leaving *Lara* in Atlantic Highlands where she was stored for the winter. Still unable to find suitable crew, I put her up for sale and was fortunate to get my very good friend John Flanzer, who conducted her major rebuild in 2014-15, and a couple of friends to sail her back to Belfast this summer.

She has since been hauled out and is in indoor storage at Belmont Boatworks, just outside Belfast, where Dan Miller and his very capable crew are "powdering her nose" for suitors.



Lara anchored in the harbor at Ragged Island outside Penobscot Bay..

As sad as it makes me to give up *Lara* and *The Great Adventure*, I'm not a young man anymore (I'll be 80 in March) and maybe I bit off more than I could chew. Still, we had a passionate love affair. I lived aboard her for six wonderful months, from mid-May until she was hauled in mid-November of 2016, and, as I have said, I can only hope her next owner will dream as big as I did.

But I can't forget that the unfortunate turn of events last fall may have saved *Lara's* life as well as mine and the lives of my crewmates. Had everything gone according to plan, we'd have been in Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands when Hurricanes Irma and Maria blew through. Instead, I'm home and *Lara* is in Maine, healthy as a horse, awaiting her new owner.

STEVE WEEKS

MARY ELLEN

No. 26 Columbia, SC

Greetings from South Carolina. *Mary Ellen* is still doing well. We recently gave her a new main sail made by UK here in Charleston. I am very pleased although it looks so good that the jib is going to have to be replaced as well. I also decided to switch from a genoa to a jib for normal use. I usually don't go out unless there is a decent breeze and the jib is plenty of sail on those days. This has completely eliminated weather helm except in the strongest of gusts.

We weathered the storms that came our way although the floating marina where the boat is docked comes perilously close to coming off the piers with the surge. I am working on a plan to anchor up the Cooper River. So my Christmas list includes a good bit of chain, some oversized nylon rode, and an oversized Rocna (or similar) anchor.

CHUCK THOMPSON

WELCOME TO THE FLEET

Laurent Pichelin, France. *Duende*, No. 5.

Hank Erbe, Hyannis, MA. *Winnie*, No. 11.

Chuck Lindwall, Alexandria, VA. *Persephone*, No. 68.

Marc Tucker and Kathy Bonk, Brooksville, ME. *Whimbrel*, No. 96

A TALE OF TWO BATEKAS

In May I got an email from “The Church Ladies” who thought I could find a buyer for a bateka for them. They attached a photo of an “original Concordia dinghy” assessed by a reputable Boston auction house at \$2,600. In the photo I could see rotten backbone members, broken frames and wales, missing hardware, split planks and more. It was more than one seat short of a real bateka.

I emailed back that I, in good conscience, could not recommend this boat to any Concordia owner, especially at that price. I did suggest that they truck it down to Mystic Seaport, leave it at the back door and run. And laugh all the way home with that \$2,600 assessed value.

I got no response.

In June, I got an email from “The Church Ladies” who had been told that I was in contact with the Concordia community and would I pass on to the members of the fleet the availability, at “\$2,600, firm,” of an original Concordia dinghy to anyone who wanted one, in need of a minor bit of repair. They attached a photo. Different angle. Same bateka, still one seat short of....

I emailed back wondering if these “Church Ladies” were the same “Church Ladies” who contacted me in May.

“Not us.”

I responded that I, in good conscience, could not recommend this boat to any Concordia owner, especially at that price. I suggested that they truck it down to Mystic Seaport, at night, leave it at the back door, and RUN! since they had an assessed value of \$2,600 for this bucket of dry rot.

I got no response.

I then did what everyone in the 21st Century does, I turned to Google. “The Church Ladies” turned out to be a group of ladies from a church who price the contents of houses and then manage estate sales. I discovered an upcoming estate sale of theirs in Yarmouth, Maine, that included a “rare and valuable dinghy built for a Concordia Yawl, \$2,600.” Could this be our bucket of dry rot?

I showed up shortly after the sale started. Standing on end in the three car garage, holding the same pose as in the two photos, was an A&R bateka. It was in far worse condition than the photos indicated. The “Church Gentleman” guarding the doors could give me no information other than “It’s \$2,600 and needs a little work. W. inside knows all about it.”

I went inside and found W. I introduced myself as a Concordia owner, editor of the newsletter and said I had been contacted, twice, by “The Church Ladies.”

“Not by me.” she replied.

She did tell me that it was assessed at \$2,600, was purchased

by the family sometime between 1987 and 2005 and that Brian Reef in Brooklin, Maine, was commissioned to make a replica. She did not know the name of the yawl it accompanied. She thought someone might like to purchase it, for \$2,600, so they could also make a replica.

I mentioned that I knew of three batekas currently on the market; two originals, both in far better shape and in usable condition than this one, and one new, priced from \$2,000 to \$11,000. I then told her that with an assessed value of \$2,600 they should take it down to Mystic Sea.... You’ve heard the story.

At this point, if you’re still awake and paying attention, you’re probably glancing up and to the left and wondering about that second bateka in the title.

“Let me show you something. Follow me.”

W. led me through a door marked Do Not Enter, into the utilities room, past the owner’s shop, through a rec room and out another door with Do Not Enter on the other side.

We were in an open space at the bottom of a curved stairway leading up to the main level of this 1970s McMansion. At the top of the stairs was the living room; at the bottom a music room with two baby grand pianos by a wall of glass looking out at the mouth of the Royal River.

On the floor at the bottom of the stairs was a perfect, shiny, immaculate, never been launched bateka. It was the replica that Brian Reef had built years before.

I was speechless. All I could do was look at his perfect craftsmanship and caress the flawless gloss varnish.

“The auction house valued this at \$600” said W.

I recovered fast enough to blurt out “I’ll give you \$600. Right now.”

“It’s not for sale. It goes with the house. It’s written into the contract. I can’t sell it.”

“Let me understand this” I said. “They valued the wreck in the garage at \$2,600 and this is valued at \$600. True?”

“Ah.... Umm.... Do you think they got them reversed?”

“Yah! I do. I know an owner who will give you \$2,600 for this, right now.”

“I can’t sell it.”

At the bottom of a curved stairway in Yarmouth, rests a perfect example of a Concordia bateka that will probably never see the light of day or touch the salty waters of Casco Bay or be towed Down East behind an equally immaculate Concordia Yawl.

A trophy. Damn.

JOHN EIDE

the Concordian

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Chuck gets a main. Louie
gets a job. Ben gets a trophy.
Lea gets to New York.
Dan gets a win. Leif gets
a spinnaker. Brad gets to
Bermuda. Susan gets scared.
Doug gets a ride.
Get all this and more inside.

