

# *THE* CONCORDIAN

A NEWSLETTER FOR LOVERS OF CONCORDIA YACHTS  
FALL 2018, NUMBER 65





## NOTES

I obliquely mentioned at the Rendezvous that I get input in creating this Concordian from some fellow owners. I actually do have an advisory board, if I may call it that.

When I took over this job, I called on fellow owners who live by and sail out of western Casco Bay. Since the mid-'90s, we, Ric and Strande Quesada of *Mirage*, Ben and Anne Niles who own *Allure*, and recently Don and Cheryl Lippoth, *Abaco*, have been getting together in the depths of the Maine winter for a great dinner, lots of wine, and the usual tall tales that only sailors can make up.

All have given me advice about content and helpful feedback.

You may remember that when I took over, this project was a money loser with current subscriptions paying the bills for past issues. Strande, the descendent of a long line of both very successful St. Paul businessmen and equally successful Scow sailors, sat me down in a corner one winter and told me what I needed to do to drag this venture out of debt. It worked.

2 I travel to New York City every few months where Leif Arntzen, *Polaris*, Juan Corradi, *Westray*, and I have a power breakfast to discuss all things relevant and irreverent having to do Concordias. I always pick their brains.

I've also sought advice from Queene Foster, *Misty*, in the past. I call on Hank Bornhafft, *Magic*, for his knowledge of the 41s, early racing stories and rig changes. Brodie has been a source of information and support\* from the start.

As you might have guessed, I relay to you readers a lot from the incredible resource that is Louie Howland. I thank him for historical information about the Howland family, the yard, the early company, and the characters who both worked for Waldo and purchased his boats that he has passed on to us.

I want to publicly thank this crew for all the assistance they've given me over these past few years.

All the various awards and prizes the newsletter handed out did not just come from me. I can't take all the credit, or blame. It was either Juan or Ben who suggested the return ticket for Dan. The other suggested Dan get no prize until he made it safely home 'cause why give a prize for only going half way?

Brodie suggested awarding Kersten a prize for traveling on his own bottom. Appropriate.

Juan suggested the first aid kit for second place, to *Polaris*, in the frame-up contest while Ben told me what to put in it. I added the ginger beer to Leif's rum since I skewed the prizes because I knew I wanted a Dark & Stormy after my presentation.

Ben passed on the report of big leaks at the ERR weekend which caused me to dig out my original 1958 A&R stopwater taken from the stem/gripe joint of *Golondrina*. You have a rare artifact, Darrow.

JOHN EIDE

\*Disclaimer: The Concordia Company has never contributed financially beyond their normal subscription to the newsletter. The Concordian is completely independent of the Concordia Company.

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## ON OUR BOATS

And we with joy the pleasant trust assume  
To keep her shipshape through the coming years,  
Sail her with judgment fitted to her age,  
Improve performance, study all her whims,  
Bring back to her the excellence of Youth;  
And by the upkeep of her ancient gear  
Retain for her an old-world flavor of the past;  
Until by all that know her she is prized  
As living testament of deathless law,  
That fitness for a purpose well combined  
With honest craftsmanship and practiced skill  
Creates unerring beauty - That is truth.

LLEWELLYN HOWLAND, SR.  
Padanaram, Massachusetts

Stuart MacGregor read these lines at the 80th Rendezvous Dinner. Louie Howland added that "...these are the final lines of LHSr's quite remarkable 340-line poem about his beloved 39-foot Colin Archer gaff cutter *Escape*, which was destroyed in the 1938 hurricane, thus hastening the creation of the first Concordia yawl," also named *Escape*.

*The Escape* by Llewellyn Howland. New Bedford, Reynolds Printing, 1939. Pp. 14[15-16]; linecut ills. 23cm. Printed self-wraps.



## TROPHIES! PRIZES! WINNERS!

The Concordian awarded a trophy and a few prizes at the 80th Rendezvous.

The trophy was awarded to the boat that participated in as many of the races between Maine and Padanaram. Juan Corradi and *Westray* competed in the Castine Classic, the Camden Feeder Race, the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta, followed by the Marblehead Corinthian Race and ended with our Rendezvous Race on Saturday. Congrats to Juan, his crack crew and especially to *Westray* for not sinking.

A prize was awarded to the boat that traveled the furthest on her own bottom to reach the Rendezvous. Dan Smith put together a delightful crew of hard drinking card sharks from the edge of the prairie who had way too much fun sailing *Eagle* from Islesboro, Maine.

Another prize was awarded to the owner who traveled the furthest on his own bottom to reach the party. Kersten Prophet wisely chose to travel via Lufthansa, rather than *Fleetwood*, from his home in Kiel, Germany.

Kersten also received the **Good Luck With TSA** award for attempting, once again, to smuggle 700 silicone bronze wood screws into Germany in his carry-on luggage. He made it. As did the screws.

And, it was his birthday so the crowd awarded him a hearty Happy Birthday.

The Concordian created awards going to the owners who had replaced the most frames and floors and sisters in the past five years. This turned into a hard fought battle between five contestants; four amateur and one professional. The boat didn't have to be at the Rendezvous but the owner did. I won't recount the competitiveness that this award created, but of the two owners who showed up, Rob DesMaris, *Saltaire*, walked away with first prize and Leif Arntzen, *Polaris*, sailed off with second. We all expect Rob to sail up for the 85th aboard *Saltaire*.

Finally, hearing about the potential carnage that occurred at the three races in Maine the first weekend in August, The Concordian cobbled together the **Golden Stop Water** prize, awarded to Darrow and Meg for keeping *Irian* afloat long enough to get a real stop water driven in.

JE



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## THE PLATE

As you may recall, late in the summer of 2017 The Plate was found after hiding out for way too many years. Cleaned up, neatly boxed and packaged, it was then handed over to Ben and Anne Niles for their long affair with *Allure*. At the Casco Bay owners annual midwinter dinner, it was turned over to John Eide to honor his tenure as editor of The Concordian. He, in turn, quickly mailed it off to the wilds of Puget Sound as a thanks to Doug and Susan Adkins for their work with the PNW owners, keeping *Coriolis* alive, and Doug's shenanigans.

At the 80th Rendezvous, Doug in turn presented it to Brodie MacGregor for his ongoing contribution to keeping the fleet afloat and in one piece.

Let's keep The Plate circulating in the spirit of it's original intention as stated in the "deed of gift." Who's next?

JE



Doug Adkins hands The Plate to Brodie. Photo © Carol Hill



## No. 21 South Freeport, ME

*Streamer's* restoration began in the late summer of 2000 in Padanaram Harbor, when Roger Burke, a great sailing friend from Ipswich MA, and I had just come back from an afternoon on Buzzards Bay on the Concordia yawl *Snowbird*. WoodenBoat magazine had started a campaign to save distressed wooden boats by featuring one of them on the last page of each issue.

"Won't see a Concordia yawl in that section," I had said. To which Roger quickly replied: "Not so fast." Sure enough, there was one.

We decided then and there that something had to be done to keep Concordia yawls from the distressed fate. We did not want to compete in the private market but when there were absolutely no takers, we would step in. We knew these boats would need at least 2000 hours of labor to replace 40 to 50% of their hulls. At the then standard yard rates, the total cost would far exceed their market value. So we went to Brodie MacGregor at Concordia. He was willing to restore the boats at a labor rate that made the restoration costs work, but he would work on them over an extended period of time in the off season. *Sine Qua Non*.

So we quickly formed a syndicate. Our first distressed acquisition was *Streamer*.



But the story of *Streamer*, nee *Crisette*, really begins much earlier, with her remarkable first owner, Rose B. Dolan. In his book, *A Life in Boats, The Concordia Years*, Waldo Howland describes Rose Dolan's Concordia adventures:



Even as Ray Hunt was making plans for his English racing campaign in *Harrier* in 1955, two dynamic Concordia owners who had already sailed their yawls in American waters were shipping their boats back to Europe. They were doing so at the invitation of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club, which had invited them to join in its 125th anniversary festivities.

Miss Rose Dolan of Philadelphia was one of these yawl owners. Petite in stature, she possessed a grand and venturesome spirit. During World War I she had been a leader in the famous Red Cross Ambulance Corps. During World War II she engaged in underground activities for her beloved France and paid the penalty by spending several years in Baden Baden as a German prisoner of war. Her favorite nephew told me later, and with tongue in cheek, that this unfortunate experience for her had been a fine turn of luck for him. Aunt Rose, he said, could not get her hands on her money while she was imprisoned, and so saved the wherewithal to buy good boats in the years to come.

We had first met Miss Dolan in 1950, as a summer resident of Newport Rhode Island, and as a charterer of small cruising boats. By the fall of 1953, she had ordered the Concordia yawl #21 – and then, quite contrary to my humanitarian instincts and customary practice, she persuaded me to let her nephew draw up for her what I considered a most impractical cabin arrangement. His design meant that she would sleep in a cramped cubby up forward, while her crew would fare better aft in a location that controlled the galley.

For the first season, and to get acquainted with her new boat, which she named *Crisette*, Miss Dolan confined her cruising to local waters. The second year she shipped *Crisette* to Sweden, and I wish I could tell that story, but in fact I didn't have the necessary details. All I am sure of is that she organized her own amateur crew for the summer, had a delightful time of it in the Baltic, and was, while passing under a bridge, hailed from above by an unknown voice sending words of admiration to *Crisette* and greetings to Waldo. (p262)

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*Crisette* was not to be Rose Dolan's only Concordia yawl. After *Crisette*, which Rose Dolan sold in 1957, she had built by Aage Nielsen the 39 foot yawl, *Pellegrina*, with same dimensions and rig as *Crisette*, but with a keel/centerboard design popular at the time. In 1960, Paul Luke built for her the 45 foot shoal- draft Murray Peterson designed coasting schooner *Defiance*.



Then, in 1969, Rose Dolan sold *Defiance*, and, as Waldo tells it best:

... Miss Dolan immediately told me that she needed another Concordia yawl. As it happened... a relatively new Concordia forty-one #101, *Bequia*, had just come on the market and was lying in the Concordia basin alongside *Defiance*. A quick look (*Bequia's* accommodations plan fortuitously included a forward owner's cabin with a special wide bunk, good locker space, and other amenities), and Miss Dolan said she'd take it. She



changed the name to *Sea Hawk*, hired... a boatman and, seemingly totally oblivious to passing time, was off again on another active yachting stint that lasted 13 years, until the good lord suddenly took Miss Dolan from us in 1983.

At her funeral services in France, it was revealed that Miss Rose Dolan had twice been awarded the Croix de Guerre and, for special services, had been given the keys to the City of Soissons. One wonderful lady she was, and I am proud to have had her as a friend, as a customer, and as an owner of two Concordia yawls. (p263)

Timely research by Llewellyn Howland, III further highlights Rose Dolan's wartime activities:

I have just finished Lilly Pennant's\* account of Anne Morgan work's with American Friends of France, Comité Américain de Secours aux Civils, and the Red Cross in France in World War I and World War II. Morgan provided not only a lot of funding and administrative energy for these relief efforts, but was not afraid to use her clout as J. P. Morgan's daughter with diplomats and top military brass to keep the relief aid coming once the Germans had invaded France and the Vichy government was in place in World War II.

It was, as you can imagine, challenging and high risk work, much of the burden of which fell on Morgan's longtime friends and associates Eva Drexel Dahlgren and Rose Dolan, both of whom, like Anne Morgan, were women of wealth and social rank—and ardent Francophiles.

With the fall of France, Morgan returned to the United States. Dahlgren and Dolan, however, continued to operate CASC on the ground with the quasi-permission of Germany's ambassador to Vichy France, Otto Abetz. But in November 1942 the Germans finally arrested Dahlgren and Dolan and sent them to an internment camp in Baden-Baden. There, on meager rations, with no change of clothes, no means of communicating with family or friends, the two women (among 100 or more other Americans) remained for 15 months. It was not until 19 February 1944 that they were taken from Baden-Baden in a prisoner exchange and placed aboard liner *Gripsholm* at Lisbon for passage to the United States.

Eva Dahlgren and Rose Dolan made it safely home, but nothing could keep them from returning to Paris seven months later to continue their work with CASC and the Red Cross. It wasn't until the autumn of 1945 that Dolan, physically and emotionally spent, and finally left France for an extended break.



**Phase 1** of *Streamer's* restoration, from our syndicate's 2004 report.

Roger Burke, Ipswich MA, Jim Crawford, Concord MA, Brodie MacGregor, South Dartmouth MA and I, Rusty Aertsen, Boston MA, found *Streamer* in 2000. She was hard on her blocks and too long outside on the hot tarmac without cover - and no other buyers in sight. She had been the inspired creation of Rose Dolan, who somehow convinced Waldo Howland to make a "few changes" to the traditional 39' Yawl design. First and foremost, she has a bowsprit. Down below, she has an accommodating V-berth in a spacious forward cabin, and an enlarged head. And the galley, sink and stove run down the starboard side where the bench and pipe birth would have been. On her port side are over/under bench style berths. There was still room for lockers forward of the stove on the starboard side. A prominent topside feature is her Charlie Noble, standing proud on its deck iron above the stove on the starboard side deck, requiring careful treading on the way forward to pick up a mooring or tend to lines and sails. So we took a collective deep breath and took the leap. Why not. Her hull was still fair and she had all her parts.

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

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

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\*Pennant, Lilly. *Anne Morgan, Eva Dahlgren, Rose Dolan et l'aide guelles apportèrent aux refugies francaic de 1939 a 1945*, (NY, Oliphant Press, 1990).



triangle created by the bowsprit.

In 2003, we took her to the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta in Brooklin, ME, to see if we were right. *Streamer* placed 1st in her Concordia class and finished 3rd overall.

For the original partners, our great pride was bringing *Streamer* back to life. For many years, *Streamer* was moored in Gilkey Harbor in Ilesboro, and we had our partners "annual meeting" in the late fall and looked forward to a brisk frostbite sail around to various harbors in Penobscot Bay.

In total, three Concordia yawls were salvaged through separate syndicates. *Streamer* was first, then *Sunda* and finally *Diablo*.

**Phase II** of *Streamer's* restoration, completed summer, 2018.

In 2012, *Streamer* arrived at her new home at Strout's Point Boatyard in South Freeport ME. By that time, the *Streamer* syndicate had moved on to other things and she was now in my hands.

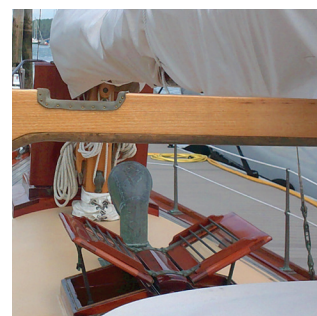
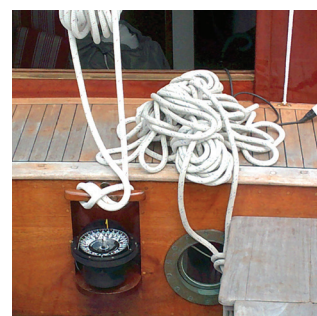
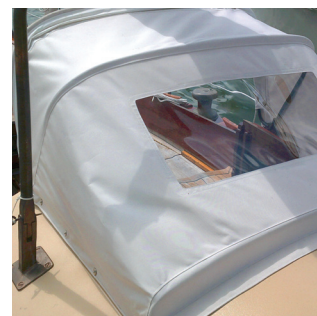
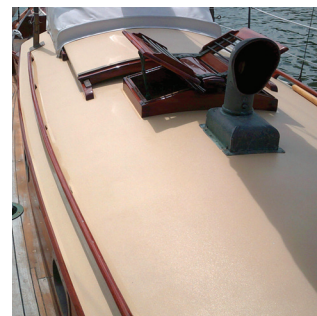
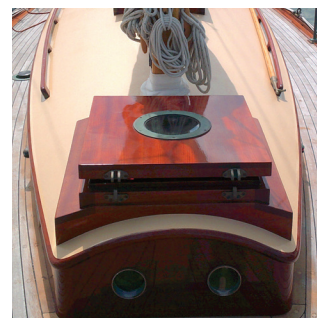
With *Streamer's* hull restored, attention now was on her topsides.

The teak deck was refastened, rebunged, recaulked and reseamed. The port and starboard shear planks as well as top side plank sections were replaced. The port and starboard toe rails were removed, refastened and re bedded. The bowsprit and bobstay were removed and restored. All deck mounted hardware was removed, cleaned and restored. Forward, aft, port and starboard cabin trunk mahogany was veneered and epoxied with replacement "eyebrow" moldings. The cabin top was rebuilt with replacement fiberglass sheathing and Awlgrip non-skid coating applied. The winch block and coaming bases were rebuilt, new port and starboard cockpit coamings and new seat backs were installed. *Streamer's* forward hatch and main cabin skylight hatch were completely rebuilt. The forward hatch is an unusual design and is visible on her commissioning photo by Norman Fortier. The only other forward hatch similar to *Streamer's* that I have seen was on *Diablo*. New deck frames were installed in the fantail. All bronze port light and port hole hardware was removed, cleaned, rebbed and refastened. Interior cabin sides were stripped and repainted. A new gallows frame—an original unused A&R gallows acquired from Concordia's inventory—was installed. All deck and cabin varnish was renewed and the hull repainted. The magnificent Danforth Constellation compass was reconditioned. New sails by Doyle Buzzards Bay, replete with Manchester Sail logos, and new sail covers completed the refit.

I think *Streamer* is just about done. Finally!!

Well, someone once said that by the time you finish the last item on the list, the first thing you did needs to be done again. Hopefully, this was not a Concordia owner's reflection.

RUSTY AERTSEN



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Accompanying photographs:

On the cover, *Crisette's* initial sail, by Norman Fortier from Rusty's personal collection.

On page 4, by Norman Fortier, made the same day, from the Norman Fortier collection, Courtesy of the New Bedford Whaling Museum. And detail.

On page 5, Rose Dolan aboard *Defiance* from Waldo Howland's personal collection, in *A Life in Boats: The Concordia Years*, p261.

All other photos courtesy Rusty.



## No. 92 Islesboro, ME

Happiness, I believe, isn't so much a state of mind as a collection of moments in time that one must recognize, mentally categorize, and reflect upon at a later date. This is my attempt to do so for our trip from Islesboro, Maine, to the 80th Rendezvous of the Concordia fleet.

I've made this trip along the coast five times before, often enough to be leery of the strain this can put on an old wooden boat and on old friendships. I carefully selected three friends of mine from the Midwest that I thought could make this sixth trip. Not only are we getting older in the chronological sense, but our friendships are old too, dating back nearly three decades. It was not without reason that I worried about the stress of the unfamiliar environment, the unpredictability of the weather, and how the confines of a small cabin could harm these relationships. Dates were chosen and plans were forged. Robin was delighted to lead the wives as they more or less followed us down the coast, quite content to imagine, rather than experience, the actual trip itself.

We arrived in Islesboro and held a spontaneous prequel celebratory dinner that included not only the eight of us, but my sailing savant and French friend Antoine Marion, his mother Sylvia, and an island teenage sailor, George Truslow.

For some at the table it was their first night of the summer on Islesboro, but for the Marions, it was their last. Perhaps it was the wine and food that made this a special night, but I believe it was the nature of the conversation, both civil and reasoned, from the perspective of teenagers and septuagenarians, and respected whether American or French that made it unforgettable. It was a good omen of the week to follow.

Jim, Dak, Mark, and I set off the next morning under fair conditions, provisioned lightly with coffee, ice, alcohol, and some light snacks. It's special to share with friends the view from the water off Owl's Head light and to sail the glorious glistening waters of Penobscot Bay. We arrived 60 miles later in Boothbay Harbor in time to have dinner ashore and to return to *Eagle* for a nightcap, ten point pitch, and to listen to soothing background music from my Hi Fidelity FM radio. There was no danger of oversleeping with four guys older than sixty aboard a creaky old boat.

We made it to the Isles of Shoals our second day, another 60 miler. Now more familiar with the boat and her quirks, the sailing was actually easier although the seas were heavier. Dak's watch altimeter recorded peak wave height for the day a full 17 feet higher than the deepest valley. Fortunately the two variances were not simultaneous, and were also reflective of the substantial tidal change. Winds were steady but built to 22 knots in the late afternoon. Finally arriving at dusk in the safety of Star Island harbor we grabbed a mooring and rushed to shore, anxious to forage for dinner. Two things I know for sure about the rather odd Star Island. One, if you arrive too late the only choice for food will be the snack shop, and the microwave pizza will barely be edible. Two, smoking is not permitted on the island, a point that was repeatedly and rudely reinforced upon our arrival. It didn't help to explain that none of us had even held a cigarette since middle school. Our faces somehow must have revealed our desire, so we quickly retreated to the comfort of our softly lit cabin, and again enjoyed cards, rum and beer while being soothed by the melodic tunes emanating from the Hi Fidelity FM radio. Had we cigarettes aboard we all would have begun smoking.

Early the next morning we fled Star Island after coffee and immediately encountered a squall. Our foulies were donned only after a good soaking, and we held on for the wild ride to Gloucester, over 50 miles away, rain pelting us

most of the day. It was a real test for our friendships, what with the disorganized waves, the grayness of the sky, and the aroma of the backed up head uniting with the smell of fresh vomit. It became a bit more grim when the topping lift shackle parted, leaving us with little choice but to continue with an unreefed mainsail, the boom held aloft only by the sailcloth itself. *Eagle* creaked and groaned under the press of sail and confused seas.

Gloucester, always a favorite harbor of mine, felt particularly welcome when we reached the inside of the breakwater and then later tucked into Smith Cove, the very place now 40 plus years ago where I fell in love with the town and the entire East Coast. Our wives were there to greet us, and a welcome shower, warm food, and a soft bed inspired us to continue on.

The 50 mile sail from Gloucester across the Massachusetts Bay to the eastern end of the Cape Cod Canal was memorable if only as a contrast with the previous two days. Celebratory

continued, *Eagle*, next page, bottom



*Eagle's Rendezvous Racing Crew*



## ALLURE

### No. 87 South Freeport, ME

Nothing unusual for us to report this year. We enjoyed many pleasant day and evening sails on Casco Bay in June and July. Following the ERR events (reported elsewhere), all our cruising was in the waters between Rockport and Swan's Island, including a near-perfect day trip around Matinicus, Ragged and Wooden Ball islands.

A new head and holding tank installed last winter, based on the configuration we'd seen on *Safari*, has been working well.

Ben attended the 80th anniversary rendezvous in Padanarum and had the pleasure of sailing with Dan Smith on *Eagle*. Our sailing season ended mid-September, with haul-out scheduled for mid-October.

ANNE & BEN NILES

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*Eagle*, continued

drinks and dinner and our second night on shore completed a perfect day. With the tide now in our favor we flew through the canal the next morning and spilled into the crystal blue waters of Buzzards Bay. Now with a seasoned crew we approached South Dartmouth early enough to practice some jibes and tacks, arriving in time for cocktails, and later to be awed by the retort of the cannon and the reverence of the flag lowering ceremony at the New Bedford Yacht Club.

On race day I was honored to be joined by fellow Concordia owner Ben Niles and fellow dismantled Concordia owner Rob DesMaris along his new wife Marcia. It was comforting to have an experienced racing crew aboard to help navigate unfamiliar waters and to interpret the confusion that reigns in a regatta. A solid midline start allowed us to experience a wonderful afternoon on the water. Had I done a better job preparing the spinnaker set we might have given Juan Corradi and his crew a real race, but I couldn't be any more proud of my crew and the boat. Dark 'n Stormy's ruled the post race party.

The reunion was just simply spectacular. It's such an honor to listen to the stories of Brodie, Stuart, John, Doug and Kersten (just to name a few) and to share tales of these sailboats and our irrational love of them.

The next day we arose and began the long trip back to our real lives and homes. My Midwestern crew thanked me for letting them join in on an adventure and to be a part of a world they'd otherwise never experience, and I realized, again, what an honor it is to sail in this fleet.

I made one last trip back to *Eagle* alone to pick up some discarded items and to take a last look, knowing she'd shortly go into storage for the winter. She looked perfect sitting on her lines in Padanarum Harbor, the birthplace of this fleet. At that moment in time I smiled as it occurred to me that not only had the old wooden boat and our old friendships survived, but we had, in fact, all flourished.

DAN SMITH

## JAVA

### No. 1 Monaco

*JAVA* really wanted to come to the 80th Rendezvous, but a transatlantic crossing seemed a bit much for the old lady. So she had to contend herself with racing in Les Voiles de St. Tropez with 300 boats in the classic division. She distinguished herself by consistently finishing third in her class, just behind two classic racers, among them an 8 Meter. It was also the occasion to celebrate her 80th birthday just after the final race on October 7, 2018. Her crew and friends shared a birthday cake and toasted her with a bottle of Chateau Volterra wine from her owner's vineyard.

JOSEF SCHENGILI





## KEE NEE NOH

### No. 99 Orient, NY

At our 80th reunion Rendezvous this summer in Padanaram, John Eide asked me how a guy in a career so dependent on technology had developed a passion for wooden boats. You don't ask a question like that without expecting something philosophical in return so I won't let him down.

I bought my first sailboat in the middle of life, an O'Day 25, designed by Ray Hunt. It was inexpensive and easy to sail and fun to upgrade with stuff that made our first cruising experiences enjoyable. For all I knew, having just starting sailing, it handled okay, and I enjoyed doing the work myself. Then came a moment when I admitted that much of what thrilled me about sailing was the boats themselves. Classic boats. The boats in coffee table books.

With some friends in the summer of 2002, we chartered a sailboat and cruised the northeast for a week. I had Waldo Howland's book along, and having digested every word of *A Life in Boats: The Concordia Years*, I was amazed at how often the graceful silhouette of one of those yawls would turn my head as we drifted through a New England mooring field. "There's another Concordia!" I'd announce like a kid from the backseat.

That September I flew with a friend to Rockport, Maine, in a plane he had restored himself, to look at a Sparkman & Stevens yawl in the harbor there. The pictures of the boat I had seen on line were probably a few years old and didn't show the patina of neglect that the boat presented in person. So I was a little deflated when I heard my friend, who had been sitting peacefully enjoying the harbor, say "That's a beautiful boat over there." I knew what he was talking about, I'd seen it on the way out. "Yup, that's a Concordia. They're all beautiful" I said. The broker's ears perked up and he told me that it might be available. We dinghied over and climbed aboard.

She was perfect. The owner had wooded the bright work the winter before, replaced planks, rewired her, bought new sheets and sails, put her on the mooring, and hadn't sailed her once all season.

"I don't know anything about boats," said my friend, "but if you don't buy this, I will." He was kidding. I was smitten. That week I made the down payment and scheduled a survey.

By the time the survey trip came a few weeks later, reality had taken hold. I'd lost sleep over the cost. I had no idea where I would keep her. Or how I would get her from Rockport to New York. I'd researched the maintenance burden, daunting even in Waldo's day. Clearly I was in too deep. On my way to the survey I told myself I would find one little flaw and be free of the contract.

When I pulled into Rockport Marine they had just lifted her

out of the water in slings and she was hovering impossibly over the parking lot. My heart flipped. It hadn't occurred to me that the lines of that beautiful boat would continue underwater! I circled her in a trance. I ran my hand over her belly and up over the topsides. I tested the mysterious prop and rudder - awkward out of their element, but stoically suffering my scrutiny. I stepped back to take it all in. She knew so much more than I did. She had pedigree and purpose. How could so many separate pieces feel so perfectly like a single thought?

Still I couldn't commit until a moment later that afternoon, when stumbling around the yard after the surveyor had left, I said to one of the carpenters, "I can't see myself owning a boat this beautiful."

"Somebody has to," he quipped. And I decided she'd just have to learn to love me.

I didn't like the name she came with so I went on a months-long search for one of my own. One of the finalists was *Rocket*. I thought that was clever because, although the first Concordia yawl was designed and built out of wood in 1938, mine was delivered in 1965, the year of the first Gemini spacewalk. I liked *Rocket* for the anachronism it conjured, of a wooden boat built new in the space age, but I rejected it when I thought about—maybe thought too hard about—the difference in purpose between rockets and boats: one made to overpower the elements of earth, one made to harness them. One made for another place, one made to illuminate the harmony of things right here.

Elon Musk sent a Tesla Roadster into space to announce our conquest of the laws of physics, but imagine if the payload had been big enough to house a Concordia yawl. Picture it arriving in your solar system, how much it would say about where it came from.

Maybe after studying it for a while you'd imagine our distant planet in its silent orbit, spinning in the heat of its sun... warming air in its atmosphere

that lifts then cools and swirls down in great columns that sweep the surface, pushing up waves on the water and with them this tiny ship, slicing through in any direction it pleases - nine tons of hand-made stuff heeling at hull speed, trimmed so there's no hand on the tiller, and a bow wave rising as it passes the leeward bench so close to the rail that you can imagine reaching out and skating your fingertip on it.

And you would know how completely some of the inhabitants of that little planet come to feeling a part of it.

Anyway, that's my answer John

Finally the name *Kee Nee Noh* came from a little song my daughter and I made up years before when she was three. The song had come easily and made us feel happy and so did the boat so that's what I named her. I did ask my daughter, by that time in college, for permission to use it. She approved, but debated the spelling.

CHRIS WEDGE





## No. 31 Manchester, MA

We enjoyed a truly fine 2018 season, with 72 nights spent aboard in Maine. We ranged over the entire midcoast area, logging more than 1200 miles. This has put us close to 30,000 total miles since we bought our boat in 1996. This summer it was a particular pleasure to visit with Peter Kastner aboard *Off Call*, a 39 that is kept to an exceedingly high standard. We have also enjoyed seeing friends Stephen and Sigi Lindo, the new owners of *Skye*, begin their adventures with that vessel.

We have made the decision to move our boat permanently to Maine, where it will be in the care of Rockport Marine. We've sailed up to Maine every summer we have owned the boat, and saying goodbye to those northern waters each year was always bittersweet. After 22 seasons of daysailing out of Manchester, we have been around the circuit countless times. It's pleasant to be sure, but Down East venues hold somewhat greater appeal at this point. There is much to be said for making the relatively quick drive to Rockport, hopping on the boat, and arriving at a peaceful Vinalhaven cove well before dinner time, heading along from there in subsequent days. This allows us to use the boat in an ideal fashion: live aboard, move to a new spot each day, and savor all the splendid locations.

Another reason for undertaking this step is that owing to climate change perhaps, and who knows what other factors,

teredo worms have begun to inflict damage in Manchester Harbor—a development that has inspired deep unease among all local owners of wooden boats. The worms have seriously undermined a series of greenheart pilings at one of the boatyards, recently installed timbers that were supposed to be good for decades. Various docks and floats have been damaged as well, and the destructive pests have found their way into several wooden boats. Traditional bottom paints have apparently not offered sufficient protection. We are not keen on continuing to keep *Owl* moored in this newly unfriendly environment.

Our program during recent winters has been to store the boat in the water, in the highly protected inner basin at Crocker's Boatyard in Manchester. Since *Owl* will henceforth be living inside during winters in Rockport, we now have available a sturdy Fairclough winter cover (and associated support structure), and we hope that we can pass this item along to someone else in the fleet. Our cover, custom made to fit a Concordia, has seen only four winters of use, and has a great deal more life in it. The construction is of high quality, and the cover (supported by the sturdy metal frames that come with it) has stood up nobly to serious winter conditions of all sorts. This cover is well ventilated, and we have had zero problems with condensation. Anyone interested in the cover



is welcome to contact me at 617-529-9503, or [jay.panetta@gmail.com](mailto:jay.panetta@gmail.com).

EUNICE AND JAY PANETTA



## CAPTIVA

### No. 100 New Bedford, MA

After 40 years of safe and beautiful sailing on *Captiva*, Laurie and I bid her “Fair Winds” as we hand her over to Chris Eklund for her next chapter of voyaging. Thus one of the last of the one family\* Concordias finds a new owner and the Concordia family gains a new and eager member.

While Laurie and I have always had *Captiva* as part of our lives, our lives on Concordias go back quite a bit farther than 40 years. I started sailing on *Memory* when my parents and Charlie and Ginny Glover co-owned her beginning in 1955. One year in the Chesapeake. One year in Padanaram. That lasted until 1965 when they each decided sharing wasn’t enough and my parents bought *Haven of Padanaram*. I sailed her often with two summers off to race with Capt. Jack Parkinson as we cleaned up on the NYYC cruise on *Winnie of Bourne* in the mid-60’s.

Meanwhile Laurie Dunbar was sailing with her parents on *Aquinnah* (now *Summer Wind*) out of Norwalk, CT so we were both being raised, unknown to each other, the Concordia way. In the late 70’s I met Laurie, who was working at Concordia Co. and after we married we would borrow *Haven* whenever we could. Usually that involved bringing her back from my parents’ trips to Maine.

Finally when they decided to sell, we decided to buy even though we were living in Washington at the time (1996). For various reasons including our desire to keep her in New Bedford, we decided to change her name. Aware of the tradition of Indonesian islands but with no connection there and worried about the issue of luck, we consulted Waldo Howland. Our family had been going to Captiva Island for many years and Waldo and Katy had a place there as well. We always spent

New Year’s eve with Waldo and Katy until Katy died and then just with Waldo, who had a writing and thinking shed on the artist Robert Rauschenberg’s estate nearby to our timeshare. Waldo would bring limes, we would bring the rum and together we would ring in every New Year. It was a great tradition. So we asked Waldo what he thought about our plan to change the name from *Haven* to *Captiva*. He thought about it and then replied, “Well, father’s boat was named *Escape*.” I interpreted that to mean if the first, *Java*, could have her name changed and still be kicking around, then it was probably OK.

We spent many summers on *Captiva* cruising from Long Island to Maine. The highlight may have been working with James Russell at the IYRS to bring their Classic Yacht Cruise

for the first time to New Bedford. Prior to that trip New Bedford had been seen as a port that was not friendly to cruising yachts. But thanks to Laurie’s hard work, James’s adventuresome spirit and the way New Bedford went absolutely all out for the fleet, it was a resounding success. Now New Bedford has 2000 yachts in the harbor and is a familiar stop to those cruising Buzzards Bay. But it started with Laurie’s vision and that Classic Cruise.

We have loved every minute on *Captiva*. We feel honored to have played a role in caring for one of the creations that Waldo Howland and Ray Hunt dreamed up. Yes, there were bills to pay. But they always paled in comparison to the

sounds of the waves against her hull, the looks as we entered the harbor, the candlelight reflections off the varnish below and the companionship of our compatriots in the Concordia community.

JOHN BULLARD



\*The others are *Tam O'Shanter*, in the Soule family since new in 1958 and *Crocodile*, in the Crocker family since new in 1959.

Photograph, above, of *Captiva* by Nancy Edwards  
Photograph, opposite, © by Benjamin Mendlowitz



## WESTRAY

### No. 79 Newport, RI

For *Westray*, 2018 was a very good year. For us, it gave the satisfaction of a full and successful refit at Ballentine's Boat Shop, completing what we started when we acquired the boat in 2011. The cover of decks and coach was replaced. The color of the decks was changed from a blueish grey to light tan. A new Lofran electric windlass (proven on sisterships) was installed, after returning its head from chrome to bronze. An Ultra anchor now hung from the bow pulpit (after research, we found it better than its rivals –Delta, Rocna, and the like). All running rigging was replaced with a rope that, though high tech, with its tan color looked like the hemp of yesteryear (Endura Braid Classic Tan Dyneema). Sperry Sails cut a new racing main. All blocks were cleaned, and new bronze slides could move

smoothly along the tracks. The fuel system was graced with an electric polisher pump. The batteries were replaced, and two solar panels that could lie on the coaming seats would charge them at the mooring on sunny days. Then came a new coat of paint in light grey, as usual, and varnish coats as well.

The end result was a yawl that looks very handsome. Our pride was a bit dampened by the realization that when we started the refit we were the fourth owners of the yawl, and when we finished we were the fifth. But it was all worth it, as *Westray* had a great season on the water.

She was launched late, and the season was late too. After the annual delivery from Cataumet to Newport, we did not have many great day sails. The weather was iffy, and our professional and travel schedule did not help. But I did have a plan. The Concordia 80th anniversary was coming, and I wished to campaign her before that. Christina, who does not race, was in charge of planning, supplies, and logistics. My friend and co-skipper Jeff Gonsalves and I were in charge of

the program and of recruiting crew. We got together old sailing mates and young recruits in various mixes for different races and in different ports of call: Castine, Camden, Brooklin, Marblehead, and Padanaram. Some were locals in those ports; others came from New York City, Oyster Bay, and Jamestown. For each race six was the ideal number, for deliveries only three.

And off we went in late July to test her mettle. First came Castine, then Camden, and then Brooklin. In the first feeder race of the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta we retired due to a leak from one of the side boxes in the cockpit that dumped water below decks. The electric pump trigger failed to work, so we went manual, and had a hard time bailing while

keeping the boat trimmed to race. In a Concordia, on a steep heel, the scuppers let quite a bit of water in, so it is very important not to allow any to go below.

After effecting temporary repairs in Camden, we continued to race, with very good results and lots of fun, especially in the ERR, where we placed second behind *Otter*.

After a delivery from Maine to Salem, MA, we recruited crew for the Corinthian Classic Races in

Marblehead. Of the two races, only one had enough breeze for a start. It was the Sunday race, and it came with glory. By only 5 seconds on elapsed time we finished behind *Sonny* (1935, S&S, LOA 53'), another second place in our class, but a proud one in such company. We left the other two Concordias well behind in that pursuit race.

Again because of scheduling issues we could not participate in the Opera House Regatta in Nantucket. We geared instead for the celebratory 80th anniversary race in Padanaram, where we finished first in the spinnaker class. All told, I can say about *Westray* that, when she is not sinking, she wants to win.

JUAN CORRADI





## SUMMER RACES



14 Concordias on the line at the Rendezvous. Photo © Carol Hill

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### Camden Classic Regatta

The start of Friday's race to Brooklin was postponed for an hour and moved to east of Goose Island where a southerly breeze began to fill. *Otter* and *Phalarope* had excellent starts and *Otter* jumped out to what looked like a commanding lead. The initial southerly breeze switched to a light northeasterly that, along with strong flood current, created a frustrating period for many. Eventually, the southerly again filled for the leg across east Penobscot Bay, benefiting *Allure* and others who stayed south after Burnt Island. As the breeze started to fade, the course was shortened to finish at Stonington. *Allure* finished just ahead of *Westray*, with *Westray* taking second and *Allure* third on corrected time, of the 27 boats in class A. For the other Concordias, order of finish (and on corrected time) was: *Otter*, *Phalarope*, *Spice* and *Eagle*.

### Eggemoggin Reach Regatta

Saturday's starting line heavily favored the starboard (pin) end and many of the 22 boats in Classic Class B arrived early. A few at the windward end were able to round the pin and start after the gun, but at least five boats boxed in further down the line (including *Allure* and *Spice*) were assessed a 5 minute penalty for being over early. As the breeze freshened, the fleet sailed out of the reach at hull speed and by Egg Rock it was blowing hard enough that some boats reefed for the beat to Halibut Rock. Adding to the challenge of tacking in the stiff breeze along the Swan's Island shore was the fog at Halibut rock that reduced visibility at times to about an eighth of a mile. The wind held southwest for the remaining race, allowing a nice run down the bay and reach to the finish. *Otter* and *Westray* were sailed very well throughout, taking first and second overall of the 22 boats in Classic Class B. *Eagle* crossed the line within a boat length of *Allure*, but the order on corrected time was: *Otter*, *Westray*, *Eagle*, *Snow Falcon*, *Phalarope*, *Allure*, *Misty*, *Spice* and *Irian*. Jon Wilson's Concordia Cutter, *Free Spirit*, sailed in Vintage Class A. There were reports that *Otter*,

*Westray* and *Irian* took on disturbing amounts of water during the hard beat to windward, but all finished the race.

BEN NILES

### 80th Rendezvous Race Day

Racing at the Rendezvous was well fought among a small number of boats in atypical Buzzards Bay conditions of modest winds and small waves. Seven chose to race with spinnakers while another seven chose to go non-spinnaker.

*Westray* with Juan Corradi and his crack crew eked out a first across the line by only one minute fourteen seconds over *Eagle*. Dan Smith lured aboard ace starting tactician Ben Niles of *Allure*, ERR and Face Book fame and it seemed to have paid off. Jeff Makhholm and his *Arapaho* crew came in third with *Luna*, Stephen Symchych, fourth.

But the real battle in the spinnaker class was for spots five, six and seven with *Irian*, *Matinicus* and *Polaris* engaging in some tactical shenanigans. Darrow, Peter and Leif survived with boats and gear unscathed, but some egos were slightly bruised in the process.

In the non-spinnaker class, *Kee Nee Noh*, with Chris Wedge at the helm, started strong, and battled *Westray* tack for tack until the downwind leg. She held a commanding lead sailing to the finish, crossing only 12 minutes behind *Westray*. If Chris gets a chute, Juan, you might have a serious competitor.

Josh Dennerlein and his *Phantom* was second, followed by John Bullard on *Captiva*, Michael Herde aboard *Grace*, Doug Hoffmand on *Kiva*, Dana Brackett skippering *Summer Wind* and Richard Taylor at the helm of his absolutely immaculate *Snowy Owl*.

In a totally unbiased observation, your editor delightfully draws your attention to the fact that both classes were won by 39s. You may draw your own conclusion, but Waldo once stated the obvious.

JOHN EIDE





I would like to say that the “Whiskey Plank” has been installed but the last plank has been “Removed!” Is it still the “Whiskey Plank?” No whiskey was consumed but a big shout out goes to Jeff Billman of Arkansas who spent many hours removing the old planking.

The current status of Old Number Nine is we have 15 more frame pairs to install and 11 more to laminate. The next two frames are on the table ready to have the Douglas fir ripped and then epoxied. Once they are all laminated, I will get Rob Blood back out to bevel and install them. Hopefully by the spring, all the frames will be installed and planking decisions will have been made? Single or doubled planked? Wood species?

A few know that I also own *Mickey Finn*, a 48 foot Paul Rollins yawl. Paul had made the backbone pieces for Number Nine and delivered them to Arkansas a number of years back. His comment was, “Lets drag this thing out back and burn it, and you can buy *Mickey Finn*!”

I am slowly burning it but she is rising from the ashes!

Anyways, back to *Mickey Finn*. *Mickey Finn* has been listed with Rockport Marine and is for sale. She was launched in 1998 and is in excellent condition. She has had the rigging redone, all six sails are new, running rigging is new, new bronze self-tailing winches and all new electronics along with steering and an autohelm. She is wintering at the Wentworth in Portsmouth. Spring and summer plans, should she not sell, will likely be available for charter. Another boat that Paul built was *Tall Cotton*, a 56 foot gaff-rigged schooner (WB 120:46) now doing day-charters as *Alert* out of Bailey Island with Perry and his family. *Magnolia* is another 60 something foot schooner that Paul had built that I believe is in Europe cruising around.

Questions on *Mickey Finn* or moral support for an addict can be sent to [friends.of.mickey.finn@gmail.com](mailto:friends.of.mickey.finn@gmail.com)  
ROB DESMARAIS

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## We, The Drowned

If you're looking for a good winter read, try *We, the Drowned*, a novel by Carsten Jensen. It's set in the small Danish ship building and seafaring island town of Marstal. Jensen recounts the tales of the men of Marstal who sailed the world from about 1840 to the end of WWII. Many of them did not come back. While the book is about the heroic, and not so heroic, deeds of the men, the underlying story is really about the women left behind and the one woman who tried to change it all.

At the Rendezvous, I asked Kersten Prophet if he had read it. He said he had, three times, has sailed there and walked the streets described in the book.

JOHN EIDE



## KODAMA

### No. 46 Bellingham, WA

As autumn draws in, we're now settling *Kodama* into her winter berth and cocoon: afloat, with a bow-to-stern, sheer strake-to-sheer strake cover. It's also the time to review our notes from the summer and work up the list of winter projects.

*Kodama* and her crew enjoyed over five weeks of cruising this summer. In June, we had a lazy nine day cruise in our home waters of the San Juan Islands, with quiet anchorages and lots of long walks and hill climbs ashore.

Late-July and August found us up the British Columbia inner coast to Johnstone Strait, the Broughton Archipelago, and the north end of Queen Charlotte Strait, with narrow fjords, high mountains, fog, whales, fresh winds, and smoke from forest fires. There were some memorable fast passages and new anchorages to add to our list of favorite stops. We began that trip with a lovely visit to the Lopez Island home of *Kodama's* former owners, Stewart and Denny McDougall. We ended with a stop on Orcas Island for the memorial service of my early mentor in wooden boats, where we also saw Susan and Doug Adkins of *Coriolis*. To our regret, prior commitments kept us from joining the rendezvous in Padanaram, but we look forward to the 85th!

MICHAEL GROPP

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## SWIFT

### No. 68

As the last issue of *Concordian* went to press this past Spring, *Swift* (Ex *Persephone*) was nearing the end of a extensive renovation and "update" program, all as reported in that issue. She was recommissioned at the Zahnisers Yard in Solomons, MD, in May. The event was scheduled several times but was canceled each time due to fickle weather. We quietly got underway for the first time at the end of May on a bright day with moderate winds in the 8 to 12 knot range and were delighted to see the SOG top 7.0 knots. Unfortunately, she had been in the water for a couple of weeks soaking and the knot meter was already fouled so it was difficult to say how much of this was current. Fouling of the knot meter pick up has been a continuing issue and we've had to resort to removing it at the end of each day – not a difficult evolution – but "one more thing."

She had been out of the water for more than nine months, had a number of planks replaced, and the bilge pump would go off every 20 minutes or so during the first sails. I had an additional pump installed lower than the original which discharges overboard. I kept the original pump, which discharges into the cockpit, so that I would have a backup, but also so that if the original pump went off I would know that there was a lot of water, more than the new pump could

handle, alerting me to a potential issue. We also installed a counter that would register the number of times the new pump went off so that we could monitor the progress of the soaking over time. When the counter plateaued, we knew that there was an issue besides the swelling, and found that there was an issue with the packing gland, a joint, and a caulking "holiday" She was hauled again, these were addressed, and the boat is now effectively dry.

As part of the updating, we installed a self-tailing winch at the aft end of the starboard side of the cabin top on a pad with clutches for the main halyard and reefing lines. This has



worked very well and allows us to raise and lower the main from the cockpit (provided that she is kept exactly head to wind so that the battens don't get caught in the lazy jacks – she has sail stacks on the main and mizzen), but also to reef very easily and quickly from the cockpit on the winch, alternately dropping the main a foot, taking up on the fore and aft reef lines, then dropping the main a foot, and so forth. The topping lift is not involved.

It's been a challenging season on the Chesapeake – alternatively humid days with temps over 90 and light, fluky winds, and then several consecutive days of thunderstorm trains coming up from the Southeast. Several planned cruises had to be canceled because of the weather and so we've been limited to impromptu day sails when our schedule and the weather coincide. Just getting to know the boat in shakedown mode, we have not been involved in racing but hope to give it a shot next season. I've been able to line up a crew for day sailing, but would need some more able hands to campaign.

Unfortunately, a long-planned trip to Europe kept me away from the reunion in August. I had really hoped to be able to make it, but alas. I look forward to the tales from the reunion..

CHUCK LINDWALL



## FLEETWOOD

### No. 20 Kiel, Germany

Kiel, Germany, August 24th, Friday morning 03:15, the alarm wakes me up for a long day's journey and a one week stay in New England. Airport service is scheduled to pick me up at 03:45. Flight schedule: 06:05 from Hamburg via Paris to Boston. Advantage of early morning flights: they are usually in time. Disadvantage: very long day, even when traveling from Europe to the United States. Nevertheless, every minute is worth to travel for meeting friends!

At Arrival in Boston, a smiling Marc Tucker and Kathy Bonk picked me up at the airport for the drive to Padanaram. We arrived just in time at 14:30. John Eide arrived nearly the same time. What a warm welcome. A lot of arrangements were made to host me. I'm on board of *Irian*, invited by Meg Twohey and Darrow A. Lebovici to sail with them back to Maine. For the second half of the week I'll stay with Kathy and Marc from *Whimbrel*, at their house in Maine.

Before this I had the luxury situation to decide on which boat to sail the reunion race on Saturday. Not so easy to decide. Finally I was the "fore deck monkey" on board *Polaris*. They are three on board and very anxious to have a complete crew to run the spinnaker. I sailed with Leif Arntzen last year during my visit in New York together with my daughter Lea and we had lots of fun that time.

And again we had lots of fun, together with John Eide and Braden Rustand, Leif's cousin. Of course, we had some trouble with the course and a spinnaker that seemed a bit to small for the wind. But whatever. To be part of it is everything. Thanks, Leif for that day!

Thanks also to Brodie and Stuart McGregor and their whole team from Concordia Company for the perfect organization.

The New Bedford Yacht Club is an amazing location. I really enjoyed the dinner in the restaurant Friday night after the cocktails as well as breakfast on Saturday and Sunday.

Also I like to let you know my thoughts about the celebration ceremony: the food at dinner was excellent; the small talk around the tables really enjoyable; the speeches marvelously entertaining. Special thanks to John Eide for the

appreciation of those Concordians doing most of the work on their boats with their own hands! That I got the trophy for the greatest distance traveled on owner's bottom to the rendezvous made me very touched.

Sunday morning, after breakfast, *Irian* moved to the fueling dock and Anthon, a friend of Meg and Darrow, came on board as fourth crew member for the passage to Maine via the Cape Cod Canal. So we were complete.

We had a nice afternoon breeze to the Canal, but had to wait two hours at a mooring in Pocasset Harbor and then got a comfortable passage through the canal. During this passage Meg and Darrow discussed the strategy to cross the Gulf of Maine: close to the coast or straight across the gulf. The forecast was moderate so we took the direct way. I got the watch from 12 midnight to 4 AM which I extended a bit to see the sun rise. I never did a coastal night passage before and I really enjoyed it. Unforgettable moments on the Ocean!

After 24 hours we arrived at the coast of Maine and entered Christmas Harbor for the night. Next day was a half day sail to Rockport, *Irian's* home. I was very happy to see Taylor Allan and talk to him, remembering all the work that Rockport Marine did on *Fleetwood* in 1996, which is still a successful story.

A really good dinner in Camden and breakfast next day on board finalized our journey.

Kathy Bonk picked me up after breakfast for the drive to

their home in Brooksville. I stayed three days with Marc and Kathy. Marc and I had a nice afternoon sailing on *Whimbrel* and an interesting visit to Seal Cove Boat Yard, where they used to service *Whimbrel*. Thanks to you Marc and Kathy to share these days with me.

Nevertheless, the week came to its end and I had to leave. Some hours on the bus from Bangor to Boston, a two hours visit of Boston City and a short flight back to Hamburg.

Thanks for everything, I'm looking forward to meet the Concordia Family again at ERR 2019!

KERSTEN PROPHET





## MARY ELLEN

### No. 26 Charleston, SC

*Mary Ellen* was busy this past couple of months. I hauled her out for annual maintenance at the beginning of September. The only big job (I thought) was to install a stopwater in the join between the sternpost and horn timber. I was pretty sure I forgot to put one there during the restoration (I did). *Mary Ellen* leaked significantly in that area. In fact, I had the scary experience of the bilge alarm warning me by text and email of high water in the boat. Turns out that both my primary and backup Rule pump switches failed. A wee-hour rush to the boat ensued. I installed another Rule switch (which was all I had on-hand) but it failed within a couple of days. I will say no more about Rule switches except to say I no longer own any.

I got the stop water installed but decided that I was not happy with how well the plank ends fit into the sternpost rabbet. I chiseled out a better rabbet and installed a "splined," aka "gump wedge," of juniper and basically made a new caulking seam on both sides of the boat. I am really tickled with the result. I have no idea how often the pumps come on now. A few days after relaunch, I drew a line at the bilge water level and it took more than an hour for the level to get from one side of the line to the other.

I pulled the mast this year and decided the varnish was shot. Therefore, I took an extra week at the yard to wood the mast and re-varnish with Allwood. Supposedly, Allwood lasts much

better than traditional varnish and is more flexible which, for obvious reasons, is especially great for a mast. Because of these big jobs (and a week off because of Hurricane Florence) *Mary Ellen* was in the yard for a month! Such a relief to have that done.

I attended the Georgetown Wooden Boat Show in mid-October. It is a great event! Most of the entries are small wooden boats. There were some fabulous boats to look at and Georgetown is a gem. The organizers put on a great show. *Mary Ellen* got beat in her category by a very old Moth sailboat that was in perfect original condition. Nevertheless, the show awarded *Mary Ellen* a special prize for Best Wooden Boat in Regular Use. The announcer (who may have hit the Scotch a bit hard before exercising his duties) was somewhat confusing in his description of the award. He gushed on about *Mary*

*Ellen* in several respects so it was hard to tell what we won! Fortunately, I later heard about the judge's intent.

By the way, our boats are not meant for travel up the ICW. At least not in South Carolina. There is a section near McClellanville S.C. that is impassible except within an hour of high tide. *Mary Ellen* dragged the bottom there on the way up and back and got stuck once. Fortunately, a large motor yacht obliged me with a big wake that lifted us off.

CHUCK THOMPSON



A few of the 700 #16 x 2" silicon bronze flat head wood screws smuggled into Germany by Kersten after the Rendezvous..





Sunrise, Perry's Creek, Vinalhaven. June 29. Photography by Jay Panetta aboard Owl.

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## GREAT NEWS!

Pam Parker, *Portunus*, will be taking over the management of the Concordian Chat Room that I created a few years ago. She's got the enthusiasm, the skills and the energy to make it work. It will be available to all Concordian subscribers who are paid up, and who have email. Yes, some owners don't use email or have computers so this is the perfect reason for you to join the 21st Century. Thanks, Pam.

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## Norwegian Steam

If you are near Bristol, RI, between now and New Year's Day, stop at the Herreschoff Marine Museum to see **The Norwegian Steam: The America's Cup Crews from Tysnes** an exhibition paying tribute to the Norwegian sailors who manned the America's Cup J Boats in the teens, '20s and '30s. A small, but excellent show assembled by Juan Corradi, *Westray*, from materials he gathered in Norway.

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# the Concordian

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Trophies and prizes awarded.  
Racing.  
Celebrating.  
Rose Dolan. Crisette.  
... and Streamer..

