



# The Concordian

A NEWSLETTER FOR LOVERS OF CONCORDIA YACHTS



FALL 2019, NUMBER 67

# Musings from the Mizzenmast

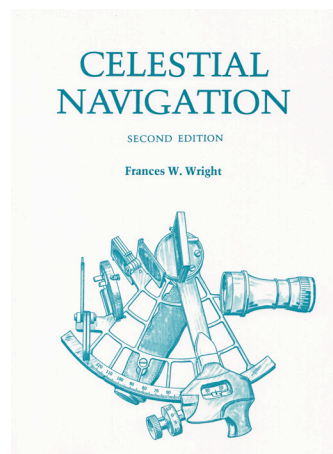
JAY PANETTA

In my first editor's column in the previous issue of the *Concordian*, I made reference to a cherished sailing mentor, Widgery Thomas. Through him I was introduced in the 1970s to the marvels of the Maine coast, and also to the many challenges that ever-demanding coastline presents to skippers. It is now my pleasure to be able to speak of another highly important mentor, one who helped me and a great many others gain the skills we would need for extended offshore sailing. She was Dr. Frances W. Wright (1897-1989).



Dr. Wright had a notable career as an astronomer. After serving for many years as a “computer” (so they were called) at the Harvard College Observatory, Dr. Wright received her Ph.D. at age 60, with Fred Whipple as her advisor. Having by then established herself as a leading expert on the Large Magellanic Cloud, a nearby galaxy visible from the Southern Hemisphere, she joined the Harvard faculty and served there until her retirement. Dr. Wright also pursued, with consummate zeal, a lifelong interest in the mathematics and practical techniques of celestial navigation and coastal piloting. Her expertise came to the attention of the United States military during World War II, when she was recruited to teach intensive three-week navigation courses to officers who were soon to be posted overseas. “Our students were serious about it,” she later recalled, “because their lives—and the lives of many others—would depend on how well the lessons were learned.” In the decades following the war, Dr. Wright published several books on celestial and coastwise navigation.

She also continued her involvement with the teaching of navigation, founding a Harvard undergraduate course called Astronomy 2, which continues to this day. I was fortunate enough to take the course in the Fall of 1971. In the group with me were several fellow students who would go on to circumnavigate, along with others who undertook all manner of serious sailing adventures: Rich Wilson, Phineas Sprague, Andy Burnes, Bill Fitz, Brad Ives, Robbie Doyle. We did a great deal of work with sextants and sight reduction, and



were introduced in depth to the theory and spherical trigonometry behind the calculations. The techniques of coastwise piloting were also covered in considerable detail. Phin and I enjoyed all this so much that we signed on for an additional semester of independent study with Dr. Wright, during which we moved on to a number of advanced topics. She was a delightful personage in the classroom, highly engaged and invariably enthusiastic—indeed downright passionate—about the subject matter. Constant vigilance. Check and double check. Always verify the number on that mark. She had a particular fascination with navigational accidents, and assigned to us a number of case studies, hoping to inspire caution and deliberation in her charges. None of us will ever forget the unfortunate captain who saw “F” in the light designation and took it to mean “Flashing.” Wrong, alas, and his schooner was wrecked. “F” means “Fixed.”

When each of us eventually headed offshore and began to put the classroom work to use, we had been through the procedures so many times that ease and confidence were assured. Mastering the art of position finding was a highly gratifying endeavor, and I would never have had the confidence to set forth on longer passages without the superb preparation I had received. I thus owe a profound debt to Dr. Wright, as do so many who were taught by her. In her will, she provided funding intended to support the continuation of Astronomy 2 at Harvard, an endowment that has since been augmented by further donations from course alumni. In consequence, celestial navigation will be taught at Harvard in perpetuity. The course has attracted as many as 35 students in recent years.

I still own my sextant, though I have not put it to use for some while. Yet the fundamentals and principles I absorbed from Dr. Wright's teachings continue to inform my entire approach to reading charts, planning courses, and keeping my vessel and crews safe. Her dedicated instruction was a genuine life gift, one that I continue to value most highly. And her example inspires me yet again to issue this important reminder: all of us need to be active in passing along our knowledge and skills to up-and-coming sailors.

*Cover: The 1939 motorsailer Hurricane was designed by Concordia Company and constructed in Fairhaven, Massachusetts by the Casey Boat Building Company. An account of Hurricane's history appears on pages 4-8. Cover photo by the Editor.*



# Westray

NO. 79 • NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

2019 was a very good year, which culminated in a successful racing season. During the preceding winter, Westray had her interior restored by the skilled crew at Ballentine's Boat Shop (Cataumet, Massachusetts), who brought the cabin back expertly to its original pristine condition. All the furniture was removed, sanded, varnished, and then put back into place. The folding berths received new canvas and had their metal frames recoated. All the non-varnished wood in the cabin was repainted in the original off white. This inside restoration complemented the exterior work on the coach house and decks that we had undertaken over the previous winter. By July, Westray was ready to strut her looks at the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport, where she won first prize in the Professionally Maintained Sailboat category of the Concours d'Élégance.



All the more adventurous, if not plain risky, was to subject the yacht to a rather prolonged schedule of racing. Yet we managed it without harm to our boat, and achieved some podium results to boot. We began our racing at the New York Yacht Club 175th Anniversary Regatta. We competed over four days, with two races each day, and our chances against most high performers were admittedly slim. We treated this regatta as an extensive and expensive tuneup for events later in the season, and we basked in the pageantry of post-race celebrations at Harbour Court, the Newport station of the NYYC.

Then came the classic races at Marblehead, Nantucket, Bristol, and Newport. The Opera House Cup featured little wind and a race shortened to one leg, with several boats not starting and Westray counted as not finishing after rounding the first mark—which was also the last mark. The other races were fiercely competitive and a joy to sail. For Westray there was a string of good results, a crescendo that ended in glory at the IYRS awards dinner in Newport.

For this aging cruising skipper—still a beginner after ten years as a Concordian—it was a remarkable lesson to learn how a 60-year-old yawl could sail as swiftly as she did. The credit goes to my co-skipper

Jeff Gonsalves, and to the 20 marvelous crew members who came aboard during the season. They ranged from novices to veterans, and included classic boat owners, agile foredeck sailors, navigators and tacticians, women and men, the very young and the not so young, with ages ranging from pre-teen to the seventies (in my case). Some knew each other, some did not. But each time they formed a near-perfect racing team. I felt like the manager of a symphony orchestra, with a superb music director and outstanding guest conductors and performers on the decks. And to shift analogies, just as an army marches on its stomach, a racing program depends upon the logistics ashore. My wife Christina deftly managed all such logistics: organizing supplies, housing and feeding the crews, ferrying sailors, and providing moral support in every port of call—not to mention serving as first mate on the deliveries and cruises in between.

The lessons learned were many, but two stand out. One is that Concordias do quite well on the race course against other classic and vintage boats. They are well received and celebrated at all venues, especially at the Marblehead Corinthian Classic Yacht Regatta. From this comes a plea to fellow Concordia owners: please show your colors at selected racing events. We need more Concordias at Camden, at Eggemoggin Reach, at Marblehead, and in Narragansett Bay. For us on Westray it has been a keen pleasure to race against those yawls that did participate. Fun and camaraderie are the names of the game. The second lesson learned was an appreciation of just how much the young, including the very young, enjoy sailing a classic wooden yawl, and how eagerly experienced hands take to fine-tuning the boat, even those on board for the very first time. Concordias were traditionally family boats, and today they continue to perform as inter-generational yachts. As Crocodile and Misty (to name only two) have so amply demonstrated, a Concordia yawl is a wonderful platform on which to learn to sail. These two lessons give me hope that the fleet will keep going for many years to come.

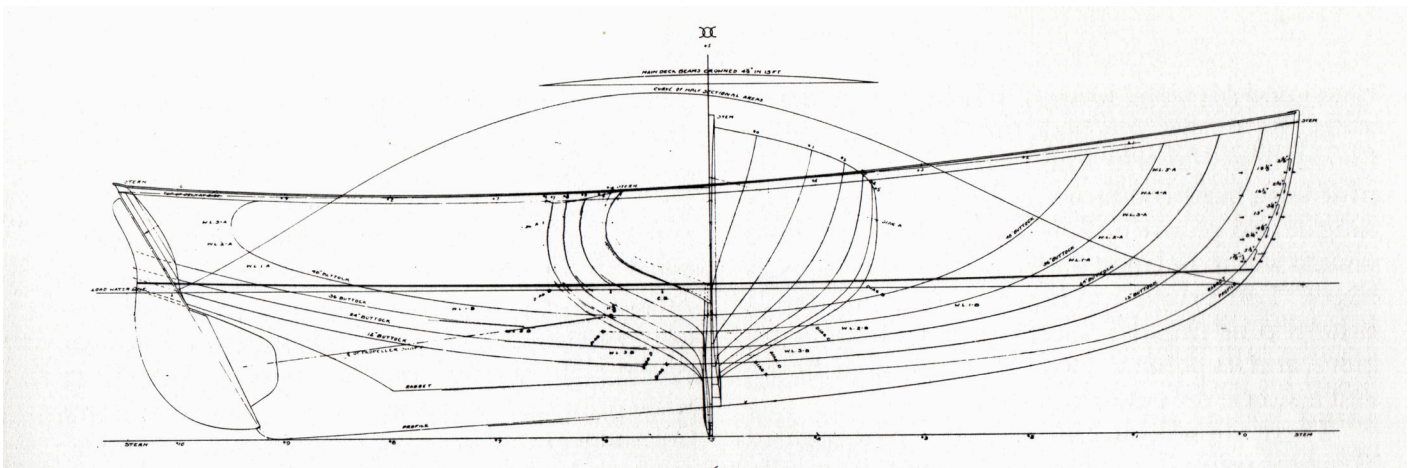
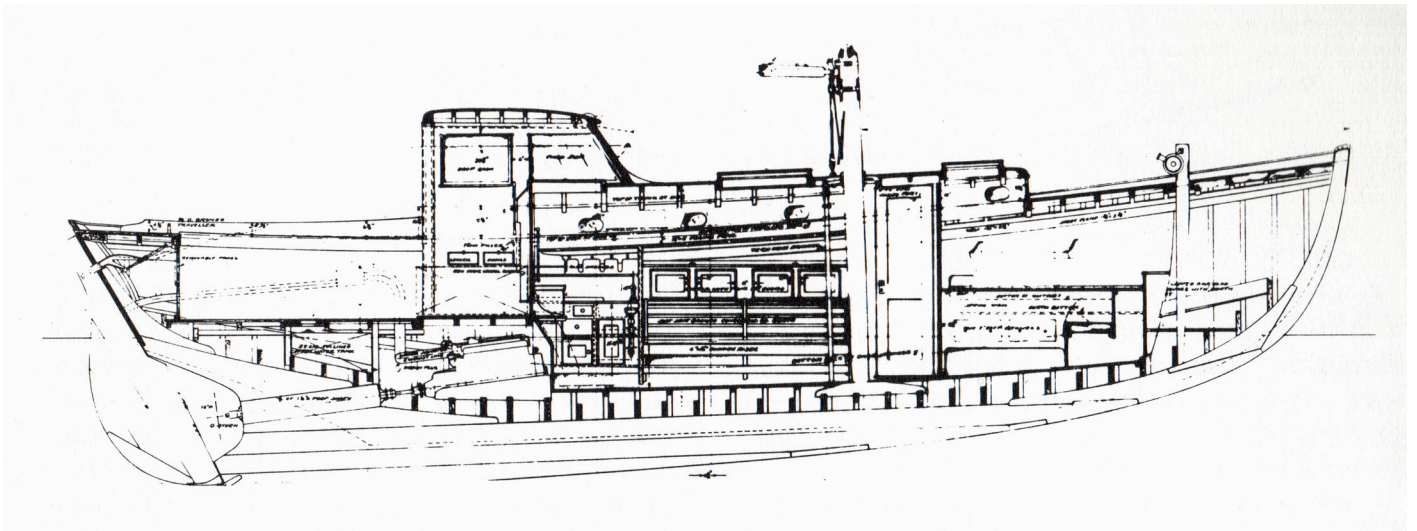
Juan Corradi



# Hurricane, a Concordia Motorsailer

In the Fall of 1938, the Concordia Company was asked by Richard Perkins to create “a little motorsailer that could actually sail.” Designed by Wilder B. (“Bill”) Harris and constructed for \$8000 by the Casey Boat Building Company in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, the vessel was given the name Hurricane. She is 40’2” overall, with lines that combine full sections, a long run, and a fine stern, these balancing a “powerboat” bow that is narrow and deep. The original ballast was loose iron carried inside. Concerning Hurricane, Waldo Howland commented as follows: “I suppose it can be said that a small motorsailer is neither hay nor grass. Yet I feel that Hurricane fills a real need. She has most of the good qualities of a cruising sailboat and of a displacement powerboat. In general, she has the easy motion, the seaworthiness, and much of the sailing ability of the former. At the same time she has the lesser draft, the larger accommodations, and the greater powering efficiency of the latter. For certain requirements, Hurricane is a complete and first-class unit. She is one of my favorites.”

Hurricane has been owned for the past 30 years by Marie and Johnny Veeder, neighbors and dear friends of ours in Manchester-by-the-Sea. They have been kind enough to provide this account of the vessel’s fascinating story, and to share their experiences as highly devoted owners and stewards.





## Our History with Hurricane

Hurricane celebrates her 80th birthday this year. She boasts a long history of sailing, from Nantucket Sound to the Bay of Fundy, and her record also includes World War II service in the North Atlantic. Fortunately, much of her story can be traced: via *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts*, in numerous drawings and papers of the Concordia Company, through reminiscences from previous owners, crew members, and shipwrights, and by way of the personal recollections and published memoirs of Waldo Howland, in particular *A Life In Boats, Volume One* (1984).

The plans for Hurricane were drawn in 1938, with input from Waldo. Initial inspiration for the design was taken from a power vessel named Dauntless, a yard workboat belonging to Waldo's good friend Hugh Smyth, who was involved with the Mystic Shipyard in Mystic, Connecticut. This stout wooden vessel would appear to have been a straightforward though not unsophisticated utility powerboat. It is possible that Dauntless had been built (and perhaps designed as well) at the Dauntless Shipyard in Essex, Connecticut, though definitive confirmation would require further research.

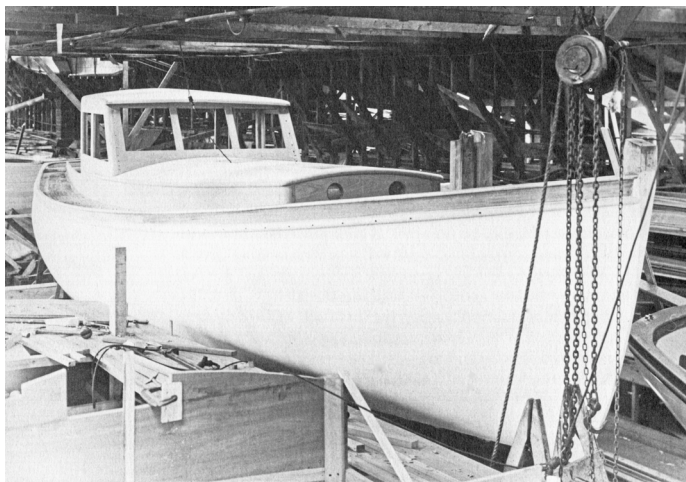


*Powerboat Dauntless in the background, at Mystic Shipyard during the 1930s. Photo from the collection of Waldo Howland.*

The initial design drawings inspired by Dauntless did not suit Hurricane's owner-to-be, Dick Perkins of New York City. According to Waldo, "Our first sketches and specifications did not entirely fit with what Dick had in mind. The general effect with vertical windshield, low cockpit coamings, flat transom, etc., was for him too commercial in appearance. So Bill proceeded to spruce up the superstructure and add a double-planked rounded transom for what became the final plans."

Hurricane was built at the Casey yard under a written agreement dated December 5, 1938, and the boat was delivered to Dick Perkins in June of 1939. Dick's father, James H. Perkins, was an early supporter and friend of Waldo Howland, who described James as "a highly respected New York banker and the laird of Misham Point" (South Dartmouth's southernmost extremity). In 1935, the Perkins family had commissioned from Concordia the 30-foot sloop Weepecket, drawn by Ray Hunt and built by Casey. They later ordered a 30-foot powerboat, designed by Bill Harris and also constructed by Casey. The former had a large cockpit comparable to Hurricane's, while the latter's tall stem, inspired by the Jonesport lobster boat model, was suggestive of Hurricane's bow. Regarding

the choice of builder for all these boats (as well as three of the first four Concordia yawls, including #1 Escape/Java), Waldo Howland offered the following: "As to why we chose Casey's, I can only say that through storage contacts we had become used to them, knew what they could do, and trusted them. Mr. Casey himself often seemed like an odd duck to those who didn't know him. He was not much of a man for talking to customers. But his right-hand man, George Brodeur, was an agreeable sort, and with George we got along just fine . . . While some of the yard's workmanship was a bit rough compared with that of builders like Herreshoff and Lawley, the materials used on the Casey jobs were generally good, and his boats tended to last a long time."



*Hurricane under construction at the Casey Boatbuilding Company, Spring 1939. Photo from the collection of Waldo Howland.*



*The interior of Hurricane as originally fitted out in 1939. Photo from the collection of Waldo Howland.*

Several of Hurricane's features were adopted by Waldo and Ray Hunt for the Concordia yawls, including the folding berths in the main cabin (with louvered-door lockers above and outboard), the heating stove and its exterior smoke head, the knotty pine bulkhead paneling, the dropleaf dining table offset to port, and the outboard cant of the main cabin seat faces, which allowed for a wider cabin sole and greater seating comfort.

The name Hurricane was chosen by the Perkins family and inspired by the devastating storm that had struck New England on September 21, 1938, causing great loss of life and property across coastal areas and inland regions alike. For superstitious sailors, this is a name not readily changed, nor has it ever been.

Hurricane was completed as an auxiliary cutter, with an overall length of 40' 2", a waterline of 36', a beam of 11' 3", and a displacement of 21,000 pounds. Her original sail area was 573 square feet, and her original draft was 5'. She had an oak stem, keel, and sternpost, and steam-bent oak frames. Her planking was of Philippine mahogany, with bronze screw fastenings. The interior of the hull received a ceiling of 5/8" pine, fastened by galvanized nails. A generously proportioned doghouse provided for a steering station and seating. Her below-decks plan was conventional: a main cabin aft, with ample galley space thanks to the offset companionway, and a smaller cabin forward of the midships head, followed by an anchor rode locker. Bulkheads were tongue-and-groove knotty pine, and interior trim was of locust left bright and finished with Oxan oil, a proprietary finish from Scandinavia. Because Dick Perkins was a tall man, there was 6' 3" of headroom both in the doghouse and below. Her cockpit was large, capable of seating six. The doghouse with its side windows provided protection from sun, sea, and rain. Below she was fitted with an icebox, a chart table, the large drop-leaf cabin table, and a "Clyde Cooker" stove, made in Glasgow, Scotland and fired by kerosene. She had two cabintop hatches, forward and aft of the mast: the forward hatch was pine covered with canvas, and the aft hatch was mahogany with four glass deadlights. Her original sails were made by Manchester Sailmakers of South Dartmouth.

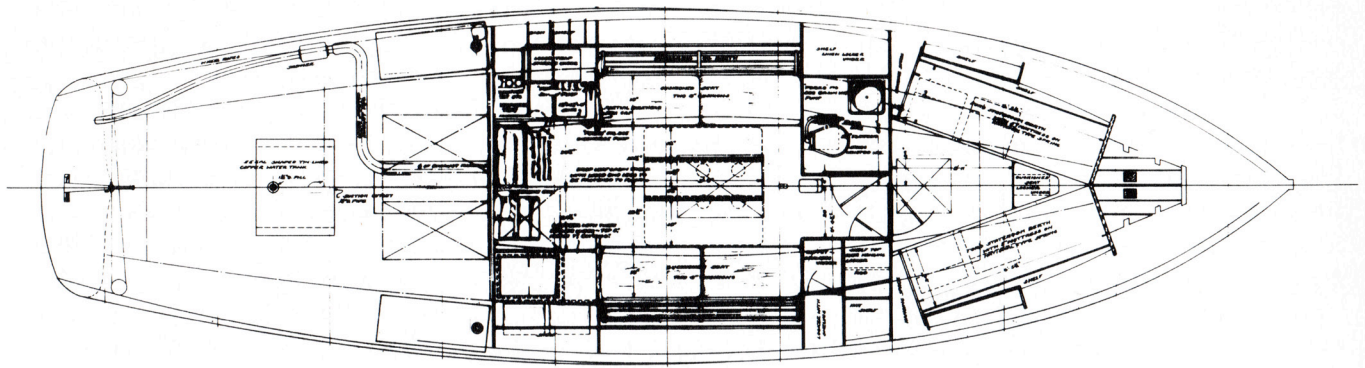
As built, Hurricane had a white hull with bright Oxan-oiled rails, though she had no guard rails. Originally her decks were rift-sawn white pine laid in narrow widths and sprung to the covering boards. She was fitted with a double gypsy windlass. Her original power plant was a six-cylinder Gray Marine gasoline engine. She had two separate fuel tanks of 42 gallons each, and a 55-gallon water tank. Under power, she cruised at 8 knots, although a contemporary advertisement suggested that she could be driven "several knots faster." Years later Waldo admitted to us, with a wry smile, that this had been asserted for advertising purposes only. At her normal cruising speed, gasoline consumption was moderate: Dick Perkins used a total of just 140 gallons (costing \$28) during her first four months of almost daily use during the summer of 1939. She could be steered from the wheel in the doghouse or with a tiller at the rear of the cockpit. Hurricane's name and home port (South Dartmouth) were painted in black letters on her white transom, and she trailed a Lawley yacht tender purchased for \$80. Although a Concordia Company design, she did not carry the moon and star later carved into the hulls of the Concordia yawls and sloops.



*Hurricane as delivered in 1939.  
Photo courtesy of Marie and Johnny Veeder.*



By October 1940, Mr. Perkins was offering Hurricane for sale in *Yachting Magazine*. The advertisement, with a photo, described her as “probably one of the fastest and generally most outstanding motorsailers afloat.” This notice elicited 28 replies, and in 1941 the vessel was sold to George de Peyster. In 1942 she was owned by Merle L. Crowell. By 1943 the vessel had been requisitioned by the U.S. Coast Guard for war service. Painted black, carrying black sails, and moving silently, she was tasked with searching by night for U-boats surfacing to recharge their batteries. With a large crew to be accommodated, Hurricane was fitted with additional bunks, and the evidence of those added pipe berths is still visible. Unfortunately, her original Concordia folding berths in the main saloon were removed at this time. Given the rigors of winter war duty offshore, it was likely also during this period that a larger coal-burning cabin stove was fitted to replace her original Concordia heater. That stove, along with coal in its scuttle, remained in place for the next fifty years.



Dick Preston sailed Hurricane for almost twenty years, and cruised extensively from Cape Ann to Maine, including travel to and from his summer home on the Damariscotta River. The boat was a noted passagemaker, and on club cruises she served as a significant resource for spare parts and a commodious store for liquid refreshments. In 1976, Hurricane lost her mast during a storm in Fisherman's Passage, near Owl's Head, Maine. During the repair process, Dick Preston fitted a self-furling jib and made other significant improvements, including a new mainsail with an enigmatic "Atomic Turtle" insignia, which was Dick's own design showing a sea turtle beneath an atomic symbol. Many thought that this design perhaps signified the modern age of nuclear energy coupled with the tradition of an old wooden sailing vessel. Yet Dick, who had a generous and quirky sense of humor, later told us that he chose the Atomic Turtle design because it was "completely meaningless." Nonetheless, it became a leitmotif throughout the boat: even the bronze megaphone was labeled, in the local dialect, "The voiz of the Atomic Toitul was hoid o'er the sea." By this time, Hurricane had become a well known boat both Down East and around Cape Ann.

- 7 -

shelter ashore. Fortunately, the worst of the storm passed farther to the west and Hurricane was unharmed, her name notwithstanding. And we had discovered Maine. It was the first of our many adventures to come.

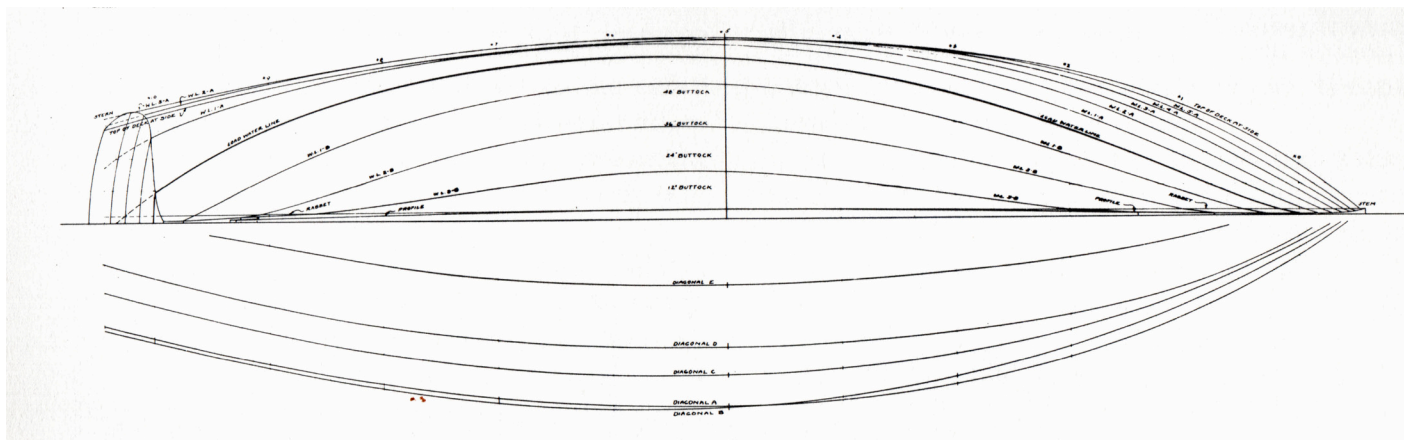
In 1994, as additional problems emerged, it became clear that our original plan of work was no longer realistic. Hurricane needed rebuilding, not repairs. We placed her restoration in the hands of Crocker's Boat Yard in Manchester-by-the-Sea, under the wise guidance of Sam Crocker. By 1996, after extensive and laborious efforts by Crocker's shipwrights, Hurricane's frames had been sistered with white oak, her stem had been rebuilt, and her hull had been replanked with mahogany. Following installation of new deck beams as needed, her deck was made sound with marine plywood covered with fiberglass cloth and painted gray—except for the cockpit, which was fitted with natural teak. She also acquired a new mahogany transom, finished bright, and a new rudder. A fresh diesel engine was installed, accompanied by substantial electrical upgrades and other internal work. To all outward appearances she was still the same Concordia design, but now she might better have been described as a Concordia-Crocker. The craftsmanship involved in achieving this result was superb, crowned by a new wooden wheel fashioned by Sturgis Crocker, Sam's father. Hurricane could once again cruise at 8 knots, with a reliable engine. And she could sail well in most conditions—save upwind, for want of a deep keel.

In 1996 we brought Hurricane to Padanaram, to exhibit her successful restoration to Waldo Howland and Dick Perkins. She was clearly far from forgotten. Waldo Howland told us, among many things, that she was in fact his favorite of all boats. As we left the dock, he blew kisses at her. We had earlier met Dick Preston at the Isles of Shoals, and he related more of her history as he knew it. In 2009, we celebrated Hurricane's 70th birthday with a large party at Crocker's Boat Yard for Hurricane's alumni, which included Dick Perkins's son and daughter-in-law (Dick and Millie Perkins), Sam and Paula Crocker, Kitty and Skip Crocker, and the many Crocker shipwrights who had worked on Hurricane's restoration.

Hurricane is now equipped with a mainsail and large furling jib by North Sails, both of which carry Dick Preston's "meaningless" Atomic Turtle insignia. Her engine is a John Deere 4045 turbocharged marine diesel, fitted to a Twin Disc MG-5010 transmission. She has a three-blade Max-Prop, which feathers under sail and provides true reverse. Her stove/heater is a diesel-burning Dickinson Bering. Her two anchors, with chain and rope rode, are operated by an Ideal windlass. She is fitted with two 35-gallon fuel tanks, a large fresh-water tank, and a hot water tank for the shower that draws heat from the engine. She has the usual electronic equipment, including an automatic pilot. Hurricane can be sailed easily by two persons.

We have owned Hurricane for 30 years. During that time, the two of us have spent many summers sailing in Maine, eventually joined by our daughter—until she discovered the paramount joys of horses. We were then limited to daysailing for a time, which is no hardship from Manchester-by-the-Sea, our summer home. Nothing in the world, however, compares to sailing in Maine. In Summer and Fall, it provides one of the most interesting, safe, and friendly cruising grounds in the world. And nothing in boating can compare to sailing a traditional wooden boat like Hurricane. She is still greeted by many as an old friend, and we continue to encounter crew and shipwrights who have sailed aboard or worked on her in the past. Even the seagulls take note, seeing her as an oversized lobster boat and approaching her with hopes of oversized bait. During our ownership there have been many changes: from Loran to a GPS chartplotter, from a simple VHF radio to an AIS receiver, and from "potato navigation" to radar. We can pass over quickly the list of our trials and tribulations: her old mainsail tearing at the seams at a most inopportune moment, her old engine perversely refusing to start in remote anchorages, the storm during which that cranky engine failed, requiring us to sail reefed and upwind for 36 hours back to Manchester, and the near loss of her mast in the aftermath of Hurricane Andrew. The list goes on, but these tests are now best forgotten. Whatever the pain, she has repaid it all in delight, with interest. We remain more than content to have become Hurricane's owners, extending her life span into the 21st century. Yet these old wooden boats are perhaps never actually owned. As Hurricane's many devoted keepers have proved over the past 80 years, her stewards are mere trustees, of a tradition which one hopes will never die.

Marie and Johnny Veeder

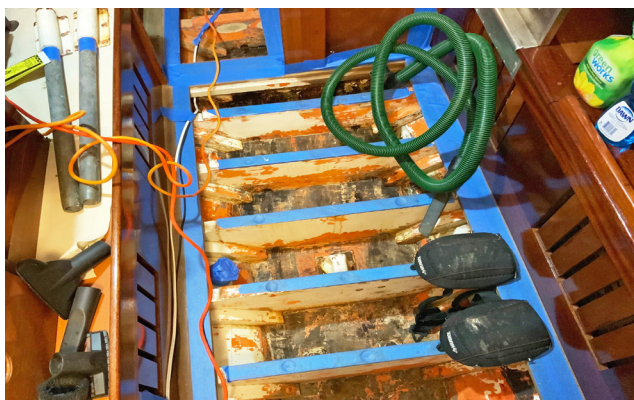




# Phantom

NO. 93 • NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Phantom spent the winter in Mamaroneck, New York, in the water with the sticks up and the winter cover on. Normally I take down the rig, but this year I decided to test the Awlwood finish on the masts. I am happy to report that the Awlwood looked sharp in the spring, and it still remained in great shape as the season wrapped up. This experiment has worked well, considering that the masts were last varnished in the winter of 2017. The only problem area was at the tops of the spreaders, which had to be refinished. This winter I plan on coating the tops with white paint, which should hold up better.



The main winter project was cleaning the bilge and repainting it with red lead. The hardest part was scraping the old paint and dirt that had accumulated over the years, which took a lot longer than I'd expected. I am happy to report that the cleaning and repainting has helped to eliminate odors, and the boat continues to smell fresh. Other upgrades over the winter included new cockpit cushions, new interior cushions, and new sail covers.

It was a great sailing season for Phantom, even though I did not undertake a long cruise. Instead I kept her closer to New York City, where I could easily get to her and daysail on the weekends. Almost every Sunday was spent on board, sailing around western Long Island Sound with friends.



The highlight of the season was winning the Indian Harbor Yacht Club Classic Yacht Regatta. Winds were 15-20 knots out of the south, and the fetch across Long Island Sound created swells of three to four feet, providing ideal conditions for Phantom. Competition was fierce, and included the 72-foot ketch Ticonderoga of Greenwich (1936, designed by L. Francis Herreshoff), and the 68-foot yawl Black Watch (1938, designed by Olin Stephens).

The fleet consisted of 11 classic yachts, which the race committee divided into two groups. We started in Class B, with the smaller wooden boats. We had a strong start, taking the pin end and port tacking the fleet. We then identified a hole that allowed us to cut our way through the rest of the fleet on starboard. We crossed just ahead of an S-boat and had a clear run to the first mark. Aegir, a 1936 Alden yawl, rounded the mark first, followed by Dagger, an International 225 (1936, designed by Ray Hunt). We were close behind. At the third mark we were neck and neck with Aegir, but had to give them room at the rounding. Our tactician called a great move: we stayed low and rounded up inside Aegir. That put us in second place coming out of the mark, with the rest of the fleet right on our heels. Only the much speedier Dagger was ahead of us in Class B.

The next leg, an upwind beat, was the longest. We debated covering Aegir but ultimately decided to sail the shifts, hoping to make time on Dagger. This gambit ended up being the correct one, as we pulled ahead of the boats behind us and gained ground on Dagger. The next leg was dead downwind, and tested our focus. We kept good boat speed, and rounded the final mark for a fast and wet beam reach to the line. At the finish we knew we had sailed well, but did not know how we had ultimately placed.



At the dock the crew was in high spirits. We were invited to have a tour of Black Watch, during which we learned that John Melvin, one of the current owners, is a former owner of Concordia 39 yawl Westray (#79). Later we were informed—to our delight—that we had won the event overall, correcting out three minutes ahead of Black Watch and taking the Frank Bowne Jones trophy.

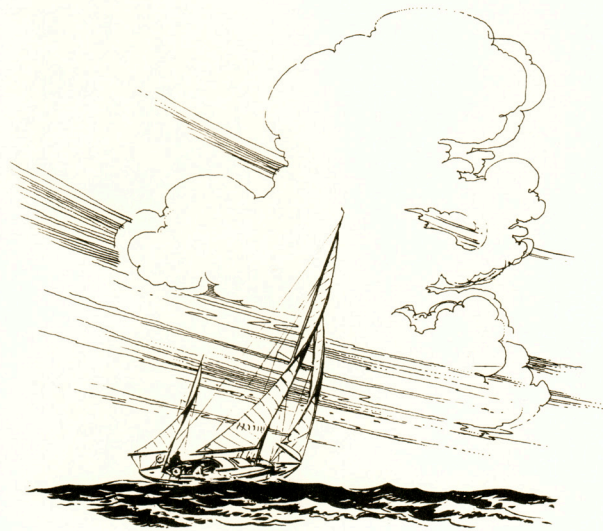
Josh Dennerlein

# Remembering Louie Howland

Service of Remembrance  
and Thanksgiving  
for

LLEWELLYN HOWLAND III

August 21, 1937 – June 21, 2019



11:00 a.m., Tuesday, September 10, 2019

Annisquam Village Church  
820 Washington Street  
Gloucester, Massachusetts

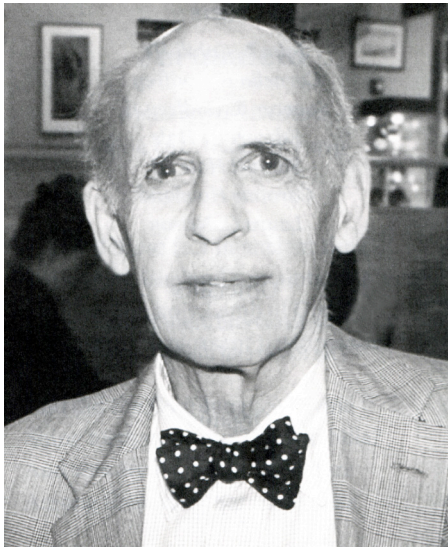
The Concordia family lost an esteemed and much-beloved member with the departure of Llewellyn Howland III, who died at home in Wenham, Massachusetts on Friday, June 21. Known to all as Louie, he was born in August of 1937 to Llewellyn Howland, Jr. and Sarah Ives Howland. He grew up in South Dartmouth, and was closely involved with boats and sailing across his entire lifetime. Louie's father ran the Concordia Company's Padanaram operations in partnership with his brother Waldo, beginning in the year 1941. Until Louie left home at age 14 to board at Milton Academy, he spent countless after-school and weekend hours at the Concordia yard, first observing and eventually assisting in various ways, all under the guidance of such stalwarts as Martin Jackson and Arthur Correia. A lad of literary bent, he also immersed himself in Waldo's extensive library of nautical books and journals, absorbing history and lore that would serve him exceptionally well in later pursuits.

During his high school and college summers, Louie became a sought-after paid hand, serving on a variety of top-rank yachts that included the Aage Nielsen sloop *Solution*, the Frank Paine cutter *Auk III*, and the Concordia sloop *Actaea* (#17), the first of the 41s. He also participated in considerable cruising and racing aboard a number of Concordia yawls. Louie graduated *magna cum laude* from Harvard College in 1959, with an honors thesis on the philosopher and writer and George Santayana. From that point onward he gravitated toward the world of words, and proceeded to make a distinguished career as a trade book editor and much-published writer. At Harcourt Brace and later at Little, Brown in Boston, Louie worked with authors across a broad range of topics, editing both fiction and non-fiction. In 1977, and arguably at the top of his game, he left Little, Brown to found his own business, Howland and Company, which dealt in literary first editions, antiquarian maritime titles, and marine artworks.



Louie's writing appeared often in *WoodenBoat* and other periodicals. He continued to edit on a freelance basis, and one assignment of which he was particularly proud was his role in shaping Waldo Howland's three-volume memoir, *A Life in Boats*. In 2002, Louie published a splendid history of the New Bedford Yacht Club, and in 2014 came his magnum opus, a magisterial biography of designer W. Starling Burgess entitled *No Ordinary Being* (David Godine Publishers). Those who have not encountered this volume should endeavor to obtain a copy, as the tale is entirely compelling from start to finish.

Louie Howland was a loyal supporter of Concordias and their owners and a friend to this newsletter, and I will cherish the note he sent to me in May after he'd received the Spring issue. He also gave generously of his time to Mystic Seaport Museum and the New Bedford Whaling Museum. In the community of those who revere wooden boats and their stories, Louie will not soon be forgotten. Here are a few of his own words, beautifully wrought as ever, on a topic dear to this readership. "They have all crossed the bar now, every last one of the men and women who made up the Concordia faculty during my undergraduate and graduate years at South Wharf. And every last one of the owners whom I sailed for and with, so gratefully. 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."



### Louie on Family History

My father, who had spent his boyhood summers in Padanaram, was 21 and a Harvard sophomore, and my Salem-born mother was 20 and a student at the Museum School in Boston, when they were married in the Spring of 1933. To mark the event they rented a little house in downtown Marblehead, and Ma quit her art classes and Pa happily dropped out of college and not so happily entered the training program at the Merchants National Bank in Boston at a salary of \$11 per week. Finding both banking and the life of the commuter intolerable, Pa became a residential real estate broker and insurance agent in Marblehead. This, in the depths of the Great Depression, was tantamount to being unemployed. My family's first years in Marblehead were hard going, even if Ma and Pa managed to get in a lot of sailing. So when the opportunity arose for Pa to go into partnership with his brother, my uncle Waldo Howland, in the real estate, marine insurance, and boatyard business in Padanaram, Mother supported the move and the Howlands never looked back. In the truest sense, my family's advent in South Dartmouth was a homecoming, a needful return to the land of my father's fathers.



*Louie Howland was a member of the crew of Concordia 41 sloop Actaea (#17) when that vessel, the first of the 41s, was the overall winner of the 1955 Annapolis Race. Crew members are, from left to right: Louie, owner and NYYC Commodore Henry Sears, Jack Keeshan, Roderick Brooke, J. Burr Bartram, Henry Maxwell, and Lawrence Rerbine. Photo courtesy of the Howland family.*

# Concordia Tips, Tricks, and Techniques

JAY PANETTA

## Seacock Security

Well deserving of close attention are the two large seacocks that serve the cockpit drains. They are normally left in the “open” position, such that rainwater can drain from the cockpit. Yet they are quite inaccessible in their locations well behind the engine (unless your boat is equipped with an access hatch in the cockpit floor). If an emergency ever arose requiring one of these seacocks to be shut, accomplishing that could prove difficult—and the inflow might be considerable, given the size of the hoses involved. We addressed this issue by installing bronze operating rods with guides, which was a relatively simple matter. They not only provide for quick closure, but also allow each valve to be exercised regularly, ensuring that it will in fact operate if needed in a pinch.



## Bedevil Those Bugs

A Concordia owner who came aboard Owl this summer quickly noted a feature lacking on his own boat: a screen for the skylight hatch in the main cabin. His immediate reaction: “I need one of those.” Any competent woodworker or boat carpenter could make one up in a hurry. Ours has a mahogany frame, and is held in place with four turnbuttons. In order to allow for replacement of the screen in case of damage, it should ideally be secured by removable stops fastened with small bronze screws.



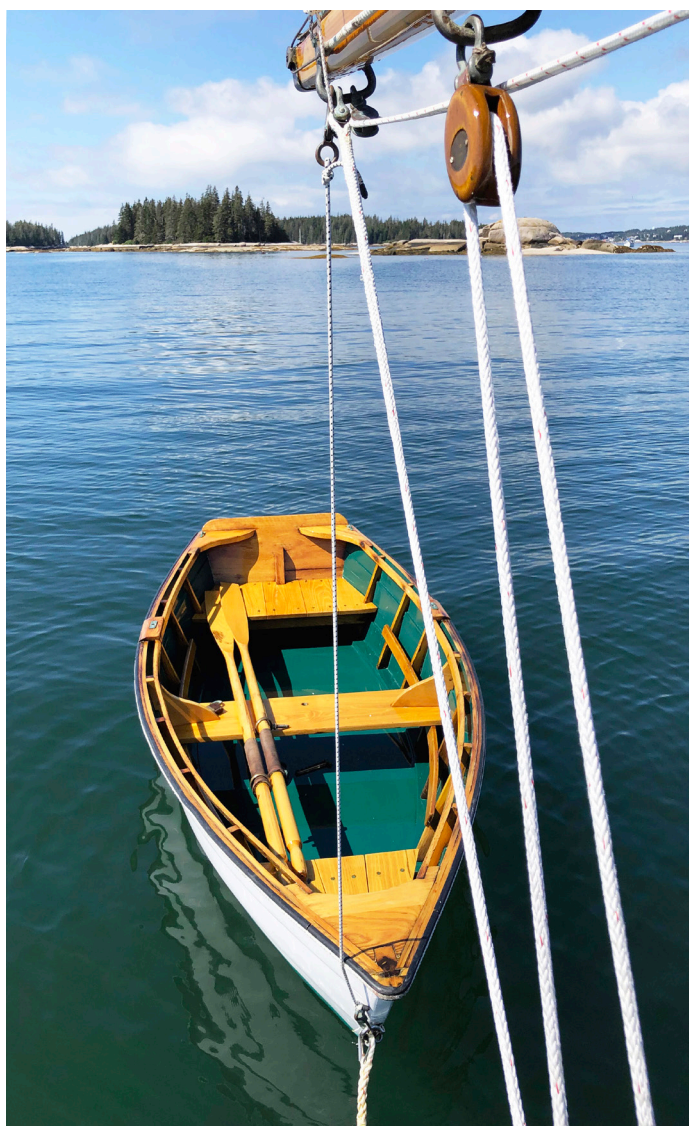
## A Difficult Afternoon

Another boater (not of the Concordia family) recently passed along a cautionary tale. One day this past summer, as he was powering along at 6.5 knots, the nut on his alternator's positive stud worked loose. With ample current flowing, the cable lug began arcing against the stud, eroding both parts. In short order, the positive cable dropped free and began arcing against the engine, which provided a highly efficient ground. Fortunately a “no charging” alarm promptly sounded, accompanied by powerful ozone and burn odors, and the engine was shut down. But the damage had been done, and our friend had to limp into port for costly repairs. Moral: ensure that this particular connection is made absolutely secure—preferably with a nylock nut, as an ordinary lock washer may not be adequate to the task, given the level of vibration. Here is a case in which a 25-cent nut could well prevent an expensive accident.



## Tame That Tender

Dinghy thump, during the nighttime. It's never welcome, and has disturbed many a fine sleep in otherwise peaceful coves. Shifts in breeze and current often encourage tenders to behave badly, and they have a particular habit of nuzzling up under the long counters of Concordias. Thump! It happens even in the best of families. One answer is to tie off the dinghy bow and stern to the side of the boat, aft of amidships and using small fenders. Here is an even simpler approach that seems to work well in most circumstances. I made up a length of shock cord with large bronze snap hooks at either end. One end is clipped to the dinghy's bow fitting, the other to the sheet bail at the outboard end of the mizzen boom. The painter is tied off as usual. In the glow of dawn, after a blissfully uninterrupted rest, simply drop the mizzen end of the shock cord into the tender and bring it alongside. Detach the shock cord from the bow and store it away. Sloop owners: sorry, this routine won't quite work for you.



*Location of the photo: Devil and Bold Islands, Merchant Row, just southeast of Stonington, Maine. September 3, 2019.*

## Extending the Water Supply

With two of us aboard for cruising, we find that each water tank in the main cabin can supply us for six days and nights. Some will find that consumption pattern admirable, while others may deem us unduly profligate. For those in the latter camp: we are not crossing oceans, but are instead enjoying relaxed coastal sailing. Thus we are not measuring out every drop, and certainly not observing the Adlard Coles standard ration of two quarts per person per day. In ordinary circumstances, all is well. Yet problems can arise during a cruise of two weeks or more in our beloved Maine and Canadian waters. When one shapes a course to the eastward beyond Mount Desert, docks offering potable water—in fact docks of any sort—become scarce.

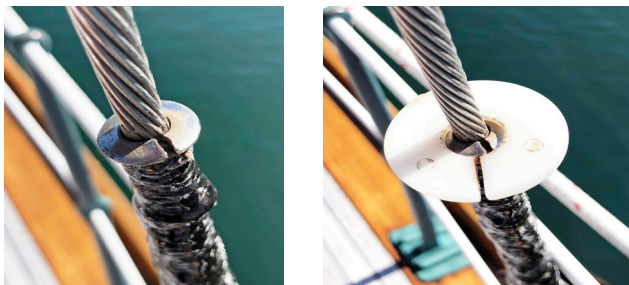
We have responded in two ways. First, we've found it useful to keep two five-gallon collapsible water jugs on board. These can be stored flat until needed, filled at any handy tap ashore, and brought back in the tender. Adding ten or even twenty gallons in this way is little work and greatly extends our range, without the need for a dock visit. We've also identified an on-board source that has been helpful at times. The water tank supplying the head sink is of truly generous dimensions, and only a portion of its capacity would typically be used during an entire season. With an inexpensive drill-driven pump and two short lengths of hose, we can whisk ten or fifteen gallons from the head tank into one of the main tanks, buying us several extra days. The right-angle style of cordless drill is the best choice by far to keep aboard a boat, where tight spots are the rule.





## Rolling Right Along

In order to function optimally, shroud rollers need to revolve freely. Furthermore, they can be prone to slipping down over the top turns of the splice servings, which inhibits movement and can cause the marline to unravel. Here is how I keep things in order. A small stainless washer, with an inside diameter slightly larger than the shroud diameter, is cut with a hacksaw and installed first. Over that comes a 1.5" nylon washer, also cut to allow for fitting. The stainless washer sits atop the serving and protects it, while the upper nylon washer allows the roller to spin smoothly. Rollers that do not turn readily take a far greater beating from sheets and headsail clews.



## Gladness in the Galley

Several owners have told me that they are not fully happy with the way their galley sinks drain—or don't drain. While this situation likely varies from boat to boat, the difficulty seems to have something to do with the fact that the sink is close to the waterline. The approach to the draining of icebox melt water also differs from one boat to the next, and this is another department in which not everyone is entirely content. All can agree that the original A&R setup, with drain tank and small tap, was quaint but far from ideal—and allowing fresh water from the icebox to drain into the bilge would be quite inadvisable. We have found that both of these problems can be readily addressed.



Owl is equipped with one of these 12-volt pumps, installed under the galley sink (Jabco Model #18660-0121). The pump is mounted to a hardwood block fastened to a convenient frame. The drains from both the sink and the icebox are plumbed to a y-valve, such that one can elect to drain either. The y-valve output goes to the input of the pump, whose output is directed to the nearby through-hull. The pump is operated by a pull-on/push-off switch mounted in the wooden panel in front of the sink, just at hip level so that it can be turned off hands-free when one is rinsing the heirloom family china that we all carry on our boats. One day a fellow owner came aboard just as I was in the process of draining a nearly full galley sink, which required mere seconds. She exclaimed in surprise, "Hold everything! How did you just do that?" Now you all know.

## Varnish Rescue

Here's a technique that can save a good bit of work in certain situations. On a warm evening this past May, I flowed out a perfect final coat of varnish on the seats of our tender. Early the next morning, a neighbor stopped by my shop to chat. He admired the fresh and glowing finish, and simply couldn't resist reaching out to caress it. Understandable, but a bad idea! The result was five small finger impressions in the still-tacky varnish on the center thwart.



I could have resolved this dilemma by sanding down the entire surface and applying another coat. Yet there's a simpler solution to little problems like this. Once varnish has cured for a few days, minor defects of many sorts can be buffed out entirely with automotive polishing compounds. The 3M "Perfect-It" products, which come in three grades, are ideal for the task.



Dealing with those fingerprints took less than five minutes: a good rub with the most aggressive grade (#1), followed by a quick polishing with #2 and then #3. The result: complete removal of the offending prints, and a glossy shine matching the untouched varnish nearby. This sort of rescue approach can prove truly handy, particularly when there is a small but noticeable defect in a varnished area that is otherwise entirely satisfactory. I have also achieved fine results with the 3M compounds in rubbing out finishes on the furniture pieces that I build, a procedure that is quicker and far less messy than the old routines involving pumice, rottenstone, and lubricating mineral oil. Problems in paint finishes, like stains and marks on vessel topsides, can also be remedied in short order with the same 3M products.



# Coriolis

NO. 82 • SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

This summer marked our 38th year with Concordia 41 Coriolis. We logged a bit of sailing, though not as much as we had wished. Nonetheless, we were more far-ranging than Jeff Makholm (#85 Arapaho), whose summer cruise consisted of a voyage from Padanaram to Nonquit in his 7' 11" Dyer! Our travels took us only from Seattle to the Gulf Islands in Canada, but we still enjoyed our days and nights aboard, and we continue to develop systems and improvements for the yawl.

In the last Concordian, I reported on the evolving traveler system I've installed, which employs simple turning blocks at each end of the traveler track and utilizes the weather sheet winch to adjust the car. This has worked rather well and continues to be refined.

For a while I have also wanted to incorporate a lazy jack system to handle the main—and as time goes by, the main seems to get larger every year! Our main is 44' on the hoist, and the mainmast is a two-spreader rig with running backstays attached at the lower spreaders, to reduce pumping and column inversion in rough conditions. The lines in many lazy jack systems create chafe and complication up and down the mast when not deployed. I wondered if I could simply ease the backstays and attach them to cleats on the boom when I decided to drop the main. This led me to incorporating light lines midway up the backstays that could serve as additional “keepers,” in loops attached further forward on the boom to temporary hooks. When not in use, the backstays are returned to position and the light line loops are attached to the backstays and “disappear.” At least that is the plan. The photo below shows the backstays attached to the cleats, and the light lines forward on the boom. All this has not yet been thoroughly tested, but it shows promise and is a simple approach to this sail handling issue.



Finally, I would like to add my condolences on the passing of Louie Howland. He started out as what Doug Cole would call my “book pusher,” serving up rare and extraordinary reading delights to someone fascinated with yachting history and design. In due course, Louie developed into a close friend and confidant. He supported my work in writing and protected and urged me on. I miss him terribly.

Doug Adkins

## Wooden Boat Racing in Maine, 2019

Reported by Ben Niles

### Castine to Camden Feeder Race

On Thursday, Otter sailed an excellent race, finishing second overall in Class B and ahead of many larger boats as well as the two other participating Concordias, Phalarope and Eagle. Otter was awarded the Phalarope Trophy, as the first Concordia on corrected time.

### Camden to Brooklin Feeder Race

This year, Friday's first leg consisted of a long close-hauled course on starboard tack, leaving Mark Island to port. In another change from prior years, the larger boats (Class B: LOA 45' and up) were started first to minimize their effect on the Class A boats. The first boats to arrive at Burnt Island, however, found light and fluky air, and many were caught by the Class A leaders as the breeze filled in from the southwest along the North Haven shore. Of the 27 boats in Class A, Otter went on to finish first across the line, but corrected to eighth overall and first Concordia. Eagle was the next Concordia to finish, but was barely edged out by Phalarope on corrected time. Spice placed fourth among the Concordias.

### Eggemoggin Reach Regatta

This year there was a Concordia podium sweep: Eagle, Snow Falcon, and Phalarope were the top three of 15 boats on corrected time in class Classic B! Despite some fog at Halibut Rock, conditions were excellent overall. The breeze held from the south and southwest throughout, permitting early finishes and plenty of time to party.

Of the seven Concordias in the class, Otter led for most of the race. Yet with a crew of just three, Eagle pulled off a downwind sail change for the final leg and finished seven seconds ahead of Otter, taking the Concordia Cup. Snow Falcon, sailing with no spinnaker and a corresponding handicap, corrected into second place, ahead of Phalarope in third. Otter, suffering under a whopping 15% “bonus” handicap based on past successes, corrected to fourth. Irian, Spice, and Misty rounded out the Concordia finishers. Whimbrel, entered but DNS, will be back next year with any luck, along with some of the usual suspects who missed the ERR this year (Katrina, Starlight, Allure, Crocodile, Golondrina, etc.).

---

### The Saga of Coyote

Those with access to Amazon Prime Video can rent and view an engrossing 2018 documentary titled “Coyote: The Mike Plant Story.” Plant was one of America's leading solo ocean racers, and this tale is absorbing indeed—with a Concordia Company connection, as it turns out.

# How Big Is a Concordia?

Just how big is a Concordia 39? And a 41? One might imagine that the answers would be entirely straightforward. But as it turns out, they are anything but. Over the past summer, two experts took up the topic in an email dialog: our own John Eide and Tom Kiley, wooden boat savant and owner of the Aage Nielsen sloop *Snow Star*. As you shall read, the discussion quickly moved into rather complicated territory, and eventually led to a somewhat surprising conclusion, which John has distilled in the following koan:

A&R built 99 identical Concordias.  
Each one is different.  
There is no standard.

## Tom

Hello John. I'm doing a little research on boats of our type and their relationship to the current racing rule via the Classic Rating Formula (CRF). I'm wondering if you can get me the official dimensions of the 39' 10" boats and also the 41s (and is it 40' 10"?). I've seen many variations of the boats on the rating certificates, and there's now an effort to come up with something a bit more standardized.

If you can supply as much detail as possible on the hulls, it would be appreciated. This would include LOA, LWL, beam, displacement, ballast, and anything else that seems standard. Also, please cite your sources if possible. I know from my work at Rockport Marine that the rigs are all over the place. Is there such thing as a standard rig for a 39? And a 41?

## John

Short questions but long answers.

39' 10" was supposedly the original length. But actually not. Java was not 39' 10", and I'm not sure just what her overall length in fact was. 39' 8"? 39' 6"? Don't quote me on this, yet. The dimensions then changed after the first four American-built yawls, when A&R began doing the building. Java certainly looks different from, say, Ben Mendlowitz's *Starlight* (#23). By 1954 the 39 was standardized, with a new master drawing. That 1954 drawing was then translated by A&R into metric dimensions for their shop. I have no clue as to just how the A&R boats measured out between 1950 and 1953.

Golondrina (# 65) is an unaltered "Concordia Standard": fractional rig, 50' 4" mainmast. I'm not sure how many of those are still around. *Mirage* is one, for sure.

Ray Hunt did not draw the 39 hull to take advantage of the 1938 CCA rating rule. He drew a hull to sail well in Buzzards Bay, period. When the Concordias started to win races in the early 1950s, Ray began tweaking the rig to take advantage of the rating rule of the time. Remember that in 1938, boats were main-driven, but by the mid-1950s the trend was toward genny-driven boats. In general, Ray called for creation of a masthead rig, achieved by cutting a few feet off the top of the mast and moving the forestay up. How much was cut off depended upon the rule that particular year. Cut five feet off the top one year, add two feet to the butt the following year. According to Peter Costa, all the cut-offs were tossed under a bench

in the carpenter shop at Concordia and stacked like cordwood. The boom might move in, or it might move back out. The mizzen, as you know, changed all the time, and a guess on my part would be that this was done partly to balance the boat and partly to play the mizzen area off against the main/genny area, for rating reasons.

As an aside, one year *Harrier* was cat rigged, with the mast moved to the middle of the foredeck. Jesse Bontecou later observed that the only real advantage of this setup was that it required fewer crew, meaning that he saved money on beer that season. That same year a *Luders* of similar size was rigged with a genoa only: the mast was far aft and flew a huge genny sheeted to a long boomkin.

The 41 is a different story. Once again, when the boats started winning, Ray redrew the hull to take advantage of the then-current CCA rule. This resulted in more waterline, more freeboard, and therefore more LOA and more beam. There are two different 41 hulls: one has a smooth sweep down to the keel like the 39, the other has a cutaway forefoot. The sternpost is the same in both versions, I'm quite sure, but a few rudders were modified with more area down low and a square lower tip. Some sloops had long bowsprits, some had short sprits, and some had no sprits. The racers were mainly sloops, but not always. *Sonnet*, *Magic*, *Polaris*, and *Harrier* were out-and-out racing sloops. *Principia*, *Coreolis*, and *Otter* were built to race as yawls.

All the above involves the ratings but not the sailing. Waldo stated firmly that the best-sailing and fastest model was the fractional rig 39, as with *Golondrina* and *Mirage*. Once my crew and I got *Golondrina* dialed in, we proved this by outsailing the mastheads and the 41s on the wind and in close reaching: big main. Once the chute went up, we really had to work hard to stay ahead of the others: small chute. To win, we had to outsail them on the wind and fight to keep up off the wind. A number of times we finished ahead but then lost because they rated better.

## Tom

John, thanks for that. I am most interested in the hull dimensions, as I know the rigs are all over the place depending on the whims of owners trying to beat the rule. My dad certainly did that in the early 1960s. In fact we still have a mast top on hand: 3 feet of his 7/8 rig when he switched to masthead.

The dimensions of the standard 39 are presented on page 112 of Waldo Howland's book *A Life in Boats The Concordia Years*. I am assuming that from 1960 on, with the adoption of laminated frames, the hulls became standardized. I'm curious whether there is a set of dimensions for the 41 similar to those on page 112.

## John

I have spent some time rereading Waldo's book, and received what you sent as a screen shot the other day. The figures to which you refer are from the 1961 specification sheet drawn up by Fenwick Williams:



1961  
CONCORDIA YAWL  
 LENGTH OVER ALL-----39'-10"  
 LENGTH WATERLINE 28'-6"  
 BEAM,(EXTREME) -----10'-3"  
 DRAFT-----5'-8"  
 BALLAST (IRON KEEL)---7700 LBS.  
 DISPLACEMENT-----18000 LBS.  
 SAIL AREA-----690 SQ. FT.  
 (MEASD. AREA,100% FORE TRIANGLE,  
 MAINSAIL AND MIZZEN)

On a nearby page of the book things are as above, except:

Displacement 18,314 lbs.  
 Sail Area 650 sq. ft.  
 (Howland, page 114)

Nowhere in Waldo's book can I find any spec listing for the 41, though Waldo goes into the rigging changes at length, as they were trying to get the boats to have a better rating. So I then turned to the Fiftieth Anniversary book, *Concordia Yawls*. Reproduced on page 52 is an advertisement for the 39s and 41s, and it presents these dimensions for Actaea, the first of the 41s:

LOA 40' 4" [I question this.]  
 LWL 29' 6"  
 Beam 10' 3" [I don't believe this. A 41 is clearly wider than a 39.]  
 Draft 5' 10"  
 Sail Area 763 sq. ft.  
 (CY, page 52)

On page 75, however, is a copy of a letter to A&R listing the specs for Sheila, the first A&R boat, a 39 built in 1950:

LOA 39' 4.5" [Huh??]  
 LWL 28' 6"  
 Beam 10'  
 Draft 5' 8"  
 Displacement 18,314 pounds  
 Sail area 618 sq. ft.  
 (CY, page 75)

A plan for a 41 presented in the same book shows:

LOA 40' 4" (12.497 meters) [This is wrong! Converting 12.497 meters to feet gives an even 41', not 40' 4".]  
 LWL 29' 6" (8.992m)  
 Beam 10' (3.048m)  
 Draft 5' 8" (1.778m)  
 Displacement 21,450 pounds (9,700 metric tons)  
 (CY, page 88)

Then, in the 39 construction drawing that A&R did (and which everyone who works on the boats should have), we find this:

LOA 12.14m (39.83')  
 LWL 8.68m (28.48')  
 Beam 3.04m (10')  
 Draft 1.72m (5.68')

Displacement 8.35 metric tons (9.2 US tons, 18,408 pounds)  
 (CY, page 121)

A construction drawing for the 41 offers this:

LOA 12.497m (41')  
 LWL 8.892m (29.18')  
 Beam 3.048m (10')  
 Draft 1.905m (6.25')  
 (CY, page 122)

I hope that this helps. The beam variations may depend upon where the measurement is taken. If at the deck, then I'll believe the 10' beam. If beam is measured at the widest point on a 39 (six inches above the LWL), then the 10' 3" figure is more accurate. I think that the most accurate—or at least the closest—beam is from the on-line specs you found. If that figure is at deck level, its 10' 4+" beam come closest to what I "feel" when on a 41. Having been aboard and sailed on a number of 41s, and having owed a 39 for 28 years, I know that the 41s are wider in the cockpit and below. When I reach for something on a 41, on deck or below, it's always a few inches farther away than I'm used to on my own boat.

Then there are a few boats with lead keels. Some have a lead keel the same size and shape as the cast iron one, while others have keels smaller in size, such that the weight is the same. Which ones are which is a bit of a mystery—but maybe all this is simply a matter of waterfront myth. The bottom line is not so much the hull, but the variations in the rig. You can plug in the above info, but you will always have to rely on the owner for the rig figures. Fun.

## Tom

Thanks John. I just got off the phone with the CRF executive director. We are all in agreement that things need to be simplified and standardized. But which set of numbers do we use? My response (for hull only) was to start with printed information: old CCA, IOR, IMS, and other non-biased measurement certificates of yesteryear. These are available at US Sailing. Take five boats from the 39 foot class and five boats with 41 foot class, synthesize these numbers, and they become standard for our level of racing. Yes, the rigs are all different, but that is so much easier to measure—for amateurs, sailmakers, and boatyard riggers. The rule is just beginning to take into account the displacement and ballast differences, and it is in a state of flux right now. Next year, however, the lead-ballasted boats will be penalized differently than the iron-ballasted boats.

## John


Great! I like this. For the 39s you need one set of numbers, and the finalized A&R specs should do it:

LOA 12.14m (39.83')  
 LWL 8.68m (28.48')  
 Beam 3.04m (10')  
 Draft 1.72m (5.68')  
 Displacement 8.35 metric tons (9.2 US tons, 18,408 pounds)

(continued on the following page)

The oddball boats—the first ones A&R built (pre-1953 or so), and the first four American-built boats—will never show up for races here, so they're not a worry. Ditto the one lead-keel 39. The 41s might be a different story, and I will do a followup on the last remaining 41 sloop (with cutaway forefoot), whose owner raced it very actively decades ago. Tom, you're fighting the good fight on this issue.

**CONCORDIA STOCK AUXILIARIES**  
 Built by Abeking and Rasmussen, Germany



Concordia yawls 40' x 28'6" x 10'3" x 5'8"  
 Winner 1954 Bermuda Race "Malay"  
 Winner 1955 Halifax Race "Malay"  
 Concordia 41's 41' x 29' x 10'3" x 5'8"  
 Winner 1955 Annapolis Race "Actaea"

*Reservations for 1956 delivery should be considered now*

**Concordia Company, Inc.**  
 SOUTH WHARF, SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASS.

### Editor's Note

To complicate matters just a bit further, the 1955 advertisement above offers yet another set of measurement figures for the Concordia 41. Intrigued by one of the unresolved questions here, Tom Kiley intends further investigation this winter. Measuring actual boats, with a combination of tools both traditional (plumb bobs) and modern (a laser device), he will attempt to arrive at a definitive beam figure for the Concordia 39 (and perhaps the 41 also). I'm sure he will keep well in mind Waldo's point (echoed by John above) that owing to tumblehome, the maximum beam for a 39 is not in fact at deck level, but is instead somewhat below the rail. In this regard, I note that the "Standard Specifications" provided in January of 1955 to the first owners of our #31 offer this: Beam on Deck of 10' 0". Is overall beam thus 10' 3"? Or 10' 6"? Thanks to Tom's dedicated sleuthing, we may soon have an answer to this minor mystery. His results will be reported to the readership in due course.

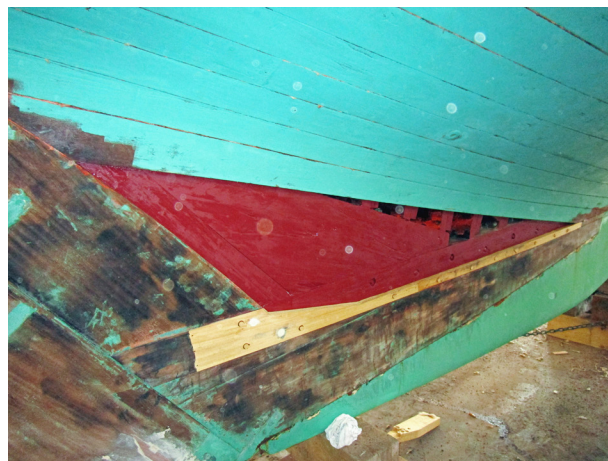
## Madrigal

NO. 98 • ROCKPORT, MAINE

Last autumn, we discovered that one source of leaks in Madrigal was the presence of shakes along the annular rings in her angelique keel timber. Angelique is available from Surinam in large dimensions, and is reasonably priced. The wood is slow to dry, prone to checking in storage, and prone to tearout with edge tools, and it will dull power tools nearly as fast as a soft metal would. It has an unpleasant odor when cut, and the scraps are too foul smelling to take home and burn as kindling. Even more than most tropical hardwoods, however, angelique is quite tough, and extraordinarily resistant to rot.

In attending to Madrigal, we have come to suspect that angelique (or at least this specific piece) experiences difficulty with multiple freeze and thaw cycles. Madrigal has a long season, often hauling out in November. The short time to dry before the annual freeze may have contributed to the issue in this particular boat. The shakes in Madrigal's keel are located in the deepest and dampest area of the bilge, below the companionway ladder.

As a measure of remedy, we undertook a repair last winter by scarfing iroko sections of keel timber in way of the rabbet.



Beyond that, we drilled a series of holes transverse to the keel, and then pumped in 3M 5200 across the grain. We also bolted the keel timber between the rabbets with bronze carriage bolts. This sort of repair has been effective on other laminated-timber boats in which the mid-century glue had failed. The situation is a little different here, given the potential for shakes on every growth ring, but coupled with extra care to dry the bilge in the fall, we hope that our repair approach will afford Madrigal a new lease on life. This first summer following the work, things appeared to be in good order.

Over the past 15 years, we have favored iroko and high-quality white oak for structural timbers. Some of the best original keel timbers we have encountered were fashioned from iroko (for example, on Concordia 39 Allure), and this proven track record is comforting.

Sam Temple, Co-owner  
 Rockport Marine



# Kiva

NO. 55 • NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

## Back From the Brink, A Love Story

Concordia Yawl Kiva

Born: 1957

At Risk: 2013

Reborn: 2017

At the 75th Reunion in 2013, as we were heading out to our moorings in the New Bedford Yacht Club launch, John Eide turned to me and said, “I think I’m going to ask Concordia owners to write love letters to their boats for upcoming issues of the newsletter. What do you think of that idea?”

I pondered it, and responded that yes, this seemed like it could be interesting. John was right: this sentiment that we all have for these boats must be love—and a quote from Llewellyn Howland confirmed as much in a previous issue of the *Concordian*. I certainly couldn’t call my 37-year relationship with Kiva entirely a matter of logic. Yet that was never the point anyway. This love letter has been long in coming, but now I finally do have a few things to say. Love? Surely. But little did I know that the events of that very day in August 2013 would test the notion once again. And clearly our actions of the ensuing six years speak far louder than any words that I might pen.

Shortly after that chat on the launch, I rejoined our family crew, which included both daughters and uncles. We dropped our mooring and headed out to the start of the race, with high hopes for a superb day. And why not? After all, we already held many wonderful memories from previous Concordia gatherings over the years. For example, at the 50th reunion in 1988, daughter No. 1 (Whitney), who learned to walk on Kiva, was only one year old. She was snug in one of Kiva’s forward pipe berths when we caught a strong gust and heeled over, unexpectedly and quite dramatically. Whitney remained in good spirits despite sail and duffle bags rolling to leeward on top of her—better spirits, perhaps, than her parents. We were a bit concerned, needless to say. But the safety netting and “crib” arrangement that we had jury-rigged worked well and held the bags at bay. Daughter No. 2 (Chelsea) was still a twinkle in our eyes at the 50th.

By the time the 75th reunion came around, both daughters were grown women and members of Kiva’s active crew, all of us looking forward to a fine day. It was just that for a short time: what a beautiful afternoon. But with gusts above 20 knots in Buzzards Bay, glory was not to be ours. The strain proved to be too much for Kiva, who reluctantly cried out in pain.

**“Dad, you’d better come look at this.”**

Chelsea went below for a sweatshirt on the second leg of the race, and promptly discovered a troubling scene. A significant quantity of Buzzards Bay had somehow made its way aboard, and the bilge pump was struggling to keep up. “Dad, you’d better come look at this.” Sure enough, we were shipping water up forward at a rapid rate. With every lurch into the next wave, water squirted in through at least two seams. Needless to say, Kiva was a DNF that day. Our video of Buzzards Bay mini-breakers in Kiva’s bilge was the talk of our table at the dinner that evening. Perhaps, we hoped, some caulking had simply shaken loose.

The following days, weeks, and months brought a haul in New Bedford, poking and prodding by Stuart and his shipwrights at Concordia, and finally the realization that this was not to be a minor fix. Quite to the contrary, we were talking major. Even with provisional repairs, which would include dutchmen in forefoot and stem, plank work, and renewed sister frames, the experts were giving Kiva only three to five years to live—and even at that she would be a “tender coastal sailer.” In fairness, these suggestions were mindful of our budget. But really? Then what? Would we simply be delaying the inevitable, meaning the scrap heap? No way. We had to do better than that.

The ensuing months involved a lot of soul searching. At 31 years of ownership, I had to admit that I was not a newly smitten owner. So, what to do now? There were sleepless nights, even some strange dreams in play. We requested assessments from yard after yard, and the responses were always the same. No question about it: we were talking major repairs, much more extensive than the initial suggestions. I recall a dinner during that time with good friends and multiple adult beverages, during which I confessed, “Guys, I don’t know if I can do this again.” We had confronted major repairs once before in 1986, following a battering at Nantucket from Tropical Storm Charlie. And we had brought her back to life following other challenges throughout the years. But there had been nothing to compare with the current dilemma. I just didn’t know if I could do it again. In the end, however, it came down to this: these boats are works of art. And you just don’t let works of art die if you can help it.

Then we caught a break, and good fortune smiled upon us. A friend of my brother heard about Kiva’s plight and told us, “No worry, I’ve got just the guy for her problems.” Thus in February of 2014, Kiva was trucked up to Back Narrows Boatyard in Boothbay, Maine.

(Continued on the following page)



Back Narrows is a small wooden boat yard and sawmill. Until not so many years ago, owner Tony Finocchiaro was running a boat repair business up and down the New England coast out of a converted bus. He established his current business in Boothbay in 2008, though he still does a fair amount of traveling to jobs off site. We developed a workable plan: squeeze in Kiva around his other projects, involve me in the repair work, and stretch the timetable.

At the outset, it became clear that one of our major problems was not in fact rot in the stem, but instead in the forefoot. The crew removed the deteriorated member and replaced it in short order. It certainly helps that Tony, in addition to his boat restoration work, operates his own sawmill on the premises and has access to local oak and locust logs. We witnessed our white oak stock being delivered, milled, and fashioned into a new forefoot. Other pieces were milled, steam-bent, and installed as new frames. Tony's yard is a soup-to-nuts operation.

### **"We could keep going."**

Because we had come this far and were already right there at the yard, and since it was clear that the work was of high quality, we decided to accomplish all the repairs that we possibly could. My wife Claudia has always been understanding of my love affair with "the mistress" (her term). Beyond the initial leak problem up forward, subsequent assessments revealed numerous broken frames in Kiva's midsection, and suspect floor timbers. One day Tony suggested, "While we have the covering boards off and are driving new steam-bent frames home, we could keep going aft and take care of those others." Right. Then there was a problem that had been festering around the chainplates over the previous 15+ years: fresh water seeping down the chainplates and leading to rot in the surrounding planks. There was no question that we really had to address that, too. In addition, those floor timbers didn't look so good. You get the picture. Onward we went.

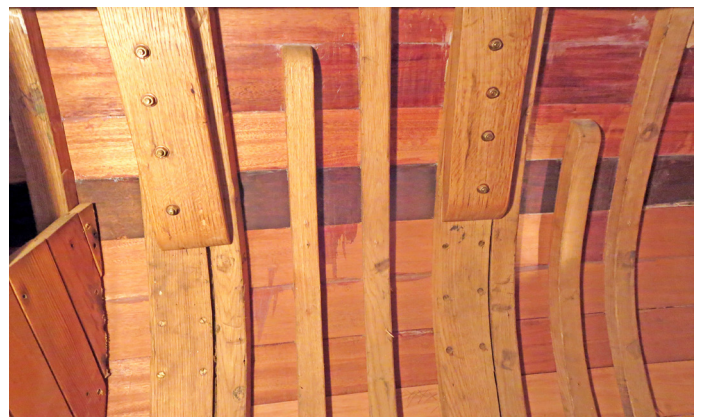
As a result, between 2014 and 2017 we replaced Kiva's forefoot, mast step, approximately 60 full frames, another 10-12 short frames, 28 floor timbers, and no fewer than 55 planks.



In addition, the decks received new "canvas" (actually Dynel cloth). Fellow owners might be interested in the modifications and improvements that Tony introduced along the way. A number of Kiva's frames in the midsection had been broken for at least 35 years at the hard turn of the bilge—as are those in many of the boats, I suspect. Here is Tony's improvement: a straight lower end of the frame, with an oak spacer below and additional lamination above.



Then there are the wooden "sleeves" for the chainplates. Tony extended them downward an additional 8 to 10 inches, and also resolved the problematic seal on deck that had allowed seepage.





On a smaller scale, I have always done most of the annual maintenance on Kiva myself. There is nothing like paint and varnish for therapy, and it's a lot cheaper than a shrink. Truth be told, I have always enjoyed the boat work almost as much as I enjoy the sailing. Thus I relished every minute of cutting and driving home 500+ bungs in the new topsides and bottom planks, stripping and varnishing nearly 200 pieces of mahogany ceiling, reinstalling the entire interior (a rather large 3-D jigsaw puzzle)—to name only a few of the projects that I took on. As for her topsides, I didn't have the heart to paint over all those beautiful new mahogany planks, so Kiva has now joined the short list of bright-hull Concordias. I saw to the all the sanding and staining, and applied 15 coats of varnish.



Since 2017, we have continued the rebuild back home in Milford, Connecticut, tackling odds and ends on a more modest scale. Kiva rejoined the fleet in 2018 for the 80th reunion. We had another lovely sailing day, and it was obvious to all that our yawl really enjoyed herself at the event.

### **Now Looking for a Good Home**

With the rebuild, Kiva may in fact be getting younger. But I am working hard to say the same for myself. I am sensing some limitations that I did not have when acquiring her in 1982. Our family crew has grown and moved on, and we have not had the time to let Kiva stretch her legs as often as both we and she would like.

She is therefore on the market now, and looking for a good new home. It has been a great 37-year run for us. We have such a long list of fond memories. We have weathered hurricanes, tropical storms, and squalls together, and of course we have also had many memorable family cruises and day sails. Claudia and I were married at Mystic Seaport, and Kiva was there. For decades, like clockwork, we would plan our entire year around our multi-week vacation cruises. Whitney was aboard for her first cruise at eight weeks of age. Chelsea would have had a similarly early start had she not been born during the winter. Both learned to speak in fluent nautical terminology. And there was that memorable summer night on board when the toddlers gazed up through the forward hatch and argued over whether they were looking at a half moon or a crescent moon. For years Kiva was the Concordia with safety netting woven into her lifelines, and at anchor you might have seen ride-on toys making their way around the deck, up to the forward deck cleat and then back aft down the other side. We have attended four reunions since the 50th. It goes without saying that the girls learned to sail aboard Kiva. We visited numerous ports up and down the New England coast, and of course frequented the carousels at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, and at Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard. Most importantly, we enjoyed so many splendid sailing days.

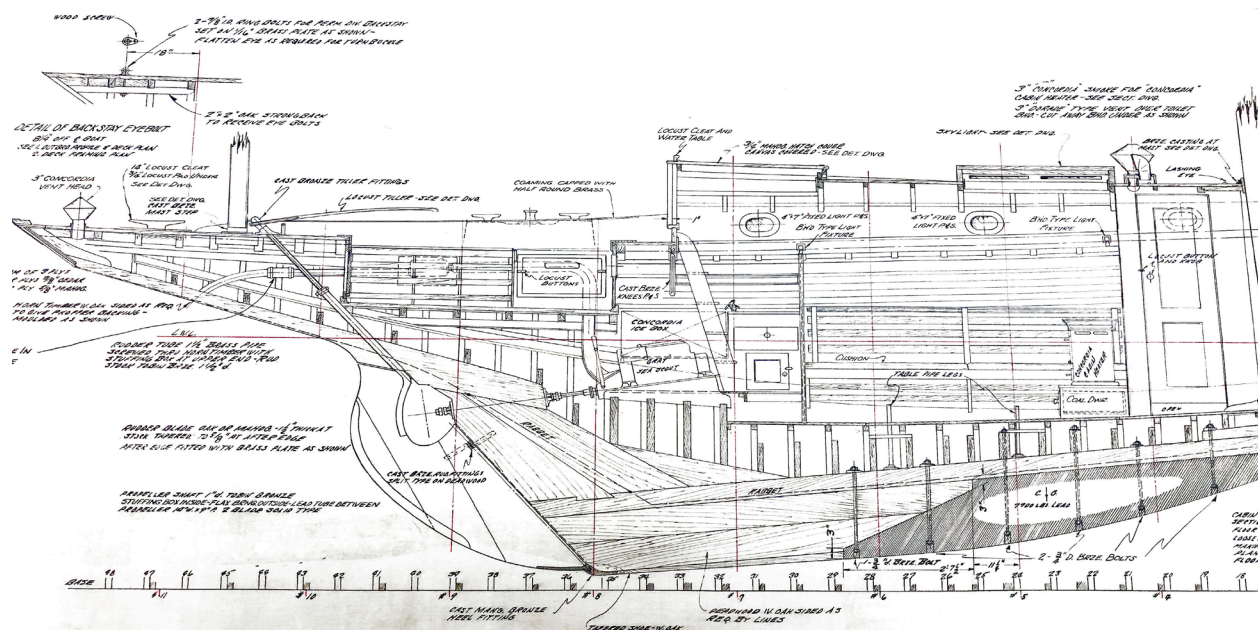
John, that is my/our love story, albeit a bit behind schedule. Our recent actions prove that the love has not faded. Yet perhaps we have come to recognize that it is time to turn a page. And so we are looking for new home for Kiva.

Know anyone who is looking to adopt a rebuilt, reborn Concordia 39 that is enjoying a new lease on life? Someone who is interested in creating delightful family memories of their own? If so, please contact me at 203-767-1933.

Doug Hoffman

# Visiting the Research Archive at Mystic Seaport

The archives of the Concordia Company are now held at Mystic Seaport. When we were in that neighborhood during the month of July, we set aside a morning for a visit to their Collections Research Center, and this outing proved to be most worthwhile. The facility is impressive, and the staff was cordial in welcoming us. An email to them in advance is recommended, and in response they will ensure that relevant materials are ready for your inspection when you arrive. For each Concordia yawl and sloop, there is a file containing all the correspondence and paperwork that accumulated during the ordering and construction phases. In our case there were 84 items in the folder, including contracts, shipping manifests, letters from Concordia to A&R, and numerous exchanges between Waldo Howland and the future owners of #31. A great deal of fascinating information was conveyed in these documents. In addition, we were able to peruse many of the surviving drawings relating to the yawls, which happily included the construction drawing sheet for our own vessel. It is possible to order copies of these drawings, either at full size on paper or in electronic form. The staff is also most cooperative in photocopying documents from the correspondence files.



*Drawing reproduced courtesy of Mystic Seaport.*

One matter of genuine interest clarified by these archival materials involves the pricing structure for the boats constructed by Abeking and Rasmussen. In the case of our #31, built in 1955, Concordia Company agreed to pay A&R \$12,629.50 for the vessel, which was essentially complete in structural terms—though it still required a good deal of additional gear and work.

As with virtually all the A&R yawls, a second phase of activity began when our boat reached Padanaram. It was at that point that the engine, head, galley stove, heating stove, standing and running rigging, winches, batteries and electric fixtures, cushions, lifelines, and numerous additional items were installed. Six sails by Manchester Sailmakers of South Dartmouth were also provided (three working sails plus genoa, spinnaker, and mizzen staysail). This portion of the fitting out was accomplished stateside because both Concordia and their customers preferred to deal with domestic equipment (with parts and service readily available), and also because the firm wished to avoid import duties that would otherwise have been levied.

Abeking and Rasmussen,  
Lemwerder I.O.  
Germany.

Re: Const 5037  
Riley payments

Dear Mr. Lehnert,

I have your letter of September 15 and believe the Commercial Invoice would be as follows:

|                       |             |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| Base Price            | \$12,340.00 |
| Extras:               |             |
| Extra Spars           | 85.00       |
| Special Lockers P.&S. | 90.00       |
| Teak floor            | 56.00       |
| Spattered floor       | 7.00        |
| Mirror in salon       | 4.50        |
| Formica galley tops   | 47.00       |

I refer you to my letter of September 20 re Forrester Yawl which accounts for the additional \$745.00. In the future I will endeavor to have all special equipment etc. sent with the boat for which it is intended, thus simplifying the billing.

Sincerely,

WH/mg

Waldo Howland



In later years, and notwithstanding Waldo's consistent objections, the list of equipment added in Padanaram grew to include electronics. The completion stage for our boat involved an additional outlay of several thousand dollars, and transatlantic shipping costs figured into the final price as well. The new owners of #31 paid \$21,000 for their fully commissioned yawl, meaning that Concordia Company's gross margin was likely in the neighborhood of \$4000. For a sense of contemporary purchasing power, a family member reports that his total compensation for the year 1955, his fifth year with a major New York bank, came to \$5000. Thus a new yawl cost more than four times the annual salary of a young Yale-educated banker.

If the gross margin of \$4000 was typical, then Concordia Company must have seen solid profits during the peak years of their relationship with A&R, which were 1955 and 1956. In each of those years, 12 new boats found buyers, and 11 more were sold in 1957. Dan Strohmeier's Bermuda Race victory in 1954, with #2 Malay, surely inspired some of this enthusiasm, along with Ray Hunt's astonishing success the following summer at Cowes Week, with the brand new 41 sloop Harrier (#30). In addition, Concordia 41 sloop Actaea (#17), owned by Henry Sears, became the flagship of the New York Yacht Club in 1955, affording still more visibility to the quickly growing class.

Once a sloop or yawl was sold, further arrangements also beneficial to Concordia Company often ensued. A number of new owners became storage customers at the Padanaram yard, and many of them obtained insurance through Waldo's brother and partner Llewellyn Jr. As Waldo gently phrased it in a 1955 letter to the customers who had ordered #31, "When the time comes for you to take out insurance, Concordia respectfully solicits your business."

An amusing detail from our correspondence file involved a request from the buyers that davits be mounted on the stern of their boat, to accommodate a tender. Waldo's unsurprising response was a resoundingly firm "No." The shipping report for our #31 (shown to the right) includes mention of a broken tiller and other minor damage. Waldo must have been referring to just this situation when he wrote: "Of the ninety-nine yawls shipped from Germany, only one was damaged in transit. The damage: a broken tiller. Cause: a longshoreman sat on it."

As a trained historian (albeit of music), I am now highly intrigued by the wealth of information preserved at the Mystic Seaport archive. I'll be returning for another visit during the next few months, and I shall report on further findings in future issues of the *Concordian*. John Eide is working up an article for us on Concordia masts and their construction, and there are drawings at Mystic that will provide valuable confirmation of various details. In addition, I hope that our next issue will include a feature on the Concordia 31s, and I will be looking into the related files.

JP



*Concordia yawl #31 (now Owl) being prepared for shipment from Bremen to Boston. Photo from the files of Abeking and Rasmussen.*

Riley

**UNITED STATES LINES CO.**

S. S. AM-SHIPPER BOSTON 10-10- 1955  
 B/L BRE-1 TRUCK OR CAR McKIE-LIGHTER  
#3

| MARKS  | MERCHANDISE        | TOTAL                |
|--|--------------------|----------------------|
| A+R<br>5037  | YAWL & PKGS-PARTS  |                      |
|  | YAWL-5037/1        | = 1                  |
|  | PKG-PARTS-5037/2-3 | = 2                  |
| REMARKS:   |                    | TOTAL PKGS. <u>3</u> |
| TILLER BROKEN<br>STARBOARD-MIDSHIP-CRATED<br>PORT SIDE-AFT " |                    |                      |



# Fleetwood

NO. 20 • KIEL, GERMANY

Summer 2019 was marked by four major events. The first was the Kiel Week Classic Yacht Regatta, which included a 21-mile feeder race from Eckernförde, a town in the next bay. We finished both races second in our class, which was a notable achievement given that Fleetwood's large spinnaker tore during one of the races. We quickly changed to the small spinnaker and continued successfully. The large spinnaker was damaged so badly that repair was not feasible. The next day a friend advised me to call my insurance company, to see whether full replacement of the sail might be covered. To my surprise it was, under our classic boat fully comprehensive policy. The result was a handsome new spinnaker of 1065 square feet, bearing the Concordia moon and star.



The second major event of 2019 was the visit of the Prophet family to New England. This all began with an invitation that we received at Christmas from the Tuckers, owners of Whimbrel. "Dear Prophet Family, please come over for a real vacation in Maine, with all of us together." Who could possibly say no to such an exciting Christmas gift? The dates were settled, and we arrived in Boston on July 20 for a three-week stay. During the first week we visited Cape Cod, Boston, Salem, Manchester-by-the-Sea, and Portland, enjoying lovely invitations from good friends in the Concordia family. Meg Twohey and Darrow Lebovici of Irian kindly hosted us for dinner at the Eastern Yacht Club in Marblehead. We also had a delightful lunch at the home of Eunice and Jay Panetta in Manchester. Jay is a wonderful cook, and Eunice gave us dozens of hints about things to see and places to explore. The photo to the right was taken that afternoon, and includes myself, our daughters Elisa and Lea, Jay, and my wife Birte. Thereafter we visited John Eide in Portland, who hosted an outstanding barbecue in his garden. On the following day, John and I shared a fine afternoon sail on Golondrina while my wife and the girls explored Portland.





On July 27 we arrived at the summer home of the Tuckers, on Eggmoggin Reach in the town of Brooksville, Maine. A very relaxed week began, during which we savored wonderful afternoon sailing on Whimbrel and enjoyed the outstanding hospitality of Kathy and Marc, who is also a marvelous cook. The Tuckers allowed us to take Whimbrel on a two-day sailing trip to Camden, and major thanks to them for the trust. In Camden we met the participants in the ERR feeder race, and received a warm welcome from many Concordians whom I'd met on previous visits. We also made arrangements for Lea and me to join the crew of Phalarope for the ERR. It was a great pleasure to sail again with Tom Ashton and his experienced crew. The awards banquet in the field above the WoodenBoat cove was the final high point for us, and was also our last evening in Maine.



On Sunday we made the long drive down to Long Island, New York, where we had the opportunity to spend two nights on Concordia 41 Polaris, owned by Leif Arntzen. Both Leif and I are doing most of our own boat work, and we share our experiences in frequent email conversations. After our time on Long Island, we set off for New York City, where we had rented a nice apartment in Greenwich Village, not far from Leif's home. He invited us to his favorite Italian restaurant, then took us to a concert at Iguana Restaurant featuring Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks. Leif himself played in the group some years ago, and now two nephews of his are members of this well-known band. They appear weekly on Monday and Tuesday nights, and receive my highest recommendation. We had great days in the city and did all sorts of sightseeing, including a cycling tour of Central Park and a visit to the platform at Rockefeller Center. We offer our warmest thanks to all the Concordians who extended such generous hospitality. You made our American sojourn a very special experience, one that we will carry in our memories forever.

Third major event: we entered Fleetwood in the German Classic Yacht Regatta in Laboe, at the east end of the Kiel Fjord. In the first race we finished second. But in the next race we suffered a most unhappy accident on the final leg. A Hallberg-Rassy 46 sailed right into the race fleet of 60 boats without paying proper attention, and persisted on a collision course with Fleetwood. Thanks to our emergency maneuvers at the last second, a major impact was avoided. But the bow pulpit of the HR46 caught three of Fleetwood's mizzen shrouds and severed them. The mast pulpit fell into the water.



Most fortunately, there were no injuries to crew members, only to the mast, the spreaders, the boom, etc. Our race over, we were able to pull the spars out of the water and load them back aboard. Thanks to a talented boatbuilder, within one week the standing rigging was replaced, the spreaders were made new, and varnish was reworked. To effect a proper and final repair, all varnish on mizzenmast and boom will have to be stripped and built up anew next winter. Once again, my wonderful insurance policy will cover the costs in full.



The fourth and final major event of the 2019 season was the visit to Germany of Meg Twohey and Darrow Lebovici, who embarked on a one-week cruise in the Baltic and also spent several days with us at our home in Kiel. This was a real honor, and all of us enjoyed each and every day with each other. This sort of transoceanic friendship comes as a genuine gift. We thank you most sincerely.

Kersten Prophet



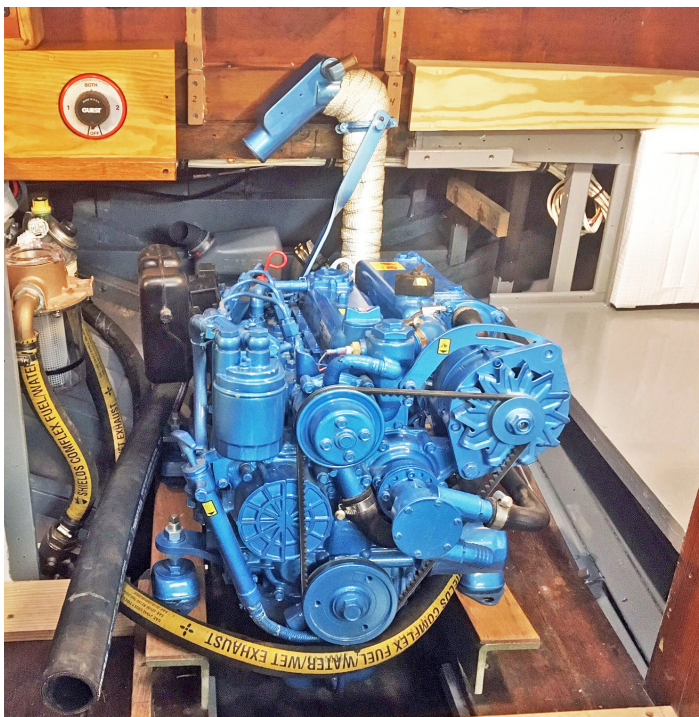
# Saxon

NO. 14 • KITTERY POINT, MAINE

Marcia and I have had the good fortune to benefit from the meticulous care of Saxon that was provided for 50 years by the original owners, Dr. Graham Pope and his wife Alice. The Popes did considerable upkeep themselves, with guidance from Concordia Company and other experts. On his 90th birthday, having sailed extensively from New York to Newfoundland, Dr. Pope transferred Saxon to Ron Cooper of Eliot, Maine. With much expertise from boatbuilder Paul Rollins (whose shop is in York, Maine), attention to Saxon's needs continued. Paul replaced floor timbers and floor bolts, removed and replaced keel bolts, replaced the sternpost, and installed a Gray Marine 4-112 that had been rebuilt by Van Ness Engineering (Ridgewood, New Jersey). Marcia and I became Saxon's guardians at that point, now 12 years ago.

A "Dunkirk" moment last summer convinced us that it was time to take Saxon off line. After numerous engine failures (with various ensuing repairs, retunings, and carburetor rebuilds), the Gray Marine issued its last gasps as we beat against the seven-knot current of the Piscataqua River in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with passengers aboard. We made it to a mooring one-half mile short of our destination, and I called the Portsmouth Yacht Club for assistance. Out came six rubber dinghies, followed minutes later by two more. They guided us to a dock. Time for an upgrade.

We have just completed a nine-month stay at the facilities of Whiting Marine Service in South Berwick, Maine. Terry Whiting has a reputation as a premier marine systems engineer. Our upgrade centered around a Nanni 4N.38 marine diesel (Kubota base), which was provided by Jon Mills of Hansen Marine Engineering, and a 15R14 3-blade prop from Brian Donovan at H&H Propeller.



Whiting Marine integrated and accomplished the entire upgrade: new engine and engine beds, new exhaust system, custom polypropylene fuel tank copying the original, and new prop. Retaining the original gearshift lever, Terry installed a modern dual-function control under the starboard cockpit bench, connected via an adaptor to the vintage bronze lever. Very ingenious.

Jay Miller, a outstanding craftsman from Piper Boat Works, constructed a new engine box and accompanying cabinetry using matching yellow pine. The original dovetailed icebox was removed to the barn for winter restoration and replaced for the time being with a Yeti 45 ice chest, which has proved very efficient.

Marcia and I were successful in accomplishing many additional repairs, with several trips to Paul Rollins for instruction and guidance. This work included a complete wooding of the exterior (topsides, bottom, brightwork, and all spars). Further enlightenment was provided by John Eide's *Concordian* articles, which inspired the filling of all underwater seams with roofing cement. Our program also included replacement of two topside planks and one deck plank, repair of several splits in the deck covering, attention to leaking chainplates, and bedding all around.

While stripping the topsides, I found significant deterioration of several planks below the starboard main chainplates. Frames and adjacent planks were sound, but the suspect three-foot and five-foot plank sections required attention. I removed the damaged wood and replaced the sections with scarf-jointed mahogany, employing a 12:1 bevel. A jig for router-cutting the bevels was screwed to adjacent planking, and used to create bevels just over 12 inches long. After spiling for the replacement sections, the new planks were epoxied in place and subsequently screwed to the frames. I used this method to replace a deck plank as well.



The sea trial by Terry Whiting following relaunch was a complete success. Marcia and I are thoroughly pleased with the outcome. As we put Saxon under cover (afloat), we look forward to our down east cruises next summer.

Craig and Marcia Steidle



# Polaris

NO. 71 • HEMPSTEAD HARBOR, NEW YORK

## The End

At approximately 4 A.M. on July 28, 2019, Polaris rounded into Hempstead Harbor on Long Island, completing the 43rd annual Around Long Island Regatta. The course requires boats to cover more than 200 miles. Aboard with me were my brother Arnt, my nephew Evan, and my cousin Braden. We had sailed nonstop for more than 60 hours and covered 207 nautical miles, all the way to the finish line off Glen Cove. We succeeded in placing second in Division 1. Taking first place in our division was Michael Emmert in Golden Eye, a 41-foot Philip Rhodes yawl built in 1937 at the Minneford Yacht Yard.



## The Beginning

Getting from here to there involved just two and one-half days. Yet for me, and my crew and the family ashore, the endeavor had required a good deal more than merely a few days. This was something we'd all worked hard for, never knowing just when the opportunity might come and just who might be involved. But now it was happening . . . and we simply had to go. I couldn't help but think of what it had taken for us to be out there, the many years and the long odds against. Now here we were, one of 62 boats and crews supported by umpteen families and friends.

Having loaded all the provisions, ice, water, and last-minute items that Kathy and Valerie had gathered over the preceding few days, and after completing a multitude of adjustments on deck and down below, we finally left Liberty Landing in Jersey City at 3 P.M. on Thursday, July 25. The start of the race was set for 4 P.M. in New York Harbor, roughly midway between the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island.

Polaris was in Division 1. This is the best and most interesting division—at least that's what I think. Though it had originally included nine boats, Division 1 was reduced to six by starting time. The extremely light winds forecast for the coming days had no doubt played a role in the three withdrawals. It was worrisome to think that if there was to be little wind, it would take days and days to get anywhere, let alone all the way around the island.

Division 1 is generally reserved for the older classic sailboats. Newer boats, including state-of-the-art racing machines, make up the other divisions. Each boat's handicap is determined by a mathematical formula, which evens up the playing field somewhat and places the focus on sailing skill rather than boat size or design. Yet the differences in hull design and technology vary greatly from decade to decade, meaning that each boat ends up competing primarily against the other boats within its own division.

The 62 boats start at intervals, with Division 1 going first and each successive division starting in sequence thereafter. The general idea is that even though the higher divisions will likely sail faster, the staggered start will bring the entire fleet home at more or less the same general time.



Prior to the start, the boats were already racing, jockeying for position. It was madcap confusion galore, with fresh crews full of nerves zipping back and forth behind the line—waiting for the starting signal, narrowly skimming past each other on opposite tacks, anxious and sailing hard. Meanwhile the New York City Fire Department was out with fireboats, which were spraying their water cannons high into the summer air. And the ferries never stopped, their wakes heaving us up and down throughout the starting sequence. Then the flag went up, the horn sounded, and we began.

We had a fantastically lucky start and shot right out under the Verrazano Bridge, head to head with my mentor Mike Emmert on Golden Eye, the eventual division winner. In a light southwesterly, we found ourselves briefly leading the fleet toward the Verrazano Bridge. Arnt exclaimed, “Wow Leif, we’re leading the whole thing right here in New York Harbor! If we had to drop out right now, we’d say we had to quit, but we quit winning!” Shortly thereafter Golden Eye passed close by, hailing us about our quick start, and we then proceeded to chase them for the rest of the adventure. Others passed

too, modern and what have you. We didn’t care, as we were already kings for a day—or at least an hour. The evening breeze freshened to 15-20 knots as we left the Statue of Liberty behind, all 62 boats crisscrossing to windward, first past Brooklyn and then the big bridge and the headlands of Staten Island, with Coney Island coming up on the left and Sandy Hook in the distance beyond Raritan Bay. We were all heading south to round Buoy 14 before making the turn for Montauk Point, roughly 100 miles to the east. The modern machines soon sped well ahead, while the slowpokes trailed behind. Before long everyone had spread out, and for much of the race we were on our own. We settled in for the long eastward haul in a steady 20-knot breeze, in second position behind Golden Eye. By midnight Thursday we were closing in on Fire Island, still holding on in second place and doing well.

On Friday morning the breeze dropped to less than 5 knots. Not so good. We struggled all day in the windless heat and reached Shinnecock at 8:30 P.M., dropping to third place when Pentimento passed by us, taking an inside route where they picked up shore breezes that allowed them to keep moving. We realized too late that we’d made the mistake of staying offshore for too long, and as the inshore boats kept advancing we watched in vain, becalmed. Over hours and hours, we searched for sea breezes and ghosted along—swimming, eating, trying different combinations of sails. We stopped swimming when we began to spot shark fins nearby.



We crawled through the steamy torpor of Friday night, wondering what else we could do besides drift and stare imaginary breezes into our mainsail and drifter. By dawn Saturday morning we found ourselves inching past Hither Hills, wondering if we’d ever reach Montauk Point lighthouse, or have wind enough to finish the race. By 7 A.M. Saturday, however, a steady southerly developed. Gathering speed, we took off and passed Gurneys, Atlantic, and Surf, and then Ditch and Camp Hero.



We rounded Montauk Point at 9:30 A.M., with promising boat speed and a solid breeze of 15-20 knots. By that point we knew that Golden Eye had increased her lead to well over 20 miles, and that Pentimento was solidly in control of second position, perhaps 10 miles ahead of us. All we could reasonably hope for at that point, with 90 miles to go, was a distant third place. But! As we headed now for Plum Gut with a good tide change, the wind freshened to a steady 20+, and we optimistically barreled through the Gut and onward to the final leg up Long Island Sound. Once in the Sound, we adopted a line that allowed a close reach, and Polaris literally took off. We flew fast and steady all the rest of the day and into Saturday night, surging ahead on a direct course to Mantinecock Buoy, chasing a far-distant sail ahead while leaving others farther and farther behind.

For the first time I became optimistic that no one could overhaul us and take our third place position—if only the wind would hold after sunset. We were romping along as best we could, experimenting all the way with sail trim, trying this headsail and that one. Evan cooked pasta, and Braden trimmed. I steered and played Miles Francis tunes, Arnt called out ideas to try, and so we went. Four or five hours into the Sound we were all alone, with only a few sails visible well ahead or far behind. At the very least we were doing well in making up for the time we'd lost while becalmed on the southern shore. But so was everyone else, and thus we had no reason to hope that we could cut into what we thought was Pentimento's 10-mile lead—let alone make up ground on Golden Eye at 20+ miles ahead.

There was no real way to know our standing at this point: the internet race tracking signals were weak, and we were too far from shore to see if anyone was inside us. All we could do was



keep moving, and we were moving beautifully. Polaris was so easy to handle, sliding clean and easy, driving and carving so naturally at 6 to 7 knots. It was puzzling to me at times that so few boats seemed to be on the same line as we were. I figured that the others must be far ahead, or else behind. Some had perhaps hedged against the coming darkness and likely drop in wind speed by sticking closer to the north shore from Port Jefferson westward, in the hope of catching favorable shore breezes. If the wind began fading after dark in the usual way, we'd be slowing down a lot while they slipped along the shore and edged ahead. All we could do was hope, because we'd made our decision at Plum Gut to stay offshore for a more direct route.



This time it worked. The wind did not fade. If anything, it continually refreshed itself in a sustained blow of 15-20 knots that extended throughout the day and on past midnight Saturday. With few other boats in sight, we drove on past Oyster Bay, Bayville, and finally Mantinecock Point, reaching the Hempstead Harbor breakwater finish line shortly before 4 A.M. We were ecstatic, feeling that we'd done our best. Exhilarated, and confident that we'd managed third place, we dropped the sails, found our mooring, and collapsed into our bunks just as dawn began to break over the harbor.

The real surprise came later in the morning, when I got a congratulatory text from Mike Emmert, the owner of first-place Golden Eye. The Race Committee's electronic tracking confirmed that we had crossed the finish line only 9 minutes behind Pentimento, the boat we hadn't seen since being overtaken by them two days before.



Although *Pentimento* was technically the faster boat with a lower handicap rating, our strategy and sustained sailing speed on the long final leg had closed the gap. After the handicaps were applied, we had succeeded in placing second. I think we went into shock.

We learned much along the way. *Polaris* at 60 years old remains a fast boat. But it has taken a lot to get her up to speed, and we still have some way to go and much more to learn. And I was also wrong about a few things. In 2015 when I began working on *Polaris*, I had been without a boat for quite some years since moving to New York from Vancouver. In my mind sailing was like riding a bike, something normal for anyone to be doing, something you don't forget, an everyday kind of thing. When I was young that's the way it was to me. Boats were everywhere, and I was on them all the time. Boats: working on them, operating them, life on the water, depending on a good boat, especially wooden ones. As I grew older they seemed to be part of the natural order of things. Yet now I'm not a child any more, or young. It's actually not like riding a bike, and these are different times.

In our day and age, an experience like this one would be impossible without the support and encouragement of friends and family. In my case, I've been lucky to have plenty of that, most particularly from Kathy. So thank you to everyone, but most especially to Kathy.



I also thank Valerie for bringing Arnt to help us do the sail, and for helping Kathy with all the running around in the days leading up to the start. I thank Evan and Braden, not only for doing the race, but also for helping whenever they could with the restoration work over the past few years. Thanks as well to Sarge, Jorge, Arnt J, and all those who came out to assist now and then. I thank Kersten Prophet for valuable tips learned while sailing at Padanaram last year at the Concordia 80th. And thank you to John Eide for all the visits, and the soup-to-nuts and dark-and-stormy knowledge that you've shared so generously when I most needed it over the past five years.

Thank you Michael Emmert for encouraging us to get *Polaris* racing again after all these years, and for kindling my interest in racing through Golden Eye's example. I thank my son Miles, for inspiring me to be who I am every day. Finally, I thank my parents Lloyd and Gwen, and my siblings Holly, Jenny, Trevor, Arnt, and Tom. Together in the 1960s, we sailed as a family each summer on a small wooden boat throughout the Strait of Georgia, now known as the Salish Sea. Hardly a day goes by that I don't remember those experiences, and what they did for each of us. In sum, it's all about the lives we live, the friends and family along with us, and what we can do together to stay connected. Wooden boats are simply great for all of that.

Leif Arntzen



## Spare a Thought For Spares

Spares on board: always a fine idea. If difficulties occur during a cruise, especially in remote locations, it can be challenging to source and obtain essential components in timely fashion. But which things should be carried? Here are the items we stock aboard Owl.

1) Bilge pump float switch. These units seem to have a limited life span. In fact, we have two switches wired into our system, one mounted several inches higher than the other. If either one fails, the other will still operate the pump.

2) Automatic bilge pump. The common failure mode with these is an inability to achieve prime. One would never wish to leave a boat without an operative bilge pump in place.

3) Engine raw water pump. The consensus is that these are good for 500-600 hours. Ours recently failed at 495, and we were happy to have a spare aboard, as it was the July 4 holiday week. Signs of demise typically begin with drips of salt water accumulating in the engine pan. In our case, the drips very soon gave way to substantial inflow when the engine was running, an indication that the pump's shaft seals were failing. A raw water pump will still operate in this condition, and will likely not seize imminently, but replacement is a must. A spare belt for this pump should also be on board.

4) Impellers. We've never had a problem with an impeller, but unhappy stories abound.

5) Serpentine belt. If this primary engine belt ever gave up, the party would be over until a new one was fitted. For those whose engines have conventional V-belts, which do not necessarily offer great longevity, spares are all the more important.

6) Racor filter element. This is carried in case of problems with fuel.

7) Alternator. With Balmar units priced at \$700 and up, it would be a luxury to have a brand new one in waiting. But in the event of an alternator replacement, it makes sense to have the old one rebuilt to serve as a spare.

8) Lifeline stanchion. These are well designed in general, but are somewhat vulnerable at the top, where the bronze material thins out. One day a launch driver broke one of ours by pushing too hard at the very tip. We immediately realized that a stanchion failure, which leaves the associated upper lifeline slack, seriously compromises onboard safety. When we ordered a new stanchion from Concordia Company, we asked for a second one also, which now stands ready in case of another similar mishap. Do instruct those launch operators to push off from the toe rail.

9) Galley sink/icebox drain pump. This is an important item in our setup. Please see the related discussion on page 14.

10) Winch pawls and pawl springs. Winches rarely give trouble, but when they do, these inexpensive parts seem to be the offenders in most instances. Replacement is straightforward.

11) Plastic winch handle. If our handsome bronze Barient handle were ever lost overboard, there would need to be a ready substitute. We certainly plan, however, on retaining the bronze handle.

12) Chocolate, organic coffee, Darjeeling tea, aged rum. Running out in any of these departments would be a deeply unwelcome event.

Further thoughts from readers regarding spares are encouraged, and will be shared in future issues.

JP



Concordia 39 Owl tacking up the Western Way, Mount Desert, Maine. July 1, 2019.

Our masthead boat is a remarkable upwind performer in heavy air, with the small jib and a single reef in the main.

Photo by Eunice Panetta.

The Concordian is published for the benefit of the owners and friends of Concordia yachts. It appears in May and November each year at a cost of \$20.00 per year, due upon receipt of the May issue. All readers are strongly encouraged to submit articles and images. You may send your text either in the body of an email or as an attachment. Photos should be submitted in the largest possible file size. Content from this publication may not be reproduced in any form without the express written permission of the author or photographer and the Editor. Each issue is archived on the Concordia Company web site. Copyright © Jay Panetta, 2019. All rights reserved.

You are most welcome to contact the Editor at [jay.panetta@gmail.com](mailto:jay.panetta@gmail.com), or 617-529-9503.

# The Concordian

Jay Panetta  
33 Harbor Street  
Manchester, Massachusetts 01944



*Photo by Eunice Panetta, aboard Owl in Merchant Row. July 7, 2019*