



The Concordian

A NEWSLETTER FOR LOVERS OF CONCORDIA YACHTS



SPRING 2020, NUMBER 68

Musings from the Mizzenmast

JAY PANETTA

As of this writing in late April, the 2020 sailing season is shrouded in doubt. Boatyards in New England have been closed for a number of weeks, and it is not clear just when they will be able to resume operations. The State of Maine is asking out-of-state visitors to self-quarantine for 14 days, which has effectively pulled the plug on tourism for the time being. Other vacation venues, and in particular islands like Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, may well follow suit. And it is difficult to see what might change at any point soon in terms of general comfort—on the part of governments and individuals alike—with the idea of normal travel and movement. In sum, I fear that many boats may not be launched this year. I am coming to peace with this personally, but it will be difficult for the industry and for the Northeast region as a whole.

Circumstances notwithstanding, I have prepared this issue as usual, and I do hope that it will bring enjoyment to you the readers. Some might opine that rhapsodizing about classic wooden boats during a time of dire international crisis is rank escapism at best, and unpardonably frivolous at worst. My response would be that our publication is a force for binding our small community—and reinforcing the idea of community will likely be of ever-increasing importance over the coming months.

The professionals who help to maintain our boats are also part of our community, and all of us need to keep well in mind the necessity of providing for the continued health of their enterprises. Anything that can possibly be done over the coming months to generate cash flow for the boatyards will be deeply welcome. If it comes to pass that your Concordia is not launched this year, it is well worth considering the idea of initiating a special project or projects for your yard to tackle. Nearly anything on the typical wish list would do: refastening, new galley countertops, interior paint and varnish, new standing rigging, electronics upgrades, and the like. Such tasks will keep the staffs busy and help the businesses to persevere, despite the substantial revenue losses that likely lie ahead for them. Let us trust that better days will come, and that sails will be raised once again.

The results of last spring's fundraising appeal were reasonably satisfactory. I received contributions from 60% of Concordia owners, and a number of the subscribers in the "Friends of the

Fleet" category also sent checks. Certain parties were exceptionally generous, going well beyond the suggested annual contribution. All this helps a great deal. We do, however, need to face the plain fact that expenses for this newsletter are currently outpacing receipts. The annual subscription dues have held at \$20 for a very long time. In 2011, his first year as editor of the *Concordian*, John Eide surveyed the readership and found that a great majority of respondents were comfortable at that time with the idea of increasing the dues to \$25 or even \$30. John elected, however, to hold the obligation at \$20, and he made ends meet by greatly increasing the percentage of readers who actually paid. Nine years have now elapsed, during which time the costs of printing and mailing have increased substantially. In addition, the newsletter is becoming a bit more elaborate in scope, and the mailing list has lately grown from 140 to 190. This is all to the good, as we are spreading the word far and wide regarding the abundant virtues of our boats—which ultimately helps to support their value. Yet it is necessary to be realistic about what all this actually costs. Please John Eide's additional comments on this topic, presented on page 35.

From time to time it is suggested that we go to electronic-only publication. That would admittedly save a number of steps in the process, and the total annual costs would be relatively modest. Best of all, there would be no need to for me to supplicate each May. Yet quite understandably, many readers seem to be decidedly fond of the printed object. I am sympathetic to that view, and I would like to continue with the print version for just as long as we are able.

I therefore propose the following as a course of action. Dues are hereby raised to \$30. If 100 recipients can contribute in that amount, it will just about cover the annual outlays (which, beyond printing and mailing, include photo rights, Adobe software subscriptions, and various other costs). I will send a separate reminder note in the later part of May, and I will hope to hear from many or most of you. Let us proceed in this way for now, and see how things develop. If revenues continue to lag expenses, we may simply have to move to electronic distribution. I would like, however, to see if we can manage to maintain things as they are. Do kindly accept my thanks in advance for your generosity and understanding.

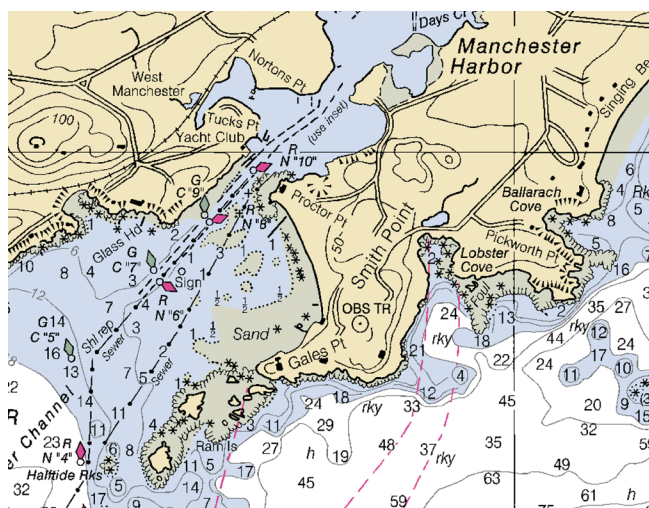
THE COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Utter bliss is achieved: on a balmy afternoon in the summer of 1949, Concordia #1 JAVA cleaves the benign waters of Buzzards Bay. Round Hill Point is off the port bow, and the Elizabeth Islands lie in the distance. Conditions appear nigh perfect, with a cooling southeast sea breeze of 12-14 knots rather than the fabled and often frisky regional southwesterly. Working sails are full and drawing, and JAVA is slicing along handsomely, leaving an impressively small wake. A number of other sails dot the horizon, a race fleet perhaps, but on this occasion these two gentlemen have elected to pursue a more relaxed agenda. Owner Llewellyn "Skipper" Howland is at the tiller, wearing his favored felt hat. His faithful sailing companion, Captain Harold E. Hardy, is in his accustomed position to leeward, where he can easily handle the sheets (and puff his cigarettes without dropping ash on deck). The windward running backstay is set up, and the rig also features a split permanent backstay led to deck turnbuckles on either side of the mizzenmast. A hefty manual windlass and Herreshoff-style anchor are visible on the foredeck. As built, JAVA had only one port in each cabin side, which made for a rather dark main saloon; her owner was wary of leaking ports, and his primary interest was daysailing rather than cruising. A little-known essay by Skipper Howland on the creation of JAVA appears on pages 11-13.

Photo by Norman Fortier, reproduced by kind permission of the New Bedford Whaling Museum.

The October Gales of 2019

During New England's two major coastal storms of October 2019, which brought peak gusts of 70 knots and 50 knots respectively, several large sailboats unfortunately went loose in Manchester Harbor, ending up on rocks and seawalls. While Manchester offers good protection in most circumstances, the harbor mouth can admit considerable swell when hard winds come from the southwest. All the boats that went adrift were moored in the cove just to the east of Tuck's Point and the Yacht Club. In certain conditions, especially at high tide, that spot is not as good as it might appear on the chart.



In at least two of these mooring mishaps, deteriorated chains were at fault. It is worth noting that the chains in question had been in service for three seasons only. Local experts tell me that different brands and lots of chain vary greatly in quality. This is not a category in which one should shop according to lowest price.

At least one other accident was caused by a failed pennant. Yet this is not the usual chafe story. The owner of the 42-foot Hinckley sloop had carefully inspected his substantial single pennant after the first storm, which had brought steep chop in the anchorage. While he saw no evidence whatever of chafe damage, the thick pennant "felt funny" to him in the area of the bow chock: it was a bit flattened, and had taken on an unusual texture. He did nothing about the situation at the time, however, given the complete absence of visible chafe. In the second blow, the pennant parted right at the chock, and the boat was driven onto a seawall. The owner's working theory is that given the nonstop friction during the prolonged pitching of the first storm, the pennant's synthetic inner material had heated up and work hardened (and perhaps partially melted), leaving it weakened and ready to snap in the next gale. He is researching this entire topic, and is going to get back to me with further information. This is a possibility that we all need to keep well in mind. In the aftermath of these powerful mid-autumn storms, our harbormaster in Manchester has tightened the inspection intervals for chain as well as chain/pennant connections, and has mandated that all boats use double pennants.

The first and worst of these two storms created havoc all along the Northeast coast, and such was the case at Hempstead Harbor on Long Island, the home port of Concordia 41 sloop POLARIS. Owner Leif Arntzen reports as follows.

"I weathered the initial blow, which brought strong winds from the west for upwards of 48 hours. Though the worst came during the first 24 hours, the storm lingered with heavy gusts and nasty chop, the worst I've ever seen in Hempstead Harbor. The anchorage is exposed to northwesterlies, which typically crank up in the autumn as temperatures drop. The chop ordinarily gets up to 5 feet and is generally sloppy, testing all mooring pennants. This first big October gale brought truly steep and menacing chop (over 7 feet), along with winds of up to 55 knots.

"POLARIS has a robust braided pennant, with huge shackles and thimbles, leading down to a 1000-pound mushroom that has been dug in for several years. I've been watching through the seasons for chafe, and after that storm I saw significant abrasion caused by the bobstay of my A-frame bowsprit. Since things seemed fine otherwise, at least at first glance, I began to set up a second pennant off the port side, attached to the same large bow cleat. It was then that I noticed: the cleat had cracked right down the center!



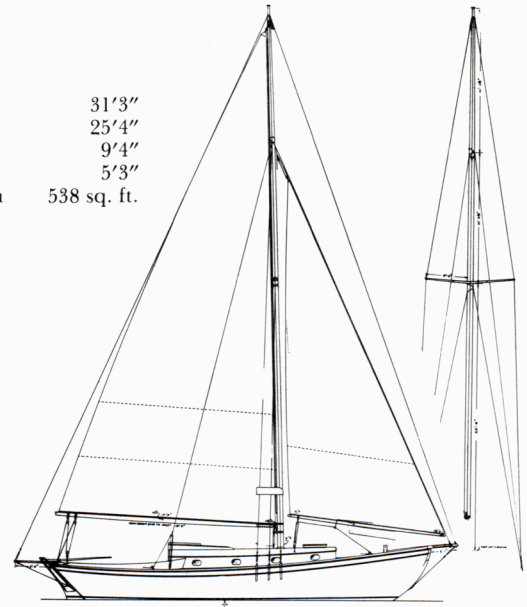
"This heavy locust cleat had actually traveled an inch forward, and the mounting bolts had split the tough wood, all from the heavy wrenching of the storm. Furthermore, I saw that two mounting screws in the starboard bronze chock were proud of the surface, right under where the pennant lay, as if they had somehow come upwards or loose from all the strain. Upon inspection, it became clear that the pennant had tugged with such extreme force that it had actually bent the bronze bow fitting downward, leaving the screw heads protruding. The fitting in turn crushed the wood below it.

"I replaced the cleat with a new one made of black locust, this time using 5/8" galvanized steel bolts instead of the original and softer 1/2" bronze. The crushing under the bronze bow casting was not truly serious, but the force required to cause such damage had been pronounced. Given the depth at my mooring location (20 feet at mean low water), I can only imagine the stresses and shock loads that must have been involved, especially at high tide during the worst of the storm, when the scope on the mooring setup would have been minimal. Frankly, I would have been more comfortable heading out into the bay and setting two anchors with plenty of scope, then remaining on board to stand watch. In this instance, however, I was out of town on a work trip. Before storm number two came, which was predicted to be even worse and also from the west, I moved POLARIS to a protected slip in the inner harbor. Sadly, in the first storm five sailboats broke away and piled up on the beach, all from parted pennants or failed bow cleats."

The Concordia 31s

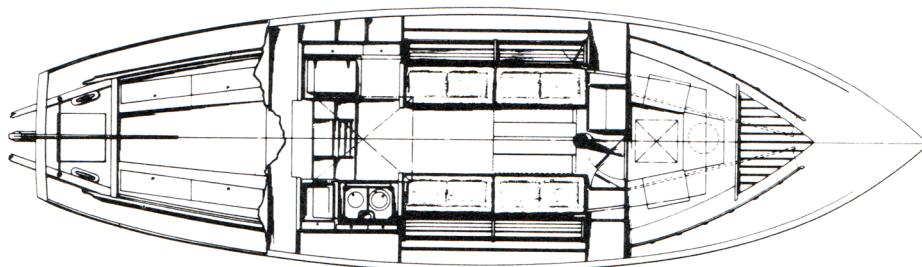
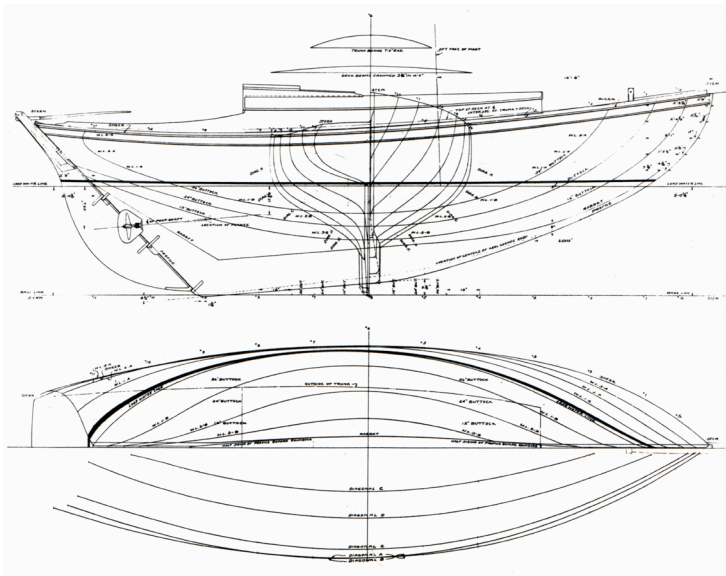
The Concordia 31 design originated in the later 1930s. Eager for business, Waldo Howland saw a market niche that he believed the fledgling Concordia Company could fill. On a regular basis, brokerage customers were seeking a four-berth auxiliary sloop suited for family cruising—with galley, head, decent headroom, a reliable small engine, adequate deck width, and a manageable sail plan. Yet relatively few such boats, in sound condition and properly equipped, were available on the used market. Hoping to create a design that would sell for \$3000 or less, and might perhaps become a class, Waldo chose to enlist the considerable talents of his regular collaborator Bill Harris, a veteran of the Alden and Eldridge-McInnis firms. They began with an already successful design that Harris had created for Concordia, namely the 1938 sloop SHAWNEE II, a vessel that measured 27' 6" overall and displaced 9900 pounds (which Waldo characterized as “neither heavy nor light”). SHAWNEE II, now named WIND SONG, most happily lives on, and she has recently enjoyed a thoroughgoing restoration at Ballentine’s Boat Shop in Cataumet, Massachusetts. Further details of her story are presented below on pages 7-10.

| | |
|-----------|-------------|
| LOA | 31' 3" |
| LWL | 25' 4" |
| Beam | 9' 4" |
| Draft | 5' 3" |
| Sail area | 538 sq. ft. |



Taking SHAWNEE II as a basis, but with an eye to creating a more commodious accommodation, Harris expanded the design to an overall length of 31' 3" and a displacement of 14,000 pounds. As Waldo later put it, “from bitter experience I have determined that modest comfort on a coastal cruise cannot be obtained for four adults on a waterline length of less than 25' 0”.” The waterline of the Concordia 31 was accordingly established at 25' 4", and the sail area totaled 538 square feet, in a mainsail and a single jib. Exhibiting no extremes of any sort, this design indeed proved popular, with nine boats in total being constructed over a 30-year span beginning in 1939. The first two and a later boat were built in Dover, New Hampshire by Bud and Ned McIntosh, and the remainder by the Concordia Company. Regarding the guiding principles of the 31 class, Waldo Howland remarked, “In general, the keynote of construction, finish, and equipment is simplicity, economy of upkeep, and resistance to the actions inherent in the elements of air and water.”

The MARY F. OAKES, last of the Concordia 31s, was completed in 1969, and the boat is still in the hands of the family that commissioned her. Owner David Greenway of Needham, Massachusetts has been kind enough to offer this account.



Mary F. Oakes

NORTH HAVEN, MAINE



My father's best friend was Robert Ferguson, of Padanaram and Cumberland Island, Georgia. "Fergo," as my father always called him, was married to my cousin Lucy. They were good friends of Waldo Howland, who had designed for them the first of the three Concordia 33s. This sloop was named MITTY, after the character in James Thurber's classic 1939 story "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," the tale of a meek fellow who daydreams a series of heroic lives for himself.

Beginning in the later 1940s, my father James had many opportunities to sail on MITTY out of Padanaram, and he came to love the boat. After Fergo died, my father asked Lucy if she would like to sell MITTY. "Oh, we would never sell MITTY," she replied. So father asked Waldo if Concordia could build him a slightly smaller boat, to the Concordia 31 design. The result was the MARY F. OAKES, named for my stepmother and delivered in 1969. She didn't have far to go, as she was placed on a mooring right in Padanaram, not far from where MITTY had always been.

Shortly after MARY OAKES was launched, Lucy of course sold MITTY, which now belongs to Jon Wilson, the founder of *WoodenBoat*. Although he renamed the boat FREE SPIRIT, the original name lives on in the family: Lucy and Fergo's grandson, Mitty Ferguson, now operates the Greyfield Inn on Cumberland. My father was delighted with the MARY OAKES, and he spent the next several years sailing her in Buzzards Bay. He didn't take her far, with perhaps a cruise to Nantucket now and then. He used her mostly as a daysailer, even though she was fitted out with a ShipMate stove and comfortable bunks. She has a skylight, which Waldo Howland had advised against. But my father insisted, as he wanted light in the cabin, even if that meant an occasional leak.

Not long after her christening, the MARY F. OAKES shows her balance and grace during a lively afternoon outing on Buzzards Bay, with contented first owner James Greenway at the tiller. Photo by Norman Fortier, from the collection of David Greenway.

When father reached his seventies, he decided that he was too old to handle the boat any longer, and he gave her to me. At the time I was the Jerusalem correspondent for the *Washington Post*, and my father generously offered to have the MARY OAKES shipped over to me. Which would be the better harbor, he asked, Haifa or Tel Aviv? I begged off, saying that I was really too busy in Israel to think about sailing, and that the Eastern Mediterranean would not be my favored cruising ground at that particular time. And there was always the odd terrorist attack that might put a crimp on yachting.

Thus the boat missed a couple of sailing seasons, until I returned to new England in 1978. Bob Sylvia, who had worked at the Concordia yard, was starting up his own boatyard in Maine, and we became his first storage customers. I had one month of vacation for sailing MARY OAKES out of North Haven, Maine, and my old school and college classmate, Harold Janeway of nearby Leadbetter Island, agreed to share the boat with me. He would have her for July, and I would have her for August. Then there was the question of what to call her. My father said it was permissible to change the name when ownership changed, and so Harold and I pondered various possible names. My mother, whom my father had divorced to marry the vessel's namesake, Mary Oakes, had an immediate suggestion. "SEA WITCH sounds nice," she said. In the end, we decided that it would simply be easier to keep the original name.

Harold and his wife Betsy were much more adventurous than we, filling the MARY OAKES with children and sailing way Down East, and at times beyond into Canadian waters. With our three girls, my wife JB and I seldom ventured east of Schoodic, content instead to cruise the surrounding bays: Penobscot, Jericho, Blue Hill, Frenchman's. MARY OAKES fitted nicely into the small coves of the midcoast, and when summer was done we often found an autumn weekend to sail, driving up from Boston to Round Pond for a brisk overnight. The ShipMate kept her warm and dry down below, the Charlie Noble smoking as if we had auxiliary steam power. In those days before GPS, we had the usual adventures in fog and bad weather, and MARY OAKES stubbed her toe on the occasional rock. But no serious misadventures befell us. Perhaps the most embarrassing mishap was running aground in Rockland Harbor just as the North Haven ferry was heading out, full of friends and neighbors. Not wishing to become a summer anecdote, I pretended to be fishing until the tide lifted her free.

When Harold took over the family responsibilities on Leadbetter, he relinquished his share of MARY OAKES back to me. This suited me fine, as I was retiring from the *Boston Globe* and would now have more time to sail. Eventually I moved the boat from Round Pond to Bud Thayer's boatyard on North Haven, which saved us the annual migration to and from Round Pond. More recently, MARY OAKES has been under the care of Rockport Marine.



The impeccably kept MARY F. OAKES on her summer mooring in Brown's Cove, Fox Islands Thorofare, North Haven, Maine. Photo by David Greenway.

MARY OAKES has now passed her 50th birthday, and this coming year will be my forty-second season of sailing her in Maine. She remains, to my eye at least, the second prettiest boat in the Fox Islands Thorofare—with the title going to the late Frank Eberhart's HOUND, the 59-foot Aage Nielsen sloop built of aluminum by A&R in 1970. If we limit the concours to wooden boats, however, the MARY OAKES has few competitors. Given that I am in my 85th year, I have found ways to "geriatricize" MARY OAKES in order to make it easier for me and JB to handle her. For example, we have installed lazy jacks. We also have a Westerbeke diesel now, which replaced the Gray Marine gasoline engine that was so prone to quitting at the most inopportune moments. My father's last gift to the boat was the installation of a roller furling jib, which he said would add ten years to my sailing life.

My daughter Alice is now mastering the quirks of the old MARY OAKES, and she will continue sailing the boat when we finally let her go. In the meantime, I look forward to a few more seasons, coming home on the southwest wind with the spar varnish glowing in the afternoon sun, and catching the mooring under sail on a glorious summer afternoon outside of time.

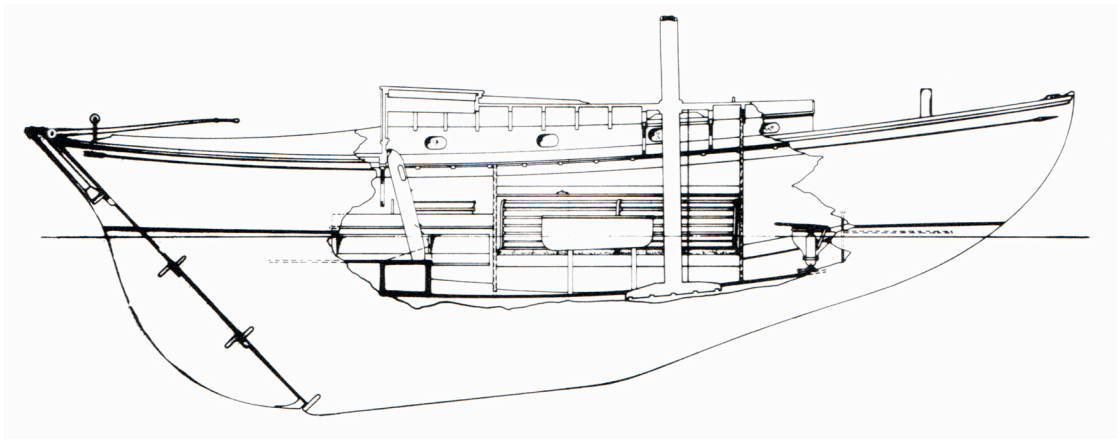
David Greenway

Wind Song

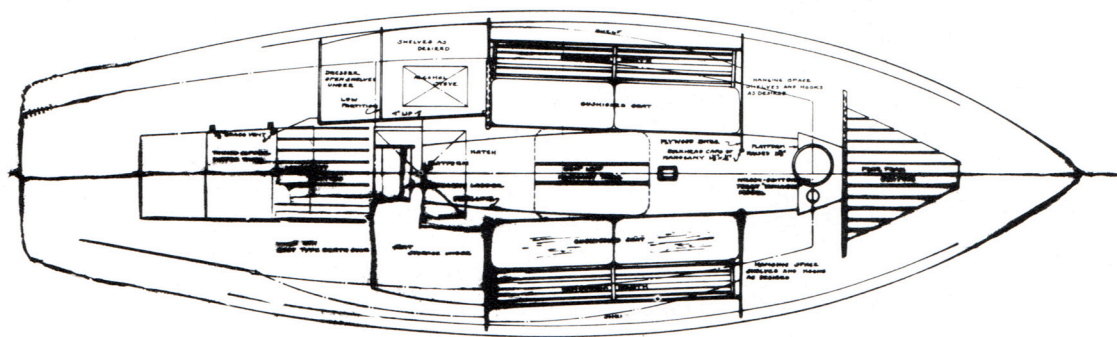
CATAUMET, MASSACHUSETTS

The history of the Concordia Company is well known to the readers of this publication. There is no shortage of lively yarns, and enough silver trophies have been won to keep butlers around the globe busily polishing for years. For good reason, much of Concordia's proud history revolves around the iconic yawls built by Abeking & Rasmussen. Yet a lesser-known family of prewar designs by Concordia might in fact supersede the yawls on my own list of favorites.

In the year 1937, Concordia was approached by Arthur H. Morse to design and build an all-around sailboat for family cruising in New England waters. Designer Bill Harris was given straightforward guidelines: the boat must be a good performer under sail, able in varied weather, easy on limited crew, and—here was the catch—very reasonable in cost, not only in terms of her construction and but also her yearly care. While the first three of those criteria imposed few significant limitations, the fourth required Harris to draw a good deal of boat within a small package. And that he did, completing the lines for a short and capable sloop. The hull would be just under 28' overall, with a waterline length of 22' 6" and a beam of 8' 6". Harris felt that these dimensions would allow him to maximize available space below while remaining true to the rest of the design brief.



Though the simple yet well-conceived accommodation was hardly luxurious, the space proved to be satisfactory and comfortable. The interior began aft with a small galley to port, with icebox and alcohol stove, and a quarter berth to starboard. Full length Concordia berths were installed on each side of the saloon, with a removable table amidships. Up forward was sail storage, and also a head. Though fancy cabinetry and unnecessary extras were kept to a minimum, and true standing headroom was not a feature, the interior was nonetheless attractive and welcoming.



Peirce and Kilburn of Fairhaven, Massachusetts was selected to build the new vessel, to be named SHAWNEE II. Construction commenced on March 1 of 1938, and the sloop was launched on June 15th, at a total delivered price of \$3,533. The materials chosen were standard for the time, including backbone and steamed frames of white oak, shelves and stringers of Oregon fir, Port Orford cedar planking, and pine decks and house top. In an apparent cost-saving move, the decision was made to employ galvanized fasteners rather than the originally specified bronze. The outside ballast was iron. Alas, the steel screws and iron ballast, as well as mid-life refastening with additional galvanized screws, led to much of her deterioration in later years. The Morse family owned and cared for the boat into the 1950s, and in due course SHAWNEE II was sold to Charles H. Lawrence III. With new ownership came a few changes, including a new name: WIND SONG. Various modifications, including the installation of lifelines on deck and short child berths forward, were carried out to accommodate Mr. Lawrence's family of five. Another major change was the addition of a small Gray Marine gas engine, which required relocation of the galley icebox.

By the early 1960s, WIND SONG found herself in long-term storage at Concordia Company. Lawrence held to his plans to go sailing once again, eventually, and he didn't have the heart to sell her. For more than a decade, the sloop sat out of the water. Yet during those years spent high and dry beneath the loft of Manchester Sailmakers, WIND SONG was not always alone. Two Concordia employees spent their daily lunch breaks sitting in her cockpit, each of them falling in love with the boat, one bite at a time. In 1973, WIND SONG was placed on the market and was quickly purchased by John Garfield, one of the lunchtime admirers. When Garfield was ready to seek the next caretaker, WIND SONG naturally found her way to John Anderson, the other man who had taken his luncheons aboard.

Over the years, WIND SONG became WYNSUM, and was later renamed WIND SONG. Additional owners purchased, sailed, and sold her. Luckily, the line of ownership remained dedicated to her care, and she was saved from the dire fate that many of her peers in the wooden boat world have suffered. During the ownership of Dick and Lisa Zimmerman, the first of WIND SONG's major restoration projects was completed, work that included new floor timbers, a number of new ribs, extensive sister fastening with bronze, and recanvassing.

In 1983, WIND SONG passed to a new owner, Brian Snow. Brian grew up racing wooden boats, first in his own Concordia Beetle Cat and later in a Herreshoff 12½. He had also chartered another Concordia sloop named KESTREL, and this planted the wooden boat cruising seed. Snow worked for his father as a machinist, and was a woodworker on his own time. Following the path taken by so many enthusiasts, he decided invest such funds as he could pull together on a project boat. In what turned out to be an excellent transaction for both Snow and WIND SONG, Brian found himself the proud owner of this one-off Concordia.

The subsequent years passed in familiar fashion. Cold winters were spent dreaming and planning for spring. Once the weather warmed, the focus turned to launch day, followed by active summer sailing. As WIND SONG aged, the winter worklists began to grow longer, and included more structural considerations. Ballentine's Boat Shop began handling offseason care and maintenance soon after Snow's purchase, and they thoughtfully addressed the boat's issues as they arose. Each year's temporary fixes, however, only postponed the inevitable. The final straw came in 2011, with WIND SONG sailing off Martha's Vineyard in a fresh breeze and Brian down below, nervously watching the bilge pump cycle counter tick higher and higher. From the helm, Brian's wife Monica asked if they would make Edgartown. Brian needed a moment to consider his answer before responding with a less-than-confident "I think so." They did reach port. But what followed was a hard, honest look at the complete scope of work that needed to be addressed, along with the projected costs. Once approval was given, the first stages of a two-year restoration commenced.



The condition of the hull below the waterline was initially assumed to be bad, but just how bad things actually were came as a surprise. The first evidence of serious deterioration became evident during the process of removing the garboards, when pieces of frame came right off with them. The keel bolts had corroded to slivers. Floor timbers were sick from galvanized fastenings, and the original frames were doing little other than taking up space. As the continuing demolition moved forward, it began to seem that WIND SONG had held together merely out of habit during her most recent years of use.

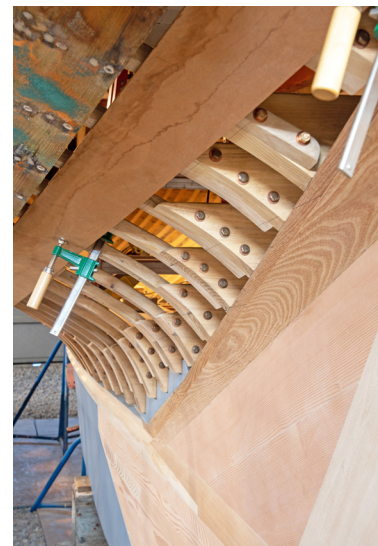


All photographs of WIND SONG by Tyler Fields, used by kind permission.

The original restoration strategy was to replace pieces of her deadwood and backbone, saving everything else that could be saved, including most of her frames. From the waterline up, the hull and deck were in reasonable condition, and removal of the toe rails, deck canvas, and covering boards to install full frames was deemed an unnecessary extension of the work list. The thought was that the job would be rounded out with a complete hull refastening (eliminating all galvanized fasteners) and a freshening of cosmetics, followed by a jolly relaunch. While this was certainly a fine conception overall, initial plans are of course just that: initial.



The project continued to expand until the Ballentine crew ran out of rotten pieces to remove. Actual rebuilding began with the milling of a new keel plank, fashioned from a beautiful piece of locust that Steve Ballentine had stashed away nearly 30 years earlier. New floor timbers were also made from locust and installed with fresh bronze bolts. Since WIND SONG's ballast is iron, special care was taken to isolate it as much as possible from contact with wood. Following sandblasting of the ballast and application of an epoxy barrier coat, a layer of semi-flexible plastic was sandwiched between the new timber keel and the iron. The stem was cut at the waterline and a new piece was scarfed in. The bottom work also encompassed new fir deadwood, made from stock supplied by Brian Snow, and a new locust rudder post.





With WIND SONG's backbone renewed and the interior still empty, the idea of attempting to save the original frames was abandoned. New frames were patterned off, milled from oak, steamed on the shop floor, and installed—a somewhat challenging procedure since the covering boards had not been removed. The hull planking was fortunately found to be in decent shape, excepting the garboards and the first few broad planks. The garboards were replaced with silverballi, and the broad planks with Port Orford cedar.

Work then transitioned to the interior, where original cabinetry and furniture was incorporated into a new and simplified cabin arrangement for the first season. A final interior layout is to be realized over the coming winter, and there are also plans for new decking in the near future. WIND SONG's systems received updating as well. The old 10 hp diesel was replaced with a new 20 hp Beta, driving a 3-blade feathering prop. The increased horsepower and prop efficiency represent a welcome upgrade from the original setup, which often had just enough but nothing more.

In July of 2019, WIND SONG made her way out of Ballentine's Boat Shop and down to Parker's Boatyard on Red Brook Harbor—or at least most of her did, as some of the boat's original timbers remained in the shop as souvenirs. After a well-earned toast and a booming cannon shot, WIND SONG was lowered into the water, splendid in appearance and fully ready for her next 80 years.

Tyler Fields
Ballentine's Boat Shop
Cataumet, Massachusetts



The Creation of the Concordia Yawl

An excerpt from “Birth of a Boat” by Llewellyn “Skipper” Howland

The essay is included in the 1961 collection *The Middle Road*,
edited by Louie Howland and published by the Concordia Company

I have been conscious of a faith that luck—good or bad—more often than not is in the nature of a paradox, not to be defined on the spur of the moment but only after the passage of time has crystallized it into its true shape and significance. And coeval with this point of view as to luck has run that insatiable, beggaring plague—a love of boats—that has imposed on me the burden of owning one or more “sailing sirens” as a necessity. Consequently, year after year, I have bought boats—with a single exception—as I bought my shoes, in the ready-made market with the foreknowledge that while they might fit to a degree, they could not and would not give me the comfort and satisfaction that a boat of my own design and built to my order might be expected to produce.

Then—wonderful to relate!—the long succession of make-fits was brought to an end in the fall of 1938, when a hurricane roaring over our southern New England coast destroyed not only lives and property—my boat of the moment among hundreds of others—but also landmarks, such as our Egg Islands, which for generations had stood imperishable. On first thoughts, this storm that had bitten so deep into our countryside was an irreparable disaster; but in retrospect it could be accepted as a lesson in geography-in-the-making and the transitory nature of all things, even the living rocks.



Elm Street in Padanaram, September 22, 1938. The hurricane had come ashore on the previous day. The New Bedford Yacht Club launch WHALE was subsequently repaired and returned to service. Photographer unknown.

As to the loss of my boat, it was as if I had been stripped in a public square and were under the compulsion of providing myself with a suit of clothes to cover my nakedness. Speed was the essence of the situation, and within a few days I had marshaled my forces and gone to work with the one thought in mind that, after years of experience with makeshifts, I had at last the opportunity to suit myself regardless of fashion or any other consideration.

In my need for haste I freely called on the time and skill of many willing hands to help me carry out my plans for the creation of a forty-foot boat which, in essence, should sail on her bottom, not on her side, and at that, approach the speed limit of her length under the widest range of weather conditions likely to be met with off or along shore on our Atlantic seaboard. All other details were subordinate to these cardinal qualifications.

And when it came to interpreting these controlling factors by lines on the drafting board, I was secretly elated to see that, owing to the restrained proportioning of length-to-beam-to-draft, my boat-to-be gave every promise of having that dimensional symmetry from which indubitably flow those fair, sweeping lines and graceful arcs inherent in Nature's works, particularly those pertaining to the sea, and which, unless they are intentionally or carelessly distorted, are bound to bring forth that "thing of beauty," be its purpose what it may.

Thus was this boat conceived, and after ten busy months, during which it was my good fortune to be able to devote myself to the innumerable details of her construction and equipment, she was successfully launched and rigged as a yawl.

And then at last on a summer day the time came to sail this substance of long-imagined shapes and aspects out into the hazy blue of Buzzards Bay; and when JAVA—as I had christened this boat of mine in memory of a lucky ship, a JAVA of long ago which a great-grandfather had owned—dipped, rose and then topped the first head sea she met, without pause or fuss, I hope my still vividly remembered sensations may have approached those of an Old Master on finding his picture good.



Owner Llewellyn Howland, Harold E. Hardy, and a fortunate guest enjoy a splendid afternoon sail on Buzzards Bay. A Bateka dinghy is in tow, and perhaps a lunch stop at Quick's Hole is part of the itinerary. Mr. Howland is wearing a dapper sailing accessory no longer seen: a bow tie. Given the sprightly breeze, a bit of spray on deck seems to have been anticipated, and the canvas hatch covers have accordingly been left in place—which will save the labor of washing away salt at the conclusion of the outing. At this time JAVA's mainsail had only a single set of reef points, and in truly sporting conditions the main could simply be dropped.

Photo by Norman Fortier, reproduced by kind permission of the New Bedford Whaling Museum.

Fifteen years—a long stretch in the life of a boat—lie between that June day of 1939 and the early summer of 1954. During that period this JAVA of mine had filled to overflowing my cup of hope for her success by the excellence of her performance, be the weather what it might. And further, she had acquired that “shipshape and Bristol fashion” patina produced only by the passage of time, unstinted labor and unremitting attention to the upkeep of her entire fabric, both below and aloft; all of which, when combined with the considered elimination of every nonessential item of equipment and the choice of the simplest and best necessities, had given her, besides, that subtle quality of “fitness for a purpose” which she deserved. And again, as time had passed, she had earned a good measure of the “sincerest flattery” by reason of the growing number of replicas of herself that were afloat.

But though I thought I required no further confirmation of my own opinion that JAVA was a good all-around cruising boat as she lay at her mooring in Padanaram Harbor on the evening of June 24, 1954, still, I have to admit how greatly enhanced this opinion of her was when I was rose out of bed early next morning to read a message from Bermuda to the effect that a friend and his boat, MALAY—JAVA’s twin sister—had won that blue ribbon of ocean racing, “The Bermuda Trophy.”

Editor’s Note: Although Mr. Howland refers to his yawl as JAVA throughout this essay, the boat was initially christened ESCAPE, after the family’s beloved Colin Archer double-ended cutter, which had been destroyed in the great New England hurricane of 1938. After the second ESCAPE, Concordia #1, was damaged in a 1944 hurricane and subsequently repaired, her name was changed to JAVA. Mr. Howland had very likely determined that the name ESCAPE had conjured more than its share of ill fortune. For further details on #1 JAVA, see Waldo Howland’s *A Life in Boats*, Volume I, pages 176-276.



In this photograph from May of 1948, JAVA is tied up to the South Wharf pier at the Concordia Company in Padanaram, using the clever fore-and-aft mooring system that Martin Jackson had devised. Commissioning is under way, though canvas is not yet aboard. Hatches are wide open to promote a thorough airing out following the long winter in storage. The main cabin skylight is one of the few items to have been salvaged intact from the wreckage of the Howland family’s Colin Archer cutter ESCAPE, which had met destruction in the hurricane of 1938. JAVA’s cockpit features a substantial binnacle structure, housing an enclosed steering compass. Illumination of the compass was provided via a battery-operated light, as JAVA had no conventional 12-volt system beyond the wiring for the engine’s starting battery. The cockpit seats are slatted, which cannot have made for especially comfortable seating; perhaps cushions were used. There are no folding seat backs. With vulnerable natural fiber still the norm for running rigging, JAVA is carrying her short and sacrificial “harbor” mainsheet, which will be replaced for actual sailing. Stanchions and lifelines are provided, but there is neither bow nor stern pulpit. Captain Hardy has wisely fitted mainmast gilguy’s so that the wire halyards do not tap against the mast, risking abrasion of the varnish. The winch pads on the outboard sides of the cockpit coamings are notably small, as are the winches themselves. Trimming of the modest club jib required minimal power, and once the sail was properly adjusted, it needed only occasional attention—and none whatever when tacking. As viewed from this vantage point, the proportions of the vessel are entirely sublime.

Photo by Norman Fortier, reproduced by kind permission of the New Bedford Whaling Museum.

Katrina

No. 94 • ROCKPORT, MAINE

Following the sad passing last April of our mother, Katrina Parson, and our subsequent inheritance of her beautiful Concordia KATRINA, my brothers and I have decided to put our family's beloved yawl on the market. That said, we're determined to focus on the myriad happy memories we've accrued over the remarkable 54 years our family has owned this bright-hulled 41-foot beauty.

KATRINA, the 94th Concordia yawl, was delivered in 1963 to her first owner, Frederic Pratt of New York. He christened her WHISPER, but sadly he died a mere two years after taking ownership. Our grandparents, Hans and Kay Rozendaal, purchased the boat in 1966 and renamed her after their first child, our mother Katrina. Hans and Kay were extremely adventurous sailors who made five Atlantic crossings in KATRINA, and they cruised extensively, logging many miles with the Cruising Club of America; Hans was a long-time member, and for a number of years he served as Fleet Surgeon. More cruises than could possibly be recounted took them to Maine, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. They also enjoyed numerous "across the pond" experiences aboard KATRINA, traversing the seas, rivers, and canals of our grandfather's European home territory. Granddad was an accomplished and well-traveled Dutch doctor with an enduring enthusiasm for adventure. After coming to America to study at the Mayo Clinic, and subsequently meeting and marrying our grandmother Katherine Scranton, he served in the U. S. Army Medical Corps during World War II in North Africa, Italy, and Germany, and he was later a civilian medical volunteer in Korea and Vietnam. KATRINA became the preferred vehicle of travel for Hans, and together they managed to evade all the potential perils of offshore sailing, guided solely by traditional celestial navigation, dead reckoning, and paper charts—tools no longer in regular use in these days of GPS and electronic charts. And notwithstanding her original gasoline engine (a Palmer, we believe, which was politely described as "unreliable"), KATRINA loyally served her Dutch captain until his passing in 1992.



Our family then moved the boat from her long-term base in Mystic, Connecticut to our mother's home on Eggemoggin Reach in Brooklin, Maine. Mom's property was ideally situated, directly next door to the offices and school of *WoodenBoat Magazine*, and not far from Benjamin River Marine, where we decided she should be relocated. The boat was stored there for 15 years, and the yard lived up to its reputation for excellent care and sheltering of classic wooden boats. Mom and her siblings faithfully underwrote many repairs, including a centerline rebuild in 1998-99 that encompassed keel, floors, and frames. Upon completion of that project, the yard's co-owner Doug Hylan wrote:

"Their overall excellence, and the surpassing beauty of the design, make Concordias well worth the expense of this kind of work. Boats like this are truly irreplaceable, and we are fortunate to have people like KATRINA's owners who are willing to make a commitment to preserve them for the future. With her newly rebuilt bottom, there is no reason she should not continue to sail for generations to come."

And continue to sail she has. Throughout the almost three decades that our mother lived on the Blue Hill peninsula, KATRINA was sailed every season by multiple family members, who profoundly enjoyed the midcoast venues and also ventured further east—often to Roque Island and beyond, waters sailed so often by our grandparents. Eventually a decision was made to transfer KATRINA to the care of the capable craftsmen at Brooklin Boatyard, where she enjoyed 17 more years of vigilant attention to any and all trouble areas.



When Mom decided she could no longer oversee the boat's care in Brooklin, we moved KATRINA to Rockport, Maine, where I had decided to live in the early 1990s. By great good fortune, I had been introduced to the extraordinarily talented boat shop owners at Kalliste Yacht Services in Lincolnville, Maine, namely Shane LaPrade and Ladleah Dunn. Mom continued to make sure that her namesake boat was maintained with love and great attention to detail, with winter storage under cover at Kalliste's first-rate facility. As we have transitioned the boat yet again from one generation to the next, Shane and company have guided—and continue to guide—our family through an exceptionally high-caliber program of care and maintenance. Suffice it to say that wrinkles stand no chance of appearing anywhere near her moon or star, and that her sheer and overhang continue to elicit whistles from men half her age!

KATRINA's sweetly preserved state did not occur via fluke or good luck. It is directly attributable to an enviable set of circumstances: superior genetic origins, thanks to her legendary designers and builders, coupled with an increasingly rare case of multi-generational family TLC. In return for the conscientious stewardship my mother's family has devoted to this functional work of art, KATRINA has shown few signs of weakness or weariness. At age 57, she appears to be as vibrant as she was when my grandfather took possession of her in 1966. She has never leaked, and performs beautifully with standard Concordia equipment, excepting a non-pressurized Origo alcohol stove, two-speed bronze self-tailing winches, and a roller furling jib. Over the past seven years, Kalliste has skillfully recovered our cabin top, stripped and renovated the entire overhead below, repaired aging timbers of various sorts, and generally maintained our varnish and systems better than we could have imagined possible. Our decision to go with a small yard with big talent and remarkably reasonable labor rates has made the recent years among the very best that KATRINA and her owners have experienced.

It seems fitting to close with this quote, written by an owner contributing to the 50th Anniversary book in 1988: "How many times in life do you get to own something as beautiful as a Concordia yawl?" Our recent decision to put the boat on the market (with Sandeman) opens a new chapter for our family: the search for our boat's next owner, whom we will expect to be as exceptional as KATRINA. This won't be an easy search (and please let me know if you hear of any leads), but like all things involving this boat, it will be a journey undertaken with extreme care and concern, just as the past six decades have been. We hope that those of you who cross our wake this summer in Maine will hail us, so that we can engage in the Concordia shoptalk that everyone reading this newsletter knows and loves.

Wendie Demuth, co-owner, and on behalf of her two brothers and co-owners, Joe and Jan Harris

*All photos by John Williams,
used by kind permission.*



Family Memories of Westray

Members of the MacNary family, original owners of #79 WESTRAY, were inspired to get in touch with me after they read an excerpt from Juan Corradi's new book (see page 21) in the September/October 2019 issue of *WoodenBoat*. I am now happy to be able to present reminiscences from two generations of the clan. WESTRAY was delivered in 1960 to B. Glenn MacNary, and the family kept the boat until 1988. This bouquet of memories commences with two sets of recollections from Glenn's son Don: his essay from the 50th Anniversary book, followed by further comments that he kindly sent along to me over the past winter. We'll then hear from two members of the third generation, both of them Don's children: Ann MacNary Shafer and her brother Ren MacNary.



WESTRAY racing during the summer of 1960, her very first season. Photo by Stanley Rosenfeld, reproduced by kind permission of Mystic Seaport Museum

Don MacNary, From the 50th Anniversary Book

This is being written aboard WESTRAY. It's the summer of 1987. Through the wonder of a 20-year-old 8-track player, Fritz Wunderlich, the deceased and wonderful German tenor, has again beautifully awakened us, as he has habitually now for years, on cruises, races, and weekends. For this trip there are two of us, Julie and myself, on a cruise from Norwalk, Connecticut to Cape Cod and the Islands. A brisk, clear 20-knot nor'westerly is blowing and—as it's early in the cruise and we are still feeling our way into the rhythm of the boat, the cruise, and ourselves—we've decided to take it easy and wait for some moderation. Somewhat of a change for me, usually challenged by a brisk sail. Age perhaps, a bit shorthand, a touch of wisdom. The three of us seem happy with the moment.

My Dad had WESTRAY built in 1959-60, and the Wunderlich tape is a favorite of my Dad's. It was he who started playing it to wake us up for a tide or a breeze, or the push to get somewhere for a start, and he continued the practice for years, as I have with my kids and still do, though with less frequency. Music has been a continuing theme throughout our family's life with WESTRAY. A second favorite picture that arises quickly to illustrate the point is a cruise Dad took to Europe, making landfall on the island of Westray, then on to the fjords, sailing up one of the major ones at two in the morning in the midnight sun, playing "Finlandia" at full volume. One of life's memorable moments for him. I'm sorry I wasn't there.

We've sailed WESTRAY hard for most of her life. We raced her for ten or so years, with a crew of seven that changed very little, and became the kind of unit where you didn't have to say much. It just happened. And the results were satisfying: three times to Bermuda, one First in Class being a high point, along with a silver performance in the famous Block Island Race of dropouts: 40-knot winds from the west, bitter cold, and a lost and seasick navigator. Not much music on that one. Lots of cruising in Europe, as mentioned earlier, to Bras d'Or several times, up the St. Lawrence and down the Hudson, and many wonderful times in Maine and on the Cape.

WESTRAY has been one of the "steadies" in life for three generations of MacNarys. I sail her most these days. My son Ren takes her out occasionally for a spin, and Dad comes along for short periods, but prefers daysails reefed on Buzzards Bay in his Marshall Cat, with access to TV and the Red Sox, Celtics, and Patriots in the evenings. We've transferred the Wunderlich and other music from WESTRAY so that he can play it on his own tape player. My mother Hazel sailed enthusiastically for many years, but said to hell with it in the early 1970s. She has been a wonderful sport about it and has been uncommonly firm in her decision to forget it, despite of appeals from all of us over the years.

Shared experiences, a kind of tradition, a graceful loveliness—our WESTRAY contributes all these things to our lives, as well as harmony and substance. We are grateful.



June 17, 1960: WESTRAY during her initial fit-out in Padanaram. Proud new owner B. Glenn MacNary, stylishly dressed for the occasion, happily observes. These and all subsequent photos courtesy of the MacNary family.



Wintering in Padanaram

In the early 1960s, WESTRAY was wintered at the Concordia Company in Padanaram. In the fall, with a small crew, we'd sail east up the Sound from Manhasset Bay Yacht Club or the American Yacht Club, usually stopping overnight at Block Island. Once we arrived at the Concordia yard, someone would meet us, and we'd take off our personal gear and head home. The boat yard would remove all the remaining gear, put it in a locker for the winter, and then replace it in the spring, exactly where it had come from. What a luxury, and so well done: everything was complete and organized. In the spring we'd arrive by car, get some groceries, step on board, and set sail for eastern Long Island Sound. Waldo Howland ran a great operation, and they pampered us wonderfully. We later kept her at yards on Cape Cod, where my father Glenn had retired, though none matched the Waldo-led Concordia Company for service. Equally notable were the Concordia workers. I remember being impressed to learn that the wire splices on the shrouds were done right at the yard. That had to have been a skill from another era.

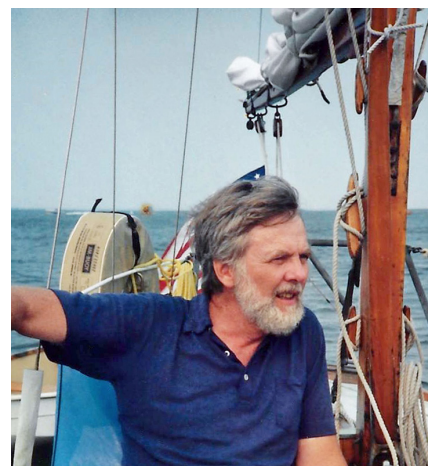
Taller masts make for faster boats

WESTRAY had a tall mast. I was not in on the conversation about the height of the mast when she was being built. My father Glenn's sailing experience was in racing one-design boats, Atlantics and Internationals in particular. He was good at it, and WESTRAY was built with a focus on racing. She came with the standard mast of the time. One day Waldo called and said that they had just designed a taller mast, and that he'd replace the original for free. That must have meant new sails. But I'm certain there was no hesitation, and I am fairly sure that she has one of the taller masts in the fleet.

No one stayed dry

WESTRAY was and is a fast boat, with low freeboard. In our experience, she was wet. We were used to sailing drenched, having raced Atlantics prior to her, and she did not disappoint. But this could become an irritation on long races like the Newport-Bermuda race, during which we all got soaked. You could not get dry, even between watches, which made for some loud protests between bunk mates. In one case Steve Warsaw, who shared a forward cabin bunk with Bobby Monetti, would strip the bed and turn the mattress over to the dry side, then reverse it at the change of watch, so that Bobby had his own wet side back. Yet Steve's side remained only somewhat dry. Bobby had brought an inadequate set of foul weather gear which had blown away early in the race, so the clothing in which he slept was really wet. Steve spent much of the race teed off and flipping the mattress.

All the constant wetness caused severe discomfort for several of us in the form of small sores on our backsides. They hurt and were irritated by sitting in wet clothing on the wet teak seat in the cockpit, and there was no help for it. By the end of the race, this was excruciating. When we arrived in St. George's in the middle of the night and were ready to catch cabs to the hotel, I was determined to be kind to my bottom. I had one pair of underwear that was dry, and I was not going to put wet pants on, come hell or additional high water. So I put the dry boxers on, shifted them to the side to make the fly difficult to see, and got in the cab. I went to the Mid Ocean Club, walked in at about two o'clock in the morning with my shorts carefully shifted, and found the staff unusually anxious to get me out of the reception area and off to my room. Yes, she was a wet one. The Bermuda race crew was together for several years, and we became a really good working group that bonded into a quietly effective team. It was a pleasure to sail together, and these shipmates have remained lifelong friends. The crew included my father Glenn MacNary, yours truly Don MacNary, Steve Warsaw, Bob Monetti, Harman Hawkins, Bill Kellett, and Tom Jostin.



*Left: WESTRAY in Norway, 1969
Above: Don MacNary*

Ann MacNary Shafer, January 2020

I read with great interest Juan's article in *WoodenBoat* about PIRATE and WESTRAY. The comparison was fascinating: how close the two designs are in their specifics, but how completely different the boats are in feel and look. I am writing because I grew up sailing on WESTRAY. My grandfather, Glenn MacNary, had her built in the year 1960. He died in 1994. His only child was my father, Don MacNary.

For me and my two brothers, Ren and Tim, every summer meant a two-week trip aboard WESTRAY. These outings usually involved some portion of the regular summer itinerary, which extended from Cape Cod to Maine and back. This cruising was always a shared endeavor that involved some of WESTRAY's Bermuda race crew and their families. Each season one family would sail her to Maine, the next family sailed her around Maine, and the third family would sail her back to Fiddler's Cove in North Falmouth, Massachusetts. As the youngest child, I slept on the floor of the main cabin; we'd remove the table nightly. This meant that there was no sleeping in, ever. I recall that one year, my oldest brother Ren broke his arm the day before we were leaving and remained with my grandparents, which meant that I got to sleep in a real bunk for the first time. It was also on this trip that I learned the ins and outs of being a real crew member, which helped enormously with my motion sickness. It was so much better to be busy.

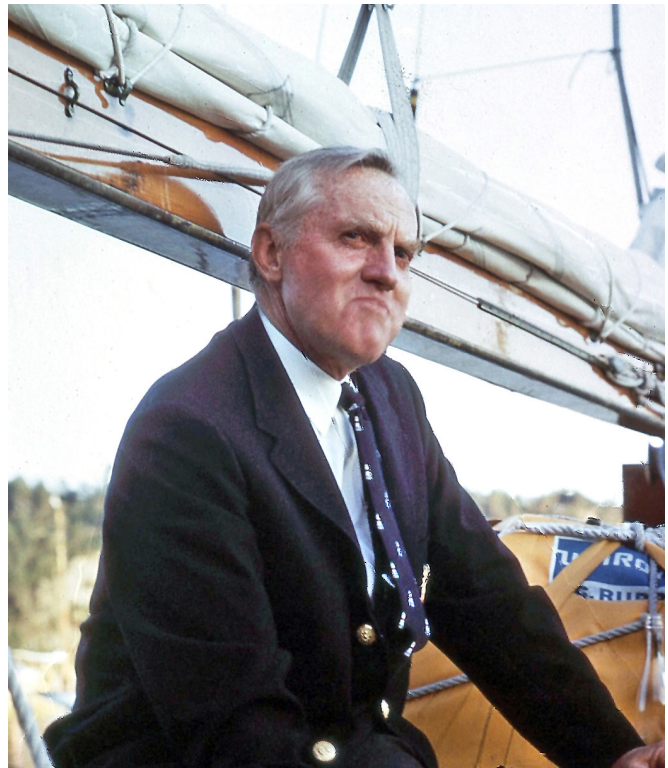
My grandfather had an 8-track tape player on board. There was limited space for tapes, so we played them over and over again. Even today, I listen often to three symphonies in particular—Dvorak's "New World," the Sibelius Second, and the Mahler First—because they remind me of the times when the engine finally shut down, followed by the gloriousness of the wind and the classical music commingling. Grandpa also loved Fritz Wunderlich, and I think there were 8-track tapes of some folky stuff on board as well—the Mamas and the Papas, maybe? Grandpa loved to play Liar's Dice with us after dinner to see who had to do the dishes in that tiny galley. On WESTRAY I honed my love of Goldfish crackers, which were a staple of the cocktail hour. To this day, my husband Chris and I joke about ringing the cocktail bell earlier and earlier in Glenn's honor. I loved dropping anchor at the end of the day and being the most beautiful boat in the anchorage. I remember lying flat on my stomach on the foredeck with a foghorn and peering through the Maine fog—waiting, listening, and watching for some other vessel or marker. The fog distorted everything. I remember bathing in the salt water with Joy dish soap. I remember wishing for a hot shower on a daily basis. I remember Dad's stories about arriving in Bermuda with not a speck of dry clothing, and my mother flying to meet the crew with the head door in tow; along with a number of other items, it had been removed before the race to reduce weight. I remember that my grandmother had linens monogrammed with A, B, C, D, E, and F—so that the crew could keep track of their towels.

WESTRAY holds a very special place in our hearts; in fact, my nephew Tim's middle name is Westray. She was our faithful companion throughout my life until we sold her in 1988, when I was in my early twenties. This was shortly after the 50th Anniversary gathering of Concordias in Padanaram. That was a sight to see, so many Concordias out on the water. WESTRAY was a defining part of my childhood. I'm very happy that she now has an owner who loves and cares for her. She's high maintenance, no? I think the ultimate memory for me is the feeling of cutting the engine and letting the wind take us away. Such a spectacular feeling.



Above: Ann MacNary

Right: Glenn MacNary in Norway, 1969



Reynolds “Ren” MacNary, February 2020

Teamwork. Gordon Thomas was the Chief Counsel and Vice President of the Continental Baking Company at the time when Grandpa was President of the firm. Gordon and his wife Doris joined us on cruises over the years. Gordon smoked a pipe, and Doris was the best ship’s cook I’ve ever known. She could make anything. I was a growing boy who loved to eat, and she was one of my favorite people in the world. Gordon would handle the navigation during the cruise, and as I got older it eventually became my job. This was back before LORAN was in wide use, and GPS was only in the concept stage. We used dead reckoning and radio direction finders to figure things out.

The idea of putting WESTRAY on a rock was a pretty big fear. We simply had to do things right. Gordon watched me grow up and gained confidence in my navigation, and he did something that changed my life. With support from Grandpa, he partnered with me in navigation on some of our later cruises. Looking back now, I’m amazed at his generosity, since working as a team with a teenager is a rare move. We’d argue, check each other’s math, discuss things and laugh, and then make our recommendations. Later, as I started to figure out what career to pursue, one of the exercises was to write down several things that I particularly enjoyed doing. The first thing I wrote about was my work with Gordon on WESTRAY.

That sense of teamwork, of holding each other accountable, of trusting each other, was what Grandpa created aboard WESTRAY. When members of his regular crew would join us, you could feel it. The roles were understood. We shared laughter and comfortable silence, and the fun of being together on a beautiful boat in beautiful water, led by a gentle man whom I never once heard yell. Not that Glenn wasn’t fierce and an incredibly competitive man: he had a running contest with neighbors up in North Falmouth as to who had the best tomato harvest! But his leadership was so assured that he didn’t need to yell.

I’ve since sought that sort of teamwork in every job I’ve had. It all came from WESTRAY, and was the creation of a community that loved her, and the confident leadership of a gentleman.

M’NARY AND KAY FIRST IN CRUISE

Sail Westray, Strathspey to
Victory in A.Y.C. Divisions

Special to The New York Times

MONTAUK, L. I., July 21—B. Glenn MacNary’s Westray and Dr. Stuart A. Kay’s Strathspey were the winners on the American Yacht Club cruise today as the fleet raced 16.5 miles from Shelter Island to Montauk Harbor.

This was the third leg of the six-day event, but only the second day-run that counts for the cruise championship. By placing second in their respective divisions, Charles F. Stein 3d’s Snallygaster and Richard F. Sheehan’s Pursuit were the leaders for the trophies. They are the defending champions.

Each had won yesterday’s run from Clinton, Conn., to Shelter Island, and Pursuit had also taken Division II honors in the distance race that opened the cruise but did not count in series scoring.

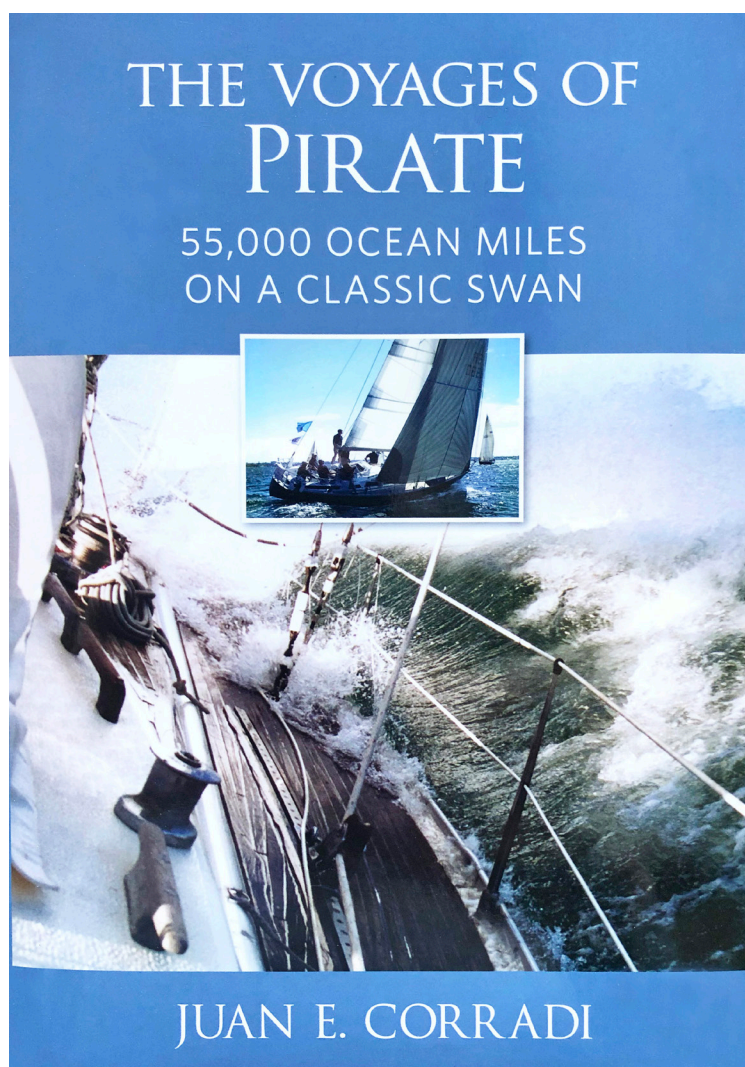
Westray, a Concordia yawl of the American Y.C. fleet, was the third boat to finish. She made the passage 5 minutes 51 seconds astern of Albert B. Boardman 2d’s Madrigal, which was the first finisher for the third successive race. The Owens-40 cutter, Snallygaster, finished fourth and, with a handicap, moved to second, 3:11 behind Westray.

New York Times, July 22, 1964



*Above: WESTRAY in Norway, 1969
Upper Right: Glenn and Ren MacNary
Lower Right: Ren MacNary*





Along with being a highly accomplished offshore sailor, our own Juan Corradi (WESTRAY) is a gifted prose stylist. Now he has brought these attributes together in an absorbing and enjoyable narrative, published by Seapoint Books in the autumn of 2019. Prior to their ownership of a Concordia yawl, Juan and his wife Christina Spellman maintained a remarkably intrepid sailing program with their Swan 38 sloop PIRATE (built in 1974), which they owned from 1989 to 2010. They and their fortunate crew members undertook four Atlantic crossings, three complete circuits of the Mediterranean, and extensive cruising in the North Sea, in Scandinavian waters, and throughout the Caribbean. PIRATE also took part in several Bermuda races (with a 1990 win in the Cruising Division), and was entered in a number of other offshore competitions.

This lively chronicle is refreshingly free of unseemly boasting or posturing. With humor, humility, and abundant wisdom, Juan simply and vividly recounts a long series of notable adventures. In addition, Professor Corradi is an academic sociologist by trade, and is thus well positioned to offer up keen insights into the various cultures that were experienced along the way. Living in a highly confined space for weeks on end, often while out of sight of land and amid ever-changing meteorological conditions, demands a quite particular blend of grace and resourcefulness. Juan and Christina exhibited just that combination, in commendable measure. Though many of us rightly take pride in our overnight passages to Maine and similar accomplishments, such modest exploits admittedly pale in comparison to those that the owners and crews of PIRATE pursued on a regular basis.

In the final section of the book, Juan relates the complicated thought process that led him and his co-skipper Christina to embark upon a fresh chapter in their sailing lives. First came the sale of PIRATE (to a new owner in Finland), followed by the search for a worthy replacement, which led them in due course to the Concordia class and to WESTRAY in particular. Anyone who has met up with them on the water in recent years is fully aware that they have embraced their new vessel and her potential with greatest gusto. WESTRAY is being cruised enthusiastically, raced hard, and maintained to Bristol standards. Nautical wannabes and résumé-padding prevaricators are found at one end of the sailing continuum. Juan and Christina are firmly established at the opposite end. This colorful account of their sailing experiences makes for fine reading, and is warmly recommended.

A Baltic Cruise aboard Fleetwood

This happy story began last July 25th, in the lovely dining room of the Eastern Yacht Club in Marblehead, Massachusetts. Meg Twohey and Darrow Lebovici had most kindly invited the Prophet family to partake of a meal at the renowned club, during our multi-week summer visit to New England. I have known them since 1996, when I picked up FLEETWOOD after a bottom job at Rockport Marine. Over the years, we have met up several times, including a passage together from New Bedford to Maine aboard IRIAN. As we spoke about various cruising grounds, the topic of the Baltic came up, and I floated the idea of an autumn outing on FLEETWOOD. The story continued some days later, when we met again at the ERR barbecue and finalized our plans: a week's trip in mid-fall, starting at Kiel. Darrow and Meg flew to Hamburg in late September and enjoyed several days of sightseeing. I picked them up on Saturday, September 28th.

First Day, Saturday

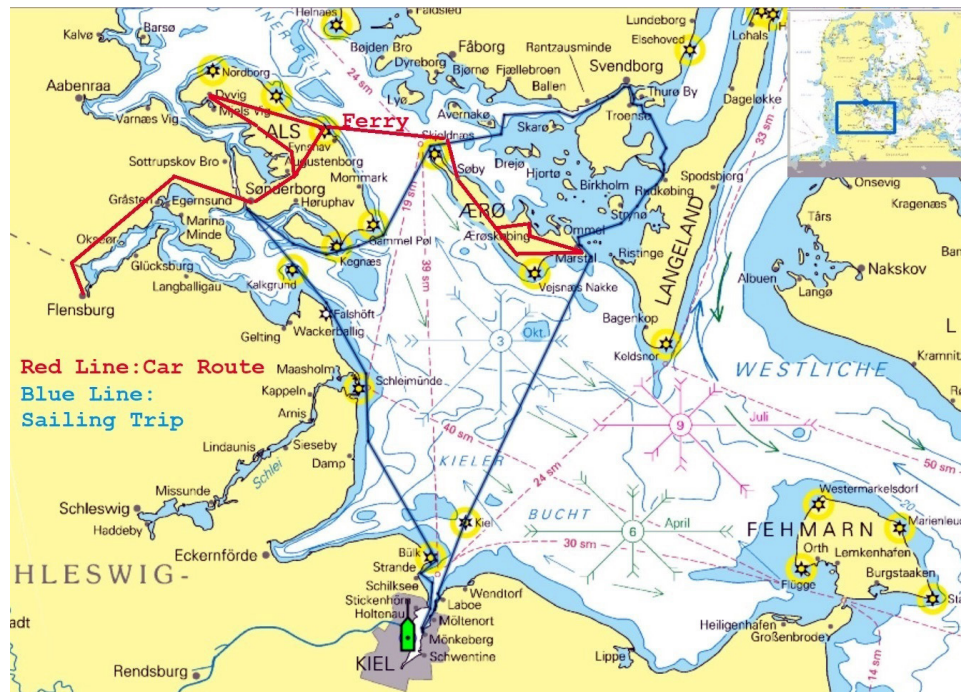
After a relaxed family breakfast at our home, the three of us left for the boat in the early afternoon. Our initial goal was Strande at the entrance to the Kiel Firth, only six miles away. That evening we found a cozy restaurant for dinner and reviewed the plans for our voyage, accompanied by Marblehead chocolate sweets and good Caribbean rum.

Second Day, Sunday

33.3 miles to Sønderborg in Denmark. Gentle rainfall, a nice breeze, good conversations, temperature about 60°F. We secured the best spot alongside at the Sønderborg Yacht Club Marina. With a warm stove below deck, what else could anyone need? We also installed the cockpit and forehatch tents, so that we would be comfortable and dry in the weather that was forecast for the next two days: rain on Monday, a gale on Tuesday.

Third Day, Monday

With the forecast in mind, we hired a rental car and drove to Flensburg, the border city between Denmark and Germany. After Kiel and Lübeck, Flensburg is the third-largest city in Schleswig-Holstein. It lies at the innermost tip of the Flensburg Firth, an inlet of the Baltic Sea, and was founded around the year 1200. The eastern shore is part of the Angeln peninsula. Flensburg is a city of beautiful buildings, fine shops, and many museums, including an excellent Maritime Museum.



Also located in Flensburg is the Robbe & Berking Yachting Heritage Center (see the associated web sites at www.classic-yachts.de and www.yachtingheritagecentre.com). This is a quite remarkable place. It is ordinarily closed on Mondays, but I happen to know Oliver Berking, and he kindly arranged for the museum to be opened just for us. The current exhibition had to do with the history of the America's Cup, with many historic objects and documents from the United States on view (some of them loaned by Elizabeth Meyer). The centerpiece of the exhibit was a 1/6 scale model of RELIANCE, the successful 1903 defender and the largest gaff-rigged cutter ever built.



Of great interest as well at R&B is the associated boatyard, which specializes in 12-meter construction and maintenance. One outstanding example of their work is SIESTA, constructed to a historic 12-meter design by Johan Anker and launched in 2015. Another recent and most extraordinary project has been the restoration of the 12-meter yacht JENETTA, built in 1939 to a design by Alfred Mylne. This notable endeavor is described in detail in the March/April 2020 issue of *WoodenBoat*.

Fourth Day, Tuesday

With a gale from northwest under way, we decided to continue our exploring with the rental car, including a visit to the Danish island of Aerö, which features several ports. Marstal is a shipping town founded in the 16th century, and during the 17th and 18th centuries it was highly focused on the building and sailing of wooden ships. The most beautiful town on Aerö is Aerösköbing. In this charming village, time seems to be frozen in the year 1850. Most of the houses, many in vivid red and yellow hues, were built during the Northern Renaissance. Several dozen of these homes are under the protection of the National Museum of Denmark.





Fifth Day, Wednesday

Time to go sailing! The day's goal was the little island of Skarö, at the entrance to the Svendborg Sound, the heart of the Danish South Sea. Sailing began at 10:00 a.m., with a fine breeze. The course lay two to three miles offshore for the most part. While the Baltic is ordinarily without significant tide, and strong current is infrequent, the Svendborg Sound is a notable exception. Insiders sail this area with a careful eye on the tide calendar published by the local chamber of commerce. The "spectacular height" of tide is 1.5 feet, but the speed of the current can be as much as 3.5 knots. Baltic sailors are not familiar with such things! We paid very close attention to the narrow channel, marked by red and green buoys. A moderate breeze from the west increased during the day to a strong wind, forecast to become northerly overnight. As a consequence we changed our plan, since the Skarö Marina is open to the north. Our alternative choice was Svendborg, where we arrived at 4:00 p.m., having covered 37 miles in 6 hours.

Sixth Day, Thursday

After sleeping in until 9.30 a.m., we started off on a sightseeing tour of Svendborg. This lovely little town, located on the southeast end of Fyn, appears to have been established early in the 12th century. The first recorded mention of Svendborg dates to 1229, in a deed of gift by Valdemar the Victorious. Svendborg has unfortunately been destroyed several times—by pirates, by Swedish soldiers, by major fires, and during the course of a civil war. Yet each time, with endless patience, the town was rebuilt. These days Svendborg is quite handsome, with its half-timbered houses and narrow streets. The population is 27,200.



We left Svendborg at 2:40 p.m., passing through the southern part of the Svendborg Sound and on to Troense, the Danish town where the grandfather of Henry Rasmussen founded his boatyard business. Along the way we passed Walsted's Boatyard, which has been in business since 1949. A bit later we spotted the magnificent 63-foot yawl AR on her mooring near Troense. Launched in 1936, AR is the last boat that Henry Rasmussen designed and built for his own use. She is beautifully kept and is now owned by Tom Nitsch, a well-known classic yacht photographer. His impressive internet site (in English) is most definitely worth a visit: www.tom-nitsch-images.de.

Seventh Day, Friday

We had a pleasant sail of 21.4 miles to Marstal, which we reached in four hours against a cool 20-knot breeze from the southeast. There we enjoyed yet another fine evening. A tasty dinner on board, accompanied by aged Caribbean rum, made the day complete.

Eighth Day, Saturday

We undertook the long trip across Kiel Bay and back to Germany, covering 31.9 miles in five and one-half hours. The sailing was relaxed, but the conditions were chilly. The day closed with a visit to a quiet tapas restaurant at Laboe Beach, which offered attractive views about the firth.



Ninth Day, Sunday

After breakfast, we made a visit to the Laboe Naval Memorial, a 236-foot tower topped by an observation deck, which offers stunning views of the surroundings. A hall of remembrance and a World War II-vintage German submarine (U-995) are also part of the complex. U-995 is the only surviving Type VII U-boat in Germany. The afternoon brought us back to FLEETWOOD's home port of Kiel.

All in all, it was an unforgettable voyage. I convey my warmest thanks to Meg and Darrow for sharing this wonderful time with me.

Kersten Prophet



Skye

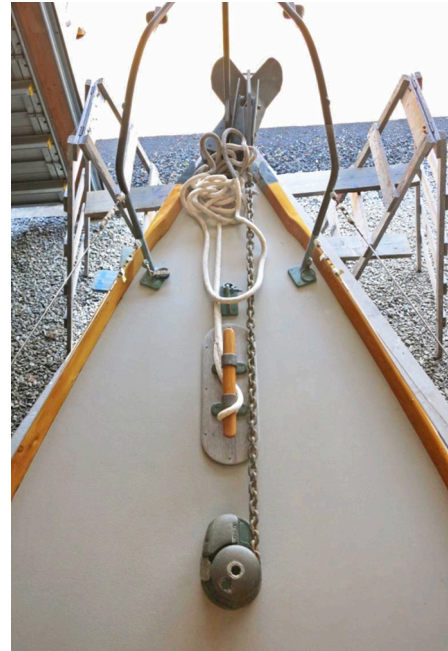
No. 40 • GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Over our first three seasons of use, SKYE has brought us many joyful days on the water, new friendships, and good progress along the learning curve—as well as a welcome focus during the off season. The same three years have also brought two heart surgeries, an ALS diagnosis in our family, and now a worldwide pandemic. Our 2020 launch is scheduled for May 18. Backup mooring plans are in place in case our normal mooring field arrangements are delayed. Planning as best one can for the unexpected is the order of the day.

This year's major winter project was to install an electric anchor windlass. For others who may be considering this step, I pass along the following information, distilled from helpful guidance provided by John Eide, Jay Panetta, and Juan Corradi. First, the whys. SKYE is a fairly original boat that still retains its Gray Marine engine and original canvas decks. Many of the changes we've made have been carried out with the goal of preserving or returning to the original design. Thus the decision to cut another hole in the foredeck was not made lightly. Anchoring facility and functionality, however, are at the heart of contingency planning. And at age 73, my strength is not what it used to be. Given that my goal is to continue to sail and cruise into my later years, an electric windlass seemed essential.

In researching design and hardware choices, I learned that both WINNIE OF BOURNE and WESTRAY are equipped with windlasses. Both chose the low-profile Lofrans Project 1000, a vertical 1000-watt unit (as pictured here on WINNIE). As far as I have been able to determine, this particular windlass is the least clunky and most proven for Concordia use. At the mounting position pictured, there is sufficient space below deck for the underpart of the windlass, and also for the chain and rode to run clear. Juan reports that the added weight of his windlass has actually improved the trim of WESTRAY.

Significantly for us, the Lofrans is the only electric windlass made in bronze, though it is sold as a chromed bronze unit. In order to match the windlass to the rest of the Concordia hardware, the chrome needs to be stripped off. That step was ably performed by the nearby Whitman Company, with one important qualification: the above-deck components of the windlass needed to be disassembled and delivered to Whitman as individual pieces. Otherwise various washers, springs, bearing sets, and other assorted small parts would have been prone to damage during the stripping process. Dick Zimmerman most generously wielded the tools for this delicate operation, and later reassembled everything with aplomb.



Both rode and chain need to be sized correctly for a windlass to function without jamming. The Lofrans 1000 works best with 5/8" plaited 8-strand braid and 5/16" HT chain. Next comes the question of whether to add a separate battery, and where to locate it. Juan skipped this step entirely on WESTRAY: he operates his windlass only when the engine is running, and reports no problems. For advice regarding installation details, and also the foot switch, remote control, and circuit breaker, I turned to Steve Howd at IMTRA and Mike Parker at Manchester Marine. Both were extremely helpful. IMTRA supplied the breaker (a 110-amp thermal unit with LED indicator light, Item #SPA-187110L), and a toggle up-down remote (#SPA-10550). Up and down foot switches are also needed on the foredeck (#LWP950G and #LWP951G). There are a number of possibilities for just where to mount all these items. During our first season, I had added a hawsepipe and bow roller to facilitate quick anchor deployment, so our current plan is to use the now-extraneous hawsepipe to house the plug-in for a foot switch panel, which will be deployed when needed and stored away when not in use. Still to be determined are arrangements for washing down the rode, and also for protecting the foredeck from abrasion. How will all this work out in practice? That will become much more clear during this season, and I shall provide an update in due course.

Steve Lindo

A Note on the Following Pages

Several owners have asked whether our newsletter could present a complete list of Concordia sail numbers, and I have accordingly proceeded to compile this information. Sail numbers can be useful when one wishes to know just which yawl is reaching so nicely down the other side of the bay, and they are also handy when it comes to identification of specific boats in period photographs. My sources have been the 1967 edition of *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts*, the Concordia 50th Anniversary publication, and the online "Register of Wooden Boats" (overseen by *WoodenBoat Magazine*). The information is organized here in two tables, sorted first by hull number and then by sail number. Each table is presented on a single page, such that they can be easily copied and kept on board for reference if desired. As will be evident in the tables, some boats carry the hull number on the mainsail. I have not been able to trace a sail number for five of the boats in the fleet. Anyone wishing to submit corrections or additions is encouraged to pass them along to me.

Concordia Sail Numbers, by Hull Number

| Hull | Current Name | Sail No. |
|------|------------------|----------|
| 1 | Java | 232 |
| 2 | Malay (1) | 169 |
| 3 | Halcyon | [Lost] |
| 4 | Tempo | 172 |
| 5 | Duende | 5 |
| 6 | Rowdy | 434 |
| 7 | Aureole | 7 |
| 8 | Never Again | 11813 |
| 9 | Saltaire | 142 |
| 10 | Praxilla | 61 |
| 11 | Winnie of Bourne | 194 |
| 12 | Absinthe | 662 |
| 13 | Phalarope | — |
| 14 | Saxon | — |
| 15 | Lotus | 15 |
| 16 | Maggie Dunn | — |
| 17 | Actaea | 172 |
| 18 | Spice | 818 |
| 20 | Otter | 832 |
| 20 | Fleetwood | 361 |
| 21 | Streamer | 288 |
| 22 | Hero | — |
| 23 | Starlight | 346 |
| 24 | Niam | 335 |
| 25 | Wild Swan | 338 |
| 26 | Mary Ellen | 23211 |
| 27 | Sarah | 238 |
| 28 | Safari | 352 |
| 29 | Feather | 349 |
| 30 | Harrier | 325 |
| 31 | Owl | 393 |
| 32 | Mirage | 32 |
| 33 | Weatherly | 373 |
| 34 | Mandala | 4454 |
| 35 | Memory | 493 |

| Hull | Current Name | Sail No. |
|------|---------------|----------|
| 36 | Magic | 469 |
| 37 | Yankee | 520 |
| 38 | Nefertiti | 567 |
| 39 | Donegal | 377 |
| 40 | Skye | 389 |
| 41 | Sisyphus | 366 |
| 42 | Margaret | — |
| 43 | Raka | 43 |
| 44 | Lacerta | 244 |
| 45 | Loon | 45 |
| 46 | Kodama | — |
| 47 | Ariadne | 5247 |
| 48 | Lara | 448 |
| 49 | Moonfleet | 435 |
| 50 | Djakarta | 458 |
| 51 | Vintage | 8655 |
| 52 | Taliesin | 450 |
| 53 | Mr. Badger | 456 |
| 54 | Firefly | 714 |
| 55 | Kiva | 1171 |
| 56 | Whisper | 174 |
| 57 | Javelin | 529 |
| 58 | Off Call | 517 |
| 59 | Snow Bird | 518 |
| 60 | Principia | 524 |
| 61 | Tam O'Shanter | 521 |
| 62 | Thistledown | 522 |
| 63 | Sonnet | 526 |
| 64 | Live Yankee | 523 |
| 65 | Golondrina | 392 |
| 66 | Misty | 602 |
| 67 | Crocodile | 604 |
| 68 | Swift | 605 |
| 69 | Houri | 1076 |
| 70 | Irian | 608 |

| Hull | Current Name | Sail No. |
|------|--------------|----------|
| 71 | Polaris | 609 |
| 72 | Grace | 696 |
| 73 | Tosca | 607 |
| 74 | Wizard | 676 |
| 75 | Portunus | 697 |
| 76 | Sumatra | 391 |
| 77 | Malay (2) | 169 |
| 78 | Matinicus | 706 |
| 79 | Westray | 754 |
| 80 | Goldeneye | 603 |
| 81 | Envolée | 757 |
| 82 | Coriolis | 749 |
| 83 | Christie | 808 |
| 84 | Snow Falcon | 84 |
| 85 | Arapaho | 1219 |
| 86 | Dame | 804 |
| 87 | Allure | 908 |
| 88 | Luna | 807 |
| 89 | Woodwind | 1198 |
| 90 | Fabrile | — |
| 91 | Snowy Owl | 1196 |
| 92 | Eagle | 8101 |
| 93 | Phantom | 93 |
| 94 | Katrina | 1050 |
| 95 | Diablo | 1076 |
| 96 | Whimbrel | 1197 |
| 97 | Summer Wind | 1326 |
| 98 | Madrigal | 1452 |
| 99 | Kee-Nee-Noh | 1216 |
| 100 | Captiva | 1541 |
| 101 | Sea Hawk | 1550 |
| 102 | Abaco | 10068 |
| 103 | Encore | 103 |

Concordia Sail Numbers, by Sail Number

| Sail No. | Current Name | Hull |
|----------|------------------|------|
| 4 | Tempo | 4 |
| 7 | Aurcole | 7 |
| 14 | Saxon | 14 |
| 15 | Lotus | 15 |
| 32 | Mirage | 32 |
| 43 | Raka | 43 |
| 45 | Loon | 45 |
| 61 | Praxilla | 10 |
| 84 | Snow Falcon | 84 |
| 93 | Phantom | 93 |
| 103 | Encore | 103 |
| 142 | Saltaire | 9 |
| 168 | Mary Ellen | 26 |
| 169 | Malay (1) | 2 |
| 169 | Malay (2) | 77 |
| 172 | Actaea | 17 |
| 174 | Whisper | 56 |
| 194 | Winnie of Bourne | 11 |
| 218 | Duende | 5 |
| 232 | Java | 1 |
| 238 | Sarah | 27 |
| 244 | Lacerta | 44 |
| 288 | Streamer | 21 |
| 325 | Harrier | 30 |
| 335 | Niam | 24 |
| 338 | Wild Swan | 25 |
| 346 | Starlight | 23 |
| 349 | Feather | 29 |
| 352 | Safari | 28 |
| 361 | Fleetwood | 20 |
| 366 | Sisyphus | 41 |
| 373 | Weatherly | 33 |
| 377 | Donegal | 39 |
| 389 | Skye | 40 |
| 391 | Sumatra | 76 |

| Sail No. | Current Name | Hull |
|----------|---------------|------|
| 392 | Golondrina | 65 |
| 393 | Owl | 31 |
| 434 | Rowdy | 6 |
| 435 | Moonfleet | 49 |
| 448 | Lara | 48 |
| 450 | Taliesin | 52 |
| 456 | Mr. Badger | 53 |
| 458 | Djakarta | 50 |
| 469 | Magic | 36 |
| 493 | Memory | 35 |
| 517 | Off Call | 58 |
| 518 | Snow Bird | 59 |
| 520 | Yankee | 37 |
| 521 | Tam O'Shanter | 61 |
| 522 | Thistledown | 62 |
| 523 | Live Yankee | 64 |
| 524 | Principia | 60 |
| 526 | Sonnet | 63 |
| 529 | Javelin | 57 |
| 561 | Hero | 22 |
| 567 | Nefertiti | 38 |
| 602 | Misty | 66 |
| 603 | Goldeneye | 80 |
| 604 | Crocodile | 67 |
| 605 | Swift | 68 |
| 607 | Tosca | 73 |
| 608 | Irian | 70 |
| 609 | Polaris | 71 |
| 662 | Absinthe | 12 |
| 676 | Wizard | 74 |
| 696 | Grace | 72 |
| 697 | Portunus | 75 |
| 706 | Matinicus | 78 |
| 714 | Horizon | 54 |
| 749 | Coriolis | 82 |

| Sail No. | Current Name | Hull |
|----------|--------------|------|
| 754 | Westray | 79 |
| 757 | Envolée | 81 |
| 804 | Dame | 86 |
| 807 | Luna | 88 |
| 808 | Christie | 83 |
| 818 | Spice | 18 |
| 832 | Otter | 20 |
| 908 | Allure | 87 |
| 1050 | Katrina | 94 |
| 1076 | Diablo | 95 |
| 1076 | Houri | 69 |
| 1171 | Kiva | 55 |
| 1196 | Snowy Owl | 91 |
| 1197 | Whimbrel | 96 |
| 1198 | Woodwind | 89 |
| 1216 | Kee-Nee-Noh | 99 |
| 1219 | Arapaho | 85 |
| 1326 | Summer Wind | 97 |
| 1452 | Madrigal | 98 |
| 1541 | Captiva | 100 |
| 1550 | Sea Hawk | 101 |
| 4454 | Mandala | 34 |
| 5247 | Ariadne | 47 |
| 8101 | Eagle | 92 |
| 8655 | Vintage | 51 |
| 10068 | Abaco | 102 |
| 11813 | Never Again | 8 |
| — | Fabrile | 90 |
| — | Kodama | 46 |
| — | Maggie Dunn | 16 |
| — | Margaret | 42 |
| — | Phalarope | 13 |
| [Lost] | Halcyon | 3 |

Irian

No. 70 • ROCKPORT, MAINE

IRIAN is a bright-hulled Concordia 41, built in 1959. With her teak decks and her matched-grain topsides shining under fresh varnish, she is most striking. IRIAN was the fourth Concordia owned by Eugene W. (Bill) Stetson. Bill was a competitive racer in the 1950s, and he was one of the group that contributed to the design of the 41s. He ordered the first bright-hulled Concordia (#52, the sloop BANDA I, now TALIESIN), and his BANDA II (now IRIAN) was also delivered as a sloop, with an extended boom and with mizzen chainplates pre-installed. BANDA II was at times raced with a brass pipe bowsprit.

Many of Stetson's personal design choices can be seen in IRIAN and the other Concordia 41s. The masthead rig he specified for his first BANDA became the standard for 41s, and was later adapted to many of the 39s as well. Other 41 innovations included the liquor cabinet with folding table, the full-width head enclosed by fore and aft doors, and the varnished teak cabin sole. In the 1960s, IRIAN (then PAMEDA) became a yawl with the addition of a mizzen, which was apparently taken from a Nevins 40.



Our tenure

I learned to sail at MIT in the late 1960s. Meg learned on my (later our) Vega 27, a fiberglass pocket cruising sloop, in which we sailed Buzzards Bay and Nantucket Sound during the 1970s. But we had heard that sailing in Maine was special, and we wanted to try it. In 1974, we chartered Concordia #4 TEMPO for ten days. With two friends in tow, we arrived in Port Clyde on a Saturday afternoon and moved aboard. As we set sail for Tenants Harbor, I was captain of a Concordia for the first time. I was terrified, as everything about TEMPO seemed immense compared to our Vega. But things got a lot better the next morning as we set sail in a fresh northwesterly breeze. We made fifty-five miles that day, reaching through the Mussel Ridge Channel, the Fox Islands Thorofare, the Deer Isle Thorofare, and the Casco Passage, arriving in Northeast Harbor at nightfall. For the next week we explored Blue Hill Bay and Penobscot Bay, returning to Port Clyde in dense fog. As we passed Marshall Point Light at the entrance to Port Clyde Harbor, the sun broke through and revealed a train of three boats following us. Life was beautiful, and we were hooked.

Over the next five years, we continued to sail our Vega in Buzzards Bay, dreaming all the while of returning to Maine. But Meg and I were both working, and we decided it would be prudent to buy a house. Meg duly researched real estate. But I looked at Concordias. I heard about a yawl for sale in Guilford, Connecticut. She was a 41 then named KRISTAL, with a varnished hull and teak decks. I had never seen so beautiful a boat in my life. The owner took me for a sail around the Thimble Islands. On our return, he served me a rum and tonic in the cockpit. When he aimed a flashlight through a knot in the beautiful pine bulkhead, the resin turned to stained glass. I was sold, but Meg refused to see the boat on the premise that if she came, we'd buy it. Acquiring a house made more sense to her.

But on a beautiful Indian summer day, Meg weakened. We went for another sail around the Thimble Islands. We again imbibed rum and tonics in the cockpit. We made an offer that very afternoon, and it was accepted. We were a two-boat family for a while. And a year later, we bought our first house in Salem.

We purchased our yawl in September of 1979. We needed a new name for our new boat, and it had to sound good and fit on a Concordia's narrow transom. Many Concordias are named after places in the Far East—as with JAVA, MALAY, and SUMATRA. Bill Stetson's name for our boat was BANDA, after the Banda Sea that lies between Indonesia and New Guinea. We inspected a map of the world and decided to rename our Concordia IRIAN, for the Irian Sea near the Banda Sea. We are her fifth owners, and we have had her for more than forty years, longer than all previous owners combined.



During our first years with IRIAN, she wintered at Bullock Cove Marine in Narragansett Bay. After we moved to Salem, IRIAN relocated to Manchester Marine. Since 1985, our yawl has wintered at Rockport Marine. Each year we cruise the Maine coast, from South Freeport to Frenchman's Bay and beyond. We have a mooring in the Harraseeket River, and in most years, we move IRIAN from Rockport to South Freeport for June and July. We sail Casco Bay, and usually participate in the Eastern Yacht Club cruise. After the cruise, we return to Rockport to stage for the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta. Following that annual race, we sail east. Each season, we typically spend six to eight weeks on board. We've made offshore passages to Halifax and to the St. John River. We do enjoy returning to Padanaram for the Concordia reunion events.

Background to the repair

On the windward leg of the 2018 ERR, our bilge took on an unusual amount of water. During the return trip to Rockport the next day, we sailed into a 25-knot breeze, and once again our bilge filled with water. We asked Taylor Allen, owner of Rockport Marine, whether he could diagnose and repair the problem in time for us to make the long passage to Padanaram for the 80th Concordia reunion, to be held three weeks later. Rockport hauled IRIAN, removed selected planks, and found a deteriorated stopwater. The crew replaced the stopwater, and then sailed Irian in winds sufficient to convince them that we could journey safely to Padanaram.

In the process of accomplishing this repair, Rockport noted worrisome deterioration of the plank keel and forefoot. They advised us that determining the full extent of the damage would require exposing more of the backbone, and that initiating this process would most likely lead us to a major restoration project. We scheduled this work for the winter of 2019-20, after our return from sailing the Baltic aboard FLEETWOOD with Kersten Prophet (see pages 22-25).

IRIAN has undergone significant repairs over the years. Although she was originally fastened with bronze, she was built with iron keel bolts and iron floors. We understand that in the late 1970s, IRIAN failed a survey. She went back to Concordia Company, where the iron floors were replaced with oak and her bottom planks were renewed. Her next owners sistered a number of frames. Additional repairs were undertaken after we came to Rockport in 1985. They first dropped the ballast keel and drove out the original iron keel bolts, whose ends were eroded to spikes; the old bolts were replaced with monel. Rockport also replaced the mast step with a longer one, fabricated from three pieces of oak laminated with two pieces of bronze flat stock. In addition, the floor timbers under the mast step were faced with bronze and given longer "ears" that extend up toward the chainplates. We also replaced the cotton canvas on the coach roof with fiberglass cloth, and replaced all fastenings, bungs, and sealant on the teak decks. Finally, Rockport replaced the main boom and the mizzenmast.

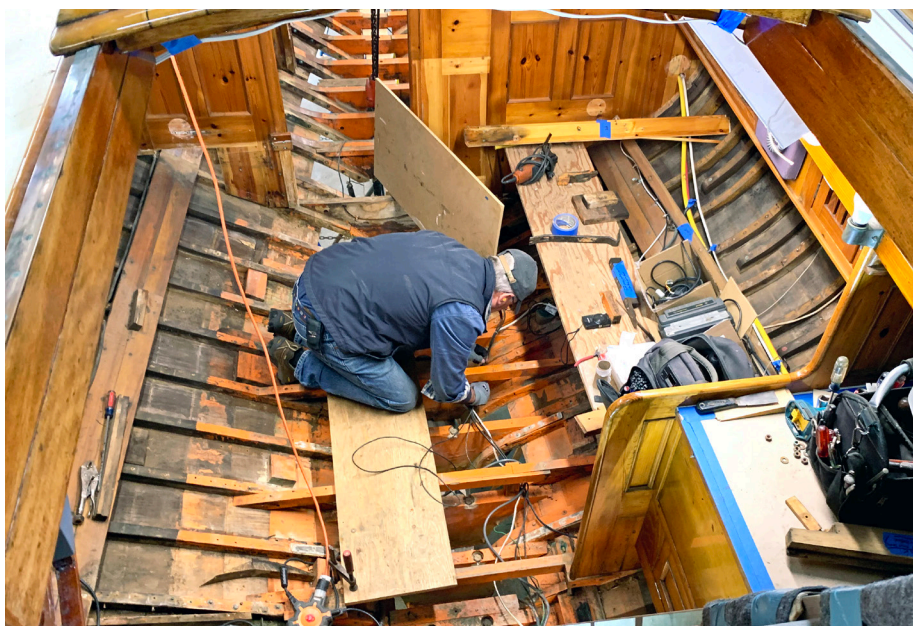
Over the years, we have made a number of changes to our yawl for safety and convenience. We replaced the original boom crutch with a gallows. We installed an Ideal windlass on the foredeck and a salt-water washdown pump. The anchor rode (30 feet of 5/8" chain and 250 feet of 3/4" nylon) is stored under a canvas cover on the traditional Concordia grate next to the mainmast. The chain is kept in a small canvas bucket and shackled to our 45-pound CQR just before use. This is a simple, foolproof system, and has brought total relief from mud and torn shoulder muscles. We added Loran C, and later replaced it with two successive generations of GPS. We added a B&G Hydra 2000 instrument system, and replaced most lightbulbs with LEDs. We also added two solar panels, which dramatically extended battery life and reduced the need to use the engine to charge batteries. As a concession to our age, the venerable Dyer sailing dinghy gave way to an inflatable with an electric motor.

The "Bottom Job"

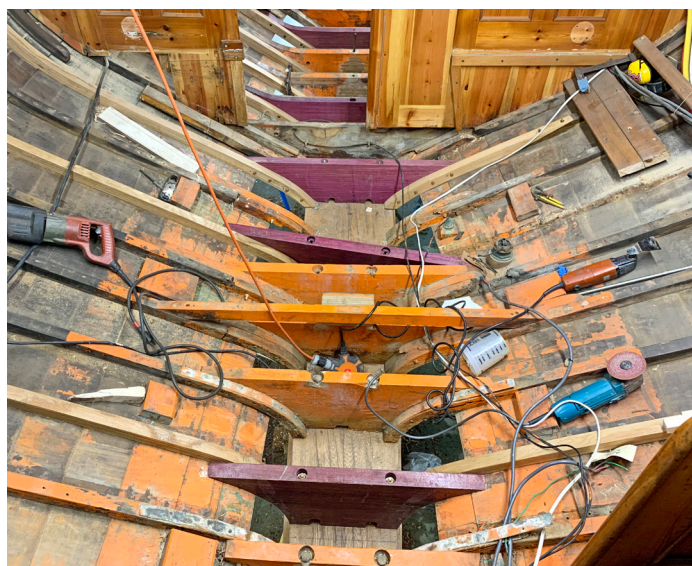
Concordias were production boats, and while they were quite well built, no one imagined that they would live into their sixties and beyond. Concordias of a certain age accordingly require substantial replacement of structural components, a repair generally known as the "bottom job." IRIAN has received this particular program of work over the past winter.



The first part of the project involved gaining access to the structure for evaluation, which meant removing bottom planks to expose the backbone and forefoot. In the cabin, almost all the interior cabinetry and ceiling were taken out. Our repair adventure turned out to include replacement of the plank keel and forefoot, eighteen floor timbers, and about forty frames or frame ends. Though it has become increasingly difficult to source suitable oak keel stock in the required dimensions, Rockport Marine successfully obtained a fine white oak timber from New England Naval Timbers in Cornwall, Connecticut. The new floor timbers are purpleheart, and the new frames were laminated of white oak, using G/Flex epoxy. Given that roughly half the bottom planks had been removed, we decided to refasten the other portion of the bottom as well. The original stem and horn timber were retained, as was the deadwood (which had been renewed about ten years ago). The monel keel bolts were in excellent condition and were retained, save two that were now too short owing plank keel "cupping" when they were installed.



Gaining access to the structure under the cockpit required removal of the engine and fuel tank. We had replaced the Gray Marine gas engine in 1985 with a Westerbeke 27 diesel. Rebuilt eight years ago, the Westerbeke has about 3,900 hours, and it recently passed a compression test with flying colors. During the work this winter, we took the opportunity to examine and repair various mechanical components, some of which are not normally accessible. The flexible exhaust hose had ruptured, and the friction plate in the transmission was cracked. The engine wiring harness was found to be deficient, and the alternator was replaced. The fuel tank welds had deteriorated to the point that Rockport recommended replacement rather than repair. The freshwater cooling system was cleaned and flushed, and the motor mounts were replaced. The ten-year-old AGM batteries were retired in favor of new ones. Our twenty-year-old B&G Hydra 2000 instrument system, which had been on life support for several years, was replaced with a B&G Triton package.





The entire project began just after Thanksgiving. As of this writing in late March, IRIAN is back together. Last week she was launched, checked for leaks, and allowed to swell. The engine was started and ran well, and the project was declared a success. IRIAN has now been moved to the paint shed in preparation for her planned launch later this spring. Thanks to Rockport's fantastic team, the project was completed with admirable skill, and just before the coronavirus disruption.

The virus gods being willing, we hope to spend a good deal of time on IRIAN this summer. We feel that her future is now secure, for she is in most respects a new boat. We fondly hope that she will continue to give us, and others who come after us, many more decades of pleasure.

Darrow Lebovici and Meg Twohey

Saltire

No. 9 • BENTON, ARKANSAS

Another year has slipped by. Progress continues, albeit slowly at times. At present I am working to complete SALTIRE's deck and cockpit. In December 2019, I brought the first piece of the Concordia back to New England: the iron ballast. This hefty item now rests at the boatyard of Paul Rollins in York, Maine. Along the way, I stopped for gas in east Tennessee, between Bristol and Johnson City. It was a mom-and-pop two-pump filling station, and while I was inside paying Mom, Pop came in and asked, "What's that thing on your trailer?" "Take a guess, sir." He thought for a bit and replied, "Looks like an anvil for a giant."



On the return trip to Arkansas, I brought back marine plywood and also several baulks of black locust, generously donated by Paul and destined to become deck beams. It was a pleasure to see Paul's current project to restore the 39' Bud McIntosh sloop *Go Go GIRL*. Bud, who was Paul's mentor, designed the boat to compete with the Concordias. In the March/April 2020 issue of *WoodenBoat*, there is a fine article about Paul's ongoing restoration. *Go Go GIRL* (Bud never liked the name) was the example boat that Bud used in the writing of his classic volume *How to Build a Wooden Boat*.



Rob Blood came to Arkansas in January, for another investment in working on this old girl. We were able to remove the deckhouse, and we also installed the forward deck beams, which I had all painted up and ready. Rob whittled down the big slabs of black locust into two beautiful full-width deck beams, which will be the king beams at the forward and aft ends of the cabin; there is enough stock remaining for two more larger beams. He also made up the carlins that will run along each side of the house. These are white oak, and are a bit of a departure from the original carlins: since we had extra thickness in the stock, we left it at 1.5" rather than planing it down to 1". We also rabbeted the slots into which the side beams will fit. Rob made up a stack of those smaller beams and left them with me to paint. Since his departure I have installed the locust deck beams and have been varnishing the carlins. The side deck beams are also in various stages of finish. Pieces here and there from the old planking have been transformed into cribbage boards. Could I perhaps sell enough of these to raise the funds for some nice new planking?

Rob DesMarais



First Mate to Captain: I'd Best Have a Real Galley Next Time

By Shirley Baldwin

The News, Paterson, New Jersey – May 23, 1978

Suburban homeowners take time out these warm weekends from household chores to chat with neighbors about summer plans: the cottage at the shore, the resort hotel, the boat charter. My husband's requirements for a boat charter are few, but rigid. It must be an excellent sailer, seaworthy, and have strong and substantial rigging.

Several summers ago we chartered a character boat from Stamford which he loved: an ocean-sailing 39-foot Concordia yawl. To my way of thinking, a character boat is an old boat which builds the owner's character through the back-breaking work he has to put into it, often simply to keep it afloat. The boat was called DOLCE. From dockside she was a joy to behold. We and Doug, a friend who accompanied us on the cruise, agreed the yacht broker had done well by us.

However, once below, it was painfully obvious that if ever there were a male chauvinist's boat, DOLCE was it. Those two weeks I spent aboard taught me a lesson I'll never forget—namely, a sailboat that is seaworthy, a good sailer, et cetera is one thing; it should—and can—also contain some female creature comforts.

"Stow the gear, hon, while we inspect the rigging and all," my husband said, dropping tote bags and duffel bags and plastic bags of provisions down the companionway. "Like where?" I replied, eyeing shelves and lockers crammed with the owner's sundry collection of condiments, tools, sweatshirts, and mildewed and moth-eaten army blankets. Doug's eyes shone. "Hey, take a look at that antique solid brass well pump by the sink!" I had to admit it was handsome. "But where are the pressured water faucets?" I noticed several lovely old brass kerosene lamps hanging here and there also. "The lamps are pretty. But where are the electric lights?" Neither question was answered. I tried again. "I wonder why canvas is slung between the berths. Where are the foam mattresses? How do I make them up with sheets?" My husband Sam cleared his throat. "You don't. A

pipe berth is the best kind under way. You don't get flung around the cabin." I could believe it. "How cozy."

Doug opened the icebox. "The owner left four cans of beer for us. Wasn't that thoughtful?" I nodded. "Warm beer, yes. Endearing of him. And where is he? It is customary to show up for a charter party, isn't it?" "We'll come across him somewhere in the boat yard," Sam assured me. "Come on, Doug. Let's pick up ice and alcohol for the stove." Soon a bushy, bearded face appeared in the companionway. "Welcome aboard. Mrs. Baldwin, I assume. Is there anything I can do to make your charter more comfortable?" He smiled. "Feel free to use anything that's aboard."

I tried not to sound ungracious about his messy quarters. "I brought all our food, linens, and clothing. I need space for them. Incidentally. I haven't come across any china or silver or cooking utensils." "All that stuff's in the deep well behind the stove." I couldn't have dreamed up a more unhandy location than this bottomless pit, in which I could barely make out a few old pots and pans, a huge bag of paper plates, and a jar full of plastic cutlery. "There's a mess of cans of beans in the bottom of the hanging closet. Feel free. Heat 'em and eat 'em. Great chow."

That did it. The tears started to flow; the men's topsiders hit the deck. I fled to the comparative privacy of the forward cabin. My message must have gotten to all three. By the time I went topside, all our provisions had been securely stowed and DOLCE was in the Sound under full sail. A beautiful sight indeed. Later, when anchored in a lovely cove, I discovered a set of Boontonware for four, and stainless silver had appeared in the loathsome deep well as if by magic. The cruise, despite its start, turned out to be a good one. But ever since, our yacht broker has received the first mate's list of requirements before a charter deposit arrives from the captain.

When I assumed the editorship of the *Concordian*, it was a money-losing proposition. The current issue's income paid for the last issue's expenses. Only one-third of the owners contributed. Within two years, through some fairly aggressive tactics, I had two-thirds of the owners contributing, and added a fairly large group of friends as paying subscribers. Debts were paid off, and the current issue's income was in the bank ready to pay the next issue's expenses. I was able to keep the production costs down in several ways. First, when I retired from teaching at the Maine College of Art, I negotiated that I could remain connected to the college's Adobe Creative Suite through the cloud. That saved me, and you, a substantial charge each month. Jay does not enjoy that luxury. I also used a copy shop that the College used, and I was able to talk the owner into giving me the non-profit rate, which saved considerably on the printing costs. Jay does not have that option.

I'm not a techno-geek, and I was not able to bring the spreadsheet fully into the 21st century, which would have allowed me to have the printer attach the address labels and handle the postage and mailing. All labels were applied by hand, and then each stamp was stuck on by hand. That took me the better part of two days, and I hated every minute of those tasks. Now Jay wisely has the printer address and mail our *Concordian*. But that adds to the cost. Finally, I once told a Friend of the Fleet subscriber, who always gave more than the suggested \$20 per year, that not all owners contributed. His response: "What?! They have a \$200,000 boat, they spend \$20,000 a year on maintenance, and they won't pay \$20 for this incredible newsletter?" \$30 a year for two issues represents a very fair expense for each of us. John Eide

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 \$30.00 per year, due upon receipt of the May issue. 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 of the *Concordian* is archived on the web site of the Concordia Company. Copyright © Jay Panetta, 2020. All rights reserved. You are most welcome to contact the editor at jay.panetta@gmail.com or 617-529-9503.

The Concordian

Jay Panetta
33 Harbor Street
Manchester, Massachusetts 01944



Concordia yawl #1 JAVA photographed in 2013, at her seasonal mooring in Benjamin River Harbor, Brooklin, Maine. The yawl had recently been the beneficiary of a comprehensive rebuild, carried out at the International Yacht Restoration School (IYRS) in Newport, Rhode Island. At this time JAVA was under the ownership of Sally and Vagn Worm. The boat was subsequently sold to a new owner in Monaco. Photo courtesy of Doug Cole.