



The Concordian

A NEWSLETTER FOR LOVERS OF CONCORDIA YACHTS



FALL 2020, NUMBER 69

Musings from the Mizzenmast

JAY PANETTA

For a very long while, word had been circulating about a Concordia 39 yawl being constructed in Whangarei, New Zealand. The reports were indeed correct, the builder/owner being a highly talented shipwright named Mark Webby. In the mid-1980s, Mark had the opportunity to apprentice in New Hampshire with both Gordon Swift and Bud McIntosh. During a weekend visit to Boothbay Harbor, Mark watched an older gent sail his Concordia singlehanded into the inner harbor. The skipper dropped the jib and proceeded toward a mooring. As the boat came head to wind and stopped, the fellow calmly walked forward and released the main halyard, then picked up the pennant without fuss. Mark was profoundly impressed by the entire tableau, and he promptly informed Bud that he wanted to build one of those lovely yawls with a star at the bow and a crescent moon at the stern. Bud pleaded Mark's case to Waldo Howland, and in due course he was able to convince Waldo to turn over a full set of plans to Mark—who eventually returned home and began work on Concordia #104.

In 1989, Waldo was asked whether he thought any further Concordias might be built to the original design. He replied as follows: "It would not make sense to me to put out a boat of poor quality. For this reason I do not feel it would be wise to sell plans of the yawls to other boat builders or individuals. Mark Webby, however, was a special deal of mine. A very special friend, who had done a lot for me in the early days of my boat business, spoke to me on behalf of Webby's longtime wish and his unique abilities." The "very special friend" was surely Bud McIntosh, who had expertly constructed several of the Concordia 31s. Mark was in fact the only individual ever to have received permission from Waldo to use the Concordia lines for new construction. In response, and as a gesture of respect, #104 was given the name KATY, in honor of Waldo's wife. Building began in the early 1990s, with Mark said to be energetically felling trees, milling his own stock, and creating patterns for bronze castings. Little more was known, however. Time continued to pass, and updates were scant.

Mark has been receiving *The Concordian* for some years, though he has not to this point provided an email address. Once I became editor, I posted a letter to him, encouraging him to share all possible photos and details of his fascinating project. I heard nothing until early May of this year, when a handwritten missive appeared in my mailbox bearing remarkable news: Concordia #104 KATY was launched and in commission. Also in the envelope was a thumb drive containing four fifteen-minute videos, which documented the multi-day launch process. The films are the work of one of Mark's friends, and Mark emphasized in his letter that he himself is "not a photo guy." While he asked that I not pass along the story to "the mainstream media," he generously offered that information about the launch could be "shared with the family." I took that as permission to run a feature about KATY in this issue, and for this I am sincerely grateful.

Mark offered these remarks as well. "KATY was launched on October 30 of 2019. She is named after Katy Howland, who visited here when she was framed up and ready to plank. When I started this project it seemed like an impossible dream. But here it is. I am a boatbuilder by trade, which has taken me to various other parts of the world for traditional boatbuilding. KATY has been constructed of local New Zealand wood, much of which has been milled from the bush. It has been an exciting adventure, with many stories and amazing contacts made. Because of the importance of this project, I had to keep a low profile in order to fulfill the dream. So please forgive me for my silence in past years. The launching was carried out at the time of the new moon, and I chose to do it traditionally. I had a very experienced network of friends, and it went like clockwork."

I proposed to Mark that in lieu of any other available photos, I could readily capture stills from various frames of the videos, and this I have done. Ideally, these images would have been accompanied by an essay written by Mark himself, offering his own history of the project and explaining his motivations for taking on such an exceptional challenge. I have duly asked him if he could kindly supply such an article, but I have not heard back as of this writing. I have not taken that ill, however, since by all accounts Mark is somewhat publicity-shy. I've therefore fallen back on the Plan B that I'd proposed to him: that I myself supply captions for the photos from the launch sequence. The result is the article that begins on the following page.

Connoisseurs of detail (meaning virtually every reader of this newsletter) will surely note that some of KATY's particulars vary in certain respects from the conventions known to us. The most obvious example is the offset propeller shaft, and there are a number of other little differences here and there. I suggest that we accept such divergences with tolerance and understanding, freely ceding to Mark the right to make his own decisions—some of them perhaps based on local sailing conditions that may well differ from what many of us know. Such considerations aside, however, KATY is most definitely a Concordia 39. I do hope to hear more from Mark in coming months regarding KATY's sailing qualities and his plans for using the boat.

A note on the photos is in order. Please bear in mind that these are still frames taken from video. While I have carried out a number of tweaks and adjustments in Photoshop, the images are not quite at our customary level of quality, and in addition the video camera's lens introduced various distortions (including exaggerated sheerlines and curving masts). Yet there was no question that these photos, notwithstanding their minor shortcomings, needed to be shared with the readership of *The Concordian*. They afford a full sense of the launch events, and also of Mark's thoroughly impressive accomplishment. It is entirely clear that he deserves our keenest respect, and it is a genuine pleasure to welcome KATY to the fleet.

THE COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Concordia 39 yawl #104 KATY, one day prior to her launching in New Zealand.

Still image taken from videos documenting the launch sequence, which were kindly supplied by builder/owner Mark Webby.

Katy

No. 104 • WHANGAREI, NEW ZEALAND

Here is the shed in which Katy and her spars were constructed. Out of this humble chrysalis something extraordinary is soon to emerge. The launch process commenced with the partial dismantling of this structure. The purpose of those crosswise planks is evident in the next photo.



A great deal of dogged hand labor was required in order to position the yawl for pickup by the boat hauler. The task was pursued with the most basic of aids, including jacks, rollers, wedges, and pry bars. Such implements functioned quite satisfactorily for the ancient Egyptians, and were likewise effective in the launch of KATY. Here the yawl is being winched sideways out of the building shed, now fully opened on one side so as to afford clearance.

Portions of the new mainmast and mizzenmast are visible at right. In the sound track of the video, someone remarks, “Here’s proof that you don’t need an amazing shop to do amazing work.” And yes, those topsides do appear to be admirably fair. A number of Mark’s friends and neighbors cheerily pitched in to assist with the launch.





In a perfect world, a hauling truck would have materialized at this stage. Yet the truck could not safely negotiate the long and uneven dirt drive leading from the shop. Hence the boat had to be moved down to a smoothly graded road, at the cost of considerable toil.



Thick planks were laid in order to transit KATY over the soft ground. The journey to the loading point required both time and ample patience: covering the first two-thirds of the distance took an entire day.

The adventure continued at the head of the lane, as it was necessary to pivot the boat such that it could face bow first down the road. This was neither a quick nor a simple operation. Yet the crew worked carefully and deliberately, and all went well.



The truck has made its arrival. Given Mark's wish to carry out the launch "traditionally" (and also given the fact that the boat was situated on a cradle), a hydraulic trailer was apparently ruled out, and this simple low-bed rig was the vehicle of choice. For loading, all nine tons of KATY had to be jacked well up into the air. On the audio track, someone is heard to say, "Mark is a little concerned about the strength of those crossmembers in the cradle." Most fortunately, they held. Several minutes of careful measuring ensued at this juncture. "Gee, it's a pretty tight fit," says one of the onlookers. Truly it was.

The truck backs up, ever so slowly and gently. Jarring any one of those tall stacks of blocking could have led to a thoroughly unhappy outcome. “The driver is doing a fabulous job of slipping the trailer under the boat,” says someone in the group. Once proper positioning was established, the cradle and its heavy burden were lowered to the bed of the trailer.



LEFT: Off goes KATY, headed for baptism in salt water.

BELOW LEFT: At the launch site, a Travelift was not brought into play for whatever reasons, and thus began another long session of maneuvering by hand. Adding to the excitement, a ninety-degree rotation of the boat once again proved necessary. Grease has been liberally applied to those planks. From here to the bottom of the launch ramp was a considerable distance.

BELOW RIGHT: Choice items from someone’s antique tool collection have been summoned for the occasion.





ABOVE: Well after nightfall, and with the new moon minus tide approaching dead low, KATY has been maneuvered to the foot of the launch ramp. The strapping will shortly be removed, and the cradle will be secured to the ramp such that it does not float with the incoming tide. Thus comes to its end an exceptionally long session of hard work for all hands involved.



LEFT: At dawn the waters are rising, and the coming day promises to be a memorable one.

BELOW: KATY is almost afloat for the very first time. While the windlass on the foredeck is admittedly a substantial item, it is only slightly larger than the one Llewellyn Howland specified for Concordia #1 JAVA.





LEFT: The yawl is warped to a nearby dock, and all is apparently well as far as inflow. The bow is still riding high prior to stepping of the mainmast. Directly behind KATY is the 64-foot schooner MARY HARRIGAN, designed by L. Francis Herreshoff and built in New Hampshire by the late Jeff Fogman—who was, like Mark Webby, another former apprentice of the renowned Bud McIntosh.

BELOW: Many above-deck details are visible here. Agreed that not everything is exactly as executed by A&R. But KATY is a Concordia yawl without question.



Back at the building site, the mainmast emerges from the shed, with the assistance of many willing hands. Winches and halyards have yet to be installed.



That is quite the characterful tractor. As to just what it is pulling, someone in the crowd offers a helpful explanation: "It's a mast trailer with an expandable tongue."



ABOVE: the mainmast is stepped. Builder Mark Webby is at right.

BELOW: The mizzen will go in shortly, and the first sail cannot be far off.
All congratulations are due to Mark on a quite magnificent achievement.



Skye

No. 40 • GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

SKYE was originally delivered with a tiller, but at some point the steering system had been changed to a binnacle-mounted wheel. Over the past winter, owner Steve Lindo decided that he wished to convert SKYE back to tiller steering. Most fortunately, the old tiller had been saved and kept on board for emergency use. Though the wooden stick had been cut down so as to clear the wheel, the all-important heel fitting had thus stayed with the boat.



Steve's neighbor Dick Zimmerman, the longtime owner of #28 SAFARI, is a notably skilled woodworker, and also has a long history of being exceptionally generous to fellow Concordia owners. Entirely true to form, he offered to fashion SKYE's new tiller at no charge. Dick began with a suitable piece of quartersawn locust, whose grain favored the curvature of a typical A&R tiller. With reference both to SAFARI's tiller and to SKYE's shortened version, Dick first created a pattern, then cut out the rough shape on the bandsaw.



Careful working with hand tools followed. Especially challenging was the marriage of the tiller with the bronze heel casting, which required "a good deal of chalk and trial fitting." The finished piece received twelve coats of varnish, and was duly installed on SKYE.



Steve reports that he is delighted with the results. "The tiller setup works beautifully, with superior feel and leverage. It allows me to sit further forward, see better, and handle sail trim far more easily."



Malay

No. 77 • ROUND POND, MAINE

On August 3, 2019, Achsah and I were married at the home of my parents in Bremen, Maine. The next day we left for a five-day honeymoon aboard MALAY (II). My parents purchased the yawl in 2016 from Cheryl Strohmeier, widow of the late Dan Strohmeier.



I had told Achsah that this would be a “free” honeymoon, a major selling point given the considerable cost of weddings these days. We had, however, done our share of springtime sanding, painting, and varnishing as MALAY was prepared for the season. This involved a trip to Maine from North Carolina, where both of us were completing our doctorates in anthropology at UNC Chapel Hill.



I had grown up working on my father’s previous vessel, a 36-foot Phil Rhodes sloop. Though Achsah was new to wooden boats, she didn’t complain one bit about the work, even after we were both covered in dust from prepping MALAY’s hull.

The wedding was beautiful, but sailing away the next afternoon was perhaps even more so. We were finally able to relax as we glided across Muscongus Bay to Port Clyde, averaging four knots with only the jib and jigger deployed. We were also very fortunate with the weather over the next few days. We had a gorgeous evening in Camden (where we saw the immaculately maintained #19 OTTER), and another in Castine—where the launch driver took extra care in finding us a mooring with plenty of swing room, telling us that he wasn’t taking any chances with a Concordia.

Our luck finally ran out in Belfast, where it rained for a full 24 hours. Yet even this wasn’t enough to dampen our spirits, though it did necessitate bailing our dingy three times to keep her afloat. We were eventually able to go ashore and find shelter at Traci’s Diner.



Achsah also took the opportunity to procure some nautical fabric at Fiddlehead Artisan Supply, which she later turned into several tops that she now wears regularly when we sail on MALAY.

By the time we headed back home, former novice Achsah was helming MALAY at 7.5 knots as we lined up with Fisherman Island Passage and the Muscle Ridge Channel beyond. Slightly sunburned and wind-kissed, we had enjoyed every minute of the trip, even the drenching rains in Belfast.



*Wedding photo above left by Kari Herer
All other photos courtesy of Eric Thomas*

To celebrate our first anniversary this year, we took advantage of another week of spectacular weather, and also the social distancing afforded by MALAY. We sailed her once again into Penobscot Bay, and this time we also brought along our dachshund Wallace. Though he was initially confused about the entire business, he eventually adapted to MALAY and the nautical life.

Our itinerary took us back to Belfast, then down Eggemoggin Reach to Brooklin, where the good people at the *WoodenBoat* cove had put out guest moorings despite the cancellation of summer classes owing to the pandemic. From there we sailed around Bass Harbor Light into Southwest Harbor, then turned back southwest to overnight at Duck Harbor on Isle au Haut. With Wallace along, we hiked to the summit of Duck Harbor Mountain and enjoyed 360-degree views of East Penobscot and Jericho Bays, from what has to be the prettiest and most remote corner of Acadia National Park.

Our return was blessed with fine southerly winds, which allowed for a delightful crossing to the Fox Islands Thorofare and a stop at Calderwood Island. As we made our way west through the Thorofare the next morning, we crossed paths with #18 SPICE, and we saluted Brian and Rebecca Barth as we passed by.

Back at home base, we unloaded our gear on the dock and hauled it up the wooden stairs. Achsah told me that she was feeling the same romance she had felt when we'd walked the same path a year earlier, on our way to pose for wedding photos aboard MALAY. We laughed as we remembered the wedding images that Cheryl Strohmeier had shared with us. We had honeymooned on board, but Cheryl and Dan had actually held their ceremony right on the foredeck. It seems that MALAY was built not only for incredible sailing, but also for love.

We'd like to make one or two weekend trips before this season ends, and we're already planning our second-anniversary sail on MALAY next summer. We certainly hope that we'll see a few more Concordias along the way.

Eric H. Thomas, co-owner with Bill and Sandy Thomas



Family Memories of Wizard

The Concordian is pleased to share these recollections and photos, which were most kindly supplied by Heather McHutchison and her sister Jennifer Koopmans.

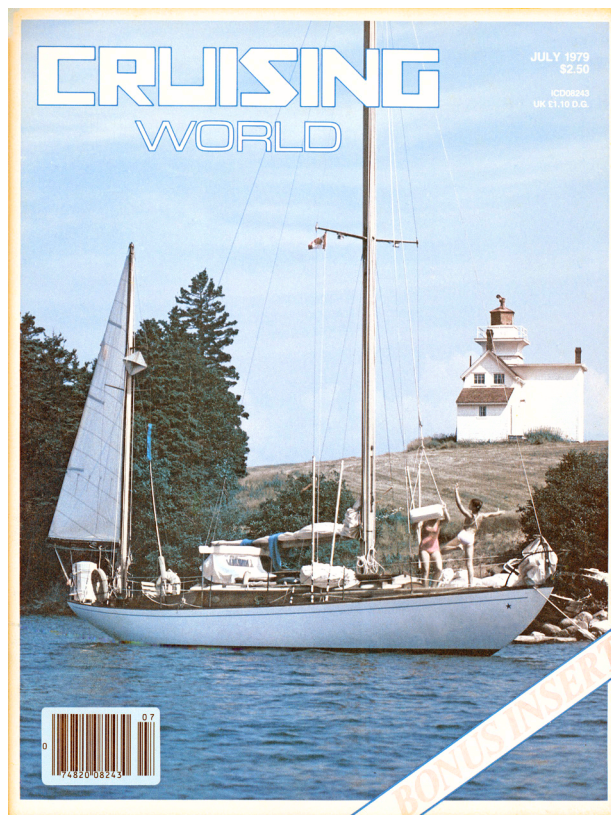


HEATHER: Back in 1972, my parents went from owning a Rhodes 19 and a 29-foot wooden sloop to proud ownership of Concordia yawl WIZARD, hull #74. My sister Jennifer and I spent our childhoods cruising the Eastern Seaboard aboard her, from Annapolis to the Bras d'Or Lakes and everything in between. Buzzards Bay was our back yard. We kept the yawl at Barlow's Boat Yard, a family-run business located along the Pocasset River on Cape Cod. That operation could have merited a book, with its vintage marine railway and owner-maintained boats. Captain "Bucky" Barlow, who ran the place, was a grumpy old salt. But he loved my sister and me. We were the only two kids who frequented that yard, and we were fixtures there throughout the year: helping with maintenance chores inside the big red barn during the winter, and running around in our bathing suits all summer long, swimming under the pontoons of the floating docks. We had a ball there.

We would leave the house on Friday evenings and arrive at the boat in time to make our way to Mill Pond, inside Wings Neck on the east side of Buzzards Bay. We were usually able to anchor before dark. Even if we did get there after dark, my sister and I would still go for a swim. We loved floating in the phosphorescence, surrounded by abundant moon jellies. It was almost like swimming in tapioca. Nothing was better on a hot summer night than a swim in that quiet harbor. In the morning Mom, with her coffee in hand, would take us ashore to hunt for fiddler crabs. Later in the day we could often be seen short-tacking into Hadley's Harbor or Cuttyhunk, slicing through the mooring fields. It's something I wouldn't attempt these days, as harbors are far more crowded than they were fifty years ago. I think my father's hubris was partly due to the fact that he knew his crew could handle whatever he dished out—and so could WIZARD.

Photo by Dan Nerney

In August we would head to Maine for the month, and several times we made it to the Bras d'Or. Then the adults would continue up to Newfoundland, while my sister and I would head home to stay with our grandparents. One summer in Nova Scotia, when I was eight or nine years old, our family friend Dan Nerney was aboard with us. He was a noted marine photographer, and he put us through our paces. WIZARD subsequently appeared on the covers of both *Sail Magazine* and *Cruising World*.



LEFT: Heather McHutchison is at the tiller, while Jennifer tends to the mizzen and parents James and Suzanne trim the main.
 RIGHT: WIZARD at anchor off Gillis Point Light, Bras D'Or Lake. Jennifer and Heather are cavorting on the foredeck.
 Both cover photographs by Dan Nerney

Cruising on our classic wooden boat was different from what I have become accustomed to as an adult. My older sister and I shared the forward cabin on WIZARD. It had two pipe berths and a few small cubbies where I kept my comic books, stuffed animals, and a Barbie doll. There were no lockers to stow a month's change of clothes. We had no polar fleece blankets or jackets, only wool and flannel. In fact, we were low tech in every sense. For navigation we relied on dead reckoning, a radio direction finder, and Loran C. And we loved it. We often cruised with the Vaillancourt family from Marblehead, who owned a pretty Herreshoff sloop and later a Hinckley Bermuda 40, both named MORNING STAR. Our parents were best friends, and so were the four kids. One of the craziest memories is this one: our fathers thought it was quite normal to heave the kids from one boat to the other. Mom would take the helm of WIZARD and keep a steady course as one father stood to toss and the other to receive. I mean, really! As a parent now, I can't imagine even passing a child of mine to another boat while under way, never mind throwing. "Character building," our fathers would say.

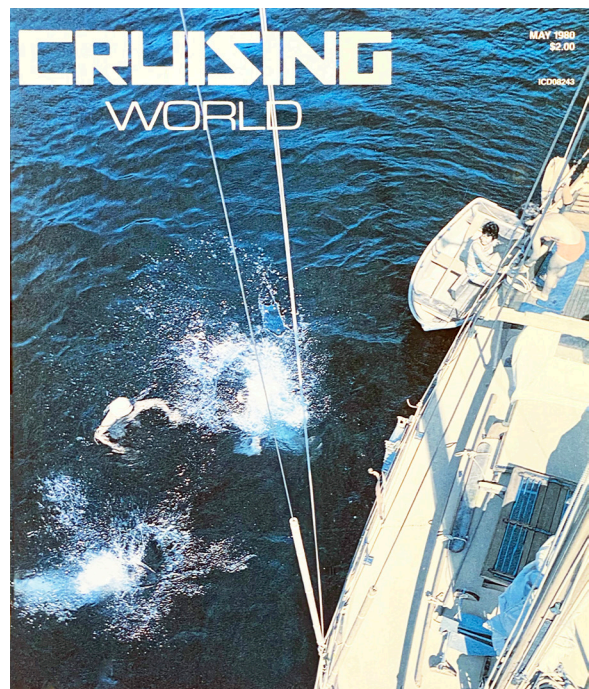
During one of our summers, when we were anchored at Isle au Haut in Penobscot Bay, we four kids set our minds on building a fort ashore. We took the dog along, a chocolate lab named Major. We began early enough in the day that we were able to create a proper lawn for the fort, and we even established a pretty little garden in front. The two oldest did the heavy lifting, while my good friend Michelle and I made the place "homey." We then rowed to and from the rafted boats, bringing ashore a set of sleeping bags, various pots and pans, cans of Dinty Moore beef stew, and proper plates and silverware. We built a small campfire near the high tide line and heated up our dinner. While we were consuming the expertly prepared repast, we noticed that it was beginning to get dark. We could have sworn there was a wolf howling in the distance. Then we realized that the dog was missing! We called for him and searched madly as darkness fell. Suddenly we decided that this expedition wasn't such a great idea after all. We put the fire out, gathered up everything in our sleeping bags, dumped it all in the dinghy, and headed out to the boats. Our parents had been placing bets on just how long we would last after sunset. Apparently we did pretty well, considering that the dog had swum back at least an hour earlier.

This old boat, our Concordia yawl, made me who I am today, a full-fledged ocean captain—though I could never have foreseen that outcome at the time. WIZARD had a soul, and we loved her as though she were part of the family. I like to think that WIZARD carries a bit of our hearts with her as she sails onward with her new owners.

JENNIFER: Every Friday afternoon for most of our youth, and in just about all seasons, our parents would arrive home from work, load up the car, and head over the Cape Cod Canal to Barlow's Boat Yard and our beautiful WIZARD. She was home in more ways than any house could ever be. My folding bunk, to starboard up forward, was full of various stuffed animals that traveled the coast with us. My sister on the port side brought her own travel companions along. Weekend sailing around Buzzards Bay and the Elizabeth Islands brought the delights of familiar anchorages: meeting up with good friends, and sailing forth in the Dyer dink to explore the nooks and crannies of each lovely cove. In those years we swam at night in the magical phosphorescence of Hadley's Harbor, walked every corner of Cuttyhunk, and swam ashore to the sandy beach at Tarpaulin Cove. WIZARD was unlike any other boat we ever sailed on. She had grace and personality, as though she knew just how much we revered her.



Illustration of WIZARD by Stephen Davis



Cover photograph by Dan Nerney, taken in the Bras D'Or Lakes. "Who can stay in the longest?" was the game being played here.

One exceptional late summer day, rail down under full sail in a stiff breeze and chop, we made it on one tack through the narrow cut into Lake Tashmoo on Martha's Vineyard. At moments like that, Dad wore a grin on his face that I shall never forget. WIZARD handled as well offshore as in the bays, and there were many adventures Down East, in the Bras d'Or, and in Newfoundland.

Returning home from one Marion-to-Bermuda race, we set off from St. George's at a lively pace, but subsequently found ourselves becalmed for nearly three days in the Gulf Stream. We swam, read, chatted, and took naps in the crazy windless sea and mid-ocean heat. At some point during our drifting, another sail appeared and slowly closed us. Eventually our good friend Jack Towle and his elegant Concordia 39 SISYPHUS (#41) came into clear view. Our boats, like two grand ladies, had somehow arranged a meeting. We shared a bit of friendly banter, and a watermelon changed hands before we slowly drifted apart again. Those were the days.



WIZARD at anchor in Hadley's Harbor at the east end of Naushon Island, during a weekend outing in late autumn. James McHutchison is in the cockpit, with daughter Jennifer to his right.

Photo by Suzanne McHutchison

Misty

No. 66 • SOUTH FREEPORT, MAINE

When we made the difficult decision to not launch MISTY during the pandemic year of 2020, we wanted to ensure that the sixty-year-old hull would not dry out during the course of a warm Maine summer. Cym Hughes of Strout's Point Wharf in South Freeport, where the boat has been kept for most of the past twelve winters, had originally suggested a plan to launch the boat for a certain period in August, with the goal of swelling the planking. Yet an alternative approach yielded entirely satisfactory results. A tent of plastic sheathing was created, and small humidifiers were placed inside it. Thanks to this treatment, the hull stayed tight and fair from keel to rail, and no late-summer launch/haul was necessary.

These photos show MISTY at rest in regal splendor: pampered in luxury, fanned by mists, and fully draped in folds of drop cloth. The hull was humidified such that it was wet to the touch, but the deck and interior remained open to fresh air and ventilation. The varnish on the cabin sides and cockpit coamings gleamed on, untroubled by the sun. MISTY sat adjacent to another vintage wooden vessel, a beautiful New York 32 named SAPPHERE.

These lovely old boats, like the rest of us, can wait it out.

Queene Hooper Foster



Golondrina

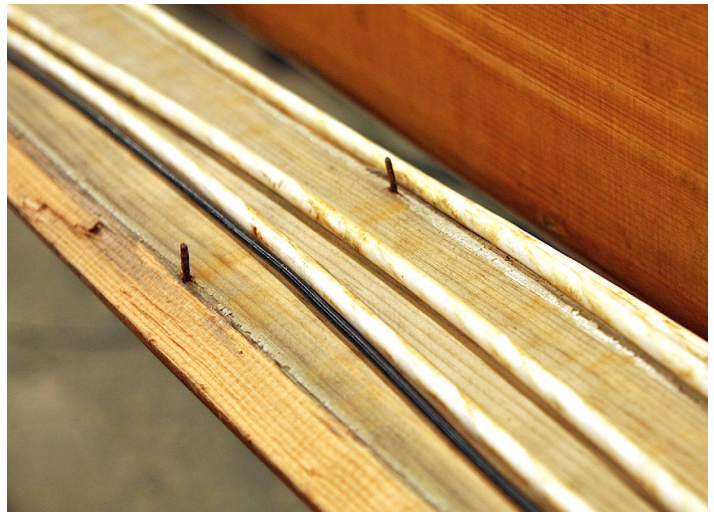
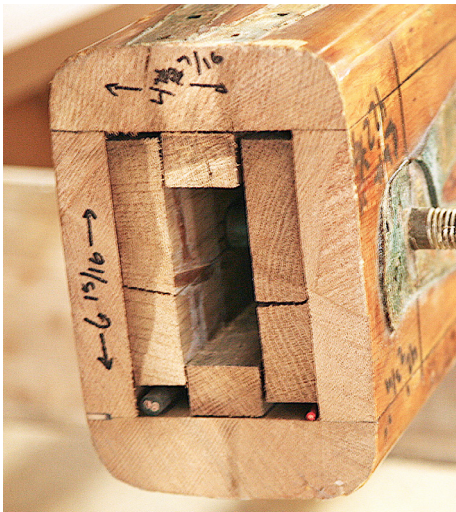
No. 65 • PORTLAND, MAINE

As already reported in the Spring 2019 issue of *The Concordian*, two original A&R spruce masts were destroyed in 2018 by a complete and utter . . . well, since this is a family magazine, let's just call him an inexperienced and unforgivably careless tree cutter. The masts belonged to GOLONDRINA and #102 ABACO. After the dust had cleared, fault had been admitted, and insurance companies engaged, I contacted Taylor Allen at Rockport Marine and Peter Costa at Triad Boatworks. Both came up with quotes for new masts that were within a few hundred dollars of each other. Since both Concordia owners are located in Maine, we chose Rockport Marine, because the transportation costs from Rockport were far less than from Mattapoisett. Peter agreed that under the circumstances we had made the right choice.



Seeing the insides of the original A&R masts made me wonder for the first time about engineering—first of the masts, but also by extension other aspects of our boats. How the masts were originally constructed was not what I had expected to see, and was certainly not representative of the way hollow wooden masts were assembled in the United States during the later 1930s, and indeed well beyond. I consulted some of my many boatbuilding books, including those by Skene, Kinney, Chapelle, and Guzzwell. All of them called for rabbeted joints in hollow masts, which I understand to be the standard method. The side pieces of GOLONDRINA's mast, however, were in fact not rabbeted into the thicker forward and aft pieces. Instead they were simply glued flush without rabbets, having been indexed for assembly by iron finish nails set every two feet or so into the forward and aft members—this to prevent the side pieces from sliding inward during glue-up. These nails were driven almost entirely through the stock, to the point where rust stains were beginning to show on the exterior.

*All photos
courtesy of
John Eide*



There was no internal blocking at either the spreaders or the partners. There was about eight feet of blocking at the butt, and two feet or so of blocking at both the masthead and the tang position, all consisting of $\frac{3}{4}$ " oak that had originally been glued to the spruce. Some of these pieces were cut at an angle, while others were cut square. Almost all of the blocking members now showed no surviving indications of glue. They seemed to have been held in place by memory. Or force of habit. Or sixty years of tradition. The joints between the sidewalls and the forward and aft pieces of my mainmast seemed to have held up relatively well over the decades. Yet I must also note that during the twenty-nine years I've owned GOLONDRINA, I've inserted saw kerf splines into at least a quarter of the glue joints in the mainmast. Ditto the mizzen. And the main boom. And the mizzen boom. And the club jib boom. So maybe those glue joints weren't actually so good after all.

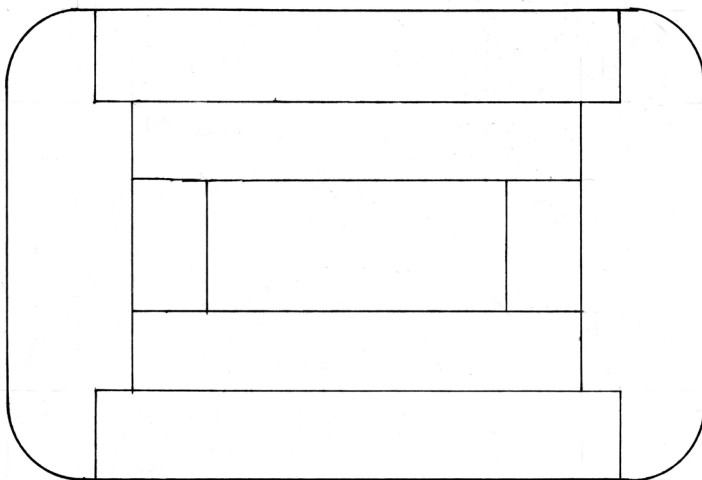
At least the blocking in my mainmast was oak. Brodie MacGregor once showed me the mast of a 41, which had been wooded and then built up with the usual eight to ten coats of varnish. When his crew tried to reinstall the tangs, none of the screws would hold. They did some exploratory surgery and discovered that the blocking in that mast was ash. And so rotten. Ash can sense moisture wafting in from the next county, and it promptly begins to decay. Ash has no place on a boat. American practice was to use spruce blocking in spruce masts.

The original wiring in my mast was untinned 14-gauge two-strand twisted copper, similar to the power cord of a portable circular saw. Before the final glue-up, the wires were iron stapled to the inside of the mast every two feet or so. If you've ever tried to run new wiring up the main or mizzen, you know that it's an exasperating job, because you can get hung up every few feet on the staples and wire loops. Years ago, I spent more than two hours running a VHF coax cable and a 12-gauge cable for a masthead tricolor. It was one of the more frustrating tasks that I faced in the restoration of GOLONDRINA.



When I negotiated with Rockport Marine about how our new masts were to be built, I specified that they should be constructed to contemporary standards: with proper rabbet joints, solid spruce tapered blocking, and epoxy glue. I asked that the interiors be coated with epoxy. I also specified tubing for wire races, to make it easy for future owners to replace wiring when needed. All this was entirely normal practice for Rockport Marine. The results of their work were excellent, with only a few minor issues around how some of the hardware was attached—and the Rockport crew quickly took care of the problems.

Why were the original A&R masts constructed as they were? The original spar drawings for JAVA, done by Bill Harris in 1938, show a box section mast with forward and aft pieces rabbeted to receive the side pieces. This had in fact been standard practice in American mast construction since the advent of hollow box spars. Fenwick Williams' drawing from 1954, the final and definitive Concordia construction drawing sent to A&R, likewise shows a rabbeted box-section spar.



Drawing courtesy of Mystic Seaport Museum

One reason for Abeking's approach might have had to do with the fact that our boats were built to a price. Though A&R was a top-rank operation, Waldo also worked very hard to keep costs down. One method for achieving this was to allow few if any alterations to the Concordia 39 standard design (though Waldo did allow some changes to the 41s). The boats were sent over to America uncompleted, to keep the import duties down. And furthermore, wooden boats were never intended to last as long as ours have. Rating rules changed apace, and new innovations in yacht design came quickly. With hard use under hard drivers, a wooden boat could quickly become loosened up, then worn out. Virtually no one could have envisioned an 80th reunion for our class. Was the construction method I found inside my mast standard European practice, or a Waldo Howland/A&R cost-cutting measure? I frankly don't know.

When I was looking for a Concordia in 1990, one Maine boatbuilder declared to me that Concordias were well designed but poorly engineered. I subsequently mentioned this to other shipwrights, who did not buy into the argument. They asserted that Concordias were of course well designed but also had to be quite well engineered, since they had lasted as long as they had. After owning and restoring and racing and cruising GOLONDRINA over the past twenty-nine years, I have to say that our boats are certainly well designed, and for the most part well engineered—with a few issues nevertheless. GOLONDRINA now has a brand new mast that will keep her sailing for at least another sixty-two years, thanks to the superb work of the crew at Rockport Marine.

I would like to add a few words on the topic of adhesives. From the time I acquired GOLONDRINA, I have wondered about some of the materials used in Concordia construction, and the question of glues certainly came up in connection with the destroyed masts. How were they originally glued? Two-part epoxy can be ruled out: though it was developed in the late 1930s, it was not widely used in boatbuilding until the 1970s, when the Gougeon Brothers began manufacturing and promoting their West System products. Since there were no dark glue joints in the A&R masts, we can also rule out resorcinol, a two-part waterproof urea-formaldehyde glue introduced in 1943. So what does that leave? One possibility is hide glue, but that would not have been a good choice, as you will learn from my stories below. Another possibility would be one-part casein glue, made from skim milk, water, lime, and sodium hydroxide. Casein (sold by one firm under the trade name Cascamite) is easy to work with and more water-resistant than animal glues, but it is not gap-filling and therefore perfectly tight joints are required (just as with resorcinol). Still another candidate is a product called Weldwood Plastic Resin Glue, a one-part urea-formaldehyde glue originally developed for use in aircraft construction, since casein glue could not handle the drastic temperature changes of flight. Weldwood is also water-resistant (notwithstanding the claim in the ad just below) and non-gap-filling, and it produces a light tan glue line. Notably, two of the standard boatbuilding texts recommend casein for mast construction. My amateur's guess would be that for GOLONDRINA's mast as built in 1958, casein glue was perhaps employed, but more likely a one-part urea-formaldehyde product was used. I doubt that we will ever know for sure.



When you want to fix things fast . . . remember Weldwood Glue. It's quick to mix . . . easy to use . . . tremendously strong . . . stain-free . . . rot-proof . . . and permanent. At hardware stores, lumber yards, chain stores.

WELDWOOD
PLASTIC RESIN
WATERPROOF GLUE

UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION, New York 18, N. Y.

Why not hide glue? In 1958, when I was fifteen, I began learning to sail on a 1936 Johnson 28' E Scow. Keeping this story in the Concordia family, this boat was built for the grandfather of Strandy Ordway Quesada (#32 MIRAGE), who raced it successfully on White Bear Lake near St. Paul, Minnesota. On our second day aboard, my buddies and I sailed from one corner of our Minneapolis lake to the other, pushing the boat and ourselves harder with each tack. We had no idea what we were doing, of course, but we were fifteen and invincible. We capsized. Then we turned turtle. We got righted, were towed back to the mooring, bailed her out, dried the sails (cotton back then), and headed home. When we went aboard the following weekend, we discovered that all the glue joints near the bottom of the mast had let go. The hollow round mast had filled with water when we turtled, and during the week that water had softened and dissolved the hide glue bonds. Only the fastenings and fittings had kept the mast from coming apart completely. It was re-glued in short order, and we soon sailed again. Hide glue is far from even water-resistant. Keep the mast varnished and don't turn turtle, and hide glue might be OK.

A few years later, I was trimming the jib on a 20' D Scow. It was a beautiful August day, with not a cloud in the sky and a perfect ten-knot breeze. Five minutes after the start we were hard on the wind, in the lead and heading for the first mark. I felt a few drops of water hitting my face. At first I thought it might be a competitor's trick, since we often tossed water balloons or broken cotter pins into the sails of foes, hoping to distract them. Then more water splashed on me, and I saw that it was running down the luff. Looking up, I watched the windward piece of the mast come unglued, at the point where the forestays and sidestays attached. The mast and sail folded nicely at that spot and fell gently to leeward and into the water. Race over. The explanation involved a now-familiar scenario: the boat had capsized and turned turtle the weekend before, and the hollow box mast had filled with water, which had broken down all the glue joints. In the 1950s, Johnson Boat Works was using Weldwood Plastic Resin Glue for mast construction. Water-resistant, but *not* waterproof. The owner had a new mast the following weekend.

John Eide

The Riddle of the Bateka

The discovery came almost by accident, thanks to an alert from a friend who spotted her in Castine. After resisting for many years, the owner of the bateka had decided to part with her. He found in me a curious—nay eager—customer, now in search of yet another tender, this time something presumably like the original. Once the little boat was acquired, and despite certain initial doubts (which still linger), I decided to have her brought back into handsome shape. The bateka was fundamentally sound, but the finishes clearly needed to be stripped and redone. Ballentine's Boat Shop in Cataumet, Massachusetts, the yard that keeps our Concordia 39 WESTRAY, is currently undertaking a thorough restoration. In parallel with that work, I began an inquiry into the provenance of our new tender. The editor of *The Concordian* has also turned up a number of relevant facts. These have led me to the following provisional conclusions.



LEFT: *The bateka as purchased. Co-owner Christina Spellman inspects the vessel. At that moment, Luna the spaniel was thinking, "Are they really going to make me ride in that?"*

All photos courtesy of Ballentine's Boat Shop and Juan Corradi

The builder's plaque at least is genuine, and it bears the construction number and the year of manufacture. In the online archives of Abeking & Rasmussen, I learned that six bateka dinghies were built in Lemwerder during the year 1956. Ours is Number 5152, the first of that series. The Abeking records state:

5152-5157
Ohne Namen (without names)
2.6 [meter] Beiboote (dinghies)
Concordia Co. Boston, 1956

This clearly tells us that these particular dinghies were built to accompany six of the eleven Concordias that were constructed in 1956 and eventually transported to the United States.

From the beginning we were skeptical about the authenticity of our little boat. In contrast to the genuine A&R batekas, her topside planking is mahogany plywood rather than solid wood. And there are no frames. Those features certainly provoked suspicion, and furthermore she seemed a little rough overall. Perhaps, we thought, she had been built to the lines of a tired original bateka, with the A&R plate transferred over to the new hull. Yet we still felt that she deserved rejuvenation. Ted Lameyer, who sold her to me, then offered this testimony;

I bought her from a woman in Blue Hill, Maine. She used it to get out to her powerboat. I'm not sure when the davit pads were put in her. I thought they were ugly and wanted to remove them. I did remove a motor mount off the transom and gave it a quick varnish, but when I encountered the epoxy-coated plywood planks, I was beyond my passion to restore her. I was told the name of the person who had rebuilt her, but I have lost the email communication, as I have updated my computers and dumped it. Too bad. I wish I could help. There is an Abeking & Rasmussen number that you can trace to the original owner, but I bet you already did that. She looked great sitting on the side of the road with a "For Sale" sign, so I could not pass her by. I'm a sucker for classic looks. Keep me in the loop on the photos of progress. I love to see her getting such a thorough refitting.

At some point in her life, the bateka had also spent time in Massachusetts. In the process of removing the thwarts and stripping old coats of finish, the crew at Ballentine's uncovered a number of suggestive clues.



As multiple coats of bottom paint were cleared away, a name and hail emerged: CROW'S NEST, Cotuit, Massachusetts. The placement of these on the bottom tell us that the bateka had been employed as the tender to a power yacht, hoisted on stern davits and bearing the mother ship's name and hail that were otherwise obscured. In New England yachting circles, the name CROW'S NEST was for several decades the distinctive marque of Providence attorney Henry E. Crowe, who owned no fewer than eight vessels under that moniker. Although Mr. Crowe enjoyed a succession of sailboats (though never a Concordia), and was notably active in racing both inshore and offshore, his final craft was a 45-foot wooden power cruiser, built in 1962 and powered by twin Chrysler V-8 gasoline engines. The designer was none other than Raymond Hunt. If anyone would have been in position to connect a client with a bateka needing a new home, it would have been Ray. Perhaps Mr. Crowe had a summer home in Cotuit. At another point, someone named Baxter seems to have owned the bateka, and the associated telephone number (now untraceable) was a Cotuit number. The 508 area code came into use in July of 1988. Thus the bateka was residing on Cape Cod at or after that time—and perhaps remained there for some number of additional years. How the little boat made its way to Maine is as yet unknown.

It is the case that four Concordias had as their first home port the small bay on Cape Cod that includes Cotuit, Osterville, and Wianno. Those boats are listed here with their original names and dates of construction.

#68 BELLE ONE (1959); #74 SOPRANO (later WIZARD, 1959); #81 KYPRIS (1960); #92 GEISHA GIRL (1962)

Obviously none of these are from 1956. It also seems that no one named Baxter has ever owned a Concordia. Thus the riddle of origin persists for now. If and when we can once again have access to the Concordia Company archives at Mystic Seaport, it will be possible to go through the files for all eleven of the 1956 Concordias. Those records would tell us just which boat came equipped with bateka No. 5152, as that fact would be reflected in the shipping manifest and also in related correspondence. For now, we could offer the following supposition. The first two yawls from the 1956 building series found buyers in Southeast Massachusetts. It would have made complete sense for one of those boats to be accompanied by the year's first bateka, namely ours. The two yawls in question were #40 SKYE and #41 AUDA (now SISYPHUS).





Restoration proceeds apace as of this writing. The first topside strake below the gunwales will be a darker color. The only bright detail of the interior will be the varnished mahogany seats. The existing hole in the forward seat invites consideration of a future sailing rig (though a centerboard would have to be added). No bottom paint will be applied, as the bateka will be carried on Westray's cabintop.

Meanwhile, back at home in Newport, I have been building the oars that will propel our new tender. For a future issue of *The Concordian*, I hope to report on the completed restoration, and also on our continuing research into the bateka's history.

Juan Corradi



Kodama

No. 46 • BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

The old Yiddish expression “Man plans, God laughs” seemed to be the theme for KODAMA this season. Last winter, while she was snugly cocooned under her cover, we were planning a long summer cruise in British Columbia. It was not to be. The pandemic put paid to that—first with lockdowns, then with the closure of the US-Canada border (recently extended to late October at minimum).

Since we could not go north, and with the assumption that the San Juan Islands area would be unusually crowded (and it was), we decided to head south for our July “Covid Cruise.” A light-air crossing of Juan de Fuca Strait took us first to Port Townsend, with an interesting stop at the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding. We made our way south past Seattle and Tacoma, then through the Narrows and into the sheltered waters at the foot of Mount Rainer in southern Puget Sound—and eventually to the end of salt water at Olympia and the nearby inlets. Although we are natives of the Salish Sea region, neither one of us had ever spent much time on the water in the South Sound. Olympia was also KODAMA’s home port in the late 1960s and early 70s, so this was familiar territory to her. It was pleasant to explore these waters, and there was some fine sailing along the way. Unlike the high mountains and narrow fjords of much of the British Columbia coast, this is “big sky country” with mostly low land. Surprisingly, there were few other cruising yachts to be seen, and we had no difficulty in finding places to anchor. We returned home northward up Puget Sound, with another light-air crossing of Juan de Fuca Strait. We also spent some time in the San Juans, including an overnight visit on Orcas Island with Doug and Susan Adkins and #82 CORIOLIS.

The gentle renovation of KODAMA continues. Among many other projects this past summer, the deck was carefully prepared and repainted. Perhaps fifteen years ago, the previous owners laid a new



deck of plywood topped with Dynel. It has stood up quite well, and it provides a watertight, grippy, and stiff surface. But its paint was showing the expected wear.

Following that September project, we decided to undertake an early autumn cruise closer to home. Unfortunately, dense smoke from the forest fires in California, Oregon, and Washington settled thickly over the islands, with no wind to disperse it. Thus our second “Covid Cruise” became a “low-vis cruise,” which offered a good opportunity to practice thick-weather piloting. Though we have made no firm plans as of yet, we hope for more adventuresome cruising next year.

Gale and Michael Gropp



KODAMA at her home dock in Washington State. The large summer awning shields the brightwork when the boat is not in use, and affords shade for above-deck projects.

All photos by Jennie and Steve Tuckerman

Coriolis

No. 82 • ORCAS ISLAND, WASHINGTON

It has been an unusual summer for us all. I brought CORIOLIS north to Orcas Island in June, singlehanded. It was an easy trip, motorsailing with the help of the autopilot. The closure of the Canadian border made anchorages on the American side very crowded, and the obvious advantages of yachting in an era of social distancing certainly added to the numbers. We cruised a bit in nearby waters, and mostly enjoyed just having the boat nearby.

One day Susan remarked that she had enjoyed the cockpit tables she'd seen on other boats. So I began to think about how such a table might work on a Concordia with a wheel. I then asked my talented friend Stewart McDougall for his ideas. Having lived aboard KODAMA for 20 years, he immediately focused on the question of stowage, even before addressing the design of a table. Some years ago, Stewart had designed and built an extension for our primary folding saloon table. It simply slides over the top of the existing table, and with an additional leaf we can even seat six, albeit snugly. The table is made of locust and is truly beautiful. When folded it slips easily under the tilted-up starboard bunk.



Stewart suggested that this same table be adapted for use in both the saloon and the cockpit. No second table to stow! We are still in the planning phase, but the idea is to remove the wheel and hang it on the bell on the mizzen. The forward edge of the table will be fitted to a leg about 28" high, which will screw into the bronze port in the cockpit sole that covers the fuel gauge. While a bronze tube has been considered, we will probably use a wooden leg with a rod through it. At its top the leg will have a fitting that affixes to the same sliders that secure the table in the saloon. The aft edge will likely use a whale's tail fixture that slides over the steering shaft, flaring at the top to connect to the underside slider channels. Lateral stability still needs work, but perhaps by the time of the next newsletter we will have our table perfected. In a quiet anchorage in warm weather, we look forward to being topside for a cocktail or meal.

Doug Adkins



Polaris

No. 71 • HEMPSTEAD HARBOR, NEW YORK

Long ago and far away, in another galaxy . . . I decided that I needed a new boom. Or perhaps a certain someone told me that I should build a hollow rectangular spruce boom, to replace my original (and very heavy) A&R roller-furling boom, made from solid fir. Thanks, John Eide! I eventually decided that I could indeed take on the project, and in the autumn of 2019 I began the search for all the necessary hardware. An odyssey of parts and starts (some false) thus began.

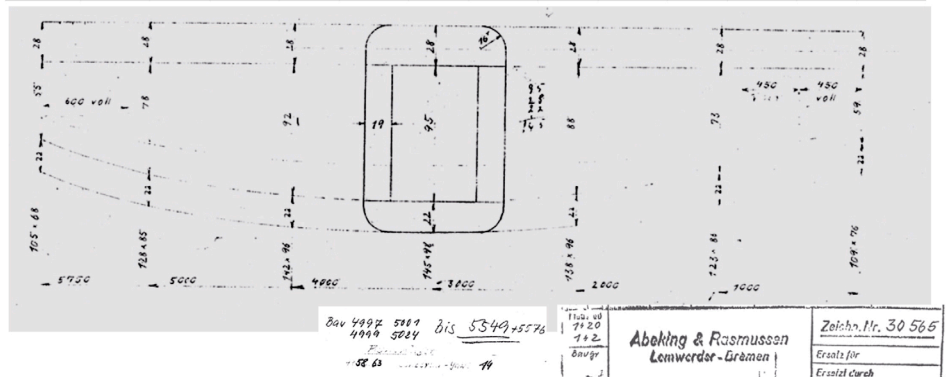
The clew outhaul came from the bottom of the forward storage locker of a cruising sailor in the Marquesas. He had been out there for a long while, and had kept the part stashed away for years. He mailed it from his next port of call, and three weeks later it arrived. The Sitka spruce came from the M. L. Condon Company, a lumbershop in White Plains, New York. The building plans came courtesy of Kersten Prophet (FLEETWOOD). Working from original A&R documents, he created a formula-laden Excel spreadsheet, ingeniously designed to calculate all the fore/aft/vertical taper offsets over my new boom's twenty-foot length. As usual, abundant additional advice came from Professor Eide.

Building the boom was quick and relatively straightforward, especially once I realized that an ocean container chassis conveniently parked next to my shop offered a true and fair clamping surface. Yet to my knowledge there is no extant rectangular boom on any masthead 41 sloop from which setup details could be copied—meaning that I was on my own in that department.



For calculation of length of given cross section on Polaris boom behind forward/front end:
open calculation table by double clic. Then type in the yellow box with the red letters the actual length of Polaris boom. The result will be calculated in the other yellow boxes. The actual value in red is only an example.

Length of Cross section before Forward End of boom													
at Fwd End '39	5750	behind	5000 mm	behind	4000 mm	behind	3000 mm	behind	2000 mm	behind	1000 mm	at Fwd End	0
Polaris:	200,25 inch	front end:	174,13 inch	front end:	139,31 inch	front end:	104,48 inch	front end:	69,65 inch	front end:	34,83 inch		0,00 inch
Cross Section	Dimensions												
	Height	Width	Height	Width	Height	Width	Height	Width	Height	Width	Height	Width	
	105 mm	68 mm	128 mm	85 mm	142 mm	96 mm	145 mm	98 mm	138 mm	96 mm	123 mm	86 mm	109 mm
	4,13 inch	2,68 inch	5,04 inch	3,35 inch	5,59 inch	3,78 inch	5,71 inch	3,86 inch	5,43 inch	3,78 inch	4,84 inch	3,39 inch	4,29 inch
side parts													
	55 mm		78 mm		92 mm		95 mm		88 mm		73 mm		59 mm
	2,17 inch		3,07 inch		3,62 inch		3,74 inch		3,46 inch		2,87 inch		2,32 inch
Thickness upper part	28 mm	1,10 inch	Length of standard 39 boom: 5750 mm						100 mm =	3,94 inch			
Thickness side parts	19 mm	0,75 inch	Actual length of polaris boom: 6500 mm						255,91 inch				
Thickness lower part	22 mm	0,87 inch	Corner Radius	19 mm	0,75 inch	3,93760787461574803149							



Assembling the hardware was far and away the most complicated and time-consuming task. At the outset I had not a single outhaul clew and track assembly to my name. Now I have a collection like you can't imagine, all of them rejects for one reason or another. I've probably cornered the market, and I can't wait to get rich from this some day—when mankind eventually comes to its senses.



The build and final finishing continued through the summer. I fashioned the cleats from black locust, following A&R drawings that John and I had obtained on a fact-finding trip to the Concordia archives at Mystic Seaport (before Covid-19 stopped everyone in their tracks). Where the reefing lines are routed, I installed a long clew outhaul track; the lines tail to additional adjustable slides set forward of the clew slide. The clew outhaul line is Dyneema, tailed forward to a set of cleats and a small Andersen self-tailing winch near the gooseneck. I backed the cleats and hardware mountings with black locust pads. I elected to go with a loose-footed main, with the goal of achieving ideal sail shape and thus optimal performance.

The new boom was finally installed in September. I immediately noted a significant improvement in overall handling of the mainsail, especially when reefing. A fresh set of sails is now on order, and I can't wait to bend on a newly made main whose foot will match the boom's lovely length.

Thank you John and Kersten, for your help and encouragement.

Leif Arntzen



Eagle

No. 92 • ISLESBORO, MAINE

It has been a decade since Robin and I purchased EAGLE. The events of that decade, including the summer we have just endured, have prompted me to reflect. And perhaps this essay can serve as a guide to any prospective Concordia owner who is still undecided as to whether he or she should commit to such an extravagance.

Recently I came across an email I'd written to a dear childhood friend of mine, who has now lived in Australia for more years of his life than in America. Many years prior, as college students from Missouri, he and I had stumbled into Gloucester. There we enjoyed a summer that we would never forget, an experience that directly inspired my passion for the New England coast—and eventually my desire to own a Concordia yawl. In the email, I described the inaugural trip that my two sons and I made in that very first summer of ownership (2010), a journey from Padanaram to Islesboro, Maine. My boys and I were completely new to coastal sailing, new to the Concordia, and naively unmindful of the potential dangers that might lie ahead. It was a glorious trip, with stops in East Sandwich, Gloucester, Kennebunkport, and Boothbay Harbor. The winds for the entire trip were easterlies, as steady as I've ever seen, and we sailed on perfect reaches for days on end. This was quite a change for lake sailors accustomed to frequent tacks. The skies were high and glorious throughout. Both boys were in college at the time, and I suspected that this would be our first and last long trip together aboard EAGLE before they moved on to careers, wives, and children.



Three weeks later we began to race EAGLE, using a handheld GPS, paper charts, and old sails. In our first race, from Castine to Camden, we finished last. Dead last. Last after all other sailors had entered Camden harbor, tied up, and enjoyed cocktails, dinner, and even dessert. Last, even, behind the boat that had lost a man overboard and circled back to pick him up: we found them enjoying an after-dinner cordial when we skulked into the harbor. To their credit, my sons refused to let me turn on the motor that day, a commitment we've never since broken on our many light-air days.

Caring for EAGLE has been an expensive hobby. I have replaced sails, restored the cabintop, wooded and revarnished the coamings, and repaired a spinnaker staysail torn in an unscheduled jibe. I've upgraded the electronics (twice), and had the head rebuilt more times than I can count. I've built two batekas, one of which is skin-on-frame, and spent untold dollars on varnish, bottom paint, new sails, and winter storage. The winches are being rebuilt this winter. We have sailed seven times from Padanaram to Maine (or the reverse), and we've been in thirty-nine races, including the Opera House Cup Regatta in Nantucket; I'm still sorry about running into Chris Kennedy's stern. We've raced twice in the Concordia reunions. We've been awestruck witnessing the beauty of finback whales in the waters off Boston Harbor. We've also been stranded in the path of a lightning storm, with a disconnected fuel line and a bilge full of diesel, our sails hanging limply in the calm. That is not a day we relive with any sense of glory, but instead with gratitude to be alive.

We won our division in the 2013 Camden Classic Race, and the Classic B division at the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta in 2019. This past summer we won (finally) the Phalarope Trophy in the Castine-to-Camden race, albeit with only one other Concordia in competition—though henceforth this fact will never again be mentioned. Though I now wish that I'd had every friend and crew member sign a logbook, I can easily reckon that I've hosted more than one hundred different people aboard. We've had crew become seasick at many points along the coast, including three of the longtime female employees from my Missouri office—all of whom have still not forgiven me for suggesting that it was impossible to get seasick sailing the few miles between Islesboro and Camden.

Over these ten years we have met and been befriended by members of a Concordia community that we never dreamed existed. This may in fact be the most important benefit of ownership. During the past summer, Robin and I had the pleasure of dining with Rob DesMarais and Marcia Brown, whose Concordia yawl *SALTAIRE* (#9) is slowly undergoing a complete rebuild. We also enjoyed sunset cocktails with Ben and Anne Niles of #87 *ALLURE*, two of the longest-tenured owners. Both evenings were unforgettable.

Much has changed over ten years. My sons are now available only rarely to help me sail, and I've realized how difficult it is to train a crew to be of real use during a race or when foul weather hits. But we all continually strive to learn from sailors better than we. And the lessons this old wooden boat has taught represent some of the best money I've ever spent. I'm still embarrassed when grown men clutch their chests or drop to a knee as we enter a new harbor. But I also continue to be impressed by the emotions this boat can stir.

We now have three grandsons, and we're excited to report that our younger son and his wife will soon add to the crew with their first son, who will be born in January of 2021. We will then be blessed with four grandsons under three years of age. Before long, I'll take my appointed place in the cockpit with one hand by a freely turning spinnaker block, sheeting in a line while enjoying the smooth ratchets of the newly rebuilt bearings—for which I paid exorbitantly. In my free hand I'll hold a *Dark and Stormy*.



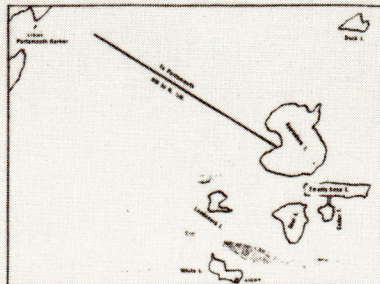
Here is a final story. One can in fact pick up a lobster line with our boats, albeit infrequently and with some difficulty. My wife and I managed to do so once again this summer, just offshore from an island south of Islesboro. I worked for an hour trying to free us with a knife lashed to my boathook, the waves curling back under the stern and soaking me as I struggled against the wind in my dinghy. The rope was just beyond my reach. As my wife and dog anxiously watched, *EAGLE* tugged at the lobster line like an animal with a leg caught in a trap, struggling to break loose. A couple on the nearby island noted the drama, and they kindly came out in their powerboat to see whether we needed assistance. I was in a foul mood, having confidently stated that I could get us cleared and disturbed by the reality that this would be my first failure to accomplish that in nearly twenty years of sailing the coast of Maine. I thanked the couple for their concern, though by that time I had already summoned a diver. Eventually we were freed, and we returned to our Islesboro mooring.

The following morning I gasped when I checked my email and found a note from the island couple, Christopher and Carole Page. They had tracked me down after realizing that our Concordia seemed very familiar. They wondered if she was hull number 92, sail number 1018, the very yawl they had owned from 1978 to 1985 (as *FIREFALL*). Yes indeed, and a reunion was certainly in order! The next evening they tied up to *EAGLE*, and we celebrated the small world that comes with owning a Concordia. We learned of many adventures they'd enjoyed, and heard stories of their children running her decks. They also told us that #92 had been the inspiration for a scaled-up and most impressive 58-foot yawl (*CAROLER*) that the owner had built himself in the 1980s. Like me, he is an avid woodworker and boatbuilder, though on a much grander scale. In hindsight, isn't it rather logical to think that none of us stray far from the wooden boat tree? It was an evening that we will never forget, another among so many from the past ten years.

No, I'll never sell *EAGLE*. And I'll never regret the aggravation and the cost of owning this special yacht. She has character and heritage, and generates stories to share for generations. If anyone out there is contemplating ownership, heed my advice: don't hesitate to join the family.

Dr. C. Daniel Smith (Dan)

ISLES OF SHOALS OFF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.



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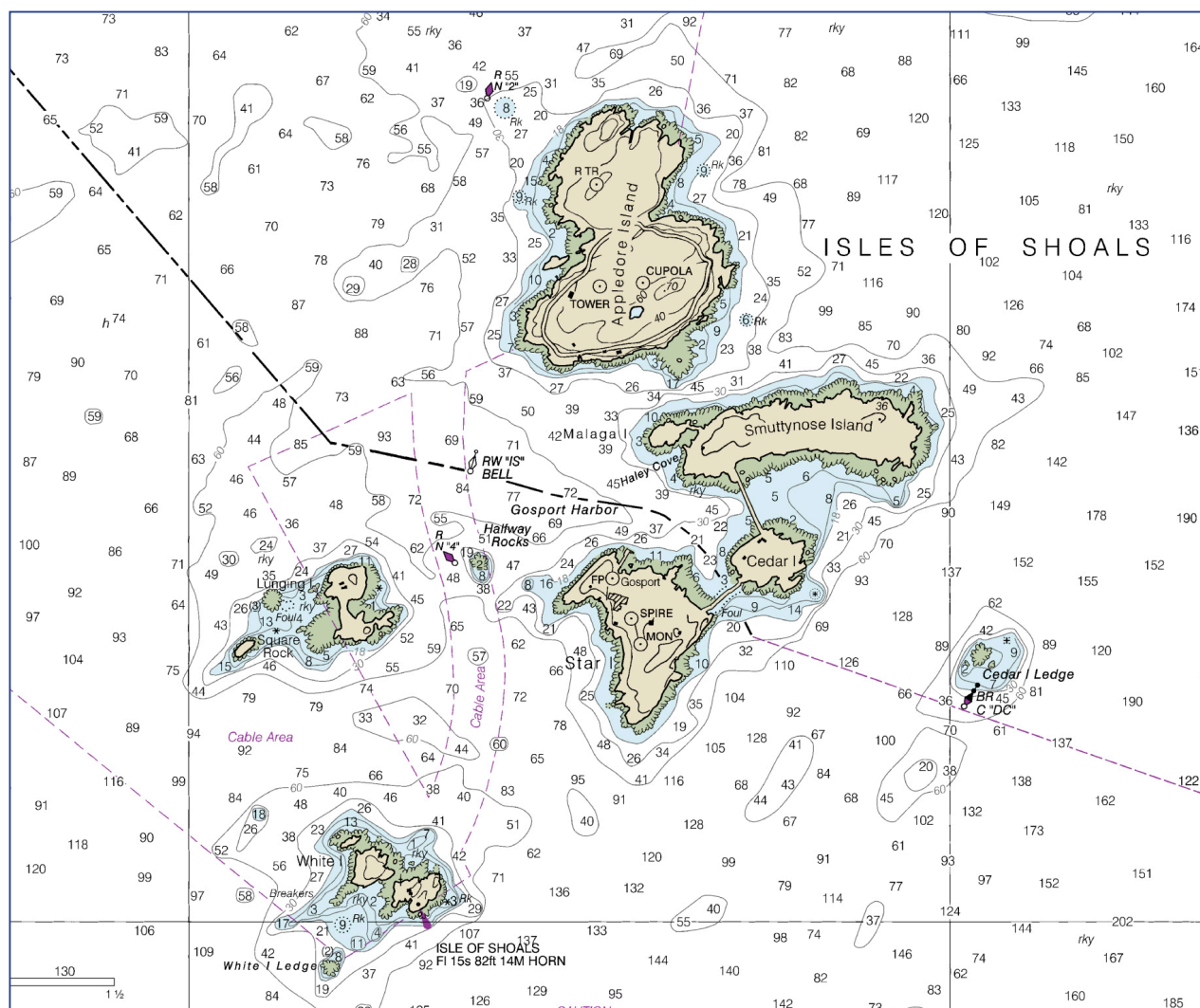
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**APPLIEDORE HOUSE, Appledore Island, LEIGHTON BROS.,
OCEANIC HOUSE, Star Island, - - - PROPRIETORS.**



The Isles of Shoals are located seven miles to the southeast of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. This island grouping has long provided a convenient and uncommonly atmospheric stopover for yachts moving up and down the New England coast. The primary anchorage lies just to the northwest of the breakwater between Star Island and Cedar Island, and there are at least 30 private moorings toward the southern end of this cove. These are used only infrequently by their owners, most of whom are Portsmouth boaters who make occasional visits. The moorings are thus fair game on a “first come” basis, and on summer weeknights there are almost always numerous open spots. On weekends when the weather is favorable, the cove is often crowded and notably lively: liberal quaffing of the Devil’s own brine has been a custom in this venue for centuries. Though the chart may suggest it, anchoring to the northwest of Cedar Island is not recommended, as the bottom is said to be foul. The major shortcoming of this harbor is that it is wide open to the northwest; in a hard northwester, shelter in Portsmouth Harbor would be far preferable. Friends tell me that they have anchored successfully on the southeast side of the Star-Cedar breakwater, but I have never attempted it. While visitors have traditionally been permitted ashore on Star, Appledore, and Smuttynose Islands, that has not been possible during the summer of 2020. The University of New Hampshire maintains a marine research station on Appledore, and a re-creation of Celia Thaxter’s renowned island garden is there as well—though the Appledore House Hotel, which was operated by Celia’s father, burned to the ground in 1914. These unique islands have inspired an extensive literature of fiction and non-fiction, including these currently available titles.

Among the Isles of Shoals by Celia Thaxter (1873)

An Island Garden by Celia Thaxter and Childe Hassam (1894)

The Isles of Shoals: a Visual History by John W. Bardwell (1989)

The Weight of Water by Anita Shreve (1998)

Under the Isles of Shoals: Archaeology and Discovery on Smuttynose Island by J. Dennis Robinson (2012)

American Impressionist: Childe Hassam and the Isles of Shoals by John W. Coffey, Austen Barron Bailly, et al. (2016)

Mystery on the Isles of Shoals: Closing the Case on the Smuttynose Ax Murders of 1873 by J. Dennis Robinson (2019)

Concordias in the News

The Boston *Globe*, July 1, 1966

Sailing to Bermuda Like Going Over Niagara in a Barrel

Toughest sport of them all?

How about ocean racing?

Alex Bright says it is and here's a man who has tried them all—from hockey to skiing to bombing raids, which can be sport if you're on the right side of it.

Alex just returned from Bermuda after five dreary days at sea aboard Safari, a 39-foot Concordia yawl.

His memories of the race from Newport to St. David's Head are pleasant in retrospect. For the final 10 hours of the passage it was, in his words, "A fat bunch of squash."

That's another way of saying he now knows what it's like to go over Niagara Falls in a small barrel.

There's no feeling quite like the elation of seeing the finish line approaching after a long voyage. And

JOHN AHERN

there's no feeling quite like the dejection when a crew realizes the toughest part of the journey is just ahead.

There's a counterclockwise current running around the island and that alone produces a peculiar short chop. A week ago tonight it was whipped up by a southerly squall and if a guy ever tried walking into the stream from a fire hose, he knows the situation exactly.

"I'm no judge of wind velocity. I thought it was in the high 40s. After we finally got ashore I heard estimates ranging as high as 60. Whatever it was it was really howling and it was right on the nose. What a workout."

Sail on Safari and on the rest of the huge fleet caught in the blasts was reduced to only a small jib and a mizzen and Bright claims it was all the boat could carry.

"And when we got to the finish line it was imperative that we show the numbers on our mainsail for identification. When I asked who wanted to go up and hold up the sail, it was a long time before anybody volunteered."

Riding a small boat through a storm like that is similar to riding a raft through the rapids. Only the ride lasts hours longer.

The young competitors—those in the teens and 20s—relieve the frightening moments and swear "Never again!"

Bright says it was fun and he's game for another try. He's only 68.

The Madison-Florham Park *Eagle* (Madison, New Jersey), September 4, 1969

Storms, Fog Beset Atlantic Sailing

By Julie Hutchinson

MADISON - It was cold and wet, with dense fog, gale-force winds and seas sometimes as high as 25 feet.

Yet Jack Horn of 37 Crescent road describes his 17-day voyage across the Atlantic this summer in a 40-foot Concordia yawl as "a good passage and a great sail."

Mr. Horn was one of a five-man crew of amateur sailors who took the sailing vessel "Katrina" from Cape Breton Island to Cork, Ireland, without mishap despite encounters with three "good blows".

Of one of the latter, a bad northeaster, Mr. Horn says casually:

"The wind blew about 50 knots. We hove-to for 12 hours because the crew was tired and heaving-to eases the seas. But it was not dangerous."

For the benefit of landlubbers, he explains that heaving-to meant setting the ship with two small sails so it headed into the wind.

The crew, headed by



Buffeted by wind and rain, the 40-foot yawl Katrina survived its Atlantic crossing in top shape. Jack Horn of Madison and Bill Hartman of Mystic, Conn. are shown in the foul-weather gear they wore most of the trip.

65-year-old Capt. Hans Rosendaal, had a grand total of one full day of sun during the entire passage, and for 12 of the 17 days it took to cross the crew dressed in foul-weather gear and boots.

The men had few equipment failures, but they changed sail many times and although they had little opportunity in their

tight quarters for normal exercise, Mr. Horn explains that they had ample exercise just trying to sit still.

"The Atlantic is a nervous ocean," he says.

Mr. Horn is manager of the Quaker Oats Company's Burry plant in Elizabeth, and he brought along a supply of the firm's instant oatmeal with raisins and spices. One of the highlights of the voyage was his discovery when he had the "dog watch" early in the morning that half an ounce of rum added to the concoction provided a more than satis-

factory breakfast.

"We called it boatmeal," he says. "It was the best thing that ever happened to oatmeal."

Although Mr. Horn qualifies as an amateur, he has been sailing all his life, having grown up in Mystic, Conn. He raced out of Mystic last Sunday and will race again Sept. 11.

He and his wife, Virginia, have four children: Nancy, 18; John, 17; Gray, 16, and Muzzy, 10.

Will he ever do it again? Not next year. And never again by the northern route. Otherwise, he makes no promises.

Allure

No. 87 • SOUTH FREEPORT, MAINE

Summer 2020 was a season for self-isolating aboard, and we spent more time on the water than we had in many years. It was mostly just the two of us, though family members joined us occasionally. From our Rockport-to-Freeport delivery, in a robust June northerly, to a spectacular short cruise around Vinalhaven in mid-September, we were able to sail often and with very little engine time. Our three weeks aboard in late July and August were mostly spent in the familiar waters of Penobscot and Jericho Bays. The two of us raced in the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta under cruising canvas, and we subsequently weathered tropical storm Isaias in Bucks Harbor. We overnighted in a few places we hadn't visited before, including Northwest Harbor at Deer Isle—in company with Dan and Robin Smith aboard *EAGLE*. In fact, there were lots of eagles (and pogies) almost everywhere we went. Peter Castner on *OFF CALL* took the accompanying photo near Long Cove, Vinalhaven. *ALLURE* was hauled in late September. In 2021 we will look forward to seeing more Concordias in Maine.

All three races of the 2020 Eggemoggin Reach Regatta were sailed this August. The turnout was lower than usual, however, and most of the shoreside festivities were cancelled. *EAGLE*, *PHALAROPE*, and *SPICE* took part in the Castine-to-Camden race on Thursday; unfortunately *SPICE* was a DNF and was unable to continue the next day. Friday's breeze was light, and the Camden-to-Brooklin course was shortened to a finish at Stonington. The wind built in nicely thereafter, affording most boats a fine sail the rest of the way to Babson Island. The WoodenBoat campus in Brooklin was closed to race participants, but a good-sized fleet anchored off or in neighboring harbors, and sixty boats gathered for the race on Saturday. There was just enough breeze to start all classes on time, and although the wind was light and shifty at first, it eventually freshened nicely for the legs to Egg Rock and on to Halibut Rock. *EAGLE* was again the first Concordia to finish, taking the Concordia Cup. Last year *EAGLE*, *SNOW FALCON*, and *PHALAROPE* swept the Classic B class, and thanks to that win, *EAGLE* carried a 15% handicap this time around. That placed her in the middle of Classic B on corrected time, though she was still well ahead of *PHALAROPE*, *ALLURE*, and *MATINICUS*. In a very close finish, *MATINICUS* crossed the line just eight seconds ahead of *ALLURE*. Concordia 31 *VITAL SPARK*, under new ownership this season, raced in the Classic A class.

Ben and Anne Niles



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.

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The Concordian

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Concordia #104 KATY, photographed on October 30 of 2019, the day of her launch in New Zealand