



The Concordian

A NEWSLETTER FOR OWNERS AND ADMIRERS OF CONCORDIA YACHTS



FALL 2022, NUMBER 73

Musings from the Mizzenmast

JAY PANETTA

Since most readers of this publication are highly experienced mariners, I would not ordinarily be inclined to take up a topic as mundane and fundamental as dinghy-towing technique. During the past season, however, I learned of three separate incidents in which seasoned crews allowed tenders to go loose in lively conditions, with ensuing drama in each case—and an identical cause in all three instances.

In the first situation, a 45-foot yawl was broad reaching under full canvas in 20 knots apparent, with a following sea. A crew member uncleated the dinghy painter, with the intention of letting out additional line and then recleating at the appropriate moment. But when a hard strain came back on the line, it was snatched out of his hands and the little boat went free. The crew immediately rolled up the headsail, started the engine, and did a quick 180-degree turn. They allowed the main and mizzen to luff freely, and planned to approach the tender from the windward side so as to create a lee that would facilitate recovery. Yet such a maneuver can be challenging unless practiced regularly, and they missed on the first two passes. Their major and quite justifiable fear was that the long trailing painter would foul their propeller. Most fortunately, the escapee was successfully corralled on the third attempt. The entire adventure served as a useful drill for any future crew-overboard situation.

In the second case, a 40-foot sloop was powering out a narrow channel against a considerable headwind. While the skipper steered and two of the crew began raising the mainsail, another shipmate decided to lengthen the peapod's painter. Alas, the outcome was exactly the same as in the first example: recleating proved difficult under strain, and the line went free. With the main now fully raised and the tide falling, the idea of abrupt maneuvering in the tight channel was unappetizing. And such considerations shortly became moot, for the frisky breeze pushed the tender into the shallows by the shore, precluding retrieval by the mother ship. Muttering black oaths unprintable here, the abashed crew returned to the harbor and summoned assistance from the local boatyard, which dispatched a teen in an outboard to conduct the salvage operation.

In the third instance, Concordia 39 WESTRAY, carrying both main and mizzen spinnakers and traveling at 7 knots, was leading its class in a hotly contested race (which required tenders to be towed). Following the familiar script, the dinghy went loose as a crew member attempted to extend the painter: manipulating lines of two different diameters while trying to tie in a knot proved all too demanding. Following “a moment of sheer stupor,” the crew doused the chutes and

returned to collect the runaway, losing a full six minutes in the process. Dreams of glittering silver were dashed, and the hand responsible “is still mortified by the event.”

Awkward episodes such as these are far more than merely inconvenient, for they have the distinct potential to endanger both vessel and crew. And they can be entirely avoided with a bit of forethought and advance preparation. Here are the details of our own approach. For comfortable towing at speeds above 5 knots, whether in flat water or in a seaway, a hard dinghy should be riding a painter that is around 25-30 feet in length, such that it can glide along comfortably on the face of the third following wave. Yet that would be somewhat too much line to carry in a tender on a daily basis. Our skiff is therefore equipped with a primary, permanent painter of 20 feet, which is eye spliced around a thimble and shackled to an eyebolt set through the stem. Said eyebolt must without fail be drilled for a cotter pin to back up the nut, and the shackle pin must be carefully moused with seizing wire.

If the free end of this primary painter were made fast to the stern cleat, that would leave only 15 feet of working length. Thus for towing, an auxiliary painter is brought into play; both are 7/16" three-strand nylon, which has the requisite stretch factor for this application. Our secondary painter (seen below) is 20 feet long, with an eye spliced in one end. At



the start of an outing, its bitter end is tied around the base of the backstay, assuring that this line cannot go free under any circumstances. The painter is then tied off to the stern cleat, with a proper lead coming around clockwise from the forward end of the cleat toward the starboard chock at the stern. This is the cleating that will do nearly all the work when towing is in progress, and it is never undone. Primary and secondary

THE COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Concordia 39 ALLURE (#87), owned by Ben and Anne Niles, on the final downwind leg of the 2017 Eggemoggin Reach Regatta.
Photo by John Williams, used by kind permission.

painters are joined together with a bowline tied into the eye. On the way out of the harbor, the skiff is kept short with a second cleating made right over the first one. The line is flaked so as to run out freely without need for guidance, and at the chosen moment it is cast off. Already tied in and fully prepared to do its job, the lower cleating happily takes up the strain. Thus there is no requirement to struggle with an unsecured line under tension, for that is a direct invitation to trouble—including the possibility of injured fingers. On the way back into the harbor, the painter is shortened up and once again cleated right over the top of the lower cleating. Everything can be sorted out later at the mooring.

Our double painter also proves handy during anchoring, when it is left at full length. The skiff is hauled up to the starboard quarter and tied off short to the cleat just forward of the cockpit primary winch, with the entire free length of the painter brought inside the lifelines and kept right in view. This way there is no risk whatsoever of fouling the propeller or colliding with the tender when backing down to set the anchor. Most yawl owners are familiar with the happy fact that keeping the mizzen sheeted tight while anchoring allows the boat to fall back smartly without going broadside to the breeze, as is the habit of sloops.

When boat speed falls below 4.5 knots, it is best to begin shortening the dinghy's towline—at least in waters studded with lobster trap floats. Too much slack in the line can allow it to snag a float, which can slide back and lodge itself tight against the bow fitting of the tender. Your boat will then commence towing a trap or string of traps, and such a scenario is guaranteed to bring the entire grand procession to a rapid and embarrassing halt, requiring a circling maneuver to get free. Though this could be a trivial matter on a settled summer afternoon, it could give rise to unwelcome complications in more difficult conditions.

One might perhaps wonder: is it really possible to trust the health and safety of the tender to that single bowline knot joining the two halves of the painter? The answer is a definitive yes, as this procedure has worked perfectly for us over several decades and many thousands of miles, including numerous offshore passages in all sorts of weather. Helpful also is the fact that our flat-bottomed skiff has a sizeable skeg that keeps it tracking steadily, even in seas of considerable dimensions. Let us once again salute Waldo Howland with genuine gratitude, this time for specifying those apparently oversized—though in actual fact, ideally sized—Concordia bow and stern cleats.

WHITEWATER RIVER BOATS • FIFE REGATTA • SCHOONER CALIFORNIAN

WoodenBoat

THE MAGAZINE FOR WOODEN BOAT OWNERS, BUILDERS, AND DESIGNERS



Aboard a Concordia Yawl
Nigel Irens and the Low-Drag Powerboat
A Vintage Electric Launch

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2022
NUMBER 289
\$8.95
\$9.95 in Canada

www.woodenboat.com

I am happy to pass along word that OWL is featured in a cover story in the November/December issue of *WoodenBoat*. I wrote the text and long captions for the seven-page article, and took all the detail photos. Renowned marine photographer Benjamin Mendlowitz made the fine images of our yawl under sail, which were accomplished in two July sessions—during which he really put me through my paces. We were blessed with ideal conditions, and the photo shoots took place right off Ben's year-round home on Eggemoggin Reach. His chase boat is an elegant Albury outboard runabout.

The piece represents my best attempt to distill and describe the especially distinctive qualities of our wonderful boats. Raymond Hunt of course receives due credit for the creation of an utterly timeless and highly seaworthy design. I also paid particular attention to many notable aspects of layout and detailing, a number of which were the contributions of Waldo Howland. If the words and accompanying photographs perhaps inspire a few individuals to consider purchase of a Concordia, then all the better.

I would like to express my most sincere thanks to Editor Matt Murphy for commissioning the article, and for offering his own sage thoughts about the piece on his Editor's Page. I am grateful as well to Senior Editor Tom Jackson for his advice and guidance throughout the editorial process. James Bartick, the longtime Art Director at *WoodenBoat*, did a splendid job in creating the layout.

Summer Cruising Aboard Kodama

Midsummer Day found KODAMA and crew under way from her home dock, headed northwest and into British Columbia. The US/Canada marine border had finally been reopened, and after two summers of geographically limited cruises owing to Covid, we were looking forward to ranging further afield and for a longer time. This season would also afford us an opportunity to assess, under real-world conditions, the results of our recent maintenance and improvement projects.

The border crossing went smoothly, and we passed through British Columbia's Gulf Islands. A boisterous start in Georgia Strait mellowed into a pleasant reach across to the Sunshine Coast, and then onward to Desolation Sound. As it was early in the season, normally busy anchorages were quietly welcoming. We passed through the tidal current gates in the Discovery Islands, watching for a favorable weather window for our transit of Johnstone Strait (seen in the photo below), which is notorious for strong winds, powerful currents, and rough seas. After a predawn start in mist, we enjoyed smooth conditions and fair current, and made a fast passage to reach

the Broughton Archipelago. There we had the good fortune of meeting a former co-owner of #76 SUMATRA, who came alongside KODAMA for a nostalgic visit.

The Broughtons are a truly wonderful cruising ground of lofty mountains, deep fjords, wilderness channels, and picturesque anchorages. It is not difficult to imagine the rich lives of the local First Nations people, and the eighteenth-century arrival of early European explorers and settlers. The Broughtons and Queen Charlotte Strait also brought us the first taste of more oceanic weather, as we revisited favorite anchorages and explored new ones. This summer the North Pacific High was late in establishing itself off the west coast of Vancouver Island, which caused unusual conditions for the yachts racing from the mainland to Hawaii. For us, it brought recurring forecasts of strong winds and gales (mostly headwinds) for the places we had planned to go. Those predictions, along with several episodes of mysterious difficulties in engine starting and also commitments at home, inspired our reluctant decision



to retrace the outbound track—though we now had the time to do so at a leisurely pace.

When we returned to the Gulf Islands, we had a good visit with cruising friends at their island home near Victoria. Among other pleasures, we admired their newly restored Danish Spidsgatter sloop, seen beside KODAMA in the photo to the right. From there it was back to the San Juan Islands and home waters. The cruise covered 38 days and 840 nautical miles.

As we lay at anchor on our next-to-last night, a boater came by in a motorized tender. As he passed, he admired KODAMA and remarked (with a smile), “I understand they take care of themselves.” That set me to reflecting on a saying of Alice Waters, the well-known chef, restaurateur, and food writer: “Beauty is the language of care . . . it is the outcome of care.” That pretty well sums up the Concordia yawl.

Michael and Gale Gropp
Bellingham, Washington



Founding Editor Doug Cole Recalls the Creation of The Concordian

We purchased #103 IRENE in 1985, and at that time there seemed to be relatively little information in print regarding Concordia yawls. My interest in Concordias had been piqued by Elizabeth Meyer's fine article about the class in *Nautical Quarterly* #22 (1983). I proceeded to contact her, and asked if she could supply a copy of the Concordia Yawl Fortieth Anniversary Book. "Not available," was her response.

Fortunately, IRENE came complete with a copy of the book, which afforded a good sense of the history of the class to that point. I was a new airline pilot at the time, often on reserve or standby duty, away from home and with free hours on my hands. It occurred to me that a newsletter of sorts might be a good way to bring Concordia owners together and allow them to share stories and project information. I used the address list provided in the Fortieth Book as a mailing list for the initial issue, which was published in February of 1986 (and is included here on the following pages). About half of the copies came back as non-deliverable. But I decided to forge ahead nonetheless and produce further issues.

Here is a bit of background on my boating past. I grew up sailing with my family on the Columbia River, and I was first taken aboard for an overnight outing at the age of two weeks. The boat was a CROD, or Columbia River One-Design, a popular 28-foot centerboarder designed in the 1930s. My parents kept moving up in size, and the CROD was succeeded by a nondescript 32-foot sloop (a one-off), which was followed in turn by a 40-foot Owens Cutter, acquired in 1961. Although river sailing was mostly up and down, out and back, the racing wasn't too bad given the circumscribed conditions. And every few years, we took the cutter north for an extended cruise to the San Juan Islands and British Columbia. All of our vessels were wooden boats, and we were a family that did most of our own maintenance. My father died suddenly when I was 15, and my 17-year-old brother and I quickly advanced to become co-skippers and chief maintenance officers.

A rather unlikely turn of events transpired a few years later, when I convinced my mother that we should sell the Owens and acquire a decades-old Q-class sloop named COTTON BLOSSOM II, designed by the renowned Johan Anker and constructed in 1925 at the Anker yard near Oslo. This skinny and rather tired 50-foot sloop, which drew nearly 9 feet, provided plenty of adventure for a 19-year-old and his friends, both in racing and in the never-ending maintenance. The sloop later became a pretty neat home when I lived aboard during my student days at the University of Washington in Seattle. In 2002, America's Cup skipper Dennis Conner, who had also sailed on COTTON BLOSSOM II as a young man, acquired the boat and commissioned a comprehensive restoration, to the highest standards.

I owned a few other unexceptional boats in the years that followed. Then came Concordia IRENE, which was definitely the favorite and provided the most enjoyment, in particular through the sense of being part of a large one-design family. Because I was a "left coaster" and not an old-money New England blueblood, I was concerned that I might be in questionable standing with fellow Concordians. Yet the initial response to the newsletter seemed favorable. Over time, several early correspondents become steady and longtime contributors. Waldo Howland frequently sent encouraging notes. Alden Trull at Concordia Company was very helpful in correcting and expanding the mailing list, and he kindly provided many useful snippets of information.

During the first several years of publication, a typewriter was used to create the master copy, and the mailing envelopes were addressed by hand. In due course came an Apple IIGS and a dot matrix printer, and eventually a PC and an HP laser printer. When black-and-white photos began to be used in the newsletter, they were pasted directly into the master before it went off to the print shop. As the years advanced, hand addressing gave way to mailing labels.

I'd like to think that through its role in building community, *The Concordian* helped to make the Fiftieth Anniversary celebration in 1988 the grand success that it was. The newsletter certainly helped to bring together the Pacific Northwest Concordia group, whose members established a tradition of annual dinners and other gatherings.

After twelve years of editing and publishing *The Concordian*, I was starting to find the task to be a bit too much for me. Thus I was pleased to recruit a new and enthusiastic editor, namely Skip Bergmann. Desktop publishing software has steadily improved in the years since then. And we have been truly fortunate to have a series of highly dedicated editors, each of whom has taken incremental steps to improve the newsletter's layout and also the variety of material included. I extend my sincere thanks to each of these editors for taking on the challenge, and for continuing the good work of sharing worthwhile and insightful stories about Concordias. Every new issue is invariably interesting, and the layouts continue to astound in content and quality.

With much trepidation, we sold IRENE in 2013, and she now has a fine home on San Francisco Bay. We still own a sailboat, but of a type that makes fewer maintenance demands, leaving us with the time and energy to explore many non-sailing pursuits. Yet we still have a soft spot for Concordias, and we happily maintain our friendships with a number of Concordians, both current and past.

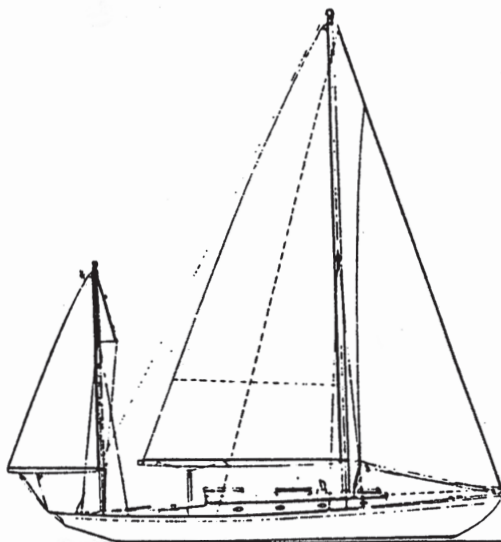
Doug Cole
Bellingham, Washington

Concordia Yawl Newsletter

Welcome aboard the premier issue of the Concordia Yawl Newsletter. For all who responded from the ad in WoodenBoat my apologies for taking so long to respond with your copy. A major deck recovering project on IRENE is in progress and high rent for covered moorage dictate the priorities.

My intent in starting the newsletter is to encourage the exchange of information between Concordia owners, especially between those whose affairs are longstanding and those whose may just be starting. I suspect much of this already transpires amongst those living in the Northeast but for those of us that are scattered about, we definately would like to communicate more. With 10% of the fleet on the market there exists a potential for much new interest in the class. In fact, most of the interest in the newsletter was from prospective owners.

A little about myself. My wife DeMaris and I probably fit the stereotype of many Concordia owners described by Liz Meyer in Nautical Quarterly 22. We both grew up in the Pacific Northwest on wood boats, my family having a CROD, Owen's Cutter and a Johan Anker designed "Q" class sloop. Concordia awareness developed about ten years ago while admiring SOVEREIGN and IRENE from afar, both in Seattle. We recently owned a nondescript fiberglass boat, for "convenience" we rationalized. Soon convenience turned to frustration and we began looking for a wood boat. About this time the Concordia story appeared in Nautical Quarterly and we had a close look at SOVEREIGN at the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. We were hooked. After checking all the listings on both coasts and contemplating shipment cross country we learned IRENE was for sale nearby in Port Madison. We purchased her last March.



IRENE was built in 1966 and is hull No. 103, the last Concordia Yawl built. She is a 39' 10" model. Structurally she was in superb condition having never been raced or offshore and used very little. In fact below she was nearly new. Everything topsides, however, would need refinishing and we knew we'd be in for deck recovering as the canvas was split in several areas from seasonal expansion and contraction. After checking with surveyor Giffy Full and Steven White at the Brooklyn Boat Yard and reading the story in *WoodenBoat* 66 we decided to proceed with the Dynel and epoxy method. So after a season of sailing enjoyment the masts came down and into the boathouse she went.



The boat was assembled very well, everything being bedded in white lead, but thankfully with disassembly and maintenance in mind. No problems were found and after fitting $\frac{1}{4}$ " Bruynzeel plywood over the existing deck we are ready to cover with two layers of Dynel and System 3 epoxy. We will have more to report in the future as the project continues. If there are others faced with recovering I'd be happy to share what I've learned. I would like to thank Steve Loutrel (LACERTA, #44) for advice on this. He went the same route several years ago.

There are three other Concordia Yawls on Puget Sound. KODAMA, No.46, is owned by Stewart and Denny McDougal who live aboard at Shilshole Bay in Seattle. SOVEREIGN, No. 15, is owned by George and Lorna Cook and is also at Shilshole. They are both 39's. CORIOLIS, No.82, is owned by Doug and Susan Atkins and is still finished bright. She is moored on Portage Bay in Seattle. Stewart, an accomplished shipright, has carved a half model of the Concordia which is used as a trophy for the annual Northwest Concordia Regatta. He won the first and so far only event. Another is scheduled this spring. SOVEREIGN and IRENE had a rendezvous last year at Park's Bay in the San Juan Islands and we hope more can get together this year if schedules permit.

We grew very frustrated with the W/C Seacock alcohol stove which is a standard on the Concordia. No parts are available so we purchased some propane burners and replumbed the entire system using the old stove frame and mounting a small low profile tank in a mahogany box just aft of the mizzen. The entire conversion was about \$130, the biggest expense being the electric shutoff valve. We're looking forward to much quicker meals and less tension in the galley. We plan to add a diesel heat stove later on.

Maynard Bray, technical editor of *WoodenBoat*, recently

wrote to say that the manuscript to Waldo Howland's book "The Concordia Years" has just been submitted to the publisher and should be in print within a year. After reading "A Life in Boats" I can't wait for the sequel.

There is a lot of good information in print about the Concordias, much of it still available. Nautical Quarterly 22 has an excellent story by Elizabeth Meyer and is still available. Roger Taylor's Book More Good Boats has a reprint of an article written in the April, 1976 edition of National Fisherman about the Yawls. Choice Yacht Designs by Richard Henderson also has a story. Most recently WoodenBoat 67 and 68 had some pictures and comments about the construction details. Nautical Quarterly 25 and Yachting December, 1972 both have stories on Ray Hunt, the designer of the Concordia Yawl. The August, 1954 edition of Yachting (p. 37) also has a story on MALAY, No.2, winning the Bermuda Race. IRENE came equipped with a copy of the 40th Anniversary edition which, according to Liz Meyer, is out of print and unavailable - I had to buy the boat to get a copy. IRENE also came with a copy of the original sailplan and wiring and plumbing plan ("Bordmappe") in German from Abeking & Rasmussen. If anyone is interested I can have copies made. I am also trying to track down some detailed information on A&R from Herman Schaedla, it's president, who I met in Lemwerder several years ago.

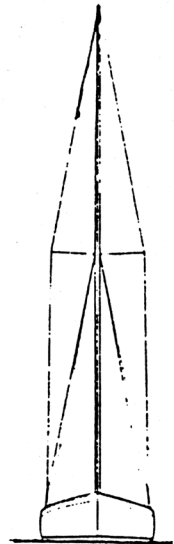
That's it for Issue No. 1. I am soliciting for Issue No. 2 - anything that may be of interest: maintenance, history, rendezvous, boats for sale, you name it - and will be happy to pursue any direction fellow Concordians would like to see. But it will definitely be contributions that keep us alive. The fleet deserves it and from reading the 40th Anniversary book there's a lot of Concordia folks out there I would like to know better. How about July for the next printing? For this edition feel free to make copies and pass them along to all who are interested. Printing is cheap but to let me know who is interested please send a self addressed stamped envelope to:

Concordia Yawl Newsletter
4344 King Avenue
Bellingham, Washington 98226

Smooth Sailing,

Douglas Cole

February 1, 1986



Polaris and the 2022 Around Long Island Regatta

Well . . . we won our class! Again! Conditions for this year's Around Long Island Regatta were highly varied as usual, especially in the always-challenging home stretch through Long Island Sound. There were 63 boats in the fleet, and six in our class (PHRF Non-Spinnaker Division 1). We raced a good race, and made a number of tactical decisions that worked out well overall.

Leaving the starting line on July 28, POLARIS sailed close hauled out of New York Harbor in a steady and moderate SSW breeze. We cleared Verrazano Narrows, turned east at Buoy 14, hoisted the genny, and didn't look back until we were well past Fire Island. We averaged 7 knots over a 14-hour sleighride reach, enjoying great meals along the way.



The wind died at around 1:30 am on Friday morning, though the chop did not. We banged, rattled, and rolled through the hot and muggy night, waiting for something—anything—to get us past Shinnecock Lighthouse. The constant shock-loading on the main boom in the sloppy southwest swell grew wearisome and jarring, though eventually the sea calmed down to some degree. As soon as a light northwest breeze came off the beach, we began tacking downwind as best we were able, doing what we could to manage the cross swell that rolled us uneasily on port tack.





Daylight on Friday morning found POLARIS and her crew sleep-deprived, soggy, and unfortunately becalmed. As the sun's warmth increased, we took turns cooling off overboard. Eventually a decent breeze started up from the southwest, and it built steadily. We headed down the final stretch of the South Shore, sailing wing-and-wing past miles of mansions. Happy and moving well, we sped past Napeague, Hither Hills, Gurney's, Atlantic Terrace, Ditch Plains, Warhol's, Simon's, and Camp Hero. POLARIS finally rounded Montauk Point Lighthouse shortly after 1:45 pm, just in time for a tasty lunch.



We enjoyed relatively flat water on the close-reach dash up to Plum Gut, passing Orient Point with the breeze at 20+ knots. With 90 miles to go, we were well past the halfway point, and cooking with gas. At 5:30 pm Friday, we cleared Plum Gut with a slack tide and a solid southwest wind, on a close reach and doing 6.5 to 7.5 knots. POLARIS burst into eastern Long Island Sound with a bone in her teeth, and the promise of a good dinner on the way.



Now we had a key decision to make. The SSW breeze was forecast to last until midnight, then die off to nothing (with rain) until 3 am Saturday, then switch to NNW for early Saturday through Saturday afternoon. Should we hug the north shore of Long Island until the SSW died down after dark, and then start tacking in the NNW to get past Port Jefferson, Northport, and Oyster Bay, and finally to Glen Cove? If the forecast was accurate, this would call for close-hauled sailing over most of the remaining 70 miles of the race. Or—should we keep heading westward into the Sound on the fastest line we could sail, in order to get as far west and north as possible over the next six hours? If we maximized the wind and our close-reach speed, we would get ourselves deep into the Sound and positioned nearer to the Connecticut shore when the wind dropped, with the hope that we'd pick up at least some breeze during the rainy period. Then when the predicted NW started to blow early on Saturday morning, we'd be on a faster course, and have less tacking over the final miles to the finish line at Glen Cove, Long Island.

The gamble revolved around the uncertainty as to just what would happen six hours ahead. Would we stall out in the middle of the Sound, while others ghost-sailed up the shoreline in land breezes to pass us and leave us behind? We carefully considered all this over dinner. Seeing no clearly opposing reasoning, we eventually decided to push straight ahead and work as far to the westward as we could, hoping that the resulting position would reward our inclination to fly high and live fast while the wind blew.

It turned out to be an epic leg, with varying winds and waves and sailing angles and sail changes, though minimal tacking. Just as the forecast had promised, it all died down shortly past midnight on Friday night, with POLARIS now well into the Sound. When the breeze finally dropped and the rain came, we settled in for another becalmed and soggy late-night vigil. We were smack dab in the middle of the Sound, about 20 miles northeast of Port Jefferson and mostly drifting. Amid the miles-from-anywhere murk, we took turns cat-napping in our rain gear, some below and others stretched out on deck. We could only guess whether those who had hugged the shoreline of Long Island were making any progress, perhaps leaving us dreamers behind. The nature of racing means always imagining that the worst is happening, and that at any given moment you're not doing quite enough. At least those are the nagging thoughts that occupy the minds of the driven.



But then something beautiful materialized out of the deep drizzle: a NNW breeze. It was light at first, but there was a singular exotic beauty going on, hard to describe and quite unexpected. Though the drizzle remained, the sky became all shadows and bands of moisture, streaming at angles off the surface and silhouetted by back-glows of towns just beyond the horizon. Within minutes we were at 3 knots, then 5, then 7+ knots, racing across a sea with no swell and no chop. It was pure steady speed as we headed due westward, with POLARIS on a beam reach just as we'd hoped. For several hours we moved up the sound, well past Port Jefferson. The wind eventually dropped once again, but we had covered a good bit of crucial distance, and were in fine position for whatever would come with daylight.

Saturday's dawn arrived with faint and fickle breezes out of the west and northwest. For several hours we tacked in light air and made our way slowly westward, favoring the Connecticut shore in order to stay with the developing land breeze. As we progressed along the final stretch from Northport to Oyster Bay to Glen Cove, the wind strengthened steadily. We whistled past Mantoloking Point at hull speed, rail down, and crossed the finish line off the Glen Cove breakwater at 2:21 pm on Saturday. We cheered, dropped the sails, and anchored—tired, happy in victory, and as ever, very well fed!

Leif Arntzen
New York, New York



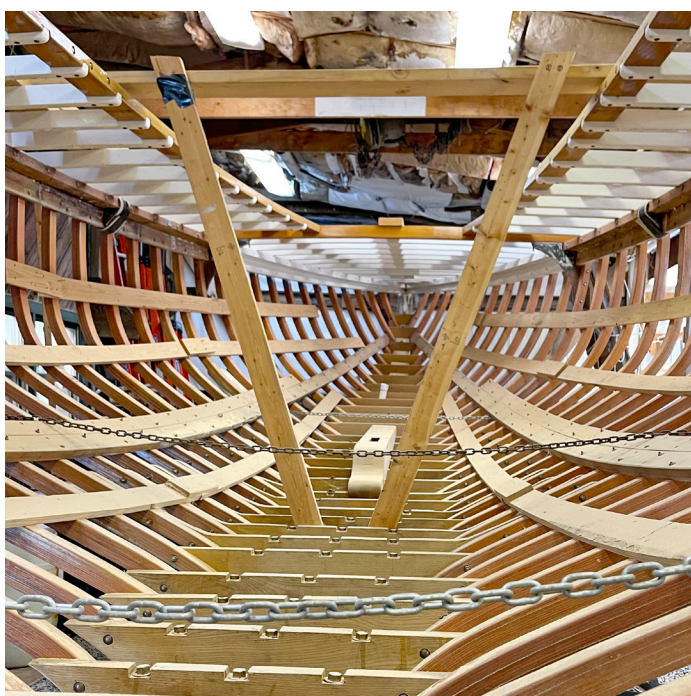
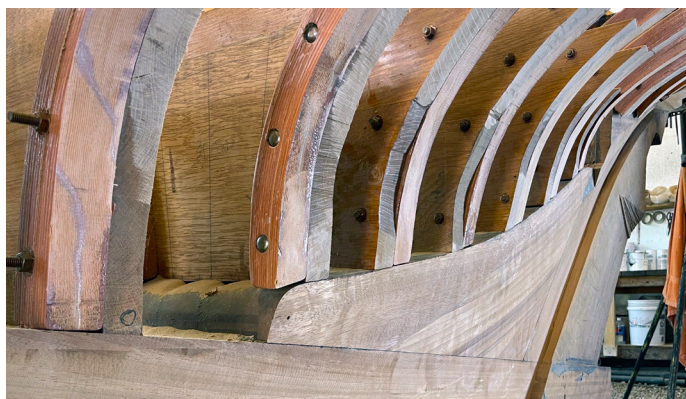
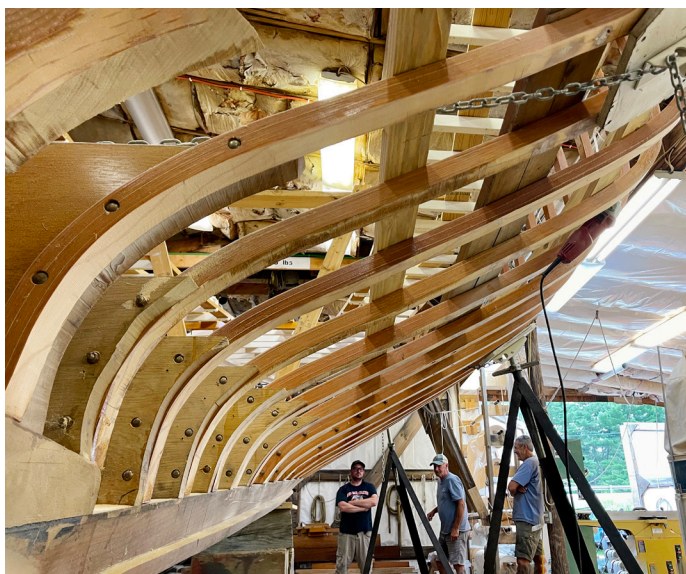
Restoration of #9 Saltaire Progresses Steadily

SALTAIRE has moved once more, and at this point she might have more road miles under her keel than sea miles! I purchased her in 2007, at which point she was lying in Lyme, Connecticut. I shipped her out to Clinton, Arkansas during the following year. I moved her again to Conway, Arkansas in 2012, and continued to take her apart. And then I really started in on the restoration. Nearly all of the backbone timbers were renewed using iroko, with only about five feet of the original stem remaining. All new floors and laminated frames were installed. The deck beams and cabin house beams were newly made as well.

During this phase, shipwright Rob Blood of Standish, Maine came out regularly to Arkansas for week-long stays, installing parts I had fabricated in his absence. In 2020, I sold my Arkansas property and SALTAIRE took yet another long road trip, this time all the way to Maine. For nearly two years she sat in Rob's small shop in Standish, about 20 miles inland from Portland. Over this past summer, Rob took a major professional step and purchased an existing midcoast boatyard then called Newcastle Marine, which came complete with a heated and fully equipped workshop and two 3000-square-foot storage buildings.

SALTAIRE is now prominently positioned in Rob's new work space, a demonstration project advertising both his considerable skills also the future direction of R. E. Blood Boatworks. Frames have been faired and planking rabbets cut, and the laminated mahogany transom is waiting to be mated to the hull. Planking should be commencing before long, and there will be major progress by Spring!

Rob DesMarais
Somersworth, New Hampshire



Babe Wins the 1978 Bermuda Race

The 1978 Newport to Bermuda Race brought a notable change in the organization of that venerable competition, with the fleet being divided into two large groups. While 90 boats sailed under the IOR rule that had been in use since 1970, another 72 sailed under a novel protocol called the Measurement Handicap System (MHS), which was being utilized for the very first time. This methodology, developed at MIT with support from members of the CCA and the New York Yacht Club, was intended to supply fair ratings to yachts of the cruiser-racer type, vessels that the IOR rule had made non-competitive to a great extent.

Traditionalists favoring designs considered “wholesome” were at this time growing increasingly skeptical of the boats being constructed to rate under the developmental IOR rule, which encouraged innovation and resulted in often-remarkable performance, but also fostered certain extremes. Grousing was increasingly heard to the effect that bare-bones IOR racers with saucer-shaped hulls (at times derided as “big dinghies”) were inferior sea boats, and were even potentially dangerous—given, among other factors, the IOR’s relatively liberal stability parameters. Such judgements were to be all too amply confirmed in the disastrous 1979 Fastnet Race.

The MHS was termed a system rather than a rule, in that it was the first handicapping formula to make allowance for specific race conditions. Immediately prior to a competition, the race committee was to settle on a consensus prediction of the contest’s most likely point of sail overall (beating,

reaching, or running), and also the most likely average wind speed (8, 12, 16, 20, or 24 knots). The committee selected the combination it thought would prevail, and each boat’s time allowance was adjusted accordingly, all based on extensive computer simulations performed on MIT’s mainframes.

If the general goal of the MHS was to make traditional cruiser-racer designs competitive once again, it most certainly succeeded, and perhaps well beyond the imaginings of its creators. To the surprise of all and the unalloyed consternation of some, the overall MHS division winner of the 1978 Bermuda Race was a design all of forty years old: Concordia #26 BABE (now MARY ELLEN), owned and skippered by Maryland yacht broker Arnold “Arnie” Gay. Reinforcing the general astonishment surrounding this result, second place was taken by Dan Strohmeier in his MALAY II (#77). Dyspeptics grumbled that if this outcome was the best that the MIT scientists and their equations could manage, then science had embarrassed itself. And indeed, numerous owners of MHS-division boats ordinarily considered “fast” felt that they had been unduly penalized.

Yet Captain Gay had earned his trophy, and he most definitely savored the victory. In the aftermath of the race, he recorded an interview in which he expounded in highly entertaining fashion regarding the details of the contest and his history with BABE. It is now a pleasure to bring this account to our readership, along with a *New York Times* article that offers further perspective on the 1978 Bermuda Race.



Concordia #26 was constructed in 1955, and was originally named CONDOR. Arnie Gay purchased her in 1977, changed the name from EMIRAU to BABE, and kept the boat for two years. She is now MARY ELLEN, owned by Chuck Thompson and homeported in South Carolina.

**Arnie Gay, from the Concordia
Fortieth Anniversary Book**

A zillion years ago I had an Owens Cutter, which I thought was a pretty fast boat, and it won a number of races, including a Nassau Race or two. I told Waldo Howland at that time, who was an old friend, "You've got to get rid of the Concordias, Waldo. The Owens Cutters will take over." Of course as we know, the Owens Cutters are buried at sea and the Concordias are still going, which really proved I was wrong a long time ago.

Why did I get a Concordia? Well, I had a flat-out race boat called the MAGIC TWANGER. It's a one-ton version of a stripped-out machine. We went to the North Americans, we went to the Worlds. We were in the money. We won a lot of trophies with it, and we had all the hotshots from the twelve meters aboard the boat. We had a lot of good things going, but eventually she got a little out of date and we had to put up x number of dollars to make her competitive again. Middle daughter Lynn thought it was fantastic, and so did I, and we cruised maybe 4,000 miles a year in the boat, even though it was not really a cruising boat. My good wife Julie, who has always sailed with us, hated it. So we sold it.

I guess at this point of the game I thought there was no better boat than the MAGIC TWANGER as far as sailing went. But I needed a boat. I needed a boat to go up north, to go on the New York Yacht Club Cruise, and maybe one or two weekends. I thought that possibly I would buy a wooden boat, and I thought that one of the best builders of wood boats was Abeking and Rasmussen—and one or two companies back in the States, like Luke, Johnson, or Nevins in certain years. Well, I looked at several A&R boats, and for one reason or another I didn't buy one. Then I found a Concordia that was an A&R boat [#26, then named EMIRAU] that was kept in beautiful shape by Nelson Smith, in Kensington, Maryland. I think all he ever did was work on the boat. The original name of the boat was CONDOR, and I believe I am the fourth owner. I took my bride down to look at the boat and she said it was beautiful, but it was a very, very small forty-foot boat. But it would suit our purposes, so we bought this yawl as an interim boat. The idea was to go on the New York Yacht Club Cruise, spend a few weekends on Cape Cod, sell the boat in Concordia-land up north, and then regroup and come back to the Bay and do something else.

We bought the boat and the kids said, "Well Dad, you know you've got to go in the New York Cruise, you've got to go from A to B, so you might just as well get it rated. We have to go that way anyway." So we got it rated and the rating came out, and that was that. We sailed around the bay a little bit, cruised a little bit with it. Everyone sort of liked the motion, liked the way it went, and it was a nice boat.

The boat had to go north and my crew fell apart, so that I was down to Ted Berger, who is a regional vice president of Maryland National Bank, and he volunteered to go north with me. Ted and I left Annapolis one evening at 5 o'clock, and fifty-two hours later we were in Newport.

We went straight up the Bay, straight down the Delaware, had a nice supper at Cape May with lobsters, and took off. The two of us went directly to Block Island and into Newport, and had all kinds of winds. When we got into Newport I had a great feeling about this boat. It was a very easy boat in the sea. I liked it. That was the first time that it reached me.

We went off and went in the New York Yacht Club Cruise. The first race was up to Hadley's Harbor from Newport, and we went in the cruising canvas division. We got a fair start, but I must say we had never bought a sail at this point for the boat. Things were old and ancient, and I had a genoa that came from Ted Hood's original ROBIN back in the fifties. I had it cut down a little bit and that was a very heavy sail, about eight ounces. It should be in the Hood Historical Loft Division. So away we go in this and we're doing pretty well, surprising to all of us. Then all of a sudden they squared off a little bit and we started to fall behind. Having been brought up in Buzzards Bay, I said, "Well, you know there's a little channel over there by Cuttyhunk. Let's just reach over there and there's going to be wind over there first, and I think we might make out." Well, we did that. We got to Hadley's Harbor, and lo and behold when the results were finished, we were third in the cruising division, which had over thirty-odd yachts. Well, we didn't get too carried away about that. It was awfully nice. I thought that third was a mandate from the Pope, and consequently I looked forward to receiving the trophy. But I figured we'd tricked them a little bit because of boyhood experiences in Buzzards Bay.

The next day there was a good socking breeze and the race went from Hadley's Harbor down to Nantucket. It was blowing right fresh and it got better and better as time went by. We had a good sail and even had to reef, which was an amazing operation because we weren't really set up with reefing gear. The end result was that when we got to Nantucket, we not only had first in our class, we had first in fleet. Then we were all gung ho. After a lay day, the next day we raced over to Edgartown. It was very light at the start and we got creamed. Then it picked up a little and we got an eighth or ninth, or something like that, but we really didn't feel that it was the boat's fault. We just weren't ready to race.

We left the boat up in New England and we had two or three weeks of cruising, and my wife fell in love with it. She always said it was a very, very small forty-foot boat, but it was very acceptable. My youngest daughter decided that it was her perfect playground, and she loved it. She liked raising the flags, and liked fiddling around with all the halyards. We thought, well, we've got a pretty good thing here. Julie and I cruised the boat home with daughter Nan, who was eight, and brought her back to Cape May. We found the boat a very safe boat, a very easy boat at sea, with a wonderful motion.

As a past commodore of the Annapolis Yacht Club, I had sailed in a number of their Fall series, so I said, "Let's try it. Let's change a couple of things." We changed one or two things in the boat. As a matter of fact, the headstay that came with the boat reminded me of an elastic band. We

happened to have an old rod around. We put a rod headstay on, and I wanted the jibs to look a little bit better, so we took some MAGIC TWANGER jibs I had left over and recut them for the boat. Then we put zippers on them and they zipper-luffed right on. You could zipper a sail on, and if you had two halyards up there you could hook another sail on and break the first zipper out, and you could change sails just as if you had a twinstay.

So away we went for the Fall series. There are three races and we ended up second in class. Should have had first, but we had one race where we couldn't get the spinnaker down because we had been so aggressive about hauling it up. That dropped us back a boat or two, which was our fault, certainly not the boat's fault. The last race we should have won hands down. But at this point we had put a very large winch on the mast, not only to be the anchor windlass, but also to really get the luff tension up. We were so eager with it, we broke the halyard and had only one halyard left. Consequently we couldn't set the spinnaker. We ended up second overall, but we learned a few things. The old girl would really go and she'd hang in there with the younger boats. As a matter of fact, if it blew hard enough we could blow them off the course. We never did any nip-ups or wipe-outs with the spinnaker up. The downwind leg was fantastic because we just waltzed away. Going to windward we didn't go as high as they did. We reached a little bit to windward, but when we crossed them we always crossed above them. I had Obie O'Brien, who is an old-time twelve meter sailor, and he couldn't believe how the boat was going. We thought, well this is pretty great.

The result was that we figured, well, why not try the Bermuda Race? But let's do a little planning and upgrade the boat a little bit as far as the rig went. We took the jumpers off, relied on the backstays, and we really put a one-ton rig on it, a three halyard rig, just like the twelves. The only difference is the halyards are external, not internal. But the intent is the same: to cut the windage way down. I was afraid the zippers wouldn't work in the ocean. If they broke we'd be stuck. So we put on a Hood Gemini Stay. Basically, I sail with my daughters, as anyone going forward to change sails should be very agile and light, and piston hanks are rather hard on their hands. The Gemini Stay is a super system, and it's quick. We put another winch on the mast for a second set of halyards. We did a few other little things. We sort of cleaned the bottom up a little bit, tried to smooth the bottom a little bit. Just minor this or that and the other thing. Basically, the boat looks just the way Waldo had them delivered. We didn't put any track on the mainsheet. We did get a winch back there, had a couple of super vang's to play with things, and all hand operated. We went and tried the boat and thought, well, we've got a boat that's going pretty good.

I was asked, "Why are you taking this boat to Bermuda?" I said, "It's the only boat I own." I was asked again, "You really think you have a chance?" I said, "Well, I have got all the average times of all boats like this, and I think that if we can race down there with any luck and do 105 or 106 hours elapsed time, we're going to be up and to the table."

The race started, and the first twenty-four hours were calm. The fleet sat outside of Block Island, so the race really started on Saturday. I feel that our race was a successful race because we had Danny Strohmeier with us, and Danny's boat and our boat were never more than a few hundred yards to five miles apart for the entire race. We sailed on one another. It was like going out in the bay and having a day race. Danny was very easy to keep track of at night as he had waylights on, and the waylights could be seen and he couldn't escape. It was just tack for tack, header for header, and basically a real hot race. If you had a big boat go by you'd say, well, it's a big boat. And if you had a stripped-out racing machine go by you'd say, well, it's a stripped-out racing machine. But when you have your sister boat over there you've got to have at it. Danny could beat me very handily in light air going to windward, yet I had a little bit more power than he did when it was a down-to-earth heavy reach.

My crew consisted of my daughter Linnie, who is nineteen, my daughter Karen, who is twenty-five, Karen's fiancé Knight Coolidge, Dr. Hildebydle, who has raced with me for many years, his son Bart, who is about twenty, Jack Lennehan the navigator, who has gone with me eight times to Bermuda, and myself. Well of course, Knight and Karen were all wrapped in one another, holding each other's hands, and the billing and cooing was almost disgusting. The last day of the race we figured out that we had a chance at this race. I said, "We've got to cover Strohmeier," because he was behind us at the time. When we came back on deck and looked around, Danny was on a puff of wind going off to windward, two and a half miles away from us. I said, "What happened to him?" Well, my daughter and her fiancé had been so busy covering themselves that they forgot to cover Danny. So we played catch-up all afternoon, and he almost beat us.

But we had a great time in this race, had a great sail, and we proved something: that a well-sailed old boat will go through water about as well as a well-sailed new boat. So it will not go to windward with a new boat. But give and take, a little reach, a little run, rough and tumble, they'll do the same thing.

The MHS rule proved out very well for us. Many, many boats—half the fleet—finished within a few hours of each other. So that proves it isn't that bad. We are now looking at a higher way to finish on the IOR, and if we had been able to have our IOR Mark III, we'd have won the class and, I think, would have been very high up in the fleet with it. But time will tell when they make a cross section of this.

I don't plan to sell this old boat. At one time I wanted a Concordia 41 because it had more room up forward. But we've got the boat tight. She doesn't leak hardly at all. She is a fun boat to sail. A great boat for going from A to B, and a classic-looking boat. So it costs a little bit more to maintain it, but I think it's really worth the effort. And I salute Waldo Howland, whom I talked to the other night, because he had a great design. MHS, IOR, we've done it both ways and so has Danny Strohmeier, and we really, really think they are absolutely fantastic yachts, great design. Ray

Hunt really came across with a marvelous hull. Which just proves if you've got something really good, a thoroughbred, you can't really beat it unless you twist the rules around a little bit and do it with the handicap system.

In conclusion, Concordia owners, I can't say enough about the designer, the builder, and Waldo. The designs are forty years old, and the boat is doing everything for us as a family today that it was intended to do when it was designed forty years ago. It's really pretty funny. We have a boat that's worth say thirty to forty thousand dollars on the market. And someone has a nifty boat, a fine race boat at two hundred thousand dollars. And yet we beat them. You know that is pretty comforting down inside. That's pretty funny. Basically, the boat is just a great old boat. It's just a fun thing to be with, a fun thing to be on, and a fun thing to sail. I'm glad to share this experience of the last two years with you, and I thank you for taking the time to read this.

I think the funniest thing in the end, I must tell you, is the following story. After this race I talked to Ted Turner, whom I have known for many, many years. And he said, "Arnie, don't crow, don't crow!" And I said, Ted, I'm not going to crow, and I'm glad you had a nice sail."

And he said, "Are you going in the New York Yacht Club Cruise this year?" I said, "No, I can't. I've got to stay home and work." He said, "Well, if I can have your daughter Lynn, Knight Coolidge, and Jack Lennehan, I'd like to charter this boat for the cruise, because I think we have a shot." And I said, "Okay, if you want to get it up and get it back, you can have the boat." So I don't know at this moment whether Ted is going to charter BABE or not. But he's asked to.

What more can I say. I think we all have to just look at these boats, thank Waldo Howland, thank Ray Hunt, and thank Abeking and Rasmussen for building such a true and marvelous yacht. That is all I can say. That's my story, and that's a Concordia story.



Arnie Gay (1920-1994) played a major role in the evolution of Annapolis as a sailing center. Photo courtesy of the Annapolis Maritime Museum.

Victory by Wooden Yawl Sparks Yachting Debate

By WILLIAM N. WALLACE
Special to The New York Times

HAMILTON, Bermuda, June 24—Babe, the wooden yawl from Annapolis, Md., that won the half of the Bermuda ocean race that was sailed under the Measurement Handicap System, was built during the first Administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower. When appraised of his victory here last Thursday, the surprised owner-skipper, Arnie Gay, said to Jack Brown, chairman of the Cruising Club's race committee, "Gosh, we've set back yachting 30 years."

Gay may have been jesting, but the achievement of Babe, a 39-foot Concordia Class yawl, initiated the inevitable debate among many of the 1,500 participants at the parties that followed the conclusion of the 31st Bermuda race.

New Handicapping System

Some participants believed that the new Measurement Handicap System, the product of a program at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology funded by yachtsmen, had lost its credibility when, in its first major test as a handicapping device, it produced a 23-year-old wooden yawl as the best of 72 yachts racing 635 miles.

Discounting Prim, a reworked 30-year-old Owens cutter, Babe was the oldest boat in the fleet of 162, 90 of which raced under the other handicapping system, the International Offshore Rating rule.

But at the same dinners and parties—at the United States Naval Station, at the Coral Beach Club or on the lawn of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club—an opposite sentiment was also heard. Gay, a 60-year-old yacht broker who had been in 15 previous Bermuda races, offshore yachting to its proper place of 30 or 40 years ago because he had won a major prize with "a wholesome boat."

Unlike the modern aluminum and plastic vessels in the I.O.R. fleets, Babe has yards of varnished wood in her makeup; wooden masts that are as passé as coonskin caps; an Oriental rug over her floorboards, and a used spinaker off a Lightning sloop as her mizzen staysail.

'Seaworthy Yachts'

The Cruising Club of America, co-sponsor along with the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club of the race that is held every two years, is a conservative organization, and its members do significantly more cruising than racing. The stated objective of this race, said the C.C.A., is to encourage "the designing, building and sailing of seaworthy yachts."

Some yachtsmen believe seaworthy translates into wholesome, and a Concordia yawl, whose basic design by Ray Hunt precedes World War II, is certainly wholesome.

But that Babe should win one of the most sought-after prizes in ocean racing is something else again. It was as if a Packard had won the Indianapolis 500.

The boat that won the other half of the race, the half that 90 yachts sailed under I.O.R. handicaps, was at the opposite end of the spectrum. Burt Keenan's 51-foot sloop, Acadia, from New Orleans represents the latest technology from German Frers, one of yachting's leading designers.

Minneford's yard in the Bronx built

Acadia of aluminum late last year, and she weighs only 22,000 pounds. Acadia has the same displacement as Babe, which is 12 feet shorter in length.

Although light, especially in bow and stern, Acadia is not regarded as one of the skinned-out racing machines found in the One Ton and Two Ton Classes that are mainly good only for short dashes around offshore courses.

Acadia has the approval of the yachting establishment because three or four couples could take her for a cruise through the Bahamas without too much discomfort. The dual-purpose yacht—for racing and cruising—is also what the Cruising Club establishment means by seaworthy.

Then there is money. A yachtsman could acquire a sound wooden boat like Babe for \$40,000, while Acadia would cost seven to eight times as much. Thus the two yachts, winners of the first Bermuda race that was contested in divided halves, represent a sharp contrast.

An Alternative

The contrast is so sharp that no one is sure where the sport will next go. The Eastern yachting establishment, built around the Cruising Club and the New York Yacht Club, funded the study to produce the M.H.S. system as a curb to the I.O.R. rule. In the view of many yachtsmen, seven seasons under the I.O.R. had taken the sport away from those who buy and maintain the boats and put it in the hands of the designers.

I.O.R. is a development rule, meaning one open to technological evolution, and designers like Frers, Doug Peterson and Ron Holland turned out marvels that made their predecessors obsolete in a season or two.

Wounded in their checkbooks, yachtsmen sought an alternative—M.H.S.—that could put more flexibility into the handicapping process. A set of M.H.S. handicaps, for example, could be produced for a fleet that expected to race in a gale or another set could be made available almost instantly for light-wind conditions.

The hope was that the Measurement Handicap System would give distance racing back to the boat owners and gradually win over most of them. Those who had the resources could continue to race fast boats in I.O.R. competition on a Grand Prix basis, and other yachtsmen would sail boats that could also take them on family cruises.

But the victory of Babe, which had the highest handicap in the fleet—almost 30 hours—was considered extreme by many yachtsmen. She may not have set back yachting 30 years, but she left the sport and its policy makers in a muddle.

The New York Times—June 25, 1978

Westray's Summer in Maine

This year WESTRAY splashed on Independence Day, also the occasion of her sixty-second birthday. Post-Covid catch-up duties in our schedules, and also delays at the boatyard (like so many other yards this season, it was understaffed and swamped with work) meant that our sailing schedule was unusually brief. Yet it was nonetheless replete with adventures and delights. Our overall plan was to deliver WESTRAY to Maine so that we could participate in several classic-boat regattas: the Camden Classics Cup (a first for WESTRAY), then the two early-August feeder races that lead up to the main event, the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta.

On a splendid evening July evening, Christina and I, in the company of young friend Cory, cast off from our Ballentine's Boatshop mooring in Cataumet. We passed through the Cape Cod Canal with the flood tide, and then took aim at Penobscot Bay. The weather was calm, the seas were flat, and the breeze a mere breath. A bright full moon transformed the night into a magical demi-day. We'd had no time to conduct sailing trials, so this was it, come what may. What could go wrong? Lots, methought, and yet the rig was nicely tuned, the sails were in good order, and the engine (which did the yeoman's work in the delivery) purred contently at the desired cruising revs. We enjoyed fine food and fine stories, and stood our watches of three hours on and six off—assisted by our silent partner, Waldo the autopilot. The trip was a straight shot that took us directly to Camden Harbor. Along the way we encountered little marine traffic but lots of marine life, including sea turtles, dolphins, and whales.

Once in Camden, we left the boat on her one-month rental mooring at Lyman-Morse (formerly Wayfarer Marine) and proceeded to the property we had rented on Verona Island, in the Penobscot River south of Bucksport. The cottage proved to be an oasis of peace in the woods, hard by the majestic river and with enough beds for the ten crew members who were scheduled to sail with us at different times. Since these guests would be arriving from hither and yon and by car and plane, there were numerous logistical complications. Yet everything worked out to general satisfaction. We welcomed aboard young sailors and adults, parents and kids. While most of them already knew WESTRAY, some were newbies—especially the younger members of our team. Our sailing master was Captain Jeff Gonsalves, a skipper of quite extensive experience. Jeff is a fellow CCA member, a meticulous surveyor, a Concordia veteran, and a skilled organizer of crews. On land, Christina managed all the provisioning and logistics, a process requiring precise coordination and much driving and shopping. It is said that an army marches on its stomach, and this is equally true of race crews, who need to be nourished in generous fashion.

Of special note for us was our first participation in the Camden Classics Cup, an annual regatta sailed in splendid surroundings and complemented by fine gatherings ashore. This year's racing saw exceptional weather on both days, and an impressive fleet was assembled. WESTRAY was graced by the participation of Chris Fairfax as navigator. Chris helped Christina and me purchase our Concordia twelve years ago, and he has an impressive racing background. He brought his family along with him, and we all had a grand time sailing together. As he later remarked, "the weather could not have been better and the sailing conditions were close to ideal, with a little bit of everything thrown into the mix—except fog! We also got to joust with four other Concordia yawls. It all served as a reminder of why we love boats and do what we do." Though top silver eluded us, we did bring home a nice pewter plate for placing third in the Concordia class. At the conclusion of the regatta, a memorable party was thrown by Lyman-Morse, complete with ten-piece band, raw bar, passed hors d'oeuvres and drinks, and an excellent dinner. The hospitality extended to all participants was exceptional, and most greatly appreciated.



The feeder races and the ERR once again brought fine weather, but less than ideal luck for us. The breezy Castine to Camden feeder race was marred by the escape of our towed dinghy, while we were in the lead and flying two spinnakers (yes, we do carry a mizzen spinnaker). The recovery maneuver was complex: douse the chutes, return to the dinghy and retrieve it (on the first try), then reset the main spinnaker. Although we accomplished all this in six minutes flat, there is unfortunately no prize for that feat. We lost our leading position, never to regain it. The next feeder race to Brooklin was started on a shortened course, and was eventually cancelled owing to a frustrating lack of wind.



The jewel in the crown of the series was of course the Eggmoggin Reach Regatta. This year there were 112 boats in the race fleet, and their arrival in Brooklin on Friday afternoon offered quite the feast for the eyes. In the next day's race we were once again hampered by lack of breeze. Twice we fell into a hole and barely inched our way out. While some boats simply gave up and retired, the lucky or skillful ones somehow managed to find air not far from those that were stuck. For us the result was (as the English say) indifferent: we placed in the bottom third of our class. One consolation was that we found ourselves in company with a number of fellow sufferers, namely DAME, MATINICUS, SPICE, SNOW FALCON, and SNOWY OWL. The Concordias EAGLE,



ABOVE: Jeff Gonsalves

LEFT: WESTRAY crew members Jeff Gonsalves, Will Fairfax, Susan Fairfax, Chris Fairfax, Neal Melanson

PHALAROPE, and IRIAN were in the middle of the pack, while ALLURE attained a notable podium finish, placing second in our highly competitive class. This was indeed a splendid performance, one worthy of a hearty salute.

In sum, the month that we spent in Maine, from mid-July to mid-August, was one we shall never forget. WESTRAY will winter over at Artisan Boatworks in Rockport, in company with MISTY and DAME. We look forward keenly to more sailing next season—unless we end up relinquishing ownership to the next custodian of this classic yawl.

Juan E. Corradi
Newport, Rhode Island



Photo of the ERR Race Fleet in Brooklin by John Williams, used by kind permission.

Tradition and Innovation Aboard #85 Arapaho

This is my twenty-second season with ARAPAHO, and her sixty-second. As I look around both above and below, very little has changed. I have somehow managed to avoid adopting numerous modern conveniences, including roller furling, pressure water, hot water, and refrigeration. Much of the hardware comes from venerable firms: our 1940s-era Wilcox-Crittenden head (a bronze masterpiece), our 1978 Westerbeke diesel (another masterpiece), and our seven Bariant winches (further masterpieces). I have in fact added a few extras over the years, like the dual-folding Concordia swim ladder in teak. Brodie found a broken example in the attic at South Wharf, and I had his carpenters make one for me. They then crafted a few more, and other boats now have them (including IRIAN). I did like our Dyer sailing dinghy, which carries the name ARAPAHO molded into its hull; this tender was built by Dyer Jones during the time that he owned our yawl. I was subsequently intrigued, however, by an original A&R bateka that I encountered in a shed at Concordia Company. I decided to construct one, and had a great time learning how to loft and sourcing the four different woods that I used (white cedar, white oak, mahogany, and hackmatack). Then came planking, and the peening of no fewer than 750 (!) rivets.

To be sure, old equipment can experience issues at times. Our engine seized (with a bang!) just as we departed Provincetown during our 2020 cruise. The three-towboat journey to ARAPAHO's Padanaram mooring, through the Cape Cod Canal on a sunny and windless August afternoon, was much like a parade, with many waves from the shore and hearty greetings from other boats. The denouement was pure Concordia poetry: the mechanics came aboard directly (transmission!), and they soon found a suitable vintage Hurth unit gathering dust in a far corner of the Concordia shop. Stuart texted: "We'll have new seals fitted tomorrow in New Bedford, and swap out the day after. Let's say \$300." Cruise thankfully resumed.

Modern conveniences do come slowly for me. Yet after seeing the article on cockpit tables in the Fall 2020 *Concordian* (featuring the handsome example from Doug Adkins, who always sports the most elegant accessories, aboard CORIOLIS and in life generally), I was convinced: ARAPAHO needed her own table for cockpit functions. The new item had to be strong, light, stowable, and friendly with our binnacle. I gathered my materials (mahogany, hardware and screws, leather and tacks), and started right in. As with the folding Concordia swim ladder, the completed table does its job in admirable fashion.

After more than two decades of living with ARAPAHO, and all the work and varied considerations that go along with the stewardship of such a boat within such an estimable community, I have discovered and then repeatedly confirmed a few simple truths. Llewellyn and Waldo Howland's ideas regarding the perfect boat for Buzzards Bay and beyond were superb—though it sometimes takes time to appreciate them fully. Lamplight is almost always preferable to electric light. Whenever we race together as a fleet, pay no attention whatever to the results. Whether at anchor or on the move, our boats are islands of calm amidst the clash of a plangent world, a place where slower clocks strike happier hours. And try your best never, ever to be upstaged by Doug Adkins!

Jeff Makhholm
Boston, Massachusetts



Concordia People in the News

The *Boston Globe* – May 15, 1933

PLOVER TAKES CLASS B CHAMPIONSHIP

Toss-Up Gives Dyer Class A Dinghy Honors

Special Dispatch to the Globe

MASONS ISLAND, Conn., May 14—Waldo Howland of New Bedford and the Boston Dinghy Club followed up his success of yesterday in the two-day regatta of the Masons Island Club by winning the Class B championship and the Plant Cup with his Plover today against two score of the best dinghy skippers in New York, Providence, Bristol, Mystic and Boston.

The result in Class A was a tie on points between William J. H. Dyer of Providence and Allan Clark of Bay-side, L I, the former winning in a toss-up.

Howland will keep the silver bowl presented by Henry B. Plant of the Masons Island Yacht Club, and Dyer, the silver platter given by Vice Commodore George E. Roosevelt of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, until next October, when a second regatta will be sailed, with permanent possession of the two trophies going to the dinghy sailor who wins it three times.

Howland sailed most of the races himself, but in the last two, Plover was piloted by Raymond Hunt of Duxbury.

The *Boston Globe* – July 17, 1933

Boston has a new brokerage firm for yacht sales. Llewellyn Howland, his son, Waldo Howland, and C. Raymond Hunt, all formerly associated with Belknap and Paine, commenced business in the city today. For the designing end of the business they retain their connection with Frank C. Paine and Francis Belknap. Arthur Shuman will still carry on the brokerage end of Belknap and Paine.

The *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*
November 12, 1933

Boston Boats Win In Essex Regatta

Special to The Eagle

Essex, Con., Nov. 11—The Boston boats made a clean sweep over the New York, Mystic, Hartford, and Providence dinghies in the preliminary races of the Essex Yacht Club's Fall Frost Bite Regatta, held on the Connecticut River today. Waldo Howland's Plover I, designed by Raymond Hunt, who skippered her in two events, won five out of six races in class B in a fleet of 18 boats, while Chandler Hovey Jr.'s Pansy took two seconds and was well up among the leaders in the other four races.

The *Boston Globe*
May 28, 1934

* * *

The Norwegian pilot cutter *Escape*, which served as flagship of the Pleon Yacht Club last season, has been given an extensive overhauling at a New Bedford yard this Spring. Her underbody and topsides have been burned off, and her owner, Waldo Howland, has given her a new cabin layout below decks and a new pole mast. It is understood that *Escape* has again been chartered for the season.

Loving Care for Portunus

Hello to all! PORTUNUS has been owner-maintained for the past ten or so years. We are most fortunate to live in a beautiful custom home with an adjoining boat shed, which we purchased from Cheryl Strohmeier in 2018. The property is a truly perfect base for a Concordia yawl, as it formerly accommodated #77 MALAY II, which Cheryl owned with her husband Dan Strohmeier. Working in our own space is wonderful, as you can see to the right. Missing in the photo is the handy bridge that crosses directly from balcony to boat; it had been removed during varnishing operations.

As all of us know only too well, the sheer amount of annual work can be daunting. One of the varnish jobs that drove us nuts every year was recoating the folding cockpit seatbacks. Although we adore their comfort, they take a beating from foot traffic and are a real pain to maintain. When it looked as if at least one of ours was going to need another major rebuild due to water ingress and age, we asked a local woodworker to recreate the originals in bare teak. We chose to go this route in order to reduce maintenance, and also to afford better traction when these pieces are wet. And we're thrilled with the results. Dave Martin of Direction Woodworks in Bremen, Maine was the craftsman. Dave and his family have circumnavigated the world under sail. He possesses a wealth of expertise and knowledge, and he brings to bear a functional and pragmatic approach that fits well with our maintenance ethos. Dave also builds beautiful acoustic guitars.

We launched in mid-June of this year, and we plan to haul on November 3. Though we have enjoyed a nice long season of mostly day sails, our cruising plans unfortunately fell by the wayside once again (sigh). Several big projects are on tap for this winter: a complete stripping of the bottom, replacement of the garboard planks, repairs to various plank ends, and attention to through-hull fittings. We do hope that we will not uncover anything alarming in the process. PORTUNUS has not yet had the dreaded "centerline rebuild," and we are just a bit apprehensive.

Pam Parker and Chris Ferreira
Damariscotta, Maine



From the Hunt Family Archive

Raymond Hunt was born into a truly fortunate environment for the cultivation of sailing skills. His paternal grandfather Cassius Hunt began as a commercial fisherman, and later became the proprietor of a thriving Boston firm that dealt in wholesale seafood from its headquarters on T Wharf. In the year 1896, Cassius purchased a handsome waterfront property on Freeman Place in the South Shore town of Duxbury, which in due course became a multi-generational family compound. One year later, Cassius built an elegant clubhouse on his land for the Duxbury Yacht Club, leasing the structure to the club.

His son Henry, born in 1874 and the father of Raymond and his two siblings, was himself a highly talented skipper, and during the early years of the twentieth century he enjoyed considerable success campaigning the 18-foot-class knockabout sloop *QUESTION*. This boat was one of seven that were ordered for the 1900 season by members of the Duxbury club. The lines were drawn by the prolific Boston-based designer B. B. Crowninshield, and the resulting gaff sloops measured 28 feet overall, with a waterline length of 18 feet and a beam of 7' 7". They were priced at \$450 apiece, including sails. In later years Crowninshield went on to design comparable knockabout sloops for several other clubs in Massachusetts and Maine, and ultimately more than 200

such boats were built. They achieved ready popularity, as they were easy to handle and notably less extreme than some of the freakish sleds and sandbaggers that had preceded them. A number have survived to this day, and several Maine fleets still maintain active racing schedules.

In this 1904 photograph, *QUESTION* is seen on an upwind course in Duxbury Bay. In the left background is the waterside DYC clubhouse, built on pilings and featuring a distinctive two-level verandah wrapping around all four sides. The moored catboat visible in the right background is representative of a previous generation of watercraft popular for amateur racing along the Massachusetts coast. *QUESTION*'s boom is every bit as long as its waterline, and the large mainsail has no fewer than four sets of reef points. There is a self-tending arrangement for the blade jib, complete with a partial club carried at the foot of the sail. The crewman at right seems to be turning his attention to one of the running backstays, which had to be tended diligently. In the year 1903 alone, Henry Hunt and *QUESTION* won the Duxbury Yacht Club Association Series, the Boston Yacht Club Open Race, and the Eastern Yacht Club Six-Race Series. He must certainly have passed along a goodly portion of his nautical wisdom to his son Raymond, who was born several years after this photo was taken.



Maine Racing in 2022

Five Concordias raced in the Camden Classics Cup in late July, the weekend prior to the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta. SNOW FALCON took the Concordia class trophy, followed by EAGLE, WESTRAY, PHALAROPE, and SPICE. Let us hope that OTTER, DAME, and KATRINA will return next year to this relatively new regatta, and that they will perhaps be joined by others new to the event. If the Concordia fleet can muster a few more boats, the class could have its own start.

The Castine to Camden feeder race on Thursday, August 4 was for the most part a long slog to windward, though at least there was solid breeze from the southwest. PHALAROPE quite fittingly took the Phalarope Trophy as the first Concordia to finish, followed by WESTRAY, DAME, and EAGLE, on both elapsed and corrected time.

Due to a lack of wind in the forecast, the start of the next day's ERR feeder race from Camden to Brooklin was postponed, and the starting line was moved well east to an area north of Sheep Island and Dagger Ledge, off the northeast corner of North Haven Island. By the time a light southerly made up and allowed for a start, tidal current had begun to flood into Penobscot Bay. The boats starting at the upstream end of the line had better luck in gaining ground, but many others were swept north for some while. As long as the race lasted, we appeared to be in the lead among Concordias. But the contest was abandoned after less than two hours.

There were well over 100 entries this year for the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta. The day dawned clear and bright, but the wind was light and shifty for the first upwind leg—and as Steve White noted at the awards presentation that evening, much of the course had as many holes as a Swiss cheese. Leads and places were exchanged many times on the way down to Egg Rock, depending on who was in a hole or on the wrong side of a shift at any given time. The subsequent leg to Halibut Rock involved making trade-offs between sailing in better air or against less current. Because so many boats had fallen victim to holes and adverse current, the course was shortened to finish at Halibut Rock.

By the time the leaders began crossing the finish line, a stiff southerly breeze was ushering in thick fog, and spinnakers were set as the fleet sailed back to the WoodenBoat cove in limited visibility. The final corrected results reflect an adjustment of time allowances given the shorter course. The eight Concordias that finished placed in the same order on both elapsed and corrected times, as follows: ALLURE, EAGLE, PHALAROPE, IRIAN, DAME, MATINICUS, WESTRAY, and SPICE. ALLURE was fortunate to place second overall in her class. Shadowing the fleet and observing for much of the race were OWL and MISTY.

Ben Niles (ALLURE)
South Freeport, Maine



Concordia 39 ALLURE, with WESTRAY in the far background. All three photos by John Williams, used by kind permission.



ABOVE: Concordia 39 MATINICUS. Alongside is the schooner KOUKLA, designed by George Stadel and built in 1983 by President Marine (Taiwan).

BELOW: Concordia 39 SNOWY OWL. Alongside is the New York 32 FALCON, and in the background is the Sparkman and Stephens ketch MERMAID.



Concordia Tips, Tricks, and Techniques

When we first purchased OWL, the boat came with a handsome wooden ensign staff, which fit into a bronze socket at the stern. Yet the flagstaff and the mizzen sheet experienced great difficulties in getting along, and I was unable to mediate their ongoing disputes. One fine day the sheet, having had quite enough of the situation, snagged the flagstaff during a jibe and launched it right into the waters of the bay. Although I was able to retrieve the gear, another approach was clearly in order.

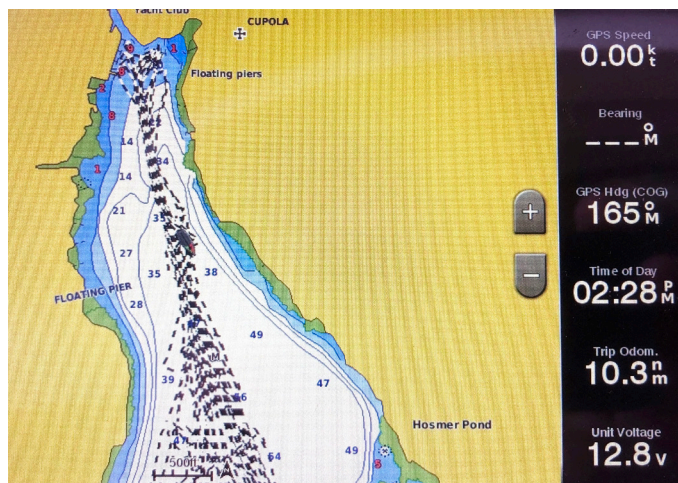


The solution to this dilemma was kindly provided via a clever system devised by Lisa Zimmerman of #28 SAFARI. At its upper grommet, the ensign is attached to the after mizzen boom bail with a #3 bronze snap hook. A length of ¼" shock cord, equipped with #1 snap hooks on both ends, is attached to the lower grommet. The cord passes through a small carabiner clipped into the sheet block fitting at the taffrail, and is then run outside the mizzen shrouds and forward to a convenient attachment point. Once proper tension is established, the flag flies smartly and does not interfere with other rigging. In our case the shock cord is 16 feet in length. While a setup using less cord might be possible, the generous length makes it easy to adjust the line's tension as needed: more tension when close hauled, less when off the wind. Loops in the ends of shock cord are best created either with conventional seizings or with stainless hog rings.

Once in a very great while along the Maine coast, the point of the anchor can snag on a lobster trap line, with the result that it is nearly impossible to raise anchor and chain by hand. A windlass would be most welcome at such moments, but many of us lack that item of gear. Or do we? It turns out that a cockpit primary winch can serve as a highly effective anchor windlass. The rode is simply led directly to the winch, with a single snatch block placed amidships to keep the line clear of the cabin house. Our Barient 28+ winches are more than sufficient to the task of raising a snagged anchor, with only modest effort required. Once the chain reaches the snatch block and the anchor is above water, the offending line can be freed with a boathook. Our nylon rode is an eight-strand product called Brait, manufactured by Yale Cordage. It is said to be superior to three-strand rode in terms of elasticity and energy absorption, and it carries the additional advantage of stowing compactly and without hockling.



At the widest part of the boat, OWL carries a single bronze cleat on both port and starboard rails. These are custom pieces, created by brazing a Wilcox-Crittenden cleat body to a cut-down genoa block car. Visitors often remark on these items, and they are indeed quite handy for tying off the tender. Yet they prove even more useful when coming alongside a float. A single 15-foot line is tied in to the appropriate cleat, and this is the very first line to be secured to the dock. Once this central line has been made fast, the boat's bow and stern are precluded from swinging out, and additional lines can then be taken up and tied off with ease. This procedure is a boon to the singlehander in particular.



Our Garmin GPS allows the user to customize the information that appears to the right of the map display. If such is also the case with your unit, I highly recommend that one square be devoted to the display of system voltage (seen here at lower right). This places a crucial indication squarely in view at all times, which can be an invaluable aid. For example, an immediate warning of trouble was supplied aboard OWL in early August, when charging voltage did not appear after engine start. Cleaning the connections at the regulator's harness plug solved that problem. But without the prompt from the GPS, I might well not have noticed the fault for some time. While our engine panel does include a voltage gauge, it offers approximate indications only, and it is not readily viewable in its out-of-the-way location.

On the lovely morning of July 4, we set out from our Penobscot Bay anchorage, planning to power for the first 30 minutes until the breeze filled in. Odd metallic tapping sounds were soon heard, however, and the engine was immediately shut down. Inspection revealed that the alternator's tensioning bracket had fractured. The alternator was still attached, but it was well out of alignment, which had imposed serious stress on its bearings (thus the peculiar noises). It was impossible to re-tension the serpentine belt with the alternator's yoke bolts alone—and no functioning belt means no fresh water cooling pump. Though I did not have a spare bracket on hand, I was able to establish belt tension by tapping an oak wedge into position. But we did not trust that precarious setup for extended powering, and we covered the 22 miles back to Rockport under sail, picking up the mooring in a fresh breeze without engine assist—an occasion when our frequent practice of that maneuver really paid off. The repair was quickly accomplished the next morning, and two lessons were learned: 1) Visible corrosion on the bracket's surface was a clear warning signal that I should have observed and heeded. Regular visual inspection of the engine is a wise policy; 2) A new tensioning bracket, obtained at modest expense, is now in the kit of spares that we carry aboard. Following their most unhappy experience, the alternator's bearings needed to be replaced. A new unit was installed in its stead, and the rebuilt item is now also a spare, which could easily be swapped in if necessary. Previous dramas have taught us that alternators are all too delicate, and having a backup on hand and ready for duty is a comfort.



The Concordian is published for the benefit of the owners and friends of Concordia designs. It appears every May and November at a subscription cost of \$30.00 per year, due upon receipt of the May issue. Copyright © Jay Panetta, 2022. 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 39 EAGLE (#92), owned by Dan and Robin Smith, on an upwind leg during the 2018 Eggemoggin Reach Regatta. Photo by John Williams, used by kind permission.