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*20th Anniversary*

CONCORDIA  
YAWLS

1938 — 1958





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## Forward

On this 20th Anniversary of the Concordia Yawl Class we find some 65 boats in existence with additional ones in the offing. From available information no used boats are for sale. There are no plans afoot to materially alter the rig or arrangement on the standard 39' 10" yawls. Some experimenting is continuing with the Concordia 41's, although the trend is toward a masthead sloop rig with short bowsprit.

Concordias are slowly reaching out from New England waters; five to California, five on the Chesapeake, two to the Great Lakes.

Class D in the 1958 Bermuda Race was 30% Concordias, and of the first dozen boats in the fleet on corrected time some 40% were Concordias.

Beverly Yacht Club for the third time is putting on a family party for members of our class. This year Rip Converse is our special host. The date is July 12th.

Abeking and Rasmussen are still anxious to build more Concordias for us. Their manager Mr. Lehnert will pay us a visit this fall.

Finally and most important of all, the list of Concordia owners is "uncommon good."

The "Java" mooring off the Concordia dock is in commission for the use of visiting Concordias.



# Concordia Yawl Roll Call

1 Kiowa—ex-Java	1938 Willoughby Stuart	Marblehead, Mass.	Casey
2 Malay	1939 Daniel Strohmeier	Padanaram, Mass.	Lawley
3 Halcyon	1946 George A. Parson	Brookline, Me.	Casey
4 Windseye—ex-Actaea	1950 Thomas Hale	Marblehead, Mass.	Casey
5 Suva	1950 Robert Foley	Annapolis, Md.	A & R 1
6 Tabakea	1951 William Taussig	Cotuit, Mass.	A & R 2
7 Rayanna—ex-Dusky III	1951 Dr. Raymond Curtis	Gibson Island, Md.	A & R 3
8 Moorea	1951 George Cheston	Wynnewood, Pa.	A & R 4
9 Whisper	1951 Frederic Pratt	Oyster Bay, N. Y.	A & R 5
10 Rusta IV	1952 Standish Bourne	Padanaram, Mass.	A & R 6
11 Winnie of Bourne	1952 John Parkinson, Jr.	Bourne, Mass.	A & R 7
12 Orso del Mare—ex-Kahala	1952 J. Hugh McDowell	So. Norwalk, Conn.	A & R 8
13 Parthenia	1952 Parker Converse	Marion, Mass.	A & R 9
14 Saxon	1953 Dr. H. Graham Pope	Swampscott, Mass.	A & R 10
15 Abri—ex-Skylark	1953 David Heilner	Dover, Mass.	A & R 11
16 Sumatra—ex-Gamecock	1953 H. A. Taylor, Jr.	Norwalk, Conn.	A & R 12
*17 Green Witch—ex-Actaea	1953 Russell Hay	Rochester, N. Y.	A & R 13
*18 Armata	1954 Moreau Brown	Edgartown, Mass.	A & R 14
*19 Sly Mongoose III	1954 Drayton Cochran	Southport, Conn.	A & R 15
20 Swan III	1954 William Wood	Marblehead, Mass.	A & R 16
21 Amanda III—ex-Crisette	1954 Horace Henriques	Greenwich, Conn.	A & R 17
22 Hero—ex-Lady Eve II	1954 Ross Sibley	Essex, Conn.	A & R 18
23 Scotch Mist	1954 James O. Rankin	Southport, Conn.	A & R 19
24 Niam	1955 John T. Ryan, Jr.	Chatham, Mass.	A & R 20
25 Wild Swan	1955 Bertram Lippincott	Jamestown, R. I.	A & R 21
26 Condor	1955 Oliver Robbins	Philadelphia, Pa.	A & R 22
*27 Gamecock	1955 J. West and A. Weekes	Oyster Bay, N. Y.	A & R 23
28 Safari	1955 Alexander Bright	Cataumet, Mass.	A & R 24
*29 Liat	1955 Robert Forrester, Jr.	Rumson, N. J.	A & R 25
*30 Harrier	1955 J. Bontecou—W. Harris		A & R 26
31 Half Mine II	1955 C. Riley and G. Cline	Padanaram, Mass.	A & R 27
32 Priscilla	1955 John G. Hopkins	Padanaram, Mass.	A & R 28
33 Sunda—ex-Phoebe S.	1955 E. Kratovil—W. Jenkins	Greenwich, Conn.	A & R 29
34 Harmony II	1955 Paul Hanrahan	Marblehead, Mass.	A & R 30
35 Memory—ex-Scone	1955 J. Bullard—C. Glover	Padanaram, Mass.	A & R 31
*36 Magic	1956 George Nichols, Jr.	Marblehead, Mass.	A & R 32
*37 Windsong	1956 Eugene B. Sydnor, Jr.	Richmond, Va.	A & R 33
*38 Dusky IV	1956 Hobart Hendrick	Saybrook, Conn.	A & R 34
39 Land's End	1956 William T. Okie	Darien, Conn.	A & R 35
40 Skye	1956 Eldon Macleod	W. Falmouth, Mass.	A & R 36
41 Auda	1956 A. W. Herrington	Gibson Island, Md.	A & R 37
42 Arundel	1956 L. J. Regan	Newport Beach, Cal.	A & R 38
43 Raka	1956 Reginald Saunders	Morgan Bay, Me.	A & R 39
44 Shadow	1956 Sydney Roberts	Pt. Judith, R. I.	A & R 40
45 Systole	1956 Dr. Edward Kline	Cleveland, Ohio	A & R 41
46 Josephine	1956 Robert Collins	Newport Beach, Cal.	A & R 42
47 Whitecap	1957 C. McKim Norton	Pulpit Harbor, Me.	A & R 43
48 Ballerina	1957 Donald B. Kipp	Edgartown, Mass.	A & R 44
49 Moonfleet	1957 Robert L. Bortner	Huntington, N. Y.	A & R 45
50 Electa	1957 H. Pelham Curtis	New Canaan, Conn.	A & R 46
51 Gale	1957 Dr. J. Alton Edwards	Newport Beach, Cal.	A & R 47
*52 Banda	1957 E. W. Stetson, Jr.	Southport, Conn.	A & R 48
*53 Prettimorie	1957 Hugh Bullock	Edgartown, Mass.	A & R 49
*54 Melinda	1957 William Mead	California	A & R 50
55 Kiva	1957 Richard Bewley	Southport, Conn.	A & R 51
56 Nereid	1957 G. G. Tucker	Gibson Island, Md.	A & R 52
57 Javelin	1958 W. Mason Smith, Jr.	Mattapoisett, Mass.	A & R 53
58 Off Call	1958 Dr. Clarke Staples	Marblehead, Mass.	A & R 54
59 Mary G.	1958 Robert A. Green	Watch Hill, R. I.	A & R 55
*60 Windquest	1958 A. Justin Wasley	Saybrook, Conn.	A & R 56
61 Tam O'Shanter	1958 Frank Soule	Portland, Me.	A & R 57
62 Thistledown	1958 Mrs. Frederic E. Camp	E. Bluehill, Me.	A & R 58
*63 Baroda	1958 W. Stuart Caldara	Greenwich, Conn.	A & R 59
64 Live Yankee	1958 Robert M. Gillespie	Darien, Conn.	A & R 60
65 Le Reve	1958 Clement McKaig	Sausalito, Calif.	A & R 61

\*41's — Modified version of standard model



# Ship Of Concord

By AL BRADLEY

FOLLOWING the disastrous hurricane which swept New England in 1938, three men sat down to design and build a new boat. Two were father and son with a long tradition of New Bedford whaling in their family, while the other was later to become one of the outstanding designers of boats in the country. Llewellyn Howland had just lost his boat of the moment to the howling storm, and with a long lifetime of sailing and cruising behind him he felt the time was ripe to build the craft of his dreams. Enlisting the aid of his son Waldo and his partner C. Raymond Hunt, he pooled his reservoir of knowledge with the abilities of his son and Ray Hunt to create the first of a long line of Concordia yawls.

*Java*, named for a fantastically lucky ship once owned by Llewellyn's great-grandfather, George Howland, was launched ten months later from the old Casey yard on Union Wharf in New Bedford. In the next few years three more boats were built from the same design, two at the Casey yard and one at the Lawley yard near Boston. The first of these to follow *Java* off the ways was later to become famous as the Malay, winner of the Bermuda Trophy in 1954.

With the birth of the class a name was needed, and the craft became known as Concordia yawls after the name of the firm in which Waldo Howland and Ray Hunt were partners. The name Concordia goes far back into the whaling history of the Howland family. Llewellyn's grandfather, Matthew, and Matthew's brother, George, Jr., had proven themselves admirable Quaker businessmen by making the shipping business, started by their father, prosper admirably.

For years the two brothers worked in harmony together, building a fortune on the booming whaling industry which made New Bedford at that time the richest city per capita in the world. In the late 1860's the Howland brothers added another whaler to their growing fleet. The fine new ship almost brought an end to the long harmony between Matthew and George when they stubbornly refused to agree on a name.

Bitter words were spoken before Llewellyn's grandmother, Rachael, finally spoke up to end the dispute between her husband and his brother. Pointing out their long harmonious association together, she said they should call the new craft the Concord, in recognition of the concord which had always existed between them. The wrangling brothers immediately agreed, adding the final *ia* as a feminine touch to their new ship, Concordia. Later the Concordia was lost in the Arctic when a goodly portion of the New Bedford whaling fleet met disaster in the ice in 1871.

The Concordia Boat Company today stands on the shore of Padanaram Harbor, next door to the New



Java

Bedford Yacht Club, and it is here that Waldo Howland rigs the Concordias when they arrive from their German builder, Abeking and Rasmussen. The fleet has now grown to 65 although Waldo points out that actually two classes have now developed from the original 40-foot yawl. Of the sixty-five already in commission, fourteen are of a slightly modified type and a foot longer, some of them sloop rigged. Waldo calls them the Concordia 41's. The West Coast got its first Concordia two years ago and it has already been joined by four others.

Since 1950 all the Concordias have been built in Germany, and Waldo says that Abeking and Rasmussen turn out a first-class boat. Delivered to U. S. ports, the craft are brought to the Concordia Company where they are rigged and equipped before delivery to the new owners.

One of the 41's, of course, was Ray Hunt's *Harrier* which made a shambles of British yachting at famed Cowes Week in the summer of 1955, entering six races and winning them all. *Harrier* is one of the few 41's which is sloop rigged. Hunt, who recently sold *Harrier*, terminated his interest in the Concordia Company during the war and set out on his own.

When Henry Sears won the New London to Annapolis Race in 1955 in his Concordia 41 *Actaea*, sloop-rigged like *Harrier*, the then commodore of the New York Yacht Club gave new luster to the class.



*Malay*, which in 1954 became the smallest boat ever to win the Bermuda Race (until *Finisterre* turned the trick twice in a row) became a victim of Hurricane Carol late that same summer when she was swept over the bridge in Padanaram Harbor, coming to rest on the other side, battered and smashed. Owner Dan Strohmeier had no intention of giving up his boat, however, and *Malay* was extensively rebuilt during the winter, returning to competition in time to add another victory in the 1955 race to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

It might be thought that the string of spectacular victories chalked up by the Concordias, almost unheard of before in a stock boat, would have Waldo Howland jumping up and down with glee, but that just isn't the case. While he is happy that the boats have produced such fine records, you get the feeling in talking with him that his pleasure comes largely from the fact that the men who have bought his boats have found joy in winning blue ribbon racing events with them.

Both Llewellyn and Waldo Howland have for years been pointing out the cruising uses to which Concordia owners have put their craft. To Llewellyn Howland, who died in January of 1957, boating was always a way of life, and the feeling was undoubtedly imparted to his son, Waldo. The long traditions of the sea, begun by Llewellyn's great grandfather, George Howland, when he launched his first ship, the *George and Susan*, 148 years ago in Padanaram Harbor, reached their climax in the heyday of New Bedford whaling and the culmination in Llewellyn Howland who spent a lifetime in the enjoyment and understanding of sailing.

Herein lies the whole story of the Concordia yawls, and in order to know the boat one must know the Howlands. Concordia owners have become almost a fraternity, loving their craft with much the same intensity the "Skipper" had for his *Java*.

Two years ago at the Beverly Yacht Club Regatta in Marion, Massachusetts, fifteen Concordias were on hand, and although all didn't race, those that did won

most of the silverware. Even more important to the fifteen skippers there, however, was the fact that they could get together. As a high point in the regatta Llewellyn Howland was presented a half-model of *Java* and a Plaque which reads: "To 'The Skipper', Llewellyn Howland, who planned and built *Java* and so started the Concordia yawls." The model and the plaque were the work of Edward Cabot of Westerly, Rhode Island, whose *Suva* was the fifth Concordia built and the first one built in Germany.

Llewellyn Howland never took an unusual interest in the racing part of sailing, and the fact that the Concordias have done so well in competition was only an incidental pleasure to him and to Waldo. "The Skipper" established himself as an authority on the art of cruising with articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* and his book, "Sou' West and By West of Cape Cod," which reveal the tremendous knowledge he had acquired over the years as well as his inherent love for the water and sailing.

His book, in fact, is a classic on the mundane pleasures derived from the sea and the shore, in particular that area bounded on the east by Cape Cod and on the west by Point Judith. He wrote of it as Harold Grayson and Louis Bromfield wrote of the pleasures of country living. It would be safe to say that few Concordias go cruising without a copy of "Sou' West and By West of Cape Cod" tucked away in a corner of the cabin. No devotee of the "gunk-hole" school of cruising, "The Skipper" wanted a boat which would sail and cruise anywhere. He achieved it in the Concordias, and these fast, sturdy craft, steeped in a lustrous whaling past by name and tradition, will long serve as a memorial to "The Skipper," whose ancestors once helped make New Bedford the best-known port in the world. The strong feeling those old whaling captains had for the sea was passed on to Llewellyn Howland, and certainly the Concordias represent a labor of love and sea lore as no other stock boats today can claim.

*Reprinted from The Skipper, April, 1957, and revised for this booklet.*



The Skipper



Whaleship Concordia



Waldo



## The Builders

Abeking and Rasmussen are a very old and well respected yacht yard. For more than 50 years Mr. Rasmussen has been the leading spirit. The yard employs some 600 men, a large portion of them working on steel vessels up to 200 feet and more in size. Perhaps 150 are building the wooden yachts.

The yard is situated on the Weser River about 15 miles below Bremen. The name of the town is Lemwerder. I met Mr. Rasmussen and his cousin Mr. Poulsen in 1931 at the time they were building the ketch *Landfall* for Capt. Paul Hammond. It was, however, Drayton Cochran and John West who really organized the construction of Concordias at A. & R. in 1952. I myself visited several yards in the United States, England, Holland and Germany, but only at A. & R. did I find a real supply of seasoned wood for an extensive building program.

First Mr. Poulsen and later Mr. Horst Lehnert and the whole A. & R. staff have given me wonderful cooperation. In the past eight years they have built 60 Concordias, and they tell us they will happily build more. This is vital news for the Class.

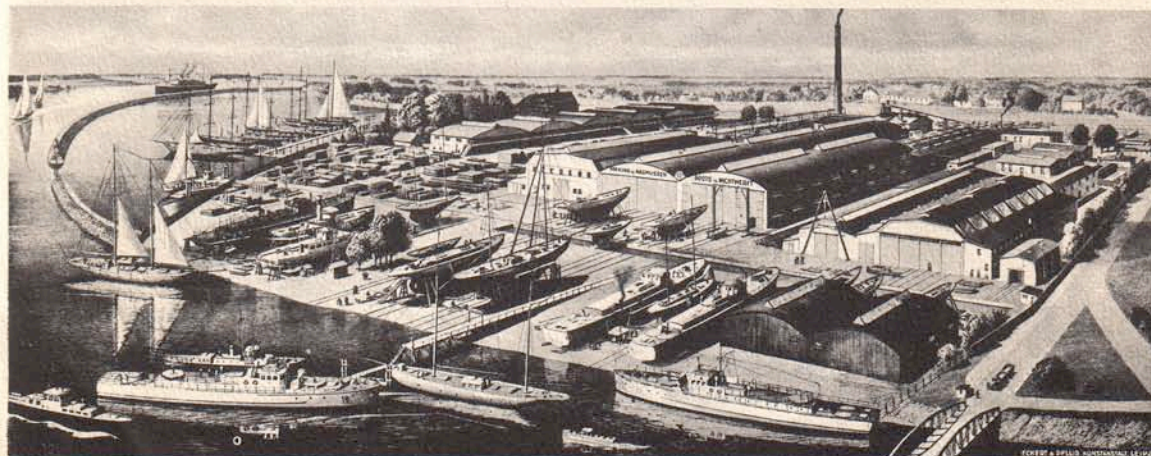
Waldo Howland.



Henry Rasmussen



Loading a Concordia



ABEKING & RASMUSSEN + YACHT- UND BOOTSWERFT + LEMWERDER-BREMEN



## Concordia Conquests

*Malay* — *Harrier* — *Actaea* — these are names to conjure with in deep-water racing. Among them they've won the big ones — Bermuda, Annapolis, Halifax, Cowes Week. In fact, no Concordia that has been raced seriously has failed to bring luster to the name. But that's just part of the story, for who can forget with what glee Chapin Riley and Guernsey Cline sailed their *Half Mine* to a pair of victories over *Malay* in last summer's New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta or John West's victory a couple of years ago as he brought *Game Cock* home in front at the Beverly YC Regatta.

Dan Strohmeier tells his own story of *Malay's* great victory in the 1954 Bermuda classic elsewhere in these pages, but he came back in 1955 to take the rugged Manchester, Mass., to Halifax Race after *Malay* had been all but wrecked by Hurricane Carol in Padanaram Harbor. In 1956 he topped his class in the Story Trysail Race and won the NBYC's Whalers Race. Last year he placed second in the Halifax grind.

Concordias seem to have a stranglehold on the Annapolis Race, *Actaea* taking it in '55 and *Harrier* winning last year when the finish was at Newport for the first time.

Commodore Henry Sears of the New York YC piloted *Actaea* to her Annapolis win in very light airs which produced slow going for the entire fleet. Some fog, rain, a few squalls and calms gave the crews a good workout. Head winds hit the fleet the first day out, and those boats that elected to stay to the westward or near the rhumb line fared better than those that went eastward looking for a breeze that didn't materialize.

The slow pace set in the '55 event resulted in reversing the race course last year, with the start at Annapolis and the finish at Newport. In this one *Harrier* evened the score with Carleton Mitchell's *Finisterre* which had beaten her out the year before in the Bermuda Race.

On the 336-mile downwind run from Chesapeake Lightship to Newport, *Harrier* carried only mainsail plus masthead spinnaker and logged 7.0 knots. *Cotton Blossom IV*, a 72-foot yawl, did 7.1 knots in virtually identical weather, and she carried three times as much canvas as *Harrier*.

In last year's New York Yacht Club Cruise, *Harrier* took four straight races with Ray Hunt at the helm, a spectacular record approaching the one set by the famous duo in '55 when they combined to sweep Cowes Race Week from the British in six straight races. This record set *Harrier* up as the favorite in the Fastnet Race, but here's an account of that race from *The British Monthly*:

"Although conditions were never frantic, some boats found trouble with sails and gear. Perhaps the saddest story is that of *Harrier*. She is the cutter



**Harrier**

designed and sailed by Raymond Hunt which had very considerable success during Cowes Week, sailing six races and winning six times. Before she raced in the Fastnet in Class III she had been remeasured and her rating reduced from 25.52 to 24.78.

"A boat with a startling performance, she did very well in the early stages of the Fastnet. Twenty-hours after the start she had saved her time on Carina, the eventual winner, and, within reasonable reach of the Rock itself, she was sighted by St. Barbara, which means that she was pretty well up. Then the bronze turnbuckle on a port lower shroud carried away. *Harrier* did not lose her mast, but, since the opposite number turnbuckle on the starboard side proved to have a crack in it, she gave up the race and went in to Ireland for replacement turnbuckles before sailing to Plymouth."

And that's the story of how *Harrier* almost added the Fastnet to the list of Concordia conquests and also brings to mind the failure of a piece of equipment that kept Ray's 5.5 meter Quixotic from representing the United States in the Olympics a couple of years ago.

Racing experiences of other Concordias may be found in these pages, and Bill Wood's *Swan III* should be remembered for the impressive string of three victories she racked up in the 1954 Eastern Yacht Club Cruise Down East and her capture of the Boston Yacht Club's Albert Trowbridge Gould Cup in 1956.



# The Winner's Story of The 1954 Bermuda Race

By DANIEL D. STROHMEIER

UNTIL January 1954, *Malay*, my 39-foot Concordia Class yawl, was quite content to be a kennel dog, so to speak, taking our family on pleasant cruises and on a few short races in which she did not exert herself too strenuously. In January, however, something happened. She suddenly became a bird dog and instead of my owning her, she owned me. It all happened when I slyly asked the superintendent of Jakobson's Shipyard, whence she had gone to spend the winter, what my friend Jack Parkinson was doing to his boat, a sister and boat shed companion of *Malay*. Why, just a few items in preparation for the 1954 Bermuda Race! That did it. If *Winnie of Bourne* would go to Bermuda, so would *Malay*. Or was it because she was a namesake of my father-in-law's schooner in which he won the race in 1930?

From that point on, the race from Newport, R. I., to Bermuda, 635 nautical miles of open water, became something of an obsession.

The paradox of ocean racing is that nothing can be left to chance, yet chance rules the final results. All spring our preparations went forward.

With the start set for Saturday, 19 June 1954, we sailed *Malay* from Larchmont, N. Y., to Newport the week end before. Already a goodly number of contestants had arrived and during the week there gathered in Brenton's Cove 77 ocean racing yachts — the largest fleet in the history of the race. It has been said that yachtsmen the world over would rather win this one than any other and a lot of them were there to take a crack at it. In those 77 boats, ranging from such Bermuda veterans as the 73-foot *Bolero*, flagship of the New York Yacht Club, down to neophytes our size, were some 700 souls. There were seven Argentine crews, one Cuban, one Swedish, one from our own West Coast and one from Bermuda. There would have been a British crew too if they had not been dismasted in mid-Atlantic on the way over.

As D-day drew near one experienced that wonderful feeling of confident nervousness that comes to small children on Christmas Eve. At least the six of us on *Malay* felt it. Everything was in readiness — or was it? Would our reefing gear work as smoothly in the Gulf Stream as it did during our many sail drills? Would the chronometer continue to gain just 1.8 seconds a day as it had since last March? There were plenty of last minute things to do. Bud Ferris, my brother-in-law who signed on as cook, busied himself with foraging for food and stowing it so that he

could put his hand on a can of beef stew in the dark. Russ Knowles (father of Russ, Jr., Amherst, '57) and Orlin Donaldson, our two watch officers and jacks of all trades, spent much time checking and rechecking rigging and equipment. Ross Sherbrooke, just graduated from Milton Academy, came aboard as a last minute replacement for Ed Ferris, beached by shore-side entanglements, and immediately proved his worth by injecting youth into an otherwise "old man" crew and an uncommon amount of experience as a top notch small boat racing skipper. Commander Pete Shumway, USN, staff member of the War College and Newport resident, had a wife, a house, and a car all dedicated to facilitating our Newport preparations. Aside from interfering with the work of my crew I recall most vividly scrubbing the bottom in 59° water and an hour's uncontrolled chattering of teeth that followed.

On the eve of the race a skippers' meeting was held by the Cruising Club of America, under whose auspices the race is sailed. There we were given a five-day weather forecast by the Navy and a prediction by Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute of a surprising helpful zig-zag in the Gulf Stream.

That night on board we took another look at our strategy and made a decision born of meteorological ignorance that probably won the race for us. Those who sail the race are familiar with the great clockwise circulation of air around the Azores high which produces the easterly trade winds in the latitudes of the West Indies and the prevailing southwesterlies of our latitudes. The Newport-Bermuda rhumb line, roughly SSE magnetic, cuts through the western part of this air circulation so that the wind at Newport is likely to be SW while that at Bermuda is more southerly. Thus the race is usually a thrash to windward, mostly on the starboard tack, with the wind drawing ahead as the island is approached. Because of this and the easterly set of the Gulf Stream it is therefore sensible to gain a cushion to windward (westward) of the rhumb line early in the race. This is winter rocking chair strategy. It all goes into a cocked hat if during the race an atmospheric whirlpool comes drifting along in that moving ocean of air. We studied the evening's weather data, made no sense out of it, and decided to ignore it.

The Gulf Stream prediction, however, had a genuine ring to it. Conditions permitting we would enter it at 38° 20' N, 70° 00' W where the 2-to-4 knot current would swing to the SE, only slightly west of our original plan. Our strategy was shaping up.

The 19th of June dawned bright, clear, warm — and flat. For the spectator fleet of several hundred boats, all under power, one could not imagine a more perfect day. For 77 racing yachts jockeying slowly for the start off Brenton's Reef our three-week supply seemed to have lost its margin. We started in four



groups, the big class A boats at 1300 and we in class D at 1345. Wind was light and on the nose. Where was our expected sou-wester? One thing was sure. It would not stay SSE for long. We gambled on a westerly and immediately after the start, stood over on the port tack to meet it. So did many other boats, but some of the larger ones well endowed with Bermuda experience kept on to the eastward on starboard tack. Had the Lord gotten through to them via the Navy weather forecasts with a message that never reached us? We thought they were wrong, but were they? All during that sluggish afternoon we watched our port tack companions one by one go over to starboard tack and disappear to the eastward. If they were right, we were wrong. Still, there was nothing to suggest a shift of wind to the east so we held on and buoyed our spirits by cheering every time one of our friends peeled off to eastward.

We set our watches and settled down for the long grind — two watches of two each with the two of us not standing regular watches but available to both. The cook would be busy with his pots and pans and I with the navigation.

Shortly before midnight came the break we were looking for, with a sudden westerly shift of wind. We tacked at once, set the mizzen staysail, and began to fly, still climbing to the westward away from the rhumb line. The night was warm, the sea was smooth and porpoises played under the bow by moonlight as we indicated over 7 knots in a freshening breeze. Did we dare believe we were making an end run around most of the fleet still in soft air to the eastward?

Through the night, all day Sunday, and well into Sunday night, we had one of those glorious sails that seemed more like a dream than a race. With a moderate breeze just forward of the beam, sheets slightly sprung on the starboard tack and 45 miles west of the rhumb line, our speed never fell below 6 knots. That day we saw only one other boat and that one too far to the eastward for identification. Once during the day a Coast Guard seaplane circled us and no doubt reported our position. We followed its gyrations as far as we could through the glasses hoping to learn something of our competitors' whereabouts. Later on the *USS Harveson*, a destroyer escort assigned to patrol the course, approached us from the eastward, looked us over and disappeared over the horizon to the south east. We were pleased to think that herradar apparently failed to spot any one west of us.

Shortly after midnight — 200 miles from Newport — as we were zeroing in on the magic point of 38° 20' N, 70° 00' W, the chilly night suddenly became balmy. Gulf Stream!

By dawn Monday the water temperature had risen from 64° to 79° and its color changed to a post-card blue. But where were the wild tumbling seas and strong breezes that are a hallmark of the Stream?

Instead, we lacked only an albatross to complete our painted picture. That day we counted sixteen other becalmed sails on the horizon. We cursed our luck and went swimming. What a way to race! All morning we shot the sun with great frequency. We could not believe it at first but, as we plotted line after line of position there could be no doubt that Woods Hole's prediction was right — the first time this sort of thing has even been attempted. The Gulf Stream was actually carrying us to SE at 3 to 4 knots! It was fun to be part of this milestone in oceanographic history.

Toward sundown a southerly breeze sprang up and with it came one of those dilemmas that lend spice to ocean racing. Neither tack would fetch Bermuda. The starboard tack lay closed, but would take us to the eastward. The Stream had already carried us nearly to the rhumb. Weather reports on the radio favored going to the east and off went all but one of our visible competitors. Our disbelief in the radio, however, was due no doubt to mental hysteresis and our preconceived notions about the west. So for better or worse we left the southern edge of the Stream on the port tack. For the second time in two days we would gamble on a westerly shift.

Monday night wind continued to rise but there was no shift. We held on until about 0400 Tuesday morning when we decided we had served the interest of westerly position long enough and had better get down to the business of reducing the distance to Ber-



Malay  
Start of 1958 Bermuda Race





Dan's Victory Smile

muda. So we tacked but could not fetch the island. By 0800 it was breezing up and the lee rail was well buried with white water occasionally above the tops of the leeward cabin ports. We seemed to be overburdened and so reefed the main, holding to our genoa. However, speed fell off  $\frac{1}{4}$  knot so the reef was shaken and all day we carried full sail in fairly heavy going. We could not help thinking that this was *Malay* weather, for we knew others would be shortened down in this kind of breeze.

All day Tuesday, Tuesday night and Wednesday morning we stayed on the starboard tack. Tuesday morning we reefed again but kept the genoa on. This time our speed picked up. It was definitely blowing harder than the day before. By Wednesday afternoon when we had sagged 15 miles east of the rhumb line we picked up Bermuda on the radio and received the first and only wind forecast that made sense to us. We could expect a shift to the west. But when? If it came right away we could stay on starboard tack and eventually fetch the island. A hitch on the port tack might be wasted but we would get the westerly sooner. So we tacked and got a westerly shift within two hours. Again we went back to starboard tack, just fetching the island with 150 miles to go. Radio Bermuda was right as to weather but brought the distressing announcement that "in fairness to yachts still at sea, results of the Race are being withheld." So it was all over. One of the big ones in class A must have carried a gale of wind around our flat spot in the Stream.

Wednesday night at midnight we shook our reef. Our considerable pick-up in speed told us we should

have done it earlier. Thus we entered our last day, Thursday, under full sail.

All during the race thus far clear skies and a third quarter moon fulfilled a navigator's dream. We averaged about 15 sights a day. Sailing to windward most of the time, compass courses were taboo. No wind is that steady even 400 miles off shore. The helmsman's one instrument was the speedometer and the ordered course was so many knots. The navigator would have to follow the boat and not vice versa. However, by noon on Thursday when we were 50 miles from Bermuda our celestial guide posts disappeared in a dense overcast, just when we needed them most.

The thrill of an approaching landfall was dampened by three ominous visits that day by Navy patrol craft. Twice, a PBM out of Bermuda buzzed us and went back home and once the *Harveson* came from the direction of Bermuda, looked us over and went back. We thought it right decent of the Navy to worry about stragglers while champagne corks were popping in Hamilton.

We made our landfall late in the afternoon and, mirable dictu, it was where it was supposed to be. As we approached the finish line of St. David's light house, a friendly power cruiser hailed us with the electrifying news that we had the whole fleet so far. It couldn't be. What about the Bermuda radio and the patrol craft behaviour? We were sure they were pulling our leg at first, but they were sincere and cheered us over the finish line just as the sun went down. The whole fleet so far! As we gave time to only 5 boats, that meant we had beaten 71 for sure.

We poked into St. George's that night, celebrated finding the island, and turned in not knowing whether we had saved our time on the few boats that could beat us.

Next day we sailed to Hamilton. It was really blowing and we beat our way up through the coral under storm trysail. We were so preoccupied with the job at hand, no one thought of turning on the radio. As we entered Hamilton harbor through Two Rock Passage we asked a local boat close aboard who won. "*Malay!*" was the answer without knowing who we were. A moment later they swept under our stern and found out. It is hard to say which crew was the more excited.

I confess to a lump in my throat as I looked at the same Bermuda ensign in our starboard rigging that the schooner *Malay* flew twenty-four years before.

The following evening when the trophies were presented, Governor General Hood, in a rare example of diplomacy, truth, and good humor, remarked "those who won will never know why and those who lost will never lack for explanation" — to which I could only reply, "Couldn't agree more."

(Reprinted from the Amherst Alumni News)



## Rusta IV Wins Commodore's Cup on NYYC Cruise, 1954

I feel that I may write about the Commodore's Cup Race in the New York Yacht Club Cruise in 1953 with a certain amount of detachment because I had to leave the cruise the day before and *Rusta* was sailed by Mrs. Bourne, Phil Taber and Walter Clegg.

The start of the race was off Edgartown Harbor for a run around West Chop up Vineyard Sound to Quick's Hole, through Quick's Hole to Buzzard's Bay and down Buzzard's Bay to finish off Marion. The breeze at the start was moderate southwest and Phil timed the start so that Mrs. Bourne got *Rusta* over the line at leeward end just at the gun. They carried main, mizzen, and large genoa. About halfway to West Chop the breeze began to pick up, still from the southwest, and *Rusta*, which had dropped behind some of her class, including *Crisette*, which had started at the windward end of the line, began to pass her competitors.

After rounding West Chop the boat was put hard on the wind on the port tack headed approximately for Robinson's Hole. All of the rest of Class C were behind *Rusta* at that point with the exception of Mr. Brown's *ARMATA* which was ahead but to leeward. On closing with the islands they brought *Rusta* over onto the starboard tack until they could lay Quick's Hole on the port tack again. At this point the breeze really began to make up until it was blowing 35 miles an hour. As Mr. Brown had difficulty with his jib when he came about *Rusta* closed with Quick's Hole the first in her class but with *Crisette* and *ARMATA* close behind her.

In the Bay it was blowing even harder than in the Sound but the breeze was more westerly with a tendency to veer into the northwest where a thunder squall was building up. On this point of sailing *Crisette* seemed to be a little faster and gradually started closing the gap between the two boats. However an adjustment of the genoa sheet seemed to improve *Rusta's* speed enabling her to cross the finish line a few minutes ahead of *Crisette* and *Armata*.

When I returned to Marion that night I was surprised and delighted to learn that *Rusta* had not only won in her Class but also had won in the fleet against *Bolero* and all the other Class A and Class B boats despite the fact that it was definitely big boat weather. We feel that cutting down the mast from the original hoist of 44 feet to 40 feet 8 inches has greatly improved her sailing qualities in a breeze without detracting too much from her ability to ghost in light air.

This was also demonstrated in the run of the New York Yacht Club from Nantucket to Edgartown earlier in the week. This started as a spinnaker run, but halfway to Cross Rip Light Ship the breeze let go and we all drifted around for about half an hour. After a squall with thunder and lightning out of the west



Rusta IV

we started again down the Nantucket Sound for Cape Poge in fog and drizzle but without too much breeze which had a tendency to head us. As we approached the Vineyard, visibility improved and we found that we were the first boat in Class C with many Class A and Class B boats to leeward behind us. In a freshening breeze that was backing to the Southwest again we romped from Cape Poge to the finish right off Edgartown, first in Class C and second in the fleet.

*Rusta* continues to sail well in spite of being six years old, as demonstrated by the first run of the Eastern Yacht Club in 1957 which was an overnight race from Marblehead to Boothbay. After a good start in a fresh southwest breeze at 3:30 P.M. the fleet was becalmed off Eastern Point for at least half an hour. When the breeze came in again gentle southeast we found our competitors with local knowledge had slipped by us inside where there was apparently a back eddy and we began the long stern chase down wind. The Southwester proved light and fickle but gradually hauled to the Southwest where thunder heads were showing on the horizon. For the next several hours it was nothing but sail drill taking down the spinnaker just before the hardest squalls hit and changing to genoa, then dousing the genoa and putting up the spinnaker again after the squall passed. At one time there were five distinct squalls with thunder and lightning and rain playing around us. Just after midnight the moon came out between squalls to reveal a moon rainbow in beautiful pastel colors on the dark thunderheads just ahead of us.

When the last squall had passed the breeze settled down to a steady 35-mile an hour southwest wind with clearing skies. We reset the spinnaker for the last time and carried it into Boothbay Harbor across the finish line where we learned we were second to *Eustis* by seven minutes in our class and second in the fleet.

I cite this experience to illustrate our conclusions that the spinnaker sheet, and guy winches mounted on brackets to the cockpit combing, worked out well at night under adverse conditions of wind and sea with the boat rolling heavily.

Standish T. Bourne.



# Cruising the Baltic

By JACK PARKINSON

The following article by Jack Parkinson appeared in the July, 1957, issue of *Yachting*. In an earlier article Parkinson described cruising on the Baltic Sea, but he considered his crossing of the Friesian Sands the highlight of his two summers of European cruising, and that is the story retold below.

THE FRIESIAN ISLANDS and Sands extend from the estuary of the Elbe in North Germany for about 150 miles down the coast of the North Sea to North Holland. There are some 15 low, treeless, sand islands varying in length from one to 15 miles. They lie at distances of two to ten miles off the mainland of Europe and are surrounded on both landward and seaward sides by hundreds of square miles of sandy shoals which, in the main, dry out completely at low tide. Among these shoals are channels, some navigable for small vessels and others which hold a foot or so of water when the tide is out. The tides rush in and out through these channels at up to six or seven knots, due to the emptying effect of the water falling from the Sands.

Soundings on the Dutch and German charts over the Sands are inscribed in tenths of meters taken at half tide. For many centuries, suitably designed coasting vessels have travelled up and down the Sands inside the islands, their practice being to ground out at low tide and wait for the rising tide to allow them to proceed. With an onshore wind, a terrific sea makes up over the Sands extending seaward from the islands and thousands of vessels have been lost on them, particularly in the winter. The lifesaving stations along this coast are famous throughout Northern Europe.

Just prior to World War I, Erskine Childers wrote a book, "The Riddle of the Sands," which, through the years, has become a classic for yachtsmen. It is a thrilling adventure story about the Friesian Sands, dealing with German landing craft based on this area for an invasion of the British Isles. Upon its publication it was received with consternation by the English public and was seriously discussed by the British Admiralty. Landing craft were unknown at that time, but Erskine's Childers' predictions came true in World War II. As a schoolboy, many years ago, I read "The Riddle of the Sands." I read it again recently and the thought came into my mind that, if weather and conditions were right, I would like to cross that mysterious piece of coast into Holland.

So, when we had *Winnie of Bourne* in the Baltic in 1955, it seemed like a fine idea to lay her up in Sweden and come back the next year for a try at the Sands and some cruising in Danish, German and Dutch waters.

In June, after the 1956 Bermuda race, my wife Winnie and I flew back to Goteborg and found the *Winnie of Bourne* waiting and ready. To my utter as-



Winnie  
Start of 1958 Bermuda Race

tonishment, everything was stowed back where I had left it the summer before, and I had nothing to do except buy fresh provisions and stow my S. S. Peirce canned goods, which I had shipped from the United States that spring. My crew this summer was Nils Bjorckman, ski jumper and athlete, who had been with us part of the summer before. Nilsan, as we call him, would have been an able hand on any of the Viking ships a few centuries ago. My other crew member, Ed van Rossum, from Holland, was rather a "Riddle of the Sands" character himself. A few years previously he had cruised from Holland to Denmark in an 18-foot centerboarder, all the way inside the Friesian islands, across the Sands, and he thought nothing of knocking about the North Sea single-handed. He quite approved of my idea of crossing the Sands, although he remarked that most people tried to avoid them. He is a superb navigator and, as things turned out, I do not think I would have crossed the Sands without him.

Weather in the Kattegat in 1956 was quite different from 1955. We set out July 3 under a reefed mainsail, bound down the western, or Jutland, side. We were faced with the problem of World War II minefields. Charts are issued showing swept channels, exactly as in the war. The previous year we had avoided the minefields by staying close in on the eastern coast. We were advised rather ominously in Goteborg to stay in the swept channels, but these channels are really too narrow for proper maneuvering of a



sailboat. I really felt that minefields laid over ten years ago could not be very effective today, but still I wondered. It was a squally, rainy day as we cleared the skerries of the harbor mouth and laid a course for the island of Laso in the middle of the Kattegat. In the center of the minefield area I saw many small fishing boats, so I forgot about mines from that time on.

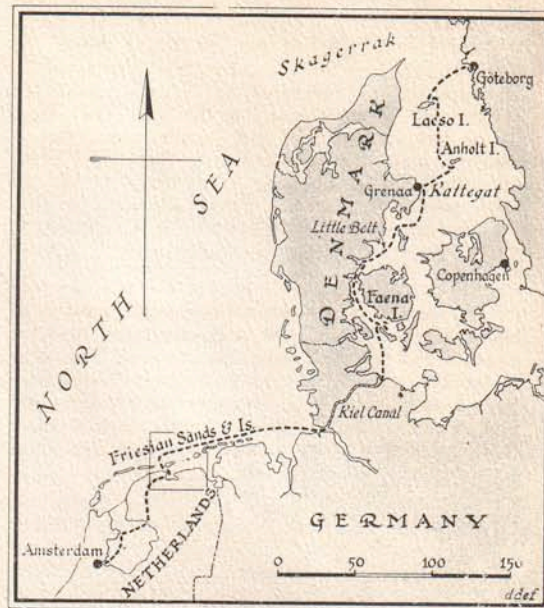
We moored that evening to the seawall in Laso, a commercial fishing port, not attractive as Danish ports go, and wakened next morning to strong winds from the north, and driving rain. We finally got under way at 11:00 with the reef still in the mainsail, for a fast, rough sail down the Kattegat. The weather cleared as the day wore on, the wind fell away to a calm and we moored in the harbor of the island of Anholt late in the evening. This is a good little port, a fine place to spend the night when sailing down the Kattegat.

The next morning dawned bright and lovely and we steamed across the harbor to pick up milk and gasoline. (Incidentally, when cruising in the Baltic, carry a jeep can — gas pumps on the docks are few and far between. We also, on occasions, carried our drinking water aboard in pails.) Ominous clouds began forming in the south and the wind increased, so I tied our deep single reef in the mainsail and we got under way for the mainland of Denmark, about 30 miles southwest.

The wind continued to increase, and it began to rain. The wind headed us and blew harder. It rained harder. A nasty, steep sea made up, just wrong for the *Winnie*. We had a disagreeable sail for five hours and finally fetched in on the Danish coast in driving rain and poor visibility, to leeward of our destination. We worked in under a bleak gray coast of fields and clumps of trees, with rain squalls driving savagely across them. The sea moderated somewhat under the land and we short-tacked up under the beach for an hour or so, but rounding a headland, we met again the full force of the gale. It was a damn disagreeable day. I started up the engine but she was heeling so on the port tack that it failed to get cooling water and I had to stop it. Finally, at four o'clock, we worked into the fine little harbor of Grenaa and moored astern of a coasting schooner unloading timber into horse-drawn wagons. For two days we lay in Grenaa, while sand was blown all over the boat, like snow, from the dock, and tales of fishing boats lost in the North Sea came over the radio. A friend of Ed's wrecked his boat on the Friesian Sands, but was rescued. We hired an automobile and did some extended sightseeing inland.

On the third day the sun shone and the wind came fresh from the northwest. We were away early and had our best sail of the whole summer, under the beach and through the islands in smooth water, reaching along with genoa and mizzen staysail set. We covered 60 miles that day in lovely surroundings, often close to the farms on the many islands, and getting a good look at the cows which waded out into the sea. I

think it was one of the best sails I ever had. And so we sailed for several days down through the islands of the Little Belt, stopping in the towns, often for a good part of the day, and then dropping down in the evening to some quiet cove outside them.



D. deFontaine

"Winnie's" route southward was an interesting one

I must mention the island of Faeno, which Commodore Wallenberg of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club had told us not to miss. Originally a Viking stronghold, it became one of the old sailing ship building ports of Denmark. It is a completely old-world place with two lovely towns, Soboy being the larger. Many old sailors have retired there and there are many beautiful models to be seen, an outstanding spot being "Bottle Peter's" Model Museum, in which he has over a thousand models in glass bottles, all made by himself. He is a real character and makes a good living exhibiting his models in his tiny house, but none of them are for sale. Under way after supply July 12, we sailed all night under jib and mizzen, (to avoid arriving in darkness) across Kiel Bay and moored off the Kiel Yacht Club at 7:00 A.M.

We spent two days in Kiel. Winnie and I took a room in the yacht club, which is the biggest I have ever seen. Built under the auspices of the late Kaiser, who was an enthusiastic yachtsman, it is filled with huge oil paintings of the old racing yachts, comparable in size to a picture such as Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. We enjoyed our stay and spent an evening at a real German beerhall, which was most enjoyable. A fine and well-kept-up fleet of yachts lies in the basin below the club.



As we lay in Kiel, the wind began to blow from the east. Naturally I had been giving considerable thought to our sailing down the North Sea and across the Friesian Sands, a distance I estimated to be about 125 miles. I did not care to be caught on that piece of coast in bad weather, and an easterly wind was just what I wanted. On July 14th we were under way early on a cold morning and lay off the nearby lock entrance into the Canal for about two hours, in a choppy sea, waiting to enter. Many steamers and coasters had to precede us into the large lock. Once in the lock, more stores and supplies came aboard, bought out of bond and handled by the United Baltic Co. This English company takes complete care of ships passing through the Canal, attending to tolls, supplies and all manner of details. It is an excellent plan to get in touch with them before passing through the Canal.

It was a fine day and we ran under power and genoa, before a strong wind, to the westward down the Canal, a distance of 53 miles. It was most interesting as the Canal was filled with traffic of all sorts, from large Russian steamers to small German sailing canoes, though we did not see one American or English vessel. A big Turkish steamer, old, heavy with a timber cargo and a bad list, dramatically passed us, got out of control and rammed the bank, sticking hard. In the later afternoon it began to rain, the wind becoming strong from the east. We were undecided whether to continue through the western lock and take advantage of this fine wind down the Elbe, but as we needed gas and the evening was nasty we ended up moored to a gas dock at the western end of the Canal.

Up early the next day to cloudy skies and more fresh easterly winds. We were through the lock at 8 o'clock and set sail down the Elbe Estuary with a strong fair wind and the beginning of a strong ebb tide under our tail. The Elbe Estuary is a dreary place, with miles of mud flats and shoals, dirty brown water, a low, undistinguished shore line and heavy traffic. The tide is very strong and we made nine knots down the channel to Cuxshaven with a nasty, short sea making up. I was in a hurry to get out of the place. Off Cuxshaven we had to come alongside the customs boat, moored outside the seawall. This was a mean business in the strong tide, steep sea and heavy steamer washes. In spite of the big rubber tire fenders on the customs boat, we gave *Winnie of Bourne* a nasty knock, starting a seam, caused by a particularly heavy steamer wake.

The crews of both boats fended off and I don't think the customs officer spent four minutes aboard, realizing our precarious position. Clear of the customs, we set all sail, including the genoa and mizzen staysail, cut the engine, and fairly flew down the remaining 25 miles of the Estuary to the outer light ship. There we squared away down the coast, winged out the genoa and ran all afternoon before the blessed east wind. Toward evening it commenced to rain again, the wind increasing sharply. I took the genoa off her at sunset and we ran all night under the main-

sail down a well-lighted swept channel which parallels the coast. The sea and wind made up and we rolled violently. We also encountered considerable traffic, and a fishing trawler forced us to take sudden evasive action at one point.

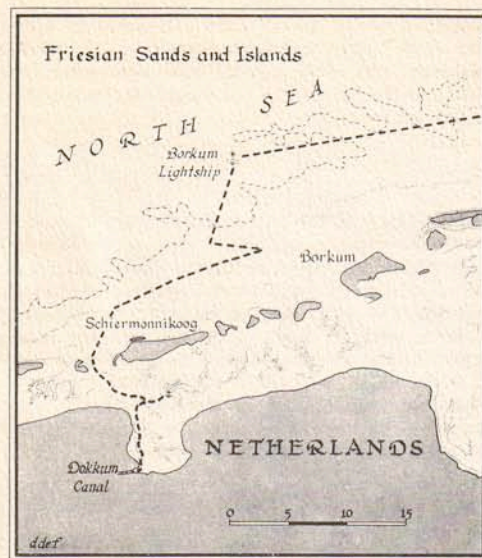
It was my intention to enter Holland by way of a fairly deep but narrow channel across the Sands to the town of Delftzijsl where we would lock into Holland. This was the only place where we would have sufficient depth at all tides. At two o'clock in the morning we arrived at Borkum Light Vessel, about 20 miles off this channel, jibed over, and stood in with a very fresh easterly and intermittent rain squalls, still in total darkness. As we closed the land the water began to shoal, the sea made up, and at about five o'clock we picked up the lighted buoy off the channel. The channel led directly to windward and, as it was narrow, we had to take all sail off her and run under power for about eight miles.

Although we had about two hours of fair tide left, (it was still pitch dark) the sea was so big that it stopped the *Winnie of Bourne* completely and she was plunging into it over her cabin top. After about 20 minutes of this performance, I realized that we were not going to make it in time and would have to turn back. I had two alternatives. One was to work back, close hauled, after reefing the mainsail, into the North Sea, which I did not relish as the barometer was dropping and the weather deteriorating rapidly. It also appeared, due to the breaking seas around us, that we had little room to reef. My other choice was to run off before the wind, south around the island of Schiermonikoog and proceed up another channel to a small lock near the town of Dokkum, in the Friesland province of Northern Holland.

This entrance is infrequently used as it necessitates crossing a large shoal off the island which is not safe at low tide. I have mentioned before the printing of shoal soundings on the charts of this area in tenths of meters at half tide. Another unusual feature of these charts is that, because of the frequent changes of the lesser channels due to the shifting sands, every year, as the new charts are issued, only the buoys are changed — they do not bother to correct the position of the shoals. Thus, the channel buoys will appear to take you directly across a shoal with — on the chart — only one or two feet of water.

This happened to be the case that morning crossing the Schiermonikoog shoal. It was not a reassuring chart to look at, but we decided to use the Schiermonikoog channel rather than go out again into the North Sea, so we set the genoa and raced off before the wind. It was beginning to get light, and as I looked around me as far as I could see on all sides there were violent seas breaking on the shoals, with occasional patches of sand appearing. No land at all was visible and there was no other vessel in sight. We have a good compass and were picking up our buoys as we expected them, although they were small.





D. deFontaine

#### The Friesian "Sands" are tricky cruising territory

I realized that I had better not get the boat into any situation which might require assistance. She was fairly racing along and steering beautifully. In fact, it was a sleigh ride — cold, rainy and blowing hard. At this point, Winne, my wife, served up brimming cups of strong black coffee, which cheered us all considerably. After about two hours we came up on the buoys on the shoal. The seas increased even more and the sand began to roil up in the water under us. At this point, Ed van Rossum made the quiet suggestion that we take sail off her and continue across the shoal slowly under power, in case we struck. I saw his point and followed his advice, to Nilsan's disgust.

The current was now ahead and we crossed the shoal very slowly, rolling violently. On both sides the seas were breaking feather white and sand was visible everywhere. Once across, into deep water, we had to haul on the wind and proceed up a narrow channel against the strong tide. We set all sail, including genoa, strapped her down hard, and really gunned the engine. Although we were in smooth water under the lee of the island and sailing fast in a hard wind, we were barely able to stem the tide. We were making for a small deep hole in the Sands about five or six miles away, where we could anchor during low tide. We had to make it, as there was nowhere else we could wait over during low water. It is impossible to anchor in the channels due to the violent currents.

We sailed her for all she was worth in true racing style and at eight o'clock, with a sigh of relief, we dropped anchor in the hole. As far as we could see on all sides was an expanse of gray sky, swirling water, and the only land was Schiermonnikoog Island visible

occasionally through the rain squalls, about seven miles away. We were lying in smooth water, and about 15 minutes after we anchored the tide suddenly bared the Sands. Where before there had been only open water in sight, there now were miles of visible damp sand banks. It was a really eerie feeling as I stood on the bow watching the anchor warp, with low clouds and rain sweeping overhead in the gale.

It had been a pretty strenuous night and after breakfast we all turned in and slept until lunchtime. When we awoke to a meal of Aunt Jemina pancakes, the tide had turned and the Sands were all covered with water again. The tide was fair and we only had about six miles to go up to the lock into Holland through a very narrow channel. Due to the ice in the wintertime, the channel markers are renewed every spring. The markers are only saplings stuck in the sand with the leaves left on the tops. The starboard hand markers are straight and the port hand markers are bent. Sometimes it is a little difficult to determine whether they are bent or not. At any rate, we were all confident that our troubles were over; but "Pride goeth before a fall."

We steamed up with a fair tide, all of us chattering away gaily. About half a mile from the lock, the helmsman went the wrong side of a sapling and we went aground hard on the sand, at dead high tide, in a place where there would have been only a foot of water at low tide. We had the dinghy over and a kedge streamed in nothing flat but could not budge her.

At this moment we had our first experience with Dutch friendliness and hospitality. Quite a large coastal freighter, the first we had seen, suddenly appeared, coming up the channel behind us. The captain stopped abreast of us in the narrow passage and produced a wire cable which we ran across to the *Winnie* in our dinghy, while he maneuvered beautifully keeping his ship off the shoals. With the cable secured, he backed down slowly, and the *Winnie* slid off the sands into the channel as smooth as silk. All the skipper would accept when we arrived at the lock with a bottle of beer apiece for himself and the crew.

That evening we entered Holland through a tiny lock and steamed up to the lovely old town of Dokkum, where we moored on the edge of the canal, under some poplar trees and, after a big supper, had another long sleep.

Our trip through the Friesland canals and across the Zuider Zee to Amsterdam is a story in itself. I have never spent a more delightful ten days. The contrast of the quiet and beautiful Dutch canals after the North Sea and the boisterous Kattegat was delicious.

The Dutch canal charts resemble our automobile road maps and I had expected to use my engine entirely. But not at all. We were under sail almost all of the time. *Winnie of Bourne*, with her six-foot draft, was a little deep for the canals of northern Hol-



land, but due to their mud bottoms and sides we had no trouble. We became expert, whenever we wished to moor or land, at pushing her bow gently into the mud. We extricated her either by going astern hard on the engine, hauling on a stern anchor, or pushing with the useful Dutch "quant" pole that we purchased.

I also fell into the convenient habit of keeping the genoa permanently hanked onto the forestay, rolled up and stopped in a ball, Dutch fashion, in the pulpit. Thus at a moment's notice, with no effort, we could hoist the genoa and mizzen and be off with adequate sail. On the long stretches of canal during the day's run we would also set the mainsail. At lunch time we usually poked her nose into the mud bank, swam in the brown, fresh water of the canal, and ate in the cockpit.

Friesland certainly lived up to our expectations — windmills, wooden shoes, colorful costumes and hundreds of barges on which the barge captains, their wives and children lived happily the year round. They seemed to have quite a society of their own, marrying back and forth among the barges and the sons carrying on the business. In Leeuwarden, we visited the Fries Museum with many beautiful paintings, including Rembrandts. In Grouw, I purchased a fine model of a Dutch sloop from an old barge captain at what I considered very reasonable terms. We also hired a small knockabout and sailed among the marshes and lakes of a wild life sanctuary.

We entered Sneek in a wild thundersquall and, no mooring being available, we were hailed alongside a barge by her agreeable young captain with whom, together with his wife and baby, we spent a most amusing evening in the barge's immaculate cabin. We arrived in Lemmer on the eastern shore of the Zuider Zee on a Saturday evening and moored among a fleet of fishing botters.

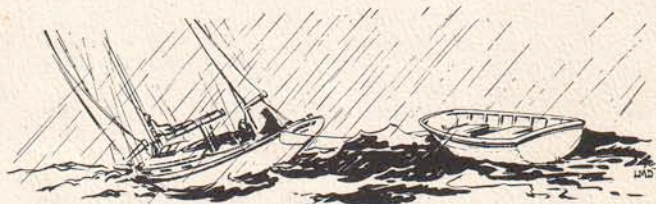
I awoke Sunday morning to find Winnie entertaining several of the fishing captains with coffee in the cockpit. One particular fine looking fellow, who

reminded me of an All-American tackle in top condition, invited us over to inspect his botter which lay alongside, and which was the champion racing fishing botter of the Zuider Zee. A Zuider Zee fishing botter has to be seen to be believed. When I saw the various massive poles and booms that are used to set various types of jibs, spinnakers and ringtails, I realized why her captain was in such fine physical condition.

Monday morning, under a reefed mainsail, we beat 30 miles across the Zuider Zee against a westerly which produced a nasty, short sea. The wind had reached gale proportions when, with sighs of relief all-around, we dropped our sails and steamed into the port of Enkhuizen. We were preceded by numerous other refugees from the blow and no dock space was available, so we moored alongside a beautiful white botter yacht, whose captain turned out to be a retired commodore of the Holland-America line, cruising with his grandchildren. He had become thoroughly familiar with the convoy business in the last war and that evening, over a couple of schnapps, I had a pleasant hour comparing notes with him. We finally decided that we had been in the same convoy on a couple of occasions.

We were storm-bound for two days in Enkhuizen, but time did not hang heavy on our hands as in that town, among other sights, is the fine Zuider Zee Marine Museum, comparable to our own Mystic Seaport, where they have numerous old-time Dutch craft tied up in the canal outside. The weather cleared and a fine, sunny sail of 25 miles brought the *Winnie of Bourne* to Sixhaven, the yacht harbor of Amsterdam, where we left her for another winter, hoping for a summer of racing in English waters in 1957.

I will end this tale with a bow to the *Winnie of Bourne*, who gave us all this fun. That old sailor and author, the late Llewellyn Howland, of South Dartmouth, Mass., created a lot of pleasure for a lot of people when he dreamed up the *Concordia yawls*.



Lois Darling



# On to Lake Ontario

(Friends of Commodore Russell D. Hay of the Rochester Yacht Club sailed his newly acquired *Actaea* from South Dartmouth to Lake Ontario. The crew included Master Randy Beachner, Joe Ingerson, Mike Doyle and Cliff Carpenter. Their "beefed up" log of the trip follows:)

## Saturday, May 17

CAST OFF from the Concordia Boat Works' docks at 10:05 a.m., and edged past rocks and reefs into Buzzard's Bay; salt spray, fresh breeze, enthusiasm! Wondered how the other half lives. At noon, sea began rolling in giant swells, crew soaking wet, soup spilled, wished we lived like the other half.

Docked at 4 p.m. at Point Judith. Fixed alcohol stove, fixed charcoal stove, fixed dock master for the night (\$2), washed the soup off our clothes, and went ashore for a seafood dinner; lobster worse than anything served in Rochester. Outguessing the weather paid off . . . a fog rolled in as we docked.

## Sunday, May 18

CAST OFF at 5:45 a.m.; beautiful main cabin now becoming draped with wet long underwear steaming over the charcoal stove.

But a spell is working; time is suspended at sea . . . or at least its relativity comes alive. Time means nothing with reference to going to work or catching a plane or feeding a baby or growing older . . . it has value only in relation to the height of the sun or the distance traveled as against gas consumption.

The four-cylinder marine engine pushes the big hull (it draws 6 feet) at a highly respectable 7 knots; showers of spray from ocean rollers; crew so loaded with weather gear they look like expatriated Eskimos; stove going docked at New London, Conn., at 9:35 a.m. to take on fuel.

A smiling man on the dock, told where the boat was headed, said:

"Rochester? . . . Rochester? . . . whatever would they be doing with a lovely boat like that in Rochester?"

Departed New London after giving the man a lecture on geography, Lake Ontario, and Rochester. Made brunch of hamburgers and fruit salad, and wondered how the other half lives.

Slogged through heavy Atlantic roll and rest of the afternoon, docking at Milford, Conn., at 7:30 p.m., and moored at Yacht Club dock to gas up.

A different smiling man on the dock asked where we were going, and when told, replied: "What use have you in Rochester for such a lovely boat?" Crew counted to 10, and then replied with admirable courtesy and self-control.

Went ashore, stopped at a nearby tavern for food, found the kitchen already closed (at 8 p.m.) but the place crowded and hilarious; wondered what people were doing in that condition so early in the evening; asked; were told that all bars close at 9 p.m. Sundays in Connecticut and those so inclined must celebrate early.

Shared a cab and dined on filet mignon at the College Inn on Boston Post Road. Curious business, yachting, one of extremes . . . either great discomfort or superb comforts, and not much in between.

## Monday, May 19

CAST OFF from Milford Y. C. dock at 4:50 a.m.; breakfasted on atrocious coffee and soggy jelly sandwiches; back on a rock and roll course, but crew still speaking to each other. Debated at length whether Ingerson had really made coffee or had used sawdust in the half light of dawn.

Weather eased; breakfasted late on bacon, scrambled eggs, cake, cookies, candy bars washed down with tomato juice. Sea eased, handing us a gentle run, almost in penitence over last misdeeds . . . watched fishermen handling lines, passed submarine *Diablo*, a grim sight. Docked at City Island, center of American yachting, gassed up, marveled at beautiful yachts at the moorings, such as the prizewinning schooner *Nina*.

At 12:25 p.m., had threaded our way through buoys at west end of Long Island Sound, and cracked the whipping currents of Spuyten Duyvil and Hell Gate into the Harlem River . . . Spuyten Duyvil is appropriately named, but *Actaea* rode the waterway like a competent witch.

Now finally the heat we had known only by radio reports for three days . . . doffed mounds of storm gear and navigated the Harlem stripped to waist; soot, belching factories, tenements, that blend of color and romance and sordidness and jam-packed living that is New York.

**DROPPED BARKER** at an unused Municipal pier on the Harlem River; threaded onward past stadia, sunken boats; police boats, leaking boats, pretty boats. Entered the Hudson at 2:15 p.m., and pointed *Actaea* north toward her new home.

Sloshed through a drenching storm at 3:10 p.m., dried off at 4:10 p.m.; began to worry about the gas supply at 7:10 p.m., and hailed an obliging yachtsman, who offered to direct *Actaea* into Peekskill harbor.

Was there enough room for such a big boat, the crew yelled?

"Lots of room . . . lots . . . just follow me," said the seafaring Samaritan.

We followed, too late to reconsider, and cruised into a harbor roughly the size of a sardine can.

*Actaea* gulped another tankful of gas, and was warped around a pair of piers with lavish advice from bystanders.

Decided to run all night rather than risk other Hudson moorings . . . and split watches for the night run.

There is magic and poetry and restless beauty to a night on the Hudson . . . the somber black height of Bear Mountain, the colored twinkle of navigation lights, some steady, some blinking out their directions; the hoarse cry of an occasional train following the river route; the tiny red glow of the binnacle light; the satin darkness of the river. Wondered how the other half lives.



Finally the effort of 17 hours of navigating and cooking and rope-handling began to take its toll; decided we'd like to know how the other half lives, at least as far as a shower, clean towels, and a bed.

#### Tuesday, May 20

**TUGS PASS** like animated Christmas trees in the darkness; and then dawn breaks over the Hudson. It is a sight, a spring dawn. Lilacs in purple and white spill down from the lawns of old ginger-bread mansions.

Full daylight brings a measure of disillusion; the romantic, historic Hudson also is the filthy Hudson, with everything from miles of oil slicks to a variety of rubbish.

Docked 10:30 a.m. at Watervliet. This was *Actaea's* first stop of any duration (for shopping) in 32 hours.

Nobody in Watervliet could cash Doyle's checks; suspicion justified; he is growing a goatee, and wearing Bermuda shorts, a baseball cap, and glasses tied around his head so they will not fall off.

At 12:15 p.m., out of the Hudson and cruised smartly up to Lock No. 1 in the Barge Canal system, tooted power horn three times as prescribed for locks to open, were notified it was lunch time, sat there until 1 p.m.

Now, from the grandeur of the Hudson into the sheer charm of the Mohawk River, which is a part of the Barge Canal system. The yachtsman literally sails through spring-green pastures and fields of cattle, past back yards of homes, and waving children.

Docked for night at Schenectady . . . 218 miles in a 41½-hour run, broken only by shopping stops and halts to gas up.

Dined aboard on fried ham, string beans, hors d'oeuvres, cottage cheese salad, lettuce. Wondered how the other half lives.

#### Wednesday, May 21

**CAST OFF** at 5:06 a.m., bitter cold, back into storm gear; crew cabin-bound near stove except when locking-through.

Traversed several locks bumper to bumper with ocean-going sloop handled only by husband and wife team who have idyllic job . . . maybe. They are professional boat-deliverers; you buy a boat from anywhere on earth, they get it and deliver it. They were Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Ellam, he the well-known (to yachtsmen) Britisher and author who sailed the Atlantic in a little boat single-handed. They had logged more than 3,000 miles this year alone, delivering boats to Barbados, Bermuda, Maine and Great Lakes.

All this time, a cold, wet, miserable day; decided to travel all night. Split watches, put on all available clothes, sat at tiller wrapped in blanket like overstuffed papooses . . . finally, persuaded by momentarily cranky motor, and by fatigue, tied up outside Lock 20 (Utica) for short sleep.

#### Thursday, May 22

**CAST OFF** 4:30 a.m.; heavy mist, ice on mast and tiller, barely enough strength to grumble that "this must be the Erie Canal."



Actaea

Icy cold continues. Wondered if other half isn't smarter half.

But there is a spell to the canal, all its own. Frequently there are traces of the banks and locks of the old Erie Canal of legend; weed and grass-overgrown testaments to how the new canal system bulldozed around and in and across the old with merciless efficiency, but no more romantic reminder of the past exists anywhere. Today spic and span diesel tugs plow through cuts where once tired horses pulled great old wooden barges loaded with goods for frontier settlements.

Crossed Oneida Lake, pushed by a sharp following sea; departed Barge system and turned north on Oswego River; entered Fulton Locks at 2:50 p.m., meeting, as pre-arranged, three wives and a horde of children who had driven up for the experience of locking-through. Swapped lies, problems, sandwiches, reloaded wives and horde into station wagon at 9 p.m., and pointed them back at Rochester. Tied up for night amid barges at mouth of Oswego River; storm warnings flying for Lake Ontario.

#### Friday, May 23

**CAST OFF** at 6:50 a.m., entered Lake Ontario, and began the last leg, a straight, ice-cold, bright run to Rochester; overtaken and passed by Paul Tchinnic of RYC, past commander of Rochester Power Squadron, in his handsome Colonial cruiser, also coming up from the ocean.

Docked at RYC, 3 p.m., feeling chilly, trying to act nonchalant as yachtsmen gathered to "oh" and "ah" the new flagship.

Packed duffle bag and went ashore . . . glad to be on land at last! . . . enough boat for now . . . decided to go sailing in it tomorrow!



# In the Steps of Balboa

(Below is an excerpt from a California newspaper)

## SALTY BROKERS

It's almost axiomatic that a yacht broker can sail anything he sells.

The axiom particularly holds true for Clark Sweet and Fred Schneck, who have come to be known as the "sailingest yacht brokers" in the Newport Harbor area.

Sweet is probably best known as the skipper of the 40-foot ocean racing cutter *Jinker*.

Schneck gained more than a little international fame for Newport Beach as the hot Snipe sailor who last year copped the national championship, placed third in the world championship regatta in Spain, second in the Italian invitational, and second in the Swiss Invitational.

He is commodore of the Snipe International Racing Assn., embracing 28 countries, 453 fleets and 11,411 boats.

Like the Proverbial busman on a holiday, when this pair aren't selling boats, they're sailing 'em.

At the moment, however, Sweet and Schneck are a bit excited about the selling end of the business. Their excitement stems from their exclusive sales rights for the famous Concordia yawl, an Eastern-designed and European-built ocean racing craft that is making its mark wherever fine yachts are raced.

## JOSEPHINE

I cannot tell you how excited the *Josephine's* crew was when we crossed the finish line in the Ensenada Race in what we considered a very nice position. We wished of course, to have taken Ash Bown in *Carousel* but he is a pretty hard man to beat. He was carrying a very fancy set of head sails especially for the occasion. Ash Bown, you may recall, won the Alcupulco Race earlier this spring.

He was carrying what appeared to be a short genoa flown from the masthead which was held up to windward by a spinnaker pole. Under this he carried a long footed spinnaker staysail. The combination seemed to be well chosen for his Owens Cutter and he was out in front after a few hours.

Freddie Schenk in *Gala* pressed him very hard for about five or six hours but apparently lost him during a change of crews in the early evening. In fact Freddie lead me for at least six hours until sunset when it appeared as though we had overtaken him. He sailed a magnificent race and stole the Class D start with one of the most perfect starts I have ever seen. He hit the line with all sails set right on the second. My start was a bit more conservative and as a result took me sometime before we were able to move in free air.

We did, in fact, beat all the Lapworth 36's. This makes the second time that we have beaten them on a boat for boat basis off the wind. I haven't yet been able to sail *Josephine* well enough going into the wind to beat any of the L-36's that are sailed by our top skippers.

We also beat every one of the Kettenberg 38's which are also supposed to give us time. Generally speaking, I think we made a lot of eyes bug out by the Concordia's performance in this race and proved that our winning the YRU cruise last summer was not a flash in the pan.

Your analysis of whether or not a Concordia should be rigged as a yawl or a sloop is quite sound. There is no doubt that there are a great many eager beavers who spend a great many week-ends throughout the entire year racing. For this particular group of individuals a sloop — rigged Concordia might have considerable appeal.

Frankly though, I bought the Concordia for just what you say it is — "An exceptional all around day sailer, family cruiser and racer." While our cruising is not quite as good as it is on the East Coast, we have found that we have done a tremendous amount of it looking back over the last year and a half. In fact we took the whole week, last week, to come back from Ensenada with stops at Todas Santos Islands, San Diego and behind a new breakwater at Oceanside.

I think that a masthead jib might have some merit even though it might change the rating. I do not know how much the change would be but certainly there seems to be every evidence to indicate that spinnakers flown from the masthead stay put a lot better than those which are partially blanketed by the mainsail. These big and broad-shouldered spinnakers such as we carry now really stay out there on these masthead rigged boats. We noticed that particularly during the last race when we had so many L 36's on our tail.

Bob Collins.



Terry Boris Photo

Josephine at Newport Beach, Cal.



## Our First Cruising Sailboat

For those who are thrilled by the water, and particularly those who dream about boats and the possibility of someday owning a cruising sailboat, there comes the time when the dreaming stops and the decision to make a purchase arrives. Such a time came to my family in the fall of 1955. The problem was where to turn, and what choice to make in the selection of a cruising boat. The family spent many nights going over all the back issues of Yachting, reviewing each ad individually; and in addition, we talked to numerous yacht brokers. The greatest help came from individual owners of sailboats, from whom we were able to get our best index as to the type of boat which would be needed. I felt that it was important to seek all of the aid that I could, for the family was planning to jump from a small 16 foot day sailer to a cruising sailboat. The more I talked with my friends who were owners of sailing boats the more I became convinced that, while primarily I wanted a boat to cruise in with my family, it was obvious that the family would be happier with a boat which would have the features of a good cruiser, but yet would be designed in such a fashion as to have a good turn of speed through the water. The various yachtsmen with whom I spoke pointed out that many of the cruises which one would take would be with other sailboats, and that one thing that one enjoyed in cruising was being able to keep up with the fleet as it cruised from one harbor to the other, and that even though one decided that he wanted only to cruise, there always occurred that day or that interval when one felt he wanted to race at least a little.

With this background of feeling that a cruiser should have enough speed through the water to really make sailing her a sport, we began to search for such a craft.

The family paid a visit to South Dartmouth and spent the day with Waldo Howland. Waldo was kind enough to row us from one sailboat to the other. He had us look over ten or more sailboats of various classes and various sizes. It had not been our intention, originally, to purchase a boat of the Concordia Class, for we felt that in jumping from a 16 foot day sailer to a cruiser, we probably should slowly work our way up to the 40 foot class. I was impressed with the fact, however, that over and over the owners of these we saw were selling the smaller boat because they wanted to purchase something larger, and I came to the conclusion that in a yawl of 40 feet two could cruise well and handle her without difficulty and at the same time the accommodations on board would be adequate for the family, and that if something smaller were purchased it would probably be a temporary measure.

The family returned home to Baltimore from South Dartmouth feeling that while we were anxious to have a boat immediately that we should wait until

we could actually have a Concordia, having convinced ourselves that this was the sailboat which represented the combination of a boat so well designed that she had a good turn of speed and could take whatever the wind or sea offered, but yet her cabin was so arranged as to provide good cruising comfort. Several weeks later a call from Waldo told us *Dusky III* was for sale, and it did not take the family long to decide that she should be made a part of the family and re-named *Rayanna*.

The two seasons aboard have been wonderful. We have found that she is a sturdy ship, and easily handled by my wife and me, and we have found that her ability to sail well with the racing boats has been stimulating even on the cruises, particularly on cruise week of 1957, when under working sails alone we finished third in the fleet despite the fact that many of the 40 foot racers were carrying Genoa Jibs.

The *Rayanna* can send along no original ideas, for her equipment and layout have seemed perfect. We did remove the solid panels in her hatch and insert plexiglass in their place to give more light in the cabin. In addition, we inserted an extra counter over the top of the one which is used as the engine cover, raising the second one up level with the remaining counter in the galley, and covered this with a piece of Formica in wood finish which matches the remainder of the natural wood top of the galley area. This we like very much for it gives a durable working surface to be used in place of the lovely wood counters. The space between these two counters over the engine makes an excellent storage place for charts as well as any of the pieces in the galley area which normally cover the stove and so forth, which one likes to get out of the way when using the galley for cooking. This makes a perfect surface for a fifth berth when covered with a mattress.

Another addition is a piece that has been made to slip in where the hatch slides into the companionway. This was made as a simple mahogany frame the size of the companionway hatch, but yet the frame itself being only two inches in width and fitted into this frame is a piece of heavy plexiglass coming back as a visor much like the sunshade type of visor that one sees over windshields of an auto. This slopes back covering completely that little part of the deck just aft of the companionway. This has been found to be a welcome shield on hot rainy days, for it prevents any of the rain which hits on this small portion of the deck from splashing into the cabin itself, but gives perfect ventilation also. With this in place when one leaves the boat, we can take advantage of this entire area for ventilation of the cabin.

There are very minor things and I am sure that others will feel as I do that the thought and care that went into the designing of the Concordia has been so thorough that very little in the way of improvement can be made.

*Rayanna* and the family send our best wishes for happy cruising to the Concordia family.

Ray Curtis.



# Spindrift

## WHITECAP STORY

Freshman owners of a Concordia yawl should, we think, be somewhat reticent in their contributing remarks to this 20th Anniversary booklet. As Waldo himself said in response to a suggestion or two regarding our proposed new boat, "When you've sailed the boat three or four years, Kim, you'll know something about her." Right now you don't." Needless to say the suggested "improvements" died aborning.

A Concordia yawl is something like a Chinese junk. You just don't change a proper order of things backed by generations of thought and character. Take the hard-fought case for a Mercedes diesel. "In the first place diesels haven't come to Padanaram yet and in the second place, Kim, you haven't got the money to be a pioneer. Let someone else do it." In short, sensible Concordians don't argue with an east wind. You won't win.

*Whitecap's* only novelty is the cabin table and heating stove. In the place where many Concordias have Waldo's fine square stove, we have a wooden dresser of about the same dimensions. Atop this dresser sits a tiny coal burning milkman's wagon heater the size of a bucket. Stainless steel wings encircle its sides and rear protecting the unwary from burns and greatly increasing heating efficiency. The stove and its connector stovepipe can be stowed in the top of the dresser. The dresser has two drawers, one for stove fuel (briquets and coal), the other for table cutlery.

The cabin table hangs from the dresser front (when folded), leaving full floor space in the cabin. The table (when swung up into open position) is as long as the dresser is high and opens out to twice its width. When open it is supported by a single leg. When folded, this leg swings up under the table top and is held against the underside of the table top by a cupboard door magnet catch.

The chief virtue of this table is, of course, increase in floor space without the nuisance and flimsiness of a portable table. Our table proved solid when open, its strength coming from a piano hinge along the dresser top. We invested in hand rails under the cabin roof to encourage people not to test the table's strength with their knees when they struggled forward in rough going.

The stove is such a good companion that we intend to keep it permanently fixed in place and to turn the top compartment of the dresser to some other use.

We spent forty nights on *Whitecap* last season cruising as a family from Cape Cod waters to Roque Island. Everything worked. Nothing failed.

We sailed for twenty years in the first boat Waldo built. We expect *Whitecap* to serve us for the next twenty.

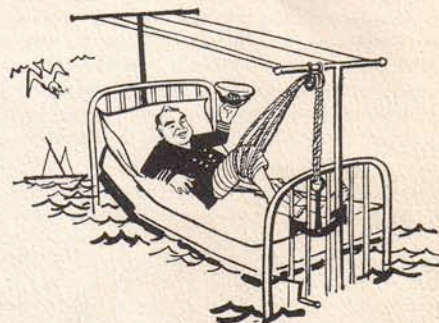
Kim and Martha Norton.

**HAIL COLUMBIA** — It is a great tribute to you and your father who conceived of the Concordia vessel. She is a fine little sea boat, and it is clearly

proved that she can have a turn of speed when required. I don't know how you can improve on this combination. There is nothing I can tell you about the two *Actaeas* of this class as I imagine your files and logs are more complete than mine, except to say that they exceeded my expectations for a vessel of this size, and I believe when it comes to a boat I am considered somewhat hard to please . . . **Harry Sears.**

Henry Sears, who has owned two Concordias named *Actaea*, heads the syndicate which built the America's Cup competitor, *Columbia*. Not only that, he was probably more instrumental in reviving the international series than anyone else. As commodore of the New York Yacht Club in 1955 he started the ball rolling and made the dramatic announcement of the revival in August, 1956, at Newport.

**SIGHT UNSEEN** — Probably the greatest pleasure I have had during the past five weeks has been derived from the material and pictures you sent me. It was possible from those pictures and a magnifying glass, along with the descriptions and the trip of David Barker and his father to your yard that allowed me to purchase *Actaea* without seeing her. My old boat was an Owens Cutter that I just about finished rebuilding after seven years. It is a fast hull and will be used for racing out of San Diego, California. What a pleasure to have a well-built Concordia in such good condition. I have a man who was trained on a New York Yacht Club yacht who can keep her in her present condition . . . **Russell D. Hay.** (Note . . . Mr. Hay bought *Actaea* while he was laid up in the hospital with a broken leg.)



**GOODBYE STINKPOTS** — My shift from power to sail is a result of a long burning desire to own a yawl. My ancestors like yours built and sailed their own ships on the Seven Seas for three generations. I guess when it is in your blood it stays there. Power boating for me until now has been a matter of convenience, time and health. Now at 50 I am casting all my previous doubts to the winds. My four sons are big enough I hope to assist. Under future plans — time will tell. We shall most certainly go cruising along the Maine coast. We will try some racing here in our large open class, and weather permitting, will give the Monhegan Island Ocean Race a try next August . . . **Frank Soule.**



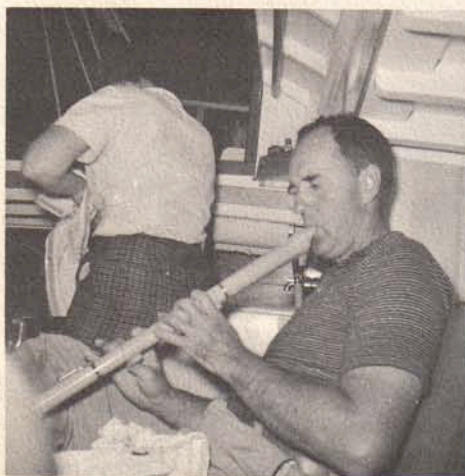
For those who, because of declining years or other reasons, are primarily interested in a cruising boat, I can recommend the rig we worked out for *Dusky IV*. I refer particularly to the mastheaded jib topsail furled with a Merriman "roller" furler gear or whatever they call it. Not only does this arrangement provide a rig which is very easy to handle, it also provides one that, except when pointing directly on the wind, makes the boat go. I suspect that it performs at least equally to a genoa except on this one point of sailing.

I can also recommend the special arrangement for two cockpit berths which we copied from *Harrier*. While I originally installed these primarily for use of the smaller "Fry" in our family, I learned from experience that many of the grown-ups prefer them in good weather to the cabin bunks. They worked out particularly well in the case of inveterate snorers as it is certainly a relief to have private quarters to offer them away from the rest of us.

We have also enjoyed the commodious locker space provided by our unique head arrangement and the advantages an extra ice box affords for cruising.

Unfortunately, I do not have any racing results to brag about during the one year we have now enjoyed *Dusky IV*. I attribute this to my inability to properly tune her up for both racing and cruising. While I have her balanced perfectly for use with the jib topsail, this tuning job does not work when I use a regular genoa. I suspect this difficulty will be best overcome by purchasing a mastheaded genoa and spinnaker even though this would increase *Dusky's* rating. This I have not yet done as I am not enough of a racing enthusiast to either put up the money for the extra sails or to go to the trouble of handling this extra sail area. Consequently, I am, for the present, delaying this move. Should you have any ideas on how to properly balance the boat for both conditions, I surely will appreciate your passing them on.

Hobart J. Hendrick.



Kim Norton in Cruising Mood

**WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED** — I am afraid I can't contribute much to your publication, as I have from the start always felt the boats were just about what the doctor ordered, and except for a special hook to hang my leopardskin cap on I have never felt much like changing them. I am not completely reactionary, and am always interested in seeing the changes that other people make in their boats, and the very few departures from the prototype that survive. I am not even so sure that the 41's are as good a boat as the standard model. I think if I were caught out in bad weather I would almost just as soon be in a standard. I am afraid I am unable to offer any technical information that would be of much help to my fellow Concordians. My little boat is hauled out now as of early January for the first time in her life. We sailed her at Christmas time, but I am going abroad soon and don't want to have to worry about her. I will be back the beginning of June and am looking forward to some good sailing this summer . . . Drayton Cochran.



Sumatra, Beverly Class D Winner, 1956

**MALAY MEANDERINGS** — Here are a few thoughts regarding Concordias offshore:

Good reefing gear is a must and there should be fitted to the boom suitable reefing chocks near the after end of the boom and a pair of good winches on the boom near the gooseneck.

The cockpit is large and is fitted with non-watertight access doors into the sides for stowage. These should be made tight. *Malay's* cockpit this year has been rebuilt by raising the floor and by converting the seat boxes into sail bins leading into the hull. New Bermuda Race standard limits cockpit volume to 6% of "L" x measured beam x freeboard aft. *Malay's* cockpit has a new volume of 2.2%. A swinging stove is a must as are overhead grab rails in main cabin. Canvas dodger between the dinghy and house top permits main skylight to be left open without passing water. A companion-hood is important from standpoint of both safety and comfort. Coming back from Bermuda in 1956 *Malay* took a 90° heel in a streaming sea. Owners with wide companionways should consider leaving companion boards in place during heavy weather.

Dan Strohmeier.

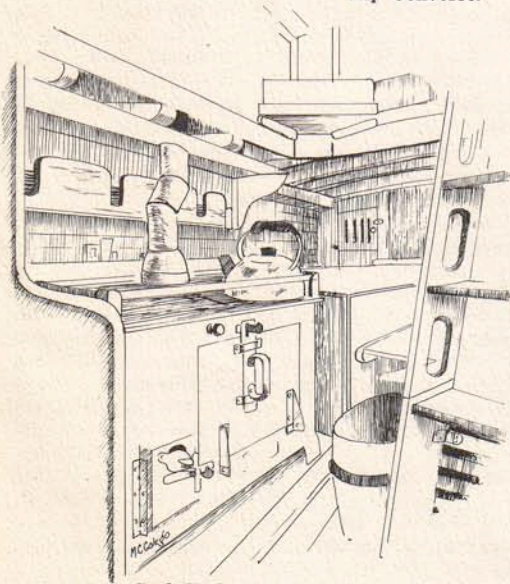


**HOW ABOUT PARTHENIA:** Although she has not been on many special cruises or trips, she is used fairly constantly by the families and friends of my two sons, one daughter, and one niece. June and I occasionally are allowed to go off by ourselves for a cruise, which we did last summer during the middle of July leaving for Fishers Island, picking up another couple there and continuing to Riverside, Conn., via Port Jefferson and Huntington, and returning from Riverside with our son Peter and wife on board via Port Jefferson and Block Island. We had a wonderful spinnaker ride from Block Island right to Centerboard Ledge off Marion on the same tack with an increasing Sou'west wind all the way.

Her rating is too high — 28.9. For one thing, last year I put 300 pounds of ballast forward to bring her bow down to her lines. Since I have raced so very little and hardly ever with the same crew, I have not paid too much attention to rating, except to complain when we do well boat for boat and end up way down the list on corrected time. Of course, my heavy diesel engine hurts my rating but I would not change back to gasoline for anything. If I should make any change at all it would be to install another diesel for a little more horsepower as the Petter Diesel is only 12 HP, and I believe that one of the small Gray Marine Diesels 25 HP would fit without too many alterations.

As to the operation of my Petter, I have never had to have any mechanical work done on the engine from year to year other than the normal commissioning and hauling out work. Never has it failed to start, never have I had a mechanic on board during the season for anything except to re-align the engine or to take up on the stuffing box which has caused a little trouble this past year.

Rip Converse.



Coal Cook Stove in Javelin

**BUSY BOAT** — Since she became ours six years ago, *Windseye's* career has been undistinguished perhaps, but a busy one nonetheless, and if any boat is a happy boat surely she is. From the first week in April till the last of October each year she has been on the go almost every week-end and much of the time between weekends. Our cruises have been somewhat limited either by the ages of the crew, seven, six, four, and two (if they are with us), or by the stamina of the sitter if they are left at home; but nonetheless *Windseye* and we have prowled and poked into a goodly number of the harbors from Somesville to Long Island. Our favorite? Where else but Hadley's!

Over the years she has truly become a member of the family and it's our hope that she will remain so, for she is the ideal boat even as her growing list of younger sisters testifies to similar sentiments on the part of other owners. (She is in fact a little too perfect, for were she not ideal it would be easier for us to admit that, even with chartering her six weeks out of every year, we shouldn't be trying to afford her.)

How many other owners do much of their own work I do not know, but I do know that the pleasure and satisfaction of launching day is intense after five months of labor in a dark, damp, and frigid shed, I am constantly threatening to, "paint over the brightwork this year," yet so far, except for the waterways (which did finally succumb to the paintbrush), I haven't had the courage to paint the mahogany and locust after scraping and sanding for weeks on end.

Incidentally, has anyone else tried Sudbury's 365 Brightwork Finish? We are 100% sold on it. Four or five coats in a day is easy, and no sanding between coats — except before the last one. Speaking of fitting out, a few years ago while we were overhauling all the turnbuckles we carefully sorted them out so that they all turned the same way and then stamped the lower end of each with a center punch. When the boat is rigged if the marked end is placed down then all of them will tighten the same way — clockwise. A small matter but a big help when it comes to setting up the rigging in the spring.

Suggestion? Well, how do you improve on perfection anyway? But here are a very few. How about making a boom bale for a vang standard equipment (or is it?), and why not design a small sheltered compartment in the cockpit for a pair of binoculars. Just some place to put them down quickly and yet to have them instantly at hand without the danger of their sliding around or getting tangled in lines. Lastly, though it sounds like heresy, how about making the berths in the forward cabin movable so that in a pinch three or even four people — particularly children — could have bunks there. Is there a Concordia boarding ladder? If not maybe there should be.

Tom and Anne Hale.

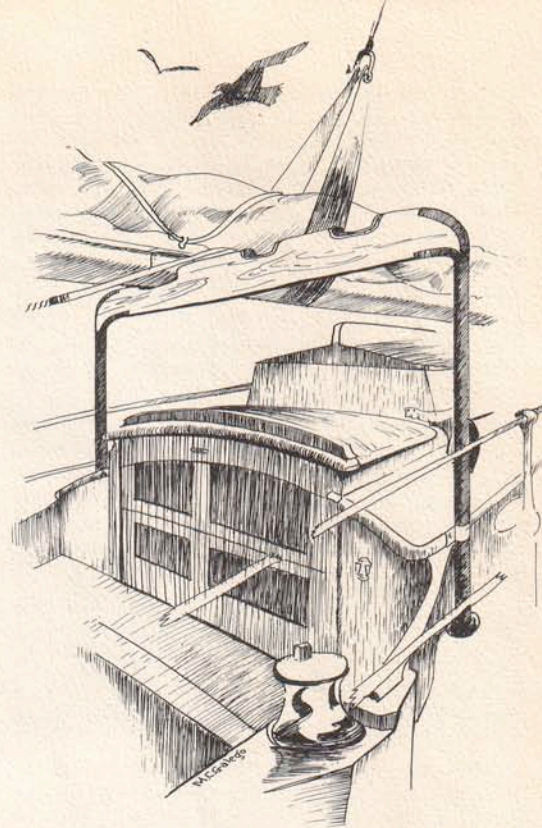


**LAKE BREEZES** — There was so little summer left when I got *Systole* here that performance-wise there is very little worthy of comment. I will say, however, that her very presence has been cause for a great deal of interest and admiration. Everyone, including, of course, her skipper, is expecting a great deal of her, and I don't plan to have anyone disappointed. She is able enough and sturdy in her rigging to take most anything the Lakes can subject her to in the way of weather. I believe she will be fast too, although I am sure my light sails aren't light enough for the limited winds in which we often race. For the long race to Erie (90+ miles), a night affair in which we participated, she was among the leaders as long as we had some decent wind. Things went flat when we were about halfway there and no one finished within the 22-hour time allowance. The across Cleveland Falcon Race (30+ miles) was a run all the way in light wind, and with the breeze right on my counter I just couldn't get that Hood spinnaker to free. It has been recut, and I've added a new Zeta cloth light one which should give me far better performance this year. She has been greeted here with enthusiasm and considerable expectation. Incidentally, Ray McLeod reports that she is the best planked boat he has even seen. This is a very pertinent compliment on her superior construction . . . Ed Kline.

**CHESAPEAKE CHATTER** — As you know I have not raced *Suva* yet, but plan to actively campaign her in Chesapeake Bay in the future. My membership was just accepted to the Annapolis Yacht Club, and I have my application pending in the Sailing Club of the Chesapeake. I will race under the flag of the Sailing Club of the Chesapeake if accepted. There are only two or three races here on the Bay prior to my leaving for the Bermuda Race which I, of course, intend to enter this June. I have no other special cruises or trips in mind, and I have not sailed her enough to have any special experience. I got a wealth of information from Dan Strohmeier concerning the special equipment that he has worked out, but of course I have as yet tried none of it . . . Bob Foley.



Bandas Galley



Gallows Frame on White Cap

**SWAN SONG** — Special equipment worked out: Nothing worthy of mention except possibly the use of bridles on spinnaker pole to eliminate ben when forward guy and life are secured to middle of pole to obviate necessity of shifting forward guy when jibing.

Found installation of additional air scoop on coach top immediately forward of forward hatch invaluable in providing adequate ventilation of forward compartment when hatches are battened down and portholes dogged in heavy weather.

Have, in conjunction with James E. Graves, Inc., designed staff to support twelvepoint white stern navigation light. Staff fits in socket of ensign staff and lead from light plugs into socket for mizzen mast truck light. Have found it a good safety precaution to reinforce mainsail track by bolting through mast at locations of headboard in the two reefed positions.

**Reefing:** In heavy weather handling, have found use of boom gallows indispensable; prefer old-fashioned reef points. If more than one set of reef points, each set should be distinctively marked — I use 1 and 2 bits of seizing on the first and second sets, respectively, to prevent tying in wrong set. In Bermuda race, 1956, ship balanced well and logged upwards of 8.5 knots for several hours in gale winds under close-reefed main and storm jib.

Bill Wood.



## Notes from Waldo

**RIG CHANGES** have gone something like this — The original idea was a double headrig cutter. The mast was located well aft so that the boat would remain head to wind with mainsail set. Our 8 meter had sailed beautifully to windward but would not lie at her Padanaram mooring when the main was hoisted. After figuring on the jibs and sheets needed for a double headrig we gave the whole idea up . . . Not enough room for stowage, not enough hands for handling.

The mast then went forward to its present standard position, and a mizzen was added to keep the boat head to wind with mainsail set. This works even when hoisting and stowing anchor. With resulting short foretriangle a masthead working jib on a club would be too high and narrow. Hence the lowered headstay.

Then came the NYYC cruise runs which are often downhill. The low narrow spinnaker resulting from the small foretriangle did not compete with the wider masthead spinnakers that are mostly up above the effect of the main. Racing, like parties, requires special costumes.

The first Concordia *Actaea*, now the *Windseye*, lost her mizzen, got a longer main boom and a three-foot bowsprit. Results in the '55 NYYC cruise were very gratifying. First day — first in the fleet.

Next came the Concordia 41's which were modified hulls having slightly more displacement and a lower center of gravity of the keel. Both modifications added to sail carrying ability. Concordia *Actaea* No. 2 with several different sloop rigs showed up well in racing prior to keel centerboard jobs like Ray Hunt's *Shoaler* and later famous racers.

Other 41's, especially *Harrier*, started with rigs like the second Concordia *Actaea*'s, but gradually shifted to short bowsprit, shorter mast and masthead rig. This year Concordia 41 *Banda* shifted from a masthead sloop without bowsprit to a rig like *Harrier*'s, with shorter mast and bowsprit. Performance has been improved.

Another rig tried includes a standard yawl rig and rigging with the addition of a short bowsprit, with outer jib going to the masthead and working on a roller furling gear. This has worked out well for cruising, in that considerable added sail area can be set and furled with a minimum of effort. It adds too much to the rating if used in racing.

**Conclusions** — Perhaps the standard yawl with the standard small foretriangle makes a fine family cruising boat and all around arrangement. A jib on a club is useful at times when short handed. Jib and jigger is great in cases of sudden squalls. With

fair sized mainsail the boat will sail and handle like a catboat.

Racing experience has shown that the 41's, with masthead sloop rig and short bowsprit are the most consistent winners.

The final choice of rig has to be up to the owner. I always think of the fact that I personally got better pictures with a Brownie than with a Graflex. In long distance races or trips, a minimum of mistakes or troubles may mean as much as maximum speed.

**HULL TYPES AND FORMS** — Ray Hunt has given the Concordias a good shape free from excessive extremes. They were giving satisfaction for cruising and racing 20 years ago. They still do so today, and I hope they will for many years to come.

Why don't I offer a centerboard version to join the popular trend? Well, partly, my reason is that there is too much added initial expense and perhaps upkeep as well. Secondly, it is not the intent of the Cruising Club rules or others to favor any special type. As I understand it, the Rules Committees are currently considering elements involving centerboards, ballast ratio and bowsprits.



DUSKY IV

**NOTES ON BERMUDA RACE** — In talking with a few of the owners after their return from the 1958 Bermuda trip, there were a number of comments that particularly interested me.

Jack Parkinson in heavy weather used reefed mizzen and number two jib. Ran very comfortably



that way. For cooking used two "Sea Swing" single-burner sterno stoves. Felt a gallows frame was essential. The box type ventilator at forward end of cabin with cowl vent on top and scuppers at the bottom was most important. Had a strong cheek block bolted to the masthead to use in case of failure of main halyard. Used Ratsey safety belts constantly. Rigged an extra high life line between main and mizzen rigging. Has retained the built-in sail locker across the forward end of his cockpit for cruising as well as racing.

Dan Strohmeier felt that the lower spinnakers of the Concordias were safer than the masthead type for ocean work. The higher masthead ones tended to sway or oscillate from side to side in a violent way at times. Found the canvas hood over the main companionway most useful. Rigged a canvas skirt or dodger from dinghy rail to hand rail which made it possible to keep skylight open. The problem of staying in a weather berth should be given careful attention. For the Concordia berths in the main cabin a lanyard at each end led to a fender hook overhead so as to hold the inboard rail in a high position will do the job very nicely.

Alec Bright was glad that he kept his cabin table in the boat as it kept things and crew from shifting too far or fast. Liked the galley arrangement with upper section of steps omitted, a box screwed on top of engine cover which served as a steep and also a container for food in process, Sea Swing sterno stove on aft bulkhead. Took for a life raft one of the 10-man self-inflating type.

**THE WORKHORSE** — *Fetcher*, a converted Nova Scotia lobster boat, is the workhorse which tows Concordias from Boston to South Dartmouth after they arrive in this country from their German builder. In winter or summer, *Fetcher* arrives at the Mc-



**Windquest**

Kie Lighter Wharf in Boston to start the newly arrived craft on their way to the Concordia Yard where they are rigged and made ready for the water.

The cabin roof of the *Fetcher* is hinged in the center so that the spars of the Concordias may be stowed more easily. Sometimes on the trip down the Massachusetts coast from Boston *Fetcher* has as many as three Concordias in tow. If the weather gets a little too rough the crew seeks shelter in Scituate Harbor and waits for a break.



**Fetcher at work**





The two upper photos picture the present Concordia dock in South Dartmouth late in the 19th century. Bottom photo is an aerial view of Concordia taken in 1957. Note the New Bedford Yacht Club flanking the dock on the left with its floats waiting for their annual spring launching.



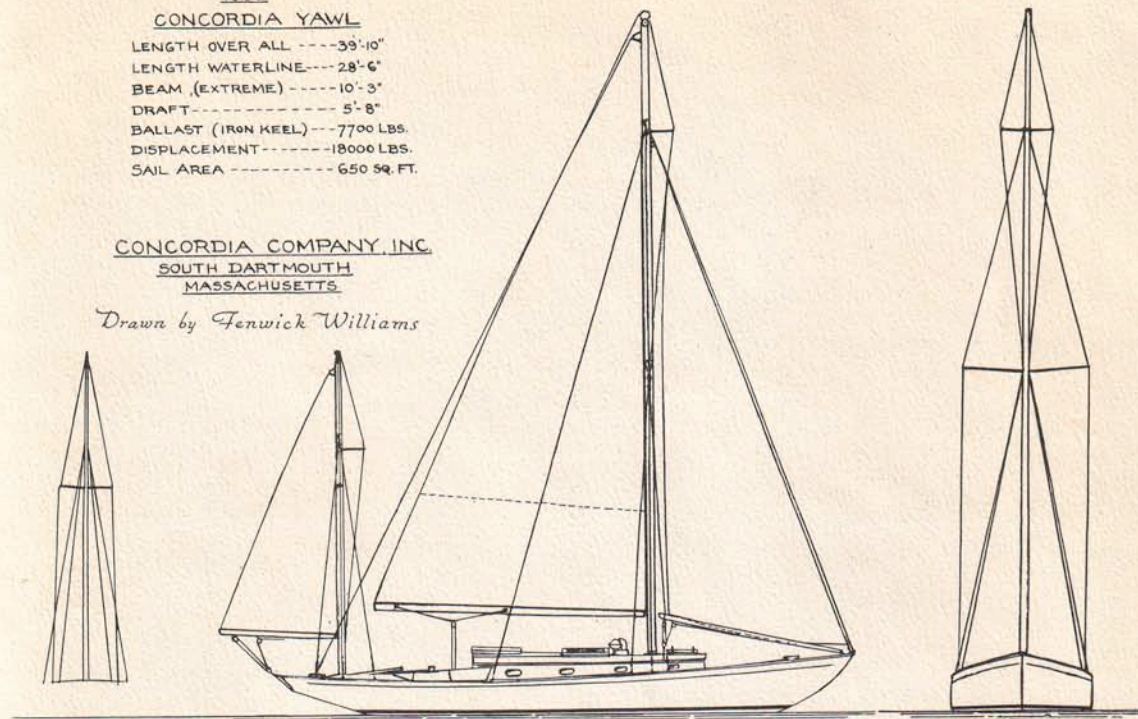
1958

# CONCORDIA YAWL

LENGTH OVER ALL ----39'-10"  
 LENGTH WATERLINE----28'-6"  
 BEAM (EXTREME)-----10'-3"  
 DRAFT-----5'-8"  
 BALLAST (IRON KEEL)---7700 LBS.  
 DISPLACEMENT-----18000 LBS.  
 SAIL AREA -----650 SQ. FT.

CONCORDIA COMPANY, INC.  
 SOUTH DARTMOUTH  
 MASSACHUSETTS

Drawn by Fenwick Williams

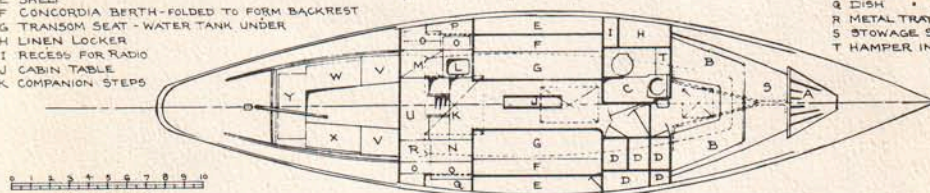


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
 SCALE OF FEET  
 FOR SAIL PLAN

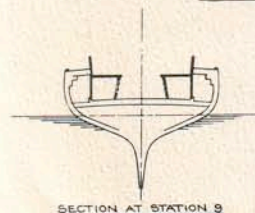
- A SLAT FLOORING FOR SAIL STOWAGE
- B FOLDING BERTH WITH SEAT UNDER
- C WASH ROOM
- D LOCKERS
- E SHELF
- F CONCORDIA BERTH-FOLDED TO FORM BACKREST
- G TRANSOM SEAT - WATER TANK UNDER
- H LINEN LOCKER
- I RECESS FOR RADIO
- J CABIN TABLE
- K COMPANION STEPS

- U REMOVABLE COUNTER OVER ENGINE
- V " SEAT IN COCKPIT
- W HINGED SEAT, FUEL TANK UNDER
- X " STOWAGE UNDER
- Y " " "

- L GALLEY SINK - STOWAGE UNDER
- M ICE BOX
- N STOVE RECESS WITH COVER
- O LOOSE TRAPS IN COUNTER - STOWAGE UNDER
- P GLASS RACK ABOVE COUNTER
- Q DISH " "
- R METAL TRAY UNDER COVER-BATTERIES BELOW
- S STOWAGE SPACE- ANCHOR & WARP
- T HAMPER IN WASH ROOM



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
 SCALE OF FEET  
 FOR CABIN PLAN



SECTION AT STATION 9

## CONCORDIA YAWL BRIEF SPECIFICATIONS

CONSTRUCTION- OAK KEEL, STEAM BENT OAK FRAMES, AFRICAN MAHOGANY PLANKING, BRIGHT MAHOGANY DECK TRIM, CANVAS COVERED MAIN DECK AND HOUSE TOP, BRONZE PLANK FASTENINGS, GALVANIZED IRON KEEL BOLTS.

RIG-HOLLOW SPARS, INCLUDING SPINNAKER POLE, STAINLESS STEEL RIGGING, GALVANIZED TANGS, BRONZE FITTINGS AND WINCHES. SAILS-MAINSAIL, MIZZEN, AND JIB, DACRON. RUNNING RIGGING, DACRON.

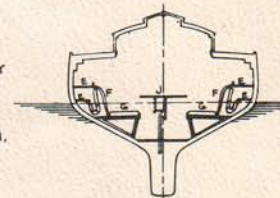
ENGINE-GRAY 4 CYL. 30 H.P., COCKPIT CONTROLS. PROPELLER-2 BLADE SOLID ON CENTERLINE.

PLUMBING AND TANKS-TOILET AND LAVATORY WITH PUMP IN WASH ROOM, SINK AND PUMP IN GALLEY, BUILT-IN BILGE PUMP. THREE TIN LINED COPPER WATER TANKS OF APPROXIMATELY 60 GALLONS TOTAL CAPACITY. ONE 20 GALLON TIN LINED COPPER GAS TANK.

CABIN EQUIPMENT- 2 SPECIAL FOLDING BERTHS FORWARD, 2 CONCORDIA BERTHS IN MAIN CABIN, TRANSOM CUSHIONS, KAPOC BERTH MATTRESSES, CABIN TABLE, ICE BOX OF 50 LBS CAPACITY, ALCOHOL STOVE. 7 ELECTRIC LIGHTS, 1 KEROSENE LAMP, COCKPIT CUSHIONS.

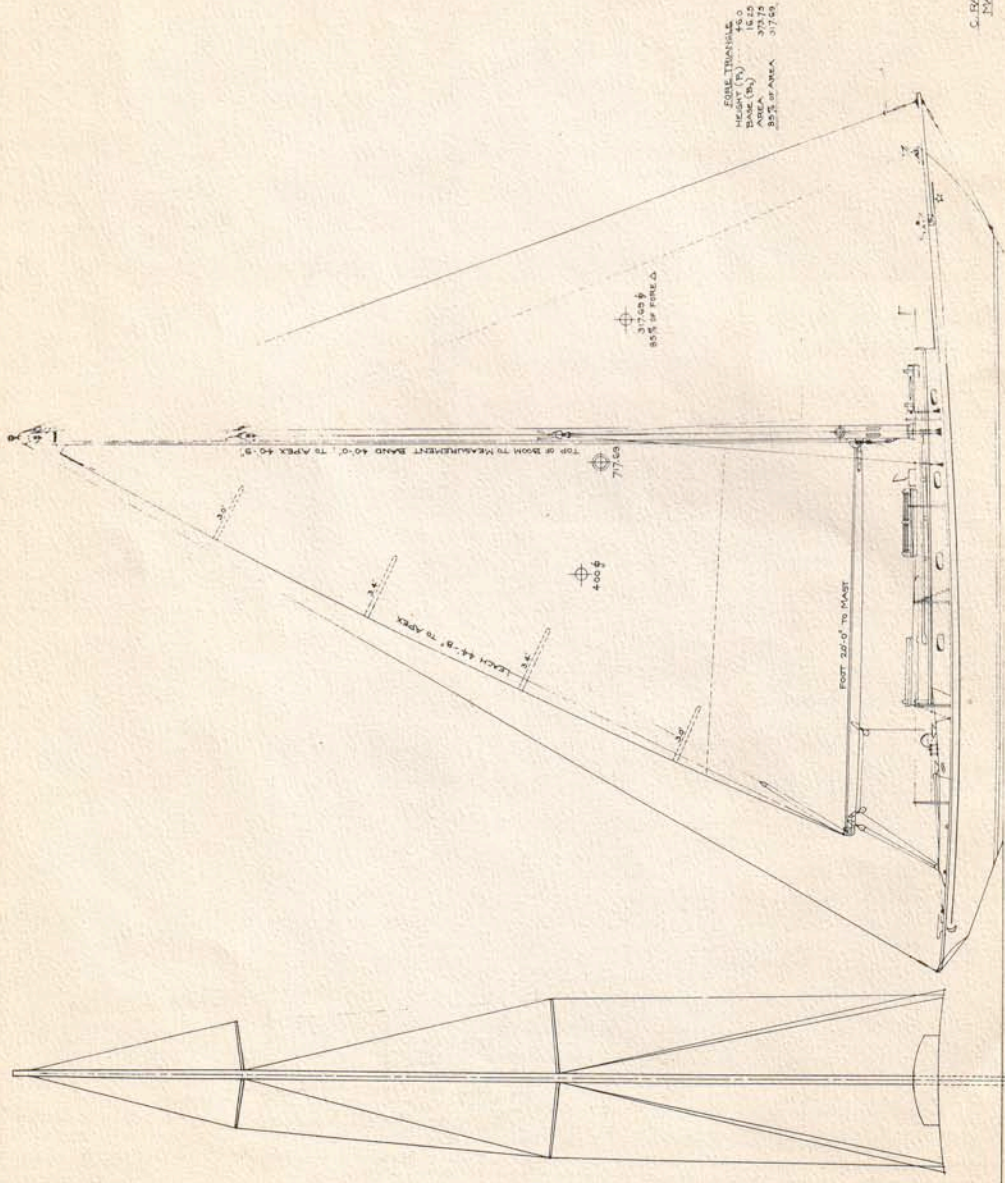
OTHER EQUIPMENT-ELEC. RUNNING AND RIDING LIGHTS, ANCHOR AND WARP, BOAT-HOOK, FLAG STAFF, CANVAS BUCKET, MOP, FEW TOOLS, FENDERS, LIFE RING, DOCK LINES, COMPASS AND BINNACLE, LIFE LINES, PULPIT, DINGHY CHOCKS.

FINISH- SPARS BRIGHT, DECK TRIM AND HOUSE SIDES BRIGHT, DECK PAINTED BUFF, TOPSIDES WHITE, BOTTOM GREEN, COCKPIT FLOOR TEAK, BARE. INTERIOR: PINE BULKHEADS, HARDWOOD TRIM, ALL BRIGHT. UNDERSIDE OF HOUSE TOP WHITE, FLOOR TEAK. TOILET ROOM WHITE EXCEPT FOR FLOOR.



SECTION AT STATION 5





# DESIGN No 14. S CONCORDIA 41

DESIGNED BY  
 S. BAYMOND HUNT WALLIS HOSLAND  
 PORTSMOUTH SOUTH HAMPSHIRE  
 ENGLAND

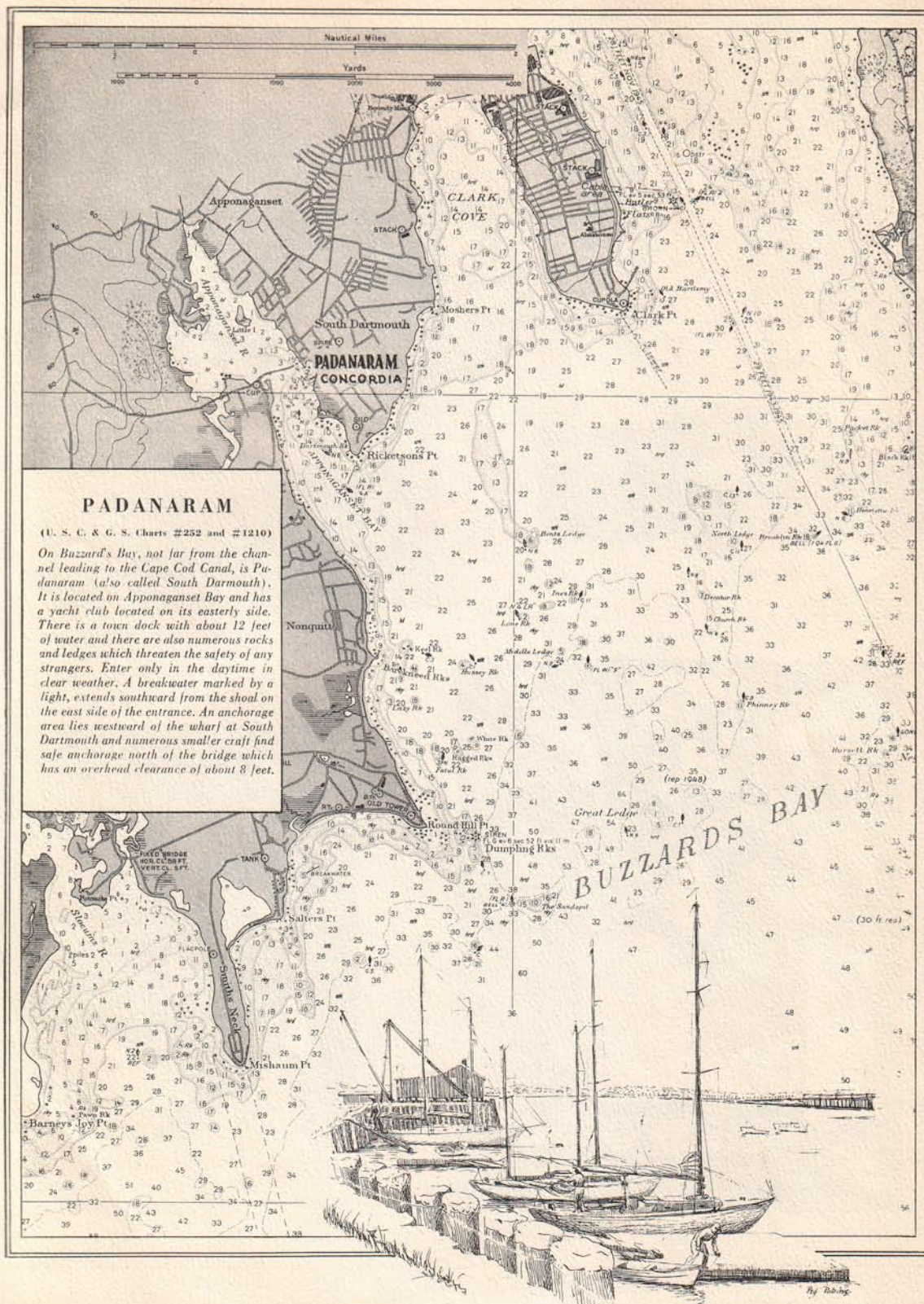
## SAIL PLAN

SCALE 3/8" = 1'-0"  
 OCT. 25, 1957 F.C. WILLIAMS  
 100' x 100' x 100'

Drawn by Fenwick Williams

USE A SPREADER FOR THE FORE TRYSAIL  
 IN THIS PLAN IS CORRECTLY LOCATED  
 FOR BOATS BUILT WITHOUT BRIDGE DECK.



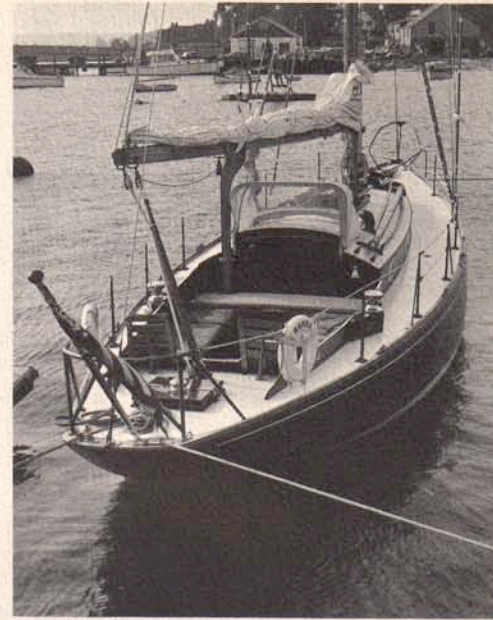




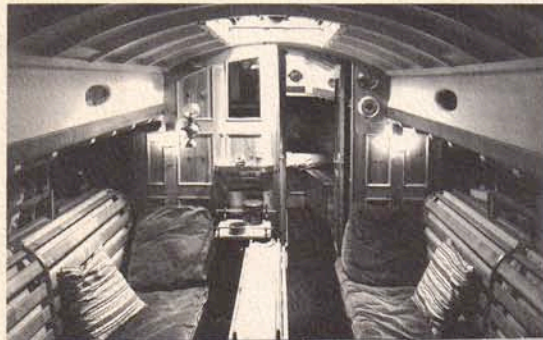
## Concordia Glimpses



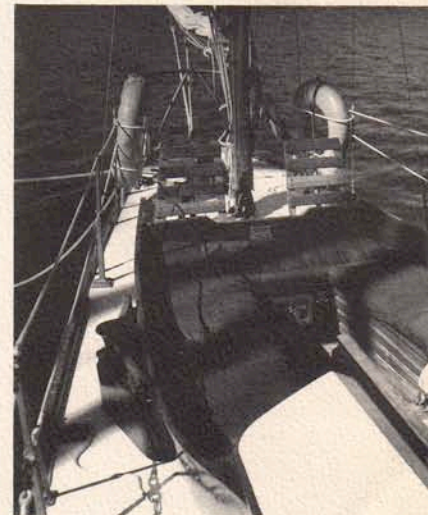
Gamecock



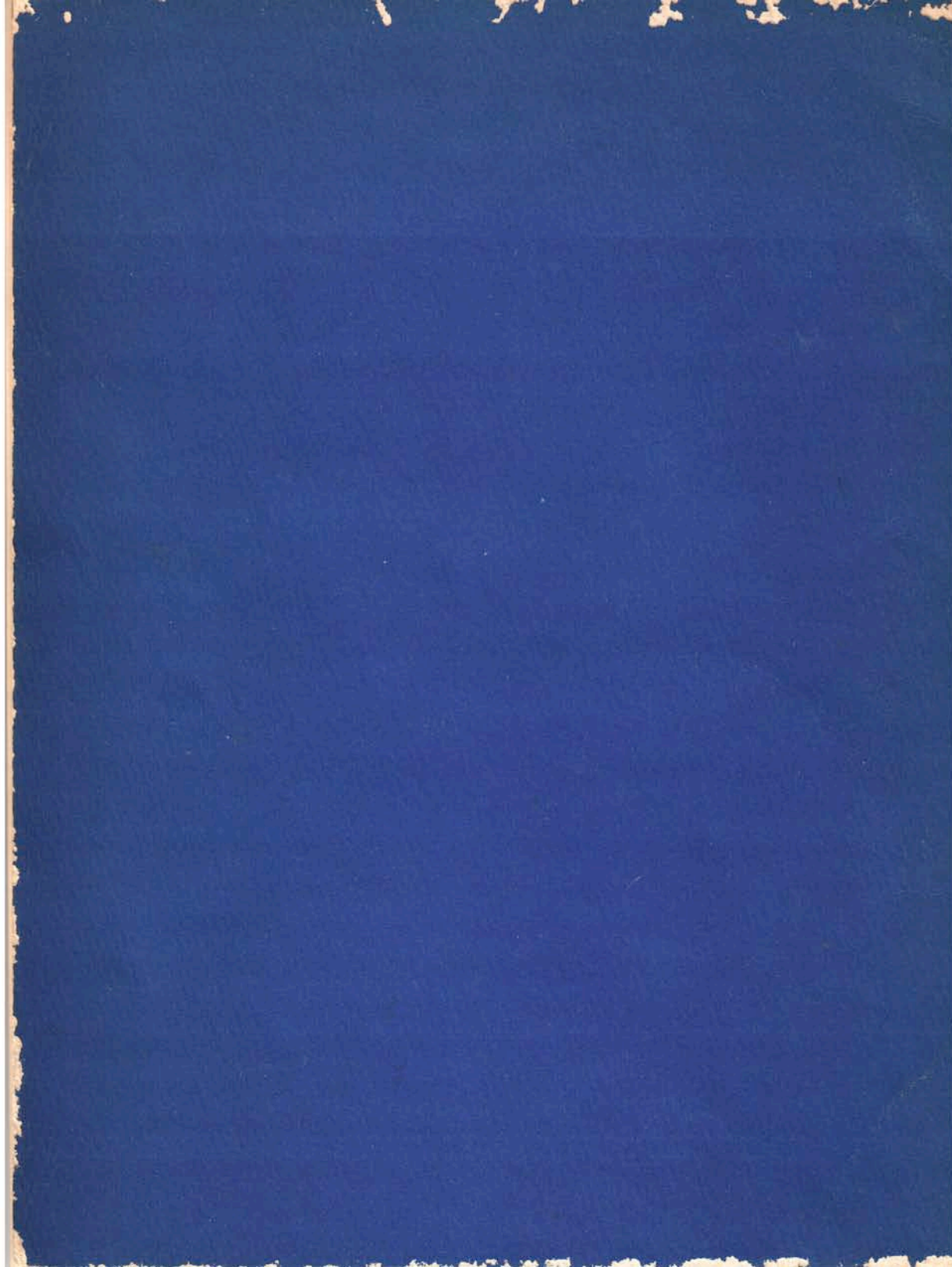
Banda



Auda









# CONCORDIA YAWL ROLL CALL - continued

66	Misty	1959	Lester A. McIntosh	Detroit, Michigan	A&R	62
67	Crocodile	1959	U. Haskell Crocker	Manchester, Mass.	"	63
68	Belle One	1959	John C. Kiley, Jr.	Wianno, Mass.	"	64
69	Diablo	1959	John M. Robinson	Portland, Maine	"	65
*70	Banda	1959	E.W. Stetson, Jr.	Southport, Conn.	"	66
*71	Polaris	1959	Roberts Parsons	E. Greenwich, R.I.	"	67
*72	Arachne	1959	H. St. John Webb	Padanaram, Mass.	"	68
73	Ygerne	1959	Allen T. Klots	Cold Spr. Harbor, N.Y.	"	69
74	Soprano	1959	Heywood Fox	Wianno, Mass.	"	70
75	Land's End	1959	William T. Okie	Darien, Conn.	"	71
76		1959	Thomas H. West	Padanaram, Mass.	"	72
77		1960	Basil W. Stetson	Edgartown, Mass.	"	73
	const #5576		For Sale	W. Shackelford - Wilmington, Del.		
*	const #5580		For Sale			







# In Perspective — J.P.B. and Number Two Son Visit a Shipwright

As the wife was saying to me just the other day for the umpteenth time, we can't afford a new boat this year. Still, it doesn't cost anything to look and anticipation is half the fun. My Number Two Son and I have been looking like crazy for the past few months, poring over back issues of *Yachting* and *The National Fisherman* and poking around yacht yards, "window" shopping as if we owned the Mint.

Our good nautical friend, Paule Loring, skipper of the saltiest little schooner on Narragansett Bay, has generally approved of all this but he thinks we may be looking at the wrong boats.

"You ought to go over to Padanarum and see Waldo Howland," he advised. "Maybe he can knock some of those crazy fiberglass ideas out of his head."

So we drove over to Padanarum one snowy Saturday recently to the yard of the Concordia Company of which Mr. Howland is president.

There wasn't a sign of life. We were disappointed, but we strolled out on a pier and stood in the snow admiring Mr. Howland's beautiful coasting schooner, *Integrity*. Just seeing this fine little ship made the trip worthwhile.

Vowing to return another day, we headed home, following the waterfront. About two miles from Padanarum village, my son suddenly called my attention to a modest sign at the head of a long lane. It read:

Beetle Catboat  
Division  
Concordia Co.  
Tacked on to the top of the sign was a small panel which read:  
Wooden

The cluster of buildings at the far end of the lane looked dark and deserted. There were a couple of cars down there beside one of the sheds but they were covered with snow. There were no tracks in the snow which had been falling for several hours. I was for driving on, but the boy prevailed on me to go down and have a look.

He leaped from the car and tried the primitive wooden latch of the nearest shed. It opened, and he beckoned me to join him inside.

In the dim light of a long shed, we feasted our eyes on a sight to make a sailing man's heart jump with joy. The whole shed was crowded with newly finished Beetle catboats, smelling of fresh paint and varnish — each one a little gem of the boatbuilding art. There were also a handsome little double-ender, reminiscent of an old skip's gig, an enormous spar for some large vessel, and at a far end, another boat the exact lines of which were hidden by a big plastic covering. We called out, but there was no reply.

As we were about to leave, my son called attention to a sliver of light coming from a door at the far end of the shed. We picked our way past the catboats, opened the door, and stepped into a large, high-ceilinged building, cosily warm, well lit and almost entirely filled by a large, deep-keeled sailing vessel in a fairly advanced stage of construction. Under her bow, on the opposite side of the room, we saw a couple of young men working at a long workbench. Sitting on a box watching them was an older man, short in stature, stocky, with a fringe of white hair and a look of benign contentment.

"Mr. Howland?" I asked.

"I'm Waldo Howland," the older man answered. "Come in. Welcome."

We introduced ourselves, and I explained that Paule Loring had suggested we consult with him on the relative

merits of wood and fiberglass in boats. "Oh, you want me to start a controversy, eh?" he replied with a twinkle. He had piercing blue eyes.

"Fiberglass is all right, I guess, if that's what you want. If you just want to race," it was evident that fiberglass wasn't what he wanted, or what any right-thinking sailor would want, in Mr. Howland's opinion. But he didn't say so straight out.

"A fiberglass boat," he continued, "is like whiskey without alcohol."

He passed a loving hand over the smooth wooden planks of the schooner he was building — that's what she was, a replica of the old pilot schooners.

"Business men," he said with a slight hint of contempt, but not bitterly. "Businessmen build fiberglass boats."

Then he dismissed the whole subject with a wave of his hand.

"Want to have a look around?"

We did. My son was bug-eyed, as he led us up a ladder to the deck of the schooner, describing details of her design and construction with pride and satisfaction as he went. It was obvious that building wooden boats was more than a business with him.

He told us how the keel and ribs of the schooner were native oak, selected, cut and seasoned by his men. How her beautiful pine decks had come from a stand of pine he had found in Plimpton.

He pointed out one beautiful piece of old pine that had come from a mill in Fall River.

Then he took us through another shed, filled with catboats in various stages of construction, to an adjoining shed where the form for the Beetles lay, top down and ready for framing. He explained the efficient production-line method for building the boats which had been developed years ago by the original Beetle Company for the construction of whaleboats.

Finally, he led us to the shed where we had entered and to the boat that had been under wraps. He whipped off the cover and looked on with satisfaction as my son and I went into ecstasies of delight.

"This is it, Dad," whispered my son.

This was it. She was a day-sailer, about 17 feet long, with a roomy, comfortable cockpit, sturdy construction, sea-kindly lines — she looked like a little ship and had touches that are dear to the heart of the romantic yachtsman, like a pin-rail for belaying the halyards. Her decks were glistening, varnished pine — just like those on the schooner.

"People kept asking me where they could get a good, wooden day-sailer," he said. "There aren't many anymore. So I decided to build a boat just the way I would want it. We chose a time-tested design. She's something like the old Scituate lobster boats and the Connecticut River snad boats."

As a matter of fact, she looks very much like a little boat I remember having seen at the Mystic Seaport.

I don't know how soon my wife will decide we can afford it, but I have a feeling my son and I will be sailing one of Waldo Howland's "sloop boats," as he calls them, one day. Fiberglass is all right, I suppose, but a well-built wooden boat, like whiskey, will mellow with age. This is the kind of boat a man can love and cherish, because she has been built with loving hands. It's the kind of a boat he can pass on to his grandchildren some day, like a family heirloom. You don't find such lasting integrity very often in these days of built-in obsolescence and business for business' sake.

J. P. B.





November 24, 19

In the past few years a number of people have come to me with the question "Do you know of any nice little wooden day sailing boat that is available?" Practically speaking, my answer has been "No". The Herreshoff 12 footers are definitely a great boat. To me they fill the requirements of a splendid day sailer. These can be picked up from time to time as a used boat and at prices from \$1800. to \$2200. or thereabouts. Wooden Herreshoff 12's are no longer being built however. I have asked Mr. Goodwin owner of the plans and rights if I could make an arrangement with him to use these rights. Mr. Goodwin has been most cooperative, but our combined opinion has been that final selling costs would be too great. Concordia does continue to build the 12' Beetle Cats and these boats do serve a real purpose. However, they are cramped for many grownups and are a bit small otherwise for all around family use. Bigelow at Monument Beach does I think, still build a 14' Cat which is a very nice boat and should be considered. No doubt there are other wooden boats being built. but I do not know of one that corresponds with my thinking.

Two years ago I started on the rather difficult problem of listing the qualities that I thought were important for a good little boat. When I say good, I mean one that would be useful and appealing to a knowledgeable sailor who really enjoys sailing in small boats. Such a boat would have to sail well and be handy and able. She would have to be attractive to look at and shipshape in appearance. She would have to be well build with special attention to detail. For a number of reasons, wood seemed to be the best and only medium for construction. Wood has natural virtues so far as appearance, sound, smell, feel, flotation etc. are concerned. It is susceptible to variations and modifications to be made by an owner. It can be painted, polished and generally puttered over and really loved.

In the search for a model I talked mainly with Captain Culler and also to my friend Major Smyth. The former favored a boat having the general characteristics of a Scituate Lobster Boat. The latter urged me to keep in mind a model like the Connecticut River Shad boats. I myself have always liked the Bahama dinghies. We were all thinking along the same lines.

The question of size was next considered. Many of the day sailing boats that have stood the test of time have been in the 18' range. This length permits a sufficient beam for comfortable sitting, a sufficient freeboard for dryness, and a sufficient length of lines for good performance, all without requiring a large sail area.

The main purpose of the rig is to be easy to handle and suitable for the hull. The spars themselves on a little boat like this must be light and strong and we eventually sent up to New Hampshire to get a load of small spruce trees so that the mast boom and gaff could all be natural sticks with the center of the tree in the center of the spar. In addition to the lightness and strength of such sticks, they also have a springiness which acts as a shock absorber during the puffs, and the boom takes a bend to relieve a tight leach in a strong blow. The strength of the stick eliminates the need for shrouds which lessens wind resistance and allows boom and gaff to go way forward. By setting the jib flying, this sail automatically takes a taut luff as pressure is applied on the main sheet. It also bellies forward when off the wind.

The rig with short gaff eliminates a tall mast and permits a well proportioned to pull opposite the peak halyard. For reaching and running the gaff rig has obvious advantages over a taller and narrower rig. Cotton sails take very kindly to a gaff rig where considerable adjustment is possible by different tensions on the peak halyard. The cut of the sail with vertical cloths is very strong and the absence of battens is a great convenience.

(cont.)



# CONCORDIA SLOOP BOAT

Cotton has a quiet way of shaking in the wind compared to the stiffer dacron. Also it is less slippery and easier to furl and handle. By tanbarking cotton sails they retain their softness, but become water-proof and take on a reddish brown color which is very easy on the eyes.

Again following the old system there is just one halyard for the gaff and one for the jib. To get under way it is necessary only to slack the main sheet hoist the main halyard, then snap the tack of the jib into the stem eye and hoist the jib halyard. The mainsail is always left on, and the jib with halyard and sheets attached is just stowed under the forward deck. Getting under way is less than a five minute job. The jib sheets and main sheet and centerboard pennant all lead to the top of the centerboard trunk within easy reach of the helmsman. All blocks are small rope stropped wooden ones which are light and quiet and of sufficient size to have free working sheaves. In place of hoops, the Bahama system of lacing is followed which also is light and quiet. Wooden cleats are used throughout.

The seating arrangement in a small boat is of great importance because human weight is actually the ballast. The Sloop Boat has a seat across the boat just forward of the centerboard trunk. A passenger can sit here facing aft in comfort with a good back and arm rest. He can slide back and forth if need be when tacking with the greatest of ease. His weight is far enough forward to keep the boat in good trim. (Some boats with big cuddy cabins actually force the passengers to sit so far aft that the boat sails out of balance). The helmsman's seat is so arranged that there is support for his back and his feet just reach across to the sheathed rise to the hull.

The beam of the Sloop Boat is such that the boat can easily be rowed. Oars and oarlocks are provided for. However, the Bahamian method of sculling is even more effective. The boomerotch socket serves as a sculling hole and a long sweep will fit out of the way in the cockpit. An outboard motor could be used, but is contrary to the whole conception of our little day sailer.

The construction of a little boat often has a lot to do with the pleasure of sailing it. Factors of sound, temperature, feel, color etc. all have their importance. Like most of the old time craft our Sloop Boat has a very strong back bone. She has a strong stem, big keel, and heavy carefully shaped skeg. The boat can be grounded without harm and will hold her shape for many years. Planking and decks are relatively light. All lumber is locally grown, cut in the fall and seasoned properly. Oak, pine, and cedar grown together in natural life and work together well when combined in proper boat construction. Sound hard oak for frame and rubbing strakes, durable light cedar for planking, soft pine for tight decks and comfortable seats, all take their right place. This type of construction lends itself to many finishes which are pleasing to the eye and hand and suitable for the job. Dark topsides to show off the hull and not stain easily, light colored sheer strake to show off the pretty sheer to good advantage, bright decks and transom for those who like yacht appearance, gray seats and floorboards for shipshape finish inside.

To put it all in other words we have tried to incorporate a great many important factors in the Sloop Boat. Many of these factors are not even considered by most buyers today. However, we feel that a few experienced lovers of small boat sailing will understand and appreciate what our boat is. We also hope that a few new comers to the game will have an opportunity to consider and experience these same virtues that earlier generations enjoyed.

(cont.)



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Thanks to Dave Barker, keeper of the flame- sailor, historian, thinker, friend.  
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