

14. How Not to Build a Boat

The story of the building of the author's new ocean racer, *Tara*, in an impoverished German shipyard. The problems that ensued.

Tara was a venture conceived in compassion and constructed in confusion. Since first thought of, she has been trailed by a little black cloud of misfortune. When the sky is a bright and shiny blue, when operations aboard *Tara* are proceeding in their measured pace, out of the west in the clear innocence of day comes this small black cloud to wreak a tornado of havoc. You think I exaggerate? Read on.

Off the coast of West Germany, forming a long, yellow bastion against the marching gray legions of the restless North Sea, lie the islands of Frisia. Around these islands, the eternal motion of wind and wave creates an ever-shifting pattern of winnowed sands. The sailing channels are marked by stripped young saplings thrust down on their banks. Alas, the safe passage of yesterday is subject to the whim of the wind today, for the weather of the region is savage. This was the place that Bill Luders and I unwittingly decided to build my new yacht, *Tara*.

Sheer survival in such a clime breeds a wily native stock! Until the Hohenzollern Empire brought a semblance of civilization to the region in the middle of the last century, the people of these islands survived on the gleanings of the sea. Some took to fishing on the offshore banks. Others built fishing craft in the daylight, but, as the darkness of night came on or the skies lowered to the leaden gray of a driving sleet storm, the natives turned to their favorite enterprise, ship-wrecking. They cast for their fortune in the sea by shifting the rustic navigation lights on the headlands. The location was ideal, for the islands of Frisia serve not only as Germany's western rampart but also as a gathering-gate to the estuaries of the great seaports, Bremerhaven, Bremen, and Hamburg. The maritime traffic was enormous — the weather foul. Shipping beguiled onto the shifting sands formed a steady and comfortable supplement to the income of these islands. The wreckers of the region were so brazen that, when the government installed permanent and adequate navigational beacons on the headlands, they

petitioned the German Empire for damages. The descendants of these people built my yacht.

At the turn of the century an English yachtsman under the pen name of Erskine Childers wrote a classic yarn of the region, describing British espionage in the burgeoning struggle for empire before the First World War. *The Riddle of the Sands* is a timeless sailing tale that I commend to the reader's leisure, because it beautifully sets down the scent and feel of this place.

The book describes Norderney, the principal island of this Frisian chain and the site of my *Tara*'s construction, as "an attenuated strip slightly crescent-shaped, tapering at the ends in length about six miles. There is a harbour there at the west end of the island, the only real harbour on the whole line of islands. There is quite a big town there too, a watering place where Germans go for sea bathing in the summer." The Germans are not the only ones to have taken a bath at Norderney.

Overlooking the northeast end of this small harbor, there stands a tall wide shed reminiscent of an ancient airplane hangar. This is the new site of our selected builder's yard. The shed is quite new, perhaps now four or five years old and very spacious, measuring at least one hundred by one hundred fifty feet. The structure lends itself to the building of large metal craft, but the feeling of an aerodrome persists, for the beaches around the shed have several large concrete ramps for the launching of seaplanes. Norderney once served as a major base for the long-range reconnaissance aircraft of the Luftwaffe, in a time that is no longer talked of.

The factors that led to our selection of this builder were my economics and Luders' past experience. Bill Luders and his design associate, Ted Brewer, had built four or five successful yachts in this yard. The yard was slow in delivery but good at its craft. Most of the previous problems that arose were those of communication. To get an answer to an American letter took the better part of a month, as no

one in the yard spoke English and all correspondence had to be taken into town for translation.

To return to the chronology of how we came to an arrangement on this obscure German island, I must step back a pace to a gloomy wind-blown night at Bill Luders' home in the hills of Connecticut. This was in October of 1963, and the world appeared to have closed in on Bill Luders. That very afternoon we had been dismissed from the World Championship of the 5.5 Metre Class — while winning. It had been our own fault for not reading the fine print of the racing instructions, and that made the hurt worse. To add to the depression, Bill had just taken a telephone call that cast a pall on his hopes of building a Twelve Metre for the next summer's America's Cup defense. It was a night to be with friends. Several bourbons later, Bill regained some of his cheerful resilience and the conversation as ever came back to boats, new and old.

As I said, *Tara* was conceived in compassion. Perhaps as a distraction, I outlined my views on a larger and more livable version of *Storm*, yawl-rigged and around 55 feet, in steel. Bill brought forth a pencil and pad, and very soon our words were sketches. Before the night was through, I commissioned Bill to draw these sketches into a yacht.

My prime interests in this design were speed, looks, and excellent handling characteristics at sea. I wanted a hull that could take the full brunt of the Atlantic under any conditions and carry full sail in 25 knots of wind, and paid no heed to handicap rules. I am convinced that in the long run, a classic deep-keeled and well-ballasted hull is a safer and better investment than any of the new fashionable light-displacement fin-keelers. The irony is that in the pendulum of reaction that dictates our handicap rules, the new 1967 formula, with the exception of the tall rig, gives *Tara* credit for many of the characteristics that last year were a penalty. To borrow from the lyrics of "September Song": "... as time came around she came my way." There are rating-fast boats, and there are fast boats. Give me the latter. I have never had a moment of regret as to the hull and rig I chose. If it weren't for the powerful lines and rig that Bill Luders drew that fall, my friends and I would not be here today to tell this tale.

Several weeks later, the Luders Marine sketches arrived at my office in Boston on the same morning that my company discovered a sizable gas well in Southern Alberta, in which I had a personal interest. Feeling flush with success, loving the Luders lines, and not knowing how soon Alberta would have a surfeit of such gas, I authorized Bill to go ahead with some tank tests.

A testing-model was made, and the results were back from the Hoboken tank within a month. The hull showed great promise, especially on the wind. It would be a shame not to build such a hull and, being still a bachelor without strings, I had Luders put the construction drawings out for bid with several yards.

The Norderney builder was the low bidder by a meaningful amount. As a matter of interest, his bid for a completed hull with engine and interior was the equal of others

for just the steel hull. I asked Luders how there could be such a spread and was told that he had a small yard away from the mainland with very low labor costs. The work was good, however, and I was taken out into the Luders yard to view two yachts he had built. They looked just fine to me, and so in February of 1964 I found myself signing a construction contract and sending over a twenty-five percent deposit to Norderney. This contract called for a one-year delivery to the U.S., with a penalty for each late day.

I almost lost track of *Tara* in the ensuing year, so enmeshed was I in the long preparation of *Bingo* and in business. In May of 1964, after a memorable gun battle with Louis Noverraz for the Giovanelli Cup, out of curiosity I flew to Hamburg for a visit with Herbert Scholl. After a wonderful tour of that ancient town, I chartered a plane and flew to Norderney with Herbert as my interpreter.

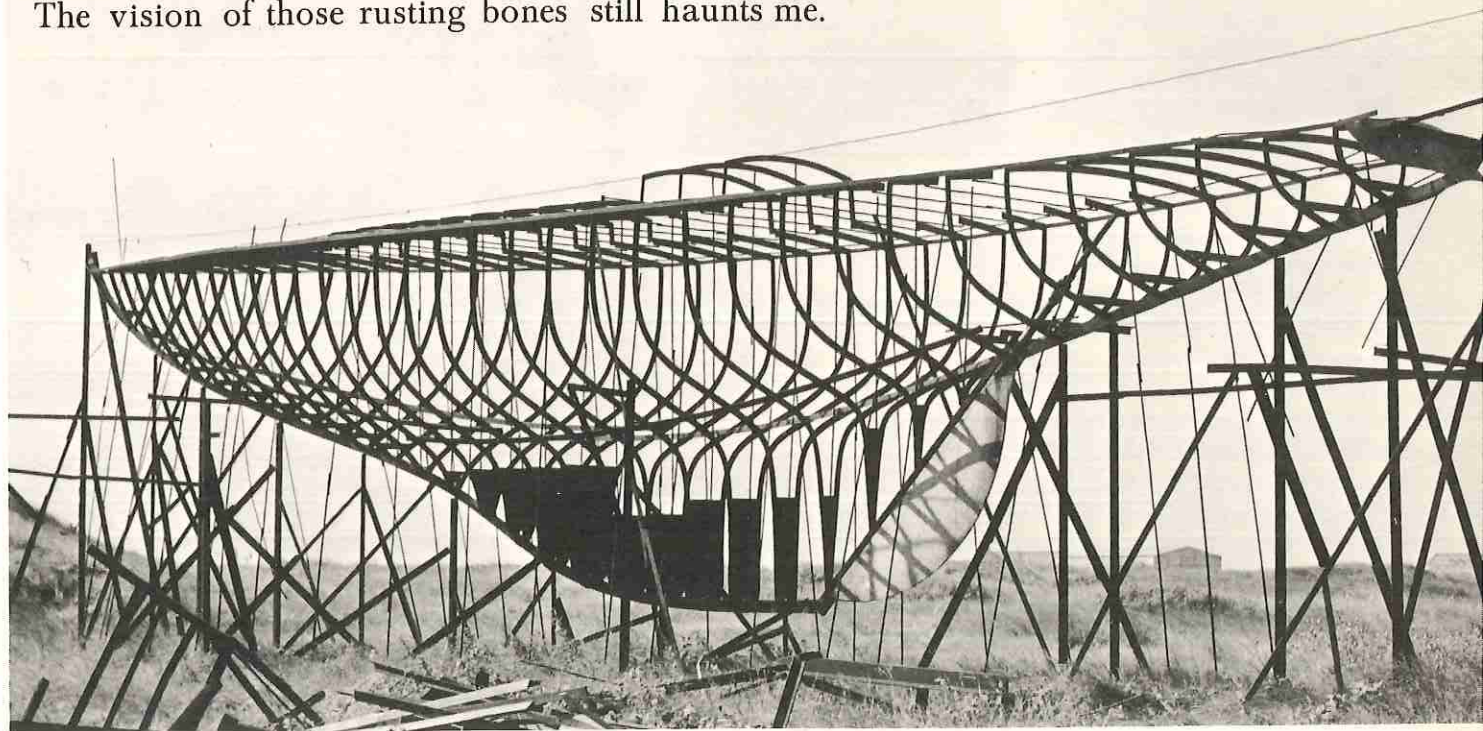
Having done quite a bit of flying, I was quite amused by the casual attitude of the pilot toward the quasi-instrument flight conditions we encountered. We hedge-hopped over the long flats of Freisland, just under a low scud coming in off the North Sea. We set down on the summer golf course of Norderney and were met by the yard's proprietor. His boats were more impressive than the man, he being of less than medium height, slight of frame, and topped by a shock of wind-whipped straw. His manner was extremely formal, perhaps because of the language barrier, and if he had a singular feature it was his sun-washed Nordic blue eyes, that tended to stray off to the horizon.

He took us off to his old ramshackle building-shed on the center ridge of the island, where we had a long discussion about the small unresolved details that make up a custom yacht. He then asked why we did not build such a beautiful racing design in aluminum. I replied that the expense was excessive and we didn't know he had a capability in aluminum. He answered that he was just taking on aluminum, and after a hurried flourish of his slide rule announced that he could build her in it for an additional eight thousand dollars. I accepted on the instant, not knowing what a fatal Rubicon I crossed.

Once our business was finished, he took us for a tour of his newly completed works where *Tara* was to be built. Nothing had been started, but he assured me he would have her lines laid down and work under way within the month. This seemed reasonable, for he still had ten months until the contract date. Driving back to the plane, I noted the gaunt steel skeleton of a hull rusting on a hill behind the old works. Through Herbert I asked what it was, and was told that it belonged to a man who had run out of money. The vision of those rusting bones still haunts me.

The year soon passed in a blurred whirl of the Olympic trials, Tokyo, and my engagement and marriage to Ann Louise. I gave little thought to my new boat, beyond an occasional query to Luders as to how she was going. He thought she was coming along well, for he had just had recent questions from Germany on technical details of engine-mounting or how a certain door should swing. He

. . . the gaunt steel skeleton . . . belonged to a man who had run out of money.
The vision of those rusting bones still haunts me.



must be getting on, if he were fussing over such details. I was a bit suspicious, for the contract called for further production payments versus photographs of construction. Of these there were none. By then I had a bride and was not thinking of boats.

When we returned from a skiing honeymoon in February of 1965, I grew concerned; *Tara* was scheduled for delivery in a month and there was no request for a second progress-payment. Luders launched a barrage of letters. No answer. A month passed, and the letters were followed by demanding telegrams. No reply. In mid-April I went to the Luders yard for a parley on what might be done. By happenstance, Paul Wolter, the German-speaking captain of Tom Watson's *Palawan* was passing by the window. I asked him into the office and requested that he call the builder, whom he knew from the old days, the first thing Monday.

I remember that day well, for spring had come in its glory to Boston as I walked down the Hill and across the Garden to my office. The trees had come to bud, the squirrels scurried about, and the newly gleaming swan-boats were being launched. It was a day to think of boats, and on my desk was a call from Bill Luders. I anxiously returned it, to hear, "John, I've got the worst news. The workmen have been dismissed and the creditors have taken over the yard. There's been little done on your boat. The lines are down and a few frames bent." I hung up stunned.

Within the hour, I grew angry and was on the phone to Herbert Scholl in Hamburg. I told him to get me the best lawyer he knew and that I would be over on the night flight. My bride, who had good news that same week of

our "expecting," was very brave. I could give her no assurance of how long I would be gone.

Bright and early the next morning, I stepped off the Lufthansa jet into the waiting arms of happy Herbert Scholl. He had his personal lawyer in tow, and after a brief introduction, lent me his big Mercedes for the long drive down to Norden. On the tedious stretch of *autobahn* I became better acquainted with my new attorney, Dr. Jurgen Westphal. He was a slight, bespectacled gentleman, very neatly dressed, with an excellent command of English. In addition to handling the legal affairs of Herbert's baking company, he was a counsel to the largest shipbuilders in Hamburg, Blohm and Voss. Herbert had certainly brought in the first team on short notice. With each passing hour, I shuddered mentally at the mounting costs of such talent. Happily, such fears later proved groundless.

In the small time allotted, Dr. Westphal briefed me on what he had learned of the legal difficulties of the boatyard. He had made inquiries of the several courts and was told there were no formal proceedings against the yard. The German equivalent of Dun and Bradstreet still showed them in good shape, although "a slow pay." He explained to me my legal problem, for, unlike our American proceedings, a German creditor goes on the premises and seizes what he can. It is a Teutonic form of first come, first served, and I was at least two weeks behind the parade. Westphal held little hope, but he did point out that I could take legal action. We just caught the last auto ferry over to the island and, on clearing the Norden quay, plunged into the clammy gloom of a North Sea fog.

By eight o'clock the next morning, we were knocking on the door of the builder's office. The confrontation was most unpleasant, because when he opened the door I knew he was a broken man. His shoulders were bent, the spring was gone, his hair disheveled, and his jaw two days away from a razor. The clarity of his blue eyes was gone in a wash of fatigue and worry. In a burst of clipped German, Dr. Westphal made formal demand for restitution of my fifteen thousand dollars. The builder replied with a silent palms-up shrug and went on with a request that we meet with his lawyer at our hotel in an hour.

During the interval, we wandered through the new works, to find a few boat frames of aluminum forlornly stashed in a corner. This was my dream yacht. We found work-crews busily building other yachts in the yard. Dr. Westphal questioned several of the workers and learned they were in the direct employ of the individual owners. All the boats, materials, and machines were stamped and painted with the names of the owners. I was the last to know, and the knowledge brought on a cold anger. I was uncertain whether the builder had anything hidden away, but, on the chance that he did, I instructed Dr. Westphal to inform him that it was my intent to take the fullest legal action possible.

At our morning meeting, this declaration came across with Prussian clarity to the builder and his lawyer. He asked for a private moment with his lawyer; he had no idea how serious this young American might be, and the unwavering approach of his attorney didn't help. They went off for a gesticulating half-hour on the porch, and on their return the builder's lawyer had a counter-proposal. The yard would build my yacht at direct cost of labor and materials. The shed would be furnished and there would be no profit. I gave no reaction to this proposal and demanded to know where my monies had gone. There unfolded a long sad tale of extra costs in the building of the new shed, compounded by owners who refused to pay for work when done. Not all was lost. The builder still had the winches, depth finder, and speed indicators that I had purchased independently. They were hidden in his attic. Because all the other owners were building in steel, the two aluminum welding-machines purchased for the construction of *Tara* remained unattached. On the other hand, the English engine ordered for the boat sat unpaid-for in German Customs, and the aluminum for the frames had been repossessed by the wholesaler. To reassemble such a disjointed mess presented a formidable task for the most experienced boat-builder, but for me to do so on a lonely island where I spoke not a word of the language, under the shadow of the yard's bankruptcy, seemed insurmountable. I posed a long series of questions as to the availability of workers and supplies, the timing of work space on the shed floor, the costs of labor and materials, and what legal protection was available. I well remembered the experience of a friend in Maine, when a yard went bankrupt with his new yacht about to be launched. He wound up a general creditor, even though his contract specifically stated the yacht successively became his as the work progressed. Dr. Westphal

said this could not be the case in Germany, if the materials were clearly marked with the yacht owner's name. I needed more time to think and told the builder to come back for my final decision late in the day.

There was now a new riddle in the sands. I went off for a walk in the dunes, torn between pride in a potential accomplishment and the sensibleness of a businessman pouring good money down a dry hole. I kept asking Westphal if he thought the builder was being truthful. It is difficult to make a judgment in a strange language. Westphal thought he was.

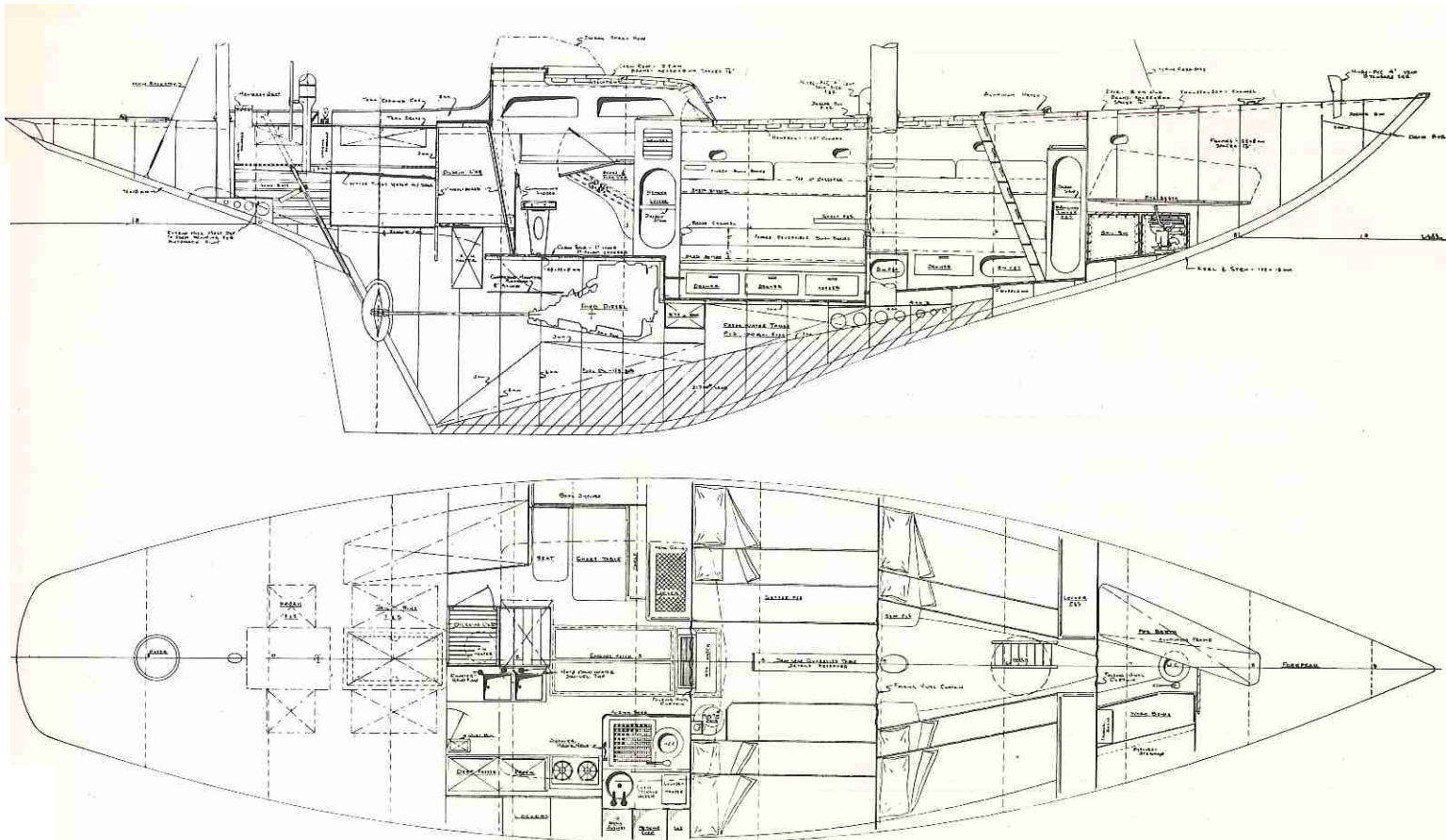
My year with *Nefertiti* at last found a use. I drew up a block diagram of the construction phases to be accomplished and a cost schedule of the time and monies that would be involved. Drawing on the numbers the builder had furnished and throwing in a fifteen percent factor for error, it appeared that *Tara* could be launched in late August within \$10,000 of the original contract. My first glimpse of hope, but it hinged on the builder.

By the evening meeting, I was still undecided and had Dr. Westphal put the yard owner through a further interrogation as to the feasibility of my schedule. He was full of nervous nods of assurance and smiles of optimism. Westphal then started on the cost analysis. The builder was even more optimistic. I had expected this, for, in discussing a second plan of construction, the yard owner sensed the waning specter of my taking other action against him.

After pondering his answers, I had Westphal draw the builder's proposal and estimate, along with my schedule, into a legal agreement. The document also encompassed the yard owner's responsibility in furnishing space, power, and workers, and concluded with an agreement that waived none of my rights to action under the original contract if he failed to live up to the letter of this new one. I am uncertain that this would have stood up in court, but it did offer a certain form of club. The agreement also gave me ownership of two welding machines, the metal-cutting shears, the ventilation system of the shed, and a second mortgage on the building. That this is not the way to build a yacht is certain. Two years later, I am a German landholder.

Westphal worked through the night on this rather complicated document, and had it ready by breakfast. The builder and his lawyer then came around for the signing and notarization of the agreement I couldn't even read. As it was drawn by my own lawyer, I signed it. The builder heaved a visible sigh of relief. He reached across for my hand and I shook his rather stiffly. I had taken the only route out that was readily available. If I were to have *Tara*, it all hinged now on the builder's good faith. My troubles were just beginning, but I didn't know it.

We took the big Mercedes back on the morning ferry and drove on to Hamburg. Dr. Westphal thought we'd made the best of an impossible situation, but I was skeptical, for I knew the yard owner was the linchpin of success. To bring me cheer, the Scholls gave a rousing party of old sailing friends. They took me off for a weekend deer hunting on the baronial estate of Dietrich Fischer, the president



of the German Yacht Racing Union. Afterwards, I set about buying my aluminum for a second time.

If I thought the builder a problem, I was to learn he was naught compared to one of his clients. The latter, a successful architect in the Ruhr, had contracted for a 50-foot power yacht in aluminum. As a deposit, the architect was to furnish the aluminum for both his vessel and mine. This he did, but he neglected to pay the aluminum company. After a very short span, they grew upset and repossessed the aluminum, less the few frames bent to *Tara's* lines and several others damaged in transit. I went off to the wholesaler and repurchased my requirements. I received a stamped, paid invoice. During the course of our building, the aluminum company sued the architect for the few bent and damaged frames, plus freight. To add insult to my previous injury, the architect had the audacity to attach my then-finished *Tara* as she sat on the States Marine freighter awaiting transit from Bremerhaven. He knew the ship must sail and the cost of off-loading, or posting a bond for litigation across the Atlantic, was higher than the five hundred dollars he claimed. It is bad enough to be out fifteen thousand dollars before entering a country, but to have a gun stuck in your ribs for a parting five hundred was a bit too much.

Herbert Scholl lent me a helping hand, and my repurchased aluminum started down the long Hamburg-Norderney road for the third time, in a bread truck. On the inter-

vening day, I sat down to write long letters to Luders and my Boston office. I desperately needed to get my boat captain, Jay Parker, over from Marblehead as soon as possible. He spoke less German than I, but knew more of boats and their building. I looked forward to seeing a Yankee yacht captain running a Frisian Island boat works. Besides, I very much wanted to get home to my bride and business.

On Dr. Westphal's instructions, Scholl's secretary attended to one small but vital detail of my new enterprise. She had a rubber stamp made up for marking all our gear that read *Eigentum Herr J. McNamara, Boston, U.S.A.* It was done in a day and sent along with a large pad of indelible red ink. I winced tenderly at the color.

By the middle of my second week, I returned to Norderney to attend the marking of equipment and to see if the builder was as good as his word. On entering the new shed, I happily found three workers busily bending frames to our lines on the floor. The Germans have a curious way of laying lines. They etch them on the tack-welded steel plates that make up their floor they build on. It saves steps, is not subject to abuse, and works well.

I went up to the town of Norderney and set up an account for Jay Parker in the local bank. In retrospect, if I were ever to build another yacht in a small yard in a strange country (which I am not about to do), I would set up an escrow account in the local bank and only permit

funds to be drawn against work a bank officer had seen. To beat this system, a builder would have to own the bank.

One German banking method that posed a continual problem through our building summer was the slow manner in which they clear checks drawn on American banks. The Norderney bank cleared through its central bank in Aurich, which in turn sent the checks by vessel for collection on a New York bank. The time lag from Norderney until they reached the Shawmut Bank in Boston, averaged three weeks. This caused Jay continual operational embarrassment, and several times he had to hock the new Variant station wagon I had bought for his transportation. Our suggestion that the Norderney Bank clear by airmail got nowhere. The German bankers have their own way, and it won't be changed. Ultimately, we took to cabling money.

During the week prior to Jay's arrival, I spent every moment attentively watching the yard's men fabricate the keel of my new *Tara*. On the accuracy of this work hung the successful fruition of Luders' carefully tested lines. Using a primitive hand-pumped pneumatic press, they rapidly bent the bar stock of aluminum into a keel, with such precision that when it was laid down to the full-scale lines on the floor I could find but millimetres of variation. The builder had given me his first team. In that very first week of building, I saw her whole rib-cage come into being.

On the way up to fetch Jay at Hamburg, I made a pilgrimage to Lemwerder that should be on the itinerary of every yachtsman visiting Germany. Bill Luders had given me a letter of introduction to Horst Lehnert, director of the fabled yacht builders Abeking and Rasmussen, at Lemwerder on the Weser River below Bremerhaven. The Luders and Abeking yards had their own form of cultural exchange before the Second War, and Herr Lehnert had served his youthful apprenticeship with Luders Marine in Stamford. He took me on a personally-guided tour, from the dark oaken panels of the Directors' room through their lovely museum of yacht design, through the vast building sheds, and on to the apprentice sheds where youths spend five years learning to mitre a joint or swing a varnish brush.

I saw their latest aluminum yachts and grew sick with envy. The workmanship of the Abeking yard is the benchmark, for comparison, in the world of yacht-building. I kicked myself five times around their vast yard for not accepting the original Abeking bid. It had been forty thousand dollars higher than the bid from Norderney. With hindsight, I'd now be well ahead.

Herr Lehnert was well aware of my difficulties, and most kindly disposed to help a Luders client. I gave him our drawings for the round, dog-down deck hatches, knowing they would pose a construction problem in Norderney. Abeking made them beautifully on the day promised. If *caveat emptor* is a maxim of the market place, then "Beware the Low Bidder" is its yachting counterpart.

Jay Parker arrived on schedule, and it was a pleasure to see a familiar Yankee face. After a round of introductions to my friends and lawyer in Hamburg, we set out for Norderney. On the way to the yard, I fatefully repurchased

the English diesel. Jay Parker took command of the Norderney situation from the outset, and under very awkward conditions turned out an excellent hull that has withstood everything the Atlantic can give. In early May I happily returned to Boston and my bride after three weeks abroad, knowing matters were in competent hands.

The construction proceeded quickly, despite the fact that the builder never produced the work force of ten men stipulated in our second agreement. The following are excerpts from Jay Parker's reports on how things went.

May 14, 1965

"We start setting up in the morning — should have the keel and rudder post set up tomorrow — the language barrier is decreasing. I find teaching English is much easier than learning German."

June 13, 1965

"We have the lead here now — the plate cutting is going very fast and I think we will have most of it done by the end of this week. The interior will be the controlling factor in our completion date."

June 27, 1965

"Some good news and some bad. The plating is complete except around the cockpit. The welding engineer arrived from the aluminum company and told me that with the wire welding machine it would take two months. This hit me like a ton-of-bricks because I have no desire to stay in Norderney any longer than is absolutely necessary.

I cannot see any possibility of making the boat floatable before the end of August.

Two men from the City of Norden tried to lock up the works for back taxes but we managed to talk them out of it for now."

July 4, 1965

"The welding engineer has reduced his estimate to four weeks. This is not good but it's better than two months!

A new problem is the men take their vacations in the summer and I have been unable to talk two of them out of it — this hurts because there are no more to take their place."

July 14, 1965

"Things are going along good but very slow because of all the small things that must be done. I think we can make the crossing any time after the 5th of September. The hatches from Abeking are here and fitted."

As our construction got into the small and fussy details of hull-completion, it became obvious that we would never get the interior completed at Norderney. The builder was two months late in drawing the small details for a sub-contractor who was to build the interior. This cost him a performance bonus which I had offered. It looked as though September would stretch — realistically — into December. I had no wish to subject my new hull to a deck passage across the wintry North Atlantic, and it seemed likely that creditors would soon close the yard. I had Jay hurry on with all the metal-work and the engine, for I could see the storm clouds coming.

Finally on a happy Friday, September 24, 1965, I received a telegram: "TARA LAUNCHED, 11 A.M."

Sleep was out of the question.
I drove to Marblehead and watched
the spectacular tail
of the comet Ikeya-Seki
sweep the eastern horizon
in the pink light of dawn.
What a day! A boat,
a comet, and maybe a baby.

She departed for Bremerhaven five days later and ran hard aground, the first night out, on the shifting sands in a thick fog. After waiting for a freeing tide, she proceeded on and drew alongside the States Marine freighter *John F. Shea* on October 5. Once loaded and battened down on deck, she was attached by my architect friend. *Tara* finally cleared Germany on the 9th, and Jay flew happily home.

By late October, my Ann Louise was well into her ninth month. By the night of the 29th, a time I had anticipated anxiously for over two years, *John F. Shea* finally plodded through the Narrows and up to the Brooklyn docks. This was two days past our obstetrician's estimate. I had made elaborate plans to fly Jay Parker and a delivery crew to New York in the morning, for unloading and departure to Stamford. My plane was fueled and ready, on the ramp at Logan Airport. My mother-in-law was to come and spend the day with my wife. All was in readiness.

That night, Ann Louise and I went down to the Museum of Science for our weekly course in astronomy. Walking back along the embankment toward Beacon Hill, she turned and asked, "Donny, do you have a tummy ache?" I replied that I felt fine. She answered, "Well, I do." In another hour, the ache had assumed a rhythmic pattern. By midnight, I was pacing the waiting-room floor of the Boston Lying-In Hospital. My parting words to Ann Louise, as they wheeled her off upstairs, were, "It's got to be a girl. Only a girl would be perverse enough to choose this day."

By one o'clock, nothing had happened. I phoned Jay and told him of my predicament. I got his crew reservations on the first flight out and told him I would be down to fetch him to the plane. Three o'clock, and still nothing. At four, the doctor came down and solicitously sent me home, saying he expected no action until nine. Sleep was out of the question. I drove to Marblehead and watched the spectacular tail of the comet Ikeya-Seki sweep the eastern horizon in the pink light of dawn. What a day! A boat, a comet, and maybe a baby. I got the lads on their plane, and headed back for the hospital. At 8:55 our little Lisa was born — a girl as predicted. *Tara* slid into the waters of New York Harbor at 10 o'clock, late as usual. I've thought of them ever since as twins, one the delight of my life and the other the bane of my existence.

A long-delayed sight — *Tara* under sail.

