

Notes on Bill Wolf, April 2, 1975

He's a big man, burly, with a rough, weathered face, a stubble of beard and a perpetual, unlighted cigar clenched grimly between his teeth. He has the physical tenderness of a playful bear and rolls easily onto the floor or the dock, tumbling ~~xxxxxx~~ a child in his arms. He is used to children--he has seven; and he is used to noise--he can't sleep without it. ~~Bill Wolf~~  
~~almost~~

Bill Wolf almost never sleeps. He frequently works from midnight to eight, and spends most of the day tending four or five boats at various marinas on City Island where he is widely known and respected. Bill has been sailing "since I was two years old," he says. He has been Coast Guard licensed since <sup>18</sup> and has skippered the "Clearwater" and a Chesapeake Bay ~~paddlewheel~~ riverboat, one of the original old ~~riverboats~~ paddle-wheelers, among many other significant boats. <sup>R</sup> He first saw the "Ibis" when he was sixteen years old, teaching sailing at a boy's camp on <sup>Old Northwest Harbor</sup> ~~Three Mile Harbor~~, Long Island. It was early in the morning, and it was the ~~be~~ most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He got a dinghy and rowed out to her, where he spoke to the owner. <sup>BETTY WIN</sup> It had a different name then but he remembers the one thought in his mind: "Some day I am going to own that boat." A boy's dream.

found  
 Many years later he ~~discovered~~ an all-but abandoned  
 hull that lay in a deserted cove<sup>behind Hunter's Island near the Bronx</sup>. He thought he might be  
 able to salvage it somehow and he located the owner, who  
 sold it to him for a hundred dollars. He pumped it out,  
 got it home, ~~put a~~ <sup>worked over the engine</sup> motor in it and used it under power.  
 He discovered it was one of ~~sixteen~~ the New York thirties  
 built by Hereshoff in 1905, the finest ocean-racing boats  
 in the world. Further research led him to the names of  
 the various owners of the boat throughout its long history--  
 one of them was that man who had sailed into the harbor <sup>John Hanley</sup>  
 where Bill was working as a teenager. It was the very boat  
 he had sworn then that he would one day own. The dream had  
 become reality almost by its own volition; it was as if the  
 boat had come to him.

With the help of friends, Bill rebuilt the boat and  
 called it by <sup>her</sup> ~~its~~ original name. <sup>IBIS</sup> ~~It~~ has proved ~~itself~~ herself  
 again and again to be the ~~great~~ great lady she was designed  
 to be. Because of his heavy work schedule Bill found that the  
 best way to spend time with his family was to go ~~for~~ ~~Saturday~~  
~~night~~ sailing on Saturday nights, and some of his  
 Saturday night moonlight sails have become legendary among his  
 family and friends, and in the annals of the Seven Seas Sailing  
 Club. And in the midst of all this the "Ibis" is still the  
 heroine, with an almost mystical bond between herself and  
 her captain--the embodiment of a dream.