

*Greetings fellow Seabreeze enthusiast!*

The two previous sailing seasons in Maine were disappointing, however 2005 was close to perfection. After starting off with a cool and wet spring, summer finally arrived and we never looked back. Our cruise of Penobscot Bay was perfect. In fact, so fair were the breezes, I think it was on our fifth day way made our first tack. I hope your sailing adventures went as well. Regrettably, the season has come to a close to this high latitude sailor. With a full fall calendar in the Hall household, *Secret Water* made the trip home earlier than usual this year. As of this writing I have done little more than winterize the systems and change the engine fluids and filters. Soon she'll disappear from sight under her winter tarps.

## **Rendezvous Report**

### **Tenants Harbor**

July 18<sup>th</sup> was an exception to the nearly perfect weather. Nonetheless four boats rafted up off the Cod End dock in Tenants Harbor, Maine. And just like the Tenants Harbor rendezvous in 2003, the harbor was locked up in a dungeon of fog all day long. The miracle of GPS made attendance possible for all of us. My new Garmin 182C is a savior when it comes to dodging the hazards of the Maine coast.

The good news is that 19 Seabreeze sailors, representing 8 boats were on hand to make new and renew old friendships.

Art Hall and Ed Williams	Secret Water #36 *
Ken Textor	Hazel G #79 *
Bob Madrell and crew	Lavolta #80 *
Joe and Genie Field	Venture #14 *
Jim and Ester Hart	Blue Moon #4
Dick Gray	Ephriam W #
Joe and Betty French	Destiny #101
Don and Betty Ann Lockhart	Sucunski #135
Peter and Gina Walker	Singing Dragon #137 ( <i>open to debate!</i> )

\* *on hand*

This gathering of Seabreeze sailors really took on an international flavor. The Harts made the trip from New Brunswick, Canada, but the travel prize, by far and away, goes to Peter and Gina Walker from Brisbane, Australia. The Walkers were visiting the United States and had just completed a week aboard the schooner Isaac Evans, a Maine windjammer. They carefully planned their trip to coincide with the Tenants Harbor rendezvous. You may recall that two Seabreezes were built as custom 'one off' boats in Australia after Allied had finished the production run. As you might expect they are modified in their arrangements and sport deeper drafts without centerboards. Nonetheless, they are true to the body plan and share the MacLear and Harris pedigree. Most importantly the Walker's

are delightful people and were fine shipmates on *Secret Water's* return to Northport. Sailing and navigating through the thickest of Maine fog didn't seem to rattle them at all.

Sodden weather didn't dampen the party. Everyone made it out to the raft up and enjoyed the usual sailor fare of hardtack and grog. We eventually went back ashore to the Cod End dockside restaurant where lobsters enjoyed by all. Next year, just perhaps, we'll have clear weather!

### **Solomons Islands**

Eleven hardy souls came to the 5th Annual ASOA Chesapeake Rendezvous this year. We had five boats and two land cruisers. The weather was not great but the company was. All us sailors like to eat, drink and be merry and that's what we did. We are looking forward to next year and are hoping to meet in Crisfield, MD.

The tent served as the focal point for most everything. Friday happy hour had so many offerings that none of us had room for dinner. That was so enjoyable that a discussion of what restaurant to pick for Saturday dinner morphed into who was going to provide what for a pot luck. Mel McShane is quite an onboard cook, and with the help of some store-bought rotisserie chickens and other assorted goodies, we had a real feast. We wish more Chesapeake Seabreeze owners would join in the fun.

*Dawn Treader II, Hongi, Sally Forth, Tangle, & Whim* came by sea, and the crews of *Phoebe M* and *Southerly* by land.

### **Future Plans**

Nothing firm at this date other than save some squares on your calendar around tax time. Carlton and Stephanie Oakes plan to host the "2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Florida Rendezvous" this spring.

### **Life's little rewards**

Life's little rewards often come when you least expect them. I have two daughters that both grew up cruising with us on various boats. They learned to love the coast, islands and the adventure of exploring new places. However, neither of them ever embraced the world of navigation, sail handling, anchoring and the host of other skills associated with a life afloat.

This summer has seen a turn of the tide for my daughter Katie, who at 23, had shown little inclination to share this obsession of mine. Enter a boyfriend with a boat! Nakomis, who is just 25, owns a Winthrop Warner designed, Paul Luke built, 42' cutter built back in 1949. *Congar* is as salty a little ship as you can imagine. Suddenly all has changed. When she's not scampering on the foredeck picking up moorings or running about in the inflatable, she has learned to make diner on a diesel cook stove, sand, varnish and even

mastered that elusive knot.... the bowline! What follows is an article she and Nakomis co-wrote for our yacht club newsletter.

### **Horseshoe Cove**

Nakomis Nelson and Katie Hall

It is interesting that Oak Island has no trees and that Burnt Island is thickly forested. In fact, a careful inspection of Penobscot Bay and its descriptive names suggests that they are not so descriptive after all. One example is Horseshoe Cove, just to the west of Bucks Harbor; there is nothing horseshoe shaped about it. It is a long narrow indentation in an otherwise bold headland.

I had little time to wonder over the seemingly miss fit name of Horseshoe Cove as Art Hall, aboard his Seabreeze 35, *Secret Water*, poled out his genoa and continually reduced the size of his transom as seen over the bow of my rather heavy Paul Luke built cutter *Congar*. We were both bound for the aforementioned cove and I had inside knowledge as to the existence of smoked shrimp aboard *Secret Water*; we did not want to be late for cocktails. With a little jockeying on my fore deck, and a miss used boat hook, I created some sort of short lived equilibrium among my head sails. Although not an ideal point of sail (wind squarely upon both ears) I was satisfied by the size of the white foaming bow wave created by the passing of my boat. With the wind dying the bow wave was further bolstered by the ignition of *Congar's* 150hp diesel engine.

Entrance to Horseshoe Cove is a little tricky; at times the channel is less than a boat length wide. Private markers have been installed on some of the ledges but local knowledge is always a plus. Once in the mooring field, a good rule to follow is to stay where the boats are. The eastern portion of the cove dries at low tide. Horseshoe Cove is home to the Seal Cove Boatyard and they will happily provide pilotage information as well as rental moorings.

With a little effort, mostly expended in turning *Congar* in the midst of all of the moored boats, a rental mooring was finally secured to the bow bits of my boat. Shortly thereafter, Art rafted *Secret Water* alongside *Congar*. The much anticipated smoked shrimp were opened and I put a wedge of brie cheese in my oven to bake with a little honey and garlic. The hors d'oeuvres and cocktails were seconded only by the beauty of the sun setting into the scraggy spruce trees that cling to the western shore of the cove.

Rowing was the key topic of discussion at dinner. Horseshoe cove is, at least locally, famous for its rowing. When planned to coincide with high tide, one can ride the flood of the tide in and come back out with the change of flow. We had planned our trip to make for a post breakfast departure (slack high was eleven).

The next day dawned fair and pleasant. After several hearty helpings of French toast and hot tea all around, Art and I did a pre-exploratory row about the harbor to admire old fishing vessels while Katie and Sandy Hall finished up the Sunday crossword puzzle. Before we knew it departure time was upon us. Art and Sandy loaded their peapod *Karabangbaraka* with lunchtime snacks and their little black dog while Katie and I slipped into our own dinghy. With two sets of oars they could easily stay well ahead of us, but were gracious enough to enjoy a leisurely row, keeping an even pace between the two boats. For once there was no doubt about who had the faster vessel.

We went with the tide up past the boatyard and in through a series of connecting coves. A partially cloudy sky with occasional sun kept us changing from flannel shirts to t-shirts, rolling and unrolling long sleeves. Eventually we applied sunscreen as the day grew on, pausing along the reedy shore for a sip of water as well. The calm waters of the inner realms of Horseshoe Cove seem to end in a wide cove which flats out at low tide, but in actuality, as the more familiar explorers already knew, the reeds conceal a narrow channel just wide enough for the peapod and our dinghy. Knowing our dinghy had a better turning radius than the peapod, Katie and I took the lead, exploring the thin sliver of water.

Among the reeds of Horseshoe Cove the world disappears, leaving behind only the whisper of eel grass against the bottom of the boat and the soft slice of the oars in the water. Eventually the channel became too narrow to row in regularly; we each took an oar, easing the boat through the twisting pathway.

Our silent exploration came to a halt when Art Hall alerted us to a remarkable discovery. While guiding the boat with an oar in one hand and holding the ever-energetic dog tight with the other, Sandy espied a bare suggestion of movement amongst the muddy bank. The tide had not yet reached its highest point in the little waterway. Art stopped the boat with an oar against the bank and then used the oar to gently pry at the mud, now definitely showing signs of hurried digging. Lo and behold, he unearthed an actual horseshoe crab, proving once and for all that perhaps Horseshoe Cove, unlike so many of the surrounding areas was aptly named. Perhaps once Bald Island was bare, and Spruce Island spotted with trees.

Art filled the bailer with water and dropped the horseshoe crab in to show us. We eased the dinghy backwards to meet up with them again and to admire the once buried treasure that proved the exploration a definite success. The horseshoe crab squirmed in the bailer, making his dislike of the situation well-known. The little black dog showed much curiosity about the newcomer aboard the peapod and nearly tipped the bailer over on several occasions before we could finish marveling in the discovery. Sorry that we had so upset the horseshoe crab and disturbed it from its warm mud bed, Art returned the crab to the water and attempted to continue traversing the shallow waters of the eel-rut. He soon discovered that the peapod had reached its limit and could no longer navigate the tight bends.

In our smaller dinghy we plowed on ahead, ducking under a rusted barbed wire fence, until we ran out of water. Behind us we could just see Art rising out of the reeds as he poled the peapod backward out of the rushes. We realized now that already a thin line of mud appeared on the reeds right above where they met the water. Once out of the narrow reeds, Art and Sandy unveiled their tandem rowing skills, whisking both sets of oars in and out of the departing waters, racing back to the boat and leaving us far behind in their wake.

We savored the stillness of the Horseshoe Cove headwaters a few minutes more before dipping our own oars into the briny waters. On the row back we delighted over the discovery of the horseshoe crab in Horseshoe Cove.

Once we finally arrived back at the big boats, high thin clouds were starting to slip into the western sky. It was clear that that the weekend of freedom and pleasure was drawing to an end. *Secret Water's* wake disappeared around the north end of Islesboro

and I sailed home to the south. Good memories and a new appreciation for Penobscot Bay places names linger to this day.

**For another article written by Nakomis, see the November issue of Cruising World magazine. Last winter Nakomis worked as a deck hand aboard the 148' sailing yacht *Islandia* and writes of adventures in Jamaica.**

### **Seabreeze Notecards**

Kristy Thronson, currently living aboard *Perdida* on Catalina Island, creates note cards from her original watercolor screenprints. A couple of her prints (and more to come) feature Perdida, her's and Mike Patton's Allied Seabreeze yawl, as the subject matter (also the Seabreeze as a sloop rig). If there is any interest in purchasing these note cards please contact her at [kristy.thronson@pocketmail.com](mailto:kristy.thronson@pocketmail.com). Currently she offers (at a discount for ASOA members) 4 packs of 4"x 5.5" notecards for \$5.25 and individual 5"x 7" cards with the image mounted on woven grass mat for \$3.50 per card. All cards are signed by the artist. To view the current images visit [www.logofperdida.com](http://www.logofperdida.com). The original prints, signed, editioned and mounted for framing (11"x 14"), are also available. Visit the website often for updates as new prints are posted.

### **Rooster**

Every fall newsletter I include an updated ASOA roster. Please have a look at your record and let me know if there are any corrections.

### **Welcome new members**

### **Boats for sale**

### **ASOA Email Information Exchange**

At the present time, ASOA has 75 members participating in an email exchange, which allows members to submit questions for distribution to the list. For the last 7 years our experience has been that in almost every case, at least one of the members has an answer, and frequently we get multiple responses.

During this time, one thing that has become apparent is that in addition to the expected differences found in the Citation models, virtually no two Seabreezes are exactly alike other than the hulls, which came from the same molds. Most of these differences are the placement of turning blocks for the centerboard pennants, cockpit drains, and the like. While these are small differences, usually variances from the drawings, it has been surprising to see some of the effects of these variances. This has been a source of many of the questions that the group has been able to solve. Others have been more routine,

but given the age of the boats, solutions are sometimes hard to come by for lack of parts. Frequently someone knows where they may be purchased or, in some cases, fabricated.

The breadth of the knowledge we collectively have is nothing short of amazing, as is the willingness for each of us to share it. For those members not making use of this resource, all it takes to join is an email to [mbconverse@yahoo.com](mailto:mbconverse@yahoo.com). Only ASOA members, regular and honorary, are included and all email addresses are kept confidential.