

Greetings Fellow Seabreeze Enthusiast

You may, or may not, have noticed that last fall I neglected to produce a newsletter to the membership. Let me explain. During those months Sandy and I were feverishly building kitchen cabinets, painting, cleaning and all the assorted chores associated with building a new home. While not quite 100 percent complete, we made it in by the nick of time to have Christmas with our daughters and son-in-laws. Literally, the kitchen cabinets doors went up the day before. So finally we are allowing ourselves an occasional breather. It was quite an experience and we had the good fortune to have an absolute prince of a contractor. Enough of that.

The other morning I glanced at the nifty digital thermometer and saw it read 19 degrees. A bit confused, knowing it was colder, I then noticed a little LCD minus sign next to it. Yikes, now that is serious cold. By mid-morning it had 'warmed up' to minus 5 and I ventured to the barn and I can assure you Secret Water had not shattered like a glass ornament dropped on tile. Although I was a bit hesitant to even touch her for fear of the ultimate test of fiberglass. It's times like these that you second guess yourself about draining systems and sucking enough anti-freeze into her veins. Not too worry, come May when the sweat is dripping off my brow into the fresh varnish, all will be forgotten.

You may as well disregard the above paragraph. You can see this attempt at a letter got side lined for a few more months, and well, yesterday I was sanding the bright work in earnest and next weekend the sweat will land in the varnish. I have a launch date and I will be ready!

Welcome new members

**#5 Joe DeTolla**

**#43 Chris Matthews, Lexington Park, MD**

**#52 Kurt and Cathy Fisher. Eaton, NH**

**#76 Tom and Susan Kehayes, Eastman, Georgia**

**#134 Marcos De Lorenzo Tonndorf, Novi, Michigan**

**#122 Michael McNeal**

**#28 Bruce Parker**

Hopefully I have not missed anyone. My apologies if I have.

Once again, please share with me information about boats that are for sale and boats that have been sold. If you receive this mailing as an ex-owner, kindly forward it to the new owner if possible. If this reaches you as your first correspondence from the owners

association, welcome to the group. If you have changed address or the name of your boat, please let me know so I can update the data base accordingly. Now is a good time to advise of my new email: [ArtHall123@gmail.com](mailto:ArtHall123@gmail.com) and a new home phone of: 207-338-8352; and even a new mailing address: PO Box 352, Belfast, Maine, 04915 Whew!

I have received several inquires recently from potential buyers. So if you have a boat for sale let me know the basics and I'll be happy to pass on the information.

### **ASOA Website:**

[http://www.geocities.com/allied\\_seabreeze/](http://www.geocities.com/allied_seabreeze/)

Anyone who may have visited the website recently can see that it is way overdue for an update. Do we have any enthusiastic techie types out there willing to step up to the plate? I have a treasure trove of historical information we can use.

### **Maine Rendezvous**

**Birds of a Feather** by **Norbert Nathanson** (Norbert penned this story for our yacht club newsletter and I'd like to share it here. Read on, there is a Catskill connection)

It had taken much longer than I had anticipated to ferry my first big boat, a neglected 1971 Morgan 35 that needed work, from Annapolis, MD to Albany, NY, a trip fraught with numerous problems for a first time offshore sailor. We had run aground twice in Chesapeake Bay, bottomed out on a six foot ocean swell while attempting to negotiate the dogleg at the entrance to Barnegat Bay in an early morning fog that laid up the boat for three weeks in a boatyard to have a new rudder post and rudder installed. In addition, dirty fuel lines had caused the motor to stop unexpectedly several times, had delayed our departure from Barnegat just long enough to place us in the path of the worst series of line squalls of the season, and had almost caused us to ground in a pouring rain in the narrow approach to Great Kills Marina on Staten Island at 3 AM. The next morning, with the sun shining, we crossed our fingers as we started the motor, entered New York Harbor, passed by the Statue of Liberty, avoided the Staten Island ferries, motored under the fantail of the majestic Intrepid, and dodged dangerous floating debris, some almost as large as the boat below the George Washington Bridge, picked up our wives and my children in Nyack as planned, and were now enjoying a peaceful and thankfully uneventful cruise up the Hudson.

Miraculously, the motor continued to run as we passed Anthony's Nose, West Point, Harriman Park, Bear Mountain and countless other places on the river we had never seen from the vantage point of mid-river. Our wives set out a beautiful lunch on the hatch cover and we picnicked up the Hudson, spent the first night at Poughkeepsie, and tied up at Mariner's Harbor restaurant for a delicious dinner. The following day the weather was variable and just South of Saugerties, near Tivoli Reach, I heard a sound that was quite familiar to me, the sound of a straight eight-cylinder Franklin aircraft engine on a Republic Seabee amphibian aircraft. I'd spent many hours flying in a friend's Seabee and I knew that sound, but just as I spotted the plane, the sound stopped, the plane's nose dipped down, and it began a long gliding approach to the river off to the East of us, to a flooded mud flat that was out of the channel.

I had a gut feeling that he was in trouble, so I shifted to neutral and we drifted, watching to see what would happen. He landed smoothly and then I saw the bow door open and the pilot stood up and looked around. I couldn't get to him where he was, but the current was slowly sweeping him down off the shallows where he had landed and into the channel, so we executed a 180-degree turn and headed downstream slowly, waiting as he drifted toward us. As we closed in the pilot stood up in the bow door and waved. When he was in hailing distance I asked if he was in trouble and he said, "Yes. My engine conked out." Could we be of any assistance? Yes. Did he want a tow? Yes. We came around, crossed his bow and threw him a line. He made it fast to the cleat at the nose of the aircraft and suddenly we were towing an airplane up the Hudson River.

What does a sailboat under power do with a seaplane in tow on the Hudson River? Where does one take it? I thought about the possibilities as I looked at my charts. It wasn't a promising situation. I could tow him as far as the dam above Albany if necessary, but that wouldn't accomplish anything. With a fifty-foot mast and a five-foot keel, there weren't too many places I could take him. If he really had engine problems he needed to get to an airport or a mechanic, and there were no seaplane bases that I knew about on the Hudson.

We progressed upriver, consulting our charts and mariner's guidebooks, and assessing our options. As we neared Catskill, we spotted a Coast Guard crew in a Boston Whaler doing maintenance work on a river buoy. I hailed them, pointed to the aircraft, told them what had happened, and asked them if they could be of assistance to the pilot. They looked at me with blank stares. Airplanes were apparently not in their job description. In fairness, they had no more idea of what to do with a downed airplane than I did, and they weren't overly eager to get involved, but when suddenly, the pilot untied and dropped our towline he became, as a vessel in distress, the responsibility of the Coast Guard. "He's adrift." I yelled to the coastguardsmen. "Can you get him secured?" The pilot waved and yelled thanks and we waved as we saw the coast guard leave the buoy on which they had been working and approach the plane, wondering how they were going to be able to deal with the problem, but satisfied that one way or another, he wouldn't continue to drift in the river. Twenty minutes later, we heard the roar of the Franklin engine and the plane came past us, twenty feet off the water, waggled his wings, and continued to gain to altitude.

Our travel through the flight of locks from the Hudson to our winter base on the Mohawk River in Albany was uneventful and three months later, on Thanksgiving Day we were out for a family drive when we happened to pass a small airport. "That's where that guy was going" my son yelled. "What Guy?" "The guy with the airplane that we towed. Let's go find him." I drove into the parking lot and my daughter said, "There he is." The man she was pointing at had gone in the door of the airport office. "I'll go see," I said. I really wasn't certain that the man I was looking for was who my children thought he was. I entered the airport office and cautiously asked if anybody there owned a Grumman Seabee. He looked at me suspiciously and nodded his head. "I do" "Did you fly it up the Hudson in August?" "Yes I did." "Well, I'm the guy with the sailboat who gave you a tow." Suddenly we were old friends and he related how he had purchased the plane on Long Island, was ferrying it home, and when we saw him come down. It had been his seventh forced landing that day. His problem? Dirty fuel lines. *Birds of a feather.*

## **News from Down Under**

As many know Allied Boat Company produced 135 wonderful Seabreeze sloops and yawls. At least one was finished to a high standard from a bare hull. From what I can tell this hull was sold just prior to the Citation models. Likely the deck plug was not quite ready and one anxious buy saw it as an opportunity for something special. And at least one other boat has an interior finished by custom yacht builder. So while there are several variations to the boats that Allied sent out the door, none are more unique than the two Seabreezes that were custom built in Australia. They do differ in that that were modified to draw an additional 9" and do not have centerboards. However, they are both MacLear and Harris Seabreeze designs built by semi-amateur builders over a male plug. A study of photos of the boats hauled out, and it clear they have the some hull form as the Allied boats. While the first of the two boats I have lost contact with, the second boat is owned by a very enthusiastic Peter Walker. Peter's Singing Dragon has seen a recent comprehensive restoration that now finds her in wonderful condition. If you ever find yourself in Brisbane, be sure to get in touch with Peter and Gina. I have no doubt they'll show you a wonderful time and take you sailing in a beautiful place. A few years ago they were actually vacationing in Maine sailing on one of the coasting schooners. We managed to get together and sail Secret Water from Tenants Harbor back to her mooring in Northport. They are fine sailors and shipmates.

## **Ranger**