



**CDSOA Maine Cruise**  
**Northeast Fleet**  
**Cape Dorys and the Beautiful Islands of Penobscot Bay**  
**August 16-21, 2004**

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Cathy guiding *Realization* enroute from Plymouth, MA to Tenants Harbor, ME

Our "Maine Cruise" Captain, Steve Files, collected 8 registrations for this year's "CDSOA Maine Cruise". Both Bruce and I were excited as this would be our first sailing trip beyond Narragansett Bay and the first time that we would spend more than two weeks aboard our beloved Cape Dory 32 *Realization*.

After experiencing an enjoyable three days at the rendezvous in Plymouth, MA and an exhilarating overnight sail from Plymouth to Tenants Harbor, ME with the remnants of Hurricane Bonnie on our heels, torrential rainfall

with limited visibility, fog and big rolling seas, we arrived in Tenants Harbor wet but no worse for wear early in the morning on Friday the 13th of August. We picked up a mooring from Cod End for \$15 per night.



Tenants Harbor after Bonnie

After sleeping away the remainder of the day on Friday we were visited by Steve on Saturday morning. He took us to shore to meet Mary Ellen at their home on Long Cove in Tenants Harbor where we showered. The Files were wonderful hosts taking us to a laundry where we could get our wet things dried out and dirty things washed then gave us the grand tour of the surrounding area including Rockland, Rockport and Camden along the way stopping for lunch, ice cream and dinner as well as a ride to the top of Mount Battie for a spectacular view of Camden Harbor and Penobscot Bay.



The view from Mount Battie

If you're planning on sailing to Maine, especially if you want to do an overnigher from the vicinity of Cape Cod as we did, Tenants Harbor is a great first stop. It's a well-protected, pretty harbor filled with lobster boats and it's quiet – important to a weary crew that just sailed for 24 hours straight trying to catch up on needed sleep. The only drawback is the number of lobster pot buoys that you'll encounter and have to dodge on the way in. You'll start seeing them after you pass Monhegan Island, but it's

worth it. And Monhegan Island helps make Tenants Harbor an easy landfall as the beacon from its lighthouse helps to guide you in the right direction.

On Monday, August 16th, the first official day of the "CDSOA Maine Cruise", we dropped our mooring and headed into Long Cove, just around the bend from Tenants Harbor, where we picked up a free mooring next to the Files' CD36 *Liberty*. Steve had received a phone call from Peter Baumgartner (CD27 *London*) indicating that he was having engine problems and would try to catch up to us if he could. The Newtons (CD30 *Alcyone*) had indicated that they might be delayed a day. There



Looking at Monhegan Island from the southwest during return trip



*Realization* in Tenants Harbor

was no sign of *Aegis* or *Cara*. We waited but, to our disappointment, none of the others showed up. We then had cocktails and potluck dinner aboard *Liberty*.

We awoke to scattered clouds and patchy fog after a somewhat rainy night. *Realization* and *Liberty* were still the only Cape Dorys in Long Cove and dropped their moorings at 0900 and headed for Vinalhaven through a gauntlet of lobster pot buoys across Penobscot Bay with all sails flying via Muscle Ridge Channel, Owls Head Bay, and Fox Islands Thorofare bound

for Perry Creek about 20 nm to the northeast. Winds were light but we had a nice sail across Penobscot Bay up into Fox Islands Thorofare with the breeze freshening as we approached Perry Creek. We dropped our sails, rounded Hopkins Point and Mouse Island and picked up free moorings in the glistening creek.

Perry Creek is an idyllic protected anchorage. I think it was the prettiest spot we visited. We felt cozy surrounded by its tall, majestic trees with eagles and osprey soaring overhead.



Mary Ellen and Steve Files aboard *Liberty* bound for Long Cove

This time we gathered aboard *Realization* for cocktails and dinner when I spied another Cape Dory behind us through the open companionway hatch. It was the Newtons aboard *Alcyone*. Steve hopped in his dinghy and immediately invited them to join us aboard *Realization* for dinner as soon as they were settled. The evening's topic was wrapped around *Alcyone*, her trip from Cape Elizabeth, and how she got her seemingly unpronounceable name. I thought it was pronounced "Al-kī-own" and Bruce thought it should be "Al-cee-own" but Jim said it was "Al-SEE-oh-nee" after the brightest star in the Pleiades and the Greek goddess who could ward off evil storms. I decided to look into the history of *Alcyone* after we got home.



Long Cove as seen from the Files' home

*Alcyone*, called "The Central One", is the central or main star and also the largest star of the Pleiades, or Seven Sisters; the seven stars which are situated on the shoulder blade of Taurus, the Bull. *Alcyone* is often seen as representing the whole group that are all situated within one degree.

In Greek mythology, *Alcyone* is the Goddess of the Sea, the Moon, Calm, and Tranquility. *Alcyone*, the daughter of Aeolus, who in grief over the death of her husband Ceyx who died in a shipwreck, threw herself into the sea and was changed into a halcyon; a bird identified with the kingfisher, believed to have had the power to calm the wind and the waves at the time of the winter solstice when it nested on the sea. Halcyon means tranquil and free from disturbance or care; prosperous; golden: as in "halcyon years".

Other versions make *Alcyone*, and her six sisters, the daughters of Atlas. Some said that it was because of the daughters' grief over Atlas, their father, whose labor in bearing the world was the cause of their transformation and subsequent transfer to the heavens. This cluster of stars was seen by some Romans as a "hen with her chicks", with *Alcyone* as "The Hen". And yet other versions made them the "Seven Doves" that carried ambrosia to the infant Zeus. Pleiades (Peleiades) was called a



*Liberty* nearing Owl Head Light



Fox Islands Thorofare

"flock of doves". In order to flee the sexual advance of Orion, the Hunter, the seven sisters were transformed into Doves or Rock-pigeons.

So after a clear, dark night with the Milky Way clearly visible and a myriad of oft not seen stars and clusters of Greek gods twinkling above us, the creek was enshrouded in fog Wednesday morning with only the gray misty outlines of the surrounding boats visible. We delayed our departure and finally dropped our moorings around 1015 for our cruise to Burnt Coat Harbor on Swans Island some 20 nm to the east.

The three boats headed out into the mist with *Liberty* leading the way. We spent the afternoon sailing in and out of fogbanks sometimes losing sight of one another with the low drone of an engine prompting prolonged blasts of our horns with a vigilant eye straining to see shapes in the mist and the other on the radar screen, chartplotter and charts as we ghosted from Fox Islands Thorofare across Isle Au Haut Bay, among the islands and ledges of Merchant Row, into Jericho then Toothacher Bays.

In the fog on Isle Au Haut Bay we could hear the drone of an engine. We blasted our horn and the sound of a returning horn blasted through the fog. There was no time to mess with the radar to change the range or try to acquire a MARPA target. We couldn't see him but we could hear him and he was approaching fast. Then I saw a faint outline in the fog. I blasted our horn again and told Bruce to turn the wheel hard to starboard - NOW.

And as *Realization* hove to the large sportfisherman sped past at full throttle about 100 feet away. We were rolling up our backwinded yankee as *Alcyone* appeared out of the fog behind us. The fog lifted for awhile on Merchant Row revealing the beautiful islands scattered about. We decided to keep the three boats close together and sandwich the radarless *Alcyone* between the other two as *Liberty* led the way. Another fog bank lay ahead of us as we approached Jericho Bay.



Liberty moored on Perry Creek

Toothacher Bay was covered in a thick blanket of white and we tried to keep as close to *Alcyone* as possible to help guide them into the entrance to Burnt Coat Harbor and keep them safe from other boat traffic. But the fog was too thick and we completely lost sight of them even though they were right in front of us. We saw them again briefly as they and the GC"3" entrance

buoy suddenly appeared to port then disappeared in an instant. (It's amazing how big the buoys appear on radar, how small some boats appear, and how accurate the GPS is.) While following the invisible channel into the harbor *Alcyone* suddenly appeared once again except this time she was to starboard and heading in the opposite direction! They had turned to head into the wind to drop their sails. Jim later admitted he realized after he had turned *Alcyone* around that it probably wasn't such a good idea. Once we were in the harbor we had enough visibility to spot *Liberty* on her mooring and to find and pick up a mooring for ourselves. *Alcyone* moored nearby. Moorings were \$20 from Swans Island Boathouse.

There was no sign of *Misty*, a CD300MS, whose owners had indicated that we might meet up with them at Swans Island, it was 1530 and the consensus was to go ashore for lobster dinner. The thought of venturing out in the foggy anchorage in the dinghy and then having to find our way back to the boat in both darkness and fog didn't appeal to me so I opted



Perry Creek



Alcyone on Perry Creek





Alcyone on Perry Creek

so stay onboard *Realization*. I showed Bruce how to use the handheld GPS and entered our position as a waypoint. He also took the handheld VHF radio. Hopefully, if he had too, he would be able to find his way back to the boat using the GPS; but miraculously the fog lifted by the time they had finished their meals and all crews made it back to their boats without incident.

Our planned destination for Thursday was Little Cranberry Island south of Mount Desert Island but the weather forecast didn't sound very good. Steve didn't think it would be a very comfortable anchorage for the night so the crews opted to head to Bucks Harbor, 21 nm to the northwest, a day ahead of schedule. It was another foggy morning and the three boats again formed an *Alcyone* sandwich as they headed back toward Toothacher Bay.

Toothacher and Jericho Bays were dotted with lobster pot buoys. This was nothing new as we had been running the gauntlet through the pots for much of the cruise. But the combination of rain and fog, limited visibility, knowing that there are other boats and obstacles out there like rocks and ledges, and thousands of lobster pot buoys can make operating a boat of any kind a bit stressful. It's easy to find yourself staring at the radar screen rather than watching where you're steering.

Bruce was at the helm steering a serpentine course on Jericho Bay as we headed towards Eggemoggin Reach when both the engine and the boat came to an abrupt halt. "What was that?" he exclaimed as I peered over the side at the line that stretched out taut on an angle into the deep. "You snagged a pot."



Jim and Chris Newton on Alcyone bound for Swans Island



Swans Island Boathouse in Burnt Coat Harbor

I ran down below and checked the engine compartment. The engine was still sitting squarely on its mounts and no water was coming in. I called both *Liberty* and *Alcyone* on the VHF and let them know where we were and that we were now anchored to a pot whose line was wrapped firmly around our prop. I could hear the low whir of an engine and blasted the horn. I contemplated deploying our anchor but the water was a hundred feet deep and we were already firmly anchored to the bottom. At least the rain had stopped.

Both *Liberty* and *Alcyone* emerged from the fog and circled around *Realization* as we contemplated what to do next. Bruce would have to dive down under the boat and cut the line free from our prop. He was concerned about the stress on the shaft and wanted to relieve that stress before he dove. I was concerned about Bruce diving down into that cold water and wouldn't let him without first donning his foul weather gear. (We carry two complete sets of foul weather gear for each of us – an inshore set and a coastal set.) So he put on his inshore foulies, climbed into the inflatable dinghy and grabbed the offending line with a boathook. He then tied one of our lines to the line for the lobster pot buoy and slid it down the line as far as he could. Then he got the buoy's line so that it lay taut across the top of the dinghy and attached our line so that it wouldn't slide. I hauled up our line as much as I could and cleated it. This moved the tension from the propshaft to our stern cleat. He then cut the line which set *Realization* adrift. During this entire process I was



Alcyone on Eggemoggin Reach



*Liberty on Eggmoggin Reach*

checking the radar, blasting our horn and ringing our bell while *Liberty* and *Alcyone* continued to circle. Bruce now had to act fast and dive on the prop to untangle the line from it. Using the line which was now dangling from our stern cleat, he pulled himself down to the prop and cleared it by spinning the prop. It came right off and the buoy sprang to the surface with a large gouge where the prop had taken a bite out of it. Bruce dove again to remove seaweed that had covered the line then surfaced and climbed back into the dinghy. Again I checked the radar and the GPS. We were drifting toward land. *Liberty* and *Alcyone* were still circling and keeping a close watch on our situation. Then we got Bruce back aboard, I crossed my fingers and

started *Realization's* engine. It started right up. I slipped it into forward gear and we were once again underway. Bruce got out of his wet things and dried off. Steve and Mary Ellen said that they had never seen anyone dive from their own boat to free a line from their prop before, that they always called for a diver!

The three boats continued up Jericho Bay towards Eggmoggin Reach. Visibility improved as we approached the Reach and there were less and less pots too. Soon we were heading under the bridge that separates the mainland from Little Deer Isle as we neared Bucks Harbor in South Brooksville. We arrived at Bucks Harbor at 1615 and picked up a mooring from Bucks Harbor Marine for \$25 just as the fog started to close in again.



*Liberty and Alcyone at Bucks Harbor*



*Realization at Bucks Harbor*

There were a couple of Maine's windjammers anchored in the harbor. Their passengers were diving from their decks into that cold water. Jeeesh, Bruce had gone for a swim earlier in the day because he had to but these people were frolicking in the water because they wanted to. Bruce remarked that it wasn't as cold as he thought it would be. NOAA had indicated that the water temperature in the area was 62°F. That's too cold for me anyway.

Bucks Harbor is another pretty harbor. It's protected by Harbor Island. You can enter the harbor on either side of the island. The land surrounding the harbor juts up at least a hundred feet straight from the sea, its rocky cliffs covered in fir trees, topped off with regal, sprawling homes. A ladder descended from one of the homes to the base of the cliff. I can't imagine anyone climbing it, they'd die of exhaustion before they even got half way up if they didn't fall first.

Once again we decided to go ashore for dinner, this time to "Cafe Out Back" a short walk into town. We showered at Bucks Harbor Marine and brought Bruce's wet foulies, as well as our dirty clothes, up to be dried and/or laundered. The restaurant was within easy walking distance from the marina so Bruce made a few trips during dinner back to the marina to check on the laundry. And everyone toasted Bruce for supplying the "entertainment" and the lesson earlier in the day.

Since we were in Bucks Harbor a day ahead of schedule we decided our next destination would be Pulpit Harbor on North Haven Island about 18 nm to the south-southwest. Friday morning was another gray morning with



*Doug Oliver aboard Salsa*

lots of fog. We waited until 1230 for the fog to lift then motored through the mooring field to say hello to Doug



Cathy and Bruce aboard *Realization* enroute to Pulpit Harbor

Oliver aboard his CD27 *Salsa*. *Salsa* had previously been owned by Steve and Mary Ellen. After chatting with Doug we turned and headed out of the harbor. I looked behind us and could see a CD27 following us and tried to raise *Salsa* on the radio. But it wasn't *Salsa*, it was Andrew Breece aboard *Angelina*. So we slowed down, waited for *Angelina* to catch up, and chatted with Andrew while Bruce snapped some photos. It told him that we were sorry we missed him at Bucks Harbor and that we were headed to Pulpit Harbor if he wanted to join us, but *Angelina* was scheduled to be hauled the following day and Andrew would soon be heading back to school.

There was essentially no wind so we motored for most of the trip but a light wind began to blow later in the afternoon and the sails were hoisted on both *Realization* and *Alcyone*. We traded tacks for the rest of the day as *Liberty* continued to motor ahead to Pulpit Harbor. Bruce and Jim snapped photos of the two boats in the orange light of the late afternoon sun which glowed in *Realization's* tanbark sails. I found that the wind was stronger closer to the island and in a couple of tacks we were well ahead of *Alcyone*. We dropped our sails as we rounded Pulpit Rock and entered the harbor. There we picked up another free mooring next to *Liberty*. Then the crews gathered aboard *Liberty* again for cocktails and another potluck dinner.



Andrew Breece aboard *Angelina*

Pulpit Harbor is a popular harbor and for good reason. It's well protected, large and beautiful. Since it's popular, it's crowded. It's also full of moorings, so try to get there early enough to find an empty one rather than looking for a place to drop the hook.



*Alcyone* enroute to Pulpit Harbor

It poured during the night and Saturday morning, you guessed it, more fog and the day's forecast was for more rain. The 10 nm trip from Pulpit Harbor to Camden would only take us a couple of hours so we dropped our moorings at 1015. We used the last of the air in the fog horn during this leg of the trip and had to bring out the spare. Both *Liberty* and *Alcyone* disappeared ahead of us in the fog but we monitored their positions on radar. As we approached the channel for Camden Harbor we were blasting our horns again as something was approaching close to *Liberty* from off to port. Our caravan came to a stop as a huge sailing, but motoring, megayacht emerged from the fog nearly running *Liberty* down. We

continued into the channel and the fog lifted just as we entered the harbor. We contacted Wayfarer Marine on VHF Ch. 71 for our mooring assignments. *Realization* and *Alcyone* were moored next to each other in the outer harbor but *Liberty* had opted for a slip inside.

No sooner had we settled onto our moorings when the rain came. And it poured. We called for the launch to bring us ashore and the crews found a nice deli to have lunch and escape the deluge. The building the deli was in was situated right over a sleuceway which emptied into the harbor. The water was flowing beneath the building over the rocks in an angry torrent. After lunch we headed back out into the rain and went our separate ways in an attempt to explore Camden. Bruce and I wanted to go to the library while the others wanted to shop. (And just as we thought it couldn't possibly rain any harder, it did.) He wanted to see if he could check his e-



Schooner at Pulpit Harbor





Liberty at Pulpit Harbor

mail, he did while I checked out an art exhibit.

While we were in the library the rain let up so we decided to walk down to the pier at the northern end of the harbor and look at the windjammers. Three big schooners were moored there: the *Mary Day*, the *Surprise* and the *Lewis R. French*. *Appledore* was moored over on the town side of the harbor. Then the *Mercantile* arrived. Afterwards we walked back towards town and met up with Jim and Chris and, you guessed it, it started raining again. So we caught the next launch back to the marina.

Earlier we had decided to have dinner at a restaurant in town but the launch would only be running until 8:00 p.m. That meant that we'd have to take our dinghies all the way from the outer harbor to the town dock in the rain and then have to return in darkness and probably more rain. This didn't sound too appealing to us so we decided to find Steve and Mary Ellen and try to convince them have another potluck onboard *Liberty* around sixish then we'd take the launch back to our boats by 8:00 p.m.

As I walked down the dock at Wayfarer I came across a dinghy which was blocking the path. I wasn't far from a gangway so I turned around and headed back for the gangway, up then down the other side back onto the floating dock, and found *Liberty* in her slip. I announced my presence and found Mary Ellen on her way to the showers and Steve working down in the engine compartment. Well it seemed that the torrential downpour had caused a short in the engine control panel's ignition switch which was causing an alarm to sound. For the moment the easiest and quickest fix was to disconnect it. Anyway, I started to explain my reasons for changing our dinner plans when Chris arrived clutching a bloody forehead. Jim and Bruce were right behind. They had walked down the dock and encountered that same dinghy that had been blocking my path. Both Bruce and Jim managed to duck under the gangway to go around the dinghy but when Chris tried she smashed her head on the gangway hard enough to knock her off her feet and onto the dinghy and the dock. The guys helped her back to her feet and to *Liberty*. Steve gave her head a thorough check and recommended a trip to the local emergency room for stitches and to check for concussion. She didn't want to go but he managed to convince her. Steve then contacted Wayfarer Marine who made transportation arrangements to get her and Jim to the emergency room. Bruce and I stayed with Steve and Mary Ellen aboard *Liberty* until we heard back from Jim. Chris thankfully didn't have a concussion but she did have four new stitches in her forehead, a headache and a black eye. We decided to meet them at the restaurant and Steve would take us back to our boats afterwards using his dinghy.



L-R: Mary Ellen, Chris, Steve, Cathy, Jim and Bruce aboard Liberty



L-R: Bruce, Steve, Jim, Chris, Mary Ellen and Cathy -- Pulpit Hbr.

So we called for the launch and asked them if they would be willing to take us and to tow the dinghy over to the town dock. They obliged and we found Jim and Chris waiting for us at the restaurant. Afterwards, to our delight, not only had it stopped raining, the sky was crystal clear and the stars were shining brightly above. This was the last day of the "Maine Cruise" so we exchanged farewells with our new friends and we hopped in the dinghy so Steve could bring us back to our boats.



Camden Harbor

Penobscot Bay is truly a beautiful place, fog or not, and well worth the trip. We were glad that we took the time to install the radar and that we learned how to use it during our first two weeks on the water. I don't think that we would have enjoyed our time in Maine as much without it since we experienced foggy conditions nearly everyday and without it we would have had to remain in port. That said, I cannot wait until next year when we hope to do it all over again.

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