

THE BAYSIDE SEABREEZE

Vol. 4

Bayside Village, Maine - Curated by Micah Cohen

No. 2



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After the Storm

In Penobscot Bay, as in all great harbors, storms abound. The sky darkens, the winds lash, the trees bend and women—sometimes a very beautiful woman named Jessica—race down the street in panicked search for their wayward, bike-riding ten-year-old sons.

Old timers remember the Summer of 1954, when not one but two massive storms, Hurricane Carol and Hurricane Edna, arrived one after another, swamped shorelines, crashed seawalls and turned the western sky as purple as a bruise. Carol blew through in August. It swamped the New England seaboard, sent ocean water into corn fields and vineyards, wrecked blueberries and impoverished farmers. Edna, with gusts approaching eighty miles per hour, arrived in Maine on September 11. It was then the deadliest storm in state history, causing 25 million dollars in damage and, much worse, eight deaths.

EB White, who rode out the storm on his farm in Brooklin, immortalized Edna in his essay, “Eye of the Storm”. In February 1976, a winter storm, known as the Great Bangor Flood, arrived during an astronomical high tide. Together with the storm, it sent the Atlantic into the streets of Bangor. In a textbook, it looks like a meteorological oddity. On the ground, it was 12 feet of water in 15 minutes.

It was Gloria in 1985. And Bob in 1991. Bob was the last hurricane to make landfall in New England. It landed in Rockland on August 20th. To a person standing on the dock in Bayside, the storm would look like wind and whitecaps, black water, black sky, black swells and breaking waves, the boats tossed like the debris of Noah’s flood in the mooring field. The topography of the bay concentrates the surge like a funnel. It can amplify a storm tide, sending it landward, where, if it meets a stiff offshore wind, the water rises into a kind of wall that runs ashore. As any good weatherman will tell you, Penobscot Bay is a.....SEE PAGE 3

Toad Hall

In Arizona, trespassing can result in up to two and a half years in prison, earning the accused a class five felony. In Texas, the same crime will result in one hundred and eighty days behind bars. In Louisiana, you’ll be fined, sentenced, and find a new home on probation. At Toad Hall, a writer’s retreat situated on Bayside’s Shore Road, however, this offense lands the culprit a slightly different outcome; “coffee and conversation”, as read by the inviting geometric sign planted just outside the estate. “Please trespass,” the sign emphasizes, “violators will be welcomed with

coffee and conversation. Toad Hall sits on a grassy plot of land halfway to Kelly’s Cove. The hall itself houses a colorful barn, a graceful cabin, and a picturesque. Midcoast cottage. The balmy grounds welcome a loosely kept garden, with the

kind of plants you might expect an Elizabethan Queen to keep in the late 1500s; next to the garden sits a small barn, painted a subdued shade of blue, with birds, flowers, and a teacup brushed on top. Upon entering Toad Hall, a visitor is transported to a different world, one free of stress and rules. Just across from the barn is a narrow and antiquated cabin, painted a more simplistic, yet profound shade of blue. Despite its veritable beauty though Toad Hall does not.....SEE PAGE 2



Celine’s Ice Cream

You may have seen a small sign for Celine’s ice cream on the bulletin board. It advertises fresh ice cream with quality ingredients made right here in Bayside. After hearing positive reports from friends, I decided to reach out to her to learn more and try it for myself.

It was a sunny Monday afternoon when I arrived at Celine Bewsher’s porch. She served me her two most popular flavors: cookies and cream and lemon meringue pie, with real meringue pieces mixed in. Her ice cream was smooth and creamy, and each flavor really stood out. While I sampled it, she told me about her life and how she found her passion for making ice cream.

Celine’s ice cream making started as a hobby ten years ago while she was dealing with medical problems with her eye. After several operations, she wasn’t allowed to go out into the sun or on the bay. Her doctor told her to stay inside her cottage for the entire summer. She decided to start making ice cream as a way to spend time with her kids. “I wanted to spend as much time with them as possible and find a way to make life in the house fun,” Celine said. Over the following summers, she continued to make ice cream, experimenting with new flavors and sharing it with the community. “I love to have kids around,” she told me, “so for me, making ice cream was about bringing the kids and their friends in the community together around something fun.” Adults and kids alike loved her delicious ice cream, and people often suggested she sell it. This spring, when someone suggested selling pre-order pints, something clicked. “It just seemed more doable then,” she said. Now, Celine’s ice cream is available through pre-orders with new flavors announced each week.....SEE PAGE 3

The Mysterious Death of Annabel Tower

True crime is everywhere these days: Netflix, podcasts, half the paperbacks at the beach. Millions of us are captivated by cold cases in little towns we've never seen. We devour true crime books. We remember the names of the deceased in these stories, yet we hold no personal connection to any of them. But impersonal storytime is over. There is no need to



borrow another town's tragic mystery, for we, Bayside, bare our own; you can walk it in ten minutes.

Start on Broadway, at the Forest Home cottage. In the scorching summer of 1884, Forest Home belonged to the family of James D. Tucker of Belfast, and living with the family that season was an eighteen-year-old girl named Annabel Tower. Annabel, the daughter of Van Tower, was a local girl, from just down the shore in Lincolnville. She had ten brothers and sisters. The previous November she had gone to work in J.D. Tucker's household in Belfast, and when Mrs. Tucker opened the Bayside cottage for the season, Annabel came too, giving her an escape from her crowded home. Picture the Bayside she woke up in that muggy August: a thousand grinning summer folks in cottages and on streets, rambunctious roller skaters at the Community Hall, steamers from Bangor and Boston landing enormous crowds at the wharf, and the Campground's own little newspaper (the Sea Breeze, five cents a copy) selling out at the store. Annabel was eighteen, it was high summer, and this new amazing village, Bayside, was her world.

Now walk down to the dock. On Saturday evening, August 16, 1884, at eight o'clock, Annabel came down the path and rented a rowboat for an hour from Macomber's livery, below the dock, as many young people did. That morning the Sea Breeze had described the bay: "the air is calm, the bay is scarcely rippled, and the boats glide as though automatically on a sea of glass." People in other boats saw her out there laughing, racing the other kids, "in the best of spirits." As dark came on, she was seen rowing her boat toward shore in ankle-deep, boat-launching water, almost to shore, just past high tide. At 9:30 p.m., Mr. Macomber, the man who had rented Annabel her dinghy, found his boat beached and empty. Inside the dinghy, the oars were placed neatly on the seats, with a chilling sense of precision.

Now turn toward the shore in front of the houses on Bay Street. It was here, in front of the Knowlton cottage four days after her disappearance, on Wednesday afternoon, a discovery was made. On the rocks lay being pushed.....SEE PAGE 3

Toad Hall

foremost exist as a piece of art. Not a physical one, at least. It was created with one goal in mind: imagination.

Maya Stein, the curator of Toad Hall along with Liz Kalloch and Amy Tingle, rent out their cabin during the warm seasons to creatives looking for a newfound sense of ingenuity. The cabin works on a pay-what-you-can basis, relying on the goodness of others. In the eyes of a cynic like myself, this practice would lend itself handily to freeloaders seeking a cheap vacation, and would snowball into a psychotic community of daydrinkers, rampagers, and wastrels, the kind of people you avoid inviting into your property. My mind was full of this when I sat down with Maya Stein for a talk. Upon meeting Maya, this notion was promptly disabused; she believes that Toad Hall visitors "respect the space and know that they are amongst a community of Toad Hall residents. When people feel respected, they show respect." Maya worked at a magazine, started a small press in 2021, published five books, and did a number of literary journals. Given her eclectic background in publishing, writing, and creating, Maya believes that herself, her partner, and their friend, were "perfectly positioned to create the writer's retreat at Toad Hall." Maya understands that physical location plays an immense role in creative ability. Her poems created during her life in New Jersey were "primarily about rebellion, as I was in a place where I didn't quite feel at home." Contrastingly, in Bayside, Maya is forced to "dig deeper, as now I am in a place where I am very friendly with my environment." If true poetry comes from suffering, then Bayside is the worst place on earth to.....SEE PAGE 4

Fútbol, Sorry. Not Soccer.

After this summer's glorious World Cup, I'm ready to become a more serious football fan. I've decided to pick a club to root for in the English Premier League. I've held off for decades. I watched World Cups going back to my junior year of high school, when the U.S. hosted it in 1994. I'm that generation of Americans who became casual soccer fans every four years because of '94.

From 1954 to 1986, the U.S. hadn't even qualified for the World Cup. In 1990 they qualified but lost all three games. In 1994, they not only won a game, they made it out of the group stage. That squad was one for the ages: goalie Tony Meola and his ponytail, John Harkes and Cobi Jones in the midfield, and Alexi Lalas on the back line. Major League Soccer launched its first season in 1996.

I went to plenty of D.C. United games at RFK Stadium, coached by Bruce Arena, where they won back-to-back championships. From about 2010 until COVID, I was all in on baseball. The Nats had a golden decade culminating in their 2019 World Series title, and I was coaching our son in Little League. But in recent years our family has gravitated toward soccer as our daughters grew older and it became their main sport. The Washington Spirit, dominant like United once was, began playing at Audi Field after COVID, and we've gone to many matches there since. Matches, sorry. Matches, not games. Despite all that, I looked askance at Americans who professed to be fans of European football. It just seemed like LARPing (Live Action Role Playing) to me a.....SEE PAGE 4

Time is Money

Growing up, Bayside was always a magical place to me and my friends. Getting to come up here and run around this little village all day was all I could think about from early spring to late June. It's been pretty similar each year; swimming, sun, and time with my friends. This year feels a little different though. Maybe it's because we're growing up, our priorities are changing, and we're starting to value money over time.

This summer has felt more tame than past summers. The days aren't filled with nearly as much sun, water, or adventure. Instead, our days are filled with work, often starting early and ending late. Naturally, I understand that as we get older our free time is compromised and more important things come into play: supporting ourselves and living comfortably. But after all these hours worked this summer, I ask myself: "Was it worth it?" At the beginning of the summer I realized I was leaving for college soon and, since my parents weren't going to be my lifeline anymore, I needed to make some money. Like many of my friends, I got a job. Places such as Marshall Wharf have become overrun with young Bayside residents looking to make money. It seems to be the focus of the summer for many young Baysiders such as myself. Why, though? We're becoming more independent, and we need money to be independent. Especially in college. However, as someone with no college experience, I asked two college-aged Baysiders for their thoughts Micah Cohen, a rising sophomore at Emory University, believes that the sacrifice is not worth it. He told me, "There are certain things in this life.....SEE PAGE 4

Celine's Ice Cream

When my friend Wyatt Burke was offered cookies and cream, he had to decline because he can't eat gluten. Then Celine told him all of her ice cream is made with gluten-free ingredients, and he was thrilled. "It is the best and only gluten-free cookies and cream ice cream ever," he told me.

I asked Celine about her flavors. "Flavors are really important to me," she said. "When I think of ice cream, I think of different countries. My tiramisu makes me think of Italy and my lavender and honey makes me think of France. I will be doing apricot ice cream, which is very Armenian. And of course, blueberry crumble reminds me of Northport."

She added that the blueberry crumble flavor was suggested by Bella Fryer, a fellow Baysider. Born and raised in Istanbul, Celine grew up loving food and cooking, influenced by her Armenian mother. At 11, her family moved to California. Midway through college she moved to Paris, where she lived for nine years. Her career with Education First took her to Amsterdam, Switzerland, and Cambridge, Massachusetts. After spending several summers here, she moved to Bayside in 2021.

A few days after we met on her porch, Celine arrived at my door to deliver my order: a pint of hazelnut chocolate swirl. The handwritten label listing the ingredients showed the care she puts into each batch. Celine's ice cream started when she was housebound for a summer and needed something fun for her kids. Ten years later, that hobby has grown into something enjoyed by Baysiders each week. - Ben Maloy

After the Storm

perfect surge-and-wind trap. The storm that appeared as if from nowhere—like finding a mad stranger wandering through your house mid-afternoon—on July 16, 2026 was not a hurricane but a squall, a wild outburst that made more than a few of us finally understand the Wizard of Oz. Your house is lifted, spun away and dropped into a new world. For a person to get lost, it takes only closing your eyes and turning around twice.

The storm lights up the distant places, soaks the near places, turtles the boats, petrifies the paddle boarders and washes the sky clean. The world emerges from it as a car emerges from the car wash, shiny and new. The cause was a Canadian cold front meeting the remnants of the brutal early-summer heat dome above the bottomless sea. The result was uprooted trees, lost gear, and angry fish. It lasted no more than nine minutes in Bayside, enough to see this familiar place as if for the first time. -Rich Cohen

The Mysterious Death of Annabel Tower

gently onto the salty rocks by the glassy water, lay Annabel's dead body. She was flat, moving naturally with the lifting tides among the seaweed. What the inquest revealed turned a drowning into a mystery. The autopsy found abrasions on the right side of her head and found that Annabel was in the early stages of pregnancy. At a time when pregnancy could ruin a young woman's life, this detail is particularly tantalizing.

The Republican Journal weighed accident, suicide, and murder, and the evidence undermined all three. They ran a test with an empty boat set adrift on the same ebb tide; it floated away from shore, not toward it. Remember the neatly laid oars across the bench. On a waterfront crowded with people, no one heard a splash or a cry. Alice Duffie, a fourteen-year-old girl, testified that she thought she had seen a pair of button boots in the seaweed at that very spot on Sunday, though physicians said Annabel's body could not have lain on the beach in the open for that long or it would have been in worse condition. And if it had, someone would have spotted her body at low tide. Twelve witnesses testified at the Belfast courthouse. The verdict: death by drowning, "from causes to the jury unknown." The coroner who conducted the inquest was James D. Tucker, the head of the very household in which Annabel lived.

The Republican Journal's final word on the case: "If Miss Tower was foully dealt with or committed suicide it is hoped that speedy retribution will overtake the fiend who accomplished her ruin." Then, Bayside moved on. In fifty years of surviving news clippings, Annabel Tower is never mentioned again. No grave. Not even a bench with a plaque on it.

That silence is the part we can still do something about. She is not a legend; she was a girl from Lincolnville who spent her last summer here. She rowed in our mooring field and walked on our beach. We spend our summer evenings sitting on the porches of the cottages she knew. So, the next time you walk Broadway past Forest Home, or stand at the end of the dock at dusk, spare a thought for her. One hundred and forty-two years ago this August, somewhere on that quiet water, something happened that no one could explain, to a girl this village knew. If Bayside remembers everything, it ought to remember Annabel. - Bo Christin

Fútbol, Sorry. Not Soccer.

way for wannabe hipsters and faux sophisticates to strike a pose. Sports teams are tied to place. The teams you root for are almost always because of where you lived or where your parents grew up. How does an American sing songs of regional pride about Sussex County and not feel like a total chud? Then I saw British fans singing “Woenderwall” by Oasis after England’s 3-2 win over Mexico. That didn’t seem very traditional or sacred. It was kind of lame, actually. And in a weird sort of way, it helped break some of the spell. So, despite my long-held reservations, I am ready to give Premier League football a chance. Why the Premier League rather than Spain, Italy, France, or Germany? I thought Premier League games were on U.S. TV the most. That turns out to be false, but I knew the league best. I was also certain I wouldn’t choose one of the famous clubs: Arsenal, Liverpool, Man City, Man United, or even Crystal Palace. Too basic. So, how many Premier League clubs had I barely heard of? Turns out there weren’t many. Hull City. Maybe Fulham. And Brighton. Of those, Brighton stood out. I think it was mostly because I love Graham Greene and have read his novel. Brighton & Hove Albion has played in the coastal city for 125 years. I still don’t know what Hove Albion means. I don’t think I know any of the players. Ridiculously, I’ve already looked at Brighton’s merchandise page, wondering if I should buy something. You don’t even know if you’re going to be a fan, I reproach myself, but I can already see a trip to the British seaside in my future. Sorry, the seaside, not the beach. - John Ward



Times is Money

more valuable than money. One of those things is memories. What is the cost of a childhood summer spent with lifelong friends? Employing yourself all summer is a lopsided trade-off—in exchange for an insurmountable surplus of cherished memories, you get a couple hundred bucks. Addiontally, a college campus has everything a poor student would need. In 60 years, will you be kicking yourself that you didn’t accept that shift at the restaurant?” I’ve thought about this a lot, and much of what Micah is saying resonant. A fellow Baysider, Lulu Trasatti, had different thoughts on the matter. She delineated to me, “I looked at my bank account after my first year of college and sighed. I knew I had to work hard to allow myself to have a fun second year.” Lulu believes in the tradeoff of working during the summer in exchange from free time, in order to fund her college life.

No matter which side you’re on, years from now, none of us will remember exactly how much we made during the summer of 2026. What we will remember are the people we spent it with, the stories we collected, and the feeling of calling this place home. As our lives take us in different directions, Bayside will remain more than just a village on the coast. It will be the place that taught us how to grow up, without ever forgetting what it felt like to be kids. - Jethro Ward

Toad Hall

write. Despite this, Maya hasn’t faltered in creating kaleidoscopically beautiful work. Next, Maya showed me the interior of the writer’s retreat. The place is comfortably small, enough room to write, play wall ball, or do a backflip. In has an ashy grey couch, a typewriter, and a lofted bed with psychedelic patterned comforters. It’s a kind of chaotic neatness that can only be understood from standing within the confines of the walls. Maya described to me the faults of using the place as an Airbnb; “it’s too small and the guests are strangers, whereas we oftentimes have a connection to the writers staying in the retreat.” I took a few cautious steps forward to an umber-stained book that caught my eye. I looked down and read the words, “guest book” etched upon the front cover. I opened the torn book and began reading. The first few pages were underwhelmingly brief. Maya explained to me, “those are the Airbnb folks.” However, as the pages progressed, so did the content, reaching a zenith at the very end with pages upon pages of graceful, detailed writing. “Those are the artists,” Maya told me. The pages were chalked with eloquent writing, even containing a few original poems, made out to Maya’s hospitality. As I deeply cut into the years worth of retreating writer’s words to share about Maya, Toad Hall, and Bayside as a whole, I was struck with a unique sensation, an amalgamation of gratitude, respect, and pride, at its purest form, for Bayside. I was hit with a revelation; Toad Hall, for these sojourning artists, is a microcosm for the role Bayside, for us summer folk, play in our own lives. We gracefully come with the wind each June, and leave with the leaves each August, with gratitude, poetry, and beauty to issue to Bayside, like these artists issue to Maya Stein. Toad Hall is a bastion, away from the real world, a fairy-tale town that hardly exists on any physical maps. Analogous to Bayside. In creating this retreat, Maya has inadvertently curated her very own miniature Bayside. Toad Hall is itself a piece of art; it’s an essay, a tale, a fable, a painting, and a poem. - Micah Cohen

power

There’s a power outage affecting approximately 116 customers. I am not among them, having traveled four hundred miles south, but the alert comes to my phone and I picture the trees whipping against the cables, the roil of ocean, the dark house. Years ago, on a drive through the middle of Montana, I soothed my loneliness by imagining the walls of my apartment kitchen painted a buttery yellow called “Mayapple.” There was a place to return to, and I would in a matter of months, and this thought was enough to carry me into North Dakota and beyond. Even as I write this, I feel the brush in my hand making careful shapes around the cabinetry, the corners by the ceiling. The joy that blossomed in the room as the old layer disappeared under each stroke until the room seemed as if it were vibrating like some newborn thing. Soon, the update comes: Power’s been restored. And I think of a snow-dusted road up north and the simultaneous brightness of 116 houses turning back on. And my heart does that thing where it’s like a switch has been flipped, where I can see, suddenly, that whatever’s ahead is the opposite of loneliness, the road glowing in the twin lights of the words “I can,” and there is nothing I’d rather do than press on, than keep going. - Maya Stein