

FISHERMEN'S VOICE

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News & Comment for and by the Fishermen of Maine

FREE

Letters from Florida

Dear Mom,

Guess what? You'll really be happy to know I finally met a lady down here, you know how hard it is for me to talk to people me being so shy and all and speaking "Maine" and all. It was Monday night and I said to myself—I'm gonna do it, too lonely sittin' around here just me and the lab dog. She was sittin' all alone at "Barnacle Bob's" watchin' the weather on the TV. I said "How ya doing?" She didn't say nothin'. I kinda snuck off about six stools, figured I'd better just order a beer. About ten minutes of watching that weather and I was about fed up when I hear this, "Cold up your way, huh!" I 'bout fell off Bob's fake bamboo bar stool. (They have these leopard bottoms and bamboo backs) I looked slowly over, not quite knowing if she was talking to me or the bartender. Didn't dare to even reply 'cept the bartender had gone out in the kitchen and was hittin' on the bald-headed waitress. So I gave it a few minutes and looking nowhere said, "How'd you know I was from up there?" Silence. About six more commercials went by. "Yer accent." Ma I thought maybe she liked me and I was startin' to warm up but I was really getting tongue tied and that weather was gettin' some old. Ma I couldn't think of a thing to say then this ad came on the screen. This guy was trying to meet a young lady just like me. Boys did I look and listen. So I let about twenty minutes go by. Didn't want her to think I was copyin' that feller 'cause he was so successful. Finally I screwed up my courage, "Could I buy you a beer?" Well she must have been a little unsure if I was for real so another half dozen commercials went by and now Mom I knew the weather not only in East Podaire, Nebraska but in Bralz, Czechoslovakia. She said okay. Bartender came back for a while with lipstick all over his white shirt with two hickeys on his neck. Some guys have all the luck. I ordered two beers and screwed that up 'cause she was drinkin' Coors Light, and finally said so. Course by that time the bartender was back making out with the waitress again. Finally I screwed up enough brain to go ask him for a Coors Light. Boys did the waitress stutter and he wasn't too happy neither. Anyhow, to make a short story longer we talked a few more times and I found out she came to Barnacle Bob's every Monday. We've had two Monday dates now. She thanked me for the beer on the first date and maybe soon I'll find out her name. I dream of her often when I'm out doin' Sunday night yard giveaways (more on this later). She'd make a great companion if I could just get to know her better. She doesn't like to talk and I don't know how.

Enough of my love story. Mom, there's something I want to tell you about. There's something that goes on every Sunday here in town that Just about leaves me even more speechless. Why people just set out by the road all this good stuff they're through with. Some of it looks just brand new. It's like going to a yard sale

buffet with everything layed out. It's all free. I've got three fridges on the deck by the pool to store all the orange juice I squeeze and an extra "Justin case" washer and dryer (course they don't match but I'm lookin'). And three weeks ago I found a perfectly good set of hemi header pipes that just needed a little welding and they're now on the pickup. If I can't afford a Harley at least I'll sound like one. Every so often I get into a stare-down with another kindred soul who's lookin' for the same stuff that I don't know I'm lookin' for. But so far I haven't had to come to blows. Course Jaspar the lab I found wandering on the turnpike probably puts a few people off though he's so old most of his teeth are missing.

Well Mom, Just want to tell you one more thing about Florida. The only place I ever see anyone is on the road, at the beach, or shopping. Most of the houses look deserted, car may be in the yard but I've got neighbors I've never seen, let alone met. Never do their lawns or work outside. Must enjoy just watching TV with the AC going. Maybe they're all watching the weather like that girl I told you about.

Well I know you've got the woodstove cranked up so I won't mention the weather here.

Looking forward to seeing you in a few months. Hope all is well at Fathom Pond.

Your son—

Basil

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Good friend Wally Rice gave us a jar of his special pasta sauce. We really enjoyed it, so would like to share it. Enjoy.

Wally's Sauce

1/2 rack baby back ribs	2/3 cup dry vermouth
Heap tablespoon basil (grind in hands)	4 garlic cloves
Heap tablespoon oregano (grind in hands)	8 sprigs parsley chopped
1/2 cup raw sugar	3 cans 32 oz. Roma tomatoes
2 1/2 teaspoons salt	2 cans 8 oz. tomato paste
2 teaspoons pepper	- fill one with water for sauce
2/3 cup olive oil	1/8 teaspoon thyme

Mash tomatoes in colander, throw skin cores away. Add everything in a pot except oil and vermouth. Cook 2 hours. Stir often. Take out ribs, strip meat and return meat to pot. Add oil and vermouth. Cook 2 hours longer again stirring often.

Good roads and fair winds.

Lee S. Wilbur