

# FISHERMEN'S VOICE

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*News & Comment for and by the Fishermen of Maine*

**FREE**

## **One-on-One**

In the immortal words of Charles M. Schulz's 'Snoopy', "It was a dark and stormy night..." Perhaps dark, foggy and drizzle would be a more apt description. AJ and I were taking one of the girl Grands for an overnight to see the Hudson Valley Puppeteers for their production of "The life of a butterfly" (Monarch to be exact). AJ had discovered them through Maine Center for the Arts. Sounded like fun as we've been trying for more one-on-one time with the Grandkids this year. Course the late fall season finds our restaurants and overnight accommodations in limited mode, many not to awaken until late spring of the New Year. AJ'd done a good job though, ferreting out a schedule and then a place to tuck in and a nearby purveyor of good food. Only problem, person who'd advertised the room must have worked for a travel trailer company or boat builder. "Sleeps six". Two in a (small) double bed, two on the table, one in a drawer. Another on couch designed for a midget.

Took not long to realize this would be an interesting night when the shade in bedroom/kitchen combo wouldn't stay down. And though quickly remedied by laying a mini ironing board across it on the windowsill. The toilet which gargled and took several minutes to fill defied a quick fix. Where Sydney would sleep, at first a mystery was solved by finally reaching the motel office with a locally dialed call. Move the chairs out, TV back, and voila, the pullout was discovered which completely filled the room. Accessible only from one side for about two feet by the movable chairs. Want the bed down and forget a toothbrush in the car, guess we'll wash teeth in the morning or try the old index finger and paste approach.

Thusly settled and configured we ventured forth into the dark and drizzle for a relatively fine meal and then a fun hour watching great performance by the Puppeteers. Amazingly enough the adults in the audience far outnumbered the children.

Back at the room we wriggled into respective slumber arrangements. Syd's pullout proved to be a squeaker and she'd let out a cute giggle each time she moved at the various music the threadbare mattress and springs would make.

I drew the wall side of the double and with some effort navigated the foot-wide (human foot) available by doing a two foot rock and shuffle to the head. Uh oh, had to back up to get my feet clear. Talk about tight quarters. Then, and only then, I heaved a sigh of relief and managed to lie down.

Something was wrong. Sat up, slid to a stand up and checked if there was actually a mattress. Yes, but manufacturer must have been in collusion with a concrete mixer. Was absolutely the hardest excuse for a bed

this child had ever experienced. My cot in army basic was a Posturepedic compared to this gem. If there'd been room I'd have slept on the floor. "Arthur" took a bad one that night.

On a very early morning shuffle to the facility, I managed to get my foot caught in the electric baseboard heater, tripped the faceplate. That came wanging off. Reached down to attempt a retrieve and caught the shade bottom with shoulder, thus disrupting the carefully balanced ironing board which bounced off said shoulder and onto the bed. Oh well. Couldn't see the streetlight outside if eyes were closed.

Next morning in a nearby town some twenty miles away we finally found a place that served a semblance of breakfast. On the way back to the lake we collected another Grandbaby and had a great time with the two, sending "one-on-one" over the hill.

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From "The Congressional Cookbook," 1933. An easy Fish Pie Recipe for the short, cold days ahead.

1 lb. fresh salmon	1 T butter plus
2 cups cooked rice	Salt and pepper
1 large onion minced and cooked soft	Biscuit dough
2 hard boiled eggs	

Line a 9" baking dish with rich biscuit dough. Put in layer of cooked rice then layer of 1/2 of cooked onion, 1 sliced egg and the salmon. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add rest of onion, sliced egg and rice. Dot with butter. Cover all with biscuit dough. Bake in moderate oven until brown.

Best of the season and a Happy Thanksgiving wish to all.

*Lee S. Wilbur*