

FISHERMEN'S VOICE

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News & Comment for and by the Fishermen of Maine

FREE

South Headed Day

Light was just filtering into our stand of birch and spruce as I slowly unrolled from under the covers. Looked cold out with wind blowing like stink. I'd been long dreading this day. Last day at Greenville this year. Area I've thoroughly enjoyed through the years and where I was finally finding time to dig into some history. Develop some interesting story lines. AJ and I had seen some new territory this year as well. Moosehead Lake area is big country. One word to describe it—awesome.

Decision was made to shut "Mill House" down this year. Drain pipes and set mousetraps. We'd always left heat on minimum. Al Gore's excellent movie show, "An Inconvenient Truth," made a big impression and perhaps together with contribution to our carbon footprint we'd save a few pocket jingles.

Meter Chief and Furnace Man were both due at 8:30 so we did some more packing and I headed into the basement to shut off water main and begin draining. With confidence born of some experience and trepidation of first time drain in an old house with years of add-ons, I closed the main valve and opened valves one and two. Hmmm... Water seems a bit sluggish heading down cellar floor drain; in fact water is now spilling out onto the floor. Tried a few pokes and pulled some mud and dead things out. One foot down, strike elbow. Okay—where are we going to put 40 gallons of hot water from the new water heater and excess from new furnace? 8:30 rolls by. 9:30. Bad gremlins at work. Call Heater Man.

"He's out on a freeze up—you're next," the dispatcher answered.

"When might next be?"

"Perhaps by noon."

Phone rings. "Lee, did you write a check for X amount? You don't have that much in the account. Oh... and we can't tell who signed it or to whom it was made out."

Someone had been "phishing". The day was headed south.

Meter Chief finally shows up. Order had been in. Never posted. Day was definitely heading south. Cars at least were almost packed. Phone rings.

"Lee, Mike Crowe." I thought to myself—oh no, I know what's coming, he did this last month and that was Thanksgiving. "Deadline's been moved up again." Was/is?

"But you said..." No good arguments—Saturday night I thought. "Okay, Mike somehow."

Two and a half days full of get ready ahead for the road and counting. Black, dire thoughts of editors and deadlines run through my crazed mind.

AJ heads out and I start for final post office pickup and pass Furnace Man. Wheel around, back into the cellar. We get set up (luckily he has an electric water pump) and he then says to me...

“There’s no drain on this hot water tank.”

“No drain, how can one drain it if there’s no drain. If there’s no drain, we’ve got the largest martini cube in history.”

“In fact,” he says, “it’s plumbed wrong, we can’t even pull the water from the top.”

(Great, and they set up the system).

Hopes of my one chance to see Grandson Blake’s 3:30 basketball game are swiftly fading as I take a list of parts for the furnace shop to “Gilley-rig” a downside up drain.

Clock read 1:45. Van was finally packed, list checked, half hour drive, two Xmas returns and a grocery pickup; it looked quite dim for the game. Cleared town, put the hammer down and began the mental review. No, no, no. Three articles and notes including the one promised to Master General Crowe were sitting in hideaway desk. No turning back now. Have to call my friend Dave Sinclair and have them sent down.

Long lines at customer service completed the day. Only bright spot, Blake’s team won and he scored in the high teens. I had to settle for description. For Grump, hopefully, there’ll be another day

* * * * *

A great cookie recipe from one of AJ’s friends—enjoy!!

Christmas Cookie Recipe

(A must try for all)

1 cup of water	Lemon juice
1 tsp. baking soda	4 large eggs
1 cup of sugar	1 cup nuts
1 tsp. salt	2 cups of dried fruit
1 cup of brown sugar	1 bottle Crown Royal

1. Sample the Crown Royal to check quality.
2. Take a large bowl, check the Crown Royal again to be sure it is of the highest quality, pour one level cup and drink.
3. Turn on the electric mixer... Beat one cup of butter in a large fluffy bowl.
4. Add one teaspoon of sugar...beat again. At this point it’s best to make sure the Crown Royal is still OK, try another cup, just in case.
5. Turn off the mixer thingy.
6. Break 2 leggs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit.
7. Pick the frigging fruit off the floor...
8. Mix on the turner. If the fried druit gets stuck in the beaterers just pry it loose with a dewscriver. Sample the Crown Royal to check for nsisticity.
9. Next, sift two cups of salt, or something... who giveshza heet.
10. Check the Crown Royal.
11. Now shift the lemon juice and strain your nuts.
12. Add one table.
13. Add a spoon of ar, or somefink... whatever you can find.

14. Greash the oven.
15. Turn the cake tin 360 degrees and try not to fall over. Don't forget to beat off the turner.
16. Finally, throw the bowl through the window.
17. Finish the bottle of Crown Royal.
18. Make sure to put the stove in the dishwasher.

Cherry Mishmas

Lee S. Wilbur