

FISHERMEN'S VOICE

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News & Comment for and by the Fishermen of Maine

FREE

The Dishwasher

“Marge,” Larry said, “Marge, what happened to all the silverware? And there’s only one glass in the cupboard.”

“Well dear,” Marge said yawning, “Just reach in the dishwasher and get what you need.”

Silence.

“Marge, how could I find anything in there? That machine’s packed tighter than my duffle at huntin’ time. Dishes are dirty too.”

“What do you need dear?”

“My tea mug.”

“Top right hand corner behind the red bowl. Just grab it and give it a swish along with two spoons and a coffee cup.”

“Right.”

“I would have done them last night but I know how you hate to listen to the dear thing running while you watch TV.”

“Yes,” he replied, “You’re absolutely right. Hour and half of churning, thrashing, spraying and god knows what else, with money going down the drain. Do you remember what I told you this thing costs to run?”

“Oh Larry dear, you’re no fun. Don’t bother me with stuff like that this early in the morning.”

“I know, I know,” Larry sighed, “Everyone else has a dishwasher so we have to have one too. I liked it better when we used to do the dishes together after dinner. Even after I became the dishwasher. They were done and clean. Didn’t have that weird soapy ammonia smell like now.”

“But Larry, remember those dinner parties we used to have? You’d have to get up early Saturday and Sunday morning to clean up.”

Larry’s eyes lit up as he smiled to himself.

“Do I? That was a great start to the day. Get up early—you and the kids still sleeping. Quiet, kitchen to myself. Brew up a mug of tea. Remember some of the jokes from night before as I cleaned and put everything to right.

“But Larry, it saves me so much time and energy.”

“Guess I must be missing something. I watch you rinsing the dishes first. Loading the machine. Having to dry the ones that don’t get dry. Redoing some that don’t wash. Complain about water spots. That’s saving? I’d like to get rid of the damn thing.”

“Larry you can’t do that!! I won’t have anyplace to hide the dirty dishes.”

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AJ and I ventured down to Naples for an overnight this week with friends Bearce and Nona Carter. AJ wanted to soak up some Christmas lights and try out a new ‘happy hour’ spot with great appetizers called ‘The Brick Table’. Excellent drinks. We met a young bartender from Guilford, Maine who used to ski and teach at Squaw Mt. Took great care of us. Topped off the evening with Bearce’s ‘Special Session Senate Bean Soup Stew’. This stew has been served daily at the Senatorial Dining Room for decades. Delicious. But perhaps is why the Senators become a bit windy in the afternoon.

Special Session Senate Bean Soup

8 ounces turkey smoked sausage, cut into 1/2 inch slices	15 ounce can navy beans, or 1 1/2 cups cooked dry-packaged navy beans, rinsed, drained
1 cup chopped onion	15 ounce can pinto beans, or 1 1/2 cups cooked dry-packaged pinto beans, rinsed, drained
1 cup minced celery	15 ounce can black beans, or 1 1/2 cups cooked dry-packaged black beans, rinsed, drained
2 teaspoons minced garlic	3/4 teaspoon dried thyme leaves
1 tablespoon vegetable oil	1 bay leaf
1 1/2 quarts reduced-fat chicken broth	1 1/2 to 2 teaspoons salt
2 cups cubed, peeled sweet potatoes	1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 cups cubed, peeled baking potatoes	

Sauté smoked sausage, onion, celery and garlic in oil in Dutch oven until sausage is browned, 5 to 8 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and heat to boiling; reduce heat and simmer, covered, until potatoes are tender, 10 to 15 minutes. Makes 8 servings of about 1 1/2 cups each.

Heartfelt Merry, Merry to you all.

Lee Wilbur