

FISHERMEN'S VOICE

Vol. 10, No. 6 – June 2005

News & Comment for and by the Fishermen of Maine

FREE

Squeaks and Rrrrps

Can't hear them sitting on the pilot seat reading. Wouldn't know there was anything but peace and quiet sitting on the bridge enjoying a late night glass of red. Sound level isn't even apparent until the bunk lights go out. Sometimes even takes a few minutes after snuggling in. Rrrrp. Then silence. Few seconds later, rrrrp. Perhaps, I think, it will stop in a few more rrrrps. Never happens. I know what's coming next.

"Dear...Love," Silence. "Can't you do something about that noise?"

"What noise, Dear?"

"That one."

"I'll see what I can do." As I roll out of the bunk, slide on a shirt and pants if it's cold and always is. Wind is usually up a bit and I hope to be outside only a few minutes. That too is imagination. I re-rig the offending dockline or set another fender and occasionally after two tries it's back under the bedcovers. Know that by three the tide will have changed and the bump and grind will start again.

We seem to often get placed on the outer docks or tee docks as they're called, with no way to keep off except with fenders. Occasionally only part of a fixed dock is available with a piling for the bow. Often makes for sleepless nights.

Cruising is a challenge interspersed with some great times and wonderful experiences, but the leaks, squeaks, thumps and noises become a big part of daily life. Most though seem to come out at night. Lay there on the bunk and wait for a pump to shut off and wonder why it comes on as often. Or the strange, never heard before one timer. "What was that?"

On the hook can also be quite rare. I finally rigged a snubber for the chain only to replace the chain whacking down the bow roller by a long stretching creak. Then there's the cans rolling problem. Often takes some long minutes finding that last one which only rolls on a certain wave. This becomes quite an experience when the "J" is caught between tide and wind and we spend the night rolling. Everything not wedged lets loose, generally making at least two or three more sleuthing expeditions.

Rain, of course, arrives only at night as well. First a few drops will wing in from the portholes over my head or between us on the trunk cabin front. Is this a false alarm or major water? Lay there for a while longer. Once in a while we get lucky. If not, a major scramble ensues. Ports dropped and dogged, hatches down, windows slid closed and now it's airless. Rain pelts down. We've finally narrowed the leaks to just two. Worst is over AJ's bunk. Six months of digging, filling, stripping and new wood, it's still there. Towel takes care of

the water but not the comments from AJ about my repair and maintenance abilities. “Ay vell, she only leaks when she rains, mon.”

We’ve moved ashore for a few weeks and now we have to get used to A/C, squeaky fans, road traffic and sirens. Those squeaks and rrrrps are going to be just great.

Not to forget our Maine shrimp, but for a visit to the old standby of shrimp cocktail I found this treatment in a Florida publication, “Venice, Gulf Coast Living,” makes for a unique and lively presentation.

Colossal Shrimp Cocktail

1 dozen large shrimp (shells on)	2 tablespoons of crab boil mix (such as Old Bay seasoning)
Boil the following in the base of a steamer pot:	2 celery stocks with leaves
1 can beer	2 crushed garlic cloves

After these have come to a boil, place shrimp in steamer tray, steam 5 to 7 minutes (until bright pink), let cool then peel leaving tails on.

Spicy Cocktail Sauce

1 cup ketchup	2 tablespoons prepared horseradish
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce	1/2 teaspoon hot sauce
1 tablespoon lemon juice	Salt and pepper to taste

Blend well. This can be made the day before and refrigerated.

Salad Mix

Shredded lettuce	Avocado slices
Thinly sliced green peppers and carrot	

Layer lettuce and cocktail sauce in martini glasses. Top with avocado and vegetable slices. Place equal pieces of shrimp around glasses.

Good winds and fair roads.

Lee S. Wilbur