

# FISHERMEN'S VOICE

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

**FREE**

## **Reedville**

It was late afternoon as we swung to the west and headed up river past the Menhaden fish plant and their large trawler fleet. Sun as usual was right in our eyes as we picked up the entrance buoys and tried to watch the charts at the same time. “Skipper Bob’s” a popular water guide had written of a good marina to the east of Reedville, Virginia with a restaurant on the dock and good off-season rates for their slips. We’d radioed ahead and the lady in charge had said to tie up on the east side of the pier and come to the back of the restaurant to sign in. There was a definite nip to the air so we quickly tied up, grabbed the checkbook and found the backdoor. From the outside, place looked deserted. Walked around back. No one. Back to the door. Gave a few vigorous knocks to the door. Instantly from inside came a howling and screeching and the door was flung open. A good half dozen or more dogs came tumbling out. Labs, a couple of indecipherables, and a few small ones thrown in. We gingerly squeezed through the milling animals toward the counter.

“You the folks that called in?”

“Yes, we are,” AJ replied and the lady set out the registration.

As we came in I spotted a small bar to the right. Seated around the bar were four men all staring at us. Three had faces so full of hair only their eyes shone through. They were dressed in grayish-black work clothes which had seldom visited a wash machine of late. The fourth, as we soon discovered was Roy the owner.

As we signed in and paid the quite reasonable dockage, I kept looking at this collection of characters, said a few words with no replies, and looked each one in the eyes. Something about their eyes. Never blinked. Their bodies never moved.

Each had a glass of what could have passed for lemonade. Three on the bar, owners in his hand. We finished paying and I turned to face the owner. Still no movement. Unblinking eyes behind the whiskers.

“Any chance of getting a drink?”

“Nope, closed,” says Roy the owner.

“How bout a beer?”

“Nope, Sunday we’re closed.”

“Any restaurants open nearby?”

No one moving, only Roy’s mouth.

“Nope, Sundays we’re closed.”

“Open tomorrow?”

“Nope, it’s Monday.”

Our intro to reticent Reedville. We headed for the door. After a long walk and getting lost, way after dark, being given a ride by another marina owner, we enjoyed a meal of leftovers aboard “Helen J”, with the electric heater fending off the fall chill.

Next morning, true to our storm disrupted agenda, wind was blowing like stink so we opted to head the few miles up river and see the actual town. Tied up to a private dock. No “in town” facilities. Reedville is beautiful. Like a small storybook southern community time has passed by. Located a long way from significance. The main street was so quiet you could walk around blindfolded and never get hit. Beautiful old homes. A few gift shops closed up. That was it. Nothing there. Post Office on the outskirts and a fish pier with a lone attendant and no fish to sell. Summertime town.

“Yeah man,” the attendant said, “this town done seen better days.”

We did discover a small seafood pier/restaurant was open across the river and dinghied over for a lunch of Chesapeake crabcakes and an excellent blue cheese, walnut and spinach salad.

Reedville was a good stopover and I must say we enjoyed the stay and opportunity to catch a slice of the old Chesapeake area. However, amenities are few and we were okay to pull out the next day.

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I made this dish from a southern recipe for a church get-together in Key West this winter. Had to make do with certain ingredients changes, Came out so well that AJ and I have made it often since and changed the original to the following:

### **Sweet Corn Casserole**

1 regular stack Ritz crackers crushed  
2 tablespoon flour  
2 tablespoon sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt (optional)  
3 large eggs  
1 1/2 cup milk (canned is good)

1/2 cup Half & Half or cream  
2 tablespoons butter (melted)  
1 20 oz. package frozen cream-style corn thawed or  
4-5 ears fresh cooked sweet corn  
3 pepperoncini, chopped

Combine crushed Ritz crackers, flour, sugar, and salt in a large bowl. Whisk eggs in a large bowl until foamy, add milk, cream, and butter, whisk again and stir well into cracker mixture. Stir in the corn and chopped pepperoncini. Pour into a lightly greased 9-inch baking dish or casserole. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour and 10 minutes or until set. Let stand for 10 minutes before serving. *Note:* For added color, I sometimes add a few tablespoons of chopped, roasted red pepper or pimentos, or just chopped red peppers.

Good roads and fair winds.

*Lee S. Wilbur*