

BUTT JUICE

Sharon Drechsler

Dick says once you've navigated the Wrangell Narrows you can put that on your sailing resume. My sailing resume now can state, "Safely provided backseat navigation of Wrangell Narrows."

We are in Petersburg. It's supposed to be a lovely, quaint town of 3500 people who are very neat and clean, thanks to their Norwegian heritage.

We shall never know. We are staying inside the boat, discouraged by the pounding rain. I'm sure it's just lovely.

Tomorrow we head up to our very first glacier – Tracy Arm. I'm to look for icebergs tomorrow. Ah. Just think, most people go over to the Caribbean with their cruising boats. But not us. At least, not yet. This will make us appreciate it. At least we're not still in San Francisco trying to breathe the smoke-filled air from all the fires. Here, at least, we are breathing just fine...lots of moist, fresh air.

Our favorite spot so far is Misty Fiords (and not just because it has a cool, exotic name). We counted more waterfalls than bathroom stalls at LAX. The place is amazing. We had stocked up on crab and shrimp pot gear while we were in Ketchikan:

Crab pot -- \$100

Shrimp pot -- \$120

Other junk -- 200

The joy in finally catching a crab? Priceless





You should have seen us deploying these traps for the first time. We bumbled around like first-graders with a chemistry set. We spent the good part of an evening dropping the two pots and the next morning I sent forth our great, white hunter to collect the proceeds. He pulled up the prawn pot; no dough. He pulled up the crab pot and, lo and behold, one (1)

crab! He nearly jumped out of the dinghy in surprise. Later he quipped, "It was like the Deadliest Catch!"

Last night Dick decided he would catch a halibut. .,eu,niyndfkljwehfnv [Excuse me, I was still laughing.] "I'm Jigging," he explains. He is jerking his fishing pole up and down like a carousel pony. "It's when you lure the fish into thinking there's a fish in trouble that will be easy prey." He has bathed his colorful lure with very aptly-named Butt Juice. The lure's yellow and white streamers flutter very attractively. As we wait, he tries different techniques. First there is the straight up and down jig. This is akin to the missionary position in jigging and it is not exciting to watch or participate in, apparently. So he enhances his repertoire to include exotic moves like figure eights, before introducing increasingly higher levels of difficulty. "That's good," I encourage him. "That must look like final death throes down there. I'm sure it's like Madame Butterfly."



Did I happen to mention that I've been appointed to the position of Gaffer? The Gaffer gets to take this pole with a steel hook on the end, poke it into the halibut's gill whenever Dick pulls it out of the water and hold the approximately 100-pound fish thusly until Dick manages to do something about it. (What that something was has yet to be explained or probably even thought through, exactly.)

Fortunately, halibut did not apparently find our Butt Juice stimulating enough. I ate chicken last night."

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