

FISHERMEN'S VOICE

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News & Comment for and by the Fishermen of Maine

FREE

“Mikeys”

I know that you my readers, the few of you who happen to stumble on to this page, those that are left having been waiting, nay salivating, for another political clown and yes I'm going to be faced with the pleasure of receiving these great cards and emails, especially those questioning my nationality. However, this one's mine.

AJ is off with friends and along with the honey-do-list is a plaint to please clean out the “Mikeys” in the reefer prior to her return. You know I'm sure what “Mikeys” are—yes of course, the leftovers. The margarita too sour, related to the opened red wine a bit too sweet or heavy opened only last week, sandwich meat wildering away with no luncheoners to enjoy it. In other words, don't throw it away savers.

AJ is away for a few days indulging in her favorite passion. After Mikey of course. Real Estate thankfully as ‘Butch the Banker’ says, we're out of down payments.

The girls pick apart an unlikely area of the Maine coast. Find wicked good deals and with limitless enthusiasm, describe to us Mikey—at home in in-depth detail just as we're nodding off at the witching hour and thoughts centered on the comfortability of that pillow just steps away from the phone.

Early August. Our clothes in various states of unpack, had been at the lake for some _____ with opening, dealing with winter gremlins, the do-list with annual trip to Ontario and grandbabies...feet hadn't hardly brushed the floor and for some reason the new stereo arrangement was not accomplished and Mia from and needing some big music, faced with daunting task of Mikeys I ran the final wires popped in the few remaining opera choices, turned up the volume and opened the fridge. Bulk bacon from Countryside tending to be a bit brown, Boar's Head Virginia ham at the brink, some cold new potatoes from Annie's Pride, a bunch of Peorina/Romano with just a bit of white and yes fresh garlic in the bow, and from Pectic Seafood in Hall Quarry their excellent use-anywhere Pectic Pesto—why make your own. Settle in “Mikey”.

Blurb of regular garlic oil in the fry pan chased by an inch by inch of bulk sliced bacon (not that wimp stuff from the supermarket—something with flavor) tried off for some bacon fat. Remove crisp bacon scrundions to paper towel and somewhat crisp, fry the ham. Move to layered paper towel—looking only for bacon and olive oil flavor here.

Wipe pan leaving a bit of flavor. Add a touch of olive oil and coarse chopped (like home fries) and large clove of garlic coarsely chopped. Sauté for four or five minutes. Do no crisp or allow garlic to burn. You're on your own. This is free flow (moderate heat). About this time, boil linguini al dente (do 1/4 amount per person).

Drain and return to pot to hold heat. Return all ingredients to fry pan, bring to warm. Now here's one key to this dish. Fresh ground pepper. We've gone to Alessi or McCormack's, buy them at Shop 'n Save or Shaws, grinders (also salt and white pepper) grinders. We have too many to mention stories of gift and expensive grinders failing or coming apart at embarrassing moments. Grind on a generous amount of black pepper. Do not be timid.

Find a bottle of red like—hopefully not too old. Add a few tablespoons of pesto and mix well. Pile on a generous helping on top of the pasta. Add a dollop of extra virgin olive oil some shaved—just take a sharp paring and carve away some thin slices and have a taste. Do please pepper again—it just gets better.

I'm going to the fridge in a quest to satisfy a sweet tooth though I know that Mikeys only hope is red Jell-O and Kool whip await and I can't do it even Mikey has certain standards.

Lee S. Wilbur