

JOHN KELLY'S WASHINGTON

Putting the 'Me' in Watermelon With the Personal-Size PureHeart

Alexandria's **Deborah Odell** was in the produce section of her local Giant recently and saw a sign advertising "Personal Watermelons."

Wrote Deborah: "The melons in question were round and much smaller than the run-of-the-mill Group Watermelon. Maybe I don't get out enough. A day later, and I still think it's funny."

We live in the age of the personal. I'm sure that in Hollywood, celebrities send their personal assistants out on personal watercraft to procure personal pan pizza. It's all about the individual these days.

These mini-melons aren't new. They've been available seasonally in our area for about five years. **Dulcinea Farms** in California recently launched a push to sell its PureHeart mini-seedless watermelon year-round on the east coast at stores such as Giant, Safeway, Wegmans and Harris Teeter.

Haven't Americans always thought that bigger was better? Why get a pint-size melon, especially one that usually costs more, pound-for-pound, than its larger brethren?

"I think there is a way to enjoy a large, or 'conventional,' watermelon, especially during the heat of the summer months when you've got family and great opportunities to enjoy the whole fruit," said Dulcinea's **Monique McLaws**. But many people, she said, like the convenience of purchasing single-serving melons. "They don't feel like they're wasting anything."

I wondered whether these micro-melons were the fruit equivalent of veal calves: raised in tiny gardens, unable to move around. No, Monique said. They just come from a special seed, one that's been developed to produce a seedless watermelon with a thin

rind. And one that you can store in your glove compartment.

Rose-Colored Glasses

I received the following e-mail from very clever reader **Jay Elinsky** of Bethesda:

"An idea popped into my head while I was examining the result of the layout staff's heroic efforts to preserve the [Washington Post] comics section. They could print two 'layers' of comics on each page, one in red and one in blue (the same colors used in 3-D printing). Each reader would get two pairs of special goggles, one with both lenses red, the other with both lenses blue. Wear the red lenses and you can read the blue comics, and vice versa. Could you please pass this on to the appropriate people? Probably not a practical idea, but maybe good for a laugh."

CCR (Not That One)

In the right hands, the English

language is capable of great poetry. In the wrong hands, well, check out this automatic message a friend received not long ago after trying to register on a Web site:

Central Contractor Registration (CCR) truly apologizes for the delay in responding to your message. On behalf of CCR, Dun and Bradstreet (D&B) is currently assisting in responding to Trading Partner's inquiries.

In response to your question, the CCR Alternate is required for completion however, you can have your name as both the primary and the alternate POC. There is an Update box located below the Alternate POC section, check that box to expand. The first button on the page says "Copy CCR Primary to CCR Alternate POC", click that button. Then click "Validate/Save" at the bottom of

the page.

Please do not reply to this email message as it will not be answered.

It won't be answered? That's great news.

When in Roma

Bobby Abbo took exception to my recent column about restaurant discrimination in Washington. His parents ran the Roma Restaurant. I printed the recollection of a reader who said she watched an African American couple be turned away from the Roma's garden in 1958.

"That's just not the way we were," said Bobby, who splits his time between Key Biscayne, Fla., and the Washington area. "I'm saying whoever walked in the door was seated and served. . . . My father had known discrimination against Italians. This is not the way my parents were."

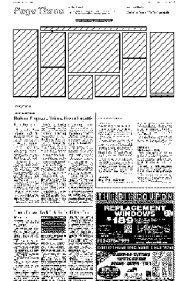
Bobby would have been 13 in 1958. He eventually ran the restaurant himself. The Roma closed in 1997.

Long Car Running

My column a few weeks back about my friend **Tim Brennan's** high-mileage Honda Prelude — it just turned 300,000 miles — prompted this thought from reader **David Rutherford**: "Mr. Brennan should contact Honda Motor Company. They may want to buy his car back so they can see what made it last so long — to make sure it doesn't happen again!"

Boy Howdy

Yee haw! I'm off for a week at Texas A&M, and that means no column until I return, April 27. But I plan on blogging while I'm among the Aggies of College Station. Watch for my reports at "John Kelly's Commons": voices.washingtonpost.com/commons. My e-mail: kellyj@washpost.com.





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Some find mini-watermelons convenient, a spokesman for a producer says.