

The Scandalous Scallion

By MEGAN LEE

One of the cab drivers I know recently quit after driving taxis for many years, for several companies. He decided to give it all up and take a vacation. He'd compiled enough dosh to go anywhere – Hawaii, Pakistan, Ethiopia, Sweden – but he chose to vacation on the coveted real estate below the Pike Place Market clock (you know that famous clock, up above where they throw the fish). He wakes up when he feels like it, then leisurely strolls down to his spot to view the spectacle of this urban village, watching and talking for hours. He then collects fresh food for dinner and goes home (“It's such a perfect day...”).

He says he's going to continue this routine – with self-elected variations – until the money runs out. He reminds us how lucky we are to have this place, and to be here right now (Not to mention that it may be safer to stay domestic; have you heard about the roving packs of wild chihuahuas devouring campers in northeastern Mexico?)

And here in the Market, July kicked as much *nalga* as you can imagine, maybe more. Everything happening . . . you can truly tell it is summer in the Market when the **beautifully fresh, local flowers of the low-stalls on the wet-side of the North Arcade stretch all the way up to the Stick Man and Il Gringo.**

The drive-by shutterbug shootings continued at the world's oldest Starbucks, arguably, the most photographed site in the Market (up there with Rachel and the Clock) . . . **sometimes people don't even stop to point and shoot anymore,** they just cruise the bricks of Pike Place via automobile taking pictures as they please.

Le jour du Bastille, July 14, was a kick. There was vin and dancing flying around, and le Market partied. **From Maximilian's to Campagne to Le Pichet!!** People savored *le soiree, le cuisine du France and le entertainment.* The band played at Maximilian's as diners languidly enjoyed fine views and food.

Heading up Pike Place **the party grew more raucous between La Campagne's velvet ropes:** the band played, the wine flowed and the foxy bombshells of the Atomic Bombshell's burlesque troupe, cum **Can-Can dancers, led the show with mascara and high-kicks.**

Everyone from **Executive Director Carol Binder** and her husband to tourists to **Clark Humphrey** kicked-up their wine glasses and heels, shouting “**Vive le France!**”

Le soiree continued **all night up at Le Pichet**, on First Avenue, the chairs were taken out and **the entire place danced cheek-to-cheek**, with the band and then the hot Moroccan DJ. Things got pretty sweaty, but everyone had a bon soir! The timid watched from the Virginia Inn and Sonja's. It is appropriate this is where the party continued . . . year-round people refer to **le petite region south of First and Virginia as Seattle's “little Paris.”**



The **beautiful Miss Laura Gildersleeve, of Pike Place Flowers,** is engaged to be married. Her beau, the illusive Mr. Terry Marks, of Terry Marks Design proposed with an intensely

sparkling ring, and the Scallion is not sure if **the deeply smitten Miss Gildersleeve has quit smiling since. (Congratulations Sister!!)**

In July, **Dave and Cheryl Martin celebrate their 36th wedding anniversary.** The couple met in 1967 in **The Jakk Corsaw Gallery** — formerly down below **The Athenian.** **The couple married in the summer of '69.** Dave, owner of the Market's Champion Building, romantically gushes when he talks about meeting **Miss Cheryl Champion.** He married the boss' daughter and their family felicitously remains part of the Market. **Cheryl and the Martin's oldest daughter, Lisa, run Pike Place Grocery & Deli** (the-deli-formerly-known-as-Louie's) **and Taxi Dog.**

Dave describes himself as “the gopher.” Over the years, he's worked with **Seattle's Museum of History and Industry,** researching the building's intriguing history. That's where they got the idea for Taxi Dog: The structure on Pike Place was **initially erected, in 1929, for the Dollar Taxi Company** (Check out the large historic photos, heading up the ramp inside Pike Place Grocery & Deli).

The taxi company only owned the building for two years and was swept up in the tides of larger taxi organizations. Over the years the building served a plethora of purposes, including the memorable **Plymouth Poultry Co.** (wholesale), who was **still raising chickens on the third-floor in the 1950s.** During research, Dave found plans for **a metal chute**

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CROWD CONTROL

It is an indisputably true fact that the largest number of readers of the Market News see only one copy of the paper in their lifetime. Regular monthly readers who shop or eat frequently in the Market, and those who work or live or hang out in the Market, see it monthly.

Since its inception as a column in 1989

lesser-used routes” to their special destinations.

Crowd control

Wherever you go in Seattle or in the Market a map is most helpful. Metzger Maps on First Avenue is Seattle's premier vendor of maps and guidebooks, and there are other easily available free Market maps. The Market has seven kiosks with planographic maps at eye level. This paper has an iconographic map on the back page.

Over a lifetime of map reading, in the Boy Scouts, the US Army, the mountains and this Market, Passages has observed that maps probably benefit only half the population. But, those of you in the disoriented half need not despair. The Market works just fine without maps.

You, the one-time reader, are in charge. If you stand and gawk you are not confronted by overcrowding, you *are* the crowd. The Pike Place Market Historical District extends over 11 acres at the edge of a bluff over Elliott Bay. You don't have to stand surrounded by others on 50 square feet under the clock by Rachel the Pig. You don't have to catch all the show at the theatrical fish company with its scripted boisterous shtick.

Go up or down, go north or south. There are no cul de sacs in the Market. Move to the open spaces, the streets, the Down Under, up in the Corner Market, Economy, or Soames-Dunn top floors. Traverse the Market on First Avenue and re-enter it from the side.

Every pathway and stairway leads to some worthy destination. You can enter and leave the Market from more than a score of discreet entries and exits. So get moving. Don't stand at the top of the ramp trying to decide if the venture is worth it. You are in the Market. Move around and see it. It is not like home and that's why you are here.

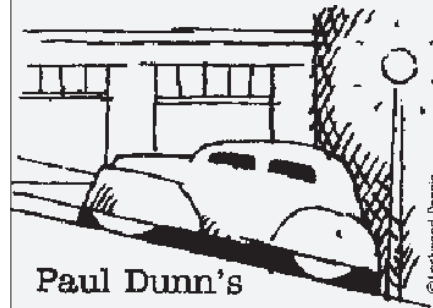
Market signage, both historic and informational, will help you get around, too. Businesses use signs to tell you where they are and what they sell. Some historic signs, like Loback's Meats, are just that, historical. Others, like More Shops Below (or above) are accurate. You have to venture up or down to find out what the shops are.

Above the farm tables are small signs identifying the farmer and the location of the farm. Temporary signage also notes acceptance of special scrip and payment methods. Other signage on the ‘day tables’ identifies grandfathered vendors and specific products.

Chances are good you packed this paper in your luggage and can't act on Market cookbook author (four books and counting) Braiden Rex-Johnson's advice on ‘when to visit.’ In books and articles she asserts that “any day” is the best time to visit. She identifies Market features and experiences that differ throughout the year. After that universal invitation she deals with time of day and urges “earlier visits”, which can be extended to full days.

And that, dear reader, is the straight skinny on crowd control at the Pike Place Market. You are now in control. Enjoy.

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Paul Dunn's

Post Alley Passages

Passages has assumed that visitors would rather read about the real Market, its personalities, activities, politics, and the grit behind the guidebook lore and PR fluff. Why else would a traveler ever pick up a local paper?

So this month's column is for you, the one-time reader but we hope you will come back in this lifetime. Last month (which you didn't see) Passages noted that the pedestrian counts are coming in at 40,000 on summer days but still in the high teens and low 20's during the long gray winter.

Those of you, dear readers, who are here in August, will return home and tell your family and friends of this wondrous Market – and the crowds. You will be adding to the currency of Yogi Berra's skewed aphorism, “Nobody goes there anymore, it's too crowded.” This observation was repeated in a New York Times Travel feature by Christopher Solomon in July. His dismissive comment that the “august Pike Place Market, while always worth a visit, can be oppressively crowded in midsummer,” misses the mark. He did not mention that it is open all day, every day, all year.

On the other hand he urged his readers (who see his paper more than once) to visit Seattle's many neighborhood farmers markets, odd advice for travelers unlikely to buy fresh produce or organic eggs. Seattle's many successful neighborhood farmers markets are assets in their communities and also a valued additional outlet for small farm producers. However, they are open only half a day one day a week in summer.

Aren't there crowds at all successful events; your home State Fair, music concerts, ballgames, megachurch services and parades? Crowds are the product of a successful and vibrant place, a dynamic commercial area, an event or an historical attraction. Crowded places are urban, engaged, alive. Yogi only had it half right; people don't go there if it's not crowded, either.

Local literary urbanist, Roger Sale, writes in *Seeing Seattle* (Univesity of Washington Press, 1994), that “the Market is a place well worth your making your way through the crowds and gawking.” He encourages everyone to, “see it at its all-est” at least once in the high summer. Then, he reveals that “those who know the Market can find

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