

Market Talk *By Megan Lee*

How can you tell if someone is a cruise ship passenger?



Laura Shrier
Market Grill

"A lady asked me if the sun set every day here in Seattle . . . she was totally serious . . . and then (still serious) her husband asked if he could ask a weird question. They were from a cruise boat."



Farrell Thomas
Market
Balloon Master

"They're the ones who've got their sea legs. They're amphibious. They are looking for salted pork . . . and waving wherever they go."



Rolf Cunard
Tourist

"They are the ones all decked out."



Brent Youngren
El Puerco Lloron

"We watch them stand at the bottom of the Hill Climb steps, searching . . . they are looking for a way to get up, searching for an elevator."



Saqqara Jones
Uli's Sausage

"They always wear crazy shirts and shorts. They are hella tan. And they ask which way to where they throw the fish..."

A letter from the editor

The summer weather this year reminds me of Emmett Watson's famous, perhaps now nearly forgotten, "Lesser Seattle" organization. Its goal was shooing away Californians, Iowans, New Yorkers and anyone else interested in moving to The Emerald City, The Jet City, The Queen City of Puget Sound or any other permutation of Seattle. The idea was to spread the idea that it never, ever stops raining on Puget Sound and in Seattle in particular.

It has been wet and cool and gray and windy of late, and there is no need to exaggerate it. That has meant damp, quiet-jazz mornings at my usual and accustomed coffeehouse and I have loved it. Retailers depending on the tourist trade, however, have not been quite so sanguine about this year's summer weather. I do apologize for my perversity, but I love the rain, even if I am not native (I have only lived on Puget Sound for 35 years).

Even so, I have been here long enough to grow webs between my toes and moss on my north side. I know how to pronounce Sequim, Quilcene, Enumclaw and Puyallup. I have met and chatted with some of the great and now gone from the Seattle scene, to include Royal Brougham (yes, there really was a person, a P-I sportswriter with that name), Joshua Green, Ivar Haglund and the above-mentioned Emmett Watson. I remember filling up at Hat 'n' Boots, Dag's hamburgers and Herfy's.

When the temperature soars, wiltingly above 75 degrees for more than two hours, I am among the first to denounce the devilish heat. If I liked it hot I would live in Moses Lake.

Given that, my friends look at me uncomprehendingly, their mouths agape, when I tell them I am going back to my hometown, St. Louis, for a visit in August. Visiting Missouri generally in August is something I have avoided for the past three decades and more. My

home town lies in the Mississippi River Valley and is, by turns, far too hot, far too cold, plunged under monsoon floods, hammered by hail, blanketed by snow and buffeted by tornadoes. It is way too humid all the time.

Unfortunately my mother chose August for her birth month and this August she celebrates her 90th birthday.



Mamma is going to be an old woman.

So bask in your rain tan, frolic in your Berkenstock rain boots, tilt your rain hat suavely over one eye and enjoy the weather. While you are doing that, check out the Market. Everyone knows about the Main Arcade, but don't overlook the many passages, nooks and crannies that hide wonderful shops and restaurants. Roaming through the Market is like a great treasure hunt through an old castle with secret passages. Paul Dunn points out some of the many pleasures of the Market in his column, Post Alley Passages, this month. He doesn't mention that because of our damp climate, nearly the entire Market is covered.

Anne Harvey recommends summer squash for your culinary pleasure. Even I, a survivor of the Great Bellingham Zucchini Glut of 1972 (friends with gardens did not actually back up to our door with dump trucks, but it seemed like it - luckily, none of them had dump trucks), still enjoy the sweet, green

squash. The Brits call them vegetable marrows, but you British mystery readers already know that. Anne also talks about shade plants for your deck garden.

Megan Lee, whose ear is ever attuned to the Market organism, shares the scuttlebutt, funnies, celebrities and lives that make up the place that has become the unrivaled heart of Seattle. Megan also treats us to a special visit to one of the farms that regularly provide the produce of which the Market is so proud. Go with Megan to the Alvarez farm and Meet the Producer.

The Marketeers, the Market's own softball team, has muscled itself into the Market News, though we have managed to resist an entire page devoted to sports, so far. Luckily, no one keeps score at the

elbow-bending competitions.

Read a little bit about the Sunset Supper and then rush down to the Market to get your tickets before they are all sold again. This is a super event, much fun, and a must-do for real and wannabe Seattlites. I will be thinking fondly of last year's event as I enjoy, this year, the superheated inferno that is the Mississippi River Valley.

Fruit is still in season and I make a point to fill up my backpack at the high stalls, trek my booty home (*no*, I mean like pirate plunder) and indulge shamelessly until I have eaten my way through it.

Look for me as I hit the high stalls. I'm the tall guy in the hat who looks like he is happy it is raining.

— *Korte Brueckmann*

Larry Fossberg's Joke Corner



If seagulls are the birds that fly over the sea, what do you call the birds that fly over Elliot Bay?

—Bay-gulls (E-bays)

Why were all the fresh little baby strawberries crying?

—Their mother was in a jam with a knife

What is the "daddy" of all corn?

—Pop-corn

Which kind of thief is the strongest?

—A shoplifter

What can you serve but never eat?

—A tennis ball