

## Market Talk

*Why do you come and support the Sunset Supper at the Pike Place Market?*



Alexis Pontikis, Cheryl Davis, Leslie Giblett  
"We've been (Market Foundation) volunteers and Market enthusiasts for years - now we're at the patron table. This is the best, most interesting Market event of the year!"



Larry Lancaster  
"We love to support the Market! Plus the pretty girls, the food and the atmosphere, and of course what the event supports."



Doug Fried  
"I think it is fun looking at the people-talking to people-that's what's best for me. Everyone is friendly and appreciative."



David Legg  
"I am here because it is great to say 'supper,' usually you have to say dinner. My favorite is these clams, though I am having a hell of a time getting them open with one hand."



Marta Marrow  
Owner, Copacabana  
"We love this event, its our fourth year. I see more people now than ever before. They just love our paella...they say it is the best thing ever and I've seen many come back."



Phil Ginsberg and Mary Beth Ballentyne  
"We love to support the Market and Market things. Our favorites usually are Canlis or Etta,s - but where is Matt's?"



Muhammed Souaiana and  
Mustapha Haddouch  
"We've been doing this for many years-we love to bring our gourmet food. They call us the North African comedy connection."



Conner and Brian Garrity  
"It is a great opportunity to help the community, its our tenth year. We're part of the community. My (here) son is a graduate of the day care."

### The Jim Stoughton saga:

## Part III – Jim finds a new boiler

By RENA LANGILLE

We last left Jim as a downrange technician for NASA's early missile testing program based on Grand Bahama Island. NASA was testing missile heat shields and sending men into space. It was exciting times for the space program, but it was exciting in another way for Jim. A friend introduced him to Mary Kovacs.

Mary was a Hungarian by birth and was on the last airlift out of Hungary during the Russian occupation. She settled in New York City. Being an excellent cook, she opened a restaurant that grew to become a place for the local and international elite to dine.

Mary was beautiful. long black hair, a full figure, and a winning smile. She was 52, Jim was 47. Every six weeks Mary came down to Grand Bahama for a week to rest. The two began dating, spending time on the white sand beaches, and traveling around the island in a Jeep from the base until Jim got his own wheels.

In 1964 Jim's parents set Jim his first and only vehicle – a Volkswagen Beetle. He built a communications system and installed it on the dash so he could keep track of his control station. When NASA ended the program in 1975, he and Mary decided to travel. Mary had an apartment in Vienna.

Vienna was beautiful and full of romance. There were many sites to see, and wonderful food to eat and lots of good dark beer to drink. Jim and Mary strolled through the city, ate out, and attended the Opera, where Jim fell asleep.

For eight months they enjoyed their sanctuary and the long

peaceful vacation, and then ran out of money. Air Canada had a flight to Vancouver, B.C., so Jim and Mary decided to climb aboard. From Vancouver they took sight seeing trips to Washington, eventually staying in a house near Angle Lake, near SeaTac.

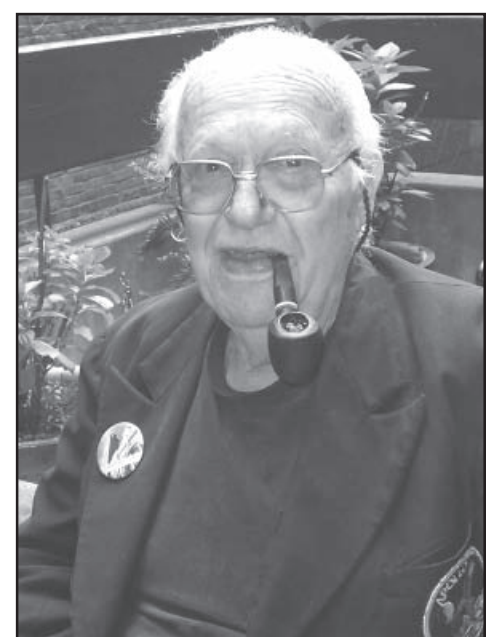
Eventually they moved downtown into the Elliot Hotel on the East side of First Avenue at Pike Street. In those days the Elliot was a fine place to live. Their fire escape became a container garden with pots full of colorful flowers that spilled over the gratings admired by all who came to the Market and was featured in the Seattle Times.

Mary spent weeks hand stitching beautiful vests and purses with silk thread in colorful folk patterns and sold them in the Market. Their stay at the Elliot lasted twenty years, but the building was allowed to decline. Eventually it began to fill up with drug dealers and prostitutes, so the couple moved further North on First Avenue to the Livingston Baker Apartments in the Market's historical district.

Mary has since passed on, but Jim is still there. He takes sojourns on the bus to Safeway, and on Sundays attends mass at St. James Cathedral on 9<sup>th</sup> Ave, near the top of Pill Hill. He strolls through the market and frequently warms a chair on the landing to the entrance of the Livingston Baker Apartments.

Jim gets along ok. He has slowed down a bit, but he gets around the city. The little seismograph stands by. He has a cell phone that he rarely answers, but he keeps in touch with world listening to news on the BBC and other broad band stations.

I stopped by recently for a few minutes to discuss the news, and found him there on his chair outdoors in the warm weather, lighting up the day with his big friendly smile. It is always a pleasure to talk with Jim. He likes to listen as well as talk and



share stories about the past and about what's happening now.

You may see him around the Market – a tall lanky guy with a gray, billed cap covering his barren scalp, sporting a smile, and a big, big sense of humor.