

RECIPES, CONT. FROM PAGE 7

Simmer further to 1/3 cup, with a nice glaze. Put it aside.

Soak the beans 2 hours. (You can do this while you are out catching the pigeons.) Drain, place in pot, cover with cold water, and bring to a slow simmer. Pick out the beans that float to the top belly-up. Add the tomato and herbs, keep simmering, and cook until tender. Add butter and vinegar. Reduce to a saucy consistency.

Season the pigeon breasts with salt and pepper. Heat 2 tbs oil in fry pan. When it begins to smoke, turn the heat down (throw a little water on your campfire) and cook each pigeon breast on each side for 2 minutes (for medium rare). Remove hem and set them aside.

Fry the Foie Gras just a little for 2 minutes.

Place 1/4 of the beans in the center of each plate, one medallion of foie gras on top, and finally the pigeon breast on top of everything. Drizzle a small amount of the sauce from the bones over the breast and garnish with chopped chives. Yum!

Evaluation:

Give me a minute to recover. Okay.

Taste and nutrition: You try it and tell me.

Practicals: All ingredients, or their recommended substitutes, can be acquired at minimal cost. Preparation, even if you ARE hauling a frypan, two soup-pots, and four plates in your backpack, is problematic - I don't think you're going to be able to simmer down a pot of bones for several hours without being raided by three large dogs AND the Police.

Side Benefits: This is one of those recipes that exemplifies the value of Being over Becoming. In other words, it's a lot more fun to think about it than to eat it.

Especially if you're a pigeon.

In an effort to get back on to a

higher note, I will sum up with a Good Quote that came in with the recipes:

A TIP FROM STEVE DICKENSON

"The best recipe is innovation. It's not a matter of buying a can of Spam and knowing how to cook it."

....

I am not allowed to leave yet. Someone wants to know "WHO WON?" It was very difficult, and I would rather give a prize to the winner in each category, or better yet, to everybody who wrote in (next time I

DUMPSTER, CONT. FROM P. 8

than he found it to avoid any ill feelings.

My personal experience with dumpster diving had been previously limited to retrieving cardboard boxes. So I decided I needed to make a field trip (all in the name of research mind you) to verify Hoffman's claims. My business manager, Elaine, and I paired up one evening (we called ourselves "The Dumpster Divas") and drove a long distance to a city which shall remain nameless.

Most of the dumpsters we found were located in the fronts of stores, and lacking Hoffman's bravado, we passed them up. The ones which were secluded contained mainly cardboard.

But just as we were becoming completely discouraged, we hit the mother lode. We found inexpensive toys still in their packaging, a case of dog biscuits, a case of "moist burger" for dogs, a shrink wrapped case of bottled juice in which one bottle had been broken, tuna fish cans minus their labels, and several jars of "Classico" spaghetti sauce.

There was far more in that dumpster, most of it just as good, but as we were sifting and retrieving, a pickup pulled up. We were about to make a quick getaway when we realized it was another dumpster diver. We struck up a conver-

want MORE RECIPES, hear me out there?)

Tim Harris says I can't (notice, everybody, it's HIS fault.) But I'm going to hold out to this extent. Their are two best Real Recipes in the batch: J.T.'s Dumpster Stew and Marion Sue Fischer's Street Shrimp. They exemplify both things we need to remember to survive on the street: practicality, and spirit. So to J.T. Grogan and Marion Sue Fischer, I award the Order, Chef of the Street, With Parsley, and stop in for your \$10 MacDonald's Gift Certificate, each of you.

And to all - Bon Appetit!

for women divers.

• Once we saw the actual food in impermeable packaging, we were more receptive to it than we thought we would be. However, we left behind the food in cardboard packaging.

I doubt, despite our success, that I will make dumpster diving a regular part of my life, simply because it is such a long drive from our country home to the nearest dumpster. Hoffman suggests, and I agree, that diving works best when it is incorporated into an urban or suburban lifestyle. He checks his six favorite dumpsters every day as part of his commute home from work.

If you are willing to sift through Hoffman's offensive language and opinions to gleam the finer points of dumpster diving, you can get his book by sending \$12.95 plus \$4.00 shipping and handling to: Loompanics Unlimited, PO Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368

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John Hoffman lives in Seattle and is not a normal person. If you see him, avoid eye contact, and back away slowly.

sation, compared our loot, and he shared a valuable bit of information: "Never, ever, reveal your sources." Dumpster divers are quiet about their hobby, not out of shame, but because it would be akin to telling everyone where the good fishing was.

As a result of my experience I would add this to Hoffman's tips:

- If you wait until dusk you will feel braver about checking out less-secluded dumpsters.
- Bring boxes.
- The buddy system is a good idea

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Our Seattle Heritage

Seattle's Orphan House

A Progressive Beginning from the Past

It's July, school's out, and while most kids enjoy the virtues of summer vacation, some kids make a playground of the streets, panning their meals, and camping on the corners. This is not a camp; yet 500 kids will attend, with an average age of 15 1/2.

Typically, they are enrolled by their delinquent parents. Physically, mentally, and sexually abused, these children run away to escape, or are often ordered out of their homes.

Facilities, here, are sparse; continually decreasing with funding costs. Furthermore, as parental separations increase, and wages decline, children are often left alone, unattended, while the parent seeks employment. If not both, then typically the child then turns to the streets for relief.

Over 100 years ago, in 1884, some of these children would be placed in the Seattle Orphan House. Situated at the

foot of Queen Anne hill, on the corner of 4th and Harrison, the home was a cornerstone of children's charity in Seattle.

The Orphan House was an organization of philanthropists who believed that children should at least be able to reap the benefits of the home. It was designed to care for any child, ages 4 - 11, whose mother was left to fend for herself, and unable to care for her child. Fathers, too, who lacked proper parenting skills, could leave his child here.

In 1896, from its base at Green Lake, the Children's Home Society of Washington began to receive young refugees from all over the state. Maltreated, abused, and abandoned children were often found homes with local affluent families and proved an early success for foster home efforts.

For Major Cicero and the Boys and Girls Aid Society, a more direct ap-

proach was in order. A Civil War veteran, he believed in tradition. In 1900, working with legislation, he and his wife founded the Seattle Parental School: a home and industrial school with military discipline for neglected, delinquent, and homeless boys and girls.

Major Newell played the role of deputy and sheriff, patrolling Seattle streets, and policing all the adolescent transients into his school on Mercer Island where he lodged, clothed, fed, and educated them in various practical trades.

There were approximately 40 pupils at any given time. "At no time are they led to feel that they are in the school for punishment," states an annual report.

Eventually, in 1903, a bill was passed allowing for the Seattle School District the right to oversee the Parental School's operation - guaranteeing its survival. Later, on July 1, 1957, the school was then taken under the jurisdiction of the State Dept. of Institutions.

Despite these successful early pioneering efforts, kids' enrollment in the streets is rapidly increasing, while resources diminish. Tonight, the homeless youth will compete for 70 beds, over 40% of which are for one night only.

These children are left alone, uncared for, and told that nobody wants them. The streets have now become their homes, more than they ever have before.

—Christopher French

"Situated at the foot of Queen Anne hill, on the corner of 4th and Harrison, the Seattle Orphan House was a cornerstone of children's charity in Seattle."