



A TASTE OF GRAND CENTRAL

EARLY SPRING 2005

SEATTLE

Pioneer Square

214 1st Avenue South
phone: 206.622.3644
Monday–Friday, 7am–6pm
Saturday, 8am–4pm
Closed Sunday

PORTLAND

Hawthorne

2230 SE Hawthorne Blvd.
phone: 503.232.0575
Monday–Friday, 7am–7pm
Saturday & Sunday, 7am–6pm

Irvington

1444 NE Weidler Street
phone: 503.288.1614
Monday–Saturday, 7am–7pm
Sunday, 7am–6pm

Multnomah

3425 SW Multnomah Blvd.
phone: 503.977.2024
Monday–Friday, 7am–7pm
Saturday & Sunday, 7am–6pm

On the Baker's Table

Eating—An Extreme Winter Sport *by Fred Lifton, Portland*

I typically don't get much sympathy for being married to a Grand Central baker. True enough, I've "suffered" countless fabulous meals at the hands of my wife and her co-workers. But from time to time, I have physically suffered to make those meals happen—like the infamous February 2002 ski trip. The Grand Central contingent on that trip included my wife, pastry production manager Laura Ohm; retail production manager Piper Davis; and former bakers Maryann Kelly and Julie Richardson (now owner of Hillsdale's Baker and Spice).

The plan was to ski ten miles into the Willowa backcountry for a long weekend in tent cabins. Now, I am not a very proficient skier. My best turn is the sitzmark (named for the mark left in the snow by your posterior). Throw a pack on my back and I'll spend most of the day there, struggling like a turtle, poles and skis waving in the air.

I figured since we were bound for cabins, the load wouldn't be bad. But, I forgot who we were going with: three bakery couples each in charge of one night's dinner, and all secretly determined to out-do each other. These people really love food and would never suffer typical trail fare, like ramen noodles and blue boxes of mac and cheese. No, we dined on

homemade power bars, exotic cheeses, home-cured salami and chocolate in varying cocoa percentages (whatever that means...). The first night, we ate fresh salmon burgers (on GCB buns, of course) served with organic Yukon-gold oven fries. The next night featured assorted local sausages grilled with multi-colored peppers over a bed of orzo. And for the big finale, we dined on snow Cadillac margaritas, baguettes and smoked oysters, followed by Dijon-grilled pork chops. To finish: a crème brûlée, complete with blow-torched caramel.

It was that blow torch that nearly killed me. You see, that went into my pack, causing it to tip the scales at over seventy pounds, I'm sure. I valiantly struggled across the first nine miles. But as the light failed and the snow froze over, I fell with increasing frequency. Finally, I could see the cabins, about a mile ahead and eight hundred feet below, but I couldn't stay up for more than ten feet. At last, face down in an icy tree-hole, I had to admit defeat and abandon my pack.

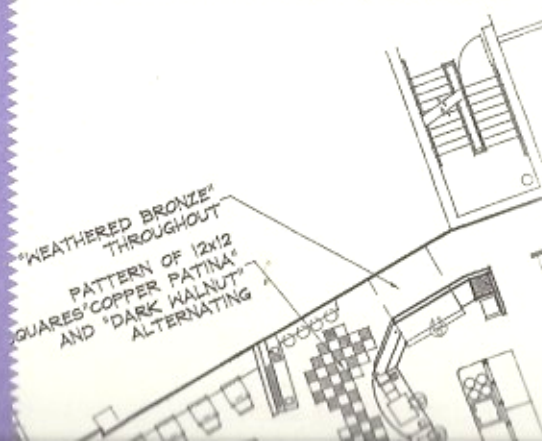
Physically wrecked, I crawled, slid and fell the remaining mile. Fortunately, Grand Central folk know how to mend sore limbs and bruised egos with good food, especially when it comes to the hero carrying the blow torch. To this day, I'm still not sure who retrieved the aban-



Intrepid foodies on the ski trail, February 2002.

doned pack, but I do know that I actually lost weight on that trip—and that blow torches don't get any lighter on the way out.

So, next time you meet a Grand Central spouse, pat them on the back—but gently. They might be suffering from the love of good food. ♦



Coming Soon to Eastlake: Grand Central Bakery and Café

by Gillian Allen-White, General Manager, Seattle