



Captain Dick Hansen's compact galley produced this feast aboard the 33-foot Endeavor saliboat he piloted. There's chicken, a brown rice dish called risi bisi, shrimp cocktall (behind the chicken, in photo), along with broccoil and fresh fru

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You have to understand that my idea of boating is putting \$7 worth of gas in my 15-foot runabout, picking up a skrapet of light beer and heading for the nearest boat launch with boat in tow and two fishing rods.

boat launch with boat in tow and we fishing rob.

So, needless to say, I was quite excited when offered the opportunity to go saling with Captain Dick Hansen on a 34-foot Endeavor saliboat compliments of the folis from Burr Charlers in Mit. Ciemens.

That's right, a 33 footer. It's longer than my house. The galley (ditcheo) with the accompanying dissett is bigger than my entire kitchen.

I hate these rough assignments but someone has to do it. And if the adventure of salling alone want't worth it. Captain Dick brought along a well-stocked galley complete with champagne, lobster with a honey-mustard sance, shrings cocktails, garache, roast chicken, rist bist and fresh frust.

NOT ORLY WAS I awed by the size of the able I was

sance, shrimp cocktails, garpacho, roast chicken, risi bid and fresh frest.

NOT COME. WAS I awed by the size of the ship. I was marginal as to how today as sallors stock their retrigerators. We six sall on once of those accroker 100-degree-plan days that had the sweat dripping from my baid path just from loading everything on board. Als, but once the salls were underfaced and I could feel the breeze whisparing over my surfaces, I was houded.

The starying piggybank was resurrected from the humanist and I begain suring my pannies, boping someday to affined a surrough suring my pannies, boping someday to affined a surrough of the laboratory. The Endest were 33 reasts for about \$1,050 per week, sans crew. Most setting and beating people, including Capitaln Dick, week greakely agree that good food is of prime imperiance, both for pleasure aboard and when the going gate results for morate.

emperiument, specific pleasure society and when the going gain renigh for morals. "
That?) why. Capitals Dick streams the importance of selecting the right foods and the right engaporant for the sail. Que of the few drawbacks I could noticeably see on the best-way the lack of calibrate space. That's why, our capitals chose food that could be easily stored in the small firings ead, even more important, serve double

date.

We stopped champague from plastic cups and started chowing down on the garpacho. Good garpacho is smally

Small space, big flavor

served chilled but Captain Dick responded that should the weather turn had or, god forbid, cold, the soup could do double duty by being easily heated, offering cold, we bodies a warm and hearty supplement to the weather.

bodies a warm and hearty supplement to the weather.

THE SHRIMP coctails, if not eaten chilled with the appropriate howardshib-heant assec, could be chopped and mirred with fruit, vegetables and a splash of mayor making a great strifed just sendwise that would put a mile on any landlubber's face.

Even the roast chicken was ready to serve double duty, with the partie easily being held by the captain while steering, or alload with alternating slices of cheese.

The perfect finger food!

Should we have been incly enough to spend the night, any lettower risk bind (a knewn rice data with poss and reasoned with chicken soup hass) could be reduced by the conting with a few screenbed agas for a memority eag foo youg loaded with good carchedystens and flavor. Rich descent couldn't be man on the cruins, mainly between the country of the countr

we down, The working manner or coupling to the property of the

## Try these great recipes, complination Dick Hansen on your next pleasure being: GAZPACHO 132-ounces can V-8 sicke 2 beef boullon cubes, crashed 1 green pepper - chopped 1 banch green onions - chopped 1 clove garile - temped 1 tablespoon ha. 1 tablespoon 1 tablespoon ha. 1 tablespoon 1 tabl Momma turned leftovers into 'pasta salad'

I can remember when Momma used to take all the leftover spaghetti noodles, rinse and drain them well, then toes them into a big bowl with some green pepper and onlon and pour in a bottle of Wish-Bone Italian salad dressing.

The quasi-Italian concection would end up in cottage cheese containers, crammed into our lunchbores. Then, we'd eat it again at dinner, instead of potatoes, with some meatloaf. Ah, those were the days.

Having just opened my lirst bor of 'paris salad' and thrown the pouch of multi-colored noodles into bolling water for six minutes, I proceeded to add the "secret spice blend."

Following package directions precisely, what now fills up a soup bowl and is supposed to every four-six mass have come from a test litches employed by elves who could find satisfaction in a balf-cup service.

serving.

Initial taste tests by the Janes gang seem to indicate that the serving would even be disclaimed by eives.

Of course, in all honesty, these are the same folks who were raised on real supepiets and colous and covered with real Wish-Rone dressing. Hardly a comperison.



WHAT'S THIS I hear from the ranks of the baby boomers? Can emone actually make a homemade pasta salad better than Betty

Crocker?
Contrary to popular belief, you don't need a pasta machine and a last name like DeLaco to make a good pasta salad. Any good cook will fall you that the secret is in the pasta itself. Boxed, exacted store-bought brands of macaroni and other noodles should be cooked to perfection.

MANY OF us have heard the term "al dente" when referring to oked posts: That is, when bitten, the pasts should not "mush" but

should tear between the teeth. (That's kind of hard for Grandpa Janes, especially when he forgets to put his teeth in.)
You need a large pot of rapidly boiling water to begin. The bigger the pot, the better the pasta. Most cookbooks suggest that for every pound of pasta, you use one gallon of water. They even go so far as to say that one tablespoon of sait be added to each gallon of water, but yours truly decreases that amount by half.

When the pasta is added to the water it will stop boiling, but a few rapid swishes with the slotted spoon should have the water boiling again within two minutes.

Depending on what you consider "al dente," regular pasta should cook for no more than six-seven minutes. Drain immediately in a colander, and to stop the cooking process and to avoid a sixky, pasty mess, rinse immediately in a colly thing that will separate you from the rest will be your taste bods.

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