

## Our Solar Future

Solar power is at the epicenter of a storm that is transforming the way we power the American economy. Once the domain of futurists and environmentally-minded fanatics, solar power is becoming mainstream thanks to changing public opinion, a federal incentive program, and, in some states—including Washington—a sales tax exemption. According to energy expert Philip Warburg (Harness the Sun), solar power is key to ending fossil fuel consumption, galvanizing social activists, technology innovators and politicians across the ideological spectrum toward a lower-carbon future. Warburg, whose own home is powered by solar power, is a graduate of Harvard Law School, and has worked in renewable energy legislation, environmental advocacy and law reform. He was served at the Environmental



Law Institute and the Conservation Law Foundation, and his writings have appeared in numerous policy journals and newspapers including Audubon, The Boston Globe, HuffPost Green, and The Washington Post.

Sunday, September 27, 2015, 4 pm,  
Vashon Allied Arts



## Blood Agates, Smoke Wood and Kelp Horns

By Seán C. Malone

There were all sorts of kids growing up on Vashon in the 50's, most good, some bad. There was a kindred spirit in us, as joined, to the instant recognition of an off-islander. City people coming to Vashon seemed to have an attitude of the "city slicker" versus the "country bumpkin" that we found annoying. They thought they were better than us and we resented that. They didn't belong to the Boy Scouts, the Shoe Busters (our square dance club) or the Trail Riders (our riding club), they were from off island and not worthy of our pastimes such as walking the beach, looking for treasures that had come in with the tide.

Beach combing was held in high respect for the values we found there. Agates were a favorite find and I know a beach where many can be found yet. Blood agates are reddish in parts and translucent when held up to the sun, very prized and sought after. The milky looking agates were definitely of a lesser grade. You had to be trained to recognize a prize agate when holding it up to the sun. If you couldn't see the light thru the stone, then it was thrown away as being too poor to keep. Our parents were our teachers; especially Dad, who would lie on his side on the beach and rake his hand thru the gravel for hours showing us kids how to spot the agates, whether they were large or small. The older and more experienced kids did better than the young ones in recognizing a prize agate.

The values on the beach are in the eyes of the beholder unless it has to do with food. Our Grandfather would shuck a raw clam and eat it on the beach with the juice running down his chin. The Indians had a different way and poked their geoducks onto long sticks and smoked them over a fire.

If you google "smoke wood", it won't come up. Maybe it is a local phenomenon.

If you were to look in the drift for small sticks with little holes in the end, you might be on the way to finding smoke wood. You have to look high and low on the tide line where the beach stays dry most of the time. There is no name for a bush whose branches fall into the harbor and become drift wood. We



called it "smoke wood". The salt soaks into the wood and eats out the lignin and leaves little holes you can draw thru, like a straw. A short stick becomes a cigarette when lit and puffed on. Most everybody smoked in the 50's. We were only allowed to smoke on the beach and couldn't bring our smoke wood into the house because it stunk so much. They told us it would stunt our growth. We did it anyway.

Not all the girls smoked, but when they did, it was a dainty little stick, unlike the wooden stogies the boys smoked.

If we came on a lot of smoke wood sticks, I would carefully cut the ends of the sticks off square, so the wood would smoke evenly, then put 10 sticks together and tie them with a rubber band. Taking the smoke wood to school, I would sell it for 10 cents a pack and make good money.

Riding logs or blowing kelp horns were other distractions we found at the beach. Finding a fresh bunch of kelp was important to making a good kelp horn. We would cut off the top of the bulbous end of the kelp to make the horn and cut it again about three feet down the tube, round out the inside of the small end of the kelp as in a trumpet mouthpiece, and purse your lips and blow it like a bugle. The longer and bigger the kelp, the lower the note. It was very musical, and we loved all the noise we could make.

My brother Mike and our neighbor Kit and I were avid log riders especially when a freighter was coming thru Colvos Passage. The best log for riding wasn't completely round, thus making it less

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## The Road to Resilience

### Spreading the Wealth

This last Friday, I watched in utter amazement during the 2008 presidential election, Obama spoke with a man on the street, later to be known as "Joe the Plumber." Joe asked Obama how his tax plan would he, as a small businessman, would be affected. After explaining his graduated tax plan, Obama philosophized that we are all better off if we help the lowest-income people do better. This elevated Joe the plumber to star status and exhibit one in McCain's strategy to scare voters away from the "socialist" Obama who was going to redistribute their income.

Eight years later, it appears that income redistribution is under serious consideration. Doubling the minimum wage to \$12-\$15/hr is being talked about (and enacted in places like Seattle!), never mind that it would be over \$20/hr if the minimum wage of 1970 was in place and increased for inflation. Even corporate CEO's are beginning to connect the lethargic condition of our consumer-driven economy with a paucity of spending power.

Leaving aside, for the time being, the advisability of having an economy that is based on how much stuff we all buy, I'd like to explore some other benefits

By Terry Sullivan,

of wealth redistribution, not just money wealth, but resources, knowledge, and power.

We are facing crises from multiple fronts. Even deniers of human-induced climate change are having a hard time denying the increasing severity of droughts and floods. Resource depletion is readily apparent. Ignorance, poverty, disease, and political instability are obvious to all. Regardless of whether or not you agree that we now live in the Anthropocene Era, an era in which humanity has become the predominant influence on the planet, you would still have to agree that the only means we have to address the world crises we are facing today is human planning and action (or inaction as the case may be). That makes human beings our most valuable asset, and it happens to be an asset that we have in spades: 7 billion and counting.

It should be obvious that our top priority investment should be the health, well-being, and education of all those humans, so that they have the tools and motivation to be the solution rather than the problem. So, when we think of the poor as shiftless and lazy and undeserving of our help, we are just shooting ourselves

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# Get in The Loop

## Submissions to the Loop

Do you have an event or Public Service Announcement? Email questions or submissions to Steven Allen, editor of the *Loop*, at [editor@vashonloop.com](mailto:editor@vashonloop.com). Photos are welcome as jpeg or pdf attachments.

### New Nar-Anon Meeting

West Sound Area invites you to a New Nar-Anon meeting Saturday, June 27th, 6:00pm to 8:00pm. 17708 Vashon Hwy SW on Vashon Island at the Presbyterian Church.

Potluck and Nar-Anon Speakers. Everyone is welcome to come and be a part of Vashon Island’s first Nar-Anon meeting.

If you have any questions you may contact Marian E at 253.307.8576

### VCC Caregiver Support Group

Vashon Community Care will host a Family Caregiver Support group open to all family caregivers in the community.

It will take place the first Thursday of each month from 7-9 pm. Contact [cara.aguilera@providence.org](mailto:cara.aguilera@providence.org)/ 567-6152 with questions.

### Have a Story or Article

Send it to:  
[Editor@vashonloop.com](mailto:Editor@vashonloop.com)

Find us on Skype  
Vashon Loop  
206-925-3837

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### Alzheimer’s Association Offers Caregivers Support Group

Caring for someone with memory loss? Do you need information and support? Alzheimer’s Association family caregiver support groups provide a consistent and caring place for people to learn, share and gain emotional support from others who are also on a unique journey of providing care to a person with memory loss. Meetings are held the 3rd Monday of the month, 1:00-2:30 pm, at Vashon Presbyterian Church, 17708 Vashon Hwy SW, Vashon, WA 98070. For information call Regina Lyons at (206) 355-3123.

### Vashon Drum Circle

Vashon Drum Circle meets Friday, September 11th, 7-8:30 PM at Vashon Intuitive Arts. All are welcome to drum on behalf of the health and well-being of our planet and community. This gathering is open to all ages and experience and is sponsored by Woman’s Way Red Lodge. Show up and drum!

### How do You Wear Grief?

Patricia Lee, author of *S/He Dragon* presents: How do You Wear Grief? Vashon Intuitive Arts, Vashon. Saturday, Sept. 19 7pm. Conversation and Book Signing.

Grief is the loss of part of our soul.

It is personal-when we lose a loved one.

It is ancestral-when we learn the stories of those who have gone before us.

It is planetary-when we lose our forests, bees or homes.

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### EMBODIED LIFE with Karen Nelson

7- week class series this early Fall on Vashon-Maury Island at Hanna Barn, Monday eves 6:30-8:30pm, September 14- October 26

Embodied Life™ includes movement lessons based on Feldenkrais Awareness Through Movement, meditation and Focusing or embodied listening,

Embodied Life™ practices slow us down to feel and discover our ability to sense presence in our body, environment, and the larger space that holds our living. We learn tools to engage with our moment-to-moment experiences through gentle and caring ways in a group setting. The movement work is simple, deep and carries direct benefits in every day life. Focusing brings us to a “felt sense” and includes listening and speaking from that place.

The goal of the course is to develop practices for you to take home and incorporate into daily life. Inquire/register: karen 503-740-0523, [heartgreen@yahoo.com](mailto:heartgreen@yahoo.com)

Fee: \$20-40 per class, sliding scale. No one turned away for lack of funds; lets chat.

Karen Nelson, life-long dancer, body researcher and meditator, graduated from the Embodied Life School Mentorship Program in 2014 and continues her studies in the work introduced by Russell Delman. This is her 2nd Fall of offering Embodied life classes and private sessions on Vashon. Karen’s site is [www.explomov.weebly.com](http://www.explomov.weebly.com)

### Join the Chorale!

The Vashon Island Chorale will register new and continuing singers on Saturday, Sept. 5 from 10:30am until noon at the library meeting room. Dues and music costs are \$85. Rehearsals are held on Tuesday evenings beginning Sept. 15 from 7:00 - 9:15pm at the Presbyterian Church. The “Winter Wonderland” concerts featuring John Rutter’s “When Icicles Hang” and songs of the season including several with the Vashon Children’s Chorus will take place on December 5 & 6.

### Celebrate Recovery

Celebrate Recovery is a fellowship group that celebrates God’s healing power in our lives. By applying Biblical principles, we begin to grow spiritually, we become free from addictive, compulsive, and dysfunctional behaviors. Celebrate Recovery is for both the person who has substance or behavioral issues and for those who are affected. This group is for anyone who really wants to improve the quality of their life and relationships with the help of Christ.

Our hope is that you will want to become free of your hurts, habits, or hang-ups. At this group, you will find encouragement from others with similar backgrounds. You will find that we are a place where you can be heard... possibly for the first time! We also guard your privacy. What is shared at Celebrate Recovery, STAYS at Celebrate Recovery.

So if you are ready to make some changes, we invite you to join us every Tuesday night from 7 to 8:30 p.m. at the Vashon Lutheran Church, 18623 Vashon Highway S.W. These meetings are free and open to the general public. If you have any additional questions, please call Janet Williams 206-498-3697.

### Vashon Drum and Rhythh Circle/Class

Vashon Drum and Rhythh Circle / Class. There’s something about drumming, right? I mean, there must be something to it or else we wouldn’t do it. For sure, it is a peerless way to release bottled-up energy in a very cool groove. So you should know about Arturo Rodriguez’ ongoing drum and rhythm circle class at Ober Park every Sunday from 4 to 5PM.. All ages are welcome and no experience is necessary. Cost is \$60 for four consecutive classes, or just \$20 a class on a drop-in basis. For more information or to register, call Arturo at 276-6401 or go to [arturorodriguez.com](http://arturorodriguez.com). So let yourself go. An hour of drumming under the leadership of Arturo Rodriguez every Sunday from 4 to 5PM at the Ober Park Performance Room. Call Arturo at 276-6401 or go online to [arturorodriguez.com](http://arturorodriguez.com).

### Water District 19 Meeting

Water District 19’s next regular Board Meeting scheduled for Tuesday, September 8 at 4:00 PM, 17630 100th Ave SW, in the district’s board room.

#### Local Weather

**[www.vashonweather.com](http://www.vashonweather.com)**  
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# The Long Term View

It is the responsibility of a community to provide for the safety and well-being of its citizens as shown by the fire department, police services and school system. It is also the community’s duty to provide adequate facilities, equipment and staff to take care of the needs of the doctors, who want to practice medicine and help people get well and remain healthy. Our quality of life, our property values, the lives of our residents and our children depend on the availability of a good healthcare system on our island.

When Vashon Maury Health Collaborative formed, it soon became apparent that the doctors do not want to spend their time and efforts dealing with medical records, insurance claims, billing, government red tape and the details of running a medical facility. The community must step up to form a foundation specifically to fund the creation and operation of a medical facility to improve the island’s medical environment with diagnostic and other necessary health care services. This would result in transporting fewer patients off-island for medical treatment and allow us to respond to major emergencies.

Only the long term view can make this type of change in a community which might want an art center, a ball-field park and multi-million dollar high school improvements, but the community needs adequate health care to sustain itself into the future. State officials and other communities have shown the collaborative that it can be done. Only community support is needed to make it happen.

Vashon Island has many very talented doctors and medical professionals, who live on the island and commute off to go to work, and not enough doctors who have their practices on-island. The facilities and equipment for treating injuries and illness are extremely limited. Any care, other than basic family healthcare, is sent off-island to specialists and hospitals in the area.

One of the worst nightmares would be seeing a parking lot full of injured people caused by an earthquake, fire or major accident and knowing that there is not medical care available and, possibly, no means of transportation off the island. The island currently has two ambulances and maybe one helicopter from Harbor View Hospital and Air Care to transport critical patients to off-island hospitals. We have limited ability to stabilize patients for any heart attack, stroke or other major injury. The best medical equipment on the island is possibly at the veterinary clinic and on the ambulances. The current island clinic does not even provide after-hours service.

Each school day, hundreds of children pour off the ferry onto buses to attend classes in our schools. How would we respond to a bus accident in which 50 kids are injured? How will we care for injured children, who cannot return to their homes off-island in the event of a major earthquake? How many parents would send their children to a school if they knew that there is no emergency care available? While the addition of these children to our school system may be beneficial to the financial condition of the district, is it irresponsible to expose them to a situation in which we cannot provide for their safety? Parents have to assume that precautions have been taken to ensure the safety of their children in school. Is our school administration accurately representing the island’s safety and health resources to off-island parents?

Daily, hundreds of adults leave their island homes and families to work off-island and leave to fate their spouses and children, assuming that they will see them again. Is that “big one” today? Providing a good medical facility that can respond to major emergencies will not completely fix this situation , but it will certainly make it better.

Carl Sells, Gold Beach Drive SW  
csellswa@aol.com

## Road to Resilience

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in the foot. Not investing in those assets will surely make them liabilities that the world cannot afford to carry.

But if we raise the standard of living of all those humans, won’t we then see our population explode? Not necessarily. The lowest birthrates in the world are mostly in the developed countries. In many cases, those birthrates are negative! High birth rate may be triggered by stress. If you see a tree that has an unusual amount of seed, it often is stressed. I’m going to speculate that low birth rates for humans are at least partially attributable to general health and wellbeing, and the status and education of women. With a world average of 1.2 births per capita, South Sudan, a country with terrible poverty, ignorance, and strife has the third highest rate at 4.3. The highest and second highest rates in the world are Oman with 9.1(!) with Qatar close behind at 7. Ironically, these are some of the wealthiest countries in the world. These, and some of the other small, prosperous Arab states, are high perhaps because women are virtually powerless in that culture. Most of the remaining high rates are in Africa where poverty and ignorance, in addition to the status of women, could be the predominant causes. Some of the lowest rates such as in China or Japan reflect more of a cultural or political stance than a reflection on the status of women. In general, it seems clear that general health and wellbeing, and relative status and education of women in particular, might

bring the birthrate down dramatically. Eradicating poverty and ignorance, and demanding the empowerment of women as soon as possible may be some of the smartest investments we could make.

Free college education, an idea that is being bantered about in the presidential campaigns, would be another very good investment. The powers that be would rather see innovation occurring in a controlled fashion in their own research centers rather than in thousands of garages across the planet, but they will have to share the profits of innovation because we simply can’t afford to waste all that brainpower.

Part of the education we need to impart to every human is an awareness and reverence for the natural world. So much better to have all people acting cooperatively and intelligently out of knowledge and concern rather than being coerced by statutes and fines. So-called “primitive” indigenous cultures do this so well.

Although spreading the wealth does make sense in a consumer society, spreading the consumer society does not. We humans are now a scourge and will be relieved of duty in short order unless we get with the program. Let’s use our wealth to spread wellbeing. education and empowerment so that we can all become part of the solution. Concentrated wealth is wealth that is squandered, not the other way around.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

# A Good Man



A good man died Friday, August 14th. His name was David Hodges. Some of you knew him as Diver Dave. Many of you may recognize his face, as your septic truck driver, or your customer, or your neighbor.

Dave hadn’t lived on Vashon many years, and it would be easy for his passing to slide by the general consciousness of the Island. This shouldn’t happen to anyone; no one should be unknown like that. And so I am writing to share what I knew of Dave.

I realize it will be strictly from my point of view, which is even shorter than his years here, and which is also narrowed mostly to a working relationship. But it is what I have to give, and I want to offer it in Dave’s memory.

It started when I was the secretary for Larry Niece, Niece (septic) Pumping. Larry was out of state, and we had one driver for the trucks (also certified as a septic pumper) and a sidekick, Jim Freeland, also a pumper but not licensed to drive combination vehicles. All was going smoothly until the regular driver, Dale Korenek, was injured on the job. We needed a driver, and fast, to care for the Island’s pressing septic needs.

After hours of scrambling on the phone, calling everyone I could think of who might have an extra driver and receiving no positive answers, Dave Hodges called the office. Someone where he was working at the time had told him of our need. He was willing to drive for Niece Pumping on his two days off. “I like to work,” he said. “But…” (and this was extremely hesitant) “do I have to handle any of the…you know…stuff?” I assured him that his only responsibility would be to drive the truck. Jim would handle the “product”.

What followed was years of Dave as an employee, first just as a backup and then building up to more and more hours. In the few minutes we all had each morning before work, I learned a lot about this man.

I learned that he spent part of his growing up in an orphanage/school, even though both of his parents were alive at the time. He grew up to be a teacher to at-risk students in the Florida schools, before coming to Vashon. Dave loved kids; he talked right to them, as if they were the only reason he was in the same room as they.

He had also taught SCUBA diving. He and a crew sailed to many of the islands in the Caribbean, often on mercy errands, but he never elaborated much about the trips. Dave was not a person to toot his own horn. He was very fond of Key West, and said it was a lot like Vashon, except for the climate. He volunteered with an organization that gave very sick children some happy and fun times in their short lives. He said that when other volunteers would gripe about being given, say, KP duties for the day, Dave would tell them to look at the kids. “It’s all for them; it’s not about you,” he would remind them. “This is your gift to them.” Dave’s dad lived in Florida, and was taking care of Dave’s dog, Shiddy. (A former girlfriend had said to him, “You love that sh\*\*\*\*y dog more than you love me!” Dave responded thus.) Dave would often fly out on short notice to visit his dog, and be sure she got to sleep on the bed. One day Dave came to work all excited and said he had found his dad on Google Earth. He was pretty sure he was peeing on the roses in front of his house, and made us zoom in to see.

A close-up view revealed a watering can, but Dave so wanted it to be otherwise that we never pointed out the can.

Dave bought sand, Tiki torches and a pit grill so that he could make a beach, a little Key West, in his yard on Vashon, and then he threw a party for his friends. He did some diving on the darker waters of Puget Sound, and loved to go fishing. He pursued his Captain’s license, and when he achieved it, I started calling him Captain Dave. We had a joke between us, that some day I would find him a brass diving helmet and he would find me a pilot house to put in my yard.

Dave was quick to lose his fear of the contents of septic tanks. Although never becoming a licensed pumper (and you have to admit, Pumper Dave just doesn’t have the same ring as Diver or Captain) he worked hard to assist in all the ways he could on the job. He bought his work clothes at Granny’s Attic, which made for some interesting outfits. One day, he showed up in an electric yellow, long-sleeved t-shirt. When teased about its color, he replied, without missing a beat, “yes, it matches my thong.”

Dave liked strong coffee. He tried to be careful about what he ate, because he knew his heart needed good food. He had recently acquired a small boat, a gift from a customer, and was fixing it up. Sometimes he was very sad and deeply affected by life, like when he turned 40. Sometimes he told stupid jokes. He had a great smile and a voice that was easy listening. He really wanted a dog, since his dad had pretty much adopted Shiddy, so Dave did some dog sitting for friends. He would bring his charges in to my present place of employment, so I could meet them. He was always so proud of them.

Dave’s last week on earth, he brought his own dog in to Ace so I could fuss over it. Dave was beaming; he set him on the counter: his own dog, again, at last. That same week, he and his roommate also took a couple of kids fishing, kids who wouldn’t have that sort of opportunity very often, an echo of his volunteerism in Florida.

The night he died, I went out with my binoculars and swept the sky for shooting stars. I wanted to know Dave was safe and sound, and that seemed as good a way as any to reach him.

It isn’t much, what I know about David Hodges. But to allow him to disappear from Vashon without some sort of remembrance is wrong, and so I offer this pixillated snapshot to you. Remember Dave was good, and kind, and had a great sense of humor. He was ready to be your friend. That we should all achieve as much.

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Compost the Loop  
The Loop’s soy-based ink  
is good for composting.



# Island Life Politics. Pt. II

Peter Ray  
pgray@vashonloop.com

A little less than two weeks ago I opened up this paper to find that there were suddenly now two flavors of Island Life being served herein: plain and “real”. Having lived and written and read the plain version a number of times, it seemed only right that I satisfy my curiosity and read all about Real Island Life so as to find out what insights writer Scott Harvey would bring to the fore and what I might have missed along the way. As it turned out, this real version started in much the same way some of my columns usually do, with a reference to the past and a hint of linking the evolving thought train to the present. Where I got derailed was with Mr. Harvey’s attempts to link Sgt. Joe Friday, a fictional police officer played by Jack Webb, and Walter Cronkite, a revered television journalist. I suppose that if one were to flash forward to these times whilst chanting their respective catch phrases of “just the facts” and “that’s the way it is”, one could easily imagine Stephen Colbert and his truthiness campaign stepping up to the podium and spotlight as the embodiment of the melding of these two disparate figures. But in Colbert’s new role as late night talk show host, one might expect truthiness to give way to showiness instead. Along the lines of late nights and talk shows, one might venture over to the youtubes and search for “Jack Webb/Johnny Carson/ Copper Clapper Caper” for a rewarding, comic interlude. If you are wondering where the Real Island Life is in this, you are not alone.

If we jump a few paragraphs down in Mr. Harvey’s real world, we find him making a statement that I created news at a recent Park District meeting. As it is, in recording the goings on at Park District meetings in particular, what I put up on the Vimeo site which then goes to the on demand section of the Voice of Vashon website is unedited footage (it is edited, but nothing is cut or manipulated) direct from the floor of somewhere in the Ober park building. Some might even say it is indeed just the facts, ma’am, although we will not attempt to debate the question of what actually constitutes cinema verite in this space and at this time . If I want to get the facts about the meetings when I write about them, I often go back to the recordings to make sure I have gotten it right (as does at least one writer from the Beachcomber). Along with the facts, I often express my opinions within what I write, as Island Life is a column, not a series of straight news stories. In many ways, at least where the Park District is concerned, I am already providing both Island Life and Real Island Life, so it would seem that at least in that case, Mr. Harvey’s effort on the page was a redundancy.

What I believe Mr. Harvey was referring to as my “creating news” was actually more that I refused to retract what I had written regarding some of his actions at a prior meeting. He has characterized my stating that his one man struggle to fight the County on finally finishing all the permits requirements necessary to keep the park from being closed was either naïve or tilting at windmills, while what I really said was that his objections to signing off on the construction bid and getting this done “seemed odd at best.” The reason I said that was because, having watched and heard of the lying about the existence of the required grant matching funds, to the fudging on permit requirements, to the rap on the wrist by the state auditor regarding parks financial mishandling of all of this, the VPD has run out of bargaining chips in the good faith realm with the county and the state. To say in my article that “I was a bit baffled as to why Mr. Harvey brought his arguments to the floor...” was totally justified in this light- as to naiveté and windmills- those are Mr.

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Harvey’s characterizations, not mine. Mr. Harvey also claims that at a recent Park District meeting I brought to an end the time honored practice of altruistic journalism, although I do not recall doing anything different from any other previous night spent at Ober listening to minutes and motions and staff reports drift as sound and data through the headphones and into SD cards, only to watch it again as I spent hours more afterward preparing the video for consumption by the masses. Again, I express bafflement at Mr. Harvey’s accusations that my actions might be “self-serving”. The only recent action and interaction that I can recall having with Mr. Harvey at a parks meeting concluded in my refusal to talk to him anymore. This came on the heels of his refusal to acknowledge the words on a page of paper I handed to him that contained a simple back and forth email between a county official and myself regarding a claim Mr. Harvey had made at a meeting he and I had had the previous week.

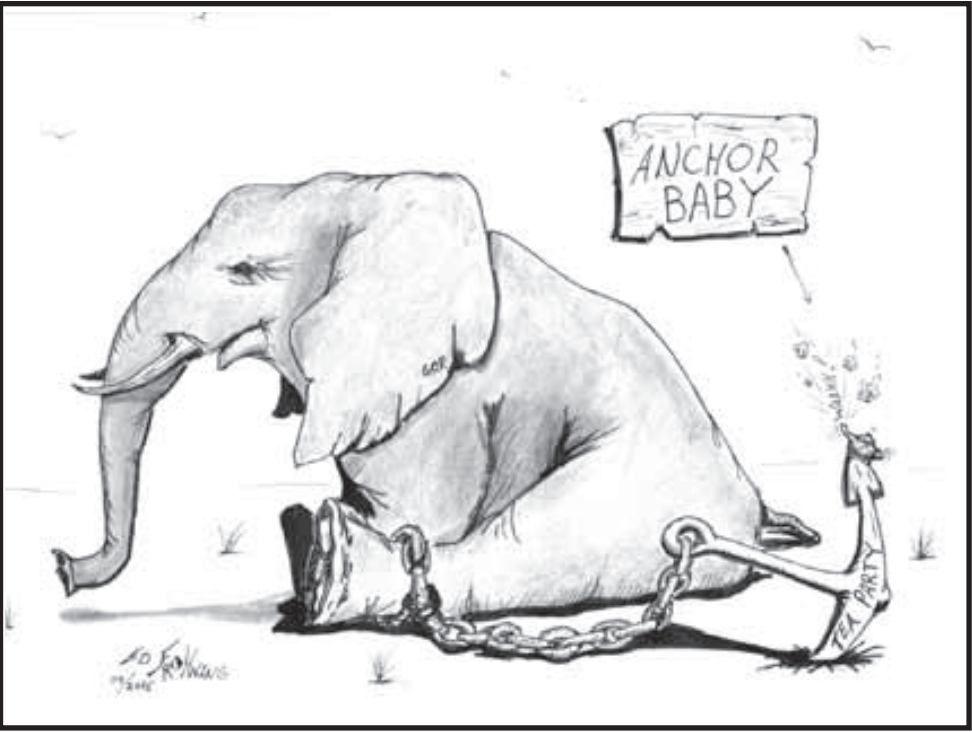
At that meeting Mr. Harvey handed me a series of emails with the other commissioners that he had participated in regarding the VES completion vote. He also posited that a chance meeting and conversation he had had on a bus on the way to work with the above mentioned official, and the subsequent single phone call about VES that official made to other key county officials at the exact time the stalemate between the county and the VPD was resolved, all seemed to mean to him that he had had a single-handed hand in that settlement. I had a hard time believing one phone call could suddenly bring magic realism resolution to what had sounded like relentless negotiations, and so in semi-journalistic fashion I decided to go to the source, which yielded the email response which Mr. Harvey seemed to ignore when it was handed to him at the board meeting that rocked the journalistic world. That email praised four county officials and our own Director Ott and their tireless efforts to work the final bits of the VES mess out. It also said that Mr. Harvey’s call and its timing were a coincidence to the resolution, and nothing more.

And so, besides telling me that I should retract statements I had made that I didn’t, and then claiming he had stepped in and saved the day like some kind of Parks Jesus by inspiring miraculous change through one mystical phone call, he also had the audacity to proclaim that he was the best candidate to defeat Mr. Ameling, and that I should step aside in a humble moment of contrition and apology for my apparent transgressions against St. Scott. In plagiarizing my quotes from a previous article from Island Life, I will close by saying that all of this seemed a bit odd at best, and I remain a bit baffled as to why Mr. Harvey brought this argument to the floor to begin with. Oh wait, that’s why I titled this “politics”.

Next Edition  
of *The Loop*  
Comes out  
Thursday  
September 17

Deadline for the next  
edition of *The Loop* is  
Friday, September 11

Local Weather  
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Weather forecasts



## Seal Pup Primer

By Orca Annie Stateler, VHP Coordinator

This morning, I watched a seal pup casually floating on her back, with hind flippers flexed, drifting gently in a Salish Sea current. A few gulls kept her company. On Vashon-Maury, we can expect to see Harbor seal pups – newborns and “weaners” --into early October. Chez VHP’s summer travel schedule interrupted our work as stranding responders and delayed dissemination of our annual Seal Pup 101 information.

Hauling out is normal pinniped behavior. Pinnipeds -- seals and sea lions -- do it everyday. They come ashore to rest, thermoregulate, mate, give birth, nurse young, and molt. In urban Puget Sound, pinnipeds use manmade structures and even large marine debris because many



ditch the pup. Disrupting feeding and maternal bonding jeopardizes pup survival. Interfering with natural behavior by “rescuing” a seal pup who is not in trouble imperils the pup’s adaptability in the wild. Seal rehab centers have severely limited space, and pups released from rehab face an uncertain future. Studies show that they do not hunt as proficiently as wild-reared pups. People are poor substitutes for seal



Camp Sealth Harbor Seal pup, July 2014. Chad Lawson photo.

shorelines are unnaturally armored and highly developed.

Typically, seal pups on land are not abandoned or ill. Mother seals leave their pups alone, sometimes for many hours, while they forage offshore. Pups nap on beaches, rafts, boat ramps, stairs, and bulkheads. Inexperienced or first-time mothers are more likely to park their pups in less desirable, high-traffic areas, such as the boat ramp by La Playa Restaurant and busy beaches at Point Robinson, KVI, and Dilworth.

Newborn seals look appealing and helpless, but resist the impulse to touch or feed them. Do not move them, douse them with water, cover them with blankets, or stuff them in a backpack, car, bathtub, ad nauseum! Do not encourage baby seals to climb aboard kayaks, SUPs, or other watercraft. Ideally, maintain 100 yards distance from pups; respect their space and comply with wildlife laws.

Harassing marine mammals violates the Marine Mammal Protection Act (MMPA) -- federal law that protects seals. Harassment or disturbance occurs when people impede a marine mammal’s ability to hunt, feed, rest, breed, communicate, socialize, or care for young. Moreover, frightened seals can bite and transmit diseases to dogs and humans.

If people and dogs loiter around a seal pup, thereby preventing Mom from returning to nurse her baby, Mom might

mothers.

Dear readers, we urge you to immediately report seal pups on beaches where crowd control is an issue. A simple phone call can save a baby seal’s life. We extend a shout-out to the Vashon Nature Center for referring calls to us from Islanders with concerns about seals.

Here is a link to NOAA’s “Sharing the Shore with Harbor Seal Pups” fact sheet -- [http://www.nmfs.noaa.gov/pr/pdfs/health/northwest/sharetheshore\\_harborsealpups.pdf](http://www.nmfs.noaa.gov/pr/pdfs/health/northwest/sharetheshore_harborsealpups.pdf)

Odin and I are the marine mammal stranding responders for Vashon-Maury, in collaboration with researchers from NMFS/NOAA, WDFW, and Cascadia Research. We strive to educate and maintain harmony between seals and humans. Help us to eliminate pup abandonment due to human interference and avoid unnecessary rehab placements for our baby seals.

Please support the work of the Vashon Hydrophone Project (VHP): REPORT LOCAL WHALE SIGHTINGS ASAP TO 206-463-9041, as well as seal pups and sick, injured, or dead marine mammals on Island beaches. We are still in seal pup season. Prompt reports to the VHP expedite vital data collection efforts and sustain an accurate record of whale sightings for Vashon-Maury initiated three decades ago by Mark Sears. Send photos to Orca Annie at [Vashonorcas@aol.com](mailto:Vashonorcas@aol.com)



# Spiritual Smart Aleck



By Mary Tuel

## Please Help Me, I’m Falling

Went out into the yard to put in the cone flower I bought on an impulse yesterday. Cone flowers are perennials, and I am in favor of plants that have the sense to come back on their own.

So I found a spot, added soil from a new bag of potting soil, and put the cone flower in. It looked great, but only time will tell if it does great where I planted it.

Then I planted the dianthus I was given as a gift a few months ago. When I got it, it was in full and glorious bloom, and I enjoyed the blooms and the spicy fragrance the blooms gave off all summer. Then it occurred to me that it was time to get the plant into the soil.

I extended the boundary of one of my flowerbeds. The expansion required moving several bricks, rooting out many buttercups (which set off an earworm of, “Why do you build me up, Buttercup, baby, just to let me down ...”), re-stacking the bricks farther out in the yard, dumping soil into the new space, and then planting the dianthus and pressing it into place.

This sort of work leaves me drained. I’d like to blame it on old age, but gardening has always fatigued me. I liked gardening in the abstract, but the real thing has always made me exhausted.

I know people who say that gardening is relaxing. Digging in the soil, connecting with primal feelings, providing for the clan, meditating on the miracle of plant growth, the cycle of life ebbing and flowing, blah de blah blah.

Gardening makes my back hurt and as I get older and my knees and balance get worse, I have to pay attention to every step I take to remain stable. I get one little task done and then I have to sit down and think for several minutes. I have to sit longer when I do things like spend half an hour making space between plants and carefully placing a drip hose in a flowerbed, only to learn when I go to attach the garden hose that I’ve put the drip hose in backwards and it has to be taken out and put in again in the other direction.

So, anyway, I sit and think. Unfortunately that’s when I see

more things that need doing, like pruning back the dusty miller which has gone leggy again.

SO, today I got the cone flower planted, and pulled zillions of buttercups (“... and then worst of all, you never call, baby, when you say you will, but I love you still ...”) and a couple of armfuls of non-blooming crocosmia, and got the new bed space created and the dianthus planted, AND the dusty miller pruned back. I was standing up before going to turn on the water to the drip hose, and that’s when I fell.

Fighting a fall is usually a bad idea – stiff, flailing body parts can get whacked but good on obstacles like furniture or the floor. Outdoors, I’ve learned to relax and tuck and roll when I realize that I am going down, so I don’t usually get hurt. That’s what I did today. The dry ground was hard, but I didn’t break anything.

I lay there for a while collecting my thoughts and doing an inventory of parts, another thing I’ve learned to do after falling, and decided I was all right and would try getting up. I rolled over and used my basic “toddler standing up” technique. I get on all fours, then put one foot on the ground and push off with the other leg and both hands, rising butt first like the sun coming up over the Cascades. Awkward, not exactly flattering to the ego, but I do end up on my feet again.

I fear falls more the older I get. My balance and control have improved quite a bit since I’ve been going to water walking classes at the Athletic Club. I can feel the improvement in my core strength. I’ve gone from “none” to “some.” So that helps a bit, but I have to be careful.

When my mother was in her eighties she frequently said, “It’s a great life if you don’t weaken.” I am getting closer to understanding the full meaning of that phrase. Tomorrow morning when I wake up and feel the soreness in every muscle and ligament that was tweaked when I fell over today, I’ll understand it even more.

\*Thanks and a tip o’ the hat to Mike d’Abo and Tony Macaulay, authors of the Buttercup song, and The Foundations, who had a hit with it in 1969.

# Blood Agates, Smoke Wood and Kelp Horns

Continued from Page 1

tippy. The paddle was a thick stick, preferably thicker on one end to grab more water. Kit Bradley was a scrawny little guy with big ears that stuck out and when he got tanned in the summer, he looked like a monkey and he climbed trees like a monkey.

It was a cloudy day on Colvos Passage a half mile South of Cove. There were no whitecaps but the two foot waves would cause a lot of resistance to a person paddling a log. Luck was with you if you could find a plank that was long enough and thick enough to hold your weight. Kit was a good ways offshore when we saw a big freighter coming down the passage. Mike yelled: “Kit come back, it’s too dangerous”. Kit couldn’t hear us and the freighter kept coming. We were worried...

He wasn’t going to hit Kit, but was coming close. The captain hadn’t even blown his horn when the waves from the stern wash caught Kit and threw the log around in a circle. Kit hung like a monkey to the log as it careened thru a series of 6foot waves. He had broken

his paddle so it took a long time to make it back to shore. We weren’t really worried...

The rewards of the beach were many, depending on what came in with the tide. After WWII the navy and merchant marine ships were dumping all the surplus army gear and ammo over the side before they could enter the shipyard at Bremerton, jeeps included. Most of it didn’t float, but if a pistol belt had an empty canteen attached to it, it could make it to shore on the tide. The one I found held a canteen, medicine pouch and an empty holster. When I opened up the medicine pouch, there was a package marked MORPHINE. Anyhow, I put it over my shoulder and took it home to show Mom what I had found. She didn’t like it one bit and took the morphine away from me. I wasn’t supposed to know what morphine was; when I had seen it used in one of my WWII comic books.

Mike was in the bow of the 10 foot rowboat yelling at Dad: “We are sinking; we are sinking”. Dad replied: “Get the coffee can and start bailing”. Big waves were crashing over the bow and the water was running to the stern, so I did the bailing while Dad rowed. We were in the tidal rips off Piner Point, headed for Pt. Robinson. The old rowboat was my grandfather’s and painted grey.

Dad’s plan had been to row around Maury Island and haul the boat over to the inner harbor at Portage, where our Grandfather’s house was.

It was good cutthroating close to the shore and we picked up a couple nice fish for dinner. Cut-throat have a red patch

under their jaw and thus the name. They are a kind of trout and we used gang spoons and a worm to catch them. Our Grandmother never learned to use a pole and reel. She used a handline made from cuttyhunk, wound on a square frame of wood. Her Jack Lloyd was a string of silver flashers with little red beads that resembled fish eggs. Night crawlers made the best bait, but we couldn’t always get them. We didn’t like using gang spoons because they took the fight out of the fish. A more sporting way was to use a flatfish, a small wooden plug, painted to look like a shrimp, and carved to make it jerk to both sides; thus giving the fish a fighting chance.

The rowing was tough, even for Dad who was balding and not a small man, having been a boxer in his college days, like his Father before him. We came to Pt. Robinson and built a fire on the beach. Dad rolled potatoes in tin foil and threw them in the coals. The cutthroat we cleaned and fried over the fire. Never did trout taste so good.

Rolling up in our sleeping bags, we drifted off with the sound of the rollers crashing on the beach. The gravel hissed as it was dragged by the waves.

“Help, Help, a bear is chasing me” yelled my brother Mike as he hopped down the beach toward the Salish Sea, still in his sleeping bag. It was 4:00 AM. Dad grabbed him before he made it to the water, he tried to convince Mike that there was no bear, it had only been a bad dream. It started raining the next morning, so we packed up our wet things and started rowing back the way we had come.

## Poultry in Motion



Poultry in Motion is basically what happens when you take talent, good looks, charm and enthusiasm, throw it all together in one band, then take away the talent, good looks and charm. They started out playing volleyball in vacant lots, alleys and transfer stations for tips. Later they graduated to playing music on empty trash bins in old car lots for pigeon food.

Poultry in Motion is Steve Amsden (guitar, banjo, mandolin), Wilson Abbott (dobro), Bob Kueker (bass), Dave Lang (button accordion, fiddle, mandolin), Gib Dammann (drums) and Chris Anderson (guitar).

Individually, not all that great, but when they join forces they reach the very heights of mediocrity.

– Shamelessly written by the members of Poultry in Motion  
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Planet Waves by Len Wallick (standing in for Eric Francis)

**Aries (March 20-April 19)**  
It’s time to let yourself out of whatever bottle you’ve been hanging out in. You may be thinking that close partners or lovers are the ones who have been hesitating, and your current scenario may be the result of a mutual reaction. However, only you can move your own energy. Only you can make your decisions. Only you can set yourself free and, notably, only if you want to. While your relationship life seems to be your highest priority or most compelling interest, for that to work at all you need to focus on yourself, your feelings and most of all your willingness to take risks. That’s a matter of confidence. If you focus on what you want, you can indeed afford to let the dice tumble where they may. If you are distracted by what others want, your chances of success are not quite as clear. One thing to always keep in mind is that many turns of events yet to unfold over the next few months were set in motion back in early January. Live the adventure.

**Taurus (April 19-May 20)**  
Venus, the planet associated with Taurus, stations direct this week after spending much of the summer retrograde. This suggests a few shifts in your personal environment -- one of which will be emphasizing the present rather than the certain elements of the past, potentially household or family issues, which have taken some time and energy to resolve. The real threshold that I see is your stepping into understanding that you are the foundation of your own life. You, as in not anyone else: for example, partners or family. Your independence is the most significant ingredient in your personal happiness. You have learned many times that if you cannot count on others, you must count on yourself. But now you will see that if you can count on yourself, it takes significant pressure off of your relationships, leaving you and the people close to you free to experience things based on desire and not on need. The activating agent here is being real with yourself all the time. You may need to toss aside your expectations and just ask yourself: “What is so?”

**Gemini (May 20-June 21)**  
You don’t need to live your life wondering when the fun is going to run out. It’s true that several different factors are guiding you to take a more focused and serious approach to existence. This may include the idea that you need to shift your relationships and choose one that really works, even if that means sacrificing something. I suggest you take the opposite approach, and filter out the people who are not participating in what you want; people who don’t really recognize you. They have plenty of other opportunities and so do you. Yet where you may start is with yourself. It’s rare indeed that people focus on their inner relationship. Most of what we do with others ends up being a distraction from having an inner life; from being content on your own. Even the thought of this is often experienced as scary, dangerous, undesirable or impossible -- but somehow inevitable. Saturn soon to arrive in your opposite sign Sagittarius is a bold invitation to get to know yourself, like only you can.

**Cancer (June 21-July 22)**  
You can now focus an idea or a project that has seemed difficult to condense into some tangible form. It’s likely that whatever form this ends up becoming -- be it imagery, music, a novel, an art installation -- it will start with writing. Begin by describing what has seemed ethereal or challenging to describe. See if you can convey the feeling and the central concept. Note, this may not directly involve a creative project; it may involve a change you want to make in your life, or your environment. The more clearly you relate the basic elements and focus your desire for a specific outcome, the more

attainable it will seem. Any feelings that something is impossible to create are likely the result of lack of clarity about what it is. So think of this process as being about getting clear, and then concentrating something in cohesive mental form -- that is, a description. Once you get past any initial awkwardness, it will be easy to refine and modify your verbal sketch, adding additional detail; as you do, the methods will come into focus.

**Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)**  
Venus has been retrograde in your sign for the past six weeks. This has been like training for a new mission, ambition or goal. Think of what you’ve been experiencing as preparation or training for a new phase of your life. If you’ve been hesitating, stop and ask yourself what you really want and whether you’re finally ready to move forward with full commitment. I say this aware of how elusive this ‘full commitment’ thing is. We tend to think of goals as being outside of ourselves, like a ladder or mountain to climb. Whatever you may want to do in the world, the real objective is inside yourself. You are learning to embody an idea or an ideal of some kind. You might think of this as cultivating a state or being associated with leadership. The first requirement of leading others is self-respect, and this too has been one of the learning goals of Venus retrograde in your sign. The message: accountability for your life goes all the way to the top -- that is, beginning and ending with you.

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)**  
This is your birthday season, and the Sun in your sign is joined by Jupiter -- the planet of promise and potential, which shows up every 12 years. You may well be asking yourself what is possible. You may be asking yourself what you’re capable of. Or, you may be wondering what’s going to come to you; when your ship is going to come in. A year is short, and it would be better if you learn the message of Jupiter sooner rather than later: take initiative. Then, be patient as you assemble the pieces of your dream. Remember that anything going from concept (or fantasy) into physical reality will require some translation and it won’t necessarily manifest as you were envisioning it. That’s enough to deter most people from persisting in creating something for themselves; don’t let it deter you. Engage your curiosity about what will manifest. Allow for what you have not planned or envisioned. Let your process take unusual turns and most of all, don’t bother yourself with what anyone else may think. If there is one necessary step on the way to tapping your real creativity, that’s the one.

**Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)**  
This is going to be an interesting week for you socially. Try to get out of the house or the office, every day if you can. Notice the difference between your day worlds and your night worlds. They will be as different, as, well, night and day. The essence of your current astrology is a revelation of how you perceive yourself as a social being, or a public being -- as someone perceived by others. This is usually awkward territory for people; they tend to carry distortions about how people see them, what makes them attractive, what others will notice, and so on. I am not suggesting you should worry about these things. To the contrary, what seems to be happening is that you are slipping into a more confident space, a sense of ease about who you are, what image you project and how people see you. The key to this is confidence. You can start with caring less, and being yourself more. I suggest you push this, that you take more social risks, and that you immediately process and work through any residual discomfort you may feel and get right back to being yourself. Yes, it takes practice.

**Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)**  
You have every reason to be confident, though you still may be hesitating. It’s true that there are certain decisions you have to make, and that there’s a possibility you’ll need to leave some people in the past. Yet it’s just as likely that your relationships will transform, if you take the first steps. What I suggest you avoid is not doing something because someone else seems reluctant. As bold as you are, you still need the support and encouragement of others sometimes, though it would be excellent if you took a step and took initiative, particularly social, on your own timing and your own terms. The story of your life the past few years is about your desire to be a bolder, more ambitious person. You’ve reached a time in your life when others need your leadership more than you need theirs. Most of that involves where you will allow your mind to go; your actual state of releasing your inhibitions rather than fostering them. They no longer protect you from jealous or envious people. You are much bigger than that.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)**  
Much of the frenzy about God on our planet is really about sex. How else could you get so many people so riled up? Of course, it’s only religion that insists this cannot and must not be true. We’re told over and over that our bodies and our feelings are not just sinful but in the words of one holy book, an attack on God. This is an overt way to say something that’s usually distributed in background-level toxic doses. I would say that it’s time for you to question this doctrine, but the question has probably been brewing for a while. That brew is coming to a boil, one of many signs that your body temperature, and emotional temperature, will be running a few degrees hotter the next few years. It’s essential that you invest your passion in tangible desires. You cannot capture lightning in a bottle, though you can invest your motivation into what is the most meaningful -- that is, into those people and experiences you’ve wanted for a long time. While you’re at it, make friends with sex every chance you get. Think of it as the hearth at the center of your home.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)**  
Saturn is oh so slowly working its way toward Sagittarius. This may be coming with the feeling, “When will the past finally be over?” Well, this is perhaps the most complex psychological issue that humans must engage, if they want to actually exist with the full power of their minds, their creativity, their ability to choose. We could start with the last on that list, choice. Pick a decision that you’re having difficulty making, or sticking to. Then be brutally honest and map out all the little hang-ups that are getting in your way. The more ridiculous they are, the better -- various potential consequences, fear of how others will respond, what you might get entangled in, whatever phobias you might have of being yourself, and so on.

What are these concepts connected to? If you put that out in plain language, you will get a snapshot of your relationship to the past. One thing that Saturn in Sagittarius will ensure is that you deepen your relationship to yourself. That deepening will take you into the place inhabited by your ancestors, where you will get to confront them and your relationship to them. Remember, you don’t owe them anything, and whoever you thought they were, they are now ascended masters who want to see you live the way you choose to live and no less.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)**  
You seem to have put certain relationship matters on hold, or to be proceeding on a wait-and-see basis. Whatever is revealed this week, as Venus stations direct in your opposite sign Leo, you might well be done waiting and ready to start seeing. So what do you see? Who do you see? Look carefully and better still, listen attentively. The one matter you may be ready to fully engage or indeed confront is what happens to your autonomy when you enter into a close relationship with someone else. You are long past the time when you can give up your individuality and personal volition for the sake of companionship. It’s likely you would rather be ‘alone’ than give up who you really are, what you really want to do, or to have to shut down some aspect of yourself. For you, the thing to do is stay open and available at the same time you exchange love and affirmation with others. The story of your life for the next two years of Saturn in Sagittarius is to stand in your own personal space of who you are. Easier said than done, but easier done than not done.

**Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)**  
There’s plenty of you to go around. Your sign represents the ocean and the cosmic ocean. Currently Pisces is home to sea-god Neptune and master healer and mentor Chiron. And Jupiter, the classical planet associated with Pisces, is in your relationship sign Virgo. That means: take initiative. Offer what you have. Be bold about this, and consider every proposal that involves someone else to be an offering of yourself. Many factors suggest that you are the activating agency in your environment. You supply the fertilizing power, the water to sprout the seeds, the creative liquid that melts the paint and inspires movement and exploration. It is therefore essential that you be bolder than you might ordinarily be, that you be the one to start the conversation, to make the offer. Start the project, make the call, get the canvases out of the closet, tune the instrument, charge the camera battery, clean out your car and get ready to go someplace. Every influence in your chart is saying it’s time to live and to live well. This is what I’m talking about.

Read Eric Francis daily at  
www. PlanetWaves.net

## Paulina and Annika Need A Home...

Hey, we’re a sister act! We MIGHT be, anyway – we appear to be the same age (approximately two years old) and we look a lot alike. What else do we have in common? Both of us are gentle and shy. We don’t dislike people, it just takes us a long time to get used to them. We get along fine with other cats.



A quiet home with very patient people is our preferred venue. It would be OK if we were adopted separately (we lived in different places before coming to VIPP), but we’d be happy to keep our sister act together.

**Go To [www.vipp.org](http://www.vipp.org) Click on Adopt**



# Positively Speaking

## Dirty Feet and Fire Flies”

The skid strip on top was well worn and the wheels were larger than normal. That’s what I noticed as the skateboard easily slipped into the empty spot between my feet and the wall on which I sat.

He looked at me, eager to retrieve the apparatus meant only to increase speed and agility, but willing to defer to a reprimand if this unknown woman so chose to offer.

With my best, “I love kids” smile, I reassured him, ‘No worries”, I said as he reached under my legs to grab it before the air was empty of my words.

That’s when I noticed. His bare feet, which would soon be sailing down the walkways were a different color than his face and hands. There was at least a week’s worth of grime and dirt on that kid’s feet. I gasped and had a Mom Moment. “We’re going to clean those feet before bedtime” flashed through my brain right before the ‘what kind of mother...’ thought displaced the initial reaction. Halfway formed, I caught myself. Those filthy dirty feet which made the color of his feet different than the color of his face, were the exact illustration, the meaningful definition of summer joy.

Suddenly I was back in Betzwood housing development. The adults were all distracted and that gave us kids more freedom to play. Parents gardening, entertaining or sitting on lawns chairs with drinks in hand being entertained, planning vacations, all those activities added up to independence for children and teens.

Good on you barefoot boy with caked on dirt. “You understand summer”, was my final thought as he pushed off to go find an incline and enjoy his skateboard some more.

His trajectory moved my gaze to the kids beyond him sliding down the hills on

By Deborah H. Anderson



cardboard. Parents chatted in neglectful ways that temperatures over 80 degrees at 8 o’clock at night encourage. Only the appearance of fireflies could have added anymore Norman Rockwell ambiance to the animated summer tableau.

Ah, fireflies. They are in trouble like the bees are, you know. That means we are in trouble globally.

When I was a kid back East, fireflies were the fairies of summer nights. You knew it was time to go in once the night was so dark you could see only their little glow sticks as they skittered about in the drafts of warm air rising to make way for cooler temperatures.

Now I’m going to share something with you and I don’t want you to think ill of me. We enjoyed the fireflies in the sky, yes. But then we brought out our mason jars with punctured lids and filled them full so as to make our own LED flashlights of an organic composition. Lastly, we took a few, and (here’s the part that needs forgiveness) ripped their little tails off, and stuck them, still glowing on our fingers to look like neon jewels. I can still smell the musty fragrance as we did the deed that released them from life. It was way before ecological sensitivity.

It’s hard to grow as a child without freedom to explore. Many of us early childhood types have known empirically for decades that our children have faced a seriously impactful deficit with not enough freeplay. Five years ago the magazine Psychology Today published an article on The Decline of Play and the Rise of Children’s Mental Disorders. (January 26, 2010 blogpost). Research now firmly links depression and anxiety, and a progression towards extrinsic rather than intrinsic definition of self worth, to a lack of freeplay.

OK...let me translate. That means kids who don’t have adequate unsupervised and unstructured play time do not develop the ability to measure life in terms of meaningfulness, they measure it in terms of what they own and what they’ve accomplished and who likes them. They also suffer from depression and anxiety. We’re killing our kids from the inside out. All well and good to control the ozone layer and attend to global warming, but we have structured our kids to be very unhappy narcissists. Not a good thing. Save the earth and leave it inhabited by people who will continue to see exploitation as an option, as narcissists do. A narcissist is more than focused on themselves; they are defined by what they own and who they know on the A-list.

Let me put it simply as we enter this Labor Day holiday which traditionally signals the end of summer and the beginning of more structured life. The key to the future is dependent on children who play without being directed or instructed by adults. Correcting global warming means nothing if we don’t fix our children’s social environment.

Once upon a time, that was not a revolutionary thought.

Love,  
Deborah



## Vashon Library September Programs

### Children & Families

#### Family Story Times

Tuesday, September 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29, 11:30am. Family program, all ages welcome with adult. Stories, songs and fun!

#### Brick Builders

Monday, September 14, 21 and 28, 4pm. Ages 5 to 12 with adult. We’ve having a block party. Come build with us! All materials provided.

#### DIY Bird Feeders

Tuesday, September 22, 4pm  
Ages 5 and older with adult.  
Give your backyard a pop of color and show the birds some love! All materials provided.

### Adults

#### One on One Computer Help

Thursday, September 3 and 17, 6-8pm  
Do you need extra help on the computer? A KCLS volunteer instructor can give you one-on-one assistance on a drop-in basis. Note: Volunteers cannot provide hardware assistance with your own personal computer.

#### Talk Time

Tuesday, September 15, 22 and 29, 6:30pm. Practice speaking English with other English language learners, all levels welcome. Learn about your community and meet people from around the world. Classes are free, join anytime!

#### MIND MATTERS

Convivial Conversation  
Wednesday, September 16, 6:30pm  
Conversation that ancient art that brings us enjoyment, laughter, friendships and intellectual stimulation is on the endangered species list. Too often our interactions with others are rushed, insensitive, competitive, hostile, or just non-existent. Discover how to use your brain to engage in conversations of increased depth and vitality, how to better manage awkward social situations and to deal with difficult interactions of disagreement. Cecile Andrews is the author of the Living Room Revolution: A Handbook for Conversation. While your brain is not a muscle, it does need care, feeding and exercise to keep it in top shape. The 2015 King County Library System adult program series, Mind Matters, offers free programs, classes, tips and reading suggestions to stay sharp. It’s YOUR mind. KCLS can help you take care of it. [www.kcls.org/mindmatters](http://www.kcls.org/mindmatters)

#### Vashon Friends of the Library Meeting

Saturday, September 19, 3pm  
Open to the public! Share your ideas

for raising funds to support our library programs, expand community services and recruit new members. Be an informed and involved neighbor by coming to the meetings. Please call the library for meeting location, 206.463.2069.

#### Orca Lift/Food Stamps/Health Insurance Sign Up

Wednesday, September 23, 1:30pm  
ORCA Lift is a program that provides low income people with reduced fares on Metro buses, Sound Transit Link Light Rail and the Water Taxi. (NOT THE WA STATE FERRIES)  
What you need to bring: Photo ID from any state or country AND income verification-can be Provider One Card, EBT Card, TANF award letter, SSI award letter, L&I statement of worker’s comp or Social Security award letter. This program is for everyone regardless of immigration status. Sign up for Apple Health or recertify or if you have questions Miguel will answer them as well.  
Food Stamps: get signed up for all three at the same time.  
Miguel is a Spanish and English speaker.

## Now Playing Mission Impossible: Rogue Nation



## Shaun the Sheep



**Straight Outta Compton**  
Starts Friday, Sept 11

**National Theatre Live**  
View from the Bridge:  
Thursday, September 3rd @ 8:00pm  
& Sunday, September 6th @ 1:00pm

**Vashon Theatre**  
17723 Vashon Hwy  
206-463-3232

**Call for Times**

For show times and info check  
[www.vashontheatre.com](http://www.vashontheatre.com)

*Make a date with Vashon!*  
**[www.VashonCalendar.com](http://www.VashonCalendar.com)**

Vashon Library Events  
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*The Loop’s soy-based ink  
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## Island Epicure



By Marj Watkins

### What You Can do About An Eye Infection

Several issues ago, I began a series of home remedies for common ailments. To carry on with that series, here's what I'm doing for an eye infection: It's another application for my Magic Potion. I call it that because it works fast in most cases and can help for many health problems.

The recipe has appeared a couple of times in this column. Probably several of you readers have clippings of them and are already curing sore throats with this as a gargle, and sipping it as a spice tea that wards off the flu or makes it less severe and lessens its duration. It can be used topically, too, full strength as a remedy for infections.

For the past few days, my versatile Magic Potion has been helping me defeat an eye infection. It stings when you first put a drop in each eye. Then the cloves in the solution kick in with their anesthetic effect. Both the cloves and the cinnamon can defeat both bacterial and viral infections. In that they cleanse the eyes, they may help allergic reactions, too. Dr. Kappelman did not think I had an allergy problem. If I had an allergy reaction, he said, both eyes would have been equally unhappy.

My left eye was the worst, constantly weeping and hurting. My right eye merely itched. He believed I had a viral infection, for which he had no prescription. But it might be a bacterial infection. He'd take a sample of the tears my left eye continually wept, he told me, and have the lab people culture it so they'd gave plenty of germs to experiment with and try out different antibiotics on. They could tell him which one killed the bacteria. Drawbacks: The cost of

that testing, and that it would take several days to get a result. And it might be a virus that caused my problem, so no antibiotic would do any good.

Because during the two days I'd already been treating my eyes with my homemade solution I had noticing a little improvement, he said, "Just go home and do what you've been doing." He asked for my "formula", and wrote it into his computer. Perhaps it will help someone else. I hope so. Here's the recipe:

**Magic Potion:** In a small saucepan, place 1 Tablespoon whole cloves and 1 stick cinnamon. Add 1 ½ to 2 cups water. Bring to a simmer. Cover and cook until the water turns dark brown. Store in a glass jar that has a cover; no refrigeration required. The cinnamon is anti-bacterial and anti-viral; the cloves are that plus they are anesthetic. This is your master solution to a bacterial or viral infection of any kind. Add a few tablespoonfuls to a cup of tea of your choice for a tasty drink that wards off colds, sore throats, flu, etc.

On the doctor's suggestion, I've put some into a small bottle from Minglement that has a dropper stopper, first boiling the bottle and sterilizing the dropper. Thus I don't contaminate my jar of magic potion, lessening its potency. (By the way, "magic" is merely an old, old word for "scientific")

To fight off an eye infection, put a drop into each eye every two or three hours. If you wake up in the night, cleanse the eye and give it the treatment. In three or four days, you should be seeing much better. Continue the treatment for a few days even after you think your eyes are all well just in case some germs linger and might restart the infection.

As I write, it's late afternoon of the fourth day of this affliction, and I am able to see clearly now. My eyes look healthy; the red is all gone, and the left eye no longer weeps. I'll continue using my clove and cinnamon home remedy every three hours for a few more days to make sure all the germs are gone, and the infection will not come back. I'll stay home for a few more days, too, in case I'm still contagious, and to build back some energy.

## Vashon Opera Presents *The Elixir of Love* by Gaetano Donizetti

One of the world's most frequently performed operas, *The Elixir of Love* is cherished for its whimsical wit and endearing characters, not to mention the many intoxicating duets and "Una furtiva lagrima," one of the most hauntingly beautiful of all tenor arias. Season Seven of Vashon Opera opens in September with this charming comedy that'll have you rolling in the aisles! The production will feature a stunning professional cast, a chorus of Vashon singers and chamber orchestra.

What's it about? Nemorino, a poor peasant, is in love with Adina, a rich land owner. She doesn't give him the time of day. After hearing the legend of Tristan and Isolde, Nemorino ponders whether a potion would help turn things around. Enter the travelling potion-peddling doctor of love: Dr. Dulcamara. He may just have the cure-all Nemorino needs if he can find the money to pay for it. But time is running out as Adina soon agrees to marry the pompous Sergeant Belcore. Will the potion work? Will Dr. Dulcamara skip town before anyone discovers it won't? Will Nemorino win Adina's heart? This "bel canto" comedic gem shows composer Gaetano Donizetti at his finest with gorgeous melodies soaring over brilliant and joyous harmonies. As with past Vashon Opera performances, you'll be up close and near the action.

The principal cast is made up of stunning vocalists: Robert McPherson, Kristin Vogel, Andrew Krikawa, Barry Johnson and Samantha Gorham. See our cast along with their resumes on our website artist page:



[www.vashonopera.org/2015-2016-season/the-elixir-of-love/artists-and-production](http://www.vashonopera.org/2015-2016-season/the-elixir-of-love/artists-and-production).

The *Elixir of Love* shines with rousing and beautiful bel canto choruses. The chorus will be led by Vashon Opera's beloved chorusmaster, Joe Farmer. James Brown will lead the production as musical director, stage director, conductor and orchestral arranger. Mr. Brown was recently recognized by Oregon ArtsWatch as "a truly outstanding conductor" for his performances in Vashon Opera's *Albert Herring*.

Sung in Italian with English supertitles, the opera will play September 11 and 13, 2015 at the Vashon High School Theatre. Reduced rate Dress Rehearsal tickets for September 9 will be available a week before the performances.

Purchase Season tickets for both *The Elixir of Love* and *Pagliacci Palooza* (May 2016 in the new Center for the Arts Theatre) for a reduced ticket rate of \$32 per ticket. Individual tickets are \$35. [www.vashonopera.org](http://www.vashonopera.org) for show and ticket information.

Loose Change is now booking for your summer parties. We have dates available Call Troy @ 206-794-9451

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[www.zerowastevashon.org](http://www.zerowastevashon.org)

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206-925-3837

Find the Loop on-line at [www.vashonloop.com](http://www.vashonloop.com).

## Advertise in the Loop!

It's a great time to get back in the Loop.

[ads@vashonloop.com](mailto:ads@vashonloop.com)

Next Loop comes out September 17



# Fendershine

Vashon Island band Fendershine's members hail from five distinct corners of America, and their respective swampy, poppy, psychedelic, prog-rock and folk-punk influences come together in their own concoction of danceable rock. The 'Shiners all came of age in the 1970's and musical immaturity in the 1980's. Collectively they have attended hundreds of arena rock shows, sported dozens of questionable hairstyles, and played gigs in an array of venues including countless crappy clubs, two post offices, one laundromat, and a quilt shop closing party.

Rick Vanselow: Guitar  
Kim Thal: Violin  
Eric Frith: Guitar  
Ellen Parker: Bass  
Stephen Buffington: Drums

Friday, Sept. 4, 8:30pm.  
Free Cover.  
All-Ages 'till 11pm 21+ after that.  
At the Red Bicycle,  
17618 Vashon Hwy SW  
206-463-5590  
www.redbicyclebistro.com



# Gregg Curry & Ragged Glory

For Gregg Curry, Ragged Glory was a sound birthed from the radio of a Mercury Montego he drove down Southern highways in summer with the windows down. It was Dylan, The Stones, The Band, Neil Young, Tom Petty, and so many others making something raw sound so perfect. He just grinned and turned it up louder.

Now, Ragged Glory is the band Curry says he's "lucky to work with because they get where I'm coming from and understand where the songs seem to want to go." The band (Curry and Rick Dahms on guitars and vocals, Kevin Almeida on bass and vocals, Matthew Chaney on keyboards, and drummer Emory Miedema-Boyajian ) has evolved a sound around Curry's original songs that is their own - a sort of rock-and-roll tent revival/minstrel show that mixes the sacred, the profane, and the in-between into a musical stew, new and familiar at once. The words may make you pause, the music may tempt you to dance, and chances are good you will grin like you do when you hear a song on a car radio and you want to turn it up.

Allison and I are really excited about a new youth program we'll have starting in September, sponsored by Vashon Events. We've always supported our Island youth



musicians in the past, giving so many of them their 071815 Strawberry Festival Sat 135 first shot at performing in front of a live audience and this will be just another way of continuing this tradition. We'll have youth openers for many of the Red Bike shows and we'll start with having Islander Emmett Sherman open for Gregg Curry & Ragged Glory on September 11th. These musicians will all be paid by Vashon Events as our way to help encourage more youth performances for our community to experience.

Emmett Sherman is 13 years old, born and raised on Vashon Island. He started playing guitar and taking lessons from Daryl Redeker in January of 2014. Emmett started out with a Yamaha acoustic that he received for Christmas from



his grandparents. Emmett went through a few guitars and finally settled in with a Gibson SG, and a Fender Strat. His main musical influences are Angus Young, Jimi Hendrix and Jimmy Page.

Friday, Sept. 11, 8:30pm  
At the Red Bicycle. All-age's 'till 11pm, 21+ after that.  
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**Alzheimer's, Dementia and Parkinson's patients  
and their caregivers:**

You're invited to the launch of  
Music Mends Minds, to compose a musical band and singers  
Vashon Lutheran Church, 18623 Vashon Hwy SW  
September 15, Tuesday, 1:30 - 3:30 p.m.

For more information, call Amy Huggins 206-851-7159



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# Panther Needs A Home...

Despite being named for a wild animal, I'm as tame as can be. I have a friendly, calm personality, and I like people, both adults and kids.

People often mention how tall I am. You really should come and take a look at my long legs. I enjoy my height, because people don't have to bend down so much to pet me - and I do like to be petted!

**Go To [www.vipp.org](http://www.vipp.org)  
Click on Adopt**



# Adopt A Cat Day!

**Vashon Island Pet Protectors  
Saturdays 11:30-2:30**

Our VIPP Shelter is open for adoptions every Saturday.  
Visit our website [www.vipp.org](http://www.vipp.org) for Directions and to  
view the Cats and Dogs available for adoption.  
Or give us a call 206-389-1085



# Bill Brown & The Kingbees

Steve Minzel, 35 years behind the keyboard, has played all over the Pacific Northwest. Leslie Shelton, 40 years on bass guitar and a vocalist in the band who has written and recorded an album and back in the day toured with Bo Diddly and from 1990 to 2000 played with Bill Brown and the Kingbees. He currently performs about 40 weekends a year with his own group, The Tonze. Everybody loves his spirit, playing and vocals! Tony Handy not only has been playing with Bill for a decade, he also has his own jazz group, HD fusion. They play at Emerald Queen Casino, and many other big venue's in the Pacific Northwest. John Gaborit is often likened to Eric Clapton, in his finesse and style. He is known for mesmerizing crowds! He's been playing with Bill for two decades. Bill Brown, lead vocals and harmonica. Folks love his spirit on stage and his ability to connect with them. He also has a knack for attracting top notch players!

Free cover!  
Friday, September 18, 8:30pm  
Free Cover!



All-Ages 'till 11pm 21+ after that.  
At the Red Bicycle,  
17618 Vashon Hwy SW  
206-463-5590  
www.redbicyclebistro.com

# Concerts in the Park The Great Divide



Vashon Events and the Vashon Park District have announced the lineup for the annual Summer Concerts in the Park. The extremely popular and free outdoor concert series will begin on Thursday, July 2nd and run through Thursday, September 10th. All concerts start at 7pm and are held in Ober Park on Vashon Island. Enjoy live music performances from today's top talent in rock, folk, reggae and blues performing against one of Vashon's most beautiful outdoor backdrops. Plus there will be a night of Shakespeare in the Park.

Bring the family! There's plenty of grass and natural burms to spread out those picnic blankets and enjoy some wonderful music on a warm summer night. Families can come relax, let the kids play on the playground and enjoy the entertainment at these summer events.

Concerts in the Park are presented by the Vashon Park District and curated by Vashon Events. If you've never

experienced the warmth of community at the cool nights of summer concerts in the park, you're in for a special treat.

The Great Divide is a Vashon institution. The all-islander band was formed in the early '80s and played locally for many years before hitting the "big time", touring with blues guitar great Elvin Bishop. In 1987 the band won the Marlboro Country Music Talent Roundup, with a \$5000 grand prize, and the privilege of opening for Alabama, The Judd's and George Strait in the Tacoma Dome before a crowd of 20,000. They have opened for Asleep at the Wheel, Charlie Daniels, and many other well-known acts. Playing a mix of country rock, Texas swing, and straight up rock, their arrangements are sure to rock the town.

Please remember that there are no dogs allowed at Ober Park. Alcohol and smoking are also not permitted.

Thursday, September 10th, 7-9pm

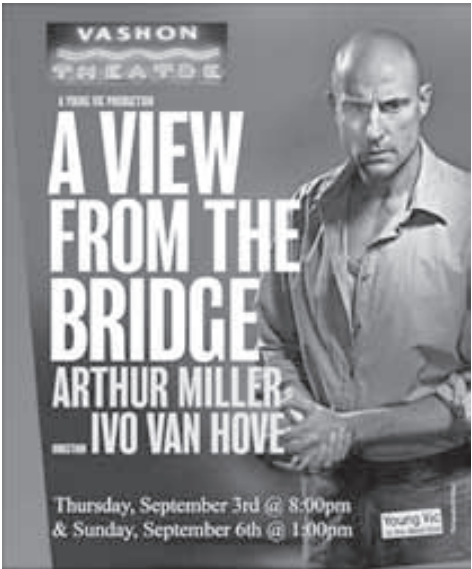
# The Elixir of Love

Did Someone Say Love Potion?  
Come be enchanted by The Elixir of Love as Vashon Opera presents this endearing comedy that'll have you rolling in the aisles. Nemorino, a poor peasant, is hopelessly in love with Adina, a rich landowner. She doesn't give him the time of day. Enter Dr. Dulcamara, the potion-peddling doctor of love. Will the potion work and Nemorino win Adina's heart? This comedic gem shows Donizetti at his finest with gorgeous melodies soaring over brilliant and joyous harmonies. Don't miss it!  
Friday September 11th at 7:30pm  
Sunday September 13th at 2:30pm  
Vashon High School Theater  
Tickets \$35 at www.vashonopera.org.



# View from the Bridge

Don't miss a stellar cast led by Mark Strong (The Imitation Game; Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy) in the Young Vic's 'magnetic, electrifying, astonishingly bold' production of A View from the Bridge - the Evening Standard, Guardian and Independent's top theatre pick of 2014.  
The great Arthur Miller confronts the American dream in this dark and passionate tale. In Brooklyn, longshoreman Eddie Carbone welcomes his Sicilian cousins to the land of freedom. But when one of them falls for his beautiful niece, they discover that freedom comes at a price. Eddie's jealous mistrust exposes a deep, unspeakable secret - one that drives him to commit the ultimate betrayal.  
The visionary Ivo van Hove directs this stunning production of Miller's tragic masterpiece, broadcast from London's West End by National Theatre



Live.  
View from the Bridge: Thursday, September 3rd @ 8:00pm & Sunday, September 6th @ 1:00pm

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# PANDORA'S BOX

**Dog Days of August are upon us.  
Hot and dry!**  
**All the new stuff from the Vegas trip is coming in..  
stop in and see what's new. Lots and lots of beds.**



**Bo's Pick of the Week:**  
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Join the fun at the 2015 Vashon Sheepdog Classic, September 10-13, and support Vashon Partners in Education (PIE) by being a PIE Smart Dog Sponsor.

PIE Smart Dog Sponsor Karl Snepp, with his sponsored dog Coal & handler Bill Berhow—last year's high combined score winners.

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