

Library Offers Curbside Service

The King County Library System (KCLS) is pleased to add two new services to select library locations during the COVID-19 closures, including book returns and Curbside to Go. Visit kcls.org/reopening for more information on KCLS' multiphase plan to expand services, and contact Ask KCLS with questions.

"We are excited to be offering Curbside to Go," said KCLS Executive Director Lisa Rosenblum. "While we are not yet able to welcome patrons back inside our buildings, these next steps bring us closer to providing full access to KCLS' collection, programs and services.

Both the book return and Curbside to Go services will be offered at 16 library locations to start, including Vashon.

Book Returns: Starting Tuesday, June 23, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday: 10:00am-7:00pm

Friday and Saturday: 10:00am-1:00pm

All materials must be returned through the manual book drop. They will not be accepted in person by staff

or through Self Check-In. Returned materials will be quarantined—and remain on patron accounts—for a minimum of three days before being checked in. Any fines or fees accrued during that time will be waived.

Curbside to Go: Starting Wednesday, July 1, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday: 10:00am-1:00pm and 4:00-7:00pm

Friday and Saturday: 10:00am-1:00pm

Curbside to Go provides a safe, contact-free way to pick up library materials. Patrons may arrive by car, bike or on foot, and with or without an appointment. While outside library buildings, patrons are asked to maintain six feet of separation from other patrons and staff at all times.

How to use Curbside to Go:
By appointment:

Make an appointment on the

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Live From The Black Cat Cabaret

Vashon LIVE is a mobile livestream bringing audiences weekly original content from local artists; musicians, spoken word artists, authors, dancers and more.



Ken Jacobsen

Saturday, June 27th, 7:30pm

Brought to you by Vashon Live

Live Stream Concert

Link to watch: <http://www.facebook.com/vashonlive>

Paypal for tipping: kenjacobsen@hotmail.com

Ken Jacobsen is a guitarist/cellist whose music spans a large range of styles, from classical to avant-garde, with a lot of funk in between. His looping performances combine electric guitar and 5 string electric cello loops to create multi-layered soundscapes informed by ambient, world music, jazz and classical music, with a spirit of spontaneity and improvisation. He has deep ties to the Vashon, Tacoma and Seattle music scenes as a performer, teacher and founder of Destiny City Music Collective, a 501(c)3 nonprofit dedicated to providing affordable, quality music education. He can be contacted at kenjacobsen.com and destinycitymusic.org

Some'tet

Friday, July 3rd, 7:30pm

Brought to you by Vashon Live

Live Stream Concert

Link to watch: <http://www.facebook.com/vashonlive>

Venmo for tipping: [michael-whitmore-28](https://www.venmo.com/michael-whitmore-28)

Some'tet — Michael Whitmore (nylon string guitar, occasional vocals), Barrett Cooper (trumpet, flugelhorn), Patrick Christie (upright bass) — is a jazz/post-jazz ensemble formed on Vashon Island. In April 2013, Whitmore began a weekly residency at the Snapdragon Cafe/Black Cat Cabaret, and over the next couple of years this 'Sunday night jam' grew into a full-blooded ensemble.

Some'tet tends towards the frayed edges of jazz — post-jazz, free-jazz, avant-jazz, add a sonically textured torch song from Mars, a dollop of American primitivism, a touch of a neo-samba rhythms, messy spontaneity, all augmented with the four elements that are essential to music: adventure, beauty, spirituality & soul.

Over the last five years Some'tet has been gigging throughout the Puget Sound, playing in venues such as The



Sorrento, Musicquarium/Triple Door, Tim's Tavern, Parliament, Re-bar and the Vermillion. In July 2017, Some'tet was one of four bands selected for the annual EarShot Second Century Jazz Festival in Seattle. During the summer of 2018, Some'tet had a summer long, monthly residency at the Musicquarium/Triple Door in Seattle. And with a little luck, Some'tet will be heading into the studio later this year.

Live From The Black Cat Cabaret
At Snapdragon

Gregg Curry

Saturday, July 18th, 7:30pm

Brought to you by Vashon Live

Live Stream Concert

Link to watch: <http://www.facebook.com/vashonlive>

Venmo for tipping: [@Gregg-Curry-2](https://www.venmo.com/@Gregg-Curry-2)

Originally, from Alabama, Gregg has lived and made music in the Seattle area since 1990, nearly 18 of those years on Vashon Island. In addition to being a singer-songwriter, he is a visual artist, landscape designer, and stone-worker, among other things. He says his music comes from the tangled roots that run just beneath the red dirt of the South. A rich stew of rock, folk, country, spirituals, blues, and gospel bubbles and blends in his songs, but he adds in that something extra that gives them his own unique flavor.

Gregg is currently working on an album project with Martin Feveyear as producer and engineer. This is my first solo album since the early 1990's, after various band releases of albums and EPs in the intervening years. For those who wish to purchase any of my music, you can simply go to www.greggcurry.com, and go to the Store section to purchase.

The VashonLIVE team is:

Director: Simon Clark

Producer: Bonnie Clark

Artist in Residence: Jennifer Hawke

EFF Technician: Lars Cain

Cameras: Bonnie Clark, Jackie "Jax"

Domi

Booking/Line Producer: Sarah Howard

Production Assistant: Sonam Miller

Audio Engineering: Laird Gonter,

Martin Feveyear

Promotion & Posters: Pete Welch/
Allison Shirk at Vashon Events

We'd like to thank Megan Hastings & Adam Cone for the use of The Black Cat Cabaret for these VL shows! Gratitude!

The Road to Resilience Whiteness

By Terry Sullivan,

In the 1950's, I grew up in Chicago on the far south side, about 5 miles south and about 2 miles west of the southside black neighborhood. It stretched from just south of downtown to 20 to 30 miles south, with occasional islands like the University of Chicago. I can guarantee that there were no black families in our neighborhood. There was no law prohibiting it, but if a black family did manage to defeat the redlining, then everybody would know that our neighborhood was in the process of "turning," and white people would be panic selling before the bottom dropped out of the property values. We drove through the black community once in a while but never stopped there except to see a White Sox game at Comiskey Park or go to the 79th Street beach. As a kid, I didn't have any bad feelings towards black people. They were strangers because we never interacted with them, and, as a result, they were a little fearsome too. White and black highschool sports teams competed but very little other social contact occurred.

Hispanics were unknown to me then. The only Asians I knew were at the laundry where I delivered my dad's shirts, the "Chinaman's" (our name, not theirs). In our house, we occasionally used, but didn't delight in, the usual crude terms for all the minorities. My parents didn't teach us to hate, but there was definitely a white superiority implied.

By the late 1960's, I was against the war and for civil rights. That was counter to the popular culture at the time, but very in if you were a college student. I was also into the Blues, and there were some legends that I saw in Chicago at that time. I thought that I had left racism

behind even though my world was still predominately white.

I have had social and business connections with black people throughout my life, but it wasn't until within the last five years that I realized that I still carried racial prejudice. I can say that I never felt ill will towards black people, but I do feel some fear and guilt, and my unconscious tendency is to feel that they are less capable, if only because of hundreds of years of disadvantage. Then, consciously, I feel more guilt for having that unconscious preconception. Given what Europeans have done to them over the last 400 years, my fear is somewhat justified, but I have continually been touched by their willingness to treat me compassionately or at least civilly as another human being, and ask only the same in return.

I'm hoping now that my own feelings at this incredible time are a microcosm of those of our larger society. I yearn for this wound to be healed, and if that is the general feeling, then maybe this time we may get somewhere.

I have been pondering "whiteness" over the last few years. It started with the census and other surveys and applications where they ask you to indicate your race. All the categories are associated with geographical areas except one: "white."

Sometimes the term "Caucasian" is used. This term was meant to give scientific status to the idea of white supremacy. In the 1780's, it was thought by Europeans that Noah's ark settled in the Caucasus and the world was repopulated from there. Noah's immediate descendants, of course, were

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Windermere

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www.windermerevashon.com

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The Vashon Loop

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Published every other week by Sallen Group
Vashon Loop, Vol. XVII, #13
©June 25, 2020

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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. Photos are welcome as jpeg or pdf attachments.

Have a Story or Article

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Send in your Art, Event, Meeting Music or Show information or Article and get included in The Vashon Loop.

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VASHON FOOD BANK COVID-19 PROGRAM HOURS (Starting the week of 3/30)

GROCERY PICK UP
(ON-SITE @ SUNRISE RIDGE)
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Visit the Vashon Chamber on line
at www.VashonChamber.com

Metro Bus Service Returns

Some previously reduced Metro service is being restored on Monday, June 22.

Routes 118, 119 will resume service. King County Water Taxi Vashon and West Seattle routes will resume their Winter schedule on Monday.

Transit riders are encouraged to check media sources for news updates and to sign up for Transit Alerts to receive information about service disruptions during planned and unplanned events.

Current Metro operation

Thanks to everyone who is wearing a mask or face covering in all public spaces and continuing to maintain at least six feet of distance from others. In support of coach capacity guidelines and the continuing suspension of fare payment on Metro service, seat signs to promote healthy social distancing have been added to transit vehicles.

Pop Up Car Parade

Summer 2020 may look different from others past and future, but there's still nothing like summertime on Vashon. To celebrate this, the Vashon-Maury Chamber of Commerce is organizing a way to connect during this decidedly unique season.

On July 4, starting at 10 AM, Vashon businesses and community groups will gather in decorated vehicles and move through island neighborhoods as a 'Pop-Up Parade'. Unlike past years, when our neighbors came to a parade, this year we're bringing the parade to our neighbors. It's a way to spread cheer and see the people we care about—all while protecting our community's health and safety.

For great music during the event and also to find the whereabouts of the parade, tune in to Voice of Vashon 101.9 (or download the app for more consistent service) that morning. Take a brief walk or post up on your driveway with your family, wave, and have a laugh with us as we connect in solidarity around a most unusual year. Please be aware of traffic, emergency vehicles, and physical distancing.



Unofficial Mayor

The Unofficial Mayor Contest is a joint campaign by The Vashon-Maury Island Chamber of Commerce and participating Vashon Island charities. Each candidate has chosen a charity to raise funding for and will campaign to raise those funds. The winner (candidate who raises the most funds) will be announced on July 18th, 2020.

Support your candidate with your non-profit contribution!

Go to www.vashonchamber.com for more information and to cast your Vote Online.

Next Edition of The Loop Comes out Thursday July 9

Deadline for the next edition of *The Loop* is

Saturday, July 4



Open Daily 9am to 7pm
"Last load in at 6:15pm"

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(Located across from Pandoras Box)

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A Ladder can be Many Things



By Sean Malone and John Sweetman

“Molly, just put one foot out the window,” Dad called from the grass below our bedroom window. “I can’t do it,” Molly called down, “I’m too scared, I’m going to fall.” We were in the middle of a fire drill and Molly had failed the drill.

We lived on five acres down at Cove and our kid’s bedroom was up a steep set of stairs above the trash burner in the kitchen, a way out, in the case of a downstairs fire, was out of the question. Dad’s solution to the danger of fire was to buy 50 feet of one inch manila rope and tie an overhand knot in it every two feet. Then he bought an eye bolt and set it in the wall under a window looking down on Colvos Passage. In case of fire, we were to throw the rope out the window and slide down it, hand over hand to the safety of the lawn above the rose garden. “Watch out! Here I come,” Mike yelled from the open window, “I’m coming down.” He then dove out the window, his hands around the rope as it flipped him right-side-up and he skipped knots as he hurtled for the ground.

We had an oil stove in the living room and it blew up on occasion when the float valve in the carburetor stuck and all the soot from the chimney spewed out on our bamboo straw rug, a born-again haven for the fleas that the dogs carried into the house. “Whumph” was the tremendous noise the stove made; though it never did cause a fire; just belched flames, soot and ashes and that was the demise of the bamboo straw rug. As I was pulling up the rug to take it to the dump, I noticed a little shape under the window. It was my pet chameleon, Seamus, all shriveled up, crinkly skin. He had escaped from his cage a long time ago; I got him at the Puyallup fair.

Down at Dockton, there was the hulk of the Winona, an old wooden three-master on her side in the mud. John added; “The Winona must have had a sister halibut schooner that languished in Lake Union at the wooden boat institute being restored for decades. They recently gave up on restoration. About ten years ago, I went on board and looked it over. I went down several ladders to inspect the work. The ladders were rotten , narrow and dangerous in the dark interior.

The bilge still stank of rancid fish oil. It was a sad premonition of the end of a wooden classic schooner

The name was the ‘Wawona’.”
The fact was that my 10 year old

mind had made a mistake in spelling but accepted the information 70 years later as being true. The Bullitt foundation of King Broadcasting had financed the restoration of the Wawona for years. They were also the reason I was able make documentary films.

Also at Dockton, were several fish boats and a 65 foot long factory packer from Alaska, an old military boat like the coast guard cutters we see around the sound. She was so old; there was a speaker’s tube between the pilot house and the engine room with a whistle in the middle that the captain had to blow to get the attention of the engine room. The whistle had to be turned aside by maneuvering a brass wire loop to permit a person to speak or more likely yell into the tube before communications could be had. “Hey Kit, can you hear me?” I yelled into the tube and contact was made between the bridge and the engine room. I called for more steam as we headed out the harbor, bound for Alaska and the season’s fishing, or so we imagined. Mike was at the wheel and I was jiggling with the compass with the big iron balls on either side. Harold Green yelled at Mike; “You’re going to hit Pinar Point. There’s not much water there.” And Mike brought her hard over to get us on the correct side of the buoy and not run aground and we’d take turns going down to the dark engine room and I can still remember the dank smell of burnt oil. All in fun; until we had to pedal all the way to Cove in the dark and Kit had the only light, a bullet shaped silver tube with two batteries that were mostly dead.

We used a jacob’s ladder to get up the side of the ship at Dockton and skipped swimming lessons to go play on the old packer. We knew we were trespassing in the shipyard and were planning on not being caught. The way we did this was by hiding in the woods at Dockton so we wouldn’t have to take swimming lessons and now, I can barely swim, not enough to save myself let alone somebody else. Stupid doesn’t pay.

Sean@vashonloop.com

FOR ORCAS AND FOR ISLANDERS
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Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel

The Texas Relatives

Opened a paper bag the other day and came upon letters from the mid-70s from my mother’s oldest sister, Gladys, in Texas, to Sister, my aunt whom I knew growing up.

Now, these were the Sheffield siblings: Gladys, born ca. 1906-07; Allie, named after his father but later changed it to Allen, born 1910; Della (Sister), born 1912; Thelma Juanita, my mother, born 1915; Genevieve, the baby, born after my mother sometime.

The only one whose year of birth I know for sure is my mother.

Gladys did not go into the home with her four younger siblings in 1921, the home being the Salvation Army orphanage in El Paso, Texas. At sixteen, she was considered too old.

Allen, like all boys, was kicked out when he turned twelve, and Sister, Juanita, and Genevieve remained.

Gladys probably went to work. She married young, a marriage that did not last. She remarried and stayed in Texas the rest of her life, and stayed close to their father, Allie Sheffield.

In these letters she was talking about their father, Allie, after he died. She asked Sister for help paying for his funeral and interment, because it would take her and her husband years to pay off that \$250.

From Gladys’s letters I got the impression that Allie was a likable guy with a sense of humor, who was popular in his community, and he would be missed.

Sister had stayed in touch with him and Gladys after she left Texas and had gone back to visit them at least once.

She did help Gladys out with the bill. I found mortuary receipts.

Allie had lost a leg around 1920, and that was the reason the children were put into the home. He was no longer able to support a family of five with only one leg.

There was a picture of Allie with the letters, showing him full length, standing on his wooden leg, next to his pickup.

The wooden leg was a peg leg contraption unlike anything I have ever seen, a bracket strapped to his thigh, with a piece of wood coming down out of the bracket. The bottom piece was shaped down to a more slender end, and it might have had a metal cap.

That picture was a real find for me – after hearing about Daddy’s leg all those years, this was the first time I’d seen it,



or seen my grandfather, for that matter.

When my father died in 1975, it hit me hard, so when Allie died sometime later, I expressed condolences to my mother.

She brushed them aside curtly: “I didn’t know him.”

In her late seventies my mother acquired a boyfriend, Armand. Apparently once when my mother was behaving badly - she was a world class complainer - Armand explained to some friends that she grew up in an orphanage and that was why she behaved that way.

That REALLY pissed her off. Later when she was complaining to me about Armand, she mentioned him saying that. Growing up in the home had not affected her like that, she said.

Hm. I could have sworn it had affected her exactly like that.

She once told me she had been a “happy go lucky” child.

Eh, maybe she did have a cheerful disposition until she married my father and had children, and then was dealing with her depression, and raising children, and my father’s temper (he had a bad one, she said), and doing it all without medication or therapy, except for that once a week visit to Polly to get her hair done.

I have been much more fortunate in my life than my mother was. For one thing, I didn’t grow up in an orphanage, but also attitudes about women changed in the last few decades, and I have had the resources of therapy and antidepressants, and I have been willing to accept help.

In the 1950s, you toughed it out and sucked it up. Too bad for you and your children.

Anyway.

Here is the picture of Allie Sheffield and his truck. And his wooden leg. He died around 1977.

Sister died in 1987. Don’t know when Gladys died. Allen died of cancer in 1964, which was a relief for me. You figure it out.

Their youngest sister Genevieve died young. I don’t know how. No one ever spoke of Genevieve. Ever.

My mother was the last of the siblings to go, in March 2001 at the age of 86. Heart disease. I think it was eating at MacDonald’s every day with Armand that got her.

I have relatives in Texas, but I would have to do some serious genealogy searching to find them. I’ve made it so far without them and I’m willing to keep it that way.

As my cousin Nancy always said, “Family! the other F word.”



www.VashonEvents.org

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www.vashonloop.com

Island Life Return to Normal

By Peter Ray
pgray@vashonloop.com

I guess it sounds pretty good, right about now- getting back to some sort of normal that is. There is a certain amount of safety and comfort there, with equal parts of denial and delusion. It all depends on how one defines normal, or how it is defined for them. In many ways, it seems just about right that we are in this particular normal at this particular time, given what has been allowed to happen. I do recall travelling across country, east to west, in November of 2015 with a rented Dodge van full of stuff from my parents’ place in New Hampshire and being stunned by the number of Trump posters and stickers everywhere. I could not believe there were that many people who actually were buying into his crap- his racist crap, his xenophobic crap, his “I’m one of you- damn the elitists” crap. But as I drove on into the uncertain sunset I just kind of said to myself: “you people deserve this guy.” Oh well.

So as we sit here now, supposedly coming out of the grand lockdown/stay at home/ social distanced pause that we have endured, what is the new normal we imagine that we are all are stepping into? Is it a step back to how we were before this all started back in March, or is it actually a step into something new? As we all revel in the imaginings of a brave new world that to some should rightfully be the natural progression of successful virus dodging and race equality enlightenment, I would ask my favorite question that a friend asked me when I was contemplating getting back into what had been a bad relationship twenty odd years ago, and that would be: “What has changed?” through all the marching and speech-making and CHOP-ing, as the word comes out of more and continued police shootings and choke-holdings and lynchings of unarmed black men across the country, I would say- not much.

And as the protests against wearing a cloth mask as a protection against the continued spread of the deadliest viral pandemic of our time continue to mount, along with the numbers of people testing positive for and dying from the virus, I would again say that as far as change goes, we aren’t doing so well as a collective unit. It kind of reminds me of my times at Burning Man, and the implied and assumed magic realism of passing through that portal known as The Gate, and then driving onto the playa and into Black Rock City. As you go through the ritual of meeting the greeters on the borderline who are there to make you feel special and welcome you to the city, you are also meant to believe that you are now transformed to some kind of alternate reality avatar of yourself. You assume a playa name (or at least you did- I don’t know if that is even done anymore) and you have your various costumes that reinforce your magical transformation. But in reality, there has been no wiping of the psychic slate as you cross that imaginary threshold, and in the reality of the unreality of the place, it turns out you are still the same good soul or fucking asshole that you entered as. I have seen it and experienced it- there is no magic in the crossing, just myth.

And so here we are, coming out of this disease induced isolation, but not. Lots of what I’m hearing and seeing and reading is saying in a loud but muted voice is that it ain’t over till it’s over, and it doesn’t appear to be over by all slants of the assortment of graph lines out there. While charts that show a jagged but steady climb to the positive and the ever increasing are usually regarded as something to aspire to, more and more in this case is definitely not something that is aspirational. An upward trajectory of anything brings to mind something that could be described in that Latin phrase: Per aspera, ad astra- through difficulties to the stars. But given the litany of news reports of late that tell of at capacity hospital ICU’s and exhausted hospital staff and Republican governors and mayors refusing to even acknowledge the impending peril their



people are in, it would seem that another bit of latin-speak: per aspera, ad inferi, translated both as through hardships to hell and the steep slope to the grave, would be a more appropriate adage for these times.

It would seem that the normal we should return to is the normal many have been and still are avoiding, at least as far as this pandemic is concerned. Whilst reaching for the spirit-inhabited wood and knocking loudly upon it to keep those within on their toes, one could say that this solitary Island we are on is a good example of a success of social distancing by the default of its moat. It would be interesting to compare virus spread in isolated communities versus urban centers. I would suspect that something along those lines may be being studied somewhere as we speak. It will be interesting to see where our chart line goes as things open up. Hopefully we will continue to be an example of an isolation success. It would seem that, just as one dons warmer clothes as the winter approaches, the wearing of cotton masks will be adopted as a normal adaptation to a change in the environment, and when the winter of this virus finally spells its demise, we can set them aside as a part of the wardrobe that no longer serves a purpose.

As for the new normal in race relations, we had been told any number of times throughout our history here that slavery and racism are bad things, but for some reason we did not hear or believe them- at least some of us didn’t. The common comment heard these days is that we were never taught that in school, and in many cases we were not. From the attempted extermination of the American Indian to the slave breeding programs in the United States to the internment of the Japanese, a lot and more has been hidden from us in the name of making sure that we were always seen as good and right. Our current normal is opening windows into much that we need to know about ourselves and where we’ve come from. I think to some degree that normal has an implication of being comfortable. Tearing down statues of Confederate war heroes and renaming structures bearing slaveowners and racists restores a level of comfort once the reality of the person is learned and recognized, but I think some traces of this part of the past should remain as reminders of what was, and it should be taught in our schools and media why it should be remembered and why it was wrong. Erasing that part of the past- any part for that matter- makes it too easy to forget where we have been and why we left there.

And then there is the orange turd ball in the White House. The warning went out early not to normalize him, but we now nod and grimace at the fact that he still knows nothing of the office he is supposed to be serving in and he has told somewhere over 18,000 lies while pretending to be president in order to serve his friends and his own best interests. Of all the current normal in need of being

declared an abnormality, Hair Twittler is the most blatant example of a normal we should never return to once we have left it. As the bibliography of exposés on the unfit, lunatic ravings of this national embarrassment continues to grow, we are also made aware in their pages of even more examples of actions by Agent Orange that make removal by impeachment or the presidential unfitness described in Amendment 25 an imperative. But all of that relies on a return to a normalcy of governance that this U.S. Congress has not seen in quite a while.

Having grown up in the 1950’s and 60’s, you could say that I enjoyed a childhood in normal America. Home was in a Leave it to Beaver cul du sac where the only Black person I knew of was Sam the bus driver, who took us to the only elementary school in town. The first time I had any sense that things weren’t “normal” was when President Kennedy was shot. I remember coming back from music class and our teacher, Mr. Maguire, was white as a ghost. When he said that he had something terrible to tell us I looked out the window, for some reason expecting to see Russian bombers in the sky, since at the time the Russians were the bad guys. We were let out of school and walked home, since this new middle school was only a mile from our house. A local cop was there to see us safely across the main, busy road. He was always nice. When I got home, the black and white



Fiona and Phoebe Need a Home

We’re a sister act - two cute young kitties just growing into cats. We have different looks (Fiona is gray and white, Phoebe’s a torti), but we’re equally adorable. Phoebe is an accomplished snuggler, while Fiona is content right now to be petted and have her cheeks scratched.

We’ve been staying in a great foster home (you can come and meet us here) but are ready to move along to our forever home. The perfect place would be a quiet, indoor setting with patient people. We want to be the only pets. Hey, we’ll provide so much love and entertainment, you won’t need any others!



Fiona and Phoebe

Go To www.vipp.org
To view adoptable Cats and Dogs

Library Offers Curbside Service

Continued from Page 1

myLIBRO mobile app, or call one of the select libraries’ Curbside to Go phone numbers.

Arrive at your scheduled appointment time.

Your materials will be waiting for you in a bag on the Pickup Table.

By walk-up:
Call the phone number posted outside the library.

Wait in the Service Line. Staff will collect your materials and bring them to the Pickup Table.

By walk-up without a phone:
Wait in the Service Line until you reach the front.

Advance to the library door once staff are back inside. They will speak to you through the glass.

Staff will collect your materials and bring them to the Pickup Table.

KCLS encourages patrons to continue to take advantage of online services and resources while library buildings remain closed to the public. Residents in the KCLS service area (in King County, outside the city of Seattle) can sign up instantly for a digital eCard to access the library online. For those who don’t have computer or Internet access, contact Ask KCLS by phone at 425.462.9600 or 800.462.9600. Staff are ready to answer questions, and direct residents to helpful resources and information.

King County Library System Media Contact: Sarah Thomas, 425.369.3277, sjthomas@kcls.org

teevee was on in the breakfast nook and Walter Cronkite was talking and occasionally taking his glasses off to rub his eyes and speak in a hesitating fashion that was uncommon for him, and certainly not normal. I’m not sure that things have felt normal ever since then. At this point, I have no idea what a new normal will look like. I do have an idea as to how Walter Cronkite would look if he were around to say “and that’s the way it is” after any news broadcast these days, but with him there, at least there would seem to be a degree of comfort that there might be a chance of a return to normal, coming soon.

Island Epicure



By Marj Watkins

Home Remedies

My Grandmother, Fanny Wey Brunson, who raised eleven Children on a farm eight miles by horse-drawn wagon from a doctor, and no telephone, always had a home remedy for any illness or accident. I learned a lot from her, and from Rodale’s Encyclopedia of Natural Home Remedies by Mark Bricklin. Here are a bunch of them, some of grandma’s, some of Rodale’s, and some of my own.

Arthritis:
Cherries, dried or canned or fresh in season, 20 per day.
Pectin dissolved in cold water, then stirred into hot tea. Sip several times a day.
“Switchel” - 1 teaspoon each of vinegar and honey stirred into a teacup of hot water.

Burns: First, run cold water over the burned part of anatomy to take out the heat. Clap a package of frozen peas for several minutes. Remove for a little while. When the burn starts hurting again, put the package of frozen peas back on. When the pain, or most of it, is gone, apply aloe vera lotion. Or pierce a Vitamin E capsule and squeeze the contents onto the burned place.

Bruising tendency: Eat a California orange or tangerine for breakfast every day. Or two Mandarin oranges or

clementines. These give you live Vitamin C. It’s more active than Vitamin C pills.

Colds: At the first sniffle or clogged sinuses swig about ¼ cp of Magic Potion: a cinnamon stick and a generous Tablespoon of whole cloves simmered in 1 1/2 cups of water until the water turns brown. The cloves combat viruses. The cinnamon nixes bacteria. Another remedy, or prevention when colds are going around, is garlic. Look for garlic capsules that say they don’t affect the smell of your breath for when you will be among other people, (Of course you should stay home if you have a cold, not share it with innocent other people.) Another antiviral is astragalus root. I keep a bottle of astragalus root capsules on hand. Source: Swanson.com. Enjoy fresh squeezed orange juice. Have a bowl of chicken soup.

Scalding: Someone meant to refresh your coffee but the very hot stream went onto your hand instead of into the cup. Apply cold yogurt. Each time it dries, apply more yogurt.

Stove burns: You’re taking something out of your oven and your hand brushes against one of the racks. In a trice the burned skin turns white and kind of crinkled. Ouch!

Grab an ice cube with a hot pad and gently apply it to the burn to take the heat and hurt away without disturbing the skin. Apply Vitamin E from a pierced capsule. Or soak the burned hand in 1 quart of water into which you, or a helper has dissolved 1000 milligrams of Vitamin C.

Sunburn: Apply aloe vera gel or lotion, or paint the sunburned area with a damp tea bag. If you happen to have a teapot full of cold black tea, dip a small cloth in it and paint the sunburned areas of your body. Get somebody to paint your back with cold tea. This should spare you blisters and give you a good night’s sleep.

Ink To Spill Explores The Tensions Centered Around Immigration

Beloved alt rock outfit Ink To Spill is back with their most dynamic hit yet, set to release on Thursday June 25th. “Where Went Josè?!” explores the recent turbulence caused by stricter laws around immigration reform. The song delivers a story of betrayal and grief expressed through the innocent eyes of a child. The song isn’t shy about diving right into its grim nature as a young boy discovers his classmate and best friend Josè has been captured by ICE and shipped back to the country his parents left decades ago. Betrayed by the realities of our current political divide, Ink To Spill sheds a necessary light on a tough topic through captivating lyrics and powerful instrumental production. The song builds organically from beginning to end as the sounds of electric guitar gain momentum to instrumentally create the feeling of anger, resentment and ultimate deception by the country we once knew to be free.

The current state of our country wants to have it both ways; a low-wage-accepting, hardworking workforce but one that looks the way they want them to look and to speak the same language. Ignorance and unrealistic expectations have led to a very clear division politically and musicians have not taken it upon themselves to shed light on the issue. Ink To Spill is never too shy to take a bold stance and by doing so they prove the effectiveness and overall creativity of a conceptual track. In “Where Went Josè?!” the band continues to explore new territory by incorporating a bit of Hip Hop influence behind what is normally a traditional alternative rock sound shuffled



in notes of Americana and Blues. The members of Ink to Spill live coast to coast; they create with one another remotely taking advantage of today’s production technology. Members include Gus Reeves (Lead Vocalist, Lead Guitar, Rhythm Guitar), and Ernie Adams (Drums and Percussion). They bring in Lead Guitarist Bob Palmieri for LIVE shows as well as C’Quil for songwriting and production. They examine the world through alt rock and candid lyrics; melodically influenced by Soul, R&B and Funk. The raw emotion of their tracks puts them apart from the pack. When these long distance creators do get together, the energy is not short of dynamic .Ink to Spill undoubtedly pairs experience perfectly with passion.

You can preview the song, which releases on all streaming platforms on June 25th here: <https://soundcloud.com/inktopill/where-went-jose/s-7FgZodzb0P0>

Virtual Pride Parade

Following on the success of the Vashon Heritage Museum’s exhibit IN AND OUT: Being LGBTQ on Vashon Island, a number of Island organizations are planning virtual events for Pride month, June 2020. The exhibit was to have closed June 5, but because of COVID-19, it will extend most likely into early 2021.

The Museum will host a Virtual Pride Parade on Sunday June 28 (Pride Day) at 11 a.m. and encourages all Islanders to participate with floats and costumes in your back yards, with appropriate social distancing. It’s a family-friendly event, and will be followed by a “Tea Dance,” with DJ Merlin the Girl spinning dance tunes. Sativa Queen, who co-hosted the opening of the exhibit, will be on hand to do a number and comment on the festivities.

Vashon’s own Virtual Pride Parade starts, hosted by Sativa Queen, with IN AND OUT co-curators Ellen Kritzman and Stephen Silha, plus Island historian Bruce Haulman and other surprises. At noon, Sativa will host a Tea Dance where you can dance at home via Zoom to some great tunes spun by DJ Merlin the Girl.



For more details on all this, visit vashonpride.com, the website for all things queer on Vashon Island. Sunday, June 28th, 11:00am Virtual Pride Parade

Paths of Initiation Waking the Soul of Humanity with Michael Meade

The world is in a state of upheaval that can either lead to genuine cultural changes and actual healing or else to increasing instability that further divides and alienates people. We can find our way to a collective awakening and societal renewal, but only if a transformation occurs that awakens the soul of humanity. When it comes to issues of the heart and soul, the archetypal pattern of initiation underlies the dynamics of transformation.

Sweeping changes can be disconcerting; yet in critical moments the inner genius and wisdom of the soul become both more important and more available. Framing social and political activism in terms of initiation can help us imagine how to heal both collective and personal wounds and shape more inclusive and caring communities.

The classic steps of initiation involve: separation, ordeal and a reincorporation of community at a different level. This process not only parallels our current crises, but also can serve to bring clarity and purpose to the fears, troubles and emotions we are experiencing collectively.

This live series is about the healing and renewal of both the individual psyche and the collective soul of society. When enough people awaken to the



inherent purpose and meaning in their own lives, a collective initiation can occur that shifts the level of meaning as well as alters the course of history.

Learn more here: <https://www.mosaicvoices.org/events>

Register here: <https://www.mosaicvoices.org/shop/#!/Paths-of-Initiation-Live-Online-Series/p/208520033>

Each 90 minute event includes story, poetry and a Q&A session. Events can be purchased separately for \$20 or at the discounted price of \$49 for the full series.

Vashon Islanders Discount 20% on full services use code VASHON20 when registering.

Participants receive unlimited access to audio and video recordings of the events.

EVENT SCHEDULE
July 2 - Rites of Passage
July 10 - Die Before You Die
July 17 - The Pathless Path

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Aries (March 20-April 19)

If there is a conversation you’ve been wanting to have with a close partner or loved one, now is the time — especially if you’ve been avoiding it. Once you get over the initial nervousness of broaching the topic, you will likely realize you have more in common than not. You might find some differences to iron out, though if you remember the intentions and desires you share, you will find that easier than you think. What you must rely upon, and cultivate, is the mutual desire to have an understanding. Keep in mind that due to Mars retrograde in your sign, which you will start to notice in July, you are undergoing a kind of life review process. If you do that honestly, you will set aside the potential implications of what you discover, and stick to what you notice about yourself. Therefore, in all discussions with others, keep it light, and consider avoiding making promises about how you will feel in the future. You do not know that.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

Venus stations direct this week. This is happening in Gemini, your house of priorities and re-evaluation. If you are wondering why you so often live as if opposite possibilities are true, this is described by the placement of the sign of dualism in your solar chart. While Libra often thinks of itself as being challenged in the realm of decisions, the influence of Gemini on your sign does not make this easy for you. You can use the developments of this week, both inner and outer, to teach you some new ways to guide your life. Ultimately, for you, it comes down to going deeper than your mind. The place where there is no split is how you feel, physically. The mental plane is full of shiny objects and distracting language. One thing may seem equal to another, if all things are equal — though they are not. The way to make decisions is seeing how possibilities settle into your stomach like food. They agree with you, or not.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

Between the Mercury retrograde that began this past Thursday and the Venus retrograde that ends in your sign this coming Thursday, you may not know whether you’re coming or going. You do have a destination, though you also have some work to do before you get there. I suggest you evaluate how you know you’ve had the same thing go wrong repeatedly, that is, the particular ways you’ve identified where you find it difficult to learn. To the extent this is true for you, there is an underlying cause generating that effect. The chances are you accepted something incorrect that you were told or taught about yourself. It may have been one comment by one early caregiver that you internalized and accepted as the truth, when actually, it was entirely mistaken. If you pay attention you might discover a diversity of incorrect “facts” about yourself and your life. However, you will need the courage to challenge them, which in essence means standing up to whoever misinformed you.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

One benefit of Mercury retrograde in your sign is that it will give you some emotional distance on deep personal matters where this will be helpful. It is difficult to have perspective or objectivity on one’s own life, particularly in the realm of feelings. Now, though, you may have a reasonable conversation with yourself about topics you may have avoided, or that you’ve never discovered. The thing to track is your tendency to make decisions you don’t understand, which seem to get the same negative results. The question is, how do you relate to what you learn

from experiences? Or said in fewer words, how do you learn about yourself? A little reflection on this matter will go a long way. Usually in therapy one would break the learning process down into steps. The essence is being able to see yourself just slightly removed (which is what a therapist would help with). Anyone observant and honest can assist, though you need this life skill. Regarding the recent solar eclipse in your sign, this will help with one facet of your observations: the enhanced ability to tell the past from the present. That is a valuable tool in any circumstances.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

There are facets of yourself and your experience that you don’t talk about, and it may be time. There are also elements of your thoughts, feelings and experiences that you don’t admit to yourself, and for this, too, it may be time. You will see what you’re looking for out of the corners of your eyes, and the edges of your feelings, rather than going directly at them. One dream, or even one image from a dream, can be revealing of an essential clue. The thing about whatever your chart is describing is that it’s easy to bypass, overlook or avoid. There may seem to be no urgency or logical purpose. Yet self-understanding is its own reward. People tend to be happier, more successful and easier to get along with when they have a sense of their inner territory — and you are being drawn into that region in a way that is unusual and can serve you well. The astrological conditions creating this will not last long — a few weeks at most. At the moment, you have a way to remember who you were before so much else seemed to obscure it.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

This thing about people deciding who they are based on what they think everyone else thinks about them has long been a problem — though in our era, the issue has gone over the top. You may be figuring this out all of a sudden, perhaps with a sense of shock that you’re not a digital mirage. You still exist without your phone. You can be seen and heard in the physical world, with no connection to electricity. I suggest you take this all the way, and see if you can retrieve the person you were prior to the overload of electrical devices were injected into your self-concept. You’re likely to have several experiences that clue you into the extent of the issue, and that lead you to want to retrieve who you were — and who in truth you still are. Doing things offline will help, such as reading from an actual book, writing on paper, digging in your garden or at least repotting plants. Yet the deeper experiences that realign you with yourself may take you by surprise, such as when drinking a glass of water or listening to your cat purr.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

Your sign is ruled by the sign Venus, which stations direct Thursday after a six-week retrograde. The theme of inner planet retrogrades sometimes involves a retrieval of something valuable from the past. Here’s my theory. As a child or young adult, you had one vision for your future, which competed with other people’s ideas about what you ‘should’ do with your life. One way or another, those ideas influenced you. They may have shifted your life path, or in some way affected your confidence in your ultimate choices. You may have tried to live both realities, attempting a compromise between them. As Venus stations direct this week, you have a doorway open to a space where you can correct this. Be honest about what you wanted in the past, and what you want today, to the point where you can articulate those things to yourself clearly. While it’s true that you have new desires

for experience, resolving this underlying conflict will help you find the present.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

This is a sensitive moment in a personal relationship, as a close partner seems to be making up their mind about how they feel. Yet this is not about you. The nature of their inquiry is deeply personal, and as far removed from you as is possible. You are correct to consider how this may influence your life, though as they go through this process, do everything you can to step back and not take matters personally. That is challenging when a relationship is so close that your identity seems to be built on it, though this is an opportunity for you to review that notion, if it’s something that affects you. If you feel any form of alienation, even as mild as someone else seeming distracted or preoccupied, this is the time to inquire into matters of dependency. Many factors in your astrology are pushing, pulling and encouraging you to connect with who you are as an individual rather than as a participant in any specific relationship, or all of them together.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

By the end of the year, you’re going to ask yourself what you were so obsessed over. You might, therefore, want to try a method other than obsession to create what you want, and to get what you need. On our particular planet, a little focus and concentrated effort go a long way. You can definitely handle that. Taking the lead on communication, and the overall concept of holding the world together, would also be excellent approaches. The ultimate spiritual task is finding common ground. Where a relationship is concerned, that is particularly relevant, as you want the relationship to either work on every level, or be expressed differently if it’s not. That is going to come from actual bona fide mutual understanding, which is a conscious thing and not an accident. You are resourceful and, when you want to be, you’re flexible. Flexible includes open to the possibilities rather than predicting them, which is a form of setting limits.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

A door has opened for you. This may have come in the form of a veil seeming to be lifted that changed your perception of the world. You can imagine it as some external curtain opening and giving you a glimpse of a new reality. Yet the changes you’re going through are so profound, it’s better to imagine any change in perception as something originating entirely within yourself, even if you can see and feel it with your senses. This includes relationships. Any movement within a partnership situation, or a potential one, is the result of something that has moved within you. Whatever that is, it’s still in motion. And where it stops will be far from where it is today. Of course the “it” is you — you are in a deep transformational process of a kind that it’s fair to say involves your spiritual life. Yet this is not spiritual in the form of something separate or a part of your world, but rather your relationship to existence. You no longer live in a small world. Yet to make that real, your boot heels must go wandering.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

This is a good time for a health review, particularly in the zone where emotional wellbeing meets physical. For you, they are one and the same thing. Your state of wellbeing runs in cycles, and it will help if you understand more about them. In fact, anything cyclical in your life can be considered under the general topic of being well. One meaningful place to make an inquiry are your work patterns. It is an understatement to say you need daily activity that is emotionally meaningful to you. You need a place to work that supports your body and is pleasing to your senses. Any office you work in must feel like

home, with the basic amenities of home. Many people are accustomed to working under fluorescent light with a fridge and microwave and public bathroom. You need sunlight, an actual kitchen, and a place to rest when you want to. In many ways, for you, work is your home, so it needs to feel that way.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

The Sun is finally back in a water sign (for the first time since your birthday), which is so essential to you that it should always be true. Suddenly there is emphasis on the sign Cancer, your 5th house of art, recreation and playful sex. Sunday’s solar eclipse right at the gateway to this house is offering you an opening to what you might think of as your true home. So take this time and do your creative, recreational and playful thing. Move a little heaven and earth to make it so, which might be as simple as slowing down, making sure your basic responsibilities are met early so they’re not hanging over your head, and live from the inside out. If you can do that, you’ll be exploring new space, and an unusual way of living for people in our time (where we tend to live from the outside in, or said another way, oriented on appearances and glamor). Forget the results, or the product, or what anyone might think, and just do your thing.

Read Eric Francis daily at
www. PlanetWaves.net

Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

white people, who were the superior parent race of all the others. Later skeletal and cranial studies associated Caucasian with not only Europeans but the peoples of South, Central, and Southwest Asia, North Africa and the Horn of Africa. In all these groups, the facial features are similar but the skin colors cover the full spectrum of light to very dark.

What does white mean anyway? As near as I can tell, it is any person with European-like facial features whose skin color is “white.” The actual point at which a particular shade is considered “white” is what we traditionally refer to as “passing” for white. The facial features figure, too, as many African people with African features are whiter than some considered to be white, yet society definitely considers them “nonwhite.”

So, a white person is somebody with the right facial features and the lightest skin color, and (I’ll be darned!) it looks like Europeans and those of European descent are the only ones that fit the bill! I’ve written enough words to describe the irrationality of the European fever dream of superiority.

I propose that, since nobody is actually white, and that skin color doesn’t seem to describe any distinct group of people, that we abandon entirely the term “white” to describe anybody. When you come to another question about your race, and you happen to be one of those so-called “white” people originally from Europe, go to the “other” category and write in European. In the long run, the category of race needs to be eliminated or replaced maybe with culture. An American citizen of European descent that was born in Africa is an African American, right? But we all know that that designation would mislead those who are asking the question.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

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Well. The year is almost half over. It remains to be seen if the second half is better or worse than the first half.

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