

Vashon Kids Gets “Dialed-in” to Remote Learning

By David Carleton, VYFS

“It’s incredible. You can hear a pin drop,” describes Dalinda Vivero. “Our kids are really focused on their online learning, and we are seeing kids serving as examples to others, so the time they spend learning at their computers has become an established part of our daily activities.”

The VK Team has put together a full-day schedule that meets many, diverse needs; from good nutrition, to free-play time, arts and crafts, online learning and support, and extra attention to individual kids that have special learning, language and technology needs. They have adapted VK’s traditional before and after school enrichment programs to a full-day schedule that positively impacts social-emotional development, provides dedicated learning time and tracks how kids are doing with remote learning, as well as their overall well-being.

Working closely with Chautauqua Elementary and the Vashon Island School District, the VK Team has really dialed-in its remote learning platform

to provide an equitable foundation for an enrollment that represents Vashon’s own diversity of income levels and race. VISD has provided computers, and VISD teachers are in close communication with the VK Team to ensure families are informed and all students are getting the help they need to be successful.

Online learning time is twice each day, and before and after these study times VK provides its traditionally strong enrichment activities, all in a COVID compliant environment. “We are very proud of our kids for fully adopting COVID safety measures. At the start we spent a lot of time policing COVID safety precautions, but the kids have come to adopt and own those protective measures themselves,” Dalinda points out.

40% of Vashon Kids are currently receiving some level of scholarship. In an incredible gesture of support, several current VK Families have together donated over \$4000 to provide scholarships for other Vashon Kids

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The Road to Resilience In Praise of Peasantry

I imagine that most of us are feeling a good bit of anxiety right now as we head into an important and unique election that could decide the fate of both our democracy and life on this planet as we know it. The pandemic has now gotten us used to being completely incapable of predicting the future. All of this has been building for 30 years now so we really shouldn’t be that surprised. I will allow that the pandemic was not a symptom that many of us expected, and the speed and ferocity of the breakdown of the climate is still hard for us to admit much less accept. Many blame our current chaos on a breakdown of the moral fiber of the nation, either because we have abandoned traditional religious and cultural taboos or because we have alienated ourselves from our living world. While most agree that we have lost our way, there is vehement disagreement as to what that way is.

Given those antipodes, it’s really not surprising that we are so polarized at the moment. It is hard to perceive the truth much less agree on what the world is really about. It has seemed to me that we really need something solid and reliable that we can orient ourselves to. Religious fundamentalists have the comfort of certitude, but even many of them are beginning to see that the dominion of the planet that we were supposedly given hasn’t been working out so well.

In this world of smoke and mirrors,

By Terry Sullivan,

we need something to rely on.

Like the oldest indigenous societies on the planet, I think that an orientation to nature is the surest way to anchor ourselves. Everybody can agree that if you leave home on a cold winter day without your coat, you are going to get cold. There is simply no way to spin that. The pandemic is trying to teach us that no matter how much we revolt against or try to deny its existence, it quietly and remorselessly continues to have its way. It’s trying to tell us that we are not in control, and that is a big comedown for us, the former masters of the universe.

I recently read a book about peasants called *Pig Earth* by John Berger. Through a series of short stories, poems, and finally an essay, he tries to convey what it means to be a peasant in a small village in France, and why peasantry is really the foundation of human society. It’s not something that will immediately attract you. Peasants don’t reach for the stars, they never achieve power or wealth, and their lives are never easy. They seldom go more than a few miles from their village and know very little of what goes on in the wider world. They subsist, which means that they work to have enough and, if there is a surplus, they take care of needs, not whims. Their lives are always focused on survival through one winter to the next. It is a simple life: work the land, tend the animals, bring in and put up the harvest for the winter, and, in the winter months and other idle hours, make and repair the items you

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Vashon Historic Barn Tour



The Jesus Barn, Vashon Heritage Museum

By Bruce Haulman, and Terry Donnelly

Help celebrate Vashon’s Historic Barns by noticing the historic barns around you, and help the Vashon Heritage Museum celebrate and build an inventory and tour of Vashon’s Historic Barns by nominating your barn, or a barn you love, to the Museum’s developing registry of Vashon Historic Barns.

The Washington Trust for Historic Preservation’s sponsored their first ever Barn Week, in September, and . the Vashon Heritage Museum wants to celebrate Vashon’s historic and heritage barns by collecting stories about Vashon’s barns and identifying historic barns on the island. If you own an historic barn, or know of an historic barn, or drive by a Vashon barn that you have always wondered about, please let us know at the Vashon Heritage Museum (admin@vashonheritagemuseum.org) or by contacting Bruce Haulman at (bhaulman@aol.com), and we will contact the owner and see if they would like their barn identified as an Historic Vashon Barn.

There are a number of historic barns on Vashon. The oldest known barn on Vashon is the Jedediah Paige Barn, a classic Gable-Style Barn built in 1890 on the Westside of Vashon. The Paige Barn,

now owned by Molly and Hal Green, has stood as a sentinel to the changes Cove has experienced in the past 120 years. A beautiful historic barn, seen from Wax Orchard Road, is the barn now owned by Laurie Geissinger. Originally built in the 1920s and serving as the center of a farm that included a sizable chicken barn as well, the farm and barn has been a fixture of the Redding’s Beach Loop for the past century.

Not all historic barns have been as lucky as the Paige/Green or Geissinger Barn to have found stewards to preserve them. The Millbrook Farm Barn, better known as the Jesus Barn, was a built in 1910 by the Sherman Family in Paradise Valley and named after Millbrook Village in New York’s Hudson River Valley, where the Sherman family originated. During the early 1970’s, the word Jesus was painted in large letters on the barn by the counter-culture collective living in the house, thus giving it the name, The Jesus Barn. The field east of the Jesus Barn was the site of the infamous 1971 Vashon Rock Concert, Vashon’s answer to Woodstock. The barn collapsed in 1983 after a heavy snowfall following cutting away many of the interior timbers to be

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The Paige-Green Barn, Terry Donnelly



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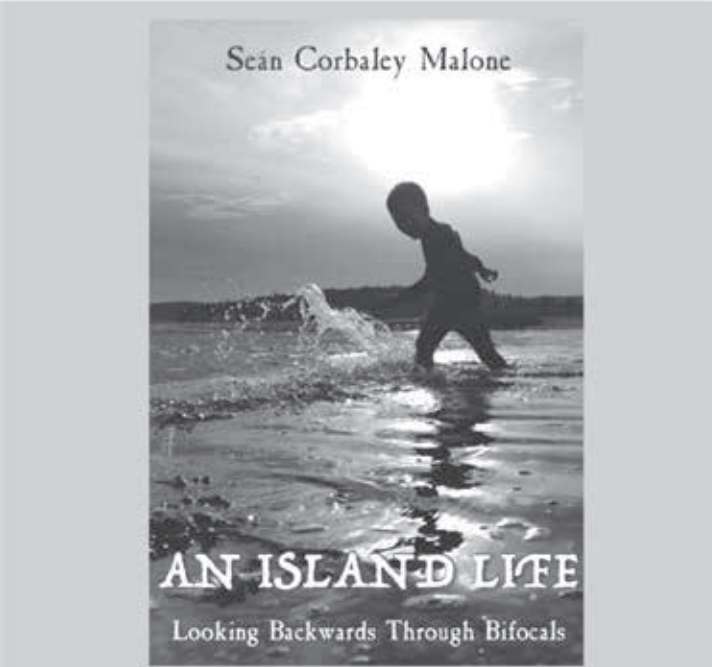
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Published every other week
by Sallen Group
Vashon Loop, Vol. XVII, #20
©October 1, 2020

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Next Edition of The Loop Comes out Thursday October 15
Deadline for the next edition of *The Loop* is **Saturday, October 10**



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Two new bi-lingual support positions open at VISD

Vashon Youth and Family Services and the Vashon Island School District work closely together to provide a wide range of resources and supports for VISD students and their families. This is a critical collaboration that supports students in all three VISD schools; from Vashon Kids to Behavioral Health, to bi-lingual support and services that meet the needs of a diverse student body.

Vashon Island School District has a current need to fill two bi-lingual positions to support its students.

Adapting to online learning technology has been difficult for many students. VISD has some current tech help in place for all students, but in order to fully meet the needs of its diverse student body VISD needs to provide additional bi-lingual tech support.

The first open position is a short-term position to support the immediate technology needs of our Latino students as they navigate online learning and build their computer skills.

The second open position is a longer term position to serve as a liaison between VISD and Latino families. The Latino Community Liaison is a position to further support students in grades 6-12. While these are two separate positions right now, the positions could be combined should a candidate possess the right skills and attributes.

Below are brief descriptions for both positions.

If you are interested or know of someone in the Vashon community who would be interested, please contact Slade McSheehy at 206-463-8535 or smcsheehy@vashonsd.org.

Prek-12 Latino Family Technology Support - Personal Services Contract, Not to exceed 30 Hours, Rate: \$23.50/hr, Start Date: As Soon As Possible.

Requirements:

A valid Washington State driver's license and the ability to self-transport to home visits.

Ability to speak, read, and write English and Spanish fluently.

Conduct phone calls, virtual meets, and home visits to assess student and family immediate technology needs and provide input to teachers, support staff, specialists and administration

Excellent working knowledge of various types of technology, computer software with the ability to learn basic technology troubleshooting skills

Ability to work with a diverse group of parents, students and staff under a variety of circumstances

Work independently with limited supervision

Meet deadlines and schedules

Complete work with a professional quality within time constraints; and adapt to changing work priorities

Perform related duties as assigned

6-12 Latino Community Liaison - Personal Services Contract - Not to exceed 120 Hours by January 24th, Rate \$30.00/hr, Start Date: 10/01/20

A valid Washington State driver's license and the ability to self-transport for home visits.

Ability to speak, read, and write English and Spanish fluently.

Provide schools assistance with setting up a Bilingual Parent Advisory Committee or Bilingual Parent Club that organizes regularly scheduled monthly teacher/parent evening meetings in Spanish.

Build a school team to plan bilingual activities

Conduct parent bilingual surveys

Conduct phone calls, virtual meets, and home visits to assess student and family needs and provide input to teachers, support staff, specialists and administration

Provide parents with translated information and strategies to assist them in preparing for meetings with their child's teacher

Assist in the development of Parent Training Programs and Adult English Languages

Must have excellent oral and written communication skills as well as a high degree of interpersonal communications expertise

Working knowledge of various types of technology, computer software with the ability to learn basic technology troubleshooting skills

Ability to work with a diverse group of parents, students and staff under a variety of circumstances

Work independently with limited supervision

Meet deadlines and schedules

Complete work with a professional quality within time constraints; and adapt to changing work priorities

Perform related duties as assigned

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Salishan man named William We-ah-lup smoking salmon, Tulalip Indian Reservation, Washington, 1906, Photograph Norman Edson

By Sean Malone and John Sweetman

When Mike and I were old enough, we had to sacrifice our bedroom above the kitchen and move to the basement. Molly got to stay upstairs, as I remember. Our big 12 cubic foot freezer was also in the basement and filled with one-half of a beef and all the game and fish we brought home including six Widgeon ducks we couldn’t eat because they were too fishy. If we shot the ducks when they had just come down from Canada, they were okay to eat, but if their diet had been sea weed for a couple of weeks, their dark flesh was fishy and impossible to swallow. Even the cats wouldn’t touch it.

Dad had partitioned the basement into two rooms and I think we had doors, but the floor was concrete as were the walls which had big cracks and with any sustained rain, we were flooded and Mike and I had to walk on 2x4’s to get from the wooden stairs to our beds. The house was old and the water that drained from the roof came down drain pipes to disappear into red clay drain tiles that were full of Wisteria roots and didn’t work, so the water went right down the outside of the basement wall and into the cracks that flooded the basement.

Mike was halfway across the basement, where the water was the deepest and it was starting to come over the top of the 2x4’s, when he dropped the huge box of toys that he was carrying and tried to jump to the doorway of the bedroom. “HELP-HELP,” Mike called out. “I’m drowning,” as he thrashed around in six inches of water, calling out and pretending!

It took Dad to solve the problem of the leaking basement. Lenay Lewis was his partner in the painting business down on Stoneway by the Lake Washington ship canal. The company was called Professional Painters and dad brought all the blueprints home to read and estimate the cost of the next painting job. When the company first got started, they painted our house for practice and the painters cleaned their brushes on the lawn, spilling paint thinner on the grass which the dogs had sat in. Mike and I came around the corner of the house to see all three dogs skidding their butts across the grass trying to clean the paint thinner off of their “tender parts.”

“Ray, you ought to try Kay-Tite Sealer,” Lenay told Dad and it worked. The water in the basement was gone and so were the 2X4’s.

Us kids were in their office one day, playing with Dad’s check register, trying to print out a check for a million dollars when it was time to go home. The check machine remembered the amount we had rung up on the keys.

Sonny was one of Dad’s painters, a shell-shocked Marine from WWII, whose hands shook all the time, and yet when Sonny painted sash with a three- inch brush, that cost \$40, there was never any paint on the glass, his lines were straight. When he tried to buy groceries for his seven children with the million dollar check, the clerk

laughed at Sonny and Mike and Molly and I caught hell and were told “Never to touch the check register again.”

The start of Fall with the days growing shorter with rain and much cooler weather arriving was also the time for slaughtering farm animals and beginning the hunt for wild game. At this time many food items long forgotten were preserved to last through winter and spring.

One of the most forgotten items was ‘mince meat’. Mince meat actually contained meat many years ago, the pies were social and reserved for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Today it is merely a sugared sweet chutney like ingredient of pies that should be completely covered in whipped cream to hide their sad demise.. But years ago mince-meat pies were made of real game meat and the prized suet of ‘kidney’ fat, plus small wild currents and other summer berries dried in season with retained flavor and loads of vitamin ‘C’.. As we later learned.

Mincemeat was made with wild game if one was lucky enough to get a deer or a fat elk from the Cowlitz basin area. The trim tips were ground finely and whatever dried berries and precious spices such as Cardamom, cinnamon..and nutmeg were added, then suet was combined with sugar and the result was slowly stirred and then canned. Acid in the form of apple cider vinegar was added because sometimes low acid canning was conducive to spoiling and the feared ‘botulism’.. which was extremely rare but dangerous in probably overstated degrees.

The time of year provoked many fishing trips to stock up on canned and smoked fish of many varieties.

Sonny loaned Dad his Finecraft speed boat and Dad took us up into the San Juan’s to go fishing. Mike and I snuck out of camp early one morning on Orcas; to borrow the 16 foot boat. I had slept on it in case the wind came up and she slipped anchor. Every few minutes, I jumped from my sleeping bag when I thought my landmarks on shore had shifted when it was only the wind and the tide that made me think we had dragged anchor. No sleep that night.

We paddled the boat out of West Sound harbor so the folks wouldn’t hear us start the engine, or, at least we thought they couldn’t hear us. I had my trusty old Spanish 38 revolver, just in case. It was dangerous to shoot because you couldn’t stand on either side of the shooter, because the cylinder was fitted sloppily to the barrel and the gun spit lead out both sides.

A killer whale rose out of the sound not six feet from the side of the boat and I jerked out the 38 and shot him, it was just a reflex to the fear I felt because of the huge mammal that made me do it and I’ve regretted it ever since. Thankfully the worn out old gun probably caused no more than a minor wound to the great whale.

Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel

Tide’s Coming In

So I hear that people are having mental and emotional problems under the pressure of isolation, plague illness, losing their jobs, losing their homes, losing their loved ones, seeing wildfires making the sky an impenetrable fug of smoke that we have been warned not to breathe - and now Ruth Bader Ginsburg has died.

Rest in peace, mighty warrior. Thank you for everything.

Now the inglorious leader has stated his unwillingness to give up the oval office even if he loses the election. He has been saying this since 2017, but we’re all taking it seriously now.

This election and its outcome are a BIG DEAL, but this is not the time to despair and give up, dear hearts.

If you had any doubts before RBG passed, before you-know-who announced his intentions of being president for life, before Republicans broke a foaming sweat in their haste to get a conservative justice on the Supreme Court before the election, you know now that you need to step up to the plate. Our country, our whole world, our lives and the lives of our children and their children are at stake.

What can you do? For starters, VOTE in the coming presidential election. Vote and encourage others to vote, especially younger people. Vote. It might work.

Wear a mask. Do good deeds. Encourage the discouraged. Be kind.

Then there is the weather. Even those of us who embraced the science of climate change are surprised at how soon and how virulently changes have set in.

Many of us did not foresee all the hurricanes, tornadoes, wildfires, and temperatures up to 120 degrees Fahrenheit (49 degrees Celsius) in places in California where I used to live, fifty years ago.

This summer when the entire West Coast caught on fire, a plume of smoke that looked like a genie released from a lamp in satellite pictures moved up and over and around us. Suddenly we were in lockdown again, because of smoke. I started to feel like I was in solitary confinement, albeit a comfortable and plugged-in solitary confinement.

It is happening fast - the ice shelves and glaciers of Antarctica and Greenland are melting, and one article I read speculated that when all that water is released it could raise sea level ten feet.

Ten feet. I have been trying to imagine how that would play out on the island.

Probably the end of campfires at KVI.



The ferry docks would have to be moved or raised.

Would the Burton Peninsula become an island?

The debate about whether Vashon and Maury Islands are one or two islands will be over – two islands, dude, and how shall we get from one to the other when Portage is under water? Ferries? A bridge?

If Maury becomes an independent island, will someone re-open a market and post office there? Am I the only one who thought that closing those was a dumb idea?

I look down the ravine behind my house to where it opens into the Sound, and wonder, gee, if the sea level rises ten feet, how far up the ravine is the water going to come? If there is a tsunami, will it come up the ravine and all the way to the top of the bluff? You know, where I live?

Beach house owners – condolences.

Residents next to the Fauntleroy dock will no longer complain about the ferry traffic congestion, because their houses will be under water.

But I digress.

Many things we have had to do out of expediency during the pandemic have turned out to be positive changes that will stick around.

For example: telemedicine. How much easier is it to talk to a provider from home rather than drive/catch a bus to Seattle for an appointment that lasts fifteen minutes? Not to mention parking fees and ferry fare.

Online school gets mixed reviews. This is a challenge most parents, teachers, and students never expected to face. Those of us who homeschooled before computers and the internet feel your pain. A little.

Many people are saying, “I want to go back to the way it was before.” Yeah, me, too. Life was so much easier in so many ways before the weather became homicidal, before the pandemic hit, before the land caught fire, before we had a president who is certifiable, who unleashed the hounds of violent racist hell, who would like to see a renewed Civil War, and who is backed up by what is no longer the Republican party.

We took normal life for granted, didn’t we?

We know that we are never going back. We must adapt to climate change and Covid-19 and terrible politicians, see it through, and ride it out.

So, pray to God and row for shore. And VOTE.

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Island Life A Matter of Degree

By Peter Ray
pgray@vashonloop.com
“I can see by your coat, my friend
You’re from the other side
There’s just one thing I’ve got to know
Can you tell me please, who won”
From Wooden Ships- CSNY

As I sit here trying to write this with quirky orange sunlight once again streaming in the window, I note that there are still the lurking shadows of an unbridled pandemic, an economy that is teetering in its wake, and the persistent drip and drumbeat (and don’t forget the stench) of endless news reports of corruption and malfeasance creating a proxy pile of conceptual, analogous fecal matter as they all drip into the virtual septic tank that is this current Republican administration. As a counterpoint and a distraction, most every day I go outside and stare at the sky where the sun isn’t. On a sunny day, this is only common sense, but even clouds have their place in accepting a gaze and assisting an escape to elsewhere. From there, I walk around the yard, taking mental notes on what might make an intriguing subject to photograph. This is always- or almost so- influenced by the light. There are times when what I see demands the urgency of an immediate action. These are the times when, even on a run, I know that when I get back with my camera, the sun will have already moved on to other things, as well as finding different portals, formed in and by the canopy of conifers overhead, to shine through. Sometimes I wait for the light to find another way through- other times I find that, with the inertia overcome and the camera out in the field, it is just as easy to move on to some other space that is now in the light.

While it does not make things right in the world, it does help to be distracted by one thing from another every now and again. At times like these I am reminded of one of my photo instructors- John Menapace- who gave us an assignment early on in the class to take our cameras away from our eyes and just point and click at something while imagining oneself saying to someone else, “Look at This!” I added the caps and exclamation point, as in some ways that is how I have come to make many of my photographs nowadays, not to mention that it is no longer necessary to put eye to viewfinder to see what one is doing. Back then pointing and shooting was a risk and a gambit because if you blindly missed your subject you were also wasting “valuable” film. As it is now, taking either one snap or a hundred pretty much costs the same thing in the end, where as back then in order to release the shutter you had to first advance the film, for all practical purposes, unless of course you were doing a double exposure. You did however have a mostly permanent record on film for your efforts, instead an imaged etched in the ethereal mysteries of digital zeroes and ones. I now make a couple of hard copies of bunches of these collections of electronic images on discs, and sometimes on hard drives, which is good, but I’m still not sure if they will be around in fifty years like my black and white snaps from the sixties and seventies. And in the end, who knows if that really matters anymore?

A fascination with some of these past images had me wrapped up in a scanner frenzy of sorts earlier this year. It was actually the need to break away from that picture past and do something modern and current that lead me out into the garden. As it is, both the black and white visions of old, and the color renderings

of present day yard plantdom, all have wound up being splatted onto the pages of the facebook for all, or most, to see. And it was there on the FB that I found out that one of the people who appeared in these ancient black and whites (and a few rarefied color, celluloid spectaculars known as Ektachrome slides), has just published a book that covers his whole life up to now (as much as a 300 page book can describe the entirety of fifty years). It was fascinating for me to sit down and see where he had been and gone in the interim, as he is one of the many people I had lost complete track of since we were handed our diplomas and expected to go out and be worthy of our heritage, whatever that meant. As it turned out, Bruce went on to become a major force in the world of the thirty second teevee commercial- something I never would have guessed in a million years, let alone fifty. But then again, I had no idea I would be writing about making plant portraits in my garden during a plague and economic disaster and political nightmare. I could have told you I’d be taking photographs all these many years on, but that would have been a guess more than a sure bet.

I believe it was John Lennon who said something about life being what happens whilst you are busy making other plans. As it is, I have always been a bit jealous of those who could at least have said that something else was in the works. As it was, I mostly had no idea where I was going with whatever I was trying to do, so I guess you could say that for me, life was happening while I was busy being alive. For some reason there is a line from a Pink Floyd song that has always left me a bit uneasy, and that line is this: “No one told you when to run- you missed the starting gun.” I can’t say that is totally biographical as far as my life, but it strikes a familiar and sometimes disturbing chord. Perhaps if there had been a gun or at least a starter’s whistle, like there had been in all of my swimming races, along with, say, a clerk of course to sort of say hey, you need to be here now and on those blocks in a few minutes after this heat is over, and nobody really gives a damn about your heritage.

As I believe I have mentioned somewhere here recently, the fifty year reunion of our high school class of 1971 is maybe or maybe not going to convene in June of next year. At least in normal times that would have been the case, but who knows these days? It was with that grand coming together looming that I started to get back in touch with classmates around the country. We were scattered from the start since we were brothers at a boarding school, and so the “home town” ease of contact did not exist for us from the start, and the finish of our time there. One of the things that has been fascinating to me as we “like” and comment on our collective posts in that FB is how many of us have landed in the liberal/ progressive camp of political persuasion. Even though we were of the time of Vietnam and Nixon and Kent State, I was about as apolitical at the time as could be. My parents were Republicans, but I did not identify that way, as I did not really know what that meant. I knew there was something wrong with the war in southeast Asia, but I was not a protestor against it. When there was a march against it in the biggest small town near our school, a classmate asked me to photograph it. And as I worked to get most of the informal shots of the seniors for our yearbook, one of my two Black classmates asked and trusted me to take his picture in a white robe in front of a burning cross while he stood there with a his fist in the air in Black Power defiance. I wasn’t thinking of politics or

Vashon Historic Barn Tour

Continued from Page 1

used for firewood and disappeared as a convenient landmark and as a reminder of Millbrook Farms place in the valley. Barns are the sentinels of Vashon agricultural past. They stand guard and keep alive the memory of what drove the

Vashon economy for over half a century. Barns stand as points of continuity as everything around them changes. Help the Vashon Heritage Museum celebrate and build an inventory and tour of Vashon’s Historic Barns.



The Geissinger Barn, Terry Donnelly

social justice- he was just my friend and that’s what he wanted to do. Another thing that I am remembering from those times is the discussion I had with another classmate about William F. Buckley Jr. In truth, I had no real idea who he was or what he represented. I knew he was a conservative with a patrician’s attitude and a New England accent with an English twist. In reading now about his basics, it seems he was one of the leaders in the modern, conservative movement. His television show- Firing Line- was one of those timely anachronisms of that era which dealt in spirited, intellectual debate. I recall my friend Malcolm talking about one debate Buckley had- I don’t remember who it was with although it could have been Gore Vidal, since their rivalry was legendary. It doesn’t matter who the challenger was, just that whoever it was was in the process of making some effective arguments in that particular contest, and Buckley recognized he was losing. It was at that point that he picked up the pitcher of water on the table in front of him and started pouring himself a glass. Instead of paying attention to the water going into that glass, once the pouring began Buckley instead turned his gaze to his opponent and fixated on what he was saying, all the while continuing to pour.

As the water began to overflow the glass and flow out onto the table, a bit of mayhem ensued, and his opponents well crafted points were lost in the distraction of spilt water. I thought about that last night, as the incumbent candidate for the President of the United States lobbed metaphorical hand grenades and Molotov cocktails, banged pots together, started a chainsaw and a leafblower and otherwise proved that, first and foremost, he is no William F. Buckley Jr. He also proved that he is not presidential material and should never have even remotely been considered for the job in the first place. Over the last fifty years, I would have hoped that we could have aspired to be on the way to a future that was portrayed in the original Star Trek series, but instead what we saw last night was that we are heading down the road to Idiocracy. Perhaps there is a way out of this, but what is most disheartening is that apparently nearly half of this country thinks the right way is the way of Trump. It is time, more so now than ever, to vote, so hopefully Mr. Biden will have a chance to lead us away from this foreign land- far away, where we can laugh again. Otherwise, we will have nothing to do but stare as all human feelings die, at which point we may just have to leave, because you don’t need us. Apologies to CSNY, or not.

Rikki Needs A Home

I’m a cat who’s had a lot of names. At the shelter I’m known as Rikki. When I first came to VIPP, I was called Ricky Bobby for the movie character. My foster parents shortened that to RB, which morphed into RBG and later on Ruthie. Who cares, I’m a cat and I won’t come no matter what you call me! I take that back - I might come when called so you can hold and pet me, because I crave human attention. If you have a quiet indoor home without dogs, that would be supremely satisfactory. There’s more than circumstantial evidence that I can be a perfect companion. You might even say I’m NOTORIOUS!



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

Island Epicure



By Marj Watkins

Cooking Shortcuts

We all have times when we need to get a meal on the table in a hurry or with the least expenditure of energy. Spraining my ankle earlier this month brought that home to me. Here are some of the ways we created quick meals without stressing my injured foot. For instance, dinner last night was a ready-roasted chicken from the deli, a simple salad of red lettuce, diced tomato and chopped walnuts, plus microwaved potatoes.

Our lunches usually consist of a soup and a salad, plus whole-grain toast and butter, often with a cheese plate on the side or cheese instead of butter on the toast. Sometimes at lunch we add pickled herring or bits of leftover cooked salmon to a simple vegetable salad.

Two of the soups below have calories added with potato. True, potatoes score 85 on the Glycemic Index, but they contain resistant, that is more slowly digested, starch that does not cause blood sugar to zoom up.

CREAMY TOMATO SOUP
2 servings
1 can Hunt’s tomato sauce
1 can whole milk
Pour the tomato sauce into a small saucepan. Refill it with milk. Add to pan. Stir. Heat to steaming. Serve with wholegrain toast and sliced cheddar or Jarlsberg cheese. This is a mountain-high improvement over store-bought canned tomato soup and just as easy.

CORN CHOWDER
3 to 4 servings
2 Tablespoons butter or canola oil
½ onion, diced
1 Tablespoons dried parsley, optional
½ cup water
1 1 ounce can cream style corn
1 red potato, skin on, scrubbed and diced
1 cup milk – dairy or other
Dash red pepper flakes
Heat the fat in a 6-cup saucepan. Stir-fry the onion and parsley if using until the onion gets glossy and somewhat wilted. Pour in the water. Continue cooking until it boils away, half-cooking the onion. If really in a hurry, skip that step. Add the potatoes and enough water to cover. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and cover. Cook 10 minutes, until a fork stuck into the largest potato piece reveals the

potato to be done.
Add the remaining ingredients. Stir. Increase heat somewhat. Cook until the chowder is hot and steaming.
Serve with crackers or buttered toast.

CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP, ENHANCED
2 to 3 servings
1- 10-ounce can Campbell’s condensed Cream of Chicken Soup
1 potato, thinly peeled and coarsely diced
1 ½ cups water
¼ teaspoon salt
1 Tablespoon dried parsley
Scant ½ teaspoon dried tarragon leaves
¼ cup milk or ½ and ½ cream
Dash cayenne or red Tabasco sauce
Put the potato, salt, and water into a 6-cupsaucepan. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium, cover, and cook 15 minutes. Add the canned soup and stir. Bring it to a low boil. Add remaining ingredients. Taste and add salt, pepper and more red pepper or Tabasco sauce if desired.
Serve with rye crackers or other crackers or toast of your choice.

APPLE & SPINACH SALAD
2 to 4 servings
½ bag baby spinach
1 tart-sweet apple such as Jonagold or Braeburn
3 Tablespoons chopped walnuts or walnut halves
2 Tablespoons dried cranberries
Crumbled blue cheese as desired
Ranch style dressing or cranberry vinaigrette
In a large bowl of water acidulated with a tablespoon or two of vinegar, wash the spinach, pulling out any leaves past their prime. Drain well. Pat dry between clean dish towels or paper towels. Put in salad bowl.
Peel apple thinly. Halve, quarter, and cut out seedy interior. Dice apple and give them a short bath in salted water, about ¼ teaspoon salt to a pint of water. This keeps the apple pieces from browning. Drain and add to salad bowl.
Scatter walnut pieces and dried cranberries on top. Scatter as much blue cheese among the walnuts and cranberries as looks good to you. Serve the salad dressing for each dinner to anoint his or her salad with it as desired.

LETTUCE & ORANGE SALAD
2 generous servings
1 head Bibb lettuce
1 juice orange, peeled and diced
1 slice red onion broken into rings or diced
Sesame salad dressing
Break the head of lettuce apart into separate leaves. Arrange on individual salad plates or on a small platter.
Top with the orange pieces and red onion.
Pass the sesame salad dressing.

Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

need, i.e., clothing, tools, housewares, toys, musical instruments, etc. Peasants concede the high ground but have their limits. You may not believe it, but peasants are still the predominant providers on this planet. I read another book long ago called Villages that describes villages all over the world that existed more or less continuously for thousands of years. Civilizations and empires repeatedly washed over them and disappeared. When conquering armies came through, they ran off and hid, and when the armies had taken all they wanted and burned down the rest, and moved on, the villagers came back out, rebuilt and carried on – the very essence of resilience. The reason I’m going on about this is that I think we know that our resilience lies in what we do to localize the meeting of our needs as much as we can. In this way, we

insulate ourselves from the chaos at large. It also helps to have a simple existence with little of value to the powerful. Part of that is having a sharing economy that depends little on money transactions. The Vashon Time Exchange, the latest time bank on Vashon brought together by the Backbone Campaign, the Tool Library, the Maker Space, the Fixit Café, the Food Bank, and volunteers of all sorts are all features of a sharing economy.
We can’t go back in time and probably don’t want to, but there’s a lot to be said for the peasant lifestyle. If you like potlucks with homegrown music, helping your neighbors with big or small projects, growing food and/or taking care of animals, or making things you wear or use, you are showing your peasant heritage. Peasants are survivors and, in this world today, we need survivors.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

Art of Solitude Opens at VALISE Gallery

VALISE gallery continues its reopening on First Friday, October 2, 6-9 pm.
Breathe in the inspirational works of VALISE artists as they search for solace, intention and catharsis in a brave new world. From this stillness emerges explorations into the generousities of the heart. Maybe the pieces of our lives that lay scattered about can be remixed into a universe that truly cares for each other and the planet that sustains us. Maybe the willingness to interpret our feelings into colors and forms and story will bring hope, change and growth. Maybe to be alone is essential to opening ourselves to living in our most natural state, the grace of just being and the interconnectedness of all.
Cruise through the variety of scintillating responses that have been released from what has transpired



Wizard of Od Bill Jarcho



Pascale Judet

during these last several months and see for yourselves how the alchemy of introspection and imagination transforms how we approach uncertainty, empower creativiity and resonate with discovery.
VALISE will be following all Covid-19 safety protocols including the wearing of masks and having no greater than 5 persons.
VALISE stands for Vashon Artists Linked in Social Engagement. We chose these words for their humorous, ironic, and activist bent. The gallery is dedicated to presenting subjects and media that are

daring and unexpected. We want to stir our audiences. We want to challenge members to initiate fresh work. We want to share the venue with the community and inspire new ideas. Half of our shows are by collective members and the other half are by artists from Vashon and beyond, regional and nationwide. The goal of VALISE gallery is to be an important and accessible art venue for the community. VALISE Artist Collective and Gallery is located in downtown Vashon at 17633 Vashon Highway SW, Vashon Island, Washington.

VIVA 3rd Annual Members Show Opening

Vashon Island Visual Artists’ (VIVA) annual show boasts participation of 100+ Vashon artists from their 300+ membership. This is an exciting exhibition that reflects the diversity of work and approach to art being created on Vashon Island.
This year is the first time Vashon Center for the Arts has hosted the show. The tall atrium walls and over 1000 linear footage in the Koch Gallery enable VIVA artists to display larger works than previous years of photography, paintings, prints, assemblage work and drawings. In addition, the atrium and gift shop provide more floor and display space for sculptures, pottery, jewelry and fiber arts.
The 2020 VIVA Members Show will surprise and delight those who come into the VCA Gallery this October. You are sure to find something new and beautiful to add to your art collection.



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Aries (March 20-April 19)

You must recognize your complications for what they are. It would help if you saw the ways they emerge from your idea of who you are, which does not reflect accurately on the truth of who you are. Yes, you can focus plenty of attention, sometimes in the way that a bleeding child is attractive to sharks. You cannot persist long in identifying with the aspect of nature or self-definition as a perpetually injured person. Yet you cannot merely be OK or adequate; the next stage is mastery over your affairs and your healing process. And much of what this stems from is the feeling you evoke in yourself and the people around you when you say the words “I am.” This necessarily involves an act of claiming. We’ve all experienced or witnessed the struggle of a person to say “I am a writer,” or “I am an artist.” As Bob Dylan asked long ago, how many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man? You have walked quite enough to be exactly what you are.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

Take your advantage, even if it’s a narrow one. Use your privilege, which is why you have it. There’s only one requirement, which is that you be honest with yourself and everyone around you. Real means actual transparency, and even offering what feels like too much information. Your power comes from not holding yourself back in any way. Most of what people struggle with is stumbling over their own inner blocks. You are about to reach a stage of your life where the rewards you receive will be in alignment with the risks that you take. The most compelling, necessary and often avoided one is to stand fully in who you are. This involves an affirmative act, and also checking the ways in which you talk yourself out of your confidence. There are two halves to the progress you want to make. You could go a long way just by persistently removing blocks to your movement and your awareness. Said simply, success is not a matter of sheltering in place. It’s about stepping out and being exposed to all of the possibilities.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

You are moving into deja-vu territory, where you can catch glimpses of both the past and of the future. Do not make too much of these, while noting what you feel through a conscious observation process. If you can do that, your experience of the forthcoming Mercury retrograde will be much more relevant to your growth and your fulfillment. You have just passed through tricky territory where your desire to express yourself seems to have met one obstacle after the next. How did you handle that, and what did you decide it was about? How did you work your way through wrinkles that seemed to emerge from the complexities of partnership, or of your family? Eventually your growth path must take you through the territory of internalized oppression. That is the only kind that matters, because if that remains, no alteration of circumstance will advance your cause. Every discovery you make about a relationship — whether past, present or hoped for — needs to connect to its interior counterpart. Then you are making progress.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

There’s no getting around the fact that you are visible right now, and that you are making an impression on people. Just be sure not to get too caught in that feedback loop, and stay a step or two ahead of yourself. Any response or reaction you’re getting to something now actually relates to what you said or did in the past, which is not where you are at this moment. So don’t let anyone else’s ideas about you

snag, drag or draw you back into the past. The edge of the wave front is your home. This is likely to feel daring and a little dangerous, because there is no way to frame your actions, choices or statements as being about security or stability. To the contrary, you are shaking yourself up and in the process, sending ripples out into the world. What will help is if you recognize that you communicate by feeling and impression as much as through words. Ultimately it is your actions and how you feel about them that matter the most, and will continue to do so.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

What most people call ‘spiritual’ is an inner condition. Yet it will have outer expressions in the form of wanting to participate in and see the world, or a calling to serve humanity in some way. That will work beautifully for you as long as you recognize it is your experience that counts more than what you accomplish or your stated purpose. Therefore, strive to offer yourself fully and do not hold back. Your investment of yourself is investment of your faith in yourself. Face practical challenges with creativity and an open mind and you will discover they give way easily to your intelligence. If I may equate what you’re learning with a game, its nature is to find your confidence in yourself. The thing to remember is that confidence in its true form is subtle. There is no sensation of conquering. Think of it more as a sincere inquiry: I have no idea if I can actually do this, though I’m willing to have a go at it. Then, you do.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

Make sure you know your priorities before you merge them with those of other people. Make sure you know them before you part ways with other people. It’s essential in all things that you know where you stand with yourself and why. For that to happen, it would be helpful if you made an honest assessment of where others stand with themselves; it’s much closer to your reality than you may imagine. Subject matter has little to do with it. Individuation is the key, and both you and those around you are deep in that process. Often it ends up being violent, angry or aggressive, especially where marriage, family and finances are concerned. None of that is necessary. All that counts is people being willing to recognize that they and others are individuals. This is easier than it seems, and more controversial than it needs to be. However, some struggle to assert themselves, and others struggle when people around them step out even a little. It’s not all so bad. Always leave yourself plenty of room to be wrong, especially about the motives or viewpoint of others.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

Stand back a bit from what others are going through. Minimize your direct involvement, be a witness to their experience, and be supportive of your total environment. There are times when experiences in the lives of people close to you have little or nothing to do with you. And if there is some involvement, they must work out their side of the equation before they bring some issue to you. So, therefore, keep your perspective. Do not be distracted by any drama that would seem to involve your career or professional activities. Rather, let the wave of the Full Moon pass this week, and see what shakes out. Speaking from much experience doing mundane astrology (that of worldly affairs), I would suggest not pushing any issues with anyone. Rather, if you need to get a result, guide matters in the way of a conversation and let everyone else play their hand before you state your intentions or your agenda. If

you do that, people are likely to unravel a bit, and reveal issues and viewpoints that will help you establish common ground.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

Keep your personal material out of work. You need a careful distinction this week, and to make certain you have space open to handle your own inner process in a suitable setting. If work itself is what becomes personal, you can stand back from the fray and not identify with either side of any seeming dispute. This is important because the issues are not what they seem; everything is masking or masquerading for something else. If you give yourself and others some breathing room, those underlying matters may come out. The thing is, most of them will not be your business. If a coworker is really angry at their mother and taking it out on the boss, you don’t want to be involved with that. If you are angry with your mother and taking it out on the boss, you will want to move that discussion to the therapy room and not conduct it in any form of the H.R. office. Once you’re aware of these overlapping situations, you will be able to steer clear of most difficulty.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

My favorite philosopher, Marshall McLuhan, was fond of artists, and took a wide definition of what one is and what one does. There are two factors, really. One is the extending of one’s awareness without the need to shut down from the intensity of it all. This is a special kind of woke, where one is willing to experience the high-voltage current of all these tools we use to spread our nervous system around the world. Two is about pattern recognition. Above all else, artists recognize patterns, and they put that knowledge to work. Both of these abilities thrust people onto the edge of the wave, and are clearly a little too much for nearly everyone. I would, however, encourage you to keep your awareness on at full strength this week as the Aries Full Moon passes through the most creative, exploratory and adventurous angle of your solar chart. You will need to make sure your cooling system has plenty of water, because the energy is hot. We both know you like it that way.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

Once you understand that the world is the way it is because people are dragging around all of their unresolved family baggage, it will be a lot easier to navigate your environment. This especially involves professional matters, where something really is at stake. Yet there is a tremendous opportunity for you to discover and develop your leadership skills. This will involve listening, and also maintaining your sense of what is truly fair. Everyone must get a hearing: ensuring that is real leadership. There are also solutions possible where most unfair compromises can be avoided. For you, the essential skill to bring is to stay in close contact with the physical and emotional space you’re in: literally, the actual room and whoever is occupying it. Remember that people are struggling to be heard, all throughout life. One way or another, make sure that happens, particularly on an individual basis. You have the ability to do all of these things. Just make sure you know why you’re taking up the challenge.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

The most personally challenging things are the most personally meaningful, both to you and others. Therefore, don’t let the notion that someone may take umbrage with your ideas stop you from thinking them. Refinement can come later; get your thoughts out where you can see them. Communicate with the people closest to you, and see if you can find some common ground you can apply. The underlying values involved are more important than the specific subject area, and that is the place to operate. You must understand what is important to you, and then work with others to figure out what is important to them.

Once you do that, you’ll have plenty of material to use, and you may get it down to a few essential points. Words will serve you well right now, as a means of unraveling your own state of mind, and also through a listening process where others reveal where they are coming from. Make sure everyone has editing power: good writing is all in the rewriting. Social existence is a work in progress.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Your financial sense may be at its most sublime this week, though make your decisions one at a time. The combination of a Full Moon involving Chiron, and a peak event of Mars retrograde, describe some unusual potentials for you to rethink your situation and expand into new opportunities. These are long-term items, though: look out to the end of the year, and into 2021 rather than immediate term. Any decision you make now would best be set into the context of your future plans. Much of this is on the basis of what kinds of business partnerships you want. You are the type who likes and needs to collaborate, though the financial picture must align with the creative one. You get the role of holding all that together, so make sure that anyone you become involved with actually matches your values well enough to have things go reasonably smoothly. Do not let your insecurities get in the way of your success. In fact, this is a great week to have them fuel and feed your progress.

Read Eric Francis daily at
[www. PlanetWaves.net](http://www.PlanetWaves.net)

Vashon Kids Gets “Dialed-in”

Continued from Page 1

families. Scholarships typically go to working families whose wage earners must be out of the house to do their job, which makes childcare and remote learning a severe challenge.

“Vashon Kids has always relied on community support to provide scholarships and with COVID we are seeing greater need for scholarships as well as needing extra financial support to cover the additional cost of operating a full-day schedule,” explains Dalinda. “These days we are also relying on volunteers that are being generous with their time and effort to help kids that need extra, individual attention. This help ranges from dedicated 1:1 reading time, to special help with language and technology barriers.”

“The VK Team wants to send out a warm thank you to our generous donors and volunteers that are helping working families get through these difficult times,” concludes Dalinda.

Vashon Kids has very specific needs for volunteers to provide 1:1 and group support for online learning. If you are interested in volunteering, please contact Dalinda, DVivero@vyfs.org

Next Edition of *The Loop* Comes out Thursday October 15

Deadline for the next
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PANDORA'S BOX

Well, thank goodness October is here. Remember way back in March when we couldn't wait for things to be back to normal in the fall. Ha.

Bo's Pick of the Week: Bo is pleased to announce we will still be having our annual Customer Appreciation Event in November. Save the date: Nov 20-22. The format may look a little different, but we'll still have the deals and swag bags!

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