



VASHON

THE LOOP

Vol. 2 #5

TO INFORM AND AMUSE ~ TO PROVOKE THINKING AND ACTIVISM

March 9, 2005

Don't Shoot the Messenger

By Matthew P. Bergman

The community debate on whether or not to negotiate with Glacier can be distilled down to a single question: should we gamble on total victory and reject compromise or attain partial victory through negotiations? One side in this debate believes that the prospect of Glacier barging any gravel off the Island is so odious that all compromise should be rejected. The other side argues that we should negotiate limitations on the duration and scope of Glacier's mining rather than risk a legal defeat in which Glacier wins the unfettered right to mine as much gravel as it wants, whenever it wants, for as long as it wants.

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DDES Reversal

by Marie Browne

In a March 3 press release, DDES announced that blackberries can now be cleared with a free permit; the release describes this change as a "refinement" to land use regulations, which previously required a fee-based permit for removal of more than 7,000 square feet of blackberries.

"We are improving customer service and reducing the burden on property owners with this no-fee blackberry removal permit," said DDES Director Stephanie Warden. "This is a common sense approach to protecting the environment and meeting the needs of the individual property owners."

In response to this change, outspoken anti-CAO activist Armen Yousoufian asked, "Why didn't Stephanie Warden and her boss, Ron Sims, exercise that common sense in the first place? Why is she bragging about 'reducing the burden on property owners' when it was she and Ron Sims who just placed the burden on property owners with the CAO? What malarkey."

He also noted that since a permit is still required, "so much for getting up any given day and thinking it's a good day for clearing blackberries and going at it." ☹☹☹



Beached fishing boats

Report from Tamil Nadu

by Linda Ceriello

Dateline: February 24, 2005. Tamil Nadu, near Nagapattinum, India

Vanakkam, (which means 'greetings' in Tamil) good people!

My senses are enlivened with all that I have experienced in India since arriving on February 11th. I'm happy to find that my host family has internet access so I can send stories back to Vashon. So many of you donated generously upon hearing that I was coming here to volunteer; I truly was overwhelmed by people's support and caring. I have told Indian people here about the many individuals and businesses who have donated, the benefit concerts and the other fundraisers that were happening on Vashon when I left. I wonder what is going on back on the Island now, as I write from the southeastern state of Tamil Nadu in India.

Just before I left Vashon, I was accepted into a week-long program organized by the

University of Bangalore in "Expressive Therapy for Tsunami Affected Children." The program was meant to go beyond attending to primary needs, and reach out instead with "psychological first aid," especially to affected children.

This program gave me my first taste of the realities of the situation in coastal communities, and offered an important chance to spend concentrated time with Indian locals who were there when the tsunami hit.

Our group of 27 volunteers spoke six languages, mainly English, and two Indian languages, Tamil and Kannada. The common language between us all was English, so the five non-Indians in the group (one Danish guy, a German woman, an Iranian fellow, a British woman and myself) fared OK.

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Support The Loop! See page 4

The Gathering

Vashon Rotarians celebrated the 100th birthday of Rotary on February 23rd by dedicating 'The Gathering,' a powerful bronze sculpture by world-renowned artist Julie Speidel. The sculpture is the focal point of the newly renovated and landscaped Courthouse Square, Vashon's new community government center. The compound will house King County District Court, the Vashon Chamber of Commerce, Vashon-Maury Island Community Council meetings, the Community Service Center, DDES, and the KC Sheriff's substation. Vashon Rotary has been instrumental in the project, which is part of a larger Rotary Centennial community improvement initiative.

Pictured from left to right: Rex Morris, Judge Corrina Harn, Melinda Sontgerath, Julie Speidel, Melissa Bangasser, Tom Bangasser, Jim English.

Vashon Heritage photo



WSF Still Clueless

by Peter Ray

The Vashon Community Council Transportation Committee meeting on the last Monday in February was supposed to have Washington State Ferries' (WSF) Director of Planning Ray Deardorf as the featured speaker. Deardorf was set to discuss the long range plans for the north end ferry route structure, but called to postpone this visit until the next Committee meeting at the end of March, citing problems with incomplete information and stating that he did not want to make a "premature presentation." What this seems to be saying is that, next time around, we can expect to hear the same "done deal" rhetoric,

Continued on page 19

Earthfair Boogie March 26

Earthfair is hosting an evening of music, dance and puppetry to raise money and awareness for this year's Earthfair. Come hear and see **Tribal Voices, Loose Change, Turner Down, Islewilde, John Browne** and others, on Saturday, March 26 starting at 6:00 p.m. at Camp Burton. This all-ages 'Burton Benefit Boogie' will also include a raffle of local items, with those proceeds going to the Food Bank as well as Earthfair; food and non-alcoholic beverages will also be available. Event tickets will be sold at the door only, and raffle tickets will be sold at the door and in front of Island grocery stores on weekends until March 26. Come out for a great time! ☺☺☺☺

Get in The Loop

Oil Spill Beach Cleaner Training

Mark your calendars for Saturday, March 26! This Oil Spill Beach Cleaner training is designed for those interested in learning the necessary skills to qualify as part of a clean-up crew in the event of an oil spill effecting Vashon-Maury Islands. This preparation training will provide each individual attending the certification for hands-on beach clean up response if oil should reach our shoreline. The content of this class will include all the safety subjects that are required by law for individuals who intend to work on beach cleanup activities. The emphasis will be on oil spill clean-up techniques. Everyone completing this class will receive the 8-hour certification for Oil Spill Response Operations. Additional training covering beach assessment and clean-up will be available in the future for certified individuals.

The Department of Ecology will provide the training and no pre-requisite knowledge or course attendance is needed. Please come prepared to put on and take off protective gear.

The class will run from 8 am to 5 pm. Please call Lisa at 463-7756 to register and for event location and details. Space is limited. There is no fee to participate.

JobFind

“Roadblocks to employment—what’s holding you back?” For the answer to this and other burning questions, come to the weekly JobFind meeting Thursdays at the Vashon Library at 9:15 a.m. It’s a way to network and get new ideas for your job search. No reservations necessary; just show up. JobFind is a VYFS program geared for Vashon residents in career transition that offers assistance with job leads, interview or resume preparation and other job search necessities. Participants may attend informal Thursday meetings at the library, and/or schedule appointments with staff for more in depth assistance. For job leads and job search tips, job hunters can also check out the VYFS Job Board in the corridor near the Pizza Factory. For more information, or to make an appointment, call VYFS at 463-5511.

Adopt a Kitty

Vashon Island Pet Protectors will host Adopt-A-Cat Days the next two weekends. Hours are 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. on the Saturdays, March 12 and 19, and 12:30 p.m. to 3 p.m. on the Sundays, March 13 and 20. Adopt-A-Cat Days are hosted by Pandora’s Box, north of downtown Vashon. Please stop by or call VIPP for an appointment at 206-389-1085.

Garage Sale!

The Vashon Island Pet Protectors Garage Sale will be held **Saturday, March 12th** from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m., and Sunday, March 13th from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. at the Firefighter’s Association Building on Bank Road. Donations will be gratefully accepted on Friday, March 11th from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Unfortunately we are unable to accept clothes, exercise machines, computers, large appliances or mattresses. For more info, please call Victoria at 463-5381.

Issues Fair Tonight!

Health care, social security, election reform and climate change will be among the topics represented at an Issues Fair, sponsored by the 34th District Democrats. Representatives at each table will provide an overview of these topics, as well as cover specific legislation and opportunities for personal involvement.

The Fair will be held on **March 9**, from 7 to 9 p.m. at The Hall at Fauntleroy, 9131 California Ave. SW. Exhibitors will include the League of Women Voters, Seattle City Light, Climate Solutions, Dr. Dan’s Alternative Fuels, the Alliance of Retired Americans, and Congressman Jim McDermott’s office. Local legislators Eileen Cody and Joe McDermott will also have representatives at the Fair. A business meeting will follow at 8:30 p.m. Refreshments, provided by the Executive Board, will include finger foods and beverages. For more information, please contact Tim Nuse at (206) 226-4849 or timnuse@yahoo.com. The District website is www.34dems.org.

Science Fair

Saturday, March 12 from 10 to 3 at McMurray Middle School.

This free family event sponsored by the PTSA is entertaining and educational for all ages. Marvel at the variety of inventions, collections, models, and investigations displayed by island youth. Build a clay boat, an air rocket or gooey Gak! Come and learn about the science, sport, and art of the boomerang from the amazing Bower brothers, members of the 2004 U.S. Boomerang team (demonstrations and lessons at 11:00 and 1:00). Other invited guests include; Vashon Audubon Society, Vashon-Maury Island Land Trust, Orca Whale Tales, Vashon Hydrophone Project, Preserve Our Islands and more... To participate in the Fair, volunteer or for more information, call Barbara Gustafson @ 463-1638.

Dazzling Feats of Communication!

Two Youth-Adult Dialogues are planned for this spring, to improve communication between youth and adults on Vashon, and to make the Island a more healthy and safe place for teens to grow up. Sponsored by the Prevention/Intervention Team (PIT), a coalition of youth-serving groups on the Island, and Development of Island Teens (DOIT). **Tuesday, March 15 and Tuesday, May 3** at the Vashon Island Presbyterian Church from 5:30 - 7:30 p.m. Free dinner!

Community Forum

On **Tuesday, March 22nd**, the District’s Campus Master Plan Advisory Committee will present a range of potential school and District facility improvement options for input from the community. The presentation and meeting will be held at the Vashon High School Library at 7 p.m. Please plan on attending to comment on the potential Campus Master Plan alternatives. These options have been derived from input received during more than a dozen community, faculty, student and staff forums held during the last two months concerning facility needs within the District. The District’s Campus Master Plan Advisory Committee will use this community input to refine the Master Plan in order to present a recommendation to the Vashon School Board in June and to the voters in Fall 2005.

Astrology Class

Soul Level Astrologer Mark Borax is gathering twelve students to study the secret path through the zodiac on a weekly basis, with a text book. Classes are \$12 and will be held at his home on 10319 Bank Road SW. For more information call Mark at 463-4772.

51 Years of Service...

Were celebrated by Soroptimist members on February 25th. At this monthly dinner meeting, Tiffany Akoury was initiated into the club’s membership by Past-President, Sigrid Thomas.

The club is still looking for nominees for both the Violet Richardson Award and A Woman Making a Difference Award. Both have deadlines this month for receipt of nominations, so residents of Vashon-Maury are urged to mail in their nominations asap to P. O. Box 555, Vashon. For further information, contact chair-person, Sigrid Thomas at 463-3946.

Women interested in learning more about Soroptimist activities on the Island are invited to come to the March general meeting on March 29th at 6:30 p.m. at the Green Ginger Restaurant.

Bipolar Support Group

The Bipolar Care Givers Support Group meets on Tuesday **March 15th**, 7:00 p.m. at the Vashon Methodist Church. Our emphasis will be on the importance of taking care of ourselves so we will be more effective. Our loved ones need our guidance and love. When our mind is clear, and our body is healthy we will provide support generously. Our sessions are held in confidence. Bring your questions and concerns. Contact Greg Love 463-9855 for further information.

Green House Group

The Green House Group will be meeting at Chris and Cathy’s house, where you will be able to see an efficient and ancient structure, a teepee. The meeting is on **Sunday, March 20**, at 7 P.M. At 12523 297th Way S. Call Matt, 463-5017 for directions.

Vashon Island

CERT



COMMUNITY EMERGENCY RESPONSE TEAM

CERT Training Class

An eight-week Community Emergency Response Team (CERT) training is starting on Wednesday, March 16th. Classes are held Wednesday evenings from 6 to 10 p.m. at the Vashon Island Fire and Rescue Training Center. Training is free, but you must attend all eight sessions to earn your certification. (Some make-up classes are offered.) To learn more or to register, contact Michael or Catherine Cochrane at 463-4457 or email certvashon@yahoo.com.

Tamil Nadu

Continued from page 1

We were to learn a handful of “therapies” such as painting, clay modeling, drawing, songs, theater and movement, to use with children to help them bring up some of the fears and emotions resulting from their trauma. These tools were to be put to the test in a particular school in the fishing town of Cuddalore, one of the very affected areas of Tamil Nadu. We had three days of intensive workshops in Bangalore; then we were taken by overnight bus to Cuddalore, where we were thrust into classrooms of 40 children each, to try out our therapies. This is where things got interesting.

Forty kids at once! The classrooms are about 12 by 14, each only separated from the others by a half partition. 40 kids who spoke little to no English, and I can’t say more than pleasantries in their native language, Tamil. Even if I could, I could not have shouted over the din of all these connected rooms of excited kids and nervous teachers encouraging them to “express themselves!” with loud yells, claps, all the noisy “therapies” we had learned. Songs and games had been taught to us in English—oops—not much use with this population. However, Jason, my tremendously gifted teaching partner, was versed in about eight

Indian languages and spoke Tamil loud enough to be heard and could shout translations to me. I guided the movement games, which didn’t require language. So many bodies in a tight space, it was a wonder that the kids were able to focus on us at all. (I’ve noticed that Indian students are made to sit still for long periods of time, way longer than we would ever do to students in the US.) We had 40 first graders in the morning, then 40 eight graders in the afternoon. All boys. Yipes!

It was overwhelming to say the least. However, while I had been nervous about how I, as an outsider, would be received, I found that I was not just some lady from America subbing in their class, but a bona fide celebrity. In three days, I probably answered 500 exuberant salutes of “good morning teacher!” (yes, they salute their teachers—that was weird to get used to) and shook hands with 1000 hand-pumping students an average of three times each. All because I was a foreign and a friendly face, I guess. I couldn’t go to the bathroom without being followed by a stream of kids, jockeying for a handshake.

The highlight for the kids was a school-wide dance with us teachers. The kids went nutso. The schools are run very much “by the rod” it seems, and they are not usually allowed to do such frivolous things as dance. Prayers, yes. There is prayer time twice a day, in three different religious traditions (and directly after prayers they read the news headlines aloud to all the assembled kids, which I found interesting). So, we brought some

advanced level play and merriment into their school, and hopefully influenced some of their regular teachers to value diversions from rote learning once in awhile! One teacher said it was the first time he had seen them smiling and acting joyful since December 26th. I found this almost hard to believe, given how friendly, welcoming and happy they seemed to be with us.

Looking into the crowd of children assembled was quite emotional for one particular reason. About 60% of the students at these schools are classified as “affected” by the tsunami, meaning they lost either their home or a relative or friend or some or all of the above. These kids could be picked out in the crowd—they were the ones without the checkered shirts and blue shorts. They lost their school uniforms to the sea. They have nothing but the clothes they are wearing, generally a pair of shorts and a shirt given by the government. 60%!



Sixty percent of these school children have no clothing other than what they are wearing

After classes one day some of the boys took us to their homes and around their village. They pointed to the tsunami water line; six feet high on some concrete houses still standing, houses that were two or three kilometers from the beach! I had to strain to imagine the waves coming in that far. We saw many piles of bricks or rubble where houses used to be. One parent told of how her home, while not demolished, was completely emptied out by the sea. But since she still had a home she was not considered “affected” and was given no government assistance. Those who did lose their homes have been given small temporary shelters made of corrugated fiberboard, painted dark brown. Dark brown, stifling hot, and no windows. You can’t even enter one of these shacks during the daytime! I really wonder who had the bright idea for that color and design. This is the beginning of the hot season now, March through June. My guess is that trying to live in these sweat lodges would motivate them to begin rebuilding their permanent homes, but it’s not clear to me with what means they are to do this.

Elsewhere and around, large fishing boats are beached, and teams of men were working with pulleys to try to get them back into the water. These are really big boats, scattered all over the beach! Other people were just sitting around under the palm trees, with no work to do since their fishing boats are damaged or lack operational motors. We were taken to the village temple, which had been home for the displaced until the government-issued shacks came. The school lunch cooks



Tsunami affected kids go back to the water

had been ordered to become community cooks after the tsunami, but now they were out of rice and gas. I am not sure how those people will eat now. They may have four walls and a roof, but many have no household objects for cooking.

This area has been getting assistance from an NGO (non-governmental organization) that is boasting that it’s the first to get fishermen back in the water. There are still a host of other problems to work out, not the least of which has been a general fear of the sea. Because of this, I felt very good about one particular aspect of our presence in this community. We went to the beach with the “affected kids” (as if they all aren’t affected), where they would normally be spending time after school every day playing, swimming and fishing, but they had not been going there lately. We started out guiding them in some games, but then just followed their lead, building sand structures and frolicking in the waves, whatever they wanted to do, giving them the ownership of their place again. One group of boys was showing me a special technique for making very tall,

artful, Gaudi-like sand castles. (Ask me sometime and I’ll show you how!) When a wave would come in, they would yell “tsunami!” which I found interesting. I could do a lot of postulating as to what it might mean. But it seems positive that they are not only NOT afraid to talk about the tsunami, but were hard at work rebuilding the structures that were toppled by the water. It’s our hope that their parents will also indirectly benefit from the attitudes of these children.

No child I played with seemed afraid of the water, though of course I did not see which ones may have avoided the water. The aforementioned teacher said it was the first time in a month and a half that he’d seen them engage in this kind of play at the beach. The kids crave normalcy.

I like to think that we’ve had a positive effect here, if only just by joining with them to create some of that normalcy, and to let them see that we recognize their situation. To hear their stories and see their community, to be with them on their beach. That was what I tried to do with every child. To acknowledge each one, even though I couldn’t talk in depth with them, with eye contact and warm smiles and being present to them in their place.

My other personal high

point during this week was arranging an exhibition of the students’ art pieces that they had done with us. I don’t think these kids are used to receiving any kind of positive feedback for their artistic expressions. First, the schools don’t have a lot of money to spend on art supplies. (The U of B brought and left some supplies with them for their use later.) Secondly, kids’ art was not hung in the classroom or anywhere in the school, and it seems they are rarely allowed to paint or draw whatever they want. When we got out the art materials, they sat in front of the paper I’d given them, waiting for instructions. I gestured, “Anything! Draw anything you want!” They looked at me wide-eyed and said, “Thank you!!!”

Some of them chose to depict tsunami scenes. Others painted or drew fishing boats, other nature scenes, and local or national heroes. Normal kid things. I felt strongly that the students should get to display their art for their parents and peers, at least for our special Saturday assembly. A team of students and I plastered the walls in the main courtyard with drawings and paintings, trying to get as many of the 1000-plus art pieces onto the wall just before the assembly began. It was a beautiful sight to see. When I was asked to speak at the assembly as a participant “graduate” of this program, I addressed the students: “Look what you’ve done,” I told them, “You’ve made your school come alive with your creativity and your special expressions. Look what you are capable of!” I can only hope the translator was faithful in conveying my heartfelt words to them. I also told them that I would take their amazing generosity, their spiritedness, and the friendship they showed back to the United States with me. I’m not sure what I meant by that exactly, but hope this little post is something of a start.

The people from our group who live in the Cuddalore area have each assigned themselves to another affected school, to attempt to carry on this work. Others of us have moved on to our own assigned locations.

I will continue next time, writing what’s happening here in the coastal village of Vellapallum, where I have begun my main work with the NGO, Asha For Education.

If you are involved in any tsunami-related work or fundraising, I would love to get word of it so I can spread the good news around. Send me an email: braveboldnow@yahoo.com. Thanks for your good wishes! ☺☺☺☺



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Loop

Letters From the Edge

Editor,
So when did the government decide to get into the business of taking away business from private enterprise?

I can see VIFR augmenting Island Emergency Care when multiple transports occur, but since when has it become proper AND legal to take business away from the Lambs? Hello, are there any lawyers reading this? What a ripe opportunity it is for some type of legal intervention.

The fire personnel are continually bypassing IEC and making their own transports

UNLESS the patient asks for IEC. I see only the blatant attempt by VIFR to shut down the Lamb's business and it is just plain and simply WRONG!

It's a shame that Islanders will read these letters and think to themselves how badly things have gotten at VIFR but do nothing. More voices need to be heard. Spending is out of control and there are more and more employees doing less and less at Fire District 13. Gee, sounds JUST like Washington State Ferries!

Sincerely, Kurt Lysen

Editor,

Isn't about time the State commissioned a truly independent audit and examination of the Ferry System so that we can diagnose this disease and find a cure?

Whenever funding cuts are proposed, it always seems to come at the cost of service, and I have yet to see proposals to shrink management. To my uneducated eye, it has always appeared that the Ferry System has far too many people doing far too little in middle management, but I would certainly defer to the experts. Perhaps now is the time to stand up and push for accountability.

David Vogel



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Hello,

My family has lived on Vashon since I was six years old. Being from Vashon, I am no stranger to community and the importance of people supporting one another. The life long friendships and encouragement this community has offered me over the years has been instrumental in shaping me as a person. Now at 24, I have been accepted to be a Peace Corps Volunteer in Uganda, East Africa. I will be working with local Ugandan primary teachers to help plan math and science curriculum, and performing HIV/AIDS education and out reach.

To give some back ground information about myself, I attended Vashon schools until my junior year of high school. My junior year I was awarded a scholarship to attend Happy Valley High school in Ojai California. After I graduated in 1998, I attended Seattle Central Community College where I discovered my love of science. This past June, I graduated from The Evergreen State College with a Bachelor of Science in Chemistry and Geology.

My assignment with Peace Corps is flexible. After I complete 3 months of training and am sworn in as a volunteer, I will be working 20 hours every week in schools with Uganda teachers. The other 20 hours of work are more grassroots involved. Where I will live, I will have a contact in the village that will work with me and be my bridge to the community. Working with them I will help address issues such as: HIV/AIDS education, sanitation, women's health, etc. The success of my work depends on my ability to learn the language understand the culture and make friendships in the community.

My motivations for doing the Peace Corps are varied. A central motivation is to share my education in a place where they

have so much less. We are so fortunate in America; education is accessible and free through high school. As a first generation college student, I know first hand the significance and importance of obtaining an education. Education offers options and opens up the world for experience and adventure. Another central motivation is to obtain cross cultural understanding. As the world moves into a 'global economy' it is imperative that my generation strive to understand more than our own culture and to convey a positive face of America.

I have already been given so much this life and I am ecstatic for this chance to move overseas and see what life is like somewhere else. To work with Ugandans and speak their language, to learn their customs and eat their cuisine, and find different ways of living and thinking will be a life defining experience.

I am determined to share and communicate my adventures, hardships and delights with the community of Vashon. Community exchange is a central part of Peace Corps work and is my chance to share with everyone back home so you can learn with me.

Uganda will be so different, but As Gandhi said: "You must be the change you wish to see in the world." Thank you to The Soroptimists, The Rotary and Do It for their support and interest in my work! I will be in touch!

Sincerely,

Renee A. Quenneville

Google Group interactive web-page:

http://groups-beta.google.com/group/Quenneville_in_Uganda

Email: renee.quenneville@gmail.com

(Ed: Renee has promised to send us updates from Uganda.)



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Marie and Troy

Don't Shoot the Messenger

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There are no villains in this debate. Our differences are simply over tactics and varying levels of risk-aversion. It is therefore regrettable that Marnie Jones, writing in *The Loop* on behalf of POI, has turned a healthy and vigorous community debate into a campaign of character assassination and personal destruction. In her article, Ms. Jones states "We might speculate why Mr. Bergman thought it was time to accept Glacier's terms when this approach would only benefit Glacier." Rather than debate the merits of my argument, Ms. Jones attacks my character.

Because I have questioned the wisdom of POI's "not now, not ever" mantra, Ms. Jones believes that I am on Glacier's payroll. Because I am unwilling to roll the dice on a risky legal strategy, Ms. Jones argues that I must be on Glacier's side. Apparently POI shares George Bush's belief that "you're either for us or against us." Since I have publicly dissented from POI's strategy, I must be publicly unmasked as an enemy of the people.

POI's policy of "shooting the messenger" can also be seen in the abrupt termination of our attorney of seven years, John Arum. One of the best regarded environmental lawyers in the State, Arum had been the architect of POI's largely successful legal strategy, including Judge Armstrong's recent stay of Glacier's permit. Nevertheless, Arum was fired because he counseled POI to negotiate with Glacier. Contrary to Ms. Jones' assertion, the decision to reject negotiations and fire Arum was made in a an "emergency meeting" called on less than 24 hours notice that two board members - Mark Thorn and myself - could not attend. So pressing was POI's need to expel the heretic that Arum was notified of his dismissal by voice

mail. Apparently once a person dissents from POI's "not now, not ever" creed, ordinary standards of personal decency no longer apply.

The politics of personal destruction practiced by POI reflects a movement in which belief predominates over fact and ideological orthodoxy prevails over reasoned judgment. The passionate commitment of POI and its membership resulted in many significant legal and political victories. Regrettably, this passion has now turned into fanaticism in which all who dissent from the "not now, not ever" orthodoxy are castigated as enemies.

The Glacier mine presents Vashon with a difficult and painful choice. If we negotiate, we must accept Glacier barging gravel off the Island for some period of time and walk away from the possibility (albeit slight) of total legal victory. If we reject negotiations, we face the very real possibility that our legal challenge will be unsuccessful and the negotiating leverage we currently have to secure significant concessions from Glacier will be lost forever. There are no easy answers to this dilemma and honest and responsible people will reach different conclusions. However, the Vashon community should be permitted to conduct this debate in a constructive and open manner free from personal attacks and ideological vendettas.

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Spiritual Smart Aleck

by Mary Litchfield Tuel



Someday I'm Going to Get Organized

Today is recycling day. Every day that the dump has been open for the last week or two has been recycling day, but I haven't actually put the recycling in the car and taken it over to the dump, excuse me, transfer station.

Today, though, I'm going to get it done.

I started by putting on my shoes. That meant I had to put on a pair of socks. That meant opening the sock drawer, my first detour on the road to organization.

I ended up dumping all the socks onto the bed to find a matching pair, and then matched up everything that was left and put everything back in the drawer, including the half dozen or so socks with no mates.

I have faith that those other socks will appear. Maybe not until I get tired of waiting and toss the singles I have. That's what it usually takes to get a missing sock to show itself.

I am spending my life trying to o u t s m a r t inanimate objects.

There is an industry that has grown from our desire to get organized, de-clutter, simplify and make sense of our belongings, our homes, and our lives. There are books and websites that tell us how to do it. There are TV shows that clean out and re-organize peoples' houses.

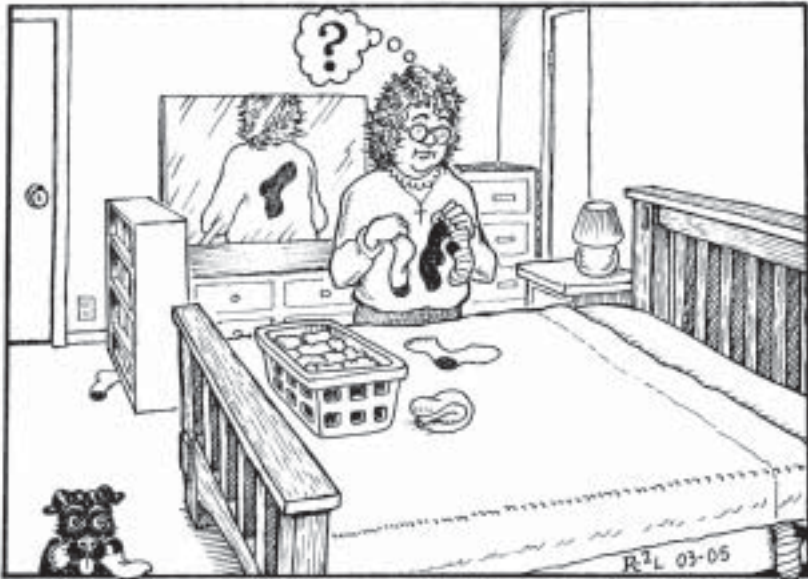
When I look at the "after" scenes on those shows I think, chyah, right. I wonder how long that's going to last. I speak as a lifelong packrat who keeps trying

to reform. You can clean up someone's piles of clutter with the best will and intentions in the world, but new piles will be back within the hour. They're like sourdough starter, alive and growing.

I am not sure if I know how to live without clutter. I love a clean open space and the peace of mind that comes with it, but I never maintain one for long.

I am aware of many of the rules. For example, paper: open your mail in one place, have a recycling bag right there for junk, a shredder for the credit card offers, and don't put a piece of paper down until you have decided its final resting place and put it there so you never have to deal with it again.


I will pause now while we all have a good laugh.



I grew up in a home where everything was saved and reused. It was a mentality formed by not having enough and never knowing when you might need something.

If something broke, you fixed it yourself or found someone to fix it, or did without. You had your

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shoes resoled, and your clothes mended. You let down hems and let out seams. You wore hand-me-downs.

When you have been inculcated with the morality of those frugal values, and you live in a society that tells you that you have a moral duty to spend money and buy things to keep the economy booming, you end up with a house full of crap.

On the plus side, you are probably a person with decent morals. On the minus side, you have no room in your home to actually live.

We try things like recycling, and donating items to charity, to ease the pressure, but there are

some things that you can't recycle or donate and are hard to throw away.

What about the contents of my dead mother's wallet? I spent the money on the way home from the funeral, but what about the expired insurance cards and the slips of paper on which she made lists, and her Republican Party membership card with the picture of Ronald Reagan riding a horse?

Stuff like that is hard to toss, but there really is no place to put it. So I put it on a pile and think I'll get to it sooner or later, and it's never sooner and later never arrives.

I'm going to get that recycling out of here today, though. I mean it. Really. Right after I read the paper and drink my coffee.

Construction Stay in Effect on Glacier Dock, No Bond Required

Submitted by Marnie Jones, Media Coordinator, POI

Preserve Our Islands (POI) has stopped Glacier NW from conducting any construction, demolition, or any other physical alterations related to their proposed barge loading facility on Maury Island until ALL legal appeals of the shorelines permits have been exhausted, including potential review by the Washington Supreme Court.

"This is a significant victory," said Dave Mann, attorney for POI. "The Shorelines decision was wrong and there is a good chance of reversal on appeal. In the meantime, no activity will take place in the shoreline or offshore environment and no bond will be required."

On January 21, POI asked King County Superior Court Judge Sharon Armstrong for a stay on all construction until the full appeals

process could be completed. On January 24, she issued a temporary stay and ordered a new hearing on Glacier's requested \$5,000,000 bond. Glacier has withdrawn its request for a bond and agreed not to do anything in the marine environment while the appeals are pending.

King County must follow the Shorelines Board's order to issue the shoreline permits, but Glacier cannot act on them unless they win the

appeals process. The appellate court is expected to hear the case later this year.

Preserve Our Islands has assured that this precious Puget Sound shoreline will remain intact throughout the legal proceedings, and both parties have signed a legally-binding court order.



Don't Forget the Birds

By Ed Swan

Spring Migration Has Begun

Last month provided a pretty interesting time for birding for late winter, which is usually sort of slow. But the birds have really been moving around quite a bit, adding a new species to our Island list and bringing back our first neotropical migrant.

Dan Willsie and Carol Ferch added the 238th species to the Island bird list February 6th when they looked out their front window and studied a shorebird flock. Mixed in with Black Turnstones, themselves a rarity for Vashon, were a number of Surfbirds. These two shorebird species prefer rocky shoreline



Jim Rosso Photo of Black Turnstone

habitat, so we don't see them much on Vashon. Both commonly hang out on the outer coast of Washington State and visit the Puget Sound area in lower numbers in winter. Birders find Surfbirds uncommon on the south end of Bainbridge Island along the rocky shore at Blakely Rock and Restoration Point. They undoubtedly stray a few more miles south to Vashon on a very rare, yet regular basis but this is the first time anyone noticed them. Black Turnstones appear to use non-rocky shores much more often than Surfbirds, so we usually find them at least once each winter on Vashon.

Dan Willsie also noticed the beginning of the spring marine bird migration with several groups of Horned and Eared Grebes moving through Quartermaster Harbor on February 22. Eared Grebes visit Vashon usually in only ones and twos during the winter but Dan saw at least 10 that day if not more. The Christmas Bird Count this year broke its previous records for Eared Grebes with 9 seen throughout the count circle (all of Vashon and including the west side of Colvos Passage). On February 26, I observed more

evidence of migration movements, counting over 100 Horned Grebes in just the stretch of Quartermaster Harbor between Burton and Shawnee. One group consisted of at least 50 birds. Another group of about 10 grebes associated with at least 5 Red-throated Loons. The Red-throated Loons have been so scarce this winter that these birds were definitely migrants moving through.

Brenda Sestrap and Alan Huggins spotted the first neotropical migrants of the year, with Rufous Hummingbirds coming to their feeders on Valentines Day. Brenda lives down on Maury Island and Alan at the north end of Vashon, so these should be different birds returning on the same day. In the last couple of weeks I have received several more reports of Rufous Hummingbirds coming in but the main wave doesn't roll in until the first or second week of March. The best way to be certain that a hummingbird is a Rufous rather than the now year-round Anna's is to look for brown on the sides. With the male Rufous, the brown looks dark to almost bright rust depending on how the light



Jim Rosso Photo of Surfbird

hits the feathers and with the female, the brown appears tan. Rufous Hummingbirds move up the coast as the salmon berries begin blooming in each area.

Other interesting sightings include three Long-tailed Ducks seen in Dockton on February 10 by Dan Willsie and a Barn Owl heard on the north end of the Island by Carole Elder. Yellow-rumped Warblers also began moving through this month, though these birds are probably just moving around within the region. One or two usually show up for the Christmas Bird Count and then small numbers start appearing on the island in February. The big migration push

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for them isn't usually until April. If you have a question about local birds or an interesting sighting to report, call me at 463-7976 or email at edswan@centurytel.net.

The Vashon-Maury Island Audubon Society has a number of good bird events coming up in March. **Islander Marcy Summers returned recently from a two-year stint studying habitat in Indonesia for the Nature Conservancy. She will present some of her findings at a talk at the Land Trust Building on Thursday, March 17 at 7p.m.** Indonesia is the most biodiverse country in the world. When measured by the total numbers of different species occurring there, Indonesia's terrestrial and marine habitats each individually rank as among the most diverse on earth. With 1.3% of the planet's land

area, it possesses 16% of the world's bird species.

A good opportunity to get out and see the returning spring birds will be the **on-Island field trip on March 12.** Meet at the Ober Park park and ride at 8 a.m. and plan to be done by about 10 a.m. A chance to learn how to identify birds by their songs returns with the annual **Birding by Ear class taught by Steve Caldwell. The first class starts on Tuesday, March 22.** Call Steve with questions or to enroll at 463-5778.

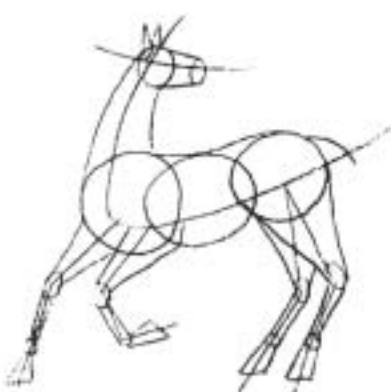
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Island Life

Text & photos by *Peter Ray*

Blow Up

The first Rover was a tricycle. I couldn't help starting with that line. As a part of this column's main concept, it is the perception of a given visual that drives the writing. But in the convoluted loops and swirls that the mind took around visions of front yard snowmen and store front balloon fish, somewhere in the land of mouse-clicking and colored html's I found myself at the doorstep of the above fact. The year was 1883 and the company that was manufacturing these tricycles was Starley and Sutton Co. of Coventry, England. Two years later, J.K. Starley came out with the Rover Safety Bicycle, which was "...a rear-wheel-drive, chain-driven cycle with two similar-sized wheels, making it more stable than the previous high wheeler designs." It wasn't until 1901, three years after Starley's death, that the Rover Company began to produce automobiles. For reasons that will remain unexplained, it will now be a Starley tricycle that I will see beneath those Land Rover drivers as they go whizzing by—we have to get our bits of comic relief where we can these days.



One could ask, with good reason, how the leap was made from inflatable snowmen to antique tricycles. The easiest answer would have to be: the Internet. But one would also have to dial it back just a bit more and say that it basically came down to two other words, and those would be: "Inflate To." Of course, these particular words are usually seen as a part of a slightly longer statement found mostly on the sides of tires of all sizes and involving some range of pressure measurements expressed in pounds per square inch (psi). We spend a lot of time here being concerned that tires of all shapes and functions stay properly inflated because if we don't, things tend to stop rolling. From skinny bike tires to fatter wheelbarrow tires to nursery flatbed plant conveyances and beyond, we find ourselves constantly pinching and squeezing the rubber to make sure the firmness is up to snuff and, if it isn't, doing lots of requisite pumping so the "Inflate To" numbers are followed to the letter, whatever that means.

We got to ancient tricycles by way of looking up the origins of the

pneumatic tire or tyre as it was known in its homeland. The modern tire actually had a double genesis of sorts, originally coming out of Scotland and the eclectic, inventor's mind of Robert William Thomson in 1845. Even though Charles Goodyear had invented vulcanized rubber the year before, Thomson's tyre had a canvas inner tube covered by a leather outer "tire." He never perfected the manufacturing and fitting aspects and abandoned the idea to go on to steam engines with solid rubber tires. Over forty years later in Belfast, Ireland, John Dunlop patented an inflatable tire that he had devised for his son's tricycle which was made of a leather hose as the inner tube and an outer, rubber tread. This patent was rescinded two years later in 1890, since Thomson already had registered the idea years before.

None of this really explains how we got from blow-up snowmen to the inventor of the self-filling fountain pen (Thomson). It had little or nothing to do with the similarity between Mr. Snowman and the Michelin Man, whose parent company came up with the radial tire in 1946. What I mostly was concerned with here was the concept of filling something up with air, or helium for that matter, but mostly we were thinking about air. Pumping up tires makes sense; inflating a snowman does not register anywhere on my to-do list of lists. The strange places where the basic balloon is going these days are equally as baffling. Do we really need floating clusters of fish or airborne Sponge Bobs or even the standard smile-

face balloon head? You realize of course that this is all coming from someone who years ago took a certain degree of sinister pleasure in placing gallon cans of Monkey Puzzle trees at the front of our sales table at the Pike Place Market so that the errant balloons of unsuspecting youthful visitors might chance to come in final contact with the pointed needles that cover their branches. We found that there was a predictable time period between the pop and the first audible indications of childhood dismay. Some forms of entertainment are subtler in practice than others.


A certain wonderment about where this whole inflatable, mylar icon thing had come from and why we weren't satisfied with the simple balloon any more just got me spinning all over the mental place. I suppose one could point in any direction and say that it takes more and more to entertain the masses these days. One could also say that

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those clown acts with the twisted balloon shapes have already been pushing the edge of where inflated rubber or latex can take one for quite some time now. But then, there is that darn internets and the googling thing, and we suddenly find ourselves on a page with "Animal Bladders and Intestines" at the top. It seems that it was the Aztecs who first made inflatable balloon shapes out of animal guts in order to give offerings to the gods. Some people might be unhappy to learn that it was inflated bowel of cat that was first used in these appeasement ceremonies. It seems also that, along the way, a feline ailment wiped out their offering supply and this led to the use of bowels of human corpses.



"When these grew in short supply, human sacrifices were offered for the sole purpose of obtaining fresh bowels." We often hear about gateway drugs, but this puts a whole different spin on where balloon abuse has the potential to propel an unwary society.

In spite of how it might sound, I am not a balloon grinch. I can easily be fascinated by a single, helium-filled latex orb on the end of a string. I can just as easily be baffled to the point of slight and jittery agitation at the sight of a

glittering mylar hamburger (lettuce, tomato-hold the mayo) on the end of a multi-colored ribbon. The image of a giant inflatable gorilla in a car sales lot has a bit of humor attached to it, but the vision of Frosty tied down to a green lawn in December brings the same kind of creepiness to that season that the Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man of *Ghostbusters* infamy might cast upon the Macy's Thanksgiving Parade. I don't know, do they still float those giant cartoon figure balloons through the canyons of New York? All this speculation and research has caused the light of day to pass me by. It's time to go pump up the tires and put all those levers and pulleys and other simple machines to work, and at this point I don't care where they came from.

The Frogs are chorusing, and Spring still approaches. As I continue the picture hunt, I am still looking for landscape work (see ad). But the postcard project continues. Two dollars will get you all the postcards in this week's mailing, one buck for each one, or if you'd like, send any amount to receive these cards and more in the future. Make sure you include your mailing address. Send all requests to 10322 SW 165th St., Vashon Island, WA 98070

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Picture This

I will get the personal confessionals over with right away by stating that I did indeed miss the first few minutes of **Born Into Brothels**, the 2004 Oscar winning documentary by Zana Briski and Ross Kauffman. I have no idea what kind of introduction and exposition took place at the beginning of the reel thanks to two words: ferry overload. We walked into the darkened theater to some murky images and a string of expletives in some Indian (Hindi?) dialect translated into subtitles across the screen. We got settled in an uncomfortable place, since the only seats left were a few rows back from the front of the theater; I generally get overwhelmed with the screen in my face. Once we got into the flow of the film, it became apparent that being overwhelmed is where this documentary wants you to be, since its subject, the children of prostitutes in Calcutta’s red light district, are dealing with odds that are stacked against them from a number of different directions. Problems like having to sit a little too close to a movie screen now and then suddenly seemed somewhat microscopic to non-existent.



Briski and Student

So without knowing what went before, here is what I’ve found out to fill the void and the questions it left me with. Director Zana Briski had been photographing on and off in India for three years when she decided in 1998 to live with and photograph the women of Calcutta’s red light district. She became fascinated with the children of the prostitutes, and they with her, and she began to teach them how to use a camera. She left the area and returned with ten simple point and shoot cameras and chose a group of kids

who showed the most interest in learning the craft. In the process she decided that what she and the kids were doing needed documentation so she bought a video camera and began taping their work. In 2000 she sent four



Self Portrait by Avijit

tapes to a videographer friend, Ross Kauffman, in the hope that he would come to Calcutta to help film what now seemed to be turning into a documentary. The resulting collaboration is more of a home movie of sorts as the group becomes a family that experiences a modicum of success while enduring a string of life’s trials and tragedies.

While watching **Born Into Brothels**, I was reminded of Joseph Campbell’s premise that the “writer unknown” of folk tales and “traditional” songs was indeed a genius in his or her own right, in spite of whether history chose to recognize them as such. What we are witness to here is living proof of that thesis with a slight twist. What Briski is doing here is planting the seed of creativity by offering up a camera for each child to show others what they are seeing. In a few cases the children had never seen a camera before, but what they came up with in terms of imagery is by no means indicative of an uneducated, primitive vision. It is perhaps the streets and the circumstances that they live within that give them insights into life beyond their years; it is truly astonishing to see some of these



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visions coming from children ranging in age from ten to twelve.

In truth, we have seen this all before. Kids have been given cameras in all kinds of circumstances and the resulting imagery has been amazing—that is the nature and the beauty of the uncorrupted land of youthful creativity. To see this type of energy coming out of an extreme situation such as the back streets of Calcutta places the viewer in one of those paradoxical situations where any astonishment in its revelation should actually be no surprise at all. In the same sense, **Born into Brothels** is both fascinating and agonizing to watch at the same time. One cannot help but be amazed at what these kids are showing us, while at the same time we can’t help but wonder what talent lies undiscovered and just a nudge away, both in Calcutta and elsewhere around the world.

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Vashon Loop Staff

Writers: Kathy Abascal , Deborah Anderson, Marie Browne, Eric Francis, Jeff Hoyt, Troy Kindred, Melissa McCann, Rex Morris, Jessie Preste, Peter Ray, Jonathan Shipley, Ed Swan, Mary Litchfield Tuel
Guest writers: MEarth
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editor@vashonloop.com;
(206) 463-9207

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Brett Ford: Pay up! You owe Troy \$5

Dating on an Island

by Jessie Preste



It is a really good thing that I don't embarrass easily. I left my house and locked the door behind me, not realizing at first that my keys were patiently waiting for me on the kitchen table. So, how to get back in? Luckily it was Saturday, so no ferry to catch, but I was almost out of smokes, hungry, and in desperate need of a Perry Burger. So I seriously embarked on a break-in. A couple of years ago, my screen door got accidentally latched in the locked position as I was going outside and I and some friends were locked out. Fortunately, one of them was kind of a big guy and he managed to push in the basement door, jolting the metal bar that keeps it shut out of place. So, I thought, "a-ha!" I figured I could do the same thing. So I pushed...I pulled...I flung myself bodily at the door. Nothing. I was not big enough or heavy enough. On to Plan B; I got the ax from the wood bin and wedged it under the bar while leaning and pushing the door forward, hoping to be able to pop the bar up out of its holder. But the angle is wrong and the ax was too thick to get into the space. Next, I got a slender twig, same idea but on a smaller scale. The twig breaks. All right. Things are beginning to get desperate. I thought for a minute and decided to try a window. All my windows are pretty high up and only a few of them open, but I saw that the window to my laundry room was cracked open a bit, so all I had to do was to climb up, squeeze through the window, and I'd be in! But, no ladder. My ladder was an early victim of the "neighbor war" and was shanghaied. I climbed on a lawn chair...definitely not high enough. But what if I dragged over the round iron BBQ grill and stood on that?

I put the BBQ next to the lawn chair and climbed from the top of one to the other. OK, now we were talking! I could get my arms through the window! I could barely see over the window sill and my dogs were sitting there looking at me with avid curiosity and tongues hanging out. I am pretty sure they were laughing. (Oh, and in case you are thinking about trying this - they are my very large killer attack-trained dogs, of course.)

So there I was, with one foot perched on the wooden handle of the grill cover, the other foot scrabbling for purchase on the wall and my arms stuck through the window up to my elbows. And.....gravity wins! I just could not get my keister up and over, not to mention that it is a rather narrow window more suited to my 12 year old self than my 37 year old self. The dogs were patently disappointed as my body parts disappeared from the window.

Well, now what? I thought to myself. Then, another a-ha! moment. There was a ladder at the other neighbor's house to the south of me.

They weren't at home at that moment, but I borrowed the ladder anyway. (Borrowed, not shanghaied.) Bypassing the window this time because I was pretty sure that I wasn't going to be able to fit through and then climb down off the dryer without doing some serious damage to myself, I headed for a spot under the 2nd floor deck railing. For some reason, the ladder wouldn't fold out so I just leaned the whole thing against the balustrade. I started to climb, the ladder started to tilt. I caught at the railing of the deck and threw one arm over as the ladder continued its downward, or rather sideways, descent. Throwing one leg over, butt facing east - I managed to reach the safety of the deck. I made it! My back was still turned to the east, so I was mighty surprised to hear clapping and whistling from behind me. I don't know how long they had been there, but there were a couple of fishing boats out on the water about 30 meters away, with a bunch of fellas clapping and laughing their freakin' heads off. Naturally, I bowed, opened the unlocked patio door and headed inside.

(I put the ladder back after they had left.)

Now, how the heck does this relate to dating or relationships, you ask? Well, I'll tell you....It takes some effort and creativity to break into just about anything; a house, a new career, new circles of friends, etc. (See? Pretty slick, eh?) Six months or more ago, I was used to the whole commute, work, home thing - very much in a rut. I had lived here for quite some time, but I really just didn't know that many people! So I got creative and started writing. Things have definitely changed! Spring is almost upon us and there are more and more fun things happening. The Ceili and Oscar Night at the theatre were both a blast, by the way! Jane's Fun and Adventure Club has some great things for March, including Comedy Night, a Gourmet Dinner, Beach Walks, a Mosaic Making Class and more, so check out her calendar of events on her website: www.janesfunandadventureclub.com. Or you can email her at islandjane@comcast.net. Anyone 21 or over, singles or couples, is welcome. The Group (singles, any age) is still getting together for dinners, art walks, Ceilis, music at Café Luna and Bishops, etc. If you are interested in hanging out with us or meeting some new friends, just email me at jessiepreste@hotmail.com. I look forward to hearing from you. And, in true Vashon fashion, this article is dedicated in memory of Te Amo, the sweetest, most affectionate, and adorably intellectually unhindered cat friend that I've ever known. She is missed. ☺☺☺☺

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AmeriCorps Comes to Vashon

A team of eleven AmeriCorps*NCCC (National Civilian Community Corps) members arrived on Vashon Island January 15th. They have been helping Camp Sealth, a 400 acre camp located on the Island, prepare for spring and summer programs. The corps members have been working on trail blazing and restoration, painting, camp beautification, and general camp maintenance.

The team is currently making the wetlands trail accessible to the 2,000 campers visiting each summer and is also helping prepare a new "star-lab" where children will be able to experience the wonders of astronomy hands-on. Both projects are additions to the camp's environmental education component.

NCCC members will be volunteering hours to help clear forest fire debris from Vashon's monastery and will also be participating in the tree-planting project during President's Day weekend. They also plan to beautify the Island's Senior Center before their departure to

Sacramento, California on March 10.

The team spent prior projects doing disaster relief in Florida with FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency) and working at a community center in Utah. Their next project will be working in public schools in Portland, OR.

AmeriCorps*NCCC is part of AmeriCorps, a network of national service programs created to improve the environment, enhance education, increase public safety, and assist with disaster relief and other unmet human needs

AmeriCorps members must complete at least 1,700 hours of service during the 10-month program. In exchange for their service, they receive \$4,725 to help pay for college or to pay school loans. AmeriCorps is administered by the Corporation for National and Community Service. For information about applying to an AmeriCorps program, call 1-800-942-2677 (1-800-94-ACORP) or visit the website at www.americorps.org.

Positively Speaking

By Deborah H. Anderson

The Sexually Safe Island

With a nod to beloved Mary LT, I want to tell you about one of the most impactful stories in the Bible. It appears in a book called Samuel. The first time I read it was a stunning moment for me. It describes all the details of rape that are most familiar to victims. You see, there’s this guy and he thinks his half sister is really hot. So hot that it drives him to distraction. With a little help from his friends (relative, actually), he devises a plan to fake being sick and says he only wants this sister to serve him. So, the plan in motion, he starts to rape her. She pleads with him to spare her. But to no avail. He rapes her and then it says, “Afterwards he hated her more than he had wanted her.” Isn’t that incredible? It describes the psyche of a rapist in the Bible. Hmmmmmm. Afterwards, her brothers hunt the guy down and, well...they didn’t turn the other cheek.

Two questions...why on earth am I writing a column on rape? And second of all, why should one be concerned about rape here on the Island? It’s kind of an isolated incident isn’t it? No, it’s not. And while there are lots of things that happen routinely on the Island that we as adults can ignore like affairs, addiction problems, illegal activity, and other things that we can look at easily with compassion and community energy like hunger, homelessness, and neglected children, rape is kind of a conversation stopper.

Other issues that stop the conversation are the reality that rapists generally deny they did anything. “I didn’t do it.” (That’s supposed to be read with a heavy Jersey accent.) I remember a young girl who finally got up the courage to speak to her father about his actions and he responded quite sincerely, “I don’t know what you are talking about.”

And then of course, the victims are very conflicted about talking about it. We do not as a culture do well talking about painful things appropriately. As I have mentioned before, we went from Thumper’s mother’s philosophy of life, “If you can’t say something nice, don’t say nothing at all,” to the Newlywed Game, where couples told their deepest secrets in exchange for a set of Samsonite luggage, to Dr. Phil and Jerry Springer where you tell for free just for the notoriety.

Here on the Island there are various groups that are trying to lift and keep the bar to the highest level possible of integrity, ethics and safety and self expression. We lag behind in only a few areas. One of these is sexual assault. Fortunately, the gap is closing. Over the last few months, a group of people have been meeting at the Methodist church on Saturday mornings to think through the issues. Now, they would like to invite you to join the conversation.

If you are healthcare worker, member of law enforcement, a counselor in a private or public school, fire and rescue personnel, teach, school administrator, clergy or a concerned citizen, you are invited to a very special meeting. On Wednesday March 23, from 6:30 to 8:30 at the Land Trust Building, there is an opportunity to discuss as an island new ways to provide advocacy for victims of sexual assault here in our little community. With advocacy always come conversations about prevention as well.

There are so many ways to be raped. There’s stranger rape in the dead of night; date rape when all you were interested in was a few hours of cordial social encounter, child rape, gender on gender rape. We all want this to be a safe island. If you aren’t concerned about someone else, if it seems too remote, just remember—it could happen to you.

This group of women continually refers to the fact that we are an Island that ever increasingly tackles the tough issues. Come talk with others about the issues that are giving birth to an island that can be sexually safe for all women, men and children. Your voice will make a difference. I promise! Wednesday, 23 March, 6:30 to 8:30.....Land Trust.....SA discussion. That’s what you must write on your calendars. And God saw that it was good.



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Send “Peace Rocks!” to the White House

By Martin Halliwell

Help send a strong message to the White House on the second anniversary of the “March to Freedom” by sending them an overwhelming assortment of “Peace Rocks!” rocks. During the 1960’s people painted flat oval rocks with the Peace symbol on the front in many creative ways; they often popped up in gardens, public places and at festivals; they are strong, lasting symbols. The point of the “Peace Rocks!” campaign is to let America and the world know that the only way to a constructive society is through Peace and Diplomacy. There are indeed many people in the country that oppose the current administration’s actions around the world in the name of Democracy building.

Schools, artists, activists and all that believe non-violent

action is the true road to freedom and democracy are getting involved.

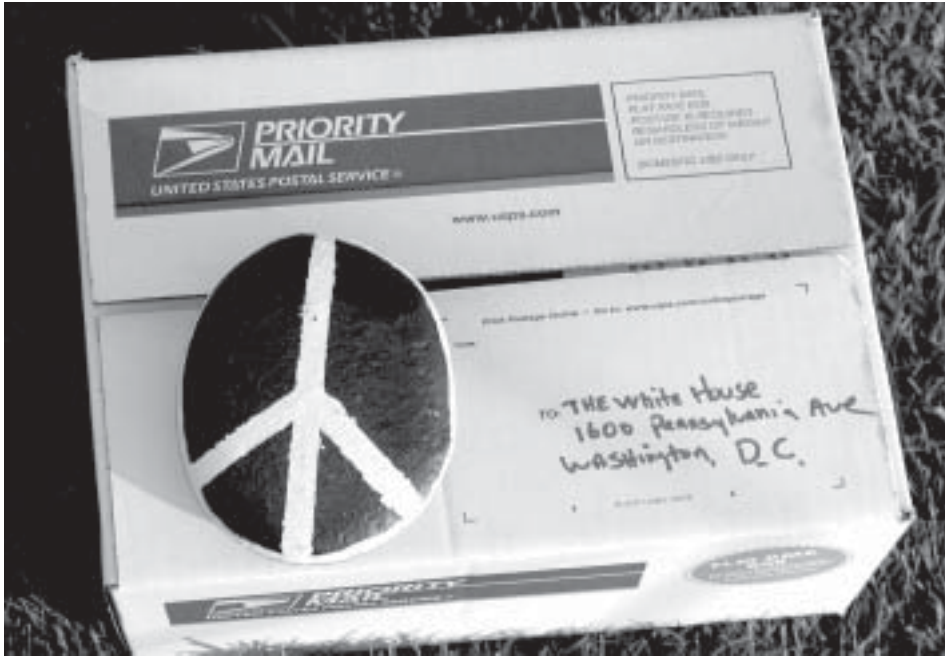
Have a “Peace Rocks! rock painting party and voice your opinion to the White House. Let’s get the White House to start a Peace Garden with these rocks as a foundation. The USPS has two sizes of flat rate boxes that are free from their web-site or any Post Office. These priority sent boxes have a flat rate shipping fee of \$7.70 regardless of weight.

Paint your rocks and add a signature and or statement on the back, and **ship them out by March 15th to arrive at the White house by March 19th.**

Let’s get a million “Peace Rocks!” rocks to rock the White House.

This effort has originated from Vashon Island, Washington.

www



HOYTUS INTERRUPTUS

Not One to Judge

By Jeff Hoyt

It all came rushing back. The boos, the hate, the blind rage. It was like a flashback from a movie, which was perfect in that it occurred while I was serving as a judge in the costume contest during the recent Oscar Night at the Vashon Theater. Bill Moyer, Sandy Sheldon and I had fun picking winners in the first couple of contests. Neither the Best-Dressed Child nor Best-Dressed Teen Boy categories had very many contestants. We went for the cute kid and the hippest-looking boy.

Then, the contestants in the Best-Dressed Teen *Girl* competition stepped up on stage. Someone (I can't remember who) whispered in my ear, "this is the most competitive category and getting more so every year." As the stage filled with at least three *dozen* dressed-to-the-nines teenage girls wearing an astonishing assortment of beautiful gowns, a very bad day in a very small town came roaring back into my head. Many of those girls at Oscar Night may have noticed that I was the one judge in the seats who was visibly cringing with confusion, unable to make a decision.

I was remembering something. Rewind 27 years. The late 1970's found me spinning vinyl as a rock 'n roll DJ on a Top 40 radio station in Little Rock, Arkansas. As something of a local "celebrity," I was expected to be available to emcee concerts, do live remote appearances at car lots and stereo stores, or just be the DJ du jour at whatever community event was on the calendar at any given time. It was all part of the commercial radio gig.

One such obligation took me to a small town outside Little Rock called Benton, where I would serve as a judge in a beauty contest filled with 12-year-old girls. It would be my first—and last—such experience.

Before the pageant, they lined up the judges American Idol-style behind a long table, so we could "meet the girls." Here's where I first became aware that this was much more serious business than I could have possibly imagined. Each girl (save one) walked in with a plastered-on smile that had been clearly painted onto her face by either a parent or a professional coach. Unbeknownst to me, I was judging a contest that was part of the whole "pageant circuit," a traveling road show that puts increasing pressure on the girls as they advance through various levels toward the coveted Miss Pre-Teen American Beauty Princess Girl. Or something. Hell, I didn't know anything about the path these girls were on. I just wondered

why they seemed so stressed and nervous when they answered the pre-written softball questions we were required to ask them. Turns out it was because the stakes were quite high.

Two girls stood out during the interview round. One was a perfectly-coiffed, perfectly-poised, perfectly-perfect girl I'll call...Ginger. She was 12, going on 22.

The other girl was a classic small-town American kid, pretty but not beautiful. Let's call her...Mary Ann. She was the only girl who didn't walk in with a smile, but she broke into an infectious natural grin when we made her laugh. She was also the only contestant who answered our questions with real answers, not the stilted swill the coaches were foisting on their "clients." She was refreshingly different.

Finally, it was on to the big show inside a packed gymnasium.

We started with the evening gown competition (no swimsuit category for the 12-year-olds, I guess). The girls were lovely. The audience was supportive and enthusiastic toward all of them. Mary Ann held her own in this category, mainly by not walking the "pageant walk." She was just herself and seemed very comfortable and at ease.

Then, out came Ginger. With her advanced "development," she did things for an evening gown that no 12-year-old girl should be allowed to do. And the crowd went wild. Ginger was a rock star with this audience, the clear hands-down favorite daughter.

As the talent competition got underway, it was clearly a two-girl race. Mary Ann came out first and pretty much dazzled my fellow judges and me with a combination of singing and modern dance that was just not at all common for the late 70's. It was Fosse meets *Flashdance*, full of life and athleticism. Her voice, even when she was winded from spinning and leaping around the stage, stayed strong throughout. If I hadn't been a judge, I would have leapt to my feet for a standing O at the end. When her routine finished, though, the audience reaction was polite at best.

They were saving themselves for you-know-who. Ginger walked out into a single spotlight to regale us with a ballad, covering a song I had grown to detest: Debby Boone's "You Light Up My Life." Every note was sung with perfect pitch with the vibrato in her voice delivering the long notes with textbook precision. When the song reached an emotional crescendo, she balled up her fists at just the right moment and reached

for the sky, opening her hands and letting them fall to her sides in perfect sync with the music. The crowd screamed its approval of her flawless, but ultimately soulless and predictable performance.

For us judges, we had a slam dunk on our hands. Mary Ann was our clear winner. Ginger came in a rather distant second.

That's when things got ugly. When Mary Ann's triumph was announced, the crowd booed. They *actually* booed. Mary Ann's reaction on stage cut right through me. She was clearly hurt, but bravely held it together as she was awarded her well-deserved crown.

I felt horrible for her but I was soon to discover that I had misread the audience reaction. It turns out they weren't booing Mary Ann. They were booing...*us*...the judges. We had not chosen their Chosen One.

Out in the parking lot after the contest, I got to meet a few of the moms. It wasn't my idea. One of them called me a "blind bastard." Another said that we had cruelly given "that poor Mary Ann" false hope when she was clearly not pageant material. A third mom (Ginger's) followed me to my car and berated me with a most creative stream of homespun redneck vitriol. It appeared that I had ruined both *her* life and the life of her daughter (and in that order, I think).

I just wanted out of there. I ignored as many of the comments as I could but as I got into my car, I told Ginger's mom why I hadn't voted for her daughter: "If you want her to get anywhere in this world, start by *not* making her cover Debby Boone."

On Oscar Night at the Vashon Theater, memories of Ginger and Mary Ann came rushing back when the Best-Dressed Teen Girls stepped up on stage for our consideration. We made our choice, handing out

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co-awards to the most glamorous and the most funky. The crowd cheered, the girls were cool, and nobody tried to kill me in the parking lot.

My daughter, also one of the contestants, asked me afterward why I was balling up into the fetal position as the girls walked on stage.

Now she knows why. ☹☹☹

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Among Our Piers:

By Jonathan Shipley

Pam Ingalls

You might find her with a video camera at a café in town. You might find her looking at the way the light hits through the window and casts across the red wall opposite. She captures it, remembers it, so she can go home and put it to canvas with paint. Then again, you might find her in Venice. She’s the artist Pam Ingalls. She was kind enough to sit down with me and talk about color, John Singer Sargent, and her favorite art museum in the world.



Loop: When did you know you wanted to be an artist?

Ingalls: When I was 8 our family lived in Florence, Italy for 8 months. We visited so many museums in Europe that year and a few years later that I think the art got into my skin then. Both of my parents are artists. Our family used to go out sketching together. It always seemed like a possible choice for a career. I majored in Art at Gonzaga University and knew then that I really wanted to paint. But it wasn’t until I was in my early 30’s that I said to myself: if I don’t do this now, when will I ever get to it? Once I made the inner commitment, things fell into place somehow.

Loop: What are your favorite subjects for your paintings?

Ingalls: I love painting things we are used to seeing every day—like glasses, or sinks, or faces. The thing that inspires me the most is good lighting, though. When I

glance down a street, at a spoon, or the corner of a room - with beautiful light falling across it, I sigh and think, “I should paint that - it’s so lovely.”

Loop: What is the foreign city that inspires you the most in regards to your artwork?

Ingalls: I loved painting Venice last year. Almost any place in Italy thrills me.

I can’t tell if it’s the simplicity of life there, the angle of the sun, or just the general atmosphere. Whatever it is, I love Italy.

Loop: Does living on Vashon permeate some how into your artwork?

Ingalls: Vashon is my haven. I love the combination of remoteness and community here. It’s given me time and space away from the bigger world and the support to thrive. I love it here.

Loop: You say your paintings are based on the Russian Impressionist Tradition. What does that mean? How does the

Russian style differentiate from the European style of Monet, Manet, and others, that we’ve come to know?

Ingalls: Short answer: The Russian Impressionists combined classical drawing techniques with the French Impressionist sense of color. Long answer: I studied with Ron Lukas, who studied with a Russian painter, Sergei Bongart. That’s where the Russian Impressionism Tradition comes from. The Soviet

government encouraged their artists to concentrate on storytelling with their paintings (for propaganda purposes). So the artists developed their drawing skills along with their color sensitivities. When you think of Monet’s haystacks, it’s all about color. There’s not a lot of contrast between dark and light in the painting, and there are not a lot of intricate forms. The Russians were interested in form, contrast AND color.

Loop: What art museums to you cherish visiting? What artists always inspire you?

Ingalls: I love John Singer Sargent, Joaquin Sorolla, and Anders Zorn the most these days. Sargent is a constant favorite with me. Whenever I walk into a museum with a Sargent painting hanging, I feel like I’ve come home. Sorolla was a Spanish painter who lived around the same time— about 100 years ago. He was a master of color. His paintings are so bright they almost look like there’s a light shining from behind them. And Anders Zorn was a Swedish painter around the same period. He painted beautiful portraits and figures with powerful light and soft edges.

I think the Musee d’Orsay is my favorite museum of anywhere. In this area, I love going to the Frye Museum, Tacoma Art Museum— and The Portland Art Museum get some good shows. There’s a



Bottled

John Singer Sargent show coming to Portland later this year!

Loop: For painters on the Island (of which there are plenty) who have yet to “make it big” like you have, what advice do you give them in regards to getting started, putting on a show, that sort of thing?

Ingalls: I think the best advice for artists is to work hard, and to get your work out there as soon as you can. There are so many other issues that go with putting on a show—the logistics, the emotions—LOTS of emotions. The sooner you get used to those, the easier it will be as you go farther. I entered a lot of national juried shows from the back of

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American Artist magazine. That pushed my career along, got me into some national galleries, and gave me a feeling for how my work stood up along side other painters.

Loop: How do you choose your subject? What is the process you go through to get from idea to finished product?

Ingalls: I usually glance at something out of the corner of my eye that has strong light on it, and do a double-take. Since I’ve been traveling so much lately I use my little video camera to take a picture of the scene - and take it home to my studio to paint. I love painting in other people’s homes, too - when it’s quiet, the sun beaming in a window - or the light on a shelf. I choose my subjects intuitively - then use the more logical part of my brain - the skill-part- to execute the painting.

Loop: Anything else you’d like to share about painting/your artwork?

Ingalls: There is so much beauty in ordinary life. I’m trying to teach myself to see it. I really hope that my paintings will inspire other people to look at their lives differently.

www

Correction: Terry Sutton, the subject of the February 23rd ‘Among Our Piers’ is a MAN, and a manly man at that. *The Loop* apologizes profusely for the case of mistaken gender identification, and as punishment has assigned Jonathan Shipley to write a story on worms, which as everyone knows, are hermaphrodites.



Restaurant in San Gimignano

LIVING WELL WITH PLANTS

Text and drawings by Kathy Abascal (AHG)



The nettles are up! Throughout the wet, dank places of the Pacific Northwest, young nettles a few leaves high are there for the taking. Very soon, they will be tall and gnarly. So, if you are lucky enough to live on or near land that has not been cleared or manicured to death, you should go gather nettles in the next few days.

Nettles and man have evolved together, and nettles are extremely good to us, an occasional nettle burn notwithstanding. We have used nettles as a food, as a medicine, and as a fiber for eons. Nettles were one used to make cloth, and a Bronze Age man found in Denmark was buried in nettle cloth. Once upon a time you may have read the Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale of the Wild Swans in which the sister wove nettle shirts to break a spell cast on her brothers. As a child I found that a bit mean as my experience with nettles was limited to welts from nettle burns. Only later did I learn that nettle fabric can be as fine and soft as silk.

People are drawn to nettles because they are very rich in vitamins and minerals. In the days before vegetables were flown in from South America or grown in greenhouses, nettles were a godsend at the end of a long nutritionally challenged winter. Nettles remain a godsend (although underutilized today) because they are a gourmet food that is unparalleled nutritionally and energetically. Have you ever tried steamed nettles with shiitake mushrooms and aged balsamic vinegar or a rich nettle & potato soup? Fresh nettle pasta is another delight, one Christal makes fresh for Minglement this time of year. And while you are out there gathering nettles for dinner, pick some extra to make your own nettle vinegar to use the rest of the year. Just fill a jar with chopped up nettles, cover with an organic vinegar, and let it steep for a while. I have also read that nettles make a good jam.

Spring Time is Nettle Time

Nettles are equally wonderful as a medicine. They are especially renowned for people with allergies, and a small study suggests that something in nettles lessens or prevents allergic symptoms. Nettles are available in capsules or tinctures but most practitioners agree that fresh young nettles deliver more punch and should be used when they are around. Nettles also benefit people with chronic ailments such as rheumatoid arthritis, acne rosacea, and hepatitis C. This may simply be due to the plant's ability to deliver good, easily absorbed nutrition. Or the plant's interesting chemical constituents may have a positive effect on the body's inflammatory response. Or both—we do not really know at this point.

Nettle leaf is diuretic and seems to increase the excretion of uric acid. It is a wonderful tea for premenstrual or perimenopausal bloating, and can be a good helper for people with a



Nettle

tendency toward gout or certain types of kidney stones.

In addition to the leaves, the nettle root is also medicinal. At least four clinical trials show that it, usually combined with other herbs, improves the symptoms caused by an enlarged prostate. These symptoms, to one degree or another, tend to begin bothering men around the age of forty. Nettle root and saw palmetto berry (another herbal medicine) was as effective as the prostate drug finestrade but the herbs did not share the drug's side effects of erectile dysfunction and headache. Unfortunately, I think you need to be careful gathering nettle root in the Puget Sound area. Nettles are fairly long-lived plants and they concentrate minerals. This area, thanks to the Tacoma smelter, has been overexposed to cadmium, lead, and arsenic and it is possible that

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these minerals are concentrated in the roots. (The young shoots, however, should not present this problem, in case you were wondering). As a result, you should get a medicine made from nettle roots gathered or cultivated in more pristine areas if you want a prostate medicine.

Later in the season, you can also gather nettle seed. Nettle seeds were often added to fodder for horses to make them look shiny and healthy. An old German doctor decided it might be good for his convalescent home patients as well, and began giving them one or two tablespoons of nettle seeds daily. The seeds had an energizing effect on his patients. Henriette Kress, a well-known Finnish herbalist, promotes nettle seed as an overall tonic for run-down, overly tired, burned-out, or just bone-weary people — folks who would do things if they just had the energy for it. Remember though, if you want to gather nettle seed later this summer that you need to sieve it to separate it from other parts of the plant that may contain those stinging hairs that make



Kathy Abascal is a professional member of the American Herbalists Guild and is certified by Michael Moore of the Southwest School of Botanical Medicine. She co-authored the book "Clinical Botanical Medicine." If you have questions about herbs, come by Minglement on Mondays or Wednesdays to meet Kathy. If you are interested in a private herbal consultation, you can pick up a brochure at Minglement that explains her services & how to schedule an appointment

nettles so memorable.

This article barely scratches the many uses of nettles, as food, cosmetic, and medicine. I do hope it provides enough information to motivate you to try nettles, one of the best local delicacies available. **www**

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Garden the World

by MEarth

There was a time near the beginning when things were not so differentiated, when the People changed form like you and I change clothes. Everything understood everything else because all spoke the same language. Northwest natives refer to it as the Time Before The Changer Came.

Then, it is said, the Creator called all the People together and announced “It is time for you all to become things.”

The story describes how it was done; the Creator would show all those gathered an image, say a piliated woodpecker, and would explain, “...this is how you will look, this is what your language will be, this will be your sacred work...,” and so on, and one of the People would say “I’ll be that.”

And so it went. One by one, the spirit became things.

Deer, tree, eagle, buffalo, salmon; all things on Earth became on that day.

The one who told me this story would remind me that, on that day, someone volunteered to be horse fly and maggot, someone agreed to be dung beetle, leech and mosquito.

After all the explanations and creations, the Creator asked the People what they thought about it all and, I am told, many comments were heard and suggestions brought up. Adjustments were made and agreements come to.

Near the end, Deer spoke and said; “Let me understand this thing. The only time I will visit the lodge of the human beings is when they take my life. You say they will spill my blood to consume my flesh, but it seems to me that they make no payment for it. I don’t believe it is enough just that their bodies return to the earth.”

The Creator asked the People how they felt about this and many agreed that this, indeed, seemed unfair, unequal, and unbalanced. The Creator turned to the human beings and asked them what they wanted to do about this.

The human beings agreed this sounded unfair and spoke among themselves for some time without finding a solution. The way I heard it, the men got to arguing and they

The Lake in the Center of the Sky

could not come to a resolution as to what to do. Just like men, is it not; to keep all of creation and the very Creator waiting while they squabble?

It seems indicative to me of what we are doing right now.

The women, of course, realized this was disrespectful and stupid so they spoke amongst themselves and soon had a solution. They stood before the Creator and said, “Every moon cycle, blood will flow from our bodies. This blood we will return to the earth and it will be the payment of the human beings for all that they take from this world.”

The way it is told, the Creator got very big right then.

The Creator honored the offering of the women and said, “I will create a Lake in the Center of the Sky. All the blood that you offer to the Earth in that way will flow into that lake. Streams will flow from that lake and down those streams will flow all of the sacred things that human beings need to live in this world. All ceremony, all regalia, all songs, everything that is sacred will flow from that offering.”

That is the story as I was told it. But I have also heard a variation on the end, from a story called When Sweatlodge Was A Man:

The created ones departed in all directions, eager to get on with it all.

The Creator, left alone, spoke to the Earth:

“Things will be changing now and it is good. However, I can see that the men will be disappointed that they do not have something like the women, something to give them strength and power. That will be a problem unless I do something about it.”

The Creator lay down on the ground and became the sweat lodge.

“I will place myself here for the use of the Human Beings, for the men who are to come. Whoever visits me I will fortify and purify and the offering of sweat, while not as strong as blood, will be potent enough to satisfy that need men have to make the giveaway. Thus they will find their sacred path in this world and have success in life. All who come to me, I will shield and sanctify.”

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A Storytelling Concert of Mythic Proportion!

By Juli Goetz Morser

Here’s a riddle: What do heifers, Ancient Greek Gods, original myths, and reconstructed fables all have in common with The Harbor School’s sixth and seventh grade students? Answer: *A Storytelling Concert of Mythic Proportion!*

On Thursday, March 10th, 7:30 pm at the Presbyterian Church, join master storyteller and Harbor School Social Studies teacher Lauretta Hyde as she and her middle school students put a fresh spin on the old art of telling of myths and fables.

These original tales are the result of a collaborative project between two subjects, English and Social Studies. “As Lauretta Hyde’s class studied Ancient Greece,” explains THS middle school English teacher James Cardo, “my class wrote versions of myths based on those of Hellenic culture. As might be expected, the students’ stories range from silly tales to heroic epics, but they all showcase these students’ burgeoning talents (as writers).”

As performers, these students learned the art of storytelling from Lauretta. While only several students will perform the myths and fables, all of the students, according to Hyde, will tell a story about a God

or Goddess they’ve researched. “And, yes,” she laughs, “I will tell a classical myth as well!”

So where do the heifers come in? One might say they are the unsung heroes of this storytelling concert. As part of The Harbor School’s ongoing commitment to Service Learning, the students will send donations received for cookies and punch served after the concert to Heifer International, a charitable organization dedicated to ending world hunger and poverty. Since 1944, Heifer International has provided income-producing animals and training to millions of resource-poor families in 115 countries.

While this concert may have a clear heroic purpose, it also has a subtle ethical aim. “We’re trying,” says Cardo, “to center the morals of these stories on the The Harbor School’s cornerstone values of Integrity, Personal Best, Accountability, Compassion, Responsibility, and Respect.” And one other: the school’s unofficial cornerstone value of Humor!


For more information, please call the school at 567-5955 or visit www.harborschool.org. The concert is free and open to the public, no tickets are required.

March 26th

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Burton
6pm

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Peace, Propaganda,
and the Promised
Land

Vashon Islanders for Peace and the Backbone Campaign are co-sponsoring the screening of *Peace, Propaganda, and the Promised Land: U.S. Media and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict* by Israeli-American director Bathsheba Ratzkoff and Sut Jhally, professor of communications at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, and one of the world's leading experts on advertising and media studies. Sut Jhally has won the coveted "Distinguished Teacher Award" at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, and the student newspaper also voted him "Best Professor."

The program will begin at 1:30 p.m., Sunday, March 13, at the Vashon Library, and the public is encouraged to attend. There is a suggested donation of \$5 to cover costs.

Combining American and British TV news clips with observations of Middle East experts, media critics, religious figures, and political activists, including representatives of the

Jewish-American and Israeli peace community, *Peace, Propaganda, and the Promised Land* provides a historical overview, media comparison, and examination of factors that have distorted U.S. media coverage and, in turn, American public opinion. It exposes American foreign policy in the region and reveals the implications of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict and the role the U.S. has played.

Cecilie Surasky, Jewish Voice for Peace, writes, "While I have always understood that the war here is over words and images, as much as it is over land and bones there, the film really enlightened me about the complexity and profundity of this form of colonization of the mind...a priceless educational tool."

There will be a post-screening discussion monitored by Island resident Daniel Asher, Director of the Greater Seattle Jewish Community Endowment Fund from 1990-2000. He is a long-time student of documentary film, has traveled many times to Israel, and is presently on the board of the Vashon Havurah. For further information, please contact Maryrose Asher, 567-0593.

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Madame Toujours

Dear Madame Toujours,

I am an Extra-abled American, and I take exception to last week's column in which teenage boys made vulgar and graphic remarks about the romantic relationships of "superheroes." This kind of prurient speculation about people of other races and abilities is bigoted and offensive.

Extra-abled Americans are an oppressed race. We have to keep our true identities secret just to be able to live some semblance of a normal life. Super-villains taunt us and try to lure us into traps by terrorizing entire cities. Religious fundamentalists call us witches and demons and either try to convert us or take away our citizenship. Then we get hassled for having nerdy alter-egos and can't retaliate because our Extra-abled code of ethics forbids using our powers against those who are weaker than we are.

Please make it clear to your readers that making insulting speculations about Extra-abled Americans is not acceptable. We suffer enough discrimination without adding insult to injury.

The culprits in this case may be only teenage boys, but it is never too early to learn empathy and respect for the privacy of others.

Sincerely, El Humongo

Cher M. Humongo,

You are bringing forward the very important points. In the current social climates, it is becoming very difficult for the white, male persons to be finding the safe topics for the vulgar, sexual remarks. It is not any longer being acceptable to be

having the vulgar conversations about the females or the persons of the other races because everybody is being very offended. This is a very good thing for the females and the other racial persons, but it is unfortunately very stressful for the white, male persons who are wishing to have the frank and graphic conversations of the sexual nature in public.

However, the white, male persons are feeling comfortable to be making the offensive remarks about the persons who are having the special powers and abilities. This is because the young, male persons are not having any special powers or abilities themselves, so they are supposing that the persons with special powers are superior to themselves. They feel, very naturally, that the person who is able to leap over tall buildings and crush small locomotives is too powerful to be offended by the speculations about the sexual prowesses.

It is important for the young, male persons to remember that in addition to annoying sensible persons such as girls, they cannot be knowing whether any of the classmates are the superheroes who will be offended by the personal remarks and possibly retaliate by using the telekinetic powers to cause the "atomic wedgies" when the obnoxious persons are least expecting.

Bon Chance, M. Humongo, and if I am not being too bold to be suggesting that possibly you will be discouraging many of the excessively personal remarks if you are perhaps changing for yourself the name.

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Kathy's Corner

I hope you are enjoying this beautiful spring as much as we are. We have been planting thousands of plants for you. And there are some REALLY cool new things as well as all our old favorites. We have lots of new things happening. New benches for the plants to sit on. In April there will be a HUGE new assortment of nice pots, some gift items(garden related) and more that I'll talk about next time. This time..its spring and that means you have things to do too . Be sure to have on your "todo" list: IT'S TIME:

1. FERTILIZE. All your trees shrubs, roses, vines. Your houseplants would also say thank-you. Your lawn-yes you'll have to mow more but you will have less weeds. And as a total side note a well fed plant will be stronger, have less disease problems, and need less water.

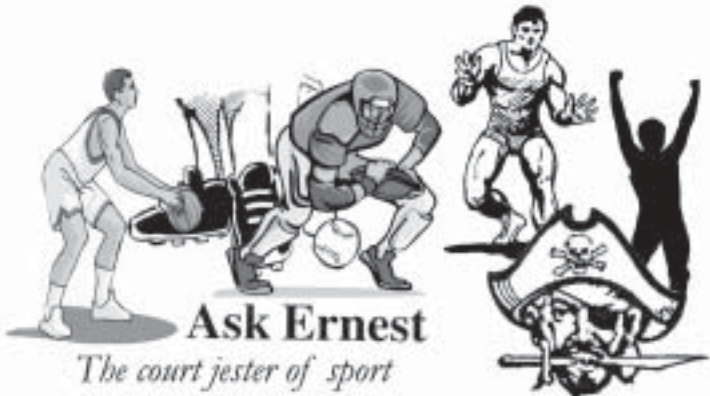
2. SLUGS they are out there by the bizzillions already, however, by whatever method you use do it NOW. remember each slug lays about 500 eggs that turn into more slugs. every single one X 500. DO IT TODAY. There are lots of choices these days. There are very safe baits & lots of other methods to

3. CLEAN UP: get those old weeds & junk cleaned up. The 'pop" weeds are flowering and each plant make 10000. seeds. pull one now or a whole lot more later. Mulch, bark get compost down. Your yard will look great. Its great weather you can do it now in the nice weather instead of later in the rain or not getting to it at all

4. You can start putting in lawns. I'll right more nice time on the things to do to do it right soon.

5. PLANT you can plant anything now EXCEPT: Daphne (the soil is still to cold -wait until April) and of course frost sensitive annuals. EVERYTHING else is green for go !

Loop ~ Sports



First off, Ernie, I’ve grown tired of your FR musings and your self indulgence in humor that is made up entirely of inside jokes. It’s not funny to those of us who are civilized. Please keep it short and keep it simple.

Nason Culp and Donald King

Okay:
Vashon High School **Boys Basketball** team plays for the District Championship this Friday at Curtis High School. They have already earned a trip to the State Tournament in Yakima which takes place Wednesday March 9 to Saturday March 12.

The High School **Girls Basketball** team’s bid for the State Tournament fell 2 points short in a great finale versus the #1 seed Steilacoom team.

Vashon High School Wrestlers placed 7th at State last weekend.

- Place winners go as follows:
2nd Micah Air Jordan Sohl
3rd Tyler Freight Train Gateman
7th Dominatrix the Dominator Wolzcko
7th Duncan Half Man Half Mayshark
8th Alex Gettin’ my Groove on Gateman

All the above placers return to next year’s squad. Also participating and key contributors to the team were Tech Fall Phillips, Stephe Wolzcko, Wile E Volker, David Twietmeister and Steamboat Stemer.

Ps. **This is the first year ever that both the High School Wrestling Team and the High School Boys Basketball Team won the League Championship in the same year.**

I’m out. To the beach. Get my humor back.
E.

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From top left: Lauren Symonds, Rosie Avolio-Toly, Kali Aguilera, Stephannie Franks, Sarah Stover, Claire Irvine, Amanda Zheutlin, Anya Serebryakov
Bottom: Casey McManus, Lillie Smith, Francesca LaSalle, Carin Beba, Allison Pritchard
Not pictured: Alea Harper, Krista Aghabeigi, Mallory Preston, Aubrey Snyder

Support The Loop! See page 4

Hajime Sato, Mashiko owner & sushi chef invites Islanders to come to West Seattle to try West Seattle's only Japanese-owned restaurant

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Let’s Boot ‘Em All the Way to Italy!

By Jeffrey Zheutlin

That’s right – kick ‘em off the rock – and send ‘em hurtling toward their goal of the “Italy Cup 2005!” There are sixteen girls who play a spirited game of soccer (or Foootball, as the Europeans call it) chomping at the bit, so to speak, to test their skills on foreign soil. Through the auspices of the Vashon Park District and the Vashon Island Soccer Club, these girls have received an incredible opportunity. They will be honing their skills under the brilliant tutelage of Holland’s expert soccer trainers for two days; then travel down to the middle of the “boot”—Italy—and compete with 99 other soccer teams for their place among the international soccer set!

These girls all play for Vashon High School Varsity and JV teams under the able coaching of Mary Beba, and many of them also play club soccer on weekends in the fall. They all work at keeping up a healthy grade point average in school, support each other on and off the field, and really speak to the coming generation of powerful women!

As the father of one of these girls I am a bit biased and a “wee-bit” proud. I like that part of this

experience includes the girls fundraising to help cover their expenses. They have some ambitious goals that we all hope you will help support.

There are several venues they plan to use to raise funds. One is to collect a million pennies through collection jars placed throughout the community. They also have scheduled an Italian dinner with music on Saturday, March 12th; a golf tournament Friday, April 22nd; four car washes; and a soccer clinic for younger girls.

Look for more details on the dates and times of these events. The girls will also be doing a number of hours of community service to help inspire the community to support them in their efforts.

I invite you to join me in vicariously enjoying their success in this once-in-a-lifetime adventure. It is my hope that you will be generous. Give what you can to help make this trip possible for the entire team.

Checks can be made out to: Vashon Island Soccer Club (donations are TAX DEDUCTIBLE) and sent c/o Mary Beba, 23915 97th Avenue SW, Vashon.

◻◻◻◻

WSF Still Clueless

Continued from page 1

interlaced with promises of listening and responding to public comment and input that got Ferry System representatives in trouble at the New Fares Proposal meeting back at the beginning of February. With the draft final plan scheduled to be out by June or July, we once again find that our window of opportunity for an exchange of ideas on how we might be getting on and off the Island is slipping away without our having much say in the matter.

What the eighteen or twenty people on hand did hear from acting chairperson Marilyn Omev (sitting in for the ailing Vickie Mercer) was that the Ferry System was “overwhelmed” with the system wide, angry response to the new fare proposals, and that at least part the car ferry route to Colman Dock would be a “disaster.” There was some talk of the about face the Ferry System has made in regard to passenger only service. With the possibility of private operators stepping into the picture to bring Kitsap residents over to Seattle, WSF has now taken an interest in operating boats to provide this service. Perhaps these are some of the ferry route uncertainties that weren’t quite ready to be discussed.

The bulk of the meeting then was turned to a discussion of the new Smart Card proposal, as well as a critique of the Tariff Policy Committee’s (TPC) handling of their recent public outreach campaign, focusing on the broad strokes of the

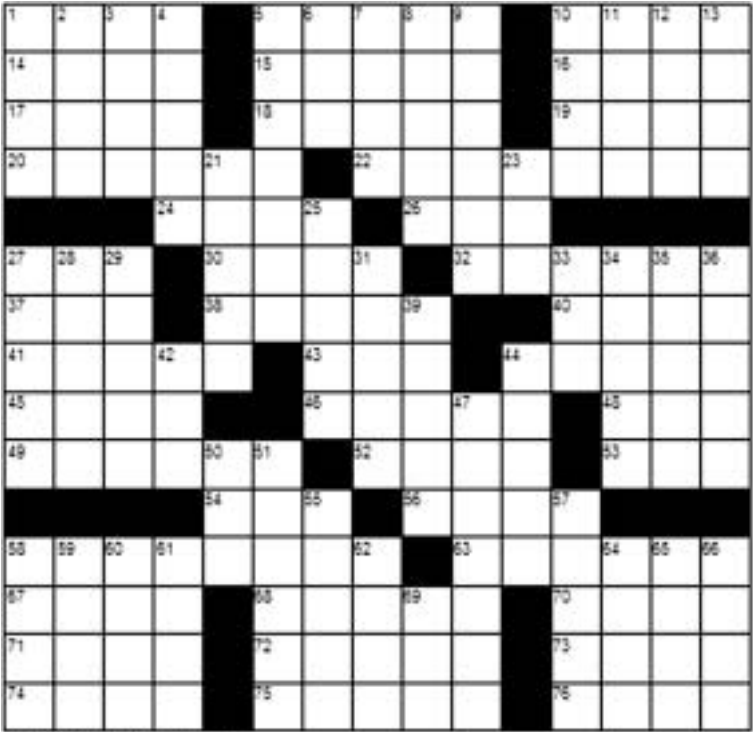
system wide changes about to take place in fare structure, and the manner in which those fares are to be collected. First put forth in an email from new Ferry Advisory Committee member Jack Churchill, an in person and more expansive reiteration its key points made up most of the rest of the meeting’s discussion. Besides stating how woefully inadequate the effort on the part of WSF was to involve the people it will most heavily impact in this planning process, Churchill put forward three points he believed should be an integral part of any system wide implementation of a Smart Card toll-paying device. He believes such a card should be “...user friendly, reduce fare collection costs and speed up ferry delivery service...” He believes, also, that “...the current proposal shares none of these criteria.”

The final discussion at the meeting centered around finding out what provisions the TPC might be making for dividing the allotted two hours in which they will hear the last of the public comment on these proposals from concerned voices throughout the entire Ferry System. You too can be there to see how they might pull off that magic act. The TPC and the Puget Sound Regional Council will be on hand to hear what you have to say about the new fare proposals on March 23rd in downtown Seattle on the fifth floor of 1011 Western Avenue from 10am until noon. It should be interesting.

◻◻◻◻

Last Chance to be Heard by WSF

The Transportation Commission Public Hearing is on Wednesday, March 23rd, from 10:00 a.m. to noon at 1011 Western Avenue, Seattle (downtown) in the Puget Sound Regional Council Board Room, 5th Floor. The decision concerning the 2005 Tariff Proposal will be determined at this time after public comment.



Across

- 1. Colored part of eye
- 5. Comforts
- 10. Ca. University
- 14. Space administration
- 15. Necklace fastener
- 16. Spirit
- 17. Stuff
- 18. Slow
- 19. Women’s magazine
- 20. City
- 22. Commanders
- 24. Capital of Western Samoa
- 26. Pride

- 27. Knock off
- 30. Goofs
- 32. School assignments
- 37. Adam’s wife
- 38. Computer characters
- 40. Improve
- 41. Predict from an omen
- 43. Tree
- 44. Baseball player Yogi
- 45. Horsefly
- 46. Druggie
- 48. Lodge
- 49. Horse’s leash
- 52. Very large truck
- 53. Eastern Standard Time
- 54. Rock group

- 56. Fasting season
- 58. Reminders
- 63. Resume business again
- 67. Winged
- 68. Tiny particles
- 70. Had on, as clothing
- 71. U.S. Department of Agriculture
- 72. Cowboy show
- 73. Great
- 74. Dregs
- 75. Tired
- 76. Scallion

Down

- 1. Intelligence
- 2. Bug killer
- 3. Island
- 4. Popular condiment
- 5. French pastries
- 6. Brew
- 7. Made music vocally

- 8. Sugar-free brand
- 9. Kitchen cleaning tool
- 10. Consumer
- 11. Pop
- 12. Make calm
- 13. Beers
- 21. Pointed weapon
- 23. Aurora

- 25. Arched
- 27. Act in response to something
- 28. Plant seed
- 29. Mother
- 31. Grain storage towers
- 33. Her
- 34. Eagle’s nest

- 35. Stories
- 36. Tilt
- 39. Propel
- 42. Expression
- 44. Pickle juice
- 47. _ Lake and Palmer
- 50. Sea eagle
- 51. Decelerate
- 55. Engine
- 57. Bath need
- 58. Mangle
- 59. Otherwise

- 60. Created
- 61. Times
- 62. Cola
- 64. Catholic lead
- 65. Canal
- 66. Where a necklace goes
- 69. Kitten’s cry

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Loopy Laffs

WILD WORLD / Ed Frohning

A customer was continually bothering the waiter in *Homegrown*; first, he'd asked that the air conditioning be turned up because he was too hot, then he asked it be turned down because he was too cold, and so on for about half an hour. Surprisingly, the waiter was very patient, he walked back and forth and never once got angry. So finally, a second customer asked him why he didn't throw out the pest. "Oh I don't care," said the waiter with a smile. "We don't even have an air conditioner."

When I was a child I remember my Mom telling me, "Son, when you grow up, you can marry any girl you please." When I became a young man, I learned the fallacy of that was that I could not please any of them.

OneLiners

(more or less)

The key to someone's heart is never lost: It's just that the locks were changed 'cause you're some sort of **psycho**.

Make your point but don't stick anyone with it.
My family coat of arms ties at the back ... is that normal?
A ship is safe in the harbor but that isn't what ships are for.
Never underestimate your ability to overestimate your ability.
Never say die. I've tried, and it doesn't actually make people die.
If ignorance is bliss, I guess that would explain why I'm so miserable!
The most important trip you may take in life is meeting people halfway.
The fellow who's busy pulling on the oars hasn't got time to rock the boat.
Time: That which man is always trying to kill, but which ends in killing him.
Not everything that can be counted counts, and not everything that counts can be counted.
Laughter is the best medicine, but in certain situations the Heimlich maneuver may be more appropriate.
Youth is when we are always hunting greener pastures, and middle age is when we can barely mow the one we've got.



She yelled at her husband,
"You're gonna be really sorry! I'm going
to LEAVE you!"
He responded, "Make up your mind!
Which one is it gonna be?"



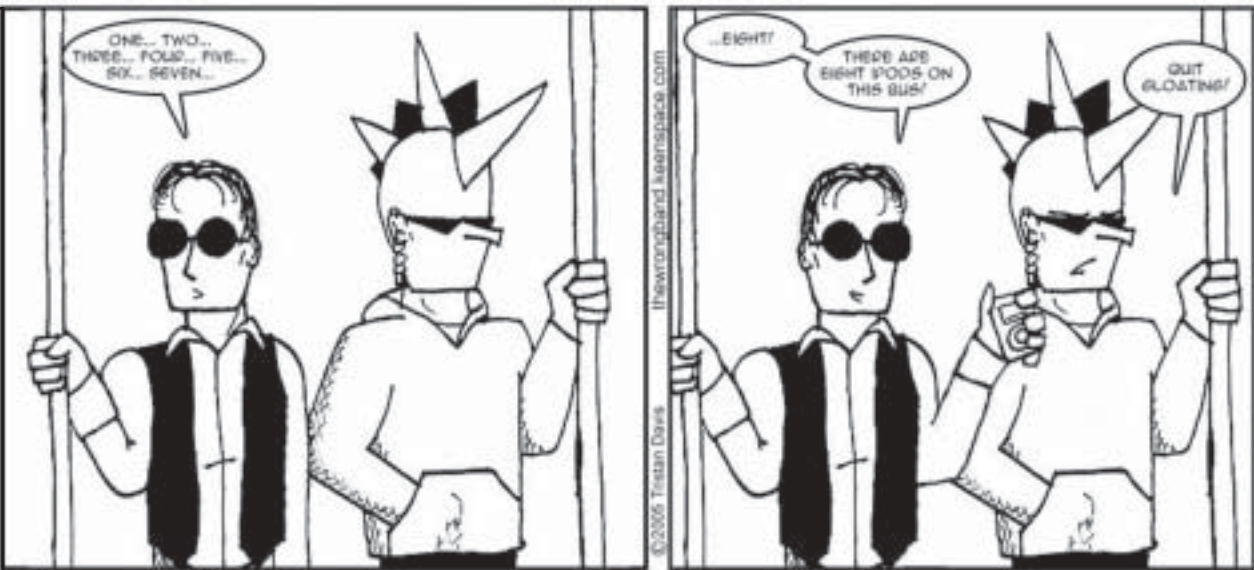
OFFSHORE



Why is Cardinal
Secola always
passed over when
it's time to replace
the ailing Pope?

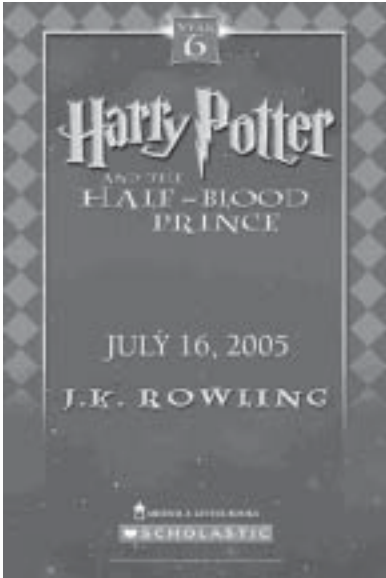
Because they'd
have to call him
PopeSecola!!

NOT
ALL
THERE
by
Tristan
Davis



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Planet Waves

by Eric Francis <http://www.PlanetWaves.net>

Happy Birthday, Pisces!

You don't need an explanation for the developments that are quickly coming into your life; you need, I think, to breathe every breath and meet every person with your eyes open. Existence certainly has a larger-than-life feeling at the moment, or stranger than life, or more beautiful. But in truth what you are living is only and always life. It may seem strange to think of yourself as the source of all this experience, but in truth that is a far more natural way for you to relate to the genuinely extraordinary times that are ahead. All you need to do is make your decisions one at a time, and remember that each decision is really a series of smaller choices that add up to the larger ones.

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Aries (March 20-April 19)
Developments of the coming two months present an undeniable phase of personal reinvention. To handle this energy well, consider every aspect of who you are a work in progress. And remember that in your essence, you are an idea: not a concept, but rather the manifested expression of the living Spirit of life. What is alive is subject to change, it impacts its environment, and most of all, it relates to itself and the world in a self-conscious way. These weeks promise to be some of the most vital and vividly aware of your life so far, and it will be very interesting to see what you experience and what you learn.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)
Your friends are everything, and you know it. The diversity of people in your life at the moment is nothing short of artful, that is, beautiful and shocking, and reflects the wealth of your own spirit. But moreover, the protection and inspiration afforded by the people around you is your passport to freedom. The people around you will teach you, guide you, set the example and, at times, take you by the hand and bring you directly where you need to be. The stars say trust the process with the pleasure of a child; but listen to your heart, like the child you are.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)
Bold, unlikely and even impossible professional developments are taking shape. The result is that you're needing to take a higher profile and more visible role than in any recent time, or rather, circumstances seem to be demanding it. Your one main point of hesitation is likely to be this. You are someone who takes enormous solace in the ability to change and grow as you need, including the right to change your mind. Usually, you do this when nobody is looking. But it's not so different when everybody is staring right at you. In fact, it's quite liberating, and you're more than ready for others to deal with your decision to simply be you.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)
I have received a few letters of the sort, "Jupiter is in my sign, but nothing is happening." Some of the wiser spiritual traditions say to "seek not outside yourself," and if you seek within, you're likely to discover a vast state of awareness — as if you could gaze anywhere in the universe in the experience of self-understanding. You may, however, want to share. Jupiter is not just about receiving; it is about having an abundance to give, and realizing what you have in that process. People need what you have to offer, and if you offer, you're offering to yourself as well.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)
Regarding all that's happening, you may not know whether it's going to turn out 'good' or 'bad', but if you check you may see that certain past situations are nagging you. This, in the form of playing an old tape which may be saying something like 'you don't deserve it'. The thing is, it's not about deserving, and that tape is a complete fabrication of someone else's insecure mind — long in the distant and disappeared past. Resolve to let nothing get between you and the brilliance and joy of this moment, and nothing will. Your heart is open and your creativity is glowing and rumbling like the natural force that it is.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)
The breakthrough of this particular moment involves a certain inner wall breaking down under the tidal surge of your feelings, ideas, desires and sense of potential. I trust that you've lost all ability to experience your life in an abstract way, a development to which we must pop open the finest bottle of champagne in all of Paris and make a toast to the cosmos. You have an opportunity to fully indulge the complete fact of your being an extraordinarily emotional person at the depths of your being: not a thinker, not a mystic, but one who feels and feels it all.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)
It had never actually occurred to me that under the surface of the ocean was an entire cosmos of fish and creatures till I put on the air tanks and went down there one day. It occurred to me that all my life, all I had been seeing of the ocean was the reflection of the light against the surface of the water. In your world, the undersea realm is opening up, and the lights are coming on. You can, if you look, see clear through the surface to the life inside your ideas — and that life is swimming, flowing and reproducing. And all that life is you.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)
Day by day and year by year, you're figuring out that your life is something that you are living, not something that is living you. Few ever make this distinction; few know it exists. You are not effecting this complete and likely irreversible change in direction by will; you are learning to see yourself differently: in essence, not as the effect of the world around you, but something more like the cause. How you feel about yourself radiates out and affects not just every perception, but also every feeling that you and others experience. It's just finally happening that feeling truly good about who you are is dawning like the Sun.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)
Even if you had time to reflect on everything that's happening, I doubt you would have the inclination. You may seem to feel it's necessary to stretch yourself on the inside to contain all that's pouring up from the deep core of existence. Yet you don't need to stretch, or contain, or resist in any way. Just allow your experience to flow through you — not just because that's all you can do, but because it's the most pleasurable response. This is certainly a momentous time in your life; you will soon see why, and how. And if you let that flow through you too, life will become more brilliant by the hour.

Eric Francis has more to say at PlanetWaves.net.

Loop Arts



Old Time Piano, Back Porch Songwritin’

Old-time piano player Datri Bean will be performing at Cafe Luna, **Saturday, March 12th at 7:30 p.m.** Datri Bean is a prolific songwriter, whose music draws on 1920’s and 30’s jazz, vintage blues and modern folk.

Datri Bean’s relaxed, back-porch sound draws on a lifetime of musicianship: She’s played the piano for 25 years (she’s not much older), written songs almost as long, and sung all her life. She was born and raised on the desolate, windy plains of Wyoming. Datri used to make it through the winter by holing up with her piano and refusing to come out until spring. (That’s June, in Wyoming).

Unlike the often frivolous lyrics of old-time music, Datri

Bean’s songs are frank and sincere. In her love song, “Honey Wine,” she begins, “You’re kind of dirty most all of the time, and you smell a little funky.” Bean’s writing style often blurs the line between the personal and the political. Writing about her home town, she says, “We have a gigantic Air-Force base. We’re the proud owners of thousands of nuclear missiles. We’ve got a lot of space, not a lot of money. New Jersey’s always trying to pay us to take their trash.”

Bean will be performing Saturday, March 12th at Cafe Luna, Vashon Island. More information, including mp3’s of her work, are available at datribean.com.

Railroad Earth Stops at Bishop’s

“Here we are, the place where songs begin. Reaching out, finding what’s within’ -Railroad Earth

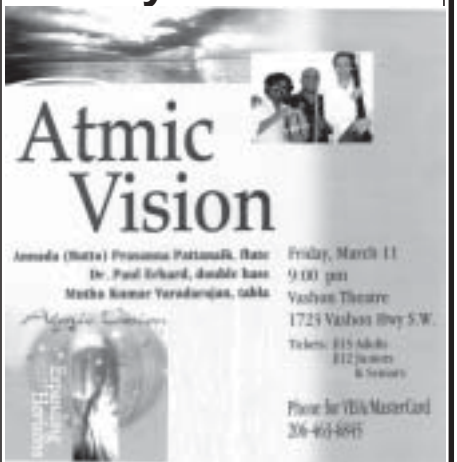
In an old dusty saloon somewhere near the intersection of Timelessness & Time, breathes a night to remember. You remember, don’t you? That one night when the sweet harmonies of intrigue, exploration, and discovery seduced you into its alchemical swirl? The musicians had appeared from seemingly nowhere, raised their instruments, and then to your pure amazement and joy, began playing your song. Yes, your song, and my song too; that ancient magical blend of notes which holds the power to unlatch a secret portal into our bodies; a musical concoction which places us on the internal railroad track we have laid for ourselves throughout life.

The mysterious musicians of the evening call themselves Railroad Earth. They are: Todd Sheaffer on lead vocals, acoustic guitar; Tim Carbone, violin, vocals; John Skehan, mandolin, vocals; Andy Goessling, acoustic guitars, banjo, dobro, mandolin, flute, penny whistle, saxophones and vocals; Carey Harmon, drums, hand percussion, vocals; Johnny Grubb, upright bass. Together they raise a multitude of colorful musical landscapes through which our internal track spans. Songs like “The Mighty River,” the spring stirring of “Black Bear,” and “Where Songs Begin” invoke the true memory of ourselves.

Ahhh, that night to remember. So sweetly tucked in the memory has been awakened to return again for you on **Wednesday, April 6th at Bishop’s**. Show time is at 8:00pm. Get your tickets now at www.hushhushticketing.com or at www.railroadearth.com We hope you will join us.



Friday March 11th



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The Gold Ring

Celtic Sampler Features Three Musical Ensembles

by Janice Randall

Three regional musical ensembles will play the Blue Heron stage in honor of St. Patrick’s Day and all things Celtic, Saturday, March 19, at 7:30 pm. Vashon’s own Celtic trio, **The Gold Ring** (Marilyn Kleyn, flute, Steve Austin, fiddle, and Martin Nyberg, guitar) will begin the evening with a rousing set of foot-tapping instrumentals from the British Isles. Then, legendary Seattle duo, **William Pint and Felicia Dale** will bring their simpatico harmonies, guitar, mandola, Irish penny whistles, percussion and the hurdy gurdy to Celtic-inspired maritime music. (Dale was born and raised on Vashon). Finally, guitar/fiddle duo, **Dan Carollo and Stewart Hendrickson** will perform a rollicking set of traditional and American tunes.

Tickets, available now at Heron’s Nest and Blue Heron, are \$10 VAA members, seniors and students, \$13 general admission. Call 463-5131 to reserve by phone.



William Pint and Felicia Dale

Support The Loop! See page 4



Music & More

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Wednesday, April 6

Railroad Earth

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Yakima’s Catch and Release Bluegrass Band to Play Two Island Shows

Islanders have a special treat in store when the pride of Yakima—**The Catch and Release Bluegrass Band** comes to **Rock Island Pizza on Saturday March 19th at 7:00 pm, and Sunday, March 20th at the Vashon Grange at 2:00 pm.** If you love the banjo and that “high and lonesome sound,” then you won’t want to miss Catch and Release. Formed in 1998, C&R has played all over the northwest in a variety of venues, including the Yakima Valley Folklife Society, the Darrington Bluegrass Festival, the Strait Bluegrass Festival in Port Angeles, as well as numerous restaurants, parties, and other functions.

Band members have won many accolades for their instrumental prowess, including banjoist Mark Rupert, a dentist by day, who has won the Starwyck Memorial Banjo contest three times. Bassist Jerry Comiskey is widely regarded as one of the finest musicians in Bluegrass music today, having been nominated to the Washington Bluegrass Hall of Fame. Mandolinist John Young carries on in the tradition of Bill Monroe, the father of Bluegrass music, and brings a special authenticity to the band’s authentic Bluegrass sound. David Eichwald is the newest member of the band, holding down the rhythm guitar duties with finesse and style.

Rounding out the band for their Island swing is Vashon’s own dobro guitar picker-Tab Tabscott. Tabscott is the founder of the Fabulous Palmer Sisters, a band that has performed at several Vashon venues, including the Ober Park Summer Concert Series, The Blue Heron New Works Series, and the Island Earthfair. Tabscott’s irreverent island humor and down-home silliness will surely put a smile on your face.

The Rock Island Pizza Show begins at 7:00 on Saturday, March 19th, and is FREE. The Vashon Grange (on parking lot hill) show begins at 2:00 pm on Sunday March. Tickets for the Grange show are \$4.00 for adults and \$2.00 for children, are available at the door, and families are encouraged to attend. To find out more, check out www.catchandreleasebluegrass.com.

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