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THE LOOP

Vol. 3 #5

TO INFORM AND AMUSE ~ TO PROVOKE THINKING AND ACTIVISM

March 1, 2006

School Board: What Are Our Options?

By Mary Litchfield Tuel

At the February 16 meeting of the Vashon School Board, Directors discussed the Maintenance and Operations Levy coming to a vote on March 14, and what options will be open to the School District depending on whether the levy passes or not.

Director Gene Lipitz asked what would happen if the levy failed. Superintendent Mimi Walker replied that co-curricular activities as well as some teachers and district staff would be cut (Co-curricular activities are sports, academic competitions such as Knowledge Bowl and Math Competitions, and other special programs).

One audience member asked if there was a list of cuts that would be made if the levy failed, and was told that such a list does not yet exist.

School District Board members, staff, and supporters are hopeful that the levy will pass, which is why they want to get the word out to the voters that this is not a tax increase, it's a renewal. The District has to begin budget planning for the 2006-07 school year this month (March), and if the levy fails and staff must be cut, faculty must be told by May 15.

If the M & O Levy fails to pass on March 14, it will be on the ballot again in April. If it fails for a second time, the District cannot ask for another levy until 2007, and the 2006-07 year will be tough financially for the District.

The Board also: heard about the new math curriculum (purchased by PTSA) at Chautauqua; security following an incident after the February 10 game; approved a new contract with Laidlaw; approved personnel matters; heard ChildFind program teacher and Family Resource Coordinator Lynn Tilland speak about the Birth to 6 program; heard from District Tech Wizard Peter Serko that the district is changing over to Linux operating systems; and approved an addendum to the current lease King

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Transient killer whale in pursuit of prey. Photo by Mark Sears

Killer Whale Pod of Many Nations Visits Vashon

The Dorsal Spin by Orca Annie Stateler

Monday, February 13, while gazing at the water as I do every morning, I noticed a large fluke print not far from our bulkhead. I waited for one or two sea lions to surface. Well, I almost spilled my Orca Blend when four Transient killer whale moms and kids surfaced instead! Did they know we were talking about them?

Even better, they were the "Cute Killers," our friends from Hood Canal last year. The T124A's, with a new baby in tow, and T71's were among approximately twenty Transients spread out in Colvos Pass and bearing down on the Vashon Hydrophone Project (VHP) site.

Also present were adult male T72 and members of the T88 Group, including big guy T87, from Super Whale Sunday. On the 13th, the whales were mostly quiet on the hydrophone, clicking cryptically, apparently in stealth mode. When I listened to the full recording later, I was delighted to hear a few faint calls.

Since the end of January, a young harbor seal has hauled out nearly every day on a platform float several hundred yards south of us. He was there on the 13th, naively dangling his hind flippers over the edge. We

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**Our orcas are now officially
listed as an endangered
species. Please report local
whale sightings ASAP to**

IERE's Sustainable Garden Project Needs You

By Meg Gluckman

Building off its success from last season, the Institute for Environmental Research and Education (IERE) is looking forward to continuing its Sustainable Garden Demonstration at the Beall Greenhouse property. Thanks to the hard work of many island volunteers

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Volunteer Myrriah Swango from UW works in the Demonstration Garden. Photo by Meg Gluckman



*Emma Hennessey, stylin' for the Oscars
Photo by Lauri Hennessey*

Oscar Night at Vashon Theater

By Lauri and Emma Hennessey

Put on your glad rags and strut on down the red carpet at the Vashon Theater this Sunday, March 5, beginning at 4 p.m., with the live telecast of 78th Oscars at 5 p.m.

Tickets are \$10.00 at the door, or \$8.00 if you get them earlier at the Theatre or Books by the Way. A limo ride (with photo) is \$10.00 and can be bought there. Those attending should bring extra cash because there will also be tickets available at the event for some light food, plus the concession stand. You can also get a special package available at the door, \$25 for admission, limo, and food!

First Person Account from an Old Oscar hand:

Hi, I'm Emma Hennessey and I've been going to the Oscars since I was a 3rd grader.

At first I just wanted to go to have quality time with my mom, but when we arrived at the movie theater there was a huge red carpet laid out as a welcoming to the "ritual," posters, a

Continued on page 2

Get in The Loop

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Free CERT training starts March 17!
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Saturday drill
For info contact
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certvashon@yahoo.com or 463-4558

Hire A High Schooler for Summer Now

Need some help this summer? Post a job on the Vashon Island High School Job Board. Summer jobs are beng posted now.
Contact Susan Haworth, Career Counselor, at 463-9171 Ext. 132, for information on how to submit your job posting.
Thank you for your interest in hiring a VHS student!

VYFS Sponsors Training for Trainers

Training the Trainers: a three-day class, March 17, 18, and 31. Full day training – clock hours and CEU credits available with registration and fee. Class is free for all others.
Through a King County training grant and a unique relationship with the author of the Incredible Years curriculum, VYFS is able to bring Dr. Carolyn Webster Stratton to Vashon Island to conduct a 3-day training on this nationally recognized parenting curriculum.
This training is aimed to counselors or teachers who work in the schools. It also can be for parents with an interest in becoming a “parenting ambassador.” It is an opportunity to deepen your own parenting skills, through the process of learning how to teach positive parenting skills to others. Nobody ever becomes a parenting expert, but from the skills learned in this training, you can become a more effective parenting “lighthouse,” guiding folks away from trouble spots, and also acting as a beacon to help guide others through the fog of raising kids.

And Incredible Years Parenting Class

Incredible Years Class for Parents: Beginning Wednesday, March 1. Two sessions. Morning 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. and evening 6:30 to 8:30 p.m. Session lasts 12 weeks.
If you want support in your parenting or want to learn skills to assist you as a parent, you should take the Incredible Years class that begins on March 1 and lasts 12 weeks. The class is free, and childcare is available for \$50 with advanced registration. If you have questions about either program or wish to register, please call J.B. Cole, MSW, Prevention Program Manager for Vashon Youth and Family Services, at (206) 463-5511, ext. 231.

The Madrona School Information Week

There will be an opportunity for parents and prospective students to meet The Madrona School teachers, discuss theme-based learning programs, and discover what the school has to offer your K-6th grade child. Events will be at the Vashon Library Meeting Room on **Thursday, March 16**, from 6:30 to 8:30 p.m., and on **Saturday, March 4**, from 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. For more info call: 463-7899.

School Board

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County has for the swimming pool, allowing students to use the pool parking lot.
New members Bob Hennessey and John Osborne are experiencing the steep learning curve, and are receiving help and guidance from experienced Directors.
The next meeting of the Board will be on March 9.

IERE Garden

Continued from page 1

and UW student interns lead by Mary Marth, a solid dose of Wiggle Worm castings, clean soil, donated seeds and plant starts, and discounted materials from local merchants, last year’s garden produced a plentiful harvest for the Vashon-Maury Island Community Food Bank.
The 2006 garden will benefit from a generous loan of plant lights by Bob Norton, enabling IERE volunteers to start seedlings in a greenhouse over the next few weeks. Please look over our wish list. Your donations would help us start another great growing season!
Garden Wish List:
Organic seeds (carrots, kale, beets, turnips, lettuce greens, chard, beans, tomatoes, peppers, summer and winter squashes, onions and a variety of herbs). Seedlings (tomatoes, squashes, strawberries, basil, peppers). Perennials (rhubarb and artichoke). Flowering annuals for the Insectary (zinnias, marigolds, cosmos, sunflower). Seed Trays, Hard Rakes, Shovels, Gardening Gloves.
You can bring donations to the IERE office (south side of the Barn at the Beall Greenhouses, 18531 Beall Road SW) during regular business hours or call Meg Gluckman at IERE, 463-7430, or Mary Marth at 755-1985 to schedule a pickup.

Adopt-A-Cat Day

Vashon Island Pet Protectors will host an Adopt-A-Cat day **Saturday, March 11**, from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. and **Sunday, March 12**, from 12:30 to 3 p.m. at Pandora’s Box. Please stop by or call VIPP at 206-389-1085.
Spring Garage Sale
The VIPP Spring Garage Sale will be held on **Saturday, March 18**, from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and **Sunday, March 19**, 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 17**, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Unfortunately, we’re unable to accept the following: clothes, mattresses, computers or exercise equipment. For more information, please call Victoria 463-5381.

Cats Waiting for Adoption

VIPP has several cats ready and waiting to go home with you. Here are three of them:
Tiger Woods, about 6-years-old domestic shorthair, brown & black tabby with green eyes & very affectionate.
Sebastian, neutered male approx. 10-years old. This stately gentleman is truly a refined feline.
C i n n a m o n , spayed fem. Senior kitty, but full of life.



Emma on Oscar

Continued from page 1

disco ball, and grown-ups being weird!
My dad is pretty weird but not like these guys. Grown-ups were actually having fun! Laughing! They were just having a good time and being free (if kids are reading this, please do not faint)!
I saw that they were all in costume like my mom and me. Some fancy, some from a movie and some I don’t know what they were dressing up like.
My mom and I were in costumes as well. Here is a little image for you in words of what they looked like. That year *Lord of the Rings III* came out, so my mom stuffed her stomach with a pillow and put on her Gandalf costume. Now how many times does your mom grow a beard and become a sorcerer? Not many times. If so, then maybe your mom should try-out for *Lord of the Rings Billon* (I’ve lost track on how many they made). I was some sorceress (I can’t keep track of all their names). Soon the show started, everything became quiet and their eyes bulged.
And then magic began.
I didn’t want it to end (“Darn those commercials!” I thought). But these weren’t bad; we had food, costume contests, (in the last two years Sierra Acosta {2004} and Annie Crotty {2005} have won the Oscars in the kid round) and limos! Last year Ella McConell, Valentina Duque and I went in the limo around town (If you heard our laughs and screams I wouldn’t be surprised. I bet the Big Apple could hear us!). Then like real

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movie stars, we got interviewed on the red carpet and they asked us “What is your beauty secret?” and I answered “Pharmacy make-up.”
We were laughing and screaming for *Pirates of the Caribbean*, giggling and pigging out. Someday I want my kids to go so they can feel the magic of not being a Vashon hillbilly but a famous movie star, and being pampered and having all the fun. This year I’ll be the Vanna White, handing out the Oscars. If you come to the Oscars, look for me so I’ll know more people are feeling the magic of the Oscars because of me.
— Emma K. Hennessey age 10

The Vashon Loop
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Troy and Marie Go to Vegas

Wow! We just returned from an absolutely amazing Keller Williams conference and training session in Beautiful Las Vegas, Nevada. (Marie loves that tacky place, even though it's just one big ostentatious waste of natural resources. Troy prefers Reno; he says the buffets are better.) Regardless, we are just happy to have been part of a terrific experience – it only reinforced our knowledge that we are affiliated with the right real estate company with the right values. Our 58,000 Keller Williams agents nationwide raised \$5.3 million for Katrina victims! More later- for now, take a look at these properties that are for sale both here and off the Island.



Clambakes and Cocktails!

22908 Vashon Hwy SW

This retro chic house calls for clambakes, cocktails, and cabin cruisers! It's 3200 square feet of living space on 80 feet of low bank inner Quartermaster Harbor waterfront. It's picture windows from the floor to the high ceiling to take full advantage of the light and the view of the busy harbor. It's a home for entertaining guests and family, with two large decks practically over the water, plenty of bedrooms and bathrooms, and a separate guest cabin. **\$1,049,000.**

Your Home Team Realty (206) 463-LIST (5478)



Elegant and Cozy Home in Burien

\$319,000



Beautifully remodeled home on a quiet dead end street in nice neighborhood, just minutes from 509 and the soon-to-be-completed new Cedarhurst Elementary School. In back is a spacious garage with a shop and carport in a fenced level extra-large yard, thanks to a separate small tax lot. In front, darling window boxes and flower beds show off this gem of a home. And when you step inside, the charm begins...

- Knotty pine upstairs
- New windows throughout
- Upgraded appliances
- Window boxes
- Garage and shop plus carport!

Great Investment Opportunity

Cash Flows \$192,500

You found it! A completely remodeled four-bedroom home for under \$200,000. At almost 1500 square feet, it's one of the most spacious homes in the neighborhood. Bright, brand new kitchen with Pergo-style flooring, full bathroom off the master bedroom, single car garage with new door, separate laundry room, and a fenced back yard with a deck. Homes in this area rent on the average for about \$1,200 - do the math!

- 4 bedroom
- 1 full bath
- 1480 sq ft
- new kitchen
- freshly painted
- fenced yard
- new berber carpet
- single car garage



Acreage With a View!

6320 SW Luana Beach Road

Every day is a vacation day in this beautiful, quality built Lindal Cedar home on a shy two acres of gorgeous rolling land with an incredible panoramic view of the Puget Sound shipping lanes, the Seattle skyline, the ferries, the Cascades, and Whidbey Island. On a clear day you can even see Mount Baker! Three bedrooms, two baths, fenced pasture, landscaped gardens, a sauna, an atrium with a hot tub, outbuildings – it's the Island Dream come true. **\$599,000.**

Check out the virtual tours of these properties at **www.kwvashon.com**



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YES FOR KIDS!

These friends and neighbors know the importance of continuing our strong school district. They are voting YES for smaller class sizes, YES for special education, YES for flexible transportation, YES on their ballots to continue the 25 years of Maintenance and Operations Levys. They know our kids deserve our support!

Donna and Mike Donnelly
Judy and Mel Cooley
Melinda and Dick Sontgerath
Linda and Dick Bianchi
Deborah and John Bender
Tisha Dennis
Stephanie Spencer
Mimi and Jim Walker and Family
Lee and Norm Ockinga
Lauri and Bob Hennessey
Kim Goforth and Eric Gill
Melissa and Tom Bangasser.
Amy Gilman
Cynthia Powell and Mike Zecher
Gini and Steve Ohmert
Sari and Gene Lipitz
Donna and Ken Zaglin
Cheryl and Jim English
Susan and Craig Hanson
Dan Kaufman
Leslie Reed & Dennis Levin
Rebecca and Bill Rumberg
Barb and Rex Stratten
Joyce Olson
Debbie and Mark Chasteen
Nancy and Gary Sipple
Patte Snyder
Carolyn and Don Amick
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Nancy and Michael Kappelman
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Davidheiser
Sue Willingham
Beth and Tim Kraabel
Mary Kay and David Rauma and Family
Vicki and Ted Clabaugh
Myra and Dave Willingham
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Marie Browne and Troy Kindred
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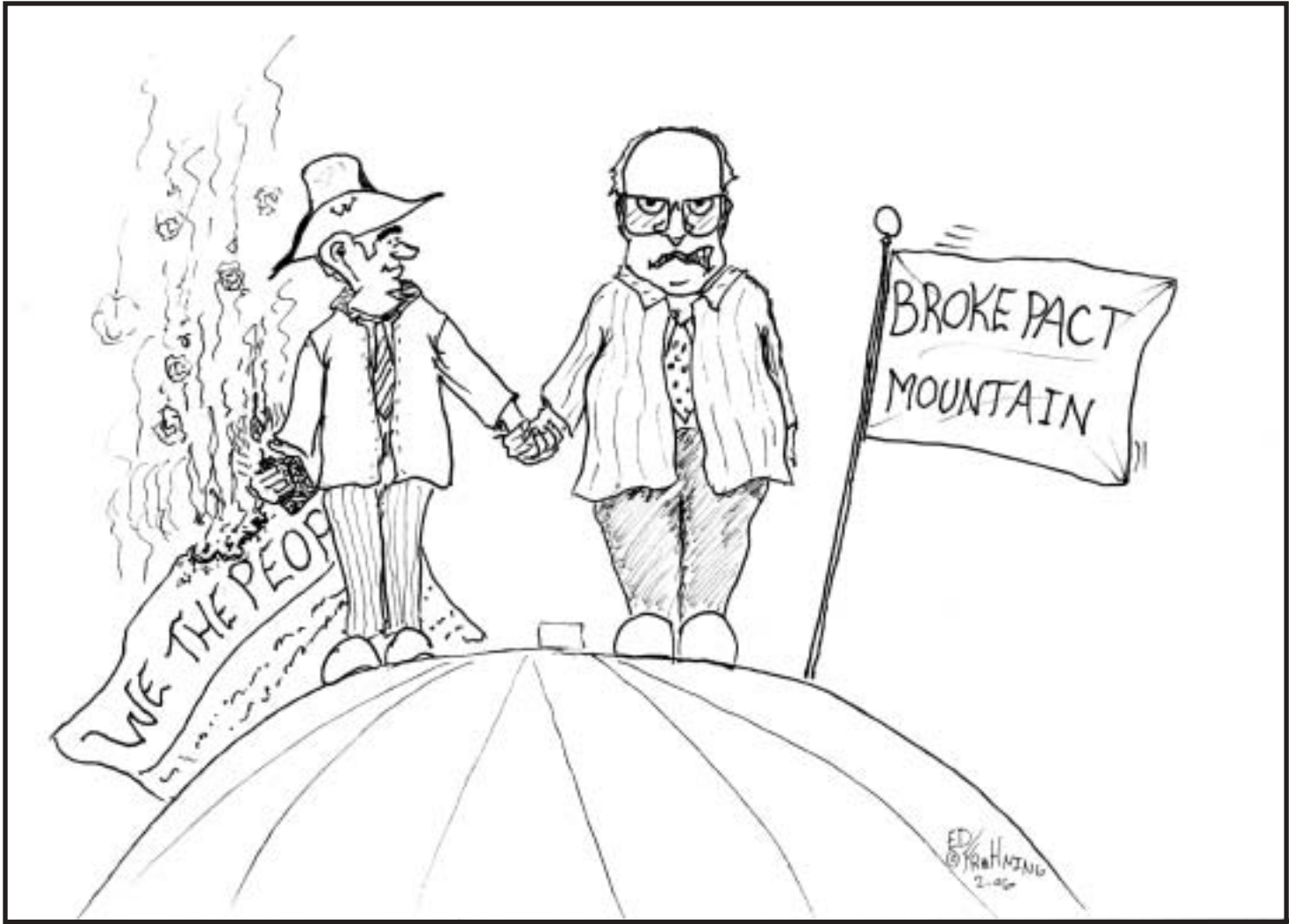
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Susan Stackhouse and Family
Karen West
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Joan and Jay Becker
Elizabeth and Michael Golen-Johnson
Carol and Jeff Sayre
Anne and Adam Atwell
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Len Lofland
Jodi and Jim Warren
Marlee and Gary Koch
Katie and Chris Konrad
Linda Malher
Amy Bogaard
Elisabeth Hopper
Pat Cunningham
Leslie Reed
Dennis Levin
C Hunter Davis
Tim Mc Bride
Rob Fox

Join us in voting YES FOR KIDS and continuing to support the M & O Levy
Paid for by Yes For Kids P O Box 0 Vashon WA 98070

Introduce your Children to Faith
Editor, *The Loop*:
I attended the Youth-Adult dialog this week and was so impressed by the conversations I had with teenagers there about how empowered many felt by their parents that it got me thinking. Rejecting and revising the ethics and values parents hope to instill in children is almost a rite of passage for teenagers and young adults. I certainly do not have the faith of my parents but I do thank God daily for the nurturing, empowering environment in which they raised me. It is essential to the future of our society that children are at least introduced to the basic building blocks of seeing the greater good, compassion, and conflict resolution in a loving, joyful environment.
Where are our children getting their first exposure to issues like justice, compassion, hospitality, sacrifice, and joy? Do they learn these attributes from an x-box game, a late afternoon sensational talk show, or the latest mass marketing targeted to teen and tween consumers? They could get together with peers in a Sunday School class or sit by your side listening to a well-thought-out sermon, opening the door for a discussion within the family.
I personally don't recommend or accept any fundamental, narrow-minded faith. I do believe it is our responsibility as parents to seek out and introduce our children to God. There are an incredible number and variety of churches, groups, and societies on Vashon, which can help us offer early ethical development. Seek them out. Sample the services. Find one that resonates with your greater aspirations, and bring your children along.

We spend hours daily hauling kids around to music lessons, athletic practices and play groups so that they can learn habits and activities we hope will provide them with a more fulfilled life. Please also spend at least an hour a week with them developing holy habits. Though you may have rejected the church of your early years, give God another chance in your life and introduce your children.
I'll be happy to discuss this further or help in any way. I'm in the phonebook.
Jacq Skeffington

The Loop
endorses a “yes”
vote for both the
Parks Levy and the
School M & O
Levy.



Spiritual Smart Aleck

by Mary Litchfield Tuel



“T” for Texas, “T” for Terrible Twenties

Our Number One Son called from a Naval training school in Texas the other night to report that he hates Texas and there is even less to do there than there is on Vashon, which up until now he rated as the most boring place on the face of the earth.

He did once tell me that the town where I grew up was also boring. “Vashon without the water,” he called it. I always thought my home town was a boring little burg, but I also thought that every young person couldn’t wait to get away from the boring little burg where they grew up, not to mention their boring parents, the rest of their boring family, and the whole boring too-well-known background to their existence so far.

Life is waiting! Life is calling! And it’s waiting and calling somewhere else!

As I listened to our son recite his woes, I reminded him that his grandmother, my mother, was from Texas, and we had family there. I also couldn’t help but remember how truly awful it was being young.

At the time I thought it was just me, but thinking it’s just you is a big part of the misery of youth. It’s not just you. Everyone in their 20s is colliding with a long juicy *splat* into the concrete wall that is adulthood.

It makes me want to speak to my son and all the twenty-somethings:

You haven’t had enough practice at life to know how to play the game; you’re changing from an existence where your needs were supplied to one where you have to take care of yourself; you are longing for love; and you have hormones that keep blowing your brains right out of your thought processes.

You will have to live through many unthinkable events in your life: the love you can’t live without will dump you; or will marry you, and that might be worse; you will lose jobs or you won’t get them in the first place; the education you thought would write your ticket in life will turn out to be useless for what you’re hired to do or what you realize you really want to do; you and your friends will have to go to

war; lovers and friends and parents and siblings and children will betray you, and/or die; you will feel victimized, because you will be.

Your task, your simple task, is to walk through all this, deal with it as well as you can, learn from it, become a better person, a grown-up person, a person who can laugh and weep and love, and feel the moments of happiness that come, not be too hard on yourself, and take the crap in stride.



Someday many years from now you will be able to look back over your life and realize that it all happened the way it was supposed to, and you have come to be the person you were meant to be, and every accident and catastrophe and foolishness and stroke of fortune was part of the process.

Or you may expire any day now in a pool of your own vomit, but I’m trying to be positive here.

I have to feel compassion for you younglings, you bored and amateur adults. Now that you’re done with all that school foolishness, you can get on with the complex business of learning how to be human. Never forget: you are all right, you are beautiful, you really are the person God made you to be, and you haven’t lived long enough to figure that out yet.

Our son called today to say that he’d been in a six-car pileup on the freeway somewhere near Austin. He and some of his buddies had gone to see the Alamo down in San Antonio, and had been on their way back to Ft. Worth, when they had to stop suddenly, and the cars behind them couldn’t stop in time. Talking to me on a cell phone from the back of an ambulance, he said everyone was OK, and he did not complain of being bored. ☺☺☺

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Don't Forget the Birds

Birding by Ear

By Ed Swan

One of the best ways to appreciate birds and identify them quickly is to listen to their calls and learn to tell them apart. A class sponsored by The Vashon-Maury Island Audubon Society starts on **March 21** and helps unravel how to learn about our local bird's calls and songs. Steve Caldwell, a Master Birder, teaches the class each year and attracts quite a few repeat students because of the quality of the class.

Learning bird songs ultimately provides as good or better a way to know birds as sight. Most bird's songs prove diagnostic, meaning that they are unique to each particular species. There are a few tricky groups of songs such as those of Robins, Black-headed Grosbeaks and Western Tanagers, whose songs sound very similar, but most songs seem quite distinct from others. Knowledge of each species' songs becomes imperative for the identification of several groups of species. The Empidonax Flycatchers, a group of 11 species that look almost exactly alike, are told from each other mostly from their vocalizations. Only a few of the most experienced birders in each state can visually tell the birds apart. Short-billed and Long-billed Dowitchers, whose bills actually are pretty much the same length and who otherwise are look-alikes, also have quite different calls that allow their identification. Other birds such as Golden-crowned Kinglets and Townsend's Warblers spend most of their time a hundred feet or more up in a Douglas Fir tree and are hard to spot. Once their song is memorized, one can save oneself a crooked neck from staring upwards trying to see the bird well enough to know what it is. The same goes for Marsh Wrens and other little brown birds that one senses as only a moving twig in the brush.

Utilizing bird songs in some other ways also enhances the ability to find and identify birds. Whistling the call note of a Northern Pygmy-Owl, especially in the mountains, can be extremely effective in bringing birds out. Many of the forest birds will mob an owl and so the call of their adversary attracts many species trying to find out where the supposed predator is. Every year for the Christmas Bird Count, I play a tape of a Virginia Rail in order to elicit a response.



White kite ~ Photo by Jim Rosso

They are very secretive and elusive (in fact I have never actually seen one in a quarter century of bird watching) but I can get them to call back to the tape so that we can count them. Another example is when Steve Caldwell brought a friend of his with specialized recording equipment along with me on a breeding bird survey in Eastern Washington. The friend recorded the call of a Northern Waterthrush singing from the center of an impenetrable wall of brush about fifty yards away across a river. When he played the bird's territorial song back to it, it came zipping out at us at what seemed like a hundred miles an hour and attacked. I thought it was going to go right into the speaker. We got almost too close a look at this fierce little six inch bird.

Birds vocalize in a variety of ways. Calls are generally defined as innate sounds that usually are single notes or a series of single notes such as alarm calls. Songs usually require a learning process on the part of the bird and may be quite complex. For example, the Winter Wren can pump out over a hundred notes in a song of 6-8 seconds. Single Marsh Wrens have been known to develop over a hundred variations of their basic song.

Birds developed their vocal abilities for a number of uses. Calls signal danger, advertise food availability and help birds stay together as a flock. Songs usually serve to attract mates and designate a bird's territory. Like humans, birds also develop regional dialects so that a Western Screech Owl from Washington



White kite ~ Photo by Jim Rosso

might sound somewhat different than one in Arizona. Sometimes the different dialects help to distinguish different genetic populations of a species.

Steve Caldwell's **Birding by Ear classes start March 21 and continue on April 4 and 18 and May 2, all Tuesday nights.** Saturday field trips follow each Tuesday of classroom instruction.

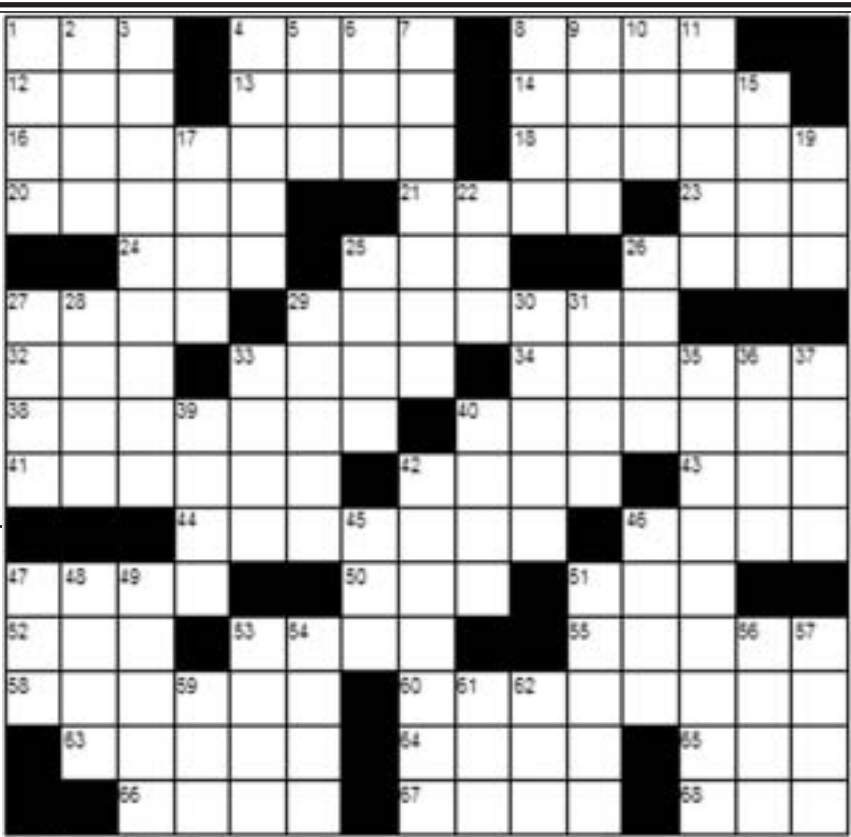
The cost for the class is \$75, with a discount for repeating students. All proceeds benefit the Vashon-Maury Island Audubon Society. An advanced class will be held **May 9** and **May 23** with a field trip on **May 20**. An overnight camping trip to the Cle Elum area **May 27-28** will offer exposure to some of Washington's mountain and east-of-the-Cascade birds. Classroom hours are 7 to 9 p.m. at the Land Trust

building. To register or find out more, call Steve Caldwell at 463-5778 or email at caldart@centurytel.net.

Another upcoming event is the March on-island field trip on **March 11**. Meet at the Ober Park park and ride at 8 a.m. The recent field trip to Tokeland on the coast was a great success with good looks at a beautiful White-tailed Kite, a rare Clark's Grebe and several long-billed shorebirds: Marbled Godwit, Long-billed Curlew and Whimbrel. Sherry Bottoms, our field trip coordinator, is developing a pelagic birding trip for this summer. These trips go out 35-40 miles from Westport and see thousands of oceanic birds unviewable from shore. Sometimes a variety of whales and other interesting marine creatures are found as well. Call her at 463-1312 if you're interested. If you have a question about local birds or have an interesting local sighting to report, call me at 463-7976 or email at edswan@centurytel.net.

00000

Across	26. Pant	47. Russia
1. Wild ox	27. Insane	50. Adam's wife
4. Academy (abbr.)	29. Ancient Greek jar	51. Brew
8. Family fight	32. Throw	52. Part of a min.
12. Kimono sash	33. A wager (2 wds.)	53. Sandwich fish
13. Ride on the runway	34. Give an account of	55. Musical "slow"
14. Rabbit	38. True contradictory statement	58. Catchword
16. Non Jewish people	40. Nicaragua capital	60. Club
18. Attack	41. Arranged	63. Mushrooms
20. Double star	42. Flat	64. Tardy
21. Transparent gem	43. __ A Small World...	65. Sun's name
23. BB association	44. Buttercup family plants	66. Oxidation
24. Fold-up bed	46. Haven't got a ____	67. Vessel
25. August (abbr.)		68. Artful
Down	17. Stole	37. Alleviate
1. Meditation	19. Lick	39. Seaweed substance
2. Cain killed him	22. Good grief!	40. Horse hair
3. Poisonous Snake (2 wds.)	25. Charge card	42. Mobile
4. Tilted	26. Festive	45. Women's partners
5. California (abbr.)	27. Swiss mountains	46. Gadfly
6. Hatchet	28. Fosse	47. Ship initials
7. Disturb	29. Dwelling	48. Ego
8. Excess flesh	30. Speak in public	49. Abrade
9. Not difficult	31. Engage	51. Tree
10. Highs	33. City in Yemen	53. Labels
11. Artemis	35. Nimble nature	54. Section
15. Small licorice treats	36. Ballet skirt	56. Implement



57. Merely
59. African antelope
61. Rule
62. Southwestern Indian

Island Life

Text & photos by *Peter Ray*



Cold Comfort — Twisted Pleasures

I do not like the cold — let’s get that over with at the beginning. I will admit, though, that there is some degree of smug satisfaction one can gain from getting through the chillier times. As a youth, it was possible to ignore the creeping numbness in fingers and toes as we pounded the ski slopes with semi-reckless abandon at temperatures of ten, twenty and thirty below zero. All of the zooming was fun, and I guess was worth the excruciating pain as the extremities thawed out at the end of the day. I will admit to having gone out for a jog in upstate New York on a day that the State Thruway system had been closed because of blizzard conditions. And yes, even now, there is the challenge of the Whulge. Our Summertime dips into Puget Sound, although generally wetsuit protected, are often exercises in pain management. As a sign that I have been getting a better grasp on certain realities, I will admit to having gotten in up to my knees at least a few times only to turn back to shore with the “just too cold” mantra running through both my head, and my feet.

With plants and a nursery, however, one’s perception of the cold, as it pertains to the weather, is wholly different from that of the rest of the population, at least the non-gardening segment of it. Whenever the words “arctic blast” are uttered by a local weather person, a part of my stomach turns into knots and spasms. Visions of piercing winds, solidly frozen ground and broad-leaved evergreen plants whose foliage has turned a disturbingly wrong, crystalline shade of green start whizzing through my mind. I have a simple answer to all those who come up to me and ask how I like the cool, crisp freshness of the big chill. Without hesitation I can easily and quickly answer: “I don’t.”

I had just been talking with someone about how February nineteenth always is my semi-arbitrary cut-off date for the last of the really damaging freezes, when the term arctic began to creep into the weather news, and slowly spread to Next Big Story status. Unlike other blasts in the past, this one was still a

few days out, and the necessary preparations of spreading row cloth and closing greenhouse windows and doors that hadn’t been shuttered in a few years were not as frenzied or urgent as they have been known to be when the cold comes knocking unannounced. I stapled and nailed and patched as Wendy spread straw on the crowns of the Gunnera and around the base of the hardy banana, and the stomach knot grew ever larger as the predicted lows approached the single digits. The ambient temperatures during last day of closing things up just did not feel like the precursor to a monster freeze, so I decided to completely abandon the nightly heater lighting ritual and see how things fared without the benefit of supplemental warmth.

A big part of this plant growing thing lies in the experimental world of, “...let’s try this and see what happens.” To that end, coddling becomes counterproductive in the search for the stalwart and bulletproof garden survivor. I will admit that part of my decision to go heatless was driven by my distaste for wandering around in the cold and dark and fumbling with matches, kerosene and propane. There was also a degree of calculation in this risky business, and that stemmed from my observation of the high range of temperatures they were predicting. This combined with the lack of cloud cover meant that the greenhouses would warm fairly quickly as the sun hit them. In the case of the hot house I built a while back with the intent of protecting tender plants under these circumstances, I didn’t get out to open it till nearly noon on the first day of the freeze and it was already eighty three degrees inside — who said solar doesn’t work around here?

The short report here is that we did get down to nineteen degrees one night, and for the most part things came through quite well. One of the groups of plants I’ve been watching through all of this has been the willows. With the warmer temperatures earlier on, the catkins, or pussies, have been out and around for a while now, and didn’t miss a

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Horus’ Pick of the Week:
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beat in the freeze. My favorite of the moment is the Japanese fantail willow. This large shrub made a big splash a number of years back at the Flower and Garden show when it was offered for sale as dried, cut material. With its straight stem and twisted, flared out end it looked a bit like a witch’s walking stick. In the land of the living though, the plant in my front yard looks a bit like a crazy Q-tip party with rows of silvery white catkins standing erect on nearly all the branch ends, where the fanned out- or fasciate-wood sends the pussies in all directions. I was given the start of this plant, known properly as *Salix udensis ‘Sekka’*, from a friend who had rooted a cutting in a pot filled with sawdust. It is now a rather sprawling shrub occupying a space about ten feet high and fifteen across. While it looks kind of wild at the moment, it settles into a more subtle existence as the season progresses, eventually hiding behind a canopy of glossy, mid-green leaves until Fall.

This willow, and a number of others on the property, are part of the fun of this season, and because of their hardiness they are not a worry or bother, regardless of the weather that might come our way. One of the stress points in getting ready for the season to come, however, is the seed ritual. Sometimes this involves catalogues — other times it means wandering with bags and writing utensils followed by hours of cleaning and separating and planting. It can also mean defending one’s turf by means of a fight to the death. Actually, it is not really an active struggle, and the preferred

outcome is best arrived at in a short and swift manner. While I do not enjoy killing rodents, the alternative is walking through the nursery and finding seed trays rototilled at rodent speed and harvested of their impending burst of new growth, or flats of plants with leaves and stems left in withering piles after the midnight feeding raids have done their collective damage. I have made peace with the inherent evils of the better mousetrap, and have found



solace in the thought that the swift and certain whack of the copper bar is far more favorable a death than being plucked from the ground, dangled by piercing claws while airborne and torn limb from

limb as a still conscious but unwilling guest at some raptor dinner party. Happily, there were no fresh kills in any of the traps around the nursery last night, and the ice has mostly disappeared from pond and shaded hollow. Hopefully from here we can move on to more cheerful thoughts and times.

□□□□

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I didn’t like the play, but then I saw it under adverse conditions. The curtain was up. -- Groucho Marx

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By MEarth

120 Square Feet

People who study such things tell us that it takes about 1.3 acres to feed each of us for a year. That breaks down to 120 square feet per day. That 1.3 acres—or 120 square feet—can be anywhere—it can be here on Vashon or it can be in California, Mexico or Chilé.

If you have ever read anything I have written, you know my opinion is that the more of it that is closer to you, the better—the better for the earth, the better for you, and the better for the people whose work it is to tend that 120 square feet in your name. Someone does, you know.

When people are asked where they would most like to live, the ideal is often a smaller town or a farm. Deep inside most souls is a desire to live in a place like the one where we already live. It seems to be something that’s hard-wired into people, an attraction for the natural world, a gravity that tends to pull us to places where there is more nature and less civilization.

That is one of the few things that gives me hope for human beings.

Community supported agriculture was once the essence of life on this Earth. People ate food grown and raised in fields and on farms in their own immediate areas. They didn’t do that because they thought it was a good idea—they did it because they had to. Most food couldn’t travel very far and had to be consumed locally.

People knew where their eggs came from—often their own coops—and where their potatoes and beef and corn and cabbage came from. When the wind was right, they could smell the hogs that would be made into their bacon.

Modern transportation and post-war business practices changed that and that change has accelerated exponentially into the 21st Century. Although the idea of fresh lettuce in December and eating bananas that cannot be grown locally have their attraction, those changes have not necessarily all been for the good. Much of our food is now grown not for its flavor or nutritional value but for its shelf-life and shipping characteristics. Unless we endeavor specifically, most of us have no idea where our eggs and potatoes come from and community supported agriculture is no longer a way of life.

Fortunately, that phrase has taken on a new life in recent

decades. CSA, or “Community Supported Agriculture” as an institution, is a concept, *teikei*, rooted in Japan in the 1960s. A group of city women approached a farm family with an idea for solving the problems they saw in the increase of imported food, the loss of valuable farmland and the increasing number of displaced farmers.

Sound familiar?

The concept of *teikei* was brought to fruition—a partnership or, as Robyn Van En, the farmer who helped bring the idea to the Burlington area in the 1980s translates it, “food with a farmer’s face on it.” Farmers were guaranteed a market and an income—and consumers were guaranteed fresh produce grown to their specifications.

The cliché says “you are what you eat” but, the fact is, you eat what you want to become. If you want to become part of Vashon Island, you eat part of it. Eating food grown here makes you more and more a part of this place with every bite—and not just in some lyrical, metaphorical sense, but in a real, piece-by-piece sense. The molecules that were living in the ground became a living part of the corn that becomes a living part of you.

It must be important to some of us—I see a lot of people at the Saturday market (starting up again in April)—and most of the growers sell most of their produce every week. I also know that subscription farming is a growing business on this island and I applaud both the growers and subscribers taking part in those relationships.

Even so, I guarantee if there were more buyers, there would more growers.

The plain fact is that if each of the households on this island ate the equivalent of two or three meals a week from food grown locally—whether from their own gardens or, more likely, from the gardens, pens and fields of the numerous growers already toiling here—they could feed several more families than their own.

Each of us must decide where our 120 square feet is going to be. Every bite and sip we take determines that—every day we vote with our dollars, dinner plates and wine glasses, whether consciously or not.

Wouldn’t you like your children to know the person that grows their food? It is possible, even in this modern world.

What farmer’s face is on your food? Where is your 120 square feet?

□□□□

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Designated Listener

A man was in no shape to drive, so he wisely left his car parked and walked home. As he was walking unsteadily along, he was stopped by a policeman. “What are you doing out here at 2 a.m.?” said the officer. “I’m going to a lecture,” the man said. “And who is going to give a lecture at this hour?” the cop asked. “My wife,” said the man.

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Rodney Dangerfield Lives

A doctor examined a woman and took her husband aside. “I don’t want to alarm you,” he said, “but I don’t like the way your wife looks at all.” “Me neither, Doc.” said the husband. “But she’s a great cook and real good with the kids.”

The Dorsal Spin:

by Orca Annie Stateler

Whales of Many Nations

Continued from page 1

watched with trepidation as the black blades approached, presuming the whales would snatch an easy meal.

Mercifully, they spared our seal friend. We feel he earned the name “Lucky.” Little Lucky seemed oblivious to the danger around him. Not so with other local pinnipeds, who were keenly aware of hungry top predators in the ‘hood. Mark Sears commented that he did not see a single seal or sea lion in open water that day. Odin and I saw them all near shore along the south end of Vashon.

The Transients took their time as they meandered down Colvos Pass, investigating the Kitsap shore and keeping us guessing where they would next surface. At times, the subgroups were a quarter mile apart. Eventually an adult assembled the troops with a directional spyhop, the killer whale turn signal. Then they all rounded Point Dalco and headed toward Commencement Bay.

The orcas spent several hours sweeping an arc along Ruston Way, the bay, and Brown’s Point. They snooped around the mouth of the Puyallup River. Several whales went as far north as the buoy (Tango Charlie to the mariners), which was devoid of sea lions for the first time ever that I have observed.

Mark arrived early in the afternoon at Commencement to get ID photos. By then, a gaggle of gawkers in various sized boats, including a kayak, had descended on the whales from the Tacoma waterfront. The large commercial vessels displayed proper etiquette, but many of the smaller boats did not.

One cabin cruiser sped about “leapfrogging,” obviously trying to anticipate the orcas’ next move. While Mark respected the Transients’ need for space, others were invasive, eliciting tail slaps of annoyance from the whales. Several times, Mark’s work was interrupted by thoughtless boaters.

Imagine trying to listen for your supper through the underwater noise generated by a dozen engines, in an industrial zone like Commencement Bay. No wonder the killer whales gathered in the late afternoon and returned to Colvos Pass, which is much quieter than the bay or East Passage.

Like Residents, Transient killer whales are also an endangered species in Washington State. Transients are generally less tolerant of vessel approaches. Boaters and kayakers should ideally stay 200 yards away from Transients. Read more in *Transients: Mammal-Hunting Killer Whales*, by John Ford and Graeme Ellis.



In larger groups, Transients can resemble Residents. They become gregarious, tactile, and loquacious, especially at meal time. We were thrilled to record Transient calls when they revisited the VHP site after dark. Surprisingly, we heard them vocalizing for about two hours. Our VHP files from the 13th are historic in that no one has recorded Transients in Vashon waters for decades, if ever, to our knowledge.

We saw no direct evidence of any seal kills on the 13th, though we suspect some sea birds could have been munched. Something attracted gulls to the spot where the four “Cute Killers” surfaced off our bulkhead that morning.

Some scientists question whether “pod” is an accurate description of Transient congregations, but I am exercising literary license here. Our distinguished visitors all belong to the West Coast Transient Community, which ranges from Southeast Alaska to California. As they have done for millennia, these killer whales swim through the traditional territories of many First Nations, including every one represented on Odin’s panel called “Killer Whale Pod of Many Nations.”

Please support the work of the Vashon Hydrophone Project (VHP) by reporting local whale sightings ASAP to 463-9041. Pat at the South End gets a gold star for calling us directly when she saw the orcas. Reporting sightings off-Island does not help the VHP.

A correction: T87 and other T88 Group whales were in Dyes Inlet in May 2004, not 2003. On February 5, Mark obtained epic, breathtaking video of these whales tormenting a seal, as I described in the last Dorsal Spin. At no time was the seal airborne. The older whales appeared to be using the seal to teach hunting techniques to the younger whales. The ritualized interaction looked more like “Dances with Seals” than “Lunches on Seals.”

Finally, the Southern Residents were officially listed as endangered under the Endangered Species Act on February 15. Expect to read more about this in future Dorsal Spins.

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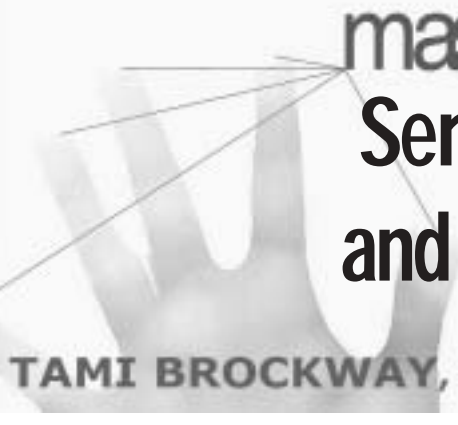
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Loop Travel: How to Pack for Belize

By Sarah Blakemore,
aka the Reigning Queen of Everything
Dear All:

Some of you have read about my various adventures before, some of you haven’t ever been that bored. Be warned: The RQE is back, and She is Bad in the absolute best way possible. Which brings Her to the point:

Her Bad Ass self in on Her way to Belize, that small country in Central America that the British used to occupy. May God help the fool who gets in Her way.

[Please hum an ominous tune under your breath]

Seriously though, I am leaving tomorrow. I haven’t been out of the country in five years and I am dying to go. It seems impossible that I have been stateside this long. After a fruitful trip to the Army Navy surplus store I am now the proud owner of a used German Army day pack. My travels in Africa taught me that it is important to pack sparingly. I am taking this to heart. Everything I need will fit on my back. If it won’t fit, I don’t need it. The items that made the cut are as follows:

1. Mosquito Netting
2. A week’s worth of underwear and socks
3. One pair of cargo pants
4. One skirt
5. Two shirts
6. One tank top
7. One bathing suit
8. A first aid kit
9. Flashlight
10. Soap
11. Lightweight camping towel
12. Toilet paper. (You can never, ever have too much of this)
13. My boyfriend (does not currently fit in said pack, but might if he keeps annoying me)

That is it. That is all that I want to bring. No books, no media of any sort, no cell phones, no laptops. nothing. I want peace and tranquility. I want to hang with the

natives. The only things [people not withstanding] that I care about that I am leaving behind are:

1. Two drooling hound dogs and a cat with a royal attitude, in the care of a house-sitter
 2. A well polished collection of miscellaneous silver
 3. As much emotional baggage as will fit into my hall closet [On good days I refer to this as emotional wisdom].
 4. A couple of pieces of jewelry
- Things that I HOPE to leave behind:
1. #@&*#@! Brad and Angelina
 2. The Iraq War
 3. Any more pictures of Brittney Spears acting trashy
 4. The people who care about Brittney Spears acting trashy
 5. Drunk politicians who shoot people
 6. The victims who apologize to the politicians that shot them in the first place
 7. Alternate side of the street parking
 8. Mayor Nagin and The Chocolate City
 9. Anything owned by Rupert Murdoch
 10. The feeling that my teeth aren’t white enough
 11. Any and all discussion of the merits of Scientology by aloof Hollywood stars
 12. Those asinine diamond ads telling the women of the world to raise their right hand
 13. The self-involved dimwits who don’t pick up after their dogs
 14. Fifteen dollar cocktails
 15. The people who drink fifteen dollar cocktails.

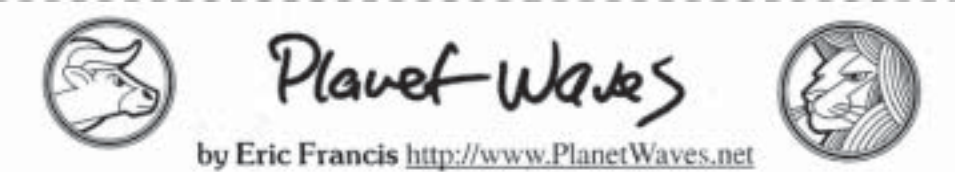
I cannot wait. Really. Tomorrow I take off for New Orleans for Mardi Gras and then I am on a plane, March 2nd, to Belize.

It cannot happen too soon.

Vice is its own reward.
Quentin Crisp



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Happy Birthday Pisces!
Above all else, this is a year of surprises. True, your life has not exactly been boring the past couple of years, and part of what you will benefit from this year is all the developments of the recent past. You may feel like you're having a second childhood, as people from prior eras in your life resurface, and you remember ideas that you wanted to pursue a long time ago. Surprisingly, you may find that they manifest before your eyes. But you may also discover that much of what you wanted in the past has given way to things you never would have imagined.

Aries (March 20-April 19): There is a certain mystery factor working in a professional situation that seems to be developing rapidly — or at least more rapidly than before. This is a situation you may have thought stalled out months ago. It seemed incredibly promising at one point, and then like a lot of things in the physical world, went its own way. Or rather, it seemed to. In reality, much has been developing behind the scenes, and will soon emerge from behind the backdrop of your life. There is no need to push. Events will move pretty fast, and take you where you need to be.

Taurus (April 19-May 20): Please don't stay home this weekend, or through the early part of next week. Unless you are planning a social event in your house, make every possible effort to get into public and be around people you don't necessarily know so well, but who make up a kind of community. There is a development in the works, an idea, a contact point or a sudden solution. It may involve simply meeting a whole new social network that opens up many possibilities for you, ones you would probably not have dreamed of. But they have been dreaming of you.

Gemini (May 20-June 21): Mars is still newly enough arrived in your sign to be stirring the pot, and as it approaches, a square aspect to Uranus in Pisces is likely to trigger a burst of self-confidence that really gets you to push the envelope on a certain achievement you're after. It is indeed all about confidence, which would be less of an issue for you if you directed your conquests outward and upward rather than inward. I am not suggesting that introspection is unwise or that self-awareness is not the key to life. I am saying that for a while, you're free to take your ambitions out on the world, where they belong.

Cancer (June 21-July 22): Relationships take two people. We all know that, but then when things don't go the way we plan or

want, we tend to blame ourselves, particularly those born under empathic signs such as yours. Then, when we are reminded about the aspect of life that involves cooperation, communication and some energy coming back, it's like the lights come on. It appears that the energy is returning to a situation that has been slacking. And it would seem that you're feeling unusually on edge, aware of the sharper side of your own emotions. Allow for the light; allow for the shadow; allow for the whole spectrum of feelings, and just be real.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23): Both business and pleasure are due to pick up speed and intensity this week, and there are some surprises involved. They all involve contact with others, and what is different about the next few days is the quality of the energy, and the extent to which it can awaken you to a new aspect of yourself and your desire for life. As regards business, be open to new ideas that involve groups, teams or shared finances and resources. As for pleasure, stick to that one person who has been a dependable source for a long time — and if you don't have someone like that in your life, reach out to one who you want or need most.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22): There's no use resisting the opportunity that's rushing in your direction; the possibilities are too brilliant, the feeling too strong. You may feel you need to take things slowly, that is not exactly the way the Sun, the wind and the tide are going right now. And while it's true that you can ride out this wave of energy, I doubt that's what you really want to do. Events this week are like a portal to another place and time, entirely new dimensions of existence. Can you handle it? You may indeed need to jump over a kind of inner hurdle. So, jump.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23): Pieces of yourself seem to be falling into place, and it appears that you feel more at home in the world every day. It's been an odd couple of months, with the sense of being in your own space but not quite belonging; of being in the moment while at the same time caught in a world of the past. I can tell you're getting beyond that strangeness, and as the aspects develop, you are reaching a greater level of comfort without falling into a "comfort zone." Definitely stay on the move. Let your life develop. Right now, you have a lot better friends than complacency.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 22): Keep trusting your brilliant idea. Do I write this every week? If not, I should, because you do indeed have something amazing developing, and you're at your best when it

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comes to both deep thinking and practical application of notions too subtle for others to even notice. In about a week, you'll encounter a review phase, where you can go over your notes, slides, files and diagrams and see what it all adds up to. If you haven't set anything onto paper or into computer files, I suggest you get on the move, sooner rather than later. Claim your concept and get it going.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): Be cool, don't push it, and be sensitive to your own energy. No doubt you're feeling a more enormous than usual sense of adventure. You may even feel like you've got a jet pack strapped onto your back. You may even be designing an electrical research laboratory in your basement and be intent on creating the solution to all the world's energy problems. Whatever you do, pace yourself, and let your feelings lead the way — not your mind. You're having some brilliant revelations, but the really good stuff is happening not where you can think about it, but where you can feel it.

Capricorn (Dec. 21 - Jan. 22): You seem to be letting go of an old, sad story. I don't think it's dominated your life, but I can say for sure that it's been lingering around the background and influencing your ideas about yourself. As this week develops, you may get a look at just how influential it's really been behind the scenes, even though you may not have noticed. Let it go; let yourself go past this situation. You are not evading anything; rather, I am confident that what you have learned will take up permanent residence in your value system, and become a more positive influence than you imagine.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19): You seem to have your attention divided between some very heavy responsibilities and a sense of what wild potential is possible. It may not be easy to balance this situation out. The answer will come, as always, through creativity. Being creative is not merely about art or music, though those are fun benefits. True creativity is the ability to solve problems and invent solutions; to get yourself beyond the contradictions of your existence and into a space where you can do your real work and express your real values. That moment is at hand, but you will need

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to do a small part and leave some space within yourself clear, and free of burdens.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20): Mean people make most of the noise — the ones who want to scare everyone and get their way. The loving people are usually too busy helping others, and they tend to speak second, and most softly because that is the language of love. I suggest you speak a little more boldly now; step out of the past; do something that may be really odd and step out of the rather intense expectations that you feel surround you and are influencing you. You are different, your life is different, and if you can embrace that with all your heart, just how true this is will appear before your eyes.

☾☾☾☾

Chief Cannassatatego was the name of the man who, in 1744, advised Benjamin Franklin to unite the colonies into a confederacy.

Book Review

by Rachel Bard
Isn't it Time for a Laugh?

Portuguese Irregular Verbs, by Alexander McCall Smith. Paperback, Anchor Books, 2003, \$9.95.

Good news, dear readers. Just when we need something to make us smile, not leave us gloomily wondering how we're going to manage to save the world, Alexander McCall Smith comes to the rescue. His new series is, if possible, even more fun than his previous one about the No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency.

That series introduced "traditionally built" Mma Precious Ramotswe, the only lady detective in Botswana, and her sensible approach to helping people solve their problems. Most of the problems are relatively minor compared with the violence and mayhem of the typical detective novel. An errant husband, a missing child, suspicious goings-on in the beauty contest—with her intuitions and her open friendly approach, Mma Ramotswe almost always gets to the heart of the matter. The charm of these books isn't in the drama of the plot: it's the escape they offer to a world of simple virtues, gentle humor and maybe most memorable, the sun baked, wide-skied, unpressured land of Botswana. McCall Smith lived there for a time, teaching law at the University of Botswana. Fifteen years later he began this series.

Then after six books he ended it. Hooked readers were devastated. Fortunately this prolific writer simply couldn't stop writing. (He'd previously written some 30 children's books.) He set out on a new series, the Sunday Philosophy Club, featuring an amateur detective in Edinburgh, Isabel Dalhousie. I found her prissy, moralistic attitude far less engaging than the verve and native wit of Mma Ramotswe. Maybe others did too; McCall Smith deserted her after two books.

Next came a whole new cast of characters, in the Professor Dr von Igelfeld series—three books so far. Now we're immersed in the rarefied world of German philology and three professors, rivals for recognition but friendly colleagues at least on the surface. Our hero, Professor Dr Moritz-Maria von Igelfeld, is very tall and very distinguished, because of his seminal work on Portuguese Irregular Verbs. The three frequently find themselves at philology conferences in agreeable locales. They deliver learned papers, and listen (often in agony) to others, such as Professor J. G. K. L. Singh's *Terms of Ritual Abuse in the Creditor/Debtor Relationship in Village India*. Von Igelfeld, of course, always takes up some aspect of Portuguese irregular verbs, to be wildly applauded at the end by his audience, relieved that it's at last over.

Still, the three have ample time to explore, to relax on sunny terraces and to engage in subtle backbiting.

In Zurich, they decide to play tennis, though none has ever played. "Chess, yes," says Professor Dr Detlev Amadeus Unterholzer. "Tennis, no." But they agree that, "tennis, like any activity, can be mastered if one knows the principles behind it." Armed with equipment and an ancient manual supplied by the hotel manager they stride confidently onto the court, study the book for ten minutes, and begin their game. Hours later it's still a draw, since no server has been able to get the ball across the net. Sneering at the inability of the book to get them out of this dilemma, "they trooped off the tennis court, not noticing the faces draw back rapidly from the windows. Rarely had the Hotel Carl-Gustav provided such entertainment for its guests."

Heated from the game, Professor Dr Dr Florianus Prinzel suggests a swim in the lake. "A good idea," says Igelfeld. "Do you swim?" asks Unterholzer in surprise. "Not in practice," says Igelfeld. "But one merely extends the arms in the appropriate motion and then retracts them, thereby propelling the body through the water." "That's quite correct," says Prinzel. "I've seen it done many times." So they borrow swimming costumes from the manager and set out for the inviting waters of the lake. "Inside the Hotel Carl-Gustav, the watching guests waited, breathless in their anticipation."

The last chapter has a tinge of uncharacteristic melancholy. Von Igelfeld and the Prinzels are in Venice on holiday. The parallels with Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* seem somewhat contrived. A Polish family in the hotel includes a beautiful teen-aged boy, Tadzeus, who keeps staring at von Igelfeld. Vague rumors circulate that the city is somehow contaminated, perhaps due to radiation in the water. Von Igelfeld worries. Sitting on the terrace of his hotel, gazing at the sea and the sunset, he sips his beer, glad to note it was brewed in Belgium. "That must be safe; there was nothing threatening about Belgium. Ineffably dull, perhaps, but not threatening."

He happens to find a Geiger counter. He and the Prinzels begin checking each other and all the food and drink they take in. When the fish served at dinner sends the needle to the top of the scale, they decide to go back to Germany, "where they belonged."

A tiny hint in this book of the existence of a dachshund belonging to Unterholzer may explain the title of the next one: *The Finer Points of Sausage Dogs*. I can't wait to find out. Incidentally, he's collected all three books in one volume, *The 2-1/2 Pillars of Wisdom*.

Learn more about this droll man and his books at his website, www.mccallsmith.com. ◻◻◻◻

Circular Definition: see Definition, Circular.

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We've Got A Lot of Kids

By Kevin Pottinger

I admit: all four of our kids, individually, in pairs, or as part of a team, have cheesed me off.

It's so easily done. They'll frost my cookies at home, on the ferry, in the car, and especially waiting in the checkout line at Thriftway. They'll hack me off with sassy answers, incessant tapping, passive-aggressive inaction, sullen contrariness and uninterrupted complaints and tattling. Their toddler commentaries about their second-rate supper, my fat belly and how other Daddies aren't as much like Grandpa as I am, chaps me.

I have a theory that each of our wretched little iguanas exhibits telepathic ability. Because, uncannily, when I'm feeling especially frustrated, if I've had a "bad day at work," they seem to sense it, and will redouble their diabolic efforts to piss me off. While I'm thinking of it, my wife Maria does it too. In fact, some days it seems that I've arrived at some strange blind corner in space and time where everyone I meet is In On It, knows I'm having a bad day, and is bent on making my bad day as worse as possible, given the vagaries of circumstance. But the masters of the game are the kids.

Our five-year old, our eldest, will begin rhythmically tapping his fork on his dinner plate, quietly, imperceptibly...tap, tap, tap... He'll gradually raise the volume and speed up the tempo, until after a number of minutes unnoticed, I'll realize he's been tapping for a good quarter of an hour, and I've had to raise my voice to shout over it in conversation, and the insistent tapping is taking up every square inch of room in my thoughts, until there are no thoughts but the tapping.

The babies, our twenty-month old twins, will argue with me about whether they can stay in the

bathroom with the light off and the door shut, and technically they can't even talk yet. Our baby girl will shout at me in made-up, pre-verbal toddler invectives if I try to push her chair in to the dinner table, or if I pull it back where it was, or if I look at her. She will pry my fingers off of the back of her chair and flounce back down in her chair, scowling. Our baby boy will sneeze and distractedly work the gooey result into his face and cheeks; he'll eat syrupy pancakes with his hands and pour juice into his pajamas; and he'll growl at me and run away if I try to clean him up with a wet paper towel before he leaves the table and spreads the slime behind him like a kind of slug.

Sometimes when I ask Meredith, our much-loved eldest daughter, age three (it's pronounced phree), to do something for me, say, to pick up her socks, or hand me a towel, she'll not move and will stare sullenly back at me, round-eyed and mute. When I repeat my request, she will move precisely three inches toward the task I asked of her, then turn back to stare mutely at me. When I calmly and evenly repeat my request for her to pick up her socks, or hand me the towel, she will burst into lugubrious tears and run down the hallway crying for Mama. With Meredith peering at me safely behind Mama's legs, Mama Maria will pierce me accusingly with beautiful brown eyes while I helplessly stammer out a jumbled mess of words that, despite my best efforts, sounds exactly like a lie.

Our kids are 1/8th scale versions of us, but with their own ideas of how things should be. What torques me off the most is not when their ideas differ wildly from my ideas, it's when they behave as stubbornly and selfishly as I do at times. What ticks me off is when I see myself in them; not the cleaned up version of me that I accept and wish to be, but the digitally accurate version of me that our kids have recorded every minute of every day.

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Island Epicure

by Marj Watkins

Have a Gourmet Lent

It sounds a bit like an oxymoron, doesn't it? Give up foods you're used to, especially red meat? Okay, I can live with that. Fish and chicken are allowed, and we have a few beautiful, nourishing, tongue-pleasing vegan and vegetarian entrees, too.

Science has proved that fish really is brain food, according to a report in the Archives of Neurology (www.archneurol.com) cited in a recent Sunday PI. People who eat fish once a week keep their memories better than those who don't. Twice a week, better yet.

In Japan, a well balanced meal is considered one with something from the sea and something from the land.

In Spain, every lunch or dinner plate contains a small piece of fish and a small piece of meat. If Spaniards eat fish 14 times a week, do they gain better memories the older they get? Somebody needs to do a study on that.

This fish stew from Istanbul reminds us of *Bouillabaisse*. It's cousin to the Italian *Cacciucco*, too. Both of the versions I'm giving you are low in carbohydrates, and rich in proteins, vitamins, and antioxidants as well as flavor.

If you're cooking for two or even three, you'll have enough left over to create a gourmet soup for lunch a day or two later by adding a few more vegetables and a handful of shrimp.

Bugulama — Istanbul Fish Stew — 4 hearty servings

- 1 lb. firm white fish (snapper, cod, halibut, or turbot)
- 1/3 cup Sherry or Chablis wine
- 2 Tablespoons olive oil
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 carrot, chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, chopped
- ½ red pepper, chopped
- 1½ cups water or broth
- 1 teaspoon dried basil leaf or 1 Tablespoon shredded fresh basil leaves
- ½ teaspoon cumin powder
- 1 (14-oz.) can diced tomatoes

1 Tablespoon dried parsley or a small handful of minced fresh parsley

2 cups chopped or baby spinach

Cut fish into 1-inch dice. Sprinkle it with about half the white wine. Let it rest while you prepare the sauce.

Heat oil in a large, heavy skillet or Dutch oven. Stir fry onion, carrot, and pepper until onion is shiny and getting limp.

Add garlic, the rest of the wine, chicken broth, basil and cumin.

Simmer 20 or 30 minutes to blend flavors and cook vegetables.

Add the fish. Cover and cook 20 minutes.

Stir in the spinach and parsley. Cook 5 to 20 minutes more. Fish should be opaque and flake easily when fork-tested. Spinach should be cooked by now.

I like to serve this in wide soup plates. Garlic toast would be great with this. Some recipes call for the garlic toast to go into the soup plates first, then the soup ladled on top.

Soup of the Bugulama — 3 or 4 servings

2 cups leftover Istanbul Fish Stew

1 cup frozen okra

1 cup frozen peas or baby lima beans

1/2 teaspoon dried oregano flakes

1 (10-oz) can Campbell's condensed chicken broth or equivalent amount clam nectar

½ cup cooked large shrimp or langostinos

Garlic salt to taste

Dash red pepper flakes

Heat the broth or nectar. Add frozen okra and lima beans, if using limas. Bring to boiling. Reduce heat and cook covered 10 minutes.

Add fish stew. Bring again to boiling.

Add shrimp or langostinos, garlic salt and red pepper flakes. Reduce heat. Cook just long enough to heat the shrimp or langostinos.

Bon appetite!

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Madame Toujours

Dear *Madame Toujours*,

Here's the deal. I'm thinking of setting up one of my ex-boyfriends with a girl I know. They have lots in common. They're both kind of unpleasant people, and neither one of them has been successful in love before. I think this is because they both enjoy being superior to everybody else and then they are very cruel and contemptuous toward their inferiors. They are both extremely angry about the environment. They both like to talk about how the human race is a disease infecting our mother earth. It seems like a match made in heaven.

I'm a little worried, though. Maybe just because they have a lot in common isn't good enough to make a good match. I mean, maybe I introduce them and they just hate each other. Nothing lost. But what if they hit it off? The two of them could go on a kind of rampage like Bonny and Clyde meet the Unibomber. Would it be better to try to match them up with people who will balance them out, like a nice, fundamentalist conservative Republican?

I'd like to spread a little love and happiness, but what if I cause World War Three?

Sincerely,

Don't Want to be Responsible for Armageddon

Chere Mlle. Armageddon,

Bien, you are seeing now the uniquely delicate and important role of the matchmaker in the world affairs. Without the Machiavellian efforts of persons such as myself, the world is being ended many times before now.

I applaud for you the generous impulses to help the unpleasant friends. Also, I am agreeing with you that the concerns, they are valid. Possibly, your two acquaintances will turn their superiority upon the world and unleash the destructions. There is being no gain without the risk, *n'est pas*?

The possibilities of the benefits in this case are much outweighing the disadvantages. For example, perhaps your friends are indeed falling in love. *Vive l'amour*. This is the wonderful thing you are doing for the friends.

Also, there are the advantages for the rest of the world. *L'amour*, she is being the big confusion for them because they are having the love, but they are also wanting to be superior and cruel. *Quelle*

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dilemma. It will be taking them many years to work out the compromises. This is keeping them busy so that they are no longer interfering with all the hardworking types who are trying to save the furry, little endangered ozones in the rain forests.

If you are the very skilled matchmaker, they are having the stormy relationship with many arguments and breaking ups. They will be coming to you every time they are having the little disagreement. You will feel that they blame you. They do. This is the price you are paying to be one of the most powerful persons in the world—the matchmaker. *La monde*, she is resting on your shoulders.

Bon Chance, Mlle. Armageddon. If you are subtle, you can be coaxing your friends back together over and over. Consider this the public service.

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Positively Speaking

By Deborah Anderson

Strictly Vashon Etiquette

Sunday, February 18, was an auspicious Sunday. I found myself on the ten o'clock boat arriving early enough to settle in with a serious session with my make up bag. I confess I am one of those people who act as if there were curtains on the car windows. I don't look in anyone else's windows so why would anyone look in mine? Vashon Etiquette Point #1: Pretend it's private here. Don't look, don't stare. It's the polite thing to do in cramped quarters.

Waiting for the rumble of engines and familiar "Welcome aboard the Washington state ferries..." announcement, my ears instead heard the quite clear announcement, "Folks, we've just noticed two dogs chase a deer into the sound. We're going to lower a boat and try to go save all their lives." My heart warmed. Vashon Etiquette Point #2: Enthusiastically embrace any effort to rescue animals and Vashon Etiquette Point #3: Never complain if the ferry is delayed to save a life.

It isn't the bravado that's left over from the move to the Island that makes newcomers stand out. It's a lack of the acquired studied nonchalance about matters which distract the rest of the world from the true meaning of life that betrays their short time on the Island.

Sure enough, the zodiac was lowered and while I was hoping to see the orange-coated men haul a ten-point buck into the boat and zip it back to shore, it was still an emotionally indulgent moment to see the head of the beast turn itself around and head for land. It was also reassuring to know that those little rubber saviors do actually go up and down in case of an emergency.

The quality of life on Vashon makes us a people that are more committed to the gentle side of life. While the rest of the world is committed to billable hours, once on the Island, we slip into going the pretty way home as if we had never seen Tramp Harbor sparkle or a Westside sunset.

So it was that I was not surprised to see out-of-state plates on the two cars ahead of me directly and to my left as I came home that night. I could tell they were out-of-state because the video screens were down and, in the dark, I could see one old episode of "Friends" and actually I forget what was on the other screen. OK...so I found out that if there's something as oddly out of place as video screens hanging from the ceiling, instead of someone reading or sleeping, or putting on make up, I DO apparently look into the other cars' windows.

I suppose if I had to, I could eventually adjust to living over town. But I don't want to for so many reasons. Today's reason is the eggs. You see, before I started to write these words down, I had to get a few things at Thriftway. I'm nursing a cold into submission and headed for home to swab myself with ©Zicam nasal thingies and watch old

movies as I doze in and out of the voyage to complete health. That meant acquiring a protein stash and some prepared salads with the proper immune boosting powers as I know that once the thermal nighty is on, I'm not cookin' and well, you know, feed a fever, etc. etc.

Climbing into my car, a member of the wise generation (that means he was my elder) approached me and asked if I would like some eggs. Charming I thought. Farm fresh eggs. I started to grab for my wallet. I had a moment of pride for Vashon, that here was a place where it was safe to be approached by a stranger and engage with a smile, and buy fresh eggs from your car. But I was too hasty. Actually, he explained, it was buy one get one free and he, of course because he is Vashon frugal had bought the deal, and now was unable to give them away as he wanted, because he is Vashon thoughtful and generous.

Now, honestly folks, I don't know how I'm going to eat a dozen and a half eggs this week. But I took them willingly, not only to help him out, the Vashon way, but also because of the permeable boundaries we have between people; the gentleness, the generosity, the willingness to help, to hear each other's stories, all are a way of life that needs to be shared with the world.

Which brings me to the last story of holding my cell phone in one hand (my son's gift for keeping our family in touch) and my land line in the other, telling the supervisor at the Baltimore post office that I didn't understand how they could call it guaranteed delivery if they didn't actually deliver it. My daughter, who was going to turn eighteen without her birthday present, was listening in on the cell in my other hand.

"I'm sorry to be so stern sir, but this is unusual for us. See, we live on a tiny Island off the coast of Seattle where we really extend ourselves for each other."

There was a moment's pause. "Ma'am, can you reach your daughter so I can send someone out with the package and she can meet us outside the locked building?" And thus it was delivered.

We extend ourselves for each other. That's what makes us different. We need to spread it off Island. The rest of the world mounts huge generous campaigns that show volunteerism and philanthropy to be alive and well. Here on the Island we extend ourselves in the little things. Anyone can do a big give. It takes the art of the heart to give a little. Spread it. We're good at it. Find a little way to give today off Island. Urban American hearts need our secret to long life and happiness. May your day be blessed.

The heart of a fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of a wise man is in his heart. —Benjamin Franklin

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Financial Planning 101 On Business as Usual

By Mark A. Goldman

This will be my last article on Financial Planning 101, at least for awhile. I am still a financial planner, still work with clients and willingly advise folks on their finances when they think I might be helpful. But I don't want to write about personal finance right now.

I have written a great deal these last few years, but not about finance; mostly about our failed government...the decline of patriotism in America...and our endangered democracy. I am disappointed that so many of us go about our business as usual...we go to work, watch TV, share a bottle of wine with friends, and maybe even talk about the stock market...and yet we spend very little time contemplating or organizing our thoughts around how to preserve and pass on our heritage to future generations.

A lot of people think my views are radical. I think what's radical is the turn we took away from our roots. You probably haven't noticed. As long as you keep your head down, read the local paper, watch the evening news, it's easy to lull yourself into thinking that while maybe things aren't that great, at least they're probably ok. I don't think they're ok.

In one of my writings I once asked this rhetorical question:

"Do you think it's possible that if you were to wake up one morning and come to the realization that your freedom is hanging by a thread, that you wouldn't do anything more than get dressed and go to work, as if it were the same as any other day? Is it possible that our freedom and our country could be lost inch by inch without one defining moment to mark the transformation from freedom to oppression, and is it possible that we could miss hearing the call when it comes, or if we do hear it, simply be too tired or not have the time, the strength, the energy, the know-how, or the courage to stand up for justice anyway?"

Well I think it's possible. I think that's what's happening right now, right here. Every time I sit down to write an article on Personal Finance for this paper, that passage comes to mind. That's why I can't do it anymore.

As far as economic realities are concerned, our government is intent on squandering our national wealth and dismantling our basic rights...so that little by little the injustice could mean economic or political impoverishment that will touch every American...even you. Maybe it already has.

But I will tell you something. They aren't going to win. If you think they will, you're on the wrong side. And as far as thinking goes, a lot of people never really do. There was a time when I didn't either, so I understand. There were those who carried the torch when I was young and didn't know any better. And, God willing, there are those who will carry the torch for you, too.

I'm sorry if this piece is not what you were expecting. Nevertheless let me thank you for reading my column. If you are a client of mine, thank you for your trust and confidence. If you are a friend, thank you for your love and courage. And to all of you...May God bless you and keep you and yours safe in the months and years ahead.

Mark's email address is mark@gpln.com. His website is: www.gpln.com

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Too often we enjoy the comfort of opinion without the discomfort of thought. -- John F. Kennedy

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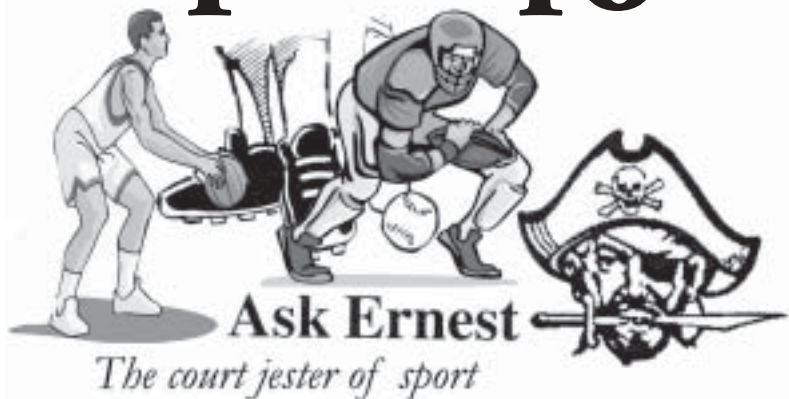
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Loop ~ Sports



Hey E,
I’ve been chilling in Hawaii, working at the Pro Bowl, but I just can’t stop thinking about how the Vashon High School sports teams are doing. You know, I’m a fan that way. Vashon is probably the next best thing besides fantasy football and the Red Sox.

Dr. Adam Anske
p.s. I really do work for ESPN, I even have a business card to prove it.

Doctor Anske,
The Vashon Basketball Team won the Nisqually League and secured a number 1 seed for the District Tournament next week. Zac Andrus was voted MVP of the League. Coach Andy “Soapbox” Sears was voted League Coach of the Year for the 2nd straight year. The team is currently 19-2.

The Girls team placed 2nd in the Nisqually League and will play next week at Districts, hoping to qualify for the state tournament again. (By the way, the state tourney is in Yakima— the Palm Springs of the Northwest, a must visit for any citizen of the country!)

The Wrestling Team placed 7th in State, winning numerous individual awards. State Placements are listed as follows: 3rd: Tyler Freight Train Gateman, 4th: Duncan Half Man Half Mayshark, 5th: Alex Gator Gateman, 6th: Alex Steamboat Stemer, 7th: Micah Jordan Sohl, 8th: Wiley Wil’Flower Volker. Rogen Lopez won one match and Big Bill Olsen fought tough, receiving the toughest draw in America.

Academic All State Awards went to Duncan Mayshark and Will Olsen. Honourable Mention to Wes York, Wiley Volker, and Alex Gateman.

Ernie,
I was wondering why you didn’t cover the Super Bowl? Who played and who won? I was at the Auburn Super Mall all weekend shopping for candles and placemats, thus missing out on most of the festivities.
Darren Focks

Darren,
It is funny that you ask. I have received numerous complaints regarding my lack of coverage. The Seattle Seahawks lost to the Pittsburgh Steelers. Contrary to pundit, Preben Heath Ledger, we do not know who will be in the bowl next year.
E.
Stay tuned for next month’s Laptop Demolition Derby in Redmond. It’ll be wild and dangerous. Hook up your own laptop and join in the chaos. Signup online at www.laptopdemolition.com.

News Bulletin: Shaun Alexander to Coach the Pirates!

Former Seattle Seahawks All-Pro running back Shaun Alexander has indeed signed a contract, as everyone expected. But this contract is very different — Alexander is quitting playing football and has instead signed a contract to coach the running backs of the Vashon Island Pirate football team.

Shocking the professional football world, Alexander explained his reasoning to the press at the Vashon High School lunchroom: “I prayed and prayed and prayed, and when God told me the decision He had made for me, I was actually excited,” Alexander said, with his usual candor. “I mean, what, really do I have to prove to people on the football field? Now it’s a new challenge, to get Rogen Lopez some touchdowns and hopefully a new contract. He deserves it, you know.”

Alexander went to great lengths in describing what the Lord had told him: first He told him he should have signed the contract the Seahawks offered him a couple of years ago, then He said he should play in the CFL, and then, finally, He made up his mind, finalizing the Pirate coaching deal. Alexander is presently looking for a home in the Dilworth area, and can’t wait to raise his kids — Heaven and Trinity — in the prestigious Vashon School District.



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Vashon Library March 2006 Programs

Lapsit Story Time
Wednesdays, March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 10:40 a.m.
Newborn to 20 months with an adult. A 20-minute program of stories, songs, rhymes and bounces for babies and a caregiver.

Preschool Story Time
Wednesdays, March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 11:30 a.m.
Ages 3-5. 30 minutes of stories, songs and fun!
Cantando Y Jugando (Singing and Playing)
Thursday, March 2, 7 p.m.

Presented by Marco Cortes. A bi-lingual program of songs, games and music from Latin America that will show and teach about different musical instruments. Children join in to sing fun songs about the fish of the sea, the birds in the sky, and animals in the farm. Family program, all ages.

Great Singers Lecture Series: Maria Callas
Sundays, March 5, 12, 19, 2:00 p.m.
Norm Hollingshead, Opera Lecturer
Maria Callas was one of the most celebrated and best-known opera sopranos of our time. She gained world fame for her vocal virtuosity, dramatic intensity and fiery temperament. Join lecturer and opera expert, Norm Hollingshead, for an informative series of three lectures on the life, work and turbulent lovelife of this exceptional opera singer.

Great Books Discussion Group
Monday, March 6, 7:00 p.m.
The Great Books Discussion Group has been meeting at the Vashon Library for 30 years! The idea of small groups meeting to discuss great literature was started by the University of Chicago, and groups now meet in hundreds of cities around the country. Our book group meets on the first Monday of each month and our discussions include all types of great literature, from ancient to modern times. Please join us for some very stimulating conversations.

Toddler Story Time
Tuesdays, March 7, 14, 21, 28, 10:40 a.m.
Ages 21 months to 3 years with an adult
A 20-minute program of stories and songs just right for toddlers.

Talk Time
Tuesdays, March 7, 14, 21, 28, 7 p.m.
Practice speaking English in a relaxed setting. All nationalities and skill levels are welcome. Free! Gratis!

JobFind: Employment Help for Adults
Thursdays, March 9 and 23, 9:30 to 11 a.m.
Your search for employment just got easier! JobFind can help you whether you are unemployed or underemployed. Vashon Youth & Family Services has partnered with WorkSource, as part of the Rural WorkSource Connection project, to help Island residents who are seeking to improve, change or find living wage jobs. Typical discussions include: networking, uncovering the hidden job market, dynamite resumes, marketing yourself with a great cover letter, polish your pitch, road blocks, and getting past “no”. Co-sponsored by King County Library System. Registration not required.


Young Writer's Rendezvous
Monday, March 20, 7 to 8:15 p.m.
Come be a part if this on-going group and experience writing for fun in a social atmosphere. Pizza will be served! Come when you can. Sponsored by Friends of the Vashon Library.

The Illuminated Writer
Saturday, March 11, 1:00 p.m.
Presented by Molly Hashimoto
Bring your poems or journals to this workshop where you’ll learn how to illuminate your writing. Create a decorated initial letter using Celtic knot work designs and uncial and half-uncial letters – the alphabet used by the monks of the British Isles during the early Middle Ages. For adults and youth ages 12 and older. Call (206) 463-2069 to register. Sponsored by the Friends of the Vashon Library.

Your Money or Your Life: Transforming Your Relationship with Money and Achieving Financial Independence
Thursday, March 30, 7:00 p.m.
How do you define success? We all know that “money can’t buy happiness,” but we often behave as if it will. Are you searching for a more meaningful way of life? Would you like to get out of debt and start saving money? Do you want more time with family, friends, and community? Liesbet Trappenburg will introduce highlights from the national bestseller, *Your Money or Your Life*, a simple nine-step plan that will transform the way you think about, earn and spend money. Gain clarity on money vs. time, determine your real earned income, and understand the difference between simple living and deprivation. Answer the questions: How much is enough? Understand how your current relationship with money affects all aspects of your life. Preregistration is required and begins March 1st. Call 463-2069 to register. Sponsored by King County Library System.

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Contradictory wisdom;
What will be, will be.
Life is what you make it.

Ideas are like rabbits. You get a couple and learn how to handle them, and pretty soon you have a dozen.—John Steinbeck

One Liners

- Joan of Arc heard voices too.
- Normal is a setting on a washing machine.
- It takes sour grapes to make a good whine.
- You can be on the right track and still get hit by a train.
- Happiness: The result of being too busy to be miserable.
- An eternity is very, very long, especially towards the end.
- THINK—it gives you something to do while the computer is down.
- I need not suffer in silence while I can still moan, whimper and complain.
- It's frustrating when you know all the answers, but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.



Mozart died while creating a requiem mass for the dead.

Ah, Mozart! He was happily married -- but his wife wasn't.

-- Victor Borge

A conference is a gathering of important people who singly can do nothing, but together can decide that nothing can be done. -- Fred Allen

The Republican Convention opened with a prayer. If the Lord can see his way to bless the Republican Party the way it's been carrying on, then the rest of us ought to get it without even asking. -- Will Rogers, 1928
And: I belong to no organized party -- I am a Democrat. -- also Will Rogers

Marijuana Issue Sent To A Joint Committee
—Toronto Star headline

The willingness to accept responsibility for one's own life is the source from which self respect springs.
—Joan Didion

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SEC	TUNA	LENTO
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OFFSHORE

“URRGH— EXPLAIN TO ME AGAIN WHY WE MUST OFFLOAD EVERY @*%* OBJECT FROM THE WHOLE %*%&# SHIP!

THREE REASONS, CAPT. FIRST, TO LIGHTEN HER, IN HOPE THAT HIGH TIDE WILL LIFT HER OFF THE ROCKS; SECOND, BECAUSE WE HELP THE SUPPLIES ASHORE OFF THE TIDE BREAKS HER TO BITS AND LEAVES US MAROONED ON THIS UNCHARTED ISLAND.

...AND THE THIRD REASON...?

...BECAUSE INSTEAD OFF MINDING THE @*%* HELM, YOU WERE ASLEEP AT THE %*%&# WHEEL!

LOGJAM



DAD & BOY



Loop Arts



Reggie Garrett & The Snake Oil Peddlers

Saturday, March 4, 8 p.m. at the Blue Heron

By Janice Randall

Join Northwest recording artist, Reggie Garrett for a VAA Panache Jazz and Blues evening of original songs, covers, traditional ballads and more. Garrett moved to the Northwest via New York City and has performed throughout Western U.S. and Canada for nearly twenty years. He last performed on Vashon Island in 1993, and brings a new ensemble along with new material for this show.

Accompanying Garrett, his performance ensemble, The SnakeOil Peddlers, will include: Richard Middleton, lead guitar and piano, Will Dowd, percussion and Garey Shelton on bass. The group performs festivals and private gigs throughout the Northwest. In addition to live performances; Garrett has released four CDs and received radio play on stations throughout the west.

Island pianist Jack Barbash will play before the show starting at 7:45 p.m., so come early and hear Jack!

Call Blue Heron for advance tickets, 463-5131.

A Celtic Quartet at Blue Heron

By Janice Randall

Impatient for spring and all things green? Vashon Allied Arts welcomes A Celtic Quartet to the Blue Heron Art Center on **Saturday, March 11**, at 8 p.m. for an evening of spirited instrumentals and songs.



Jamie Laval

The foursome will play music from Scotland, Ireland, Brittany, Greece and the Balkans to reflect both contemporary and traditional music in honor of the approaching spring equinox.

The quartet features Jamie Laval, winner of the 2002 U.S. National Fiddle Championship; acclaimed multi-instrumentalist and songwriter Stanley Greenthal; Kip Greenthal on percussion, harmony vocals and spoken pieces; and mandolin and cello player Ashley Broder will add her sparkling style to the mix. She and Laval recently recorded a brand new CD together.

Call 463-5131 for tickets.



Stanley Greenthal

This Weekend and Next at Cafe Luna

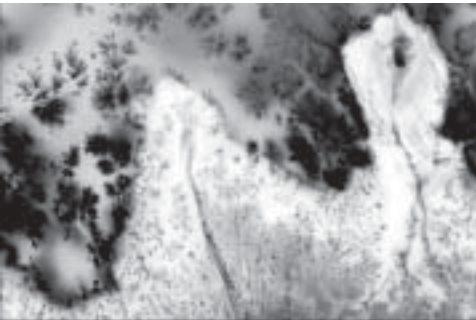


Photo by Ric Peterson c 2005

Minerals as Art: Peterson Photographs Details of Rocks

There will be an Artist's Reception for photographer Ric Peterson on **Friday, March 3** at Café Luna, from 6 to 9 p.m. during the First Friday Gallery Cruise.

Peterson will be the featured artist during the month of March, with a show titled *Geological Landscapes*.

Peterson says, "Very briefly, my professional photographic career began in 1982, primarily commercial advertising photography. I began exhibiting fine art photography in 2002."

"This series is an exploration into the minute details of rocks. This is a work that explores how the finest details within a rock can mimic the grand landscape of nature. Just like one can see the forest in a leaf from a single tree, one can see the desert, or the mountain in these close up details of small cut rocks."



5:01

5:01 Plays Folk Country Rock March 10

5:01 includes Vashon Islanders Doug Ringer (bass), Geordan Mitchell (drums), Luke McQuillin (electric guitar), and Mark Wells (acoustic guitar). Their varied backgrounds bring together a rich blending of folk, country, and rock traditions. The mix of acoustic and electric instruments combined with strong vocal harmonies fills the room with music that makes you want to kick off your shoes and dance.

So come out, enjoy the music, a glass of wine and a panini, or perhaps an awesomely scrumptious brownie with some coffee. Stomp your feet and get crazy dancing wherever you can find a space.

Later This Month at Café Luna:

Friday, 3/17 7:30 p.m. Brent Magstadt: Solo Acoustic

Saturday, 3/18 7:30 p.m. Scott Walter: "Acoustic Rock Originals"

Thursday, 3/23 6:30 p.m. Progressive Night (Vashon Progressive Alliance)

Friday, 3/24 7:30 p.m. Cesar Medel: Acoustic Classical Guitarist from Chile

Saturday, 3/25 7:30 p.m. Mark Wells: Solo Acoustic

Friday, 3/31, 7:30 p.m. Charlie Spring: "Sweet Soulful Songs"

www.vashonloop.com



Brendan Wires

Bass Soloist Brendan Wires

This **Saturday, March 4**, at 7:30 p.m., bass soloist Brendan Wires will perform at Cafe Luna on Vashon Island.

A soloist performing with just a bass guitar, Brendan not only employs a pianist's harmonic sense, but a pianist's technique as well. Like a piano player uses both hands on the piano keys, Brendan uses both hands on top of the bass neck to play melody, chords and bass line accompaniment at the same time.

In June 2002, the *Victory Review* had this to say about Brendan's last CD release *When the Drums Stop*: "Hard to imagine this is just one man playing one instrument: the electric six string bass. Wires' playing is seamless and seemingly boundless..."

In 2004 Brendan released his second independent CD. Simply titled *Bass Soloist*, it is a collection of tunes featuring rich and reaching improvisations, as well as unique arrangements of popular songs. For more information, visit: www.brendanwires.com



Larry Murante

Larry Murante Sings His Songs March 11

Award winning Seattle singer/songwriter Larry Murante will perform an intimate acoustic concert at the Cafe Luna on **Saturday, March 11**, at 7:30 p.m.

Larry Murante's powerful distinctive voice and songwriting has been compared to such artists as Lyle Lovett, Hal Ketchum and Michael McDonald. Larry has won Richland, WA's Tumbleweed Festival Songwriting Contest in 1998 and 2002. He has also been nominated in three categories (Best Male Vocalist, Best Contemporary Performing Songwriter Album and Album Of The Year) for the 2000 Samie Awards (Seattle Area Musical Innovation and Excellence).

His most recent CD *Water's Edge* have received rave reviews in this country and in Europe.

For more information about Larry, visit www.larrymurante.com

Deadline for next issue of *The Loop* is Friday, March 10.

March 1, 06 Concert at Land Trust



Jane Valencia

Two Harps, Two Voices

A double concert featuring two harper-vocalists will take place on **Sunday, March 12**, at 2 p.m. at the Vashon Land Trust Building. The performers are: Jane Valencia, harp, story, and song; and Verlene Schermer, contemporary vocals, and harp. Schermer is joined by her sister Linnette Bommarito on flutes and vocals.

Islander Jane Valencia is a 21st century bard who nourishes the imaginative soul of community with harp music, folklore, song, poetry, wild wisdom, and celebration. Jane directs Vashon Island's newly formed Forest Halls Folk Choir.

Verlene Schermer is a San Francisco Bay Area artist with an eclectic original style that leans toward blues and jazz, with influences from Celtic and other World Music styles. Her 2005 release, *Peace*, has been getting radio air play across the nation.



Verlene Schermer

Early Alert:



The Crossroads Band

Crossroads Blues Band Coming to Bishop's

The Crossroads Blues Band will be coming to Bishop's on Saturday, March 18. A good blues time will be had by all. Look for more about Crossroads Band in the next issue of *The Loop*, and learn more about the band at www.crossroadsblue.net.

It is preoccupation with possession, more than anything else, that prevents men from living freely and nobly.

-- Sir Bertrand Russell

Blackberry Bear and the Adventures of Huckleberry Hollow

©Becky and Maggie Bumgarner
© Illustrations by Maggie Bumgarner

The Frog Prince Auditions

The next morning Blackberry was out on the pond on a lily pad practicing his croaks. “Croak, croak, croak, croak, croak, croak, croak, croak, croak, croak, croak...yawn...snore, snore, snore, snore, breathe, snore, breathe, snore.”

Ratty had been looking for Blackberry all morning and when he gazed at the pond, he figured he had found him. “Hey, Blackberry! Stop snoring and wake up! It is you, isn’t it, Blackberry? I recognize the snores. Wizzy the Wizard told me about your problem.”

“What, who, where? Oh, it’s you, Ratty.”

“You really did it this time Blackberry! Come on Blackberry, we’ll have to hurry. The Dance Studio is holding auditions for *The Frog Prince Ballet*. Aloetta is the leading lady. Looking like this, you’re a shoo-in for the part. Come on now.”



Up at the studio, the auditions were going on with all the animals trying out for the various parts. “OK, next up, Squinty, the Fox!” yelled a commanding voice. Squinty went to the center of the stage and sang in his rather rough and low voice, “Oh my Lady Lady love, sent to me from up above...no one else will do but thee...please say yes and marry me.”

“Thank you for coming!” yelled the same voice.

“Next, Orcas the Eagle!” “Oh my Lady Lady love, sent to me...” squawked Orcas.

“Thank you for coming. Next!” Ratty shoved Blackberry onto the stage. He was a little shy due to his new look.

“Name?” “Black...er, ah, Caliveras. Mr. Caliveras Phrog at your service.”

Now Blackberry had always had a love of dancing, so he gave it his all: “Oh my Lady Lady love, sent to me from up above...no one else will do but thee...please say yes and marry me.”

“I haven’t seen you around,” said the director, “but you somehow seem just right for the part. Rehearsals start tomorrow. This is Aloetta Bear. She will be your co-star in this production.”

“Charmed, I’m sure,” said Blackberry with a wide smile.

Off stage Aloetta and Lucy the Llama started to talk.

“I just don’t know about this, Lucy. I thought I’d play off an actor *playing* a frog, not an actual Frog! Do you think I’ll get warts?”

“He seems OK,” said Lucy, “Give him a chance. After all, it’s the play production that counts. See how well he acts. Let’s go have fun checking out the wardrobe department.”

To Be Continued...

Annie: The Making of a Musical

By M. L. Tuel
Photographs by Hawk Jones

Rehearsal Pianist

The unsung heroes of play production are people who don’t necessarily appear on stage, but without whose work there would be no play.

The rehearsal pianist is one of those behind-the-scenes heroes of play production. You won’t see them in the performance, but their presence will be there all the same, in every note of music sung. The rehearsal pianists for *Annie* are Randy Bruce, Linda Hatfield, and Ann Lansdon.

One night in February as some of the principal actors were rehearsing the number “Easy Street,” for *Annie*, I found a chair next to Linda Hatfield, who was the rehearsal pianist that night.

Linda said she plays at least one rehearsal a week. “I always love it – it’s being part of the extended family, is what it is.”

“What’s amazing to me is that the people who do this are addicted to it – a healthy addiction! People with great talent will take a small part just to be part of it.”



Randy Bruce

The rehearsal pianist has to sit patiently at the piano while the same lines are worked on over and over, and little bits of movement are refined by the director. The wait for the music cue may be a long one. Linda was looking through her score, and said, “I’m studying the score because I’m sight reading. If you’re a musician, especially a pianist, doing this keeps your skills in shape, particularly sight-reading. If you don’t practice you lose it.”

“Practicing at home is predictable, but with others, you always have to deal with the unexpected. You have to sight read, and improvise, and multi-task, and not kind of lose your mind! You can get really over-stimulated with this.”

“But it’s so much fun. You can watch the children progress with their skill development over the course of the play. It’s fascinating to watch them do their very best by the time the play opens.”

“It’s very hard work, but it’s fun. I got into it because my daughter was in it. I think that’s how a lot of people get into it.”

“We have so many talented people on the Island, and the music in this show is so catchy, and this production seems really well organized.”



Linda Hatfield

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Smith and Chan Show at Heron in March

By Janice Randall

Blue Heron Gallery Artist Preview Reception
Friday, March 3, 7 to 9 p.m.

Blue Heron Gallery will exhibit work of two Olympia artists in March, pastel encaustics by Judith Gebhard Smith and monoprints by MalPina Chan. Enjoy live music by Vashon Jazz Workshop and complimentary appetizers at the gallery opening.

Smith says she has always been fascinated with shiny black birds. “I often use images of these wonderful creatures in my paintings, as metaphors for human behavior.”

Monoprint artist, Malpina Chan, also from Olympia, has combined text and images to create a series of monoprints in an autobiographical context. Images represent her journey through childhood pieced with family stories and the immigrant experience. “My hope is that my images will reach out to people, telling a story about the immigrant experience that transcends racial and cultural boundaries.” Chan has exhibited in many Northwest galleries including Phinney Center Art Gallery, Seattle and others.



MalPina Chan

Two Wall Gallery Shows “Transformations”

By Ben Meeker

The 2 Wall Gallery will feature large color prints and intaglio photogravures by Terry Roth through the month of March. There will be an Italian themed opening reception party on **Friday March 3**, during the First Friday Gallery Cruise from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Everyone is welcome

a n d encouraged to attend.

T e r r y R o t h ’ s ’ photographic images are rooted in c l a s s i c a l subjects and

processes. This exhibit will feature large scale color photographs printed from an enlarger and chemically processed. This may not seem remarkable but no one (including Roth himself) does this any more. Most large scale color photographs are now created digitally.

Roth will also be exhibiting intaglio photogravures. This is a process where an image is transferred to a printing plate which is then etched and printed as a traditional intaglio print. The resulting image has all the textural qualities and soft feel of an intaglio print with a true representation of a photograph.

Terry uses these somewhat archaic processes, slow photography as it were, because the subject of his pictures is the history laden cities and countryside of Italy. Venice, Rome and Milan have mature senses of their history and a



centuries-old devotion to beauty. The Caesars, DeMedicis and contemporary fashion houses have all left a distinctive architectural, decorative and cultural legacy. Terry Roth records this aesthetic heritage with the eye of an artist. He creates art from art history. Roth is also peripherally recording the people who live in these beautiful and ancient places, people who have musical, artistic and philosophical history engrained in their very being.

Maggie Laird at Crepe de Paris!

Maggie Laird sings the Gershwin love songs plus other favorite standards and previews from upcoming original show, *Desperate Measures* in a new cabaret show, *Please Pardon My Mush*. The show features Laird on vocals and piano; Todd Zimberg on drums; and Todd Gowers and Steve Kim on upright bass. The show will run on weekends in February and March at Crepe de Paris, a charming French restaurant and cabaret at Rainier Square Mall in downtown Seattle. For show times and reservations call 206-623-4111.

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Deadline for next issue of The Loop is Friday, March 10.

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