



VASHON

THE LOOP

Vol. 8, #17

TO INFORM AND AMUSE -- TO PROVOKE THINKING AND ACTIVISM

August 18, 2011

The Wolves of Hurricane Ridge

By T Yamamoto



A Young Wolf discovers how Sheep and Humanity Came To Be Together

This is a tale, from a yet unpublished novel, The Wolves of Hurricane Ridge.

By T Yamamoto

Some Definitions:

The Beautiful ones- Prey (To a wolf , sheep , to a sheepdog.)

The Helpless- Humanity to a wolf The Called- dogs to a wolf

A dog spotted movement along the fence line and stared for a moment then laid his head back down. He was old and stiff and cold and lost.

His red brown coat was long and rough, he had white legs and paws and a big white collar of fur, his ears flopped down at the tips.

The dog had been with the ranch for years, moving sheep from ranch to range and helping his people with all the care involved with livestock. But now, somehow the truck was gone. His people were gone. The sheep were gone and he had given up trying to find them.

The only thing in sight was what the

dog thought was a small strange black dog trotting along the fence line.

At first he thought it was a coyote because of the way it moved. But it was black. His nose and eyes were not as sharp as they had been. He had never scented a wolf but he could detect something strange about the dog's smell.

Hole in the Ground, the young wolf, spotted the dog and froze.

She had caught his scent and her first thought was it might be a food source for her as she was hungry. She slowly, carefully, came up to the dog and stared nervously at him.

Hole could smell that he was old and infirm or possibly ill. He shivered occasionally. He raised his head and peered at her.

"Have you scented them?" The old dog asked her.

Hole glanced around herself. There had been nothing on her trail for days except the mysterious fenceline.

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Rationale: Vashon Center for the Arts

By Steve Amos



Occupying almost half of the main floor at the Blue Heron Arts Center, the current performing area can barely seat 100 and offers very little buffer for the gallery just to the right of the stage. Stephen Moody (right) teaches comedy and improv on the Blue Heron stage.

Controversy over, well, everything... is more or less a Vashon Island tradition. In this respect, a little controversy around the planned Vashon Center for the Arts is evidently business as usual. So we at the Loop decided to review some of the issues to see if a new arts center had some merit.

Firstly, we started with the basic assumption that spending money/resources on the arts per se was a legitimate thing to do. After all, it's the law. Seriously. It's the law. The official

position of the State of Washington with respect to the arts, according to RCW 43.46.005, is "The conservation and development of the state's artistic resources is essential to the social, educational, and economic growth of the state of Washington. Artists, works of art, and artistic institutions contribute to the quality of life and the general welfare of the citizens of the state, and are an appropriate matter of concern to the government of the state of Washington."

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Consider Consideration

By Karen Pruett

Amanda Knox, our local lass who's murder conviction is on appeal in Perugia, Italy, won't be in court again until September 5th, so while we are recessed I'd like to chat about something that has been on my mind as I have researched Amanda's case; her plight has continually reminded me of personal safety and awareness of surroundings.

Safety abroad is not what I'd like to highlight rather personal safety on our Island roads. I guess you could call this a Road Rant, because I often wonder, when we are so kind in person, why Islanders are so rude on our roadways?

I speak of the Drivers, Walkers, Runners, and Cyclists who are waging a turf war on these winding byways. While we all have a general grasp of the Rules of the Road (Washington State Law, Chapter 46.61), there are parts that are decidedly vague when it comes to some of the stickier situations on Vashon's country roads. By stickier situations I mean the blind spots on the hills and corners. I've experienced many instances where a sense of entitlement (imho) trumped safety. My Safety, in particular, so of course I was perturbed and certainly you can understand my concern!

And you can bet your sweet bippy that I have been given the Evil Eye when I stayed in my lane on a hill or corner while some pedestrian or cyclist or

runner yelled at me or shook their fist or pitchfork. From my POV, it's clear that they have no idea how close they are to that hill or corner and that it was not safe for me to be in the oncoming lane. Call me superstitious, but I know if I get into said oncoming lane a car will appear and there will be an accident. I don't think the pitchfork shakers get the physics either, that both cars will likely slide toward them and then we will all be in an ugly mess. Sorry, I am polite, but not stupid and I'm staying in my lane, pitchforks be damned.

Don't laugh but I've actually calculated my personal experiences over thirty years for your reading pleasure—4600 incidents of someone else putting moi in danger. That's an average of three times a week; some merely annoying, some downright terrifying. The last fifteen years have seen a marked increase. Now multiply that by everyone reading this and you'll realize a frightening statistic. That would be a zillion times that we have put each other in danger! Well, maybe not a zillion, but a helluva lot! You get the point. And that is just on our weensy, little island.

In 30 years of communal griping, our stories are all the same, it didn't matter what we were doing, be it driving, walking, running, or biking, we have

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Road to Resilience

By Terry Sullivan, Transition Vashon

Being Resourceful

I have an obsession that few of you who have been reading this column will find surprising. It is a bit weird, but since I live on Vashon, that should be okay. I have a hard time parting with stuff that is generally considered garbage. It goes like this: When I'm confronted with a "useless" object, say a slightly bent nail, and am considering its fate, I put myself in the hypothetical situation of being 50 miles into the wilderness. If I needed one of these, what would it take for me to make one? In our modern industrial world, a nail-making machine can pop one out in a blink of an eye, and they cost little. In this context, giving a bent nail even a moment of consideration is really silly. Silly as it is, I think it has given me a profound appreciation for amazing things that our technology has made possible, and I have resolved not to be wasteful with those things that have so much energy and technology invested in them. You needn't keep it all in your garage or shop as I do, but see that it

gets another chance to be useful before it returns to its original entropic state.

Appreciating that nail is a good lesson in humility. You needn't go to the level of computer chips to experience your personal incapacity; just consider making a nail. Can you do that if you had to? Let's go a bit further. One of our grand achievements is the ability to make fire, a basic skill central to all that we do. Can you make fire? I mean without your lighter or matches. All of you scouts out there probably have some knowledge of the various methods. Have you ever actually tried to do it? If so, did you do it enough to become proficient at it? Me neither.

The point I'm trying to make here is that we are utterly dependent on systems of knowledge of which we are profoundly ignorant. We needn't look farther than the most seemingly insignificant object or act in our daily lives. No other life form, other than the ones we've domesticated, is even minimally ill equipped in this

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Get in The Loop

Submissions to the Loop

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

Dog & People Walk

Come join us at VIPPS' annual Dog Walk. You don't have to find sponsors and can start the walk at your convenience between the hours of 9a.m. and noon. The top 3 contributors will be awarded gift certificates donated by Joanna Gardiner: Loving Care for Animals, Plants and Homes. We have a new feature this year which gives you an opportunity to "Rent a Vipp Dog

available for adoption" to join you on the Vipp Dog Walk...TAKE A GOOD WALK FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

Hope to see you there, it's a great way to get some exercise and help VIPP at the same time.

Vashon Island Pet Protectors' Dog & People Walk
Saturday, Sept. 10th 9a.m.-12p.m.
Burton Acres Park/Jensen Point

Caregivers Support Group

"Vashon Community Care Center hosts a monthly Caregivers Support Group meeting. The group meets on the second Thursday of every month at 7pm.

This group is geared toward family or friend caregivers, rather than paid caregivers. If interested, please make a reservation by calling Julea at 567-6142."

Open Auditions

Open auditions for the new play "ATTICUS," by Marc Powell, at Blue Heron Art Center at 7 p.m. Thursday Aug. 18th and at 3 p.m. Saturday Aug. 20th. Male adult-age actors needed. Please prepare a short dramatic monologue; scenes from the script provided. For more info., or for an email copy of the script, please call Marc at (206) 225-8058.

Next Edition of The Loop Comes out Thursday, September 1

Deadline for the next edition of *The Loop* is Friday, August 26

The Vashon Loop

Writers: Kathy Abascal, Deborah Anderson, Marie Browne, Eric Francis, Troy Kindred, Terry Sullivan, Orca Annie, Kevin Pottinger, Steve Amos, Ed Swan, Mary Litchfield Tuel, Marj Watkins, Peter Ray.
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Return Peace Corps Volunteer Gathering

It's definitely happening. On Sunday, Aug. 21, we're having a potluck for all RPCVs living on the island and their significant others from noon to about 5 p.m. (drop in or stay for the whole time). Meal at 1:30 pm and we'll provide paper plates, plastic forks, cups and name tags... you bring something to eat, bring your own beverage, and interesting stories. It should be a blast.

We will be at the Gold Beach Community Club House on Maury Island, follow Dockton Road past the turn off to the lighthouse and take the next left turn (around a road island) after the sign to Gold Beach. Follow the road all the way up the hill and down the hill, turn right at the T and go to the dirt parking lot by the club house and swimming pool.

Any questions just email or call 206-579-3163.

August 18, '11

Living (Raw) Vegan Potluck

Now's especially the time for Rawish dishes!...

Bring garden delights, pates, dehydrated crackers, avocados, gazpacho, nuts, seeds, dehydrated cookies, etc. (call me for ideas) as well as yourself and friends and plates!

My home, 9508 s.w. Gorsuch, Sunday, August 21, 6:00-8:00. Please bring all your friends, your good food and cheer! I'll make sure I freeze some bananas for ice cream!

For info call: Weslie- 463-5566

Auditions for Godspell

Drama Dock Youth Initiative announces Auditions for the musical GODSPELL for students between the age of 11 to18 years of age. Performances scheduled for October 21, 22 & 23 at The Vashon High School Theatre.

Two opportunities to come sing & dance for Elizabeth Ripley, Maggie Laird & Lizzy Schoen: Friday, August 26th from 6 to 8 pm and Saturday, August 27th from 1 to 3 pm—both to be held at Ober Park's Performance Space (dance studio)--just North of the Library.

Please wear comfortable clothing, as you will be asked to learn a simple dance and please bring music for a short song to sing. (If you don't have a song—don't worry, you can always sing Happy Birthday!)

We are also looking for some participants who don't necessarily want to be "on stage" – but are interested in Technical Theatre: Lighting, Stage Management, Set, Costume & Props!

If you have any questions or can't make either of the audition dates, please contact Elizabeth Ripley by email or phone: eripley13000@hotmail.com or 463-6388

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Vashon's new mayorettes deliver on their campaign promises!

Just last month the Washington State Fairies were elected Official Unofficial Honorary Mayors of Vashon by a landslide (Yes, they did run unopposed, but a landslide is a landslide). Their campaign aimed to raise funds for our financially strapped public schools. And on Wednesday September 7th our Mayors (Mayorettes, if you will) will deliver a check to the Vashon Island Public Schools Foundation.



South Sound Pink Salmon Derby

When: Sat. Aug 27th Weigh-in from 10:00 AM – 1:00 PM

Where: Dockton Park, Vashon Island (Accessible by boat or car)

First Prize* – Adult \$3,000, Youth \$250, Child \$150

Tickets** – Adult \$50, Youth \$20, Child \$10

The IFCH (Interfaith Council for Preventing Homelessness) is asking you to turn "Pink" into "Green" at the 1st annual South Sound Salmon Derby. This year, the Pink Salmon are in, and the Derby will only be focused on Pink

Salmon. So, get your fishing poles ready, purchase your tickets, & get out fishing! In the process of filling up your freezer, you may be able to fill up your wallet. With a \$3,000* first prize, the lucky one could be you! This is a great event for the youth and children to be involved in as well.

*Based on number of tickets purchased. Please see www.vashinifch.com for more info and rules.

**Tickets can be purchased at www.brownpapertickets.com – Search for IFCH Salmon Derby.



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Wagons of Steel Goes to Divisionals

By Chris Barnes



After lots of work installing the motor in the wagon and managing all kinds of logistics we made it to the NW Nationals at Pacific Raceways in Kent. Since we are local we were able to get in line really early and therefore score a fantastic pit area, close to the starting line and right on the the path to the grandstands. Both of our cars were looking great for the crowds of people walking by and we had a big crew of friends sporting Wagons of

Steel Racing shirts. We had a great time. Unfortunately, both cars went down in the first round but that's drag racing. At least we got them both home in one piece to race another day. Our next event will be the Divisional Event at the same track on August 18-21. It's cheaper and more low key than the National Event but there's still plenty of cool stuff to see. Please come on out and enjoy a day or two of racing with us! For details gaffo@wagonsofsteel.com.

Sex Matters for Women

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in sexual situations in order to experiment with new, more fulfilling behaviors.

- Discover what is joyful, fulfilling and inspiring to you as a sexual being and how to enhance your sexual growth.

The workshop, presented by Vashon Youth and Family Services, will be on Wednesdays, starting on September 28, from 7 - 8:30 pm. It will be facilitated by Jessa Zimmerman, M.A., a therapist specializing in work with couples and sexual issues. Enrollment is limited to 12 female bodied participants, and the cost is \$60 for the 6 week series. Pre-registration is required.

For more information or to register: please call Jessa at Vashon Youth & Family Services at 463-5511.

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Go To www.vipp.org Click on Adopt

Hestia Retreat

by Valerie Manusov



Pam Bredouw and Valerie Manusov founders of Hestia Retreat

Some ideas are the result of long-term desire and planning. Others seemingly come from nowhere. The concept of a retreat center for women, a place dedicated to providing quiet and time apart from the everyday busy-ness of life, was one of the latter. I had not been trying to change the direction of my work. I had never really thought about starting a business. I was tired, though. Really, really tired. And somewhere in the recesses of my heart I must have needed this myself. But it still came as a surprise: the idea of a space where women could come, whenever they chose, to do get away, to reflect, to recharge, to remember who they are and what they want; a sanctuary for the everyday woman, the one who usually does a whole lot for others but takes little for herself.

Given the busy-ness of life, I buried that idea, lovely and whole as it was, for about ten years. During that time, I moved to Vashon, still not letting the idea reemerge. But then it did. I realized I had moved to the perfect place to create a women's retreat center. Vashon has the beauty, the spirit, the location, and a set of amazing women that would be ideal to run such a place. So I started to talk to others—very tentatively—about it. My best friend loved the idea, and it made her think of a dear friend of her's, Pam Bredouw, who had played with the same idea. Pam and I met, became instant friends and partners in this project, and what is now named Hestia Retreat started to come alive.

At first it was just women talking about how important it was for them to have a space where they could go to recharge—not a spa but a lovingly created place where they could rest, if just for a little while, and then go back to their lives more awake and renewed than before. We talked about what we would want such a space to include: small cabins that felt enveloping; trails for meandering; gardens for sitting in or working in; perhaps a soaking/bath house. We talked about how important it was for it to be a non-profit. We talked about how it needed to be created based in principles for how to value and treat others. We talked about making it a place of community, creativity, and learning as well as a place for solitude and reflection.

We now are a non-profit corporation in Washington State, a licensed business, with the ability to fundraise. Our paperwork to be a 501(c)(3) is pending with the IRS. We have a Board (that we call a Circle) of Directors, all women who want to see this place exist and who are working actively to plan all of the various aspects required for this complex project. We have done extensive research on related research centers (though none is quite like ours) as part

of a larger business plan for what we will need to create and run Hestia. We have four committees of women, most from our island, who are working on design, programming, financial planning, and fundraising/outreach. We have worked with a land use consultant who has determined the ways in which we can zone Hestia so that it can be built in our largely rural residential community. We are creating a list of seminar leaders who can be part of the education mission we have developed. We have a web presence (on Facebook and at www.hestiaretreat.com) to let others know about what we are doing. We have a site map and plans for how our space can be built in ways sensitive to and celebratory of our environment and accessible to all women. And so much more.

A large group of people—women and men—have donated to Hestia, even at this early stage, even though we may seem like we are just an idea, and this reflects well their desire for such a place to exist on Vashon-Maury and also their belief that we are dedicated to bringing it into being. Soon, we will be looking for someone who wants to endow her or his land or use her or his resources to purchase land where Hestia can be built and bring to life a vision of something also close to that person's heart. To continue our initial fundraising, however, we are holding a Yard Sale and Event, at Vashon Cohousing, from 10-3 on Saturday August 24 , with the last hour (2-3) half price. Supporters can bring sellable goods to Cohousing the day before, and they can come to the event, which we have titled Release, Restore, and Renew, and buy goods. There will be music, food from Pure to purchase, chair massages, and much more. All proceeds from the event will go to Hestia and our next steps in securing our land use permission from King County. To help donate goods or work at the event, contact Pam Bredouw (pam@hestiaretreat.com). For other information about Hestia or to learn about the event, contact me (valerie@hestiaretreat.com). We will also have an information booth at the sale and look forward to talking to interested islanders there.

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Island Life Change

by Peter Ray

SYN.- change denotes a making or becoming distinctly different and implies either a radical transmutation of character or replacement with something else...

In this light, that being a definition found in a book of words and definitions, it would seem that there should be no squabbling over what one means by change. In this same light, it might be of concern to those who are concerned about these things, that something has changed in the meaning of change that only a few have sought to exclaim about. Almost from the beginning of the latest regime change in all things political and American, it had been pointed out that not much had really changed other than there had been an infusion of a glimmer of what some might call hope in the 2009 transition. With the capability now of glancing backwards, it is difficult to impossible to see where the supposed radical transformation occurred that had been promised in the running up to the great transition,



aside from perhaps some rare instances of further bulging and fattening in the literal and figurative areas of pockets and belts and purses of the few who had bulges in those spots to begin with. One could ask what the current challengers to throne mean with their cries that urge a taking back of America (from what?), but that would require some change in the interpretive reporting of their quest and imagined battle that doesn't seem to be forthcoming.

On the scene on another front where everyone talks without acting, there has been much ado around weather and climate change. One of the things I have been thinking about while watching the dolled up meteorology nerds on the Weather Channel is that, with all of the hyperbolic rhetoric flying back and forth about being witness to an ongoing litany of extreme weather events everywhere, one might assume from their enthusiasm and beyond science astonishment that something distinctly different involving perhaps a radical transmutation of the character of our weather might have occurred. One would think that rather than subject us to hour after hour of fuzzy dashboard cam shots of funnel clouds that never quite drop and spin out of the dark clouds behind the darker silhouette of a stand of trees, or further way out back jaunts with an Aussie photographer that week after week tries and almost fails and then gets that GREAT shot he had hoped for, that they could put up a show once in a while that could discuss what might be a trend indicating that the



points around the rectangular aquatic race track. With all of the motorheads now retired to the homes along the shoreline, the light wind off the water no longer wafted the smell of gas/oil marine exhaust. The only loud noise was the blast of the starter's bullhorn as three races started over the next ten minutes. Besides the banter of the race director from the shore P.A. system, the only other sound was that of a lightly churning, river rapids-like sound as each of the packs battled for position at the start and then stretched out into individual splash and glides as they made their way down the lake. As the sun headed toward the horizon, it had become quite a pleasant evening, and it all seemed for the moment like a change I could believe in.

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Vashon Center for the Arts

Continued from Page 1

So if you want to take the position that the arts have no value, it’s basically you against the State of Washington, and that’s just a place we at the Loop didn’t want to go.

So what were the things we found in favor of a new Vashon Center for the Arts?

1. Nuances of the “quality” of performance venues aside, there are insufficient performance spaces here on Vashon Island to serve the current demand. Aside from the Blue Heron and the Open Space, all of the performance venues available on the island are intended, by specific design, for purposes other than live performances (churches, school facilities, Vashon Theatre, etc.) and have other intended purposes, and performances must compete with these facilities intended usages in order to use the spaces.

Susan Hanson, Principal of the Vashon High School and nominally in control of the Vashon High School theater, one of the most sought-after performance venues on the Island, says that the theater is completely booked a year in advance. Said Ms. Hanson, “I had a person who wanted to do a benefit in my office a week ago who asked if they could use the high school theater and I said ‘not for a year’.”

Organizations such as Drama Dock, Vashon Allied Arts, Vashon Dance Academy, Vashon Park District Dance Program, and others have all historically vied for use of the Vashon High School theater.

Vashon Allied Arts, whose only direct performance facility is the quaint, homelike building known as the Blue Heron, can barely seat 100 and support space for a five-member band for its performances. For many of the events that they sponsor, VAA is quite often forced to look beyond their own facilities to book performance space. Janice Randall, Director of Communications & Performing Arts for VAA, has procured all of the booking for VAA since 1999. She says, “I’ve had so many touring groups that come through, wonderful opportunities to have a fund-raising event or benefit for our arts in schools program and for our scholarship program and there’s no place to perform. I’ve had to get someone’s field and bring in risers for staging or use Camp Burton once a year. I had a performer who came to me this month and I had no place for them to go. The high school theater was closed for cleaning during August and immediately after that Vashon Opera is in there.”

Additionally, many performance organizations are finding it very difficult to live with compressed rehearsal schedules. Often times performance groups barely have time to transition their casts from a rehearsal space such as the lunch room at McMurray to the actual performance space because of facilities conflict. Additional space can only serve to relieve this issue.

2. Is siphoning resources from the Vashon Island High School (and, to a lesser extent, some of the other schools) really a legitimate thing to do to Island students? The intense demand for the high school theater as a community performance venue creates an unfortunate downstream effect for the high school when trying to make reasonable use of its own facilities. “The frustration comes when we have band concerts or the science department wants to bring in a guest speaker and meet on a Wednesday night so all the students can come and see it or invite their parents and we have to bump a community group who has scheduled a rehearsal, or they have to do it in the lunch room or the gym because the theater is booked”, said Ms. Hanson.

The ill effects upon high school resources as the school tries to accommodate community demand for their facilities are not limited to having to compete for access to their own resources,

but also results in vastly increased wear and tear on the resources themselves. “We’re having things wear out not because of misuse but simply because of excessive use. Our grand drape curtains are starting to get very, very thin in places. No one misuses a curtain that opens and closes. It’s just that it has so much use”, said Ms. Hanson.

3. Vashon Island currently lacks an actual live performance theater in the specific, technical sense. Genuine, live performance/performing arts theaters have suspension grids, dressing rooms, wing spaces, orchestra pits, electrical infrastructure of varying types, lighting facilities, sound facilities, restroom facilities appropriate to performance needs, green rooms, etc. The deleterious effects created by the lack of an actual theater on the health of performance art on the Island cannot be overstated. “Puttin’ on a show in the barn” does possess a certain amount of small-town charm and can provide a strong sense of accomplishment to performers and support personnel that carry off a performance that rises above its circumstances. But the inescapable truth is that the fundamental facilities provided by a true live performance theater are a nonnegotiable, practical requirement of certain kinds of performances. This is not a conceit. Without a venue specifically constructed to meet the wide-ranging, cross technical demands of certain kinds of performances, those performances are forever barred from being presented on the Island. Once completed, the Vashon Center for the Arts will be able to present performances that would otherwise require Islanders to go off island to enjoy. The creation of the arts center will permit the Island to enjoy performances it is not currently able to enjoy.

4. Accoustics, though related to item 3 above as a component part of a legitimate live performance theater, the issue of acoustics is important enough that we’re giving it its own bullet point. The acoustics are less than ideal in many of the Island facilities that are drafted for performance use. Most of these facilities were not intended to support performances when designed and constructed. Churches, warehouses, old residences, all have been drafted to help try and meet the demand for performance spaces, but their designs center around their intended purpose and their acoustics have been secondary concerns when they’ve been concerns at all. For some kinds of performances, a facility with “appropriate” acoustics does not currently exist on the Island.

And one must remember that the two primary venues on the island explicitly intended for community performance use are an old Oddfellows Hall and a former warehouse and packaging plant.

While we were not able to reach any representatives from Vashon Opera for comment before this went to press, Gary Cannon, the Artistic Director for the Vashon Island Chorale and the Principal Conductor for the Vashon Opera was complimentary of the “acoustical personnel” working with LMN Architects on the project.

Jo Ann Bardeen, President of the Vashon Island Chorale, had this to say when we asked her if there were any venues currently on the Island capable of doing full justice to a chorale performance, “It’s just not possible to do justice to the music anywhere in any of the wonderful churches and places that are being terrifically hospitable to our groups. They’re just not acoustically appropriate places. [The new venue] will not only be acoustically appropriate for the people presenting the program, but for the instrumentalists, for the people listening to it... the audiences are getting short shrift on this too because they’re never hearing the music anywhere you perform now in its best way of being heard. ... The

Continued on Page 9

Food Preservation Fair

Resiliency comes in many forms, none more satisfying than preserving seasonal food. Below is an astonishing account, complied by Judy Olsen, of what foods are harvested on Vashon:

The Bounty of Vashon-Maury Island
From our Farms and Gardens.....

- Artichokes
- Arugula
- Asparagus
- Basil
- Beans – string
- Beans for shelling
- Beets
- Blueberries
- Broccoli
- Broccoli Raab
- Brussels Sprouts
- Cabbage
- Carrots
- Cauliflower
- Chard
- Chervil
- Chives
- Cilantro
- Corn – Parching
- Corn - Sweet
- Cucumbers
- Currants
- Dill
- Edamame
- Eggplant
- Fava Beans
- Fennel
- Garlic
- Goose Berries
- Honey
- Jerusalem Artichokes
- Kale
- Kohlrabi
- Leeks
- Lettuce
- Loganberries
- Mache
- Marion Berries
- Mint
- Misome
- Mizuna
- Mustard Greens
- Olympic Berries
- Onions
- Orach
- Oregano
- Pac Choi
- Parsley
- Parsnips
- Peas, peas, peas
- Pea Shoots
- Peppers
- Piracicaba
- Potatoes
- Pumpkins
- Radishes
- Raspberries
- Rhubarb
- Rosemary
- Rutabagas
- Sage
- Scallions

- Shallots
- Sorrel
- Spinach
- Strawberries
- Summer Squash
- Tayberries
- Thyme
- Tomatillos
- Tomatoes
- Turnips
- Water Cress
- Winter Squash

From our Orchards.....

- Almonds
- Apples
- Asian Pears
- Cherries
- Chestnuts
- Figs
- Grapes
- Kiwi
- Nectarines
- Peaches
- Pears
- Plums
- Walnuts

From our Pastures.....

- Cattle – for meat and dairy products
- Chickens – for meat and eggs
- Ducks – for meat and eggs
- Goats – for meat and dairy products
- Pigs – bacon, ham, pork chops....
- Sheep – leg of lamb.....
- Turkeys – Thanksgiving drumsticks.....

From Nature.....

- Blackberries
- Clams
- Crab
- Dandelions – leaves and roots
- Deer – roasts, chops, BBQ ribs.....
- Elderberry – blossoms and fruit
- Hazelnuts
- Huckleberries
- Indian Plum
- Miner’s Lettuce
- Mushrooms
- Mussels
- Nettles
- Oregon Grape
- Salal Berries
- Salmon
- Salmon Berries
- Thimble Berries
- Wild Cherries

The Food Security Working Group will be holding the Third Annual Food Preservation Fair this Saturday, August 20th in the Vashon Physical Therapy Parking lot, coinciding with Farmer’s Market. We are partnering with VIGA (Vashon Island Growers Association) and VIFC (Vashon Island Fruit Club) to offer support to those looking to put up their own food in a variety of ways. Please join us anytime from 10-3.

Espresso

Latte and Wisdom

To Go

Monday - Friday 5:30am - 3:00pm
Saturday 7:00am - 3:00pm
Sunday 8:00am - 2:00pm
17311 Vashon Hwy Sw



Planet Waves



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

Aries (March 20-April 19)

You have certainly been testing your comfort zone lately. Mainly, it looks like you've been showing a willingness to do what you never felt safe doing, and to test boundaries that you never dared to even go near. Even though you may be getting rattled from time to time, you will probably decide this was worth it. There really is no other way to know what your safe zone is until you reach the edge. Of course, there's likely to be some reaction as you surpass a limit that was set for you long ago, most likely by a parent who had an emotional need to get control over you. I would say that if you find yourself in reaction, or like your nerves are being tested, that's a sign that you're on the right path. The great benefit of this time in your life is learning that you don't have to do the right thing; you must do what is right for you.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

In a little while, the Sun and your ruling planet Venus will move into your sympathetic earth sign Virgo. This will allow you to cool off a little, and consider your life in a more rational way. When you do, you'll see that you cannot live for both security and freedom; when you want passion or inspiration, you cannot be obsessed with safety. It's not really possible to have total control and enjoy freedom. Ponder this a bit -- notice the extent to which trying to have supposed safety has compromised your ability to experience creativity and pleasure. You can afford to experiment, and to err on the side of being a little wild, because you can trust yourself. That is the real exercise, and you may at first find it strange that the more faith in your own choices you have, the better choices you make.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

We have just one more week before Mercury stations direct in fiery, passionate Leo. I advise you not to rush anything that you are doing, or creating, but rather to let your ideas flow at a natural pace. Once you get drawn into that flow, however, be aware that you may start to feel natural focusing your mind in a way you never have before. Take advantage of that. You've had many ideas and come to many revelations the past three weeks. You have discovered you're more creative than you thought. There are challenges involved in manifesting that creativity as something that's actually created -- and to get there, you may need to give up everything else for a while. Don't let anyone fool you into thinking this is a sacrifice. It's an indulgence that you will be grateful you gave yourself.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

Intelligence is a feeling sense, and by that, I don't mean emotional -- I mean that intelligence is receptive. Knowledge can be gained aggressively; you now have access to something subtler and more reflective. You can think of this as an extra sense, which is providing you feedback between yourself and your environment. These would be truly excellent weeks to develop a writing project of some kind, potentially one that you set aside in the past. Approach your ideas gently. Speak to them and let them speak to you. Try to experience them not as 'things' but as filters through which your perceptions flow. You're probing some kind of mystery, even though you may not be fully aware of this fact. It's not the kind of thing you can approach directly -- a circumspect method will

work best, though you may have the feeling that you're sifting through many pieces that don't fit together. They do fit, and you will find the missing piece.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

It's another week before Mercury stations direct in your sign. The Sun will be here for a few more days. The combination may feel like some odd tension of a sense of potential and not quite knowing how to manifest it. I suggest that you focus on one idea. It may start as a general idea of some kind, and as the next few days pass, try to narrow your focus without limiting your imagination. This is what you might call the trick of art, which is applied creativity. This is not always about painting naked. Sometimes there are problems to solve, mental equations to work out and practical matters of how something looks as opposed to how you intend for it to look. This description may apply to a financial question as well, including how you apply your resources. You definitely have enough of what you need -- you just need to figure out how to put it to work in precisely specific ways.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

You possess a deep desire to be the perfect companion. You have not given up, even given the challenges you've faced in your relationships in recent years, and that you may face today. We live in a profoundly challenging time to relate to other people. Many social forces, from false individuation to rampant narcissism, drive people away from one another. It does not help that we are force-fed romanticized notions of relationship that simply do not work, and were never meant to do anything other than sell products. You are feeling the full strength of your capacity to love right now. I suggest you match that with two things: one is a clear and realistic notion of what relationships are for, and why you want to be in them. The other is the habit of maintaining your wholeness. The more whole you are as an individual, the more whole you will be as a relationship partner.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

You may be feeling that your sense of integrity in relationships is somehow coming under question. Be sure, however, that this is not a matter of maintaining your image. Integrity goes to the heart of the matter: your ideas of commitment, your desire for fulfillment, and your need to be known for who you are. Now would be a good time to initiate a no-illusions policy. Many people attempt to divide their character; they are one person 'in a relationship' and another 'out of a relationship', or tailor themselves to suit various social situations. I suggest you not attempt to split your character in any such way. Be who you truly are with everyone. The more you try to hide or conceal any aspect of yourself, the more likely you are to feel incomplete. The more you reveal yourself to others, the more likely you are to feel whole and strong.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

Lately you've been through what seems like a spiritual endurance test. One event after the next has compelled you to be the bigger person, to be gentler, or to teach yourself that there is a more emotionally grounded way of relating to others. You may have been experiencing this primarily on the emotional level, but it would fall into the 'spiritual' file under the heading of development of

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compassion, or perhaps self-control. Yet there seems to be a deeper issue than how you treat others. I'm wondering -- is your current world really big enough, or flexible enough, to contain your vision for your life? Can you express yourself without the constant feeling of stepping on someone's toes? If the answer to either of those questions is either 'no' or 'it's difficult', then I suggest you make some adjustments. Don't wait till you're ready to behave yourself a little better and things settle down. That is not the point.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

You seem ready to make a long-awaited professional move, yet you also seem to be hesitating on one point of your plan. You're not actually hesitating -- you're pausing in expectancy of some vital information. The astrology of this involves Mercury stationing direct, which happens about a week from now, on Aug 26. You don't need to actively seek out any missing information; rather, listen carefully, and pay attention to what you hear and observe. You're approaching a point where the past no longer matters, including the long path by which you've traveled to get where you are. So you can safely let go of using it as a reference point, and orient instead on your immediate goals. Remember what they are, and be sensitive to yourself if you want to adjust them. As for missing information -- if you keep your focus on the present, you will receive all the information you need.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

You may encounter some kind of a challenge to your authority or to your ideas about what you've achieved. You can afford to look at this person and wonder what their real agenda is. They seem to be playing out a past drama that has nothing to do with you -- or, you may be getting some shadow material relating to a situation that you've outgrown. Still, you might want to sift the grains of what this person is saying to you and sort out anything useful. Even though he or she may be a bit combative, part of leadership is turning everything into a positive. The person you're dealing with may be someone whose energy you can harmonize with or harness for a productive purpose; and note the way he or she represents a younger version of yourself. Meanwhile, no matter how vehement or opinionated anyone may be, you're under no pressure to act until you want to.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

This may seem like an interesting time for sex and a challenging time for relationships. I'm sure you would prefer if the two matched in some way that you felt had integrity. You may be in a moment where a sexual experiment is the way into a relationship, which will work as long as you remember it's an experiment. Alternately, you can hold your sexual energy until certain questions begin to work themselves out -- a process I suggest you not rush. Remember that people will tell you nearly anything about themselves that is relevant to you, and they will do so fairly early in the encounter. As long as you don't fill in your own information, or interpret it in a way that reverses the message, you will have what you need to make up your mind. Not every relationship is a great romance; good thing, too, because there are many better options.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

When you're evaluating someone new that you've met, do you consider their dedication to their healing process? I suggest that you do so. What are their values on growth, on maintaining sanity in the whirlwind that is our planet right now, on therapy, on parents? Consider their idea of wellbeing. What is their idea of health and happiness? As you do so, you will invariably consider your own ideas about these things; that's only natural. Do you feel more advanced, or as if you have to live up to someone? Is there anything you cannot abide? Some of these facts take a little time to come out. People can have odd reversals, and you can discover things you truly admire. Give yourself time to make up your mind, and remember to consider both specific details, and your overall intuition.

Read Eric Francis daily at PlanetWaves.net.

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We Didn’t Get Shot and the Cops Didn’t Come

by Mary Tuel

How old was I when I first realized that one of the greatest things I could do to increase my happiness was to lower my expectations? Perhaps it was about the time that Mick Jagger was informing us in his iconic rock whine that you can’t always get what you want. Probably later than that. I’m a slow learner.

At any rate, it is taking to heart epiphanies like this that can lead to a more contented life.

For example, last Saturday night I wanted to see the Northern Lights. I had read in the newspaper that they might be visible around midnight, if the sky was clear. It was only a possibility, but I called my friend Becky. She is an astronomy whiz. She teaches star-gazing to the Girl Scouts, and once taught me how to see the Andromeda galaxy through my binoculars.

I told Becky, “The Northern Lights might be out tonight!”

“Oh, great!” she said, “Where will they be?”

Pause.
“Um,” I said, “in the northern sky?”
She broke out laughing and said, “That was an astronomy joke.”

We agreed to drive up to the north end that night, to a cul-de-sac Becky knows where the viewing of the northern sky is prime. She went there with another friend to watch the Perseid meteor showers a couple of years ago.

That is why, at about 11:30 that night, Becky, my grand daughter, and I headed up to the north end with folding chairs in the trunk and high hopes of seeing the aurora borealis.

When we arrived I realized that this cul-de-sac had houses on all sides. The last time Becky came to this spot, she knew someone who lived on the street, so had some connection with someone

who could partially explain why she was there. This time we were showing up without anyone there knowing who we were or why we were there. Ah. Suddenly looking for the Northern Lights became a surreptitious, and – who knew? - dangerous activity.

I turned the car around and parked it heading out of the cul-de-sac, just in case we had to make a fast getaway, and we got out and set up our chairs.

Becky told me and the grand daughter to be vewy, vewy quiet, like Elmer Fudd hunting the wabbit, so we wouldn’t disturb anyone.

A dog barked.
A door opened and someone looked out.

“Someone looking to see what’s going on,” Becky said. I tried to be quiet and we settled in to our chairs to wait for the northern lights.

It was clear that night. The Big Dipper was in the center of our field of vision like the attention hog it is. I saw Cassiopeia off to the east and remembered the time the trio* was driving at night some twenty years ago, and Libbie pointed to the sky and said, “That’s Cassiopeia,” and a moment later Velvet said, “Cassiopeia for the trees.”

***The trio” would be Women, Women & Song, Libbie Anthony, Velvet Neifert, and me. We were the queens of uppity women’s music on the island back in the 1980s. At the time we were all six-foot tall blonde models in our 20s, independently wealthy, with no problems, so we were free to pursue a music career. Good times.

Back to last Saturday.
Becky pointed to stars and planets and constellations, and told me how to find the way to the center of the universe: you imagine a straight line between Antares and Arcturus, and then from the midpoint of that line you take a right angle vector, roughly southwest from where we were, and that, Becky said, is the way to the center of the universe. I wondered if this was another astronomy joke.

We waited and watched and whispered until a while after midnight when my grand daughter announced she was ‘way cold and tired. We decided that the Northern Lights were a no-show, and we bundled our chairs and ourselves back into the car, and set out for home with the car heater on.

“At least it was clear and we got some good star-gazing in,” Becky said.
“Yes,” I said. “And no one shot at us and the cops didn’t come.”

See? Expecting the worst and not having it happen can make life cheerier. Lowered expectations. Get them low enough and you’ll never be disappointed.

Amanda Is Not Afraid Of The Truth

Continued from Page 1

all dealt with incompetence or arrogance or inattentiveness. Not to suggest that Islanders are stupid, only that those pesky Rules of the Road can be subject to interpretation in a given situation. It is obvious that we do not see eye to eye in many instances, in fact we are usually giving each other the Evil Eye!

All them Evil Eyes lead me to believe that Our Island has become so crowded that we need to elbow each other out of the way. Or are we becoming more ‘citified’ than we want to admit? Has status and personal space become more important than courtesy? It seems that cars are ‘expected’ to move over for everyone in every situation. Sorry, sometimes that expectation is just plain dumb and arrogant to boot. If your personal bubble is that big, someone is gonna take a pin to it and no one is impressed by your taxpayer status if you just put them in danger.

Ours is a beach-bound neighborhood and we live 6-degrees of separation everyday (Hey, Kevin!). So it is important to treat each other with respect and be concerned for community safety, because, sooner or later, you will see ‘that person’ in the aisle at Thriftway.

Passing a cyclist on a hill or corner, for example. The law states that a car cannot pass a cyclist until the driver can see the roadway ahead, but I bear witness to hundreds of cars passing a bike on a hill or corner. Real life that some idiot’s car is in the oncoming lane IN A BLIND SPOT! Helooo idiot? That is I coming into said blind spot wondering exactly what your excuse is for being in MY lane, endangering both the cyclist and moi?

Cyclists also bear some of the finger-pointing. While Rules of the Road clearly say that bicycles enjoy the same laws as a car, there are also laws that expect a bicycle to get off the roadway in certain unsafe circumstances. The law specifically names tunnels and construction, but leaves open any place where a cyclist is in obvious danger. Yep, that would definitely be the many corners and hills on Vashon. The first thing is that everyone needs to do is slow down the moment you are aware of each other. The second is that the cyclist should be competent enough to ride in the rough if need be. And the third is that cars should not force bikes off the road, so take a deep breath and be patient.

I cringe when I hear cyclists complain about our ungroomed country roads, all I can say is the Burke-Gilman they ain’t, but if you are afraid of gravel then why are you riding over here? And the number of cyclists who insist that they have the right of way in every situation astounds me, tempting Fate to show you that a bag of bones is no match for a car is not impressive and only demonstrates a severe case of myopia. Oh, and a titch of arrogance too.

Lest you think I am jumping only on cars and bikes, I have room to rant about the pedestrians and runners that will not step into the grass on those dahm hilltops and corners. The law clearly states that pedestrians are required to get off the pavement when a car passes and that a car must give said person at least three feet. That means that when a car is in your ginormus personal bubble, By Law, you and your kids and your pets have to get out of the road. Of course most cars will be polite and move over as much as possible on the precious few straight-aways on the Island. Operative words being ‘precious few straight-aways.’ And I have no patience for the folks claiming a preferred tax status or trying to get insurance money. For the record, those are lame excuses for forcing a car into the oncoming lane.

A special shout out to folks with baby strollers, do I really need to spell it out that your baby will be on that car’s grill a split second before you are? You are the group that I really want to lecture, shame on you for putting your punkin head in danger!! I have met you on a corner and I am not happy!

Dappled sunlight filtering through trees is also a big safety hazard over here; cars cannot see you in the shadow when there is bright sunlight on the windshield. And since we are not going to cut the trees down again, just be aware that the car coming toward you may not see you until they are in the shade.

The four-way stop in town, Oh My Friggin’ Gawd!! What is up with pedestrians not looking both ways? Slap the blinders and a neckbrace on, I am a pedestrian at the four-way and I only look straight ahead! And we can’t blame it all on the tourists, I have been given the Evil Eye by people that I know, usually when I’m sitting in the middle of the intersection, trapped because someone just stepped in front of my moving car.

Never would I ‘hope’ that a car could ‘stop in time’ to save me from my own stupidity. After decades of observing the ever-increasing danger at the four-way, I can only surmise those pedestrians are purposely ignoring drivers and counting on them being able to see and react to everything. That is SO misguided, especially in our busy intersection. Don’t be hatin,’ but it’s time for a traffic light uptown because it’s evident pedestrians have no clue how to use a four-way. I vote for a walk-all-way!

I’ll bet by now I have conjured up all the times you have felt threatened. I’ll bet you’ve given the Evil Eye a time or two thousand. I mean really, who would purposely force a car into the oncoming lane on a blind corner or hill, speed past a cyclist or pedestrian or step into a crosswalk without looking? Well, honey, it is gonna be your friends and neighbors or their family and friends. We can try to blame it on Off-Islanders, but that is too small a percentage to be realistic. Except for summer.

The sad part is that Vashon is the rare place where we DO have time to wait on traffic--because it always goes away! So the Battle of the Enormous Egos doesn’t make any sense here, neither does pitting yourself against a car. And just in case you think that I think that I’m all that and a bag of chips, I freely admit that I’m not perfect. Gots soma them stoopid human tricks in my closet, same as ever’body, taught me to be very careful, they did.

So, I am the driver who regularly backs off cyclists so they can chug up hills; I feel your burn baby! I’ve patiently sat in the middle of the intersection uptown, hoping that some impatient driver doesn’t bash me before the person who stepped in front of my moving car gets outta the way. I stay in my lane on the S-curves. I’m not afraid to walk in the grass when a car is coming toward me; I am smart enough to wear sneakers and not Manolo Blahniks. I know the distance from corners and hills, so would never force a car to go around me. And I am acutely aware of the physics behind flesh and bone verses cars and trucks.

I remember the old rhyme: “Keep your ears alert for traffic as you travel to and fro and zigzag as you walk on country roads.” Always, always put yourself in the safest place and that means use both sides of a country road because of blind spots.

My hope is to inspire my neighbors to be aware of, first, their own safety and, second, the safety of the community. If that is good enough for firefighters and police, it’s good enough for us. Islanders often talk about rural ideals, but do we have the guts to leave indifferent city ways overtown? I would like to see a departure from thoughtless entitlement to a true sharing of the road topped with a smile and friendly wave. Hey, a girl can dream, right?

And a personal message from me to the safety conscious Drivers, Cyclists, Runners and Walkers. Thank you! I notice; I appreciate and I am always delighted to be on the road with you because my safety and your safety are intertwined in the beach-bound community called Vashon Island.

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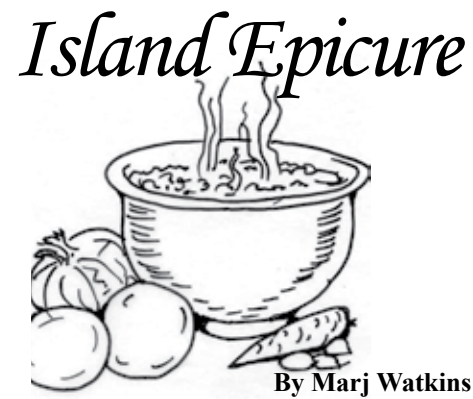
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By Marj Watkins

One Hot Dish for a Hot Day

A quick curry supplies fuel for summer activities without heating up the kitchen and the cook while preparing it. The theory in Thailand and in the warmest provinces in China is that a spicy dish that makes you sweat has the net effect of helping you stay reasonably cool. If that doesn't work, follow it with chilled watermelon.

Here's one from my little cookbook, Shereluck Ohlmes & the Case of the Curried Cookbook. It is a humorous book you'll enjoy for the reading of it, and the recipes are great. You can get it at Vashon Bookshop, or from me, or online from Twice Sold Tales,

HURRIED CURRY

4 Servings

½ cup milk

1 can (10 ½ ounce) Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup

2 Tablespoons curry powder

2 cups diced cooked meat: chicken, ham, or lamb and/or quartered hard-boiled eggs or butter-fried mushrooms

½ cup thinly sliced green onions

½ cup minced parsley, optional

If you put all these except the green onions and prsley together and warm them and they still don't look like enough for your particular four appetites, serve it over steamed brown rice, croutons, or diced toast. Garnish with the green stuff.

We like a homemade chutney with any curry. Whipped up in a few minutes, it will keep in your refrigerator or freezer almost indefinitely, preserved by the cloves and cinnamon in it, so make enough for more than one curry meal.

APPLE-CRANBERRY CHUTNEY

Makes about 3 cups

4 large apples, peeled and diced

1 lemon, seeded and sliced

½ cup dried cranberries

1 inch ginger root, minced

6 to 10 whole cloves or 1/3 teaspoon ground cloves

1 Tablespoon broken up cinnamon bark

½ teaspoon salt

¼ cup cider vinegar

Cook covered on low heat 15 to 20 minutes. Apples should be tender but still retain some shape. Stir in:

Up to ½ cup raw honey (to taste)

Ladle into sterilized container/s. To store, leave 1 inch at top. Store in refrigerator one up to one month or freeze.

PLUM OR NECTARINE CHUTNEY

Makes 1 ½ cups

1 ½ cups

Stir-fry 10 minutes:

1 ½ Tablespoons Ghee* or butter

½ medium onion, chopped or sliced

1 green chili peppers, seeded and minced

Add:

8 plums or nectarines cut from seeds

2 Tablespoons dark brown sugar

2 Tablespoons white sugar or Splenda®

Stir-cook until plum are tender and paler, about 10 minutes. Cover. Simmer very slowly stirring occasionally until the chutney thickens. Ladle into a sterilized container. Cover and refrigerate.

Yogurt on the side cools the mouth after bites of spicy curry.

*Ghee: Clarified butter. Cook butter gently until the milk in it separates from the oily part. Pour the oily part into a small jar, leaving the white solids in the pan. Cover the jar. Ghee need not be refrigerated.

You'll find more recipes including a beautiful tomato-based egg curry, on my blog at [http:// island-epicure.blogspot.com](http://island-epicure.blogspot.com).

BTW:In my previous column I stated a price for a can of wild red salmon, wrongly it turned out. The price of a can of red wild salmon had gone up to over \$7.00 when I last checked. It's still a lot cheaper than fresh salmon. But I'd better not try to give you cost elements of recipes. Prices rise between the time I write and when my words reach you readers. I promise you y that I will help you beat the high cost of eating.

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Deadline for the next
edition of *The Loop* is
Friday, August 26

The 2011 Vashon PTSA
Back-to-School Drive

Dear neighbor,

We are writing in hope that you will be able to help contribute to the Back-to-School Drive. We know times are tough all over, and wish we didn't have to ask yet again for our amazingly generous neighbors to help us out. But alas, we are asking for you to once again help us in giving Vashon kids a wonderful start to their school year this year.

The economy has hit everyone this summer, but can you imagine how it is hitting you if you are out of your job? Or working as hard as you can but barely making ends meet, between gas prices and just putting food on the table? Try making enough money to also buy school supplies for your children -- it's a great challenge for many of our neighbors every fall, and this year the challenge will be even harder to meet.

Last year you were very generous. In fact, we raised more than \$3,200 in cash donations from this community. And that's in addition to hundreds of dollars worth of donated backpacks, calculators and much more. It is very easy to help -- all you need to do is respond to this email, and we will get you information on how to donate to the drive, which is sponsored by the Vashon PTSA.

If you donate just \$250, you will be listed as our sponsor in The Beachcomber and all of our materials. Of course, you can give more than that amount too!The money we raise goes towards buying school supplies, which we distribute through the Food Bank. This year, we will be giving out supplies at the Food Bank on Wednesday, August 24th.

How you can help:

CONTRIBUTE MONEY: email us

and let us know that you are willing to donate \$250 or more and you will be listed as a sponsor of this year's drive. We will get you tax deductible information and a mailing address or drop-off location We need to know our sponsors AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, so please let us know as soon as you can. If you cannot donate \$250 and be an official sponsor, all donations are welcome, too! If you would rather just donate right now, you can drop a check to "Vashon PTSA School Drive" at Movie Magic, or mail it directly to us at P.O. Box 2364, Vashon ,WA 98070.

VOLUNTEER: let us know if you can volunteer to take a shift at Thriftway, asking for donations. We also need volunteers for distribution on the 24th at the Food Bank, and for set-up the day before. Please contact Coriel Reilly-Silkett at csilkett@gmail.com.

There are families out there you can help. And, for just \$250 dollars, you can make a big difference to children in your community. You can give them the most amazing feeling of starting the school year on par with their peers ... a fresh start.

After all, isn't that really what every child deserves each year when they go back to school?

Thanks again for supporting Vashon kids!

Erica Davidson,
PTSA President,
redpencom@yahoo.com

Jackie Merrill,
PTSA Vice-President,
ajmerrill@comcast.net

Vashon Center for the Arts

Continued from Page 6

best place to listen to music [currently] as an audience member I think is the Methodist Church. But the chorale can't perform there because there's not room for 90 singers. The only place where the chorale can perform right now is the Bethel Church and thank goodness they like having us there. It's so friendly there and they are wonderful to us, but it's not a theater. It was not designed to be a place to listen to chorale music or symphonic music or anything like that. It's a worship space. But we're happy to be there now." Ms. Bardeen went on to observe that there were other venues, such as St. John Vianney, which have very good acoustics but that there were practical problems with the interior configuration of the space and, not surprisingly, scheduling issues as well.

Some of the local performance organizations that are envisioned to directly benefit from the outstanding acoustics the new venue will offer are Vashon Opera, Vashon Island Chorale, Vashon Chamber Music, and Drama Dock (especially their musicals).

5. As Molly Reed, Executive Director for VAA points out, the proposed Vashon Center for the Arts is not just a performing arts center, it is in fact an entire arts "campus". "It is a new gallery, it's new classrooms, and it ties in with the current building which we'll be rehabbing and reconfiguring to be more efficient." As its name implies, Vashon Allied Arts is an organization supporting artistic endeavor for the Island in general, across almost every imaginable artistic discipline including painting, sculpture, opera, drama, dance, music and so on. The organization supports and promotes not only performances but arts education, fundraising, scholarships and arts oriented

community outreach programs. The new arts center is intended and designed to support and encourage all of these activities and to provide the infrastructure and facilities these demanding endeavors require.

The performance and gallery activities of VAA are it's most publicly apparent expression, but it does so much more within the community that is not so visible, and the organization is literally packed so tightly within its current facilities that it's beginning to split its seams. Molly Reed, the Executive Director and Janice Mallman, Gallery Curator, sitting literally back to back, share a single small office. Janice Randall, Director of Communications & Performing Arts for VAA must actually walk through their office, squeezing between them, go beneath the staircase often resounding with feet tromping up and down to get into the literal storage closet that has been her "office" for 17 years. VAA personnel regularly perform their duties with rows of ballet dancers on pointe pounding away over head.

Vashon Allied Arts is Washington State's oldest private, nonprofit arts center, founded in 1966, which means they are approaching their 50th anniversary, with 25 years in their current building, built in 1912. With the new building, VAA will have a new 300 seat theater with orchestra pit and other typical theater amenities, a large greenroom that doubles as a classroom, a small meeting room, administrative offices, 1000 square-foot gallery, large lobby area which will also be used as an event space and for sit down dinners, receptions, etc., storage space for a piano, and a small kitchen.

In the second part of this article, in the next issue of the Loop, we will look at some of the potentially negative issues of the Vashon Center for the Arts project.

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Positively Speaking

Inside Out Love

By Deborah H. Anderson

The time has come to write this. It is the end and I must acknowledge it even though it will bring tears that won't stop to my eyes.

He began the week with these words. "Why isn't Rehab funny anymore?" He who is three and three fourths (as he will tell you) had replaced all of 'Moon River' and 'Fifty Ninth Street Bridge Song' with "Rehab" as the one that was sure to get audience response. He could nail the rhythm and inflection impeccably growling as only a little one with a smirk on his girk (pardon me Mercer Mayer) could do.

"Well", I started simply, "The lady who sang the song didn't go to rehab and she died and nobody thinks the song is funny anymore." (No I didn't go into the specifics of failed rehab experiences. That can wait till he's five)

Thoughtfully he waited a moment. "Can we just pretend it's funny? he asked.

"Sure" I said with a full smile. And we broke into song.

Later that week when the Fisher-Price record player arrived and we plowed through my stack of 45rpm's of an hour, I marveled once more at his musical prowess as he insisted on being the ' putter on and taker off guy up on the stage'.

The number of delightful conversations and warm funny giggles and wild imaginings that he and I have logged together in the last three years will fill my humanometer for a lifetime. That his laughs and inventions came on the heels of his brother who has been moving through life with me for the last seven years is a double blessing. The knowledge the beginning and end of everyday I receive and turn over their care from two of the most terrific parents and happily married people I've ever known is just bonus points. Above all they are friends and that makes it all the more wonderful.

The last week in August it is time for Mary Poppins (that would be me) to pack her bag and open her umbrella and let the wind take her to new places. Oh drat....here they come...tears and tears and more tears.

I was pretty burned out on working for people by the time I got to their house. I just didn't want to know the inside of anyone's life anymore. I wanted people to be just..well...at least happy, if not grounded and clear about life's day to day challenges. I wanted people to be unflomoxed by life and not use me as a whipping post for wives that had left or children who disappointed them or a God they felt didn't care. I didn't want to know about anyone's failings or affairs or fears or anxieties anymore.

And into my life walked this Beaver Cleaver of a family who endured all with



wit and wisdom and their commitment to work things out as calmly and rationally as possible. Most of all.... and certainly the best part.... They were (are) excellent at loving their children.

A. was committed to two things when she hired me. She wasn't going to read any parenting books and she was just going to 'let you do your thing'. Since my thing is Love above all else, it's been pretty much of a picnic ever since then. She stuck to her guns about those two issues.

Don't get me wrong. All of our lives have been filled with some pretty heavy duty anxious moments and challenging times now and again during the last seven years. For both of them, they have been learning the art of parenting with a skill set that has placed weight on them. Parenting always does. The constancy and the magnitude have required a transparency that , to do both well all around, meant all of our lives were clearly seen.

Yet the opportunities for respect and, as I've said before, Love have been more than abundant.

Maybe you drag yourself to work everyday. I don't. Maybe you have coworkers who drive you nuts. I don't. Maybe your work is unrespected and your time wasted. Mine is not. For seven years it has been heaven on earth.

Fortunately I have other families that linger who have the same loving commitment to their children, their marriages, and the integrity with which they allow me to do my job. And there were others during those seven years who held the same regard.

But the last Thursday in August I'm going to cry myself to sleep that night. Because the blessing of a good work situation is not to be taken lightly. And a seven year run is just a friggin' miracle in this day and age.

Best of all.... It's an Island and they live a mile away. So we never have to say good bye. This is just a very public Thank You!!

Love
Deborah



Find the Loop on-line at
www.vashonloop.com.

Want to read more of Deborah ? You can find her at three separate blogs:
www.onewiththerootbeer.blogspot.com Simple Parenting in Challenging Times is a blog for parents offering practical advice and observations on a raising children from pregnancy through the teens.

www.mealsandmoments.blogspot.com Real Encouragement in a Virtual World is a blog for personal growth recreating those conversations that helped us grow around the dinner table. Musings and observations encouraging each person to push the envelope on how they can grow in healthy ways emotionally and socially.

www.socialcontemplative.blogspot.com Under the Rock:Encouraging Faith Based Leadership is a blog for pastors and lay leaders eager to have more salt than shaker in their ministries offering spiritual development as opposed to the perpetuation of arbitrary or traditional church culture.

The Osprey Hunter

By Biffle French



What gnarled and wilted heart among us island folk fails to beat a new pace when it senses the staccato shrieks of bald eagles calling from above? We crane, we search and we stare, hoping for a tiny glimpse of the black raptors soaring just above the madrona trees. When we hear the call we know there are two - either a mating pair or a mother and her chick. If we are lucky we see them fly above us for a few seconds, disappearing and reappearing before gliding behind the hilltop or landing in the trees just over there. Then they are gone.

If you are on a slope or a rooftop you may suddenly see one pass close by, wings extended, climbing the breeze to soar silently without flapping. If you are slow to focus your eyes you may not realize what is happening until it is over. Run to grab your camera or keep it by you every second and the result is the same: a rare, blurry photo, hardly even recognizable for the wild beauty it is. It seems impossible to photograph them but there is a place on Vashon where the patient and stealthy photographer can find bald eagles every day, and where they sometimes pose for the occasional photo.

Eagles may take the farmer's chicken or even the odd puppy, but they're great fishers and they know where the fish are. If you watch them from just offshore, say in a kayak, you can find them all around the island. The best places are where the fewest houses are, Spring Beach, for instance and other places where people (and especially dogs) are normally absent.

I take my camera whenever I paddle these days, because there might be a great photo just around the bend. If you don't pack your camera you could see Sasquatch and return with only the tale. The kayak is a wet environment, so you have to protect your investment. I start each trip with the camera in a Pelican Case which is strapped to the kayak deck and only remove it when getting ready to shoot. That's the best protection I have. Even so, keep upright is the best policy.

Many creatures, including eagles, don't perceive the silent paddler as a threat. Some do, of course, including herons and deer. Those creatures always watch me warily and dart away whenever I pierce their comfort zone. Dogs see me as entertainment. But the mighty sky hunter has almost no interest in slow-moving water folks. A mother

stoically accompanying her adolescent chick recently let me get close enough to photograph the flecks of color in her iris as she sat quietly on a boulder.

It's easy to find eagles along the beach, but not so easy to photograph them, so don't be disappointed if your first try doesn't work out. If you're new to kayaking, or even if you're not, you'll find that the first challenge is controlling the craft. That's because you can't. You will have two hands on the camera, and you need two hands to paddle, so you will be drifting. If you set up properly you will drift toward your subject with the bow of the kayak pointed directly at it. But if you set up wrong or if nature is against you, then you may find yourself drifting away while whirling to present your back to an otherwise willing and beautiful model. If you are especially cursed you may find yourself scraping bottom amidst large and unforgiving barnacle-covered boulders while the tide recedes and the current and wind conspire to nestle you into a place you can never escape from. Don't be like me: pay attention to your surroundings.

The easiest birds to photograph are sitting patiently at eye level on the beach and stay there good-naturedly assuming a series of interesting and photogenic poses until your flash card is full. But just in case you don't see any of those, then you might want to scan the tree tops for white feathers. You may find an eagle perched in a tree, possibly only partly visible. But don't assume it will stay there, because it won't. Eagles are always looking for action and if you keep your

Continued on Page 13

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The Wolves of Hurricane Ridge

Continued from Page 1

“Scented who?” She finally replied softly.

“The partners of myself and the four legged soft creatures we protect. Have you not seen them, the Beautiful?”

Hole cocked her head at him. “I have seen no beautiful ones for days now. I am looking for my family we were chased off by Flat Water pack, in the mountains west of here.”

“Chased off? Not killed? No...you must never be chased off! Do you not know the rules? Did not your partner have help? And the beautiful were they ravaged by the wild beasts?”

Hole confused explained to the dog, “The beautiful were not there. Although the Helpless have chased them off the range.”

“ I see.” The dog said. “They were stolen then by thieves. I do not know who the Helpless are. But I can tell that you are this years pup and new at this work. I shall tell you the rules, perhaps I can get up and we can find shelter.” The dog staggered to his feet. And strangely Hole felt some kinship with him. She was alone and to have company was a wonderful thing to her lonely heart.

The dog felt that the pup surely must know the way back to her people. So they walked towards a clump of trees growing in a narrow ravine the only real shelter in the vastness of the open range and the dog told her the rules.

“The first Rule is Believe.
Believe in the Partnership.
The second one is sacrifice
You must be willing to give everything in order that the partnership will exist.
Third, the beautiful are sacred.
Fourth, keep order.
Did your dam not tell you these things?”

Hole was puzzled, “My dam....? I do not understand...” But then something came into view which brought both of them to silence.

It was an old ewe. She was lying on her back in a snow drift unable to rise. The dog instantly went to her side, Hole thought to attack and kill. But as she ran to join him and bared her young white teeth he found new strength at the thought of the ‘young dog’ injuring a sheep and he shoulder punched Hole out of the way. The dog began digging the ewe out of the snow finally dragging her by the fleece to a standing position. She flopped over and only managed to roll to her chest and stare at them.

The dog turned to Hole and said fiercely, “Never do that again. You might have hurt her. She is nearly dead.”

To Hole this was more and more mysterious. She could not believe that here was a Beautiful one, obviously ready to make the circle journey round and yet the Dog did not attack?

The ewe was white and medium sized with two small horns and a short stubby tail.

She spoke and Hole was mesmerized by her soft voice.

“It is good to be upright, pilgrim, I thank you.” She shook herself and snow flew off her back.

“I fell into this drift and told this years lamb to go on. It is my time.”

“No it is not.” The dog told her, “We must go on now and find the flock.”

The ewe looked at him sagely. “They are gone, Pilgrim do you not know? The sacrifice has been offered and they have gone.”

Hole was puzzled by this and asked the ewe, “Beautiful one what do you mean? Are you giving us your life as you have reached the end?”

The ewe turned her full attention to the young Wolf, and then said to the dog. “Aha! Pilgrim you meet your fate. Do you

not see it? The Brother of Life liked your people,” The ewe then told the wolf, “But my own kind feared you above all else. You kept us from our true work.”

Hole perplexed asked politely, “What was that? Your true work?”

The ewe lifted her head and pointed her ears towards the wolf.

“We are the Mothers and Fathers of the Helpless.”

The dog sat down, “Old one, I think sitting in the snow has addled your wits. And by my own dam’s nose, we must move on.” He stood and with a delicate hunting posture pushed the ewe with just body language a few feet ahead of him. Hole took this to mean that the ewe was

Death of a wolf

If you live at the South End of Vashon, you may have heard the wolves of Wolftown on August 10.

They are mourning the death of the oldest wolf at Wolftown.

Our Big Black male Wah ShoShe (Courageous in Osage.)

Wah was rescued in 1998 from Idaho. Where he was confiscated by the Sheriffs dept. as he was owned illegally.

He lived and taught the value of big predators at Wolftown for 13 years.

He did a number of radio shows with T as he was very vocal.

He died at age 18 of natural causes. Mourned by his little mate Cabe and the other wolves of Wolftown he will be missed.

now to be killed and rushed in to grab the flank.

But the dog was there first and shoved the wolf out of the way.

“Are you insane, you young devil? You could hurt this old one by gripping. And you must never grip unless there is no other way. In fact I hear there are dogs in paradise so powerful that they have never gripped a beauty in their whole lives!”

Hole gasped, “I am not insane! I do not understand you. Here is a beauty ready to give us her life and we are to stand here and wait for her to fall over? This makes no sense to me! And...” Hole told the ewe, “How can you possibly be the Mother of the Helpless! They have no Mothers and fathers! They live to create disorder.”

The Ewe turned her head and eyed the young wolf peacefully.

“The problem with predators is you are so focused that you see only what you wish, what is right in front of you, moving. The still things you do not see. We of the flocks know better. If you like I will tell you the story of my own life and that of the great flocks that hold the world together.”

“Fine.” The sheepdog told her but we will move on now to shelter in that thicket while you do.”

Hole was almost about ready to run off but the ewe gave her a glance that was old and sad and at the same time gently tenderly happy. So Hole followed them at a slight distance and the ewe began.

“My flock leader told this story to my generation when we were 6 months old. I remember it very well. We lay down in the grass of the summer pastures, far from here and she told us that we had a sacred trust with the Helpless.

The Helpless are very weak, and also being apes very fearful creatures. Much more so than we of the flock.

A time long ago, soon after your kind, Pilgrim joined the Helpless to keep them company in the long dance that is life. There came a time when the Helpless ran out of beautiful ones to catch and eat.

What does Wolftown do?

This is a question that has been brought up by a few new people on Vashon.

Thought I would answer it here!

Wolftown is a USDA Fed/state wildlife rehabilitation and education sanctuary.

Which mean we take in orphaned or injured wildlife and help them and then return them to the wild. As close as we can to where they came from.

Every year we do rescue on as diverse of species as Harbor Porpoises to Hummingbirds.

We work with local and state wildlife committees and biologists keeping track of diseases and populations and hazards to wildlife.

On top of this we teach about wildlife through our on site and off site educational programs.

These programs are as varied as living with black bears to having owls in your back yard.

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Then finally we teach sustainable and predator friendly agriculture. We can do this through the generosity of our close neighbors who allow our sheep to browse the miles of trails close to wolf town. And the Doan family who allow us to use their 80 acres. Wolftown has fenced this land

with electric netting and it is there that our sheep flock and calves generally live. They come home to Wolftown’s main 7 acres for lambing, to break the parasite load pattern and shearing.

This program teaches young people how to shear sheep professionally opening up jobs for them and it teaches the compassionate and sustainable raising of livestock.

And the maintenance of land and cooperation of our community.

And the donation of good meat to our food bank. Wolftown donates 1/2 of our lamb crop to the food bank.

It also teaches predator friendly agriculture as Wolftown uses LGD to protect our small lambs from eagles and now coyote and bobcat. Our LGD barks to warn off predators but is very gentle with people. However he will bark if he doesn’t know you.

This is what Wolftown does. And we do this as unpaid volunteers. My Husband Pete and I have put everything into this project as our contribution to help make the world a better place. It is a very difficult task. And we could not do this without the support of the island.

For more info
www.wolftown.org
206-463-9113

And your kind lay panting at their feet, hungry and tired.

The Flocks lived, in those days, in the high mountains, in a far desert country. We were bigger then and wild as grasshoppers. We were numerous, springing up everywhere. But we were not food to your kind. You could not come into those mountains to catch us. It was impossible.

But we watched you starving on the plains. And one by one your kind died till there were only two left. A mother and her young daughter and her brother’s son. We watched and felt sadness that your kind would die out.

Then Old Mother of All appeared to the flocks and asked us for a gift.”

Hole interrupted suspiciously, “What did the Mother of All look like?”

The old ewe turned sweet sad eyes on the young wolf and said, “She looked like a spring lamb only brown with patches of sunlight on her warm back.”

Then the ewe continued her story, “The Mother of All told us that humanity had a purpose in the world.”

The Chief of the great flocks tossed his horned head and said to her, “Madam, the helpless! They are no account creatures!”

But the Mother of All told us that she had created the Helpless to remember all things and witness the unfolding of the Universe.”

Hole asked, “Universe...what is that?”

The Ewe answered, “Look up into the night sky and see the flocks that graze the heavens. That and all around us is the universe.”

The ewe continued her story, “There was one ewe who felt true sorrow for the helpless and she whispered to the Mother of All that she would give the first sacrifice.”

Old Mother then told her, “Your children will live forever and ultimately will come back to the mountains after their work with the helpless is finished.”

So The young ewe crept down the steep mountain sides and offered herself. And by her side was her daughter, this years lamb.

The Helpless were so hungry they ate everything of that wild ewe and even drank the milk dripping from her teats so hungry they were. But then turning to the lamb they could not take her life but left her as a gift back to the Ewe who

had saved them. As they made camp that night their bellies stretched tight, the lamb walked up to the flickering firelight and they wondered at her bravery. She had decided to live with them. But that next fall wandered up the mountainsides to be bred by the strongest ram. She then returned to the Helpless to have her lamb.

You see we decided that in order for Mother’s creation to work, we would have to sacrifice so that the Helpless would live. We did this, Pilgrim and the Helpless nursed from our kind and our wool kept them warm. Truly we are their mothers and fathers. But they have left the flock and now turn from us, forgetting.

We are now thought of as dumb and witless creatures without feelings. We are numerous but The Helpless do not respect us or the ages of sacrifice we made for them. They only take now and few give back.

So Pilgrim that is my story.”

The ewe carefully bent her knees and lay down.

Hole then asked, “What will happen now?” The ewe looked deep at the young wolf.

“We think,” She answered, “That we will forsake the Helpless and all will die. Except the very strongest who will go back into the mountains to live. Until the Helpless decide to take a different path to pasture.”

“No lady,” the old dog told the ewe gravely, “You must not lay down. We will go on and find the camp of the young dog.” He then turned to Hole.

Hole had listened carefully to the ewe’s story and found both the dog and ewe mysteriously fascinating. But she felt both were confused about her position.

“I cannot take you to my people. As they are scattered by Flatwater pack.” Hole declared. “And if I could you would not wish to meet them. They are hungrier and not as understanding as I.”

The dog panted a breathy smile and stared hard at the ewe so she would get up. Then the dog and ewe moved slowly down the fenceline till they turned off into the vastness of prairie reaching up towards mountains.

The dog and the ewe were very slow.

Hole, the Wolf, watched them go and trotted on in the other direction.



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Art in a New Economy



Silk Painting "New Life in the Forest"

We are in a time of change. Oil is running out, and increasingly our quest for oil damages the environment. Everytime I go to the grocery store, the prices are higher. The climate is changing. Old ways of doing business don't always work anymore, and the traditional way of putting profit first has damaged our environment, our culture, and now our economy.

These are turbulent times. For many, these are harsh times. Where can we stand, with the ground shifting beneath us?

During World War 1, when he was asked what he would do for the war effort, the Impressionist painter Monet said, "I will paint". Monet's paintings of the pond, the gardens, the bridge at Giverny, offer the soul a place to rest. His paintings still turn our eyes toward beauty, toward that which is good in the

world.

This is where I choose to stand: in Beauty, in Compassion, in Trust. Will you join me?
Suzanna Leigh
www.suzannaleigh.net

A Stand for Beauty; Life in the Puget Sound

Paintings on silk by suzanna leigh
Opening at PSCCU
(next to frame of Mind)
Sept 2nd, Reception 6:30-8:30

Silk Painting Class series September 11, 18, 25

Sundays 1pm-4pm
Suzanna's Studio 20733 87th Ave SW
For more information: 206 463 5255

Shark Biscuit Plays Ober Park

By Janice Randall



Remember Walk, Don't Run, Wipeout and The Lonely Bull? For those who recall those late 1950s and '60s instrumental megahits by The Ventures, The Surfaris and Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass, you'll want to run, not walk, to Ober Park Thursday, August 25. Shark Biscuit will play these and other fun, upbeat favorites 7 to 9 pm, in the free summer concert series finale.

Shark Biscuit's all-Vashon ensemble combines reverb-soaked guitar stylings, tribal drumming and rumbling bass lines with a powerful horn section, playful harp and rockin' keyboard, sure to get audiences dancing. Dick Moritz leads the surf and instrumental rock group. He says Biscuit emerged a little over a year ago from long-time Island surf bands The Primitivos and the New World Shambolics. Sue Neuman and Rob Mosely hang together on

trumpets; Mosely also plays rhythm guitar, harmonica and bongos.

Fiona Hope played tambourine until she fell in love with bass guitar. Peyton Levin keeps the group on target with percussion and June Moore adds flute keyboard and guitar to the mix.

"Shark Biscuit," refers to a surf board that's been bitten by a shark. Summer Concerts in the Park Series is sponsored by Vashon Park District and Vashon Allied Arts.

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Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

way. They don't have our intellectual capacity to understand the chemistry of life, but they certainly know how to find food and shelter. Sadly, far too many of us humans don't have a clue as to how to provide food and shelter for ourselves. These are a couple of the things in which all of us should have some competence. Transport modern Americans to the Neolithic era and you would have rapid extinction from predation, starvation, or exposure. We need to relearn those skills that we used to depend on for our survival; they are too important to leave to others to provide for us.

Learn how to repair things. You don't really need to familiar with an object before you consider repairing it. Take my word for it. Some years ago, a trusting friend/boss sent me to repair an ice machine at a restaurant. You'll be able to figure it out." Without making any promises, I did as I was told. I opened it up and started to use a little "hip bone connected to the leg bone" logic, and, before long, I understood how it worked and why it wasn't working. I call it techno yoga; meditate on a thing and, sometimes, its secrets reveal themselves to you!

Most of what you need to know, you have or can easily acquire. Everybody who has played with a yoyo, or tripped

Compost the Loop

The Loop's soy-based ink is good for composting.

on a root has a basic understanding of mechanics. A word of caution: if you are going to play with electrical stuff, have an understanding of basic electronics and working safely; best stick to lamps and such. The electrical knowledge you need for that is really easy to understand. It behooves all of us to be familiar with how the things we use work: not only so that you can repair them, but also so that you can use them properly and avoid breaking them in the first place. Give it a try. You'll probably have questions: check a book, ask someone, or find a repair person (VashonAll, Island Tinker, or hardware store). The answers you get will have your knowledge, ability, and confidence growing by leaps and bounds!

Be sure to catch the Food Preservation Fair in the parking lot north of the Village Green on Saturday, August 20, 10-3, put on by the Vashon Food Security Working Group. Learn all you need to know to preserve the abundance of the growing season for use in the lean winter months.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

Make a date with Vashon!
www.VashonCalendar.org
Vashon Library Events
Art & Music Events
Submit your Event on line at
www.vashoncalendar.org

The Osprey Hunter

Continued from Page 10

eyes on a tree sitter for a few minutes then something interesting is bound to happen. The mate or an adolescent offspring may show up any time. The tree-sitter may fly straight down right beside you and with a large splash pluck a huge struggling Salmon from the salty Sound. It may even fly directly over your head at low altitude. Make sure your camera is set to shoot multiple frames, because you will not have time to click individual shots. Your challenge is to keep it in the viewfinder, and that is hard enough.

If you are in tune with eagles, then you will recognize the sound that Eagle's enemy, Crow, makes when he wants Eagle to go somewhere else. Even if you don't know the sound, you will surely notice the excitement as Crow dive-bombs a tree and screams curses while doing it. Often several crows take part and keep it up until the eagle leaves. This ritual is entertaining to photograph for two reasons. One is the natural drama, of course, especially if you can get a clear photo of both the crow and the eagle. The other reason is that when you are reviewing the photos later you will be surprised to see that the eagle is not tracking the crow, but rather is facing the place where the crow recently was. The eagle's surprising lack of kung-fu speed probably explains why he eventually just gives up and moves on. It does not explain why the crows sometimes follow him down the beach renew the attack.

The most difficult birds to

photograph are the osprey and the kingfisher. Since it is impossible to photograph a kingfisher, no matter what you do, I gave up on that long ago and now just concentrate on the osprey. These raptors never land on the beach, only in tree tops, so when not flying they are too distant to photograph. In a perverse way, that makes the kayak the best platform for osprey photography, if only because there is really very little else. Look for the white head or the characteristic flapping, then set up near the tree. It will fly again soon. If you are very lucky, the osprey will fly or hunt near enough to your kayak so that you can get a clear shot. If not, paddle after it and try again. Over the years I've taken hundreds of pictures of osprey, most of them worse than worthless. But once in a while I do get a good one.

On the First Friday of September "Books By The Way" next to Café Luna will begin showing Biffle French's photographs of Vashon Island shore birds. All the photos were taken from a kayak and so they offer a different perspective on some of these beautiful but difficult-to-photograph birds. Included in the collection are bald eagles, blue herons, Caspian terns, osprey and cormorants.

Its New and Free
Visit Our New Website
www.VashonLoop.com

Loopy Laffs

A minister in Florida lamented that it was difficult to get his message across to his congregation: "It's so beautiful here in the winter," he said, "that heaven doesn't interest them."

"And it's so hot here in the summer that hell doesn't scare them."

A woman goes into a sporting goods store to buy a rifle. "It's for my husband," she tells the clerk.

"Did he tell you what gauge to get?" asked the clerk.

"Are you kidding?" she says. "He doesn't even know that I'm going to shoot him!"

The ambulance driver said he thought Grandma would be okay after her car hit several trees. But she's not out of the woods yet.

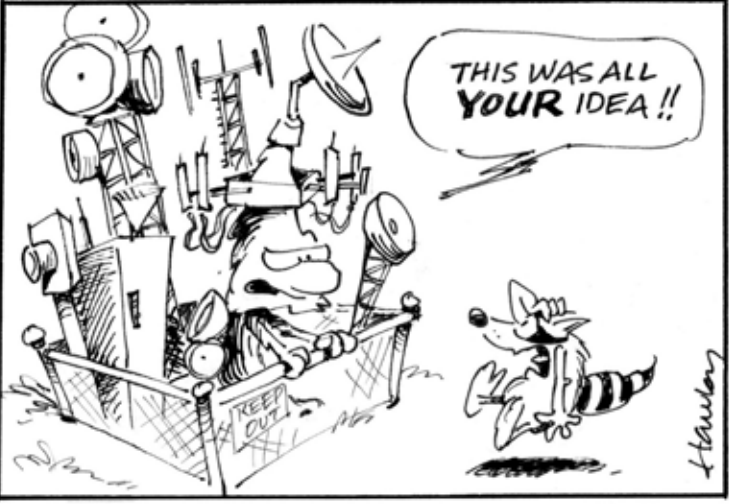
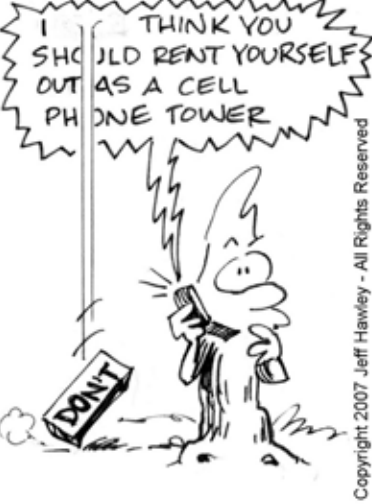
Unemployed teachers have no class.

Moose Lake

By Steve Krueger



LOGJAM



Weekend Entertainment August 19-21

Walter and Donny - Cosmic Americana

Pat Reardon - Eclectic Singer/Songwriter

You might hear elements of classics like The Beatles or The Allman Brothers or The Byrds emerging from their songs. But, you will always hear their strong and welcoming melodies weaving the same kinds stories and themes that make our mutual lives together compelling and beautiful: stories of family, unrequited love and the feeling of being alive on a reflective Tuesday afternoon.



Friday, August 19, 7pm, At Cafe Luna, 9924 SW Bank RD
www.cafelunavashon.com



Pat Reardon (guitar, harmonica, vocals) Pat found his love of music in the 3rd grade while singing along with Jim Morrison on the AM car radio. He began playing guitar in high school & cut his teeth busking on the streets of his hometown Burlington, Vermont - he then migrated out to Seattle where he's been belting it out ever since. He can go hours playing his catchy & well-crafted originals. Pat has a strong, clear, and truly unique voice that makes people sit up, take notice, and ask - Who is THAT?

The Disco Cowboys



For years people have yearned for a musical melding of Disco and Country Music. Finally, the dream is realized! We are pleased to introduce to you... The Disco Cowboys!

The idea is simple; take disco songs and play them in an Outlaw-Country style: The execution is pure

Friday, August 19, 8:30pm. At the Red Bicycle, 17618 Vashon Hwy - 206-463-5959

entertainment. We take songs like Stayin' Alive, Hot Stuff, Disco Inferno, Boogie Nights, I Love the Night Life, You Sexy Thing, Get Down Tonight, Do You Think I'm Sexy, and Nights On Broadway and turn them into songs that make you want to put on your cowboy boots and do the doe-cee-doe. The Disco Cowboys are a high-energy band that is perfect for all-ages and a guaranteed night of dancing and fun!

The Disco Cowboys formed in the Fall of 2009 in West Seattle and consisting of current and/or former members of Hartwood, Turd Helmet, Men From Mars, Roller and others.

This is an all-ages show 'til 11pm, 21+ after that. Free cover!

Mike Dumovich, Performing with Correspondence

Mike Dumovich, sings pensive songs, delivering them in a matter-of-fact voice and radiant guitar plucking that can put you in a trance. His lyrics are weighted down with chilly imagery and a very Pacific Northwest gloominess. Dumovich is an idiosyncratic character whose music and personality cannot be neatly boxed up—which is to say, he's a true artist in a music scene full of phonies. "Mike Dumovich has a voice that sounds older than his time and an intimate, emotionally raw delivery. Dumovich



has remained mostly under the radar - he plays a brand of folk that may remind some of Will Oldham and Smog, but he's wholly his own creation." Nate Lippen, Seattle Stranger.

Saturday, August 20, 7pm, At Cafe Luna, 9924 SW Bank RD
www.cafelunavashon.com

Mark Dufresne

Mark Dufresne brings the Blues to Vashon!

"Mark DuFresne is as distinctive as a vocalist as he is a fiery player; rather than recycling old riffs, his original compositions are tuneful, melodic and grooveworthy." - Blues Review Magazine

Get ready for the hottest blues happening in the Northwest today. On August 20th, blues legend Mark DuFresne and his band are on Vashon for the first time playing a show to benefit Vashon Community Care.

Do not miss this show...The Mark DuFresne Band on Saturday, August 20

Saturday, August 20, 8:30pm. At the Red Bicycle, 17618 Vashon Hwy - 206-463-5959



at 8 pm at The Red Bike. Tickets \$10 at Books by the Way, Vashon Book Shop, Vashon Community Care and at the door.

VAA Art Auction is coming

By Janice Randall

Lights, Camera, Auction! Get your tickets now for Fall's biggest blockbuster, where art is the star. Vashon Allied Arts' annual Art Auction celebrates the glamour of classic Hollywood, 5:30 p.m., Friday, Sept. 23 and Saturday, Sept. 24. Mingle with stars, sip on fabulous cocktails, discover rising new artists and nosh on marvelous morsels! Gallery Opening, your first chance to see all the art, will be 6-9 p.m., Friday, September 2.

Local artists have donated more than 130 pieces of original art including new and favorite artists. This year's diverse collection represents many mediums, subjects, sizes and prices—something for everyone. Honored 2011 Commissioned Artists are: Gretchen Hancock, Art Hansen, Odin Lonning, Gus Schairer, Nancy Sipple and Elaine Summers.

Some Like It Hot! For Friday night's hot buffet, Tom French, of Experience Food Project, directs Vashon High School Culinary Arts Program talents to create a memorable dining experience.

Saturday night, The Hardware Store Restaurant caters A Dinner to Remember, a gourmet meal inspired by Hollywood's Golden Age. Enjoy a selection of fine wines from Premier Northwest Wineries, including pink champagne.

Groucho Marx and Carmen Miranda will wow the guests, brought to us by the talented team of Steffon and Arlette Moody. Rumor has it; a few of their famous friends may visit. Have your picture taken with Marilyn Monroe, Lucille Ball or Clark Gable beside a vintage car.



Auction is VAA's premier fundraising event--money raised directly impacts arts programming VAA provides Islanders and income-producing opportunities for Island artists. Auction raises money to give scholarships, artist commissions, instructor fees and operational support for the education and development of artists of all ages. Last year's event generated a net of \$100,000 including \$40,000 for VAA's scholarship programs, and returned over \$12,000 in commissions to donating artists.

2011 Art Auction is generously sponsored by John L. Scott, Sellen, Puget Sound Energy, LMN Architecture, Sparling, Vashon Thriftway and Trigg Insurance. Tickets are \$45 Friday/\$120 Saturday, available at the Blue Heron, online at www.brownpapertickets.com or call 206-463-5131.

The Washover Fans

With a refreshing and original take on acoustic music, The Washover Fans bring together four accomplished musicians with decades of playing and performing experience each having written, recorded and performed with various and varied outside projects. Seattle musicians Colin, Gillian, David and Seth write songs independently, but edit and arrange as an ensemble, creating a broad but cohesively twangy set, full of interlocking vocals and lush acoustic instrumentation. April 2011, saw the arrival of The Washover Fans' debut album "That Habit Suits You."

The four musicians push each other creatively to write and perform songs that each deliberately evoke very different emotions and soundscapes resulting in a set list in which no two songs sound the same. The Washover Fans create an intimate live experience drawing from each of the four musicians' dynamic musical backgrounds. A live show consists of original music as well as thoughtful renditions of various covers that pay homage to the diverse American music experience. Instruments rotate the stage and include guitars, mandolin, banjo, cello, percussion and harmonica.

Friday, August 26, 8:30pm. At the Red Bicycle, 17618 Vashon Hwy - 206-463-5959



Lead vocals are shared among the three distinct vocalists and are supported with three-part harmony.

With time well-spent stumbling through jazz charts, playing in rock bands and blending into Catholic school choirs, it's been a long and varied musical journey that has culminated in the Washover Fans' sound, but it's the years of soaking up the simplest rock and the sweetest church music that guides them to this day. Since forming in 2009 under the Washover Fans moniker, the four friends have focused on folk, alt-country and Americana, drawing on musical first loves from childhoods in New England, Washington, North Carolina and Georgia.

This is an all-ages show 'til 11pm, 21+ after that. Free cover!

Vashon Opera - Carmen

Tickets on Sale Now

Vashon Opera Company's production of Carmen will be performed in September. The 2 performances, given at the Vashon High School theater, will be on Friday, 9/16 at 8:00 PM and Sunday, 9/18 at 2:30 PM. Tickets are on sale now at Books by The Way and Vashon Bookshop. They can also be purchased through Vashon Opera Company's website: vashonopera.org.

Opera aficionado Norm Hollingshead, who for 30 years has been delivering his

Opera Preview lectures in preparation for each Seattle opera, will give a preview lecture about Carmen on Sunday, August 28th. The lecture is scheduled for 1:45 - 4:15 in Vashon Library's meeting room.

Carmen, set in Seville, Spain around 1820, is Georges Bizet's opera commique, first performed in Paris in 1875. Since the 1880's Carmen has been one of the world's most performed operas.

Drama Dock Looks Forward to a New Year!

The 2011-2012 season includes A Christmas Carol, Sherlock's Veiled Secret, and Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates of Penzance. Drama Dock's Youth Theater Initiative will present Godspell and All-Night Strut.

Drama Dock, Vashon's own community theater for 35 years, is looking for experienced people who are interested in being Directors; Costume, Set, and Lighting designers; Stage Managers; and Producers for the 2011-2012 season. We are also looking for volunteers who would be interested in learning the skills that enable them to be part of the Production Team. There is



room for all as we enter our new season.

If you loved Enchanted April or The Rocky Horror Show or any of the Drama Dock productions, come join the fun! Contact dramadock@centurytel.net to get a copy of our newsletter. For more information, please contact Gaye Detzer (567-5193) detzerubicz@comcast.net or Elizabeth Ripley, Artistic Director, (463-6388) eripley13000@hotmail.com

Soul Senate



Soul Senate is a 7-piece, high-energy, adrenaline-inducing, audience-oriented, original soul/funk party powerhouse.

Bridging the decidedly funky sounds of the 60s & early 70s--such as the Meters, Stevie Wonder, and the Stax label of Memphis--with a distinct modern sound in the vein of Raphael Saadiq, Alice Russell, Eli Paperboy Reed, and the New Mastersounds; Soul Senate claims their own musical territory with booty shaking grooves, well-crafted arrangements, sizzling horns, and memorable instrumentals and vocal songs.

Band members have come from successful groups such as Altered States of Funk, Felicia Loud & Her Soul, Down North, Swamp Mama Johnson, the Black Swedes, Spaceship Excellent, and Superkali; as well as Bo Diddly and Etta James.

Each member of the band has over 10-30 years experience on the local or national scene: in sum, playing countless venues & festivals--from Bumbershoot to the 100,000 person West Fest--with experience opening for touring acts like Orgone, Delta Nove, Will Bernard, Roy Ayers, and the Monophonics.

Currently, we have been playing regularly to packed dance floors at venues around Seattle such as Nectar, the Sunset, High Dive, lo_fi, ToST, the the Scarlet Tree, and Conor Byrne.

Our goal is to lift people up by playing tight in the groove, making a night with Soul Senate a party that is not to be missed, and one that will not easily be forgotten.

Soul Senate

In Groove We Trust

This is an all-ages show 'til 11pm, 21+ after that. Free cover!

Saturday, August 27, 9pm. At the Red Bicycle, 17618 Vashon Hwy - 206-463-5959

Scott McDougall

Scott McDougall is a noble little grizzly with precious old timey wisdom. His songs of travel, discovery, and perseverance will purify your every day lifestyle and ring adventure when driving home from another day at the office. As the bush bearded road wrenched McDougall quietly sits down at his humble set up of: kick drum, high hat, harmonica and simple stringed instruments, the fans making up his growing national following begin taking turns shouting "McDougall!" Once the banjo begins . . . everyone moves. I'll bet a hundred bucks you can't stand still through a McDougall set, seriously. His toe tapping, punk infused old time songs bring fury to the dance floor, and poetry to your record player. Don't fight it . . . this is the way. Portland based one man



band "McDougall" announces his fifth full length album "Our New Histories," on Sonata Cantata records, along with November 2010 tour dates opening for Hillstomp.

Friday, August 26, 7pm, At Cafe Luna, 9924 SW Bank RD - www.cafelunavashon.com

A Gift From The Mountain... To You

By Richard Kasden



Holy Moly Mountain Moments

Kasden

Holy Moly Mountain Moments, my first gallery photo show, is opening on Friday September 2nd at the Sunshine AND IDEAS gallery located at Parker Plaza, just south of the library. Join me for an Artist Reception from 6-9pm which will include food and live music from local guitarist Steve Amsden. In addition to the diverse array of Mt. Rainier photos, I have also included a medley of various nature photos from our beloved Northwest. This is a must-stop on the Labor Day Weekend First Friday Art Walk.

Ever since I moved to Vashon from New York almost 7 years ago, I have been enthralled by Mt. Rainier. I have been very blessed to rent many homes on Vashon that have had beautiful nature views, but they all left me saying "this view is gorgeous but it's missing Mt. Rainier". All that changed over 2 years ago when a series of synchronistic events led me to a home near the Pt. Robinson Lighthouse where I finally got my mountain view.

At the time, I had a deep intuitive sense that the mountain was bringing me to it for a purpose, I just didn't know what it was. The only thing I knew for sure is that I had some work to do with the mountain. Over time, it was clear that I was being given the task of chronicling the many moods, colors & expressions of the mountain. I am deeply honored that the mountain has chosen me for this task.

Moving to the NW had already awaken a love and passion for nature photography but it wasn't until I started living with the mountain that this passion turned a little more serious and intentioned. The mountain has taught me a little bit about photography,

especially the best ways to capture its beauty. In the last 2 years I have taken over 1,000 pictures of the mountain. For the most part, the pictures in this show are pretty much what the camera captured, very little touching has been done them.

My intention was to eventually share these pictures with the public but I honestly thought that would happen sometime in the future. All that changed 2 months ago when the mountain came to me in a dream and told me that it was time to start sharing these pictures with the people. That morning I printing out some of my favorite photos and put them together in a binder. The title I put on the binder's cover was "Holy Moly Mountain Moments". This name came from the many times I would open my eyes first thing in the morning, look at the mountain, and jump out of bed with a yell of "HOLY MOLY!" (expletive-free version) as I'd grab my camera and run outside.

As soon as I started to share the binder of photos, one thing very quickly led to another and POOF! the Holy Moly Mountain Moments Gallery Show was born. All photos have been printed on canvas at Vashon Island Imaging and then wrapped around an internal frame. This technique enables the photo to not only be seen from the front but extends onto the sides as well. Truly a stunning way to share this beautiful art.

This mountain has truly gifted me with its loving presence and beauty and now I have the opportunity to pay that gift forward and share it with you. I am so grateful for this opportunity. May these photos touch your heart as deeply as they have touched mine.

Vashon Celtic Players and Knitters & Open Mic

Here's a Vashon institution that just happens to find its home at Cafe Luna every Third Sunday of the month. It's the kind of music that you can enjoy with both ears, or just half an ear, while talking to a friend or quietly relaxing. So, grab a beer and have a great time with these fun-loving folks; at least a dozen of the 70 musicians show up to play most of the merry melodies (mostly Irish, jigs, reels, and polkas) from memory. Beginners are welcome; staying with the beat is the only requirement. Get a head start with the 250 tunes on their website, home.comcast.net/~saustin98/lark/. ...and, also on Sunday from 4 -6 pm Sunday Knitting! If fabulous music wasn't enough... knitters of all abilities are

invited to drop in and bring their projects to the Cafe. Knit, schmooze, and learn from each other, while the Celtic Players work their understated and very merry music. What a fabulous combination! Sunday, August 21, 4:00 - 6:00

Come share your joy and your talent in a relaxed, supportive and encouraging atmosphere. So enjoy taking those first steps to performing in public. Bring music, songs, poetry and any instrument of your choosing. The evening will begin with performances and we will finish the night with an impromptu jam session. Open mic will be ongoing, on the last Saturday of the month. Come one, come all and join the fun. Saturday, August 27, Sign-up starts at 7:00 PM at Cafe Luna.

Island Birding Guide

Tours to the best Vashon and Puget Sound bird spots
Species Identification

How to Attract Birds To Your Yard

Ed Swan

Vashon's Yellow Pages on line.
Find it on
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Where the locals go!

Care Packages Sought for Fallen Soldier's Platoon

When Vashon's 1st Lt. Robert Bennedsen was killed in Afghanistan last month, he had only been in the country three weeks, but he had already come up with a plan of support for men and women under his command.

He told his family that while he enjoyed care packages from home, many in his platoon never received anything. He hoped the people of Vashon would change that.

Bennedsen's family and friends wish to fulfill Bennedsen's plan and ask that Islanders donate cash to the cause or give items the men and women there have requested. The list includes mechanic's gloves, green uniform socks, sunscreen, hand warmers, preserved foods, powdered Gatorade, cans of tuna, toothpaste, toothbrushes, razors, reading material, flip flops and hard candy, according to Lauren Chinn, who is helping to organize the effort.

Islanders can drop off both types of donations for Bennedsen's platoon at James Hair Design or Bank of America.



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Go To www.vipp.org Click on Adopt

The Loop has a New Website New Look On Line Classifieds Weekly Updates



www.VashonLoop.com