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THE AWARD-WINNING VOICE OF THE KEY PENINSULA

September 2022 Vol. 49 No. 9

A Familiar Face Takes Over at Peninsula High School

A Peninsula School District veteran is now at the helm.

GRACE NESBIT, KP NEWS

Peninsula High School got a new principal August 3 when the district chose Mike Benoit to succeed outgoing principal Dr. Joe Potts, who left in July for a job in the Bellevue School District.

Benoit has been in education for over 30 years. He is also a PSD veteran after leading Harbor Ridge Middle School as principal starting in 2010 and principal of Vaughn Elementary on the Key Peninsula in 2004. He's a graduate of Washington State University and earned a master's degree from Gonzaga University. He and his family are 20-year residents of Gig Harbor.

PSD Assistant Superintendent Dan Gregory said, "I know with his compassionate leadership and experience in education, Mr. Benoit will be an amazing principal for the PHS community and that we will have a great school year."

PHS has a student body of approximately 1,400 students.

Before joining PSD, Benoit was a teacher for 16 years in the Federal Way School District, teaching third through sixth grade, before becoming a principal at Sherwood Forest Elementary.

Benoit had no particular goal to become a principal early in his career but said his love for teaching and opportunities led him there. "It seemed like a natural progression for me," Benoit told KP News in an interview.

"I want students to believe that there are a lot of doors open for them," he said. Over the years Benoit has seen many students overcome tough scenarios. He emphasized the need to advocate for students and the importance of a safe and consistent school environment where students feel heard and supported.

"I want to make sure students leave Peninsula High School with a lot of opportunities

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Dylan Elton of Buckley gives it his all on the bucksaw. See Page 28 for more photos. Tina McKail, KP News

Jellyfish Stranded in Staggering Numbers

A smack of jellyfish has hit local shores. (Yes, a group of jellyfish is called a "smack.")

CHRIS RURIK, KP NEWS



Lion's mane jellyfish and eel grass nearshore.

Dion Rurik

A mass stranding of lion's mane jellyfish shocked Key Peninsula beach walkers during the second week of August — and made swimmers think twice about getting in the water.

"I have never seen so many in all my life," said third-generation Home resident Leila Luginbill. She counted over 70 near the Home boat ramp. Most of the stranded jellies were 1.5 to 2 feet in diameter.

The full extent of the stranding is unknown, with reports coming from Von Geldern Cove and Glen Cove. A 1,000-foot stretch of beach south of Glen Cove had 214 jellyfish — over half a ton of gelatinous biomass. Dion and Greg Rurik found one measuring 3 feet across.

"Red jellyfish were abundant on the north, west, and south shores of Von Geldern

Cove August 6," said Lakebay resident Ron Cameron. "There were many over 2 feet in diameter and up to 3 feet, and several inches thick."

Cameron also said that his wife Carol, who grew up at Hermosa Beach in Tulalip west of Marysville, remembered seeing them thick on the August beaches there during her childhood.

The lion's mane is believed to be the largest jellyfish in the world, with some Arctic specimens growing to 8 feet in diameter and hauling a mass of tentacles over 100 feet long. Its sting, designed to subdue small fish and crustaceans, can be compared to an extended wasp sting — strong enough to give swimmers a miserable time but hardly lethal. It lives in northern oceans around the world,

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UNDERWRITTEN WITH SUPPORT FROM:

The Angel Guild

Fund for Nonprofit News at
The Miami Foundation / Newsmatch

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REVISITING OLD FRIENDS

Here's What He Thinks About That

TED OLINGER
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

At the end of summer's lease, it's time to renew some old acquaintances.

No, not those people you owe a dinner; not those friends who were too busy to stop by like they said they would (even after you cleaned the bathroom); and no, not that neighbor who mows his yard at night.

It's books.

I spent this summer, like all my summers, outside doing whatever was available to do.

Go sailing when there's no wind? You bet. Paella at the winery? I can do that. Sunrise skinny dipping with the local coven? Um, I guess.

As a consequence, dedicated reading has been relegated to the longer, lonely months of fall and winter — probably the time I really should be out socializing more just to stay sane(r). But as the days grow shorter, I find myself revisiting the bookshelves we have in every room of the house and the old friends biding their time thereon.

We introduced KP Reads in our June 2020 edition, at the beginning of the pandemic, thinking it might help readers with an entertaining distraction as we collectively faced the stresses of a new unknown. The feature has since grown popular as a place to become reacquainted with classics, get exposed to controversial perspectives, and to attract new writers with a story to share.

We now have a stack of submissions describing more books than there are months in the year.

So, as we enter a season best illuminated by reading lamp, it occurred to me I might perform a public service by listing just a few of what I, some of my colleagues, and some of our readers consider important reading for anyone living on or near the Key Peninsula.

You will disagree. That is as it should be. Let us know, and we'll add it to the stack.

"The Canoe and the Saddle: Adventures Among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests" by Theodore Winthrop (1863). Winthrop was the first bona fide tourist to write about our region after visiting in 1853 when he was a 25-year-old employee of a steamship company that facilitated his travels. (You've heard his name before, right?) He landed in Port Townsend, hired a canoe full of Indians (including the S'Kilallam Chief Chetzemoka), paddled to Fort Nisqually, then rode a horse across the shoulders of Mount Rainier to The Dalles, where he joined a convoy home

to Connecticut. The writing is dense, in the fashion of the time, and his portraits of Indigenous people are rather snotty (he was a Yalie, after all). However, after meeting Chief Owhi of the Upper Yakama, Winthrop could only say, "Dignity tells." His firsthand description of the Puget Sound region before the Medicine Creek Treaty and the war that followed may not be comprehensive or even fair, but it is useful.

"Sometimes a Great Notion" by Ken Kesey (1964). Favorably compared to William Faulkner's best work, this sweeping novel describes the lives and troubles of a family of loggers set in a small town in Oregon who are too independent for their own good. Might seem far removed from our bucolic peninsula, but the repeated eruptions of stubbornness, passion and pain in a tight-knit Northwest community will be familiar.

"Half-Sun on the Columbia: A Biography of Chief Moses" by Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown (1965). There are a small number of good histories on Indigenous people in Puget Sound country, and this isn't even one of them, but I include it because of the primary accounts of 19th century life in the Columbia basin. Chief Moses (from whom we have Moses Lake), known as Sulkalthscosum or Half-Sun to his people, was a complex character trying to enforce agreements with the whites while maintaining peace in his own community, facing the same challenges at the same time as Chiefs Seattle, Leschi, Owhi, Joseph and uncounted others. But he succeeded and provided safe haven for Joseph and his people, while Leschi and Owhi were judicially murdered, and Seattle and his tribe sidelined without federal recognition to this day.

"A Small World of Our Own: Authentic Pioneer Stories of the Pacific Northwest from the Old Settlers Contest of 1892" by Robert Allen Bennett, editor (1985). Stories submitted by local pioneers to a newspaper contest, including our own William Vaughn. The winner got a ticket to the 1893 World's Fair in Chicago.

"The Living" by Annie Dillard (1992). This

bestselling novel by our goddess of writing is set in and around Bellingham of the 1850s and tells a story of the Northwest that is as good as the best kind of history class, meaning one that makes you wail with the angry tears of injustice against an indifferent universe.

"Where the Salmon Run: The Life and Legacy of Billy Frank, Jr." by Trova Heffernan (2012). Frank's fight for Native fishing rights in Nisqually put the cause on the map, literally,

and his work to save salmon still touches us today. (Culvert replacement on State Route 302, anyone?) I met him once at a salmon bake in the '90s. We talked flatbread. Turns out we had that interest in common.

"Katie Gale: A Coast Salish Woman's Life on Oyster Bay" by Llyn De Danaan (2013). Born in the 1850s, after her people were dispossessed Gale struck out on her own to Totten Inlet, founded an oyster company, raised a family and escaped an abusive husband in a fascinating community of Indigenous people, Americans and immigrants from Europe and Asia competing against each other to survive.

There are many famous names we could put on this list too, but I wanted to keep it closer to home.

Like the obvious essential "Early Days of the Key Peninsula" by R.T. Arledge (1998), available at the KP Historical Society Museum. And "Trying Home: The Rise and Fall of an Anarchist Utopia on Puget Sound" by Justin Wadland (2014) about founding Home Colony.

And for a literal taste of our beautiful life, "The New Ark Cookbook: Fresh and Simple Cuisine from the Pacific Northwest" by Jimella Lucas and Nanci Main (1990). The Ark restaurant, once perched on an outcrop of oyster shells in Willapa Bay, is long gone but was worth a weekend drive just for dinners inspired by Northwest traditions and local ingredients.

Make one of their recipes, invite me over, and I'll owe you a dinner too.

We'll talk books.

Associate Editor Ted Olinger steps in this month. ■



Annual Art Walk Returns to Key Center

Artists, musicians and vendors returned for a traditional summer evening stroll on the KP.

LAUREN TRENCH, KP NEWS

Key Center bustled with color and live music amid strong winds as the Seventh Annual Key Center Art Walk kicked off. Sponsored by the Two Waters Arts Alliance, the Art Walk showcased more than 40 artists and attracted locals and visitors to the Key Peninsula.

TWAA, a nonprofit organization founded in 2001, is dedicated to supporting creativity on the Key Peninsula.

“A lot of it is community coming together, supporting the artists, and just having a time to be together and celebrate friendships,” said TWAA’s event coordinator Susan Quigley. She said the turnout might be more than the 2021 Art Walk, which boasted approximately 500 attendees.

“As good or better,” Quigley said.

Musicians strummed guitars and sang into the splendor as guests embraced, enjoyed wine from vendors, and admired the art and local goods in front of Sunnycrest Nursery Florist and Décor.

It was the first year with a booth for Alaina Seyssel, a textile artist who specializes in craft patterns and custom memory bears. Seyssel, who has a background in textiles, decided to use some leftover material from personal items and sentimental clothing, including her wedding dresses, to create keepsakes in the shape of bears.

“I had the background, but I had never made a bear before, and I was thinking, you know, that would be a cool project. So, I thought I’d give it a go,” said Seyssel, who had to remain perched on the edge of her booth to keep the wind from knocking it over. “A couple of mock-ups later, it came out cuter than cute.”

Tames Alan, a maker of suncatchers and performer of Living History Lectures, shared a booth with Seyssel.

“I do one-woman historical shows that are educational entertainment called Living History Lectures. I usually come out in the skivvies of the time period, get dressed in front of the audience,” Alan said. “I do over 35 shows in rap going from Ancient Greece through to the Flappers.”

Alan had enlisted Seyssel’s help with some of her costume work for the theatrical and educational performances. The two later decided to share a booth for their crafts at the 2022 Art Walk.

“I do better when she’s here; people



Live music in front of Sunnycrest Nursery Florist & Décor. All photos by Lauren Trench, KP News



Kathy Sheehan Best holding one of her paintings.

MUSICIANS STRUMMED GUITARS AND SANG INTO THE SPLENDOR.

see something sparkly and come over,” Seyssel said about Alan and her crystal suncatchers.

“We work as a team,” Alan said. “I call mine ‘window bling.’ They’re suncatchers. I call it playing with color and light.”

Despite the heavy wind, the two appeared to be enjoying the day, and displaying their unique art.

“Today’s been great!” Alan said.

Longtime resident and artist Kathy Sheehan Best said, “It’s nice. It seems



Alaina Seyssel’s display of textile bears.

to be a good crowd.”

Best’s booth displayed intricate paintings that included portraits of people, animals and diverse landscapes.

“Ever since I could hold a pencil, I’ve been drawing, painting, coloring, and that’s my escape,” she said.

There was something for everyone at

the Art Walk. Local organizations, food vendors and farmers were woven between artists displaying their crafts, paintings and photographs the length of Key Center. The event succeeded in TWAA’s mission to connect the Key Peninsula with the arts, displaying how welcoming and warm the KP community can be. ■

JELLYFISH FROM PAGE 1

and on the Washington coast ranging as far south as Oregon.

Those stranded right-side up looked like a clear circle of jelly suffused with blood red in the center. Those stranded upside down revealed something of the eight lobes and circles and spokes of musculature that enable them to swim using rudimentary sensory organs that detect changes in orientation and light. Perhaps swim is too strong a word, for even the biggest jellyfish are more or less at the mercy of currents and wind.

They are fragile, said Rachel Easton of Harbor WildWatch. When they hit anything hard, like a beach, they just die.

Yet many of these were likely dead on arrival. Jellyfish have an annual life cycle, with adults beginning to die and disintegrate in late summer.

Like many weedy plants, jellyfish are poised to take advantage when conditions favor them. Their life cycle starts with a polyp attached to a rock or other hard surface undersea. In spring this polyp clones itself over and over, sending tiny medusae into a free-drifting life. By midsummer the survi-



Jellyfish like this one lined the shores of Von Geldern Cove before turning brown like glass in the sun. *Ron Cameron*

vors have grown to serving platter size, their growth made possible by the fact that they lack hard parts and are 95% water. The males send sperm into the sea, the females gather it and brood their eggs internally, and the babies — smaller than the head of a pin — swim to the bottom to become a polyp.

Luginbill said she remembers tossing moon jellies around with her brothers as a child. Once in a while, she said, they would find a yellow-centered egg yolk jellyfish. Lion's mane were almost unheard of. "One

would be a spectacular event, but this — they are all up and down the beach, frying in the sun, poor things."

Like many residents, Luginbill found it hard not to speculate about the cause. Among marine biologists it has been widely speculated that jellyfish will thrive in future oceans as they warm and acidify, potentially outcompeting many fish.

While it is normal for jellyfish to bloom and die in large numbers, researchers at projects like the Global Jellyfish Group are trying

to determine if blooms are getting larger and more frequent, as has often been reported in the scientific press. It has been hypothesized that a number of human impacts on the ocean would benefit jellyfish, including overfishing of competitors, zooplankton blooms caused by fertilizer runoff, warming water, and the proliferation of pilings that give the jellyfish's anchored polyp phase more places to live.

Yet the picture is not clear. Several studies suggest that, like anchovy and sardine, many jellyfish species fluctuate regularly in population, with cycles in the 20-year range.

Worldwide data has only been gathered in the last 15 years. In Puget Sound, several researchers have attempted to cobble together data from scientific trawls and have potentially found a pattern of increasing jellyfish numbers in South Puget Sound, but all agree that far more data is needed to predict any trends.

Jellyfish can be disruptive by discouraging water-based recreation and tourism. They clog fishing nets and hamper aquaculture. They have also been known to shut down nuclear plants by clogging the intakes of water cooling systems. ■

PRINCIPAL FROM PAGE 1

in front of them because they've made good choices while they're here," he said.

When asked what that would look like, Benoit said, "(They) stayed on top of their schoolwork and stretched themselves and they put themselves in a position where they really challenged themselves."

When asked how that would be done, he said "I know that we have a very diverse demographic and our diversity comes most in economics, so there's a range of different experiences where people come from and bring to the school. Our job and our challenge is to support all kids from where they're at and to make sure they feel welcome and safe here at school. We meet them where they're at and help them move forward."

How will the school and his leadership bring that about?

"I think part of it comes from getting to know them, and getting to know their story and where they come from and what their barriers are to learning, and as we learn about them as individuals, we'd learn about how to support them in the classroom."

Benoit also responded to questions about handling ongoing problems with the pandemic and potential problems about community pushback regarding curriculum.

"Covid has changed the way we do our work for sure. It has challenged us to change



New PHS Principal Mike Benoit. *Tina McKail, KP News*

and adapt and adjust through the process of dealing with all the restrictions and building a remote platform. (We have) a lot of new tools moving forward," he said.

"If there are parents or students (who have) questions about a book and whether it was appropriate on campus, there is a

process to go through at the district level that would walk families through the challenges of a book."

Brian Wickens, who has served as assistant principal at Harbor Ridge since 2004, was hired to succeed Benoit as principal there August 9.

Wickens is in his 37th year in education, having spent 36 of those years working in middle schools. He graduated from Central Washington University and received his master's degree from City University of Seattle. There are approximately 570 students at Harbor Ridge. ■



Left: Shelling in Tsyркuny. "We had just left that location 10 minutes earlier. Then it was shelled. I'm guessing the Russian drones had been on top of us all day," Bates said.



Above right: On the way to Tsyркuny. Below right: Destroyed Russian tank near Tsyркuny. Tom Bates

A Local's Update: Letter from Ukraine

Lakebay resident Tom Bates volunteered to rescue animals in Ukraine in March after the Russian invasion. KP News has been publishing his updates since June.

TOM BATES, SPECIAL TO KP NEWS

I am in Kharkiv and have experienced three missile attacks that have shaken the house I'm in. This just happened 20 minutes ago. The windows are still intact, but the blackout drapes were blown in. I can't tell you how terrifying it is. Indescribable. The Ukrainian family I'm staying with are visibly shaken. They have lost one home to an attack and survived. They fear for another. The Russians are committing atrocities against innocent civilians. That is truth. Terrorizing and traumatizing the civilians of Kharkiv. No military targets. Criminal.

I can't remember how many times I've been here in the last four months. Nothing much has changed, except there are fewer people on the streets. The Russians continue to terrorize the civilians every night by indiscriminately firing missiles into neighborhoods, mostly on the east side of Kharkiv but not always. I do know that I have driven over 24,000 kilometers within Ukraine so far. No driving at night though. Curfews and blackouts are in force. The streets in Kharkiv are textured from tank tracks that make the tires sing.

Today we went to the demilitarized village of Tsyркuny, just east of Kharkiv (14 miles



Anna of Kharkiv, one of Bates's hosts. Tom Bates

south of Belarus). We have been here before. The Russians occupied it at the beginning of the conflict, but the Ukrainian military has liberated it. The Russians destroyed most of the village and have stolen whatever they could carry or drive off in. What buildings and homes remain don't have water, gas, or electricity. Yet many villagers chose to stay to take care of their property, their animals and the animals left behind by the neighbors that fled.

As we distribute humanitarian aid supplies,

the Ukrainian artillery is firing from behind our location over our heads toward the Russian frontline. It is relentless. The villagers don't flinch, and neither do we after a while. We are advised to park our vehicle under trees by the locals. Russian drones have been seen and will direct fire at anything that appears to be assisting Ukraine. Even humanitarian aid workers. Especially humanitarian aid workers. The Russians want to cause fear and confusion so foreigners will leave and abandon Ukraine. Sometimes they are successful; mostly not.

It's time to go meet our Ukrainian contacts that will get us through the checkpoints and into Tsyркuny. There is always the chance we won't be allowed past the last barrier. Our contacts have been doing this for quite a while now and we know the brigade commander, so our chances of entering the village are good. We rely on the Ukrainian military to help us make the decision to go in or not. We wear tactical vests and military helmets just in case the Russians decide to strike the village again. There isn't a strategic reason to target Tsyркuny. Nothing there but people and animals trying to exist.

We managed to rescue four dogs and feed even more.

P.S. (Received a week after the above.) I guess it's time for a break from Ukraine. Returning to loved ones will be so nice. No air raid sirens or explosions in the middle of the night. No checkpoints. No Google Translator. Adjusting to silence might take a while. Return flight leaves September 12. Still time for a couple missions to those in need. Bittersweet indeed.

For more information go to Tom Bates' Facebook page. To support his work in Ukraine, go to <https://k9rescueinternational.org/donate>. ■

About Ed Ricketts: A Cannery Row Character on the KP (Maybe)

"Cannery Row: The History of John Steinbeck's Old Ocean Avenue and Its Connections to the Pacific Northwest," Fifth Edition (2022) by Michael Kenneth Hemp

TED OLINGER, KP NEWS

Historian Michael Kenneth Hemp moved to Wauna from Monterey, California, in 2017 to follow the trail of Ed Ricketts.

Hemp had already written a definitive history of Cannery Row but stumbled on a clue that took the story north to the shores of the Pacific Northwest and Gig Harbor, and even Vaughn Bay.

The marine biologist, philosopher and pioneer ecologist Ricketts is well-known to fans of John Steinbeck as the model for "Doc" in his novels "Cannery Row" and "Sweet Thursday," and he turns up in other guises in other works, including "The Grapes of Wrath." He and Steinbeck were great friends in Monterey — some have called Ricketts his mentor — and they collaborated on "Sea of Cortez," a marine survey and travel journal about their six week voyage around Baja California in 1940.

Less well-known is that the two planned a second collaboration about the maritime Pacific Northwest, according to Hemp.

"They wanted to do another book, doing the same thing they had done in Cortez, starting probably at Vancouver," he said. Together with Ricketts' seminal "Between Pacific Tides" (1939), "it was going to be a trilogy that would complete the biological intertidal scientific data on the entire West Coast of the United States to Mexico and as far as Alaska, and they were going to call it 'The Outer Shores.'"

Hemp began collecting the oral histories of Cannery Row residents in 1983. "I interviewed over a thousand people. I could talk to somebody who was canning fish or fishing back in 1925 or '30. I delivered hundreds of lectures in Ed Ricketts' lab. You can get a lot of information when you're talking to somebody who actually knew him and is willing to talk."

But in 2014, long after he'd published the first edition of his book, Hemp's collaborator and photographer Pat Hathaway showed him a photo he'd found of Ed Ricketts kneeling in bull kelp at Point Wilson, Port Townsend, on July 25, 1930, during one of the extreme low tides that occur every 18.6 years due to a wobble in the Moon's orbit. (There was one this year.)

"When I saw that photograph, I thought 'Holy Moses, what is Ed Ricketts doing in Port Townsend?'" Hemp said. "I realized nobody knows this, except maybe marine biologists, and that's important."

Hemp began tracing Ricketts' work on the Olympic Peninsula, Puget Sound and



Ed Ricketts in the bull kelp at Point Wilson, 1930. *Jack Calvin*

points north.

"The guy who took that photograph is the most important unknown guy in Steinbeck-Ricketts history, and his name is Jack Calvin," Hemp said. "Ricketts' favorite place in the world after 1930 was the Pacific Northwest," and Calvin would become his collaborator.

Ricketts was not a marine biologist per se; he'd attended a bit of college in Chicago after serving in the medical corps during World War I, but was largely self-taught. "He came out here (to Monterey) and started collecting specimens and opened a biological supply house (Pacific Biological Laboratories, now a museum)," Hemp said. "He sold rats and mice and frogs and rattlesnakes, and everything you could get out of the ocean, to collectors, schools, research centers. He had about 25,000 things you could buy."

In 1932, Calvin invited Ricketts to join him and a few others, including Joseph Campbell (yes, that Joseph Campbell) on his 33-foot launch for a cruise from Puget Sound to Alaska.

"And that trip changed his whole life," Hemp said. "It was the first time he could reach specimens by boat. He found out that the topography and water conditions were so diverse they prompted the separate development of different species that he was familiar with in California and as far south as Mexico."

Ricketts would return to Washington almost annually for the rest of the decade.

"His main destination was Hoodspout," Hemp said. "He'd bring his family with him. I don't know exactly why he stopped there. That just happened to have an artist's colony and a number of good taverns. Maybe that

was it; there wasn't a whole lot else going on."

Ricketts collected along Hood Canal, the Strait of Juan de Fuca all the way to Neah Bay, and around Vancouver Island. He also explored locally, near Gig Harbor.

"He's hauling specimens from Comox, all the way down to Port Townsend for that tide, and all the way down to Wollochet Bay," Hemp said. "I have information but no confirmation yet that he was at Vaughn."

Ricketts' explorations led to the development of modern ecology, Hemp said. "In the Sound, in bays, inlets — there were shores all over here he couldn't find in California, it being a mostly straight coastline except where you get into San Francisco Bay and places like that. The same species grew differently up here; usually larger, more robustly, where there was no wave shock. He had to identify them because a lot of the scientists of the day didn't know what he had pickled in his jars."

Ricketts and Calvin collaborated on his findings in "Between Pacific Tides."

"He and Calvin were trying to get it published by Stanford," Hemp said. "The director there took a dim view of Ed originally. He had no credentials and was doing some really unusual research that was contradictory to the established field procedures. Some people considered him almost a poacher because he was out there depleting the tide pools of specimens to sell. But that passed when they realized he was turning up new things on these trips."

"Between Pacific Tides" was published in 1939. "That basically brought ecology to the world, describing the interconnection of different species," Hemp said, "and became the definitive handbook for the study of the



The Western Flyer. *Courtesy Michael Hemp*

Built in Tacoma in 1937, the Western Flyer deserves her own book (and has at least one: see "The Western Flyer: Steinbeck's Boat, the Sea of Cortez, and the Saga of Pacific Fisheries" by Ed Bailey, 2015). She had a long career fishing the West Coast, changed names once, sank three times, and was rotting under a bridge in Anacortes when she was rescued by a very successful, if sentimental, marine geologist named John Gregg in 2015.

"John became interested in the marine sciences at about age 11 due to 'The Log from the Sea of Cortez' and 'Between Pacific Tides,'" Hemp said. "He didn't know he was going to pay a million bucks for it — a boat that wouldn't float — but John said at the time, 'It was worthless, but it was priceless.'"

The boat was restored in Port Townsend and refloated June 26.

"I was at the Western Flyer, of course, at the relaunch," Hemp said. "It's going back to Monterey, its homeport, after visiting Puget Sound." Gregg plans to operate the Flyer as a floating classroom, with educational programs developed by the Western Flyer Foundation, Hopkins Marine Station of Stanford University, and the Naval Postgraduate School.

intertidal fauna of the Pacific Coast of the coterminous United States."

It was the strength of that book that led to Ricketts and Steinbeck voyaging together to the Sea of Cortez in 1940. Steinbeck chartered a sardine boat offseason out of Monterey, the 77-foot purse seiner Western Flyer.

In 1948, Ricketts and Steinbeck were preparing for a second trip together, this time up the Inside Passage, for the book to complete Ricketts' trilogy.

They were a month away from departure when Ricketts was hit by a train near his lab in May. He died two days later.

Steinbeck later reissued "Sea of Cortez" as the better-known "The Log from the Sea of Cortez," without the comprehensive species catalogue but including an eloquent eulogy called "About Ed Ricketts." ■

ARISSAN NICOLE
 LET'S REFRAME

On the Other Side of Procrastination

The warm, lazy days of summer can be the perfect season to foster procrastination. Do you, like me, identify as a procrastinator? I used to call myself a functioning procrastinator. I always turned out quality work, got things done, and was convinced the impending doom of a deadline was the only way I could be motivated.

My go-to procrastination move was and is cleaning. If I'm deep-cleaning, chances are I'm avoiding something. Now, instead of beating myself up for this activity, I have reframed it as a necessary step in my process. Cleaning allows me to declutter my mind, move my body, and prepare me for the action that will follow. Cleaning is now a welcome step in my creative process.

How is procrastination affecting your life? Are you a miserable person to be around leading up to deadlines? Do other projects or tasks get in the way? Does motivation without time pressure feel impossible? Do you constantly beat yourself up for delaying? What would your life look and feel like if you didn't procrastinate?

Words like joy, peace and calm come to mind. Where there is procrastination there is often resistance. Bringing awareness to that resistance allows us to create a plan to conquer it.

It is also important to look at the relationship we have with procrastination. My relationship with it created a verbally abusive inner voice. It was negative and unhealthy. I was constantly frustrated and didn't trust myself to change. Is that the kind of relationship you want to be in?

Personally, I want to be in a loving, trusting and supportive relationship with myself. Before I could create a plan to tackle my procrastination, I had to change how I viewed it. We are much more motivated and energized to execute when we have a positive connection, rather than a negative one. How can you change your relationship to your procrastination to be more loving and positive?

Sometimes we avoid things because we straight up don't like what we're doing, and we dread the entire process. Sometimes we delay things because we don't actually care about what we're doing. And sometimes we procrastinate because we care deeply. Is there a theme or a pattern you recognize to the things you put off accomplishing?

If the thing you are avoiding is something you dread or don't care about, is it something you need to be doing? Can you outsource it, or get rid of it completely? Be honest with yourself as you answer these questions. If you can't get rid of it entirely, how do you give yourself the support you need to complete the task? Maybe you don't love the task; can you pair it with something you do love?

If the thing you are avoiding is something you care deeply about, how do you step back from the outcome and focus on the process? So often we get tied up in the result — what we want to do or what others will think puts us in a holding pattern. We have made the outcome so big we don't even know where to start to achieve it.

When we put more weight on the process than the outcome, we take the pressure off ourselves. In the process, we can ask ourselves how do we want to feel, what is important to me, why am I doing this? By asking yourselves these questions, you get more intentional. Making the time to check-in with yourself during the process gives you room to center yourself and your needs in the moment. If all else fails, my favorite question to ask is how can this be more fun?

Last, we have to drop the Nike method. Being told by others and ourselves to "just do it" is entirely unhelpful and in fact can be harmful.

You know yourself better than anyone. This is an invitation to get curious and experiment with what works and doesn't work for you. It is important to honor what you need and give yourself permission to release the pressure and guilt you're putting on yourself. Being someone that procrastinates does not make you a bad person who needs to be fixed. Remember, whatever action you take or don't take, you are a beautiful, imperfect human worthy of joy, peace and success — whatever form that takes.

Arissan Nicole is a certified life coach and speaker specializing in women's empowerment. She lives in Lakebay.

TED OLINGER
 ANOTHER LAST WORD

Remembering

I tried to sell a book of stories to a regional publisher recently. The owners were older, they liked me, they were enthusiastic, we could maybe do something.

But then it went to their editorial board. Full of damn kids. Your stories are so old. Like you. Who cares?

Not exactly what was said, but you know. Fine. I've been hit harder. And they missed the point.

Because it isn't about me, you damn kids. It's about what you will be called upon to do. Yes, you.

Ready?

Sometime in the 1970s I was standing sideways in the cockpit of my dad's sailboat heeled over halfway to hell crossing the Santa Barbara Channel on a close reach to Santa Cruz Island. We were fighting upwind through walls of water, as anyone who has been there will know. The sun is blazing but you're still freezing, obviously, because you are soaked and terrified of just one simple anything going wrong.

I was at the helm with the lee rail buried in the water. That's nothing special. I was a kid. I had that job because I wasn't strong enough to trim the sheets. That means control the sails. Pull ropes, crank winches, get up and make the damn boat go in the direction you want it to go.

My dad's hat blew off and went over the side. He never, ever, used profanity in my presence, but he looked at me with the fury of Satan and said, "Turn this son of a bitch around."

I put the wheel downwind, jibing at full speed, a dangerous move I'd been taught from birth as a life-saving measure. Maybe it's something only sailors will understand, but your boat is going in one direction full speed and you're doing everything you can to keep it that way, and then you throw it into reverse. All that power has to go somewhere: The boom and sails sweep the deck and anyone not paying attention overboard, everything not nailed down flies apart in a horrendous shuddering and shaking and you're taking on water from the other side while putting the fear of God into any survivors still clinging to the lifelines.

And then you do it again.

We careened around in a huge circle and came back up into the wind following our own wake, searching for his hat like it was a person overboard. There was nothing special about the hat that I was aware of; it was one of those short-brimmed Greek fisherman caps that were in fashion at the time, but that's not why Dad had it. I think it was the closest thing he could find to the Navy uniform cap he wore as an officer on a destroyer.

My dad stood over me, behind me, telling me what to do, but not doing it himself. The captain doesn't do — the captain tells you what to do. I didn't get this as a kid, but I came to understand when I found myself in charge later in life. My dad and I didn't have the best relationship, but on the boat, it was here are the orders you follow the orders and it gets done and it's done and it's good

because there's no room for error.

And it was fine.

Six foot swells, a wind blowing a small gale, we're plowing through at seven knots, boat pounding into the troughs, shuddering, shaking, terrifying, and then a crew member leans way over the side like a harpooner out of Melville while another crew member clings to his belt from behind and he picks up Dad's hat with the boathook because that damn ocean, God bless her, wasn't going to take any more than she already had from my dad (another story). He put the soaking thing on his head like this is the regular deal, we do this all the time, and that was the end of it, and we didn't even talk about it then, later, or ever. Just give me back my hat ocean don't make me tell you again because you don't want that.

The guy who pulled my dad's hat out of the drink survived Pearl Harbor.

Is that story too old?

Huge man, by the way. Just right for Melville. Well over six feet, north of 250 pounds. Crazy long silver goatee. Faded Navy tattoos. What is that? An anchor? A girl? He couldn't remember. Grew up a Jack Mormon in Salt Lake. He'd never seen the ocean before he enlisted. Didn't know what it looked like. His hitch was up before World War II started. But he needed a job, so just stayed.

U.S.S. West Virginia. Wireless man. Should've been on duty that day, but he was in jail because he got drunk in Honolulu the night before and beat up a bunch of shore patrolmen. Yes, read that again: Beat up a bunch of shore patrolmen. He was typical of the company I grew up in.

I spent some time with him before he died, in the 2010s. My dad, his oldest friend, was already gone. He was a bit out of it, but he looked at me and said, "I f...ed up."

I said, "Yeah, you did. What else did you do?"

He was dying, but he gripped my arm with the strength of a lion taking down some animal. I wasn't expecting that, but I took it. He was trying to tell me something.

My dad and I didn't have that. He didn't try to say anything.

That's an old story, I know.

But it's worth telling, and remembering.

Ted Olinger lives in Vaughn.

CAROLYN WILEY
 DEVIL'S HEAD DIARY

Political Playground

Fortunately, in our little corner of the world we are immune to the most vile and incendiary campaign rhetoric. Sure, there are instances where messages reflect the pervasive incivility

that seems to infect the national ethos, but by and large our local elections are relatively free of violent invective.

Recently I had the opportunity to have a long, rewarding talk with a friend with some (in my opinion) rather radical political views. This exchange brought back memories of that brief period of time shortly after 9/11, when political conversation could be civil. It didn't last long but it was a time when ideas could be expressed, debated without insult, and people could still part as friends. I am sure there were put-downs and barbs that we could have exchanged, but my friend and I chose to squelch those impulses.

In today's national political climate, restraint in expressing a policy opinion has been consigned to the dustbin of yesteryear. It seems that the pervasive campaign goal is to intensify feelings of grievance against and fear of those who hold divergent views. Listening has gone out of style.

But it is important to listen. The hardest lesson I ever learned back in the day when I was organizing local campaigns on the other side of the bridges, was that the only elections we lost were lost because we failed to listen carefully to what the other team was saying. Listening is an addictive habit. I listen to all the news, study campaign literature, and try to ignore messaging that echoes the intense power battles fought on every elementary school playground.

In my experience as a principal of vice at an elementary school, I was the main referee for an endless stream of playground-blame-game-battles. As I was reading through the tidal wave of post-primary message refinement, I was reminded of Joey, a memorable first-grader, who was delivered to my office for apparently instigating a bit of recess fisticuffs.

Joey was still fighting mad but unscathed. The other kid not so much unscathed, but exhibiting no life-threatening injuries.

I asked what happened and Joey had an instant, angry reply, "He called me a name!"

I was surprised because the damaged kid was one of those rare kids who was uniquely fair in his dealings with others. He had been in my kindergarten class, and, to my knowledge, this was his first trip to the behavior-correction office. He wasn't one to get into arguments, much less fights.

The interrogation proceeded with, "What did he say?"

Joey fidgeted uneasily, stared at the floor and finally blurted, "Well, he looked at me!"

Prompting another query, "How did he look at you?"

It took even longer for Joey to formulate a sniveling answer to that question. "Well, he looked at me like, like, he was thinking about maybe calling me a name someday. So, I hit him!"

This exemplifies the level of maturity and deflection of blame that characterizes the preponderance of political messaging that I have been diligently plowing through this on-going election season.

However, I do have a few complaints about candidates who rail about an issue in one video capture and in their next video-op are contradicting their previous message. Most of these messages center on the lack of election security. On the other hand, the fact that these pols hold office forces me to reconsider my thinking on this issue. Could there be truth in their belief? Surely, they would not be in office if there hadn't been some form of vote manipulation.

On the other hand, do these elected officials suffer from serious memory lapses, or do they have compelling new information that has caused a complete reversal of belief? Recognizing that this tendency to flip-flop is exactly why I would be a poor candidate for office, my personal political stance is as substantial and stable as a dandelion puff. When asked

to offer an opinion face to face, I will tell you what I sincerely believe at that moment, but I make no guarantees that I would tell you the same thing next week, tomorrow, or even an hour later. Like Gilda Radner's Emily Litella, when I intercept new information coming down the pike, I just apologetically mutter, "Never mind."

However, it really rots my socks when the messaging from those who aspire to fulfill a role of civil service behave so uncivilly. Much of the constant stream of campaign communication seems based on Joey's defense philosophy: blame your opponent for any pre-retaliatory incitement, and just be sure to get in the first blow. Isn't it about time for us to grow up and abandon the Joey mindset of playground politics?

I think that Walt Kelly got it right in his Pogo poster celebrating the first annual observance of Earth Day. In this political environment the message is clear, concise and true: "We have met the enemy and he is us."

Award-winning columnist Carolyn Wiley lives quietly, for the most part, in Longbranch.

MARK MICHEL
RIDE ON



"Bool"

Janine and Mike were my best friends. Growing up in the 1970s in suburban Reno, Nevada, there were very few summer days you wouldn't find us together. Both Janine (Nee-nee) and Mike were better athletes than me. They were also a whole lot more stubborn.

We would often find a spare older sibling or other friends and spend hours in someone's back yard playing football or some form of

baseball with whatever ball we could find. It wasn't uncommon for us to put together 15 to 20 friends and head to our local grass field, Horseman's Park, for a game. Few of these games ended after 9 innings, or four quarters. Most of the time they were stopped by an injury (it was tackle football, after all) or, just as often, a disagreement between Mike and Nee-nee.

Games would come to a halt as the two of them came to different conclusions about a fair or foul ball, someone stepping out of bounds, or being tackled before reaching the goal line. As I recall, those conflicts were almost always the same. Too often our summer nights were filled with:

"You were out! You stepped right here."

"No, I didn't! I stepped right there."

After a few rounds of pointing at the ground, one of them would speed up the argument with one word: "Bool." We weren't allowed to say the "s" part of "B.S." so we just said "bool." In our world, "bool" carried the same weight without the extra syllable or accompanying parental punishment. Mike and Nee-nee could yell "bool" at each other for a long time.

I have very clear memories of sitting on the grass as they hollered, "BOOWEL!" at each other. More likely than not, that meant the game was over. One of them would eventually grab their ball, or a few of their loyal friends, and go home. Game over.

There were a few ways the conflict could get resolved without ending the game. If we had enough people, chances were good somebody else saw the controversial call. If that was true, they'd introduce their evidence and that side would prevail. The player on the wrong side of the call may play a little harder and rougher for a while, but accepted the evidence and played on.

If an additional person from each team "saw" the disputed call, it could break into

José Alaniz WE LIVE HERE: TRADEOFFS



THE NON-NATIVE TANSY RAGWORT IN OUR YARD IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE TRADE-OFFS IN MANAGING OUR LAND. THE STATE OF WASHINGTON CLASSIFIES RAGWORT AS A CLASS B NOXIOUS WEED HARMFUL TO LIVESTOCK AND RECOMMENDS REMOVING IT. WE DO THAT IN THE FOREST AND PASTURES, BUT NEAR THE HOUSE WE'VE LEFT A COUPLE ALONE. WHY? BECAUSE RAGWORT BLOOMS LATER IN THE SEASON—WHEN OTHER THINGS HAVE ALREADY STOPPED—PROVIDING CRITICAL FOOD TO POLLINATORS. I RECENTLY COUNTED NO LESS THAN SEVEN BEES AND WASPS USING IT. AS WE TRY TO REWILD OUR LAND, WE WANT TO BALANCE THE NEEDS OF THOSE WHO COUNT ON THESE RESOURCES FOR SURVIVAL, WHO ALREADY HAVE SEVERAL STRIKES AGAINST THEM (PESTICIDES, HABITAT LOSS, CLIMATE CHANGE), WITHOUT FORGETTING THE HARM INVASIVE SPECIES LIKE RAGWORT DO WHEN LEFT UNCONTROLLED. EITHER WAY, LIVING IN THE ANTHROPOCENE MEANS THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'LEAVE NATURE ALONE.'



“Bool” coming from four or more players, again resulting in a messy stoppage of play.

One hopeful loophole was if one of them backed down to a “Yabutt.” A “Yabutt” was usually an indication their position wasn’t strong enough or even arguably supportable, and they knew it. They just didn’t like the outcome. “Yabutt, the line should be here.” Or “Yabutt, there was interference.” We all knew “Yabutt” was recognition of a lost cause that should result in a return to play.

The last and least likely to cause an impasse was “The Grin.” Unhappy with the outcome of a play, Mike or Nee-nee would run to a spot and point at the ground, creating their story for overturning the play. Again, “You stepped out here.” Being kids, not actors, they would try to make their point with conviction, only to crack a hint of a devious grin. If anybody saw “The Grin,” they called it out. Being caught showing a little of “The Grin,” they would try to say, “I’m not smiling. I’m serious.” The contortions their face made betrayed their words.

We went back to playing the game.

Those games were filled with bumps and bruises, but also rich with experiences and lessons for those willing to learn them. Other than the “bool,” it seemed like nothing would stop our fun. We were all fiercely competitive, but the majority of us may have been content to shrug our shoulders and play on, trying to win despite the “bad call.” We enjoyed sharing experiences and playing with friends.

Decades later, I know it was unsustainable. Organized sports, dating and cars would become our priorities. It makes me sad to look back and conclude it was uncompromising stubbornness and “bool” that often brought our “endless summer” games to an untimely end. We could have had a few more nights, or even another summer or two playing our own little World Series, NBA Finals, or Super Bowl.

But “Bool,” “Yabutt” and “The Grin” all served a higher purpose.

They still can.

Mark Michel is a commercial airline pilot and Key Pen Parks commissioner. He lives in Lakebay.

Letters to the Editor

THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE

Is the human race suicidal? You be the judge. What do you think?

The root cause of global warming is human overpopulation. It is also the root cause of poverty, famine and war. Surprise!

Yet in a weird twist of fate, more and more women are being told they cannot limit the size of their families. And add to this the

fact that the number one cause of death of pregnant women is murder by men who don’t want to pay child support (“Obstetrics & Gynecology,” November 2021).

This is not a good time for women of reproductive age or for the planet. And it is up to us to stop this downward spiral as quickly as possible.

We have a right to bear arms. We also need to have a right not to bear children.

Diane Gardner, Lakebay

EVERYDAY HEROES

To the older gentleman who stopped by my broken-down car on 92nd Street to ask if I needed help — thank you. I so appreciated your courtesy to a stranger. I understand that others might not have felt safe in stopping, or assumed I had everything under control. But you stopped to make sure. I’m so grateful for you.

To the dear lady who rolled her window down last year on Lackey Road and called my husband when I had no cell service — thank you. I had four children in the car on a hot day and barely made it to the side of the road. It was scary and I couldn’t stop the tears. You showed compassion for my overwhelming situation. I’m so grateful for you.

AAA fields more than 33 million calls per year from people like me whose transportation has failed them. We’ve been trained to be wary of strangers, to pass by situations that could be dangerous or just to assume that someone else will help.

So, to the lady who stopped on Lake Flora Road while we readjusted our load, thank you for caring enough just to be sure we were OK. I’m so grateful for everyday heroes like you.

Dawn Kinzel, Vaughn

THANK YOU KP NEWS

I want to extend my appreciation for all of your good work bringing us together to enjoy one of the best local newspapers the English language has to offer.

The recipes are delicious and I love how they share heritages.

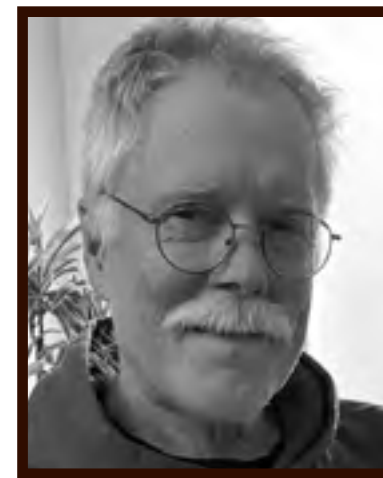
I treasure the insight and spot-on humor of Carolyn Wiley that helps me process the craziness and pain of our days. I learn history, local nature paths, and planned road construction to smooth my way these past 20 years. Please continue to bring us stories of pioneers, heroes and local businesses. What a unique place we call home. We have neighbors who are decorated military heroes, world travelers, record breakers and Nobel Prize winners. I especially treasure keeping up to date with the brave locals who work endless days to help ease the suffering of people and animals in Ukraine.

Marsha Pockerat, Lakebay

THE PURDY BRIDGES

Thank you for publishing the story of the building of the Purdy Bridge in the last three editions of Key Peninsula News. I grew up one mile south of Purdy on Henderson Bay when the Sunset Market still existed. Along with the bay, the Olympics, the incredible sunsets, the Purdy Bridge was part of my landscape. I just took it for granted, so I was very pleased to learn the whole history.

Signo Uddenberg, Lakebay



OBITUARIES

Consuelo LeAnn Menchaca

Consuelo LeAnn Menchaca died July 19 in Purdy. She was born March 30, 1983 in Lynden to parents Miguel and Lynnette Menchaca. After attending WWU Childhood Early Learning Program, she started grade school in Lynden and later Ferndale but transferred in 1991 to Evergreen Elementary School after the family moved to Lakebay.

Consuelo attended Key Peninsula Middle School. After graduating from Peninsula High School with the Class of 2002, she went on to attend Heald College in Portland, Oregon.

In 2007, Consuelo married William Michael Davis, but later divorced. She lived in Washington, Oregon and Alabama. She worked at McDonalds, Pizza Hut, Dollar Tree and the Salvation Army as a bell ringer.

She enjoyed coloring, puzzles, beads, board games, watching movies and listening to Christian music. With a birthday near Easter, her favorite things included anything to do with bunnies, her dog Rocky, and exploring family genealogy.

Consuelo was a member of Wellspring Fellowship in Wauna.

Her proudest accomplishments include the publication of her children’s book, “A Young Captain” October 2019 by Blue Pearl Publishing Co., Eugene, Oregon.

Consuelo will forever be remembered for her ability to consider and help others ahead of herself.

She was preceded in death by her eldest sister, MicaelLei Erinn Menchaca on April 15, 1999.

Consuelo is survived by and will be greatly missed by her three children; Sarah MicaelLei Cowen of Sequim; Connor Raymond Johnson of Branson, Missouri; and Dawson Cruz Menchaca of Spanaway, Washington; parents Miguel A. and Lynnette J. Menchaca; sister Deanna Nicole Menchaca; brother Carlos Emilio Menchaca; as well as aunts, uncles and numerous cousins.

John Roger Dierck

John Roger Dierck passed away from brain cancer in the home he built on Case Inlet near Vaughn June 17. His family kept him company as he left this pale blue dot and joined the stars.

John was born to Rose (LeBlanc) and Roger Dierck in Fairbanks, Alaska, on Christmas Day in 1952. The young family traveled back home in their ’47 Ford sedan over muddy Canadian roads. They settled in South Tacoma and had five more children.

Growing up, John developed patience, an attention to detail, and a dedication to craft. John poured these skills into everything from carpentry to playing horseshoes to making pizza. An artist, his house was a gallery for his photo-realistic oil pastels. He was a voracious reader and unwavering fan of the Seattle Mariners.

John graduated from Bellarmine Preparatory in 1971. He worked for 35 years as an electrician at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton.

John met Kathryn (Jane) Bellona on a blind date. Two years later, the best friends were married. They moved with their 6-month-old baby Sara to the Key Peninsula, and Casey was born two years later.

In retirement, John’s passions continued to thrive. He planted grapes and hops, restored not one but two ’52 Chevy pickups, and kept a long-running horseshoe game with his brother-in-law and fellow beer lover, Larry Bellona. And he acquired The Reliance, a vintage wooden tugboat, built in 1909. After an adventurous first trip from La Conner to Vaughn in stormy weather with Casey, John spent the rest of his life lovingly tending to the boat. He participated in Olympic Harbor Days, once winning the legendary tugboat race, but mostly delighted in providing dockside tours and taking family and friends for rides.

John’s spirit lives on with his wife, daughter, son and two grandchildren.



It takes a village to build a village, even a small one. *Dan Whitmarsh*

Local Key Peninsula Church Works To Address Homeless Crisis by Building

Key Penners came together to do something worthwhile for the outer world.

GRACE NESBIT, KP NEWS

For nine days in the beginning of August, members of the Lakebay Community Church banded together to build a tiny house at the Red Barn in Key Center.

The movement of tiny houses has invaded empty spaces in cities to provide temporary, inexpensive shelter to people experiencing homelessness. Tiny house communities are becoming more common where the homeless population is high, especially in Seattle but also Tacoma.

The church teamed up with Low Income Housing Institute, a Seattle-based foundation that creates and funds tiny home villages, as well as buying low-income apartments, to build a tiny house destined for Tacoma.

Starting on the weekend of August 5, members of the church gathered to build in the middle of a heat wave. As a congregation, they decided to hold their Sunday service at the build site on Sunday so they could continue building.

Parishioner Rebecca Robert suggested the project to the church after it sold property on KP Highway NW that once held

"FOR ME IT WAS JUST THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF LAKEBAY AND THE CHURCH AT OUR BEST."

its community garden.

"It was a fun activity for the church, a really fun, practical way to use that money," said Lakebay Pastor Dan Whitmarsh.

While this project does not directly affect the Key Peninsula, it does impact the entire community of those without a roof over their heads.

The congregation was provided with a detailed plan for the tiny house, together with all of the materials needed for the project. The 8-by-12 foot frame and plywood structure is fully insulated and has one window opposite the door. It is not plumbed, but electricity will be added when the unit is placed.

"It was a lot of time and work from a lot of faithful volunteers," Whitmarsh said. "For me it was just the perfect example of Lakebay and the church at our best, to put a roof over someone's head. And hopefully a testimony to the world that's so divided that we can come together despite our differences for the common good."

The Low Income Housing Institute took possession August 17 and located the home somewhere in Tacoma. ■

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Trees Come Down at Camp Seymour to Improve the Forest

YMCA logging project aims to protect kids and encourage old growth type forest.

CHRIS RURIK, KP NEWS

In 2018 the top broke off a tall Douglas fir and fell into YMCA Camp Seymour's amphitheater, smashing several rows of benches and destroying the fire pit ring. No campers were present at the time.

The 100-foot tree left behind was cut down. The stump measured over three feet across, and the rings told a story. At just over 120 years old, it was a mere sapling when William Seymour donated the land to the YMCA in 1905.

The tree was removed along with hundreds of others in the heart of the camp in the final phase of a forestry effort that began in 2012. This summer, campers running the pathways between cabins and shoreline must contend with stumps, tread marks, and several piles of logs that could not be sold. About one-third of the area's trees have been cut down.

The goal, according to camp director Scott Jackson, was to reduce hazards from diseased and leaning trees while maintaining the old growth forest character of the camp. "We've been dreading it for years," he said.

"Mature trees tend to have health issues," said forester Jaal Mann of Northwest Natural Resource Group, brought in to oversee the project. "There's always going to be some rot, some branches falling off. That's a natural part of a forest progression to an older stage. That's not ideal when it's around a bunch of buildings and children."

Every tree within 200 feet of saltwater was numbered and evaluated by an arborist. The 30 or so trees that were obviously dangerous to Jackson and his staff turned into 300 trees beset by a number of problems, including laminated root rot, lean toward targets, beetle damage and heart rot. The majority were Douglas fir with about 40 cedars, 20 hemlocks and five madronas. They were a variety of heights and ages with the tallest firs reaching 200 feet and 57 inches in diameter.

"We didn't want to cut in this area again, so if there was anything at risk, we came after it," Jackson said.

"It devastated me," said George Hovany, a neighbor and supporter of Camp Seymour. "I almost was crying the first time I walked through. But it's a cancer and it has to be fixed. If you leave it go, it puts the children at risk, it puts the cabins at risk. Eventually those trees will come down on their own."



Damage to a camp fence from a tree blown down in a storm. *Tina McKail, KP News*

Most forests in the area face similar health issues. Nearly all of Washington's forests were once clearcut, and most were replanted with a single species, resulting in monocultures with low resistance to changing conditions. Laminated root rot in particular damages the trees in these monocultures. A native fungus that affects primarily middle-aged and older Douglas fir, it slowly creates pockets of trees with thinning canopies and signs of stress such as browning or excess cones. Allowed to spread, it will kill trees in a widening ring.

Mann said there are two primary ways to manage it. The first is to take out all diseased trees plus the next layer of healthy trees, which probably carry the fungus though they don't yet show the signs, then replant with species such as native pines that are not susceptible. The second is to thin heavily around the pocket of laminated root rot in order to improve the general health of the trees left behind so that they can hold out longer against the fungus.

Most people think of Camp Seymour exclusively as a summer camp, said Ed Bressette, the longtime Camp Seymour facilities director and now director of facilities for YMCA of Pierce and Kitsap Counties, but for most of the year it is an environmental education destination, with school groups coming from all over Washington to learn about sustainability, marine biology and forest ecology.

"I feel as facilities director that we have to walk the talk," he said.

Bressette was the driving force behind Camp Seymour's forest management plan.



Diseased Douglas fir trees are typically rotten inside. *Tina McKail, KP News*

The first two phases concentrated on thinning The Outback, a forest of dense second-growth Douglas fir where laminated root rot and competition between even-aged trees was taking a toll. "I wanted to develop the property to last another 100 years," he said.

Prior to the thinning he would go outside during a storm and hear trees crashing to the ground throughout The Outback, competition having created trees that were too skinny for their height, unable to withstand moderate winds. By opening the forest canopy and introducing other species, the remaining firs can bulk into trees that might live for centuries.

"We call it the regrowth of an old growth forest," Jackson said, "because we're planting seedlings that we hope will live out their whole life here. That's our goal."

The forest is certified by the Forest Stewardship Council.

"We didn't do any of this tree cutting for profit," Bressette said. "There is no profit in logging unless you do a clearcut."

The first two phases made a small profit, which the camp used to buy seedling trees and maintain trails. In this latest phase, less than half of the logs were marketable, the majority being too diseased or full of old metal to send to a mill. The project cost over \$300,000 net, triple the original budget.

In areas away from camp structures, the loggers left snags up to 70 feet tall as wildlife habitat. This winter the camp will purchase and plant 900 trees, diversifying the forest with cedar, native pines, vine and bigleaf maple, alder, willows and a variety of understory shrubs. Jackson plans to incorporate the planting days into programs for visiting students.

Following this final phase of active logging, the forest management plan calls for regular evaluations. Future logging projects should become less and less intensive as the forest takes on characteristics of old growth. "My whole thing is diversifying the forest to make it healthier," said Bressette.

"Some of these things just take time," said Mann. "You can take what would take 400 years naturally and help it happen in 200, but it's still a time scale that's beyond what most people are used to working in."

For Mann, old growth is harder to define than it is to sense. He looks for a variety of tree sizes and ages, characteristic plants and flowers, mid-sized undercanopy trees, patches of disturbance with brush and young trees — and of course, big, ancient trees.

Bressette said that he is already starting to see in The Outback that the trees are growing out rather than up, their bark splitting as their trunks enlarge. He said that many of the students who visit during the school year have never been in a forest before. While to him this forest still looks young, to them the trees are bigger than they could have imagined.

"We look at laminated root rot as an agent of diversification in the forest," said Mann. It creates standing dead trees, fallen wood, and areas of hardwoods, hemlocks, and cedars.

"Doug fir is a great tree for lumber production," said Mann. "It grows really straight, it has a high value consistently, but diversity is important for disease resistance, for resistance to climate change and hot dry summers. Having a variety of tree species is definitely going to increase your odds that your forest will stay healthy and continue to thrive." ■

Wrestling Dreams Come True as Local Man Turns Passion into Profit

North West Pro wrestling owner trying to return his promotion to pre-pandemic glory.

EDDIE MACSALKA, KP NEWS

It is 7:07 p.m. on a Saturday night in July at the Key Peninsula Civic Center. The ring is empty. The 75-person crowd is getting impatient. The North West Pro Wrestling ninth anniversary show was supposed to start at 7 p.m.

The music finally hits. Christian Wyld, a rockstar-type wrestler from Frisco, Texas, comes out from behind the stage curtain first. He's the good guy — the “babyface” as it's known in professional wrestling — but you wouldn't know it from the silence in the crowd, typical for someone from outside the territory. His music stops, there's a pause, and then a loud, recognizable song starts playing. This time the crowd immediately reacts with boos and some choice words. Here comes local wrestler J.D. Mason. The bad guy, the “heel.” The NWP faithful have either loved him or hated him for nearly a decade.

His job, though disguised through such dastardly antics like shaming his opponent, belting off-key Backstreet Boys songs, or rubbing his bare belly, is to warm up the crowd. In a business where jeers are just as valuable as cheers, Mason is good at his job. It takes about 12 minutes, but he finally pins Wyld after using his signature “brainbuster” finisher, kicking-off two hours of action.

Most wrestlers get to move on with their day after their matches. Wyld nurses an injury. Kid Isaac, a young wrestler flown in from Las Vegas, sells his T-shirts near the entryway. Da Shade, another Las Vegas product, talks with kids and tries to make new fans. The Ultimate Guy, NWP's Washington state champion and fresh off a victory, sits on the bench outside the front door of the KPCC playing with his family — still in his wrestling tights.

Not Mason. He has to immediately switch gears from independent professional wrestler to independent professional wrestling promoter. As the NWP owner, his duties on show days include everything from dealing with last-minute changes, to playing the wrestlers' music, to setting up, taking down and loading the 20-by-20 foot wrestling ring.

That pretty much sums up independent professional wrestling.

“I'm surprised it lasted nine years,” said Mason, who launched NWP in 2013. “With rising gas prices, paying for flights, getting good talent out to the shows — it's not an easy business.” Not to mention a global pandemic that kept NWP from performing for five months in 2020.

Mason, 34, is not in the business to get rich. Professional wrestling has been a passion



Kasyn Mason is always ready to wrestle his dad in their backyard ring. *Tina McKail, KP News*

for most of his life, so it makes sense that running his own wrestling promotion is a passion-project.

As a child he lived in the South, a hotbed for pro wrestling, where he came to idolize pro wrestlers like “Macho Man” Randy Savage and Sting. It wasn't until he moved to the Key Peninsula that he discovered independent wrestling and started watching the Tacoma-based Pacific Wrestling Federation. He joined Pinnacle Wrestling in Auburn when he was 17 years old, while attending Henderson Bay High School in Gig Harbor, and honed his craft for seven years before he founded NWP.

He needed a home for NWP and early on Mason formed a partnership with the KPCC because he felt a connection to it.

“I used to go to skate night there as a kid and I remember thinking in fifth grade how cool it would be if there was wrestling there,” he said.

He started NWP small: a few shows per year and asking for donations as entrance fees. It wasn't uncommon for them to have 20 fans at a show that wound up losing \$3,000. Now they do monthly family-friendly shows at the KPCC, and some in South Hill, with ticket prices starting at \$10.

The crowd sizes have grown over the

years. Before the pandemic an NWP event could attract 200 people to some events. There's even a section in the KPCC where the diehard, repeat fans sit. He knows it's weird to “invite family and friends to come to your work and boo you,” but Mason wouldn't have it any other way.

“It's a social experiment. If you see a decent-sized alpha-male bullying someone, it's going to pull emotions. It's not uncommon for fans to throw something at me or want to fight me for real.”

The bigger the crowds, the bigger paydays for the wrestlers. Mason generally pays travel expenses for wrestlers to come from out of town — he had wrestlers from Texas, Nevada and California at the anniversary show. Most paydays for wrestlers won't even cover a hotel room, so Mason says as long as they like dogs any wrestler is welcome to stay at his Lake Holiday home when they're in town. He'll even cook for them.

“As much as I'm a jerk in the ring, I'm actually a pretty chill guy.”

His passion for wrestling continues at his home. Mason has a full-size ring in his backyard for him and his NWP “opponents” to train. He offers classes for professional wrestling, referees, and even does commentary. When Mason's not performing in a wrestling

ring, he's likely building one. He's currently contracted to build three of them for other wrestling promotions across the country.

But perhaps Mason's biggest wrestling influence at home is his 5-year-old son Kasyn. The younger Mason started liking wrestling three years ago, and soon began mimicking wrestling moves. The older Mason acknowledges that professional wrestling can be dangerous if wrestlers aren't trained properly, so he spends time every week in the ring with his son.

“He tries to wrestle with me daily. If it's not me, it's his sisters. If it's not his sisters, it's the dogs.”

Mason has been a professional wrestler for 17 years and his goal is to last another 11. That's when Kasyn will be 16 years old and can officially start training. Mason's promoter mentality has kicked-in and he's already thinking about the ultimate wrestling storyline.

“Kasyn's first match ... will be my last match.”

North West Pro will be at the civic center September 17, October 15, November 19 and December 3. Doors open at 6 p.m.; shows start at 7.

For more information, go to the North West Pro Facebook page.

NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

What to Watch for This Month

CHRIS RURIK, KP NEWS

Welcome to September. Short and golden blaze the final days of summer. The atmosphere stirs. Chickadees, nuthatches, creepers and kinglets gather into acrobatic groups. Blackberries are again enemies.

Most flowers are long gone, but if you are lucky, you may witness something I first saw last fall. Climbing through a clearcut at dusk, a little jumpy thanks to a deer, I sensed a ghostly presence in the wood line before me, like a girl in a white dress in a horror movie. It was a dogwood tree in full bloom. They are known to do this, bloom a second time in fall. No one knows why.

On September 26, Jupiter is in opposition, meaning it is directly opposite the sun, fully illuminated and as close to Earth as it gets. Look for it in the constellation Pisces. A telescope should reveal its clouds. Binoculars might pick up its four largest moons.

Of course, the great event this month will be the rain that breaks summer's drought. I think this should be a yearly celebration on par with the first hot spring weekend, with everyone out and about, drinking coffee together in parking lots, splashing through parks, letting our skin luxuriate in the long-lost free dampness. It's just as grand as that first heady dose of sunshine.

Then again, I'm a mossback. Not everyone perks up in the rain like me.

Calling All Crawdads

Did you know that crayfish live on the Key Peninsula?

That's still a thrill to me. They are not common, so when a friend of a friend texts photos of a crayfish crossing a quiet road, where a tiny creek goes through a culvert, I itch to get out there and see.

A single species is native to Washington. Called the signal crayfish for white patches like semaphores at the joints of its claws, it lives in lakes and streams with a preference for rocky bottoms. Two invasive species are present in Washington and could be on the Key Peninsula.

The signal crayfish grows slowly and can live almost a decade. In Europe it is an invasive species. Originally taken there to supplement native crayfish that had been decimated by a fungal plague, it instead spread the plague and outcompeted the natives. Sweden in particular has a commercial crayfish fishery (a crayfishery?) that has had to wrestle with our humble local crayfish.

It is strange when a species you know



There are more than 500 crayfish species in the world, with over 300 in the United States. *Stock photo*

and love for being native is running amok in another part of the world, like Douglas fir in New Zealand. One result is that the signal crayfish is better studied in Europe than here at home.

I'd like to know: Where exactly are they? How do they get around? What streams and lakes do they prefer? Why? If you have tips or insights, I'm all ears at nature@keypennews.org.

Powdery Mildew on Bigleaf Maple

Have you noticed bigleaf maples with white powder dusting every leaf, giving them a look of leprosy in the late summer forest? This is powdery mildew, a fungus.

Powdery mildews feed on leaf tissue, and many of the over 800 described species are specific to their hosts. They reproduce fast, jump around a lot, and cause some of the most significant agricultural damage of any fungus, on crops from wheat to roses. They do not typically kill the hosts but nibble away at their productivity. Importantly for roses and other ornamental plants, they also look ugly as sin.

It can be prevalent on our native bigleaf maple. The "snowiest" maples I have seen this year are south of Longbranch. Is this a new phenomenon? Spreading? It is hard for researchers to tell. It is patchy and varies

year to year and no one has tracked powdery mildew on bigleaf maple over decades, long enough to confirm or reject the feeling among many residents that the last five years have seen unprecedented infections.

Still, researchers at the University of Washington have unearthed some intriguing new knowledge. For the past decade attention has been paid to dieback in bigleaf maple. Much like the dieback in western redcedar, bigleaf maples seem to be experiencing higher than normal death rates across Western Washington. No smoking gun has been found — unlike in the annihilation of ash trees across the Eastern United States thanks to the emerald ash borer (which made its first appearance in the Pacific Northwest this summer) or the death of 90% of our Western white pines in the early 1900s due to the alien white pine blister rust. There seem to be correlations with hotter, drier summers and human development, but it is not yet an epidemic. Far more data is needed.

The UW researchers wondered if there might be a correlation with recent outbreaks of powdery mildew. Conventional wisdom says that powdery mildew on shade trees is not worth worrying about, as it disappears when leaves drop in fall and may or

may not return the next year. Conducting experiments in the summer of 2018, when 518 of the 519 bigleaf maples on UW's Seattle campus had severe infections, the researchers used genetic sequencing to identify the exact species of powdery mildew and trace it to a likely European origin — though it is not exactly new here, as they found a museum specimen from British Columbia in the 1930s that was infected with it.

In greenhouse tests, bigleaf maple was the most susceptible maple species. But the powdery mildew did not decrease its photosynthesis or growth.

So, who knows? It's good research. It demands more, offering a portrait of a genetically variable, continent-hopping fungus with an unclear past and, honestly, an unclear present and future. Has a more virulent strain recently emerged or been introduced? Is this an epidemic in the making? Do bigleaf maples care?

The great thing is that the data most needed — patterns of dieback, hotspots of powdery mildew, yearly and decadal changes — can be provided by anyone who cares to pay attention. Contact me at nature@keypennews.org if you'd like to trade ideas on how. ■

Into the
WILD
EXPLORING WITH THE
KP NATURE GUIDE

Knitting to Take Center Stage at Longbranch Fiber Art Show

Complex patterns, simple tools and unwavering attention to detail keep this knitter going.

LISA BRYAN, KP NEWS

Lace knitter Peter Rowe was selected to be the featured artist for the 2022 Longbranch Fiber Art Show, part of the Key Peninsula Farm Tour, October 1.

The show organizers learned of Rowe, who lives in south Port Orchard, from his fellow members of the KP fiber group “Hookers and Tinkers.”

Rowe said he was inspired to learn how to knit in 2005 after seeing a cabled scarf pattern he wanted to make for himself. His sister taught him the foundational knit and purl stitches. He stuck to washcloths for a while to nail down the basics, but after that he knit whatever pattern intrigued him.

Rowe is a graduate of South Kitsap High School. He went on to attend Olympic College in Bremerton before graduating with a bachelor’s degree in applied computational mathematics from the University of Washington in 2004.

“I started playing with computers and programs when I was six or seven years old on our family Apple IIe,” (introduced in the early 1980s), Rowe said. He works for a local company that provides software used in tracking for surgical instruments.

Undaunted by complicated-looking patterns, Rowe confessed that while knitting tablecloths he’s often reading a book at the same time. How he keeps from losing track of his place is anyone’s guess but he downplays the often-cited difficulty of knitting lace.

“It’s really eight repeats around of the same thing and you don’t really have to pay that much attention to what you’re doing in the transition between patterns,” he said. “It’s just do this pattern until the pattern changes, and then do the other thing.”

When asked how he went from knitting simple washcloths and scarves to dauntingly intricate European lace patterns he replied, “Well, you’ve got to knit something challenging, right?”

The three most widely recognized traditions of knitted lace known throughout Europe are Estonian, Orenburg and Shetland lace, each with its own patterning and style unique to its region.

Rowe has done some of all three schools of lace knitting, but his all-time favorite patterns are those of the German grand master designer Herbert Niebling, who popularized “Kunststricken” (art knitting). The prolific designer created hundreds of mostly



Premiere lace knitter Peter Rowe wears his favorite sweater “Radmere” knit with Malabrigo Rios yarn in Matisse Blue. *Tina McKail, KP News*

tablecloth patterns over four decades, drawing inspiration from the plants and flowers of his garden. His patterns have been recharted to reflect the language of modern knitting instructions.

“It’s pretty old now,” he said as he pulled a rectangular lace tablecloth from its plastic storage bag and shook it out. “I haven’t knit Estonian in a long time.”

True to form, the pattern included the traditional Estonian “nupps” — essentially many stitches knitted together into a single stitch to form a slightly raised bump in the fabric. “The nupps are easy in principle but you’ve got to make sure to catch every stitch.”

Rowe uses 1.5-millimeter-sized needles, about as thin as wooden toothpicks, for knitting lace.

His admits his tablecloths won’t be used for family holiday dinners. But he recalled knitting on one of them at a meeting of the Hookers and Tinkers, held for a time at Blend Wine Shop, and had red wine spilled on it.

“Blend had this nice thing called ‘Wine Away’ and it really works if you get it fast,” he said.

“My normal knitting spot at home is a Morris-style chair — big wooden arms, comfortable sturdy leather, with my yarn on one arm of the chair and my iPad on the other to see the pattern.”



A bit of Rowe’s handiwork. *Tina McKail, KP News*

If he has a favorite tool, he said it’s probably his ChiaGoo stainless steel interchangeable needles with sharper tips designed for lace knitting as well as regular tips.

He held up a pair of socks and said, “This is my normal project for when I don’t know what to knit.” He uses the same general shaping for all his socks and then picks whichever decorative pattern appeals to him at the time.

Rowe is a technical knitter, fascinated by stitch structure and the nuances of differing methods, particularly for making decreases that don’t lean to the right or left unless he specifically wants it to for design purposes. He’s taught some basics to knitters but has done nothing formal in the way of teaching

“I at least occasionally spread my technical opinions online on some aspect of knitting,” he said.

His knitting interests go well beyond lace. Every day he wears something handknit. The upcoming show will showcase the depth and variety of his work.

He has a full-size spinning wheel and a small, wooden drop spindle as well.

“Spindles are somewhat nice in that you can pay a little more attention to what you’re doing,” he said. “On the spinning wheel you kind of get in the zone of drafting and then, ‘Hey look, yarn happened.’”

“I’ll have to start a tablecloth soon, so I have something going for the show.” ■

Local Food Banks Meet the Need in Tough Times for Many

A spike in demand driven by inflation, high gas and rent costs has fallen on two longtime area nonprofits in particular.

EDDIE MACSALKA, KP NEWS

As grocery store prices keep rising, so does the demand for assistance from local food banks and pantries.

Inflation is at a 40-year high and according to the latest Consumer Price Index, food prices have gone up more than 10% since last summer. Organizations like Lakebay-based Food Backpacks 4 Kids (FB4K) and Gig Harbor Peninsula FISH Food Bank and Community Services are stepping up to meet the need, but nonprofits like these are also feeling the pinch.

High rent and soaring gas prices aren't helping, either.

"People in our area are constantly debating whether they should use their gas to go to work, or go get food," said Michelle Johnson, director of communications for FB4K.

"Some families can only come to us once a month because that's all the gas they can afford."

FB4K started out primarily providing weekend meals and snacks for kids across the Peninsula School District. That evolved into more of a food pantry-style model during the early part of the COVID-19 pandemic, and that model remains in place today. The pantry helps 100 families each week, some even with home delivery to help alleviate gas constraints.

FB4K depends on community donations, but Johnson said they are always looking for what she calls "food sponsors" — businesses and charitable organizations around the area that supply just one food staple, like bread or milk, on a regular basis.

"It's a good way for businesses to be a part of the community, and share those values with their employees or members."

Gig Harbor Peninsula FISH, the largest food bank in the area, just opened its new 10,000 square foot facility in Gig Harbor. The organization feeds around 400 families each week with about half coming to them from the Key Peninsula. That's a 44% increase since last year, with almost one-third of those individuals being children.

By its calculation, FISH has provided

more than 200,000 meals since October 2021: nearly \$1 million worth of food. Even though 85% of what they give away is donated by the public and grocery stores, FISH still spends \$20,000 each month out of its own pocket, double what was spent per month last year, to supplement donations. It even pays 20 cents for every paper bag used to pack groceries.

Since the organization does not get any price breaks, FISH always looks to shop the best sales and lowest prices. Volunteers use their own cars and pay for their own gas to pick up food orders and bring them back to the food bank, according to FISH volunteer coordinator and co-founder Jan Coen.

Coen said that senior citizens on a fixed income seem to be taking these increased

costs the hardest. Some former donors are now clients.

"A senior can't go out there and get a part-time job to supplement their

income. They're stuck," she said. "It really makes an impact on their self-worth."

Both FISH and FB4K strive to help their clients maintain their dignity, they said. No names or personal information are collected. All they need to know is how many people they need to serve.

"If you come to a food pantry, we trust you need our help," Johnson said. "We're open to anybody, any age. No barriers."

Ron Coen, FISH co-founder and Jan's husband, said the process at the food bank is simple: "Our donors don't want anyone to go hungry. If you're hungry, come and see us."

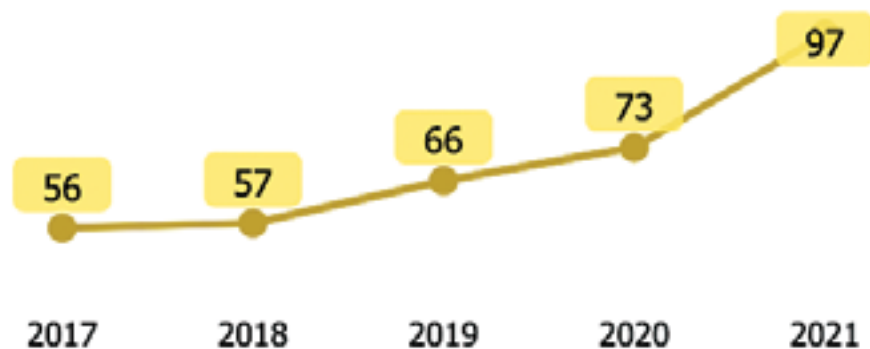
Clients can load up on a week's worth of food, and a volunteer will accompany them to make sure they feel comfortable grabbing what they need.

FISH and FB4K said their food inventory is strong for now, but it may get tough keeping up with the demand.

"Think about what you need when you go shopping," Jan Coen said. "That's likely what our clients need, too. We're all in this together."

The two groups always need food and financial donations, food drive hosts, and volunteers. To learn more, visit www.foodbackpacks4kids.org and www.ghpfish.org. ■

Fatalities by Year



Washington Traffic Safety Commission

A Little More Traffic Causes Lots More Accidents on the Key Peninsula

Even a modest increase in traffic was outpaced by the frequency and severity of accidents, most of which happened in broad daylight.

STAFF REPORT

Traffic volume on the Key Peninsula has increased at a relatively low rate in recent years despite appearances and a steeper rise in car accidents.

The Key Peninsula News analyzed data from the Washington State Department of Transportation, the Pierce County Department of Planning and Public Works, the Washington State Patrol, the KP Fire District, and the Pierce County Sheriff's Department to evaluate accidents and traffic on the KP.

An average of 22,000 cars crossed the Purdy Bridge each day in 2019. That dropped to 19,000 during the pandemic, but was back up to 21,000 in 2022. There were 17,000 counted on State Route 302 at the junction with the KP Highway. Of those vehicles, 8,000 continued west on SR-302 and 9,000 traveled south on KP Highway. The average daily count in Key Center was 7,910.

Vijay Kulkarni, associate traffic engineer with Pierce County Planning and Public Works, told KP News that Key Center is one of a handful of permanent count stations in the community. He said the KP Highway is classified as a major arterial and that similar roads in the county typically have double that volume or higher.

Despite appearances, Kulkarni said the increase in vehicles traveling through Key Center over the last 30 years was just 12%.

The average daily number of vehicles in Purdy increased from 18,000 in 1993 to 22,000 in 2019, a 22% increase at the Purdy Bridge and an 18% increase on the

KP Highway at SR-302.

The population of the Key Peninsula grew approximately 40% from 11,016 in 1990 to 18,318 in 2020, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. The population increased by just 1,352 between 2010 and 2020, or approximately 7%.

There were between 240 and 277 accidents each year between 2017 and 2021 on the KP, according to the Pierce County Sheriff's Department. That rate is comparable to the county accident per capita average.

However, the percentage of fatal accidents on the KP compared to the rest of the county is more than double what might be anticipated. Over the last five years it has ranged from a low of one fatality out of 57 in 2018, representing 2% of all traffic fatalities in Pierce County, to a high of four out of 102 in 2019, or 4% of the county total.

About 6% of all accidents reported in Pierce County involved drugs or alcohol over the last five years but were present in 24% to 36% of fatal incidents countywide. The rate was slightly higher for the KP at 40%, where five of the 12 vehicular fatalities in the last five years involved driver impairment.

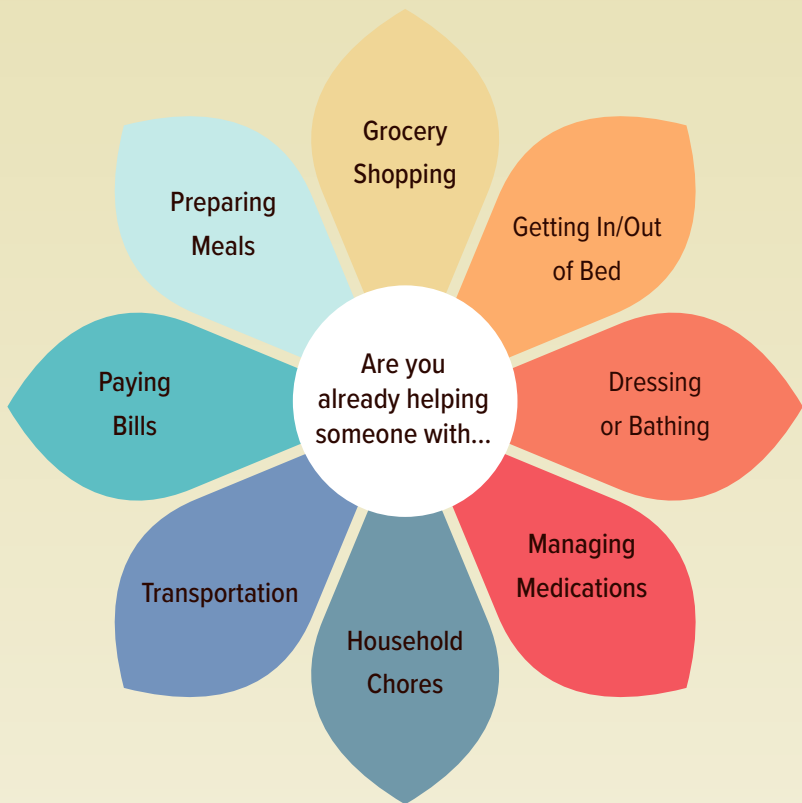
In 2021, the KP fire district responded to 106 total traffic accidents. By the middle of August 2022, it had responded to 76.

Two-thirds of all traffic accidents on the KP in the last five years occurred on SR-302 or the KP Highway, according to Washington State Patrol data. Nearly two-thirds of those accidents took place during clear weather, and three-quarters took place during daylight hours. ■

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KATRINA HERRINGBOTTOM

I don't know why we called him Uncle Moose. He was my dad's brother-in-law, his name was Murph, and he bore about as much resemblance to a moose as would a Methodist minister, which is what he really looked like. As far as I knew, he was born wearing a white button-down shirt and a thin black tie, with silver hair slicked straight back from his forehead. But the blazing red, floor-length Budweiser apron he wore in the kitchen suggested a rich inner life.

Uncle Moose was born on a Minnesota farm in the 19-teens (he claimed not to remember when) and somehow grew up to spend the latter 1930s in the U.S. Navy flying a PBY Catalina, a lumbering twin-engine seaplane with a crew of eight and three swivel-mounted machine guns, charting the Coral Sea. The charts the Navy then had were based on surveys done by Capt. Cook, and someone in the War Department realized maybe they should be updated in case the U.S. had to fight the Japanese Empire anytime soon.

During World War II, Moose flew his PBY on reconnaissance missions and in October 1942 he found the Japanese task force on its way to the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands during the Guadalcanal campaign. He reported and fled, but shot down two pursuing enemy fighters by putting his plane into a steep turn that allowed all three of his machine gunners to bear down on each target. He ran out of gas and spent a long, seasick night in the

drink before being refueled by a passing submarine at dawn. He got his PBY and crew back to base, received the Distinguished Flying Cross, and was sent home to sell war bonds.

Moose traveled all over the country. He'd grown up playing piano in church and while visiting New Orleans also picked up the trumpet and clarinet and, according to him, could sit in with any decent combo. He could play the hell out of the piano and drink all of us under the table; still, it was hard to picture this Methodist minister pounding out jazz in New Orleans.

But the étouffée recipe he learned, in circumstances that remain unknown, is proof enough. (I mean, how does an unmarried war hero traveling the South selling war bonds and playing jazz learn how to cook anything?) It's basically a sauce used to "smother" (that's what étouffée means) whatever else you're eating. The classic foundation is the Holy Trinity of onion, celery and green bell pepper sautéed in a roux the color of the Mississippi River (at Natchez in summertime), topped with crawfish, shrimp or crab.

I've simplified it in a way purists will object to, but no one cares what they think but them.

- 4 ounces vegetable oil
- 4 ounces white flour
- 2 cups chopped onions, whatever but not red
- 1 cup chopped green bell peppers or your favorite color
- 1 cup chopped celery, if you must

1 tablespoon chopped garlic or more to taste

1 can chopped tomatoes or a couple handfuls of cherry tomatoes

Some amount of some kind of stock (more on this below)

A pound or so of your preferred shellfish, if any

Some kind of Cajun spice (more on this below)

Possible heathen variations: Red bell pepper instead of green; omit celery and maybe tomatoes; add andouille sausage; forget shellfish; use other fish.

1. Let's get the first act of sacrilege out of the way with this heretical roux. I've spent so many hours stirring flour into lard my roux spoon has been worn down to a triangle. I still do it that way from time to time when I get nostalgic, but I picked up a much easier method somewhere that's foolproof. Stir the oil and flour into a Dutch oven and bake it uncovered for 90 minutes at 350. Give it a stir once or twice. That's it.

2. Transfer Dutch oven to stove. Add onions and gently heat until they start to simmer. If you burn that glorious golden roux, start over. Add garlic, peppers and celery (I prefer to do without celery, but follow your heart.) Sprinkle with a bit of salt.

3. If you like tomatoes, add now with juice; if not, don't. I've found cherry tomatoes are a nice addition and I don't even like tomatoes. When they start to burst, it's time for stock.

4. Next act of sacrilege. Tradition calls for



shrimp stock that you've already prepared with the shells of the peeled shrimp, which is easy. Just cover shells, a few pepper corns and half a carrot if you've got one with two cups of water and simmer for 15 minutes or more and you're done. I always do it when using Dungeness crab I've shelled myself; it's worth it. But if you're feeling lazy, which I often am, just add chicken or veggie stock, or even clam juice if you can stand it (I can't). Whatever you use, add just enough to get things floating without flooding.

5. Bring it to a simmer and move on to the next sin: seasoning. You can use some store-bought Cajun mixture, but I've found it convenient to add a couple sliced links of andouille sausage to subtly flavor the whole dish. After 30 minutes of simmering, taste and adjust by adding a bit of cayenne, sweet smoked paprika, oregano or thyme, or even garlic or onion powder if it needs a boost. Give it another 10 or so and test again until it's right.

6. If you're using shellfish, now is the time. Continue cooking gently until it's done, at least five minutes but double that if you can to let the sauce soak in.

7. Serves four with rice and chopped scallions but you might need to add more of something depending on who those four are. I put a skillet of buttery cornbread next to it when in doubt. ■



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YOU DON'T NEED A WEATHERMAN TO SEE WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

“Weather,” a Novel by Jenny Offill

The highs and lows of climate change, acceptance, denial and survival.

JOSÉ ALANIZ

In mid-May, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration tracked its highest-ever weekly CO2 levels in Earth’s atmosphere: 421.13 parts per million. According to ice core data, the last time atmospheric carbon dioxide reached that level was over 3 million years ago — before the evolution of Homo sapiens.

We have two chief takeaways from this data. One, more carbon in the atmosphere means it will retain more of the sun’s heat, so the Earth will continue to warm. Two, since this carbon is being spewed into the atmosphere on a global scale by modern industry, humans are rapidly altering the planet’s biosphere beyond the capacity of many life forms to adapt, so mass extinctions will only accelerate.

I count members of our own species among those life forms; the summer 2021 Pacific Northwest heat dome killed more than 800 people, and just last month a peer-reviewed model from the First Street Foundation indicated that an “extreme heat belt” with heat index temperatures reaching 125 degrees Fahrenheit would cover a large swathe of the United States by 2053.

These are not negotiable facts and estimates; they are based on solid repeated measurements and a consensus of thousands of scientists. Please understand this: if you “don’t believe” in climate change, you are in the same camp as people who think the Earth is flat, the Moon is made of cheese and COVID-19 is “a hoax.”

Jenny Offill’s 2020 climate change novel “Weather” is about all of this, sort of.

It’s a low-key narrative about Lizzie, a middle-class white woman who works in a library as she navigates the fluctuating emotional “weather” of 21st-century life in the Anthropocene — the era of human-induced environmental change on

a planetary scale — although she herself has yet to experience any of its direct effects. When she lands a side gig working for Sylvia, who runs a popular climate change podcast, she has to confront the mounting reality like never before. Or actually, no, she doesn’t.

Weather is very funny. Offill manages to make humor out of the ways contemporary Westerners think, feel and especially distract themselves about things

THESE ARE NOT NEGOTIABLE FACTS AND ESTIMATES; THEY ARE BASED ON SOLID REPEATED MEASUREMENTS AND A CONSENSUS OF THOUSANDS OF SCIENTISTS. PLEASE UNDERSTAND THIS: IF YOU “DON’T BELIEVE” IN CLIMATE CHANGE, YOU ARE IN THE SAME CAMP AS PEOPLE WHO THINK THE EARTH IS FLAT, THE MOON IS MADE OF CHEESE AND COVID-19 IS “A HOAX.”

like species collapse, the warming globe and the pollution crisis by retreating into their own thoughts, entertainments and denial. It might even be necessary to do so, Offill hints, for their mental health.

All of the novel’s characters have highfalutin names: Catherine, Henry,

Lizzie (Elizabeth), named after British royalty; Eli, from Hebrew (“high” or “elevated”); Sylvia, a forest nymph. But they’re just ordinary folks doing ordinary things as the Earth slowly boils. Similarly, the novel’s title plays on the difference between weather and climate. We say “climate change,” not “weather change,” because weather happens on a localized, daily level, while climate denotes larger worldwide trends over big stretches of time, which are harder for people to grasp and relate to. But it doesn’t make them less real.

Offill’s down-to-earth narrative makes such multiscale perspectives — socio-spatial behavior in various hierarchies — thinkable through a variation of what the anthropologist Heather Anne Swanson calls “the banality of the Anthropocene.” The complicated ethics (interpersonal vs. environmentalist) involved come to the fore when Lizzie feels sorry for “Mr. Jimmy” (she only knows him by the name on his business card). She goes out of her way to support his floundering business — despite the avoidable carbon emissions it creates: “I used to take a car service only if I was



going to be late, but now I find I am building in double the amount of travel time. A bus would be the same or faster. Also, I could afford it. But what if I am the only customer he has left?”

Lizzie’s is an act of kindness and fellow feeling, but scale this scene up to 100 million “Mr. Jimmys” and that’s a big part of the reason why we have a greenhouse effect.

“Weather” is full of scenes like that, written in short, telegraphic sections that mirror a Twitter feed. One of my students put it nicely: “It presents a very fragmented way of thinking that really represents how people think in the moment with our thoughts jumping from one idea to another almost instantly ... how we stumble across different realizations about ourselves and the world around us.”

My notes on the novel attest to that approach and to Offill’s cutting satire: “Dog wants an ice cube;” “People are really sick of being lectured about glaciers;” “Choosing people for doomstead;” “What will be the safest place;” “Lizzie proud she stuffed a too-full garbage bag down the chute;” “Crazy doomer;” “Obligatory note of hope.”

At other times, Offill jolts the reader to attention, as when Lizzie’s son and husband are sitting at the kitchen table trying out some markers to see which still work: “Ben brings him a bowl of water so he can dip them in to test. According to the current trajectory, New York City will begin to experience dramatic, life-altering temperatures by 2047.”

This beautiful, hilarious and disquieting novel is absolutely about us, right here, right now — but it also recalls an earlier disaster. It’s essentially about how people rearrange deck chairs on the Titanic, as the iceberg closes in. ■

“Weather” by Jenny Offill, Alfred A. Knopf, 2020, 224 pages.

Jenny Offill is a novelist and editor. She has written three novels and four children’s books. Her book “Dept. of Speculation” was named one of the 10 Best Books of 2014 by The New York Times Book Review.



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- 9:01 Wright Bliss Rd NW @Olson Dr NW
- 9:02 Wright Bliss Road @104th St Ct NW
- 9:03 Union 76 @SR 302/4 Corners
- 9:06 SR 302 @150th Ave/Lake Holiday bus shed
- 9:08 SR 302 @140th Ave/Lake of the Woods
- 9:10 SR 302 @Charboneau Construction
- 9:13 Lake Kathryn Village
- 9:19 Purdy Park & Ride

VAUGHN WEDNESDAY MORNING

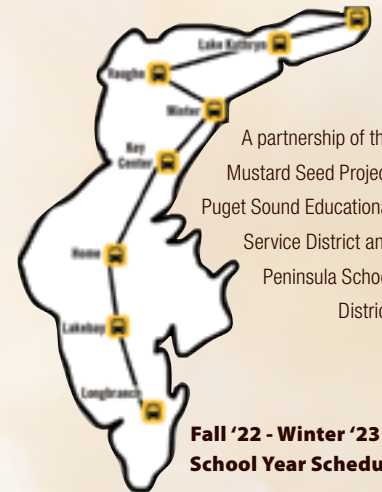
- 9:50 Vaughn Elementary School
- 9:51 Wright Bliss Rd NW @Olson Dr NW
- 9:52 Wright Bliss Road @104th St Ct NW
- 9:54 Union 76 @SR 302/4 Corners
- 9:57 SR 302 @150th Ave/Lake Holiday bus shed
- 9:58 SR 302 @140th Ave/Lake of the Woods
- 10:00 SR 302 @Charboneau Construction
- 10:03 Lake Kathryn Village
- 10:09 Purdy Park & Ride

EVERGREEN TUE/THUR MORNING

- 8:50 Evergreen Elementary School
- 8:59 Palmer Lake public access 24th St SW
- 9:00 Palmer Lake 21st St SW @193rd Ave
- 9:05 KPCS Senior Center & Food Bank
- 9:06 Home Gas Station @KP Hwy N
- 9:09 167th Ave Ct NW @KP Hwy N
- 9:13 Food Market in Key Center
- 9:15 KP Hwy N @Minterwood Dr NW
- 9:21 Lake Kathryn Village
- 9:30 Purdy Park & Ride

EVERGREEN WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 9:50 Evergreen Elementary School
- 9:54 Palmer Lake public access 24th St SW
- 9:55 Palmer Lake 21st St SW @193rd Ave
- 10:00 KPCS Senior Center & Food Bank
- 10:01 Home Gas Station @KP Hwy N
- 10:04 167th Ave Ct NW @KP Hwy N
- 10:08 Food Market in Key Center
- 10:10 KP Hwy N @Minterwood Dr NW
- 10:16 Lake Kathryn Village
- 10:24 Purdy Park & Ride



TUE/WED/THUR AFTERNOON

- 4:42 Purdy Park & Ride
- 4:47 Lake Kathryn Village
- 4:50 SR 302 @Windermere Realty
- 4:52 SR 302 @140th Ave/Lake of the Woods
- 4:53 SR 302 @150th/Lake Holiday bus shed
- 4:55 4 Corners gas station @SR 302
- 4:57 Wright Bliss Road @104th St Ct
- 4:58 Wright Bliss Road @Olson Dr
- 5:00 Food Market in Key Center
- 5:04 167th Ave Ct NW @KP Hwy N
- 5:08 Home Gas Station @KP Hwy N
- 5:10 KPCS Senior Center & Food Bank
- 5:13 Palmer Lake public access 24th St SW
- 5:14 Palmer Lake 21st St SW @193rd Ave
- 5:18 Evergreen Elementary School



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Washington State Department of Transportation

Traffic Woes on SR-302, With More to Come

STAFF REPORT

The Washington State Department of Transportation began work to replace two culverts at the end of July under State Route 302 on Little Minter Creek just north of the bridge near 118th Avenue NW, including a 12 day closure of SR-302 that began August 11.

Passenger vehicles were detoured between 118th and 134th Avenue NW onto Creviston Drive NW, which led to significant traffic delays as vehicles waited to re-enter SR-302.

The culvert replacement is the result of a lawsuit that pitted tribal authorities against Washington state in a dispute over salmon management. The tribes argued in 2001 that WSDOT was responsible for replacing culverts that acted as a barrier to returning salmon. Seventeen years later, after a series of appeals, the U.S. Supreme Court reached a split decision and defaulted to an earlier ruling in favor of the tribes. Washington was ordered to fix hundreds of areas deemed barriers — fixes estimated to cost over \$3 billion in culvert expansion and bridge construction.

The new Minter Creek Bridge finished in 2020 was part of that effort, as is the work on Little Minter Creek just north of it. The project is expected to be completed in early fall.

Later in the fall, WSDOT will begin culvert replacement and construction of a new bridge in Purdy on the SR-302 spur/Purdy Drive NW south of 144th Street NW near Peninsula High School. The work will require a detour onto Purdy Lane NW, a smaller road east of the SR-302 spur, including a temporary signal at the intersection of 144th and Purdy Lane. The detour is expected to remain for a year.

Similar work will be done on State Route 16 north of Purdy beginning at the end of

August. Overnight lane closures will allow crews to create a large median work zone where all westbound lanes will be moved while two culverts are replaced.

The work on SR-16 and the SR-302 Spur at Purdy Creek should be completed in 2024.

For more information, go to <https://wsdot.wa.gov/construction-planning>. ■



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Key Peninsula Community Connection

Peninsula School District - September 2022

Apply for Free or Reduced Lunch Today

Many students in our district rely on school meals to meet their nutritional needs, so we want to share some important information with you about our meal program.

The free school lunches and breakfasts offered to all students for the past two years, regardless of income, came to an end at the end of last school year. Starting this fall, PSD will return to its former school lunch program.



For the 2022-2023 school year, PSD families can apply for free or reduced-price meals starting now. Eligibility is based on federal income guidelines or participation in other programs.

Eligibility is more than a meal. It provides your student discounts on fees associated with technology, credit recovery, college applications, and college prep exams. The Free-Reduced Meal program also helps fund students' education, technology, and internet access at PSD.

Meal applications can be submitted throughout the year. Please complete yours today by visiting <https://bit.ly/SchoolLunchPSD>.

Upcoming Dates and Events

Monday, 9/5
Labor Day (No School)

Tuesday, 9/6
First Day of Kindergarten

Wednesday, 9/28 • 5 p.m.
College-Career Fair at Peninsula High School

Friday, 9/16 • 7 p.m.
Fish Bowl, PHS v. GHHS Football

10/24 - 10/28
Elementary and Middle School Conferences (half-day)

Mike Benoit Named New PHS Principal



The Peninsula School District is happy to announce Mike Benoit was named Peninsula High School's new principal. PHS Principal Joe Potts took a position with the Bellevue School District as of August 1.

Benoit has been in education for over 30 years. He is a graduate from Washington State University and received his master's degree from Gonzaga University.

Benoit and his family are longtime residents of Gig Harbor. He began his career in Federal Way School District as a teacher and later building principal. In 2004, he joined PSD as principal of Vaughn Elementary. Since 2010, Benoit has been the principal at Harbor Ridge Middle School, and will start as the PHS principal beginning this school year.

Drone Certification Courses Coming to PHS

Peninsula High School will offer drone certification classes in the spring of 2023 to students as a part of PSD's Career and Technical Education program. Students 16 and older have the opportunity to test with the FAA for their certification after they pass the course.

"This opens a lot of doors for our students," said Erin O'Neill, Executive Director of College, Career, and Life Readiness. "Many students will think of videography and photography, but drones are used in agriculture, oil fields, oceanography, search and rescue, the military, and so much more."

Drone certification training will also be available to students participating in the Navy Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps (NJROTC) program.

More information about the drone certification course will be released during the 2022-2023 school year.



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COMMUNITY CALENDAR

To add a listing for your event or find the latest details, visit www.keypennews.org/calendar

Sept 2 Coffee and Connection.

11:30 a.m., Tom Taylor YMCA., Gig Harbor.

Sept 3 & Oct 1 Bird Walks. Join nature guide Chris Rurik, 8:30 a.m., rain or shine, at Gateway Park pavilion.

Sept 7 CCS Support for Veterans. Discover all the services for vets. 12:30 p.m. KP Community Services. 253-884-4440

Sept 7 Mobile Health Clinic. Low- or no-cost medical assistance. 12:30 p.m. KP Community Services. 253-884-4440

Sept 11 Race for a Soldier. Virtual, 5K, Kids 5K and half marathons benefit PTSD foundation, 6:30 a.m. Tom Taylor YMCA

Sept 13 Pro bono tenant info. Eviction, legal, and assistance for renters. 10 a.m. KP Community Services. 253-884-4440

Sept 16 Baby Lounge. Safe space for families with 0-1year-olds. Noon, KP Civic Center. 253-884-3456

Sept 17 Scarecrow Contest. Entry forms at KP Community Office in Key Center or www.kpfarmtour.com.

Sept 19 Caregiver Support. Group for caregivers meets at Mustard Seed Project, 253-884-9814, 1 p.m.

Sept 24 Cider Swig. Cider-centered festival, sampling and sales. Starts at noon, LeMay Car Museum, Tacoma.

Oct 1 Fiber Arts Show. Exhibits, demonstrations and art. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Longbranch Improvement Club. licweb.org

Oct 1 Farm Tour. Farms and local producers. www.kpfarmtour.com

WEEKLY EVENTS

Monday Al-Anon Keys to Sanity family group. Key Center fire station, 5 to 6 p.m. bit.ly/3v2Vx5s

Monday Walks with Rusty Dog walks with Jason. Gateway Dog Park/360 Trails, 9 a.m.

M-W-F SAIL (Stay Active and Independent for Life). 10 to 11 a.m. Call

The Mustard Seed Project at 253-884-9814.

M-T-W-TH-SA SAIL. Flexibility and balance for over 60s. 8:30 a.m. at KP Community Services. 253-884-4440

T-W-Th HeartFit Women's free fitness classes at WayPoint Church. Tue 6 p.m., Wed 5 p.m., Thu 10 a.m. heartfitwp@gmail.com

T-TH Open Activity Hours. 2 to 4 p.m. Call The Mustard Seed Project at 253-884-9814.

T-TH Tai Chi. 9:45 a.m. at KP Community Services. 253-888-4440

T-SA KP History Museum. Pioneer KP Women exhibit. 1 p.m., KPHS Museum at KP Civic Center.

Wednesday Gentle Yoga for Older Adults. 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Call The Mustard Seed Project at 253-884-9814.

Wednesday Line Dance with Teresa. Second and fourth Wednesdays from September 14. 12:30 p.m. at KP Community Services. 253-888-4440

Thursday Senior Bingo. First and third Thursdays, 1 p.m. at KP Community Services. 253-888-4440

Thursday KP Toastmasters. WayPoint Church, 8 to 9 a.m. 425-243-2618.

Thursday Fresh Express Mobile Market. First and third Thursdays, 11 a.m. at KP Community Services.

Friday Set Sail. STEAM drop-in activities 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., Puget Sound Navy Museum, Bremerton.

MONTHLY MEETINGS

26th Legislative District Democrats. First Thursdays on Zoom, 6:30 p.m. 26thdemocrats@gmail.com

Key Peninsula Advisory Commission. Third Wednesdays, 6:30 p.m. Details at piercescountywa.gov/5937.

KP Business Association. Luncheon third Fridays, noon at El Sombrero. kpbusinessassociation@gmail.com

KP Business Association. Business meeting first Tuesdays, 6:30 p.m. DK Property Management or Zoom. kpbusinessassociation@gmail.com

KP Community Council. Second

Wednesdays on Zoom, 7 p.m. keypencouncil@gmail.com

KP Citizens Against Crime. Third Thursdays, 7 to 8:30 p.m. Key Center fire station.

KP Civic Center Association. Board meeting. Second Thursdays, 7 to 8:30 p.m., Whitmore Room, KP Civic Center. 253-884-3456

KP Democrats. Third Monday, 7 p.m., Home fire station. johnpatkelly@aol.com, 253-432-4256

KP Fire Commission. Second and fourth Tuesdays, 5 p.m. on Zoom. keypeninsulafire.org, 253-884-2222

KP Historical Society. First Tuesdays, 11 a.m. at the museum. kphsmuseum@gmail.com

KP Lions Club. First and third Wednesdays, 7 p.m. on Zoom. 253-853-2721 keypeninsulalions@outlook.com

KP Parks Commission. Second Mondays, 7:30 to 8:30 p.m. Volunteer Park office. 253-884-9240

KP Veterans. First and third Mondays, 7 to 8 p.m. KP Lutheran Church, 4213 Lackey Road NW. Ray Flowers 253-884-2626

KP Sportsmen's Club. Second Thursdays, 6 p.m. KP Sportsmen's Club, 3503 Jackson Lake Rd. 253-884-6764

Lakebay Fuchsia Society. First Thursdays, 7 p.m. KP Civic Center, Whitmore Room. 253-884-2283

Longbranch Improvement Club. Third Wednesdays, 6:30 to 8:30 p.m. Longbranch Improvement Club. 253-200-0308 or licweb.org

Peninsula Emergency Preparedness Coalition. Second Wednesdays, 6 p.m. on Zoom. 6ftwav@gmail.com, 253-720-0662

Peninsula School District. Board meeting 6 to 7:30 p.m. 253-530-1000

Suicide Prevention Coalition. Survivors support group. Second Tuesdays, 9 a.m., Heron's Key, hope4you.org

Tacoma-Pierce County Health Department. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Key Center Corral. Call 253-432-4948 for the schedule for Air Quality, Triple P, COVID-19, General HD, Water/Wells and Healthy Housing advice.

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Key Peninsula Civic Center

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for K-8, includes skate rental and games



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Key Peninsula Civic Center, 17010 S. Vaughn Road 253/884-3456 www.kpciviccenter.org The Key Peninsula Civic Center Association, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization, fosters and promotes the civic, social, cultural and general well-being of the Key Peninsula community

Longbranch Improvement Club

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Guest Artist: Peter Rowe

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All Logging Show photos by Tina McKail, KP News

TOP LEFT: Billy Clinkingbeard of Buckley climbs a spar tree.

TOP RIGHT: Chuck Coen lends his strength to the kids tug-of-war team, including his two great grandchildren.

MID RIGHT: Nick Thompson (left) and Jason Hatch buzz through a big log with a V8 chainsaw.



BOTTOM LEFT: Beverly Frick saws right through as Andy Coen, Denys Lemoine and Martha Nicholas hold on tight.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Guy Patrick from Belfair knows exactly where he wants it to fall.