

# The REDHAWK REVIEW



Ava Shiflett (left), a CHS freshman, and Leah Harrison (right), a PTHS sophomore, don blue while infiltrating the defense of 2A Olympic High School in a gritty 1-0 victory that resulted in four yellow cards for the opposing team. (Photo by Jim Emery)

## Short, Sweet, and with a Twist: East Jefferson “Fall” Sports

By Soso Johnston

Does Cowboys plus Red-hawks make... CowHawks? Does blue and red combined mean purple uniforms? Does a past rivalry make two sports

teams incompatible? These were the questions rattling in the heads of student athletes at PTHS and Chimacum High School in the nights leading up to February 1st, the first day of the combined and abbreviated “fall” sports season.

Last year, PTHS moved to the Nisqually League, aiming to have more competitive games against smaller schools in the Seattle area. But to keep things local during the COVID-19 pandemic, PTHS rejoined the Olympic League

and combined athletics with Chimacum High School in hopes of fielding numbers high enough to compete with typically dominant teams west of the Sound, like Port Angeles and Sequim.

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# Supporting School Food Programs: the Spring Into Wellness Challenge

By Sophia Lumsdaine

To “cultivate health, resilience, and well-being of students and families” is the mission of the Jefferson County Community Wellness Project. The organization works with school parents, staff, administrators, and school boards to address short term wellness issues, as well as working toward long-term and structural solutions. With a variety of programs, partnerships, and events, they strive to create culinary and agricultural education opportunities, support robust school garden programs, and help ensure that school cafeterias are able to provide nutritious and local food for students, among other things.

In past years, an annual “We FEED Kids 5k” has been one way that the Community Wellness Project has raised funds to carry out the mission of developing healthy food systems in the

Jefferson County schools. This year, a slightly different event is taking place with the Spring Into Wellness fundraiser, which will serve the same purpose of enhancing schools’ food systems, but as a broader fitness challenge than the 5k.

Those who participate register on the Spring Into Wellness website, setting a personal fitness goal as well as creating a team name. The participant can choose any sort of physical activity they wish to challenge themselves with, from biking, yoga, sit-ups, team sports, dancing, stair climbing, to any other form of exercise; the limits are boundless. After choosing the type of activity and a month’s goal for that activity, the participant reaches out to people they know, adding others to their team. Each time a new member joins with their own goal, the team goal goes up. Over the course of the month of April, those partici-

pating in the Spring Into Wellness challenge will work towards their personal goal, simultaneously getting their team closer to the team goal. During this time, they will be spreading the word about the event, asking others to sponsor their team with a donation.

Teams can be any size and can be made up of any group of people. It is a great opportunity for groups that are already formed such as book clubs, sports teams, non-profits, school clubs, church congregations, businesses, service groups, or circles of friends to work together for a good cause while getting healthier. The \$35 registration fee for participants 18 and older (those under 18 can register for free) combined with the sponsorship that teams receive will raise money that goes directly to support school gardens and kitchens. The school food programs of Jefferson County will benefit, as will the Community Wellness Project’s sister school in

Tanzania, Emburis Pre & Primary School.

If you are interested in the Spring Into Wellness fundraiser, do not hesitate to get involved! Registration began on March 1st and will continue through April 30th. Besides registration, a sponsorship donation set-up is accessible on the Spring Into Wellness website (<https://runsignup.com/Race/WA/JeffersonCounty/springinto-wellness>) along with other information.



## Flocking

By Moe Gardner

You may have seen flocks of flamingos popping up in peoples yards recently, and that is because “flocking” has begun again at Port Townsend High School. The annual grad night fundraiser is run by the senior class, who gather up flocks of plastic flamingos and place them into people’s yards. A person generally will put around \$25 in the flamingo pouch in order to “remove the flock,” though sometimes more is given. The flocking experience is a very fun and memorable one that raises a lot of money to ensure that the senior’s grad night is unforgettable. This year, the seniors have already raised around \$7,000 from flocking alone.

Senior Jenessah Seebergoss participated in this year’s flocking, commented that “It was a little nerve wracking going onto other peoples properties at night. It could be really stressful to not get caught.” With the challenges of dodging motion-sensored lights and finding the addresses in the dark, flocking is no easy

task. Senior Jonathan Holt recalled a rather strange and scary experience when flocking: “We couldn’t find one of the houses one night. The number on the address did not exist on the street.” So, the senior group (the students are always with others for extra protection or help if needed) “were driving up and down this street looking for this house,” which must have looked suspicious to residents living in the area. “A man came out of his house and asked us what we were doing” Jonathan continued, “I just told him we were fundraising and I thought he would go away.” Unfortunately, some people have worries and the man thought people putting pink flamingos in someone’s yard was odd and suspicious, so he called the police, believing that the high schoolers were trespassing on someone’s yard. Luckily, the school resource officer came to the scene and knew exactly what was going on.

While many flocking evenings have been uneventful, some PT residents have enjoyed adding extra challenges to the game of retrieving flamingos, hiding them in trees or

locking them in cages, providing a fun element of adventure for seniors.

So know that if you see someone putting flamingos in your yard or someone else’s yard, they are most likely just fundraising to ensure that they have a graduation night they will never forget. It is no doubt that this year has been extremely hard on our seniors, so let’s all make sure that we support them and help them with whatever plans they can do this year!



Seniors Melanie Bakin and River Kisler pose with plastic yard flamingos before placing them around town. (Photo by Stella Jorgensen)



# I Am Embracing My Asianness, And You Should, Too

By Julia Neville

Upon hearing the headline titles after the Georgia shootings, one of the first things I did was turn ashamedly toward my hands.

On one hand, I could count the number of times my mother, a woman of direct Asian descent who spent the first thirteen years of her life in Guangzhou, China, had detailed her experience as an immigrant to me when I was growing up. Although now we've had conversations about her immigration story, I used to know only snippets and pieces and had never quite grasped what it was like to be so young and helpless while in that position.

On the other, I was able to total the few words, scarce and unimpressive, that I know in Chinese. As a naive eight-year old, I had been enrolled in Mandarin classes that would meet every Saturday. We'd congregate around one small table, making the most of our few hours a week together. I'm sure we were productive and that I did enjoy warming up to my native language; yet, my clearest memories from that class are of a girl—myself—who was so intently focused on sneaking Cuties out of the community bowl that she barely paid attention to the lesson plans. Needless to say, I stopped going to language classes shortly thereafter and retained close to nothing. Now it is nearly impossible for me to communicate with my Chinese grandparents, who know two licks of English.

Speaking from these quick calculations, it is unsurprising that I feel so out of touch with a culture to which I owe my existence yet am barely familiarized with. Besides analyzing my features in the mirror and thinking, "Well, you can see the Chinese in my eyes and my hair," I associate with a culture known for its strong

influence, innovation, complexity, and so much more from a distance. I will proudly tell you I am 50% Chinese and joke about the childhood nickname my Irish father gave me, "Chirish Girl," but could tell you little about how my Asian descent translates into my life.

And I hate myself for it.

It feels so contradictory of me to only truly associate with being Asian when this community of people is in danger. But the truth is, I've lived a fortunate life. I definitely have at least some white privilege, and have lived so well that I seem to have forgotten the extent to which my immediate family on my mother's side, a group of ambitious, optimistic immigrants, and my general Chinese ancestors, have suffered. In fact, I am so unacquainted with the horrors of discrimination that I am left feeling distanced from the lot of them; I consider myself almost undeserving of the title, the incredible feat and accomplishment, of being an Asian-American woman. Not only have I lived well, then, but I feel I have lived in ignorance and denial of my cultural ties to Asian civilization. Coming to terms with this revelation and beginning to address it has reignited my passion and curiosity towards embracing my culture, for I now realize that, while I have never been ashamed of my nationality, perhaps I have concurrently chosen never to pursue these roots in the ways I have always wanted to.

I am incredibly grateful I have grown up in a community where dreams are not far fetched realities, where believers walk the same paths they never thought they would pave. The people of Port Townsend are linear in the sense that they are united, but, by contrast, their thought processes and ideas are as radical and inclusive as they come. It is

hard for me, then, as a resident of a progressive town where I have felt nothing but safe and accepted, to speak for the vast majority of Asian Americans living in urban cities, working minimum wage jobs and raising families on their own. But I have found that a similarity most Asian Americans and I do share is our unrealized assimilation into society. The vast majority of Asian Americans have been subconsciously suppressing their identities for as long as we can remember. This is not because we are ashamed of these identities, but rather, because in recent years, anti-Asian sentiment has been nowhere near as nationalized or as prevalent as it is now. It has been years since we have had to defend our nationalities so blatantly, to present our cases to national leaders and the public with the

fear that we will be turned away or ignored. Until now.

Thus far, we as a society have let the reigns slack when it comes to the protection of our Asian American friends and family. I would argue we have failed to even recognize the animosity that Asian Americans are facing right now as a national issue. And speaking from the perspective of one herself, I understand how easy it is to care momentarily and only momentarily. But I also know that I want to be able to use other counting methods besides my limited number of fingers to describe what I know about my heritage. That is to say, Asian American heritage is worth remembering. Worth preserving. Worth saving.



Protesters confronting the recent rise of violence against Asian Americans.  
(Photo from the New York Times)

# Restaurant Reviews: Dining at Finistere

By River Kisler

Welcome back to restaurant reviews. We have a very special issue this week, as it's the first time in nearly a year that I have had the pleasure of sitting down to dine in person. The joy of savoring a meal in a restaurant instead of at my desk was compounded by the restaurant itself, one of the hottest dining destinations in Port Townsend. I am talking, of course, about Finistere. While a fairly recent addition to the gastronomic topography of PT, it has already garnered considerable respect. Opened four years ago by Deborah Taylor and Scott Ross, a couple with impressive experience in the restaurant industry, Finistere draws on the abundance of fresh seafood and local produce on the Olympic Peninsula. While Taylor comes from a background of extremely high end cuisine, Finistere does not feel pretentious. Compared to Taylor's work at establishments such as Canlis, the food at Finistere is back to basics but done with incredible care and made with the best ingredients.

I will admit, it was a little surreal walking into a restaurant and taking my mask off to eat but it still felt very safe. The tables inside are spaced out with screens separating them and masks are required until you are seated. If eating inside feels like too much too soon, there is lots of outdoor seating, resplendent with heaters and umbrellas. As for the restaurant's interior, it was a reflection of the food being served: simple and almost

minimalist but also clearly imbued with thought and care. It feels light and airy inside, but without totally sacrificing intimacy and comfort. White walls contrast nicely with the hardwood floors and understated wooden furniture, and the whole room is bathed in soft golden light from pendant lights on the ceiling. It's also fun being level with the sidewalk; chances are you'll see someone you know walk by.

As for food, Finistere is easily the most impressive restaurant in Port Townsend. I ordered the crispy fingerling potatoes and a roasted beet salad as an appetizer and then the Strozzapreti pasta for my entree. I finished off the night with some delicious sorbet, which rotates nightly. To be totally honest, the fingerling potatoes were the most memorable part of the meal. It is such a brilliant reimagination of the classic french fry. Crispy but buttery at the same time, they were perfect lathered with some of the fluffiest herb infused butter I have ever tasted. The beet salad was also enjoyable with spinach, soft beets that cleave apart in such a satisfying way, and the tastiest grilled onions I've ever had. Topped off with huckleberries and goat cheese, it really felt like a salad of this place.

The pasta was tasty, of course. Ragu bolognese with basil and parmesan cheese? It's hard to go wrong. The spice level was ideal, the noodles perfectly cooked, and it wasn't drowned in the sauce, a common complaint I have when it comes to pasta. The sorbet was also interesting, with a heavy citrus flavor that was nicely complemented

by a simple shortbread cookie. It had a unique consistency too, a little firmer than the sorbest I'm used to, but undoubtedly tasty.

I have to keep things short to get my editor off my back, but I will just conclude this review by saying what a joy it was to eat at Finistere. The memory of my meal is still fresh in my mind—days later—and I can't wait to go back. While it is a little too pricey to be a regular stop, it is well worth it on special occasions—and that's all for the best. Like many good things in life, a meal at Finistere is something to look forward to, and something to savor.



Delicious Beet Salad (Photo by River Kisler)

## April Fools' Day - How Did it Start?

By Maggie Emery

April Fools' Day is the notorious day when people pull pranks on their family and friends and then laugh when they have a normal reaction to this prank. It's either the funniest or the worst day of the year. How did April Fools' Day come to be? The truth is, there isn't an exact answer. However, there are a few different theories on how this holiday began.

Many historians speculate that April Fools' Day started in 1582, when the Christian world switched from the Julian Calendar, named after Julius Caesar, to

the Gregorian calendar, named after Pope Gregory XIII, after the Council of Trent suggested they do this back in 1563. The old Julian and Hindu calendars began around the Spring Equinox, somewhere around April 1st. Many people didn't know that the new start of the year had been switched from April 1st to January 1st, so they continued to celebrate the New Year on April 1st. They were known as "April fools." People started pulling pranks on the clueless April fools. The most common of these pranks was putting a paper fish on someone's back, then referred to as a "poisson d'avril"—translating to April fish

and symbolizing a young, gullible person.

Another slightly-less common tale of origin was that April Fools' Day was based around the Greco-Roman festival called Hilaria, celebrated on March 25th. The festival honored Cybele, the Greek Mother of the Gods and involved parades, masquerades, dressing up, and mocking fellow citizens. Hilaria celebrated the first day of the Vernal Equinox, the first day of spring in which Mother Nature fooled people with unpredictable weather.

The last rumor about the origins of April Fool's Day was related to a book, *The Canterbury*

Tales, which talks about the 32nd of March. Obviously, there is no 32nd of March, so this was what people thought linked the book to April Fools'. However, many claim this was simply a misprint.

There are many different ideas as to how April Fools' Day started that it's hard to narrow down which one is most plausible. Some say that April Fools' came to be just based off of the opinion that springtime is filled with hilarity, the best summary of the truly unknown history of April Fools' Day.



# There's Snow Place Like Home

By Julia Neville

Especially to believers in fate and coincidence, the first snowfall of the year is indelible. Whether the phenomenon is weather-induced, a complete fluke, or some awaited gift, “The world changes when it snows. It’s quiet. Everything softens.” Lorelai Gilmore from Gilmore Girls would argue this, at least. She’d rush outside for a snow walk, marveling at the minute details of each individual flurry.

Of course, not all of us will believe in the transformative effects of the snow like Lorelai was notorious for doing, as if the snow was some miracle on Earth or a present just for her. Still, there is no harm in believing that the act of snowfall is extraordinary—that it is liberating but unifying, personal but all-encompassing. Snow’s inconsistency here in the Pacific Northwest keeps us constantly on our toes, always wanting more.

Throughout the winter season, Port Townsend’s residents’ steadfast yearning for snow was known and shared by nearly all. The town was simply ecstatic when, on a fortuitous four-day weekend in mid-February, our far-fetched wishes came true. Arguably, our longing for the

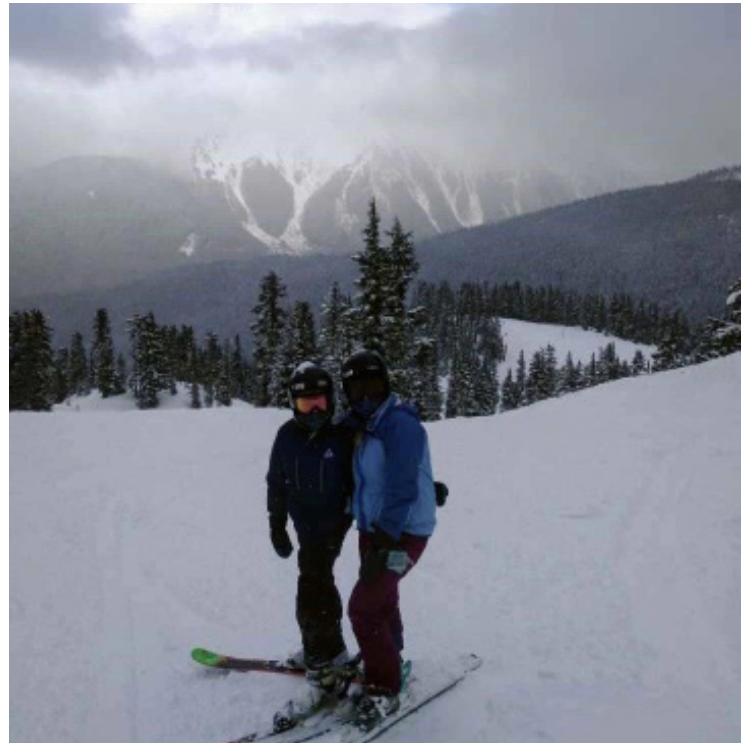
snow to come was stronger than in years past because of recent circumstances: since the pandemic, opportunities for relief, distraction, pure joy, and normalcy have been scarce. The snow was a temporary fix, an escape that rendered it possible for children and adults to laugh heartily and converse with vivacity once again.

Citizens smiled with childlike wonder as they walked through the snowy streets, even recollecting upon younger memories spent playing in the snow. Camryn Hines was one such individual with a distinctive snowy experience in mind. “I have a really wonderful memory of going to Mount Baker with my family and my best friend. We rented a cabin and skied the whole weekend. It was a blast,” she recalled.

Another student, Tuva Hoyer, had a particularly interesting vantage point of the snow and colder weather, after having lived in Haiku, Maui for the past couple of months. With the timing of the snow, Tuva was incredulous that it happened to align perfectly with her return. “I thought it was really cool, going from 80° weather to actually having to wear coats every day. It was so nice to come back to a ‘White Holiday’ type of feeling.”

By the nature of our region, PNW folks have a special relationship with weather in all extremities. Because of the rarity of snowfall, thunderstorms, and perpetual beams of sunlight, we have come to regard each weather complication as a subject of wonder—especially snowfall. It is likely that some of us will possess

a deep and true appreciation for all that the snow has to offer us for quite some time, if not for the rest of our lives. No matter what sort of adventures this will entail, we will go into the matter with a sense of urgency and awareness comparable to that of Lorelai Gilmore’s, if we dare end up that lucky.



More recently, Camryn revealed that she still goes up to the mountains periodically and makes the most out of the local snowfalls. “We try to go skiing up at Mt. Baker or Stevens Pass five to seven times every year. When it snows here in town, I always sled with my friends. I also just walk around in the beautiful snow!”

## An Interview With Colin McCann, Campaign Manager

By Finn O'Donnell

Colin McCann doesn't see all differences within the Democratic Party as a matter of substance, but more as a matter of style. When I interviewed him about electoral strategies in early March, I asked McCann, (our Congressman Derek Kilmer's political director, about two caucuses in Congress with important ties to Washington State.

For some background: Democrats and Republicans in the House of Representatives caucus (meet to discuss bills and priorities) as individual parties, but there are other, smaller

caucuses in Congress. From 2018-2020, the biggest caucus in the House was the New Democrats Coalition (NDC), chaired by Rep. Derek Kilmer. It's now chaired by WA Rep. Susan DelBene. The second biggest was the Progressive Caucus, now chaired by Seattle's Rep. Pramila Jayapal.

Colin described the NDC as “a group of results-driven legislators focused on taking their community's priorities to Washington.” At least that's the case for our representative since, as Colin put it, “I can't speak for any other representative, but I know how Derek operates. He listens to what people in our

district want and need from the government and takes those wants and needs to the Hill.”

That's certainly a different style from others in the House, who engage a national audience and, while still spending plenty of time with people in their communities, use their national platform to advocate for change all across the states. A quick comparison of the Twitter feeds of Reps. Jayapal and Kilmer shows the scope of their respective focuses: Jayapal's last 50 tweets all focused on national issues like the minimum wage and student debt. In Kilmer's last 50, 35 focused on national issues, 2 on Star Wars, and 13 on local events. This isn't to say

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# Don't Be a Buzz Kill, Join Generation Bee

By Willow Hoins

Bzz-bzz. "I'm a bee. I'm a bee. I'ma-I'ma-I'ma bee." Sound familiar? Black Eyed Peas featuring our girl Fergie. Ironically, the group raps about their "fly-ness"—about all they are and all they're going to be. They probably never intended to directly relate to a eusocial flying insect like the honey bee, yet here we are.

Like the Black Eyed Peas lengthy career, dating back to two larrikins of L.A. in 1988, the honey bee also has a confounding lifespan: 14-28 days. In that time, they will travel over 7,500 miles—a distance from Seattle to Saudi Arabia. One bee will pollinate over 170,000 flowers, propping up the world's economies. According to Friends of the Earth, a global environmental organization, a world without bees would "cost United Kingdom farmers £1.8 billion [\$2.5 billion] a year to pollinate crops." That's 34 times Black Eyed Peas frontman will.i.am's \$75 million net worth. In America, bees contribute \$15 billion to the economy. They produce honey and assist in propagating plants, along with nearly all of our primary fruits, vegetables, and nuts. Additionally, bees sustain our meat and dairy industry by pollinating legumes and grains, the very roughage upon which

livestock depend.

Bee allusions swarm in culture. The phrase "busy as a bee," was derived from the medieval poet Chaucer and, while the classical orchestral interlude "Flight of the Bumblebee" may colonize our history, the pop-culture saturation flies farther. Harry Potter's Dumbledore is a Cornish word for bumblebee. The notorious Bee Movie, ethical implications and all, arises as references and even pillars of Generation Z, perpetuating myths surrounding the humble bumble.

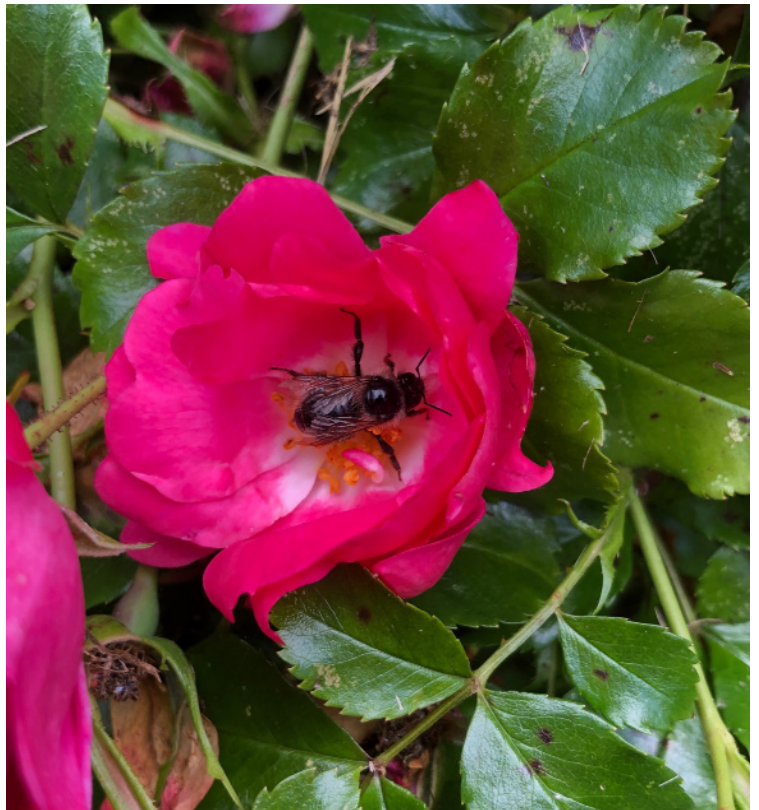
As the film notoriously claims, "According to all known laws of physics, there is no way that a bee should be able to fly. Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground. The bee, of course, flies anyways. Because bees don't care what humans think is impossible."

Truthfully, bees don't defy the laws of physics, but they do defy the laws of aviation. Decrying that bees shouldn't be able to fly according to machine-based mathematical equations, we assume they shouldn't be able to fly by any merit. As humans, we unreasonably hold nature to a standard based on humanity's infrastructure. In disregarding our humble bee, we subjugate our coexistence. The oppression of the collective constitutes the oppression of the individual.

So, consider this:

We rely on the honey bee, and now, they rely on us. Plant a bee garden, go organic, denounce pesticides or fertilizers, support local beekeepers, and make a bee bath. Provide bees a place to hydrate before continuing their flight by filling a shallow dish with fresh water and pebbles for a safe landing. Take satisfaction that you participated, you cared, and you made a difference. Indeed, it is in our best interest to embody

the "I'ma be" endeavor. "I'ma be spreading my wings. I'ma be the future. Oh, let's make this last forever. Partying, we'll chill together. I'm a bee."



**"Bee yourself, do your own sting. You have no idea how high you can fly."**  
-Sir Bumble-Michael Scott (Photo from Marrowstone Vineyards)

## Quirky Corners

By Zinnia Hansen

Port Townsend is a place that markets itself as odd. Being a tourist town, people come here in order to be stimulated, entertained. They want to encounter something out of the ordinary. As locals, it's easy to forget that we live in a town full of novelties. But the pandemic has allowed me to rediscover some of the quirky secrets hiding just a

couple blocks away.

Down the road from my house, tucked away in a quiet Uptown courtyard, is an actual, honest to goodness, cobbler. Puffin Shoe Repair refurbishes old shoes that need a bit of a touch-up. I have often wondered how they manage to stay in business. But, with locals who are hyper-conscious about sustainability and tourists who are eager for a glimpse of Victorian life, Port Townsend is

the perfect environment for this antiquated and esoteric profession to continue to thrive.

There is a shop downtown entirely dedicated to olive oil and balsamic vinegar, the Lively Olive. Inside are rows of shiny metal canisters, and the back wall is a bright, cheerful green. Before COVID, there were trays of bread and toothpicks with which you could sample the products. Occasionally, if I was hungry and

didn't feel like shelling out five dollars for a slice of pizza next door, I would go in there for a snack. I still haven't managed to rationalize this store's existence. As far as I know, olives don't grow very well in the cold, wet, Washington climate. Neither does the store really fit into the town's Victorian aesthetic. But it's been here for years now, and I'm not complaining. They are generous with their samples.



# Horoscopes

Divined by yours truly, Grace Wentzel

## Aquarius (January 20 - February 18)

Here's a pitch: carbonated water. But, since we're about saving the planet, not out of one of those pesky cans. Those SodaStream® machines sure do make a lot of noise, but the bubbles tickling the roof of your mouth are guaranteed to make you feel like one of the 1%.

Maybe take "Eat the Rich" out of your bio? Guess you could just claim an [Aerosmith](#) obsession.

## Pisces (February 19 - March 20)

Minor inconvenience? I have the perfect solution: a teeny tiny pair of scissors. That's right, there's nothing like a little snip snip to your 'do to make the annoyance go away. Yay!

I watch HBO Max while I cut my hair but here's a song for your adventures in trims: Miya Folick's [Premonitions](#) (she has new song called [Haircut](#) with Petey but this is my favorite of hers)

## Aries (March 21 - April 19)

Okay, I actually did some research for this edition, so here goes, people. According to Astrology.com, the colors of Aries are red and... mustard? So, what I got from that is that you shouldn't be afraid to use both ketchup and mustard as condiments. I know it can be scary, but maybe trying something new could lead to your success in life. Or maybe I'm

reading into this a little too much.

Anywayz... [Relish](#) by JEFF The Brotherhood (see what I did there?)

## Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

Katy Perry might not be having a comeback right now, but I believe in your ability to start one. It's the right thing to do—the world needs some Teenage Dream right now, it being Women's History Month and all.

[LAST FRIDAY NIGHT \(T.G.I.F.\)](#) SUPERIORITY! (Maybe make this into a banner? Just spitballing.)

## Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

If you ever find yourself caught in a decision between sleeping or any other activity, as I predict you soon will, here's what you must do: [Sleep on the Floor](#) (The Lumineers).

## Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

Here's the truth: you need to dress like one of the Royal Tenenbaums—if not a fun combo of Margo and Richie. Get ahead of the trend, y'all.

As always, Wes Anderson soundtracks win the game: [Stephanie Says](#), The Velvet Underground

## Leo (July 23 - August 22)

With Leo being in the fifth house and all, inspiration could strike in any moment. Act accordingly by carrying around a spare paper napkin and pen.

Maybe you'll write the next bop! Here's a not-so-new bop: [Something Good Can Work](#) by Two Door Cinema Club

## Virgo (August 23 - September 22)

Everyone knows that APUSH is a killer class. And, while John Green is great and all, I have an even better resource: Drunk History. There's nothing quite like Winona Ryder acting out Mary Dyer's fight for religious tolerance to help you visualize the drama of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

This is a stretch but here we go: Winona Ryder was in the 1989 *Heathers* (which has a cool cool [soundtrack](#) by the way), and Seventeen is a song sung by her character in *Heathers: The Musical*... so listen to [Seventeen](#) with Barrett Wilbert Weed and Ryan McCartan.

## Libra (September 23 - October 22)

So I was going to ask the Libra army to figure out a way to recreate the InStyle Golden Globes elevator (you know the one) so that the plebeians can get their 15 seconds of fame, but after a quick Google search I found out that apparently there's already a [filter on Instagram](#)?? I am now unsure if I have ever had a single original thought.

Walter Wanderley makes BOMB elevator music though—check out [Song of the Jet](#) the next time you're in a little metal box moved up and down by pulleys.

## Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)

Having trouble getting through movies because you keep falling asleep? 1. Sleep more. 2. If step 1

seems unachievable, try watching thrillers... or anything with people screaming a bunch.

Stanley Kubrick, anyone? Here's a [playlist](#) of some of his greatest soundtracks (don't know the person that made this but their profile suggests FILM NERD).

## Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

Okay, this is a legitimate query, so please let me know if you have an answer. Are people actually inspired to cook after watching Food Network? Or are we just resigned to the fact that we don't have assistants to clean up the kitchen after our escapades.

Uh guys Barilla (the world's largest pasta producer, in case you are uninformed) has a [Spotify profile](#) with playlists that play the exact length of time that it takes to cook different noodles. Is there anything cooler than that?

## Capricorn (December 22 - January 19)

One of these days, getting your homework done on time will pay off big-time. But who's to know when exactly that day will come? Better safe than sorry? Better late than never? I'll leave the aphorism choosing up to you.

Not me doing homework In the [Midnight Hour](#) (Wilson Pickett)

Check out the March playlist on my Spotify, @gracefulheart11, to listen to the songs linked above!

## Interview with Colin McCann, Cont.

that one is better than the other: national issues are local issues, and when our representatives each speak for over 700,000 people, they've got to have broad appeal.

As Colin said, lots of the differences between caucuses are simply stylistic. While one might expect centrist representatives like our own Rep. Kilmer to break from party lines more often, he votes along party lines more than Speaker Pelosi or Rep. Jayapal. The same is true on the right: Minority Speaker McCarthy votes along party lines more than

moderate Representatives Liz Cheney and Dan Crenshaw. This isn't to group Kilmer and McCarthy together, but to show that a representative's voting record just can't be accurately aligned with their image or style.

But style determines how our representatives are seen. It's no wonder that Derek Kilmer faced a progressive challenger in 2020 when Pramila Jayapal didn't. But the local approach to an election works for Kilmer and others like him. As Colin McCann said, "Most people don't know their congress-

people. But in our area, it feels like everyone has a story of meeting Derek Kilmer. I've been a constituent of Derek's since he first ran for the state legislature in 2004, and I remember his annual visits to our classroom. My dad ran once into him at the county fair. On the campaign, everyone seems to have a story of meeting Derek, and I think interacting with the person who represents you gives people something to think about when they're filling out their ballot."

# Quirky Corners, Cont.

Port Townsend is a great place to find handcrafts, many of which are beautifully made, but often with something a little off-center about them. One of my favorite household mugs was sculpted here in town. It's lovely: round, easy to hold, spun from an earthy terracotta. And on the handle perches a little bird, the signature mark of Laughing Gnome, formerly Daily Bird, Pottery. Also built into the handle is the mug's very own blown glass fidget spinner.

Port Townsend's not for

everyone. I, for one, am very excited to experience somewhere a little more cosmopolitan. But you can't say that our little town doesn't have character. As a poet, I am constantly searching for new inspiration. Because of this, quarantine has given me a chance to re-examine my home. It's forced me to come to recognize that there are parts of this place I'm never going to find anywhere else, parts that I'm going to miss dearly.



The Lively Olive, our local shop for all our olive oil needs.

## *The Redhawk Review*

We hope you've enjoyed your peruse through this issue of the 2020/2021

Redhawk Review! This paper is written and produced by students, for students. Its aim is to both inform our student body about current events in our school and community and to provide an opportunity for students to get involved with journalism. We are always looking for more students to work with us, either as committed staff members or as contributors of single articles addressing topics writers are passionate about. We'd also love to work with students interested in creative writing, photography, or other art forms. If you're interested in journalism, or just in learning more, please let me know! We'd love to have you on board. We are creating this with the ideas and interests of students in mind, so feedback and thoughts for the future are always happily accepted! Thanks for reading,

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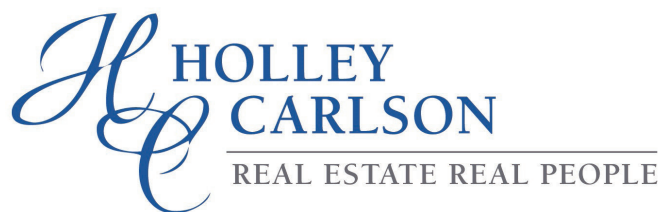
# East Jefferson "Fall" Sports, Cont.

The combination of Chimacum and Port Townsend high school sports, coined as "East Jefferson" (instead of Port Chimacum, to the disappointment of some PTHS Alumni), resulted in growth among players and teams. Football fielded over 60 kids, a drastic increase from past years. Volleyball started with a Varsity, Junior Varsity, and C team, and Girl's Soccer turned the tables on previously better schools. PTHS and CHS Cross Country and Swim have been combined for a number of years, so the change was nothing new to them. For those not used to the combination of Chimacum and Port Townsend, though, it took some time to adjust. Clare Johnson, a junior at CHS and a seasoned soccer player, was initially hesitant about the combination because of the historic rivalry, assuming there would be "some kind of divide" between the two teams. However, once Johnson got to the first soccer practice, she realized "it wasn't going to be like that at all. Everyone was very welcoming and it didn't feel uncomfortable at all."

Student athletes from Port Townsend and Chimacum have learned to change their mentalities about rivalry, and about winning, too. For the East Jefferson Girls Soccer team, the

combination resulted in an even distribution of skill across the field. This skill translated to trust and cohesion between players, leading to a better record than the PTHS program has seen in years and the mental and physical annihilation of schools underestimating East Jefferson's skill, like Sequim, who lost 4-1 in the first Chimacum home game. Johnson said "the best part of the season has been the combination... We all get along great, and know how to push each other in a healthy way." Johnson, like other East Jefferson athletes, hopes the combination continues in future years.

Even though athletes have been enthusiastic overall about the combination, the shift in school pride took some time for students to adjust to. For me, shouting "Cowboys on three!" at the start of our first game went against every instinct I've learned as a four-year Redhawk. When asked her feelings about wearing red, Johnson said, "If I'm being honest, the first time I wore a Redhawks uniform, it felt wrong. Because I viewed them as my rival for so long, it was hard for me to change my perspective and be okay with wearing red. Even now, I have to remind myself that they are my colors, too."



**COLDWELL BANKER BEST HOMES**