How Does Your Garden Grow?

A Gift That Grows
By Sherida Phibbs

Reflecting on the “shelter-in-place” restrictions of the past few months raises mixed emotions. However, a place or time of personal isolation can often be a place of unexpected blessing.

As we are in seclusion, what opportunities have you searched out to find peace and sanctuary by communing with nature? Many have taken this time to learn or return to the joy of gardening.

I feel blessed as I think of all the wonderful gifts my gardens have given me, my family, my friends and others. Some gifts are tangible, such as homegrown fruits and vegetables and beautiful flowers. Just as important are the gifts that benefit my soul, as well as my emotional and physical well-being.

After retirement, some of us still have the vigor to physically do what we did when we were 40. Others find it more difficult to do certain things. Unlike some physical activities, the beauty of gardening is that we can always find a way to garden. We may just need to modify how, what and where we garden.

During the past few years, my husband and I have modified our garden and our methods. We realized that as we have aged, we don’t have the stamina we once had, and are presented with physical limitations.

We both reap emotional and physical benefits from gardening, and still enjoy it even as we modify what and how we garden. The point is, we are not giving up on something that we like doing; we are just finding ways to do it differently.

I think of gardening as playing outside. During summer mornings when I lived

Continued on Page 16

A THING OF BEAUTY — Mary Kline’s award-winning garden is a showpiece in the middle of Trinidad, taking after her Grandma Honey. See page 23. Ted Pease photo.

Growing Beans, Blooms & Peace
By Ted Pease

Even in the best of times, gardens have been havens of peace and healing — despite the expected battles with cutworms, slugs and gophers.

During these difficult COVID Days, however, gardens have become even more important to people’s health, both mental and physical. They are refuges from the virus outside, places
TEDtalks: Believe in Tomorrow

For those with a penchant for gardening, this Summer of COVID has offered a lot of extra time to “dig in the dirt,” as one non-gardening friend calls it.

Months of sheltering at home — “house arrest” is how my dad puts it — is driving many people a bit bonkers, with no end in sight. For those with a little backyard space, a shovel and time to spare from cleaning closets and reordering the pantry, heading out to the back 40 to plant a few acres or a few rows of beans is a good way to refocus attention and anxieties about the state of the world. For them, Summer 2020 has been a bonanza.

Dahlias, spinach starts, tomatoes and dill don’t care what day it is or how many new infections were reported yesterday. Veggies and blooms are growing like mad, and backyard farmers report bumper crops.

Even as April and May and then June ticked by, many Humboldters noted how much more bloom-y this spring and then summer have been. That growth spurt has extended to gardens.

The bounty is obvious at farmers’ markets (see page 4), even though few people can enjoy them beyond the quick visit to grab an few bags and bundles, furtive and masked like bandits. And people who haven’t really been backyard gardeners before now are picking from the pandemic-era version of Victory Gardens.

“I binned in a few seeds in the spring,” an email friend in Fortuna said, “and now I’ve got more than I can handle.”

This month, Senior News asks the Mary, Mary, quite contrary bursary rhyme question: How do Humboldt’s gardens grow?

In Fortuna, University of California Cooperative Extension Service master gardener Sherida Phibbs points out what a gift of calm and relaxation a backyard garden can be — “a place of unexpected blessing” in uncertain times, she says (page 1). And her colleague Jeff Stackhouse suggests solutions to two problems — out-of-control tomato plants and unused scrap redwood (page 17).

In McKinleyville, gardener Nanette Medin has triumphed over the bugs that ate her cabbage with a clever modification on the greenhouse — a “greens room” (page 3).

Fifth-generation Trinidadian Mary (Spinna) Kline, living in her grandparents’ house and tending her grandmother’s garden, thinks her “Grandma Honey” would like what she sees (page 23).

All over Humboldt County, novice and veteran gardeners are harvesting crops of veggies, fruit and blooms. Perhaps more important, along with the produce and bouquets comes an easing of anxiety about the virus, if only for a little while.

It’s a good way to weather a national emergency. Actress Audrey Hepburn once said, “To plant a garden is to believe in tomorrow.”

Who knew Audrey Hepburn was a gardener, and so wise?

Ted Pease is editor of Senior News.
‘Greens Room’ Protects Tender Shoots from Bugs

By Nanette Medin

When Senior News announced an issue of garden stories and projects, I was delighted to share one of my most successful inventions — the Greens Room.

I have been involved in vegetable gardening since I was about 5, when my father would pay a nickel for every tomato worm I found on his plants. I got hysterical when I realized that he planned to kill them, so the story became relocating them to a safer place in the field a block away.

As I grew older, I assumed more responsibility for the garden, and as a teenager, I took over the whole process. In every place I have lived, I’ve allocated some space to growing food. Now that I am retired, decorative gardening competes with the edibles for my time and energy.

Seven years ago, I decided to grow all of the “greens” that I like to eat. I cleared about 150 square feet for kale, chard, lettuces, cabbage and spinach. I got starters for the kale and cabbage and seeded the rest.

All went well until the white cabbage butterflies arrived. Within days, the plants were decimated by their perfectly camouflaged caterpillars. I tried the floating covers and some other recommended alternatives, without success. Between the birds, slugs, snails and gophers, I had little to show for my efforts.

My next move was to build a room to protect against all marauders. It was 8 feet tall, 10 feet wide and 8 feet long, framed in 2x4s, with a door in the front, completely encased in ¼-inch mesh wire, often called hardware cloth. I secured the edges of the wire and frame in the door jamb, so the door was bug-proof.

The inside, top and sides, was covered with No See Um cloth, attached to the underside of the framing and secured at the edges. Using 2 x12” boards, I built two planter boxes, one on each side of the door extending to the back wall. Shelves on brackets extended across the back wall to hold lettuce planters. An oak half-barrel added another planter.

My Greens Room has been successful beyond my wildest dreams. White cabbage butterflies never have the opportunity to lay eggs that become those little green eating machines. The No See Um cloth prevents most slugs and snails from setting up residence. It also acts as a wind block and temperature regulator, and reduces the sun’s intensity while maintaining humidity.

Without any intervention, delicate lettuce survive hard frosts. The Greens Room also allows softer greens to stay tender. Watering is seldom needed more than twice a week.

It produces healthy plants year-round with minimal effort. A triumph!

—

Nanette Medin, 74, of McKinleyville is a retired nurse practitioner.

Beware!

Bugs, slugs, scale, worms and all manner of crawling critters are the bane of any gardener. The worst of these in California, say entomologists, are aphids, followed by scale insects, ants, thrips and whiteflies (and the list goes on).

Not only do aphids eat plants and suck their sap, but they exude sticky goo called “honeydew” (which attracts ants) that turns black and moldy.

Thrips are tiny winged insects that also eat your plants. Those limpet-like lumps on leaves and stems is scale, caused by tiny sap-sucking insects.

Tomato worms can wreak havoc, which is why hiring kids to collect them can be both a good learning experience for them and smart crop management.

If you have bugs in your garden, we’re sorry! For advice, consult the University of California Integrated Pest Management Program (ipm.ucanr.edu/), which has even more bugs than you do!
Farmers’ Markets Still Blooming with CalFresh

By Ted Pease

The Arcata Plaza was uncharacteristically muted on a recent gray and Humboldt Saturday, as the Farmers’ Market opened for business under its strict pandemic restrictions.

The typical Saturday crowd is much diminished these days, but enthusiasm for the growers’ fresh produce and products is not.

“Hi, former friends!” called one masked couple to the farmers from Trident Lightning Farms in Phillipsville. “Your stuff looks beautiful!”

“Hey!” the farmer replied. “It’s so good to see you. Long time, no see.”

The North Coast Growers’ Association, which operates the Arcata Market and eight others from Shelter Cove to McKinleyville, has taken great pains to protect shoppers and vendors, while also keeping fresh farm products available. Masks and physical distancing are required, hand-washing stations stand at sidewalk intersections, and pedestrian traffic is one-way, counter-clockwise past the farmstands.

Customers stand in line by little orange flags planted six feet apart on the Plaza grass as they wait their turn.

“I just got some cucumbers for pickling,” one woman said, as a farmer explained his five different cuke varieties. “I’m so excited!”

Another shopper stops by the market manager’s booth to pick up wooden Market Match tokens, part of her CalFresh EBT card benefit. The tokens double customers’ buying power — up to $10 cash per day becomes $20 using the tokens.

In between serving customers, farmers said that the transition to COVID-era rules has been bumpy at times, and everyone’s business is off as they scramble to find new ways to get their produce from fields to consumer kitchens.

“It’s been hard for everybody, but we’re getting used to it,” said Marguerite Pierce of Pierce Family Farm in Orleans. “I’m glad for the people who can come out. There’s so much great produce.”

One way that the Growers’ Association is helping get produce from farmers to customers these days is the CalFresh-eligible Harvest Box program, which features cartons of fresh produce from several farmers, available for curbside pickup during the Arcata market.

A variation on CSA (community-supported agriculture) programs, in which consumers “subscribe” to purchase non-GMO organic produce from farmers, the Harvest Box program gathers products from multiple farms. Boxes are $20 (or $10 for CalFresh Market Match customers), and contain six kinds of produce and “add-on” products like honey, cheese, soap, apple cider vinegar and honey-wine.

They can be ordered in advance online at northcoastgrowersassociation.org.

CalFresh is a great benefit for those who qualify. The monthly cash amount varies depending on income, household size and expenses, and other factors, and ranges from $16 to as much as $194 for a one-person household to use at local grocery stores, farmers’ markets and other food providers.

To apply for CalFresh benefits, go online to GetCalFresh.org, call 877-410-8809, or go to the DHHS CalFresh office at 929 Koster St. in Eureka.

Farmers’ Market Schedule

List of markets and their schedules:

Arcata Plaza: Saturdays, 9 a.m.-2 p.m. year-round
Eureka Old Town: Tuesdays, 10 a.m.-1 p.m. through Oct. 27
Eureka, Henderson Center: Thursdays, 10 a.m.-1 p.m. through Oct. 29
Fortuna: Tuesdays, 3-6 p.m. through Oct. 27
Garberville: Fridays, 11 a.m.-3 p.m. through Nov. 20
McKinleyville: Thursdays, 3-6 p.m. through Oct. 29
Miranda: Mondays, 2-6 p.m. through Oct. 26
Shelter Cove: Tuesdays, 11 a.m.-3 p.m. through Oct. 27
Willow Creek: Thursdays, 4:30-7:30 p.m. through Aug. 27

Visit northcoastgrowersassociation.org for details.
Most people who choose medicine as a profession picture it through the eyes of youth as a way to make an impact on their communities and the lives of other people.

We like science, we are curious, and we like challenges. We come from increasingly varying backgrounds, and more and more physicians are women (though women are still underrepresented in positions of leadership, which are still dominated by white men).

We take an oath to do no harm. We are expected to put ourselves at risk to heal others. We want to do that, because it is our mission, our passion, our calling.

In the current pandemic, we are called upon to figure out how to protect our patients and our communities with little national guidance or consistency in policies. We do not yet have the needed resources to adequately test and trace COVID-19 cases. Some U.S. hospitals are filled to capacity, and doctors are asked to choose who gets priority for critical care.

Meanwhile, if we make recommendations that are considered onerous or inconvenient, we receive threats. Public health officials routinely receive death threats for doing their job during this pandemic.

None of us has seen this kind of pandemic before. We all are trained to put ourselves between people and disease, and to read the heck out of the science that exists on this thing so we can have the best chance of treating it.

I truly believe we will get through this as a nation. But I am horrified by the truths that have been so starkly revealed about how our society and healthcare system functions. For instance, people of color are disproportionately affected by this virus: Black people are dying at 2.5 times the rate of white people. Nationally, the five counties with the highest levels of deaths due to COVID-19 per capita are predominantly Black. Native American and Latinx populations are also disproportionately affected.

When I trained as a physician, I was taught to treat everyone the same, except that my textbooks are filled with pictures of people with white skin. The studies I rely on to make decisions about treatment plans (for all diseases, not only COVID) often are predominantly done on middle-aged white people.

We did learn about heinous episodes of racism in medical history, like the 1932 Tuskegee experiment, in which the U.S. Public Health Service began studying 600 Black men, two-thirds of whom had syphilis, to observe their course of disease, and to expand his garden, “even though I was still struggling physically and mentally.”

“The experience seemed to accelerate my own healing,” he said. “It felt like even as I was building the garden, it was helping me come back to life.”

Many studies have found that simply being outside — or even just seeing green things growing from a window — has positive effects on mood and mindset.

Professional gardener Joe Lamp’l, host of “Growing a Greener World” on PBS (joegardener.com), says gardening helps him be more accepting of things in his life that he can’t control.

“Every day of gardening is one more reminder from Mother Nature that I’m not in control,” he said. For him, that reminder is life therapy.

Perfectionists also have to adjust their thinking in the garden, because however meticulous you are about your tools, soil pH, fertilizers and insect screening, there’s always a slug or a bug or a windy day that will wreak havoc.

These kinds of control issues loom larger in the minds of many people as we age, and the number of things in life that are out of our control multiply. So gardening can be a good way to exercise your way to a more flexible mindset.

Gillihan agrees. “Your garden (like your life) is in bigger hands than yours,” he said. So go with it, and grow with it.

—I-Ted Pease

Fertilize Your Brain

The physical benefits of gardening are obvious: bending, stretching, lifting, flexing. But psychologists tell us that tending your plants can also be a good way to nurture your mind and soul.

Psychologist Seth Gillihan’s dad was an avid gardener, but it wasn’t until Gillihan was recovering from an extended illness that he figured out what had drawn his father to it.

As Gillihan recuperated — too slowly, he said — he felt compelled to expand his garden, “even though I was still struggling physically and mentally.”

The workshop includes training

Do you take care of someone with memory loss and live in a rural area? Have recent months left you overwhelmed and stressed?

The University of California, San Francisco is offering a free online workshop to help rural caregivers. The program is funded by the National Institutes of Health.

The workshop includes training on how to reduce stress, manage the difficult behaviors of your friend or family member with memory loss, and plan for the future. You will also get support from other caregivers and trained staff.

Free Caregiver Workshop

Because it is online, the workshop is accessible to caregivers whenever they want it, day or night, accessed on computer, tablet or smartphone.

Caregivers are eligible if they live in a rural area, care for someone with memory loss, have internet access, and provide care for at least 10 hours per week. Those who participate will be asked to complete four surveys on their caregiving experiences and will receive up to $80 in cash.

For information, go online to caregiverproject.ucsf.edu and complete an eligibility survey, or call toll-free 1-833-634-0603 or email caregiverproject@ucsf.edu.
**Sheltering in the Back Yard**

*By Brenda Goosby*

Zuey and I are both gardeners. We have enjoyed great pleasure in sharing this focus while honoring the sheltering-in-place COVID-19 recommendations.

I have recently retired, and have some real home time now. Gone are the days of being the weekend warrior. The beautiful weather has created the perfect invitation to stay home and rework our garden beds.

We have a mix of flowers, succulents, vegetables and fruit trees. This year has been fantastic for the Tower of Jewels, making our garden a bit of a Dr. Seuss fairyland. Taking the time to pot plants has allowed me time to propagate a variety of succulents to share with friends.

Some years back, we built a 30-foot arbor, where we have wisteria and grapes growing. It has proven to be the perfect placement for our many bird feeders. All day long, birds come to visit our garden to eat at the feeders or bathe in the water bath. I don’t think a day goes by that we aren’t noticing a new visitor.

We had a small flicker woodpecker on the apple tree just yesterday. And it is red and gold finch season right now. Their colors really stand out. The birds are singing all day; this year, we have a new song, yet to be identified.

Our 3-year-old grandson, Aiden, recently moved back to Humboldt. He loves roaming the garden, helping himself to blueberries and strawberries. We’re still helping him understand that the green ones aren’t ready to eat yet.

Our property and adjoining ones all have some redwood trees. They are majestic to live near and offer ongoing challenges to keep trimmed and clean up after.

Seems the slugs are always creeping out looking for a young plant to eat. We have to be vigilant in removing them if we expect to have any new plants to mature.

At the end of the day, Zuey and I enjoy a routine of playing cards on our back deck. We feel very fortunate to have our garden backdrop be an extension to our indoor living space.

Brenda Goosby is former executive director of Mad River Home Health Services. She and her husband, Zuey, are dedicated volunteers at the Humboldt Botanical Garden — “a perfect outing during this COVID-19

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**‘V Gardening’**

*By Joan Rainwater-Gish*

This headline may remind you of Victory Gardens during World War II, when people planted edible gardens during the war to help prevent food shortages.

But, no. This V stands for Vigorously! Vigorously, as in having energy and strength to create a garden, because the work involved in preparing, digging and weeding is not for pansies. And it often involves pushing a wheelbarrow, pulling a green waste bin around the yard, squatting for planting and pulling weeds, carrying water and getting one’s heart rate up while digging in the soil.

These garden activities provide great exercise that gives all major muscle groups a good workout — legs, arms, buttocks, stomach, neck and back.

According to the Mayo Clinic, a 155-pound person can burn 334 calories in an hour while gardening. And it can also help lower blood pressure and cholesterol, and reduce risk of diabetes, heart disease, depression and osteoporosis when practiced on a regular basis.

So it’s not surprising that during this time of “staying put,” people have turned to gardening as a satisfying way to spend their time. In addition to being a good workout, one gets the pleasure of seeing hard work bloom and flourish.

It’s very satisfying to perform an activity and reap the rewards of that labor. Being outside in the fresh air and seeing beauty all around you in textures, scents and colors is also very calming.

Out in the V Garden, one can easily get in “the zone” and lose all sense of time. This can lead to overdoing it, and result in achy muscles and sore backs. So knowing when to quit for the day is important in staying vigorous for the next day.

Physical therapist Margaret Martin gives more ways to keep safe while gardening as follows:

1. Learn how to pick up heavy objects like a ceramic planter by getting into a squat position and holding it close to your body as you lift. Thus, you are using your legs, not your back.
2. Rubber pads help protect knees from kneeling on the ground to weed.
3. Use a shovel that is the right length for you. The shovel handle should be between your shoulder and your hip. That is your power zone, and will help spare you from back, shoulder and neck pain.

So now that you know more about the benefits of vigorously gardening, why not grow your own garden for health today?

Joan Rainwater-Gish, 77, is a personal trainer and senior group fitness instructor who works out in her “V Garden” in Eureka.

Contact: jrainwatergish@gmail.com
The Simple Pleasures

By George Clark

Our garden began as a source of herbs and flowers for our family restaurant in Old Town Eureka, started by my wife, two daughters, myself and a family friend.

Like our restaurant, the garden reinforces life’s most enduring family bond through productive, interdependent activity. Its rewards are commensurate with each year’s cooperative efforts and improvements.

Our garden has expanded over 20 years, providing flavorful, fresh fruits, berries, Japanese vegetables and spices. Some favorites are Gobo (burdock root) added to stews or dried and powdered as a flavor-enhancer; Mioga, a variety of ginger that produces a uniquely flavored flower; Sansho (prickly ash), which offers an intense, savory seasoning from its seeds and leaves; Yuzu, an amazing cross between a lemon and lime; Shiso (Perilla), whose pickled flowers are used in sushi; and Yomogi, a variety of chrysanthemum that is boiled, strained, blended and added to fresh bread dough, filling the house with an aroma and taste well-known in Japan.

Every season offers gifts from the garden: peaches, mulberries, blueberries, raspberries, chestnuts, apples and many kinds of vegetables, herbs and flowers, with daily surprises and periodic epiphanies for the observant. From our garden along the “wild animal corridor” of Eureka’s Martin Slough, we can see epic battles between squirrels and jays, watch alligator lizards, Pacific giant salamanders and many varieties of birds, each exhibiting extraordinary courting and nesting behaviors.

The first rains of winter bring the “glow larvae” and the white horsehair worms that form undulating masses, part of nature’s web of biodiversity essential to human survival.

The seeds produced by our garden possess the genetic changes required to thrive in subsequent years. Similarly, every human generation must change behavior for future generations to flourish, foremost by conserving earth’s remaining war-drenched oil needed to develop and distribute alternative energy.

Abundant local seasonal produce is well worth the wait, instead of settling for the bland, diminished nutrients of produce shipped from thousands of miles away. We can also go downtown to protest ongoing sprawl, the antithesis of the attractive, livable, walkable cities that we travel abroad to experience — each time burning the same amount of fuel per person used by an average U.S. commuter annually.

Rediscovering gratitude for life’s abundance of simple pleasures isn’t limited to the garden. It became an imperative long before the COVID-19 epidemic.

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George Clark, 65, of Eureka is former owner of Kyoto in Old Town.
Painting the Ocean
By Margaret Kellermann

Gardens I’ve Loved

There are only a handful of gardens I’ve really loved. Here are two.

When my poet friend Luci took me to Butchart Gardens in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, in 1987, I was not amused. I don’t like self-styled Important Cultural Sites, as a rule. I shuffled along with the crowd, stepping aside for photographers’ tripods.

But then I stumbled onto a hidden place off the main path, I stopped, gazing through an archway onto a vista of flowered vines, lavender and birds. I felt something like deep homesickness, and sat down on a stone bench.

Luci found me, asking if I’d gotten lost. Without answering, I pointed.

“Eden, isn’t it?” she said.

The other garden was only a memory when I arrived, and someone else’s spotty memory at that.

On a 1994 trip to Oxfordshire, England, I helped restore writer C.S. “Jack” Lewis’s cottage, The Kilns, where he lived from 1930 until his death in 1963. His study was my bedroom for two weeks. I slept, ate and researched in the home, when not working in the overgrown yard, which when I arrived was a tall meadow with English butterflies and wildflowers.

While there, I interviewed an old-time neighbor, whom I shall call Mrs. Dallywinkle. No amount of hot tea and Scrabble games could help her recall anything Mr. Lewis had said to her. “That Jack,” she complained. “Always up in his study.”

But she did recall Paxton, the gardener. “Ah, Paxton, what a love,” she crowed. “Whistling hymns while pruning the hedge! And Joy had a lovely herb garden … somewhere.” Joy was Jack’s wife, his book collaborator and his late-in-life love.

After the Lewis meadow was (tragically!) mowed, I dug around, trying to find anything of value for my project. What I found just under the grass were blue glass inkwells, likely from Lewis himself — who wrote everything longhand with pen and ink — and medicine bottles, mostly for upset stomach. These I gave to The C.S. Lewis Foundation for posterity’s sake.

I also found a dozen slate tiles, each with a strange phrase like “Old Man” or “Old Lady” brushed in black paint. When Mrs. Dallywinkle saw the tiles, she said, “Oh yes, Joy stuck these up like little tombstones around her garden. All names of old-fashioned herbs.”

I placed the tiles in the shed, on the workbench. I hoped that was where Joy did her potting and redistribution of old-fashioned herbs, after she painstakingly painted their names, one by one.

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Margaret Kellermann writes a daily blog to keep up our essential spirits. View her paintings at Ferndale’s US Bank through October. Info at bluelakestudio.net/contact.
Living Alone in the Wilderness

By Doug Vieyra

Because I live alone in the wilderness, people think I live alone in the wilderness. However, such is not the case.

I need not see “civilization” to interact with the many neighbors who live nearby or “with” me. Every day, I interact with and fully engage with my many neighbors. I definitely am not alone in my isolation.

Yesterday, I was rudely awakened at 6 a.m., when “Woody,” my resident woodpecker, began knocking on my cabin wall!

When I went to chase him away, I found a sign left by another “resident” of my compound: I have an ongoing “conversation” with a local fox regarding turf ownership of my cabin. I picked up my flat-nosed shovel (kept for this daily exercise) and removed his/her scat from my porch.

Once my day begins, I walk my compound with a cup of tea, observing both the beauty of my world and, too, the work that lies ahead of me. I survey the many chores that I want to accomplish this day — some fun, some interesting, some a chore. But all part of the joy of living.

While I walk about, I talk to the many friends that I meet along the way — I say “Good morning” to the deer who share my living space, and engage in a bit of small talk, advising him/her of the day’s weather forecast and other matters of interest to the denizens of my world. They rarely talk back, but I know we both enjoy these little social interactions.

As I go about my daily work detail, I continue to find many friends and neighbors to talk to and listen to. If one were to look inward at one’s world and shut out all of the noise of the busy “civilized” world that drives today’s living, we would find a peace and tranquility with the simple pleasures of chatting with all of God’s creations, large and small.

I talk to the butterflies that watch me plant a tree, I listen to the birds sing their happy songs, I talk gently to an earthworm as I move him to a safe place. I talk to the wind, I talk to the trees, and they all talk back to me.

And I interact with many more friends and neighbors throughout the day. So even though I am “isolated,” I am definitely not alone.

Doug Vieyra, 77, lives much of the year as a happily self-isolating “mountain man” in Iaqua, in the eastern Humboldt County hills.
Aging is an Art — By John Heckel

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ometimes, solutions to what appear to be complex emotional issues are so very simple.

The relief, if not total elimination, of some frustrations and anxiety can come down to the practice of simple behaviors, often behaviors grounded in common decency.

In this time of COVID-19 and concerns about social distancing, masks, who should wear them and when; about whether “in person” school should start in fall and, if not, why not? Amid these and countless other complicated concerns, there is, however, one simple and seemingly uncomplicated truth: Doctors need to return phone calls!

I know lots can happen between the time a medical assistant assures me the doctor will be asked about a referral to a neurologist, for example, and when the office finally gets back to me. But, not calling back for 10 days, despite my other attempts to reach the doctor, is unacceptable.

Whatever happened to call logs? The medical assistant knows that I called, and the staff know they said that they would get back to me “tomorrow.” What I don’t know is why the office does not call me back.

There may be a perfectly good reason (trying to avoid being sarcastic here) why, after so long, I still have not heard back. The staff and the doctor may know what it is, but I do not. You see, that is what is most important: I do not know! I am left in the dark, waiting and not knowing. At 73, I don’t have much time left to wait.

Too busy — I get it. Hire someone! There are lots of people looking for jobs right now. Don’t like that idea? How about a computer program that automatically calls me back and tells me that the doctor does not have the answer yet, but will be in touch as soon as there is one.

Sorry, medical profession, there is no excuse for not returning phone calls!

‘Medical profession: There is no excuse for not returning phone calls!’

John Heckel, Ph.D., 73, a retired HSU theater and film professor with a doctorate in psychology, is at home in Eureka, waiting for his doctor’s office to call.
Subaru Shares the Love 30,000 Ways

Subaru of America and McCrea Subaru in Eureka have donated more than $30,000 raised during the 2019 “Share the Love” campaign to the Humboldt Senior Resource Center’s (HSRC) Nutrition Program.

Barbara Walser, HSRC’s director of Nutrition & Activities, applauded the generosity of Subaru nationally and locally in making a big difference for Humboldt seniors.

Subaru of America donated $12,109, McCrea Subaru added $14,242, and Meals on Wheels America contributed a $4,536 grant to reach the $30,000 total, Walser said.

“We are so grateful to general manager Jason Ghera and all the employees at McCrea Subaru for their support of the Nutrition Program,” Walser said.

That support extended not only to fund-raising through the Subaru sales program, but Ghera and McCrea staff helped serve meals to seniors in Senior Dining Centers, and rode along on Home Delivered Meals routes.

The donation will help provide more than 70,000 meals to seniors this year, Walser said.

“The ‘Share the Love’ promotion enhances the visibility of our programs and assists in filling the funding gap for these important nutrition programs,” she said. “Home Delivered Meals and our three Senior Dining Centers help older adults in our community maintain their independence and quality of life.”

For more information about HSRC’s Nutrition Program, call 707-443-9747 or visit humsenior.org.

Need Repairs?

Need a grab bar installed in your bathroom? How about repairing that wobbly board on the back stairs or fixing a problem electrical outlet?

The Senior Home Repair program, provided through the Humboldt Senior Resource Center, is available for Eureka seniors who need minor safety-related fix-ups done around the house, but who cannot afford to pay for the repairs.

If you’re 60 or older, meet income requirements, and live in Eureka, the HSRC’s repairman is waiting for your call.

For information, call 707-443-9747, x1240.
Eureka Street Art Festival

You can’t keep a good neighborhood street festival down. Henderson Center will be the target for the third annual Eureka Street Art Festival in August, as artists paint colorful murals on buildings throughout the neighborhood.

Sadly, the virus has meant cancelation of the usual block party, but the Festival is staying true to its mission to brighten the neighborhoods of Eureka as the murals spread through Henderson Center Aug. 10-15.

Come watch the painting in progress by walking (safely masked and distanced!) through the neighborhood, or watch the progress via virtual daily art walks, which will be streamed live on Facebook and available online at eurekastreetfestival.com.

Festival organizers will announce this year’s artists online, and post a self-guided walking tour of the Henderson Center art installations. Follow the Festival on Instagram @eurekastreetartfestival.

It’s The Blooming Season

A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET — Clockwise from top left: bleeding heart; blue star sea holly eryngium; a white poppy; Mary Kline’s garden; lavender in Sally’s Garden at the Humboldt Botanical Garden; Douglas iris at Patrick’s Point; flower buckets at the farmers’ market; Alex Stillman’s Arcata patio; Sherida Phibbs’ perfect rose; a medley of snap peas and pease in Trinidad; a red poppy; and happy hydrangea. Photos by Olivier Ostrow, Sherida Phibbs, Mark Larson and Ted Pease.
In a Pickle? Meal Programs Help

By Janet Ruprecht

“We were in a pickle,” said Mary Albert. Mary is disabled, and her husband, George, was scheduled for major surgery. They needed help.

“Because of the COVID virus, we didn’t want to fly our daughter from Idaho and put her at risk in the planes and airports,” she said.

The Alberts have lived in Eureka for 42 years, where they raised three daughters. George, 73, worked as a cartographer with the U.S. Forest Service, and Mary, 68, was an editorial assistant in the Wildlife Department at Humboldt State University.

They are also longtime monthly supporters of the Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC).

“As I got older,” Mary said, “I realized that if not for my husband and family, I might have trouble feeding myself in my own home.”

George does all the shopping and cooking because Mary’s back doesn’t let her stand for long.

“I know many people don’t have someone to do that,” Mary said. “Sometimes it is just the little things that help people stay in their own homes.”

Although the Alberts have been HSRC donors for seven years, they didn’t realize they qualified for HSRC Nutrition Program services.

When she called the agency to find out her options, Mary learned that the Senior Nutrition Program, modified during the pandemic, is a good fit for their needs. She can drive in just once a week to pick up five meals. “Going every day would have been too much for me,” she said.

As soon as George recovers from his surgery, the Alberts probably won’t need the meals. But they plan to keep on giving.

“I give because people need food and water before anything else,” Mary said.

The Alberts used to give to national organizations, but they came to the realization that the money rarely came back to help people in Humboldt. So they decided to give locally.

“I like to support my community,” Mary said. “I feel good about that because we have a lot of senior citizens here.”

If you find yourself in a pickle and need help with meals, the Senior Nutrition Program for those who are mobile, and Home Delivered Meals for the homebound are here for you.

And if you want to donate to help others, please consider joining regular monthly donors like the Alberts. You can join online at humsenior.org with the Donate Now button. It is safe and easy. For information, call 443-9747, x1231.

Any amount helps.

Janet Ruprecht of McKinleyville is the HSRC development coordinator.
If it hadn’t been for his dog, Girl, David’s death might have gone pretty much unnoticed.

It’s like that for most Humboldt homeless, says Nezzie Wade, president of Affordable Housing Homeless Alternatives (AHHA) in Eureka. “Most just want to see them disappear,” she said.

David lived out of his white Ford Ranger pickup, jammed with belongings and huge plastic bags of aluminum cans. He and his small, yellow, mixed-breed mutt, Girl, were fixtures around Trinidad for years.

Many locals talked to him and patted Girl outside Murphy’s Market or while walking by their truck parked next to the cemetery on Stagecoach Road. But few knew his last name or much about him.

“He was an entirely decent fellow,” said Ingrid Bailey. “I enjoyed stopping for a chat when I saw him around. He had extensive knowledge about medicinal use of native plants and was a doting dog dad to his girl, Girl.”

Amy Eberwein was surprised when Girl popped up on the Del Norte Animal Shelter adoption site in late June.

“Anyone know David?” she posted on Nextdoor.com, the local news website. “He was always very friendly but I never really got to know him. I’m wondering if other community members remember David?”

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“Amy Eberwein posted.”

Lori Keating wrote: “Oh no! OMG . . . he was a sweet guy. I am shaken by this news. Seems like I just saw Dave and Girl on Scenic Drive a few days ago. Thank you for the sad news, and for adopting Girl. She must be sad.”

Humboldt County has an estimated 1,500 homeless people — “definitely an undercount,” said AHHA’s Wade — but few Humboldters know much about them as people.

In David’s case, it took a call to the Del Norte County Coroner’s office to fill in some blanks. His last name was Crooker, and he was 66 when he was discovered dead of an apparent heart attack in his pickup in Klamath on June 23. He wasn’t homeless, the coroner’s clerk said: “That was the lifestyle he chose.” Girl was taken to the Del Norte County Morgue.

Willhite said the family had tried for years to get David to move to Arkansas, even offering to build him a house. “But he loved Trinidad and Klamath,” she said. “He didn’t want to leave.”

For a decade or more, David was caretaker for a large piece of property in Klamath, his sister said, and had just moved back there to do that again. The day after he started the caretaking job, his neighbors found him dead in his truck.

Amy Eberwein says Girl, who spent her life in the pickup, has settled in well with her two other dogs. “She seems content,” she said.

David, the “doting dad” to his Girl, would be relieved to know that.

Ted Pease, who lives in Trinidad, regrets that he never asked David anything about himself.
How Does Your Garden Grow?

A GIFT THAT GROWS... From Page 1

the Central Valley, I would tend to my garden before it got too hot. Now that I live in Humboldt, I can enjoy gardening without the heat. During the rainy days, I care for my houseplants indoors.

By modifying when and where I garden, I keep it enjoyable as play instead of a chore. Gardening gets me up and moving, providing physical activity and keeping muscles and joints flexible.

Gardening also lifts my spirits, as it gives me purpose. Nurturing plants for harvesting fruits and vegetables and seeing the beauty of flowers is richly rewarding. When I gaze upon nature’s canvas, I am in awe of the beauty. Watching seedlings grow and become food and flower buds opening into intricate design while taking in the delicate fragrances, fills my entire being.

Such wonderful gifts.

—Sherida Phibbs of Fortuna is master gardener coordinator for the University of California Cooperative Extension service of Humboldt & Del Norte counties. Visit ucanr.edu/sites/hdnmastergardeners/ for information and free virtual gardening workshops.

—from Page 1—

GRACEFUL GARDEN PATH
— The arbor in Sherida Phibbs’s back yard. Sherida Phibbs photos.
Recycled Old Growth

By Jeff Stackhouse

One of my all-time biggest pet peeves is watching old growth redwood getting cut into kindling.

Yes, there is still plenty around in Humboldt County, but no, it is not a renewable resource. Yes, we can make more redwood, but the quality of old growth is never again.

I, for one, am always trying to find new and creative ways to utilize even the smallest and oddest-shaped pieces when I find them.

During the COVID-19 pandemic, my neighbor Jack and I found a great way to use these old growth scraps to make stackable, multi-year tomato cages, and all it takes is a table saw! The trick is to get them to stack so that during the winter they are not a nuisance.

Materials/Methods: Set the table saw to rip the old growth boards into 1x1¼” pieces (we tried 1x1” but later, during the assembly, we found those tended to split when screwed together) 1x2” would work equally as well.

For each cage, you will need four each of 48”, 21”, 18” and 15” lengths of the 1x1¼” boards that you ripped from your scrap old growth.

The assembly is pretty easy with two people, but a challenge with only one. Remember that the goal is to get the cages to stack, so if you keep that in mind, assembly is pretty intuitive.

Start by taking two of the 48” pieces and connecting them at the top with a 21” piece with appropriately sized screws. Then, 15 inches below the 21” piece, attach the 18” piece, and 15 inches below the 18” piece, attach the 15” piece. This gives you one side of your cage. Repeat these steps for side two.

Now, attaching the two sides you have just made is where an extra set of hands is convenient. Attach side one to side two at the top (21”), middle (18”) and bottom (15”) with the appropriate sizes, and you have it!

They may seem too large at first, but the tomatoes will grow into them.

—

Jeff Stackhouse of Fortuna is University of California Cooperative Extension Livestock and Natural Resources Advisor for Humboldt/Del Norte counties.

I’m Dot Jäger-Wentworth
and I’m running for Eureka City Council, Ward 2

As owner/operator of a small mom and pop store for 28 years, with over 45 years as a businesswoman, I will bring that experience to help the city find solutions to our difficult budget issues.

I’ve worked hard my whole life and want our tax dollars to be used wisely for:

• Our environment
• Our neighborhoods
• Our economy • Our city

I am a passionate go-getter who will work hard every day for you!

Paid for by Dot for City Council 2020 FPPC# Pending
Dora M. Kallamos, Treasurer
2409 Pine St., Eureka, CA 95501 • dotcitycouncilward2@gmail.com • 707-407-7870

I am a wife, mother, and grandmother, born in Eureka and a lifetime resident of Humboldt County.
How Does Your Garden Grow?  

of calm and joy for many Humboldters who have expanded their growing efforts or just discovered the satisfaction of gardening.

During wartime, Americans turned to their back yards for this kind of solace, and as a practical solution to augment their larders and dining tables with fresh produce from herbs to potatoes. Many Humboldters are doing the same again during the pandemic, rediscovering (or learning) a measure of self-sufficiency and the satisfaction that comes of growing your own.

Instead of a Victory Garden, “I have a ‘COVID garden’ this summer,” emailed Jan from Eureka. Jan says she’s discovered what real fresh-picked veggies taste like. “I had no idea what lettuce was like when it comes straight from the garden. And I snip chives and basil from the planter by my back door.”

Others celebrate this summer’s backyard blooms.

Alex Stillman of Arcata has moved on from her back-to-Mother-Earth days. “Few people knew me in the early 1970s, when I turned all my grassy areas into gardens, diverted bathtub water into the vegetable rows during the drought, and used chicken manure from my 12 hens to fertilize,” she said, standing on her back porch, overlooking a colorful enclosed sanctuary.

“Today, I have a backyard vegetable garden, but my true love is my petite patio, dominated by a large hydrangea and surrounded with planters full of petunias with a rose and herb bed along the walkway.”

Out on Old Arcata Road, Dick and Kathy LaForge have hunkered in.

“We are so lucky here in Humboldt County to have outside space and activities,” he said. “The garden is doing great. Broccoli and cabbage have been good and beans are now starting to produce.

LaForge is a beekeeper. His beekeeping classes have been canceled, but don’t tell his bees that. “The bees are finishing up their honey-gathering season, and it looks like an average year — 250-300 pounds of honey to be harvested at the end of August.”

He’s feeling fortunate, but sees an uncertain future. “We must not forget that most people are not having such an easy time,” LaForge said. “The curse of ‘may you live in interesting times’ definitely applies. The worst is yet to come.”

With the pandemic hit, Lauren Thorpe refocused her summer closer to home.

“Gardening and yardwork and cleaning out cobwebs (both in reality and figuratively) have kept me busy,” she said. “Walking with my husband and my dog in our gorgeous part of the world has kept me sane. This time has been one of new growth that I hope will continue throughout not only the summer, but the rest of my given time.”

Henry David Thoreau was famous for seeking tranquility in nature by becoming a hermit on Walden Pond in Massachusetts in the mid-1800s. “I was determined to know beans,” he wrote, adding, “Methinks my soul must be a bright, invisible green.”

Jill Szczygiel of Westhaven is a gardening fanatic — in a good way. Szczygiel runs and nurtures Trinidad’s community garden, overlooking the harbor, where she combines veggies (greens, peas, beans, broccoli, squash, etc.) with herbs, garlic, fruit trees and berries, and an explosion of flowers. It is her “happy place.” Like Thoreau, her soul is certainly green.

— Ted Pease of Trinidad wishes he knew beans. His “garden” is dominated by redwoods, fog and slugs.
see what happened if the disease was left untreated. They were not informed nor asked for consent. This study went on for 40 years before being officially ended in 1972.

We learned about this in school, and patted ourselves on the back for how far we have come. But we did not really learn about a more insidious form of racism, which is implicit bias. That is, we have false assumptions built in and unfortunately taught to us about the people we care for. These biases about race, gender, sexual preference and body size can impact how we perceive the needs and treatment of our patients. Only in recent years have medical schools and residency programs started talking about this, and helping young doctors recognize such unconscious biases. All humans struggle with this.

Such biases, plus hundreds of years of racist and sexist policies, have led to our great institutions — including healthcare — being founded on a rotten core. This is not news to people in our society who face bias every single day in their daily lives, much less during a serious illness or pandemic. I hope everyone else can start identifying ways to rebuild our foundations to guarantee better health and resources for all people.

One of the things I love about being a doctor is that I learn something new every day. People are complex and amazing. People have a huge capacity to heal on their own, sometimes needing a bit of help from doctors. It is humbling to witness again and again the power of the human immune system and the resilience of the human spirit. It is humbling to learn what I don’t know after walking this earth for over 50 years, and satisfying to let myself expand how I think about things.

It is exciting to consider that now might be a key moment in human evolution, where being forced to stand still and pay attention has made us aware of how much work we have to do to be better to each other. One person at a time, we can learn and grow. But for the health of society, we must demand more from our leaders on the local and national levels regarding disparities in healthcare availability, quality and resources based on race, socioeconomic status, gender identification or geographic location. We could have the best healthcare system in the world, but only when we all agree that Black lives matter.

As for our little northern coastal towns, I hope we can treat each other with respect and dignity. I hope we can be open to learning from our elders and to listening to our children. I hope we can look out for all of our neighbors. I hope we can admit we have a long way to go before things are truly equal in our society.

Please stay strong, stay safe and, if you notice something unfair or unjust, speak out. We all thrive when we all thrive.

—

Dr. Jennifer Heidmann, medical director and primary care provider at Redwood Coast PACE (707-443-9747), looks for better answers in Eureka every day. This column should not be taken as medical advice. Ask your medical provider if you have health questions. Send comments to seniornewseditor@humsenior.org
Crossword

SUNDAY  MONDAY  TUESDAY  WEDNESDAY  THURSDAY  FRIDAY  SATURDAY

ACROSS
1. They’re usually crushed
5. Falls in torrents, say
10. Reach the Candy Castle last, in Candy Land
14. Word of woe
15. Weasley family’s owl
16. Tehran’s land
17. Menu
19. Strong who voiced Timmy Turner
20. Poles and Ukrainians
21. Summer top
22. Indent key
24. Make up (for)
25. Did major damage
28. Spy novelist Deighton
29. Actor Wilson
30. Hour that rhymes with “wee”
31. Hera’s violent son
32. Sometimes-strapless garment
33. Candy brand with orange wrappers
34. Beatles hit whose title is sung after “She’s in love with me and...”
35. Beethoven work for seven instruments
42. ___ leaf beetle (tree pest)
43. Beehive, e.g.
47. Poe’s middle name
48. Uncouth
50. Cartoon chihuahua
51. Sentry’s job
53. Speed skater Ohno
55. Pittsburgh winter hrs.
56. Person who’s always fake?
57. Texting icon
58. Battleship successes
60. “Schitt’s Creek” star
64. For all time
65. Stuck together
66. Cold drink at a theater
67. Successor of Claudius
68. Sounds like a pig
69. Other, in Oaxaca

DOWN
1. Tiny bit of gel
2. Big-name celeb
3. Big brewski
4. Lion king?
5. Zebras at Lions games?
6. Terrier’s sound
7. One of George Gershwin’s brothers
8. Antivirus software brand
9. Streamlined
10. On, as a lamp
11. Stumpers?
12. Big name in desserts
13. Allows
18. Bake ___ the coals
22. Consumed
24. What’s added to “carte”
25. Wear down
26. Ready for action
27. What Brexit exits
30. Help with a holdup
33. Instrument in Hindustani classical music
35. Lens holders
36. Chef Bobby
39. Female grouse
40. Slippery
41. Dish that holds many sushi rolls
42. Attribute to others, as one’s feelings
43. Drop off
46. Sean Lennon’s mom
48. Puffy clouds
50. Roosevelt’s affliction
51. Indistinguishable
52. The “D” in UCSD
54. Roosevelt’s affliction
55. Full theater sign
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Back Payment by Gary Larson
Edited by David Steinberg

Answers on Page 14

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Answers on Page 14

Sponsored by ELITE CAREGIVERS
Become an iNaturalist

By Jennifer Kalt

Do you love walking along the Eureka Waterfront Trail and the Humboldt Bay Trail in Arcata? Have you often admired a wildflower, bird or insect, and wished you knew its name? Do you enjoy photographing nature?

If so, you might enjoy our new Humboldt Coastal Biodiversity Project. It is a great way to contribute to citizen science — even if you don’t know the names of the flora and fauna.

Although we originally envisioned starting this project with group walks, this is an outdoor activity you can safely enjoy during the COVID-19 pandemic.

All you need is a smartphone with the iNaturalist app. iNaturalist is an app developed by the California Academy of Sciences and National Geographic Society. People use it to upload observations of plants, animals or fungi they’ve seen in the wild to a large online database, where scientists and amateur nature enthusiasts from around the world log in to identify these observations.

Making observations and collecting information is easy. Just take photos and upload them straight from a smartphone. Using this powerful citizen science tool, you can help document the biodiversity of Humboldt Bay’s rich ecosystems.

Using iNaturalist is also a great way to learn about plant and animal species. You can use the app to review possible identifications by comparing images and location information. These identifications are then verified by experts. Who knows? You could even discover a new species or a major range extension!

There are two ways to get involved:

1. Take photos (or upload photos from your camera) and upload your observations to the app. Sign up at iNaturalist.org, and download the app to your smartphone. Take photos showing multiple features (flowers, leaves, etc.). You can add multiple photos to the same observation.

2. You can also help identify plants and animals from the observations other people have uploaded.

Log in to the Humboldt Coastal iNaturalist Project at iNaturalist.org. Look for observations that need identification. Observations are considered “research grade” when two people agree on them.

Whether you are an expert in local birds, insects, plants or fungi, the Humboldt Coastal Biodiversity Project needs you!

For more info, visit our website at humboldtbaykeeper.org or go to iNaturalist.org.

Jennifer Kalt is director of Humboldt Baykeeper.
Letters to the Editor

Friends of Measure F

To the Editor:

As most residents and business owners in Arcata, McKinleyville, Manila and their surrounding areas know, the Arcata Fire District funding Measure R failed in the March 3 elections. As a result of insufficient funding, the Fire District has been closing one of its three fire stations on a rotational basis.

As the Arcata Fire District Board discussed in June, three stations are necessary for the District to best cover the five communities and its 62-square-mile service area. So the Board voted to place a measure on the November ballot to obtain funding to staff and maintain three fire stations.

Various community groups and individuals in the district have stated that the overall communication of the need for additional funding was limited. There was the feeling that a more community-based effort should have been used to ensure that taxpayers understood the existing funding limitations.

To address this, we have a group called “Friends of Arcata Fire,” consisting of community members, various organizations, members of the Arcata Volunteer Firefighters’ Association, and professional firefighters of Local 4981.

In the next few weeks, we will change our name to “Friends of Measure F” and start releasing letters to the editor, supportive signage and various communications to outline the need for three staffed stations in the Arcata Fire District. We will also be asking for donations to help in this effort.

If you are interested in helping, please email friendsofarcatafire@gmail.com, or friend FriendsOfArcataFire on Facebook, and ArcataFireDistrict on Instagram.

Roy Willis, Bayside

Women Do What’s Needed

To the Editor:

Several articles in the last issue of Senior News [“Summertime — Then & Now,” July 2020] really struck me.

One was the article on the Women’s Vote [Byrd Lochtie, “Women’s Vote at 100,” page 9], which stated that women were “given” the vote.

A Channel 13 [KEET] show on the Suffragists stated that “women took the vote.” What a better feeling and statement!

The women who started the protest for the vote never lived to see it. The women who saw the vote signed into law hadn’t been born yet when the movement started. Many of the Suffragist leaders were well educated and well off financially, and as such didn’t have to protest. But they did. Women have always been in the forefront of fighting for change and “a more perfect union” in this country and the world.

Let’s stop saying women were “given” anything. Live and say what is real — that women took what was needed for society to advance.

Deldean Lamb, Eureka

Neighbors Helping Neighbors

To the Editor:

I would like to express my appreciation and thanks to the Greater Trinidad Chamber of Commerce.

Dedicated members of the Chamber took swift action to provide tools to assist business owners with the task of keeping Trinidad safe during the current pandemic environment. Thanks for the masks and hand sanitizers. The laminated info cards that educate customers are appreciated.

2020 thus far has been unsettling. Unless one chooses home isolation, there is risk. This is the reality of living in a COVID-19 world.

Trinidad is my community. Neighbors helping neighbors make it home. Be well.

Loré Snell, Trinidad

It’s Up to Us

To the Editor:

For those who can hear, this is an urgent cry to save yourselves and others. Wear a mask and maintain social distancing. This is not about whether we feel it’s an inconvenience. It’s not about our civil rights or our opinions or how casual we consider COVID-19 is in Humboldt.

This is a stalking, lethal, dreaded sickness, invisible and impervious to our opinions and our refusal to listen or even follow our own best common sense. Or how we’ve been so terribly misled and swayed by so-called leaders who care more about business profits than about our lives, our health, our wellbeing, leading directly to more than 120,000 American deaths so far. That’s more than the number of U.S. lives lost in four wars — Korea, Vietnam, Iraq and Afghanistan — combined!

Five months after learning about the virus, the U.S. response is still a mixture of disputed practices — no travel bans, no consistent rules for wearing masks and for social distancing, the impossibility of contact tracing, new outbreaks and staggering rises in cases in areas that opened for business too soon.

Life is inconsequential to this system under which we live, shamefully disregarding our suffering and our loss of loved ones. Unfathomable! And COVID-19 is on the rise again.

There is no national plan. People gather with no protection, then go their many ways, further spreading the virus, deaf to the massive evidence, misled by our government.

It’s up to all of us to wear masks and keep our social distancing in public, and hold on until a vaccine is found and distributed. It’s up to us and science to deal with our government’s contempt for life.

Jack Nounnan, Trinidad

Letters Policy: Senior News welcomes letters to the editor. To be considered for publication, letters should be received by the 12th of the month, must not exceed 300 words, and may be edited for space. Submissions must include the writer’s full name, mailing address, phone number and e-mail address. Senior News reserves the right to reject any letter. The same requirements apply to those interested in submitting longer commentary columns (up to 400 words). Mail to Senior News, 1910 California St., Eureka, CA 95501 or E-mail tpease@humsenior.org.


**OPINION**

‘... And He Is Us’

*By George Ingraham, M.D.*

“We have met the enemy, and he is us,” wrote the artist Walt Kelly in his comic strip “Pogo” 60 years ago. It’s still true today.

I was clipping my hedge when a 20-something taking a walk called to me from the sidewalk: “You’re in your own yard. You don’t have to be wearing a mask.” (I was wearing my mask around my neck, not over my face).

“Right.” I said, “but if a neighbor comes by and we want to talk, I can just cover my nose and mouth and we won’t be risking spreading the COVID virus.”

Oh, that’s all bullshit,” says he. “It’s just the flu, and Governor Newsom can’t force us to wear masks. Are you a Republican or a ‘DUM-Bocrat’?”

“DEMocrat,” says I.

“Well, that explains it,” he replied, and walked on.

Political or religious issues aside, his refusal to mask up does explain one big reason for the continued spread of the coronavirus: the enemy is us.

Deadly as it is, COVID-19 has a very big weak spot: it is only a bundle of dangerous protein inside a capsule. It is not alive. It can’t exist for long outside of a living creature, nor can it exist indefinitely inside a living creature with a working immune system.

It must always find a new host within a short time — something like a week or two — before the current host destroys it, or it kills the current host. In either case, it’s gone.

It survives by hitching a ride on the microscopic droplets that leave our noses and mouths by the millions whenever we speak, cough, sing, sneeze or play a trombone.

And that’s where we’ve got the advantage. That’s how we destroy the little bugger. If we wash the hands, wear the mask, avoid groups, stay out of droplet range, and so forth . . . we’ve all heard it so often . . . the virus dies.

And if we don’t? The enemy is us, Pogo.

Dr. George Ingraham, 85, is a retired ophthalmologist with additional background in infectious disease, when he’s not chatting up passersby in Eureka.

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**GRANDMA HONEY**, above in the 1970s, would have loved her granddaughter Mary’s garden.
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• SEPTEMBER is back-to-school month. Recent important life lesson that enrich or change your life? An OLLI class, or lessons from COVID? Let’s see what we’ve learned, in “Old Dog, New Tricks.” Send ideas.
• OCTOBER can be a scary month. What scares you? Tell us about that time you were scared out of your socks, or about what keeps you up at night now. Contact SN editor Ted Pease, tpease@humsenior.org or 707-443-9747, x1226.

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