



# NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

— WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE —



August 2020 | Free!  
[ncmonthly.com](http://ncmonthly.com)



Summer is the Perfect Time to Score a  
**BLAZE KING STOVE!**

**Heavy Duty Stove for  
Heavy Duty Heating**

*Heats 3,000 sq. ft.  
23 inch wood.  
40 hr+ burn time.  
Incredible 82.5%  
efficiency.  
Thermostat  
controlled.*

Sales & Service



**R-RATE, LLC**  
PLUMBING & HEATING

**Visit Our New Store Location!**

251 N. Main St., Suite D • Colville • 509-684-1605

**Hours: Monday - Friday 8 - 5**

Lic # RRATE\*\*835QH

**55% OFF LIST PRICE**

Stop by our KraftMaid Cabinetry showroom at Haney Lumber & Supply to experience all we have to offer.

- Free design service and quotes
- Delivery available. Appointments Welcome!



For inspirational ideas visit [kraftmaid.com](http://kraftmaid.com)



**HANEY** 509-684-2150  
Lumber & Supply Inc. 1101 N. Highway  
Colville, WA  
[haneylumberandsupply.com](http://haneylumberandsupply.com)

**KraftMaid**  
KITCHENS FOR THE REAL LIVING ROOM

Don't Trust Just Anyone For That  
Once-In-A-Lifetime Investment  
Call "The Water Professionals!"



**Hours: M-F 7:30-5:30 • Sat 8-1**

- Water Well Drilling
- Pump Systems
- Water Treatment
- Full Service Store
- Hydrofracturing
- Geothermal Heat Loop Systems

Lic. #FOGLEPS095L4

**[www.foglepump.com](http://www.foglepump.com)**

Serving Northeast Washington Since 1981



MEMBER



Water  
Quality  
ASSOCIATION



**COLVILLE** 509-684-2569  
1-800-533-6518  
**New Location:**  
**DEER PARK!** 509-276-5400  
**REPUBLIC** 509-775-2878  
1-888-845-3500  
**SPOKANE** 509-244-0846  
1-888-343-9355

**NORM'S AUTO REPAIR**

**We Service All Makes & Models  
Imports & Domestic**

**SUMMER IS HERE!**

**\$25 off Air Conditioning Service**

**\$10 off Oil & Filter Service**

**FREE Brake Inspection**

**FREE Battery Testing**

A Higher  
Standard of  
Service!



Downtown,  
in the Heart  
of Colville



295 W. 1<sup>st</sup> • Colville, WA

509-685-9653 • 855-877-9653

Mon - Thur 7:30 am - 5:30 pm

[www.norms-auto.com](http://www.norms-auto.com)



# What's Inside

- 4 **Room to Grow**, by Mayah LaSol
- 5 **From the Publisher's Desk**, by Gabriel Cruden
- 6 **Random Acts of Community**, by Christine Wilson
- 8 **Life Matters**, Dr. Barry Bacon
- 10 **A Seed is Planted, A Legend Grows**, by Joanie Christian
- 14 **Monthly Muse**, by Loren Cruden
- 16 **Thunderstorms**, by J. Foster Fanning
- 19 **Being of Service**, by Adenea Thompson
- 20 **Comet NEOWISE**
- 22 **Listen Up**, Music Reviews by Michael Pickett
- 23 **A Good Read**, by Loren Cruden
- 24 **Dwelling on My Favorite Things**, by Patricia Ediger
- 25 **Appreciation for Restaurant Workers**, by Doris Patterson
- 26 **This Great Big (Messy) Life**, by Tina Tolliver Lago
- 28 **Yoga Strong**, by Brenda St. John
- 29 **A Year On the Farm**, by Michelle Lancaster
- 30 **The End of the Great Western Manhunt**, by McLean Taylor
- 32 **Green Medicine**, by Faye Stewart
- 34 **The Way It Was**, by Robert "Chick" Wynecoop
- 36 **How Our Garden Grows**, by Karen Castleberry Giebel
- 37 **Conversations With My Kid**, by Michael Pickett
- 37 **The Funny Corner**, by Jerry King
- 38 **Madilane's Memories**, by Madilane Perry
- 39 **Featured Dining & Lodging 2020**



August 2020

Vol. 28 ~ Iss. 4

## **Publisher & Senior Editor**

Gabriel Cruden

## **Copy Editor**

Si Alexander

## **Contributing Writers**

Dr. Barry Bacon • Joanie Christian  
Loren Cruden • Patricia Ediger  
J. Foster Fanning • Karen C. Giebel  
Mayah LaSol • Michelle Lancaster  
Tina Tolliver Lago • John Odell  
Doris Patterson • Madilane Perry  
Michael Pickett • Brenda St. John  
Faye Stewart • McLean Taylor  
Adenea Thompson • Christine Wilson  
Robert Wynecoop

## **Advertising Sales**

Gabriel Cruden • 509-675-3791  
[ncmonthly@gmail.com](mailto:ncmonthly@gmail.com)

Becky Dubell • 509-684-5147  
[mkbeckyl@gmail.com](mailto:mkbeckyl@gmail.com)

Gabriele von Trapp • 509-879-1987  
[gabriele.ncmonthly@gmail.com](mailto:gabriele.ncmonthly@gmail.com)

Sherry LaVigne • 509-690-8006  
[sherry.ncmonthly@gmail.com](mailto:sherry.ncmonthly@gmail.com)

## **North Columbia Monthly**

P.O. Box 541, Colville, WA 99114  
509-675-3791 | [ncmonthly@gmail.com](mailto:ncmonthly@gmail.com)  
[www.ncmonthly.com](http://www.ncmonthly.com)

## **Cover Photo**

Comet NEOWISE over Castlegar, B.C.  
Photo by Ashley Voykin.  
See more at [ashleyvoykin.com](http://ashleyvoykin.com).

The *North Columbia Monthly* is published 12 times per year. Copyright 2020 © by *North Columbia Monthly*. All rights reserved. Reproduction of the contents, or use in whole or part without written permission from the publisher is strictly prohibited. Advertising, views and opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the publisher. **Printed in the USA with soy-based ink on recycled paper.**

**SEPTEMBER 2020 ISSUE**

**ARTICLE AND AD  
DEADLINE**

***Friday, August 21<sup>st</sup>***



**Star Of Life And Resource**

- JOHN ODELL, [WordsOfWords.com](http://WordsOfWords.com)

# Room to Grow

By Mayah LaSol

Something that has been seeming to come up a lot, in my personal life, in my friends' lives, and in the world as whole (from what I can tell from social media), is a lot of talk about toxicity and cancel culture.

I don't think these two things are directly connected, but I think about them in conjunction. My definitions of these terms are basically this: Toxicity is used to describe something or someone that behaves in a way that ultimately brings people down. Basically, a toxic relationship is the opposite of a healthy one. Cancel culture is the idea that when an individual or a company does something that is considered wrong, such as making racist comments or supporting an unfavorable political view, their opinion and their business should be invalidated.

The way these two things connect in my mind is that I consider cancel culture toxic.

Why are we doing it? The point of cancel culture is to make people aware of companies they shouldn't support, because they have bad values. While I think it is necessary to call out companies or individuals who say or do insensitive things, if you cancel someone then you aren't allowing them room to learn and grow. I wouldn't like to think of myself as a racist or homophobic person, but have I said some insensitive things in my lifetime? Probably!

I'm a human and we make mistakes.

Committing to learning and constantly working to improve as a human being are things that I think everyone should be allowed to do without being attacked for making one wrong move. At least, that is my ideal for the world. I hope that humanity can begin to grow and become



better *together*, instead of trying to bring each other down. Because bringing each other down...? That doesn't seem like a healthy relationship to me!

Here's a quick scenario. Let's say that there are two companies. One sells used books and one sells gardening tools. The gardening store has a history of making blatantly racist comments to non-white customers, while the bookstore does not. One day, they are both called out for making a racist comment and they both respond by saying that they are deeply sorry and are working to change their mindset, creating a more inclusive environment.

Do they both deserve to be canceled? I don't think so! The gardening store has a history of being racist and so their apology seems weak, not necessarily truthful. It is highly likely that nothing will really change. In this case, maybe they should be canceled.

However, the bookstore doesn't have this history. The people there are known for being good and honest, so if they apologized, then shouldn't they be trusted? In this case, I don't think the bookstore deserves to be canceled just for one mistake that they are determined to avoid in the future.

In other words, not all situations make cancel culture the right choice. Sometimes I think it's best to trust that people are willing to change, and give them some room to grow.

This article is one that I was nervous to write, but I thought it was important because that's what I'm working on: be honest, learn from mistakes, and ultimately do my best to make the world a brighter and happier place. To anyone who is struggling in these times, I hope your world gets brighter soon.

Mayah is a teen reader, writer, bookstagrammer, and all-around arts enthusiast who geeks out over books and cats. She shares book reviews and poetry on her instagram account @mayahlwrites.

Monthly Drawing  
FREE gift wrapped  
balloon

M-F 9am-7pm/Sat 9am-4pm



## Zaddy's

- Local crafters
- Gifts wrapped in a balloon
- Handmade Dolls & Stuffed Toys



135 East First Avenue, Ste 5 • Colville, WA 99114 • 509-685-7343

Giving voice to what you want heard!



## Brenda St. John

VOICE OVER

Voice actor with professionally  
equipped recording studio.

brendastjohnvo.com • 509-936-2420



# From the Publisher's Desk, *by Gabriel Cruden*

I recently undertook a task that has been on the To Do list – but somehow never the top – for years: sorting through the boxes that hold the artifacts of my life. This is one of those classic situations where the longer I put it off, the bigger the task becomes – quite literally, as I keep adding boxes to the pile – which then makes it all the more daunting, and so is put off longer, which ... yeah. You get the picture.

I made a few feeble attempts in the past, but just the act of opening boxes and ascertaining their contents reinforced the sense of overwhelm. So, this time, I had to approach it differently. And to do that, I had to unpack something other than boxes: the question of why this was so hard.

I will spare you the ensuing journey of personal discovery, but I would like to share some of the collateral thoughts that were born of this exploration, which included conversations and perspectives from those close to me.

One thread is that of history and how it

can define my experience of the present and determine the direction of my future. What if, for example, my memories were wiped clean? What lens, then, would I be experiencing the present through? Alternatively, how do the stories of my past, that I am told and that I tell myself, filter the lens of my experience of the present? What can I envision and make possible for myself in the future? What might this look like on a scale larger than myself – for a community or a nation, for example? What collective stories of our history are holding us back from a new and different future?

Another thread is thinking about “things” as a diary of a life lived, where the value was in the experiences, but the things hold the memories of those experiences. And so I hold onto the things. Which brings up the question of whether experiences are most valuable in the moment and the best thing to do is to be fully present in the experiencing of the moment rather than holding on to evidence of the experience. But, on the other hand, I think

there is also value in reliving the experience through the things that trigger the memories. Especially since my memory doesn't always seem so great – something about kids and sleep deprivation has that effect.

A third thread has to do with identity. A lot of the things I have in boxes are from other eras in my life, before becoming a husband, a dad, a magazine publisher, and so forth. I used to read a lot and was taken aback when I realized that my children don't see me as a big reader. Which makes sense. I don't read very many books these days and they only see me now. Not as I was. This is a kick-in-the-pants to start bringing some of my history into THEIR present.

In the end, though, the questions become pretty simple. Is the thing useful? Does it bring joy? If neither, then celebrate what it was and what it meant to me, and let it go. While I've only just begun this task, I'm feeling lighter and freer already. Plus, we now have a walk-in pantry in the basement where boxes used to be. And that is definitely useful!

## Northeast Washington Farmers Market



*Meet your neighbors!*

**Every Wed & Sat 9 am ~ 1 pm**

**May 6<sup>th</sup> ~ October 31<sup>st</sup>**

*under the clock at*

**Main & Astor in Colville**

*Find us on Facebook for current info!*

*Fresh, locally grown produce*

*Handcrafted gifts*

*Bakery goodies*

*Specialty foods*

**Saturday Kid's Events**

**June through September**

**Provided by the Kernal Klub**

253-203-8920 ~ [newfarmersmarket.org](http://newfarmersmarket.org)



Custom Cabinets Fine Woodworking  
Creativity ~ Excellence ~ Integrity

509.738.4380

[www.mingomountainwoodworking.com](http://www.mingomountainwoodworking.com)

[james@mmww.co](mailto:james@mmww.co)



# Balance is Never Still; Are You OK?

By Christine Wilson

Have you ever felt impatient or irritated and found yourself looking for someone to blame? I'm asking for a friend.

Sigmund Freud coined the term "id" for the part of us that is driven by a desire for pleasure and an avoidance of discomfort. We prefer that pleasure fast and snappy. The id says: "What is in it for me? How can I deflect responsibility?" An infant can be happy but then switch to rage when

his or her diaper is being changed. That infant wants to get back to pleasure. A gradeschool child can want to keep playing outside and be forced in for dinner, which can cause the child to be mad at the adult who is taking their pleasure away. Adults prefer pleasure as well, of course, and once we figure out what elicits that pleasure, shifting away from that can sometimes be as difficult as it was for us in our youth.

How do we cope with moments and/or seasons of unpleasantness?

To answer that question, Freud coined the term superego. The superego sees a picture bigger than ourselves and asks the questions: "What is it like to be my neighbor? What is the right thing for me to do? What can I do to improve my community?" Once an infant's

brain develops beyond a pure needs-based life, the world begins to provide evidence that other people have needs too and that there are things we ought not to be doing. The superego is formed as our parents, people in our neighborhoods, schools,

churches, extended families and even our friends teach us what is right and wrong. Those lessons become an internalized set of rules for behavior and help us develop the beginnings of a conscience.

As we mature, our superego develops a more complex understanding of our relationship to other people. We go from thinking we can take something without permission when no one else is watching to realizing that thievery is wrong even if we aren't getting caught. We learn to pay attention to the impact of our behavior on others.

The superego creates an important balance with the id. Our minds and life experiences lead us along an increasingly nuanced path. An adolescent might think it would be grand to get away from

appreciate an under-functioning employee. Time for a course correction message from the superego.

Balance is, as always, never still. Sometimes a person can become heavily dedicated to pure pleasure or be overly scrupulous. In my early 20s, my housekeeping skills were horrific. I was having fun with my friends and often ignored things that didn't bring me pleasure, housekeeping being at the top of the list. I lived a kind of dark version of Marie Condo. Did it spark joy to clean? Nope. I'd leave clutter everywhere. I don't think I even owned a vacuum cleaner.

Then I'd get the call: My parents were coming for a visit. Suddenly, that quietly whispering superego would start shouting. I'd go on a cleaning rampage, turning down opportunities to hang out with my friends.

There have also been times I have been overly scrupulous. I was preparing for a meeting once while in a restaurant across from the hotel where my meeting was going to take place. I set cash out

*"Have you ever felt impatient or irritated and found yourself looking for someone to blame?"*



parents and stay up all night, eating and drinking whatever sounds appealing and doing whatever feels pleasurable. Then that teenager grows up, gets a job, and realizes that staying up all night is hard on the brain and the body. The boss doesn't

which the waiter took while I was poring over the meeting's agenda. He brought back what I thought was change, which I absentmindedly picked up, leaving him a tip on my way out. At some point after the meeting, I discovered that he had not



# Random Acts of Community

taken any money out to pay for my order. I worried that he was going to get stuck with the bill. I felt like a thief.

I went back the next day and talked to the manager and the hostess, who were standing together at the entrance. I described the circumstances, and they stared at me like I was insane. No, they said, he would not have had to pay for it. It was fine. I could leave now. I personally think I did the right thing but they seemed to view my supercharged superego with confusion.

As we continue to mature, the swings between excessive pleasure and excessive internal rule following can get tiresome. Enter the mediator, which Freud called the ego. The task of his version of ego is to seek a balance between the id and the superego. It wants us to experience sparks of joy while considering the impact of our behavior on others. A lot of the struggles of our lives come from that debate. Our Freudian ego navigates the nuances and sets up negotiations.

An unleashed id can wreak havoc in our lives. I don't like to walk our dog in town without a leash. She will impulsively chase cats and deer when the mood strikes her. Think, then, of the unleashed human id which has access to all the power of the human mind. As my husband said when I tested my analogy on him: "It's not just cats and deer we can bother."

The other end of the spectrum can be seen in a society, such as Victorian England, heavily invested in the superego. Pleasure was almost a dirty word. Table legs were sometimes covered because the legs were considered risqué. I'm pretty happy we aren't living in such repressed times.

There is a famous self-help book from the late 1960s, by Thomas Anthony Harris, titled *I'm OK, You're OK*. He translated the terms of Freud into the child, the parent, and the adult. Within the child part of us is a playful child and a rebellious child. Within the parent part of us is the nurturing parent and the disapproving parent. The adult is that higher self within us that seeks balance. It is the part that holds the flashlight, shining a light on our inner

workings. Breaking it down into those categories can help shine a light on the processes we go through.

So, true confession. That really was me I referred to at the start of this column. My dentist's office just ran through a list of symptoms and I was sure she asked if I had noticed any impatience lately. Apparently that wasn't the question, but we got it straightened out. This work takes practice, like building muscle strength.

Since I never really exercised, growing up, I am still astounded and grateful for having discovered, thanks to various friends along the way, the satisfaction of hard physical effort. I try to pay it forward by inspiring people to do the same with the agents that operate the controls in our minds.

*Christine Wilson is a psychotherapist in private practice in Colville and can be reached at [christineallenewilson@gmail.com](mailto:christineallenewilson@gmail.com) or 509-690-0715.*

**China Bend Winery**

The Healthiest Wine on the Planet is Grown Here in Your Own Backyard! Visit us Soon to Taste our Delicious, Organic, Sulfite-Free, Non-GMO, Gluten Free, Vegan Wines

Drive In or Boat In!

We observe common sense precautions as the times require. We have plenty of outdoor seating and private tables so you can taste the wines while enjoying the beauty of our estate.

**No Sulfites! No Headaches! No Hangovers! No Kidding!**

**Tasting Room Open Daily Noon - 5:00 Closed Sundays**

**3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls, WA  
On the Northport-Flatcreek Road  
Along Lake Roosevelt  
(800)700 6123 ~ [www.chinabend.com](http://www.chinabend.com)**

# Unforeseen Covid Casualties

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

It's impossible to foresee the consequences of a pandemic. People suffer in ways we couldn't have anticipated. People get stressed, sick, attacked, bullied, hungry or homeless. Being physically sick is bad enough. The rest of the suffering makes the pandemic so much worse.

Recently I spoke with a young physician who practices in another part of the country, an area worse hit than ours by this plague. She is on the front line, fearless, providing care for her patients, having counted the cost to herself and her family, but for the sake of healing she continues in her calling.

She also teaches young physicians. During some teaching events, there is a need for hands-on practice. There's just no way around it. You can't deliver babies by Skype. Unfortunately, at one particular event, one of the young physicians was sick, and the whole team of physicians, teachers, trainers and students was potentially exposed to the Covid-19 virus.

What do you do in such a situation? You can't really quarantine all the physicians on staff who deliver babies and ask all of the pregnant women to come back in a few weeks. On the other hand, you have to keep folks safe. Patients are counting on us. Pregnant moms are more vulnerable than most to respiratory infections. They have a growing creature pushing up under their diaphragms, limiting their lung capacity,

making the consequences of a lung infection like Covid-19 so much more serious. What do you do?

It was decided that rather than quarantining all of the physicians in the training exercise, only the sick resident would be quarantined, and the others would be observed and tested at least weekly. Fortunately, all were able to safely continue providing care for patients.

Unforeseen consequence #1: It is possible for this virus to wipe out your entire medical staff for a couple of weeks while they recover. Therefore, we must keep each other safe and protect our front-line health workers as much as possible.

This young physician told me another story. While teaching clinical skills to another physician, they examined a woman in her 60s who had no health insurance and had recently lost touch with the medical system when her previous primary physician moved away. Because of her own medical and mental health concerns, especially in the face of the pandemic, she ran out of her medicine. Unable to navigate the healthcare system easily and readily establish with a new physician, she went without vital medicines for her thyroid,

heart condition and depression for several months before seeing the two physicians in our story.

As they entered the room, the two physicians introduced themselves. The patient nodded. However, it soon became apparent that the patient was deaf. No one had told them that their patient had to read lips. Wearing masks and social distancing wasn't working. To compound the situation, the instructor was being especially cautious because of her recent exposure to Covid-19 during the training exercise mentioned previously.

How do you safely communicate with a deaf patient who only lip reads when you need to wear a highly effective mask in order to protect the patient because you were exposed to the virus? The physicians decided that the best option was to do a Zoom meeting with the patient. So they went into an adjacent room and talked with the patient via Zoom with their masks removed so she could lip read. All went well until the internet connection failed ...

Meanwhile, more than 2,000 San Quentin prisoners and 234 employees thus far have tested positive for Covid-19 and twelve have died, due to a tragic error where 121 prisoners from a Covid-19-in-

*"It is possible for the virus to wipe out your entire medical staff for a couple of weeks while they recover."*

## Daily News You Can Use!

*Live, local news weekdays  
at 7 am, 8 am, Noon & 5 pm  
Saturdays at 7 am & 8 am*

**KCVL** **KCRK**  
FM 94.1/AM 1240 FM 92.1

 **Loon Lake  
TIMES** News • Events  
Advertising

**FREE LOCAL NEWSPAPER**  
SERVING SOUTH STEVENS COUNTY  
**8,800 DIRECT HOME DELIVERIES**  
Nine Mile Falls, Tum Tum, Ford,  
Hunters, Valley, Springdale,  
Loon Lake, Deer Lake, Clayton  
[loonlaketimes@gmail.com](mailto:loonlaketimes@gmail.com)  
(509) 703-0352

# NUVU

⊗ **SHOWHOUSE** ⊗

*For features & showtimes:*

**509-446-2449**

[www.facebook.com/NUVUfun/](http://www.facebook.com/NUVUfun/)

*Adults: \$9 ~ Kids: \$6.50*

209 E 5<sup>th</sup> Ave., Metaline Falls, WA



fected Chino prison were transferred to San Quentin in the hope of stopping the spread in Chino. Unfortunately, no one thought to test the transferees. (*The Press Democrat*)

Unforeseen consequence #2: Stuff happens.

On a Saturday night, I was seeing a very sick man in the emergency department. I wondered how he got so sick without anyone apparently noticing. What I learned was that he had asked for help from his medical provider on a couple of occasions. He had fainted twice, couldn't get up, and was brought in by family members, but they and he were not allowed into his doctor's clinic because of Covid-19 fears. Without entering the clinic, he left a urine sample and was later diagnosed with a urinary tract infection and treated with antibiotics. Then he fainted again and was found by a family member several hours later and brought to the emergency department.

I looked him over more carefully, performed some labs and x-rays and found that he not only was infected, but had a very low white blood cell count, anemia, kidney failure and prostate cancer as well as a heart condition.

Unforeseen consequences #3 and #4: If

we exclude family members from the conversation because of Covid-19 fears, we will not get a complete understanding of what is going on in a confused, very ill patient. In addition, we actually need to lay hands on and examine patients sometimes in order to properly diagnose and treat them.

What am I saying by all of this? In this difficult time, I fear that we as medical pro-



viders have made some mistakes. I ask you to forgive us for that. We are human beings prone to fears and foibles as we find our way through this difficult time. But we are trying.

I believe that, more than ever, we in the medical field must keep our doors open, be available to our community, invite family to be part of the conversation, be at our patients' bedside, provide a place where they

can get help, and do so safely, creatively, and compassionately.

One more story, this one from Africa. My wife Shelley and I helped initiate and continue to support a peace initiative between two tribes in Kapedo, Kenya. Last week, a group of bandits from one tribe burned some homes, shot and stole some livestock and broke into the multipurpose building we built to be used as a school, health clinic and worship center and stole the food meant to sustain the children. The villagers are heartbroken. They have so little to begin with. I promised them today that we would do our best to rebuild. For now, that promise is enough to sustain their hopes.

Unforeseen consequence #5: pandemics seem to bring out the worst in some people.

So let us refrain from attacking Walmart employees, health leaders, the politicians, even Bill Gates. Let's take a deep breath and do the hard work of building community despite the crisis.

*Barry Bacon is a physician who has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for 28 years. He now works in small rural hospitals in Washington state, teaches family medicine, and works on health disparities in the U.S. and Africa.*

## The INDEPENDENT

Serving Chewelah and Stevens County since 1903

- Current Events
- Chewelah History
- School Sports
- Classified Bargains
- Community Activities
- Business News
- Legal Announcements

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

www.chewelahindependent.com

The ONLY source for Chewelah Valley news & information!

1 Year Starting at only \$25

935-8422

## Springwater

INSURANCE GROUP

---

### ALL Medicare Plans

Medicare Advantage  
Medigap Supplements  
Part D Rx Plans

---

Local Agent Phone & Video Meetings during "Stay Home, Stay Healthy"

(509) 422-9828

www.springwaterinsurancegroup.com

# A Seed is Planted and a Legend Grows

by Joanie Christian

I've never been one to be star-struck by celebrities. But there are a handful of individuals who I have a profound reverence for due to their life's focus and contribution to this world. Dr. William Foege is one of those people. Many of us likely owe our own existence to his life's work yet have never heard of him.

He played a pivotal role in eradicating smallpox, a disease that claimed 2 million lives per year in the 1960s and accounted for 300 million deaths in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Think about that for a minute ... that is nearly the entire population of the United States. He also played a key role in the HIV epidemic and efforts that led to dramatic increases in immunization rates in developing countries. He has been a driving force behind decades of progress to protect public health.

Dr. Foege is a giant of a man, literally and

figuratively. At 6 feet 7, he towers over many of his colleagues. But it is his considerable contributions in science that have made him a giant in the realm of public and global health. He is nothing short of a legend.

And this next little fact may surprise you: He graduated from Colville High School. Yes, you read that right. A global legend with local small-town roots.

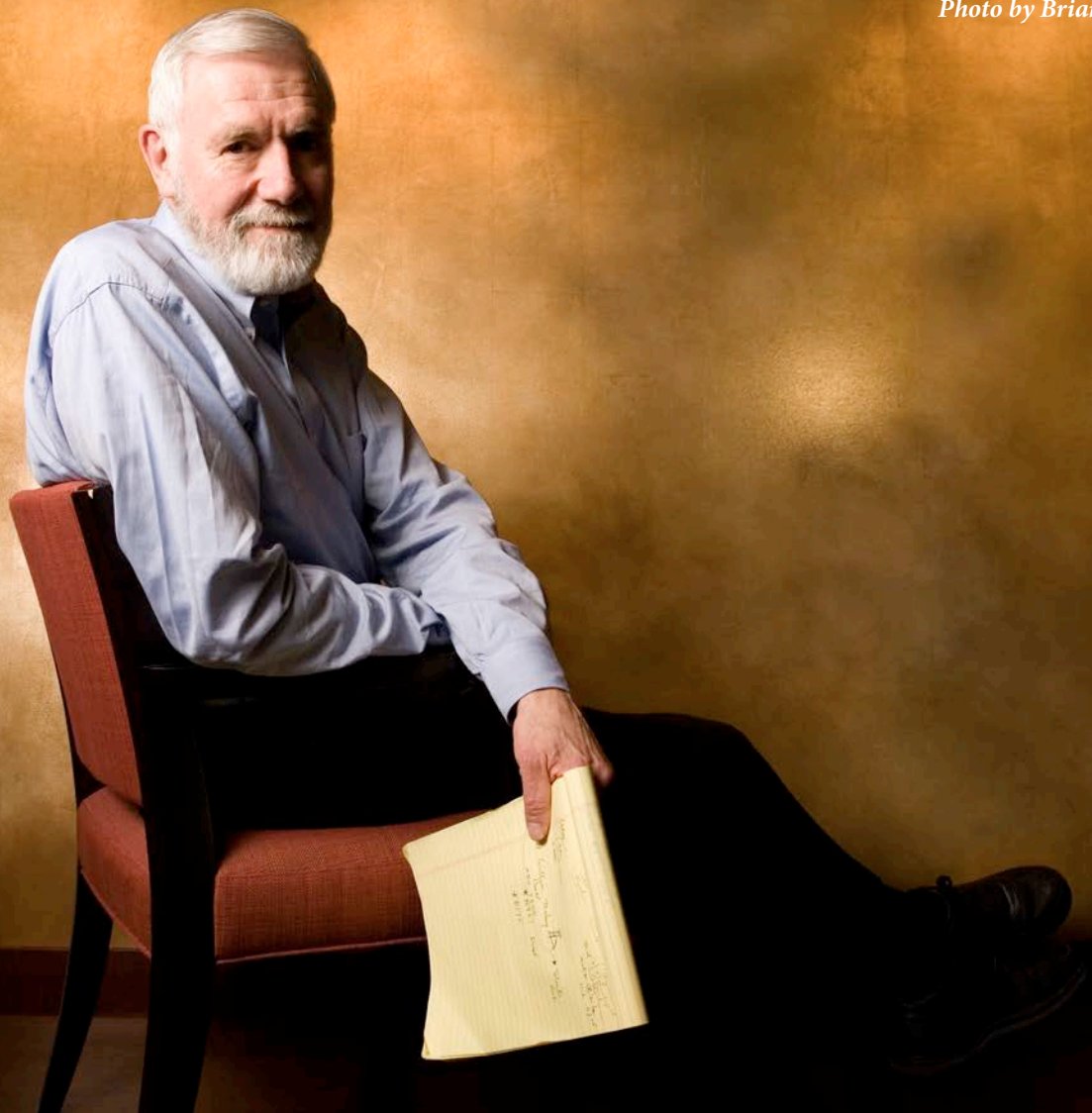
Most know him as "Bill" Foege. At the age of 84, his contributions and accomplishments are astounding. He has received more awards than one can readily enumerate. They include the highest awards that can be bestowed by universities, such as the Richmond Award, given to Dr. Foege and esteemed colleague Dr. Anthony Fauci for exemplifying the "highest level of integrity and public service." The award was presented by the dean of

the Harvard School of Public Health, who credited them with saving millions of lives.

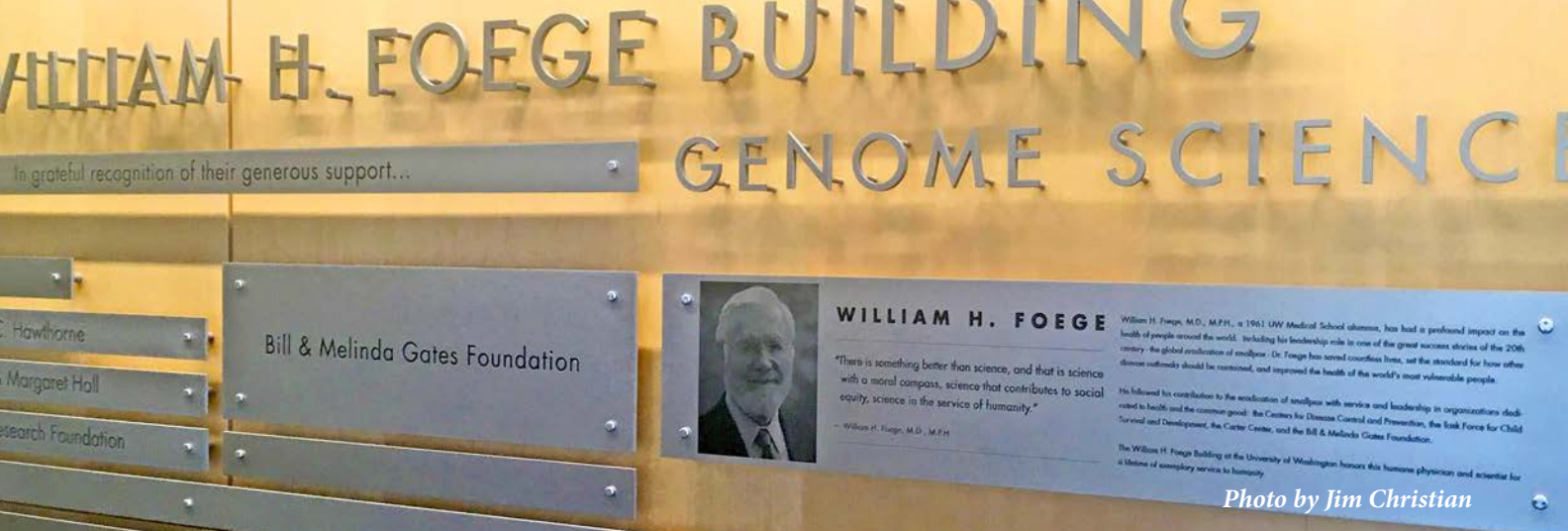
In 2012, President Barack Obama presented Dr. Foege with the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor, for his "incredible impact on so many people – not in short, blinding bursts, but steadily, over the course of a lifetime."

Dr. Foege's Emory University commencement address is regarded as one of the 10 best of all time. He has authored multiple books and countless articles. He has been the director for the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, senior advisor to the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, executive director of the Carter Center, and professor at multiple universities. I'm just skimming the surface here. Dr. Foege is a true global visionary ... and he's not done yet.

*Photo by Brian Smale*







For decades, my biology teacher husband has taught his students about Dr. Foegen and his work. Of course he is featured on the wall of fame in Colville High School. Seeing a recent article about Dr. Foegen piqued my interest and inspired me to write about him and a topic that is so very relevant now.

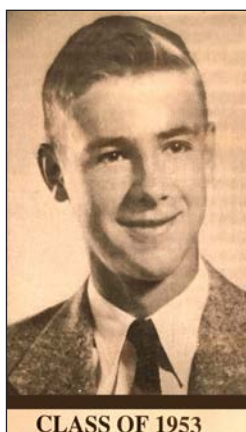
I reached out to Colville native Mary Selecky (friend and colleague of Bill, and a public health legend in her own right), for background information. To my surprise, Selecky arranged for me to do a phone interview with him. As a side note: THREE individuals from Colville have received the Dr. Nathan Davis Award, a national honor for outstanding contributions for the betterment of public health: Dr. Foegen, the late Dr. Ed Gray, and Mary Selecky. Colville is very likely the only small town in America with that distinction.

I had the privilege of interviewing Dr. Foegen by phone for nearly an hour-and-a-half. I had no idea how impactful and educational those 90 minutes would be, and it was an afternoon I will not soon forget. I continue to ponder his wise and insightful perspectives, earned through profound and sometimes difficult life and career experiences.

We talked about his local roots. He was the third of six children of Lutheran Minister William Foegen and his wife Anna. At the age of 9, Bill and his family moved to Chewelah, where he worked at Rowan's Drug Store. At the age of 15, he had a hip injury and was put in a body cast for several months. Immobilized, unable to even turn over during a time with no TV to occupy him, he read books about the world.

During this time, young Bill came across the works of Albert Schweitzer, a man who

had earned three PhDs by the age of 30. At that point, Schweitzer said, he had enjoyed his life, and would donate the rest of his time on earth to humanity. Schweitzer then earned a medical degree and moved to Africa



where he spent the rest of his life working as a medical missionary. He received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1952 for his work at a tropical hospital. He was also a world expert on Johann Sebastian Bach and organ building. Dr. Foegen said "Schweitzer was a true polymath" (an individual whose knowledge spans a significant number of subjects).

Bill and his family moved to Colville when he was a sophomore in high school. William applied for a job at Kohlstedt's Pharmacy, and Jim Kohlstedt replied they couldn't afford a person, much less a teenager. But in the end, Kohlstedt said, he couldn't turn down a "disabled" young man (still in a full leg cast) who had brought references from his former employer.

That was the beginning of a treasured life-long friendship between the two. In addition to science, Kohlstedt was interested in and knowledgeable on many different topics: music, mathematics, cars, photography and stamp collecting, to name a few. He was a key mentor who shaped Bill Foegen as a youth. Bill had not come from a scientific family, but Kohlstedt went on to hire all five of Bill's siblings at the pharmacy. To Bill it was almost magic that medicine could change things. This experience spawned his interest in science.

Foegen remembers that their school wouldn't let his sister into one of the science classes because she was a girl. His father went to the school to plead on her behalf

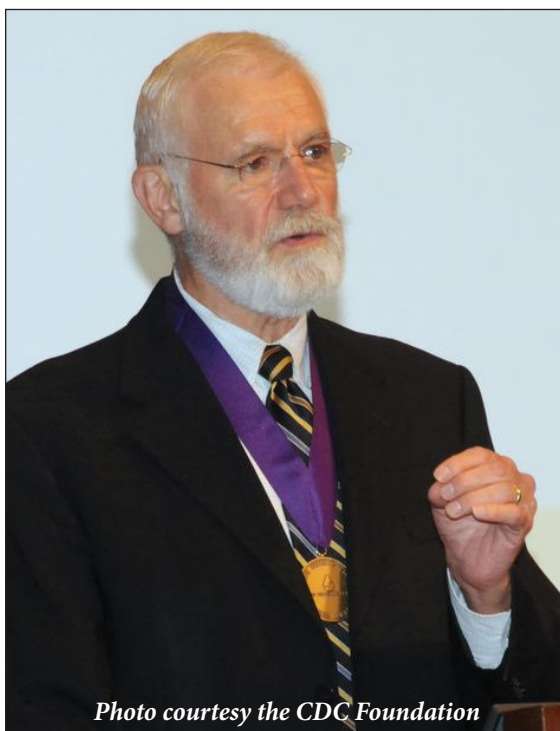
and she was eventually admitted to the class. That experience was his first awakening to gender bias. Bill's sister ended up going to college at PLU, and then to medical school at the University of Washington. The time he spent visiting her at college inspired him to follow her lead.

Tony Steiger was another local influence. Steiger did assays on what people would bring him from mining. He invited Foegen to his place, where the youth began learning about logarithms.

In his late teens, Foegen worked for two summers fighting fires in Washington and Oregon. "The principles were simple and drilled into us repeatedly: separate the fuel from the flames and the fire stops." Without water available, they achieved the separation by digging trenches.

The stage was being set. These mentors and experiences were both the inspiration and the building blocks for his path in life that would later change our world. His readings of Schweitzer would fuel a dream to be a physician in Africa. The skills learned in the pharmacy and his use of logarithms for mining assays would be fundamental in his work as a physician and in public health, analyzing data and doing communicable disease surveillance. His sister's inability to get into a science class was a catalyst that led him to become a staunch advocate for equity. The firefighting mantra, "Separate the fuel from the flames and the fire stops," became the model for the containment strategy that led to the eradication of smallpox, and a tenet in the fight against pandemics and communicable disease. It is now the mantra of the entire world in the fight against Covid-19.

Dr. Foegen's work took him to places around the world and led to strong collaborative relationships with government leaders, philanthropists and humanitarians, giving



*Photo courtesy the CDC Foundation*

him the chance to work for many polymaths. “Jimmy Carter is one of them. He is very learned. Bill Gates is another, he’s interested in everything.” Both Carter and Gates have an insatiable desire for learning and knowledge. My research and conversation with Dr. Foege indicated to me he is also a polymath. He’s even an expert on spiders.

Dr. Foege fulfilled his dream of working as a physician in Africa, where the smallpox vaccine shortage forced him to think like a virus in order to predict where the virus would go next. This led to prioritizing vaccination for the close contacts of infected individuals, which in effect created herd immunity and stopped the virus in its tracks.

Creativity played a role in vaccinating people in the villages. When talking with a Nigerian chief about when he could begin a set of vaccinations, the chief insisted, “Let’s do it right now,” and the “talking drums” began signaling the villagers. Expecting a poor turnout, Foege was astonished when villagers turned up by the thousands. When asked how he got so many people to come, the chief replied, “I told them to come to the market if they wanted to see the world’s tallest man.”

At the dedication of the William H. Foege Building at University of Washington, a premier genome and bioengineering sciences facility, former President Carter said, “He’s one of the few people who succeeded in immunizing people because he was tall.”

I found an article by Tom Paulson that

showed a different side to Bill Foege, that of a perpetual and mischievous prankster. Sometimes this side comes out when something important needs to get done. Other times, he just likes to shake things up. There was the time he put rubber bands in Jim Kohlstedt’s tobacco pipe. Or a notorious incident while attending PLU: “I used to go in people’s rooms and put limburger cheese on light bulbs,” he said. “It would take a while to melt before it started to smell, so nobody could figure out who had put it there ... but I eventually had to do it in my own room to deflect suspicion.”

When I asked about colleague and contemporary Anthony Fauci, I could hear mirth on the other end of the line. He explained that his son and family were living in Uruguay. Recently, his daughter-in-law and granddaughter were searching the internet for photos of “Papa” when the granddaughter saw a photo and suddenly exclaimed, “You mean Papa knows Fauci? Papa knows Sanjay Gupta?” He laughed and went on to say that throughout this pandemic Dr. Fauci has stayed true to his roots, never veering from his long-held public health principles and life of public service.

Multiple speeches, articles and interviews contained nuggets of wisdom revealing Dr. Foege’s professional and personal convictions. He admits that much of this wisdom originated with mentors and others who have influenced him:

- Every day we edit our obituaries. Edit with care and gusto.
- Concentrate on the needs of the group, rather than your own needs. Remember that the children of the future have given you their proxy and are asking desperately for you to make good decisions. Because each of us can do so little, it’s important that we all do our part.
- Develop tenacity and an optimistic outlook. It doesn’t mean that everything will always work out or that you won’t suffer. But pessimism seems to be designed to force you to suffer before the fact!
- I avoided dying of tuberculosis, food poisoning, and toxic water because of a government, rarely appreciated. Not because I deserved it but because of a

coalition of government, religious institutions, and other public and private groups, all conspiring to help me. And your story is the same.

- Vaccines are the tugboats of preventive health.
- I’ve found that there is an incubation period for ideas as well as for viruses.
- How you treat people is the healing force in the world. That is the ultimate measure of civilization: how people treat each other.
- Four things treasure above all else: purpose, faith, wisdom, and love.
- Home is not where you are from. Home is where you are needed. I hope we all find our way home.

Dr. Foege declared that the most rewarding aspect of his career has been in teaching. “I find so much joy in teaching students who are becoming interested in public and global health. Students who desperately want to change something become passionate and compassionate problem solvers.” He recommends two things to young people considering a career in science or public health: actively seek good mentors and seek out an experience to use their skills, such as an internship. “These are the two best predictors of how a student will do after graduation.”

Dr. Foege’s own biggest accomplishments to date are in the fight against communicable diseases. But, based upon my short time with him, I have a hunch that the minds he has inspired and educated over his lifetime will in turn go out and do profound life-changing things due to his influence, exponentially expanding Dr. Foege’s impact over time.

Politics and personnel have been the most challenging aspects of his career. It is challenging and labor intensive to teach politicians about science/medical concepts so that they may fully understand the scope of the issues, especially in urgent situations when good decisions need to be made quickly. He encourages public health students to go into politics, as having expertise in both areas facilitates moving the needle quickly and effectively.

“There is a method to arriving at answers and finding the truth,” he said, “and three things to think of when approaching a problem:

- 1) “Common sense. Science is common sense at its best.
- 2) “Creativity. Science is an art. *Creative* common sense at its best.



3) “A moral compass. Combine those three things and you have created moral science at its best.”

Dr. Foege asserts, “There is something better than science, and that is science with a moral compass, science that contributes to social equity, science in the service of humanity.”

That service may not be fully rewarded. “If you go into public health, you’ll never get rich and you’ll never get thanked. If you can get beyond that, it can be very satisfying. Nobody ever thanks you for saving them from the disease they didn’t know they were going to get. Take Pearl Kendrick. Even people in vaccine fields don’t recognize her name, but she developed the pertussis vaccine. When she died, the dean at her university said, ‘Hundreds of thousands of people are alive because of her. Can you name one? I can’t either.’”

When asked about lessons learned that can help us during the Covid-19 pandemic, more nuggets of hard-earned wisdom came forth:

Know the truth. If you don’t, you can’t be efficient and effective. We don’t always want to know the truth because it is overwhelming, but you have to keep doing it, no matter what you find.

You find the truth by collecting the right information. Surveillance is the way to know the truth. You have to know the truth to do anything about it.

Avoid certainty. Certainty is the Achilles heel of science. The periodic table is “certain.” But if you look at one today compared to years ago, you will find that the values have changed ever so slightly. Information will always change as you learn more.

Respect the culture. If you tangle with culture, culture always wins.

Everything requires a coalition. You don’t do anything alone. The best coalitions are built around an outcome that defines the

last mile, which is how will we know we have succeeded. Everyone knows what they are in for.

You need a leader that knows when to make a decision and when to get everyone on board.

Ego needs to be left out of the equation for a coalition to really work. You need to see the reward as not what you, but what the group can accomplish.

It’s the combination of science and management that can make a coalition really work. Good results are never an accident. It requires someone formulating a future in their mind, defining that future with enough clarity for others to follow, and then the usual management steps of setting objectives, developing strategies, and monitoring progress. Evaluation for continuous improvement is important.

The best decisions are based on the best science, but the best results are based on the best management.

Public health is deeply personal to Dr. Foege, a driving force behind his every decision and accomplishment. Time will tell what impact he will have in the Covid-19 pandemic, but rest assured he will be involved. The National Academy of Medicine has announced that he will be a co-chair for the Coronavirus Vaccine committee. In this very important role, he will be using the lessons that only experience could teach him and will be working on our behalf as if our lives depended on it. Because they do.

This is perhaps the most difficult article I have had to write, not because I lacked clear direction or material to write about, but because of how much I would have to omit for the sake of space in the telling of his story. These are but a few pages in the meaningful life of a remarkable man.

Despite all of his awards, global stature, and

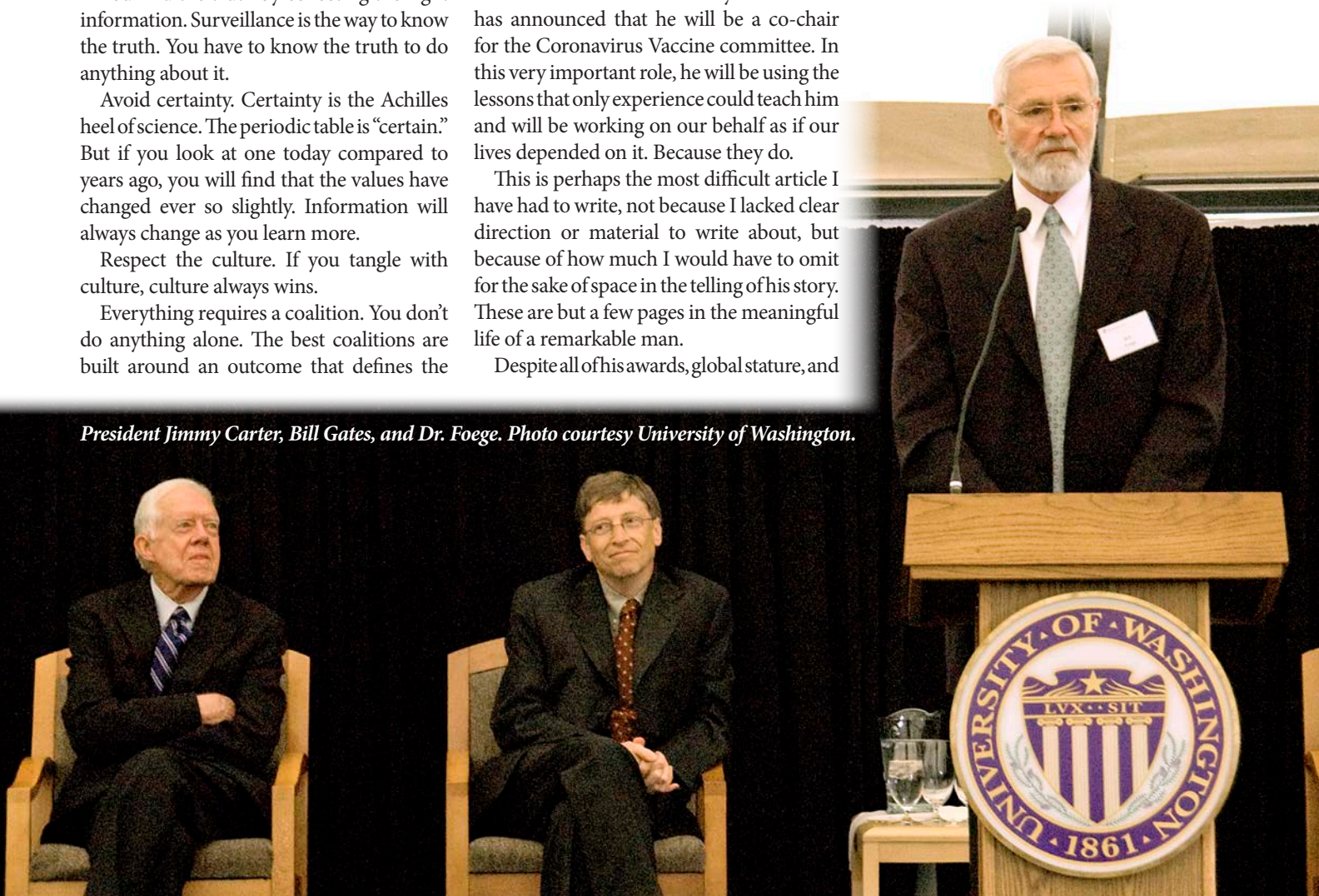
worldly wisdom, Bill Foege could not have been more humble, gracious ... and *human*. It seems he easily connects with everyone he meets; he looks for what unifies us rather than what divides us; he is other-focused rather than self-focused. A deep thinker with a sense of humor that helps to balance the serious stuff in life, he seems uncomfortable with all the fame, awards and accolades, but is pleased that they elevate global health into the spotlight.

And he talks fondly of his time in Colville; his youth spent at the Little Pend Oreille Lakes; buying a 1928 dark blue Model A when he was 16 (which he still owns); more recently, revisiting the area with his family, hiking up to the “C” on Colville Mountain with his son and grandson, and reminiscing with his sisters.

He’s a man who never forgets that his rural small town roots and formative experiences here set his life course on a path that would change our world and the course of history.

*Joanie Christian is a freelance writer and nature photographer who has lived in northeastern WA for decades. View her work at [joaniechristianphotography.com](http://joaniechristianphotography.com) and follow her paddling adventures at [stillwaterpaddling.com](http://stillwaterpaddling.com).*

*President Jimmy Carter, Bill Gates, and Dr. Foege. Photo courtesy University of Washington.*



# The Power of Attention

By Loren Cruden

Back in late May, entering my third month of seclusion, it became apparent that my cat Taliesin had made serious inroads into my psyche. If I had internet I'd suspect him of wee-hours poring over websites devoted to hypnotism and Scientology.

Taliesin – vibrant black with intense, owl-like round eyes that shift from gold to green like a mood ring – stares at me as if I'm a recalcitrant research project. As if keeping up the compelling, slightly mad gaze long enough will dissolve the final membrane preventing him from full control of me, quarantine being his best chance yet. Sometimes I wake in the night or early in the morning to find his face two inches from mine, *staring*.

His attentions are not like Lassie's "go help Timmy" gazes at June Lockhart, Timmy's mom, as she interminably washes Campbell's Soup bowls like Sisyphus pushing his boulder up the mountain. No, they are more like those of a menacing Pictionary player *willing* his dense partner to guess the right word before the sand runs out of the wee hourglass. If

I stumble on the right word – "catnip" or "kitty-treat" or "outside" or "toy" or "fresh"

If I ignore his urgent staring Taliesin amps-up his message by racing around scrumpling the rugs – which, as a violation of household aesthetics, incites my attention. He further clarifies by putting his sparkle-ball in his water dish, tapping me with varying degrees of claw extension, and flinging himself down as if he's totally had it with my lack of response (reminding me of my exes).

Attention is something writers wield in a particularly infuriating way, shamelessly harvesting material from whatever's happening around them, like a human recording device, followed by complete oblivion to whatever's happening around them while they create books and articles. This has a less than congenial effect on anyone living with a writer, who must somehow adjust to their housemate's pendulum swings between avid attention and maddening disregard. Cats generally cope better with this than do dogs – or humans.

When I'm absorbed in a piece of writing Taliesin often creeps onto my lap and eventually falls asleep without my realizing he's there at all until I have to get up to pee or answer the phone



(as in fresh cold water, about which he is fanatic) – he curtly meows confirmation (as in "About time, Clawless Slave").

  
RE-IMAGINED HOME

*Everything you need to turn your house, into your dream home.*

Flooring \* Countertops \* Blinds \* Tile \* Home Decor

108 South Main Street • Colville, WA • 509-684-4673



or return circulation to my legs. I try to make up for this inattention by lavishing compliments on him when I do surface from concentration's depths. I praise his plush fur, his dapper paws and expressively swiveling ears, his otherworldly eyes whose stare – when I notice it – commands.

He likes all this: He purrs. He forgives.

I remember how hard it was in Highland Scotland to refrain from praise. Working dogs are not complimented; children are not complimented; adults are not complimented except obliquely, offhandedly, slyly. There are complex cultural reasons for this. Some of the formative strands – having to do with jealous fairies – are very old and some – having to do with religion – are newer. Some have to do with traditional egalitarian values that frown on people putting themselves forward or thinking themselves better than others. Highlanders are masters of understatement and self-deprecation.

My family was like that – not big on praise or conceit – but also made sure we kids were ever alert for what to appreciate in others and how to convey that. It helped me realize that genuine appreciation and compliment carry uplift for the giver as well as the receiver – very egalitarian in the mutuality of benefit.

Back BSD (Before Social Distancing) I was standing outside the Colville Library with assorted other people waiting for the doors to open when one leaned over and said, “Has anyone ever told you how much you look like Sissy Spacek?” and I thought *but she's an old lady* before remembering that I'm an old lady too, in which case

resembling her was a lovely compliment. And I said so to the man. He could've tried to prolong the interchange or turn it into something crass but had the grace and good sense not to. We silently stood around until the library door was unlocked, me basking in the novelty of Spacek-ness, him looking chuffed with his suave nerve in speaking up.

My grandfather Percival used to occasionally exhort us kids to “take the tarts while they're being passed,” his version of *Carpe Diem*: seize the day. Or, if not seize, at least graciously respond to what is offered, including opportunities to give and receive appreciation. Who knows when tarts might come around again?

It is a wondrous thing when people – especially those in uncelebrated jobs like waiting tables, cleaning, and so on – carry out their tasks with dedicated attention. Having worked these kinds of jobs I know how hard on the body and crushing to the soul they can be. Acknowledgment helps. There's a kid at the store where I buy food who bags groceries with such speed and brio and thought-out precision that I stand in awe. For people to do whatever job they do with that kind of fidelity to excellence makes for strong, resilient social infrastructure in both easy and hard times. It is a “how can I do this really well?” rather than a “what's in it for me?” way of seizing the day.

Another appreciated form of this is when

I see people reaching *into* and exploring difficult circumstances – including pandemic ones – for positive, resourceful, effective interactions and solutions.

The gift of attention has incalculable value in relationships, in parenting, in everything we do. Even my cat has a strong opinion about this. As I write he is sitting on the side table about eight inches from my face, staring – his eyes in gold mood – with enough intensity to

weld steel. But before fetching some cat-tarts I want to say thank you to all the people doing their best to serve life's goodness in the often-challenging, ever-opportune moment. THANK YOU!

Loren Cruden writes fiction, nonfiction, and poetry, available at [www.LorenBooks.com](http://www.LorenBooks.com), and provides Home Pet Care in the north Stevens County area.

*“The gift of attention has incalculable value in relationships, in parenting, in everything we do.”*

**Addy Second Hand**  
**Open Mon. - Sat.**  
**10 - 5:30**

*Check us out on*  
*Facebook.com/*  
*addy2ndhand to view*  
*our inventory!*

935-4619  
1383 Hwy. 395 S.

**Arden Secondhand**  
**ESTATE TREASURES!**

- Cabinets
- Dishes
- Gardening
- Book Cases
- Table/Chairs
- Flower Vases

*Stop by to see our new arrivals!*

*Six miles South of Colville*  
*Mon-Sat 10-5*

**635 B Hwy. 395 South**  
**509-684-3967**

Since 1984

**CAREY'S AUTO INC**  
**BODY**

**Collision Repair Specialists**

**Call Us Today to:**

- Arrange for a tow truck
- Write your estimates for repairs
- Get through the insurance process
- Schedule your repairs
- Set up a loaner or rental car
- Provide a written warranty

**Axalta Lifetime Refinish Warranty**

**684-2587**

**1101 S. Main St. • Colville**



# Thunderstorms

*Article and photo by J. Foster Fanning*

Ah summertime, when the livin' is easy, the fish are jumpin', and the towering cumulus are high. My guess is most of you in the Highlands know what I'm talking about when you look west-southwest over a distant mountain range and observe the heads of cumulus castellanus raising their distinctive towered tops resembling crenellation on medieval castles. The astute among us have an internal clock telling how long it will be before the rumble of thunder is heard.

If you live in the Columbia/Okanogan Highlands, chances are good that you are just a short walk from a view of the Kettle River Range, Huckleberry Range, Monoshees, Selkirks, Rossland Range, Christina Range, or Beaverdel Range. These bands of mountains share traits with elevations averaging 5,000-7,000-foot

onto the western slopes of those mountains, hence the temperate rainforests. The remaining drier air comes down the leeward side of the mountainous terrain where it warms and continues to dry. As an example of this effect, Skykomish gets 102 inches of precipitation a year while the Wenatchee area, 70 miles and a mountain range to the east, receives about 9 inches. This is referred to as orographic convergence.

Often times our awareness of weather is limited to "is it going to be nice today?" That question hinges on what is happening in the atmosphere. When conditions warm the lower and more humid air while cooling the upper air at the same time, we get an unstable region of the atmosphere and that generates the topic of this writing: thunderstorms.

(For most of my life I've had the oppor-

Thunderstorms are easily recognizable by huge towering clouds, lightning, often but not always torrential rain, and gusty, erratic winds. Thunderstorms develop in warm, moist, and unstable atmospheric conditions. The formation of a thunderstorm is completed in three stages: developing or cumulus, mature, and dissipating.

In the developing stage warm and moist air rises. In doing so it becomes cooler and condenses, forming cumulus clouds. As these updrafts develop, from below they lift more warm, moist air within vertical columns. The cumulus cloud grows taller with the rising air feeding it more moisture from below. As the water vapor condenses into liquid or frozen particles, it releases a large quantity of latent heat. This heat, warmer than the air outside the cloud, keeps rising inside the structure of the growing cumulus.

The updraft keeps water droplets suspended in the cloud, so during the developing stage little or no precipitation occurs. The towering cumulus cloud can be massive. Inside, water and ice particles collide and join with one another, rising upward. The growing storm cell has now transformed into a dark cumulonimbus cloud, its uppermost top approaching the cold jet stream. The upper cold air is heavier than the upwelling warm air and begins to descend.

The presence of these downdrafts indicates the onset of the mature stage. During downdraft, ice particles begin to melt and some fall as precipitation; larger

frozen particles may fall as hail (if you cut a hail-ball in half you can count the rings of ice showing how many times the hail-ball rotated in its rise and fall). The top of the cloud reaches the lower jet stream, causing the upper reach of the cloud to flatten in the shape of an anvil. In the mature stage, the processes of updraft and downdraft cause



summits, mostly forested and generally aligned north-south. That alignment is key to the basic weather patterns for our region.

To the west is the weather pattern generator – the Pacific Ocean. Moist air off the ocean gets forced up against the much taller coastal and Cascade mountain ranges. This moisture reaches dewpoint and rains

tunity to be a wildland firefighter, natural resource specialist and fire manager, all of which entailed paying close attention to weather. NOAA National Weather Service Spokane has been my go-to for over 40 years and consequently I've learned a bit about weather, at least just enough to stay out of trouble. Well, most of the time.)



lightning and thunder (see next month's article on lightning). The downdrafts reach the Earth's surface sporadically, blasting out gusty horizontal wind in multiple directions.

The dissipating stage is the final act of this atmospheric drama where the thunderstorm begins to lose its energy. This stage occurs when the updraft weakens due to cold descending air. A thunderstorm may go through these three stages in a couple of hours or less, though there may be another towering cumulus right behind the first storm cell with the process beginning all over again.

We are talking about weather, so it must be noted there are exceptions to how thunderstorms conduct themselves. However, there are four types of weather fronts that typically lead to thunderstorms: cold front, which are the main thunderstorm generators, warm front, stationary front, and occluded front.

Thunderstorms can appear seemingly out of nowhere and become extremely severe. In the summer, that cool, moist Pacific air pushed against the Cascade Mountain Range meets the warmer, drier eastern Washington air lifting up the east slope. Depending on the strength and type of the incoming front, we may see the development of a single cell or a 200-mile squall line. Severe thunderstorms can include large hail, strong winds, even tornadoes. The most severe, known as supercells, rotate like cyclones. Fortunately, in our mountainous area, supercells are extremely rare.

Worldwide it is estimated that 16 million thunderstorms occur each year! At any given moment, roughly 2,000 thunderstorms are in progress around the globe. In the United States, approximately 100,000 thunderstorms happen each year with about 10% of those reaching severe levels.

I'll close by noting the Native American mythology of the Thunderbird, which comes from tribes ranging from throughout the Pacific Northwest to tribes in the southeastern United States. The myth describes a huge bird with an enormous wingspan, and the bird causes thunderclaps each time it flaps its gigantic wings. Depending on the storyteller, the Thunderbird could also cause rainfall or shoot lightning from its

eyes. It could create great storms at will. Depictions of the Thunderbird can be found on totem poles. It usually appears at the top, sometimes with teeth inside its beak.

Summer is upon us and it's a good time to explore the great outdoors, from the lofty nearby peaks to our lakes and streams of the Highlands. But wherever you go, keep an eye on those mountain ranges and listen for the echo of great wings flapping. See

you out there...

*My special thanks to retired NOAA meteorologist and friend Bob Tobin for proofreading this article.*

*J. Foster Fanning is a father, grandfather, retired fire chief and wannabe beach bum. He dabbles in photography as an excuse to wander the hills and vales in search of the perfect image. Learn more at <http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com>.*

**RV PARK**

**CAMP NOW!**

# ESCAPE TO CHEWELAH CASINO RV PARK

**ENJOY THE VIEW OF QUARTZITE MOUNTAIN!**

- Water and Electric
- WiFi
- Dining available at the Mistequa Cafe, located within the casino
- \$30 per night | \$25 for Sun Club members

Call (800) 322-2788 for more information

**CHEWELAH CASINO**



## Divine Essentials LLC

115 S Main, Colville



**BEMER GROUP 509.675.6717**

RENT our patented medical device which enhances local blood flow. Never before has selfcare been so important and Bemer is the **ONLY** FDA Class II device in the field. Questions about Bemer or interested in renting?

**\*CONTRACT SPACES AVAILABLE**

TERESA.CAMPBELL@BEMERMAIL.COM  
TERESA-CAMPBELL.BEMERGROUP.COM



*"Education for the Road Ahead"*

- Driver Education Classes
- State Department of Licensing  
Knowledge and Drive Testing
- Individual Instruction

*Colville's locally owned driving school!*

162 East 1<sup>st</sup>, Colville • (509) 684-3164 • [www.roadscholardrivingschool.com](http://www.roadscholardrivingschool.com)

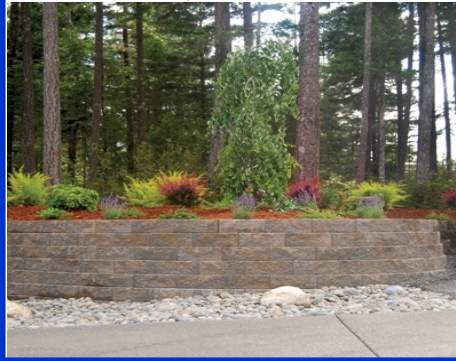
From Vine to Wine since '89



BarrecaVineyards.com  
509-680-6357

### ManorStone® Retaining Wall Blocks 6" x 16"

Designed for scaled wall projects. Manorstone is available in several shapes, including radius, flat face and straight sided units that can be mixed and matched. (45/pallet)  
Manuf. By Mutual Materials



### CottageStone 4"x12"x7" Advantage

These 7" deep blocks are perfect for small retaining walls up to 3 Ft.



### CornerStone 8" Retaining Wall Blocks

With 3 sizes, 2 face textures, cap units & a 90° corner, these blocks can create interesting and visually appealing retaining walls.

Mutual Materials' CornerStone Retaining Wall System is ideal for any size job. (4" & 8" caps available (40/pallet))

**Fork Lift Truck**

**Available**

**509-684-2150**



**Visit Haney Lumber & Supply, Inc.**



**Your Local Block Dealer**

**1101 North Highway Colville, WA**



302 Park Street, Metline Falls, WA

**NEW  
INTERACTIVE  
WEBSITE!**

**View Events**

**Buy Tickets**

**Make Donations**

**And Much More!**

**[cuttertheatre.com](http://cuttertheatre.com)**

For more information and reservations  
contact The Cutter office at 509-446-4108  
Office Hours: Mon, Wed, Fri, 9 am - 4 pm





## No Produce Left Behind

*By Adenea Thompson*

Fresh fruit and produce are often sought-after by our local food pantries. Help comes from the Washington State Department of Agriculture, working with our Northeast Washington Hunger Coalition (NEWHC), through the department's Farm to Food Pantry Initiative. The idea is to purchase local produce from local farmers for local needs. This helps reduce food waste, trims transportation costs, builds a regional food system, and creates new wholesale markets for farmers.

However, there are still gaps. This year, the Rotary Club of Colville applied for a grant to help match funds to assist our local food pantries and our local farmers markets. Working with NEWHC, Rotarians will purchase leftover produce from local farmers at the end of the Colville and Chewelah Farmers Markets. Our hope is to help not only the farmers but also raise awareness surrounding food pantries' need for fresh vegetables and fresh fruit.

We are encouraging people to drop off donated produce for distribution to our 15 regional food pantries. There are a variety of options for making donations. You can buy produce and drop off your purchased donations, you can contribute money toward our purchases and you can even bring by the extras from your garden. We just ask

that donated produce be fresh, undamaged, and with the dirt brushed off if freshly harvested (you do not need to wash the produce).

In 1996 President Bill Clinton signed into law the Bill Emerson Good Samaritan Food Donation Act. This act aimed to encourage donation of food and grocery products to non-profit organizations to distribute to individuals in need. This act protects you from liability when you donate and makes it so food pantries can accept these donations.

The Chewelah Farmers Market is open every Friday, 11 a.m.-3:30 p.m., until October 16 and is located in the Chewelah Park. The NEW Farmers Market is in Colville on Main and Astor and is open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 9 a.m.-1 p.m., through October.

The Rotary Club of Colville will have pickup dates at the end of market in Chewelah on August 7, August 21, September 4 and September 18. Pickup dates at the end of market in Colville will be July 29, August 12, August 26, September 9, and September 23. If you are interested in donating produce, please reach out to our club or become a member and join our efforts! Together we can support our local economy and provide healthy food to those in our community who need it. #NEWstrong

*This page made possible by the Rotary Club of Colville. Learn more on FB @ColvilleRotary  
To view a list of all the Rotary Clubs in the district, visit [district5080.org/clubdirectory](https://district5080.org/clubdirectory)*

# COMET C/2020 F3 NEOWISE



*Photo by Zach Nichols (zachnicholz.com)*





*Photo by Joanie Christian ([joaniechristianphotography.com](http://joaniechristianphotography.com))*

# LISTEN UP

Reviews by Michael Pickett

## Atli Örvarsson's Audio GPS

First slithering through theater speakers with an incredible score for the terrifying

*The Fourth Kind* film in 2009, composer Atli Örvarsson quickly made his way to the top of a (very tall) heap of favorite film guys. I still love John Williams, Trevor Rabin is a god and Junkie XL is... Junkie XL, but Örvarsson, with soul-shaking work in films ranging from *Rams* and *The*

*Hitman's Bodyguard*, is the one I can't wait to hear. I will literally check out projects

I otherwise wouldn't see just to hear what he's done with them.



So when Örvarsson's new album, *You Are Here*, was scheduled to drop, I naturally nerved out, carved out the earliest available time to hear it, and was once again blown away by the incredibly soulful, detailed and out-of-the-ordinary soundscapes this Icelandic composer has

put together.

Largely anchored by subdued and beau-

tiful piano themes, the album soars on cuts like the melancholy "Beachwood" and "Húm Pt. 2," with moody motifs expanding into clever and stylish orchestrations that bring in elements of electronica and orchestral music as the compositions take shape.

While Örvarsson is known for deftly blurring previous lines between scoring and sound-design in his film scores, *You Are Here* finds its core in gorgeous melodies of cuts like "Dropar," with piano subtly bolstered by string sections and reverse-recording sounds that lend the perfect touch of ambience and atmosphere.

With visual projects like *Defending Jacob* and the upcoming *The Hitman's Wife's Bodyguard*, Örvarsson will likely still look to film and TV over album sales and chart position, but we can only hope more albums will flesh out his musical catalog over time.

## The Return of Oscillian

While the '80s have still taken hold of the current generation, there's been a refining of taste that filters out acid-green shoelaces and unnecessary Mötley Crüe/Poison tours, leaving us with cool retro-genres of music. It's interesting that some of us were castigated for producing music that sounded "too '80s" to project executives only to have the same people clamoring for retro music just a few minutes later.

Setting all that aside, the synth-driven sci-fi fun that fuels every Oscillian album release out of Sweden captures everything

great (and forward-thinking) about this resurgence in modern throwback music.

With *Sentient*, Oscillian follows up the fantastic *Escape From Antartica* with a soundtrack-y album that weaves analog synth glory with vintage sci-fi spoken word snippets to grand effect.

The jagged groove of "Neural Nets" is an album highlight, with savvy synth orchestration and cinematic nods throughout. "In the Company of Robots" and the four-on-the-floor vocoder pulse of "Activate" feel like they're directly out of classic movie



sci-fi (the former seems like it has snippets of Disney's *The Black Hole* laser-etched into the soundscape).

Equally cool is the fact that Oscillian is a one-man independent project that draws legions of fans online via the Bandcamp website. Here fans can check out the wares of artists like Oscillian, Geoff Tyson (from a few issues back) and others, make purchases, and bring in their friends as they follow and support artists continuing to make new music. Check out Oscillian's latest at: <https://oscillian.bandcamp.com/album/sentient>.

Check out Michael Pickett's music, free at [pickettmusic.com](http://pickettmusic.com).

### HOME PET CARE

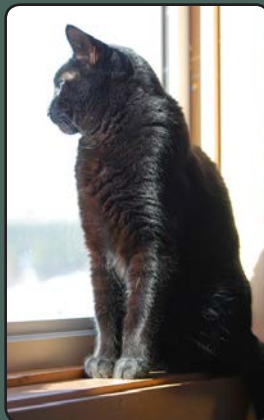
Long experience with animals, a great attentiveness to their unique dispositions, and dedication to reliable, respectful, and affectionate attention to their needs.

**Small Animals • Large Animals**

**Daily Visits at Your Home**

Serving North Stevens & Ferry Counties

**509-675-8644**





# A Good Read

Reviews by Loren Cruden

## *When the Sun Reaches the Mountain*, by Christine Cassano

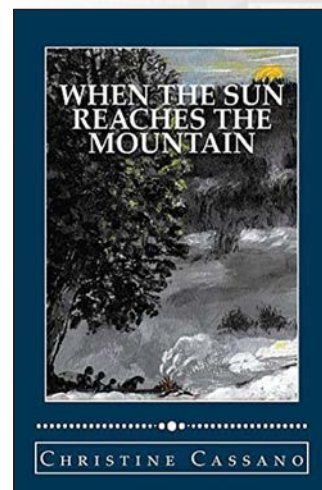
Inchelium author Christine Cassano's memoir *When the Sun Reaches the Mountain* is one of the most unpretentiously moving stories I've read in a long time. Kudos to her for courageous survival, building success on unpromising ground, and sharing her story in such an intimate way.

Cassano grew up on the Colville Reservation in the 1940s and '50s, an insulated era when many kids like her didn't identify themselves as Indians, since most of the people they knew were like them. Cassano's family – parents, two brothers and herself – moved around the reservation doing rural work as they could find it, such as the time her father contracted to cut 2,500 cedar posts. The family set up camp, petite Cassano doing a grown man's labor from dawn to dusk by the time she was 15. "The summer wore on while [younger brother] Manny and I fell more trees and split more posts. The stacks of posts grew, one hundred per stack! The sun beat down on us and the dust plugged our noses."

They were poorer than poor, yet Cassano was a more than willing worker, her sense of home rooted in family, the smell of frying venison, the comforting touch of her mother's hand, the familiarity of camp routine. As with being Indian, the experience of poverty as an adversity was far more apparent in contrast than

in itself.

The bulk of the book takes place during the three years (ages 16-19) when Cassano was treated for tuberculosis in sanatoriums in Tacoma and Spokane, but the story is sown with flashbacks from childhood. Once out of the bleak sanatoriums Cassano becomes a beautician, at which she excels – winning the 1991 international hair-styling competition and opening her own school. It is not an easy road, Cassano again and again thrown into situations for which she is uniquely unprepared, and again and again picking herself up and finding a positive way forward. She has the kind of determination that takes on challenges one step at a time, up the mountain; and she loves to dance.



## *Ducks, Newburyport*, by Lucy Ellmann

This read takes stamina: Lucy Ellmann's longlisted-for-the-Booker-Prize novel, *Ducks, Newburyport*, comprises a single 998-page sentence. (I was tempted to compose a single-sentence review of it.) Reading it takes forever but the hardest part for me was stopping each day – since the sentence keeps going and the eye wants to follow it. Each time I arbitrarily quit I compulsively gravitated back to my chair to read more of this tantalizing, maddening, endless sentence.

Though it is not true that the *whole* book is one sentence; every now and then Ellmann inserts interludes – dangling portions of a devastating, exquisitely written, seemingly unrelated but eventually converging story from a mountain lion's perspective – before returning to The Sentence.

The main story is narrated by a housewife in Ohio. She has a husband and four kids, a mundane but memorably specific life. The narration is stream of consciousness – furious beneath its rippling, riffing surface. Its current sweeps on and on, full of associative word play, tragedy, fury, comedy, commentary, catastrophe, loaded banalities, craziness, nostalgia, food (especially pie) and insistent questions. Themes recur as the river-like sentence loops back on itself, rocky topics poke through, cultural debris swirls past, creatures of the national psyche rise from chill depths to nibble the reader's toes. It's an amazing accomplishment – worth delving into even if you don't make it to the end.

Example: "...the fact that if it's all one guy, [the Abominable

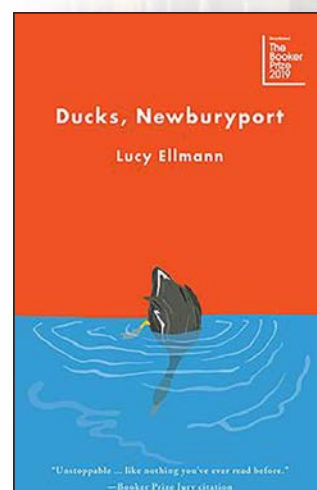
Snowman] must be a real jetsetter, Abominable Jetsetter, Abominable love miles, rushing across the globe to visit his Abominable Snowwoman and Abominable Snowchildren, Abominable Snowpeople, Snowmom, the fact that nobody ever seems to see an Abominable Snowmom nursing an Abominable Snowbaby, the fact that I wonder if a litter of Abominable Snowchildren would be welcomed into our abominable school system, shooter drills, math class, the fact that I keep thinking about that Abominable Hygienist..."

*Other recommendations from the C-F shelves:*

Helen DeWitt – *The Last Samurai*

John Freeman – *Dictionary of the Undoing*

Loren Cruden writes fiction, nonfiction, and poetry, available at [www.LorenBooks.com](http://www.LorenBooks.com), and provides Home Pet Care in the north Stevens County area.







# Mountain Meandering

## Dwelling on My Favorite Things

*Article & Photos by Patricia Ediger*

With so many weighty issues and events affecting the world around me and sitting heavily upon my mind and heart, it helps to remind myself of the good and wonderful as well. Here are a few things that this summer season provides me the occasion to enjoy:

Mountain forests filled with the scent of pine and fir and cedar trees warmed by the sun.

Meadows and mountain trails splashed with the colors of wild-flowers like the tiger lily, white daisies, the Indian paint brush, purple vetch growing beside red-centered sunflowers, the delicate flowers of the trillium plant.

A long "catching up" phone call with a lifelong friend.

Fresh and cooling mountain streams, rushing rivers, still-water lakes abundant with wildlife.

Sharing dinner and good conversation with friends or family around the campfire.

Green grass and gentle breezes that stir the leaves on the trees.

Fresh cherries and raspberries from my garden.

Delightful and curious equine foals, secure in the shelter of their mothers' side.

Moments that allow me to bring encouragement, prayer, or a helping hand to another human being.

Soaring bald eagles, osprey and red-tailed hawks.

Rainstorms, thunderstorms, sunshine and rainbows.

Running and playful horses, manes and tails flying in the breeze.

Unpolluted night skies with shooting stars, constellations, passing comets and meteor showers.

Windchimes that blow in soft breezes, adding just those few sweet notes to the peace of nature and songs of the wild birds.

Great horned owls and northern saw-whet owls that hoot to each other in the dark night outside my window.

Friends to share life with, to laugh and cry with, who care about you and love your kids.

Technology that allows you to hear your loved one's voice or see their face even if they dwell far away.

Adventures with my husband/best friend, be it hiking trails,



kayaking lakes, a bike ride, road trip, or just playing tennis on a cool morning or late afternoon.

Wild birds of the air, caring for their young, chatting and singing from perches, flashing color in their flight to and fro.

Good books with which to while away the hours on a quiet afternoon or evening.

The unique yodeling and tremolo calls of the common loon, a symbol of wild places, as they fish and care for their young.

Sharing a glass of wine on the front porch in the late afternoon with my hubby and watching the busy birds.

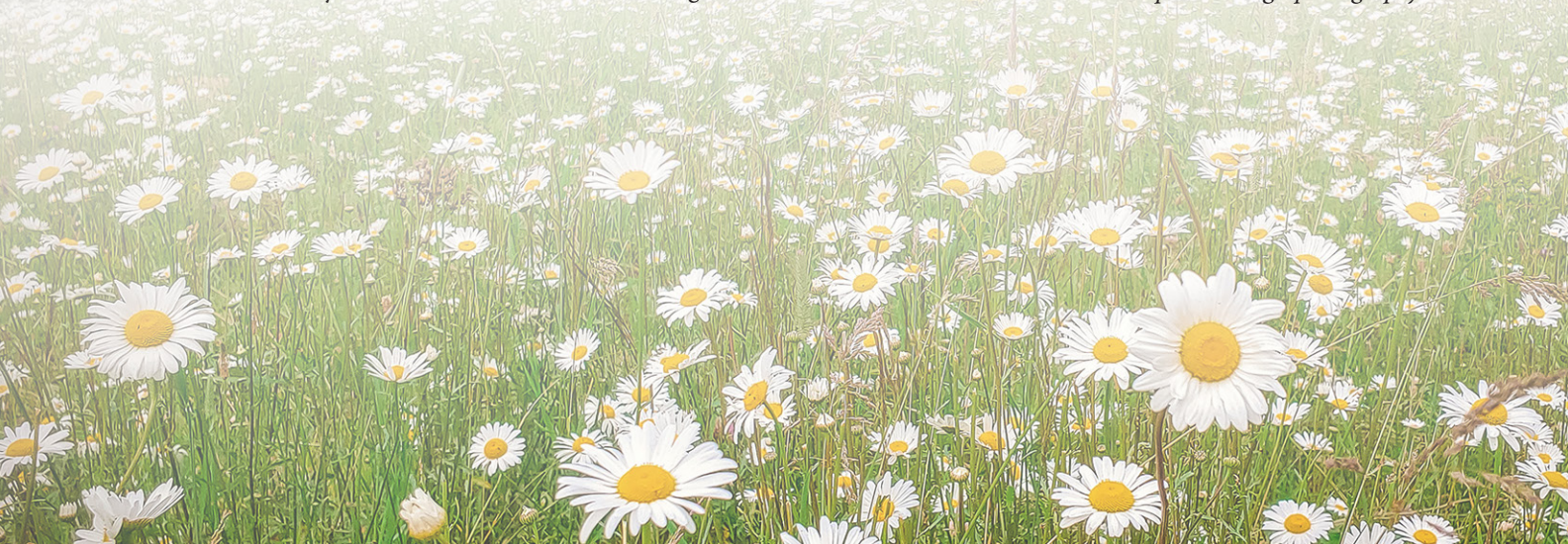
Sweet peas, roses, mock orange blossoms, sunflowers, flower-pots full of brilliant colors.

Family that loves, enjoys and appreciates one another.

Wow ... I am feeling better already!!

*"Whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable – if anything is excellent or praiseworthy – think on these things." Phil 4:8.*

*Patricia Ediger is a freelance photographer specializing in wildlife, nature, and landscape photography. See her work at the Old Apple Warehouse, Kettle Falls, WA and at [patriciaedigerphotography.com](http://patriciaedigerphotography.com).*





# Appreciation for Restaurant Workers

By Doris Patterson

August was almost history. I'd done all the chores my mother asked me to do during the long summer months. More important to me were the jobs I got paid to do. One of several jobs I had in my teens was as a dishwasher at Curtiss Chicken In A Basket Restaurant. My sister Bernice worked at the restaurant and she asked Mrs. Curtiss if she would let me work the last three weeks of August, before school started: She said yes. The Saturday I started working, unfortunately for me, happened to be the first home game that kicked off the football season!

The person bussing the tables brought tray after tray of dirty dishes to the kitchen area where the next person stood the dishes, cups and saucers up on racks. The silverware was dumped into silverware trays. I sprayed the dishes with hotter-than-hot water and pushed them into the dishwasher. After the allotted time, the door of the dishwasher opened on the other side and the next person put the scalding hot dishes onto a conveyor belt that took some over to the cooks and the rest to the waitresses who re-set the tables.

Sometime the silverware was still caked with mustard, jelly or egg when they came out of the dishwasher and would have to be sprayed again and put back into the dish-

washer. There seemed to be a never-ending flow of dirty dishes, right up until closing time when the crowd left for the football game.

At least I never had to wash the many pots and pans at Curtiss Restaurant. However, I did have to go down the old wooden stairs into the badly-lit dungeon-like basement to put white potatoes into a contraption that peeled most of their skin off. The machine cut them into chunks to make mashed potatoes or sliced them thin and long to make French fries.

Mrs. Curtiss was medium height and she walked very fast; her long brown hair was always in a tight bun at the nape of her neck with a net over it. Mrs. Curtiss's invalid father lived with them in their apartment above the restaurant. I remember him sitting in a wheelchair with a thick blanket over where his limbs had been amputated. Mrs. Curtiss put his favorite foods on a tray and a few times I rode the elevator up to the second floor with his food. Her father did not speak English, but he smiled and pointed to the table near his wheelchair where he wanted me to put the tray.

Two more days left to work. I had saved enough money to make the last layaway payments and get my school clothes at Montgomery Ward, Kline's Department Store and Woolworth's Five-and-Dime.

The person who was supposed to bus the dishes did not come to work. Mrs. Curtiss ask me to come from the kitchen into the restaurant to clear the tables. I also had to wash each table off with a strong solution of disinfectant and hot soapy water. The solution was so strong that she gave me latex gloves to protect my hands.

After watching how hard the waitresses worked, and experiencing how hard it was

to bus tables, I developed a new respect for the people who do this work every day. I learned firsthand that one did not make a

plethora of tips either! I was very happy when my shift ended. My back ached and my feet hurt.

After working as a dishwasher for three long weeks and that one experience bussing tables, I looked forward to school starting.

*Doris Patterson is a Midwest transplant now living in Northport, WA. She has been writing for over 40 years.*

*"I developed a new respect for the people who do this work every day."*

## COLVILLE GLASS

509-684-6501

colvilleglass@gmail.com

- Auto & Log Trucks
- Heavy Equipment
- Wood Stove Glass
- Rock Chip Repairs
- Commercial Glass
- Residential Glass



111 S. Oak • Colville, WA 99114

[www.ColvilleGlass.com](http://www.ColvilleGlass.com)



A+  
rating

935-2824

W-Sat 10-5



W 101 Lincoln Ave  
Chewelah, Wa

*Vintage & Antiques  
Home Furnishings*

# A Mess, a Plan, a Scare, an Answer

By Tina Tolliver Lago

What a mess. And by “mess” I mean life has not been neat and tidy, not at all. And my house is dirty. I still haven’t finished the spring cleaning that I started way back when quarantine felt a lot like a much-needed vacation. Honestly, I don’t even know where I left off back in March, which seems like two years ago, or if I even really did any deep cleaning. Maybe I just sat and stared at the walls for three months, or was it three years?

But lately, it has become clear that I just need to start at the tip top of our house, where the cobwebs seem to have become an intertwined mess of intricate webbing on the cedar rafters and continue all the way down into the damp dark basement. It might take me another lifetime down there to sort and tidy the craft room, Christmas room and what used to be the “fruit room.” The fruit room could still be called the fruit room although the name will have to change after I toss out the canned peaches left over from 1998 and the case of pears I purchased at the big box store several years ago because I love canned pears but absolutely don’t love canning canned pears.

So when I came across a lovely flat of “organic” pears canned

in their own juice I thought I had found a treasure. I pictured lovely pear halves on a little bed of lettuce with a smidgeon of nutmeg sprinkled on the top beside a little mound of cottage cheese for lunch.

But it turned out after opening just one can that what I had purchased were instead little odd-colored nuggets of gritty shame that had no business being on a store shelf with such a pretty label. So there they sit, in rusty rimmed cans I’m kind of afraid of. But once my husband tosses them we can then just rename the space “the jam and pickles room.”

So anyway, I’ve made a plan. And that’s usually when things go awry, when I attempt to plan an event that might take more than an hour or two here in this house where the phone lurks and the iPad sits waiting to ping me from the task at hand and where my car might be visible from the highway, in which case a fish and wildlife officer might declare, “Oh good, she’s home” and do a drive-by injured raptor deposit that they always sugarcoat with, “Oooh, love your place, must be nice to live on the river and your flowers are lovely, here’s an eagle he was hit by the train, have a great afternoon, bye.”

Seriously, I don’t make these moments up. And as a side note this particular eagle is just a day or two away from full recovery and freedom.

My head is usually still spinning by the time I see the dust as they depart. But I need to clean and I have blocked out a substantial chunk of time in the very near future to do just that. And by “clean,” I mean I will basically flip this house upside down and sideways until every surface has been washed, wiped down or vacuumed, and I will do it with joy and gusto while every piece of furniture finds a new place to live and the walls will even get a makeover of artwork or photographs. That’s how I clean and it’s been way too long since I was able to throw myself into a good and proper cleaning frenzy.

The prospect of this cleaning event actually fills me with excited anticipation. I have spent the past few days eyeing the current situation of dust/pollen, dirty windows and a pile of shoes by the door that all have chicken poop on the bottom because I have a hard time remembering to change into my poop boots before I go to the barn.

I see these things as I plot and plan my attack on the grime and clutter. Weird? Maybe, I don’t know. I’ve always loved to flip things around and clean while I rearrange and make a fresh new look to my space. But here’s the thing: I’ve also noticed, and it’s been pointed out to me by a person or two in my lifetime, that I seem to do this when I’m stressed. And it just so happens that lately life has thrown me curves that have stretched my stress levels to the max.

But just because I’ve learned to realize WHY I do this doesn’t mean I’m not going to do it because, seriously, my house is dirty.

**Spokane Public Radio engages & connects listeners,**



**resilient people who are the heart of our region.**



**Working together we will persevere.**



**More about program  
business support at  
[SpokanePublicRadio.org](http://SpokanePublicRadio.org)**





# This Great Big (Messy) Life

Sure, I could hammer it out in a few hours if I want to just get it spiffed up and done. But that's not quite enough right now.

Life has been rough lately. My mom is finally home after three weeks of hospital and rehabilitation for a mild stroke. Thankfully, she has made great strides and is doing really well. But her ordeal has been life-changing. For her, for me and for my brother and sisters. We were slammed without warning into a situation that none of us saw coming and had us scared – terrified actually – of what we knew and didn't know in those first few days when we couldn't even hold her hand because we weren't allowed to see her. It was a hard time, but she is a strong lady and she got through it. We all did.

And now that she is home, we have spent a lot of time with her, helping her and doing what we can to make sure she is safe now and in the future. It was a big deal.

And now I guess I am feeling the need to clean the stress of it away right along with the pollen and dust. I can be as adamant as I want to be typing out these words and making my plan of attack, but we all know how life works. So, I will be flexible. That's a lie. No, I won't. I am holding firm to my plan. I will set my alarm and rise before the sun. I will turn off the ringer to the phone, shut the internet down on my iPad and hide my car in the garage. I've

already made a list of the absolute necessary things that need to be done in each room. Then, and only then, I will let my inner decorator take over so that I can have the fun of putting our house back together while I listen to my favorite music and feel the peace come back into my heart that has been missing for the past few weeks.

I'm here to tell you that the current world situation has nothing on the fear and helplessness I felt when my mom was so alone and seemingly so far away. I'm glad she's back and I can move along into the next chapter of this great big weird life with her. I guess

what I'm trying to say with all this is that sometimes life, like our homes, gets messy. I'd like to think there is no right or wrong way to deal with our angst, but for me I find joy in making things and creating beauty, and so sometimes I use this old house as my canvas.

Whatever you do to keep your heart happy, I hope you are doing a lot of it these days. Take care of yourselves. We're all in this great

***"I can be as adamant as I want to be typing out these words and making my plan of attack, but we all know how life works."***

big life together.

*Tina is a mother, grandmother, artist, rescuer of owls, eagles, hawks and other wild creatures, children's book illustrator, gardener and hobby farmer who makes her home on the Kettle River. Check out the Kettle River Raptor Center on Facebook.*

ANTIQUESGIFTS

ART & CRAFTS MARKET

O·A·W

TRADING CO.

Antiques  
Vintage & Design

PLANTS  
SALON & SPA

COFFEE SHOP  
PLUS MORE!

The Old Apple  
Warehouse

*22+ different shops and artists*

Support your local businesses and artists.  
Message us for gift certificates.  
We hope to see you soon!

f

Old Apple Warehouse

130 E 3rd | Kettle Falls, WA | (509) 738-4848



*Let's Root for Each Other*



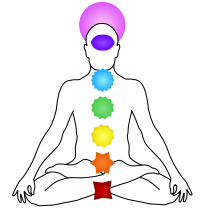
*And Help Each Other Grow!*

Located in Kettle Falls at The Old Apple Warehouse

Mon - Sat: 9:30 am - 5 pm • Sun: 10 am - 4 pm • 509-738-4848

## Yoga Strong

By Brenda St. John



*“Yoga is like music. The rhythm of the body, the melody of the mind and the harmony of the soul creates the symphony of life.” ~ B.K.S. Iyengar*

From recent conversations with friends, I realized I’m not the only yogi who has slacked off on the strength poses with the onset of warmer weather. My hips tend to tighten up fairly quickly with inactivity, so I’m very conscious about spending time on hip openers every day. I also make sure to put my spine through the six directions of movement on a daily basis (forward bend, back bend, side bend left, side bend right, twist left, and twist right). My shoulders have both been injured over the years so I try to keep them as limber as possible with some gentle asana. But strength work, yikes! I guess it’s time to change the lineup of my home practice.

One of the best strength-building poses for the entire body is Plank. Sometimes it’s called High Plank, mainly to differentiate it from Forearm Plank. Plank (or High Plank) is the “up” part of a push-up. Elbows are straight and shoulders are aligned over the wrists. Toes are tucked and knees are straight. (The modified version calls for lowering knees to the mat). There are many other cues to fine-tune this pose, such as drawing the lower belly in just a bit, which causes the tail bone to descend a small amount, which puts the pelvis in neutral alignment. Lift the inner thighs. Push out through the heels. Gaze down at the mat. Keep the body a straight line from the back of the skull to the heels. Hold the position for a minimum of 30 seconds.

Forearm Plank is more challenging. The elbows and hands rest on the floor, with the forearms parallel to each other. (There is also a clasped-hands version.) The shoulders are stacked over the elbows, but everything else is the same as the alignment for Plank.

Side Plank is another good challenge. I often choose to go into this pose from Downward Facing Dog. For example, from Down Dog, I will

drop both heels to the left and then reach the right arm to the sky. Both feet can remain on their edges; when I am feeling especially strong, I will stack my feet by resting the right foot on the left foot. Then repeat on the other side. Modifications include placing either the knee of the bottom leg or the sole of the foot of the top leg on the mat to reduce the intensity.

Bridge Pose works the entire back of the body, meaning the buttocks, back and hamstrings. Begin in Constructive Rest Position, then lift the hips as high as possible. Clasp the hands together under the spine and press the upper arms into the mat

while holding the position.

Chair Pose builds strength in the quadriceps muscles. Begin standing. Bend the knees and sink the hips. Raise the arms high. Engage Mula Bandha by lifting the pelvic floor. Maintain the position for five slow breaths or more.

Boat Pose and Half-Boat Pose both work the core muscles. I’ve been taught that Boat Pose strengthens the psoas muscles

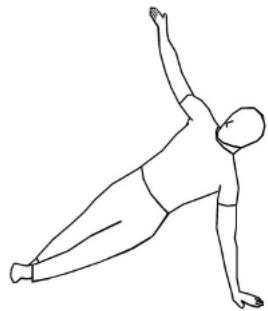
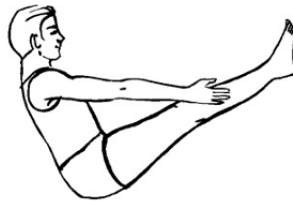
and Half-Boat strengthens the abdominal muscles, but both groups are part of the core. For Boat Pose, I generally begin in a seated position with toes on the floor and knees bent toward the chest. Tilt back and lift toes off the floor to find balance on the sit bones and tail bone. Once balanced,

straighten the legs so the body makes the shape of a V, and raise the arms so they are parallel to the floor. For Half-Boat, I generally begin in Constructive Rest Position. Curl the upper body up and wrap both hands around the right knee, keeping the knee pointing straight up. Straighten the left leg and raise the left foot about six inches off the floor. Then release the right knee, straighten the right leg, and place the feet side by side. Both arms are parallel to the floor, reaching. Hold and breathe for a few seconds. When fatigued, relax back down to Constructive Rest, then repeat a few times.

Locust Pose is very good for building strength in the back muscles. Begin in a prone position. The feet point straight back and the arms angle back along the sides of the body. Palms rest on the floor. On an inhalation, raise the upper body and the feet off the floor simultaneously. If new to the pose, press the hands into the floor. As strength increases, raise the hands so they are parallel to the floor. Gaze is forward and down. People often want to lift their chin, but this is not good for the neck.

The above asana are great at building muscle strength, and my doctor just advised me of another to build bone strength. It involves standing on one leg for 60 seconds, then the other leg for 60 seconds, and she recommended doing this twice per day for best results. The specific pose isn’t critical, so Tree, Crane or Warrior III would all work, or just simply lifting one foot off the floor. I was advised to do this while brushing my teeth in order to work it in to an existing routine. So far, so good! Namaste.

Brenda St. John has been teaching yoga classes in Chewelah since 2010 through the Community Colleges of Spokane’s Act 2 program.





# A Year On the Farm

## Making Feta!

By Michelle Lancaster

**“Feta is interesting to make, yet simple enough for beginners.”**

I learned how to make feta cheese at the WSU Cheesemaking Shortcourse that I obtained a scholarship to attend in 2009. Feta is interesting to make, yet simple enough for beginners.

Feta production starts by gently warming milk to 86°F and adding feta cultures (or use a generic mesophilic culture, if you already have that for making hard cheeses) and lipase (can omit if using goat's milk). The milk “ripens” by waking up the freeze-dried live cultures. The sleeping bacteria become active when they touch moisture, then they feed off the milk to change the milk into cheese. Lipase, an enzyme, adds the sharp flavor that we recognize feta by.

After an hour to hour-and-a-half, stir in diluted rennet. Over the next half-hour, the rennet bonds the milk, creating a gelatin-like solid mass. Once solid, the mass can be cut into cubes.

Feta is different from other cheeses in that the curd (those cut cubes) is barely stirred and kept very fragile. In contrast, for example, gouda is a “washed curd” cheese – warm water is sprayed over the curds to wash them! Cheddar is a cut curd – the cheddaring process takes condensed blocks of curds and re-cuts them into what

people know as cheese curds. Those curds are then pressed firmly into a block to create cheddar. Mozzarella is a heated curd.

Not so with feta. In the WSU class, we did not even stir the curds, rather we tilted the pot back and forth to gently rock the cut cubes to expel whey from the curds. Then we gently scooped the curds into square plastic-mesh strainers. At home, I use a standard colander, so my feta comes out in a round shape instead of the classic square. (*It all eats the same!*)

The strained curds are carefully turned several times overnight. I flip the curds a few times in the afternoon and again in the morning. Once the curds are knit and whey strained, the feta cheese is almost done. Recipes vary, but either brine soak or dry salt the exterior of the cheese for a couple of days. A gallon of milk makes a pound of cheese.

Did you know that feta can last up to 18+ months in the fridge if kept in a brine solution? Make a new brine solution (not the one the cheese was initially salted in, as that salt is now bound up in the cheese). Break the block of cheese into smaller pieces to fit better into a quart or half gallon jar. Dried herbs can be added for

flavor, but I usually keep the cheese plain and add other ingredients when I use the cheese.

Feta cheese made from raw milk requires 60-day aging before sale to the public. When I worked at a creamery, we placed each wheel of feta into a bag and vacuum-sealed the bag with the date written on the outside. After 60 days, we opened a bag at a time to package in smaller amounts to sell directly to the public. Here's a detailed recipe: [getculture.com/feta-recipe.html](http://getculture.com/feta-recipe.html)

I got busy with life and did not make feta for many years. Just recently I made a new batch. Cheese at the homestead level (using milk from one cow rather than blended milk from a bulk tank) comes out a little different every time. This batch came out a little salty, but with good texture, so next time I will adjust the brine solution. The first cut of this batch became a tasty addition to several meals, including homemade pizza with feta and mozzarella over a kamut wheat crust.

*Michelle Lancaster homesteads with her family on Old Dominion Mountain in Colville. She writes at [Spiritedrose.wordpress.com](http://Spiritedrose.wordpress.com).*



# The End of the Great Western

*This story was compiled from local newspaper articles of the time, the written notes of L. Eddy published in a Lincoln County history, other published reports of the events, and the research and records of Severns family members.*

It was Friday, August 1, 1902, and the focus of the great western manhunt was eating dinner in Wilbur, Washington.

Since breaking out of the Oregon state prison in June, he'd covered nearly 500 miles and killed his partner in a duel. Before Oregon, the outlaw had escaped from three other jails and his escapes had proven lethal to law enforcement officers. Among his current pursuers were four sheriffs from Washington and Oregon, their deputies, and eager newspaper reporters, including two from the *Spokesman-Review*. They searched along back roads and stock trails, and questioned farmers while heading east from Coulee City and Baird.

When the desperado wasn't eluding or shooting lawmen, he was holding people

hostage and forcing them to feed him, supplement his wardrobe and replace his previously stolen horses. At one point, he kidnapped a farmhand for four days and required the man to cook for him and carry his belongings.

At a recent stop near Wenatchee, while holding the Saunders family hostage and enjoying two meals, he remarked that he was heading for Wyoming to join Butch Cassidy's Hole-in-the-Wall gang. He also mentioned wanting to rob a bank so he could get the money to pay back those who had helped him escape.

It is likely he was planning to stop at Loon Lake. Unbeknownst to many who had followed his criminal career, he had lived and worked at Loon Lake. At 21 years of age, he lived in a log cabin at Corbin's Bay near Big Island and was employed by J. W. Dunlap to make railroad ties. His life there had been quiet and crime-free until his affair with a married woman. When the Wilman brothers, armed and looking for their sister,

interrupted the lovers one May evening, the young man, known as Harry, elected to run. Gunshots echoed as he hightailed it. Dunlap stated he would hold Harry's outstanding wages of \$5.82 until his return.

Harry's father was considered the black sheep of the Severns family, but his grandfather enjoyed a respectable reputation as a sawmill operator and a justice of the peace. Harry was about seven years old when his grandfather won a lawsuit brought by his father. The acrimony caused a family rift and the child remained with his grandparents while his parents moved away. At the age of 15, having rejoined his parents, Harry was again abandoned when his father absconded with school funds. The teenager worked as a cook in logging camps and one of the jobs was for a man named Mike Tracy. It is possible that is where he found his new surname.

Harry's criminal career started with a robbery of a coworker in Fargo, North Dakota. He evaded capture and headed west. Soon Harry was working in eastern Washington before expanding his criminal talents to Utah, Colorado and Oregon.

Now, nearly two months after his escape from Salem, while reports placed him near Almira or Wilson Creek, Harry Tracy was brazenly enjoying dinner in a Wilbur restaurant. Where he rested that Friday night is unknown but he must have been comfortable. He'd told the liveryman to expect him at four the next morning but he didn't return until ten o'clock to collect his horses. Tracy left the livery stable and rode east.

On Sunday his pursuers decided to split up. King County Sheriff Cudihee, his deputies and a *Spokesman-Review* reporter were riding east when they noticed the imprint of a dragging rope on the trail. They followed the track of the rope until it stopped on a ridge south of Fellows Siding. Nearby, Cudihee met a group who said they had seen a man leading a pack horse heading toward Almira. The sheriff, assuming his quarry had backtracked, a common maneuver for Tracy, returned along the trail until he caught up with a prospector and his pack horse. The afternoon was wasted; the prospector was not their wanted man.

In the meantime, Sheriff DeBolt and his party, including the second *Spokesman-Re-*

**Carry All Riders Somewhere**

*Making the world better,  
a word at a time.*



Visit [WordsOfWords.com](http://WordsOfWords.com) to  
learn more and to buy acronyms  
on a variety of quality products,  
from shirts to mugs and more.  
**G**ive **I**deas **F**or **T**hought **S**haring

**PARKER'S**  
**GLASS**  
LLC  
AUTO GLASS REPAIR & REPLACEMENT  
(509) 684-6034

AUTO GLASS  
LOG TRUCKS  
HEAVY EQUIPMENT  
LOCALLY & FAMILY  
OWNED  
MOTOR HOMES  
FARM EQUIPMENT  
CLASSIC CARS

ROCK CHIP REPAIRS FREE UNDER MOST  
COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE PLANS!

STOP BY OR CALL FOR A FREE QUOTE!  
790 NORTH HWY 395 COLVILLE  
RIGHT NEXT TO WALMART



# Manhunt, Part 1, *by McLean Taylor*

view reporter, went to Wilbur where they met Sheriff Gardner's party. Joining forces, this posse headed toward Duck Lake country near Harrington.

That afternoon, about 10 miles southwest of Creston, young George Goldfinch chanced upon a miner who invited him to share a meal. Having recently eaten, Goldfinch declined. Standing with his Winchester .30-30 rifle and Colt .45 revolver, the miner pressed his invitation; Goldfinch accepted. The two chatted about items including crops and the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight before the miner inquired if the lad knew where the outlaw Tracy was. Goldfinch disclosed that Tracy was seen in the Wilbur area.

"I am Tracy," proclaimed the miner.

Demanding Goldfinch lead him to a place where he could hide out, he broke camp and readied his packhorse. Discovering a rope dragging from the animal, Tracy coiled and fastened it, declaring it a bad sign.

Goldfinch led him to the Eddy ranch, four miles away. Whenever the view of the road was obstructed by a hillside or thick bushes, the wanted man rode in front of Goldfinch, stating he did not want the youth killed if there was a posse ahead of them. Unknowingly, they crossed the DeBolt/Gardner trail two hours after the posse had passed.

The hunted and the hunters were unaware how close they'd been twice in the same afternoon.

At 3:30 that afternoon, Tracy and Goldfinch reached the Eddy property and rode directly to the barn, where they found Lucius Eddy. Tracy immediately announced his identity. He said he understood Eddy raised stock and wanted to acquire two saddle horses to replace those he had ridden from Wenatchee. Examining Tracy's animals, Eddy found some loose shoes which he repaired. The outlaw said he needed to rest a while but would leave later that night. He strongly objected when Goldfinch wanted to leave. However, after taking a bath, shaving, and sharing supper with everyone, Tracy relented and allowed the youth to depart.

After Goldfinch left, Tracy informed the

Eddy brothers he actually intended to stay and recuperate for a few days. Explaining he didn't have any money, he said he would be willing to work for his board. The Eddy brothers were building a barn and Tracy, although he wasn't a carpenter, might be useful. Monday morning, the notorious



*Composite and colored photo of Harry Tracy, courtesy Paul Knowles and Museum of NW Colorado.*

outlaw was carrying boards and pounding nails. He was always alert. When working on the barn roof, Tracy would not allow either brother to be behind him. If, perchance, one needed to pass, then he would turn, always facing him, and say something innocuous, making it a moment of conversation rather than suspicion.

During the August heat, the brothers slept outside and Tracy slept six feet from Gene Eddy. Tracy proved to be quite sociable, speaking of issues of the day and reassuring

the brothers that reports of his crimes and killings were exaggerated.

Goldfinch returned Monday evening, expecting that Tracy had ridden out the previous night.

"Hello! Where are the sheriffs?" Tracy greeted him. The surprised Goldfinch replied that he didn't know. The lad hadn't led a posse to him so Tracy's fears were allayed and, again, Goldfinch was allowed to depart.

Tuesday morning, after wrestling with his conscience, Goldfinch went to Creston and telephoned the Lincoln County sheriff in Davenport. He asked the operator to keep it private but was either ignored or overheard as Deputy Sheriff Straub of Creston was alerted. Straub hurriedly formed a posse including J. Morrison, the railroad section foreman, Dr. Lanter, Maurice Smith, a lawyer, and Frank Lillengren, the hardware store owner. A little after noon, they rode to Mrs. Anderson's, two miles north of the Eddy brothers' ranch. Leaving their horses, they edged up to a bluff overlooking the Eddy place. The five-man posse could see people in the Eddy field below. Was one of them Harry Tracy?

*To be continued...*

Note: Tracy's log cabin burned on a July 4<sup>th</sup> in the late 1920s. Some of Tracy's crimes were exaggerated. Dime novels had him raping and murdering a woman, robbing a pharmacy and holding up a bank in Wisconsin. No newspapers reported these incidents. No one with the murdered woman's last name lived in the area, there was no such pharmacy at the time, and the bank that was supposedly held

up was not built until after Tracy's death. According to those in town who knew him, Harry Severns was a favorite grandchild, a well-behaved and hard-working lad who enjoyed pranks. Primarily a thief, he murdered lawmen during his escapes, leading to his earned reputation as a killer.

*Taylor moved to the North Columbia-Kootenay region 20 years ago and discovered a history of interesting and intriguing characters and believes their stories should be shared and celebrated.*



# Herbs for the Liver, Spleen and Endocrine System

By Faye Stewart

*The information presented in these articles is based on tradition and personal experience and is not meant to be in any way prescriptive or a substitute for consultation with licensed healthcare providers.*

In this series of articles we have compartmentalized various systems/parts of the body and the herbs that are paired with them. While tidy for the purpose of writing articles this approach does not reflect the reality of how all parts and systems of the body are in constant, intimate conversation with one another. Herbs added to this conversation cannot be compartmentalized either.

As an herbalist I try to be a matchmaker between a person and his or her wellness allies: I'm not a symptom/illness-based practitioner. Nonetheless, as I sit enjoying a cup of pomegranate tea while thinking about what to write, this seems an opportune moment for mentioning basic holistic perspective.

Through the holistic lens, well-being is a vitality expressed in myriad ways, not a static, standardized state defended by battalions of either medicinal herbs or conventional drugs. Each person's health

is considered in its individual wholeness and particularity, and its responsiveness to life's shifting currents. My relationship with herbs is one of discovering each plant's distinct way of supporting well-being within this individual flow. Keeping that in mind, back we go to listing conditions and their herbal remedies....

*"...all parts and systems of the body are in constant, intimate conversation with one another."*

## Herbs for the Liver

The liver maintains metabolisms such as blood sugar levels and produces bile for digestion, among other roles. At times, however, we may ingest things that don't please the liver, which may then need some support.

**Chaparral** (*Larrea divaricata*) – toxic if overused! – helps clear drug residue, metals and radiation-effects from the liver. It aids bile production and fat metabolism and is friendly to the lymph and glands. Best used in tincture, small doses, short term.

**Dandelion rt.** (*Taraxacum*) is a liver stimulant and tonic for both the liver's secreting and excreting functions. It helps prevent and treat jaundice and hypoglycemia, is nutritive and diuretic (there's

tendency for edema with liver disorders) and also supports gallbladder, pancreatic, spleen, and kidney functions. Use fresh-tinctured or simmer the fresh root 10-15 minutes, taking 1 cup 3 times daily, long-term. Dandelion is contraindicated in cases of acute inflammation or blocked bile ducts.

**Milk thistle** (*Silybum marianum*) is an outstanding liver herb. The seeds protect the liver from chemical damage – even from the effects of amanita mushroom poisoning. Milk thistle increases secretion of bile from the liver and gallbladder and is helpful in cases of cirrhosis, alcoholism, hepatitis, and jaundice. It is good for the spleen, too. Best used as a tincture: a half to a full teaspoon up to 3 times daily.

**Oregon grape rt.** (*Berberis aquifolium*) – like dandelion, one of our plentiful local herbs, but indigenous – is a tonic for liver congestion. Its root bark is the actual part used. It stimulates glands slowly but steadily and promotes bile. It is taken in decoction or tincture, in small amounts long-term.

**Others:** Celandine is of benefit for hepatitis, taken in small tincture doses. Wild yam rt. may ease liver or gallbladder pain. Bupleurum, a Chinese herb with a funny-sounding name, helps protect against liver damage and has been used in cases



# Ginseng



of viral hepatitis. Schisandra is another remedy used to protect the liver. Tumeric, carrots, limes, lemons and apples (but not apple juice) are liver tonics.

## Spleen Herbs

The spleen is part of the lymphatic system. Its job is to destroy undesirable microorganisms in the blood, form monocytes, lymphocytes and plasma cells, get rid of worn-out or defective red blood cells and platelets while salvaging iron and globin from them, and act as a blood reservoir for self-transfusion during hemorrhage. Diseases of the spleen are associated with liver and blood ailments. A few useful herbs include red root and barberry for enlarged spleen; vervain and dandelion for spleen inflammation; dandelion, butternut, culver's rt., senna and American mandrake for spleen congestion (be *very* knowledgeable if using the latter three of these). Generally helpful for the spleen are Oregon grape rt., barberry and carrot juice.

## Endocrine Herbs

The endocrine system's glands release hormones that travel to cells – all of which have receptors to bind and use certain hormones for initiating changes in the cell's metabolism. The hypothalamus – located just above the pituitary – is the main coordinator between the nervous and endocrine systems. It is involved with metabolism relating to eating, drinking, temperature control and menstrual cycles. The hypothalamus and pituitary glands are constantly monitored and altered by nerve, hormone and chemical messages.

The pituitary's posterior stores hormones from the hypothalamus for labor induction, milk production and water retention. Its anterior produces hormones affecting bone and muscle development and hormone activity in the ovaries/testes.

Ginseng may be taken as a tonic for the pituitary and hypothalamus. Ginseng is not a single herb, however; there are several kinds and they are not interchangeable. The cured, red Chinese and Korean ginsengs are "hotter" – more hypertensive and hypoglycemic in effect – than Siberian ginseng (*Eleutherococcus*) or wild

American ginseng (*Panax quinquefolius*). In all cases the root is the part used. Ginseng is a sort of capacity amplifier and stimulant. It catalyzes digestion and revs the adrenal glands. It is antidepressant and used to counter weakness and exhaustion. Contraindications are many: avoid if pregnant or lactating or with high BP, heart palpitations, insomnia, asthma, hypoglycemia, hyperthyroid, hyper-adrenocortical conditions, high fever or if undergoing steroid therapy. Ginseng may interact with caffeine, stimulant drugs and blood-thinners. Use in small doses (tinctured, capsuled or decocted) over a long term.

Also stimulating to the endocrine system are bitters such as mugwort, wormwood and yarrow.

Alternatives such as burdock rt., cleavers, dandelion rt., echinacea rt., red clover fl., sarsaparilla, violet lvs. and yellow dock rt. promote healthy blood functions in the endocrine system.

The thyroid gland, which maintains proper metabolic rates through two different hormones, may be supported in cases of hyperthyroid problems by a mix of bugleweed, nettle lvs., yarrow and passionflower or valerian (alternate between the latter two so neither is used long-term) or, for hypothyroid, by a combination of bladderwrack, gotu kola and nettle lvs. (Poke rt., damiana, and wormwood are sometimes used in blends for hypothyroid but are not herbs for the amateur.) Thyroid enlargement (goiter) may be helped by bladderwrack.

Adrenal glands, located just above the kidneys, are involved with salt balance, steroids for proper growth and repair of cells, and controlling inflammation. They additionally produce sex hormones. For hyper-adrenal conditions try burdock rt.; for hypo-adrenal problems spikenard, licorice rt., devil's club, sarsaparilla or Siberian or American ginseng might help, but don't use licorice rt. for more than 6 weeks.

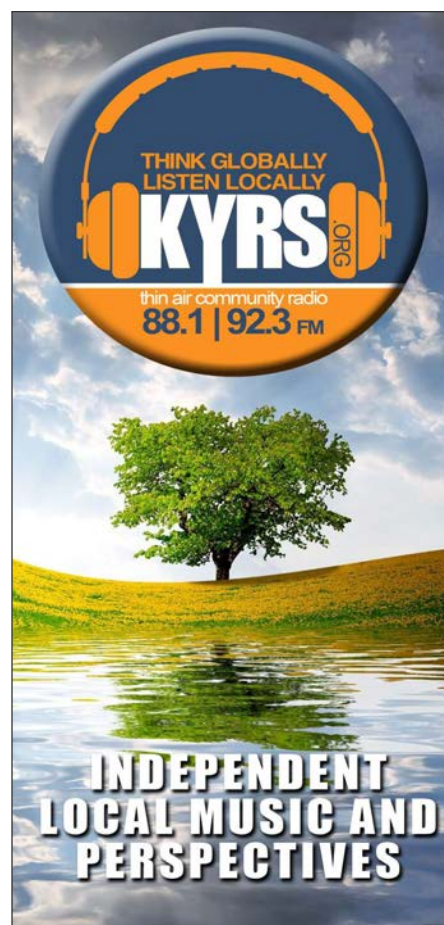
The medulla produces adrenaline as a stress response to trauma, pain, temperature extremes and low blood sugar. This stimulates rapid breathing and heart rate and enhances muscle activity, etc. Adre-

nal tonics include borage and wild yam rt. To counter low secretions of either male or female adrenal sex hormones, try dong quai.

## Pancreas Herbs

The pancreas secretes digestive enzymes to break down fat, protein and carbs to neutralize acids. It produces hormones to regulate glucose and fatty acids, and releases insulin to reduce glucose production by the liver when blood sugar rises or releases an opposite hormone when blood sugar is low, encouraging the liver to increase glucose production. Pancreatic inflammation is treated with fringe tree bark but needs expert use. Herbal support for diabetics may come from garlic, nettles, blueberry lvs., devil's club, fenugreek seeds, bilberry and burdock rt. Grapeseed extract can be especially helpful.

*Faye Stewart has gathered, gardened and enjoyed working with herbs for decades. She ran a medicinal herb business for 15 years.*



# The Way It Was, According to Chick:

By Robert Wynecoop

Excerpt from Robert “Chick” Wynecoop’s book, printed in 2003 by Tornado Creek Publications, reprinted here, with permission.

## Grandparents - Chapter 10

Once in a while, we’d walk a half mile to Grandma and Granddad Galbraith’s place. To get there, we had to take the main road, which had very little traffic. We had been taught to give all cars a lot of room. But if a rare car passed us, we were more surprised than scared of it.

Granddad worked for the government and lived in a house at the Agency. His yard was full of flowers and was such a pretty place. Granddad, like everyone else living at the Agency at Wellpinit, took great pride in his yard.

Mom and Dad were both from large families, and many of their brothers and sisters lived close by. Many of Mom’s brothers and sisters were in high school or were away at college, so we didn’t see them very often. But when we did get together with our aunts and uncles on Mom’s side of the family, we had a lot of fun.

Dad’s brothers and sisters were all older and had their own families, so we didn’t get together with them very often. When we did see their kids, they usually got us in trouble – they were the older cousins I referred to [in an earlier chapter].

Mom’s parents’ house was so big and fun to play in. Grandma always had little snacks and a lot of magazines for us to “picture read,” including a large collection of *National Geographic* magazines. What a treasure those were – with pictures of far away places and people from different countries. Those magazines helped us see outside our Reservation world.

They also had a stereo-viewer that was awesome. Since the viewer’s pictures had depth like 3-D, they just came alive. They had 3-D pictures from Egypt, pictures of the pyramids, the Nile River, large Egyptian cities, animals, etc.

Granddad was tall – over six feet – and always smoked a big cigar. He kept his smokes in a round, brownish-yellow plastic-type container that kept the cigars from drying out. Whenever I think of Granddad, I remember the nice cigar smell that usually surrounded him. Grandma was small, only about five-feet tall, and an odd match, size-wise.

Now I want to take you back to Granddad Galbraith’s yard and garden. They were

to carry all the water up to the house, so her garden was not watered very often.

Next to Granddad’s garden was a building with a woodshed on one end and a garage at the other. Just off the garage end of the shed was a small gate through which a trail ran from the school to the store. The trail cut through the Agency square, past the office, clinic and jail, up and over a hill and across the road to the store. All the kids used that trail, since the post office was also inside the store.

While visiting at my grandparents’ house before I was old enough to go to school, I could see the school and all of the kids playing outside. I couldn’t wait until I was old enough to go to school.

I traveled that trail many times, once I started to go to school. And someone always had to pick up the mail. That was a daily job. In those days, you’d get real important mail – not all the flyers and junk of today.

When I found out that the folks had a store account that they paid off each month, I decided I would buy myself a candy bar every time I picked up the mail. Mom found out at the end of the first month and that ended my candy bar reward for getting the mail. She was

not very happy about the bill I had run up. That candy, along with other sweets, caused me to pay dearly in other ways because, later, cavities in my teeth became a problem.

We went to our grandparents’ place during Thanksgiving and Christmas for dinner and presents. At these big family gatherings, all of the little ones had to eat at the kitchen table. We couldn’t wait until we were big enough to eat at the dining room table with the adults.

When dinnertime rolled around, all of us kids would stand around dreading being assigned to the kitchen table. We ate the same food as was served at the dining room table, but we wanted more than anything to listen to the adults talk. Since



Sent to the porch after a big meal. Photo courtesy Ruth Hintze.

really something to see. Big trees grew in front of and on the side of the house. The grass was always green, soft and cool. The lawn was cut with a hand push lawnmower. I tried to push that mower several times, but it was too big for me.

Behind the house was Granddad’s vegetable garden. It seemed like everything in it grew so well. He grew carrots, onions, corn, potatoes, squash, beets, etc.

Granddad also had a large flower garden near the back of his house. You could tell he really enjoyed making things grow. He was always outside working in one of his gardens, or in the yard, smoking one of his cigars.

Mom tried to grow a garden at our place, but it needed to be irrigated. We had



# Growing Up On The Spokane Indian Reservation

there was no room for us at the adults' table, we had to wait for an opening. We also had to grow tall enough to reach the top of the table before we could join the adults.

While they were laughing and carrying on in the dining room, we tried our best to hear what they were talking about. After a while, we just resigned ourselves to our fate and visited with our cousins: Squeak, Midge, Ken and Gene. Since we were the largest family there, my brothers and I pretty well dominated the kitchen table conversation.

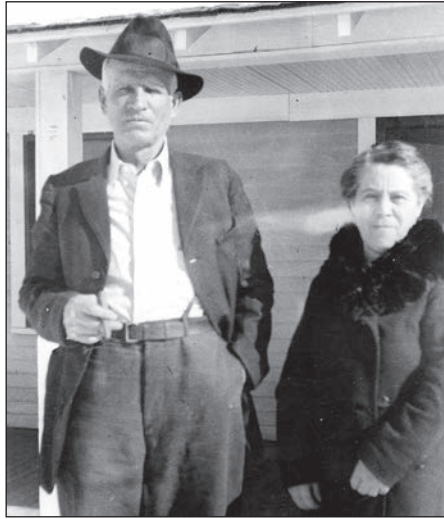
When we were around relatives during

the holidays or when they came to visit us, we always had to put up with the dreaded "Kissing Aunts," especially one particular aunt on Dad's side of the family. The usual game was: "Oh, there is little Bobby! I want to give him a big kiss and a hug." Those words were enough to put the fear of God in me.

Dad's sister Bernice was the worst aunt for kissing and hugging. Aunt Bernice had two older boys, Dale and Curtis, that we actually enjoyed visiting and playing with. If I remember anything about growing up, it will be Aunt Bernice reaching for me, grabbing

me and giving me a big kiss and a hug. She was a large lady and she would almost smother me with her hugs.

Bernice's demonstrations of affection have now become a family thing. I once



*Mom's parents, Bill and May (Etue) Galbraith. Photo courtesy Ruth Hintze.*



*Dad's parents, John and Nancy Wynecoop. Wynecoop photo.*

made the mistake of telling my kids about the cheek pinching and now they pinch my cheek while in a falsetto voice they tease, "There's little Bobby! My, how you have grown."

## WELL CHILD EXAMS

SPORTS PHYSICAL INCLUDED



CHEWELAH MEDICAL CLINIC	509-935-8424
COLVILLE MEDICAL CLINIC	509-684-1440
NORTHPORT MEDICAL CLINIC	509-732-4252
SELKIRK MEDICAL CLINIC	509-442-3514

ADDITIONAL LOCATIONS: LOON LAKE | NINE MILE FALLS | SPRINGDALE

Enter to **WIN a FREE BICYCLE!**  
Complete a wellness exam in  
July or August 2020 18 or younger

**NEW Health**  
MEDICAL | DENTAL | PHARMACY | BEHAVIORAL HEALTH  
[newhp.org](http://newhp.org) EOE & Provider

**DEER PARK  
AUTO BODY**

Collision Repair &  
Paint Specialists

**(509) 868-2746**

[deerparkautobody.com](http://deerparkautobody.com)  
[deerparkautobody@yahoo.com](mailto:deerparkautobody@yahoo.com)

412 W. Crawford Ave.  
Deer Park, WA 99006

# How Our Garden Grows

By Karen Castleberry Giebel

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" Do you remember that old nursery rhyme? I do, and my response is "quite nicely, thank you!"

On three acres of land my dad grew every fruit and vegetable I ever ate, and some of my fondest memories are of being out in that immense garden with that hardworking man. So I guess I came by my love of gardening quite naturally. Even when I lived in the suburbs I grew tomatoes, peppers, green beans and cucumbers in my little backyard. Not only did fresh vegetables taste fantastic, I also wanted my children to have an earth-to-table awareness.

When we moved here in 2011, there was a large fenced area that had a few old fruit trees and the remnants of a garden, but the weeds had totally taken over. We had our work cut out for us.

Slowly but surely, my husband Dan has brought this garden back to life. He has planted numerous fruit trees and plowed up new areas to grow vegetables and raspberries, blueberries and strawberries. For the most part, I have let him run the garden, mainly because we have differing ideas on how and what to plant. Until this year I stuck to growing herbs and flowers. My other role has been as his champion weed puller because the weeds here grow, well ... like weeds!

He likes volume, as in planting 72 tomato plants and row upon row of green beans and summer squash. If a seed packet has 100 seeds in it he feels compelled to start each and every one of them! Mind you, there are only the two of us here and I just finished using the tomatoes I canned in 2018. We still have 2019 to go. Last year I froze 35 quarts of green beans.

I, on the other hand, like diversity. I want radishes, carrots, lettuces, peas, cucumbers, eggplant and more.

Dan is meticulous when starting seeds and planting the seedlings. He researches, reads articles and follows all the package directions. He uses heated grow mats, grow lights and a written schedule for watering all his seedlings. He will start the seeds exactly "5 weeks before the last frost

is expected," just like the seed packets say to do.

I, on the other hand, have a much more laid-back approach to this whole gardening thing. I tend to throw dirt in start trays, toss in some seeds, add water when I remember, say a prayer, tell them I love them and walk away. Needless to say this drives my engineering background husband crazy. I always tell him that nothing is going to grow unless you get it in the ground. That usually gets me an incredulous look as he loudly states that it is too early and it will all freeze and die! For these and other reasons, I have just let him run the garden his way. You know that saying about "pick your battles"?

This year the whole gardening world went crazy due to the Covid-19 virus.

Folks who have never grown a thing decided that growing their own food was a pretty good idea, and I don't blame them one bit. But that made finding the seeds we wanted a little challenging. We also decided that life is way too short to spend hours on our hands and knees pulling weeds.

Hubby bought rolls of weed barrier and installed a drip irrigation system, which has made things so much easier. Eventually we obtained most of what we hoped to plant and Dan went to his heated workshop to get started on his very detailed planting schedule. But things did not work out quite as he had planned.

Dan started 100 tomato plants. He labeled them, marked the date in a notebook and watered them as per his schedule. Not one of them sprouted! Three weeks later, he started another 100 seeds. This time one tomato plant came up, and then it died. He blamed the planting soil as somehow defective or maybe the spring water had gone bad. He was thoroughly disgusted and threw his hands up in the air saying he wasn't going to have a garden this year.

I was horrified. No garden? No way! I mean, I have to have a garden. So out I

went to his workshop, threw some dirt in a tray, planted 72 tomato seeds, added a little water and walked away. I hate to brag (who am I kidding? Of course I'm bragging!) but all 72 seeds sprouted and turned into lovely little seedlings.

Eventually, I transplanted them into larger pots, and then at the appointed hour, and not one minute early, my husband planted them in the garden, where they continue to thrive. Heartened but quite puzzled by my success, he then planted green and yellow beans like he does successfully every year. I mean, beans are the easiest vegetables to grow. Only about a third of the beans came up. With that, hubby walked away and said "it's all yours, wifey."

I happily planted radishes, carrots, cucumbers, summer squash, English peas, romaine lettuce, kale, eggplant and mammoth Russian sunflowers. All are doing

quite well, thank you. In addition I have chives, dill, shallots, basil, parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme. Out of all of that it's only the basil that's struggling and I think that is because of the cool, wet summer we have had up to this point. I'm still hopeful.

We will have a very busy canning, freezing, jam making, dehydrating season but we will eat well this winter. Chili sauce, stewed tomatoes, salsa, canned tomatoes, pickles, zucchini relish, lots of soups and stews filled with frozen vegetables from our garden.

As for my engineering-background, meticulous-planning, detail-oriented husband, he is quite content having developed a complex irrigation system to water all the gardens, front and back, on a rigid schedule that I am not allowed to touch. He's happy, as am I. The garden ... it's just another one of our journeys through life, so we both laugh at ourselves and life goes on.

*Karen Castleberry Giebel blogs about life and food at [www.thejourneygirl.com](http://www.thejourneygirl.com) up in the back of the beyond in Ferry County, Washington.*



**LOCALLY OWNED & PART OF THE COMMUNITY!**



***We carry home appliances - in stock and ready for immediate pick up!***

**Colville Hardware**  
**Do it center**

**WWW.COLVILLEHARDWARE.COM**

**Southtown Plaza: 984 S. Main, Colville • (509) 684-6505 Open 7 days a week: Monday - Saturday 8 - 6 • Sunday 9 - 5**

***"I have now missed seeing over 10,000 faces. Time to get back to working. You all will have to come into the store about 5 times a day for me to get caught up!" ~ Becky Dubell***



**By Michael Pickett. Read more in his new book, available on Amazon.**

**How to spot when your kid is watching too much YouTube...**

**The Kid:** (in some strange infomercial voice) "So Dad!...Have YOU... ever grabbed a plate, like you're doing now, and thought, 'I'm going to enjoy these delicious noodles, but then I'll have to do dishes! Ugh!'"

**Me:** "I wasn't going to eat noodles."

**Kid:** "Okay, anyway..." (same weird voice) "Imagine IF...you could take this plate...and put this aluminum FOIL....OVER....the plate!"

**Me:** "Okay."

**Kid:** "Everything is SOLVED! No dishes for ME! And if I don't want to use aluminum foil, I could easily use this ceramic wrap!"

**Me:** "What did you call that?"

**Kid:** "This handy roll of ceramic wrap!"

**Me:** "It's actually called saran wrap."

**Kid:** "Dad...I've just given you a million dollar LIFE HACK...you don't seem that impressed."

**Me:** "Sorry."

### **The Funny Corner**

*By Jerry King*







# Madilane's Memories

## Just Too Cute!

by Madilane Perry

In the 1950s and '60s, when my family operated a fishing and hunting resort on Curlew Lake, we encouraged our customers to bring their fish in and clean them on shore to avoid getting the offal into the lake. To facilitate this my parents installed an Army surplus metal sink with running water on a concrete slab. It was illuminated by a single light bulb. Most of the customers were in favor of this and the sink was heavily used.

One summer evening one of our regular customers was cleaning a full limit of trout just after dusk. He felt an urgent tugging on his pants leg, looked down, and saw a small striped skunk.

Most young mammals are cute, and skunks, although they get sort of thick and thuggish as adults, are no exception. This one was small and cute and very obviously begging for fish.

The customer removed the liver from

the fish he was cleaning, leaned down and handed it to the skunk. The little animal took the tidbit delicately and retired to the edge of the slab to eat it. This process was repeated with the livers and egg skeins of all the fish. When the last fish was cleaned the customer turned off the light and walked back to his cabin. The skunk retreated to the shelter of a neighboring lilac bush.

The next morning the customer complemented my mother on our "cute little pet skunk." The only problem with this complement was that we didn't have a pet skunk. What we did have was a case of a wild skunk domesticating a fisherman. The customer said that he was glad he didn't know it at the time because he had a weak heart.

*Madilane Perry, a retired archaeologist, was raised on a family-owned hunting and fishing resort on Curlew Lake. She is married to local author Ray Bilderback. They are both managed by a small brown dog.*

423 W. 1st, Colville
www.floener.com

# FLOENER

LICENSED • BONDED • INSURED



# ELECTRIC

RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL

- Service Changes
- Electrical Design
- Troubleshooting
- Voice/Data/Video
- Home Automation/Security
- Underground Cable & Fault Locating

- Lighting
- Electric Heaters
- Sign Maintenance
- Poles & Overhead Wiring
- 36' Reach Bucket Truck



(509) 684-8353

WA Contr. #FLOENE\*070N7



# Featured Dining & Lodging 2020

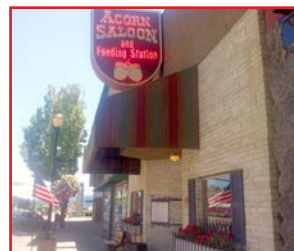
## Addy

**ADDY INN:** A full menu, family-style restaurant just a block off Hwy 395 in Addy, WA. A local favorite, Addy Inn boasts an Addy Burger that is a challenge to the largest appetites. Steaks, fish, burgers, specials and desserts. Enjoy the old west atmosphere or slide up to the unique bar. A creek and shady deck completes this adventure. Join us for your next outing. 509-935-6137.



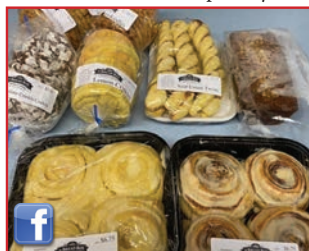
## Colville

**ACORN SALOON & FEEDING STATION:** Breakfast, lunch & dinner 7 days a week with daily specials. Cold beer and cocktails, pool tables and pull tabs. Hours: M-Thur: 7am-10pm, Fri-Sat: 7am-midnight, Sun: 8am-9pm. 262 S Main., 509-684-3337, find us on Facebook!



## Chewelah

**THE BREAD BOX:** A specialty menu bakery and unique grocery supplier, The Bread Box keeps everyone sweet! Fresh-baked breads, pastries, cookies, pies and custom orders are offered as well as deli meats, cheeses and bulk items. Sit-down tables. Bread Box pies are a favorite during holidays and everyone will find a treat that satisfies. W-Fri 8-4, Sat 8-1. 509-935-8950.



**CAFE ITALIANO:** Authentic Mediterranean cuisine featuring local, organic veggies, fresh seafood ("No fried garbage...") and daily specials from around the world. 151 W. 1st. Mon-Fri 11am - 7pm, Sat 2-7pm. 509-6894-5268.

**DRAGON VILLAGE:** Authentic Cantonese, Hunan & Szechwan Cuisine. Dine it, take out, catering, beer, wine, cocktails. 155 S. Main. Tue-Sat 11am-9pm, Sat 11am-3pm. 509-684-8989. View our menu at [dragonvillagecolville.com](http://dragonvillagecolville.com).



**CHEWELAH CASINO:** Dine with us at the Mistequa Cafe! If a hearty meal is your thing, you're going to want to visit us. We have a prime rib dinner special Fridays and Saturdays. Dine-in is available with social distancing in mind. We also offer curbside pickup (debit/credit card payment only) call 509-936-1609. See our To-Go Menu at [chewelahcasino.com](http://chewelahcasino.com), Chewelah Casino, 2555 Smith Road, Chewelah, WA | 800-322-2788.



**MAVERICK'S:** Where breakfast, lunch and dinner are served all day on the gorgeous patio or indoors. Friday is Prime Rib Night. Burgers, steak, chili, salads, beer and wine. Open 7am-8pm Mon, Thurs, Fri, Sat, and 7am-2pm Sun. 153 W 2nd Ave. 509-684-2494.

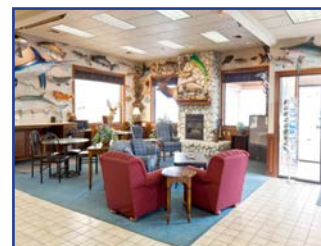


**RUSTY PUTTER:** Open to the Public. Join friends for a frosty beer with a great



burger, and maybe watch some football. The largest outdoor patio in Chewelah for sunny afternoons and weekends with friends in a quiet and relaxing setting. Sun - Sat: 8am - 7pm. Weekend breakfast until 2pm. Menu online at: [www.chewelahgolf.com](http://www.chewelahgolf.com). 509-935-6807 ext. 4.

**BENNY'S COLVILLE INN:** With 106 guest rooms, suites, spa and largest local indoor pool, Benny's has big city accommodations with that small town charm and friendliness. Simple breakfast 5-10am. Check out our fish museum lobby. 915 S Main. 800-680-2517 or 509-684-2517.



Look for more listings in upcoming editions of the North Columbia Monthly!

## Newport

**DANNYANN'S B&B:** Enjoy a hearty breakfast and explore the beautiful Pend Oreille River Valley. Three appointed guest rooms with private baths. Play & Stay: an easy walk to shops, restaurants, museum, and less than 1 mile to river and trails. Relax. Renew. Retreat. 131 N. Spokane Ave., [dannyanns.com](http://dannyanns.com), 509-447-3787.



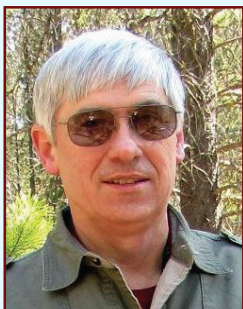
To have your business listed, call 509-675-3791 or email [ncmonthly@gmail.com](mailto:ncmonthly@gmail.com)

# For All Your Real Estate Needs!

Voted #1  
in Stevens  
County!

If you have been thinking  
about **SELLING** your home,  
**NOW IS THE TIME!**  
Buyers are looking  
and the market is **HOT**

If you have been thinking  
about **BUYING** a new home  
**WE HAVE DEALS!**  
Our agents are searching  
out new listings every day!



**Joe Conowitch**  
Broker  
509-690-7290



**Sylvia Rathbun**  
Broker  
509-675-2266



**Joe McCaslin**  
Broker  
509-675-1570



**Jeannie Ross**  
Broker  
509-675-4447



**Ara Bush**  
Broker  
425-344-4969



**Jody Emra**  
Broker  
509-675-0432



**Rick Wakefield**  
Broker  
509-722-3949



**Larry Wathne**  
Broker  
509-680-3516



**Carrie Paetsch**  
Broker  
509-701-3709



**Krystal Weiner**  
Broker  
509-680-8964



**Robyn Westergard**  
Realtor of the Year!

Owner/Managing Broker  
509-675-5540

## WESTERGARD REAL ESTATE

150 W. 3rd • Kettle Falls, WA 99141

**509-738-WEST (9378)**

[www.WestergardRealEstate.com](http://www.WestergardRealEstate.com)