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## **Publisher & Senior Editor**

Gabriel Cruden

## **Copy Editor**

Si Alexander

## **Contributing Writers**

Dr. Barry Bacon • J. Merrill Baker  
Joe Barreca • Linda Bond  
Joanie Christian • Loren Cruden  
Becky Dubell • J. Foster Fanning  
Sarah Kilpatrick • Michelle Lancaster  
Tina Tolliver Matney • Jack Nisbet  
John Odell • Eileen Delehanty Pearkes  
Michael Pickett • Gabriele von Trapp  
Christine Wilson • Tina 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)

## **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**

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**NOVEMBER 2018  
ISSUE DEADLINES**

**AD SPACE RESERVATIONS:  
Friday, October 19<sup>th</sup>**  
**WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS:  
Wednesday, October 24<sup>th</sup>**



**This Requires Us Sharing Together**

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

# Fly Fishing for Overthinkers

By Christine Wilson

I'm just kidding. You have to give up overthinking if you want to get any good at fly fishing. I know this from personal, monkey-minded experience. "OK, let out some line with your left hand. Don't pin the line to the rod with your right index finger until you've gotten a good amount of line out. Cast in back of you, unless there's

a tree. Then you cast sideways. Don't forget to check those trees. Make sure the line goes out all the way back before you flick it forward. Don't let the line drag in a way that looks unnatural."

Yikes. That is a recipe for a muddle of anxiety, exhaustion and disappointment.

I'm not against the rational front brain. In

fact I am a big fan and it seems to me we could spend more problem-solving time there as a collectively anxious, exhausted and disappointed world. In praise of balance, however, let me offer up the intuitive part of the brain. All day long there are non-rational moments that could use a more holistic approach, a sweet interaction between the body and the back of the brain, and a patient collaboration with the world outside of the prefrontal cortex.

As I've come to understand it, the rational front brain gets us through school, helps us accomplish many of our daily tasks, and allows us to remember the golden rule. It just gets a little out of hand sometimes as we think too hard about things that need more mind-body cooperation and intuition.

I might be untangling my wadded-up line from a bad cast and not notice that my dry fly is bobbing up and down in the water. Then, once my line is sufficiently reeled in, I discover that I have accidentally caught a fish hanging around near my feet. I think I read that somewhere.

You could be focusing so much on the deep pool you intend to land your fly on that you forget there is a tree behind you. Yeah, I think I read that somewhere too.

Between the chaos of flailing about and the rigidity of following each and every rule to an extreme is an exquisite balance. Benjamin Wallace-Wells said of John McCain that he "lasted as long as he did... through his relentless, optimistic careen into the future." That may not sound all that balanced and yet, since balance is never still, it probably works out pretty closely to equilibrium. Perhaps he lived a life similar to that of Victor Frankl, author of *Man's Search for Meaning* and a survivor of Nazi prison camps. They both had a perfect right to be among our most pessimistic



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# Random Acts of Community

fellow earthlings and yet they found a way to a more stable and joyful life.

I do not know enough about their personal attempts – or even their awareness of the set of scales involved – to look at overthinking versus intuitive living, but I can imagine they might have promoted both, along with the wisdom to know the difference.

A Turkish journalist named Elif Shafak was recently interviewed by NPR and stated that “we are being denied the right to be complex.” I understand her comment but am inclined toward that relentless optimism of John McCain, which implies a certain amount of internal effort. The gap between “we are being denied the right to” and “we are relentlessly living in the reality of” complexity can be as wide as the Grand Canyon and as exhausting as a steep ascent from there.

Back to fly fishing lessons and how they connect with relentless optimism, balance and complexity:

I took an Orvis fly fishing class a couple of years ago. My overthinking had served me so well in so many ways over the years, but I discovered its limitations as my guide told me the same things over and over, trying to keep me away from my over-focus on thinking about what I was doing and trying to settle me into a rhythmic, intuitive relationship with the line, the pole, my body, the stream and the fish. He had his hands full.

It still doesn't come easily. I know I will get there because I have hope in my relentless optimism, with a heavy emphasis on relentless.

I understand the lovely yoga-like presence of mind required, not just physically (so I don't fall on the slippery rocks while traversing moving water) but also emotionally (so I don't burst into tears too often or bash my gifted fly rod against a rock). I strive to live in the complexity between rational thought and intuition.

I had the privilege, years ago, of driving a car full of teenage boys. I actually think they forgot I was there, so deep in conversation were they. I resisted joining in so I could continue to observe how their minds worked. As the philosophizing

went along, one of them said: “I try to go on my intuition, rather than rational thought.” I could not help but chime in. “How do you know,” I asked, “what the difference is between your intuition and your bad habits?”

The other boys burst out laughing and one of them said: “That's the thing – he can't tell.” This intuitive mind I speak of is not our pattern of reacting badly in trying circumstances. It may even masquerade as rational but is actually **under-** rather than over-thinking.

Whole brain living takes an intentional pres-

ence of mind, I think. Which means to me that it takes skill born of relentless hard work and repeated positive choices, since we get good at what we practice. My guess is that my overthinking comes from an old pattern of wanting to get things right and not trusting that I can get there.

As I relax into progress, not perfection, either with fly fishing or in my interactions with the world, a less frantic and calmer pattern emerges.

*Christine Wilson is a psychotherapist in private practice in Colville and can be reached at christineallenwilson@gmail.com or 509-690-0715.*



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# Santa Rosa Revisited

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I was in North Carolina, having flown in to Raleigh the night before Hurricane Florence struck the coast. But hurricane or not, we couldn't miss this meeting, not on this day.

We were meeting with the leadership of a medical school to talk about collaboration in

developing a medical school in western Ethiopia with the intention of transforming health outcomes for the region, but that is a story for another time.

Rumor had it that this particular storm would set new records for the amount of rain dropped in one day in the Carolinas. People were coming and going at the hotel where we

were staying. Some were canceling their plans to come because of the weather, others booking rooms as quickly as they emptied, fleeing from the coast. We received word that the university we were visiting was closed due to the storm. None of that mattered. We were not missing this meeting.

I have been in such situations twice before. Once on the horn of Africa, our plane was diverted to a place called Dire Dawa because of a hurricane at our intended destination. Houses, cows, boats all washed out to sea. I was stuck in a hotel room with a couple of British businessmen who cracked jokes about Americans. We were the only three native English speakers on the plane, so the airline assumed we must be friends and roomed us together. It was all lighthearted and helped to relax in what could have been a tense situation. The second was on a flight to Louisiana when a hurricane hit the coast and I was stuck in Memphis for an extra day.

On the day of the hurricane in North Carolina, there were reports of 6,500 fires in northern California destroying 1.5 million acres. A year ago, at the Global Health Conference in Houston, Texas, my daughter Allison, a family doctor in Santa Rosa, California, called and said, "Dad, have you heard what is happening here? There is a forest fire that is taking over Santa Rosa."

That night, 6,000 structures were destroyed and 9,000 people were displaced. Of those, 155 physicians lost their homes while many of them worked valiantly all night transferring patients from the two hospitals that were evacuated to the one that remained open. Newborns, women in labor, patients on ventilators ... it didn't matter. The medical teams worked nonstop to save as many as they could. Meanwhile, frail elderly patients were evacuated from nursing homes to the only place available to stay the night: empty parking lots. There, with the smoke-laden winds whipping around them, brave nurses spent the night, refusing to leave those in their charge.

If you visit Santa Rosa today, as I have done, you will find people walking the streets with shopping carts. Cars and campers line the quiet side streets, occupied not by immigrants from some distant shores fleeing ISIS or some other human-created disaster, but by people who have lived and prospered in one of America's cities only to be swept into a state of homelessness by an unforeseen and unforeseeable natural disaster, their lives changed for years because there is not adequate housing in



The advertisement for China Bend Winery features a central illustration of a vineyard with a river and mountains, framed by a yellow banner with the winery's name. Below the illustration is a wine glass and a small house icon. The text is arranged in several sections: a yellow circle for 'B&B at the Winery', a large text block for 'Tasting Room Open Thru October' with details on hours and wine types, a yellow box for 'Fall Harvest Season Special Wine Sale', a list of unique selling points, and a final yellow box with the address and contact information. The entire graphic is decorated with grapevines and clusters of grapes.

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their home city and the housing available to them is overpriced, inflated by the landlords who were inspired to raise their prices because of the opportunity afforded them by fire.

Why am I telling you all of this? What does this have to do with living in northeast Washington? After all, we are not afflicted by hurricanes and we don't have flooding (well, actually...) or forest fires that cause homelessness, right?

Hmm...

I was working at a remote emergency room not far from here. The emergency scanner cackled a message late on a Saturday morning. The ambulance crew were on their way from the front line of a forest fire with a burn victim. One of the firefighters had been caught in the blaze and fallen off the back of the truck as it lurched through the flames in its attempt to escape the fire's fury. I looked outside the hospital doors. Sure enough, smoke was filling the sky.

A few minutes later, the patient arrived, with burns to his face, hands, back, chest. A man in his 50s, tall and slender. His grandchildren and daughter met him at the door, having heard the page. We began immediately to assess the patient, cool his burns, relieve his pain, and make plans to evacuate him to the nearest burn center. Unfortunately, the winds and smoke made it impossible for the air ambulance to fly in. He was stuck with us.

At the same time, the nurse supervisor was working on a plan for impending evacuation of the hospital by whatever means was necessary. One of the staff members called in sick and another was dismissed, too distraught to perform her duties, since her own home and family were being evacuated. The incident commander for this hospital disaster and coordinated evacuation could not be found. We had to cobble together a plan. Health care providers came in to help out, and others called

or texted and remained on standby. A Yakima pilot heard about our plight and volunteered to fly in and get the burned firefighter. Acts of heroism, compassionate volunteerism, amid opportunities to improve.

Suddenly, all of the fire trucks left their station just across the street from the hospital, where they had determined make their stand to protect us, and blasted up the road out of town, lights blazing. "Where are they going? Why are they leaving us?" we wondered.

The fire marshal called and explained. A man was walking out of the hills, unable to drive because he could save his horses only by leading them on foot. His cell phone reception was patchy, but from what they could ascertain, a mountain lion was stalking him with his horses as they fled the fire. OK, we assured each other. At least we at the hospital are still on the list to save, just after the horses.

Late that evening, the fire crested the hill just behind the hospital. We watched in awe and breathed a prayer of gratitude, considering what might have been. The patients were safe. The firefighter was transferred. The other emergencies were controlled. A number of homes were evacuated, though only a few destroyed. Most of the disaster was averted. We could settle in for the night.

My reflections? I was thinking of Santa Rosa, and the next big fire in northeast Washington. Unless we learn from what has happened, we are destined to find ourselves victims to the same disasters. I suggest that we, each hospital, each community, make sure that we have a disaster plan, and that it is updated regularly.

Create an inventory of the resources in our neighborhoods – who has water storage, who has blankets, who has a backup generator, who has emergency food, who has an extra bed, or places for animals. Find or create emergency shelters that can be used by victims of flood, fire or other disasters. Use this as a means of

homelessness prevention. Santa Rosa should teach us that much.

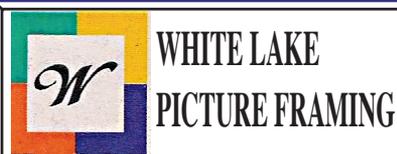
What about the hurricane? Did I make it out in time? My flight was canceled, then rescheduled, then canceled again. I tried to rent a car to get out of Raleigh, but they said no one-way rentals were allowed. I tried the train, but it was shut down. Bus? Couldn't get me to Jacksonville on time. In desperation, my South Sudanese friend rented a car in Jacksonville and drove through the night to pick me up for our presentation at the global health conference there. We made it, albeit with the appearance of having been dragged through a hurricane.

And what of the firefighter?

As it happened, I was working again in that same hospital three weeks later when someone came to the front desk with his family and said he wanted to say thank you. There he was, his face stretched into a grin, his hands still wrapped in gauze. "Looks like I'll get everything back," he said. "Thanks for helping me." The nurses held him in a gentle hug while his family shook my hand. No problem. Glad we could help. Thank you for risking yours. We reflected on the other heroes who had pitched in, medical and emergency and firemen and women. He looked at me. "Thanks for saving my wedding band." I had forgotten. "It was important to me," he explained.

We said goodbye and watched them walk away. Simple acts of kindness and courage mingled together, blending themselves into what it means to be human, to truly live. Bending ourselves, inconveniencing ourselves for the chance to save a life, a home, a horse, a hospital, heroes all.

*Barry Bacon is a physician who has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for 27 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.*



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## Orange Flags in October

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

October is a month of golden glory north of the international boundary, as the turning larch compete with birch and alder in a glorious display. My walks in the woods these days have encountered a newly colorful tree, though there is no glory in the changes. The Western red cedar has been having a tough time, largely as a result of the warmer, drier summers.

Cedar die-back is an affliction noted by researchers over the past few decades, with a 2009 study of coastal cedar forests measuring mortality rates that had doubled during the previous 17 years. It's happening in North Columbia Country, too.

Year by year, I have watched the dying cedar fronds grow more and more apparent. This year, some trees look entirely burnt-orange from a distance, with numerous dying flags on all branches. The trees are greatly stressed.

Cedars are born to drink rain, and it is water that nurtures their resilience. Salish women basket-weavers have long-prized the roots

and bark for their strength and pliability. For millennia, a streamside tree growing in sandy or graveled soil was considered the best choice, for roots that grew long and straight. The bark is still sometimes stripped from living trees, by women who know how to do it. In a careful process that mixes gratitude with listening, women take bark in a way that allows the tree to keep living. A tree's gradual re-growth over the stripped area proves that, for a long time, it's been tough to kill a cedar without a chainsaw.

But something is testing this beautiful tree, and that something is the absence of moisture in the heart of the summer.

The steep mountains north of the border once felt the rinse of summer rain regularly, and the developed forests up here show that climatic habit clearly. Most readers living in North Columbia Country understand from experience how the landscape gradually changes as one drives north of Cusick on highway 31. It's about there that the cedar starts to make a

strong showing. The mountains grow steeper, the corners of the highway turn tighter, and the climate shifts. Deeper snow in winter. More rain in summer. (I hear the huckleberry picking gets better, too.)

Even within my two-plus decades as a local in the Canadian mountains, I have seen the climatic changes, reflected now in the cedars. It used to be that the only truly reliably dry summer weeks for camping and hiking were in early August, or maybe in the last part of July. Now, the summer stretches much longer without a cloud, and the fire season grows longer. This summer, everyone noticed – both north and south of the boundary. We all breathed in smoke for weeks.

The cedar has been present in this landscape for only about 4,000 years, and researchers suggest that the tree has had a strong presence in these mountains for only about 2,000 years. Scientists have analyzed core samples of pollen drawn from alpine lakes and theorize that, prior

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to that time, the climate was much warmer and drier. It needed to be, to melt all the ice that still choked the river systems. In some places, it was a mile deep.

Relative to the rest of Canada, the mountains just north of Colville and Cusick have, since the cedar arrived, been more temperate, even with all the snow. The milder winters and wetter summers have been a great habitat for this resinous tree. Its presence here signals a somewhat gentler slice of the Great White North.

In mid-September this year, the skies finally gave way and the forests got a long, deep drink. I felt the relief. Shrubs that had grown papery got back their spring. Smudges of green grass cropped up. My path to the shoreline no longer sent up puffs of dust as I walked. The skies cleared. The summer drought was over.

Yet, for the plants, who cannot relocate, the future looks challenging. The changes will be hardest on those species that live on the edge of the changes. The temperate, wet-loving plants such as cedar are not conditioned to great extremes.

I send the tree my good wishes, and hope that the effects of this great change upon us can be somehow softened. I don't have any an-



swers, except that I wonder if what the natural world needs might have something to do with gratitude, respect and paying closer attention.

*Eileen Delehanty Pearkes lives in Nelson, B.C.*

*Her recent book on the Columbia River Treaty, A River Captured, was recently released by Rocky Mountain Books. For more of her explorations of the western landscape, visit [www.edpearkes.com](http://www.edpearkes.com).*

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## Two Doctors (Part 1)

By Jack Nisbet

Some time ago I met a physician who had come to Spokane in the mid-1970s to start a family practice. As a female doctor she was part of a small minority in the medical community, not only of Spokane, but across the region.

She and a couple of her cohorts decided to

organize a gathering of female doctors so they could chat informally about the challenges they faced. The house they chose to meet in was a small one, but at that time all the licensed women physicians in Spokane easily sat down in the living room to air things out.

A story like that only magnifies the aura of intrigue around two women doctors, Carrie Leiberger and Mary Latham, who arrived in the Inland Northwest in the 1880s to ply their trade. Although they came from different circumstances, the parallels between these two pioneering lives were many, and their careers reflect a complexity of social and political issues that still resonate today. The scattered tracks they left behind testify both to their unyielding persistence and to the toll taken by the difficult public work they chose to pursue.

According to family lore, Carrie Leiberger held a girlhood ambition to be a physician until that plan was thwarted by a lack of funds. At age 19, an older man's offer of education in exchange for marriage revived her hope, but nine years later, an 1880 Minnesota census that recorded her as living with her husband and an adopted son listed her occupation as "keeping house."

She had not given up on her dream, however, and that same year entered the Woman's Medical College of Chicago. Her training included technical practice in surgery and histology, as well as obstetrics, gynecology and diseases of children.

At some point during her two years at the medical college, she encountered a married railroad man named John Leiberger. In time they became lovers, but complications kept them apart. John moved his legal family to Lewiston, Idaho, and took up mineral prospecting. Carrie left her Minnesota husband and relocated to California, where she obtained a medical certification. Their bond proved to be stronger than those distances: By 1885 both had obtained divorces and Carrie, along with her infant son Bernard, began to carve out a homestead with John on the south end of Lake Pend Oreille.

Over the next several years, John tried to make a go of it in mining, staking claims that were often registered in both their names, but Carrie also applied for a license to practice medicine in Idaho. In the fall of 1889 she opened her

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first office in Post Falls, a growing town on the Spokane River. She was 37 years old.

Mary Latham also came late to her vocation. She had been married to an Ohio doctor for twenty years and was well along in raising three sons when she entered the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery. As a student, she became part of the first group of women allowed to practice in the wards of Cincinnati General Hospital.

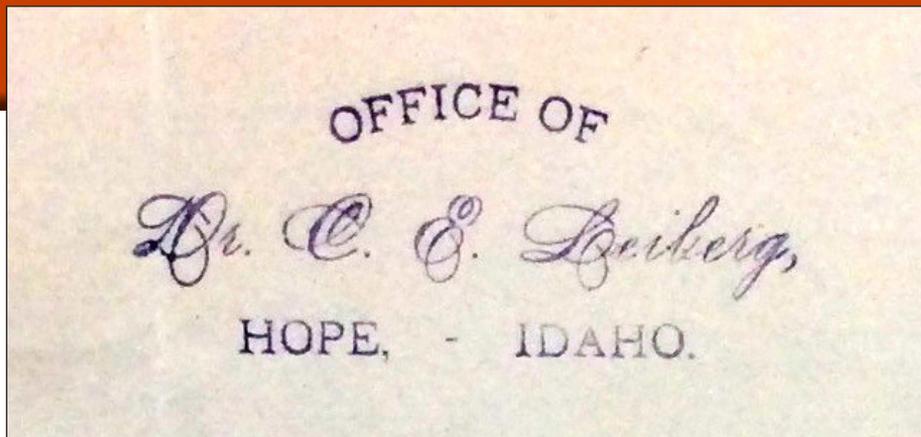
Mary gained her medical degree in 1886 at age 42, and within a year moved to Spokane to start her own practice. Her husband, Edward, chose to remain behind in Cincinnati for some time, so Mary and her boys, then ages 21, 17 and 15, made their own way.

Working out of her home at first, she soon developed a strong following among both women and men and moved to a downtown office. When the Great Spokane Fire of August 1889 incinerated her entire building, she quickly opened a makeshift dispensary, treating any fire victim who could not afford care free of charge. That action won her renown throughout the city.

Although Carrie Leiberg's office in Post Falls did not garner as much media attention, a handful of her letters to a friend describe her own compassionate patient care. The most striking case occurred in early March of 1890, when her five-year old son Bernard came down with a rash that she diagnosed as scarlet fever. Knowing how quickly the disease could spread, she decided to quarantine herself and the boy.

Dr. Leiberg knew of an old shanty about a mile outside the village of Post Falls and sent workmen to line its walls with thick paper to keep out the wind, then had them deliver a cot, stove and chair. She borrowed a farm sled, bundled Bernard in blankets, and drove him quickly to the threadbare infirmary with no ill effects. "It was very desolate there I assure you," she wrote. "All alone, with a sick child, so far from anyone."

Fortunately, Bernard's attack turned out to



*Dr. Carrie Leiberg's office letterhead, Hope, Idaho, 1896. National Archives*

be a mild one, and as soon as Carrie deemed him no longer contagious, mother and son moved to more comfortable quarters at nearby Fort Sherman.

Soon after the turn of the year 1891, John and Carrie decided to rent a cottage in Hope, on the north end of Lake Pend Oreille, so that Bernard could go to school there. Carrie took the opportunity to restart her medical practice, complete with stationery stamped in an attractive purple ink letterhead. She could pursue her trade and still remain close to her precious child.

Not long after Dr. Leiberg had settled into her new office in Hope, a Spokane reporter who followed Dr. Latham on her rounds at Sister's Hospital (now Sacred Heart) wrote that "The smiles that lit up the sad faces as I passed with her told more plainly than words can tell that she was a frequent and welcome visitor."

Latham's reputation continued to grow when, early in 1892, she was lauded in a local magazine for her work with the downtrodden. At that time she served as the obstetrics specialist for an institute based on a faddish blood health theory known as "biochemics," while continuing to maintain a private office at the Blalock Building in downtown Spokane.

Meanwhile, Carrie Leiberg had begun to pursue an ambitious project of her own. "At present Mrs. L is in Spokane Falls, prospecting places for the establishment there of a Maternity Hospital and Training School for Nurses," her

husband wrote. "There is not in the whole of Idaho or in Eastern Washington an institution of the kind, and there is a great need of it."

Over the winter of 1891-1892, a Spokane hospital had opened a school for nurses staffed by two women from the Chicago Training School, and newspaper articles assured the public that a maternity facility was in the works. As two area physicians with a keen interest in birthing and child care, Latham and Leiberg certainly would have come to know one another during this period.

By spring 1892, Leiberg, apparently dividing her time between Hope and Spokane, rented space in the same Blalock Building where Latham practiced. Although this is the only record of the two women officially sharing a space, their professional and personal lives continued to mirror one another in both logical and surprising ways.

More next month.

*Thanks to Dr. Nan Smith and Dr. Leslie Waters for sharing their experiences as Inland Northwest physicians, and to Barbara Cochran's account of Mary Latham in her book Seven Frontier Women and the Founding of Spokane Falls, Tornado Creek Publications.*

*Jack Nisbet's latest title follows the adventures of John and Carrie Leiberg. The Dreamer and the Doctor will appear in late October from Sasquatch Books. For information about readings and presentations, visit [www.jacknisbet.com](http://www.jacknisbet.com).*



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# The Seasons of Change

By Joanie Christian

*“Autumn ... the year's last, loveliest smile.”*

~ William Cullen Bryant

After a hot summer plagued by wildfires, the very welcome rain and cooler temperatures herald the onset of fall, which seemed to happen almost overnight.

Here in Northeastern Washington, autumn is a time of transition, and one of the most beautiful seasons in the region, I think. People are harvesting the last of the produce and canning and preserving it for winter. Gardens, cleaned up, will lie dormant until spring planting. Wood stoves and fireplaces are being lit for the first time in months. Flannel shirts and thick fuzzy clothing and bedding are unearthed in anticipation of chilly temperatures. Soups and breads are on the menus, and pumpkin-spiced everything hits the supermarket shelves and coffee stands. Other people are preparing to fly south for the winter.

Just as we humans have our own rituals and rites of passage in autumn, so does the natural world. While some of nature's transitions are obvious, such as the dramatic change in foliage

color, other less noticeable changes are happening right under our noses. Squirrels and chipmunks are collecting seeds and cones to store.

Sometimes groups of squirrels harvest in the forest at the same time, creating variously pitched sounds as the cones careen off branches and tree trunks on their way to the ground, producing an exotic percussion-like musical arrangement. If you are ever fortunate enough to find yourself a witness to this, it is a memorable experience.

Beaver are stocking their underwater caches with branches that they shove into the mud. Like people, beaver have complex living areas with multiple rooms that include one or more entrances (theirs are underwater), a kitchen or feeding area, and a dry nest, as well as a fresh air source. They stay inside their lodges all winter, going to the food cache for their meals.

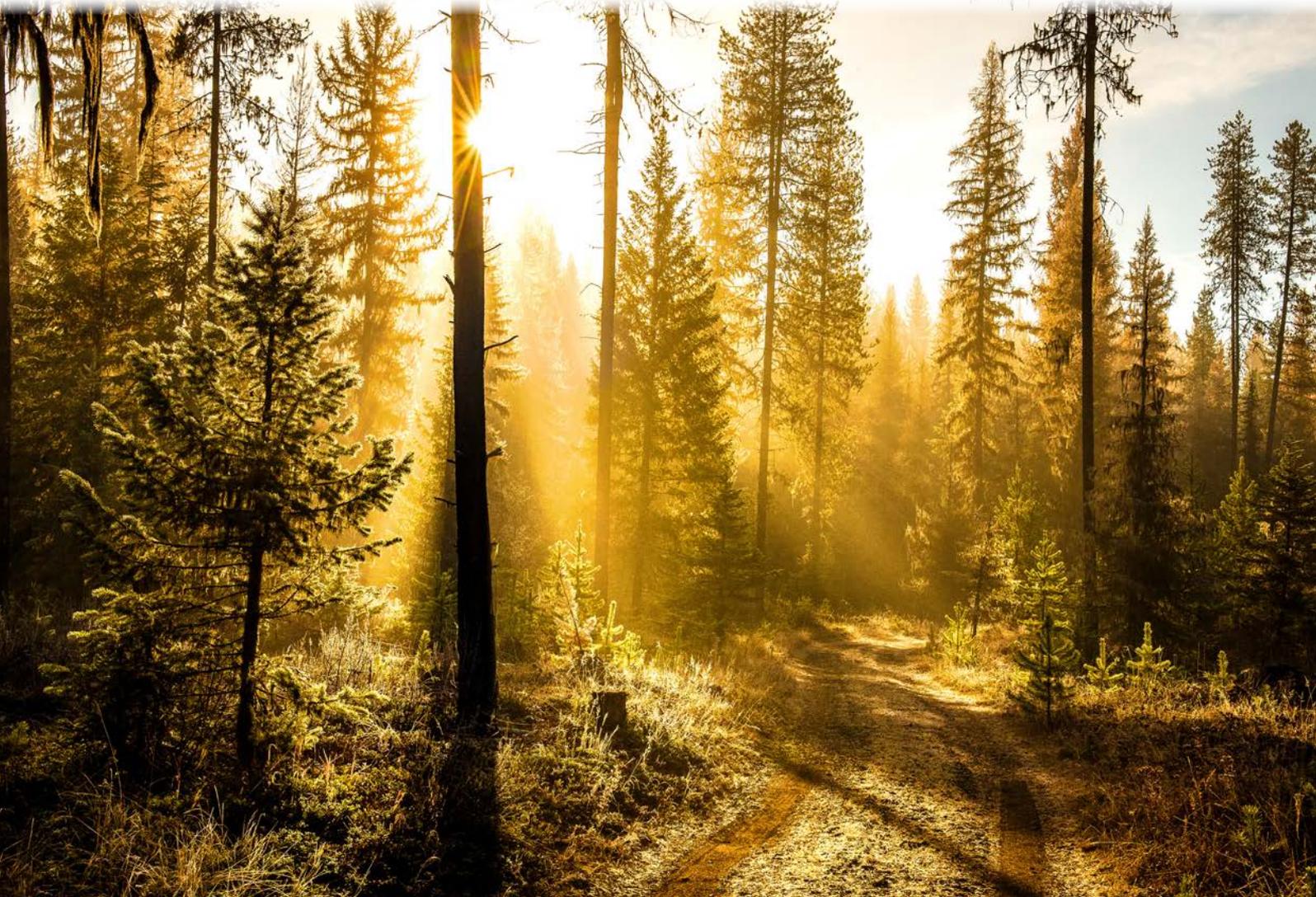
Many types of male waterfowl molt after breeding, going into “eclipse plumage” for most of the summer. At this stage, they are neutral-colored like the females, and are flightless. In the fall, their mating plumage begins

to come back, and flecks of color start to appear. They can look a little scruffy during this time, but if you observe closely, you can see the bright colors reappearing. They will soon look like the drakes we are familiar with. It is common at this time of year to see large groups of male waterfowl together.

Many ducks and other waterfowl are preparing to fly south for the winter the old-fashioned way, some flying thousands of miles to their winter home. Mallards can fly up to 40 miles per hour, and with a good tailwind can travel 800 miles in 8 hours, which is quite astounding. Other waterfowl overwinter in the region, congregating on Lake Roosevelt, which doesn't freeze over, often in large flocks of mixed birds. When they get spooked and take flight en masse, it is quite a sight.

The temperature of lakes in our area begins to cool. In certain conditions, the difference between air and water temperature produces a dramatic fog early in the morning. Such conditions are a photographer's dream.

Lakes are known to “turn over” in the fall and spring. In the summer months, lakes have



three layers of water, with the deepest layer of water being the coldest and heaviest. The layers generally do not mix with one another unless the lake is really shallow. But in the fall, the warmest water at the surface begins to cool. As the surface water cools, it becomes denser and sinks, causing the deepest water to rise, turning over the layers of the lake. Wind can speed this process. Fall turnover can take anywhere from a couple of days to a week or more for the deeper lakes. The opposite process happens in spring.

During turnover, the lake is less clear due to nutrients from the bottom coming to the top, and there can sometimes be a distinct smell as algae and decaying matter rise. Fishing isn't as good when the water is murky during turnover.

Fall is famous for the various hues of leaves – a kaleidoscope of reds, oranges and yellows. In the Inland Northwest, we have an abundance of Western larch (often called tamarack trees), the only conifers in the area that drop their needles in the fall. But before they drop, they turn a glorious golden yellow, coloring the forests and mountainsides. Although peak color time varies from year to year, the end of October is often the height of color for tamaracks. Sometimes the needles drop gradually, and at other times they are helped along by a windstorm and fall all at once. It is quite a marvelous thing to see the golden needles flying through the air when that happens.

Regardless of how they fall, they create an exquisite golden carpet that seems to mute sound. The busyness of summer quiets for the peaceful and white winter to come.

When tamarack needles fall in a lake, they temporarily lie on the surface, looking like liquid gold before sinking. They often swirl, forming interesting patterns. An art piece.

Bull moose vie for the opportunity to reproduce. Moose calves will arrive in mid-May to early June. In general, animals grow longer, thicker coats to keep them warm during the winter. Their coats often change to a lighter color as well, to help camouflage them for survival in a winter landscape.



Water lilies start to decompose and sink back into the water, contributing nutrients back to the lake. Some nights will begin getting cold enough to create a temporary thin layer of ice that will melt off during the day. Paddling through this thin ice can be quite a magical thing.

The day will soon come when the ice stays and is too thick to paddle through, and water lilies will be held in place as if in suspended animation.

I am grateful for the seasons we have here, both for the beauty and for the mental transition into a new season. As things quiet down for the coming winter, I embrace the gifts of autumn and look forward to what the spring will bring. May you do the same.

*Joanie Christian, a freelance nature photographer, has lived in NE WA for 40+ years. View her work at [joaniechristianphotography.com](http://joaniechristianphotography.com) and follow her paddling adventures at [stillwaterpaddling.com](http://stillwaterpaddling.com).*

## Touchstones

By Loren Cruden

*“...only by touching the two points, my birthplace and the point from which I was conceived out of previous generations, can I know the full complexity of my being in relation to the earth which produced me.” ~ Richard Demarco*

When my son and I moved to the North Columbia region in 1990, I was impressed by the abundance of wildlife – and Scottish surnames. I gradually learned something of the area’s history, which centered on the wildlife, the river, and the tribes who lived here long before anyone else arrived.

Why did so many Scots – particularly Highlanders – come to this region? Fur trading is an obvious answer, but the impulse for venturing abroad may’ve begun long before, with their Celtic ancestors. Celtic tribes got around. They were inquisitive roamers, martially inclined but not empire builders – or even town builders. Their culture was oral, mobile and pastoral – outdoorsy.

We’ll soon come around to the local tie-in, but for now fast-forward to 843 AD (as a history lesson this article is a little like speed

dating), when Pictish Celts and formerly Irish Celts united under mixed-blood King Kenneth MacAlpin, birthing what became known as Scotland. This was a complicated time. But since all Scottish history is mind-bogglingly complicated, we’ll just barge on. Angles, Britons, Norse and, later, Normans were elbowing into Scotland also.

By around the 11th century a gradual split in culture – in language, ethnicity, dress, temperament and way of life – had developed between the Scottish Lowlands and Highlands, which continues to this day. The West Highlands and Islands were where Gaelic (Celtic) clan culture remained most richly concentrated.

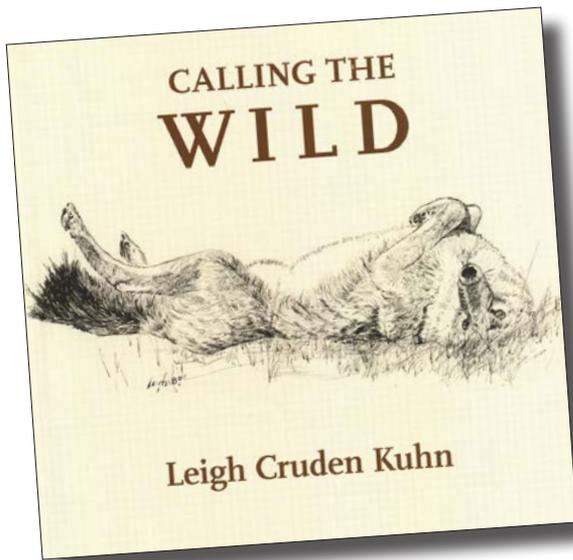
In 1296, England invaded Scotland, precipitating decades of war (Mel Gibson’s “Braveheart” stirringly though inaccurately portrays a period during these wars). Scotland

finally regained its independence, but in 1603, when England’s Queen Elizabeth died childless, Scotland’s King James VI additionally became England’s King James I in a union of the crowns. This didn’t work out well for Scotland – or for the Catholic north of Ireland where the paranoid James planted a Protestant colony of English and Lowland Scots with the intention of undermining any rebellious Celtic alliance between Gaels in Ireland and Gaels in Scotland. This was the genesis of the Northern Irish “Troubles” and also the nest out of which so many of America’s Scots-Irish revolutionary heroes like Patrick Henry hatched.

In 1707 the Scottish parliament – much to the outrage of Scottish citizens, who rioted in the streets – agreed to a political union with the English parliament, bringing both countries under a single (now Anglicized) monarch and a single (long Anglicized) governing body.

The Highlands and Islands had long before turned its back on the south, maintaining its traditional Gaelic way of life. Lowlanders – and

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the English – regarded Gaels as barbaric heathens. For centuries the government tried its best first to control, then to systematically eradicate the Gaels and their ancient culture. Punishing laws and what was termed “useful violence” were applied.

As later happened in America with the Indians, the indigenous language was robustly targeted – for centuries. I’ve talked with Highlanders, less than a generation older than me, who were beaten by schoolteachers for speaking Gaelic.

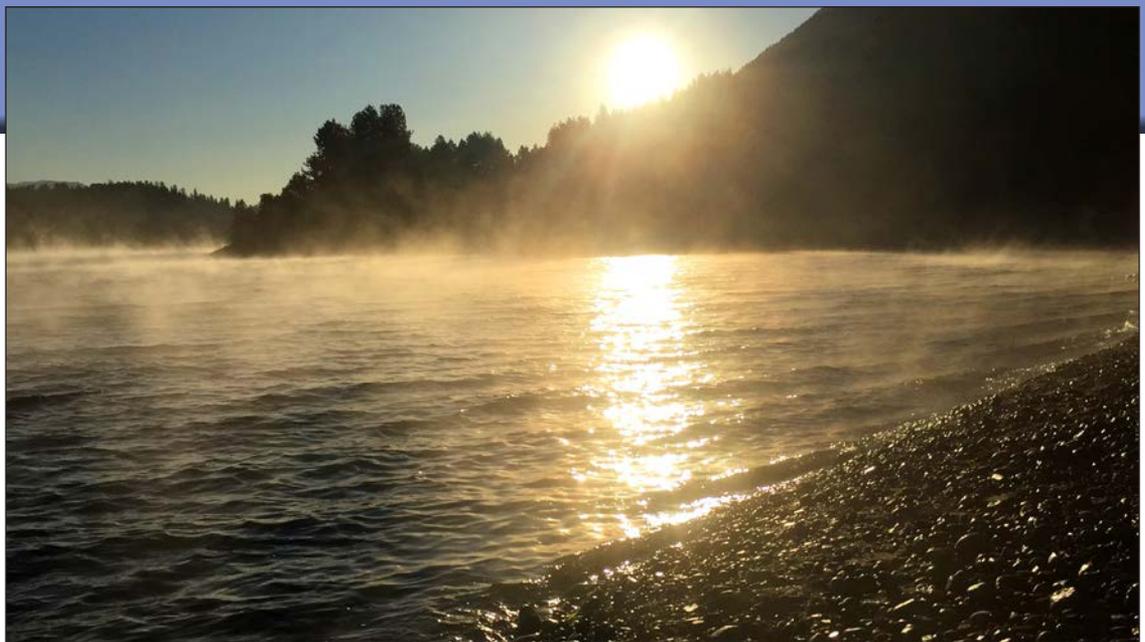
Jacobite uprisings to restore the Stewart lineage of kings in the 1700s failed; the Highland aftermath of the final uprising in 1745-46 (featuring Bonnie Prince Charlie) included government-sanctioned rape, slaughter and pillage, as well as land forfeitures, deportation as slave labor, executions and exile. The government even discussed sterilization of all Highland women. Possessing bagpipes or weapons (bagpipes were legally termed weapons) and wearing tartan were banned.

This was followed by the Highland Clearances, mainly in 1782-1820 and 1840-1854, evicting clanspeople from their ancestral lands, replacing them with Lowland sheep and deer parks. This was instigated by debt-ridden landowners but supported by the government. In 1750, more than a third of Scotland’s population lived in the Highlands. Today only five percent do so, and many of these are not Scots, much less Gaels.

Thus the great Scottish diaspora: waves of immigrants, some venturesome (like those hardy fur traders along the Columbia) and some outright forced to Canada, the U.S., Australia and New Zealand. Those waves of immigrants wrecked havoc on indigenous populations in all these places.

The early trickle of Scots along the northern Columbia – the botanists, trappers and adventurers on an empire’s fringe – probably gave little thought to the cultural and environmental consequences of what they initiated, despite the persecutions to which their own people had been subjected. This is historically typical of groups of people whether conflict of interest pits tribe against tribe, religion against religion or rich against poor: empathy, restraint and mutuality are rarely applied.

Having moved around to so many places in my own life, being a stranger has been a prevail-



ing theme. As a perpetual incomer I start out ignorant and then observe, inquire, learn and connect as part of a gradually deepening process. Relationship with place is many-layered, involving duration of family, community and cultural ties; affinity with a particular landscape; commitment to a particular way of life; and entrapment to a place’s natural patterns and rhythms. Resonance may be immediate, but relationship with place is something that unfolds slowly over time as roots reach down, finding what nourishes them, and branches reach out, finding ways in which to sustain that nourishment and give something back in return, a reciprocity.

Growing up in a place and, especially, having generational duration stretch back a long ways have depths that an incomer’s experience can’t duplicate. As with language, a learner’s feel for it is different from a native-speaker’s, no matter how fluent the learner. But a learner, whether of place or language, can bring fresh appreciation and perspective and attention.

Pondering the Demarco quote at the beginning of this piece ... my own “conception out of previous generations” was largely Scottish, though some Prussians and English and maybe a few Dutch were in the mix as well. But “Scottish” most substantially describes my family’s character.

The other vital point Demarco bids us personally contemplate is birthplace, which in my case was the Florida east coast. So, I suppose I am an Atlantic person in relation to the earth, bourn – if not born – on its bridging waves. The smell of the sea always evokes childhood memories. I lived by the shore in Scotland also; the smell of a much colder Atlantic. My ancestors, like those of most people in this land, were immigrants.

My ex-husband Rob, in Scotland, whose family duration in the West Highlands goes back a thousand years or so and whose maternal

lineage links him to the MacAlpains – Scotland’s first kings – knows the features of Highland landscape the way people do the faces of their kin. Landscape-oriented cultures in the past didn’t name mountains and rivers and such after explorers or monarchs or conquerors. As with indigenous cultures everywhere, names of landscape features in the Highlands and Islands are descriptive and have local significance connecting past events to the present, a continuity of cultural knowledge and intimacy with place, both practical and spiritual. I envied Rob that indigenous depth of connection. As, on occasion, he may’ve envied my blithe, curiosity-fueled untethered-ness.

As a stranger, when I move to a place I am interested in knowing who abided or abides there already, what has happened there, and what the landscape meant or means to those longer-abiding people. My own story in the North Columbia region is but a postscript in locality’s very old book.

But something equally old stirs in me during moments like when I parked at the bank in Colville the other day and noticed a Scottish flag decal on the window of the pickup parked next to me, or when a stranger pulled over on the highway to help me change a tire and regaled me with stories about his Scottish connections.

Part of the complexity Demarco speaks of in relation to one’s sense of being is the question all immigrant descendants face, consciously or not, of how to honor our roots *and* be a worthy participant in where we are today. Finding out about ancestral history and learning the story of people indigenous to the land in which one was born – or moved to – may help clarify those touchstones between which meaningful relationship with place unfolds.

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

# That Darn Lovable Bob

By Tina Tolliver Matney

They say cats have nine lives. If that is true then my cat, Bob, should have left this earth a long time ago. He has stopped my heart and sent me to grieving over his supposed demise all the times he has gone missing over his 11 years.

He has always been an independent and generally healthy cat. I've known cats that lived to near 20 years old, so I don't consider him old and feeble, unlike another cat of mine that is just a mere six months older than Bob but has

shown a steady decline in her health over the past year.

It seems that just as I start to consider retiring Bob's food bowl or vacuuming the last of his hair clumps out of the carpet, he reappears with his arrogant and often cranky demeanor, which he has honed right along with his claws that he will sink into the thighs of anyone who tries to snuggle him into their lap if he's not fully willing to participate in a cuddle session.

Bob isn't your typical everyday run-of-the-litter-box kind of cat. First of all he is a Manx (hence his name) with uncanny hunting skills. And his behavior is often more like that of a dog. He comes when he's called, whether it's from the barn or up in the shop or down from the field where I suspect he hovers around the gopher holes. When he hears "Here Bob!" he comes running.

From the time he was a feisty kitten he has insisted on joining us on our walks. However, once he gets tired he just stops and his generally regal air is reduced to something more akin to a two-year-old child while he lies on the ground and wails until I pick him up and carry him home.

Of course carrying him was easy when he was a small kitten. And I'm guilty of being the one who once tucked him into the front pocket of my jacket, which then quickly became his preferred mode of transport when he got tired of walking.

Now, while Bob isn't a large cat, it seems every ounce of his furry self is made of lead. And it seems that the older both Bob and I get, the heavier he gets. (We won't discuss the flip side of that because he doesn't have to pack me.) And now, as much as he would love to ride along in my pocket, he just won't fit, so I scoop him up and cradle him while we walk, until my back threatens to seize up and my arms feel like they will snap.

There is nothing more entertaining or downright adorable than a feisty little kitten. And I suppose it is that type of thinking that carries one down the road to becoming a crazy cat lady. Even when they're shredding the back side of a sofa while they race across it a dozen times because they are obviously possessed, they are adorable. Even when they pounce on your head at 2 a.m. they are adorable. And, of course, when they are chasing a string of yarn that is attached to an \$800 spinning wheel, they are still adorable.

But there always comes that day when that cute little kitten becomes "the cat." It generally happens around the time they take to sharpening their claws on your antique rocking chair or your spinning wheel. Or they are caught in the act of shredding an entire living room because they are the lion and everything must die.

That's when my cats are considered grown up enough to become the keepers of the farm. The catchers of the mice. The horkers of hairballs. I truly do love my three cats. But once they grew up and settled in to the daily routine here, I think I began to take them for granted. They are just always around, showing up at feeding time and occasionally asking for a lap to curl into or

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a thigh to knead.

They've taken over the lovely patio chairs even after my attempts to create more comfy sleeping places for them on the porch and make the lovely patio chairs less appealing by placing pieces of tinfoil over the cushions. That worked until the wind blew the tinfoil across the yard. I came home to find each chair occupied, cat hair already embedding itself into the woven fabrics. The yard was strewn with little pieces of tinfoil, adding to that ghetto look I can't seem to get away from for more than a moment when I do my best to make things look like I don't live with animals who don't care about how things appear to anyone other than themselves.

I see hair in the cushions, they see an inviting place to nap on a hot summer afternoon. I see a chewed-up tennis ball that looks like trash, the dog sees a toy that means the world to her. I see a headless mouse waiting by the back door on a chilly morning. The cat sees a prize they want to share with me. While living with animals doesn't mean I can't have pretty things ... oh who am I kidding? It means exactly that. I just don't care about the pretty things so much anymore.

Recently, Bob went missing again. Then he came to greet me one evening as I settled into a lawn chair to enjoy a cool beverage and a good book. I could hear him purring before he even touched my hand, demanding some rubs, but then he threw himself sideways across my shoes as if to scratch an itch on his ever-irritated back. Bob has some skin issues. Rubbing coconut oil or a prescription balm for hot spots seems to keep things in check, but now and then he pulls out clumps of fur and flings them into the wind (or onto the carpet if he happens to be in the house) when an itch gets the best of him.

One day last spring I stood over way too much of Bob's fur coat that was strewn about in the middle of the grass and my heart sank as I imagined an owl had swooped down to take him or a bobcat or perhaps a coyote had stolen

him right out of the backyard. I won't deny that my imagination gets the best of me in any given situation.

I turned to go inside to relate my discovery when I saw him lying up in the chair on the porch, sleeping soundly with a noticeable little bald spot on his back. Whether he had an itch or tangled with the other cat who likes to pretend he is the lion on occasion we'll never know.

Cats seem to do everything adventurous when we're not looking, leaving behind those little clues that something is amiss, but not quite enough evidence for us to conclude anything at all. I had heard an owl in the pine trees later on that evening after Bob had greeted me in his fleeting way. I tried not to jump to conclusions the next morning when he didn't show up for the morning chow line.

He never stays put for long, unless it's to curl up next to the wood stove and take a long nap when it's cold outside. But he also never stays away for long. So, after two days had gone by, I worried in earnest that he had met with disaster. He didn't come running like usual when I went out to call him in. The dogs and I walked the property over and over again. I called and called and still he didn't come.

By the third day that feeling that he wouldn't come back had settled over me. I finally gave up calling, probably to the relief of my neighbors up-river who by now must wonder who the heck Bob is and why am I always yelling for him.

And once again, it was after I started to think about life without Bob that I found him out behind the barn. He was covered with dust and dirt, limping and scared and obviously as happy to see me as I was to see him. I scooped him up and lugged him back to the house, pleased to feel his weight in my arms. I cleaned him up and fed him while he wailed his woes of a story I'll never know.

And then I reluctantly let him back outside because that is where he prefers to be. I think my

eyes got a little weepy then, because I promised him that no matter how many lives he might have left, I will make sure that I never let another day go without appreciating him and all of the other animals who share this place we all call home.

*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.*



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Murder Mystery Dinner Theatre  
**"MURDER IN DISGUISE"**  
Oct. 13, 19, 20 - 6 pm  
Oct. 14, 21 - 2 pm  
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Enjoy a great Liz Ellsworth dinner and see if you can solve the mystery before dessert!

**The Falls Festival**  
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Watch "Hotel Transylvania 3"  
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Celtic-Themed Dinner, 5:30 pm:  
\$15 Reservations required  
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# Inside Story: How Wildfires Grow

Article & Photo By J. Foster Fanning

Generally, in the Pacific Northwest, fire season begins to lose steam as we approach October. That didn't apply on Oct. 16, 1991, when drought conditions coupled with exceptionally warm temperatures and a 60 m.p.h. wind sent flames roaring into Spokane, Stevens, Ferry, Okanogan and Pend Oreille counties.

In a matter of minutes, from when the first falling tree brought down power lines, sparking the first blaze, dozens more fires started and spread rapidly. The Spokane County 911 system was overwhelmed with emergency calls, near total-chaos started and firefighters were instantly behind the curve. This incendiary complex included 92 wildfires, burning more than 35,000 acres, destroying 110 homes, and killing one person – all in the course of one October afternoon!

So how does wildfire grow into such complex conflagrations? Looking at the basics, we see a triangle of radiation, convection and conduction.

Remember that campfire mentioned in last month's article? It is the radiant heat that feels so good coming through the air. Radiant energy pre-heats fuels adjacent to the fire and makes them more available to burn. If those fuels are close enough to the radiant source, they can ignite.

But it is convective heat that really gets the process rolling. Convective energy is the heat lifting off those burning fuels and lofting into the air (hot air rises). Alongside that campfire, you might be able to hold your hands pretty close to the flames while sitting on the ground, but if you try holding your hands over the fire, into the convective column, the heat can be very intense for a much greater distance.

It's the hot air rising that gets the tree branches dancing over the campfire. It's the upward flow that lifts embers when you toss on more

firewood. It is within the convection column of a fire that we find smoke, the visible suspension of carbon and other particles emitted from the burning substance. If there is a tree near the campfire and its branches are exposed to the rising heat from the convection, the needles or leaves of that branch may become receptive fuels and the intense heat source can ignite them. Generally, that ignition self-extinguishes due to the source being a stable campfire that is not growing.

But what happens when the heat source is unstable and growing? That receptive pine needle fuel, which ignites in dry conditions, will support a flame length of 2 to 6 inches high. This is known as a low intensity surface fire.

If it happens on a slope (a fire burns more rapidly uphill) with other fuel nearby and wind, the pine needle fire can grow not only in area being burned but in intensity as well, creating longer flames and increasing the heat. Now the method of heat transfer expands. Radiant energy increases drying and ignition of more fuels, and the convective energy of the fire lofts more heat, embers and smoke into the column.

As the fire continues to grow, nearby grasses and brush – fuels with a more vertical arrangement – become available for combustion, and the flame lengths grow from mere inches to several feet, creating more heat, more transfer of energy, more combustion. Now the fire is not only burning on the surface of the ground but lifting into what firefighters call "ladder fuels." At this stage the perimeter of the fire is growing, with more combustion of fuels occurring, more heat being created and transferred, and a bigger smoke plume via a larger, more intense convection column.

It is the convective lift of heat energy near and within the canopy of

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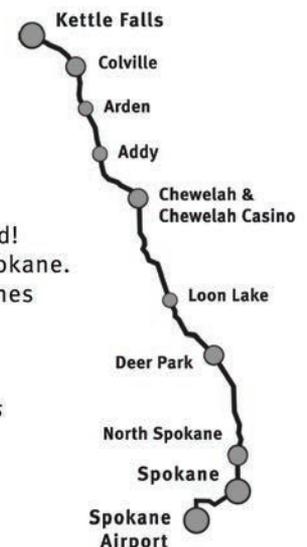
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a tree that causes live, green, conifer trees to catch fire. The more wind, the greater the slope and the more available the fuel arrangement, the greater the chance of a single tree candling or torching.

We've all heard the expressive description of a large wildfire sounding like a jet aircraft flying nearby. The beginning of that sound is the mass combustion of a conifer tree bursting into flame. It is when an entire hillside of pre-heated conifers towering over heavy undergrowth of young trees, brush and other fuels begins torching all together that the unmistakable roar of a wildfire comes into being.

That fire behavior is a warning that a greater prospective danger exists: the potential for a crown fire. The torching of trees happens when the surface fire reaches temperatures in excess of 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. It is the rising heat from the surface fire that causes the torching of trees. A crown fire, on the other hand, occurs when the fire grows into the canopy of the forest and is able to maintain and spread combustion independent of a surface fire, due to the intense radiant and convective heat transfer between burning trees.

Let's go back to the campfire for a moment. Remember the glowing embers lifting into the smoke when we disturbed the fire? Generally, the thousands of embers emitted off a campfire are not of consequence due to their small size and short lifespan. But when a tree torches, with much greater convective lift, more and larger embers are created, and these can be substantial. When those bigger, longer-life embers drift back onto the available, unburned fuels, there is a likelihood of them causing ignitions. Spot fires! The bane of all firefighters.

A spot fire can occur a few feet from its burning origin, occasionally jumping the fire lines firefighters are building to contain the blaze. When the convection column is strong, lifting not only embers but burning branches, flaming moss, and other lofted fiery fuels, spot fires can occur anywhere from 100 feet to a mile in front of the main fire. And in complex fire situations, there can be hundreds of spot fires in advance of the main blaze.

Spot fires complicate matters greatly for fire suppression forces – rapidly expanding the fire's footprint, threatening to entrap firefighters, causing the fire to jump roads, rivers, and other containment points that firefighters are trying to take advantage of.

During the hot months of summer, when fuel moistures are low, a wildfire that has established itself over a large portion of the landscape can be very difficult to control. When temperatures during the day are at their highest and relative humidity at its lowest, the fire burns most aggressively, but even at night, if dry winds blow or the temperatures remain overly warm and the relative humidity low, there is little reprieve from the combustion process.

On steep slopes, fire behavior can become extreme: a plume-dominated fire, where a massive convection column develops from huge tracts of forest crowning, like Ferry County's 59,000-acre Stickpin Fire within the Kettle Complex in 2015. It was what firefighters and foresters call a "stand replacement" fire, given the vast areas where no trees survived.

As the hot August afternoon winds blew, Stickpin turned into a massive crown fire, torching miles of forestlands in a single day. A drive over the Boulder Deer Creek Pass of the northern Kettle River Range today reveals thousands of acres of standing dead timber with very few surviving trees. Stickpin had developed into a plume-dominated wildfire with a super-heated column that topped out against the jet stream, over 10,000 feet above the earth's surface.

So, the next time you strike that ordinary match, take a moment to watch the red phosphorus, sulfur and potassium chlorate intermix into the fire triangle of heat, oxygen and fuel. Think about that 1,000-degree Fahrenheit flame stick you are holding, and reflect on the incredible and amazing history of humans and fire. Be careful out there...

Get out there and enjoy the out-of-doors, but don't play with matches...  
*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>.*

# WHAT'S



MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM!

# APPREZEN

## Events

**Oct 3:** Northport Dollars for Scholars annual meeting, Northport School cafeteria, 6:30 pm. Learn about scholarships available for 2019 NHS graduates, FAFSA information, meet previous scholarship recipients. Pizza will be served. Email northportdollarsforscholars@gmail.com for more info.

**Oct 6:** 44<sup>th</sup> Annual Marcus Cider Fest featuring pancake breakfast, parade (10:30 am), kid's carnival games, classic car show, arts & crafts, food court, beer garden, and live music, noon - 1 am.

**Oct 6:** Hands Across Nations Benefit Dinner / Auction, Chewelah Civic Center, 301 E Clay Ave, 5pm - 8pm.

**Oct 7:** Onion Creek Bargain Fair, 10-3. Free to shop, \$5 to sell, no charge for non-profits. Fun, food, friends. Next to Onion Creek General Store, 2191 Onion Creek Rd. Colville. Call 509-732-6648 for more info.

**Oct 7:** Chewelah Valley Lions Fall Bike Tour, 10-11 am, starts at Chewelah City Park.

**Oct 7:** Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon-4. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. A portion of proceeds benefit Northport Dollars for Scholars. Refreshments available. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

**Oct 9:** "Meet Your Candidates Night," hosted by the NE Washington Association of Realtors, HUB Senior Center, Colville, 6pm, coffee and refreshments provided. Moderated by Scott "Allen" Schalfman, General Manager of Northern Lights Public Radio, Chewelah. Visit newarealtors.com or call 509-675-8458 for more info.

**Oct 12:** Wo+Men Making a Difference, Spokane Community College - Colville campus, featuring Abby Honold, noon. Proceeds support Kids First Children's Advocacy Center & Rural Resources Victim Service. Call 509-685-6088. See ad page 28 for details.

**Oct 12:** Boyd's Fire Fundraiser for families affected by this devastating fire, Colville Pour House. Music, silent auction, raffle drawings, starts at noon.

**Oct 12-14:** Mountain Mania MudSports, 2915 Huffman Rd, Valley.

**Oct 15:** Candidate's Night, hosted by the American Association of University Women, at the Ag Trade Center, Colville, 6 pm. The focus will be on legislative and county races.

**Oct 18:** Career Expo, hosted by the Colville Rotary, Spokane Community College - Colville Center, 9-2:30 for students and 3-5:30 for the general public. Representative from 20+ local businesses will be available. Learn about potential career paths and job opportunities available now! This event is free to attend and don't forget your resume.

**Oct 19:** Fun Fall Festival for Children Young and Old, at Riverwood Community School, 146B Buena Vista Dr, Colville, 4 pm to dusk. Book sale, bake sale, student craft sale, chili, cornbread, cider, face painting, pumpkin carving, photo booth, and more! All proceeds benefit Riverwood Community School.

**Oct 20:** Meyers Falls Market Apple Dessert Bake-Off, noon-3 pm. Meyers Falls Market will provide a FREE bag of local apples to everyone who bakes a dessert for the contest. Winner receives a \$40 gift certificate. Sign up between Oct 15-19. Everyone is invited Oct 20, noon - 3 pm to taste the delicious desserts. Proceeds benefit the Kettle Falls Food Bank.

**Oct 26:** Colville Kiddie & Pet Parade (4:30 pm) and Moonlight Madness (7 pm). See ad on back page for details.

**Oct 27:** 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Witches Ball, Old Apple Warehouse, Kettle Falls, 1-4 pm, including games, contests, food, live music and more. See ad page 2 for details.

**Oct 27:** The Falls Festival at the Cutter Theatre, Metaline Falls, 1-5 pm, featuring the movie "Hotel Transylvania 3," a chili cook-off and chili dinner, Halloween carnival, costume contest, and more! Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

**Oct 27:** Chewelah Light Up the Park, featuring zombie run, lantern launch, pumpkin flotilla, movie, food vendors, games, dancing and more. Visit facebook.com/LightUptheParkChewelah for more info.

**Nov 3:** Arden Bingo, 1-4 pm, Arden Community Hall, 636 Hall Rd, Colville. Prizes donated by community members and businesses (plus a few biggies); \$0.50/per card. Call 509-684-4333 for more info.

## Music, Dance, Theater & Film

**Oct 13-14, 19-21:** The Murder Mystery Dinner Theatre, "Murder in Disguise," at the Cutter Theatre, Metaline Falls. Reservations required for the show and dinner by Liz Ellsworth. Tickets: \$25. Call 509-446-4108 for more info and show times.

**Oct 14:** Dances of Universal Peace, simple, meditative, joyous, multi-cultural dances, 2-5 pm at the Colville Library basement. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

**Oct 26:** The 28<sup>th</sup> Annual AAUW Coffeehouse at the Elks Club, 1861 E. Hawthorne, Colville, 7-10 pm. This year's performances will feature vocalists of all ages, along with talented musicians, with Mary Selecky as Mistress of Ceremonies. See ad on page 5 for details.

**Oct 28:** Men of Worth, in concert at the Cutter Theatre, Metaline Falls, 7 pm. Celtic music and humor from Scotland and Ireland. Reservations required for Celtic-themed dinner at 5:30 pm. Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

**Trail & District Arts Council** calendar of events. Details available at [trail-arts.com](http://trail-arts.com).

**4<sup>th</sup>:** Blues Legend Guy Davis with Fabrizio Poggi, 7:30 pm

**18<sup>th</sup>:** Ron Halliday at Jazz at the Griff, 7:30 pm

**23<sup>rd</sup>:** A Glezele Vayn Trio & Klezmeridian Ensemble, 7:30 pm

**27<sup>th</sup>:** Travis Bernhardt: Tricks and Treats - Free Event for the family, 1 pm

**30<sup>th</sup>:** Kootenay Fiddlers presents Calvin Vollrath, 7:30 pm

**Music at Northern Ales**, 325 W. 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave., Kettle Falls, [northernales.com](http://northernales.com), 509-738-7382:

**4<sup>th</sup>:** Sara Brown, 6-8 pm

**11<sup>th</sup>:** Jim Murphy, 6-8 pm

**18<sup>th</sup>:** Brian Warhall, 6-8 pm

**19<sup>th</sup>:** Open Mic, 7-10 pm

**25<sup>th</sup>:** Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm

**26<sup>th</sup>:** Northern Aliens, 7-10 pm

**Music at Republic Brewery**, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, [republicbrew.com](http://republicbrew.com), 509-775-2700.

**12<sup>th</sup>-13<sup>th</sup>:** Oktoberfest

**18<sup>th</sup>:** Winnie Brave, 7-10 pm

**24<sup>th</sup>:** Ben Brosh, 7-8 pm

**Woodland Community Choir, String Ensemble, and Band** are looking for singers and instrumentalists to join their respective groups. Choir meets on Thursdays, 8 pm, Colville Junior High School band room (call Stazy 509-690-3059 for info), string ensemble meets on Tuesdays, 5:30

pm, Colville Junior High School band room (call Denise at 509-738-4627 for info), and call Amy at 509-675-0773 for info on band. Concert at Woodland Theater in Kettle Falls on Nov. 10 and 11.

## Arts & Crafts

**Oct 3-4:** First Thursday Art Walk, 5:30-8 pm, downtown Chewelah. Art talk by Trails End Gallery featured artist Bonnie Cazier on Oct. 3, 6:30-8 pm at Quartzite Brewing, Chewelah.

**Oct 5:** Reception for Gold Mountain Gallery featured artist Judy Jeffrey, 4-7 pm. The show "Here and There" features oil paintings of local and regional subjects. A member of Plein Air Washington, Judy's works from "paint-outs" will also be included. Refreshments served. The Artists Co-op at 600 S. Clark, Republic is open Tues-Sat, 10-5.

**John Peterson's** western and wildlife paintings are featured at the Tri County Economic Development District, 986 S. Main, Colville.

## Literature & Writing

**Oct 13:** Colville Library Improvement Club book sale, Colville Library basement, 10-1. Large selection of items! Hard cover books \$0.50, paperback \$0.25, children's books \$0.10, CD's \$0.25, boxes of books \$1, and some free items. All profits benefit the library.

**Oct. 23-25:** Local author Bruce Holbert will present free readings of his most recent novel, *Whiskey*, at the Suncrest Fire station (Oct. 23, 6:30 pm), Hunters Public Library (Oct. 24, 1 pm), Colville Public Library (Oct. 24, 5 pm) and Northport Library (Oct. 25, noon). Call 509-315-8339 for more info.

**Library Events:** Check out the extensive calendars of library events at [ncl.org](http://ncl.org) (Ferry Co.), [srld.org](http://srld.org) (Stevens Co.), and [pocld.org](http://pocld.org) (Pend Oreille Co.).

## Farm, Field & Forest

**Oct 6-7:** Fall Fuzzy Fun Horse Show, hosted by Summit Spirits 4-H at the NE WA Fairgrounds, Colville, featuring English and Western classes, in hand classes, and many fun game classes including a costume class. Registration is due Oct 1 (late registrations accepted for additional fee). Call 509-690-0664 for more info.

**Need someone to pick your excess fruits and veggies** so they don't go to waste? Contact Linda Murphy, NEW Gleaners president, at 509-690-3539.

**Northeast Washington Farmers Market**, Wed. and Sat., 9-1, Main and Astor in Colville. See ad on page 37 for details.

**Chewelah Farmers Market**, Fridays, 11-30, City Park.

**North East BackCountry Horsemen**, meets third Saturday, potluck, 6-8:30 pm, Clayton Grange. Visit [NEBCHW.com](http://NEBCHW.com) or call 509-598-0333 for more info.

## Miscellany

**Oct 10:** Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, LDS Church basement, Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. NeWGS past president, Susan Deschant will guide the group through the wealth of resources available on the NeWGS website. Visit [newgs.org](http://newgs.org) for more info. All visitors are welcome.

**Oct 20:** Public Policy Forum, Book Review: *Struggle for the Land: Native North American Resistance to Genocide, Ecocide, and Colonization*, Ward Churchill, 2002, City Lights Books, San Francisco. In association with St'al-sqil-xw, Veterans For Peace, Poor Peoples' Campaign and ACLU People Power, at the Kettle Falls Public Library, 12-4 pm; lunch and snacks offered, non-alcohol beverages. Email [info@stalsqilxw.org](mailto:info@stalsqilxw.org) for more info.

**Deer Park Business Referral & Networking** group meets Tuesday mornings, 8-9 am for breakfast at Divot's, Deer Park Golf Club. 509-276-8556.

**The Greater Springdale/Loon Lake Chamber of Commerce** meeting is the first Thursday of the month at 11 am at the Stevens County Fire Protection District 1, Station #7, 52 West Aspen in Springdale. **The Chewelah Chamber of Commerce Weekly Meeting** is Fridays at 7 am at the Chewelah Casino, 2555 Smith Road south of Chewelah off Hwy. 395. **The Colville Chamber of Commerce meeting** every Tuesday at noon at the Eagles Lodge 608 N Wynne Street. Details at [www.colville.com](http://www.colville.com). **The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commerce** meets on the first and third Thursday of each month at 7 pm at the Kettle Falls Visitor Center. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit [kfchamber.com](http://kfchamber.com). **The Northport Chamber of Commerce** meets the fourth Tuesday of each month at 7 pm at the Northport City Hall, 315 Summit Ave in Northport.

**Flu Clinic:** 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Thursday from 8-3, Tri County Health District 240 E. Dominion Ave. Colville. Walk-in or by appointment. Adult \$20, child \$7.

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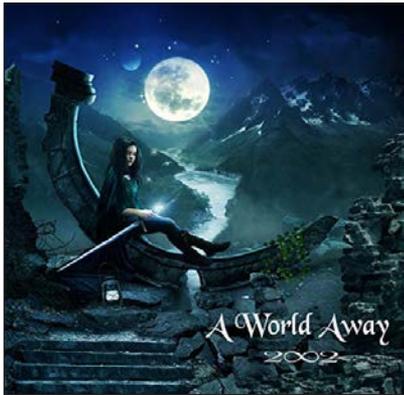
# LISTEN UP

## 2002: A World of Beauty

Reviewed by Michael Pickett album.

Sometimes music sounds so good that it seems obvious someone needed to (and finally did) make it. It's not something you hear 50 times on the hour until you finally go from tolerating it to liking it due to sheer exposure and exhaustion ... it's just instantly beautiful.

That is 2002 and their brand new *A World Away*



There are no earth-shattering, cutting-edge trap beats or crazy digital recording tricks here. Just beautiful vocal harmonies over impossibly huge-sounding strings, harps, flutes and keys. "To Live Again" seems like a nod to an orchestral take on Supertramp, with soaring harmonies and dreamy lyrics, while the Clannad-ish "Butterfly" mines 2002's classic new age choral sound.

With a whopping 18 albums in their catalog since 1992, 2002 has never wavered from their ambient lush sound or methods of recording, which are absolutely and unapologetically cavernous. This three-piece has always found their way to the Billboard charts (sometimes for 60 or 70 weeks at a time on the New Age side of things), with songs like "The Stars Will Guide Us" or "Strings of Your Heart" being incredibly close to an Enya b-side ... but is that really a bad thing?

*A World Away* has a richness and thematic quality (the album mostly tells the tale of a cosmic love affair). It feels like it could be at home as a *Lord of the Rings* soundtrack or, at the very least, great company for lying out under the stars.

## Neil Diamond Heats Up the Greek Again

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Calling Neil Diamond an icon seems like an undersell in some respects. With over 50 years of incredible songwriting and performing, helming some of the best-known American tunes of all time, Diamond is more than the gold standard of classic writing, recording and performing; he's, well, the Diamond standard.

With *Hot August Night III* he returns to the legendary Greek Theater in California to steamroll listeners with one great classic after another. Yes, he called it quits on the live stage just a year ago while he battled Parkinson's Disease, but this performance draws from his appearance back in 2012. While you can hear some additional age in that golden baritone, it's always been clear that Neil Diamond absolutely thrives in the live environment, and this set of 36 songs captures his typically electric delivery.

Sure, there's a pile-driving audience sing-along on "Sweet Caroline" (a song so well-known that its recent resurgence helps sell cars in TV ads) and a note-perfect, wistful rendition of "I Am ... I Said," but the whole show really needs to be taken in to get the full ebb and flow of how Diamond can deliver and work an audience. Thankfully, the DVD captures *Hot August Night III* and all the elder statesman rock-n-roll attitude Diamond and his band have to offer.

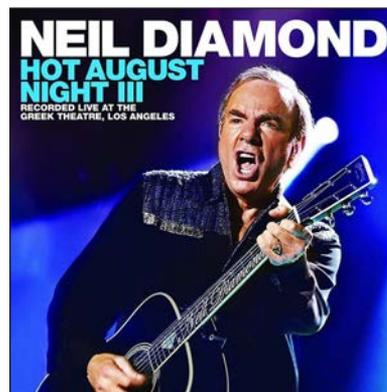
It's uncertain whether we'll get another studio recording from Diamond, though it wouldn't be a surprise. If anyone can beat Parkinson's,

it's certainly him (having come back from a catastrophic back injury in 1979 that should have ended his career at the 11-year mark). However, while we may very well hear new recorded material from him, it's doubtful that we will see the same kind of live performance

captured so well by this CD/DVD package.

It's an absolute must-have and a testament to one of the greatest performers in not just one but two centuries.

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# A Good Read

## Do Not Say We Have Nothing,

by Madeleine Thien

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

*“All he wanted was to live inside these Goldberg Variations, to have them expand infinitely within him. He wanted to know them as well as he knew his own thoughts.”*

*Do Not Say We Have Nothing* reaches deep inside China’s Cultural Revolution and the later demonstrations in Tiananmen Square. Author Madeleine Thien – daughter of Malaysian-Chinese immigrants to Canada – focuses her novel on two generations of a Chinese family caught up in these events, to show how an entire people were changed.

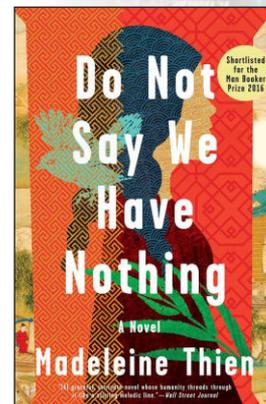
Most of the main characters are Chinese musicians who compose and play Western classical music, putting them squarely in the path of Mao’s persecution and sometimes prompting them to question the “group-think” forced upon them. “Private music led to private thoughts. Private thoughts led to private desires, to private fulfillments or private hungers....”

We follow some characters for decades. Others appear and vanish in political maelstroms or through capricious official dictates about who one marries, where one lives, what work one performs – and whether one is judged a “class enemy.” “As if words alone could make reality, as if there were

no people involved, as if words alone could make someone a criminal or conjure crimes from the air....” And, as a result, “[Sparrow’s] generation had gotten so used to it, they didn’t even know that fear is the primary emotion they feel.... As if the weakness of the times had lodged inside him, slowly pulverizing all that was unique and his alone, because he had allowed it to do so.”

The book fulfills its ambitious scope with grace, humility and humor. “Everything ached. Her body was growing old and useless, the result, surely, of endless political meetings and study sessions. The Party propaganda was muffling her thoughts, wrapping her in a thick dough of imbecility.”

Over and over in the story, people begin again, trying to find a narrative melody that will carry them forward into freedom. “How did a person know, he wondered, what was love and what was a facsimile of it? Did it matter? Was the thing that mattered most the action that one took – or failed to take – in the name of that feeling?”



## Godforsaken Idaho, by Shawn Vestal

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

I sought out Shawn Vestal’s work after hearing him read from his new novel in Kettle Falls. Vestal, a columnist for the *Spokesman-Review*, has successfully turned his hand to fiction writing. At the library I found a copy of his debut book, *Godforsaken Idaho*, an irresistible collection of nine short stories.

Almost all take place in Idaho, of course, during a wide range of times in the 1800s and 1900s. Sometimes we spot a character or his/her ancestor or descendant migrating from one story to another. (At least one of these characters also appears in Vestal’s novel.)

Fathers are amply, if not heroically, represented, as are Mormons, within which church Vestal was brought up. There is an ample measure of brutish behavior in most of the stories, too, but Vestal conveys an underlying tenderness toward even the lowest of his characters; the reader does not turn away from them. “...in those hours I ached with the wish that I would never see another human being, that my life from then on would be silent and rich with darkness, and then slowly, once again, I stopped wishing it.”

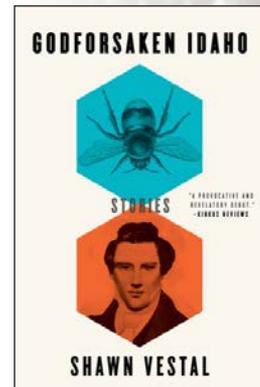
All but one of the stories is told from a male’s

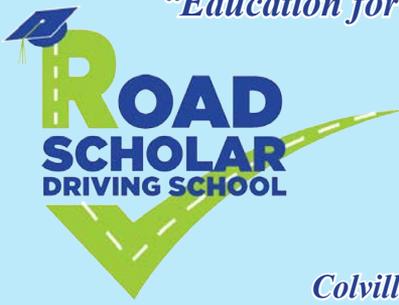
point of view: bad fathers, abandoned sons, damaged soldiers, even dead men in wondrously conceived afterlives. My favorite story, “The First Several Hundred Years Following My Death,” quivers with Vestal’s wicked humor, which pops up throughout the book in surprising, laugh-aloud moments. “The Black Death, [a deceased guy from the Middle Ages] said, with an air of pride. ‘You knew you were alive. You knew the value of a day.’”

Lines are crossed in these stories. Not just from life to afterlife, but from righteous to damned, from belonging to isolation, from messing around to murder. Even so, as one character tries to communicate to another in “Opposition in All Things”: “Do not be ashamed.... You are but a man upon the earth.”

And what of the women? They are mostly long-suffering, tough individuals – Western women. The men blunder among them. The landscape does its own thing. It’s Idaho.

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





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*In this new segment, we are featuring stories that share a window into someone's world - something they do for work, their passion, how they live.*

## Snapshot of a Portrait Photographer

By Jessica Langdon

It was 1985 and I had just gotten my first camera. It was a Kodak 110 film camera ('80s kids will remember). I was so excited to get the film to the printer and see what had developed, or had not developed in some cases. Or developed but had a huge thumb positioned right next to my friends' faces.

Yes, I can say I've learned a lot and come a long way from those days. Several years of art and photography school, many photography studios, and then the experience of capturing my own children's photographs inspired me to become a portrait photographer. It ignited a fire in my heart to capture those first baths, first steps and first smiles.

I have many stories from all these experiences. Some make me laugh and some make me cry, but all of them taught me something.

### Pay attention to details...

One afternoon, I was working at a photography studio. In a particularly good mood, I bounced back to the waiting room to greet my clients. They were a couple coming in to get some portraits together. I greeted one with "Hello, ma'am, it's so nice to meet you." She shook my hand. I greeted the other, "Hello, sir, happy to meet you, I'm all set to take your photographs."

"Um, I'm a woman," she replied. I wanted to melt into the floor. I apologized profusely and went back to find my camera and my dignity. I was embarrassed, but I can laugh about it today.

### Not everything goes as planned...

One wedding, the bride and groom were going to have their first look.

An occasion when the bride and groom choose to have their photographs taken before the ceremony. This is usually a very touching moment, when they first lay eyes on each other on their wedding day.

All of the professionals had spoken in depth about where they would position their cameras. What were the good angles? Where would the bride be entering? We must have taken an hour or so to discuss our set-up, as we had plenty of time waiting for the bride.

The moment finally arrived. As soon as the bride rounded the corner, we all knew something was amiss. The bride missed the step on her way down the staircase because, ap-

parently, she had started celebrating early and Jack Daniel's had kept her company the hour we waited. I have never witnessed a more silly, stumbling, fumbling bride. I think it is a day that she and everyone who attended will never forget.

### All of life is transient...

Another family had me feeling a profound sadness. I met the mother and her two children in the lobby. Two teens, a boy and a girl. They had a large bag containing what I assumed were their clothes. I took them back into the waiting room, set up the studio, and then went to see what they were looking for.

The mother told me that they had just lost the children's father in an on-the-job accident as a firefighter. I was taken aback. It had only been a week.

In their large bag they carried his firefighting gear. She wanted to have her children put on their father's gear to remember him and his service.

In the studio, I watched the sullen faces of her children as they carried out her wish. Looking through the lens I saw intense pain radiating out of their eyes. It was too much to bear. I began to weep silently behind the camera. I was grateful to have it to cover my tears as I photographed.

They say the eyes are the windows to the soul and I witnessed it that day. I was humbled to capture the photograph that would immortalize their father's memory.

These stories are now a part of my memories. And I am grateful to be a portrait photographer and to mark the most precious moments of individual lives. It's been such a ride so far. And I'm looking forward to what's next.



# Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

## Adjusting for the Nature of Things

By J. Merrill Baker

We moved to the inland Pacific Northwest, not “The Ends of the Earth.” Certainly my mother thought we were moving to the ends of the earth, *away* from her grandchildren. (Hey, they came to visit!) And yes, we made them keep a walkie-talkie with them walking up to the end of our road. (Our bears weren’t carnivores, were they?)

But mom was my mentor in “you make the best of the situation you are in.” She came with us, regardless, and stayed in town when our home on the mountain was ready to move into. Inside, when I could convince her to visit, I would seat her close to the wood stove for warmth. She liked it here, except for our long driveway that would elicit cranky and often colorful language from her (it was a tough ride for her arthritis!). She would remind us – with creative expletives – just how much she wished that our road would be paved. Halfway up the road, she would ask if we were still in Washington. It was a long ride. You get the idea.

She proved to be resilient. As rural roads go, ours is a bit of a challenge. The grandkids called it “the bumpity-bump-bump road.” For good reason. We warn people to avoid talking while driving it, to avoid any chipped teeth. In a few places we have established water bars, where the water hits a long lump of dirt and gravel to redirect it in order to avoid creation of a worse surface. These are the bumps you forget when the snow comes. They tend to surprise you. In snow plowing (Ahhh! Was that the “S” word?) you must lift the blade a bit when passing over your water bars.

The season is shifting, encouraging all the plants and trees to hoist those brilliant hues of autumn; driving home up our road is a delight in spite of the bumpity!

Living here has its own rewards, with both successes and failures. There are differing kinds of success and failure. Most failures are simply a successful discovery of one more way *not* to do something, and we adapt, right? We look at it as an opportunity to evolve, because otherwise, we die. Well, that’s a bit drastic, but it feels like that sometimes ... like the second and third planting of your greenhouse because critters still got in and ate everything down to a nub. Again. And after the deer got in your garden and ate your corn, or the bears knocked over your garden fence to get in to trample your rhubarb because you used fish fertilizer, and now you have to replant AND

repair.

It can be exhausting. Just breathe. It’ll happen, and you will have an outrageous garden eventually, with a celebration at dinnertime because you picked and harvested your own salad when your in-laws were visiting, and you notice they are proud of you, even if your father-in-law still won’t eat his vegetables.

Success may include a plastic owl to put near the garden gate, to keep the wild turkeys out of your corn. Two long white socks, one in each hand, arms above your head twirling in opposite directions while whooping wildly and charging downhill to the garden chasing after the corn-robbing turkeys may work a few times, but it scares your husband, who already thinks you may have a serious case of isolation syndrome due to lack of “unused shopping genes” that have retrofitted into “crazed building genes” causing frenzies of raised brick planters. A plastic owl is cheap and takes less than fifteen minutes to install.

Another success was when we were able to offer one of our “knowledgeable neighbors” a copy of our soil report one year when their calves were fading after being born. Seems the minerals that the cow moms (and our soil) were missing affected the calves. The vet was able to offset it with injections before the cows calved.

### *Success can be as simple as appreciation.*

Success can be as simple as appreciation. One day we went out to see why Rex was barking so much. We all looked upward, and there she was. A full-sized lion, the mountain kind, up in a tree, watching us, and Rex, whom we suspect would have been lunch or dinner if the tree hadn’t seemed like an option.

Rex calmed down and sat quietly next to us as we all watched her, in this suddenly not-tall-enough tree. She was beautiful, and we gazed and admired this creature in the wild, wondering why anyone would want to get rid of a perfectly good cougar. We had the presence of mind to actually thank her for not eating us or our dog, and asked her to please forgo any hunts of our people or animals or grandchildren and we would do the same for her. A pact of sorts, that she and others of her kind have kept with us, so far, but not so much with the other neighbors, the ones with chickens, rabbits and goats. Sigh. Truly, we built at Nature’s front door.

Where we live in the mountains, it is free range, and not just for cattle. Several years back, a momma moose arrived with her son at our “bear wallow,” the green pond. We were surprised, awed really, to see them. Later, we were visited by a curious bull moose in front of our garage. Trying not to wake the dogs (it would ruin our gazing experience) and being quite excited, I frantically, albeit hoarsely, whispered to my husband, “A moose!” We gawked, wondered and admired him, and they slept on.

Is it ever truly a failure if you learn from the experience? We finally built our woodshed uphill from the house. Pushing my large-wheeled cart uphill is exercise, but a sled in winter is better. I am not sure how many different ways we stacked wood near the house for winter before we settled on using the outside edge of the patio. It’s covered, handy, reachable, and easily restackable from the main woodshed. I would, however, have gotten a log splitter much, much earlier. It truly is a work-saver.

Okay, do not build a chicken coop near a big tree. Our neighbors did; it offered a roosting place for their athletic chickens, as well as an occasional hawk, which was a REAL problem. The tree also housed squirrels that did try to take advantage of the special chicken feeder, but they just did not weigh enough to trip the lid open. All things considered, maybe it was a good idea being under a tree, unless it becomes convenient for an opportunistic cougar!

And if a bear can get into your kitchen, after your dog food, it will. They are opportunists, and you do not wish to become a predictable food source. They will return, like this one did three nights in a row, and brought company.

She did not like the sports horn, which for now seems a success.

Yet she has traveled our long road without complaint, collected more than four suet baskets, chomped several bird feeders and drunk hummingbird feeders empty, bugs and all. We took them down, put them up at odd times, but still can’t quite outsmart nature. We understand she’s bulking up for the long winter, and only has our short autumn to prepare. Living here provides a front-row seat to observe the nature in things, even when we travel a bumpity road.

Onward!

*J. Merrill Baker is living on the edge in a determined way.*

## Along the Mountain Path: Sheaths

By Sarah Kilpatrick, E.R.Y.T.

*“Take the pose, adjust the pose, be the pose.”*

~ Janice Vein



*“The feeling in the spiritual heart must be, ‘I am not separate from asana, asana is not separate from me, I am asana and asana is me.’”*

~ B.K.S. Iyengar

Human beings are complex organisms. We practice yoga for many reasons, but one is to better grasp our true nature. In various styles and systems of yoga, there are different constructs to help us understand our diverse natures. For instance, there is the Chakra system (and several versions of it!), which uses whirling energetic vortexes in the body to explain energy dynamics.

Another way to observe ourselves is through the idea of koshas, or “sheaths,” layers of being human. The doctrine of panca-kosha, five sheaths, is prevalent in post-classical yoga and vedanta philosophy. These are five envelopes that contain the pure light of the self. They are:

1. Anna-maya-kosha (the food body)
2. Prana-maya-kosha (the energy body)
3. Mano-maya-kosha (the mental body)
4. Vijnana-maya-kosha (the wisdom or awareness body)
5. Ananda-maya-kosha (the sheath composed of bliss)

When we first practice yoga asana, we are focused on the anna-maya-kosha, the bones and muscles. We learn how to place the body to create stability and to balance the muscles around the joints to create healthy flexibility. We are encouraged to breathe intentionally, using our exhalations to release resistance and tension. Breath is the way to come into an awareness of the prana-maya-kosha, our energy, or life force. The mano-maya-kosha is the mind that directs our actions, both conscious and unconscious. The vijnana-maya-kosha is the awareness we develop to let go resistance in the body/mind from old conditioning and habit. We “wake up!” We move into the ananda-maya-kosha, experiencing the bliss of a fully integrated human being. Bliss is a worthy goal!

Learning to properly place and move in the body supports the spinal column, through which pass the main channels of the nervous system. The intentions that form in our mind travel down the spinal cord, out to all of our nerves, so that our bodies can manifest the intentions of the mind.

Our involuntary processes such as the circulatory system, immune system and digestive actions also benefit from proper alignment. When we become conscious of our breath and the way we can feel the prana in our body, we can sense lines of energetic support that help to move and sustain asana practice. We find our inner support on an energy level. We have an appreciation of the power of mental intention and direction, but we also learn to “catch the mind,” as our awareness and wisdom observe old negative belief patterns, fear and judgment!

When we have done our outer work, and our inner work, we can move into a feeling of

fully expressing our personal energy through the asana. We become the asana.

Yoga is truly an aware, compassionate relationship with the self. When we do our outer work, we create the framework to support opening of our heart and our mind. We wake up to the gift that we each are to the world.

As you walk upon the mountain path, support your body, express your energy, direct and control your mind, and shine your own personal light into the world!

Namaste.

*Sarah practices and teaches at Mt. Path Yoga studio, 818 E. Columbia Ave., Colville.*

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# The Virtues of Biochar

By Joe Barreca

As a bona fide back-to-the-land old hippie, I've been farming organically for over 40 years, not too successfully at first. We soon learned there are lots of good ways to grow food organically – composting, fertilizing with manure, companion planting, raised beds, etc. And, of course, we didn't use chemical fertilizers, herbicides, pesticides or other petrochemical products.

But before coming to all that, we stuck to “tried and true” farming techniques: tilling or rototilling the soil, pulling or hoeing weeds, cleaning out the garden beds in the winter, removing and often burning dead plants or pruned branches and leaves. I've now come to see that in many ways those techniques were wrong.

Over the past year or more I have been reading about Regenerative Agriculture (Rodale's term), also known as Natural Farming or Carbon Farming. Specific sources are at the end of this article, but I want to sow a few seeds of thought first.

Pathogens – organisms that use up or injure the resources they depend on – don't survive in the long run, although they may thrive at first. The organisms that do survive form symbiotic relationships with the world around them. In other words, they give back as much as they take and the whole system is healthier.

For many of us, we often think of plants as competing for sunlight, water, space and nutrients. But we may seldom think about what is going on in the soil beneath them. There is a LOT going on there and it has evolved over millions of years to maximize symbiotic relationships.

The soil biome includes microbes, bugs, fungi and worms. In soil, as with any natural environment, diversity enables resilience. Also, like above-ground ecosystems, soil depends on sunlight. Not sunlight on the soil directly but sunlight changed by plants into sugars. That was a revelation to me but it's big. A large part of the sugar a plant produces leaks out of the roots. Bacteria feed on this and so do certain fungi. In exchange, the bacteria feed nutrients such as nitrogen to the roots and the fungi bring up minerals and water.

I saw this interaction first-hand this spring when I inoculated grape cuttings with mycorrhizal fungi. Previously, with bare cuttings dipped in rooting compound, I was getting 40% to 50% of them to root. With the fungi this spring I got over 90% to root.

Carbon is the other big deal. I read that

the health of the soil is directly related to how much carbon it contains. One form of sequestered carbon is of unique interest: biochar. Basically just charcoal, biochar provides shelter for bacteria in its pores and, since it is inert, it stores carbon taken from the atmosphere. Ancient civilizations from the jungles of South America to the plains and forests of North America burned underbrush and prairie grass that ended up as biochar in the soil.

What does it do? Think of your stomach. Every day microbes in your digestive system move nutrients into your blood system and eliminate the waste without themselves being eliminated. Biochar is part of the digestive system of the soil.

The key to symbiosis is that one organism's waste is another's food, which brings me to the main revelation of Regenerative Agriculture: healthy, living soil provides more nutrition than soil fertilized only with inert ingredients.



Realizing that I needed more carbon in my soil this spring, I had two huge dump truck loads of yard waste (basically leaves and grass, though admittedly including sticks, stones and plastic), brought to my vineyard from Colville's yard waste dump. I have been spreading it between the rows of grape plants and have watched a miracle take place. Even though covered by an inch of mulch, the grass, clover and wildflowers sprang back a dark green color and five times as big as before. The mulch held water and released nutrients into the soil.

It also had worms and fungus that gave my grape plants more growth and increased the overall amount of living organic matter. It will continue to increase these effects.

So, what about that increased carbon in the soil? Even if we stopped emitting carbon

from burning fossil fuels right now, the earth would continue to warm and release even more carbon from the oceans and permafrost. The idea behind Regenerative Agriculture is to put the carbon back in the ground. According to Regenerative Agriculture proponents, increasing the carbon in agricultural soil by 2% could reverse humankind's carbon footprint back to pre-industrial levels.

Regenerative Agriculture is not a precisely-defined system but three rules generally apply:

1. Don't plow or till, because doing so breaks the threads of fungus-feeding roots and exposes soil to sun and rain that kill micro-organisms and create runoff.
2. Use a diverse mix of cover crops, because they can adapt to variations in weather and soil conditions while continuing to supply the soil with sugar and protect it from sun and rain.
3. Keep cover crops growing all year long to sustain soil life.

OK, some sources:

“Topsoil and Civilization” by Dale and Carter (1955): A look at human history with topsoil loss as the main driver.

“Soil Carbon Restoration” by Jack Kittredge (2015): You can find this online and download it. I think it is the best short paper on the whole topic.

“Regenerative Organic Agriculture and Climate Change” from Rodale (2014): The original source, a 14-page downloadable PDF.

“Call of the Reed Warbler” by Charles Massy (2017): My favorite, with broad coverage of livestock and species restoration in Australia.

“Growing a Revolution” by David Montgomery (2017): An informative book with lots of stories from around the world

“The Carbon Farming Solution” by Eric Toensmeier (2016): A massive global toolkit but hard to apply locally.

“Everything I Want to Do Is Illegal” by Joe Salatin (2007): A fun book about how Salatin took a rundown farm and regenerated it into a fertile and high-producing operation.

<http://biochar-us.org/about-us>: All about biochar.

<http://www.regenerationinternational.org/>: Main webpage of the Regeneration movement

Applying these ideas needs local experimentation and collaboration. I invite anyone interested to contact me and discuss the possibilities: [Joe.Barreca@gmail.com](mailto:Joe.Barreca@gmail.com).

## Love

By Linda Bond

When Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861) penned Sonnet 43, “How Do I Love Thee?” she gifted us with beautiful words and a memorable homage to love itself. The first four lines read:

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.*

The images conjured by her words are dramatic and thought-provoking, as well as moving. But is this a fair and conclusive expression of what love is?

In today’s popular mind, love is many things. We may “love” hot dogs, or a particular scene in a movie, or someone’s smile. Or we may call someone “my love” or “the love of my life.” Whether noun or verb, how do we define the word?

### Love According to the Greeks

Love is difficult to define precisely, perhaps because some feel it is not encompassed by one word, but many. Some will say that the Greeks offered four kinds of love for us to consider. Others say six, or seven or even eight. Here’s a sampling from <https://lonerwolf.com/different-types-of-love/> where more lengthy descriptions can be found:

- “Eros” or erotic love “is named after the Greek god of love and fertility. Eros represents the idea of sexual passion and desire.”
- “Philia” or affectionate love refers to “friendship. The ancient Greeks valued philia far above eros because it was considered a love between equals.”
- “Storge” or familiar love “is primarily to do with kinship and familiarity.” It is a natural form of affection between parents and children.
- “Ludus” or playful love “has a bit of the erotic eros in it, (but) it is much more than that.” We see this in young love, oftentimes seen as a “crush.” To the Greeks, it was playful and affectionate.
- “Mania” or obsessive love. When there is imbalance between eros and ludos, love may turn to a mania. It is considered dangerous, and we see it in stalkers and those who kill for love.
- “Pragma” or enduring love, found in longstanding marriages. This is the kind of love born of shared pain and growth. It is nurturing and comforting, growing through understanding and time.

- “Philautia” or self love “in its healthiest form. It shares the Buddhist philosophy of ‘self-compassion,’ which is the deep understanding that only once you have the strength to love yourself and feel comfortable in your own skin will you be able to provide love to others.” As Aristotle put it, “All friendly feelings for others are an extension of a man’s feelings for himself.”

- “Agape” or selfless love is “the highest and most radical type of love according to the ancient Greeks.” It is unconditional. Agape is what some call spiritual love.

### The Highest Love

In 1 Corinthians 13:4-8 we are told: “Love is patient and kind; love does not envy or boast; it is not arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrongdoing, but rejoices with the truth. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends...” (ESV) This is a beautiful rendition of the meaning of Agape love, a form of love we might wish to achieve in our own lives if we can.

### Love in Action

And what of love in its active state? That, too, may be shown in many ways. For instance, patriots love their country. Some will die on its behalf. For some, love is so strong it is felt as passion or devotion. At times it even reaches the level of worship. (He puts his wife on a pedestal.) Love can offer pleasure (she loves playing with her dolls), delight, relish and other expressions of joy. And we may touch others in a loving, gentle fashion.

### So Many Things to Love

What do we love? Perhaps it is our home, or our family, our job, our garden, or maybe our pets. Do we love ourselves? Are we able to express our love in tangible ways as well as in words?

In today’s tough world, it is important to be kind to ourselves as well as others. To take a break from the anger and turmoil. To refresh our minds, bodies and spirits. To subscribe to the adage, when we love ourselves, we are able to love others. And that, I think, is worth the effort.

*Linda Bond is co-founder and leader of the Inland Northwest Writers Guild and Outreach Coordinator at Auntie’s Bookstore in Spokane, WA. Write to her at [lindathewriter@gmail.com](mailto:lindathewriter@gmail.com).*

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# A Year On the Farm

## Agritourism Notebook

By Michelle Lancaster

This year Jay received a few job opportunities to judge dairy shows around the Pacific Northwest. Fairs request Jay as a judge and, in exchange for his services, the fair provides a stipend and accommodations and reimburses travel costs. We are somewhat unusual travelers in that we prefer back roads and informal agritourism, so we chose to drive (rather than fly) to see the agricultural scenery and people of Idaho and Washington on our way to the shows.

On the August trip, we drove the slower route through the Palouse and Highway 95 to Boise, Idaho. We learned along the way that a chickpea plant looks like a short, fat soybean and we had a discussion on what hummus is.

Then I took a “shorter-route” via GPS to avoid the Lewiston grade. What a mistake. The gravel road of hairpin turns just as steep as the main highway took several years off my life and slowed our trip by a good half hour.

Once over the mountains and into the Boise area, we were shocked by the diversity of crops – canola, alfalfa, carrot seed, lettuce seed, peas, soybeans, millet, wheat, corn, pumpkins, onions, mint, sugar beets and our favorite: echinacea. Seeing an entire field of 20 acres or more was a definite first for the both of us! These, which some people call coneflowers, were even more beautiful than the smell of the fields of mint – which was like stepping into an essential oil distillery.

Most of the fields in the Treasure Valley around Boise are irrigated by water that comes through a canal and over siphon tubes. Irrigation distinctly divides the productivity of the land – irrigated land grows an endless variety of crops, whereas non-irrigated land grew mostly sagebrush.

The dairy cattle are raised differently there as well. Most of the animals are housed in dry lots, which are open and airy but have a lot of concrete. Their food is brought to them.

Most of the kids where Jay judged were in a heifer-raising program. They buy a young heifer, raise her and show her for two years, then sell her in a sale similar to the livestock sale that our local fair has. This program allows non-farming kids to learn about dairy and provides them an opportunity to show dairy animals in accord with all the rules.

On our second trip, we drove across Highway 2 to Monroe. Near the center of the state, we met a dryland wheat farmer, Garrett, who spent a few minutes talking to us. His methods were quite different than in Treasure Valley, due to living in a rain shadow and on a high bluff. The wheat is planted at the bottom of deep furrows along with tillage radishes. The radish plants grow long and spindly and cover the ground fast, then die over winter, providing pockets in the clay soil for the wheat roots to dig farther into the soil.

Just a few miles down the road, the Columbia

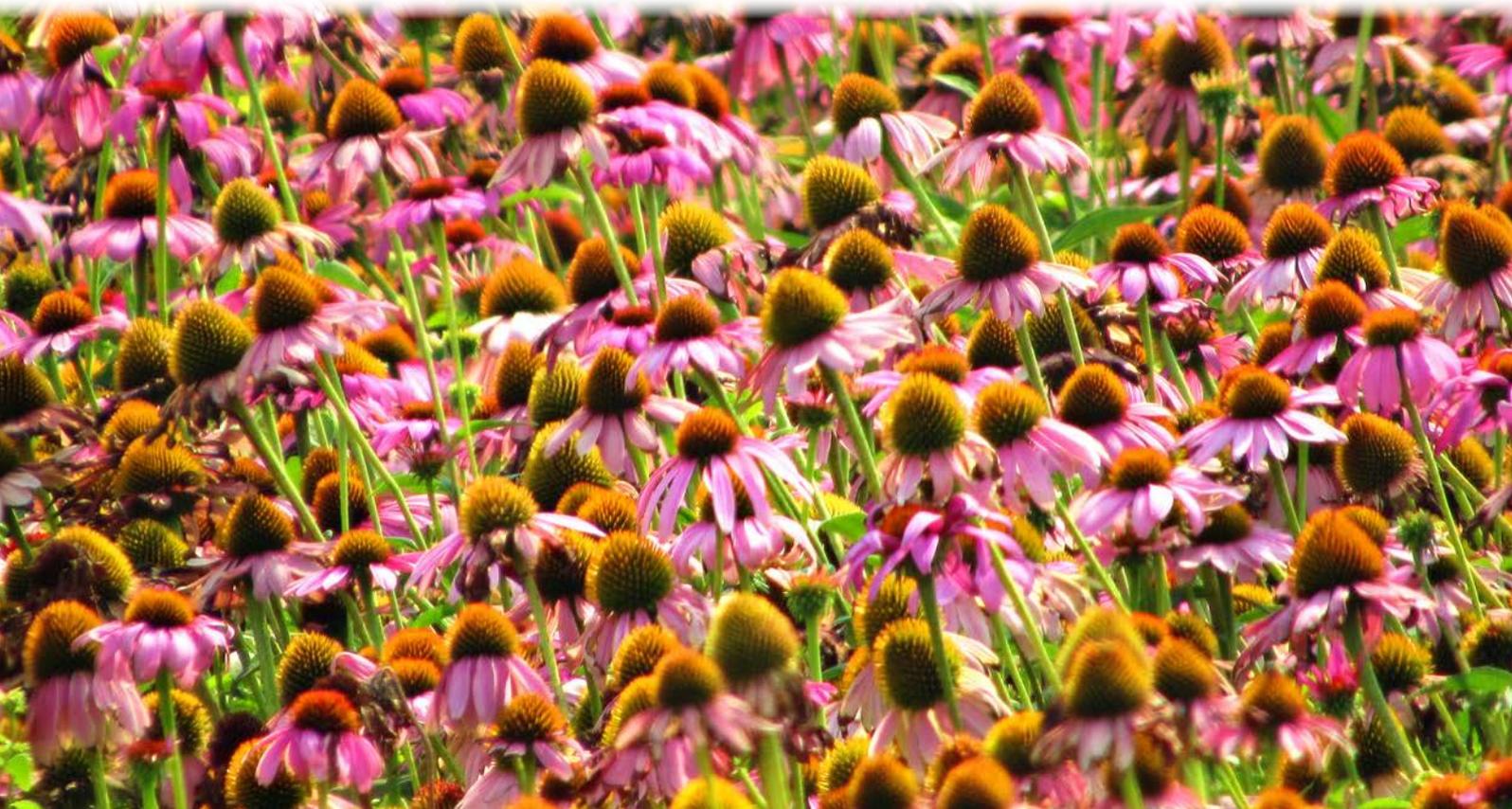
River irrigates the largest apple-growing region in the world. As we crossed over the Cascade Mountains, the climate changed to clouds, wet ground, and ripe blackberries.

Cows pasture much of the season, as the plentiful rainfall allows for many months of grass-growing. Jay judged the open show, which tends to be mostly adults showing cows they milk on their dairies. Open shows have only conformation classes, meaning the animals are judged on their body frame and udder. Jay has to place animals from first to last by age and then pick best overall for champions. The goal is to place the animals in order of functionality: which cows will live the longest plus produce a lot of healthy milk.

There are fewer cows being shown these days, due to several consecutive years of dairy farmers working at a loss. In order to put on a longer show, the fair offered an adult showmanship class. In that class, almost 20 participants of various ages showed their animal and competed to win top showman, meaning they presented their animal the best.

The adults have a harder time losing than kids do, so the judge's reasons and end choices were quite humorous. A fun end to our ag trips for the season.

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



# Living Among Huckleberries

By Tina Wynecoop

I met Kenneth Schmid and his wife Cheryl at the 70<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary celebration held for longtime Chewelah residents Frank and Dolores (Ackerman) Lehrman. “How do you know the Lehrmans?” I asked Ken. “Frank taught our children.”

I shared that my connection to the couple was “relative” – their son Norm is married to my husband’s cousin Cookie. Frank and Dolores had taught school at Wellpinit on the Spokane Indian Reservation. So had I.

I learned from Ken that the Schmid family has tribal connections as well:

“Indians camped in our field on the farm. When the huckleberries ripened, they swam their horses across the Columbia River from Inchelium to the Gifford area, where a trail led to their favorite huckleberry patches on Stensgar Mountain.”

I was intrigued. I wanted to know more. Recognizing a tantalizing story, I asked for permission to write about this family farm and the indigenous encampment on it for *The North Columbia Monthly*. This was agreeable with Ken and Cheryl.

Kenneth and Cheryl are the fourth of five generations living on the Schmid farm west of Chewelah in a settlement called Glendale, nestled in the foothills of the Huckleberry Mountains. Ken’s grandfather, Frank Schmid, contributed articles of regional historic interest to *The Chewelah Independent* newspaper.

In a July 1930 column he wrote: “The first white settler in our area was Nazaar Finley (a mixed-blood grandson of Jocko Finley), who arrived in 1878. There was no road in here, only a well-beaten trail extending from Fort Colville through Summit Valley across this place (Schmid Meadow) over the Harvey Creek hills, down to the mouth of the Spokane River. This old Indian trail had been in use for ages before any white man ever set his foot into the country.

“Prior to the first white man living in this area

were many evidences that the Indians had made it their home. They called it *Poc-a-too*, meaning ‘Big Meadow.’ There are innumerable pine trees peeled up to about eight feet to gain the hard sap [cambium] beneath for their food. When the Indians traveled here late in the fall in cold weather without any bedding, they dug a shallow hole, surrounded it with rocks, built a fire in it, until it got good and warm, then cooled it off to the right temperature, bedding themselves in it in a crouched position and slumbered peacefully.”

In a book published by Greenwood Park Grange, *Pioneers of the Columbia: Early History of Southwestern Stevens County, Washington*, there is a description of J. S. (John Sutherland) McLean who arrived to the area in the 1880s. He was born in Montreal. He married Armilly Allison in 1889. They purchased what later became the Schmid property in Summit Valley from David Locksmith, who sold his squatter’s rights to them for \$800, including a mower, rake, plow, household furniture and other tools.

The McLean couple’s first winter in their new home was extremely harsh. The herd of cattle they had just bought starved and froze to death in the field. The snow was so deep feed could not be taken to the cattle. It is related that J. S. and Armilly were standing in the door of their cabin watching a falling star. “Make a wish, Milly,” he said. “I wish we could sell this damn place,” she replied. The next day Bernard Schmid (1846-1909) and his wife, Anna, (Ken’s great grandparents) rode in and bought the “damn place.”

## Swimming to Huckleberries

Amid all the changes to the indigenous life-ways, changes as tumultuous as the river itself, are records of kindness – generations of acceptance and inclusion – by a few families who understood another culture’s challenging human situation of loss and exclusion. The Schmid family were/are gracious people who knew they were

not the first people on this land. Their “guests” were never barred from their traditional camps.

The large grassy field with its spring of fresh water was the annual late summer/fall destination and base camp for indigenous families exiled from their traditional subsistence-gathering lands. Confined to the west side of the Columbia River on the Colville Reservation, their destination was so important that entire families and their horses would risk the wild river to reach it!

Rapids, some grand, some deadly, once punctuated the formerly free-wheeling Columbia River. Sudden summer storms packing hurricane-force winds unexpectedly swept up the river’s channel in the summer. Driftwood complicated the watery passage. Crossing the Columbia from Inchelium to the other side took skill, guts and determination.

Lewis R. Freeman’s description in *Down the Columbia: A Master Riverman’s Memorable Journey on the World’s Wildest River!* illuminates the risk: “...there was hardly a stretch of ten miles without its tumble of rapids, and mostly they averaged not more than three or four miles apart.... She’s sure going somewhere all the time, tumbling over itself all the way trying to beat itself to the finish ... a river that ran in mountains all the way to the sea. No slack water in all its course. *There* was a ‘he’ river if there ever was one. If a man really wanted to travel from snowflake to brine ... there was no stream that ran one-two-three with the Columbia as a means of doing it.”

Daniel Lambertson wrote in *As Long as You Are Human - for Joe Wall, Uncle, 1916-1933*, “The river downstream from Kettle Falls is serene and lovely and magnificent – a feminine beauty that is pleasing to the eye, yet as long as you are human, you should fear this river. When you think of it, your nerves should shrink ... remember how your grandpa choked up to tell you of his girl who climbed high up a pear tree in

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her cotton dress and then looked down and said to him, "This is as close to heaven I will ever be." She drowned the next day watering her horse."

Since the early 1940s, the noisy/growling rapids have lain buried but not entirely silenced beneath the backwaters of Grand Coulee Dam.

Once arriving in the grassy flats above Schmid Meadows, the Indians erected their truly mobile homes – their tipis. This temporary seasonal encampment was their base for untold generations – a place with abundant water and grasses where the horses could feed and drink. It was here that the Indians headed for the even higher elevations – already at 2,700 feet above sea level – to the Summit Range where the vital fruit ripened abundantly in late summer and early fall.

"The men would cut armloads of huckleberry bushes and pile them for the children to pluck the ripe fruit." Ken Schmid's father remembered how the first people gathered "the bushy branches and placed them on blankets upheld by racks and thumped the berries which dropped undamaged into catch basins formed at the bottom of the blankets." These berries supplied much of their winter diet.

A Spokane Indian described the gathering process:

"Sticks some six to eight inches long were whittled flat on one end, pointed on the other. The flat ends were twined tightly together into a handle and fanned out, creating a long-toothed comb. The tool was used in combing huckleberries off the bushes. The sticks had been carefully smoothed to easily slip through the bushes and not get hung up.

"A woolen blanket was tied up high and wide on the two long ends onto two little trees. The other two corners were tied down low. Huckleberry bushes were beat upon this blanket and the cleaned berries would roll down the chute freely into the containers. The leaves and twigs would cling to the wool blanket. It is a fast way to pick and clean berries at the same time. They would also comb the berries onto the blanket. ...

"One tribal elder noted that 'doing these essential chores kept the youngsters busy and happy and did not leave them time for mischief-making ... they were learning how to do things ... leading and directing them to become useful citizens of the tribe.' She added, 'Can you imagine how many berries had to be picked to supplement the winter diet? As they did not have the canning jars we have today, they had to dry these berries for storage. When dried completely ... the berries became so tiny. A gallon bucketful must leave a mere handful of dried huckleberries!'"

The indigenous peoples were agriculturists



who knew that tending the bushes increased productivity. Controlled burns in the fall enriched the soil and opened the patches to light. Through long practice they knew the way to care for the plants so important for sustenance.

Current commercial practices irreparably damage the berry bushes. The ignorance, speed and greed of their method in no way resembles that of the native peoples who both preserved and traded huckleberries while undertaking the physical care of the berry fields. Spiritual care of the berries was exemplified by their First Fruit ceremonies.

Picking berries directly into cedar baskets was another gathering method utilized by tribal people. Their basket design enabled the berries to "breathe" and stay uncrushed to limit spoilage.

A different cousin of my husband described how his family would ride horses into the mountains to gather huckleberries. Upon arrival they would construct their containers from slabs of bark removed from certain trees. Traditional gathering methods varied from family to family.

Today the empty plastic milk jug with its plastic handle looped through the belt supplants

the metal coffee can and its wire handle, in turn replacing the cedar basket. These baskets are precious heirlooms that few native gatherers own. Both the basket and the berries filling it radiate wholeness so evident in the photograph of Patti Bailey's traditional container accompanying this article.

Families still pick together. The methods for gathering and preserving have evolved considerably, yet the berry remains highly prized by native and non-native people alike. Traditional family campsites, like the one at the Schmid farm, still dot the mountains of northeast Washington. My husband, born the same year as Ken Schmid (1934), remembers the sites where his people camped and picked berries for countless generations.

We circle back and see that relationships between the new world and the old world continue to be linked like the necklace of huckleberries adorning this region. This connection sustains us. Long lives, long marriages, and longing for tradition and fairness carry us along – appreciating what was, what is – underlying and influencing what is to be.

# Command Z

By Gabriele von Trapp

I have been working on a Mac computer for the last year and there are many features that I really like. The Command Z feature is my favorite.

Command Z is the equivalent to the “undo” option on other computers. It undoes any changes you have made to a script and returns it to the original document. Essentially, both Command Z and “undo” provide the same function, but for me Command Z is far more authoritative. “Undo” feels like you are correcting a mistake. Command Z delivers a preference.

I know this sounds a little off-kilter and emotionally fueled, but when it comes to life, I would prefer Command Z than to have to undo, in most circumstances.

In my early twenties, I met a wonderful man. He was a practicing physician, violinist and tennis pro and he lived in Sausalito, which is in Marin County, California, across the Golden Gate Strait from San Francisco. Sausalito was, and is, an affluent, artsy and cultured town.

Dr. Michael was a very cultured man. He traveled throughout the world for six months of the

year for pleasure and was frequently joined, at his beautiful hillside home, by his classical musician friends to play music together. He drove a Porsche and was a collector of ancient artifacts. We began to date and it was always an enchanting experience to be in his company.

After some time dating and getting to know each other, Dr. Michael proposed to me. He wanted to share his good fortune with a life partner, travel the world together and start a family. I was a professional in the fashion industry at the time, so he offered to buy me a boutique that I could merchandise with all the treasures we would find traveling throughout the world. I had a new Porsche waiting for me at the dealership and assurance that my every whim would be met. How could a girl refuse? Well, I did. Command Z! Really? What was I thinking? I want to believe that I chose my life instead of his.

Another opportunity presented itself while I was managing a shoe boutique in an upscale business neighborhood in Walnut Creek, California.

A very attractive and interesting-looking woman in her early thirties came in to shop. I immediately gave her my attention and we began a

conversation. She asked me if I had ever modeled and I told her that I had not. She explained that she was looking for a few more models to join her agency, which modeled using pantomime. She was conducting auditions soon and invited me to try out. She gave me the address and date and asked me to create a routine to mimic “walking a dog in the rain with an umbrella.” I had never performed pantomime before but had always been intrigued by Marcel Marceau, the French actor and mime artist.

I debated as to whether or not I should go. Who was I kidding? The address was in Pacific Heights, one of the most desirable places to live in San Francisco. I decided to go with no ambitions, although I practiced the routine I conjured.

On audition day, driving a little beat-up Datsun, I arrived at a most magnificent mansion surrounded by limousines and exotic cars. I almost backed out but decided I had nothing to lose. When I entered the spectacular home, I was met by a trove of beautiful people, well over 100 of them. Actors, professional models, dancers, ballerinas, choreographers, photographers and performers were indulging in champagne, caviar

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# Inner Landscape

and other tasty hors d'oeuvres and preparing their routines.

The audition began. Feeling intimidated, I half-heartedly performed my skit. It was announced that only five performers would be chosen from all who auditioned.

Two days later I received a phone call. I had been chosen – I was in!

We were the Mime Mannequins and had already been booked in many locations throughout San Francisco and Los Angeles for fashion shows, exclusive boutique openings, salons for the rich and famous and runway work. A horde of make-up artists, beauticians and clothing designers prepared us for shows and we were surrounded by choreographers, photographers and the media. Limousines drove us to our next location and we flew to Los Angeles frequently to appear in places like the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and Rodeo Drive.

It was a glamorous and exciting lifestyle and the pay was over the top. It was also exhausting and not always fun. I missed my simple life.

After just over a year of shows and engagements, I decided this was not the life for me. Command Z! What was I thinking?! I could have been rich and famous by now.

Command Z also would have been a handy tool when I found myself heading into an un-

healthy relationship. I wittingly ignored obvious signs of potential abuse, secrecy of the past, possessiveness and other psychopathic behaviors. Instead, I found myself attracted and intrigued by a charming personality, and we spent time together.

On an oceanside weekend away, we went to dinner at a seaside restaurant and stopped at a pub for a nightcap before returning to our hotel room. Sitting next to me at the pub was an old-time sailor. I had a brief conversation with him about sailing and the sea. It was no more than a few minutes. I turned back to the man I was with and he indicated it was time to go, which we did.

Upon returning to our room, he began acting suspiciously and with a tone of aggression in his voice, but not on any particular subject. The next thing I knew, I was on the floor and he was punching me in the ribs, back and head.

I struggled to get away, dazed and confused. He threw me onto the bed and climbed atop me with his knee on my throat, saying, "I am going to kill you like the army taught me to do." His knee and weight choked off my ability to breathe and I soon passed out of consciousness. I remember feeling that this was it, I am dying, as I slowly drifted away into oblivion.

The next morning, I was doused with a bucket of ice water and sprung to consciousness. He told

me he was taking me to the hospital, which turned out to be a long distance away, through marshland and a long stretch of primitive highway. I believed this was the day I would die. I feared he would kill me on the road and dump my remains in the marshes, never to be found. I had no choice but to let him take me or suffer another beating there and then.

We arrived at the hospital and the doctors were very concerned. I had taken a brutal beating and my body showed the injuries but I was afraid to press charges, though I was encouraged to. I feared he would hunt me down.

Because of the devastation of my experience, I decided to start counseling. I expressed the details of the circumstances and my counselor did a little investigating. He discovered the man I was with had never been in the army. Command Z, oh, where wast thou when I needed thou most? Command Z that experience!

I would do most of my life experiences over again, but now I try to keep a Command Z at my fingertips, and an "undo" in my back pocket, just in case.

*Gabriele von Trapp lives by Deer Park where her memories, dreams and reflections fuel her vigorous engagement with the present as she forges an ever-evolving future.*

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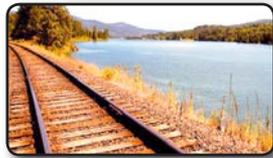
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# Family Ties

## So Happy Here

By Becky Dubell

I cannot imagine living anywhere else at this point in my life. This area fits my lifestyle to a T. If I want to take AntMan (my bike) on a road trip, I've got about 20 different roads to choose from. Need to take JJ (granddaughter) to see her favorite blue swing? Hop in the car to Yep Kanum Park in the middle of Colville, just 10 miles away, and stop at Ronnie D's for ice cream on the way home (they have the cutest baby cones). Friends want to get out and hunt the elusive big buck? My backyard is a National Forest.

This area is a melting pot of people who want to get away from a few things: the bumper-to-bumper drive to work and home, plugging cars in to keep them from freezing overnight, the 100-degree temps by 9 a.m., the six months of rainy season, the East Coast hurricanes, and the list continues on.

We do have the occasional traffic jam of having to wait for 12 cars to go by so you can get out into traffic. We have no plugs hanging off our cars – unless the car is still Alaskanized. Four seasons – wow! High winds and dumping rain once in awhile. Me? Being from Alaska and Arizona I can relate to the differences. We moved here in 1983. Driving to what would be our place, we came around a corner overlooking rolling hills, trees and meadows and I started crying ... I was home.

And – me being me – I talk a lot and I don't know very many strangers. In a small town you can strike up a conversation with most anybody. Maybe ask that gal next to you where she gets her hair cut and take a picture to show to your hairdresser. Comment on the well-behaved kids that have been shopping with dad at the hardware store. Ask that person at the gas station with the Florida plates what they have seen that really impressed them and, like me,

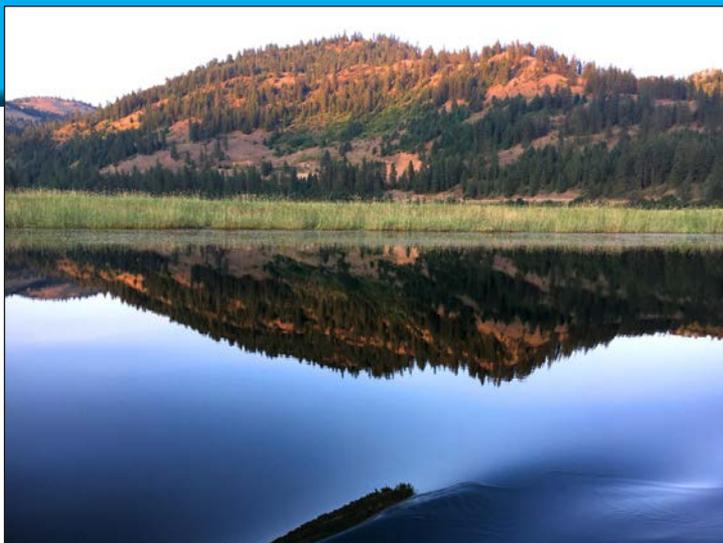
and get an idea of where to go on vacation (Mount Rushmore here I come). You never know where these conversations can lead.

Back to the hardware store and me with the big mouth. About four years ago, at the hardware store where I work, I started commenting on Alaskan items – jewelry, T-shirts, hats, etc. Using the contact information I collected in these "30-second conversations" with families that have lived in Alaska (over 140 in the Colville area), a friend and I have been holding an Alaskan Picnic in the city park on the third Saturday in September.

All of this started with just personal interest being shown to an individual. Where in a big city would you ever have the sales clerk speak to you except to say "How are you?" and "Have a nice day?"

In acknowledging people, I am often amazed at the things I learn. Mary, a friend that I go to Spokane with quite a bit, tells me that I make eye contact with people and that is how these conversations get going. I've been told that big city people don't make eye contact and that you don't wave when they let you in ahead of them on the freeway because they don't see all five fingers waving. I wouldn't fit in there, that's for sure!

It is also amazing to me how small this world is, if you just show some interest in the people who share your space at any particular time. My comment about the address on a customer's driver's license that showed no tax needed on the purchase was: "Wasilla? I have



a sister working in Houston at the school. Her name is Bonny ..." and he said "Redford," connecting the name (I still get chills).

I commented on a gold nugget watch and found out that I worked for his mom at Service High School in the office years ago.

Walk into Excel and meet a favorite high school teacher heading out.

Meet up with Mr. Pickett (a Colville resident) from Wendler Junior High, who has a student list from every class he ever taught – it was like old home week, remembering some of those classmates.

After 35 years in this area I am still in love with it – mountains, creeks, rivers, lakes, meadows, deer in the orchard, frogs in the barn, sun coming in the east window, sun setting off the west porch while sitting in the swing, bonfires with marshmallows, cricket hunting with JJ, processing a million pounds of plums (proud of you, Jamie), bats flying out of the chimney, neighbors that are out of this world, the clear air (smoky sometimes), the quietness at night (drives Darcy crazy – too quiet) and the people who move here wanting a better quality of life (but they have to remember that this area is a secret made known to only a select few).

Thank you to all you special people who live in Northeast Washington. You make me smile.

423 W. 1st, Colville

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# 2018 Dining &

Enjoy dining out in Northeastern Washington at any one of our fine eateries listed below. If traveling or just looking for a special night out, be sure to check out the lodging options listed here first!

## Chewelah

**THE BREAD BOX:** Try our fresh breads, gooey pastries, fruit pies and more. We offer the best deli meat and cheeses and a great supply of packaged bulk foods. Open Wed-Fri 8am-4pm, Sat 8am-1pm. 105 W. Main Ave. 509-935-8950.

### CHEWELAH CASINO:

The Mistequa Café takes the gamble out of finding great food. From daily specials to mouth-watering prime rib dinners, you'll find a wide selection of home-style delights. Plus, save even more with your Sun Club Card! 2555 Smith Road. Sun-Thu 8am-10pm, Fri-Sat 8am-12am. [chewelahcasino.com](http://chewelahcasino.com) 509-935-6167.



**CHEWVINO:** Come enjoy our delicious tapas, weekly specials, deli, and expanding selections of wine, whiskey, craft beer and cigars. Open Tue-Sat 3-8pm. N 101 Fourth Street E. 509-935-8444. [chewvino.com](http://chewvino.com).



### QUARTZITE BREWING

**COMPANY:** Serving up craft beers of all varieties. All ages and pet friendly. Open Thur 3-8pm, Fri 3-9pm, Sat 2-9pm at 105 W Main Ave. Check us out on Facebook or call 509-936-3686 for more info.

## Colville

### ACORN SALOON & FEEDING

**STATION:** Breakfast, lunch & dinner 7 days a week. Daily specials, cold beer and cocktails, pool tables & pull tabs. M-Sat: 7am-midnight. Sun: 8am-10pm. Happy Hour M-F 2-5pm. 262 S Main., 509-684-3337, find us on Facebook!



**BROWN BOYZ OHANA EATERY:** The "best hidden treasure in Colville" offering a unique dining experience, fresh ingredients cut daily, and homemade sauces to give you a "Hillbilly Hawaiian" taste sensation. Ya gotta try it! M-F 11am-7pm. 576 N Wynne St. 509-684-2888.

**CAFE ITALIANO:** Authentic northern Italian cuisine featuring local, organic veggies and daily specials from around the Mediterranean. 151 W. 1<sup>st</sup>. Mon-Fri 11am-8pm, Sat 2-8pm. 509-6894-5268.

**CHATEAU VIN:** Artisan-prepared salads, chef-inspired tapas, gourmet sandwiches, and delicious entrées paired with a great selection of wine, beer and wine-based martinis at 161 E 3rd Suite F. Tue-Fri 11:30am-8pm. Orders to go: 509-675-6243.



**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 2<sup>nd</sup> Ave. 509-684-2494.

**MR. SUB:** Fresh baked bread daily. Hot and cold subs, wraps, salads, fresh baked cookies, U-bake pizza, party Subs, daily specials. Gluten free available. Event catering and phone orders welcome. M-F 9am-8pm. Sat 10am-6pm. 825 S. Main. 509-684-5887.



# Say You Saw

# Us in the NCM!

# Lodging Guide

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

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

**TAZI'S COFFEE SHOP:** A cozy and cheerful oasis featuring Crandall Coffee and specializing in espresso, cold brew and specialty iced tea. Also a selection of Republic of Tea. Mon-Sat, 7am-3pm at 119 E. Astor, by the clock tower. 509-684-2722.



**TONY'S ITALIAN EATERY:** Open 7 days/week for your authentic Italian cuisine with cold beer and wine in a fun family atmosphere. Daily specials. Salads, pizza, pasta & desserts. M-F 11am-8-ish, Sat & Sun Noon-8-ish. 645 Louis Perras Rd. across from Sears. 509-684-1001.

**WESTSIDE PIZZA:** It's all about the pizza! Eat in or sit back and enjoy our delivery service! Combo, specialty, build your own pizzas, plus dessert stix, appetizers, and salads. 555 S. Main, Sun-Thur 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-10pm. 509-684-8254.



**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. Check out our fish museum lobby. 915 S Main. 800-680-2517 or 509-684-2517.

## Kettle Falls

**CHINA BEND B&B:** Luxurious lodging at the China Bend Winery Estate. Enjoy a gourmet breakfast and complimentary wine tasting. Custom menu dinner available by reservation. Located on the Northport-Flat Creek Road along the Columbia River at 3751 Vineyard Way. 509-732-6123, [www.chinabend.com](http://www.chinabend.com).



## 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: 3 blocks to train ride & shops, 1 mile to river & trails. Relax. Renew. Retreat. 131 N. Spokane Ave., [dannyanns.com](http://dannyanns.com), 509-447-3787.



## Northport



**RIVERTOWN SUDS N GRUB:** Meet our friendly staff and enjoy daily specials, the best prime rib around (Fridays), awesome steaks, and fantastic salads! Open 7 days a week, 11 am till closing at 302 Center Ave.. 509-732-6678.

**MATTESON HOUSE B&B:** When it's time for a break from the ordinary, come stay in one of our themed, vintage decorated rooms and enjoy peace and quiet, a cozy fireplace and a hearty country breakfast. 607 Center Ave. 509-732-6151.



## Orient



**BEARDSLEE FAMILY RESTAURANT:** Where everyone is family. Home cooking and specials every day. Also serving spirits, beer and wine. Karaoke every Thur and Sat. Open Tue-Sun, 7am-8pm. Hwy. 395 in Orient. 509-684-2564.

# GET YOUR BUSINESS LISTED!

[ncmonthly@gmail.com](mailto:ncmonthly@gmail.com) ~ 509-675-3791

# SAVE THE DATE

Pumpkin Carving  
Food Vendors  
Zombie Run  
Sky Lanterns  
Costumes & Games  
Lighted Pumpkin Flotilla  
Night at the Museum  
Photo Opportunities

CHEWELAH, WA.

OCT. 27  
3-8 pm

## KIDDIE AND PET COSTUME PARADE

Starts at 4:30 at the Colville fire Station.

Games and Fun After the Parade at Heritage Court

Music from Hank FM & Photo Booth, 4-7 pm

Costume Contest at Sandra's (photos & prizes!), 7-10 pm



## MOONLIGHT MADNESS

Businesses open late, 7-10 pm

Enter Your Name in the Customer Appreciation Drawing  
To Be Held at Sandra's at 10 pm



OCTOBER 26

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