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From the Publisher's Desk...

By Gabriel Cruden

This is a time of big rocks. Stephen Covey, educator, author, business man and lecturer, made the term famous in reference to the important things in life. As I take stock of the current state of things, I see a whole boulder garden.

Some of the rocks are big firsts with the kids: son's first baseball game; a daughter's first time to ride her bike on her own without training wheels; another daughter's first gymnastics recital; another daughter winning a town scholarship program, etc.

Others are stories of survival such as a North Columbia Monthly columnist now in remission after a second recurrence of breast cancer, a longtime family friend recovering from four major back-to-back surgeries for prostate cancer, and another dear friend who just had a brain tumor removed and is undergoing post-operative treatment.

Then there's my mother-in-law's 80th birthday party, which is nothing to sneeze at (and you'd never guess her to be a day over 69!). Her side of the family is big and the party will be epic. Getting ready for it will be more than just tables, chairs and food, though. My lovely bride has informed me that the continuing eight-year, down-to-

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100-plus-year-old farmhouse needs to be done in time for the party. Now that is a big rock. Can't wait to have that one out of the way! There are also end-of-an-era rocks, such as

the-studs, change-everything, remodel of our

Lovitt Restaurant in Colville closing for good on June 23rd and the North Pend Oreille Valley Lions Club Excursion Train pulling into the station one last time at the end of the 2016 fall season. A very big one in this category for me is my mother moving off the mountain. I thought somehow that the land on the mountain and the home she and I built 26 years ago would always be a part of our family.

As I write this in late April, we are also a few

days away from the one-year anniversary of Karla Rumsey's passing - another big rock, especially for her family. Karla, former owner/publisher of the North Columbia Monthly, was much beloved, and is missed by the community. As I make my rounds and connect with people who knew her, there is a constancy of appreciation for how she lived in this world. I am proud to be associated with her legacy, and that of her husband Steve before her, through this publication.

Change is a tricky thing. It can be great and it can be hard and it can lead to unexpected places. Learning to move through change in a positive way will, like change itself, no doubt be an on-going adventure.

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Life Matters

The Shack in the Forest

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I am staring straight upward at the sky through a hole in the roof the size and shape of a chimney. Beneath the hole, three buckets stand catching rainwater in an abandoned shack for no one in particular. The shack stands in a quiet wood in north Stevens County, nestled away from curious eyes. Its tar-paper siding, unfinished frame and bare plank floor are whispering the story of someone's life. They were witness to the last eighteen years of existence of a man who suffered from an anxiety disorder and a physical illness that kept him away from the mainstream of society.

Here, first in a camper, then board by board in the hand-built shack, he survived off the grid on someone else's land, a testament to the kindness of a land owner willing to bend the rules to help a stranger who had nowhere else to go. Here he lived for eighteen years and here he died.

I survey the surroundings. To my right is a plywood bench, sawn in the shape of the tub that it supported. Straight ahead of me sprawls

the dilapidated remains of a lavender castaway couch. To my left, a narrow ladder reaches the loft above. Behind me a whiteboard with recently scrawled messages from acquaintances to the now-departed resident of this place. "Goodbye old friend." "We miss you."

The three of us - my host, a friend from the building trades, and I - stand silently in the place, wondering at its meaning. The story of someone's life surrounds us. How did it come to this? Why did he live here? Was his life happy? Did he have family? Where were they?

We have come here because of work on homelessness. Here is an example of a simple dwelling constructed for someone to live off the beaten path. A house for the homeless, Stevens County style. There is no electricity here. No sewer, no running water. A small wood stove, now disappeared, was his only source of heat.

By many accounts, his housing was substandard. But I believe that what we are seeing is representative of many people in our area. They are largely invisible to us. Most are couch surfing, moving from one house to another. Friends,

family, strangers take them in. Some have children. All are vulnerable.

Sometimes good people take them in. Sometimes not so good. Desperation, lack of income, mental health concerns, addiction, abuse, poverty drive them wherever they go. They will tell you, if you listen long enough, of times when they thought they would die. They have had to fight for their lives.

We drive away from the shack in the forest. My host speaks further of her work on homelessness. Phrases fill my head: "...rapid re-housing grants...one dirty UA and you're out...I just want to help people...their history follows them forever...even if you meet criteria, if you aren't liked, you are out...plenty of housing but not enough landlords who will rent to them..." I struggle to wrap all she is telling me into a coherent story. I'm not sure that I can, but I will try. Here is what I am learning:

Shelter is a basic human need. Our outcomes are measurably better when we have a place to stay, our ambient temperature is controlled, our bodies are dry, we can stay clean, we have a

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source of heat. Our supplies and assets are more secure. We are less vulnerable to the elements and to predators, human or otherwise. We are less vulnerable to disease.

Though all of this is true, there are barriers to finding shelter. Impoverished people in our society struggle to find a place to stay. Most people who are homeless suffer from mental illness, addiction, poverty, hopelessness. Many have a criminal background. They are not eligible for conventional home loans, they do not have resources for a down payment, and they do not meet criteria for federal programs. Many have no regular source of income. They are vulnerable to losing the few resources that they possess. They are easy prey to drug dealers, thieves, predators.

If they are to be helped, someone must come alongside them. Someone like the land owner who hid away the man with a social phobia and medical problems who lived out his last 18 years surrounded by forest in a ramshackle hut. Was his life better because someone helped him? I guarantee that it was. Was it ideal? I recall the mossy-roofed shack that he built and wonder if I could have lived there. I imagine him soaking in his tub at the end of a chilly day in water hauled from a stream, heated on the wood stove, smoke curling up through the chimney, a smile on his face, relaxed and at peace. Was it easy? I doubt it. But it was home.

There is good evidence that housing is more than an incentive to live differently. It is part of the therapy. It is good medicine. Housing first is a strategy being used in a number of locations to transform lives.

It is another morning. I am driving in to town, running just a little late to see a couple of patients at the hospital. My mind is preoccupied with a dozen cares of the day. I round the corner at the crest of the hill. Two people are walking toward town, their thumbs up. They wave as I pass. I recognize them. I pull to the side of the road, hoping they will hurry so that I don't get stuck behind the school bus. They throw backpacks in the pickup bed and climb in.

I greet them and ask if I can help them. They are heading to the hospital. So am I. "We are homeless," they explain. I invite them to tell me about what happened. "We were living in our car. Someone torched it. All of our things are gone. They were inside the car." I ask them about their plans. They will go to the hospital for some needed medical care. Then to Rural Resources, the clothing bank, food bank, try to figure out where they will stay for the night.

I tell them that we are working on homelessness. We have applications. Would they be will-

ing to fill one out? They look at me incredulously. "Really?" Yeah. "You are building homes for homeless people?" That's our plan. "Yeah, I'd like to do that."

I invite them to come by the clinic and pick up an application. We're serious about helping people. We'll give them a good deal. It's not free, but we don't charge in-

terest and we'll be fair in our pricing. We can help them become owners of a tiny home if that would help them.

I pull up in front of the hospital and climb out of the truck. The couple heads toward the emergency room, and I take the elevator to the second floor. I stand in the elevator and stare up at the ceiling. I remember the chimney-shaped hole in the roof of the shack in the forest. I smile. I like that guy, whoever he was, who made a place on his property available for someone who was homeless. The decaying camper and the shack still stand as a testament to the kindness of that man for whom the plight of a sick man without a home was intolerable. It feels good to be on the same team with such a man.

Barry Bacon is a family doctor in Colville who specializes in full spectrum family medicine and works on health disparities in local communities and in Africa, and teaches family medicine in those locations.



Random Acts of Community

By Christine Wilson

"Sometimes it's the very people who no one imagines anything of who do the things no one can imagine."

~ The Imitation Game

I was a nerdy high school girl, taking advanced math classes, wearing glasses, being taller than almost all other girls, and mistaking height and math skills in females as the definition of freak of nature. My Government teacher even went so far as to say: "The only reason girls go to college is to get their M.R.S. Degree." So, added to our other misfortunes, girls who wanted to go to college in that era were obviously just getting advanced degrees so we could marry well-educated men, no doubt because they'd provide money and prestige for greedy girls. Absurd and unimaginable were our aspirations.

Unlikely as it seemed at the time, we were moving into an expansive future within which would be a vision of choices limited primarily by our imaginations, at least in most circles. As our dear friend Everett Guy said before he departed Earth: "We didn't have much consciousness then, but we were about to get a whole lot of it." That consciousness has not magically transformed the world, but we are making progress to that end.

The term researchers are using for both the internalized and external prejudice that holds us back is "stereotype threat." Some examples from the literature:

Gifted female mathematicians, when told a particular math test will produce gender differences, score poorly in comparison to men, but equally to men when they are told there are no gender differences. When white students are told their math scores will be compared to those of Asians, they score poorly. When black students are told their ability is being tested, they score poorly on the GRE, an entrance exam for graduate school. When told the test is not measuring their ability, their scores equal those of white students. Women who believe they are playing chess against a male opponent don't do as well as when they believe their opponent is female.

A woman who loved to swim told me a story. Her swimming skills were sadly lacking, she said.

Others would zoom past her as she pushed herself to complete a decent number of laps in the Olympic-size pool where she worked. On one particular day, she noticed a woman swimming as slowly as she and found herself picking up her pace a bit, relieved to know there was someone in the pool she could relate to. A bit later, as the woman climbed out of the pool, she was shocked to find the woman strapped with weights. She was a world-class athlete using the weights to intensify her workout. The lesson remained, however, of the power of belief. Apparently that held for her, even though it was just a felt sense of similarity.

What is to be done then? Keeping in mind that we learned those stereotypes about our abilities and our sense of who we are ("It's just my personality" or "Our family is just that way"), means that overcoming them starts with bringing those unfortunate lessons into conscious awareness and seeing them as lessons, not truths. The awareness of that voice, taking pot shots at us as it does, can be a frustrating stage of change because we are hearing it but haven't devised a way out yet. Alvin Toffler, a writer and imaginer of the future, has said that the illiterate of the 21st century will not be those who cannot read and write, but those who cannot learn, unlearn, and relearn.

When I was 12, some people took me water skiing. I was up on the water when it occurred to me that I wasn't athletic and therefore couldn't possibly ski. I slipped into the water and, try as I might, they were not able to get me back up on top of those skis. At 31, I tried again and at that point I was on to that inner critic. After putting an imaginary sock in its mouth, I rose up on skis and enjoyed a grand view of the Columbia River, reveling in my triumph and the joy of wind and water.

So let me reiterate: Anything we learn we can unlearn. Easy it is not. Listening, challenging, and sometimes muscling your way through repeated efforts - that's how it happens. The support of other people who believe in you makes it more trouble-free, but we can't always expect that support. Having someone cheering on the side of that pool would have felt much better for those swimmers, but the woman with weights had tapped in to an internal dogged determination and the one who was cheered by her assumed peer was able to persevere merely because of that felt sense of community.

Lessons from our past can interfere with our daring to achieve. My family belief system included the notion that you could not be both athletic and intelligent and it was obvious to me which one was more acceptable. Sometimes family culture and personal experiences interfere with or even traumatize us, and they have to be addressed directly, with the help of therapeutic approaches like EMDR. Those lessons often show up as negative beliefs such as "I cannot succeed," "I am permanently damaged," or "I amin danger." If you find yourself growing exhausted from the effort of overcoming those beliefs, find a good therapist to help you get unstuck.

Lastly, we have to assume there will be failure. Therapists all have stories of people who responded to their suggestions by saying: "Oh, I tried that. It didn't work." "Well," we are inclined to say, "figure out what didn't work and try it again." Einstein famously remarked that doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results is the definition of insanity, but before you think you are crazy, tweak the details. There could be a stereotype threat or negative belief interfering with success. As Martin Luther King Jr. said: "We must accept finite disappointment, but never lose infinite hope." That hope gives us the energy to break through the stereotype threats. Then the world really is our oyster.

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



Travels With Dellie

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

Publisher's Note: NCM columnist Eileen Delehanty Pearkes received a Columbia Basin Trust grant to look at the connections among three rainforests: the northern California sequoias, the upper Columbia rainforest, and the coastal forest of Haida Gawaii, B.C. "Landscape speaks to me," Eileen says. "I have always had a dream to ramble across the great American open spaces, which are such an important asset to the country. I have lived outside of the U.S. (in Canada) for 30 years. This is a homecoming for me, at a time when I believe America is also emerging in a new form." What follows is Eileen's fourth installment of her travelogue with her faithful four-legged companion Dellie in their camper van, La Tortue.

The Missouri River is the second-longest river in North America, beginning in the Rocky Mountains of Montana and flowing southeast until it joins the Mississippi at St. Louis, Missouri. What a privilege to meet this water, and to travel alongside as it finds its way.

My first encounter with the Missouri was in Van Meter State Park in northwestern Missouri, as it neared the end of its 2,202 mile journey. I

approached the park on state road 122, rolling my trusty camper van, La Tortue, through undulating farm fields that were broken only by occasional brush and trees gathering in the wet draws. The landscape spreading around the serpentine path of the Missouri is often fertile and engineered habitat for soybeans and corn. Industrial farming makes efficient use of the rich floodplain soils - except for the park, where the natural marshes are allowed to take over.

In 1932, Annie Vanmeter (the true spelling of the family name) donated 369 acres of her farmland to the State of Missouri in memory of her deceased husband Abel. Both she and Abel are buried in the park. Since her donation, the preserve has expanded to cover over 1,100 acres, much of it marshland watered by the Missouri.

The Missouri is over four times longer than the Columbia River, yet empties only a little over twice the same volume of water at its end. The Columbia is much steeper and flows much faster, often through landscape defined by bedrock or basalt. The Missouri takes its time and likes to meander across a more open, soil-softened and level terrain.

I pulled in to the empty campground, parked the van as close to the marsh as I could and took off with Dellie to have a look around.

A village of Missouri Indians once inhabited the knoll rising up behind the campground. From this vantage, they were above the constantly changing river floodplain, could see far across the prairie, and were in reach of the rich resources offered by the river. In 1673, French colonial explorers Jacques Marquette and Louis Jolliet found remnants of just such a village near another bend in the Missouri River and transcribed the name they heard as oumessourit.

As the sun dropped in the west beyond the marshland, the watery reaches of the marsh began to stir. Bullfrogs croaked. The sound of peepers pulsed up from the dampness and songbirds trilled in the cottonwoods. Warm temperatures that day had turned the tap on to a gush of life. The din increased as the sun dropped lower. More and more birds arrived until there were hundreds dancing high above, singing their hearts out. I sat at the campsite's picnic table, astonished by the volume and fighting the urge to take refuge in my van. Other than the odd thunderstorm or rushing creek, I had always considered nature to be on the quiet side.

At dusk, things grew a little calmer. All night long, my dreams were stirred again and again by audible fragments of excitement from the marsh. Once, in the near distance, I heard the ghostly hoot of an owl. I woke thinking about the great bulk of Missouri River water that had been diked to convert its marshes into farm fields. I also made a mental note to check the journals of Lewis and Clark, who explored most of the Missouri watershed in the early 19th century, for any mention of the noise the river's marshes made.

Marshes and floodplains are some of the most productive, life-giving ecosystems on the earth. Unlike wetlands, where mature trees often thrive, marshes host primarily low shrubs, sedges and grasses. As I walked with Dellie in early morning along a boardwalk encircling a segment of the marsh, we were surrounded by grasses towering up to eight feet high. Poetic spars of oak and maple, trees that may have once thrived in a diked farmland, had been choked off by the marsh's perennial dampness. Marshes lessen the impact of floods by absorbing large amounts of water, and host a wide variety of creatures. Before the walk was over, Dellie had found the stinky

shell of a dead armadillo.

We left the park and drove northwest, crossing the Missouri several times as bridges spanned the S-turns on my route toward Nebraska. Over the next week or so, I lost track of the river as I explored western Nebraska and northeastern Wyoming. One night, marooned in a hotel in Casper due to a sudden and unseasonable cold snap, I gazed at my route-planning map, tracing my way forward to Montana. My finger stopped in amazement at the label for a potential campsite near Bozeman: "Missouri Headwaters State Park."

Road trips always need a measure of planning but not too much, so that unexpected surprises or turns of favor can enrich the journey. I had never heard of this park. I penciled a large circle around it and wrote: Back to the Missouri River again. A few days later, I found myself pulling into another empty campground surrounded by cottonwoods, willows and the throaty tremor of sandhill cranes. (See Jack Nisbet's April column about these birds.) Here the Missouri begins its path.

The Missouri's alpha is actually the confluence of two rivers, the Jefferson and the Madison. A third, the Gallatin, joins in just downstream. It seems fitting, as I crawl closer to the Continental

Divide and journey's end, that I would find this beginning. The landscape around the three converging rivers is being born, too. Grasses and sedges push green blades up through their blond winter straw. Nubby willow branches brush the riparian with russet wonder.

Everywhere, I see this russet tone, pale as dried blood, an expectant iron-oxide that marks the soils and the river stones. Rounded by water and glacial movements from long ago, these stones offer up constant reminders of the richness embedded in death and renewal.

My second day at the park dawns cold and rainy, but I have shelter, a propane heater, some good books, and a willingness. I walk in a cold, misting rain for part of the morning, taking stock of this cool pause before spring begins. The Missouri's water burbles gently through the headwaters meadows. At some point in not too many days, this water will enter the marshes at Van Meter State Park. Meanwhile, La Tortue (the turtle), Dellie and I will continue west to cross the Rockies as we inch our way home to the Columbia Mountains. There, another river awaits.



A Miller's Tale: Precision Matters

By Jack Nisbet

For the past few mornings, I've been reading the back of a Cheerios box at our breakfast table. Right up to date with the latest trends in agriculture, it tells the story of Phil, a kindly looking gent who has been a career miller in the cereal business. When Phil found out that his daughter-in-law had celiac disease, he learned that her new gluten-free diet called for the elimination of all wheat or barley products. Cheerios are made from oats, so they should have been a logical substitute for the young woman's breakfast.

But there was a problem: Trace amounts of barley and wheat always snuck into the batches as they were preparing those cheery little Os. It is in the nature of seeds to mix and drift and spread in ways that are not so easy to control, even for a giant agribusiness like General Mills.

Phil the miller was up to the task, however. After a long series of experiments with screens, fans, sieves, and conveyor belts, he figured out a way to eliminate everything but the oats from the Cheerios processing plant. The result: a common box cereal that can proudly declare itself to be gluten-free.

I thought about Phil and those renegade seeds when I stood with some students to talk about the Hudson's Bay Company mill at Meyer's Falls. Since the construction of Fort Colville in 1825, farming had always been an important activity in the region, and at some point a grist mill operation was added on to the fur company's water-powered sawmill at the falls of the Colville River. Artist Paul Kane had sketched the complex when he visited the area in 1847. But I had never seen any records that described

the process of creating those mills, or the skill of the men who engineered them. I wondered if the first millers there, like Phil, fretted about the purity of the flours and seed stock that they shipped around the Columbia District.

Then I noticed a web posting from British Columbia historian Nancy Anderson about locating an old Canadian fur trade house by the wild oats that still sprang up around the original site every spring. When I asked her for more information about early grains and seeds, she sent me an 1851 letter from James Douglas (no relation to the naturalist David Douglas), chief factor at Fort Victoria, to a secretary at the Hudson Bay headquarters in London. It said:

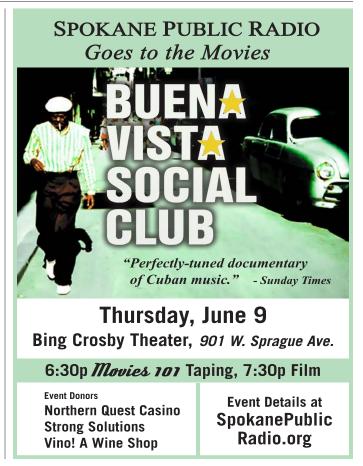
I forward herewith a small Requisition for various kinds of grass seeds which I beg may be forwarded by the first ship bound to this Island. We entreat that the seeds may be fresh and of the best Kinds. I am informed that seeds put up for abroad are often mixed with inferior and damaged sorts, which would be a serious disappointment in our case.

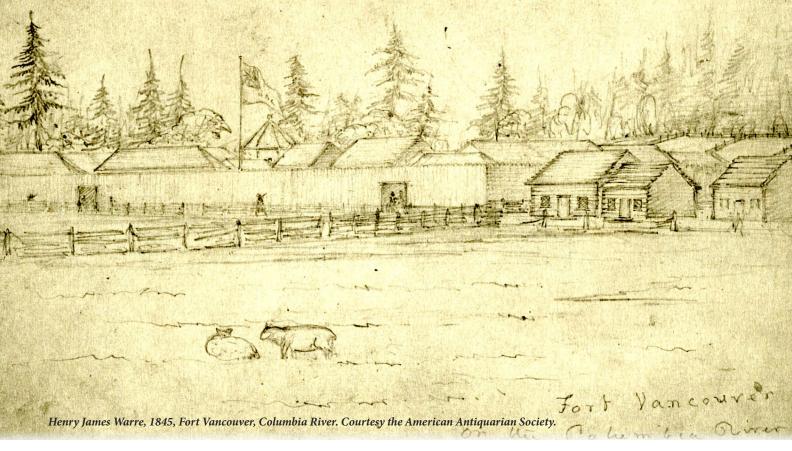
Douglas was asking for nursery-proven grass seeds to sow along the trails traveled by his fur men, so that the horses would have some forage along the way. And like Phil, he had heard complaints about inferior, damaged, and alien seeds mixed in with the grasses he most wanted.

Douglas, always a meticulous man, had put enough research into the subject that he could offer some suggestions concerning the shipment:

These seeds should be put up in bags of convenient size, packed in tight casks and frequently aired in fine weather only, by a careful person, during







the voyage to this country. That plan was followed by Mr. Harvey with the seeds under his care, and succeeded better than any other that has been tried.

Just who, I wondered, was this careful Mr. Harvey?

It turns out that when Dr. John McLoughlin, head of the Hudson Bay Company's entire Columbia District, traveled to London in 1840, one item on his business list was to find an experienced miller to set up a grist mill at Fort Vancouver, his district headquarters (located across the river from modern Portland). The man selected for the job was Daniel Harvey, about 28 years old, scrupulous in manner and clever with his hands.

When the two sailed back to the Columbia together on the vessel Cowlitz, Mr. Harvey brought his own personal draining plough for shaping the wet meadows around the fort, as well as an instrument called a proof staff, to be used in preparing the round corrugated stones used for milling grain into proper flour. He also brought his own carefully protected seeds, and aired them out in fine weather as the Cowlitz circled Cape Horn.

Once Harvey had established his credentials at Fort Vancouver, Mc-Loughlin put him in charge of the post's entire 640-acre farm. Harvey performed his task quietly, only appearing in the post journals when something unusual happened. In 1843, one of his employees, a well-known

ruffian named Joseph Dupre, thoroughly thrashed his boss over a work order. The following year, Harvey was in charge of the post sawmill during a scary forest fire, and helped organize the crew to fight it.

Daniel Harvey appeared on the HBC payroll as a farmer for seven years before he was named superintendent of the entire post in 1848. The next year he served as postmaster, and finally ended his fur trade career as a clerk in 1850. There is no evidence that he ever traveled upriver to offer advice about the company mill at Meyer's Falls.

During the latter part of his career, Harvey lived in McLoughlin's large house as the second husband of McLoughlin's daughter Eloisa. Together the couple had three children to go with a trio Eloisa had borne with her first husband, thus adding to the typical mixed, blended, multi-generational family so common to that time and place.

McLoughlin, of course, kept Harvey around for a reason. When the doctor went into the woolen business in the late 1840s, he needed to set up a spinning mill for his raw product. Who better to get the business started than the man who had improved all the other mills on that part of the river? For Daniel Harvey, miller, it was only a matter of adjusting the wheels, belts, and pulleys of his trade, then letting the power of the water go to work. He became the first manager of McLoughlin's woolen mills at

> Willamette Falls, and kept meticulous account books for them until he passed away in 1867.

> In those ledgers, Harvey's careful columns of numbers suggest the kind of man who might have spent time trying to figure out how to sort barley from oats before they were milled: clean, clearly separated, and open for all to see.

Thanks to Nancy Anderson and her wonderful posts about the fur trade era at http://nancymargueriteanderson.com. To celebrate the spring opening of the Kettle Falls Historical Society. Jack Nisbet will present a slide show about the life and work of visionary artist Leno Prestini on May 14. For details, contact the Historical Society or visit www.jacknisbet.com.

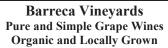


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Warning Label: Life Flashes By, Like It or Not

By Loren Cruden

You have to be careful as you get older – moonlight sticks to your hair.

Back when middle age started infiltrating my physical experience, it felt like a mild flu or grumpy mood, some brief imbalance - something I'd soon get over and things would go back to normal. After a few years it dawned on me that I wasn't "getting better." I realized that aging, unlike most things in life (tides, seasons, moon phases, fashions, and accordion-playing, for example), is not cyclic. Women are cyclically oriented: our biology of reproductive hormones. When these familiar cycles cease, life becomes oddly linear, a litany of "lasts." Last time clothes fit right or heads turned or ease of movement was taken for granted; like last call at the pub - party's over, time to sober up.

There are consolations, of course. Grandchildren, for instance. Our young Alex, casting his fishing line into the lake one summer day, told my brother that fish wouldn't come if a wrinkly person was present. Something to add to the litany: last time fish were attracted.

I used to teach workshops in Europe, and each time included a visit with my ex-mother-in-law in Scotland. During her seventies, then eighties, Shiona previewed old age for me. She lived in sheltered senior housing in Glasgow, with a warden and optional help with cleaning and shopping. "It takes courage to get old," Shiona said. "I had no idea of that when I was young."

Me neither. As I got older I noticed an increasing preoccupation with matters of health; friends dying or facing daunting diagnoses or plagued by domino-falls of physical capacities.

Humor (part of courage) is called for, along with fortitude and a philosophical attitude. Still, life can veer into absorption in ailment-consciousness: medical tests and treatments; alternative remedies; health insurance, and so on. Our conversations aren't what they used to be; our bodies aren't what they used to be. Like being reduced to vigilant maintenance of faltering but once snazzy vehicles, trading tips and complaints while endeavoring to eke out a few more miles.

Bob Shacochis, in one of his novels, describes "...the world rendered arbitrary by a vacuum of purpose." Which for many people describes aging; no compelling participation to rise to each day, nothing new filling the vacuum, just more "lasts" exiting into the black hole. Young Alex of the fishing wisdom was shocked when I asked to try out his skateboard and trampoline one day. "You shouldn't do things like that at your age," admonished the then six-year-old, looking askance. As though I'd whipped off my blouse and was twirling it above my head. What was worse was discovering my new lack of balance on the skateboard, and the outrageous insult to my joints of bobbling up and down on the trampoline. Yikes!

With nothing compelling to look forward to, and memory too sieve-like for precise contemplation of the past, one arrives at that curious place of stark present. As the vehicle becomes more stripped-down it reveals the unadorned chassis: priorities instead of racing stripes and plush upholstery.

Sliding into my sixties, developing arthritis and other unglamorous conditions, the physical demands of my mountain lifestyle became more challenging. After a couple of falls on my steep bedroom stairs I installed a motion-sensor LED light near the top step.

This development had consequences for my

cat, Taliesin, who has eccentricities. For example, when I am away and my friend Robin comes over to feed him, she is greeted by toy arrangements - his sparkle balls, jingle balls, catnip mice, squeaky toys, cork ball, and an alarming knitted thing like a large wool turd - on the mat inside the door. Each day the arrangement is different. (He never does toy arranging when I'm home.) Another of his quirks is to poof his fur up at the arrival of objects not belonging to the usual household landscape. Like a large bag of peat moss brought into the kitchen. Poof! Or Robin's snowshoes sitting outside the glass doors. Poof! On the other hand, he is friendly with strangers, fascinated by dogs, and doesn't shy from, though is not happy with, the sight of bears around the place. Go figure.

The first time Taliesin witnessed me take a fall he ran to his bowl in the kitchen, plaintively meowing as if my coming to feed him instead of lying bleeding and moaning on the floor might make everything okay. The second time he saw me take an injuring fall he ran toward me, maybe to assess whether I looked capable of crawling to the cat food cupboard.

When I took him for a two-week stay at a relative's flat, Taliesin got anxious. My son and I carried Taliesin and his paraphernalia inside and left him alone while we fetched something from Gabriel's house. When we got back, the twelve-poundbag of Science Diet on the counter had vanished. Looking high, looking low, Gabriel found it. Taliesin had toppled it from the counter and dragged it all the way across the apartment to stow it under the bed, a suitable survivalist lair. The bag was now pricked with numerous desperate tooth-holes. We all have our ways of coping.

On the mountain Taliesin had difficulty coming to terms with the LED stair light. Previously, our bedtime ritual was that I'd go



Monthly Muse

upstairs and get settled while Taliesin lingered a while downstairs. When I was on the verge - or just past the verge - of sleep Taliesin (telepathically sensing this) silently stalked up the stairs and levitated onto the bed, his stealthy ninja presence made known only when pokey whiskers tickled my face, jolting me out of sleep or lovely almost-sleep. He'd snuggle under the covers for a while, blissfully purring, then abruptly emerge to spend the remainder of the night curled near my knees.

The undetected-approach part of this ritual changed after the LED stair light was installed. Taliesin now silently padded up the steps and FLASH! triggered the motion-sensor. He'd freeze, then swiftly flee to the safe darkness below. The light automatically goes off after twenty seconds. When the light blinked out Taliesin, even more craftily than before, would again attempt the stairs, reaching the top and FLASH!

This went on four and five times every night until Taliesin finally attained the bed. Every night. It should be pointed out that our place had no electricity, no streetlights, no yard lights, no passing vehicle lights, no illumination from a town; when it was dark it was dark, which I

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appreciated. Except now there was this wildly blurting stair light and crazed cat.

Before dawn each morning Taliesin hopped off the bed and went downstairs to indicate he was ready for breakfast. The motion-sensor's flash was his ally now. He raced up and down the stairs in a frenzy of need, flinging himself on the bed, jamming his nose into my eye socket, patting me with his paws, indicating. I sometimes thumped him with a pillow as my own indication. Every time Taliesin barreled up or down the stairs the light flashed to exuberant life, like an over-stimulated cheerleader.

Some of the unforeseen consequences of aging, including (in my case) a growing sensitivity to twenty-second intervals, can be extreme. Those motion-sensor lights, along with our bodies, should come with warning labels.



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A Shorebird Away from the Shoreline

By J. Foster Fanning

Throughout spring and summer in the Okanogan and Columbia Highlands many of us see the killdeer foraging in the valleys, although it may come as a surprise to some that this medium-sized bird of the plover family is considered a shorebird. Mowed fields, sparse meadows, dirt roadways, yards, and even golf courses are the haunts of this fast and graceful bird.

The name "killdeer" has nothing to do with the ruminant mammals that jump our garden fences. The name comes from its vocal cry, a far-carrying, excited "kill-deeeer." When my daughter was a young child she called these creatures "the broken-wing bird" in reference to the ploy they skillfully demonstrate when defending their nestlings. The Chattering Plover and the Noisy Plover were names that eighteenth-century naturalists gave these noisy birds.

The keys to identifying this *Charadrius vociferus* are the black-banded neck and head with a white underside as seen in these images. Overall the birds are brownish on top and light below, with their bright orange rump quite notable in flight. All plovers have a short bill for their body size; the killdeer is no exception. They have a large, round head and are generally rather slender and lanky with long pointed tail and long wings.

The behavior traits assisting in identification are the rapid motion, short-burst runs and abrupt stops. During the stop our bird will look about, scanning for danger and food. The killdeer will launch into rapid flight when disturbed. Note the stiff, intermittent wingbeats and the trait of circling overhead while calling frequently.

As mentioned above, the killdeer effectively uses the broken wing act to lead predators away from its nest on the ground, but as you can imagine that ploy does not keep the nest safe from larger grazing mammals. When a cow or horse poses a threat to a nest, the little killdeer fluffs itself up, displays that long tail over its head and charges directly at the beast to divert it from the nest. This defense works surprisingly well, startling the wary browser at least for a step or two.

The Cornell Lab of Ornithology confirms: "Often seen in dry, flat landscapes, running and halting on the ground in search of insects and earthworms. Although the killdeer is common around human habitation it is often shy,

 \diamond

at first running away rather than flying. When a killdeer stops to look at an intruder, it has a habit of bobbing up and down almost as if it had hiccuped. Near the nest, killdeer distract predators by calling loudly, bobbing, and running away. Killdeer are some of the best-known practitioners of the broken-wing display, an attempt to lure predators away from a nest by feigning injury. Pairs of killdeer tend to stay together for one to a few years.'

Killdeer are quite adaptive in regard to their nesting locations, sometimes locating themselves very close to people. While this may protect them from some natural predators, the exposure to domestic cats, automobiles and pesticides impact overall mortality.

Killdeer nests are simple scrapes. Once the mated pair agree on a location, a nesting site ceremony ensues. The male lowers his white feathered chest to the ground and scrapes a small depression with his feet. With head lowered, the female formally approaches and takes the male's place. The male then initiates a courtship display that includes rapid, chattering calls. If everything goes well in the ritual, mating often follows. The depression-soon-to-be-nest will be the location of the egg laying, and the birds will toss a few twigs, grass clippings and small pebbles and shells in after the eggs are laid.

Killdeer chicks hatch fully feathered with a downy coat sporting similar markings to the adult. They are mobile as soon as their feathers dry and they are ready to be fed. Earthworms, grasshoppers, beetles, snails, crayfish, and aquatic insect larvae are prime sources of diet. Like many successful birds, the killdeer is an opportunistic forager. When in the aquatic habitat they will eat frogs and feed on dead minnows. In agricultural fields they will eat what seeds are left over.

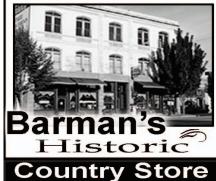
So remember to look for this creature of dry habitats in the aquatic setting as well. Maybe you will luck out and observe the adult or even the chicks swimming in swift-flowing water. I have not yet...

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. His wildlife and scenic photography show, Take a Walk on the Wild Side, is featured at various venues throughout the region. Learn more at http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com.

Below: A female killdeer exhibiting the "broken wing display." Image courtesy Wikimedia Commons.







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AT'S

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Events

May 4: Miss Kettle Falls Scholarship Program Fundraiser Spaghetti Feed & Bingo Night at the Kettle Falls High School. Meal at 5 pm, Bingo at 6 pm. Call 509-738-6071 for more info.

May 4: Amy Goodman is coming back to Spokane! KYRS Presents: "Democracy Now! Twenty Years Covering the Movements Changing America" with Amy Goodman, Live At Lewis & Clark High School Auditorium (521 W. 4th Ave., Spokane) at 7 pm. \$15 general admission, \$5 for students with ID. Limited \$100 tickets available for the pre-event reception with Amy Goodman which includes an autographed book and a reserved seat at her talk. All proceeds benefit KYRS! Tickets are available at kyrs.org or call 509-747-3012.

May 5, 11, 12: The Libraries of Stevens County are offering the Makey Makey program, provided by the State Library, for children at 3:30 pm each day at the Colville Library. For more info contact Sarah English at 509-935-6805.

May 6: Colville Chamber Open Golf Tournament at Dominion Meadows Golf Course in Colville.

May 7: Chewelah's 7th Annual Community Yard Sale from 9–3 is expected to have over 45 sales in and around Chewelah and shoppers will be sure to find something for everyone. This event is again being sponsored by *The Independent* newspaper. Visit www.chewelahyardsale.com for info and how to get a map of all sales.

May 7: The 9th Annual Community Sale & Swap at the NEW Fairgrounds, Colville, includes a kid's corner, 50/50 drawing and more. Call 509-684-2971 or visit colvillefoodbank.org for more info.

May 10: Colville Community Blood Drive, 11:30-6 at the Ag Trade Center in Colville.

May 14: NE WA Fair Benefit Dinner & Auction at the Ag Trade Center in Colville.

May 14: Regional author and naturalist Jack Nisbet presents "Leno's World" An Exploration into the Life of Artist Leno Prestini at 7 pm at the Kettle Falls Historical Center. This free event is made possible through a grant from Humanities Washington. Call Jan at 509-684-3382 for more info.

May 19: The Rotary Club and the City of Colville invite you to attend a "design a park in a day" event. Meet at Getty's Discount Flooring, 170 S. Main St. by Heritage Court at 10 am. For more information,

contact RJ Keetch, Colville City Planner at 509-684-5096 or plandir@colville.wa.us.

May 27: PEO Annual Garage Sale at the St. Paul Lutheran Church, 295 E Dominion Ave. in Colville from 7am-5:30 pm. All proceeds go to help scholarships for women.

May 28-30: Memorial Weekend Wine Barrel Tasting Event at China Bend Winery. Free admission. Taste wines from the barrel and gourmet food products. Hors d'oeuvres, music and special prizes! Open Noon-5 at 3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls off Northport-Flat Creek Road. Call 800-700-6123 or visit chinabend.com for more info.

May 30-June 4: Between the Rivers, a primitive skills camp for a week with friends in an immersion setting in the mountains north of Spokane, WA to learn and share the skills that our ancestors have used for centuries to meet their needs. Learn primitive living skills, outdoor & wilderness survival skills, preparedness, and sustainable living. Visit betweentheriversgathering.com for more info.

Music, Dance, Theater

May 6: Open Mic, 8-10 pm at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls. The event is free and all singers, musicians, poets and audience members are invited.

May 6: Open Mic, at the Pend Oreille Playhouse in Newport. Visit http://www.pendoreilleplayers.org.

Music at Northern Ales, Kettle Falls:

5th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm 12th: Michael Pickett, 6-8 pm 19th: Finessa Fann, 6-7 pm 20th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm 26th: Justin Johnson, 6-8 pm

May 6 & 7: Northern Dance Theatre, under the direction of Laura Golphenee, will present their spring show "Shall We Dance" at 7 pm on the CHS Stage. Come out and enjoy 70 local dancers from the dance studio right in the heart of Colville. Tickets are \$10 and can be purchased at Happy's Hallmark or at the door.

May 7-8: Woodlands Spring Concert, Sat. at 7 pm, Sun. at 2 pm at Woodland Theater in Kettle Falls.

May 13-14: "A Fine and Pleasant Misery," a Patrick McManus comedy starring Tim Behrens is at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S Union, Newport, at 7:30 pm both nights. This one-man show introduces 12 zany McManus characters, from Rancid Crabtree

In NE Washington & Interior British Columbia

to daft old Mrs. Swisher, from Strange the Dog, to a deer on a bicycle. Family friendly, hilarious tales of growing up in rural America. Call 509-447-9900 or visit pendoreilleplayers.org for more info.

May 20-21: The Drum Brothers will host a community drum circle on Friday at 7:30 pm, a beginning hand drumming workshop on Saturday from 11-12:30 and then put on a community concert Saturday evening at 7:30 pm., all at the Colville Fairgrounds. The weekend is supported by the Vinson Fund. Call 509-684-2585 for ticket info.

June 10: The Northern Ballet and Performing Arts Dance Festival, directed by Ann Marie Benedict, at the Colville High School Auditorium at 7 pm, will include performances from the NBPA School (in Chewelah), Haran Irish Dancers, Hannah Johnson (a two time champion clogger), and Rachael Larsen with the Spokane Youth Symphony's Philharmonic Orchestra (violin). Tickets available the last week in May at R.E. Lee Shoe Co. in Colville, Akers United Drug and Main Street Bistro in Chewelah. Email to annmbenedict@gmail.com for more info.

Arts & Crafts

May 14: Open House at the Springdale Art and Craft $Co-op, in the 500 \, block \, of NFirst \, in \, Spring dale, from \,$ 11-4. Refreshments, summer workshop schedule and new work from Co-op members will be featured.

Featured Artistat Trails End Gallery (Chewelah):

Angennette Escobar. The mixed-media work of this Portland-area artist will be on display through early May. The show, titled "Ex-Voto," can be viewed during gallery hours, 2-6 pm on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Call Tim Nielsen, 503-516-8355 for more info.

Featured Artists at Meyers Falls Market for May and June are Keith Powell and Indigo Sutra. Keith was born in Ephrata and is a lifetime resident of Washington State. Though wildlife is his first love, he developed an early interest in his native state and the indigenous people of the area. He works with scratch board, oils, acrylics, watercolor, pen & ink, lithographic prints, bronze, steel and aluminum. Artisan and crafter Indigo Sutra is known as "The Goddess of Recycle." She sews quilts and pieced potholders using beautiful remnants of velvet, cotton and corduroy. She also makes anklets and bracelets featuring beads, some made by a local potter, and bells.

Colville Piecemakers Quilt Guild meets on the 3rd Tuesday of the month at the Assembly of God Church in Colville at 6:30 pm. Visit colvillepiecemakers.webs.com.

Colville Valley Fiber Friends, (CVFF) meet every Monday at the Ag Trade Center, 317 W. Aster, Colville, noon - 3 pm. All interested in spinning, weaving and other fiber arts are welcome. For more information, contact Sue Gower at 509-685-1582.

Farm, Field & Forest

May 7: NE Washington Hay Growers Field Day. Call Joe Olmstead at 509-292-2604 for more info.

May 14: Garden Expo: "Gardening thru the Ages - Once Upon a Vine." Over 250 garden-related vendors will be featured at the Spokane Community College Lair, 1810 N Greene Street, Spokane, from 9-5. Free admission and parking, door prizes, seminars, and demos. Presented by The Inland Empire Gardeners. Visit www.tieg.org for more info.

May 14: 3rd Annual Spring Plant Sale and Swap hosted by the Stranger Creek Grange, 10 -2. Admission is free. Bring your plant starts, seeds or even house plants to sell or swap. Recycle old pots or garden magazines and books. The Grange is located on Addy-Gifford Rd just off Hwy 25, 2 miles north of the Gifford ferry. For information call 509-722-3263.

May 16: Bluetongue and Fire Season Aftermath, 3-5 pm at WSU Stevens County Extension, 986 S. Mainin Colville. Call 509-684-2588 for more info.

May 19: Northeast Washington Permaculture Guild (NEWPG) meets at 5 pm to network and share info at the Community Connections Room, Meyers Falls Market, Kettle Falls. Please park in back; bring a snack or dish for afterward potluck. For info, call 509-680-8499 or email kud427@gmail.com.

May 21: Arden Old Timers Rodeo.

May 21: The Upper Columbia Children's Forest will sponsor two BioBlitzes in Colville. Meet at 9 am on May Road 0.5 miles up the road beyond the end of the pavement on the west side of Colville Mountain. Leaders will guide groups up the dirt road on the west and south-facing side of the mountain tallying and snapping photos of all plants, animals, birds, and insects seen. The steep 800-ft hike is 11/2 miles to the "C" (3 miles roundtrip). Wear appropriate shoes and clothing, and bring water and snacks

or lunch. The 1 pm BioBlitz starts at the junction of Hawthorne and Evergreen Streets and includes the flat 2.3-mile loop of the Rotary Trail and 1-mile Graham Hill Trail loop with a 50-foot climb. Let's see what's living in the ponds, creeks, and forests along the way. Bring something to drink and dress for the weather.

Wellness

Dopeless Hope Fiends of Narcotics Anonymous meets every Monday and Thursday night at 7 pm at the Garden Homes Medical Group, lower level.

Caregivers Group meets at Parkview Senior Living the last Thursday of each month, 3:30-4:30 at 240 S. Silke, Colville. Call Nancy at 509-684-5677 for info.

Colville MS Support meets the second Friday of each month at 1 pm at Providence Mount Carmel Health Education House at 1169 East Columbia (lower level), Colville. Call 509-684-3252 for info.

Flu Clinic, 1st and 3rd Thursday of each month from 8-3, Tri County Health District 240 E. Dominion Ave. Colville. Walk-in or by appointment. Adult \$20, child \$7.

Overeaters Anonymous meets weekly for one hour, Mondays at 11:30 am at the Nazarene Church, 368 East Astor, Colville. Call 509-680-8674 for more info.

Rape, Domestic Violence & Crime Victims, help is available. Confidential, 24 hours a day at 509-684-6139 or toll free 1-844-509-SAFE(7233).

Friday Night Rebels has an AA meeting weekly on Fri. from 7 - 8 pm at the Providence Mount Carmel Hospital Health Education Center-lower level (1169 E. Columbia Ave, Colville).

Life of the Spirit

May 12: Christian fellowship at the Ag Center in Colville at 6 pm. Edie Sevy will be the guest speaker. Call Kathleen at 509-680-1411 or Kim at 509-684-3467 for more info.

May 22: Spiritual Study Group, 4-5 pm. All are welcome! The HÜMÜH Buddhist Center is hosting a Satsang spiritual study group to listen to the Wisdom Master's recorded words about "Happiness is a Choice" and explore their meaning with the Satsang. For more info call 509-476-0200.

Continued on page 26

CALL HOSTING PARTIES TO CONFIRM LISTING INFO. THE NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY WILL NOT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ERRORS OR SCHEDULE CHANGES. VISIT **NCMONTHLY.COM** FOR DAILY LISTING UPDATES OR TO SUBMIT A "WHAT'S HAPPENING" LISTING.



A Good Read

Game of Secrets, by Dawn Tripp

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Who would think a game of Scrabble might have deeper meanings? Poker, Chess, Go – even Snakes and Ladders, sure; but ... Scrabble?

Author Dawn Tripp saw the potential. Her novel, *Game of Secrets*, does not let innocence go unchallenged. The story takes two New England families, linked for generations in not entirely congenial ways, and puts them on opposite sides of the plot's game board. There is all the romance, sex, and tension of typical drama, portrayed with lyric eloquence. "Who wrote that the soul is nothing more than an occasional outburst of the mind? A longing not unlike a cord of sunlight that passing through dust motes lends them the appearance of being something more than they are."

Families who live in each others' pockets for generations in one place become saturated in the past; they play a long game, sharing a common language of memory, obligation, and grudge, a coded discourse. Tripp writes:

"A Scrabble board,' Ada said to me once, 'is like the dark space between stars. You look up into that space and think it's nothing, you think it's got no use, because there's nothing in it you can touch or see or smell. But it's wild, that space, not empty at all, it's full of dark stars, black holes, and storms that bend and squeeze the light that you can see.... Think of all the games we've played out on this board, Janie,' she said to me that day. 'All the words that we've laid down.... And all those other words we haven't."

Tripp's characters are sometimes most tellingly described by their Scrabble styles ("Whereas I will look at the board and see the words that fill it, she will see the spaces still left in between.") Outsiders in this picturesque coastal town are ghosts drifting through – only the locals, the long-residing ones, have substance. The landscape around them seems generated by their recollections, materializing out of the stories that locals tell and retell each other, a process both collaborative and adversarial. "I know what is coming. I know by how she took her time with that story. Like she had all the time in the world. I know what is coming even before she starts taking the letters off her rack, even before she lays all seven of them down."

This is an east-coast Caucasian story; Tripp's New England families, like Charles Frazier's Appalachian ones, are a mix of the Old World's contained pride and the New World's ornery early-incomer attitude. Fleetingly mentioned is the area's sole remaining Native, giving a momentary jolt to incomer perspectives about generational grievances. But attention quickly returns to the preoccupations of the families at hand. "...I needed you to keep talking, keep telling the story, your story that could have been mine, as we converged, each detail of your story unlocking a small piece of me, set it floating, set it free."

Move over, you trout-fishing metaphor books; make way for the hidden profundities of Scrabble.

A Dog's Breakfast, by Phil Teller

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

A Dog's Breakfast, by area entrepreneur Phil Teller, serves up kibble-sized stories and poems, some autobiographical, some invented, some a combination of the two, the book garnished with the cover photo of a dog Teller introduced me to at Kettle Falls Town & Country Days. (Though personable, the dog failed to autograph Teller's book for me.)

The stories snap-crackle-and-pop with bowlfuls of pick-up lines, the narrator clearly a man who enjoys female company, and in exchange for it offers sympathy and tall tales. Most of the stories include homilies, polished facets of Teller's life philosophy. Resonate or not with his point of view, Teller's delivery is practiced, confident, as though regaling listeners around a campfire, never at a loss for a clinching detail.

"Most people hate pigeons," one of his female characters declares, "but I just love to watch them when I'm waiting at the bus stop. The males always know when a female is around. They puff up their chests and stand up real tall and strut by, looking sideways. They say 'Coo!' and the female always looks away as if to say, 'Yeah, right, whatever.' Just like in real life."

Many of Teller's tales involve writers or, at least, people who write. "She prayed he wouldn't tell her he was a science-fiction writer or maybe a comic-book guy – the kind who wrote in drab, linear, paragraph-long sentences lacking anything that resembled an actual metaphor or nuanced thought. Everybody's a writer, she thought to herself."

Teller's tone aims to draw a smile, a tear, a snort, a willingness to go along. He is eager to communicate, dishing it out in quick, breezy, sometimes passionate moments. As one story says, "Everyone knows that when it is true love, they always ride off into the sunset."

Loren's fiction, nonfiction and poetry can be found at Meyer's Falls Market in Kettle Falls, and online at lorenbooks.com.

Now in Theaters: The Jungle Book

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

It happened! Again! But that's a good thing in my book. Disney has concocted a live-action remake of its 1967 animated adaption of Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book, and the result is a veritable blend of efficient commercial motivation (capitalize on those childhood movie memories) and heartfelt affection for the material. Business and art are indeed strange bedfellows, but when they come together, they impress and entertain.

Such is the case with The Jungle Book, directed by Jon Favreau (Swingers, Rudy, Iron Man) and with a slew of actors including Bill Murray, Ben Kingsley, Scarlett Johansson and Idris Elba lending their voices to famed characters Baloo the bear, Kaa the python, Bagheera the panther and the story's villain, Shere Khan.

The plot revolves around a boy named Mowgli, raised by wolves in the Indian jungle. When the tiger Shere Khan comes a-knockin' at the water hole, he makes his grudge against humans known and threatens to kill the boy when the summer drought ends.

Wanting to protect his adopted family, Mowgli decides to leave the wolf pack for a "man village" and is guided there by his mentor and friend, the black panther Bagheera. Of course, things don't go so smoothly, as the vengeful tiger gives pursuit and our young hero meets a colorful cast of characters along the way, including King Louie, a gargantuan orangutan voiced by Christopher Walken.

Yes, this is an adventure film geared toward children, but there's enough verve and amusements for adults as well. The Jungle Book isn't perfect; I thought the CGI looked a little too slick at some points and took me out of the realism of the moment. On the whole, though, this is a fun ride that deftly combines elements from the cartoon and Kipling's 1894 book, which is still



a captivating read all these years later, helmed by a director who respects the material. Kids will thrill at the excitement and parents won't be trying to sneak sideways glances at their cell phones.

The Jungle Book is rated PG and is now playing

The Classics Corner: Roman Holiday

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

There's a reason Audrey Hepburn remains a cinematic and fashion icon 23 years after her death, and even longer since she took a hiatus from film to dedicate her time to being a Goodwill Ambassador for UNICEF.

The film that cements that status for me (besides 1961's Breakfast at Tiffany's) is her luminous first-time leading role in William Wyler's

Roman Holiday, a1953 romantic comedy filmed on location in Rome, Italy. Hepburn plays Princess Ann, a young royal of an unnamed country making a good will tour of Europe and feeling the restrictive pressures of her royal duties (she is told by her handlers what gifts she can and cannot accept, and is fed milk and crackers like a child before bed).

When she reaches Rome, the princess has a majestic meltdown, and going against the saying "Heavy is the head that wears the crown," she sneaks out at night to experience the city by herself.

Enter expatriate American report-

er Joe Bradley (Gregory Peck, who brings a slightly roguish swagger to his steady current of dignity and dependability). Bradley recognizes Princess Ann, but wanting to "get the scoop" he goes along with her pretension that she is just a regular girl. You don't need to be a mathematics major to know how the rest will probably play out, but in a day and age where romantic film fare usually swings from the cynically sex-driven to schmaltzy schlock, Roman Holiday serves as a reminder of how pleasant and sweeping the genre can be when it's done right.

With her casually quixotic style, pixie haircut and infectious smile, Hepburn's performance (which earned her an Academy Award) is proof

> positive as to why she went on to be both a star and a respected actress. Cinematographers Franz Planer and Henri Alekan (Oscar-nominated) pull out the stops to present us a Rome that thrives and hums with modernity (for the time it was filmed) and oldworld charm that is enhanced by the black and white film, as opposed to diminishing it.

> Whimsical, lovely, humorous and bittersweet, Roman Holiday is a trip through cinema worth taking.

> This film is not rated and is available for rental or at your local library.



As the saying goes, "everyone's a critic" and Sophia is no different. She is a reporter and cinema aficionado in Newport, WA, and enjoys every genre, from action movies to silent films and everything in between (even that weird French stuff). Reach her at sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com.

Cheap Trick 40 Years On

LISTEN

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Back in the '70s, there was every reason for Cheap Trick to be as off-kilter as they are today. The four members – two nerds and two rock stars – made for a very unlikely formula, but it worked. And with impossibly catchy power-pop, it worked really well.

Rarely straying from the wry rock-and-roll sensibilities that have only made them greater as the decades roll past, the quartet lays down a mostly high-octane performance on their new *Bang, Zoom, Crazy... Hello*. Like aging but savvy pilots who never lose their edge, these guys pull the flight suits out of the cabinet one more time for a blazing set of songs that encapsulate their brilliant, cartoony, rock posturing.

"Blood Red Lips" blasts out like a cut from the legendary *Dream Police* album, as Robin Zander's timeless, semi-snarling vocals blow through the walls and leave a trail of welcome destruction in just 2:56. The real "trick" behind this band has always been the sum of the parts. And while drummer-extraordinaire Bun E. Carlos has been sidelined for some

time, the rhythm section of Daxx Nielsen and Tom Petersen make quick and perfect work of tunes like the raging "When I Wake Up Tomorrow" and "Roll Me."

Now finding their way to the Rock-and-Roll Hall

of Fame (not that they cared), these tricksters seem primed to simply continue rattling the rafters of every venue they rule (if you haven't heard them live, it's an absolute must). In an age when most bands have given up and whine about the decline of the music industry, Cheap Trick simply does what they do best: They embody everything great about rockand-roll, with songs that take over your brain in three minutes or less.



The Lumineers Ascend to Royalty

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Pub music has always had its hold in popular culture. The Proclaimers brought their brand of folksy drink-songs into the '90s, Mumford & Sons followed not so many years later (along with Flogging Molly and others), and The Lumineers made their mark with the massively popular "Ho Hey" single.

Taking a full four years to follow up with a new release, the New Jersey band drops the mighty *Cleopatra* album as though no time has passed at all.

Hitting full stride with the instantly-memorable "Angela" and the mild thump of "In the Light," The Lumineers lay down track after track of their tavern-ready folk-pop, some of which sounds

like it could be as comfortable on the charts 50 years ago as it is today. While there doesn't seem to be a monster "Ho Hey" here (which spent

THE LUMINEERS
CLEOPATRA

an unbelievable 62 weeks on the charts just a few years ago), don't let that fool you into thinking this album isn't up to par. On the contrary, the songwriting is absolutely first-rate, with the title track, "My Eyes" and the mildly nautical ballad "Gale Song" rounding out this release with emotive and tightly crafted songs that are as easy to listen to ten times as they are once.

The great thing about The Lumineers is that they don't sound like they're trying too hard to capitalize on a formula or fad. These songs and their execution sound as organic as anything you're likely to find in the genre, and it's absolutely worth working *Cleopatra* into your own heavy rotation.

Stream Pickett music free on Apple Music, Spotify,

Rhapsody and Beats. Just search "Pickett magnetic feedback" and enjoy a whole album's worth of music!





Along the Mountain Path

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

"I have arrived. I am home. In the here. In the now. I am solid. I am free. In the ultimate I dwell." \sim Thich Nhat Hanh "Stability is the first rule of yoga." ~ B.K.S. Iyengar

The practice of yoga asana has many benefits. With proper alignment of the bones, muscles are brought into balance. The tight ones are encouraged to lengthen, and the weak ones become strong. This muscular balance allows flexibility, which is freedom of movement. It balances muscles around joints, supporting joint health and support, and creates space for the flow of blood and lymph. Muscles can relax, as they are not being asked to carry the weight of the body. The weight is distributed through the greatest bone mass. And all of this balance begins in the feet.

Asanas are built of actions, just as sentences are made out of words. Actions are intentional movements, linking the mind and body. We are awake, and we are aware! The actions of the feet provide a stable base out of which the asana can grow, just as the roots of a plant stabilize and support the growth of the plant. We feel "grounded."

As the feet are the root of the body and posture, any imbalance there will throw alignment off. If we are building a house, we need a level foundation. To bring the feet into balance, it is useful to use a yoga block or a book between them.

Place the base of the big toe (the big joint at the base) and the inner ankle bone onto the surface of the block equally. Press down equally at the base of the little toe, and then into the inner and outer heels. If you are used to pronation (falling into the arches) or supination (falling onto the outer edges), this will feel odd. Flex the toes right off the ground and feel all the muscles of the legs turn on! Extend the toes forward and down, allowing the weight to be distributed evenly through the foot, not the toes.

Now, from this strong base, firm the thighs, take the femurs inward and the tops of the femurs back, and feel the weight of the body translate down through the bones into the front of the heels. You are shifting back into the present moment!

Draw the navel up and in, relaxing the shoulders away from the ears and the shoulder blades down and into the back. Gently reach down through the fingers, hands in line with outer thighs. The chin is level, the eyes are level, and the crown of the head extends up! You are in Tadasana, the Mountain Pose, and it all begins

Mr. Iyengar has said, "Tadasana and Savasana (corpse pose) in every pose." This means we integrate the alignment awareness of Mountain with the complete relaxation of Corpse as we practice. Relaxation comes much more easily when we are grounded through the feet, and aligned in the whole body. We use only the muscular action required to support the pose. We don't waste our energy! And we come into awareness of the strength inside us.

An elder student recently told me that when she came into Mountain Pose she felt younger. I believe it connects us with the earth and with our own strength of being.

There are many activities that help us feel grounded and whole. Walking, running, working with our hands in the earth as we garden, all enhance this feeling of peace. Any activity that requires our full attention and self-expression, such as making art (music, singing, sculpting or painting) will work too. The practice of yoga asks us to remember to use our physical body with respect and skill as we feed our soul in these activities. If we approach our chosen tasks with awareness of balance in the body, we will be more proficient, and avoid pain. We are whole beings, body mind, and spirit, and when we honor this we are at home in the present moment.

As you travel on the Mountain Path, take a moment now and again to feel the actions of your feet. Let them carry you upward, grounded upon the earth, yet moving toward the clouds.

Sarah is keeping her feet on the ground, and happily appreciating each breath! It is her intention to return to teaching this summer.



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From the Soil

By Louanne Atherley

When we bought our land some 30 years ago, we purchased an old homestead that had been abandoned since the 1950s, and on it, several hundred feet up the hill from the house on a south-facing pasture slope, was an enormous patch of rhubarb. We've harvested from this patch every year without doing anything to it and it is still thriving. In fact, the quality of the rhubarb has steadily increased due to our thinning.

When I was in the hospital after the birth of my son in 1985, a nurse who came in to check on me noticed my address and said, "Oh, you live on my grandparents' place." After that I always stopped to chat with Margaret when we saw each other in town and in one of our conversations I asked her about the rhubarb. She didn't have any idea why it was located so far from the house but she did remember being sent up the hill (on horseback) by her grandmother with a gunny sack to pick it.

My appreciation of rhubarb is deeply rooted. One of the vivid memories I have from the first six years of my life, which were spent in North Dakota, was of picking rhubarb, which I could swear was as tall as I was at probably 4 years of age. I remember being given a fresh stalk to chew on. This memory was doubly imprinted because I also remember being taught how to pee outside while we were picking it at what was also an abandoned farm adjacent to where we were living.

Although my mother was always disappointed in the quality of the rhubarb we grew after we moved to Washington, rhubarb was a staple in my house growing up. Strawberry rhubarb jam was always in the cupboard. Rhubarb sauce (rhubarb cooked to a slurry with some sugar and then canned) went onto the morning oatmeal or arrived with milk or cream for dessert. Rhubarb custard pie with meringue on top was one of my mother's signature dishes and often served after Sunday dinner or taken to potlucks.

This humblest of fruits (although it is technically a vegetable) rhubarb (Rheum rhabarbarum) has an exotic history. One theory of the origin of its name says it comes from an early Greek root rha, which was also an early name for the river Volga along the banks of which rhubarb was found. Used in Chinese medicine for thousands of years for digestive disorders, rhubarb was brought to Europe by Marco Polo and others. By the 1700s it was being used in Europe for pies and tarts and it made its way to America with early settlers around 1800.

Rhubarb seems to be one of the things people are rediscovering in the culinary realm. My daughter, who lives in Seattle and enjoys the food scene there, recently brought me a simple syrup she made with rhubarb to use as an ingredient in cocktails. A quick check online turned up several cocktail versions, including one with fresh basil and soda, with or without vodka, that sounds especially interesting, and another that pairs rhubarb with gin and vermouth, flavored with fresh fennel.

She also brought me sweet rhubarb pickles that can be used as a garnish for your drink or enjoyed with food. These pickles are easy to make



(I'm pretty sure I left out the mustard seeds when I made them). The pickled rhubarb stays crisp, which anyone who has eaten rhubarb sauce will appreciate.

SWEET RHUBARB PICKLES

2 pounds rhubarb, trimmed

2 cups raw sugar

1 3/4 cups cider vinegar

Zest and juice of 1 orange

1 teaspoon ground ginger

4 teaspoons yellow mustard seeds (optional)

1 cinnamon stick or 1/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Cut the rhubarb into pieces that will fit upright in your jars. Do not peel. Place the pieces carefully in sterilized jars so pieces stand vertically.

Over medium heat dissolve the sugar in the vinegar; add the zest and juice of the orange, and the ginger, mustard seeds, cloves, and cinnamon.

Bring to a slow boil. Simmer carefully for about 10 minutes, reducing the liquid until it is syrupy.

Pour the syrup into the jars to ¼ inch and seal. Let them cool. Then refrigerate for use up to 6 months.

RHUBARB CHUTNEY

This is almost the same flavor combination and it's my personal favorite.

8 cups rhubarb

3 cups cider vinegar

4 cups brown sugar

2 1/2 tablespoons toasted mustard seeds

Zest of one orange

1 orange diced

1/2 large red chili, chopped (adjust amount for preferred heat)

1/3 cup shredded ginger

1 cup raisins

Simmer ingredients together until the mixture thickens and then ladle into hot sterilized pint jars and process in a hot water bath for 20 minutes to seal.

Louanne Atherley says, "I was born into a farming family and raised on a meat and potatoes diet, but exploring the diversity of foods from other cultures has been a lifelong passion."



From the Inside Out

Compassion & the Forgiveness Factor

By Daisy Pongrakthai

"If you want others to be happy, practice compassion. If you want to be happy, practice compassion."

~ Dalai Lama, The Art of Happiness

I was going to write about positive thinking and how this happiness factor influences our daily living, but I've recently felt compelled to cover compassion and the forgiveness factor, as I wonder what makes people hold grudges and go after others with vengeance or hatred. Come to find out, after delving into compassion and the forgiveness factor, psychological research has found that one way to achieve greater peace of mind is through forgiveness.

The societal "system" is not unlike our own bodies: When your cells start fighting, that means disease. On a cellular level our bodies are programmed to operate with a holistic functionality, working in collaboration to heal, renew and refresh our overall beings. In a study from Hope College in Michigan, researchers found that a lack of forgiveness could have damaging effects on physical health because of the constant rehearsal of the hurt factor and holding a grudge. Results also powerfully showed that forgiveness was associated with a healthier profile of emotional and physiological reactions, compared to unforgiveness.

Compassion and forgiveness buffer stress, decrease negative emotions and cardiovascular problems, boost the immune system and open the pleasure centers in the brain that empower happiness. A study by Michael McCullough from Everett, WA, posited that "people who tended to forgive reported greater relationship quality, and also greater commitment to relationships."

In Jason Marsh's blog on Greater Good, the Science of a Meaningful Life, he quotes scientific research on the fruitlessness of vengeance: "Studies cast doubt on whether harsh punishment in general, and capital punishment in particular, actually brings the relief and peace of mind the victims deserve ... in fact, punishing the offender actually made them feel worse because it caused them to think about the offender more and dwell on the negative

So, basically, not forgiving prolongs one's own suffering. From the inside, self-forgiveness also plays a major role in outward projection. Having compassion upon ourselves promotes empathy toward others. For instance, when I see a homeless person on the street begging for a job or money, my heart immediately goes out to that person and I wonder how the situation came about or how it can be fixed. I throw a blessing to the person and wish them well. At the same time, I also think these circumstances are symptomatic of society's lacks today - those of empathetic and forgiveness factor teachings.

In her book Triumph of the Heart: Forgiveness in an Unforgiving World, journalist Megan Bettencourt notes that "having empathy for the offender, reinterpreting wrongs as less personal, understanding our common humanity and finding a sense of purpose for moving forward" are nurturing the "forgiveness instinct," something inherent and hardwired in us all, just as are revenge and aggression.

Linda Graham, a therapist and author of Bouncing Back: Renewing Your Brain for Maximum Resilience and Well-Being, notes that in order to heal someone, "I model the quality I'm trying to bring out in them.... Deep empathy for how challenging it is to be a human being can create a sense of common humanity that can open the door to dropping the grudge and forgiving."

Because we are creatures impacted by our environment, Bettencourt argues that we could also do a lot more to promote forgiveness in our social institutions. Several programs in the juvenile justice system and schools use restorative practices to lessen violence and conflict while giving kids the tools they need to foster understanding and empathy - the foundation for forgiveness. "Restorative practices are an ideal way to shape our environment so that it brings out humans' hardwired tendencies toward forgiveness, apology and collaboration."

A lot of people tell me about the societal mess and agree that something has to be done to fix it. The most common answer I hear is that it needs to be revamped and that the current social system does not suit our being human. How? What can we do? In Psychology Today, Juliana Breines, PhD, maintains "one way to make the world a better place is to fight the impulse to rationalize others' suffering and to recognize that it could have been us in their shoes.... This recognition can be unsettling, but it may also be the only way that we can truly open our hearts to others' suffering and help them feel supported.... What the world may lack in justice we can at least try to make up for in compassion."

Looking at our community and our own lives, what are we doing to generate compassion and forgiveness? Is there disdain or a grudge held against someone? Like Jason Marsh elaborates on ridding vengeance: "Forgiving means deliberately letting go of feelings of anger and vengeance toward another and freeing yourself of the power it has over you."

A negative begets a negative, but firefighters fight fire with water. And as the new inner world research delineates, learning to forgive and having compassion is very possible. My take is that what is needed most to solve problems – personally, and locally to nationally – is not money, but compassion.



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By Alex Panagotacos Mueller

Hi there, it's Waffle. I am really proud to work someplace that helps people heal. Rural Resources Victim Services supports survivors of violence and crime as they search to find hope again. The children's advocacy work is really dear to my heart; that's why I am working so hard to become

Kids First Children's Advocacy Center is a multi-disciplinary approach to responding to child abuse. Victim advocates, prosecution, law enforcement, child protective services, medical and mental health people, schools, and probation staffers work together to ensure children and their families receive the support they need.

One of the most important features of children's advocacy is reduction in trauma. Child abuse is traumatic as it is, but what happens to survivors can be traumatic as well.

Without a children's advocacy center, a child survivor is likely to have to tell her or his story multiple times. Each time a child recounts the abuse, it can feel like re-living the abuse. The child might disclose to a teacher who calls Child Protective Services (CPS). The child then also tells the CPS worker what happened. After that, the child is taken to a police station and interviewed in an interrogation room by a uniformed officer. Now the prosecutor needs to know from the child what happened. The family needs social services, so they tell what happened as well. At the hospital, the child tells the forensic nurse the whole story yet again. Each time, this child re-lives the horrific experience.

At our children's advocacy center, the child meets an advocate in a

Waffle Watch

homey-feeling room with teddy bears lining the hallway. The forensic interviewer, a specially trained detective wearing plainclothes, hears the child's account, while in an observation room a child protective services worker watches and listens. The interview is recorded and forwarded to the prosecutor. The victim advocate works with the family to arrange for restorative services: therapy, assistance with transportation, safety planning, etc. This way the child tells it once.

I am excited to be part of this healing process. While the forensic interviewer is approachable and the advocates help families feel at ease, talking to a stranger about sexual abuse is still scary. My job as a forensic interview dog will be to accompany these courageous child survivors into the interview room. I'll be there silently at their feet or resting my head in their lap. If they need to take a break and pet me, I'm game. My presence might lower their blood pressure, set them at ease or make them feel confident enough to speak.

The children I meet at Kids First are my heroes. The people who work with child survivors are my heroes too. I'm proud to work with people who are so committed to ending abuse in our community and I am so inspired to work with people who are reclaiming their lives after being rocked by abuse.

To learn more about the work of Rural Resources Victim Services and Kids First Children's Advocacy Center, find us at 956 S. Main in Colville, 42 Klondike in Republic, on the social web at facebook.com/RuralVictimHelp or our toll-free helpline 1-844-509-SAFE (7233).







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What's Happening... continued from page 17

May 10 & 17: All are invited to "Laudato Si': Care for Our Common Home," a free, two-part environmental stewardship lecture series presented by Bishop William Skylstad (emeritus) at 6:30 pm, both nights, at the St. Joseph Parish in Colbert. The series is based on the 2015 encyclical letter of the same title by Pope Francis. Copies of the Pope's encyclical will be available for purchase on site. Come enjoy light refreshments, great discussions, and learn what we can do in our everyday lives to help protect and preserve the home we all share! For more information: 509-466-4991 or stjoseph@cet.com.

Explore meditation and mindfulness the first and third Wednesday of every month at 6:30 pm, at the Deer Park Library, 208 S. Forest. (This space is wheelchair accessible.) Contact us at 2.amindfullife@gmail.com, or Facebook page: A Mindful Life.

One Step to Freedom is a Bible Study for those who want to live their best life now. All are welcome. We deal with all sorts of addictions. You can find us at 233 S. Elm, Colville at Calvary Chapel on Friday evenings from 6:30-8 pm. Call Tom at 509-680-2610 or just show up.

Youth/Parenting

Looking for breastfeeding support? Reach out to a La Leche League Leader! Contact Courtney at 509-680-8944, crtslll@gmail.com, or find our page on Facebook titled "La Leche League of Colville."

Give a Preschooler a Head Start: Call 509-684-8421 or 877-219-5542. Head Start and ECEAP are programs of Rural Resources.

Girl Scouts is more than just cookies and camp! Girl Scouts offers activities for girls ranging from ages 4-17 and adults from ages 18-100. For information, call Debbie at 1-800-827-9478 ext. 246.

Miscellany

May 1: Keller Heritage Center, Ft. Colville Museum & the Lookout Tower opens for the season. Join in

the Celebration at 1 pm. Museum hours for May will be 1-4 pm. Volunteers are needed for tour guides, museum greeters and more: call 509-684-5968.

May 5: Open House at Tri County Economic Development District to celebrate National Small Business Week. Stop in and meet the crew at TEDD from 3:30-6:30 pm at 986 S. Main, Suite B or call 509-684-4571 for more information.

May 15: Join us for a journey into the past: Kettle Falls Historical Center opens for the 2016 visitor's season. Stop in to check out our fresh new look. Open daily from 11-5, located just off of Hwy 395 north of Kettle Falls. Call 509-684-3382 for info.

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 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. Check the website for schedule of events www.colville.com. The Kettle Falls Chamber of Commerce meets on the third Thursday of each month. For info, call 509-738-2300 or visit http:// www.kettle-falls.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.

The Board of Directors for the Ferry County Rail Trail Partners (FCRTP) meets on the first Thursday of each month at 5 p.m. at Ferry County Professional Services Building, 319 E. Delaware in Republic. Please check our website www.ferrycountyrailtrail. com for more information.

Habitat for Humanity Board Meetings at the Habitat Store, 480 N. Main St. Colville, WA, are open to the public. For more info, call Lisa Meddock 509-684-2385 or visit www.habitatcolville.org.

The Stevens County Veteran's Information and Referral Line is available Mondays, Wednesdays,

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"Enjoy a day full of bargain hunting fun!" and Fridays (except holidays) from 9 am to 3 pm. Call 509-685-AVET (2838) for availability of Veterans Service Officers and for more info.

The NE WA Amateur Radio Club meets the first Saturday of each month at 11 am in the Abundant Life Fellowship, E. 2nd & Clay (basement).

Child Advocates Needed: Join Stevens County Court Appointed Special Advocates (CASA) investigating child abuse and speaking up for a child's best interest in court. All training is provided. Call 509-685-0673.

Foster Parent Care Givers Needed: Children in Stevens, Ferry, and Pend Oreille counties are in need of safe, nurturing families. Contact Kinberly McNaughton, with Fostering Together at 509-675-0341, or call 1-888-KIDS-414.

PFLAG: Parents, Families, Friends and Allies United with LGBTQ. People to move equality forward meets the last Tuesday of each month, 6:30 - 8 pm at the Garden Homes Specialty Clinic lower level entrance (143 Garden Homes Drive Colville). Contact: info@newapflag.org or 509-685-0448.

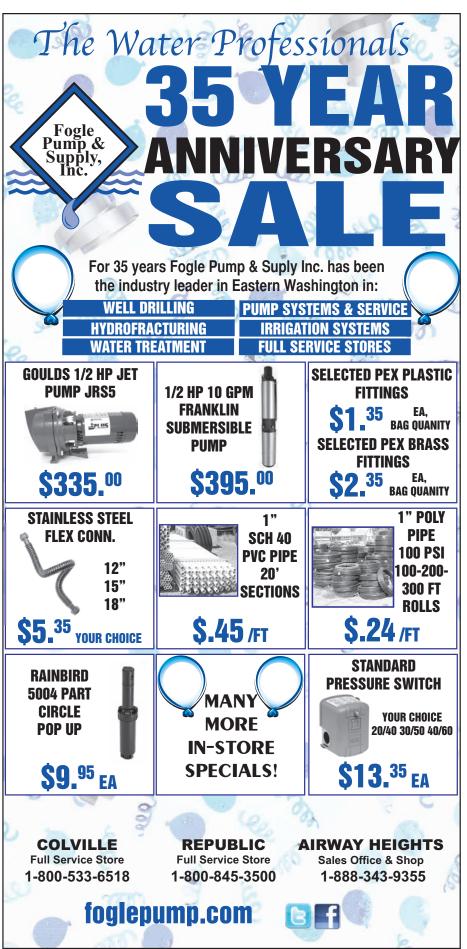
The Panorama Gem and Mineral Club meets the third Tuesday of each month at the Arden Community Center at 7 pm. Our website is www. PanoramaGem.com.

Local food banks need your help! There are a number of ways to contribute, from donations of nonperishable food items and cash, to organizing food drives in your church, organization or at work, volunteering your time at the food bank, or including the food bank in your will. Every donation to your local food bank makes a difference for area residents.

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

NOTE: It is the responsibility of the parties placing the What's Happening notice to keep the listing current. Notify us at ncmonthly@gmail. com or 509-684-3109 of any changes. This listing is provided as a courtesy to our readers and to event organizers on a space-available basis.





A Head for Nests

By Tina Wynecoop

...I'm just a secretary: The world has so much to say, and I'm writing it down. This great tenderness." ~ "Taking It Home to Jerome" by David Kirby, from Get Up, Please.

After we retired, my husband and I volunteered at the Museum of Arts and Culture in Spokane. Our varied assignments included working with the Native American collections as well as inventorying the wild birds (stuffed and mounted on stands) that had been displayed in the Campbell House next door. Another time we assisted with the museum's glorious quilt collection.

Finally, we were assigned to inventory hats (non-native). In our work we discovered that in times past women wore amazing concoctions. Hats were decorated with all sorts of items including bird feathers. Being a birder, I found myself mourning as I came upon whole birds, artfully prepared, stuffed and mounted on hat crowns. I just couldn't imagine anyone attending the opera or some gala wearing a dead bird.

On the other hand, I see birds putting man-made materials to use.

I've noticed the Bullock's oriole weaves orange synthetic baling twine into its pendulous nests. Ospreys twine the same abundant material into their nests. Despite its usefulness in nest construction, it was a particularly sad day when I saw a juvenile osprey dangle in midair by its leg, snared in orange string below its 70-foot-high nesting platform.

In downtown Spokane, I once saw a small nest lodged in the branches of a sidewalk tree. The shiny nest was constructed of colorful fake grass from some child's Easter basket.

Then there was the nest built in a tree just outside a bank on Spokane

Falls Blvd. This bird selected only natural materials, including the previous spring's round, quarter-sized fruit balls, which it had plucked from the sycamore trees across the boulevard in Riverfront Park. These little seed balls were hung by their stems around the entire lip of the nest like little pompom tassels. The nest was truly a candidate for any Illustration by Ellen Victor.

museum's art collection!

It delights me to know that hummingbirds weave spider filaments into their nests. Each spring I like to contribute building supplies for any bird to use. I hang a bit of my own hair out on nearby branches since there is always some to share after washing and brushing my fading and misnamed crowning glory. It would be fun to discover an old nest in which my hair had been woven. A hummingbird nest would do!

Recently, while I was reading outside on the deck during a sunny afternoon, a black-capped chickadee landed on my head. I sat quietly while it made sweet little sounds as it hopped around my scalp, selecting a few fresh-and-still-rooted hairs. I felt locally sourced! And honored.







Becoming a HAM Operator

By Brenda Curkendall

Publisher's Note: This article is the second in a two-part series on amateur radio communications. See the April 2016 edition for part one.

Living in Pend Oreille County, it became apparent that having backup communications might be a good idea. In the fall of 2014, about a dozen north Pend Oreille residents got together for a technician license class for those interested in getting amateur radio licenses. The class was taught by a local ham operator. In addition to the class reviews, we used a study guide from the Internet, plus test questions and answers on flash

Testing was in Colville, administered by specially licensed amateur radio operators who collected the \$15 test fee and graded the tests immediately after completion. We knew before we left if we'd passed! Everyone did (including one on the second try; no extra charge).

The testers submitted the necessary paperwork to the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) for processing and call-sign issuance. It took another couple of weeks to receive the FCC radio license in the mail along with a fun surprise, a couple of our very own "call-sign" window decals! We're legal to communicate over the airways. But, of course, we still needed to get the radio equipment.

After such a steep learning curve to pass the test, we discovered that was nothing compared to figuring out exactly what to buy. This isn't something you just walk out with from the local box store. Much of it is available from specialty retail outlets, KJI Electronics, and via the Internet, Hamfests and other ham operators. Whoa! There were too many choices and not enough understanding of what we could do or want to do with it. That's where connecting with other amateur operators really helps.

We learned that a technician license allows you to communicate at certain power levels on certain frequencies only. In the United States, there are three license levels, Technician Class, General Class and Extra Class. The Technician Class license is a good entry level to getting into radios. Many technician licensees enjoy using small (2-meter) hand-held radios to stay in touch with other hams in their area. Others use a 2-meter base station or a mobile radio set up as a base station. This includes a transceiver, a power supply or battery, plus an antenna and connecting coax wires.

Here is where some ham operators get really decked out with their station equipment proudly displayed on a desk, along with a pen and writing pad for taking down message traffic. They display their license proudly along with a copy of the "Bible" of ham radio, the ARRL Operating Manual. Another must-have is the ARRL Antenna Book.

Some of our ham group opted for a base station with power supply, coax cable and antenna. Others went mobile with Baofang radios. Our group sent our equipment to a radio specialist in Spokane for programming the radios to the selected frequencies that we, as a group, decided would be optimum for our needs in Pend Oreille. Slowly, week by week, members of our group got their stations "up." Our weekly Amateur Radio Emergency Service (ARES) net check-ins gained more participants. Every week, we'd hear another station (that's another ham operator) call in! We now can talk from the Canadian border down to

Recently, we checked in through the Colville Repeater and participated in the Colville ARES Net. During that communication, we noticed that in Tiger, WA, we were hearing folks from Northport to Chewelah to Newport. Now that's exciting!

Looking to branch out, we've attended the monthly club meeting in Colville of the Panaramaland Amateur Radio Club (PARC), getting to know more folks, share common interests, and expand opportunities for even more radio contacts.

We've found volumes of information and sup-

port online via organizations such as the Amateur Radio Emergency Service. The American Radio Relay League also has lots of information on how to get started. Colville's PARC welcomes visitors and meets the third Friday of every month at 7:30 p.m. at 887 S. Walnut St. in Colville.

MAKING CONNECTIONS.

So if you think you might like to...

- Help out with community events, participate in amateur radio contests, and/or assist with emergency communications
- Communicate locally or around the world
- Make international radio contacts via satellites, using relatively simple equipment
- Volunteer to handle telegrams for people around the world at no cost to the sender or the recipient and/or make phone calls for our troops in other countries so they can talk to their loved ones
- Promote international good will
- Bounce signals off the moon
- Talk with the space station, or ham-astronauts who take radios with them
- Participate in contests to hone communication skills for emergency use

... then you just might want to become an amateur radio operator.



Family Adventures Out!

2015 was a record year for wildfire in Washington State with over 1,137,644 acres burned. That is an area nearly the size of the state of Delaware! Our state alone accounted for over 11% of all the land burned in the U.S. in 2015.

The Kettle Complex was the name given to a set of three wildfires that converged



and burned over 73,000 acres in the Colville National Forest. This fire began in August after a lightening storm. It is no wonder that with lightening causing about 10% of wildfires, many fauna (animals) and flora (plants) have evolved to cope with this natural phenomenon.

Every species of animal is unique and relies on its special adaptations to cope with fire. All of the winged creatures that are capable of flight of course fly off at the first sign of trouble. Large mammals often have an incredible

sense of smell and will flee when they catch the first whiff of smoke in the air. However, if they are caught off guard for some reason, they may take refuge in lakes or streams. Smaller animals, such as rodents or frogs may burrow deep under the dirt or in the mud if they cannot escape the flames. It is truly amazing how many creatures are able to survive wildfires.

Since plants cannot move to get away from fire, they have evolved in other ways to live through a fire. The ponderosa pine is a perfect example of flora that

has adapted to live in a fire-prone area such as ours. Most important to the individual tree's survival is its extra thick bark, which can be almost 4 inches thick – that is as wide as the palm of your hand! This extra thick bark protects the live wood, or cambium, of the tree. If the cambium remains fairly untouched, the tree can survive, even if it appears burned on the outside. Another way the ponderosa pine has adapted to fire is by a trick called self-limbing, which means that their bottom branches naturally break off as the tree grows. This helps protect the tree from fire climbing up into the crown of the tree. Lastly, these trees have serotinous cones, which means



the cones will stay tightly closed until the heat of a fire opens them and allows them to spread their seeds in the ash that remains after the fire. In some ways, the ponderosa pine can even thrive after a fire, if it manages to survive it.

The Kettle Complex was a severe fire and much of the Colville National Forest is still closed in that area for a number of reasons such as the danger of falling trees, unstable ground and the possibility of flash floods when it rains. You can safely see

Please Note:

Forest Service trails and roads within Stickpin burned area remain closed except for Bulldog Cabin Road #6113 which has been cleared, Albian Hill Road #2030, South Fork Boulder Creek Road #6110, and Boulder-Deer Creek Highway-County Road #602.



ADVENTURE RATING

The rawness of seeing the forest burned so severely is something you will perhaps remember for the rest of your life. This intense sight, followed by a hike along Bull-dog Cabin Road, with its trickling creeks and bounty of wildflowers makes this hike a five boot hike for the fact it will make you appreciate the power of fire and rebirth in the forest.



SCIENCE TIPS:

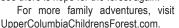
Higher temperatures in spring can cause earlier snowmelt, which makes for a longer and more severe fire season. Roughly 90% of wildfires are caused by human activity. Make sure your campfires are out and do not play with matches!

the effects of the fire, however, by driving over Boulder Creek Road between Highway 395 and Curlew. It is hard to look out at the black sticks of trees and the forest floor that looks as barren as Mars, but it also makes you realize just how powerful nature can be.

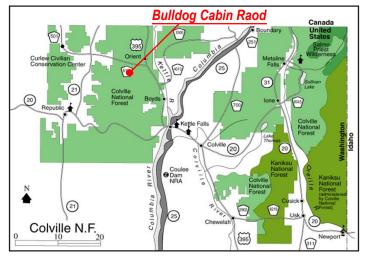
If after the drive, you want to get a little closer look and see how the forest floor is recovering from the fire, you might want to take a hike along the Bulldog Cabin Road.

Our adventure began when we pulled over and just started walking along the road. This road is not paved, but still very suitable for bicycles or strollers. About

a mile or so in you will start to come across some delightful creeks and even some water falls along the road. At about two and a half miles in you will come to some burned areas. Take a close look at the forest floor and notice how the wildflowers and fresh spring grass seem strong and healthy against the blackened soil. After seeing the burn as you drove across Boulder Creek Road, it is good to see there is hope for the forest again.







Family Ties

By Becky Dubell

I'm baaaack. Kinda. I would like to thank all the locals who have made it a point to speak to me about the articles I have written for the North Columbia Monthly. It really did my heart good when I found out you were missing my writing - and I'm coming back.

This is for the new readers: I had been writing for this magazine for quite awhile as "just Becky chattering away" about local family-run businesses until I lost my friend of 51 years and husband of 40 years, to prostate cancer that had spread throughout his body. This column then became a "me-ism." So I thought it was time to take a break.

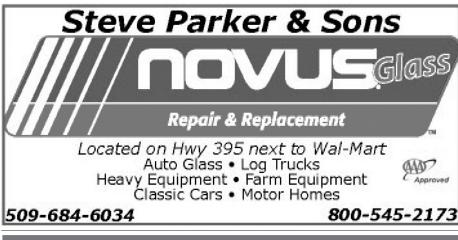
A huge thank you goes out to my bosses, Bruce and Kari at the Colville Do-it Center and Gabriel at this magazine. They have all bent over backwards allowing me the time I have needed to work at healing (in my own way) and finding my "new normal."

I have had time off to go to Alaska (twice) for JJ (our granddaughter), stick my foot in the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico in the Florida Keys during some sister/mom time, take a 1,500-mile road trip to the Oregon Coast with Brenden (our 16-year-old grandson) to stick my foot in the Pacific Ocean, and then head off on a 1,400-mile road trip all by myself.

I now feel that a big corner has been turned. I know there will be setbacks coming along the way. Hopefully there are new experiences/normals coming my way too, other than making the bed in the morning. Had not done that before.

And my thank you goes out to all the guys, and gals of the guys, that have "checked in" with me after being tested. I will continue being loud and obnoxious: prostate cancer blood test!







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FRIDAY RIGHT

ADRIAN XAVIER 10PM-12AM

PIANETARY REFUGESS 8PM-10PM

RIVER CITY ROOTS 6PM-8PM

BRADICALS 4PM-6PM

DINOSOARS 2PM-4PM



SATURDAY NIGHT

BEAU FLEX 10PM-12AM

NORTHERN ALIENS 8PM-10PM

WEARY TRAVELER 6PM-8PM

JOHNNY AND THE MOONDOGS 4PM-6PM

FAMILY VIBE 2PM-4PM

INTERLUDE ARTISTS - SWEET REBEL D. • TOMMY G. • FIDDLIN BIG AL SUNDAY PRO JAM WITH WEARY TRAVELER AND ARMED N DANGEROUS



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