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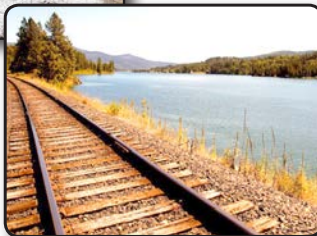
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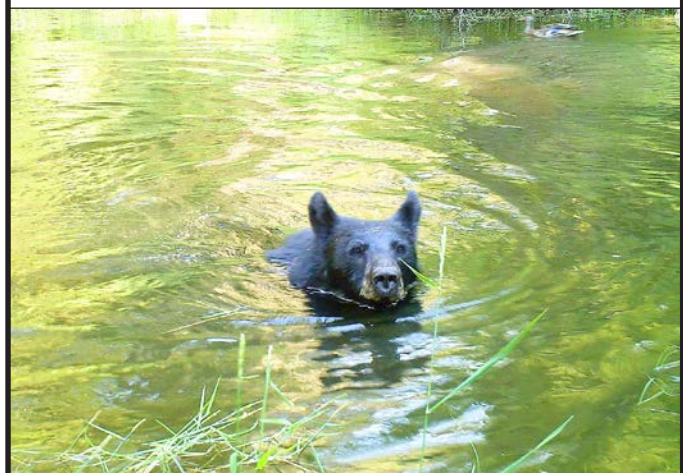
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**OCTOBER 2017
ISSUE DEADLINE**

**AD SPACE RESERVATIONS &
WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS**

*Friday, Sept. 15'
(but sooner is better!)*

Delighting in Joy

By Christine Wilson

Our niece is four this month. In July, she came in from her family's backyard holding a green tomato. When she was reminded she wasn't supposed to pick them until they were red, she said: "I could not hold my heart down from picking it." Since she's not my child and I don't feel any ob-

ligation to educate (sorry, mom and dad!) I adore the pure pleasure and delight of that moment, imagining her spotting that shiny green tomato hanging from a vine. Her pleasure translated into an uncensored yearning to walk around with that shiny green thing in her hand; to be stuck in one

place while she celebrated its fabulousness was apparently just wrong.

In another moment over the summer, we gave our young neighbor a \$2 bill for walking our dog. Same delight there. I'm pretty sure he can't hold his heart down from looking at it in his wallet; I've caught him doing so. Spending it is apparently out of the question.

Even adults are not immune from such difficulties. For me, chocolate comes to mind. Some days I just can't hold my heart down.

There's good and bad news about that kind of urge, of course. The delight of a child's love for carrying a shiny green tomato is enchanting enough to make a person want to let her off the hook, especially, as I said, when you aren't in the position of managing moral development. There are other tomatoes where that came from. When all else fails, there is the farmers market. Then there is the wonder of a two-dollar bill. I still remember that enchantment myself, as if having such a thing as a child was to be in possession of magic paper from the land of fairies. Chocolate holds the promise of joy, peace and hormonal balance. And who would possibly want to reject that or any of those things, really.

It's a shame when we lose our sense of wonder. It's still within us, like muscle cells that have atrophied, and can be redeveloped by promoting delight. To quote Jack Gilbert: "We must risk delight. We can do without pleasure but not delight." I'm not sure what he meant by that nuanced distinction, but I'm happy to promote delight. I'm combining delight, joy and pleasure as enough alike to be interchangeable for the purposes of this column.

Part of the bad news, I suppose, is that there are people who might call you naïve or immature for such "nonsense." I can picture my paternal grandparents, with their grim Englishness enhanced with a pioneer demeanor, and it can slap the delight right off my face.

They were smart and hardworking. My grandmother was briefly a teacher and my grandfather sent Morse code messages from the Loon Lake train station. Their 1903 love letters tell a romantic tale of sweet curiosity and joyful gossip. However, you can see the beginnings of stalwart in those letters. My grandfather complained about my grandmother using the paper from his letters to make dress patterns, rather than saving them as he did hers. She did save that letter, and I wonder if it was for evidence against his point.

In one of my great-grandmother's letters she expressed shock at her neighbor's recklessness after discovering she had purchased dresses already made. There was a man who was supposed to be working for the railroad with my grandfather but he ran off to Springdale and was reportedly

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Random Acts of Community

drinking in a bar there where all efforts to drag him out were failing. I love those windows into their lives and the family photographs from the old town of Marcus.

I acknowledge the harshness of my great-grandmother's tuberculosis and the pallor that must have transferred from the face I see in her photograph to a more entrenched family mood. The crushing burden of limited resources and the scandalous behavior of my grandfather's brothers probably did not help. Through my grandfather, I am the descendant of the good son, with a solid legacy of contrasted non-delight, the banishment of silliness, and a pressure to be dutiful as counterweights for excessive and scurrilous pleasure.

By the time I showed up on the planet, the loss of delight was visible on their faces and in their lives. I would love to think that they held some of that delight within them in those later years and that they secretly shared it with each other. My meager evidence for that hope is a birdbath in their backyard, hardly necessary to the running of their lives.

My maternal grandparents exhibited more delight, with smiles and gushy love for their grandchildren and the knowledge of which

cookie recipe was preferred by which wee one. The amount of sugar my Swedish grandmother used for her canned raspberries was possibly not a source of delight for her but was of great satisfaction to my young taste buds. A friend of mine came to a family gathering when we were in college and she told me, decades later, that she had never seen so much food in her life. I definitely learned from them to connect delight and great meals. Those heavily laden tables and the fussing of aunts and my grandmother were a sweet counterweight to the seriousness of the other grandparental house.

Martin Seligman believes we have a set point for joy. Others have gone on from there to research this set point and to assure us that we can increase our shot at feeling happiness. Where delight is shriveled up, intention can expand those joy cells much the way muscle cells increase in size through exercise. Fat cells do the same thing, unfortunately, but that's another story – and maybe even a lecture on misguided delight.

In addition to conscious intention, it is important to give ourselves credit when we are in a position to experience delight. Otherwise, we miss the opportunities all of us pass through on

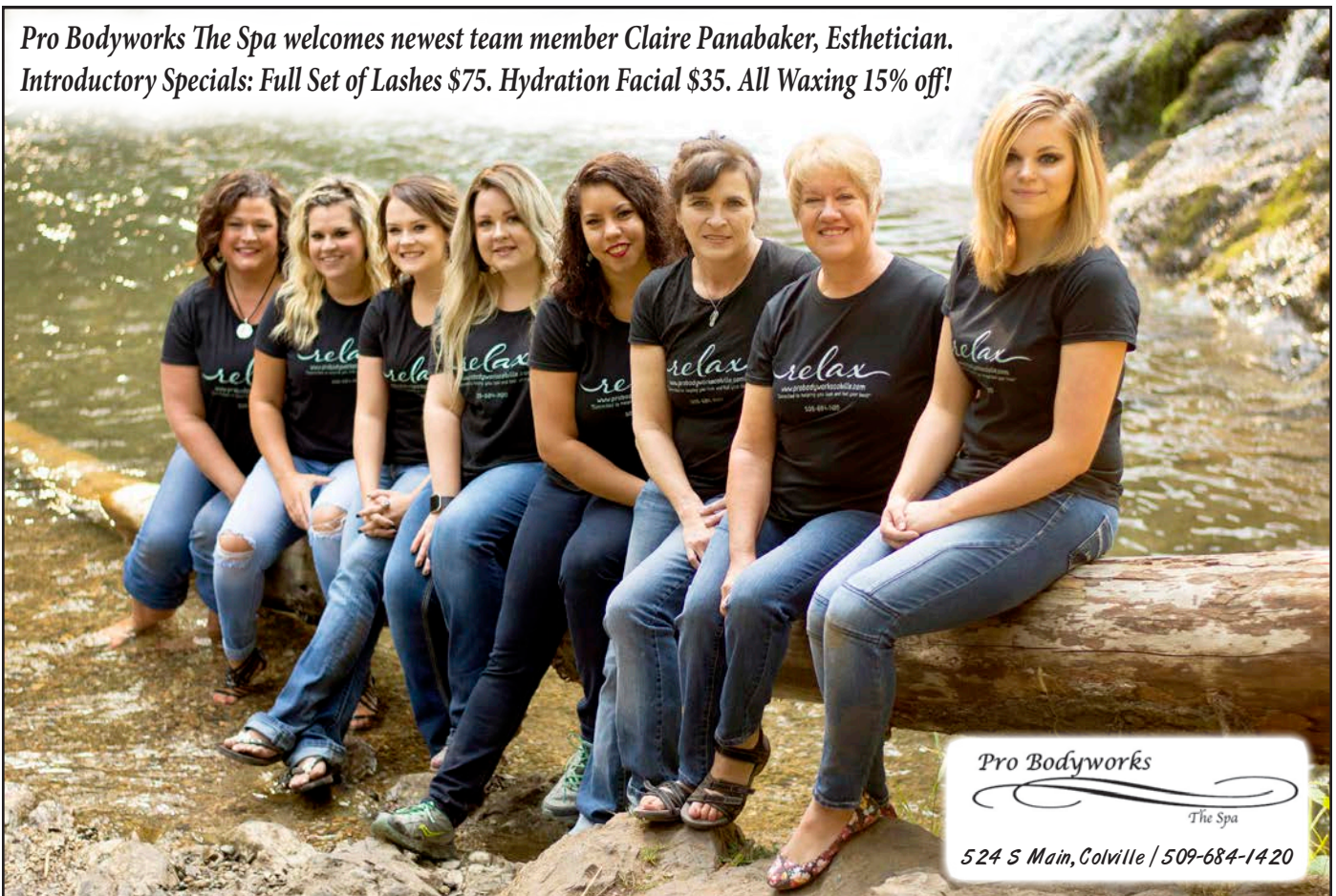
a daily basis. Watch children for lessons on that.

No matter what, however, I believe it takes premeditated effort to create the delight I am speaking of. When it isn't fostered in a positive way, our urge for delight goes sideways. Recently I watched a group of people photographing a government vehicle they seemed to have concluded was parked in the wrong place, implying a misdeed. I guessed that they were planning on getting that driver in some trouble. They may have been right, but the gleefulness on their face crept me out a little. It helped me refine my definition of delight to exclude *schadenfreude*, which is the experience of finding pleasure in other people's misfortune.

When parents support their children's delight, whether it is in green tomatoes or two-dollar bills or chocolate, they are teaching delight. What a fun job. If you did not learn it in your youth or you have lost track of it in these painful times, I am here to tell you it's present in your tiny joy cells, waiting for expansion.

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

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Poor Choices and Other Myths of Homelessness

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I confess to you, my faithful readers, that I am the world's worst patient. I hate being sick and I hate taking medicine. Here's how bad it gets. Let's keep this story just between us and not let it leak out to the media.

I recently came down with a horrible lower respiratory infection, which is, fortunately, rare for me. I was working long hours and seeing a lot of patients, trying to keep my head above water while working on various projects that I am committed to. I had plans to help my son work on his house in Spokane over the weekend, so this infection was an inconvenience.

I found myself using one of the favorite excuses offered by some of my patients, "I'm too busy to go see a doctor." (Another favorite of my patients is "I'm too sick to see the doctor." I may try that one next time.) Rummaging around in our medicine cabinet, I managed to find some expired tetracycline that had been

manufactured in Lusaka, Zambia. "Good enough," I thought, and began taking it. This was, of course, a ridiculous idea, and I don't recommend that anyone reading this piece follow my example. I am simply using this pathetic story to illustrate that I understand how people find themselves in a difficult situation and are tempted to take matters into their own hands.

I went the following day to work on laying flooring and hanging sheetrock in 95-degree heat and, of course, made things worse. But did I learn from my mistakes? Of course not. I went to work the next day as well, convincing myself that I was getting better, and wore a mask to protect the sick people in my practice from catching whatever I was suffering from.

It wasn't until my daughter said, "Dad, it's not a sign of weakness to see the doctor. Look, tetracycline is one of the few drugs that can get toxic when it expires and you can devel-

op renal tubular acidosis." It's really annoying how smart daughters can be and how good their advice is. I reluctantly agreed to do what I would have told my patients to do and follow the doctor's recommendations. (My daughter is a doctor.)

This event reminded me of the labeling we sometimes see of people who make "poor choices." It's one of the myths about homelessness, for example, that keeps rearing its head, like an obnoxious dog that won't let you sleep at night. I've seen it on official documents created by well-meaning folks who are assigned the task of addressing health disparities. But it is a misrepresentation of the truth. The people who write such documents use "poor choices" as a label for folks who suffer from addiction or homelessness or poverty. But what do they intend when they label people this way? Do they seriously believe that deep poverty is simply a matter of choice?

What exactly do they mean by poor choices? Are they talking about people who eat bacon and eggs for breakfast? Is that a poor choice? Or people who sit on a couch and drink sodas? Is that a poor choice? Maybe closer to home, work too many long hours at a stressful job without getting enough sleep? Is that a poor choice?

I've come to the conclusion that we could all do better. There isn't one of us who doesn't occasionally fall victim to our own poor choices. I sense there is more behind the label. I sense that to bundle people neatly into a "poor choices" category can just sweep their problems under the rug and – without addressing the root causes of homelessness, poverty, addiction, mental illness, adverse outcomes for children, children aging out of foster care without adequate support, jails overflowing, etc. – smugly wash our hands of any duty to change the way things are. To be honest with you, that bugs me.

Like most of us, I am also annoyed by people who habitually make poor choices. I see the fallout of lifestyle choices that include consuming unhealthy foods, beverages, drugs including tobacco, caffeine and alcohol, and I wonder why people are surprised by the resulting suffering that these inflict. But then I find myself doing something that I know isn't wise for my health and I justify my "poor choices" with various excuses. Expired tetracycline indeed....

The truth is, some of my favorite people in



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the world make really poor choices. I don't love them or care for them any less because of that. I think it is part of the human condition. We are prone to doing stupid things. Of course, we shouldn't expect others to pay for the poor choices that we in our liberty make. Which is why I support wearing seat belts and motorcycle helmets, putting a health hazard tax on Hostess Twinkies and subsidizing zucchini, but that's another story.

I was passing through the hospital one day and ran into someone I recognized. She told me that one of my favorite patients was in the emergency room, having chest pain, and would I stop in to encourage him. I stepped into the emergency bay and greeted him. He and I have an ongoing dialog about eating donuts, so I teased him about donut consumption and its relationship to his symptoms.

"Doc, it's worse than that," he replied. "I started drinking ranch dressing." I saw that he was serious, and I asked him how much he drank. "Several cupfuls last night," he replied. "I just like the flavor so much." His serum, as you can imagine, was like cream, his triglycerides were so high. I reminded him that this was dangerous and it could end his life prematurely. "Yesterday was even worse," he replied. "I was drinking pancake batter."

I don't care about my patient any less because he is making poor choices. I have compassion for him. But there are consequences to such choices, and all of us share in the burden of the cost. I think, however, that if we are honest, each of us could do better. Rather than labeling people into neat compartments so that we feel justified in washing our hands of any responsibility to help them, whether we are talking about homelessness, mental illness, addiction, joblessness, hopelessness or any of the other afflictions common to humankind, self-inflicted or otherwise, it would be healthier to examine ourselves and see where we could make better choices for our lives and health, and reduce the burden on our society and on our planet. I've done it. It's not painful. The reflection is helpful. Here's my partial personal list.

I could exercise more regularly, three to five times a week. The wellness benefits are too numerous to mention.

I could eat out of the garden more regularly, fruits and vegetables, rather than quick or convenience foods.

I could go to bed regularly and sleep more consistently.

I could remind myself that I am deeply and eternally loved and that my life matters, and find my place and purpose in this world.

I could spend more time giving grace and

kindness to people in my family, my community and my world.

I could move to a more plant-based diet to give our planet more breathing room.

I could build my home with more renewable and recyclable materials and create alternative energy.


I could, and I will, do all of the above.

I could learn to love and respect all people, regardless of the state of their lives or the choices they make. Even those who drink

ranch dressing. Even those who take expired tetracycline manufactured in Zambia. Even those – and this is the hardest for me – who label homeless mentally ill people in poverty as "poor choices."

I'm convinced that no one is a poor choice.

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.



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Fire and Rain

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

As most residents of Washington State are well aware, British Columbia is at the end of a historic fire year, one that surpassed 1958 for the most recorded forest burned – over two million acres. Some mornings, the fire high in the rugged mountains behind me produced so much smoke that it seemed I was waking up inside a campfire. This got me thinking about fire resilience – nature's ability to buffer flames or to renew from them.

Ponderosa pine, lodgepole and oak chaparral forests all have fire built into their methodology. The bark of the ponderosa has evolved to be particularly thick as it withstands countless low-intensity grassland fires. Lodgepoles need fire to pop open their cones and release seed. The scrub chaparral of California burns as often as every 15 years. Flowering plants that come in the wake of these frequent burns are called "fire followers." Even birds adapt to fire, especially the black-backed woodpecker, who has been in the news as scientists study the intricate ability of landscapes to bounce back.

The upper Columbia forest has a wide variety

of conifer trees. Dry patches of ponderosa and lodgepole jostle with spruce, fir and larch. Wettest of them all, crevices of cedar and hemlock thrive in valleys with less weather extremes, contributing to an ecosystem known as an "inland rainforest." Coastal rainforests exist because of proximity to the ocean and its maritime weather systems. The upper Columbia's rainforest sits 500 miles east of the Pacific, surrounding the river and its many tributaries. Scientists suggest it may be unique in the world.

In 1814, while working in the fur trade, Gabriel Franchère crossed the Rocky Mountains and travelled down the Columbia River. As the voyagers paddled the boat past what is now Revelstoke, B.C., Franchère commented in his journal about the size and girth of the cedars he saw at the base of the slopes descending to the water. They were, he said, "as on the borders of the sea, of a prodigious size."

As on the borders of the sea. Weather systems batter coastal rainforests, offer up fog, and hold the year-round range of mean temperature between 39 and 54 degrees Fahrenheit. The inland temperate rainforest receives only the leftovers of this maritime moisture, after the weather system's

clouds have scudded across the Interior Plateau. Most of the winter precipitation here falls not as rain but as snow, in part due to the continental influence of the Rocky Mountains. As a result, the Columbia mountain rainforest has a lower and narrower mean temperature spread – between 37 and 40 degrees Fahrenheit. It remains a temperate world, one where some of the ground does not freeze hard. One in which big, old cedar and hemlock trees can prosper. One that, if left to its own devices, has many corners too wet for fires to have much impact.

This inland rainforest consists mostly of publicly owned land, as with most of the lands logged in British Columbia. Extraction of resources has long been central to B.C.'s economy. A B.C. government sessional paper from 1893 reported on an early survey of this valley and others nearby, praising the supply of wood to be cut and used. Nearly 100 years after Franchère recorded the big cedars, few of the groves in the Incomappleux River basin had yet to be logged. Small, independent mills began operating in earnest along the Columbia River and Arrow Lake about 1900. It seemed that the wood supply would last forever.

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A FILM BY JOHN PILGER



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By the 1960s, a different era of logging had arrived, one of greater efficiency and speed. Big machines, pulp and paper factories, and corporate ownership gradually resulted in many of the small licenses being combined into giant permissions to cut, like Forest License #23. Sitting near the north end of this million-acre swatch of landscape is the old-growth forest that drew me to the back of the Incomappleux River basin last summer. A forest ecologist, Greg Utzig, once described the remaining old growth at the back of the Incomappleux valley as “the guts and the feathers” left behind after several decades of focused, intensive logging in that valley.

This month, in the midst of skies finally clearing from 2017’s smoky summer, I continue with an account of last year’s journey into the wet lap of old growth.

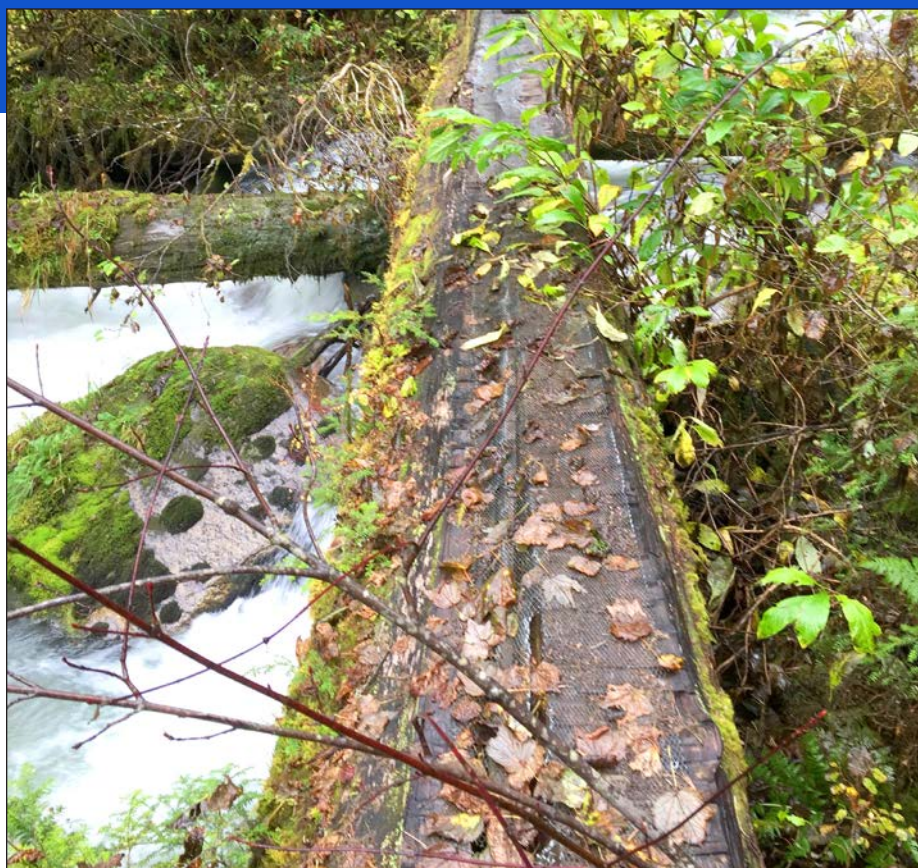
* * *

The region’s weather forecast is for “a few showers.” I had been forewarned that if it was raining anywhere, it would be raining in the Incomappleux. Turns out, that was exactly right. Wrapped from head to foot in rain gear, I wobble across the log set in place to cross a roaring creek. The stream’s flow has been freshened by the storm that started in the dead of night. Rain continues to fall more and more heavily. Were it not for a wire grate nailed into place on the slippery log, this last bridge spanning the distance between clear-cut forest and the old-growth community I have come to see would be impassable.

As we step into the antique grove, the dense undergrowth disappears, melting into pillows of moss and soil that form gentle, earthy waves around the shoulders of massive cedars and hemlocks, some eight feet in diameter. The rain eases, with much of it caught now in the dense canopy of branches overhead. It’s not possible to see the crowns of these trees. They are immense, and communities like this have a higher biomass even than the tropical rainforests. One eight-foot-diameter tree can sequester all the carbon I could produce in a lifetime.

The temperate forest around me is naturally resilient, as proven by the trees’ lifespans, averaging over 500 years. Some here have been measured through core samples as having been alive since the birth of Christ.

All morning, the rain drips off my inadequate hat and jacket. Even my boots are sodden. I tuck myself in a space between two massive fallen hemlocks lying one atop the other. One becomes the floor. The other is my roof. The pungency of wet bark surrounds me in a wash of time that has no real measure. This is the habitat of rare oceanic lichens, with nine of thirteen species new to science recently discovered in this forest. Also called *epiphyric cyanolichens* (a complex scientific term meaning “lichens growing on tree branches”), their



work is uncomplicated, but time-consuming. As they grow, they store lots of nitrogen and produce blue-green algae.

I peer out around my temporary hemlock roof, craning for a glance at the feathery, grey-green lichens festooned in the higher branches of the surrounding trees. Once old-growth forests are logged away, lichens do not rapidly repopulate to the same diversity. This intact old-growth forest is an oxygen-rich wonderland where rain, river and trees conspire together to sweeten and cool the air.

The scientific community is uncertain about the impact our warming climate will have on the future of these forests. It is more certain that cedar-hemlock forests offer great refuge from a

warmer world where fires can be more intense, or endure longer. This particular swatch of forest was mapped out for cutting, and would likely be gone, but for a rock slide abruptly stilling the saw over a decade ago.

* * *

It seems to me, after the Summer of Smoke, that we need these wet, cool havens of time now more than ever.

Eileen Delehanty Pearkes lives in Nelson, B.C. Her new book on the Columbia River Treaty, A River Captured, was recently released by Rocky Mountain Books. For more of her explorations of the western landscape, visit www.edpearkes.com.

EAVESDROPS What people have written about the north Columbia region

“In 1880 young Kelly Hill Indian Aeneas Seymour and a cousin ... saw a man stagger along the shore. To their amazement they learned that two days earlier the man had fallen into the river while fishing at the Lower Falls [at Kettle Falls]. Instead of the undertow plunging him to a certain death at the bottom of the river, the current thrust the fisherman backward onto the ledge beneath the falls. Desperate and cold he pondered his predicament for two days before deciding to leap. Miraculously, currents carried him downstream. When the boys returned to Kettle Falls, the fisherman met relatives and tribal elders who had already begun his funeral preparations.”

Story told by Goldie Putnam in Ruth Lakin’s Kettle River Country (1987).

Threads of Purple

By Tina Wynecoop

The old expression “we all bleed the same color” doesn’t apply to my husband, Judge. Last summer he picked 32 gallons of huckleberries. He’s been picking, storing and sharing the “chief of all the berries” throughout his long life. And he’s internalized a considerable portion of them. Earlier this summer he had blood tests. I watched the nurse fill several small vials from his veins – and sure enough, the color of his blood is not red but purple!

Gathering huckleberries has been part of the annual subsistence round in our region for thousands of summer seasons. Judge’s ancestors, the Lakes/Sinixt Indians, told an origin story about how huckleberries arrived in the upper Columbia region lo-o-o-ng ago. Here is the short version of what was told by Judge’s grandmother Nancy Perkins Wynecoop to linguist/ethnographer William Welcome Elmendorf in 1935-6. Nancy’s grandmother, Seepetza (Able-One) had passed the story to her.

Eagle was to marry the winner of a foot race held at Kettle Falls. From their home in the mountains the Mountain Goat brothers brought her a gift basket of huckleberries and a huckleberry bush that they planted. Eagle disdained the Mountain Goat brothers because they wore shabby summer

them back to the mountains and married the eldest son of Old Goat. From then on she soared on mountain thermals over the huckleberry fields. She made her home there, ever grateful for her Mountain Goat husband and the life-sustaining food, which the Sinixt call “sweet berry” (stšátlq).

Indians all over the northwest still have traditional picking sites. As we travel, Judge points one out to me. “Ahhh, that clearing is where Cecile Abrahamson camped.”

In old times families would travel to the mountains on foot, by horseback or in wagons. The Kalispel tribal elder Alice Ignace recalled setting out by wagon with her grandmother to the Panhandle Logging Camp (north of the Kalispel Reservation), then proceeding by foot or on horseback to Monumental Mountain.



coats. She ignored them even after they won the race with their natural agility on rocky cliffs. But when Eagle tasted the berries she changed her mind about choosing one of the brothers. She followed

She said her grandmother’s picking baskets were made of bark “two to three feet long and stitched with cedar roots. ... We would return from a trip with 50 gallons of berries and we usually made three to four trips each year.”

These days the guy with the purple blood makes dozens of day excursions during berry harvesting (sʔanlq). He drives his rig to the mountains and picks for several hours. A clean gallon milk jug – its handle looped through his belt – replaces the traditional cedar basket. Everyone wants to go with him. When he goes by himself he is never alone. The mountains are alive and friendly and welcome him into their majesty.

Weather has been a factor in picking success. One time we invited other families to gather berries with us. It was 90+ degrees in the lowlands and comfortably cool in the mountains. An unexpected, fast-moving storm drenched us. Picking was cut short because our cold fingers ceased to function. We brought home buckets full of disappointment.

Another time four of us were trapped in a hailstorm. There was no shelter in the clear-cut where we were. One of us was wearing a baseball cap, another had on a straw hat, and a third wore her Tilly hat. I wore a simple visor. The hailstones pummeled us. My coverless head was especially vulnerable. Holding my hands over my head for protection was useless because then my fingers bore the brunt force of those icy stones. After forever the storm moved eastward and we hurried to our rig.

On another trip came the record-breaking August 2014 windstorm that endangered Judge and his travel buddy. Seventy m.p.h. winds felled conifers around them. The sudden storm’s wide swath extended their return trip considerably. Its power was memorable and frightening. Yet, driver

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and passenger – and berries – made it through the havoc to safety.

One time the family headed to a traditional campsite located in the saddle that links the North Baldy and South Baldy mountains near Priest Lake. Everyone had settled into sleeping bags for the night. A plastic tarp provided protection from the heavy mountain dew. During the night loud steps and big slurping sounds startled everyone awake. Terror. Surely it was a grizzly bear about to attack! Multiple flashlights beaming on the intruder revealed Uncle Glenn's big black lab drinking deep draughts from the puddles collecting in the tarp's depressions.

Grizzly bears *are* present, yet elusive, in the mountains. Their scat piles remind us to be cautious. Once, on a solo trip, Judge was picking berries along the steep slope of a mountain when he heard hunters' gunshots nearby. Their target, a grizzly bear, tore up the slope past him. He decided to join the bear as they both clawed their way to the crest and out of shooting range. Brothers-in-terror, bear and man put aside their wariness of each other in their frantic escape.

Judge likes to share a camping experience he calls "On Top of Old Baldy":

"Back in the fall of '51, when I was at last a senior at Wellpinit High School, my uncle Glenn Galbraith, my brother Chick and I went on a camping and huckleberry picking trip to North Baldy Mountain. Glenn had heard that there was a great crop of berries. As usual we took along assorted weapons and fishing gear. We left after school was out on a Friday afternoon and headed for North Baldy.

"At the base of the mountain we decided to try fishing in a small stream to have some fresh fish for supper. We spent quite a lot of time there and caught a nice mess of fish – most of which were very small – but after all, they taste best anyway. We stayed too long and by the time we arrived at North Baldy there were so many people camped already that we had a terrible time finding a place for our camp. We had to take what was available, which was a steep hillside. It was so steep we had to put our sleeping bags on the uphill side of downed trees to keep from rolling off the mountain.

"Well, Uncle Glenn cooked supper – the usual 'Dinty Moore' stew, with extra potatoes, onions and a can of hash thrown into one frying pan. In the other pan he cooked the fish we had caught. We were all very hungry by then and when Uncle Glenn is hungry nothing really gets cooked too much. Well, the fishes I got were still slimy, and I was quite sure one of them moved while I looked at it, so I hid them for later.

"In the morning, after breakfast, we walked over the ridge to pick huckleberries. The crop that year was absolutely out of this world. The

bushes were loaded with large berries and we could grab handfuls from the bushes. They were about the size of nickels and so juicy and sweet – and so big we had to roll them to the car. That day the three of us picked 22 gallons! When we got home my mom, Phoebe, saw them and she was completely overwhelmed. I wished so much that she could have got to pick in that patch, too. Like me, she loved picking berries."

In 1970 a teaching position on the Spokane Indian Reservation lured me to the east side of the Cascades. Two years later I married into the tribe of the guy with the purple blood. We picked berries in his grandmother's favored patches in the high elevations of the reservation. I remember the time I was in a patch picking and wearing my baby son strapped on my back. Another baby was on the way and I didn't have anything resembling a waistline. It was awkward wearing a belt to hold the picking container. How I worried that the baby on my back would fall out of his carrier as I bent over to pick.

I remember, as well, being left to fend for myself while my coyote of a husband ranged among the acres of bushes for those berries "so big you had to roll them to the car!" And how concerned I was for our safety when I stepped in fresh bear scat consisting entirely of the remnants of purple berries. I remember longing to be the city girl I used to be and wondering if my little "threesome" might become the next food source for a bear preparing for winter hibernation.

But I love being in the mountains. A few years ago we were picking in a new place west of our traditional patches. "Coyote guy" was off scouting

around the land – and filling his bucket far faster than I ever could. It's not a race – I'm not Eagle and I am already married to the Old Goat, so there is never any competition. I pick (and eat) and listen to birds – especially enjoying the Swainson's thrush who sings such clear upward-soaring notes. Or I am discovering wildflowers I've never seen before. One, the ghostly "Indian Pipe" (*Monotropa uniflora*), with its waxy white flowers, is a rare treat. I've learned local tribes used this plant as a poultice for wounds that otherwise did not heal.

Once, while picking in the aptly named Huckleberry Mountain range, I had an ethereal experience. As I was filling my container I sensed the ghostly presence of five Salish ladies. They wore wing dresses and high-top moccasins. Their beautiful long braids hung below bandannas that shielded much of their foreheads from sun. Coiled cedar baskets were tied at their waists. They quietly picked around me, and before they disappeared into the olden time they silently communicated to me their welcoming acceptance. The basket of my heart overflowed.

Perhaps my blood pumped purple then.



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The Rhythms of Nature

Article & Photo by Joanie Christian

This is the time of year when temperatures start to drop, kids return to school, the number of campers and vacationers dwindle, and crowds thin out considerably at the lakes. While a person might be tempted to hang the kayak up for the season, I encourage you to embrace the paddling experiences that the coming months have to offer.

Fall is one of my favorite times of the year to go kayaking. The hot weather has abated and the air is crisp. The lakes are blessedly peaceful. The golden, red and orange hues of autumn start to appear, peaking in October. I will digress a bit here from the topic of paddling, and give you a hint that huckleberry bushes turn an orangey-red in the fall. This makes fall a perfect time to scout for where the good berry patches are. All you have to do is remember where they were when huckleberry season rolls around again.

In September and October, animals and waterfowl remain active and there are great wildlife-sighting opportunities. Though waterfowl begin their migration in August and September, some often hang around well into October. Drakes (males in the duck family) who have been in what's called "eclipse plumage" begin to regain their signature markings and coloring. In years past, I have wondered where all of the mallard drakes disappeared to during the summer, before magically reappearing in the fall. It turns out they were here all along.

We have many species of ducks in the region, and nearly all drakes lose their bright plumage after mating each spring. For a while they resemble the females, and are flightless during this stage. They regain their colorful plumage in the fall in time to pair with their mates for the coming year.

Migrating birds stop at area lakes along their migration routes, giving us a chance to see birds that we don't see the rest of the year. In the summer, we spot a single bird or small group of waterfowl here and there, but in the fall the large flocks of migratory waterfowl are really interesting to photograph. I sometimes see waterfowl all of one gender congregated together, and have witnessed mallards, buffleheads and mergansers

doing this. A large flock of male buffleheads is quite spectacular.

Bull moose go into rut (mating season) in the fall and compete for the affections of the females. They have had a full season to grow their antlers and put on weight to help them make it through the coming winter.

After male moose reach one year of age, they begin growing antlers that get larger and more elaborate with each coming year. While one cannot guess the exact age of a moose by its antlers, there are some antler patterns that emerge at different stages in the life of a bull moose that give a rough estimation of age. Antlers grow at the rate of about half an inch per day, and bull

There are signs all around of various creatures preparing for winter. While we are making pumpkin bread and canning vegetables, beavers are strengthening their dams and lodges, and stocking their own "pantries" for the winter. They do this by felling trees and cutting them into manageable lengths, then jamming one end of each limb into the muddy bottom close to their lodge to secure them for eating later. These underwater caches are sometimes referred to by wildlife biologists as "beaver freezers," and sort of resemble an underwater forest.

I remember one kayaking outing when we were back in a cove and could not figure out what we were hearing. It sounded like many different perc-

ussion instruments ... low, deep thumps and high-pitched thwacks occurring in almost a rhythmic fashion, sometimes accompanied by a whooshing sound or plop. It was quite fascinating. And perplexing.

After a while, we finally solved the mystery. Squirrels were dropping cones from trees to store as a food source. Big ones landing on the ground made the low-pitched thump. Smaller and denser cones hitting seasoned fallen trees made the high-

pitched sound, those that hit the water made a wet plopping sound, and any traveling through bushes and tree branches on the way down created the whoosh. After we realized what was creating the sounds, we could then see them in the trees – what busy creatures they were. We were astounded that such little creatures could make SO much noise. Nature's symphony. In George Santayana's words, "The earth has music for those who listen."

I revel in these encounters and feel privileged to witness the seasonal rhythms of nature. In a world that is constantly changing in ways that we don't expect, there is a certain comfort knowing that some things remain the same ... season after season and year after year.

Joanie Christian, a freelance photographer, has lived in the Colville area for more than 40 years and is still finding new things to discover. Follow some of her adventures at stillwaterpaddling.com.



Pend Oreille River

moose expend a tremendous amount of energy and calories growing them over the course of a season. Genetics play a factor, but bulls living in environments that are richest in food sources grow larger antlers.

Though a recent and rather hilarious insurance commercial shows a bull moose getting into all kinds of mischief with its antlers and a campground swing set, for the most part moose don't really use their antlers until rut. Larger bull moose sometimes just have to show off their antlers to scare away their competitors. For the rest, it comes down to a duel. If you are lucky enough to spot a bull moose with a full set of impressive antlers in autumn, you can be certain this is a moose who has many years of experience, and defied the odds in the face of many threats in his lifetime. He has earned his antlers. Keep a safe distance, as they are more aggressive during rutting season.

Stinkbug on Your Collar, Don't It Tell On You-oo

By Loren Cruden

Few people are aware of how much restraint goes into not mentioning stinkbugs more often in my writing. Akin to that of, say, Milton neglecting Beatrice.

The stinkbug is a noble creature. Or, if not quite that, then at least scrappy. A member of the illustrious *Pentatomidae* family. Some kinds of stinkbugs feed on plants, others on moth larvae. The ones we see most often in eastern Washington are *brochymenas* stinkbugs who eat soft insects. All stinkbugs, of course, discharge a foul-smelling fluid when upset. I'm told that it contains cyanide, off-putting to predator digestion.

The smell is certainly unappetizing, an expletive-inducing bouquet, sharp but musty, catching in the throat like gasoline fumes, with a decompositional hint of dire bitter-sweetness, like a prom night gone bad. Handling stinkbugs has a grenade-like thrill to it in terms of olfactory risk.

In September each year, after keeping a low profile all summer, stinkbugs become magnetized by human habitations. As the

end of their year-long life spans approaches, their migration indoors occurs despite human strategies such as sealing the house so tightly that oxygen tanks must be used by occupants. It is most evident on sunny days. The sight of zombie-like masses of stinkbugs creeping across the inside windowpanes is not for the weak of heart. The tracks of sliding glass doors become clogged with smushed corpses; opening any outside door dislodges a cascade of bugs onto the home owner's head.

Emotion-based responses such as screaming and flailing, or even shouting in a manly fashion, are not effective. Stinkbugs are sensitive to hostility and will truly stink if distressed. My private research suggests that the brown, long-bodied stinkbugs have more robust nerves – are not as trigger-happy – as the black, oval-bodied ones. So I tend to just gently pick up the bugs and toss them outside. Even if this does incite a stink, it is not as though I'm getting bitten, stung or (even worse) *slimed*.

Our cat Jumpers occasionally caught and ate stinkbugs, with a look on his face of someone

encountering one of those special Thai green peppers. He embraced a New Age belief in creating one's own reality, which in his case affirmed that stinkbugs are edible, never mind the cyanide. (Jumpers also chased deer and tried to mate with our large dog; though a dapper little cat, his reality was King Kong-ish.)

Like bumblebees, stinkbugs are aerodynamically improbable. Their signature flight technique is to wildly and noisily barrel forward through the air until crashing into an obstacle such as a wall, window or human head. Much the way particularly bold children learn to ride bikes. But stinkbugs never refine their technique; such is the fate of the short life-spanned.

Once they are indoors, stinkbugs aimlessly crawl in slow motion across window expanses all day, like tiny drugged dinosaurs. They're attracted to warmth and light at night, too. When I lived without electricity and read by candlelight, the stinkbugs would inch up the candle tapers or bomb across the room into the flames.

They got into my hair and clothes and took

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refuge under my pillow or bed covers. Each night before retiring I'd patrol for stinkbugs. They'd see me coming and scramble to flatten themselves into minuscule cracks and crevices. Like those superheroes who can shape their bodies to whatever dimensions are needed. Sometimes, when spring came, I'd find deceased stinkbugs pressed like modest flower memories between the pages of my books.

It was hard to bond with the oval black stinkbugs. They always seemed surly and avoided eye contact. But the long brown stinkbugs, with their soulful, aspiring quality, their meditative marches and delicate appendages, moved me. These were the ones that, once expired, I imagined clothed in wee



tissue garments, posed in dioramas depicting famous rock groups or iconic historical scenes such as Washington crossing the Delaware, the stinkbug general in the bow of the boat with his expressive wee appendage outstretched, wee

tricorn on his head, tissue greatcoat swathing his body, and so on. How poignant, to view the mighty human race in miniature, striving, as all species do, to prosper in an uncertain world. A perspective I find renewed each September.

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Old Broken Horn, a bighorn ram.

Old Broken Horn

Article & Photos By J. Foster Fanning

If ever you have hiked the steep country in parts of our highlands during the autumn months and have heard the sharp, timber-like crack and clack of bighorn rams fighting, likely a memory was forged that you will never forget.

Bighorn rams fight for dominance of the herd, for breeding rights and for a temporary hold of territory where the herd resides. These combative contests are initiated by the younger males seeking to carve a niche out for themselves in the herd hierarchy. The engagements usually start with tongue flicking, a sign of aggression in the males during the rut, followed by body kicks from the initiator. Often the older ram will walk away in what appears to be submission, but what wildlife biologists refer to as "the low stretch." It gives the younger ram a chance to withdraw its claims and the older ram room to maneuver.

When the rams square up, face-to-face (anywhere from ten to twenty feet apart) the battle is about to begin. Then they charge. Head to head. Horn to horn. The force of the impact, delivered at 20 m.p.h., is enough to kill an adult human instantly. But these creatures have evolved to withstand the stress with two heavy layers of bone protection over the brain. Their thick skulls can absorb approximately 800 pounds of force. And once engaged, the fight may last from five to twenty hours, with each ram battering the other dozens of times.

A locally famous representative of the species, Old Broken Horn, also known as "Lefty" and "Old Butt Head," is a mature bighorn ram of the Little Vulcan Mountain herd in the Kettle River Valley of northwest Ferry County. This big fellow has seen more than a decade of ranging, fighting and breeding. Those of us who keep our eyes on the herd, including Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife (WDFW) employees, are guessing this ram lost a horn within the last

year or so, as no one had noted a single-horn ram in this herd before last winter. My question upon seeing and photographing this animal was "what happened?" followed by "what happens next?"

After contacting WDFW staff I learned a number of interesting things regarding this broken horn. First off, it is more common than I had previously thought. And a broken horn is not necessarily the result of poor health or lack of nutrition. The Lincoln Cliffs herd of bighorns in Lincoln County off Lake Roosevelt have an old ram with a broken horn that still shows signs of continued horn growth at the normal slow rate common in older rams. This ram has not shown significant weight loss or other deterring factors since first noted. Additionally, at least one of the Hells Canyon Sheep rams has a broken horn.

It takes significant trauma to break a horn. Unlike antlers, which are true bone growing as an extension of the animal's skull, horns of bighorn sheep are like those of bison, pronghorns and many other bovine: two-part structures. The interior bone is an extension of the skull, but it is covered by an exterior sheath grown by specialized hair follicles quite similar to our toenails and fingernails. Bighorn horns never shed. They continue to grow throughout the animal's life. These horns are resilient and tough, very tough. So, how then did Old Broken Horn earn his broken horn status?

The significant trauma may have been the result of fighting for dominance during the mating season. The bighorn ram hierarchy is based on age, body size and horn size. A mature bighorn ram can average 250 pounds with a 40-inch shoulder height. When these animals square off and charge each other, the clashing of their curled horns can be heard a mile away. Damage can and does happen.

Also, the range of bighorn rams most often includes towering vertical cliffs. While it is not common, these animals do sometimes fall, possibly breaking a horn.

The "what next" question had me wondering if this injury could be a death knell for an older ram. Not necessarily, cautioned WDFW staff, noting that this ram looks to be in very good condition. His fighting abilities and chance of reproducing may have been dampened now, and so his chance of survival may have just increased.

Hmm ... an interesting point to ponder as we wander the wild steep places seeking a glimpse of these magnificent creatures.

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 photography is currently on display at the Coulee Dam Credit Union and Brown Bear Real Estate, both in Republic, WA. Learn more at <http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com>.



Old Broken Horn (left).

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Sep 1-2: Festival of Neighbors at Happy Dell Park in Kettle Falls, featuring games and face painting for kids, food vendors, crafts, a classic car show and a wide variety of music, entertainment, and more. Two raffles are already underway. Prizes are a park bench (on display at the Kettle Falls Info Center) and a painting (on display at Kettle Falls Banner Bank) by local artist Linda Hyatt Cancel. All proceeds go toward the Festival of Neighbors. Call 509-738-2414 or email kfvendor@gmail.com for vendor spots and more info.

Sep 1-3: Ferry County Fair featuring animals, crafts, food vendors, horse racing including the famous Pony Express, live music and more. Visit ferry-countyfair.com for more info.

Sep 2-3: Affair on Main Street in Metaline Falls, featuring a street dance, car show and shine, vendors, food booths, old fashioned carnival booths, art auction, live music, and more! Visit www.facebook.com/affaironmainstreet/ for more info.

Sep 9: Salsa Fiesta, a family affair featuring live music from Bobby Patterson & Randy Knowles, dancing, salsa tasting bar, gourmet food, arts, crafts, and organic wine tasting at China Bend Winery, Noon-5 pm, 3751 Vineyard Way, Kettle Falls (off the Northport-Flat Creek Road). Visit chinabend.com or call 509-732-6123 for more info.

Sep 9: Stevens County Fire District 13 an open house at the new station at 2030 Highway 25 North, Evans. Lunch served 11-1. The public is invited.

Sep 9: 4th Annual Newport Area Bike Rodeo, 10-1 at the Sadie Halstead Middle School, Newport. Students K-6 get free helmets (while supplies last). Free bike maintenance, obstacle course, healthy snacks, fun prizes, free child ID kits. Visit www.facebook.com/Newportbikerodeo/ for more info.

Sep 9-10: Junk & Shout vintage, retro, repurposed vintage market, 9-4 on Saturday, 9-3 on Sunday at the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park Street, Metaline Falls. Call 509-446-4108 for reservations and more info.

Sep 11-16: Cycle the Selkirk Loop: 2 states, 2 countries WACANID Ride, an annual bicycle tour taking cyclists on paved roads encircling the Selkirk Mountain of Washington, Canada & Idaho. Visit www.wacanid.org or call 208-267-0822 for more info.

Sep 12: Colville Blood Drive at the Ag Trade Center from Noon-6 pm. Call 800-423-0151 for more info.

Sep 13: Celebrate National Assisted Living Week and the creativity of Stevens County's seniors at Parkview's 6th Annual Senior Fair with music, blue ribbon competitions, fair food, photos, and carnival games. Bring your handmade items Sept. 8-13 to compete. Then come on fair day (Sept. 13 at Noon) for lunch, fun, and a chance to win cash prizes. Then stay for an Old Fashioned Carnival at 3 pm with fun and prizes for all ages! 240 S. Silke, Colville. RSVP by Sept. 8 at 509-684-5677.

Sep 16: Annual Alaska Potluck Picnic at the Colville City Park, 11-? Bring food, utensils, chairs and lots of stories! Call 509-684-5146 for more info.

Sep 16: Romp N Roar Golf Tournament at the Chewelah Golf & Country Club. Registration at 9 am, shotgun start 10 am. \$35 per person plus \$20 green fees. Sponsored by the Lions Club.

Sep 30 - Oct 1: 11th Annual Honky Tonk Pétanque Tournament at the Northern Inn, 825 S. Clark, Republic, 9 am Saturday to 1 pm Sunday.

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

Sep 1: *A Miscast Concert Where Nothing is Quite Right*, 7:30 pm at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Some of your favorite singers singing songs they would never, ever, get cast to perform on any legitimate stage. Think gender-bending, age-bending, and all sorts of other bendings! Visit www.pendoreilleplayers.org or call 509-447-9900 for more info.

Sep 3: Special showings of *The Postman* at 2 pm and 6 pm at the Cutter Theatre, 302 Park Street, Metaline Falls on the 20th anniversary of the filming in Metaline Falls. Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

Sep 8-10, 15-17: *12 Angry Jurors*, a play where 12 jurors deliberate the guilt or innocence of a 19 year-old man, accused of fatally stabbing his father, 7 pm (3 pm on Sundays) at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Visit www.pendoreilleplayers.org or call 509-447-9900 for more info.

Sep 16: Music on the Mountain at the Chewelah Peak Learning Center, 3215 Flowery Trail Road, 2 pm. The Spokane Symphony Orchestra performs music by Leonard Bernstein, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky,

Rossini, Shostakovich, Dvorak, and John Williams. Conducted by Jorge Luis Uzcatague, the Symphony's assistant conductor. Tickets: \$25 at Colville House of Music and Akers Drugs and Valley Drugs in Chewelah, or online at www.chewelahrtsguild.org.

Sep 17: Dances of Universal Peace, using simple movement, music, and lyrics, from 2-5 pm at the Colville Library basement. Donations appreciated. Potluck following. Call 509-684-1590 for more info.

Sep 20: Diversity Stories Film Festival at the Alpine Theater in Colville, 6:30-8:30 pm. The Upper Columbia Human Rights Coalition (UCHRC) will screen several short films illuminating varied aspects of the human experience relating to diversity. Learn about the newly reformed UCHRC and plans for raising awareness, increasing understanding, building community, addressing underlying issues, and supporting diverse local individuals and groups. This is a free event. Snacks and beverages can be purchased from the Alpine Theater. Attendees are encouraged to bring canned food or cash donations for the Colville Food Bank as an opportunity to join with others in acts of kindness. Call 509-684-1718 for more info.

Sep 24: George Winston Concert, 6 pm at The Cutter Theatre, 302 Park Street, Metaline Falls. Tickets: \$20 in advance, \$25 at the door. \$12 chicken dinner at 4:30 pm, by reservation. Call 509-446-4108 for reservations and more info.

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382:
7th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm
8th: TBD, 7-10 pm
14th: Mark Harding, 6-8 pm
21st: Dylan Yeager, 6-8 pm
22nd: Christy Lee and the Broken Rosary Whiskey Thieves
28th: TBD, 6-8 pm
29th: Northern Aliens, 7-10 pm
24th: Finessa Fann, 6-8 pm

Music at Republic Brewing Company, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700. Note: some shows require tickets.
7th: Wild Mountain Nation, 7 pm

Music at The Flying Steamshovel, 2003 2nd Ave., Rossland, B.C. Visit theflyingsteamshovel.com or call 250-362-7323 for more info.
1st: Moontrick w/ Guests, 9 pm
8th: Golden City Days Kickoff with Heavy Airship, 9 pm
23rd: The Faps w/ Guests, 9 pm

Literature & Writing

Writers' Group: Open invitation to writers of all skill levels and categories of writing, to a writers'

group facilitated by author Loren Cruden. Regular gatherings for feedback on one another's work and help in developing skills. If interested, don't be shy; call Loren at 509-675-8644.

Arts & Crafts

Sep 1: Gold Mountains Gallery reception in Republic, 4-7 pm, featuring "Beyond Boundaries," a display of the "exciting and innovative new works" of Cynthia Bonneau-Green (jewelry and fiber arts) and Judith Moses (fine art). Refreshments will be served. The artists coop is open Wed-Sat, 10:30-4:30 and offers a wide assortment of locally made arts and crafts.

Sep 20: This month's Savvy Senior Craft Day will feature paper clay crafts, 1 pm, Parkview, 240 S. Silke, Colville. RSVP by Sept. 15 at 509-684-5677.

Featured Artist Annette Coady at the gallery at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls for the month of September. Annette is a watercolor and oil artist and her subjects are mostly western lifestyles and ranch landscapes. She is also a professional photographer. Annette is living and preserving the life she is passionate about.

Classes at E-Z Knit Fabrics in Colville: Open Workshop, bring projects you need help with, first Saturday of each month. BERNINA Embroidery Software master class, registration required, second Wednesday of each month at 9:30 a.m. Machine Embroidery Projects, different project each month. Check with store (165 N Main St, Colville) for projects, samples, dates, times and costs (some classes are free). 509-684-6644.

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.

Cross Borders Weaving Guild meets on the 2nd Saturday of each month at the VFW Hall, 135 Hwy 20, Colville. Email woodtick50@aol.com for more info.

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

Sep 21: NEWA Permaculture Guild, 5 pm, Community Connections Room, Meyers Falls Market, Kettle Falls. Please park in back; bring a snack or dish for afterward potluck. For info, call 509-680-1480.

Need someone to pick your excess fruits and veggies so they don't go to waste? Contact Linda Murphy, NEW Gleaners president, at 509-690-3539 and help fill the pantry of your local food bank. Interested in being a NEW Gleaner picker? Fill your own pantry while helping to feed your hungry neighbors in need while reducing food waste. Picking schedules are flexible and are usually for just a couple of hours in the morning, June - October. Fruits and vegetables must be free of spray and can be shared with anyone but not sold. Ladders, boxes and pole pickers provided.

Wellness

Sep 5 - Oct 24: A Matter of Balance: an 8-week class taught by Rural Resources that emphasizes practical strategies to reduce fear of falling and increase activity levels. Participants learn to view falls and fear of falling as controllable, set realistic goals to increase activity, change their environment to reduce fall risk factors, and exercise to increase strength and balance. Classes are on Tuesdays, Sept. 5 - Oct. 24, 9:30-11:30 am. Please call 509-447-9997 ext 702 or 509-684-3932 ext 6073 to sign up.

Colville Multiple Sclerosis self-help group meets the third Friday of each month in the lower level of the Providence Health Education House, 1169 E Columbia, Colville, at 1pm. All those living with MS are invited. For info, call 509-684-3252.

Narcotics Anonymous is a recovery group that meets every Monday at 215 S. Oak in Colville (County Commissioner's Building, brown door) at 7 pm and Thursdays at 401 N. Wynne St. in Colville (The Youth Center) at 7:30 pm. The third Monday of every month, we celebrate "clean" birthdays with a potluck and cake at 6:30 pm.

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).

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

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).

Miscellany

Aug 22-Sept 6: Small Business Boot Camp at Colville Community College is an accelerated program that enables you to take the next step

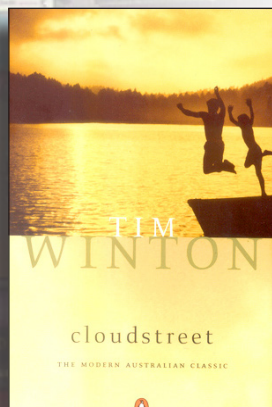
Continued on page 28

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

Cloudstreet, by Tim Winton

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



Australian Tim Winton amasses literary awards the way the famous Australian thoroughbred Eurythmic did race wins. *Cloudstreet*, which opens in the late 1940s in Western Australia, has an epic quality. In part this is due to the high page count, but the story of two hard-luck families with their fleeting, uproarious moments of good fortune balloons with boisterous life.

Very Aussie: hard women and manly losers. "The door is answered by a woman. Lester Lamb takes a look and a step back, and he punishes his hat sorely. She's got curls and lips and hips and everything, and she looks at him as though he's a prop seller or just some other street hawker rubbish from nowhere...." As one Australian reviewer quoted on the cover said, "*Cloudstreet* is Tim Winton's hymn to his country."

Each scene is a coin toss – the reader viscerally feels luck pivoting within the moment, miracle and calamity for an instant in balance, then not. Winton's style is brash, jostling, funny. It is obvious he loves his characters even as, god-like, he toys with them.

The Lambs start out a god-fearing family; the Pickles start out romantic. Things happen – some of them wildly uncanny. The paths of the two families

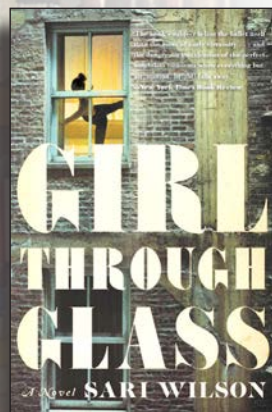
intersect on Cloud Street, in a shared house. Young Rose Pickles watches the Lamb children move in. Three girls ("...the oldest looked bigknuckled and tough, the middle one walked around like she was dying slowly of some disease, and the youngest one looked pretty and mean.") And three boys, one of whom suffers brain damage from drowning and resuscitation.

Parts of each character go walkabout or are altered. The story thus encompasses shame and bravado, regret and denial, resentment and surrender. At first the two families don't mingle. The Lambs are renters. Dolly Pickles "doesn't know why she should loathe the Lambs so much; they'd been polite and friendly, but they were pushy and beelike, the lot of them...." Nonetheless, their lives move in tandem, and marvels ensue. Winton's prose is magnificent, his world wide awake.

"Three horses shouldered their way into the open and reached out with their great long shining bodies, their heads down ploughing the wind, straining forward until the sound and heave of them infected the people at the post with a crazy, dancing abandon."

Girl Through Glass, by Sari Wilson

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



As with Tim O'Brien's *The Things They Carried*, Sari Wilson's debut novel, *Girl Through Glass*, itemizes. Only, instead of a Vietnam soldier's inventory, it begins with a perusal of the student ballet gear carried into battle of a different kind. "Things that looked like they are made by someone's hands: grosgrain ribbons and spiderweb-thin hairnets and soft leather slippers." Wilson details various types of leotards, tights, and pointe shoes with their various snob ratings, noting that "as bunheads, they each own a few prized hairnets of human hair, so soft and fine that they hold their breath while handling them...."

Aspiring ballerinas don't handle each other very gently though, we discover while following young Mira to her dance lessons and beyond, into the rarified dance world of George Balanchine. The tutus may look prissy but the politics of competing ambitions are savage.

The story pirouettes back and forth between present-day and the 1970s, with parallel and contrasting atmospheres, trends, career-ending traumas, foolishnesses and insights. Wilson, who used to be a dancer, provides a knowing view, the reader struck by both the harshness of ballet's preparation and the magic of its performance.

There have been a few too many "Girl" book and movie titles lately, but *Girl Through Glass* is appropriate, as full-grown women can't aspire to ballerina-hood. The wee "bunheads" portrayed are nonetheless

cold-blooded sophisticates, not playful children, hating each other and themselves while maneuvering for ascendancy, honing their anorexic bodies like machines – or weapons. "As a child, I had too much power, a strange power, the power of the object. It is passive, but it is real."

It is not enough for these un-children to devote their all. To reach elite status also requires the perfect physical architecture for ballet dancing. Like Simone Biles' perfect architecture for gymnastics. The story's theme and structure revolve around architecture: that of bodies, relationships, dwellings and institutions channeling people's lives down certain paths, glimpsed through past and present frames of perspective. "She gets up and looks out the window. A tall woman in a long white coat walks her dog. The trees along the sidewalk rustle in the breeze. She stares outside for a long time."

The insider looking out, the outsider looking in; always that glass separating them.

Other recommendations from the U-Z shelves:

Laurel Thatcher Ulrich – *A Midwife's Tale*

Nell Zink – *The Wallcreeper*

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

In Theaters: *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Men Tell No Tales*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Dead men may not be talking, but the boring ones should just be put out of their misery. That probably sounds unnecessarily harsh for a film franchise that started out so strong and earned a soft spot in the hearts of so many film-goers. As someone who counts *Pirates of the Caribbean: Curse of the Black Pearl* as one of her favorite action/adventure period romps, I sincerely wanted to believe that the fifth installment would live up to the filmmakers' assurance that it was a return to the qualities that made the first film so beloved.

Now I can't help but ask them, "What movie were you watching?"

Dead Men Tell No Tales sees Johnny Depp return as Captain Jack Sparrow, a role so iconic and well-crafted with Depp's combination of charisma, eccentricity and comedic timing that it earned him an Academy Award nomination

for *Curse of the Black Pearl*, and rightfully so in my opinion. It's painful to say that none of that finesse is on display in *Dead Men Tell No Tales*. Whether Depp is just tired of the franchise, or directors Joachim Rønning and Espen Sandberg couldn't be bothered to give him any actual direction besides, "Be funny," I don't know, but it's a beleaguered, been-there-done-that routine.

There really isn't much to the plot that doesn't follow the pattern of the last four films: Jack and company, in this case a plucky astronomer (Kaya Scodelario) and the son of Elizabeth Swann and Will Turner (Brenton Thwaites), are looking for the trident of Poseidon, which has the power to undo curses. One of those damned sorts is the spiteful Captain Armando Salazar (Javier Bardem), who blames Jack for his current undead predicament.

Some of the old cast returns. Geoffrey Rush continues to have fun as the shrewd Captain Barbossa, but for the most part they are wasted here. Scodelario and Thwaites may indeed be very fine actors, but I couldn't give a cheap bottle of rum about their characters here, much less the insipid love story the movie tries to heft on us. Bardem is a talented thespian that scared quarters back into coin purses with his portrayal of an assassin in *No Country for Old Men*, but he fails to dial up the creepy factor here, despite his best efforts.

Apparently, there's a post-credits scene that I missed, since I fled the theater as soon as the lights came up. My response is "Who cares?" The wind has gone out of the sails of the *Pirates* movies, and any attempts to scrape more cash from this once chock-full treasure chest should be abandoned to Davy Jones' Locker.

Classics Corner: *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

There may be some debate as to whether or not diamonds are a girl's best friend, but for lovers of frothy musicals, old-school Hollywood glamor and tongue-in-cheek humor, there's no denying that *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* is a delicious slice of cinematic pie.

Released in 1953, directed by Howard Hawks and based on the Broadway musical, *Blondes* stars Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell as Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, best friends and showgirls navigating catchy musical numbers and, of course, love.

Lorelei is engaged to dopey but doting rich boy Gus Esmond (Tommy Noonan), whose father doesn't kindle to Lorelei's occupation, or her perceived gold-digging. He hires a private

detective, Ernie Malone (Elliott Reid), to spy on the women as they take a transatlantic trip to France. Ernie takes an immediate liking to Dorothy, but a rich, pompous elderly lord with an eye for the ladies lands the gal pals in hot water, and as is the way of romantic comedies of yore, hijinks ensue.

It comes as a surprise to no one that Monroe is the show stealer here, with those now-iconic images of her swathed in a hot pink dress and sparkling jewelry, singing breathily with a smile and a slight wink never far behind. It's a scene that has been mimicked, honored and copied throughout the decades.

Monroe's shadow has obscured the magnetism and sharp wit of costar Russell, whose own

comedic talents more than stand up on their own and are worthy of praise. While "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" is the most remembered song from the musical, other standouts include "Bye, Bye Baby" and "A Little Girl from Little Rock."

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes is pure escapism, a frolic where the bond of friendship is eternal, kisses from your love can be felt all the way to your toes, and it all comes with fun tunes and killer shoes. Why try to resist?

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.



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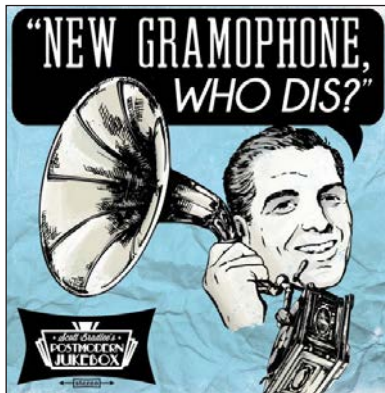

LISTEN UP

The Classics – and Others – Powerfully Redone

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

It's always a testament to a great act when their take on a classic can make you forget about the superb original hit song. UB40 did it with Neil Diamond's "Red, Red Wine." Van Halen supercharged The Kinks' "You Really Got Me" and Linda Ronstadt's "You're No Good."

So it just makes sense that a group like Postmodern Jukebox could be a huge hit reworking overplayed pabulum like Meghan Trainor's "All About That Bass" into a '20s jazz piece or "Oops ... I Did It Again" into a cabaret number.



Founded by Scott Bradlee in 2011, PMJ has an enviable revolving cast spanning some 120 eclectic instrumentalists and singers. On their third album release of 2017, *New Gramophone, Who Dis?* the cast lays waste to numbers like The Cars' "Just What I Needed" (giving it a mid-tempo, early 20th-century speakeasy swing); Nine Inch Nails' "Closer" (turning it into breakneck '70s funk) and Dolly Parton's "Jolene" (hauntingly interpreted as a Mancini-esque jazz ballad), just to name three.

While the numbers

above are bona fide classics, PMJ's brilliant retooling of questionable material like Paula Abdul's "Straight Up," Taylor Swift's "Shake It Off" or "Ice Ice Baby" (granted, even Vanilla Ice had the power of Queen working for him here) really makes you muse on what is involved with great songwriting vs. popular songwriting or songwriting derailed by fashionable production and marginal artistry. It's an interesting thing to consider.

New Gramophone, Who Dis? clocks in as a staggering 17th album release in just four years – another throwback to the 20th century, where artists routinely had to slam multiple albums a year to tape in just days between tours. You can take in their massive song catalog as a whole at: postmodernjukebox.com. You won't be disappointed!

Aimee Mann's Head Trip

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

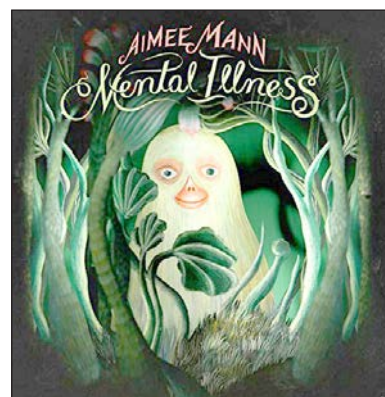
I remember first hearing *Voices Carry* when I was a kid, and thinking the singer was just riveting. Something about her delivery was edgy and completely arresting. Then she turned up with my favorite band – Rush – on *Time Stand Still* and I was equally blown away.

All of that was 30 years ago, and Aimee Mann continues to break new ground both as an artist and as an entrepreneur. With *Mental Illness*, Mann fires on all cylinders with stripped-down acoustic numbers and immediately memorable bigger production pieces.

The uncluttered "Rollercoasters" is a perfect showcase for Mann's unaffected vocal charm and insistent lyrics. Bigger numbers (though

not much bigger) like "Simple Fix" and "Lies of Summer" are equally at home here, with Mann's voice and storytelling never sounding better.

While Aimee Mann may have first found her call to the mic in the New Wave era of the '80s, she found her real voice in all the years since, as this album sits neatly alongside her best work. *Mental Illness* is an album confident enough not to



beg for your attention, as it moves easily from mid-tempo track to track, never really overstating its case and solidifying Mann as one of the best songwriters in the world.

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!

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Along the Mountain Path: Self-Study

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

"If you practice yoga in the right way with the right attitude, far greater benefits and more radical changes will take place than mere flexibility."

~ B.K.S. Iyengar

"Abiding in yoga, do your work without attachment and with being balanced in success or failure. Balance is called yoga."

~ "Bhagavad-Gita," translated by Georg Feuerstein

Self-study (svadhyaya) is an important aspect of the practice of yoga, and our relationship to practice is a mirror to our relationship with self. There are so many ideas of what we "should" do, and so many different directions that our energy is pulled, that it becomes challenging for many students to develop a consistent home practice.

First, it is important to realize that self-study and satya (truth) are not an opportunity for self-judgment. We must learn to accept ourselves, even the parts we may wish were different, if we are to be able to bloom as our most authentic self. In my own struggle with practice, I find it useful to ask, "what do I require for practice?"

Taking time for practice can be challenging in busy lives. Work, family, pets, social commitments, all can make us feel overwhelmed and unable to take time for yoga. It is true, however, that the busier you are the more you need yoga!

Often, if you honestly look at how you spend your time, there is a space that you can claim for yourself. You must make it a priority. Honestly, you are worth it. This is where commitment to a class can be useful. If you assign a certain time for taking class, you will at least be doing a yoga practice (a complete one!). You may have to make arrangements with family members, or forgo other activities, but you cannot practice without actually doing it. However, if you can build in a few minutes to a bit longer (half an

hour, an hour?) in your private life, you will find that the small time you spend in yoga will enhance everything else that you do.

What do you require of a space for home practice? A firm, level floor in a warm, quiet room, free from insects and other distractions, is ideal. You really just need room for your mat, and to stretch your arms and legs. It is nice to have a wall, for balancing poses and inversions. I used to take down a picture and move a chair for wall access.

I personally need to be at peace with the other demands of my life, perhaps get errands done, or delegate them to a reasonable time, before I settle in with myself. My teacher Lynne Minton said that she knew that her practice was deepening when she stopped interrupting it to move the laundry from the washer to the dryer! Wherever you practice, there you are. You have an opportunity to gently encourage yourself toward balance – physically, mentally and emotionally.

Whether you practice first thing in the morning, take time in the middle of the day, or end your day with practice, you will find the time that works for you now, in this phase of your life. Life changes, you change, and your practice reflects those changes. The practice itself will change.

In the beginning, you may have several poses that you have learned, and doing them consistently will open and strengthen you physically and lead

you to explore other poses. If you are injured, you may have poses that help you to heal. In the same way, if you are ill or going through stressful times, certain poses become your allies. Yoga is for life.

As you walk along the mountain path remember this quote from Shunryu Suzuki in *Not Always So*: "Even though you say your practice is not good enough, there is no other practice for you right now. Good or bad, it is your practice."

Namaste.

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

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Legal Structures for Small Businesses

By Barry Lamont

Last month, in covering small business startup basics, we mentioned four common business structures. Today we'll look at each in more detail.

When registering your business with the state, you must designate a legal structure. The structure you choose will determine how the business and you are taxed. This means the selection of structure type is important and should be done thoughtfully. There are numerous legal structures, but the four that are commonly used by small businesses are sole proprietorship, partnership, limited liability company (LLC) and C or S corporation. Each option has advantages and disadvantages.

SOLE PROPRIETORSHIP

A sole proprietorship is owned by a single person or a married couple. This is the most popular form of business structure in the U.S. These businesses are inexpensive to form and there are no special reporting requirements. Business profits or losses are reported on the owner's personal taxes.

The big disadvantage is that the owner is personally responsible (liable) for all business debts. So in looking at this possible choice, a good review of possible liabilities should be performed. It only takes one angry supplier or customer to take legal action against the business to put your personal property in jeopardy.

PARTNERSHIP

Partnerships are like sole proprietorships, but with more than one owner. Partners share managerial duties, profits and losses, and each is personally responsible (liable) for all business debt. Because the actions of one

partner can result in personal liability for the others, partnerships have become less popular and more people are choosing LLCs.

For federal tax purposes, the business is required to file a partnership return, with the income or loss going to each partner based on how much of the business each owns. A partnership agreement should be drawn up, and it should outline in detail each partner's role and share in the business.

LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANY

Limited liability companies (LLCs) are popular due to their liability protection and flexibility, but are more expensive to create. The business has limited legal liability like a corporation, but has fewer governance requirements. Creating an LLC requires filing with the Washington Secretary of State.

For federal taxes, LLCs are typically treated like sole proprietorships if there is one owner, or like partnerships if there is more than one owner. However, by filing an entity classification election form with the Internal Revenue Service (IRS), LLCs can be treated like corporations for federal tax purposes.

Although not required, forming an LLC should be done with the help of a qualified legal and/or accounting professional. There are some basic requirements LLCs must do to meet Washington State requirements: You must designate a registered agent who will receive official service of process and business entity notifications, which can be yourself or a third party, and you need to create and file with the Secretary of State a governance document called a Certificate of Formation. It is also a good idea to establish and include an Operating Agreement to describe how the LLC is operated.


CORPORATIONS (C & S)

C corporations or general corporations have no limitations on the number of shareholders or classes of stock they offer. There are two basic types of stock: common and preferred. Usually, large companies that intend to have many shareholders and sell stock to the public choose this structure. The major disadvantage is that the profits are subject to double taxation – corporate income is taxed and dividends to individual shareholders are taxed.

S corporations are general corporations that have selected a subchapter S tax status with the IRS. Selecting this status is done after the general corporation has been formed. This type of corporation has the benefit of a corporate structure without the penalty of double taxation. Profits are distributed directly to shareholders and taxed on the individuals' personal taxes, and owners can write off operating losses on their returns. A restriction on the S corporation is that ownership is capped at 75, they must be U.S. citizens or permanent residents, and there can be only one class of stock.


Choosing the structure is not a forever decision. You can change at any time. Timing your change of structure to coincide with tax filing times can avoid additional filing requirements. There are many great resources on how to structure a business, such as the Small Business Administration (<https://www.sba.gov/>) and SCORE (<http://scorespokane.org/>). Both offer free advice, training and business templates. Locally there is Tri County Economic Development District (<http://tricountyedd.com/>), which offers free advice and counseling to small businesses and entrepreneurs.

Barry Lamont has over thirty years of experience managing and directing public and private non-profit corporations providing community services. Among his current board and director roles, Lamont works for Tri County Economic Development District as the small business advisor for Stevens County.




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A Novel Idea

By Linda Bond

Many writers dream of writing the Great American Novel. Only a few will achieve their dream. But that doesn't stop us from trying our best to create an impressive work of fiction. There are many things to consider when writing your novel, including:

- Finding a narrative style and your unique voice.
- Settling on a point of view for your story.
- Plot line, structure and story arc.
- Choosing and developing a setting.
- Research and fact checking.
- Character development.
- Including an interesting back story.
- Identifying conflict and the moral to your story.
- Honing dialogue to match character and story flow.

In this article, we will look at some of the important factors that go into getting a novel off to a good start. Ultimately, you want a manuscript that will be solid but also stand out from all the others being offered in the marketplace.

Idea Generation

Where do writers get their ideas for those popular novels you see being sold in bookstores? If you've been thinking about writing your first novel for a while, you may already have a story burning to be told. If not, well, no two writers use the same practice when they go idea fishing. Some go on long walks and listen for inspiration. Others keep a notebook by their bed, to capture a bit of a dream when they wake in the middle

of the night; or on waking in the morning, they take a few minutes to let their thoughts simmer to see what rises to the surface.

Maybe you will find yourself hearing a voice, or seeing the face of one or more characters who are fighting to be in your story. Possibly you will see your characters in a particular landscape or other setting; perhaps a time in history. Try different approaches and you will soon discover a way to turn on your inspiration for a flow of story ideas.

Once you have one or more ideas drawn from your creative well, choose the strongest one to focus on for your first novel.

Content Inventory

Next, develop a list of what you know and what you do not know for your story. You may already have the names of one or two main characters, the time-period when the story takes place, and know that these main characters are farmers, for example. But you may need to develop their appearance, decide if they have children, or how they got to the area where they are farming – a little back story.

Make this inventory as thorough as you can. Next, do a bit of thinking to see if you can fill in the things you're missing so you can be more equipped to begin writing.

Preliminary Outline

Once you have your basic information from the inventory, make some organizing notes on:

- Preferred length of your book (60,000 words?).
- A tentative starting point for the story.
- The primary plot line.
- Subplots that will run along with the main story.

- Possible order of chapters.
- Potential ending for your story.

I know this may seem premature, but again, you will end up making many changes over time. This is just to give you a frame of reference to start on your project.

Get a Good Draft Going

With all your materials and aids around you (character names, setting, location, etc.), start a rough draft. Don't stop to edit, make changes or alter your flow in any way. This is to try out your story – help you to get a feel for it. Go as far as you can in your first sitting. Then pick it up again at least within the next day or so. Continue adding to the draft until you reach a good stopping point.

Now ask yourself some questions:

- Is this going where I want it to go?
- Does it feel right?
- Is this even the story I really want to tell?

If your answers include a negative, set the draft aside for a few days to let it simmer. Work on some other short writing project or go to a movie and focus on something else. Then, in a few days, pick up your draft and re-read it. You should know right away if this is the story you want to write. If it is, you're ready to continue. If not, start over. But don't throw out your first attempt. Put it away in a drawer since you never know when you might want to return to an unused idea.

Happy drafting!

Linda Bond is cofounder and leader of the Inland Northwest Writers Guild and Outreach Coordinator at Auntie's Bookstore in Spokane, WA. Write to her at lindathewriter@gmail.com.

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Corn and More Than the Cob

By Louanne Atherley

It's hard to imagine late summer meals and barbecues without corn on the cob. I don't usually grow corn because we are just high enough that it doesn't always do well and there are such great u-pick places locally. I usually pick enough there to freeze for winter.

Archaeologists have found evidence of the first domesticated corn, dated some 9,000 years ago, in a valley in central Mexico. From there it spread to North America and Europe. Corn is grown commercially as feed for cattle, ethanol, corn syrup and corn starch as well as for a variety of food products and just plain eating off the cob.

Corn was an important staple for many native American tribes, and figures largely in their mythologies from the northeast woodlands and plains through South America, sometimes as a deity and sometimes as a gift to the people. In the Southwest and Southeast, corn, squash and beans were often planted together and called the Three Sisters.

Mexican food contains some great corn recipes. Besides all the yummy things you can do with corn tortillas, there are tamales: delicious bundles of savory, spicy or sweet fillings hidden inside cooked masa (dried corn meal), wrapped in dried corn husks and steamed. A few years ago, I brought a cookbook back from the Southwest that was entirely tamales. They covered everything from appetizers to dessert. One

of my favorites had a filling of figs.

You may have sampled corn on the cob served by street vendors in Mexico, often with a creamy sauce flavored with cilantro, chili and lime and sprinkled with salty cotija cheese. A wonderful combination of sweet, spicy and salty flavors.

My friend Judy introduced me to another interesting way to enjoy grilled corn on the cob, with umeboshi (pickled plum) paste. This is a Japanese concoction, sour and salty (you can find it at Meyers Falls Market). Still, it is hard to beat plain, fresh, corn on the cob with butter. Although my husband Ben and I have an ongoing disagreement about whether it is better grilled with the husk on or off. I prefer it off because I like the slightly caramelized, browned kernels.

When Ben was growing up, breakfast rotated among his brother Danny's favorite, Cream of Wheat; sister Mary Lou's favorite, oatmeal, and his favorite, polenta or corn meal mush. He still fixes polenta most mornings for his breakfast. While I do not share his enthusiasm for breakfast polenta, I do enjoy it for dinner, especially with chicken cacciatore or ratatouille. His mother, Angelina, says that she can still see her mother stirring polenta in a special pan that was black and crusty on the outside because it fit down into a hole on the woodstove.

My first taste of polenta was with my first Italian

husband (I know). A friend of ours, whose family was also Italian, invited us for dinner and cooked a favorite dish from her family. She sautéed Italian sausage and green peppers in olive oil and then drowned them in red wine and allowed them to simmer while she made polenta with olive oil and parmesan cheese. When the polenta was cooked she spread it into a pie pan and let it firm up while the sausages finished simmering. Then she cut the polenta into wedges and spooned the sausage and pepper mixture over it. Still makes my mouth water to remember it. I also enjoy grilling slices of polenta as a side dish when I'm barbecuing.

Grits are a southern version of polenta. Often menus will include a simple grits side dish. They are also served for breakfast along with eggs. Maggie, one of the clerks at Meyers Falls Market, told me that in the south, cheese grits are a dish for special occasions like weddings. She also said her favorite way to eat grits was sliced, cold, with maple syrup drizzled over it.

Two of my favorite snacks from my childhood are Corn Nuts and popcorn. The Corn Nuts were sometimes so hard that I was afraid I would break a tooth but I loved to eat them anyway. Popcorn was a Sunday night family tradition. We had our main meal around 2-3 on Sunday because we always had a late breakfast after church. Instead of another meal in the evening we most often made a large batch of popcorn to eat while we watched Disney. Of course, the adults had beer with their popcorn. Occasionally, for a treat, we kids got root beer floats with our popcorn.

Here is an easy, grilled corn salad recipe that goes well with barbecue:

- 4 ears fresh corn grilled, and cut from the cob
- 15-ounce can black beans, rinsed and drained
- 8 ounces cherry tomatoes, halved
- ½ cup chopped red onion

For the dressing:

- 3 tablespoons lime juice (about 3 limes)
- 1 tablespoon seasoned rice wine vinegar
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- ¾ teaspoon ancho chili powder
- ½ teaspoon cumin
- ½ teaspoon garlic powder
- ½ teaspoon kosher salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Just before serving toss with:

- 1 large avocado, chopped
- ½ cup cilantro, chopped
- 3 ounces cotija cheese, crumbled

This is also very good with corn chips. (I didn't even get started on cornbread, scalloped corn, corn dogs, corn chowder, succotash....)

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."

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Farm to Market: What Can You Produce?

By Michelle Lancaster

How does a farmer get the product to market? Some farms produce goods on a regular basis that are sold to a cooperative or maintain a steady customer base. Many people, though, create or grow products at the homestead or hobby level. These products are given away or bartered, perhaps because people do not plan to profit from their labors or know about the methods of selling farm products or are daunted by the government regulations that differ for every product.

You may not even realize you have a product that could be in demand.

Common farm products of our region include livestock, hay, milk, fruit, vegetables and eggs. There are also a lot of crafty people in the area who produce canned goods, baked goods, soaps and other craft items. (If you want more ideas, check out: <https://agr.wa.gov/marketing/smallfarm/>.) Maybe you make a product that people in our area would like to buy?

I have had the opportunity to work in several different avenues of sales within the farm and home goods arena. The list below contains some of the main methods of sales I have seen and a little bit about each type.

COMMODITY MARKET

My introduction into married life came in the form of dairy farmer's wife. We milked 100 cows twice a day and cared for a total of 250 Jersey cattle. Our milk traveled from the cow's udder through a milking machine and pipeline into a bulk milk tank. A tanker truck from Darigold pumped the milk out of our tank every other day. Twice a month we received a check in the mail – an advance and a final payment. We had no say in the price we received for our milk – that price came from a complicated formula of federal regulations and local supply versus demand. On the good side, we always received something for our milk with no marketing effort on our part. On the bad side, we rarely received enough to cover costs or put up a nest egg.

DIRECT FARM SALES

I love traveling back roads to see what is for sale at the next bend and wish our area had more farm stands. Many places may not have an official store. You may find out about them by word of mouth or online. If the business does not have signage with open hours, please call for permission before driving onto private property.

On-farm sales benefit both the farmer and the consumer. As a customer, I like to see where my purchases originated and how the product is created, cared for, handled, etc. As a farmer, I appreciate customers coming to our home, walking past free-range hens to buy eggs or seeing the field where their future locker lamb is being raised.

Barter

My friend recently brought me a head of broccoli and I gave her some Walla Walla onions – we each had excess of something and were excited to swap. This year, I traded a knitter-friend several skeins of yarn in exchange for some of it back in the form of a finished project and she gets to keep the rest of the yarn for her own use. The best part to bartering, if done correctly, is that both parties feel they came out ahead!

Be aware that use of the term “barter” as a catch-all to avoid regulations may not be legal and/or release you from liability. Many Washington (and possibly federal) laws prohibit or limit bartering, so search the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) or other appropriate website before thinking you are safe to barter.

Barter Farmers Markets

I enjoy the social aspect of farmers markets – meeting people and talking with consumers about what we grow and why and how we cultivate our farm products. That, and selling product, is the best part of markets. The least exciting part is the setup/tear down/travel time and slow lulls with no shoppers stopping by.

Markets are usually seasonal because of availability of products and weather conditions. Vendors may invest in a tent, tables and decorations/signs plus may pay a flat fee or percentage of sales fee based on what they sell each week. The market may limit vendors by location (such as “grown within 50 miles of market”) or type of product (e.g. “produce only”). Assume value-added products all require licensing (see USDA for rules). Before becoming a vendor, request a copy of the bylaws and mission statement of the market to see if you will qualify.

Local Stores and Restaurants

A few stores and restaurants may be willing to directly purchase locally made products. Small grocery stores like Meyers Falls Market may purchase local produce, meat and dairy products because they like to support local. Contact a store about their policies before bringing in your products.

CSA Shares

CSA means “community supported agriculture” and is a form of buying stock in a farm, temporarily. The customer pays a set fee at the beginning of the growing season for a weekly box or basket of farm products (often produce, but sometimes eggs, meat, milk, wool, etc.). Prepaying can help a farmer budget demand, although the farmer must be a careful planner if instituting a CSA plan. The consumer regularly receives wholesome food and sometimes more or less food depending on how well crops grow that season. CSA interactions encourage education

of consumers, to help reconnect modern consumers with seasonal changes.

The Internet

Facebook classifieds have become a popular place for locals to buy and sell local goods. Facebook groups can be linked closer to home – like Colville/Kettle Falls or North Pend Oreille. Craigslist, Local Harvest and Etsy are other sites on which to find farm products. Our farm sells most of our livestock through online connections. In recent years, we have sold Jersey cows to several places around Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Alabama, Georgia, Pennsylvania and so on.

Online sales may be permissible for some farm products and to advertise products. Some of my fiber friends sell raw wool, roving, yarn, knitting patterns and sheepskins online. Experience says: If you are going to have a website or other online presence please keep your information updated.

Gleaning

Do you have extra produce and not the time or inclination to harvest? Our area has an active gleaning group, or you can ask family, friends or other contacts if they would like to come pick your excess products. Gleaners harvest excess crops, some of which is donated to the food bank and the other amount goes to the gleaners for their own use. Everyone benefits.

Most of the people reading this magazine live a fair distance from Spokane and can be in an economically-depressed location. Living here and profiting from your hobby or occupation requires a creative business mind. There is local demand for certain goods and some products are valuable enough to warrant shipping to Spokane, Seattle or beyond.

As a producer and a consumer, I respect the work involved in selling independently-made products. My family farms as a way of living and in order to say that “we know how our food was raised.” We sell our excess, which helps support our way of life. Few live independent lives based on farm sales. Rather, most small producers hope to break even or profit enough each year to pay the bills while a relative works five days a week for a company that pays benefits. That method works well – a way to “not put all your eggs in one basket.”

Our community would benefit from a wider variety of sales and opportunities. I would like to see classes teaching skills and trades to pass along the knowledge of our local farming techniques, crafting styles, and skills in herbs, woodworking and other informing topics. With luck, perhaps I got you thinking about a skill or trade you could offer the community. Consider it!

Michelle Lancaster homesteads with her family on Old Dominion Mountain in Colville. She writes at Spiritedrose.wordpress.com.

What's Happening... Continued from page 19

in launching your small business. Call 509-533-8482 or email Allison.armfield@ccs.spokane.edu for more info.

Sep 13: Northeast Washington Genealogical Society meets in the basement of the LDS Church, Juniper Street, Colville, at 1 pm. NeWGS President, Susan Dechant has been involved in an interesting project to build a "new" monument to honor those fallen while building the Mighty Grand Coulee Dam. Susan has painstakingly been researching each of the 81 known men in an effort to recognize each of them. One in particular, John Carl Engbritson, has a fascinating story to be told. It is his story that Susan will share with us this month. All visitors are welcome.

Sep 25: The American Association of University Women Colville Branch (AAUW) invites all college graduates to attend their first meeting of the fall at 6 pm. AAUW is a group that promotes education and life-long learning. Visit colville-wa.aauw.net for more info. Everyone is welcome to attend.

Career & College Readiness Help at the Adult Ed. program at the Spokane Community College, Colville Campus, Mon-Thur, 12-3. Drop in with a question or sign up for a wide range of courses. Email Kari.Hubbard@scc.spokane.edu for more info.

Tri County Economic Development District (TEDD) has launched **Northeast Washington Insider**, a mobile app that rewards people for ex-

ploring Ferry, Stevens, and Pend Oreille counties. Users of the free app can earn points by simply visiting places in the region, including a multitude of outdoor recreation destinations; retail, food and beverage and lodging locations; and heritage sites. Points can then be redeemed for goods or services at local businesses. The app was created using the 468 Insider platform from 468 Communications with funding from Ferry, Stevens, and Pend Oreille counties as well as the cities of Colville, Chewelah, Republic, and Newport. Northeast Washington Insider is available now as a free download on the iTunes App Store and Google Play. Businesses in the tri-county area interested in offering a reward to increase traffic to their place of business should contact TEDD at 509-684-4571.

Department of Ecology's E-Cycle Washington is a free and easy way to recycle your old and unused TVs, computers, monitors, and tablets. By funding recycling services, manufacturers help deliver electronic waste recycling across our state, at no cost to local governments or consumers. Find a free drop-off location near you by calling 1-800 RECYCLE or by going to ecyclewashington.org.

Colville Toastmasters meets on Tuesdays, 5:30 pm, at the Health Education Center, 1169 East Columbia, across from the hospital in Colville. Visitors encouraged – come see what we have to offer those who want to boost confidence and sharpen communication/leadership skills and be a part of a life-changing program with a free mentor to help guide you! Call 509-690-7162 or email eleanor.mattice54@gmail.com for more info.

Fire District 10 volunteer firefighters meet on the 1st Tuesday of the month at 7 pm at the FD10 Fire Station on Aladdin Road. FD10 Commissioners meet at 4 pm at the Station on the 2nd Tuesday of the month. The Friends of FD10 meet at 6 pm, following the commissioners' meeting. Visitors and new volunteers are welcome.

The Stevens County Veteran's Information and Referral Line is available Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays (except holidays) from 9 am to 3 pm. Call 509-685-AVET (2838) for more info.

Foster Parent Care Givers Needed: Children in Stevens, Ferry, and Pend Oreille counties are in need of safe, nurturing families. Contact Fostering WA at 509-675-8888 or 1-888-KIDS-414.

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.

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

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The Necessity of Joy

By Daisy Pongrakthai

“Joy exists at the same time as our pain and suffering. It has the power to transmute these states. ... Loosen the Earth of its reign of sorrow by practicing joy.”

~ Jean Houston, PhD

Recently, I took classes with Jean Houston. At the end of the seven-week course, she assigned the *Practice of Joy*, exploring joy beatitudes developed by Peggy Rubin. The eight principles are:

Joyful Beliefs – live within a joyful belief system.

Joyful Awareness – become aware of all the visitations of joy.

Joyful Acknowledgment – take the joy visitations and live them out.

Joyful Dedication – affirm the discipline that brings alignment to values and what we care deeply about.

Joyful Remembrance – harvest the good things we’ve done; celebrate them; preserve them in memory.

Joyful Transformation – transform suffering to the joy concept; dedicate one’s suffering to the release of suffering.

Joyful Presence – sense and respond to the joy in others; share joy; learn how to relieve the pain in others; attend to their needs with compassionate listening.

Joyful Service – serve others day-to-day with grace, love and passion, mentoring and compassion; serving others activates one’s own joy.

Wow, that’s a lot! I was overwhelmed and felt like I was supposed to be in some kind of dreamland and suddenly awakening to the soul self. I always thought joy was some fluffy word and maybe I might attain it someday after hard work, but upon introspection after disgruntled everyday ways and only getting a few joyful moments, I took this teaching more seriously. I’ve only focused on a few, but they’ve been of great benefit.

The human brain is amazing. In *Joy on Demand: the Trainability of Happiness*, Chade-Meng Tan explains that joy emanates from beyond the senses, ego and simple outward pleasures, but first the mind must be at ease: “When the mind is at ease, joy becomes more accessible.”

OK, how do I do that? Breathing, being calm, spiritual study, going to yoga class, something like that, whatever works for each individual, *getting*

“I am a happy camper so I guess I’m doing something right. Happiness is like a butterfly; the more you chase it, the more it will elude you, but if you turn your attention to other things, it will come and sit softly on your shoulder.”

~ Henry David Thoreau

the mind calm is the stage for joy.

Next, *inviting* joy, or noticing and giving it our full attention. “There is joy to be found in a calming breath and in the pleasures of ordinary activities,” says Meng (as he is known). “Inviting and noticing joy become part of our meditation practice as well as habits in everyday life. In time, with practice, the mind starts to get to know joy. It becomes familiar with joy like a close family member we can count on. The more the mind becomes familiar with joy, the more it perceives joy, inclines toward joy, and effortlessly creates the conditions conducive to joy.”

In the joy state, the mind is more stable and peaceful, mainly because it doesn’t have to use so much energy fighting toxic thoughts and negative emotions, such as rejection, self-criticism, jealousy

or rudeness, to name a few. To *access joy on demand* in normal life activities, it takes *easing or calming the mind, inviting joy* and then *relishing with it* to create better mental pathways of acceptance to joy’s presence and arrivals.

Meng says that, “After Google director Jonathan Berent learned these skills, he noticed a profound impact on his life. He told me, ‘I have found that I can at any moment take a conscious breath and access joy. In fact, this has been so helpful that I use my watch’s chronometer to remind me to take at least one breath per hour when I am fully present to it. A couple years ago, I would have thought this was pointless. Joy on demand? You have to be kidding me. Now it is a reality to me, and I know it’s possible at any moment.’”

Authentic joy that comes from the inside – from a peaceful mind, being kind to others, from our own generosity, more cheer and less seriousness – is ours to have, regardless of what’s going on outside.

Professor Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, bestselling author of *Flow: The Psychology of Optimal Experience*, has produced decades of research in what has become arguably the largest and most important study on happiness. He concluded, “Of all the virtues we can learn, no trait is more useful, more essential for survival, and more likely to improve the quality of life than the ability to transform adversity into an enjoyable challenge.”

So, there’s the challenge and some tools. In such an intrepidly negative outside world, I’ve decided that harvesting joy is now a necessity!

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What's Happening...

Continued from page 28

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

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

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

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.

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Hook, Line and Sinker

By Gabriele von Trapp

The blank blue screen lay open before me, waiting patiently for a new password to be entered. I compliantly tapped out what first came to mind. I had no particular reason to change my customary format of children's names, ages or places they were born. Yet there was not a moment of hesitation as my fingers danced across the keys. It amused me as I read it; newstart2017! I re-entered it, feeling satisfied that it would be easy to remember.

Three days later, as if lying in wait, the incarnation of the password resurrected as a manifest prophecy: I was soon to be unemployed! newstart2017! How could I have been so oblivious to what was happening around me yet so intuitively tuned to what was to be? It was as if the stars, planets and the entire cosmos had read the script of my life and gently forewarned me as to what was approaching from the unknown.

I couldn't decide whether to be astounded by the spontaneous phenomenon or by the fact that my life was about to be launched onto an objectionable trajectory. All the familiar pathways of my everyday happenstance suddenly became a foreign landscape with no road map, compass or guide.

While the news began to permeate my every thought, the reality took root. Every aspect of my life was about to change, including my self. Emotionally, I scrambled to gain my footing as I clumsily headed in every direction, not knowing which way was out. Being completely unprepared, I had no sense of what to do next. I had naively cast off my backpack and toolbox a long time ago.

As I attempted to collect the shredded remains of my bludgeoned ego, the sun and moon continued to spin above me, thoughtfully marking time as they began to intricately weave the threads of my circumstance. In my mind's eye an image of their knitted tapestry, waving as a sentinel, inspired me to press forward. I too must become a spinner and a weaver of the days that would become.

I searched the archives of my documents and retrieved an outdated, threadbare and coffee-curléd résumé, a lengthy, disheveled document that had not summoned my interest in ten years. As I read on and on and on, the words painted a portrait but not an image of who I wanted to project. It was a submissive list of fulfilled tasks and assignments that dwindled to dates that unveiled an embodied crypt. Nineteen hundred and ... elusive gaps ... cobwebs strung between a will and testament of smelted years etched into a distant memory. My bones creaked as I cowered from the ignominious script.

I took to salvaging the tattered document, sewing together the rips and tears, mending holes, spinning, weaving, nipping and tucking it into a wearable garment. I hung it in the closet, cleaned and pressed, ready to cloak my intention of wearing it as a self-validation and testimony of my value to a prospective municipality. After all, it was a techno-colored dream coat and I wore it smugly to my first interview.

Days passed without even a peep. I could bear it no longer and called the committee. "I'm sorry to tell you this, but ..."

Sunk, stained and rumpled, I dismantled the coat, took each shred and fashioned a net. I cast it about in the sea of job postings without even an eel to bring to the feast. Casting, casting, pulling, panting; an empty net each time I checked for a catch.

Stepping back to recover from my efforts I determined that I should refine my exertions and strategically cast out a scented bait and place a hook, line and sinker in the productive eddies of the stream of promises. I did, after all, have a knack for fishing.

Living in Louisiana in younger years, my kin and I explored the wildlife that sustained itself in the surrounding shallow waterways, lakes and estuaries. I spent a meager childhood of less than two years in those wilds, but I learned to fish (and overcame my aversion to creepy and slimy things). I was hooked.

Some years on, I was blessed with time spent fishing the crisp clear streams of Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado, which always yielded a rainbow for breakfast or a brown for brunch. My catches were always abundant and usually the biggest. I began mastering my craft, attuning myself to the where, the when and the know-how.

My talent did not falter in the channels of King Kamehameha, where I learned how to sport-fish.

In the bait shop the local "professionals" quibbled about the colors of the most strikingly skirted lure that would surely be found irresistible by the catch of the day. While I was waiting in the skirts I decided to create my own, a pretty pink octopi, not a color that had proven itself, ever. The locals laughed at my odd, mod, colored creation and bid me farewell with a half-hearted native blessing.

Out on the ocean, a strike! The captain curled the vessel around to give me leverage and in came reeling the most seductive silvery pink harvest, a kahuna of a tuna, the only one caught that day.

In later years I lived on the inland waterways of the San Francisco Bay where it joins the Sacramento River, an area worshiped by fishers as the ultimate sturgeon grounds. The prehistoric goliaths scoured and vacuumed the muddy beds for the morsels that would sustain them for the next hundred years. Shrimp and a fish finder fathomed the deeps and my hook snagged a seven-foot monster, which we subdued with an aluminum bat once we were finally able to heave the thing into the listing boat. The captain, my husband, saluted me that day.

These are not the only fishing stories I have to tell. Throughout my life, I have had many opportunities to fish in a variety of bodies of water and my luck, acquired skill and intuition has always been uncanny. I should apply the same strategies to writing a meaningful résumé. Perhaps then I can cast it out, hook, line and sinker, with the expectation that I still have the knack.

Gabriele von Trapp immigrated to the United States from Germany with her mother, Elsa, in 1964 at the age of seven. She has lived in Texas, Louisiana, California and Connecticut, and found her way to Stevens County 28 years ago by unfolding a map, closing her eyes and placing her finger down.

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The Pleasure of Doing Business

By Becky Dubell

I cannot count how many times I have referred to Colville Do-it Center, my place of employment, as Coast to Coast. Likewise, how many times Jackie Nance of Home Suite Home has received a phone call that starts with, "Is this Arkwright's?" As the names have changed, so have the businesses as they have adapted and grown through the years.

We both think it is kind of funny that these businesses have been the new names for longer than they were the old names but that is what the "old timers," like me, still refer to them as. Like "Fuhrman's" (Country Store) and "the new building" (Town Center Building), just to name a couple.

Jackie and Rick Nance have been in this area since 1994, when Rick talked Jackie into moving to our neck of the woods following a job offer at Colmac Industries. Rick was raised in the Spokane area and during the summer his family would head to Beaver Lodge on Gillett Lake out Tiger Highway. The stopping spot for a break from driving was the Chewelah City Park, and Rick decided he needed to be in this area somehow. It took him a few years, schooling (WSU engineering degree), marriage, four kids and the right job offer to finally decide to make the move.

Jackie has six siblings, all brothers. Her father started Arkwright's in the Midwest and each brother started his own Arkwright's in that general area, staying in the smaller towns. With the advice from her father of "start your own business – you will have more family time and you can make your own schedule," Jackie, being the adventurous gal that she is, took that advice. Father knows best, right? Yeah ... right!

With help from her father, along with Rick and the kids, a family-owned business took

shape and has expanded with the times. She does not remember being able to do the "make your own schedule" part of the advice but she has had the family time, because all the kids have been involved in this business project at some point in their lives. Son Ben is still involved while the other three have moved on to other interests – families, careers and locations.

It has been interesting for her to look back on their years in this area. She is now seeing her employees, who have become friends (almost members of the family), mature into the young men and women she knew they would become. When hired by Jackie, your duties included moving furniture, sweeping floors, learning how to thoroughly clean a bathroom (she is very proud that each one of them learned – female or male), dusting the goods, selling merchandise and delivering said merchandise as well as delivering kids to baseball games, soccer matches, etc. Small town attitude – lend a helping hand wherever it is needed.

Being part of a small town with kids in the schools (all of the schools at some point in time) and a business owner with a firm belief in keeping it local, you develop a unique perspective of the area. When you have a rent-to-own business, you see the customers every week and really get a feel for the people and area. You purchase and sell merchandise while keeping in mind the modest income/bargain shoppers that live in your town. You know the dynamics of the area. You get a feel for the customers who are your neighbors and friends. You adjust your way of thinking to make it work for everyone involved.

One fun thing Jackie and Rick did through

the years was have a sale day on each kid's birthday that matched their age – 11% for the 11-year-old's birthday, etc. That worked when they were younger. Jason, Ben, Emily and Tommy now range from 35 to 26 – no need to give the merchandise away!

Involvement in our community is a large part of Jackie and Rick's focus. Being involved in Rotary, Christmas Tree Extravaganza, Turkey Daze, Turkey Trot, senior center (HUB) and service work abroad and locally has kept Jackie and Rick busy. Sponsoring t-ball teams, high school carnivals, senior all-nighters, golf tournaments and the HUB keeps them in touch with the community and families of all age groups.

As involved as they are, the benefits of small-town closeness is obvious. Just ask their kids who wondered how mom and dad knew what they had been up to even before they got home with their own answers to the question, "What have you been doing?"

Since their marriage in 1985, Jackie and Rick have seen many changes in their lives. Like most young, adventurous couples, they spent a few years figuring out where to settle and what to do with their lives and then making a lifestyle to pass on to the next generation. This corner of northeast Washington seems to pull at a lot of family-minded couples. You want to, basically, have it all? This is the place to be. But everyone *does* realize (don't you?) that our neck of the woods is a secret shared only with family members and your very best friends! SSSHHH!

Personal note: Thank you, Pam, for chasing me down to get the name of the blood test for your husband's physical, PSA Blood Test (prostate cancer blood test).



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2017 Dining &

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Colville

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



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

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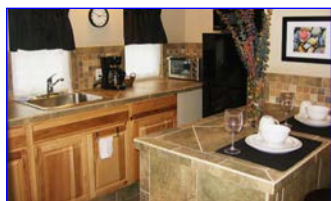
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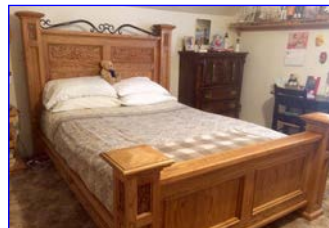


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