



NORTH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

— WHERE AND HOW WE LIVE —



August 2018 | Free!
ncmonthly.com

100 YEAR ANNIVERSARY

Pend Oreille County Fair

Est. 1918

FUN FOR THE WHOLE HERD

Thursday, August 16 - Sunday, August 19th

Thursday gates open at 12 noon to 9 p.m.

Friday-Saturday 7:30a.m.-9p.m. • Sunday 7:30a.m.-4p.m.

ADMISSION

13 years and older - \$7.00 • 4-12 years - \$2.00 • 3 years and younger - free.

FRIDAY

**Fresh Hot Apple Pie
Contest**

**Monster Cookie Contest
Decorated Cupcake
Contest**

SATURDAY

Rodeo

Rodeo Dance

**Huckleberry Dessert
Contest**

Spinning Demos

Car Show

**Horse Western Games
Market Animal Sale**

SUNDAY

Church Services

Rodeo

SOME EVENTS AND ITEMS AT THE FAIR

**Antique Tractors & Machinery Demonstrations through
out the fair. Entertainment through the fair by Dave
King, Professor Bamboozle, Scotia Road Band, Skookum
Creek Music Co., & Hay and Pony Rides**



What's Inside

- 5 **From the Publisher's Desk**, by Gabriel Cruden
- 6 **Random Acts of Community**, by Christine Wilson
- 8 **Life Matters**, by Dr. Barry Bacon, MD
- 10 **North of the Border**, by Eileen Delehanty Pearkes
- 12 **Boundaries**, by Jack Nisbet
- 14 **Finding More Than Just the Perfect Picture**, by Joanie Christian
- 17 **Monthly Muse**, by Loren Cruden
- 18 **The Rising Waterline of 'Stuff,'** by Tina Tolliver Matney
- 20 **What's Happening**, Arts, Music, Dance, Events & More
- 22 **Listen Up**, Music Reviews by Michael Pickett
- 23 **A Good Read**, Book Reviews by Loren Cruden
- 24 **Mountain Meandering**, by Patricia Ediger
- 25 **NCM Poet in Residence**, by Lynn Rigney Schott
- 26 **Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned**, by J. Merrill Baker
- 27 **In Nature**, by J. Foster Fanning
- 29 **To Your Health**, by Sarah Kilpatrick
- 30 **Long Live the Farmer's Tan**, by Samantha Brown
- 31 **A Year On the Farm**, by Michelle Lancaster
- 33 **The Backyard Philosopher**, by Linda Bond
- 34 **From the Inside Out**, by Daisy Pongrakthai
- 35 **Inner Landscapes**, by Gabriele von Trapp
- 37 **Family Ties**, by Becky Dubell
- 38 **2018 Dining & Lodging Guide**



August 2018

Vol. 26 ~ Iss. 3

Publisher & Senior Editor

Gabriel Cruden

Copy Editor

Si Alexander

Contributing Writers

Dr. Barry Bacon • J. Merrill Baker
Linda Bond • Samantha Brown
Joanie Christian • Loren Cruden
Becky Dubell • Patricia Ediger
J. Foster Fanning • Sarah Kilpatrick
Michelle Lancaster • Tina Tolliver Matney
Jack Nisbet • John Odell
Eileen Delehanty Pearkes • Michael Pickett
Daisy Pongrakthai • Lynn Rigney Schott
Gabriele von Trapp • Christine Wilson

Advertising Sales

Gabriel Cruden • 509-675-3791

ncmonthly@gmail.com

Becky Dubell • 509-684-5147

mkbeckyl@gmail.com

Gabriele von Trapp • 509-879-1987

gabriele.ncmonthly@gmail.com

North Columbia Monthly

P.O. Box 541, Colville, WA 99114

509-675-3791 | ncmonthly@gmail.com

www.ncmonthly.com

Cover Photo

First kayak trip, Little Pend Oreille Lakes. Photo by Joanie Christian. See more at stillwaterpaddling.com.

The *North Columbia Monthly* is published 12 times per year. Copyright 2018 © by *North Columbia Monthly*. All rights reserved. Reproduction of the contents, or use in whole or part without written permission from the publisher is strictly prohibited. Advertising, views and opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the publisher. Printed in the USA.

SEPTEMBER 2018 ISSUE DEADLINES

AD SPACE RESERVATIONS:

Friday, August 17th

WHAT'S HAPPENING LISTINGS:

Friday, August 24th



Star Of Light And Resource

- JOHN ODELL, WordsOfWords.com

Concrete



Ready Mix • Sand • Gravel • Rebar • Well Tile • Drain Gravel

Driveway Gravel
Landscape Rock
Septic Tanks & Supplies



1175 E 3rd Colville
 509-684-2534 • 509-935-6037

www.ColvilleValleyConcrete.com



BUILD YOUR DREAM GARDEN

Grow your garden with the best walk-behind agricultural equipment available. All gear drive gives you the power and performance to break new ground, cultivate, power compost, and more. Reversible handlebars and PTO driven attachments mean one engine is all you'll ever need.



HANDLES ROTATE 180°

BEST WARRANTY

ALL GEAR DRIVE

Rear Tine Tiller



101 West Robert Avenue Mon-Fri: 8:30 am - 5:30 pm
 Chewelah, WA 99109 Sat: 9:00 am - 4:00 pm
 509-935-8829 • hartills.com Sun: Closed

HARTILL'S MOUNTAIN
SAW AND TRACTOR

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



New Summer Hours: M-F 7:30-5:30 • Sat 8-1

- Water Well Drilling
 - Hydrofracturing
 - Pump Systems
 - Geothermal Heat
 - Water Treatment
 - Loop Systems
 - Full Service Store
- Lic. #FOGLEPS095L4

www.foglepump.com

Serving Northeast Washington Since 1981



COLVILLE	REPUBLIC	SPOKANE
509-684-2569	509-775-2878	509-244-0846
1-800-533-6518	1-888-845-3500	1-888-343-9355

CUSTOM CABINETS  FINE WOODWORKING



Local Craftsmen, Regional Reputation for Creativity & Excellence
 Expert Kitchen & Bath Design • Delivery to your Canadian Jobsite

*"We design, build, and install custom cabinetry
 for your home or commercial space."*

1381 Mingo Mountain Road, Kettle Falls, WA • 509-738-4380
james@mmww.co • mingomountainwoodworking.com

From the Publisher's Desk...

By Gabriel Cruden

I keep a weekly To Do list at my desk. Every Sunday evening, in preparation for the week to come, I make the list. I do this to stay organized, to set and accomplish goals, and for the great satisfaction of drawing a line through each item as it is completed – in red pen, of course.

The list is exceedingly helpful, for the reasons described, but also a burden, I've come to realize. My often overly-ambitious list-making means I am scraping the dregs of night to get a little sleep. And relaxing? Forget it. With the To Do mountain to climb and a dark, stormy night crowding in on my heels, there's no time for dilly-dallying.

But that's the thing. While I am getting stuff done, moving the needle forward on the accomplishment trajectory, and making a difference, I'm not engaging in the moment and with some of the other things I value and enjoy in life. Like eating a peach, sun on my face, a slight breeze ruffling the leaves, savoring the burst of flavor of the freshly plucked fruit from a tree I planted years ago. Or reading a book out loud to my children, unfurling the story, just as I remember it from my own childhood. Or making time to learn the intriguing sport of pickleball – a game

I like to describe as similar to ping pong, except you get to walk on the table.

Part of the solution for me has been to make my work be something I am truly passionate about and that feeds my soul in the doing of it. The *North Columbia Monthly* sits squarely in that category. Sharing stories and exploring ideas that connect with where and how we live, and doing it in a way that finds common ground and builds community and goodwill? Yes!

I have also involved myself in growing opportunity and improving the town close by where I live.

Then there is the work I've been doing to provide training and resources to nonprofits in our region, which turns into a part-time

position as eastern region program manager for Washington Nonprofits in September. This, and more, all exciting and rewarding stuff!

But what about the rest of the solution? My wife was adamant that I get my sailboat back in the water this summer, after having it sit on the trailer for five years, in need of repairs. So very satisfying, once done and under sail. I know many people wrestle with this conundrum. How to balance life and all that needs to be done. It's at moments like this that I recall the *Time Thieves* in a book I read as a youth by Michael Ende called *Momo*.

But, rather than abandon the To Do list, I'm starting to think I just need to put peach eating, story time, and pickleball on it too.



Our Community's #1 Choice in Hospice Care



"Being part of a team of incredibly compassionate people, who always put our clients first, and that make the life transition a comprehensive, dignified experience make even the longest days great days."

– Sofia, HNA

Serving patients and families since 1977

Comfort. Dignity. Peace of Mind.

509.456.0438 hospiceofspokane.org

Haus of Rock

**Guitar & Bass
INSTRUCTOR**

R.D. Stevens

**Classes in Kettle Falls,
Colville House of Music,
and in YOUR HOME.**

**RDSTEVENS@HOTMAIL.COM
435-850-2237**



Loosening Our Grip and Being Our Best Self

By Christine Wilson

Janine Shepherd was an Australian cross-country skier, training for the Olympics. She was called “Janine the Machine,” and the combination of her focus and natural talent created a trajectory that was bound to serve her well in the 1988 Calgary Olympics, for which she was training.

On what she describes as an exhilarating bike ride, she stopped on the side of the road in Australia’s Blue Mountains. She had been on her bike for 5½ hours and had ten minutes left of the training ride. That’s when everything changed for her. She was hit by a speeding utility truck and sustained pretty much every injury one could sustain and still live to tell the story. She was not expected to walk again.

Living in a full body cast and getting around by wheelchair, she endured being stared at, being treated as if she were invisible, years of rehabilitation, and living with overwhelming pain. However, giving up was not her way. Within a year, still paralyzed and suffering terribly, she saw a plane overhead and thought: “If I can’t walk, maybe I can fly.” At that point, she took up flying lessons, depending on friends to drive her to the

airport and get her into the plane. Her first lesson included flying toward the very mountains where her injuries were sustained.

She had envisioned herself as an athlete and that was how her country defined her as well. Janine “The Machine” Shepherd had to change her view of herself and her focus on life. Having defined herself by her extraordinary talent, she found the psychological devastation of hanging on to that definition became untenable. She now says that “life is about loosening your grip.”

There are things we want to hold on to that keep us wanting to fight against our own reality. They may not be as untenable as her circumstances, but our mind can hold on to them with fierceness, believing the story and resisting the actual state of things. Loosening our grip can release us from guaranteed suffering and put us on a path toward making peace with reality.

I know about this suffering, having spent some of my own life resisting reality. Specifically, I grew up desperate for praise and acknowledgment, born partly from what was no doubt my basic temperament and partly from the severity of my

mother’s chronic habit of describing the human failings around us. She collected judgments against others and would turn those observation skills against us. Let’s just say it was anxiety-producing.

The brain being what it is, I generalized the judgments against me to the larger world and would sometimes lose the energy to maintain my plans when doubted or judged by others. Loosening my grip on that has been such a relief.

I’ve probably had an easier time of that than many, because as a therapist I have been so immersed in healing and in challenging negative beliefs. It would have been hard to sustain my old fears. I have had about 40 years of opportunity to take my own advice.

The additional gift for me has been that I have observed how common that type of childhood is and how fixable the damage can be. The crushing to the human spirit is not permanent, as it turns out. I have been able to sit with people as they courageously find their way back to themselves. Recovery may look a bit different on the outside from Janine Shepherd’s passage through her severe physical damage, but the triumphant

LOCALLY OWNED & PART OF THE COMMUNITY!



Now carrying home appliances - in stock for immediate pick up!

Colville Hardware
Do it center

WWW.COLVILLEHARDWARE.DOITBEST.COM

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

Random Acts of Community

nature of the human spirit seems the same from my therapy chair.

My particular pattern is a common one, but the list is long. I've come to think of the early stage of recovery as recognizing what you could call "mistaken loosening." It is common for people to give up on who they want to be and hold fast to other people's more negative opinions, rather than the other way around.

Mother Teresa's advice comes in handy in these circumstances:

"People are often unreasonable, irrational and self-centered. Forgive them anyway. If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives. Be kind anyway. If you are successful, you will win some unfaithful friends and some genuine enemies. Succeed anyway. If you are honest and sincere, people may deceive you. Be honest and sincere anyway. What you spend years creating, others could destroy overnight. Create anyway. If you find serenity and happiness, some may be jealous. Be happy anyway. The good you do today will often be forgotten. Do good anyway. Give the best you have, and it will never be enough. Give your best anyway."

I don't know enough about Mother Teresa to know how many of those statements applied to her life struggles or how hard she had to work to be her higher self. I don't know what she had to loosen her grip on, but, since she was a human being on planet earth, I'd put money on the fact that there was something, probably directly related to the list in that quote. It has been a long time since I felt like completely giving up on myself or my values because of someone else's criticism or cynical comments, but I keep Mother Teresa's reminder in mind since "when under stress, we regress."

This isn't to say that observations others make are guaranteed to be wrong. I'm not one of those people who think any feedback you get from someone else says more about them than you. I worry as a therapist that our culture has developed an over-emphasis on seeing any criticism as a deficiency of the messenger and not something to consider in a more contemplative, personal way. It is possible that this messenger has a legitimate point to make.

My recovery from worrying about others' opinions of me does not include writing off what they have to say. Balance is never still (as we learn in yoga), and they may have a point. Thus, being able to take in those observations, while staying focused on how we want to live our lives, can be as unsteady as but also as worthy as the most taxing of yoga poses.

If life is about loosening your grip, then I suggest letting go of our expectation that people always believe in us, support our endeavors, and protect our accomplishments. Misfortune will befall us and our less healthy patterns may overshadow our

commitment to how we want to be in the world. I doubt Janine Shepherd had an easy time shifting her focus from her misery. At times, Mother Teresa may have lost heart. I do know for sure that, between Mother Teresa and Janine Shepherd, we have some pretty fine examples of persisting.

For me and many others I have known, the loosening is about the emphasis on others' reactions. It is up to each of us to consider what we are holding too tightly to and how it plays out in our lives. As we loosen our grip, however, we

are free to fulfill the plea of Mother Teresa to be forgiving, kind, successful, honest, happy, and our best selves. We won't get there all the time and sometimes we torture ourselves even more than other people can. The goal is not getting it right all the time, as appealing as that sounds. What I believe we can do is be our best selves and repair what needs repairing when we get derailed.

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



The poster for the China Bend Winery 2018 Garlic Faire is framed by a decorative border of grapevines and clusters of grapes. At the top, a yellow banner with black text reads "China Bend Winery". Below this, a red banner with yellow text says "2018 Garlic Faire" and "Sat & Sun August 18 & 19". The main text in the center reads "The Organic Wine & Gourmet Food Event Where Garlic Is King!". In the center of the poster is a large illustration of a garlic plant with green leaves and several white garlic bulbs. To the left of the garlic plant, a red oval contains the text "Live Music Bobby Patterson with Randy Knowles Rockin' Blues On Stage". To the right, another red oval says "Tribe Zenith Belly Dancers". Below these, a red oval indicates "Noon-5:00 Admission \$5.00". A large red banner at the bottom of the central area reads "Featuring Gourmet Foods, Live Music, Arts & Crafts, and Lots of Garlic!". Below this, text reads "Tasting Room & Gift Shop Open Daily Noon - 5:00 ~ Closed Sundays Bed & Breakfast at the Winery". At the very bottom, a yellow box contains the address "3751 Vineyard Way ~ Kettle Falls, WA 99141", contact information "On the Northport-Flat Creek Road along Lake Roosevelt (509)732-6123 ~ www.chinabend.com ~ winery@chinabend.com", and the phrase "Drive In ~ Boat In ~ Fly In".

The Gifts We Find and that Find Us

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I am sitting in a mundane bulky transport vehicle at the Spokane airport, alone with my thoughts. Two hefty fellows amble on board and crowd onto my seat. I scoot over to create more room. Next, a strikingly beautiful woman steps on board. She has my full attention. She is one of those rare women who takes your breath away with her beauty. I secretly hope that she will notice me.

She seems to be scanning the audience, looking for someone. Then she sees me, and a broad, spontaneous and gorgeous smile spreads across her face. Wonder of wonders. It turns out she is looking for me. She is my wife of 39 years. We are meeting at the airport to travel to a destination of which, at this moment, she is unaware, to celebrate our life together.

I look at her gently. A life of memories comes to mind, lovely and fragile, polished by time into something better than they were at the time...

I remember sitting on a folding chair on a recent bright June morning in a crowd of people

armed with air horns and confetti. On a platform in front of someone, I listen with one ear and rock my new granddaughter in my arms, shaded and comfortable.

Names are read of graduates with various honors and degrees, hundreds in a list, each one important to someone in the audience. One in particular is of interest to me. He was born in Colorado 28 years ago, a slender, wiry kid named Jonathan Wiley, the fourth child to a mother who, shortly after his birth, fled to another state to escape what seemed inevitable, the loss of this child to child protective services, as she had lost her others.

Before long her son was covered in infection, no longer growing or thriving, and she needed medical attention to help to save him. Her life on the run had created a vulnerability, and it affected the health of her son. He was taken from her and placed in the custody of two older foster parents who ran a daycare center in a far-off corner of the Pacific Northwest. Ultimately, the boy ended up in another home with two, and

later, three other siblings, and into this home he would be adopted.

I mused over the boy's life. An inordinate fear of spiders in basements. The only food group he approved was muffins. At the age of 18 months, he had perfected the art of slipping his body down in his high chair and feigning asphyxiation in order to control the adults around him. One could induce him to eat his vegetables only by singing a nonsensical song about buffaloes.

Yet here he was graduating with a college degree, commanding stellar letters of recommendation from his advisors, the committed stepfather to two daughters, husband, breadwinner.

I smile as memories of his young life find their way from hidden files, rising to my awareness. His first driving experience, a dilapidated stripped-down Subaru wagon, searching the floorboard to find the brake pedal, only to leap out the side of the vehicle just before plummeting over an embankment, leaving the front-seat passenger to fend for himself.

There were other more difficult memories which, though painful to see, have sweetened with time. There were moments of despair when his mother whispered quietly on her pillow that she had lost hope of coming through the ordeal of their son's adolescence with her sanity intact.

But that is all in the past now. What matters most is the end product. The horrors of the journey only make this moment of triumph more glorious...

As I edit this, I am interrupted by a patient in need of my services in an emergency department. She had fallen into a hole during the night and injured her ankle. I ask her about her medical history. She lists the pertinent conditions. I ask about any surgeries. She replies, "I had a tubal ligation. After that one over there." She nods toward a grinning, giggly, 12-year-old

KYRS
THIN AIR COMMUNITY RADIO
88.1 FM 92.3 FM

THINK GLOBALLY
LISTEN LOCALLY
KYRS.ORG
thin air community radio
88.1 | 92.3 FM

**INDEPENDANT
LOCAL
MUSIC
AND
PERSPECTIVES**

Riverwood Community School

Enrollment is open! Early Childhood – Grade 7

We desire to raise passionate, morally responsible and engaged children who will become active, creative leaders.

Our Waldorf-inspired curriculum is a developmentally and age-appropriate, balanced approach to education.

RCS is an approved Washington private school, a 501(c)3 non-profit organization, and an associate member of WECAN (Waldorf Early Childhood Association of North America).



509-936-0157
Info@riverwoodschooal.org
146 B Buena Vista Drive
Colville, WA

Catch the Mariners All Season Long



FM 92.1 KCRK

to her right. I smiled. "Why did you wait until that one?" I joked. The mother explained, "Well, I tried after my third one, but they said I was too young or something." She smiled at her youngest, who wiggled in her seat. "But I'm kind of glad I had the last two."

The child seems so gleeful, so full of the joy of life. I imagine that the world would be a measurably darker place without her spark.

Being a parent is one of the most hopeful, courageous and nonsensical things I can imagine doing. You have to believe there will be a future, in spite of all that is upside down and apparently hopeless in the world. Otherwise you would never bring a child into the world. You have to believe that you can survive the teenage years, despite all of the evidence to the contrary. And you don't get any guarantees.

How many nights have I beat up on myself for not being good enough, smart enough, gifted enough, generous enough, wise enough as a parent. Then there is the burden you carry for your children. It is an unrealized weight that rests on the shoulders of every parent, lifted when their child is succeeding, but quickly replaced when the child is struggling.

My granddaughter fidgets and becomes restless in my arms. Her mother graciously takes her and comforts her ravenous appetite. The joys of being a parent come through many days in purgatory, I have decided.

I salute every parent who believes as I do that their first duty is to be a mom or dad. This is so important to the future of our country and our world. I cannot overemphasize the power of what happens around the family table sitting and talking over the day, listening often, speaking less, encouraging always. Our roles shift from nurse to commander to guide to consultant. And for those who are so blessed, who could have told us that the best is saved until last, the role of grandparent?

So, I honor every human being who aspires to that great category of humanity, to be a parent. And I salute the children who were raised in my home, and the wonderful woman who was their mother, because it wasn't easy.

The kids who were raised under my roof had a mom and dad who were pretty certain they knew the right way to do things, having inherited such skills by osmosis, I guess, certainly not by any formal training. It is baffling that

this most important task comes with the least instruction. Nevertheless, we muddle through, and on the other side of our lives, there isn't one of us who wishes that we had spent just one more day at the office. No, the regrets that we feel are the moments we fail to spend with our children, our wives, our grandchildren, our family.

Which is why I am sitting in this row on a warm June day listening for the new name of that boy, Jonathan Wiley. "Kenneth Andrew Bacon," I hear someone call. Yes, that's him, that little scrawny foster kid to whom I sang the buffalo song, over and over again so he would just eat his peas, my son Kenny.

The Bacon crowd erupts in cheers. They don't know all of the things I know about him. They don't need to know. What is important is that today, we celebrate his life, his goodness, his potential, his accomplishments. And I am cheering too.

Barry Bacon is a physician who has lived and practiced family medicine in Colville for 27 years. He now works in small rural hospitals in Washington state, teaches family medicine, and works on health disparities in the U.S. and Africa.

NORM'S AUTO REPAIR SERVICE MENU



CAR CARE SERVICE



BRAKE SYSTEM SERVICE



ENGINE PERFORMANCE



COOL / COMFORT SERVICE



SUSPENSION SERVICE



ENGINE / EXHAUST SERVICE

OIL & FILTER CHANGE

INSPECTION & DIAGNOSIS

DRIVABILITY DIAGNOSIS

LEAK DIAGNOSIS

SHOCKS & STRUTS

OIL LEAK DIAGNOSIS

30, 60, 90K MAINTENANCE

DISC & DRUM SERVICE

FUEL INJECTION SERVICE

WATER PUMPS & RADIATORS

STEERING COMPONENTS

TIMING BELT REPLACEMENT

TRANSMISSION SERVICE

ABS DIAGNOSIS & REPAIR

MAINTENANCE TUNE-UP

BELTS & HOSES SERVICE

CV BOOT & FRONT AXLES

SEAL & GASKET SERVICE

TIRE ROTATION

BRAKE FLUID SERVICE

COMPUTER DIAGNOSIS

COOLING SYSTEM FLUSH

TRANSMISSION & CLUTCH

ENGINE SERVICES

BATTERY SERVICE

MASTER CYLINDERS

STARTING & CHARGING

A/C SYSTEM SERVICE

RACK & PINION SERVICE

EXHAUST SERVICE

WIPER & WASHER SERVICE

AIR BAG SERVICE

ELECTRICAL WIRING

HEATER & THERMOSTAT

DRIVE SHAFT REPAIRS

CATALYTIC CONVERTER

"Our Technicians are Qualified and Trained to Perform Services on Domestic and Most Popular Foreign Cars."

295 W. 1st • Colville, WA
509-685-9653 • 855-877-9653
www.norms-auto.com



**24 month/24,000 mile nationwide
warranty on most repairs!**

Moments in Time

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

In about 1900, a photographer, artist and adventurer named Edward S. Curtis stepped away from a lucrative portrait business in Seattle to engage in an ambitious, expansive project. Curtis wanted to photograph all of the indigenous tribes of North America, those he

called the “vanishing race.”

Photography was a relatively new art form at the time, with cameras and equipment that were cumbersome, but increasingly portable. So, beginning in the southwest, he traveled extensively across North America, coming to

the inland Northwest in the first decade of his project.

Using the glass-plate negative technique, he documented scenes from several Interior Salish tribes, including the Yakama, Kalispel and Nespelum, as well as the Kutenai/Ktunaxa in western Montana. Early on, Curtis attempted to finance his ambitious project by selling subscriptions to the entire 20-volume set, which were released one or two at a time. In 1912, the Spokane Public Library decided to purchase one.

In over four decades, Curtis amassed more than 4,000 photographs and 10,000 wax cylinder recordings of indigenous songs.

As a result of his aim to preserve what he and many others saw as a vanishing way of life, Curtis's photos have an air of nostalgia about them. He frequently staged and dressed indigenous people to match a romantic ideal of Indian life. He groomed out contemporary details, and looked for views without buildings, cars or other early 20th century references.

When Curtis died in 1952, some of his glass negatives and prints passed to his daughter Florence (Curtis) Graybill, who was living in Spokane at the time. She donated these to the region's museum, where they remained largely out of sight until this summer's exhibit at the Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture (MAC), “Edward S. Curtis: The Grand Idea.”

The exhibit places the well-intentioned work in a modern context, a world in which the indigenous people of North America have not vanished, but still exist, with ongoing values and cultural practices that are not limited by time and space.

The indigenous tribes have not been completely overwhelmed by and assimilated into the great changes that have occurred in the

The Doctors' Concert

Wednesday, August 15, 6 pm

**SILENT
Auction
& FOOD!**

MYTH-BUSTERS:

*What do you believe
about the causes of
HOMELESSNESS?*

~ Abigail Wolfe &
“Favorite Things”
~ Chase and Chloe
Cunningham

Colville City Park,
Rotary Pavilion

Proceeds to benefit TCCHF's
*HOPE STREET CENTER &
AFFORDABLE HOUSING*

Performers:

Dr. Bacon & Shelley

Dr. Shannon

Dr. Canto

Dr. Waters

Charles Coleman

F Hendricks

SPECIAL GUESTS



FREE ADMISSION!



Free CD for donation of \$15.00 or more



**WHITE LAKE
PICTURE FRAMING**

Pam Milliette, CPF

Please call for an appointment!

Quick turn-around time!

571 White Lake Way, Colville

675-5675

684-1694

www.whitelakepictureframing.net

Western landscape since settlers first arrived. Rather, they have renewed their languages and practices, won court cases that affirm their unique rights, and challenged all of us who are not indigenous to question who we are and what our rights might be.

Curtis's tendency to stylize his images is viewed in the exhibit with a more measured and gently critical eye. It's an updated cultural lens. Much of the work on display is well worth seeing for its ability to portray indigenous places and practices in the inland Northwest in a moment of time, including the views of the Pend Oreille River prior to dams, and parts of northern Idaho's natural landscape.

A traditional Kalispel canoe from the museum's collection sits in the middle of the gallery. A selection of large, beautiful baskets from the MAC's extensive possessions offer poignant reminders of the grace and beauty of many pre-contact indigenous cultural practices. Several of Curtis's wax recordings have been digitized for listeners, including the mystical "Salish Song of the Wind in the Pines," sung by an unidentified tribal man. That recording alone was worth my visit to the museum.

I found myself most captivated, however, by a small, obscure photograph that Curtis did not take, tucked into a modest exhibit room adjacent to the main gallery. From 1900 until he died in 1920, Frank Palmer was Spokane's own version of an Edward Curtis. He took hundreds of scenic photos of the landscape and its frontier inhabitants, largely for promotional pamphlets and postcards that encouraged tourism or commerce.

On a placard of postcard images produced by his studio, I found an image of an old Indian woman, standing in front of a fully stretched bear hide.

This early 20th century photo, unlike those in the Curtis exhibit, does not romanticize. The indigenous woman is dressed in clothing that reflects the hybrid frontier world she inhabits. Though the woman was almost certainly asked to stand in front of the bear hide, the hide itself is stretched across a wall covered by milled lumber, not a tipi. While her skirt is calico and her shawl a manufactured woolen blanket, she also wears a traditional head

covering. The woolen blanket appears to have been artfully fringed by hand, and her long, grey braid twines down her chest.

She is at once a timeless, indigenous inhabitant and a woman who exists in a specific moment of time.

More than 5,000 pages of narrative text ac-

100 years old. Born 12 miles northwest of Colville near Marcus, Stevens Co. Wash. in about the year 1802.

Born several years before the first European explorer arrived. Through sheer force of longevity and survival, she spanned with her own life the great changes that occurred between first

contact in North Columbia country about 1807 and the colonial events that followed in rapid succession: fur trade, the establishment of the international boundary, the province of British Columbia and the state of Washington. This woman was born into a world of roaring waterfalls, annual salmon harvest, towering mature forests, and the kind of time and space that a large cedar root basket can express better than words.

Of course, I wanted to know more about her life. What was her name? Who were her ancestors? Was she Sinixt/Lakes? Born near Marcus she must have been, as this was one of the largest villages of Lakes people upstream of Kettle Falls. Was she a basket-weaver, a wife, a mother? How had she survived the epidemics of measles and smallpox?

I can be more certain about the century that unfolded *after* her death, a span of changes that Curtis himself could not even have imagined.

I know, too, that just as she persisted for a century in her own life, indigenous ways of knowing and being have also survived into the modern inland Northwest landscape. In my work to support salmon restoration, a gentler approach to Columbia River water management, and the relevance of the landscape's history, I witness this survival with gratitude, over and over again.

"Edward S. Curtis: *The Grand Idea*" runs until September 23, 2018. Another exhibit about Curtis is at the Seattle Art Museum. "Double

Exposure" runs until Sept. 8. His 20-volume collection has been digitized and can be found at curtis.library.northwestern.edu.

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



Courtesy of the Northwest Museum of Arts & Culture/Eastern Washington Historical Society, Spokane, Washington. Frank Palmer, Jerome A. Peltier Photograph Collection, L84-327.2270

company Curtis's photographs in the finished 20-volume set. The Curtis text provides rich and colorful interpretations of his images, and accounts for many cultural details that a photograph cannot fully record. No such narrative accompanies the Palmer photo of the old Indian woman, but only a handful of cryptic words traced in careful script at the bottom of the photo:

The Art and Science of Sign

By Jack Nisbet

Olaus Murie, the son of two Norwegian immigrants, was born in Moorhead, Minnesota, in 1889. The town lay just across the Red River from Fargo, North Dakota, so from the start Murie developed a taste for long winters in

wide-open country. He and his brother Adolph grew adept at tracking jackrabbits across wind-blown snowfields and differentiating all kinds of animal scat according to season and food. Murie stayed close to home after high school,

attending tiny Fargo College, but when his zoology professor found a new job at Pacific University outside Portland, Oregon, he offered his prize student a scholarship to join him there. Murie headed west to graduate with a degree in wildlife biology in 1912.

From Oregon he embarked on travels that would continue for the rest of his life, bouncing east to Michigan to do graduate work, then serving briefly as an Oregon state conservation officer before cutting his wilderness teeth in far eastern Canada among the Maritimes, Quebec and the Arctic.

In Canada, Murie trekked with tribal guides for three seasons across the Labrador Plateau to Ungava Bay, doing basic biological research. As he collected over 1,800 bird and mammal specimens, he sketched diligently in field notebooks and took countless photographs. He learned to move fluidly through the landscape, a skill that served him well when he became an agent for what is now the Fish and Wildlife Service in 1920. For the next half-dozen years he and brother Adolph, who had also hired on with Fish and Wildlife, followed caribou herds through Alaska to map their migratory routes.

Along the way Murie married a young woman named Margaret but better known as Mardy. She had grown up in Fairbanks, then attended a couple of different colleges in the lower 48 before returning to Alaska to become the first woman graduate of the state's Agricultural College and School of Mines. Mardy made a perfect match for Olaus's adventurous nature, and later described their travels with a young family in her book *Two in the Far North*.

In 1927 the Muries moved to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where he began a long-term study of elk winter range around Yellowstone National Park. Over the next decade he continued to develop a holistic approach to natural systems that could only be gained from extensive field observations.

The Muries went on to become founding members of the conservation movement and worked for the rest of their lives to establish many of the totem national parks, national monuments, wildlife refuges and wilderness areas that we enjoy today.

Olaus Murie drew on every bit of that field experience to compile his classic *Field Guide to Animal Tracks*. Published in 1954 as number nine of the original series of Peterson Field Guides, Murie's volume laid out the paw prints of every North American mammal with



**HELP US
LIGHT UP
COLVILLE!
FUNDRAISER**

Saturday August 25th 2018
HERITAGE COURT, DOWNTOWN COLVILLE

TAP RAISERS BY POUR HOUSE! EVERY ITEM PURCHASED POUR HOUSE WILL DONATE \$1 TO THE FUNDRAISER!

LIVE MUSIC IN HERITAGE COURT!
Saturday, August 25th, 2018

MYSTICAL PHOENIX 2-3PM
BELLY DANCERS

SAMMY EUBANKS 3-6PM

SILENT AUCTION!
12:00-6:00 PM

**THANK YOU TO OUR
MAJOR SPONSORS!**

AVISTA

COUNTRY CHEVROLET
COLVILLE, WA

V
SUPPORTED BY THE
VINSON FUND

**Main Street
Floral**

Boise Cascade

Saundra's
Furniture and Design

**DOMINION MEADOWS
GOLF COURSE**

SUN RENTAL

**COLVILLE
chamber
OF COMMERCE**

Win \$1,000 CASH! OR \$500 GIFT CARD TO SAUNDRA'S FURNITURE!

DONATE \$1 AND GUESS THE NUMBER OF DOMINION HEIGHTS GOLF BALLS IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK AND THE CLOSEST WINNER WILL GET **\$1,000 CASH FROM COUNTRY CHEVROLET!** 2ND PLACE WINNER WILL **WIN \$500 GIFT CARD TO SAUNDRA'S FURNITURE!**



Olaus and Mardy Murie in the Grand Tetons, 1953. Edith English, US Fish & Wildlife, NCTC Archives.

concise measurements and comparisons. But the end paper of the hardback edition – his sketch of a cottonwood leaf blowing across a snow-covered meadow with the inscription “A wind-blown leaf makes a modest imprint on the landscape” – offers a clear hint that Murie intended for his manual to extend well beyond a simple list of tracks. It is a book about the life history of animals that he had come to know intimately in the wild, and the signs that make up each species’ unique fingerprint to the human eye.

“Reading tracks is not easy,” Murie states in his introduction, and repeats that caution throughout the book. “It is important not to expect perfect tracks, or to rely on one set of known characters.”

To support these warnings, Murie hearkens back to his youth and an array of deceptive jackrabbit signs: gaps caused by prodigious leaps; “forms” where an animal bedded down in the snow; blank areas where a rabbit “swam” beneath the white crust; a chaos of zigzags caused by a swooping snowy owl. Every variation leads to another story told around the campfire by either Murie or one of an endless procession of wilderness friends. These often take wildly unexpected turns, such as his sketch of arctic hares hopping together on their toes, leaving a track pattern that makes sense only to someone who has watched it happen.

Murie’s illustration of that hare behavior –

six bunnies hopping “kangaroo style” through an Arctic dusk – is like something out of *The Velveteen Rabbit*. But it is by no means unusual in the book, as he works his way through every mammal in North America, then tacks on rich sections interpreting bird activity, reptile and amphibian sign, insect markings, the lessons of twigs and limbs, and tips on interpreting chewed horn and bone.

His page of northern flying squirrel illustrations includes not only concise information about gait, but also an elongated hind track

where a descending squirrel skittered in for a landing, their methods of gnawing into different species of nuts, and a sketch of one tiny head poking out of the Steller’s jay nest that it had modified for its seasonal abode.

Flying squirrel scat, as with most of Murie’s subjects, warrants a separate set of drawings. When it comes to droppings of the deer family, he expands them into an illustrated spreadsheet in order to demonstrate their wonderful diversity and explain all the information such scat offers for the curious observer.

Olaus Murie methodically layered these data bites into global concepts of natural history and ecology. As a wildlife agent, he was not afraid to go against the grain of standard management techniques of his time. Rocky Mountain elk, he suggested, might not survive on human-supplied forage as well as they do on natural browse. Poisoning a large percentage of Alaska’s wolves certainly hurt a wide range of small mammals, and probably affected the overall strength of a dynamic caribou population. Focusing deer hunts on big bucks could degrade the vigor of future fawns. In the long run, elk restricted to the prairies would not fare as well as those with access to a wide variety of habitats across a range of elevations.

Although modern wildlife biologists continue to refine and modify many of Murie’s ideas – that’s how science works – they all see him as a pioneer in the field, and a visionary for a future that includes viable animal and bird populations utilizing open land in the company of their human relatives.

It’s a vision that can be constructed only one small sign at a time.

Jack Nisbet’s new book, *The Dreamer and the Doctor*, will be available this October from Sasquatch Books.



Arctic hares hopping, Olaus Murie, A Field Guide to Animal Tracks, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1954.

Finding More Than Just The Perfect Picture

By Joanie Christian

When I began doing nature photography, I was in search of the “wow” shot – that technically perfect picture of a big game animal or stunning landscape you would see on a magazine cover. Over time, with nature as my teacher in an ever-evolving education, a soul-shift has occurred. It has become as much about the journey and the experience as it is about the final photograph.

Here in rural northeast Washington, a short drive can take me to mountains, lakes, forests, meadows, rivers, interesting gorges, waterfalls, geologic features and the plains, against the backdrop of every weather pattern imaginable. The experience, scenes and wild-life vary as much as the territory. But each of them has the potential to stir something within my soul, something that I think is often ignored in our modern society and that is aching to be awakened.

Unplugging from technology, putting the To Do list aside and connecting with that amazing natural world out our back door has made an imprint on my life in ways I never expected.

While in nature, I can feel a noticeable change in the tension in my muscles, my blood pressure lowering, and a smile come to my face from experiencing the simplest of things ... the smell of the forest through an open car window on a country drive in the woods. A beautiful sunset from a kayak with the haunting call of a loon in the distance. A loon feeding its young chick, and then giving it a piggyback ride. The incredible scenes I witness in nature give me a comforting sense of the bigger picture that we are all a part of, and a sense that all is well.

Sometimes, just after launching my kayak, feeling it glide smoothly through the water and hearing the water lapping, the constant chatter in my mind quiets and I can feel my whole body go “Ahhh-hh.” We pay good money for pills and treatments that do this very thing. I’m not saying those things aren’t beneficial, but we sometimes underestimate the power of our contact with nature.

An article in *Psychology Today* refers to this beneficial contact with nature as “ecotherapy.” University of Essex researchers found a significant correlation between these experiences and higher self-esteem, lowered depression, more positive mood and an increased sense of well-being. It is one of the most frequent triggers of “awakening experiences, or moments when our vision of our surroundings becomes more intense or meaningful and intense than normal and we feel a sense of connectedness to them and toward other people.”

I think we are all yearning for a sense of connectedness these days.

Ecotherapy is certainly not a substitute for people who need medications or other forms of therapy, but there are proven mental health benefits beyond what was previously recognized, and many therapists are beginning to prescribe ecotherapy as part of their treatment plan for patients.

I have had my fair share of difficult life experiences to process over the last two years. Though a kayak-paddling excursion or drive on a country road does nothing to remove those challenges from my life, I almost always come back with a heart that is a little lighter, and feeling re-centered. We humans are more resilient than we realize





sometimes, if we are mindful of the need to recharge not just our batteries, but our souls.

John Muir, a Scottish naturalist, is known as the “Father of National Parks.” A spiritual man, he passed away more than a hundred years ago, but his quotes are as relevant now as they were during his time. They can be seen all over social media and on retail products – in fact I am seeing them more than I ever have. This is because Muir’s wisdom is timeless, I think, and those truths resonate with us even to this day, perhaps now more than ever.

One such quote reads, “Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where nature may heal and give strength to body and soul.” Yes. And yes.

As my photography has gained increasing visibility, I have been surprised at the response it elicits. For one person, it may conjure up memories of time spent with their father in the woods during their youth. For another, it highlights the wonder, grandeur and incredible design and lives of creatures they are able to see through my lens. For others it brings peace and the feeling of being blessed.

All these are gifts and incredibly rewarding to me, and I’ve come to understand that nature photography is not just about producing a pretty picture. It is a *mission* in that I have the ability to touch people’s hearts through my work. Delight them. Awe them. Remind them. Inspire them. Educate them. Bless them. Relax and calm them. I am thanked often for this, sometimes multiple times a day. It is a responsibility that I no longer take lightly.

Through my work, I also have the opportunity to benefit the land

and the creatures I’m privileged to observe and photograph. To bridge a gap between human understanding and the needs of the natural world as we exist together here. As I chronicle the happenings in the lives of these creatures, people can perhaps relate to them and be drawn to our commonalities with them. Something they used to see as ordinary is no longer ordinary in their eyes. The more they learn, the more they understand. The more they understand, the more they care.

To quote Muir again, “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

While I get around a lot in photographing nature, there are times when logistically I am unable to travel. I still find my quiet time in nature, at a park or on a short walk. All I have to do is sit on the bench in my backyard and a new story unfolds. It’s like sitting in a theater – nature has its own show. I just have to stop, sit quietly, wait for it to happen, and then embrace the moment. It’s that easy. I have yet to sit down in my backyard and not see something that captivates me.

I am but one spoke in this wheel of life. A part of something much bigger than myself. As a photographer, I’m lucky enough to be able to share that with others in a meaningful way. “When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the Universe.” That Muir was a pretty insightful fellow.

Joanie Christian, a freelance nature photographer, has lived in NE WA for 40+ years. View her work at joaniechristianphotography.com and follow her paddling adventures at stillwaterpaddling.com.



What's New? We Are!

Come Visit Chewelah's NEW little gem at 204 E Main

Gather Boutique!

*Home Decor, Fabulous Finds, Women's Clothing,
Wonderful Accessories for a You and Your Home!*

Open Wednesday - Saturday 10:00 am - 5:30 pm 509-939-4478

HANEY LUMBER HAS REVERSIBLE TARPS!

Check Out all the sizes in stock:

5x7—\$2.19 8x16- \$9.99 12x24- \$23.99

6x8—\$2.49 10x12- \$6.49 12x30- \$29.99

8x10—\$4.99 Tarp Anchor's for \$.89 More Sizes Available

*Ideal for Farm
Equipment*



Each size is Brown/Green
Heavy Duty Industrial
Polyethylene.

Boat & Machinery Covers

Material is laminated on
both sides for maximum
weatherproofing.



*Outside Storage
Patio Furniture*

Designed for maximum
strength and durability.



HANEY Tools
Materials
Expert Advice
Lumber & Supply Inc.

1101 N. Highway, Colville • 509-684-2150

Last stoplight north of town

M - F: 7 - 5:30 • Sat: 8 - 2

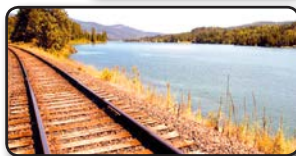
SPORT

SCENIC PEND OREILLE RIVER TRAIN



2018 SEASON RIDE DATES

Aug 4 & 5: 11am, 1pm & 3pm
Sept 15 & 16: 11am, 1pm & 3pm
Sept 29 & 30: 11am, 1pm & 3pm
Oct 13 & 14: 11am, 1pm & 3pm
Oct 27 & 28: 11am, 1pm & 3pm



DIG FOR CRYSTALS & PAN FOR GOLD!

Experience the beauty of the Pend Oreille River while traversing 12 miles of track in an authentic train car. Wildlife viewing opportunities, treasure hunt, souvenirs, entertainment, vendors and maybe even "train robbers!"

TICKETS ARE ON SALE NOW!

sporttrainrides.com or 1-877-525-5226. Like us on facebook!

Partially paid for by City of Newport hotel/motel tax funds.

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

**Heavy Duty Stove
for
Heavy Duty
Heating**

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

Sales & Service



You'll love your new wood or gas
Blaze King® stove!

R-RATE, LLC

PLUMBING & HEATING

284 W. 1st • Colville • 509-684-1605

Hours: Mon - Fri 8 - 5 Sat 9 - 12

Lic # RRATE**835QH

Once Upon a Time

By Loren Cruden

Some months back, while reviewing a book about Sinixt creation stories, full of characters from the natural world – Mosquito, Coyote, Sturgeon, Chickadee and so on – I was reminded of the way my mother made use of animal stories when I was a kid. Three of these instantly came to mind, having to do with lions, camels and foxes.

When my mother and my sister Leigh and I were hiking atop the Illinois cliffs (or “bluffs” as they call them there) along the Mississippi River where my grandmother lived, my sister trod on a rattlesnake. Leigh levitated. Being right behind her, I levitated too. Our mother made us go sit on a rock; we were supposed to calm down.

Mom had zero tolerance for fear. We could tell she was not going to summon a helicopter to airlift us off the bluffs. Instead, we had to sit there (obsessively scanning the brush around us) while she related the story of Daniel in the lions’ den. Then we hiked on. I remember thinking that Daniel had poor judgment. And wondering why we never heard any stories about really scared kids who got tons of sympathy.

Then there was the oft referred-to story of the camel in the tent. The story unfolds out in the desert where a Bedouin or whoever puts up his tent for the night. A sandstorm kicks up. The guy’s camel begs to be let into the tent. “No, no,” asserts the desert guy: “You won’t fit. You’re too big.” The camel wheedles, “Just my nose, then. Just let me put my nose under the flap; this storm is killing my sinuses,” until the guy caves and lets the camel stick his nose in. After lots more poignant pleading, the camel is allowed to put his head in. And so on until finally the whole camel is in the tent and the guy is forced out into the storm or the tent collapses or something drastic like that.

I had issues with this tale too, but it became so engraved on my psyche that I may’ve even

impressed the story on my son when he was growing up. My mother used to lay it on me when she decided that I’d failed to sufficiently fortress my mind against insidious thoughts and desires.

The problem I had with the story of the three little foxes, though, was far worse. My mother shut me in the bathroom one day after I’d committed some childhood felony. I was supposed to sit on the toilet lid and contemplate the illuminating lessons set forth by the story of the three little foxes. From my mother’s tone of voice, it was clear my future survival depended on this.

The three little foxes ... three little foxes. No good; my mind drew a blank. Had I ever even *heard* this story? Who were they? What had they done? Were they mischievous? Did they choke on a chicken bone? Get run down by oddly-dressed people on horses?

I slid off the toilet seat and went to the sink. Was soon immersed in playing with the water (a quantity of which got on the floor without my noticing). I made a whale hand-puppet out of a washcloth, stoppered the sink to create an ocean, squeezed toothpaste into the sink as seaweed, floated a bar of soap as a boat, and zoomed the whale hither and thither around the sink, creating waves to upset the boat. More water sloshed onto the floor. I made whale sounds and upset-boat-people sounds. I didn’t notice my mother standing in the doorway. Boy was I in trouble. And still clueless about the little foxes.

These memories surfaced, whale-like, while I worked on the Sinixt book review. I thought about Aesop’s animal fables, Kipling’s *Jungle Book*, old Irish sagas with their sacred salmon and white deer and demi-god bulls and women turned into swans or seals or, in one case, a giant fly, and Europe’s trickster figure, Reynard the Fox. I remembered poems my sister and I knew by heart, about North Wind eating the moon, green glass beads coveted by a goblin, and the

woman who made potatoes dance.

Our mother was picky about what we read. She even used a black marker to redact objectionable phrases and stanzas in poems and stories. She didn’t let us watch violent TV shows – *Bonanza* or *Perry Mason*. Huddled in bed, I’d hear the creepy *Perry Mason* theme music (my father got to watch what he pleased). The music was probably scarier than the show.

When I got to junior-high age my little brother and I would watch forbidden things like *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* when our parents were out. We’d put on our pj’s and, during commercials, would time how fast we could hit the off switch and sprint to our bedrooms, into beds, covers up, at the sound of a parental car pulling into the driveway. We’d practice and refine this drill over and over to improve our speed and agility – trying to avoid colliding with each other in the race down the hallway. But then got so glued to Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuriakin that we didn’t hear the actual parental car arrive, or our parents walking in the door.

Even as a kid, though, I did appreciate my mother’s promotion and embodiment of courage and high-mindedness – if not the instructive stories. Also appreciated her trying to protect us from violent or unworthy images. Especially while growing up (but oh – remember Illya’s pretty face?), images can imprint for a lifetime. A better choice, no doubt, to carry the indelibility of faithful Daniel, the sly camel, and three potentially enigmatic little foxes.

Loren Cruden writes fiction, nonfiction, and poetry, available at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls and www.LorenBooks.com, and provides Home Pet Care in the north Stevens County area.

The INDEPENDENT

Serving Chewelah and Stevens County since 1903

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

www.chewelahindependent.com

The ONLY
source for
Chewelah
Valley news
&
information!

1 Year
Starting at
only \$25

935-8422

EAVESDROPS

What people have written about
the north Columbia region

Celebrity visitors to Stevens County:
actors Jane Russell, Dale Evans, Adrian Booth, Edward G. Robinson, John Davidson; singers Willie Nelson and Barbara Mandrell; newscaster Dan Rather; author Debbie Macomber; baseball player Ryne Sanberg and football player (raised in Kettle Falls) James Darling, president George W. Bush; and Miss America 1992 Carolyn Sapp.

The Rising Waterline of 'Stuff'

By Tina Tolliver Matney

2018 will long be remembered and talked about by the locals as the year the Kettle River flooded at or near record levels. For my own grandchildren, who were here at a moment's notice to help us out and marvel at the backyard that was under water, 2018 will also be remembered as the year "Gramma gutted her basement."

It's been two months since the Kettle River came raging through the valley and threatening many of the homes on the banks of its angry waters. And while our place was spared the scary scenario of having river water rush into our house or wash away the ground around our foundation, we did indeed suffer through the unpleasant event of water from the saturated earth seeping into our basement and wreaking all manner of chaos.

The flood situation lasted for several days as we watched the river rise at an alarming rate, then crest and recede, only to rise again.

Then the water receded at a steady pace after the second crest was thankfully lower than predicted. The sun came out as the sandbags were removed while we stood around and willed our adrenaline to return to a healthier and more

sustainable level.

For many of the folks here and along some of the other rivers in our region, this flood year created that same sort of stressed state of mind many of us felt during the fires of 2015. However, in this situation, we could at least watch the progress of the rise in our own backyards, so we knew what was happening firsthand. This at least gave us an opportunity to do everything possible to lessen any damage or, in some cases, to know when it was indeed time to leave for safety's sake.

With the fires it seemed different, in my opinion. During that summer the fire situations had the potential to change very rapidly and indeed did change from day to day and at times minute by minute. The smoke was so thick at times that even the firefighters could not assess what was happening in some areas. Many of us just had to be ready to flee at a moment's notice. But that was then.

This is now, when we are left with different stories to tell to future generations ... and a huge mess that will take many of us months to clean up.

On a cool summer morning such as this, as

I write I can still smell the mustiness from the basement. One might think that the placement of so many fans and heaters in every room as well as open windows coupled with hydrogen peroxide washes would tame the aroma, but so far it is still with us.

My basement was once a living space with carpet, a guest bedroom, half bath, a lovely canning kitchen and plenty of storage space. And like many storage spaces it was over-packed with "stuff." All of that stuff, along with all of the furniture, made its way out into the garage or up the stairs to the main and upper stories of the house, thanks to the help of many extra hands from friends and family.

So much stuff! The entire time we were hauling mattresses and bedding and boxes and bags, I vowed that none of it would make its way back to the basement. While that vow is probably a little bit unreasonable, it has become my mission to indeed purge my home of so much useless material.

Several years ago, I embarked on a mission to clean my basement and cupboards. At that time I felt as if my home had become a storage space that bordered on a hoarder's dream.

55% OFF LIST PRICE

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

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



For inspirational ideas visit kraftmaid.com



HANEY
Lumber & Supply Inc.

509-684-2150
1101 N. Highway
Colville, WA

haneylumberandsupply.com

KraftMaid
KITCHENS FOR THE REAL LIVING ROOM

509-850-0873
LAKEVIEW ON COLUMBIA
KETTLE FALLS, WA
WWW.RIVERWOODBNNB.COM

Nightly, Weekly, and Long Term Rates



60 Columbia Drive, Kettle Falls

At that point most of that stuff belonged to my kids, not me. I put a call out to each of my children that if there was anything they wanted to keep, they better come and get it.

I remember at the end of that cleaning frenzy standing at the far end of my basement and patting myself on the back as I gazed down to the end of what felt like an empty bowling alley with a hideous carpet. Before me lay a long span of gloriously empty space (except for a television set and a sofa that no one loved but me). Mission accomplished.

So how does a space like that fill up again with so much stuff? In my case, and in my own defense, it still wasn't all mine.

In any case, most of it is in the garage while we map out a plan of attack to rebuild the walls and all of the trim. Then we will sort and cull. I'm not ashamed to state that ripping that wet hideous carpet and padding out was the one "Woo-hoo!" moment during the whole flood situation.

That carpet was never loved. It was cheap. It was ugly, and at the juncture of every single seam was forever a pile of wadded nylon string where the vacuum cleaner would capture a snippet of thread and whirl about a mile of it around the beater bar. Every single time I vacuumed. And so a fairly large gap grew over the years between each seam of that ugly gold sea of shame. I am truly not sad to see it gone and have yet to give any thought to anything that might replace it.

It was while my sister and I were frantically cleaning out the canning kitchen so that we could drill saucer-sized holes in the bottoms and backs of the cupboards to get air under them so they wouldn't mold from the bottom up that I realized I had four sets of dishes.

Not just one extra Christmas set. Or one extra set of "good china" ... but four extra sets of dishes that hadn't seen use in so many years I couldn't even remember the last time I had set the table with the dull white ironstone plates. Looking at them, I remembered why they migrated to the basement. You could see every knife mark on every plate, ugly dark scratches from one side to the other. Most likely from trying to cut tough steak or one of my pie crusts. They won't be going back into the cabinets.

We also found enough pots, pans, drinking glasses and mugs to start up a good-sized restaurant.

I've come to the conclusion that I've held on to far too many things for the wrong reasons. Perhaps I thought I would pass more treasures on to my kids or my grandkids. I collected stuff for projects I now know I'll never get to or I've lost interest in, long after their popular craze has

passed. All of these things will be packed up for someone else to put to good use. I hope.

When this is all over I'll once again stand at one end of the basement and pat myself on the back. The walls will be repaired and freshly painted, but most likely not with drywall. I'm not convinced it is the best product to have in a basement. The cupboards will be clean and within them will lie one set of lovely holiday china and a few canning supplies along with a

few choice crafting supplies and essential tools.

Maybe there will be a new throw rug or two on the floor. Or maybe we'll just seal up the cracks and paint it and put in a bowling alley.

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

CELEBRATE RECOVERY

OVER 500,000 PEOPLE WORLDWIDE HAVE GONE THROUGH A CELEBRATE RECOVERY PROGRAM.

Do you ever find yourself thinking . . .

- It's up to me to make others happy
- No one knows how I feel
- I wish I didn't act that way
- If I act right, I'll be right
- I just need to pray harder and read my Bible more - then I'll get better
- I'm fine on my own
- I regret what I've done in the past
- I fear the future
- Compared to others, my problems are small
- I HAVE forgiven; I just can't let go
- I'm not like THOSE people
- Time heals all wounds

God's Word says:

"You can't heal a wound by saying it's not there." Jeremiah 6:14, TLB

THE 8 PRINCIPLES OF CELEBRATE RECOVERY:

1. Admitting Need
2. Getting Help
3. Letting Go
4. Getting Honest
5. Making Changes
6. Repairing Relationships
7. Maintaining Momentum
8. Recycling Pain

We meet every Friday at 5:30 p.m.

138 Cedar Loop Rd. in Colville

(park and enter from lower parking lot)

Transportation available

Call (509) 935-0780

WHAT'S



MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM!

APPENZERS

Events

Aug 3-5: Rendezvous Days at the Colville City Park, featuring three days of craft and food booths, beer garden, live entertainment and more.

Aug 4: 6th Annual Blazing Saddles Bike Ride, sponsored by Rotary Club of Colville, three route options (100, 62 and 40 mile) through rural Colville valley. Visit www.blazing100.org for more info.

Aug 4: The Fat Qtr Quilter's 25th Annual Quilt Show, 9-4, St. Mary's Presentation Catholic Church, 602 E. 6th St., Deer Park. Quilt raffle, lunch available for purchase.

Aug 4 & 5: Scenic Pend Oreille River Train rides, 11 am, 1 pm, 3 pm. See ad page 16 for details.

Aug 7: Community Blood Drive, 1-4:15 pm, Republic Hospital parking lot.

Aug 11: Valley Fair in Valley, WA.

Aug 11 & 25: Dirt track racing at Northport International Raceway. northportinternationalraceway.com for more info.

Aug 15: Doctors' Concert at the Colville City Park, Rotary Pavilion, featuring musically-gifted doctors and special guests, silent auction and food. See ad page 10 for details.

Aug 16-19: Pend Oreille County Fair's 100 Year Anniversary, featuring food contests, rodeo, dance, demonstrations, car show, western games, live entertainment and music, and more! See ad page 2 for details.

Aug 18: Fire district 10's annual firefighters BBQ, Deep Lake Association picnic area, 11 am - 3 pm, hamburgers, hot dogs and beans, pie auction, yard sale (no early birds!). Donations welcome. Call 509-732-4195 for more info.

Aug 18: Hunters Fair in Hunters, WA.

Aug 18: Eagle Track races, Republic.

Aug 18-19: Garlic Faire at China Bend Winery, featuring live music, gourmet foods, arts & crafts, and lots of garlic! See ad on page 7 for details.

Aug 21: Inland Northwest Blood Center mobile blood drive, Noon - 5:30 pm, Deer Park Physical Therapy & Fitness Center, 707 S Park St., Deer Park. Call 509-590-4110 for more info.

Aug 23-26: NE WA Fair, fairgrounds in Colville, featuring a parade, food, rides, dancing lessons, big tree sale, animal sale, entertainment, and more! See ad back page for details.

Aug 24-26: Clayton Community Fair.

Aug 24-26: Wings Over Republic Fly In at Merritt Field. See ad page 25 for details.

Aug 25: Light Up Colville Fundraiser, Heritage Court, downtown Colville, featuring live music, silent auction, and raffle prizes. See ad page 12 for details.

Aug 25: Veteran Quilt drawing at the NE WA Fair. The Stars and Stripes quilt made by Valerie Lamont and Judy Lockner is on display at Tri County Economic Development District, 986 S. Main, Colville. Veterans may enter themselves or be nominated. Entries are free and accepted until Aug 22. Call 509-684-4571 for details.

Aug 31 - Sep 3: NEW Camp & Jam at Northport International Raceway, featuring band scramble, open mic, workshops, food & craft vendors, soap box derby, and more! Visit tricitymusic.org or call 509-675-6590 for more info.

Aug 31-Sep 2: Ferry County Fair. See ad page 25 for details.

Sep 1: Shrimp Boil and Ping Pong Ball Raffle at the Cutter Theatre, Metaline Falls. Dinner \$25, raffle tickets are \$10 for a winning pot of \$500. Visit cuttertheatre.com for more info

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

Aug 2: Live music with Singing Fire Chief, 6:30-8:30 pm, Fired Up Brewing, 1235 S. Main St., Colville.

Trail & District Arts Council calendar of events. Details available at trail-arts.com.

2nd: Music in the Park, Jon Burden & The Bleedin' Hearts

9th: Music in the Park, The White Crows

16th: Music in the Park, Night Market with The Hillties

21st: Music in the Park, Lester McLean Band

23rd: Music in the Park, Melody Diachun Band

30th: Music in the Park, Old-Time Fiddlers

Music at Northern Ales, 325 W. 3rd Ave., Kettle Falls, northernales.com, 509-738-7382:

2nd: Bill Price, 6-8 pm

3rd: Alex Ashley, 7-10 pm

9th: Jim Murphy, 6-8 pm

10th: Checkmate Reality, 7-10 pm

16th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm
17th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm
23rd: Robbie and Sherrie, 6-8 pm
30th: Patty O'Farrell, 7-10 pm

Music at Republic Brewery, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700.

1st: Corb Lund (ticketed event), 7-10 pm
4th: Hillfolk Noir, 7-10 pm
11th: Scratchdog Stringband, 7-10 pm
16th: Jason Eady (ticketed event), 7-10 pm
24th: The Sea The Sea (ticketed event), 7-10 pm

Music at Quartzite Brewing Company, 105 West Main Ave., Chewelah, 509-936-3686.

3rd: Dylan Hathaway, 7 pm
31st: Robt Sarazin Blake & The Letters, 7:30 pm

Arts & Crafts

Aug 2: First Thursday Art Walk, 5:30-8 pm, downtown Chewelah.

Aug 3: Reception from 4-6 pm for featured artist Sandy Tauber at the Artists Co-op at Gold Mountains Gallery, 600 S. Clark, Republic. Sandy's watercolors and jewelry will be on display and she will read passages from her new novel, "Guilt and Innocence" at 5:15 pm. Refreshments will be served.

34 watercolor paintings by six artists known as **The Six Brushes** are featured at the Tri County Economic Development District, 986 S. Main, Colville.

Angenette Escobar, featured artist at **Trails End Gallery**, Chewelah.

Fourteen historic quilts on display at the Fort Colville Museum, including the US Bicentennial quilt showing all 50 states, by Angie Hartbauer.

Literature & Writing

Aug 1, 2, 17: Book signings by Chewelah authors Kelly Laperitis and Daisy Pongrakthai at Quartzite Brewery (Aug 1, 6-7 pm), Jean's Beans Coffee (Aug 2, 5:30-8 pm) and Chewelah Farmer's Market (Aug 17, 11 am - 3 pm). See ad page 33 for details.

Library Events: Check out the extensive calendars of library events at ncl.org (Ferry Co.), sclrd.org (Stevens Co.), and pocld.org (Pend Oreille Co.).

Farm, Field & Forest

Aug 2: Presentations on the FieldSTEM Investigations by participants in the Eastern Washington Forestry Internship program, 12-1 pm, Fish Hatchery, 390 N. Hofstetter, Colville. Call 509-685-2898 for more info.

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

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

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

North East Back Country Horsemen, meets third Saturday, potluck, 6-8:30 pm, Clayton Grange. Visit NEBCHW.com or call 509-598-0333 for more info.

Miscellany

Aug 8: Northeast Washington Genealogy Society meeting, 1 pm, LDS Church basement, Juniper Street in Colville, entry at the back of the building. Lora Rose will introduce the Internet Archive and the extensive resources associated with it, including dealing with the dreaded "Error 404." Visit newgs.org for more info. All visitors are welcome.

Aug 18: Public Policy Forum: book review of *UNDER AN IONIZED SKY, From Chemtrails to Space Fence Lockdown*, Elana Freeland, 2018. In association with St'al-sqil-xw, Veterans For Peace, Poor Peoples' Campaign and ACLU People Power, Kettle Falls Public Library, noon-4 pm; lunch and snacks offered, non-alcohol beverages. Email info@stalsqilxw.org for more info.

Register now for Career & College Readiness classes, 12-3 pm, Mon-Thur at the Spokane Community Colleges, Colville Campus. Open to anyone. Get resume help, interview coaching, basic computer skills, job exploration advice, career assessments, college prep skills, personal development in time management skills, increasing emotional intelligence and other soft skills for finding new job opportunities. \$25 per quarter (scholarships available). Call 509-685-2120 or email kari.hubbard@scc.spokane.edu for more info.

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

Continual Yard Sale At The Cutter, 302 Park Street in Metaline Falls, M-W-F, 9 am-4 pm, until closing day of the Hwy 31 Yard Sale, Sept. 8 & 9. Call 509-446-4108 for more info. See ad page 6.

Mondays Learn & Jam with Dib Earl, ages 10 and up, Northport New Hope, 200 8th St., Northport. Workshop at 5 pm, jam session from 6-8 pm. Free.

Free Movie Night, 4th Sunday of every month, 6 pm, Northport New Hope, 200 8th St., Northport. Family friendly movies, cocoa, coffee and popcorn. Call 509-732-6640 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.

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 Piecemakers Quilt Guild meets on the 3rd Tuesday of the month at the Colville Community Center (HUB), 231 W. Elep, Colville at 6:30 pm. Visit colvillepiecemakers.webs.com.

Celebrate Recovery, a 12-step program, meets Fridays, 5:30 pm, 138 E Cedar Loop in Colville (enter from downstairs parking lot). A light meal is served. Call 509-935-0780 for a ride or more info. See ad page 19.

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.

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 3 pm at the Station on the 2nd Tuesday of the month. The Friends of FD10 meet at 4:30 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.

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).

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

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.

LISTEN UP

Ocean Machine Rises Again

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

The original Ocean Machine masterpiece, *Biomech*, was one of the greatest albums of the '90s, in my opinion. Guitar tones that weren't recycled from the '70s, a singer who could actually belt it out, and massive compositions laid the groundwork for what many producers would later call "hybrid orchestral rock." It flew in the face of everything that was fashionable about the '90s, and jump-started an entirely new sub-genre of hard rock.

So to say fans have

been waiting for anything Ocean Machine-ish that might show up again would be a fair statement. With *Ocean Machine – Live at the Ancient Roman Theatre Plovdiv* (both a Blu-Ray and album production), mastermind Devin Townsend revisits the great massive theatrical rock sound.



While the original Ocean Machine album is showcased here, Townsend ramps things up ten-fold with a fan-selected collection of tunes accompanied by Orchestra of Plovdiv State Opera, with masterworks like "Truth" and "Stormbending." Beyond this fantastic set

of standout tracks are the genre-defining gem "Life," the gorgeous "Hide Nowhere" and the massive, mountainous "Regulator" from the original Ocean Machine release.

More than just a celebration of Biomech's 20th anniversary, this performance is a celebration of Townsend's ground-breaking hard-rock and metal excursions ... and may be the final performance from The Devin Townsend Project, as Townsend – true to form – disbands the DTP and heads off in new musical directions.

While many artists revisit old hits, playing them endlessly on casino circuits as part of a retirement package, Devin Townsend nods to this greatest work over the last 20 years while on his way to wherever his muse is taking him next.

Exciting, heavy and monumental, *Live at the Ancient Roman Theatre Plovdiv* is an absolute must-have for hard rock lovers.

Jonathan Cain's Arena-Rock Memoir

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

It's tough not to go a day without somehow hearing Journey, and that's not at all a bad thing. It underscores the enduring songwriting and performances of a band that helped define classic rock over 40-plus years.

So with the release of his written memoir, *Don't Stop Believin'*, Journey keyboardist Jonathan Cain has put out a companion solo album: *The Songs You Leave Behind*. With nineteen tracks showcasing his instantly memorable piano compositions and rock-solid vocals, Cain gears the album more toward the autobiographical, and lays down one classic-sounding cut after another.

The only possibly-unfamiliar instrument is

Cain's singing (though he has stepped up to the mic on previous solo albums). The songwriting here is predictably stellar with the intimate "Little River" and "Back to the Innocence" easily showing why Cain is responsible for some of classic rock's most enduring anthems.

While the album serves as a kind of soundtrack to his book, most of the work here easily stands on its own and paints pictures of Cain's life, love and faith. With occasional guest performances and songwriting

collaborations helping to flesh out Cain's audio memoir, *The Songs You Leave Behind* is more than a work for Journey fans or for listeners of Cain's recent religious albums. This is a soulful

album cataloging the life and love of a man who best tells stories through song. And it's a fantastic glimpse into the life of that man.

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!



COLUMBIA RIVER BIBLE CHURCH

Pastor Randy Goodell

and Christian Academy

• SUNDAY WORSHIP SERVICE 10AM

• MINISTRY N MIND THRIFT STORE (TUES-SAT)

• CHRISTIAN SCHOOL (M-F 8:30-3:00) • AWANA (WED 6:30 PM)

1086 Hwy 395 N • Kettle Falls, WA

(509)738-6632 • crbcpraisesgod@gmail.com

A Good Read

The Golden House, by Salman Rushdie

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

Salman Rushdie collects literary prizes the way squirrels gather nuts – one at a time, but amounting to a big stash in the end. I've not been attracted to his books in the past but, eyeing that awards pile, decided to check out *The Golden House*, his latest novel.

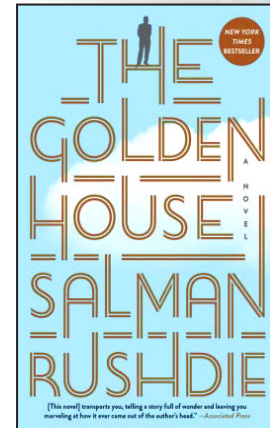
The story, narrated by an aspiring young filmmaker, is about a father and four grown sons who immigrate to New York City during the Obama years (national politics are essential to the story's mood). The father – a corrupt businessman from Bombay – is fabulously rich (and arrogant), but also deeply unhappy. He doesn't talk about his past. The narrator decides to create a movie about this mysterious family and insinuates himself into their household. The book abounds in artsy film references, famous people, song lyrics, parables and quotes.

The eldest son, autistic, is described as having a "sad, brilliant strangeness." The second son is "lively, worldly, an artist and a man about town."

And the youngest, called Dionysus, or "D," is an androgynous, alienated afterthought in the family dynamic. Identity is a theme throughout, with all its modern acronymic jargon.

Rushdie's story has one foot in the past and one in the present and, of course, the disjunctions this generates for Rushdie's characters are deliberate. But Rushdie's writing, with its classic literary grounding, produces its own uneasy disjunctions between past and present. The younger characters sound modern but the story's themes are decidedly old-school: the coexistence of good and evil; the realization that one's past is not easily escaped; the role of beautiful women as man's downfall and redemption.

For this reader, it took 100 pages for the story's intrigue to surmount its predictability – its scintillating, clever, outraged nonetheless predictability – and draw me in; still, Rushdie in spate is one of literature's wonders.



Subtle Bodies, by Norman Rush

Reviewed by Loren Cruden

National Book Award winner Norman Rush's novel *Subtle Bodies* opens a little bumpily, like a juddering plane taking off, but once in the air is a great ride. The story involves four college friends reuniting after twenty years, on the Catskill estate of the leader of their clique, who has died. Additional characters include a gorgeous gold-digging widow, the dead man's messed-up teenage son, one friend's zesty wife and a mysterious Frenchman. It has almost the feel of a play rather than a novel.

The narrative unfolds through the vantages of Ned (one of the four friends) and his wife. Nina is sparky and restless, but surprisingly kind (and has the book's best lines). Ned is conscientious, staunch – in the midst of organizing an anti-Iraq-war march in San Francisco when he receives news of Douglas' death. During their time in the Catskills, Ned is also in the midst of ongoing efforts to conceive a child with Nina.

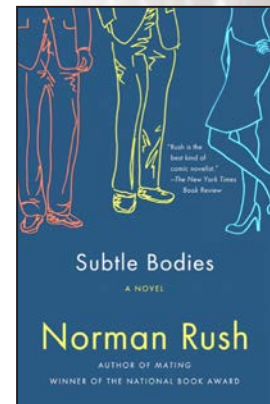
Even posthumously, Douglas, the smugly prankish leader of the group, remains the most irritating character – though self-important Elliot comes in a close second. Joris is a manly intellectual and Gruen an earnest listener.

The story centers on their interactions and revelations as the friends prepare for Douglas' memorial. Comedy ripples beneath.

The story's title refers to Ned's sense of what the group's bond was, and perhaps still is, about. "And the question was still there of whether their true interior selves – the subtle bodies inside – were still there and functioning despite what age and accident and force of circumstances may have done to hurt them. . . . When they had become friends, it had been a friendship established between *subtle bodies*, by which he meant the *ingredients* of what they were to be. . . ."

Throughout the story, with its wit and social commentary, its affectionately undercover look at marriage and friendship, no character is left behind. The book portrays a human translucency through which original ingredients may yet shine.

Loren Cruden writes fiction, nonfiction, and poetry, available at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls and www.LorenBooks.com, and provides Home Pet Care in the north Stevens County area.





Mountain Meandering

Photo & Text by Patricia Ediger

Among all the varieties of hummingbirds that migrate to our part of the state, the rufous hummingbird is the one that most frequently visits our mountain top. The 3 1/2" tall male is vividly-colored, like a bright copper penny with a collar of highly reflective feathers under his chin that light up red when hit by sunlight.

The female and immature offspring are also beautiful, sporting a green back, spotted white throat, orange buffed sides and base of tail. They are aggressive and pugnacious defenders of their feeding territory, even chasing off larger birds, and they often dominate the hanging feeders. Their diet consisting of mainly nectar and insects.

The rufous hummingbird is the only hummingbird that nests as far north as south-central Alaska. This summer I tried different nectar recipes and discovered one that resulted in the highest number of hummingbirds to my feeder ever (one cup sugar to four cups spring water, no food coloring).

I keep the feeder well out of reach of predators, especially cats, and have two-to-three families of rufous hummingbirds, parents and offspring visiting non-stop.



423 W. 1st, Colville

www.floener.com

FLOENER

LICENSED • BONDED • INSURED



ELECTRIC

RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL

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

Retail Sales

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

WA Contr. #FLOENE*070N7

(509) 684-8353

Have You Been to the Ft. Colville Museum Yet?

700 N Wynne St., Colville, WA • 509-684-5968

www.stevenscountyhistoricalsociety.org

Since 1984

CAREY'S AUTO BODY INC

Collision Repair Specialists

Call Us Today to:

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

DuPont Lifetime Refinish Warranty

684-2587

1101 S. Main St. • Colville



North Columbia Monthly Poet in Residence

Our Poet

Lynn Rigney Schott is a retired English teacher. She lives near Kettle Falls, below Mingo Mountain, with views in all directions. Her poetry collection, *Light Years*, is available at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls and Auntie's Bookstore in Spokane.

Our Residency

The *North Columbia Monthly Poet in Residence* is a page presence position that passes from poet to poet in lyric celebration of where we live.

Submissions

To be considered for the Poet in Residence position, send at least four sample poems to ncmonthly@gmail.com or to NCM, P.O. Box 541, Colville, WA 99114. All Poet in Residence submissions will be acknowledged; none returned. No other poetry submissions are being solicited at this time.

Early Winters Creek

by Lynn Rigney Schott

To be a creek you have to keep moving
and go with the flow, as we said in the sixties.
You have to pass over all those homeless stones,
reflecting on the many uses of green
and push by those big kanackers, the rocks
that always make you go around.
You pick up leaves and branches and pinecones
and deliver them wherever they're going.

Sometimes you wash the feet of a traveler
who pauses briefly in your snowmelt rush,
sand and stones beneath her bare toes,
soles that can barely stand the ache of the cold,
that reminder of suffering contending with beauty.

Watch me, you say, because I'm always changing.
Pay attention to the light on the surface.
I'm heading out, but stop again sometime.
My feet are always wet, always running down this mountain.
I'm on my way, polishing everything in my path.
You say, don't forget your boots,
don't forget to polish everything in your path.

Come Visit Ferry County!

August 24-26

Wings Over Republic Fly in at Merritt Field

August 31-September 2

Ferry County Fair

September 29

Honky Tonk Petanque

So Much to Enjoy:

Fishing ~ Hunting ~ River and Lake Fun

Hike or Bike the Ferry County Rail Trail

Dig for Fossils at Stonerose

Visit the Historic Ansorge Hotel

Visit ferrycounty.com for more information

Pro Bodyworks

The Spa

**Semi Annual
Product Sale!**

BOGO: Buy 1 get 1 50% off

Price must be equal of lesser value

While supplies last

524 S Main Colville 509-684-1420

**Midgard Mana Gems
& Colville Hobby**

Presents...

Sarah Sheridan of
Birchgrove Botanica Herbs
and Essential Oils

Locally made for over 47 years

130 S Main • Colville • 509-690-6446

Living in NE WA: Lessons Learned

Grandparent Sanctuary

By J. Merrill Baker

Grandparents, or people who resemble them, offer a form of sanctuary in children's lives. Sometimes. I'm not sure who first said that grandkids are your reward for having children, but that sure seems true. At least, most of the time. If they ever ask for money or to borrow the car, you will realize that history does indeed repeat itself.

My own mother told me that grandkids and grandparents have a "common enemy" and that is why they seem to conspire in such a unified manner in order to have their own way, as often as possible. She really did know what she was talking about. Years later, when she was frustrated with my remarks about her grandchildren, she remarked, "I don't know who's more ignorant, *my children or theirs*!" Thanks mom, it still makes me giggle!

I was told that children are naturally hedonistic and I have to say it seems true. "Hedonist" is a noun; it describes a person whose focus is on pleasure and fulfillment of self. This seems to describe cats as well, but I digress....

True. Human babies fully rely on us for their survival, and it can seem like they actually enjoy having you there to pay attention to them, especially when they smile back, and even more so if they learn to say "Ma-ma" or "Da-da." It thrills you as if it has never happened before to anyone else ever, because it is your recognition. You are loved. And if you are the grandparents, it is your turn to get them to say things in spite of what their parent is trying to teach them. Ha! Time to get even. (Not really, but you will be accused of it anyway.) "Say Na-na," it's easy, start there. "Pa-pa" gets points for "Na-na" too!

Psychologists say that babies don't get the concept of "other" until they are about three. Mine never let me out of sight until they were six and could pour their own dry cereal and were left with a no-spill milk container.

I don't think psychologists had any children when they wrote their studies, at least not their own. It doesn't count when they are someone else's kids. A lesson I learned is that a "brat" is a child that acts just like your own but belongs to someone else. So, get over yourself and join the club. Being a parent is not a competition.

If you feel like you are being held hostage (many new, inexperienced parents do), it is because you are so willing to help the children in order to avoid their displeasure. Being uncomfortable, especially with crying or any manner of behavior that makes us very aware that our

lack of attention (real or imagined) is inexcusable, is a stimulus-response activity, and I think babies learn this instinctively. Point is, you respond as well as you are trained, and grandparents have the luxury to not take it so personally.

When I observed a young couple with their new infant in the store shopping for baby items, I first admired their new little person, and then asked their opinion of which favorite, thoughtful gift they'd gotten – what they most desired. I should not have been surprised when the unanimous answer was a hearty "Sleep!" Sigh. Some things we don't miss from our early parenting experiences.

My mother's warning that "Your kids will grow up in spite of you" rings true although, not quite understanding at the time what she meant, I had asked, "You mean they would grow up to spite me?"

"Of course – that too!" she would declare with a broad smile and her endless humor. We actually depended on her for that humor. It softened some of the reality that colors our idealism. It is necessary to have a sense of humor being around or responsible for children. They are often so innocent and honest. Like the time we were in the laundromat folding laundry, specifically hubby's underwear, and all the dryers stop at the same time while our little girl asks, very loudly, "are those daddy's panties?" And you notice all the knowing smiles around the silent room, from other parents that are silently commiserating with you.

My mother was a great grandma, not only with her own, but with the neighbors' kids – and anyone else's. You want that in a grandparent-type person. They are the heroes who will defend the younger persons at all costs, from all enemies foreign and domestic. This may include their own parents (that is the "domestic" part), but it could also include her own landlord if your children have caused any havoc in their playing, such as broken windows or plugged bathtubs, or even the paper boy if he ran them off the sidewalk with his bike. Mama bears are nothing compared to an experienced Grandma Bear. Just sayin'.

Later, when she lived in a nursing home, mom often bought toys for the aides' kids, as some of them brought their children by on occasion. Older folks love seeing little kids. Usually at Christmastime, the local schools would bring their young students by to sing carols. Of course, when Himself was recovering from a ladder mishap, in a wheelchair, along with me

visiting my mother, it just so happened to be at Christmastime, and try as he did, the little kids did *not* believe that he didn't live there and of course felt that he DID deserve to be sung to. I am still laughing as I can just see him trying to explain that he didn't really live there.

In my view, there's a "Club Parenthood," and it has degrees: where grandparents fit in, or grandparent-like neighbors, or friends that want to be grandparents but their kids live too far away, or regular folks that act like parents (this includes the neighbors). Parents that live in cities appreciate nearby grandparents. We are the "country" grandparents – not quite out on the farm, but living on a mountain.

At our inland Northwest abode, the grandkids came to build bike racks, ride bikes on ramps they designed, and grow vegetables and eat strawberries. They learned about cement and concrete and teamwork on projects, and how to drive the tractor, safely, how to play guitar, and how to just be kids. Kids without peer pressure or worries about fashion or makeup or the latest electronic device.

They built their own little forts by the duck pond, walked through the woods and, in winter, enjoyed snow sledding and snowmobiles, maybe even s'mores and pit fires while watching the stars in the frosty nights. Right now, it is mosquitoes and citronella candles and essential oils (lemon grass, cedar and lavender mixed with almond oil and a bit of witch hazel, well shaken) to keep the biting bugs away.

My children had a good thing back in the beginning. They watched cartoons so I could sleep in on Saturdays (hence the breakfast cereal and no-spill milk). Of course, I did not have a TV until my first child was three. I was worried it would turn her brain to mush. She got to watch TV at grandma's, though, and in spite of grandma, as well as myself, she still has a very gifted brain. And, eventually, she was herself a better mother, which is what all parents hope for from their children, and that they also bring you grandkids you will conspire with, and that maybe some of your "wisdom" rubs off for good measure.

We continue to be exposed to grandkid-like people, and are still learning that it is very easy to conspire – in a good way – on behalf of them.

Onward!

J. Merrill Baker is a self-described reformed suburbanite, avid rural resident, simple living advocate (attemptee).

The Mystery of the First Campfire

Article & Photo By J. Foster Fanning

An evening around the campfire is an enjoyable time for many of us highlanders. Watching the flames in their hypnotizing dance of blue, yellow, orange and white. Listening to the sound of the wood burning. And most importantly feeling the radiant heat. I'm pretty certain that more than a few of us have wondered at the long history of fire and human interaction.

For many years, the use of fire has been crucial to the discussion of human evolution by anthropologists. Knowing when fire was first controlled and when humans first lit it on purpose are critical questions that arise again and again in scientific circles, but with negligible early proof.

What exactly is fire? Typically, it is a chemical reaction among oxygen, fuel and heat. Those elements are called the "Fire Triangle." Remove any one of them and fire cannot exist. A typical ignition requires a set of conditions to cause a combustion reaction. Those conditions are a concentrated heat source, a receptive fuel and an adequate source of oxygen.

Humanizing the use of fire was vital in prehistory, allowing primitive hominids to expand beyond Africa into the colder northern climates. Anthropologists speculate the first use of fire was the most important phase in human evolution, dating back nearly two million years. There are solid theories regarding the changes in diet, brain, life history and behavior that transformed the bipedal apes of ancient Africa into early humans due to the use of fire.

Take an ordinary match, the tip of which is made up of red phosphorus, sulfur and potassium chlorate, and strike it against the powdered glass strip on the matchbox using friction to generate concentrated heat, causing the phosphorus to ignite. Phosphorous by itself will not burn enough to maintain a flame but it starts the process.

Next enter the match head's sulfur and potassium chlorate to work together in their capacities to generate more heat and augment the oxygen. Now we will have a flame life long enough for us to transfer the fire to receptive fuel other than the matchstick. By the way, the flame at the match head is over 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Of course, none of the above worked before 1827, when the match was invented.

According to Richard Wrangham's "cooking hypothesis," the cranial and digestive tract anatomy of Homo erectus indicates that this group

of early humans was already adapted to a diet based on cooked food and therefore was capable of controlling fire. Recent studies support the hypothesis of the adoption of a cooked diet at least as early as the first entrance of Homo erectus around 1.9 million years ago. Yet to date, the archaeological evidence for controlled use of fire in association with 'Upright Man' remains scarce and inconclusive.

We are ready to transfer the fire from the match to another receptive fuel. Fuel comes in many shapes, sizes and forms. In fact, given the right temperatures, all the carbon-based forms become fuel. Turn on the LPG in the BBQ and you have can have instant transfer of flame. But as you may well know, if you hold that lit match head against a 2x4 the likelihood of flame transfer is nil. Why? It's due to the arrangement and the density of the fuel. With common sense we all know that the 2x4 arranged into kindling by a tool is a more available fuel for flame transfer. Unless of course the 2x4 is wet. Fuel moisture is a game-changer capable of rendering fuel non-available for combustion.

The question of when controlled fire appeared on the prehistory scene gets at the very root of what it means to be human: Fire is one of the things that pressed human development down the path we are now on. Roasting foodstuffs meant a calorie-rich diet, which may have fueled our big brains into existence. Fire affords defense from predators and a heat that may have allowed humanity to spread its terrestrial reach. Plus, nurturing a blaze and congregating around it could have helped shape us into the social animals we are today.

One of my favorite youthful memories is sitting with my back against a large boulder, the coolness of the rock in distinct contrast to the warmth emitted by a small but robust fire in front of me, and in the dark of night the sky was an endless ocean of stars with the Milky Way a glowing pathway leading into thoughts of how many years humans had done the very same thing I was doing at that very moment.

With the hot and dry weather of summer, stay safe out there...

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



The Shop

For all your auto repair needs

Sam Thomas
Owner

515 Meyers St.
Kettle Falls, WA

509-738-6500
theshop44@yahoo.com

Trails End Gallery



Trails End Gallery
featuring:
Fine Art by local &
regional artists &
Custom Jewelry by
Tim Nielsen Designs
101 N. Park St. Suite B
Chewelah, WA 99109
(503)516-8355
tijnjewelry@yahoo.com
Mon-Fri 10-5 Sat by appt.
f Trails End Gallery

Colville SIGN

Want something unique?
We specialize in custom sign
and design work,
and we love to hear about
your special project!

153 North Wynne St., Colville, WA
509-685-2185 • colvillesign@plix.com



GARDEN FRESH SALAD
TAKE IT
TO THE RIVER!

Open Daily! 7:30 am - 2 pm
509-732-6179
101 Center St., Northport, WA

ENJOY PEDALING A FOUR-SEATED RAILRIDER ALONG THE NORTH PEND OREILLE RIVER.

LABOR DAY WEEKEND ~ SEPT. 1, 2, 3 **Sold out!**

FALL COLOR RIDES:

OCT 5/6/7 & OCT 12/13/14

DEPARTURES: 9AM, NOON, 3 PM

**2 HOURS • 12 MILES
ROUND TRIP**

Tickets online at:
www.lionsrailriders.com
or

844-724-5743
Mon-Fri 6am-5pm

\$22 / ADULT - 12 YEARS AND OLDER
\$12 / CHILD - 11 YEARS AND YOUNGER

• INDIVIDUALS AND GROUPS WELCOME •

RAIN or SHINE
Plan to Bring
Weather Appropriate Attire



f like us on
facebook

NPOV Lions Club

FOLK OUT!

SUNDAYS ON KPBX



SPOKANE
PUBLIC RADIO

KPBX 91.1 | KSFC 91.9 | KPBZ 90.3 SpokanePublicRadio.org

Along the Mountain Path: Attaining the Hot-Cold Balance

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

“Everything in nature moves in cycles, always balancing itself – inner to outer to inner, heating to cooling and then to heating, winter into spring, and on into summer into fall. The extremes of sweating all the time or never working hard enough to sweat both miss the subtlety of learning to work with the balance of hot and cold in the organism.”

~ Ganga White, *Yoga Beyond Belief*

The Sanskrit word *hatha* translates as “intense” or “vigorous.” This refers to the physical practice of yoga asanas. “Ha” means the sun, and “Tha” means the moon. The practice is the balance of these two energies.

When structuring a class or a practice, it is helpful to first warm up the body, move into deep poses while the muscles are warm and flexible, and then practice cooling poses to bring the body back into balance. Sun salutations and basic standing postures are good ways to warm the body, getting the blood flowing and the muscles supple. Yoga is such a versatile tool for life. We can warm up a stiff body, and then we can calm and cool a hot one. This is why headstand (energizing) is practiced before shoulder stand (cooling, quieting).

When we come to practice, we would do well to tune in and discover what we may need. I have found that during this busy, hot summer I tend to be both stiff and hot. My legs and back become tired and tight from lots of standing, walking and gardening, yet when I come to practice, I am often quite hot. What to do?

Using support for basic standing poses is a nice way to open the body without generating too much heat on a summer afternoon. I have found the supported Padangustasana series (leg stretches with a chair or other support) very helpful for opening up the body. Uttanasana over a chair is a great way to open hamstrings and release the

back in a quiet, calming way. Then I can move into poses designed to calm and cool the body.

There are many ways to cool the body and soothe the spirit with asana.

The most traditional cooling poses are shoulder stand, seated forward bends, and Savasana (corpse pose). In a full balanced practice, which includes both headstand and shoulder stand, shoulder stand is practiced second, usually late in the practice. It stretches the low, deep muscles of the neck and, with the chin/chest lock (Jalandhara bandha), has an interior, quieting energy. Seated forward bends stretch the entire back of the body. The legs are opened, the abdominal organs are contracted, and the focus is inward. Savasana is the art of conscious relaxation. When we relax, we let go, and go inward. In Savasana, the internal focus of the mind actually draws blood flow away from the surface skin, and cools the surface of the body. This is why we often cover with a blanket for Savasana.

Recuperative poses are lovely for refreshing the body in the heat of summer. Reclining, supported poses such as Supta Baddha Konasana, or supported bridge pose, can change the energy of a hot afternoon. Supta BK opens the abdomen and pelvis, helping with digestion and elimination. It increases blood flow to all of the organs and it good for the bladder and urethra. Supported bridge pose opens the chest, and gives a gentle neck stretch for increased energy. Supported

versions of forward bends (chest and head resting on a bolster or blankets) can be held for 5-10 minutes, creating deep relaxation and resting the back. And, of course, Viparita Karani (legs up the wall, with the buttocks supported) drains the blood from the veins of the legs and feet to rest and refresh them.

As you journey along the mountain path this summer, take the time to rest, refresh and cool down. Balance the energy of the warm sun with the cooling energy of the moon.

Namaste.

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



FREE TO RUN
Petsitters & Lucky Dog Retreat
Darla 208-351-5719
Colville, WA
freetorunretreat@yahoo.com
www.freetorunpetsitdogretreat.weebly.com

**Animal care
at your Home
or Farm.
Bring your
dog for a
visit at the
Retreat!
Dog Training
& Social Skill
Courses.**

Northeast Washington Farmers Market



Meet your neighbors!
Every Wednesday & Saturday
9 am ~ 1 pm
May 2nd ~ October 31st
under the clock at
Main & Astor in Colville

*Fresh, locally grown produce
Handcrafted gifts
Bakery goodies
Specialty foods*

Saturday Kid's Events
June through September
Provided by the Kernal Klub

253-203-8920 ~ newfarmersmarket.org

Long Live the Farmer's Tan

By Samantha Brown

Over the years it has been a love of mine to watch the local farmers work their fields. I take notice as one piece of rickety equipment makes its way from one homestead to the next. Usually adorned by an awkwardly tanned man, approaching or well into retirement. Only to be followed by another gent setting about completing the next task.

Laborious as this process is, it reminds me that I live in a community where neighbors really do take the time to love one another, assuming that love is a very real action and not a passing sentiment. Honestly, I think my instincts would have me drive the 12 miles to the nearest grocery store before I walked the distance between me and my neighbor's home to borrow a cup of sugar. I love my neighbors. But I live in fear of inconveniencing anyone or thing on my behalf.

Living here for the majority of my ever-lengthening life, I have enjoyed/endured the notion of small-town community and the open-book transparency that comes with this glorious existence. Over the past decade, or two, however, it is not simply the background that has changed. Being me, I am not sure if I am in the position to say if the change is altogether positive or negative. I will let you decide.

When I was a young woman, a fellow named Aaron Clemons that I had attended junior and high school with offered up a point-blank statement that put me on course to question myself for the next twenty years. He simply asked, with malicious intent I'm sure, "Samantha, why are you always walking around like you are stuck in your own world?"

Well geez, what kind of a question is that? I am not sure if I answered him or simply thought to myself, "Because I am."

It is obvious to me, and most everyone else now, but I did not know anything about the idea of an introvert/extrovert at that time in my life. Growing up I never really felt close to the friends I was thought to have. I just hovered somewhat close to them to prevent basic ridicule and judgment that came from wandering

aimlessly on one's own.

I did appreciate them as individuals. Don't get me wrong, they were all beautiful people. I simply never held a real attachment in those situations. If left to my own design, I tuned everyone out and focused on the painting, sculpture or drawing that was in front of me.

I did pay attention enough, however, to know that I was not the norm. Aaron simply brought that to the forefront of my mind. It seemed to me that most people lived to interact with each other. They appeared to thrive in those situations. I didn't think too much about it up until that moment. Now I began questioning myself from that day, wondering why I was so different. But here's the plot twist: Flash forward 20-ish years and BAM! I am normal. No, I didn't change my ways, but rather it seems the ways have changed.

I often make my way through the various towns that dot our beautiful valleys and hills.

making such bold maneuvers.

If by chance they do notice, they simply act like it never happened, and look back down at their smart devices or find some other way of stating that their minds are already occupied by thoughts that do not include me, or anyone else around them.

So, who am I to judge being someone who can't even put effort into talking to an over-worked cashier at the local grocers? Oh, believe me, I do not judge; I am liberated. My world, the one I walk all alone in, has gotten a lot bigger, and a lot more interesting.

So I sit here typing, and watching those small square hay bales evolve into large round ones. The evergreen mountains off in the distance have a bit more brown in them than they used to, and don't feel as soft and inviting. For some hidden reason the sky is not the only thing that seems a little too blue this July.

My long-time neighbor passed away a couple

years back. He was the second generation of his family to tend to the grand expanse of fields in this charming valley I watch over from my mountaintop. His fields are now being cut by his widow, son and grandson. It is a grand statement to say that it takes three people to successfully compare to one man's love for his land. I know the family farm has history and means the world to these people, but I live



I spend a lot of time taking photos and trying my darnedest to visit the many, many members of my family. In my traveling around, I have noticed a shift. While I am out in public, at the market, or at community events, I am not the one avoiding eye contact. I am not the one shying away from social interaction that used to take place all around me but without my involvement.

Let me assure you, before you jump to some slightly humorous conclusion, that I have nothing that obviously repels people. But as I freely stare at them, they don't even notice. I can comfortably watch people ignore me, and rest assured that no real interaction will come from

in fear of the day they will parcel it off and give up tending those fields for a more appealing tan line.

Change is here, probably to stay. It would be hard for me to tell it to pack its bags and get out of here. While embracing my future, because who really has a choice about that one, I have two options. I will continue to watch my neighbors do what they do, while they pretend not to notice me, or I can work up the courage to borrow that cup of sugar and see what August has in store.

Samantha Brown is a "home-grown, off-grid homesteader who enjoys capturing and sharing glimpses of our way of life.

Slim Shade For Hot Chickens

By Michelle Lancaster

When we think chickens should be at peak egg-laying production, hot summer days often leave them hiding under trees and slow to lay. Cows graze in shaded areas or in the cool parts of the day and night. Sheep hide under an old trampoline for relief from the sun.

Heat has a major impact on farm animal production. Moderate heat usually maximizes production whereas excessive heat stifles growth and decreases outputs such as eggs or milk.

Chickens prefer a temperature range of 55-75°F. Any warmer and they hang their tongues out and spread their wings. Cows favor 65°F and cooler (as cool as 25-40°F!). A cow creates a huge amount of heat through digestion. After being around sheep a few winters, observation suggests that they desire temperatures below 32°F. With a wool coat up to 8 inches thick, our sheep love snow weather and start to melt when the sun heats their pen to 60°F or more.

I can identify well with my animals – I enjoy weather in the 60s or cooler.

While N.E. Washington regularly experiences cool nights and many months of cooler weather, July and August can be scorches. Hot weather can depress appetites, so we work diligently to keep all the animals eating well. The chickens enjoy soaked grain – a mixture of cracked wheat, oats and peas plus chicken mineral soaked in skimmed milk for 24-48 hours. Watermelon is the favorite summer fruit and zucchini is the best vegetable, according to multiple surveys of our 70 chickens and an exhaustive study throughout summer days of throwing excess produce over the garden fence to the hens.

The sheep tout mango as their preferred fruit and any possible vegetable we want to throw to them. Our picky cows want nothing but succulent 4-to-10-inch managed pasture grasses and all the clover we can grow.

While hot weather may decrease food intake, water consumption increases significantly. One of our Jersey cows drinks on average 20-30 gallons of water per day in order to produce around 5 gallons of milk. In comparison, one sheep will drink only a gallon of water per day and a chicken drinks around a pint. High temperatures can prompt an animal to drink 2 to 4 times its normal amount of water, so access to 24/7 water is imperative.

We have noticed that the animals all drink significantly more water after the troughs have been emptied, scrubbed and refilled with fresh cool water. As my dad taught me, “If you wouldn’t drink it, they shouldn’t have to drink it – keep water clean!”



An option for those with limited water is to use a float – a valve attached to a hose with a plastic float that opens up to refill when the water drops to a certain level. If used with a small trough, the water gets replenished frequently, and so stays cooler.

Keeping the animals cool can reduce heat stress and water demand. The chickens often live under trees and bushes to stay in the shade. They adore running water and fresh water – a cheap chicken thrill is to simply dump their water bucket out and refill with fresh water. They chase and drink the stream of water flowing into the ground and later sip the cool well water throughout the day.

Most of the animals do not want to walk under a sprinkler, but they greatly appreciate that area the next day – whether for pasturing, pecking

on bugs or lying on cool, moist soil.

As we roast under summer rays, you will find me in the kitchen making a smoothie (one mango, 2 cups milk and 1 cup ice cubes – blend and sip) or hiding in the cool basement, like a cave creature, working on projects there to avoid the sun.

Though we are all thankful for sunshine to grow crops, the sheep and chickens would likely join me in saying they will be glad for the cooler fall coming up. The cows will be too busy foraging, having heard the countdown is on as daylight hours decrease. All too soon we may be wishing for warm weather again, but not yet!

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

HOME PET CARE

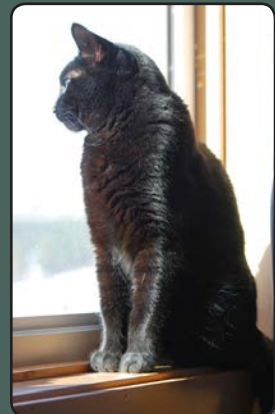
Long experience with animals, a great attentiveness to their unique dispositions, and dedication to reliable, respectful, and affectionate attention to their needs.

Small Animals • Large Animals

Overnight Care at Your Home

Serving North Stevens & Ferry Counties

509-675-8644



MOUNTAIN PATH YOGA



**Keep Cool
and Carry On
With Yoga!**

NOW ACCEPTING SIGN-UPS
FOR FALL INTRO TO YOGA

Ongoing classes: Tuesday through Friday

Private Sessions By Appointment

Please call Sarah at 509-684-0965

CLASSES WITH TIFANIE WELLS

Wednesdays, 9:30 - 11:30 am

Call 722-5281 for info

SARAH KILPATRICK, E.R.Y.T.
818 E. COLUMBIA • COLVILLE
(509) 684-0965

THE HIGHLANDS

**Senior/Disabled Units
Nice Quiet 1 Bdrm
Apartment in Colville**

Subsidized, quality, like-new
affordable housing with many
amenities, heat included.

Rent based on income.

Must be Income Eligible

For Information:

509-684-4387

or TDD

1-800-545-1833

Ext. #530



This institution

*is an Equal Opportunity
Provider and Employer*



COLVILLE GLASS

509-684-6501

TOLL FREE 1-888-254-9773

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



111 S. Oak • Colville, WA 99114

www.ColvilleGlass.com



TWO CASINOS, ONE CLUB!

It's official! Your Sun Club Card is now available for use at both
Spokane Tribe Casino and Chewelah Casino. Earn points and
increase your tier status faster, and redeem your points exactly
where and how you want to.

See Sun Club for complete details.



The Backyard Philosopher

Perspective: Forming It, Using It

By Linda Bond

It will likely come as no surprise to anyone when I say that no two people think exactly alike. Life itself may be composed of facts, but how we view our life experiences, our situation, our past and future is probably very much subjective.

According to Vocabulary.com, "Your perspective is the way you see something. ... Perspective has a Latin root meaning 'look through' or 'perceive,' and all the meanings of perspective have something to do with looking."

What Is the Source of Our Perspective?

Each of us will have different perspectives on all that we experience. We usually don't refer to them as perspectives, however. Rather, if we have wisdom, we will likely recognize them as our opinions or viewpoints. If less wise, we may simply believe they are facts – the truth about what is, without question.

But where does our perspective on something come from? It can be shaped by many things, such as:

Our life experiences – Were we born into abject poverty or to a wealthy household? Were we shown love and that we were valued? Were we ignored? Did we suffer inappropriate discipline? We may interpret our personal life by the limits of what we have experienced. For example, we may not believe loving people exist if we have not seen them for ourselves. And perhaps we will expect life to be filled with monsters if only monstrous people have existed in our own life.

Our education – If fortunate, we have had at least one teacher who explained to us the need to think about our viewpoints and to consider the ideas of others. We may or may not have been exposed to the writings of great thinkers who understood that we are all susceptible to "blind spots" in our vision, at the very least. Oftentimes, narrow-minded people are unable to look at things from another's point of view. But it can be tricky to recognize our narrow-mindedness if we do not know of its existence.

Our survival instinct – If our life is one of hardship, we may grow to believe that life is a harsh reality that must be suffered, either in silence or by refusal to cooperate with others. Unfortunately, we often see what we expect to see in life. Our life can become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Our community – We can be influenced by a need to belong. The less we see ourselves as independent, the more likely we are to want to have others with whom we agree, sometimes without even realizing what we are doing. Because there can be a tendency to define events in a manner

that will validate our views, we may seek out others who think like we do, and avoid exposure to opinions that do not match our own.

There are many more ways that our experience shapes our perspectives. Some, like our physical state (short, tall, seeing, deaf, etc.), our sexual preferences or gender, our culture, and hundreds of others have varying degrees of impact on how we develop and hold our perspectives.

I'm of the perspective that by applying our knowledge about bias and limited perspective, we can add to our personal joy and success at living.

Social Aspects of Perspective

My observation on the social aspect of perspective is that the problems we experience in society are largely related to inability to come to terms with the differences in our individual perspectives. That's what brings us to the need for compromise.

For instance, as Vocabulary.com suggests, "If you think that toys corrupt children's minds, then from your perspective a toy shop is an evil place." So how do we as a society decide, in this example, whether toy stores should be allowed to exist? Although someone who finds them to be evil may want them removed, perhaps a compromise might be to place limits on who may frequent them.

An opinion frequently heard these days is that polarization has become more pronounced in our current society than in the more recent past. Some say it has been accelerated by social media; others contend that social media has simply shown a light on a reality that has always existed. One of the problems with rampant disagreement is that we tend to isolate ourselves into self-ratifying groups. And those groups can stifle our ability to grow beyond our own limitations.

Growing Beyond Limited Perspective

If we watch the news shows, read the books, see the movies or listen to the others who only agree with us, I think we make it almost impossible to weigh our own perspectives against the ideas of others.

I don't think anyone is being asked to give up their own ideas. But isn't it better to know why we hold our opinions instead of following along without reservation and without consideration?

It's your life. I'm in favor of living it wisely.

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.



(509) 935-4050

Water • Fire • Storm • Mold • Sewer Cleanup
25+ Years Experience Property Loss Recovery

*We work directly with your insurance company
to eliminate added stress to your loss.*

Kelly & Daisy's Book Signings!

Join two local authors in Chewelah and dive into some esoteric goodness! Learn about consciousness and the cosmic nature of the human being, forest elder wisdom, healing ourselves, greater spiritual connections and loving relationships.

Come visit Kelly Lapseritis and Daisy Pongrakthai in Chewelah!

8/1: Quartzite Brewery @ 6-7pm

8/2: Jean's Beans Coffee, 5:30-8pm

8/17: Chewelah Farmer's Market, 11am-3pm

From the Inside Out

Attracted to Distraction

By Daisy Pongrakthai

“As viewed, so appears.” ~ Dr. Jean Houston

I believe that what comes to my presence happens because something in me calls it to happen, consciously or unconsciously. This may be somewhat related to that opening quote derivative of quantum physics, for what we are energetically thinking, feeling and sensing is whatever we are drawing unto ourselves and our reality.

Zooming in a little closer with those appearances that show up are experiences of dislikes and distractions. When there is something that I find distracting in my presence, or something is grabbing my attention so much so that I cannot look away or ignore, I know there is something for me to discover. I have found that what “that something” lurking behind a dislike or distraction relates to is some unattended aspect of me.

Whatever it is, there is a reason why I am attracted to the distraction, the noise, the imperfection, or the person that I cannot seem to remove

my awareness from.

It is important for me to acknowledge these things because it is distracting to me for a reason that I can discover with a little digging. And in that prospecting, there is a hidden treasure waiting for me – a new discovery, an attainment, an *aha!* So, when something is distracting me, I want to delve more deeply into it to find the gem of wisdom behind it because I know it's there. These discoveries have shown up time after time in this manner. And rather than ignore them or complaining, I ask why?

If it is a sound, I close my eyes and pay attention to the noise. What is the noise triggering in me? If it is something I cannot look away from, I look as intently as I possibly can at it to allow it to show me what the lesson is behind the dislike. Again, if something is getting my attention, that is a good thing. It is very purposeful, and it is my work to discover what purpose it is teaching me.

One way I have found around getting too distracted and caught up in confusion or mental judgments is to imagine that everything I come across in my reality and everything that I experience in my reality is put there by me, and that I have the tools necessary to discover the meaning of what it is that I have put in my path.

This takes away blame and gives me a way to dive in deeper to my mind, heart and being, asking “Now what in the heck would I put that there for?” It's kind of a fun little practice.

Usually, the thing that is distracting to me is something I hold resistance to. And if I hold resistance to something, then there is something for me to process and clear. And clearing is a necessary step in my becoming a better person. So, I might as well take advantage of the fact that I have noticed the distraction and make use of that!

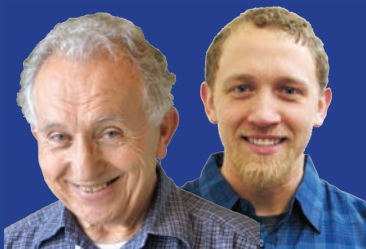
I do take my time and am easy with myself through this process. These things may seem like minor annoyances, but usually there is a wealth more behind them to be discovered – many times related to past painful experiences, childhood or untended inner garden work on myself, such as attaining a new insight or gift of understanding.

It has been quite liberating for me to release what it is I am resisting so that I can carry on my day being aware and being focused on what I choose to focus on. I have more energy to devote to my loves and passions whole-heartedly, plus I have more choices in mind, rather than being detoured or distracted.

Chewelah author Daisy Pongrakthai just published Earth Man & Dreaming Beauty: My Mythic Journey and Beyond Polarities and Frequency Words, the first two volumes of a mini-book series called Nutshell Solutions. Learn more at www.thepartyinside.com.

Colville's only jewelry store

Repairs done in-house



- Ring sizing
- Chain repairs
- Diamond setting
- Prong repair
- Custom design
- Watch batteries



COLVILLE JEWELERS

226 S. Main 684-8821

Tues-Sat 10am-5:30pm

Addy Second Hand

Open Mon. - Sat.
10 - 5:30

Check us out on
[Facebook.com/
addy2ndhand](https://www.facebook.com/addy2ndhand) to view
our inventory!

935-4619
1383 Hwy. 395 S.

“Education for the Road Ahead”



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

Colville's locally owned driving school!

162 East 1st, Colville • (509) 684-3164 • www.road scholar drivingschool.com

On the Fringes of Singes

By Gabriele von Trapp

I don't relish this time of year. From July to September I am on heightened alert, especially on August 14th. The date has affected my life profoundly – not just once, but twice.

In 1997, my children and I were living on a cute little homestead in Tum Tum. We were surrounded by beautiful trees, wildflowers and the jagged rock outcroppings of Mount Godfrey, which my son aptly named "Sadface." The outcrops gave way to an enchanting canyon that was home to old-growth firs, unique rock formations, caves and fragrant wisteria-like bushes.

It was magical to walk through this special and isolated ecosystem and we enjoyed many hikes through the canyon on our way to the Red Lake community where our friends lived.

On August 14 of that year we were preparing to celebrate my eldest son's 12th birthday. The weather was hot and dry and the wind was whipping. A neighborly friend was visiting and, as we talked in the yard, we noticed smoke. David climbed into his truck, which had a ham radio, and drove down the road to check out the situation. Within moments he called me and yelled, "Get the kids out NOW, you don't have time to get animals out, a fire is coming your way!"

I grabbed my three young children, threw them into my car and drove like a banshee to the Red Lake community a mile down the road. My friends greeted me with concern and immediately realized the dire situation. As we stood there together, looking west toward my homestead, we observed a very large plume of gray smoke. Suddenly there was a black spire and we realized that a home was burning. Moments later, a second black spire erupted into the smoke-filled sky. There were only a few homes in that direction and one of them was mine.

As I watched, my knees buckled and I felt as if I would collapse. I was standing among caring friends but I was alone in the moment of knowing that I just lost everything. My veins were filled with adrenaline, but my mind was numb. I could not breathe, move or cry. I gave way to the collapse. My son celebrated his 12th birthday in a church basement not knowing if he had a home to go to.

The next morning a fireman contacted me to let me know my home was still standing. Apparently, a group of teenagers who were thought by locals to be unruly troublemakers and good-for-nothings risked their lives to save my property. They drove a minivan in

front of the fire to load my herd of llamas and goats, which they managed to stuff into the van successfully. It must have been quite a sight to see it rocking and pitching down the road with the displaced animals crammed inside! The teens held a fire vigil all night long, with wet towels wrapped around their heads, shovels and rakes in hand, keeping the flames at bay.

After returning home and living through several weeks of extinguishing flareups and accommodating cleanup fire crews, I realized that I was living in a landscape that now resembled a war zone. Just a few trees survived around my home and the beautiful canyon was devastated. I was living on a hollow moonscape.

I sold and moved two years later with no regrets.

I purchased a property on Springdale-Hunters Road, in the foothills of the Selkirk Mountains. The property was rural, green, heavily treed and a vibrant elixir for my burn-stained soul. But I'd been traumatized in ways I was not aware. When warm weather arrived, I would be out scouting for fire. I became a fanatic and thought to be a loony by my family.

I had a tall water tower on the property, my lookout, and I would perch atop it daily and scan the surrounding forest with my binoculars for signs of fire. One early morning in August, I saw what looked to be a low crawling fog in treetops just up the road. The sight made me very nervous and adrenaline started pumping through my veins.

My family thought I was losing it. I called the Department of Natural Resources (DNR), against my family's advice, and was told they would send a crew out to check on what I had reported.

Late that afternoon a DNR employee stopped by. He thanked me for calling the department because his crew found a low fire that had been burning for several days, started by lightning. He told me that if it had erupted, which would have been likely on such a warm day, it would have devastated the area. I was relieved.

On August 14, 2015, the Carpenter fire erupted in Fruitland. It was far away from where I lived and my neighbors assured me it would never cross the ridge of the Selkirks. I didn't believe them and they thought I was over-reacting. Two days later the raging fire had climbed the ridge and was heading our way. Friends hauled my animals out to the fairgrounds as I was ordered to leave immediately and indefinitely.

My property was surrounded by a gargan-

tuan and violent fire, one giant leg to the south toward Allen road and another fiery leg to the north moving toward Waitts Lake, with my home right in the middle. I did not know for some time if I had a house to come home to. I was not allowed back for two weeks.

The DNR did an amazing job to secure my home. They attached old sheet metal I had stored on the property to the footing of the house to prevent flames from climbing the wooden structure. Dozers ditched firebreaks, and bushes and plants were cut away from the buildings. There was not much left to do except pray the winds were in our favor.

After hearing some ominous reports from people in Springdale, where I parked myself waiting for news, I was amazed to learn my home was still standing, although the event took a serious toll on my psyche.

I sold the property two years later and moved onto a farm in Deer Park, with no regrets. Deep inside I felt relieved to be living in a wide-open space where fire danger was minimized. Enough was enough.

On a Sunday in early July, I was sitting on the deck in conversation with my son-in-law. It was a very warm day and we were taking a break from the heat and work we were doing together. I heard several sirens in the distance, which we hear quite often, so I took no mind.

Then we suddenly smelled smoke! I immediately went into overdrive-freaked-out-fire-mode. I looked at the back of our hayfield and noticed a smoke plume. It was a fire! At the back of our property, on a neighboring parcel. The fire department was there. I began to pace and hyperventilate, conjuring about what I needed to do next. I was preparing for the worst-case scenario, which is what experience taught me.

My son-in-law and son, who was also on the scene, did their best to reassure me that we were relatively safe. They talked me back to sanity, but I could not take my eyes off the potential threat. I was filled with a fight-or-flight mindset and it took the rest of the day to get my thoughts back to normal.

August 14th is on its way. I instinctively find myself on hyper-alert. I don't want to be standing on the fringes of the singes, where I have stood far too many times. It always takes its toll in ways that only a survivor can know.

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

Hwy 395 in Kettle Falls
509-738-2727
MeyersFallsMarket.com

Choose stainless steel water bottles
and be ready for

Back to School!



Use this coupon to save

20% off

*all Klean Kanteen
stainless steel water bottles*

One coupon per person; not valid with other offers.
exp. 8-31-18

Meyers Falls Market
"The Natural Choice"

Just Open Yourself

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



Visit WordsOfWords.com to
learn more and to buy acronyms
on a variety of quality products,
from shirts to mugs and more.
Give Ideas For Thought Sharing

**PARKER'S
GLASS**

L.L.C.
AUTO GLASS REPAIR & REPLACEMENT

(509) 684-6034

AUTO GLASS
LOG TRUCKS
HEAVY EQUIPMENT

LOCALLY & FAMILY
OWNED

MOTOR HOMES
FARM EQUIPMENT
CLASSIC CARS

ROCK CHIP REPAIRS FREE UNDER MOST
COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE PLANS!



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



Questions? Need vendor information? Email us at:
thrivalists@gmail.com or call (509) 935-0780

First Annual Thrivalist Self-Sufficiency Fair

September 2-3, 2018, 9 am – 5 pm
NE Washington Fairgrounds
317 West Astor Ave., Colville, WA
Admission is FREE!

We have a great lineup of speakers and events,
including:

- Emergency communications
- Tiny house living
- Self-defense
- Homesteading on a budget
- Food preservation
- Primitive survival skills
- Bees, chickens, goats, and more!
- Water collection
- Off-grid living
- Wild edibles, and much more!

Back Home to Our Small Town

By Becky Dubell

2,400 road miles away vs. 40 steps away. Which of these two choices would I rather have? I have flown up to Fairbanks nine times in the past three years. It can take up to 12 hours to make the trip one-way, depending on the flight schedules. Now ... I haven't timed the 40 steps yet, but it sure doesn't take anywhere near 12 hours! If you haven't guessed yet, my kids have moved from Fairbanks to Colville. (Can you tell I'm excited?)

For our daughter Jamie, with husband Dan and daughter JJ, hitting the city limits of Fairbanks was a noisy moment in our car: "Goodbye Fairbanks! Moving to Granny B's in Washington!"

Jamie drove the car with me in the back seat next to JJ (soon to be three years old) sitting in her car seat. Dan drove the 26-foot U-Haul truck with his dad as co-pilot. This was a five-night trip out of Alaska, through Canada and into Washington on "toddler time." If the almost potty-trained toddler tells you she has to, well, you know, you stop and let her use the "car potty." Being the quick study that she is, "car potty" meant stopping and you don't dare call her bluff, so ... lots of breaks along the way.

I was very impressed with how JJ handled the trip – 2,400 miles sitting in that car seat; on a couple of days she handled it better than we did. Years back when Jim and I drove down to Arizona from Alaska, we had a station wagon, back seat folded down with the "car potty" and play area set up back there so we were more on "adult time." According to the laws now, it is amazing our girls survived the trip.

This youngest daughter of ours was never moving back to Colville. She spent time in Skagway, New York City, Seattle and Michigan before settling in Fairbanks with husband Dan. You know what they say – never say never!

I'm thinking she started rethinking this idea when JJ came along. See, Jamie did not like the idea that I would know where she had been and with whom before she even got home – small town, ya know. Might be a slight exaggeration on my part but now that this baby girl is in the picture, it is a whole different story.

Working at the Colville Do-it Center I see quite a few people during the day. I have noticed that many of Jamie's classmates who also left are moving back home. Being the small town that Colville is, we look after our own. These young adults, no longer the rebelling teenagers, are remembering that feeling of belonging. We even have classmates that have become teachers. How cool is that? Me, personally, I'm really liking this trend.

The first day home was a new experience for JJ. For Mommy and Daddy, too. She got to play outside all day long with Granny B, DC, Uncle Raym, Aunt Barb, Uncle Jeff, Emma, Brenden, Jameson, Nana, Papa, Uncle Mark and Lily. Oh. Mommy and Daddy too. And three dogs. She even got to play in the Colville dirt – which was mud going down the shower drain later. She slept like a log that night.

The biggest draw in moving to Colville was family, and other things just fell into place. When Dan was down in May he interviewed for a job at Hewescraft – and accepted the Hewescraft job offer before the house went on the market in Fairbanks. The house was live on Zillow for a whole three days in June before they accepted an offer. The very special playhouse would not fit into the U-Haul until Jamie did the "Dubell Shuffle" and made it fit. Dan had, in his mind, been changing his plans to driving the U-Haul to Colville and then flying back up to drive his truck down with the playhouse in the back. A very special play-

house (and Daddy) indeed.

Things just kept right on falling into place for my kids, right down to recycling the packing boxes to a couple of friends instead of into the recycle bins.

There is so much to do in this area, they really don't know where to start – visit family, float the river, fish, hunt, visit the walnut tree (JJ's favorite), visit the "so cute" new baby trees and (my favorite), walk the 40 steps from their door to mine for JJ to get a hug before bed from Granny B, after which I turn into a puddle.

They have been down to the Little Pend Oreille River (in JJ's words, "Daddy, it's a creek." Alaskan toddler; what can I say?). Went to Lake Gillette and got sunburned. Got lost on the Game Range (our old name for it) and came out on Highway 20 – much improved roads – loved it! It's wonderful to see our home territory through their fresh eyes.

Dan is planning on ice fishing. I don't think he is going to need the four-foot ice auger with the four-foot extension to get through the ice that he's used to in Fairbanks. Planting and watering fruit trees and pumpkins. Mowed the grass with the riding mower a couple of times – acres here versus a tiny grass plot in Fairbanks. And the list keeps growing.

Thank you for letting me ramble. My dreams have pretty much all come true. Thank you, family! Thank you, friends! It has been an unusual three years – thank you for being there for me and letting me share.

Personal note: Hey to the other orange CanAm Spyder rider with the yellow jacket – we'd better keep track of where we've been 'cuz I have been reported to be in places I know I have not been. This being a small town, I don't want you to get into trouble! Ride safe.



Great Reasons to Shop Locally!

Speed Queen

ASHLEY
FURNITURE INDUSTRIES, INC.

Serta

PRICE MATCH

684-9745 www.colvilledeals.com
Monday-Saturday 9-6 **Flexible Delivery!**

141 S. Main St. • Colville, WA 99114



2018 Dining &

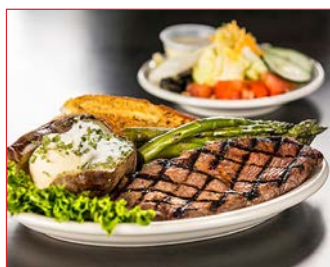
Enjoy dining out in Northeastern Washington at any one of our fine eateries listed below. If traveling or just looking for a special night out, be sure to check out the lodging options listed here first!

Chewelah

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

CHEWELAH CASINO:

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



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

MONDO'S: Enjoy delicious pastas, salads, paninis and more. Dine in or take out. Patio seating. Family friendly. 404 E Main Ave. Tue-Fri 3pm-8:30pm. Sat 2pm-8:30pm. 509-935-8811.



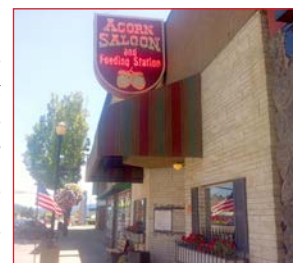
QUARTZITE BREWING COMPANY:

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

Colville

ACORN SALOON & FEEDING STATION:

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



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

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

CHATEAU VIN: Artisan-prepared salads, chef-inspired tapas, gourmet sandwiches, and delicious entrées paired with a great selection of wine, beer and wine-based martinis at 161 E 3rd Suite F. Wed-Sat 11:30am-8pm. Sunday Brunch 9am-2pm. Orders to go: 509-675-6243.



DRAGON VILLAGE:

Authentic Cantonese, Hunan & Szechwan Cuisine. Dine it, take out, catering, beer, wine, cocktails. 155 S. Main. Tue-Sat 11am-9pm, Sat 11am-3pm. [Facebook.com/dragonvillagechineserestaurant](https://www.facebook.com/dragonvillagechineserestaurant) 509-684-8989.

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



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

Say You Saw
Us in the NCM!

Lodging Guide

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

To have your business listed, please email us at ncmonthly@gmail.com or call 509-675-3791.

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



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

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



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

WILLIAMS LAKE B&B: Where personal attention is guaranteed! Located in picturesque Echo Valley, 11 miles NW of Colville. Open year round; pets welcome. Let us know what we can do to make your stay one which will be fondly remembered. 509-684-3459, margarettuttle@wildblue.net, williamslakebb.com.

Kettle Falls

MEYERS FALLS MARKET CAFE has a wide variety of natural & organic food! Tacos, salad bar, paninis, homemade ice cream, milkshakes, floats, coffee & more. Open daily 11-5. Hwy 395 in Kettle Falls. 509-738-2727 meyersfallsmarket.com.



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

Newport

DANNYANN'S B&B: Enjoy a hearty breakfast and explore the beautiful Pend Oreille River Valley. Three appointed guest rooms with private baths. Relax. Renew. Retreat. 131 N. Spokane Ave., dannyanns.com, 509-447-3787.



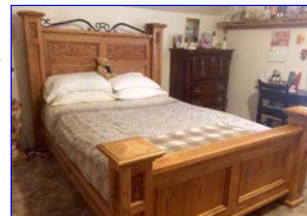
Northport



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

MATTESON HOUSE B&B:

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



Orient



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

**GET YOUR
BUSINESS LISTED!**
ncmonthly@gmail.com ~ 509-675-3791

Northeast Washington 2018 **FAIR** 2018

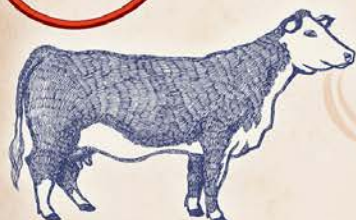


NORTHEAST WASHINGTON FAIRGROUNDS
COLVILLE, WASHINGTON



COUNTRY FUN FOR EVERYONE

August 23-26



Parade
Saturday
10:00 am



1ST 1500 FREE

- *Thursday* -
Sponsored By **BOISE**

- *Sunday* -
Sponsored By **COUNTRY
CHEVROLET**



FOOD VENDERS

KID'S RIDES

SWING DANCE LESSONS

Friday 7:00 pm

BIG TREE SALE

Saturday 1:30 pm

FAT STOCK SALE

Saturday 3:00 pm

DANCE TO

KELLY HUGHES BAND

Saturday 9:00 pm



For More Information Call the Fairgrounds Office - 509-684-2585