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Random Acts of Community

It's Loyal to Mention the Spinach

By Christine Wilson

"I would need certain commitments," Richard said after a moment.

"Like what?"

"Truth, honesty, integrity," he said. "And loyalty. Above and beyond truth, honesty and integrity, I would demand loyalty. Loyalty above all. You'd have to swear an oath."

"... I'm afraid I can't do that, Richard," I said. "I could never put loyalty above truth, honesty and integrity..."

~ Quoted from A Sudden Light by Garth Stein

If your friend or spouse asks you if what they are wearing looks good on them, and you don't think it does, what do you say? What is the loyal response?

If you are having dinner with someone and they have food stuck in their teeth, do you point it out? Is it disloyal to say something or disloyal to keep quiet?

If someone you work with makes a bigoted statement, do you call them on it? Who are you being loyal to when you speak out and who are you being loyal to when you keep silent?

Do you tell your friend something you would not tell your boss? Do you challenge your most beloved people when they are speaking unkindly or seem especially critical? If you know they take any comments of less than perfection as an attack, do you keep your thoughts to yourself? If you value people's right to respect without concern for gender, race or any other notion we think separates us, when do you speak up? Where do loyalty and courage meet?

Trevor Riddell is the 14-year-old main character of *A Sudden Light* and his precocious observations of human experience pepper the novel withchutzpa I certainly didn't have at that age. I was taught to be blindly loyal and to believe that disagreement was the equivalent of disrespect and therefore an act of disloyalty. Stating a disparate opinion was an insult.

When people grow up that way, it makes speaking one's mind difficult and eventually even an awareness of what you believe goes away, since it can feel pointless to notice. Being taught that speaking our mind is "talking back," we learn to not trust our opinions and to defer to other people, especially when they have more authority or seem more confident. It's an expensive life choice, however, leading us into situations and relationships that do not feel very good and that lead to what is personally my least favorite feeling: resentment.

Intrepid loyalty requires the person on the receiving end of speaking out to be courageous,

to accept oneself and others as less than perfect, and to hear legitimate observations to that end. It requires us to risk disapproval and to register our own complaints in respectful ways. We must live with the gradations of imperfection. Certainty is comforting but narrows our world view. We end up excluding conversations and experiences that can help us live more expansive and richer lives.

I read an interview recently with Alan Alda, who has written a new book on communication. He reports that he always has his wife review his books first, because he knows she will tell him her truth. The implication is that she is willing to point out problems in his writing and he is willing to hear them with curiosity, not defensiveness. That is a mature and solid form of loyalty.

Friends don't let friends stay out in public with spinach on their teeth. I recently walked by our local laundromat and a woman standing by her car told me my coat was buttoned unevenly. I thanked her and she said: "I always tell the truth. Sometimes people don't like it but I tell it anyway."

Superficial politeness does not promote community. Blind loyalty is not loyalty at all and silence is the voice of complicity. All of that keeps us with flawed thinking, potentially more prejudices, and spinach in our teeth. I've seen blind loyalty slip into seething disrespect, fall apart into anger, and turn into what researchers say is the worst poison of all for relationships: contempt.

I love comfort as much as the next person and I don't think we have to go around being uncomfortable all the time. That just doesn't sound like fun. However, human beings are much stronger than we give ourselves credit for. Relationships are too. As much fun as it is to be praised and congratulated, we need to hear the negative information as well. That's a deep loyalty that may not feel good at the time, but helps us in the long run. Managing discomfort

can be learned, and there are many sources of information out there to guide us.

People will talk about us when we aren't around; it's human nature. We all need the chance to sort out our feelings and get second opinions. Ultimately, however, I want to surround myself with loyal friends who can speak their truth and believe me when I speak mine. We need language for registering complaints and a stalwart heart for hearing them from others. Most of us are a work in progress anyway, because, as my yoga teacher has said, balance is never still.

I have a friend whose five-year-old granddaughter said that, when there are different ideas about how to do things, people should just go along with hers. We all have our inner five-year-old; nothing wrong with liking our own ideas. However, in this current world of rigid beliefs and hypersensitivity, a deeper loyalty full of challenging thoughts within the realm of consensus can be a healing salve.

It wouldn't be a normal initial reaction to say: "Hey, thanks for pointing out my flaws. I get to be a better person now." Ultimately, though, I want to live in a world where we can say to each other, whether in our home or our community or our nation: "You matter to me and I don't think you are less than I am, and I have a point to make you might not like. Tell me your story and I will tell you mine."

Quicker than that, friends and spouses can nicely get to the point. A married college friend of mine can just say "school time" and the spouse knows to prepare for something uncomfortable. Decades later, they are still together. A catch phrase like that can lead to the good question "How might we move forward together from here?" That's a community worth living in.

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

What Santa Rosa Can Teach Us

By Dr. Barry Bacon, MD

I was attending a global health workshop in Houston, hoping to gain some interest in a project to build a medical school in western Ethiopia where there are many refugees without a future or hope. A young physician was sitting at a modest desk handing out tiny bananas, the kind you don't see in northeast Washington, and also various forms of chocolate. She was trying to entice other family doctors to come work with her on the Hopi Reservation in Arizona. Another family doctor who had recently returned from Nepal spoke of her experiences there and how we could help. Still another team told of their planned trip to Bangladesh to assess human rights violations against the Rohingya minority fleeing violence in Myanmar.

A phone call interrupted my conversations. A young doctor on the phone spoke to me of tragic loss of life, thousands displaced, people

in makeshift shelters or living in tents set up in parking lots. Some who can't speak English, others who are demented, many who fled their homes without warning, with nothing, simply running for their lives. Cars melted on driveways. Two hospitals evacuated, only one left open to absorb those fleeing the firestorm. Thousands of structures burned, mostly homes.

This young doctor spoke to me of the chaos she had witnessed at the shelters. People separated from families, without their medicine, not knowing what medicines they are supposed to be taking. She spoke of setting up emergency makeshift tent hospitals in parking lots to care for those traumatized by their plight. She spoke with compassion and sorrow about the suffering. She told me she will go again, take some young doctors in training, find a way to help people.

No, she was not speaking of Myanmar, or Africa, or the Hopi Reservation in eastern Arizona. She was speaking of the firestorm in Santa Rosa, California. The young doctor is my daughter, Allison, a family doctor in the Santa Rosa area. The stories she told brought into focus the plight of many without shelter, and the attitudes of many who just don't understand what homelessness is.

At least 6,700 structures were lost in Santa Rosa (population 172,000) due to this onslaught of converging wildfires, leaving 9,000 people homeless. Over the days that the fire swept through the region, traveling at speeds of up to 40 miles per hour, 20,000 people were evacuated. There was no time to grab anything. People had to jump into their vehicles and flee in the middle of the night with literally one minute to spare. The flames melted cars into puddles, and liquid aluminum ran down

Photos taken on Oct. 9, 2017 by Dave Callagy of San Miguel Road, Santa Rosa.



the sidewalks.

Assisted living facilities, hospitals and nursing homes had to be evacuated. People with profound disabilities spent fear-filled days and nights in whatever shelters the city could devise. Caregivers stayed with the people in their charge, not attending to their own comfort, seeking to minimize the suffering of their patients.

Two of the three hospitals in Santa Rosa had to be evacuated. Women in labor, neonates, people on ventilators in ICUs ... it didn't matter. Everyone was removed and taken wherever an appropriate hospital bed could be found. One hundred seventy physicians lost their homes in the flames.

There is an amazing story of a neonatologist who works at one of the hospitals who was called in from home to evacuate the neonatal intensive care unit. When he went back to his home, he saw distant flames and awakened his wife and four kids, explaining that they needed to quickly get out of their house.

Then the electronic medical record system went down because of all of the power outages and loss of communications towers, so he personally followed the ambulance on his motorcycle to the only hospital that was still open in order to sign each baby in and help care for them. By early morning, he learned that his own home was engulfed in flames. Everything except his family was lost.

Young doctors in training pitched in and helped evacuate the hospitals in order to save lives, even while their own homes were burning. During the following days they went from shelter to shelter around the city where between 600-1,000 people were camped at each of the various sites, the young, the old, the sick and infirm, the demented and the poor all mingled together. MASH-style hospitals and clinics were set up on the spot, and the doctors and nurses did what they could to piece together care for people who had no connection to those trying to help them, and had left without their medicine because there was no time. Remarkably, the death toll to date is only 42.

I am stunned at the suffering, and I am humbled by the courage shown by those whose duty to the patients in their care took first priority, even in the face of personal danger or loss. What has become crystal clear to me is the lack of understanding that so many have

about this issue of homelessness. You can read in our newspapers about the attitudes, plans and policies that fail to comprehend that these people, the thousands who lost their homes in Santa Rosa, are the faces of homelessness, the very people we should be helping.

I invite anyone, and especially civic leaders, politicians and business leaders, to pack your bags, fly to Santa Rosa, and work alongside my daughter and her colleagues before passing

crossed by loss of a job. An illness. People paying too much for basic housing. Racial minorities are at higher risk. Inadequate discharge planning from an institution (e.g., foster care). A house fire. Family violence. A brain injury.

The National Coalition for the Homeless says much the same thing. Lack of affordable housing is driving this thing. Limited housing assistance. Foreclosures. Poverty. Illness. Mental illness is present in about 16% of homeless



judgment on those struggling without shelter tonight.

Listen to what the homeless doctors, nurses, firefighters and first responders would teach you about the circumstances that can happen to any of us overnight. Work with them, hold the hands of those who are suffering, give them your bread and water, find them food, and watch how the doctors and nurses conduct themselves among those whose homes were lost in a single night.

I know there are those who would say this is apples and oranges. The people who are homeless as a result of the Puerto Rico hurricane or the Santa Rosa fires are not the same as the chronically homeless. I get that. But look at what the research tells us about the actual causes of homelessness. According to Homeless Hub, a research group for Canadian homelessness, the line between being housed and homelessness is quite fluid. The line can be

individuals. People who deal with untreated addiction are at higher risk of homelessness. Domestic violence and lack of affordable healthcare can leave a person or family homeless.

Guess what just happened to housing prices after the fires in Santa Rosa? Sadly, while many risked their lives and worked long hours to save whomever they could, many of those who own the remaining structures raised their rent, some to twice the previous rate, because they could.

The question we should be asking ourselves is this: If I found myself in such circumstances, how would I wish to be treated? Then go, and do that.

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.

The Lichen Pounder

By Eileen Delehanty Pearkes

Pestles and mauls, sometimes called hammer stones, were once a key tool for the indigenous cultures living along the Columbia River and its tributaries. They came in many sizes and thicknesses, a reflection of the founding shape of the metamorphic stone from which they were made, and of the specific jobs that they

did. The gradual wearing away or rounding of edges to form a cultural shape was the result of constant grinding against a flat or hollowed rock called a mortar.

These stones express a symmetry and durability that has no equal in a modern tool. To hold such an object in one's hand is to connect with

the deeper layers of time in the upper Columbia River landscape.

So important was the careful preparation of dried meat, salmon and berries for winter storage that the Sinixt have a specific word for it: *ststa*, or "hammered food." Fresh meat might be pounded flat to cure quickly on hot stones at the edge of the fire. Dried berries and salmon might be ground together before women combined these with animal fat, then stuffed casings from animal intestines, making a sort of sausage. The importance of the hammer stone's simplicity and strength shows in the great numbers of them that have been discovered on the reservoir shorelines behind Grand Coulee and Hugh Keenleyside dams, on the main stem of the Columbia River.

Keith and Ellen Edgell lived in British Columbia on the Arrow Lakes, before and after the construction of the Hugh Keenleyside Dam. They became avid collectors of the area's stone tools, especially once the dam began to flood up and drain down with regularity. The Edgells collected over 5,000 specimens. Among them were several hundred hammer stones, some of which have a shape that may be unique to the upper Columbia River region.

Today, collection of artifacts from the landscape is a controversial practice. It is frowned upon by many indigenous groups, museums and historians primarily because removing objects from the ground where they lie can disrupt the cultural context and history of their use, or disturb the sacredness of the objects, especially those buried with the dead.

Also and often, when objects are removed from the ground, they end up a considerable distance from their origins. The Edgell collection, as an example, left the upper Columbia region entirely when the couple donated it to the Royal B.C. Museum in Victoria. While their intentions were to preserve and protect what they had found, the cultural objects are rarely seen, if ever.

The landscape is our first museum. I have long wished for this collection and others to be returned to the region, and for collections held by private individuals to be made available to the public. These stone tools help us understand more clearly the relationship between people and place, resources and their use. They are truly grounded in this place, and they carry with them a memory that is long and rich.

Hammer stones and pestles are typically cylindrical. The Edgell collection also has several unique paddle-shaped hammer stones – flat

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and almost square at one end. As paddles go, they are rather fearsome in weight and impact, which makes them a perfect tool for their most common use long ago. We know more about them due to another avid collector of artifacts on Kootenay Lake and its West Arm, and his chance encounter with someone who knew the answer.

A.E. Pickford arrived in Nelson in 1910 at the age of 30, on a wave of British immigrants who came before World War I. It's not clear why Pickford was drawn to the upper Columbia region, but in a letter he wrote to the Royal B.C. Museum in 1947, he recalled collecting artifacts on the shores of Kootenay Lake during that time. He found several paddle mauls, which he called "spade-like stones." He explained that he had spoken to a "very old Indian whose English was not too good: from him I gathered their principal use was in the preparation of the well-authenticated moss bread prepared from the tree lichen."

Black tree lichen (*Bryoria fremontii*) is a food plant that receives scant attention today, but was once a mainstay in the upper Columbia region's cupboard over a long winter. Men and women gathered the lichen late in the season with the help of long poles after all the other foods had been preserved. The Sinixt used a special pole, with a hook on the end. The lichen was first pounded and washed with the paddle mauls,

then pit-cooked. The pounding action likely helped break up the fibers of the lichen, to allow it to cook and transform into something more digestible. Sometimes the lichen was combined with roots or fruits for flavor.

Next, the women wrapped the lichen in clean leaves and placed it on a pile of vegetation that covered hot stones lying in the bottom of a pit. More vegetation, then soil, covered the lichen. Women poured water down a narrow passage that had been held open by a stick during the filling of the oven. This created steam. Finally, women tended a small fire on the top of the earthen oven, to maintain maximum heat. After a day or longer, the oven revealed dense cakes of baked lichen, the texture and color of licorice. Some Plateau tribes preferred the lichen from pine trees, others from larch.

As for Pickford, in 1916 he met and married Rosina Gigot, his neighbor on Latimer Street

in Nelson. They had a son in 1921, then moved to Victoria, B.C., where Pickford eventually became an anthropologist for the museum, writing articles about archaeology and teaching.

The beaches and shorelines close to Nelson that were once strewn with stone inspirations for Pickford are empty of these memories. Most of the cultural objects rest in basements, on living room shelves or in the Touchstones Nelson archives.

The region's unique lichen pounder has a story worth preserving. I have gratitude for A.E. Pickford, who cared enough to ask the right question of the right person to keep the story alive.

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



A paddle maul found near the former Oatcott Indian Reserve on the Arrow Lakes Reservoir.

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EAVESDROPS

What people have written about the north Columbia region

"I never saw any river with such a tendency to whirl and fling itself about as the Upper Columbia has. It's all eddies in places where there is at least a shadow of a reason for it."

~ Caroline Leighton, Life at Puget Sound: With Sketches of Travel in Washington Territory, British Columbia, Oregon, and California, 1865-1881

Smokey Summers

By Jack Nisbet

For the past few summers, people living in the Intermountain West have spent days and often weeks blanketed by smoke. We have become familiar with websites that track fire progress, levels of evacuation notice, and terms such as “forested fuel break,” “flash drought” and “mega-fire.” After too many mornings of red sun it seems impossible to make sense of where all the chaos came from, and where it could be headed.

John B. Leiberg might provide some perspective on such matters. A Swedish immigrant who lived in Iowa and Minnesota, Leiberg first came out to North Idaho in 1883 as an employee of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He caught the gold bug and established a homestead on the south end of Lake Pend Oreille around 1886, filing quartz claims along several isolated creeks. What separated Leiberg from thousands of other hopeful prospectors was that, in addition to busily cracking rocks for assay, he also collected mosses for Elizabeth Britton of the New York Botanical Garden. Although Leiberg’s letters to his mentor consisted mostly of plant talk, they included glimpses of everything else that happened in his eventful life.

Weather always stood high on Leiberg’s list of conversation topics, so the unusually dry year

of 1889 had already gained some notice when August rolled around. On the third of that month, Leiberg wrote Britton from his lakeside cabin to apologize for his meager plant take. “Immense forest fires are raging in the Mountains and all around us so collections will be nil for sometime to come. A London fog is as nothing compared with the dense cloud of smoke that envelopes us and makes existence almost unendurable.”

That smoke was no illusion – some modern Northwest foresters believe that more acreage burned in 1889 than in the better-known disaster year of 1910.

Like many people surrounded by catastrophic forest fires, it seemed to Leiberg that the world as he knew it was coming to an end. “It will be many years before the mountains at this end of the Lake will regain the mossy carpet that covered them a few weeks since,” he told Britton.

He also had someone to blame for the problem. “This Kootenai county, and I may say this western country, is cursed with a set of men whose sole aim in life seems to be to burn up and throw down the forests. Neither the U.S. nor Territorial Authorities seem to care in the least how soon the forests are destroyed.”

Since his arrival in Idaho, Leiberg had watched

fellow miners burn off slopes to expose promising rock outcrops. Road builders piled up slash beside their track and set it alight with no sense of how far the flames might travel. Poor squatters were paid off by timber companies to proof up land claims by burning off space for a small cabin, then sold their acreage back to the lumbermen for whatever trees were left standing.

On one 34-mile trip to Bonners Ferry, Leiberg counted nine separate fires burning along the railroad tracks, “some set by settlers, others apparently started from sparks from the locomotives.” Each of the extensive regional rail lines, by the very nature of steam power, scorched a wide swath through the forest.

It was a disastrous mix, especially when combined with a drought year. As if to prove Leiberg’s point, on August 4 flames engulfed the young city of Spokane Falls. The following week, Leiberg wrote to his botanical friend that, while it might be wet and cool in New York City, conditions out West had not changed. “Wish we had some of your rain to lay this terrible smoke that hangs over the country, but no rain is due in this latitude for 6 weeks or more so we have to suffer a while longer with red eyes, depressed spirits etc.”

Today, residents from the Methow to Missoula, from British Columbia’s Cariboo country to the Columbia Gorge, know all about those red eyes and depressed spirits.

At the same time, like many modern television watchers, Leiberg was fascinated by the damage. Within the next week he visited Spokane Falls, “where I have been viewing the views from the great conflagration.” But he also knew that he had to get on with his life, and at the end of the month he headed back into the Coeur d’Alene mountains to re-stake his mineral properties. By early September he was pleased to report that “In three days rain has put out the forest fires, cleared the air from smoke and made my Lakeside ranch look like itself again – the most beautiful spot on Earth I ever saw.” Even in that first moment of relief, no one understood better than Leiberg that a single clearing rain did not mark the end of the 1889 fire story.

Early in February of the following winter, Idaho’s Silver Valley was struck by a series of deadly avalanches. According to newspaper accounts:

The town of Burke, Idaho, in the Coeur d’Alene mining district, has been nearly destroyed. ... Yesterday afternoon and this morning with scarcely a moment’s warning a tremendous mass of snow and rocks swept upon the town from the west side of the narrow gulch in which it is situated. Five

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men were buried beneath the snow. ... Half the business houses are in ruins. ... Yesterday another disastrous avalanche swept down upon a boarding-house connected with the Custer mine, which is situated about five miles from Burke.

John Leiberg responded to these avalanches with an energetic letter to his botanical friend. "You have probably read about the great avalanche and landslide and loss of lives occurring in the Valley of the South fork of the Coeur d'Alene River. They are now reaping what they have been sowing for many years," he told Britton.

"During the last 27 years, since the Mullan Military Road was built, every yokel traveling on it along the South Fork has considered himself commissioned to destroy with axe and fire the magnificent forest that once covered the hills there, until now but small patches of wretched lonely looking trees remain." Leiberg continued. "So comes the avalanche and the landslide and a whole long train of ills."

Most contemporary accounts attributed the

avalanches around Burke to unusually heavy snowfall followed by several days of rain, but Leiberg's logic here was sound.

Forest cover, healthy duff around trees, and uncompacted soil all do their part to slow runoff in mountain forests, and contemporary photographs clearly show that the Silver Valley's mining frenzy of the 1880s had destroyed much of that protection.

Over the next two decades, John Leiberg monitored many more burns as he pursued mining ventures, collected plants for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and carried out timber and land classification work across Forest Reserve tracts that would become our current national forests. Along the way, he described destructive fires in the high Cascades around Mount Stuart and lightning-strike blazes on the shoulders of Arizona's San Francisco Peak.

While surveying Oregon's Siskiyou Range he visited sawmills to count burn scars on yarded logs. He observed "the natural regenerative

power of the forest" in the aftermath of relatively low-temperature forest fires in the Coeur d'Alenes. In the Clearwater and St. Joe drainages he saw much hotter burns where he estimated that the sterilized soil would take decades or even centuries to recover.

Leiberg tried to raise public awareness of fire in countless letters, reports and magazine articles, working against the grain of local opinion as he lobbied for reasonable management and wise use of the region's precious timber resource. All of this seemed to grow as a determined response to those eye-burning, fog-like summer days of 1889, when the world went up in flames around him. While those events happened more than a century ago, today we still struggle mightily with issues surrounding forests and fire. John Leiberg would have told us to rub our eyes, get out into the woods, and try harder to figure them out.

Jack Nisbet is the author of Sources of the River and Ancient Places. His book on John and Carrie Leiberg will appear in the fall of 2018.

Coeur d'Alene Mountains, Idaho, 1894. This "S" trestle on the Coeur d'Alene branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad provided access to Silver Valley mines. Note that the entire forest in view has been ravaged by fire. Photo by Frank J. Haynes, courtesy Montana Historical Society.



Howlin' at the Moon

By Loren Cruden

The other day, I had ideal occasion for consideration of the creative impulse. This was of course due to spending a day with two of my granddaughters. Kids and impulse are like Simone and Sipowitz. After a morning of craft projects at my kitchen table, the two girls and I headed up to the Grand Forks pool in Canada. In the queue at the border, I instructed the girls to SAY NOTHING unless asked a direct question.

"Why?" Neveah asked. (Neveah, 10, asks this so many times a day, she should carry a briefcase for her "Why?" supply, like a lawyer with subpoenas.)

"Because this is not a conversational opportunity."

Our turn came. I handed over my passport and their birth certificates. The official asked if I had a letter of permission from my son and his wife. No, I didn't. Admonishment, further questions, the backseat window rolled down so he could ask the girls if their parents knew where they were, and if I indeed was their grandmother. Yes, yes. Off we tootled to Grand Forks.

On approach to the border the girls had wanted to know what people in Canada look like, what they eat, and whether they have a special accent. (Eh?) Pulling away from the customs encounter, they spent the next ten miles speculating on what would've happened if, when questioned, they'd answered "No, she's not my grandmother; I've never seen this woman before," or simply looked drugged and incoherently mumbled.

Great. I told them that border officials don't tolerate frivolity. At all. Ever.

"Do they, like, have a sense of humor when they're not working?" Neveah asked.

"Change the subject."

We discussed pool etiquette. "What rules do you think they'll have?" I asked.

Thea, 7, instantly rattled off: "No running, no diving, no cannonballs, no screaming, no pushing, no hitting, no biting -"

"Right, right," I derailed the litany before she could reach the felony level of pool crime. It was sounding too much like a wish list. "There will

be lifeguards there. You need to do whatever they say."

"Why?" (Neveah.) Received with repressive silence. "Okay," she forged on. "Will there be lockers? Do we have to take showers? Is the pool indoors or out? Is there a hot tub? Is the pool bigger than Benny's? How cold is the water?"

Like research for a major bank heist. Then, "I'm hungry."

Sigh.

At the pool, the lifeguard was like their personal deity. Old Testament. No matter how carefully they behaved, he found fault. In the hot tub: "If you're going to play, do it in the pool!" In the pool: "Don't stand up on the floating mats!" And then, "No standing on your head either!" And so on.

The thing was, they were not being naughty, just creative. After trying out the water slide, for instance, Thea towed a floating mat over, positioned it under the bottom of the slide, and zoomed down onto it. After discovering the difficulty of standing on a mat, Neveah fetched

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several more, neatly layering them to create a more stable floating platform for standing. Busted by the lifeguard, she tried a headstand instead, which got her busted again. "Why?" she asked him.

"Because if you fall off headfirst and hit the bottom, you'll smash your skull open," he said.

Which didn't make sense. From a headstand, she could only topple sideways and her feet would reach the bottom first. But I didn't say anything. Just continued pondering the ways in which creative impulses are relentlessly squelched.

Still, the girls seemed undaunted. Thea did unnervingly inventive things with a foam tube. The lifeguard stared but couldn't object – it transcended the sin list. Neveah performed immaculate splits atop the stack of floating mats. I kept a straight face but felt like giggling. Also felt an upwelling of something like awe at childhood's innate impulse to soar over the heads of conformity and convention, to creatively *enjoy* life. Children in dire circumstances aren't given much chance for this. But for the most part, kids here along the north Columbia, rich or poor, do have room for these masterful improvisations.

Kids seem naturally inclined to disruption – which to them is not readily perceived as disruption: time and perspective move differently for them. The creative impulse takes advantage of the physics of this. As with cats that weightlessly levitate onto high shelves yet make themselves super-heavy when jumping onto one's bladder in the morning, kid physics are stretchy. When growing up in Florida, I could tirelessly gallop circuit after circuit around the yard, leaping bushes, because I was a horse. But scrubbing walls indoors at my mother's command, I was a wimpy prisoner.

Watching my grandchildren, I'm sometimes reminded of Coyote stories from the old days. Coyote full of disruptive creative impulse, turn-

ing rules upside-down like Neveah's headstands. Visionary positions threaten the status quo, for better or worse; and even if for worse, they vitally exercise creative perspective, keeping the view stretchy. Caught by the quirky music of this, my grandchildren seem to sprout furry ears atop their heads, bushy tails behind. I seem to hear yodeling cacophony. Like the lifeguard, it sometimes makes me indignant and I apply authority's wet blanket, invoke safety justifications and social decorum, or just my own fussy need for order.

Sometimes, though, I recall a quote from old-fashioned Coleridge that my mother sent to me long ago, and think: Can we let go, feel as Coleridge did, in our sneering age of internet? He wrote:

"The poet is one who carries the simplicity of childhood into the powers of manhood; who, with a soul unsubdued by habit, unshackled by custom, contemplates all things with the freshness and the wonder of a child; and, connecting it with the inquisitive powers of riper years, adds, so far as he can, knowledge, admiration; and, where knowledge no longer permits admiration, gladly sinks back again into the childlike feeling of wonder."

This notion of wonder is contingent, I think, on a continuing ability to truly notice the immediate, real world, in person. Even children, much less adults, increasingly do not seem to do much of this, in any heightened perceptive sense, because of preoccupation with what's on-screen. Eye and mind are elsewhere. As though what is present is of insufficient content.

Another old timer, Henry David Thoreau,

found infinite resource in the local and immediate. Because he was awake to it:

"Objects are concealed from our view not so much because they are out of the course of our visual ray as because there is no intention of the mind and eye toward them. ... There is just as much beauty visible to us in the landscape as we are prepared to appreciate, not a grain more."

Which brings us back to the creative impulse, sparked by what is at hand and how we may dance with it. Or, in Thea's case, spout water through it like a rakish mini-whale in a pink swimsuit.

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Winter Magic in a Kayak

Article & Photo by Joanie Christian

As a photographer, I am continually inspired by the work of other artists. One of the most beautiful kayaking photographs I've ever seen is of the bow of a gorgeous wooden kayak cutting through the glassy water with a background of the cool grey tones of a winter sky, and a fresh blanket of snow on the shore contrasting sharply with the warm wood tones of the kayak. The photo imparts a feeling of serenity, wonder and unspeakable beauty every time I gaze at it.

The image also gave me a yearning to go paddling in the snow. We had gone out on the fringes of winter, late in the fall and early in the spring, but had never paddled in the snow.

In late fall, the freezing temps of early morning cause a thin and temporary layer of ice to form in shaded areas before winter's solid freeze completely takes over. During this seasonal transition, kayaking can be a surreal experience. As the bow of the kayak cuts through the thin layer of ice, it emits an eerie sound. The paddle strokes make a unique pattern in the ice that isn't visible at any other time of year. Sort of like a giant centipede leaving tracks across the lake surface.

In the spring, the last vestiges of ice hang around the edges and shady areas of lakes. The semi-solid masses of melting ice are often frequented by wildlife, particularly birds. The slushy ice is often several inches thick, and offers yet another unusual paddling experience.

You have to be careful to assess the ice before attempting to paddle through it, but in the right conditions it is an amazing experience.

Now, as for winter's approach: A challenge is being available to go kayaking at a moment's notice when snow begins to fall. Life doesn't always provide snowstorms at a convenient time, but my husband and I got lucky one mid-November day last year. A few flakes started to fall on a weekend morning when neither of us needed to work, so we dressed in warm layers and gloves, loaded up the kayaks, and headed out to the nearby Little Pend Oreille Lake Chain.

We made sure our personal flotation devices (PFDs) were on securely before launching. An accidental capsize would land us in very cold water, and PFDs could help us get to land quickly. At the launch, a handful of flakes were gently wafting down. It was a beautiful scene, and we had high hopes for more snow. Those hopes were soon realized.

When we reached the middle of Lake Thomas, the snow was coming down harder. By the time we made it to the other side of the lake, we were in the midst of a whiteout. It was mesmerizing, like being in a giant snow globe. The whole area had a very different appearance in these conditions, almost unrecognizable. It felt like having a front-row seat to nature's etch-a-sketch, the snow wiping out all remnants of the previous year in preparation for winter hibernation and

a new beginning in spring. My husband and I were giddy like school kids at being able to experience this.

Despite the delight at finding ourselves in the enchanting visual nirvana, the trip was not without challenges. We had no way of knowing the weather would change so dramatically and quickly on the first snow of the year. Our kayaking gloves were great for gripping, but provided no warmth at all in the wet and cold snow squall. Though we were dressed in warm layers, they were not waterproof layers. We became very chilled really quickly. Our hands and feet were so cold they were starting to hurt.

I also realized I hadn't packed anything to protect my photography gear from the precipitation. My equipment was getting wet even though I did my best to shield it. It became a constant process to keep drying it off while trying to snap some decent shots.

So, shortly after this excursion, we purchased additional equipment: a spray skirt to snap over the cockpit, to shield photo gear and clothing from the elements, and hand warmers and better gloves. Water-resistant outerwear is on the wish list. A chamois cloth to dry gear is also a must.

Had we not been so familiar with this lake chain, navigating back would have been difficult in those conditions. We had been kayaking for only about 30 minutes, but needed to cut the trip short because we were so darn cold. I can't



Fall-to-winter composite at the Little Pend Oreille Lake Chain.

remember the last time I was that glad to warm my fingers and toes in the heat of the car. No regrets though. Lessons were learned. Bucket list item was checked off. And an otherworldly kayaking experience created an extraordinary visual and emotional memory that I won't forget in my lifetime.

Due to the whiteout conditions, every photo

I took during the trip came back resembling an oil painting. They are among my favorite photos ever. A person would look at them and think they were fake, but they were actually an honest portrayal of a truly remarkable experience.

While kayaking in these conditions isn't for everyone, with the right equipment it can be an amazing experience.

Say yes to new adventures. In the words of an Asian proverb, "Better to see something once than to hear about it a thousand times."

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



Thankful, Whatever the Tradition

By Tina Tolliver Matney

Thanksgiving seems to be steeped in tradition for many families – from the table linens and dishes they bring out each year right down to who will carve the turkey with the knife that lies untouched in the sideboard drawer except for its one important job on that one important day. Some people cook the same meals with the same ingredients in the same pots and pans that have been handed down for generations.

My family isn't like that. And while I think

keeping traditions alive is important I must confess that I'm the type who wings it pretty much year to year.

Sometimes it seems that the older I get, with my family a bit more spread out, I also wing it from day to day before the holidays. Often I won't know who will be here and who will not, or if I'll be somewhere else altogether. Admittedly, there have been years that the winging is done literally from hour to hour.

There was a time a few years back I found myself in a Seattle grocery begging the store manager to find me a turkey on Wednesday night at around 9 p.m. He found one, two actually, still frozen solid. One was spoken for by a woman who had called in and reserved it. Her excuse was that she was flying in from Japan and couldn't pick it up until early Thursday morning. My excuse ... I winged it until the very last minute.

I'm not saying my family doesn't have traditions. We do, mostly traditions of favorite dishes that need to be prepared a certain way. But there have been many Thanksgivings when I have steered clear of all tradition to try new things, or perhaps as an attempt to create new traditions.

Back when I was a very young mom who was just beginning to realize the social imbalances in our world, I possibly went a little too far. I had spent the entire day helping to create a beautiful holiday meal, and then sat in my designated seat and refused to eat. No one had even bothered with blessing the food. This bothered me. All morning while we bustled around in the kitchen I had been thinking of all the hungry souls out in the world. I couldn't shake the feeling that I was surrounded by a sea of ungratefulness. So I sat up straight, folded my hands in my lap and proudly announced that I would skip dinner while I honored the hungry.

It didn't faze the others around the table. They continued to pile their plates high. Some even laughed at me. One asked if I could go sit vigil in the other room so as not to make him feel guilty. Fortunately (or unfortunately) the gentleman sitting next to me had a very sparse plate and at first I thought maybe he too was feeling the plight of so many who would be going hungry that day. But no, turns out he was just recovering from a stomach virus and didn't want to "overdo it."

But I might as well admit that when pie time rolled around a couple of hours later, my resolve

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melted right there along with the whipped cream that never would form a peak because someone didn't chill the bowl before they whipped it. As I ate my pumpkin goodness someone ribbed me about my earlier statement. My reply was, "I said I was skipping dinner, I didn't say anything about dessert."

I've gotten through a handful of holidays without my family gathered around the table. There was a time that those occasions were almost unbearable. At first I attempted to carry on like it was just another day, but then I would think of them all, my children and my grandchildren, gathered around a table together somewhere else and then I would melt into a heap of self pity. And not having any leftovers to appease my self pity ... well, no one needs to suffer like that. So on occasions when my family had other plans I invited friends over. Friends who I knew might also be alone and would be glad for the company.

More than a few of my friends are vegan vegetarians. So I set my resolve to making the best vegetarian meal ever. This was one of the few occasions when I didn't wing it. I planned ahead. I googled the gravy. The dressings (I always make at least two kinds), the green bean

casserole, even the pies were all strictly vegetarian. And it was all delicious. No one missed the turkey juices or the eggs or dairy. For anyone who wasn't vegetarian old Tom turkey was right there in the middle of the table, all alone and not mingling with the other dishes. I was proud of that meal.

Although I have to give kudos to my son, who cooked a strict vegetarian meal for his friends that same year in his own home. There was no turkey. There was, however, a tofurkey, complete with "drumsticks." I have no idea how he accomplished such a feat, but I'm not surprised. He's always been blessed with an extra dose of ingenuity.

Cooking a huge meal under adverse conditions doesn't stop my family from enjoying a traditional dinner. Power outages never slow us down, since we have cooked many a delicious meal without electricity. We've smoked turkeys, deep-fried turkeys and cooked them over an open fire in a cast iron Dutch oven. We've even chopped frozen turkey with an axe and thrown the pieces on the BBQ after thawing them in a pot of boiling water, all without suffering from salmonella. We've baked sides and pies in campers and in wood stoves, made desserts that stayed chilled outside and used the snowbanks as the refrigerator, all

while enjoying the adventure of it all.

Quite possibly there were a few years that our adventurous spirit was boosted by a little nip of bottled spirit. My sister and I once (or twice, but who's counting?) started nipping that spirit just a wee early in the day, and by the time my parents arrived the turkey was overdone. We were lit right along with the candles. I'm not sure who served the pie, or even if there was pie to serve.

I do love Thanksgiving. And while I do my best to carry a thankful heart throughout each day of the year, I especially appreciate the Thanksgiving tradition of reflection and gratitude. While I sometimes worry and stress over the uncertainty of where I will be, who will be around the table, or how the day will transpire, it always seems to work out. Whether the day is spent with friends or with family from near and far or whether the meal is traditional or not, it's still a time to reflect on all of the "thankfuls" in our lives.

What I've come to realize over the years is that traditions are good but that I have to sometimes give them up and be flexible. Because sometimes the best memories are made by winging it.

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The Powerfully Impressive Moose

Article & Photos By J. Foster Fanning

Our first good photographic encounter with a moose caught my partner Catherine and me by surprise. We were below-deck in our anchored sailboat on Lake Roosevelt on the shoreline of Spokane Tribal Lands when a noise sounding a bit like waterfowl splashing came from the cove astern of the boat. A quick peek above deck and a moment later I was scrambling for the camera, nearly certain that once again I would manage to photograph the departing rear-end of a moose.

Fortunately my misgivings were incorrect. The young bull moose in question sauntered down the sandy beach past the boat and then to the water's edge.

We were anchored along the eastern shore with approximately a mile of water stretching across to the west. The moose paused, facing the lake, as I clicked the camera shutter again and again. The bull dipped its head, guzzled a long drink of water, then lifted up with a streamlet of liquid dripping down its dewlap. The beast gave a shudder akin to a dog shaking off raindrops, took in a big, audible breath, and walked out into deep water.

Soon this young male member of the *Alces alces* species was swimming westward with only its head, antlers and rump showing. It was afternoon with the late summer sun in the west. About 100 yards offshore the moose seemed to pause, then gave one of those powerful shudders once again. This time there was a brilliant halo of golden droplets flashing out ten feet to either side of the animal in the late sunshine. Then the moose continued.

No less than half a dozen times thereafter, the bull moose paused

in its swimming and did the water-spraying shudder. I timed it – 20 minutes to swim a little over a mile across the lake. By the time it was on the western shore we had to use a pair of good field glasses to keep it in sight. And, you guessed it, once clear of the water the moose, in dog-like fashion, shuddered off its water. Such was the last of that sighting, which happened to occur on my 60th birthday. Quite a present indeed.

“Moose” comes to us from the Algonquin, a Native American tribe dispersed across much of northeastern North America. The name translates to “twig eater.” According to the Washington State Department of Fish and Wildlife, approximately 3,000 “twig eaters” roam our state, the majority of them habituating the Selkirk and Kettle River Range of the lower Monashee Mountains. A vastly larger number inhabit British Columbia – approximately 170,000 moose, with 70 percent of them in the northern reaches of the province with the rest in the Cariboo-Chilcotin, Thompson-Okanagan and Kootenay regions.

Moose are the largest member of North America's deer family. Bulls weigh between 850 and 1,100 pounds and adult females (or cows) tip the scales between 600 and 800 pounds.

Moose are dark brown and long-legged with immense shoulders. They have conspicuous muzzles with an overhanging upper lip, and a large flap of hair-covered skin that hangs beneath the throat called a dewlap or a “bell.” Adult males sport broad, flat, palmated antlers tipped with a number of points, varying by age and fitness. Yearling males have forked antlers; the palmated rack takes approximately five years to develop. Antlers are shed during the winter and regrown each spring.

Did I mention that a bull moose is big? Consider that an adult bull's shoulder height is approximately five to six feet tall, add the neck and large head and top it off with an antler spread in the range of 35 to 45 inches across and you start to get the picture.

"Twig eater" is in fact an appropriate name, as these animals predominantly consume twigs, bark, lichen and leaves of trees. While moose feed on the woody browse in early stages of regrowth following disturbances like fires, logging and land clearing, they are classically known for foraging in areas of wetlands, consuming aquatic vegetation and willows. Wildlife biologists consider moose a pioneering type of animal, in that moose adapt to a variety of available forage that changes over the course of seasons and the scope of elevation and range. With huge size comes a huge appetite. An adult moose will devour 70 pounds of flora a day in the summer and 30 pounds in the winter.

Moose have expanded their geographic range in our region, which suits their preference for locations with cold winters and seasonal snow cover. This habitat partiality is due in part to their large body mass, causing an inclination for temperatures below 60°F in summer and below 32°F in winter. The great size of these mammals and their

subsequent forage demands cause the home range of the average moose to be approximately three to six square miles, although they regularly meander farther afield.

These are fascinating mammals and much more can be written about them, but in closing for now I'll note that moose throughout the Pacific Northwest are on the decline for various reasons – although a heartening note is that populations are growing in the Okanogan and Columbia Highlands region. More calves are maturing into breeding adults.

When you are out in the field looking for a moose, pay close attention to wetlands. Moose, large though they are, can be hard to spot as they frequently stand shoulder deep in ponds or perfectly still in forested habitat. So lace up those boots, get out that door and see if you can spot our local "twig eaters"!

J. Foster Fanning is a father, grandfather, retired fire chief and wannabe beach bum. He dabbles in photography as an excuse to wander the hills and vales in search of the perfect image. His photography is currently on display at the Coulee Dam Credit Union and Brown Bear Real Estate, both in Republic, WA. Learn more at <http://fosterfanning.blogspot.com>.



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Nov 4: BINGO is back at the Arden Community Hall, 636 Hall Rd. at the Arden Crossroads, 1-4 pm. Bingo cards are 50 cents each. Refreshments and snacks are free. Prizes donated by local Arden businesses, community members, and (maybe) some big-name surprises. Call 509-684-4333 for more info.

Nov 5: Daylight Savings Time ends. Set clocks back 1 hour.

Nov 5: Northport Lions Club BINGO at the Northport School Cafeteria, Noon - 4 pm. Early Bird, Regular, Fast Pick and Blackout with a \$500 Jackpot. A portion of the proceeds benefit the Northport Community Swim Lesson Support Group. Refreshments available. Must be 18 or older to play. Call 509-690-2158 for more info.

Nov 7: Election Day.

Nov 11: Veterans Day.

Nov 14: Colville Community Blood Drive, Ag Trade Center, Noon-6 pm. Call 509-991-2418 for more info.

Nov 17: Parkview Senior Living's annual live white elephant public auction, 1 pm at 240 S. Silke, Colville. The residents are saving to take a cruise next year. Donations accepted (no clothing please).

Nov 18: Holiday Craft Show at the Ag Trade Center in Colville, 9-3. Free admission, lunch available.

Nov 18: Women in Agriculture Conference, WSU Extension office, 986 S. Main, Colville. Visit WomenInAg.wsu.edu or contact Debra Hansen at 509-684-2588 for more info.

Nov 23: Thanksgiving.

Nov 24: Santa arrives for Christmas Tree Lighting at Astor Court, Colville, 6 pm. Pictures with Santa at Sandra's Furniture, after the lighting.

Nov 25: Winter Pop-up Shop, 9-4, Ag Trade Center at the Fairgrounds in Colville featuring jewelry, clothing, make-up, candles, kitchen gadgets, bags and more! Free admission.

Nov 25: Community Tree Lighting, 4-5 pm, Patterson Park, Republic.

Dec 1-3: Deck the Falls in Metaline Falls with a tree lighting, Redneck Christmas Light Parade, Santa, Fireworks, Bon Fire and free hotdogs, s'mores and warm beverages, starting at 5 pm on Friday. Arts & Craft Faire and live music from 10-4 on Saturday (still accepting booth registrations), and a decorated tree auction as a benefit for the Cutter Theatre (still accepting tree donations). Heidi Muller in concert on Sunday, 2 pm. Tickets are \$12. Heidi will also do a workshop on Monday with the elementary students. Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

Dec 2: Kettle Falls Lady Lions Christmas Craft Fair, 9-3, at the Kettle Falls Middle School. A can of food for the food bank would be appreciated.

Dec. 2, 13: Boards In Gear training at WSU Extension, 986 S. Main, Colville. Learn about the five main areas of strong board practice: connection to cause; roles and responsibilities; how to build a great board, sustain a great board; and engage board members in fundraising. Register for one of two dates (Sat. Dec. 2, 1-5 pm or Wed. Dec 13, 9am-1pm) at washingtontonprofits.org/calendar. Light snacks provided. Presented in partnership with the Washington Office of the Secretary of State, WSU Extension, and Washington Nonprofits. Call 509-675-3791 for more info.

Music, Dance, Theater & Film

Nov 3: The 27th Annual AAUW Coffeehouse, 7-10 pm at the HUB in Colville, W. 231 Elep Ave. Several new groups to the event, including John Miller and Checkmate Reality will perform, along with the Colville Junior High School Jazz I Band, Stazy and Friends (Carol Wichmann, Leslie Waters, and Mark Harding) and a few of Stazy's remarkable vocal students. Mary Selecky will serve as Mistress of Ceremonies for the Evening. Tickets at the door, \$15 for adults, \$8 for youth 12 and up. Food provided by AAUW sponsors and beverages will be available.

Nov 3-5: The Woodland Theatre in Kettle Falls presents Jack Sharkey's three-act, family friendly comedy, *The Creature Creeps*, with debut direction by Wade Tripp. This hilarious horror story genre is set in an ancient castle with a secret laboratory and those of you familiar with Young Frankenstein will enjoy this play immensely. The cast includes a mad scientist, a grim housekeeper, a ditsy daughter, five sisters, a sterling hero and quadruplets. Friday and Saturday shows are at 7 pm, Sunday shows at 2 pm. Tickets at the door: students/seniors \$8, adults \$10.

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

Nov 8: The 5th annual Deconstructing Dinner Film Fest from Nelson arrives in Rossland, 6:30-8:45 pm, Rossland Miners' Union Hall, 1765 Columbia Ave., Rossland, B.C. Featuring *Bugs*, about a team from Copenhagen-based Nordic Food Lab, made up of chefs and researchers who have been travelling the world to learn what some of the two billion people who already eat insects have to say, and *Garlic*, exploring how reliance on imported garlic and centralized production impacts local economies, farmers and food culture. Snacks will be served. Visit filmfest.deconstructingdinner.com for more information.

Nov 10-12, 17-19: The Pend Oreille Players present *The Butler Did It*, a bunch of classic detectives at a not-so-classic house party, and what happens? Somebody dies, of course! Fri. & Sat. shows at 7 pm, Sun. shows at 3 pm at the Pend Oreille Playhouse, 236 S. Union, Newport. Visit www.pendoreilleplayers.org or call 509-447-9900 for more info.

Nov 12: The Cutter Coffee House Concert returns, featuring Donivan Johnson at the keys of the baby grand piano, taking requests, 2-5 pm. Drop in any time at 302 Park St., Metaline Falls, and enjoy coffee, teas, hard ciders, beers and wines available, as well as salt/sweet treats on the tables. \$5 cover. Call 509-446-4108 for more info.

Nov 13: The Debaters Live, On Tour, 8-10 pm, at The Bailey Theatre, 1501 Cedar Ave. Trail, B.C. Featuring host Steve Patterson and comic all-stars Graham Clark & Jon Steinberg. The Debaters Live is a comedy stage show where comics go toe to toe in a battle of laughs and logic and the audience picks the winner. Call 250-368-9669 or email info@trail-arts.com for more info.

Nov 14: Performing Arts Trail Presents: Music of Junk, 7:30-9:30 pm, at The Bailey Theatre, 1501 Cedar Ave. Trail, B.C. A fun, energetic show that features eleven musicians playing instruments such as garbage bag bagpipes, a wheelbarrow bass, and a harp made from an old bed frame, and even a saxophone made from an old bike. Call 250-368-9669 or email info@trail-arts.com for more info.

Nov 18-19: Woodland Productions 2017 Fall Concert, conducted by Dave Quistad, featuring a *Funiculi Funicula*, *Espana Cani*, the *Can Can* and other dances from Offenbach's Ballet Parisien. Ron Bacon will direct the Chorus in a series of Mendelssohn pieces and *Pure Imagination*, in honor of the new theatre façade. The String Ensemble, conducted by Linda Colman, will play pieces by Holst, Mendelssohn

and Tchaikovsky. Performances are at the Woodland Theatre in Kettle Falls on Sat. at 7 pm, Sun at 2 pm. Tickets: \$10, \$8 for 12 and under, sold at the door.

Dec 3: "Joy to the World," Christmas and seasonal music performed by Chorale Coeur d'Alene, Crescendo Community Chorus, and the Mansfield Family Bank with special guest Skyler Colvin, 2 pm, Abundant Life Fellowship Church, 2nd and Clay, Chewelah. Tickets are \$12.50 at Colville House of Music, Akers United Drug and Valley Drugs in Chewelah, or online at chewelahartsguild.org.

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

2nd: Justin Johnson, 6-8 pm

9th: Sara Brown, 6-8 pm

10th: Midnight Run, 7-10 pm

16th: Refugees Unplugged, 6-8 pm

17th: Open Mic, 7-10 pm

24th: Northern Aliens, 7-10 pm

30th: Dylan Yeager, 6-8 pm

Music at Republic Brewing Company, 26 Clark Ave., Republic, republicbrew.com, 509-775-2700. Note: some shows require tickets.

4th: Moves Collective, 7-10 pm

17th: Novel Ideas, 7-10 pm

Music at The Flying Steamshovel, 2003 2nd Ave., Rossland, B.C. Visit theflyingsteamshovel.com or call 250-362-7323 for more info.

1st: Bill Durst Duo, 9 pm

17th: Joe Vickers w/ Guests, 10 pm

Arts & Crafts

Nov. 3: Holiday reception at Gold Mountains Gallery at 600 S. Clark, Republic, 4 - 6 pm. Refreshments will be served. The show will run through the month of November.

Nov 18: Coffee, Conversation, & Chocolate, 10:30 am at Parkview, 240 S. Silke, Colville, a free monthly event featuring guest speakers. For November, learn how to make beautiful silk flower arrangements. Supplies and hot cider provided.

Featured Artist Caroll Vrba and Elinor Distler at the gallery at Meyers Falls Market in Kettle Falls for the month of November. "The seasons go round and round" is the title of the show and will include paintings, prints and pastels.

Classes at E-Z Knit Fabrics in Colville: Open Workshop, bring projects you need help with, first Saturday of each month. BERNINA Embroidery Software master class, registration required, second Wednesday of each month at 9:30 a.m. Machine

Embroidery Projects, different project each month. Check with store (165 N Main St, Colville) for projects, samples, dates, times and costs (some classes are free). Anniversary sale Nov. 13-22. Call 509-684-6644 for more info.

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

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

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

Wellness

Nov 21: Confused with all of the Medicare choices? Need help? Call Parkview for a free appointment with a SHIBA volunteer, Available from 9-3. Volunteers will help with open enrollment decisions. Bring red, white and blue Medicare cards and a Ziploc bag with all your medication bottles. Call 509-684-5677 for more info.

Miscellany

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

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

MORE LISTINGS & DETAILS AT NCMONTHLY.COM

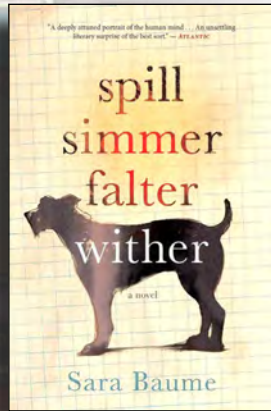
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A Good Read

spill simmer falter wither, by Sara Baume

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



Bold Celtic aristocrats were famed for their wolfhounds, but Irishwoman Sara Baume's novel stars a shy modern pariah and a scruffy one-eyed terrier. The middle-aged narrator, Ray, lives in squalor above a hair salon in a southern Irish coastal village. He acquires One Eye from the local animal shelter. They are a good match. The story's narration is directed at the dog – the “you” of the story – though we sometimes glimpse the dog's view too, in Ray's dreams.

Ray, who may be autistic or similarly un-mainstream, is idiosyncratically observant. He sees the attendant at the animal shelter as “a triangular man. Loafy shoulders tapering into flagpole legs, the silhouette of a root vegetable.” Ray describes himself as “a boulder of a man. ... When I stand still I stoop, weighed down by my own lump of fear. ... Everywhere I go it's as though I'm wearing a spacesuit which buffers me from other people.” He notices the “smallest, quietest things.”

Ray and the dog are alike in their ingrained sorrow and fear; also in their detailed attention to nature. Their walks together bring sensory abundances: “Barns, cars, bales and trees. Cows moving as im-

perceptibly as the hands of a clock, getting there without ever seeming to go.” Their favorite venues are deserted beaches.

The book's title, *spill simmer falter wither*, refers to the four seasons through which the story runs. Each has its touchstones, prompting the stories Ray tells his four-legged companion. The way Baume uses language has a vital originality lifting it from stereotype or cliché. Within a few pages the reader is soul-deep in the intersection of two wounded lives – one human, one canine. The writing never lets its characters down; it is no surprise the book won awards.

As summer turns to fall (simmer to falter), man and dog must flee the village: One Eye has transgressed. There is no safe place for them. “We are driving, driving, driving,” Ray tells the dog that it is “better to be content with ignorance, I've always thought, than haunted by truth.” But truth dogs Ray; he notices too much, he has no filters. Baume has written one of the saddest books I've ever read. But, throughout, there's the reward of holding in one's hands something precious, pertinent, burningly compassionate.

The Dark Flood Rises, by Margaret Drabble

Reviewed by Loren Cruden



Dame Margaret Drabble, who has been around a while, writes about aging in her recent novel, *The Dark Flood Rises*. Despite the ominous title, there is ample wit and little melodrama in the story – more rue than despair. The characters, after all, are English, and most are well-off.

The narrative seamlessly flows from character to character, some in England, some in the Canary Islands, all linked by family or friendship. A few are youngish but most are in their sixties, seventies, or older. A generation carrying memories of the second world war, the civil war in Spain, national austerities and old and new politics.

They grapple with the ordeals of aging/dying in a spectrum of ways within their spectrum of circumstances and personalities. Fran, who continues working for a charitable trust involved with improving housing for the aging, stays on the move. Her friend Jo retires in style, downsizing her career to weekly facilitation of a literary study group. Teresa, another friend, looks to religious faith for guidance. Claude, Fran's ex and an ex-surgeon, philosophically sinks into terminal decline with all the right drugs and a sexy home care nurse. In the Canary Islands, deteriorating Bennet and his younger partner Ivor avoid too close a scrutiny of the inevitable.

In the background, as the tide of aging rises, so do larger social and ecological surges: tides of refugees,

floods and tectonic shifts related to climate change, social isolation even as communication becomes ever more ubiquitous. Drabble seldom makes a big deal of any of this, instead infiltrates it into the story's atmosphere like an insidiously spreading water stain on wallpaper.

Very little actually happens in the plot – mostly the reader is inside people's heads; but the novel is surprisingly engaging in a *Yes, that's exactly what it's like* and an *Oh! I never thought about it from that angle* way. Drabble is particularly mesmerizing at conveying internal dialogue, and the sense of irrelevance that even some of her younger characters feel about their lives.

“[Fran] is looking forward to seeing her colleague Paul Scobey again. ... He doesn't expect people to want what they ought to want. So many in the geriatric business can't understand the perversity of human beings, their attachments to or impatience with irrational aspects of their old homes and neighbourhoods, their sudden detestation of members of their family with whom they had rubbed along without protest for years, their refusal to admit that they were old and would soon be incapable.”

Tides pull between poles of resignation and rage. To go gently, or not.

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

In Theaters: *Blade Runner 2049*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Call me a Negative Nancy, but it's a rare thing for Hollywood to create a world that you want to explore, even visit, a second time. Too often nowadays it seems like filmmakers are more interested in creating a series of cash cows that milk the movie-going audience, as opposed to focusing on making a concrete film that stands on its own.

That's why it makes me as pleased as punch to say *Blade Runner 2049* is outstanding indeed. The sequel to Ridley Scott's 1982 science fiction

tour de force, *Blade Runner 2049* is directed by Denis Villeneuve and stars Ryan Gosling as K and Harrison Ford reprising his role as Deckard from the original film.

In this future, human clones, known as "replicants," are used as slaves and servants throughout society. K is a replicant himself, charged with hunting down those of his kind that go rogue. His superior officer (Robin Wright) tasks him with rectifying a mystery surrounding Deckard. He's not the only one on the hunt for the hidden

former police officer, since corporate founder Niander Wallace (Jared Leto), whose company manufactures replicants, wants his hands on the secrets that Deckard is supposedly hiding.

Blade Runner 2049, like its predecessor, is visually striking, showing us a Los Angeles that is both vibrant and lonesome, a neon dystopia that draws us in without spoon-feeding us all the answers. And best of all, it honors what made the original so fascinating while still standing on its own.

In Case You Missed It: *Good Times*

Reviewed by Sophia Aldous

Nope, we're not talking about the TV show, and don't let the somewhat vanilla title fool you. Released earlier this year, *Good Times* is a crime-drama with a hefty dose of humanity. Directed by Ben and Josh Safdie and written by Josh Safdie and Ronald Bronstein, *Good Times* stars Robert Pattinson as Constantine "Connie" Nikas and Ben Safdie as Nick Nikas, Connie's younger, mentally handicapped brother. After a robbery attempt goes wrong and the police arrest Nick, Connie desperately tries to get him out of jail, descending deeper into criminality and high-risk situations.

Just as a warning: If you prefer movies with likeable characters *Good Times* probably isn't your night in with a rental and popcorn. The characters in this film are crooks, plain and simple, but that doesn't make their story any less engrossing to watch.

Pattinson, who helped launch the *Twilight* films into the forefront of popular culture

with his pale, brooding visage, finally shakes free of the sparkly vampire hunk construct. His Connie is commanding, driven, fiercely loyal to his brother, and not the guy you want anywhere near your sister or daughter, even though he doesn't pack a gun and the opening bank robbery is conducted through deceit and manipulation.

The movie mostly rides on Pattinson's shoulders, and he carries it well. The supporting cast including Safdie, Jennifer Jason Leigh and Barkhad Abdi, are perfectly serviceable, though Abdi isn't in the movie as long as I wish he had been.

Good Times isn't just about "bad" guys – it's about the destructive power of love, and the hard, cold fact that it doesn't always save people. It's a thrill ride that goes somewhere.

As the saying goes, "everyone's a critic" and Sophia is no different. She is a reporter and cinema aficionado in Newport, WA, and enjoys every genre, from action movies to silent films and everything in between (even that

weird French stuff). Reach her at sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com.



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LISTEN UP

Robert Plant's Golden Firelight

Reviewed by Michael Pickett

Honestly, I was ready to not like the new album by Robert Plant. Don't get me wrong, I love the one-time Led Zeppelin vocalist, and had actually dug his solo material before I ever even heard him with the Hammer of the Gods (some of his solo stuff is still better even than Zeppelin hits).

It's that rock's golden god was starting to just get too folksy in his later releases. I wanted to hear him really rock again. Now, it was only about twelve seconds into his *Carry Fire* album that I started to fall in love



with what he and his band, The Sensational Space Shifters, have created here.

Leading off with "The May Queen" – whose title is a subtle nod to the vastly overplayed "Stairway to Heaven" – Plant's golden, slightly off-kilter tenor floats easily over a superbly-produced bed of folk and ethnic instruments before slipping into the smoothly driving "New World," the insanely gorgeous "Season's Song" (maybe the best track on the album), "Carving Up the World Again" and "Bluebirds

Over the Mountain."

The whole thing seems to hearken back to Plant's decade-old work with Alison Krauss, and could have easily been penned and produced by T-Bone Burnett, the mastermind of those phenomenal sessions. That's not a bad thing at all. In fact, I'm so happy Plant has continued to mine this East-meets-West ethnic soft-rock sound that I hope he gives us more.

Three songs into this work, I thought of Barry Gibb's fantastic new solo album, and how Plant's long career has similarly turned him into an absolute master, with nothing to prove and everything to create in terms of songwriting and sounds. *Carry Fire* is a fantastic eleventh solo outing by the incomparable Robert Plant, and you can find it on CD or vinyl, or stream it.

Black Country Communion Regroups

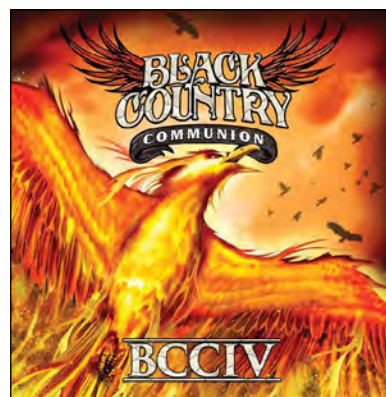
Reviewed by Michael Pickett

It's been a year of supergroups with Gizmodrome, Prophets of Rage and certainly the return of Black Country Communion. Made up of guitar wizard Joe Bonamassa, former Deep Purple/Black Sabbath super-singer Glenn Hughes, Zeppelin/Hagar drummer Jason Bonham and Dream Theater/Alice Cooper keyboardist Derek Sherinian, BCC is a formidable hard-rock force that sounds – as you might imagine – like it's well versed in the Deep Purple/Led Zep mode of massive music.

Back with *BCCIV*, this quartet sounds like the catty description Robert Plant and Jimmy Page tossed to their early '70s British musical "competition," Black Sabbath. The thing is, it's a sound that's pretty easy to

love, and Hughes wastes no time launching typically jaw-dropping vocal firepower that his contemporaries can barely match.

"Collide" opens things here, and the ballistic guitar-riffage feels a lot like a Rage Against the Machine track before the Celtic-tinged "The Last Song for My Resting Place" lightens things up and gives Bonamassa a turn at the mic. Hughes once again lays waste on the groove-heavy "Sway" and the Zeppelin-y "The Cove."



While the album feels like it could be fleshed out with maybe three more killer tracks, what's here is a scorching, varied take on modern classic rock. Frankly, anything that Glenn Hughes gets to sing on is automatically a gift from on high, so this album is absolutely worth having.

Stream Pickett music free on Apple Music, Spotify, Rhapsody and Beats. Just search "Pickett magnetic feedback" and enjoy a whole album's worth of music!



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Along the Mountain Path: The Heart of the System

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

Sutra 2.45 Sthira sukham asanam: "Asana is perfect firmness of body, steadiness of intelligence and benevolence of spirit."

~ B.K.S. Iyengar, *Light on the Yoga of Sutras of Patanjali*

"You've gotta have heart!"

~ *Damn Yankees*, by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross



Yoga is defined so many ways, by so many texts and masters. It is a tool for living, for finding that balance in ourselves that brings health and peace. It is a warrior path, in that life requires that we have courage and strength. Iyengar says, "yoga is alignment, and alignment is yoga." Our physical posture often both reflects and affects our inner life. It's all connected.

Mountain Pose (Tadasana) is the fundamental standing posture, stacking the bones to find harmony with gravity and ease in the joints. Placing the feet parallel, either together or hip-width apart, we explore balance across the ball of the foot and the heel. As we draw up the quadriceps, we lift weight out of the knees. Taking the tops of the femurs in and back, we balance the pelvis and align the femurs securely in the hip sockets. The pelvis is the pot out of which the tree of the spine grows, so we have created a level base out of which to rise up energetically through the spine to the crown of the head. As we draw the navel up and in, we create support for the lumbar spine by engaging the transverse abdominal wall.

Immediately we feel the heart lift! We relax the shoulders away from the ears, gently stretching through the fingertips toward the earth. The chin is level, eyes softly focused straight ahead.

Tadasana is strong, deeply rooted to the earth, rising upward and open-hearted. Tadasana is a "neutral" spine. It is basic good posture. As we perform various asanas, we go off neutral with awareness and intention, and return again to balance. In all poses, there is an awareness of Tadasana.

The heart becomes a useful and meaningful reference. We often keep our head in line with the rest of the spine, the back of the head in line with the back of the heart. This prevents forward head carriage and a collapsed chest. (Think closed heart.) It preserves the natural curve of the neck, preventing strain and injury. Maintaining a lifted breastbone, with the shoulder blades moving down and into the back, keeps the heart open, and the neck shoulder girdle balanced. In this way, "everything is easy from the heart up." (Tias Little)

In the Chakra system from Tantric Yoga, the heart chakra, Anahata, is at the center. It is physically and metaphorically the heart of the system. We are advised to reference the energy of the other chakras with the heart. When, for example, our intellect is at odds with our heart, there is discordance and unease. When we are true to our heart, there is peace. Here is a translation from the Atharva Veda, 9.2.19, in Anodea Judith's *Wheels of Life*:

"Love was born first, the gods cannot reach

it, or the spirits, or men. ... Far as heaven and earth extend, far as the waters go, high as the fire burns, you are greater, love! The wind cannot reach you, nor fire, nor the sun, nor the moon: You are greater than them all, love!"

As you journey upon the mountain path, reflect on the nature of love, and keep your heart open, in all ways. May you be happy.

Namaste.

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

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Narrative Point of View

By Linda Bond

Whether you're writing a short story or a novel, one of the first choices you must make is, who will tell the story? This is referenced as the narrative point of view. While some views are used more often than others, it all depends on what best suits your story.

There are three primary points of view to select from, and a couple of ancillary choices as well. In each case, the narrator is the one who knows what's going on. In general, the reader cannot know more than the narrator knows.

- **First Person:** One person tells the story as "I" and may refer to "we," "us" and "our." The narrator is usually the main character (the protagonist). In the version known as first person peripheral, "I" tell the story, but "I" am a secondary character and not the protagonist.
- **Second Person:** This is used to make the reader feel like the narrator. Example: You turn, warily. You peek through the slit in the door. What you see freezes you.
- **Third Person:** This is the most common view in fiction writing, with the protagonist being "he" or "she." In third person limited the narration is told through the eyes of one character, usually the protagonist. In third person multiple, the narration is told through the eyes of more than one character, usually one character at a time. In third person omniscient, the narrator knows everything. This is a God's-eye-view.

First Person Point of View

Let's say you want to tell a story in a way that will draw the reader into the mind and experiences of the protagonist. This approach gets the reader up close and personal with the storyline. Popular in "noir" crime stories (remember all those first-person private detective stories of the fifties?), this technique can make you the reader almost feel yourself passing out when the lead character is punched in the face. An example of this approach is:

I strode up to the front porch of a rather dilapidated structure that pretended to be a house. I was not going to give up my quest until I found the SOB who called my wife

claiming I was dead.

With a slight twist, you can tell the story through the eyes of another character who is watching the protagonist go through his agonies and joys. In this case, you are still taking an "I" approach, but from a bit of distance. Here is an example of the first person peripheral point of view:

I watched as George strode up to the front porch of the dilapidated structure with an air of purpose. I knew he would stop at nothing until he found the one who had called his wife with the incorrect news of his early death, and I was ready for fireworks.

George is the protagonist, but his friend tells the story from his own view of the action. Each approach has its individual strength and it is up to you, as the writer, to decide if one of them is right for your story.

Second Person Point of View

You may have noticed that I am directing my narrative (although it is nonfiction) to "you," the reader. This is a typical use of the second person point of view, but it is used creatively and skillfully in some novels. For example:

You step purposefully, moving toward the porch of the dilapidated house where he supposedly lives. You'll stop at nothing until you find the man who caused your wife so much pain by telling her you were dead. Your heart is racing, but whether from fear or just plain adrenaline, you don't know. And you don't care.

Third Person Point of View

This is the most common approach, yet it does offer some variety, which should be explored before you decide to employ it. The third person point of view offers the chance to move out of the mind of a character and into the overall scene of action. It may be done by viewing the action from one character's mind (limited), from the minds of more than one character (multiple) or even from an overview of all of the characters. The last approach (omniscient) allows the writer to reveal the most detail about the story, since there is no particular character limiting what can be known.

Let's look at one scene from several views:

- **Limited:** George could never understand why his friends avoided competitive sports. He loved them. They filled him with a burst of adrenaline like nothing else.
- **Multiple:** George and his friends all had different attitudes about competitive sports. George loved the adrenaline rush they offered. Ken liked the act of playing at sports, but he always felt bummed at the idea of there having to be a winner and a loser. Kelly just worried that she would look silly on the playing field, so she avoided competition whenever possible.
- **Omniscient:** George and all his friends had different attitudes about competitive sports. And they were not alone. Nearly everyone in the country had some kind of reaction. Some enjoyed the games; some hated them. Some wanted to argue about the relative merits of certain teams; others just wanted to keep their opinions to themselves.

More Than One Protagonist

If you have more than one protagonist and want to give them each an opportunity to tell their own story, be sure the reader knows which one is narrating at all times. In first person point of view, this can be done by giving each character a chapter in which to speak, then cycling between chapters as they each continue their stories. In third person point of view, the narrator may speak about the characters, and again, cycle around to continue the stories of each character. These approaches require skill and taste in their use, but they have yielded some interesting novels.

Experiment and Practice

One way to discover which approach will best suit your composition is to try them out by experimenting with a narrative in different ways. And remember, like any skill, it takes practice to develop, so don't give up. You'll soon be moving between different points of view with the best of them.

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.

The Versatile Pine Nut

By Louanne Atherley

The cooler temperatures of fall make me want to cook again. In the heat of summer, I was more interested in growing the food than in cooking it and was quite happy to just grab something fresh from the garden, maybe add a simple protein to go with it, and call that good. But now that the weather has turned, I find myself thinking about baking again and stewing foods with rich, complex sauces. Colder weather does prompt an increased calorie intake. A recipe for cookies with pine nuts caught my eye.

My husband, Ben, grew up on the edge of the west desert of Utah near the border with Nevada. In the fall, his family often went southeast into the mountains to collect cones of pine nuts, gathering enough for several months' worth of snacking.

They roasted the cones in the oven or boiled them until the cones opened. Then the nuts were popped out with a thumbnail. To eat them you just cracked the shell between your teeth.

One of the unavoidable consequences of gathering pine nuts is that you get covered with pitch. Ben's mother, Angelina, used shortening to rub off the pitch. It was also on one of these excursions that Ben nearly got well acquainted with a coiled rattlesnake as he was running downhill. Somehow, however, he managed to jump over rather than land on it.

Although pine nuts are a traditional Italian ingredient, called *pignoli* or *pinoli*, Ben says he doesn't remember his mother cooking with them. They just ate them from the shell. I called Angelina, and she said she preferred them boiled because they were sweet and juicy. She told me that Ben's dad loved them so much that, near the end of his life, after he'd had open heart surgery, he told her he wanted to go up into the mountains one last time to gather pine nuts. She said she

had to help him climb the steep slopes, but he was determined to taste fresh pine nuts one last time.

About twenty species of pine produce nuts large enough to harvest, and the nuts have been food for people around the world for thousands of years. Unfortunately, although we have plenty of pine trees around here and their seeds are technically edible, they are much too small. Most grocery stores carry them already shelled. As with many things gathered fresh, the flavor is much better if you can get them fresh. Once shelled, pine nuts turn rancid quickly and, for optimum quality, they should be frozen.

The pine nuts Ben's family gathered most likely came from a species of pinyons. In fact, the *pinus monophylla*, or single-leaf pinyon, is harvested commercially and grows throughout that region of Utah and Nevada and down into New Mexico. They were a food source for native peoples throughout those areas and a trade commodity for Navajos.

Of course, the most familiar/traditional use of pine nuts is in pesto, but in Italian cooking pine nuts are also used in desserts, cookies and candies. Pine nuts make a wonderful addition to pastas and marinated salads and are great as a garnish for spinach or asparagus. Here is an easy cookie recipe using pine nuts and fennel, for something a little different.

Ingredients

1 stick (half a cup) unsalted butter, at room



temperature

½ cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon ground fennel seed
¼ teaspoon salt
1 large egg
1 ¼ cups all-purpose flour
¼ cup pine nuts

Directions

Using an electric mixer, beat the butter, sugar, vanilla, fennel seed and salt in a large bowl until light and fluffy. Beat in the egg. Add the flour and mix just until blended.

Transfer the dough to a sheet of plastic wrap. Shape the dough into an 8-inch-long log. Wrap the dough in plastic and refrigerate for 2 hours.

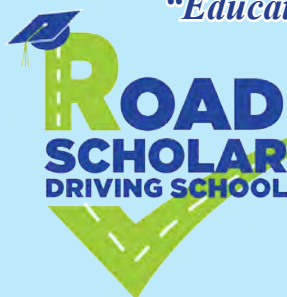
Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Line heavy large baking sheets with a silpat or parchment paper. Cut the dough log crosswise into 1/8 to ¼-inch thick slices. Transfer the cookies to the prepared baking sheets, spacing evenly apart. Press the pine nuts decoratively atop the cookies. Bake until the cookies are golden around the edges, about 15 minutes.

Here is a link to another pine nut cookie recipe. This one is gluten free, relying on egg white to firm up the almond paste and again garnished with pine nuts. It is somewhere between a merengue and a macaroon with a lovely chewy/crunchy texture: <http://allrecipes.com/recipe/10339/pignoli-cookies-ii/>

In addition to all the wonderful Italian recipes, you may want to explore Middle Eastern cooking. There is a spicy ground lamb dish called kibbeh that contains pine nuts, and samosas, which is a deep-fried savory pastry that often uses pine nuts as part of the filling.

With the weather turning colder, this is a good time for kitchen experimenting with new flavors.

Although born into a farming family and raised on a meat and potatoes diet, Louanne Atherley has made exploring the diversity of foods from other cultures a lifelong passion.



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Thanksgiving's History: Best Moments

By Michelle Lancaster

What did Thanksgiving mean to those who started and passed on what became an American tradition? My husband used to tease me about those pilgrims when I was working on my history degree in college, which actually led me to study documents about the real lives of the people involved. That led to wondering about other notable documents related to official days of thanks. I am a fan of primary documents, so I found a few to see how citizens of this country over the years defined "thanks-giving."

THE PILGRIMS

In a letter dated December 11, 1621, Edward Winslow records that "our harvest being gotten in, our governour sent foure men on fowling, that so we might after a speciall manner rejoyce together, after we had gathered the fruits of our labours."

Another pilgrim, William Bradford, wrote in a book years after the fact, "They begane now to gather in ye small harvest they had, and to fitte up their houses and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health & strength, and had all things in good plenty... And besides water foule, ther was great store of wild Turkies, of which they tooke many, besides venison, &c."

The first recorded day of thanksgiving for the forerunners of American citizens occurred after the first winter the pilgrims faced in their new land. Poor planning and bad luck culminated with the loss of several members of the group and months subsisting on very little food. To them, the moderate harvest after their first year of farming must have seemed a priceless blessing. The thanksgiving event lasted three days – a combination of harvest festival and religious observance. The meal was not so much about consuming a specific food but rather a celebration of abundant local produce grown with the help of their friendly neighbors, Squanto and the Wampanoag tribe.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

In 1789, President Washington followed the known tradition of delegating a special day of thanks. His proclamation states, "Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly to implore his protection and favor; And whereas both Houses of Congress have, by their joint committee, requested me to recommend to the People of the United States, a Day of public Thanksgiving and Prayer to be observed by

acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness."

Washington used this day of thanksgiving to reflect on the recent past of America – achieving independence and establishment of the United States Constitution.

SARAH HALE

Sarah Hale, a 19th-century writer and editor who sought to improve the education of girls, pushed for Thanksgiving to become an annual national celebration. In 1863 she wrote "... would it not be more noble, more truly American, to become nationally in unity when we offer to God our tribute of joy and gratitude for the blessings of the year?"

Imagine a holiday where all can put aside their differences to celebrate together – surely each of us has *something* to be thankful for?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In the same year, President Lincoln issued a proclamation: "The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they can not fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God."

Hard to imagine being thankful for much in the midst of the Civil War. Yet, year after year, regardless of circumstance, we can continue to be thankful for the simple blessings of food and nature. That is a comfort to know.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

It was not until 1939 that Thanksgiving became the currently recognized annual holiday. President Roosevelt wrote, "Let us, on the day set aside for this purpose, give thanks to the Ruler of the Universe for the strength which He has vouchsafed us to carry on our daily labors and for the hope that lives within us of the coming of a day when peace and the productive activities of peace shall reign on every continent."

The above quotes each include thanks toward God, yet what the authors gave thanks for varied greatly. The pilgrims lived through a time of great hardship and were grateful to conclude

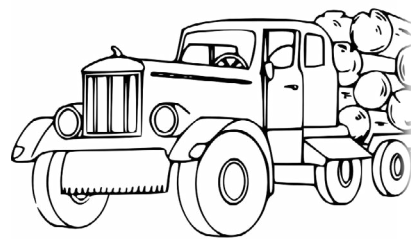
their first year with a bountiful harvest and new friendships. George Washington survived the creation of a new nation after years of war and strife in a grateful, humble manner. Sarah Hale and Abraham Lincoln, in the middle of the nation's major civil battles, spoke of the hope of unity and simple blessings. Franklin Roosevelt presided over a country that had gone through many years of economic depression, where people subsisted on very little, yet still had faith in the day-to-day and hope of peace.

The corresponding occasions of Thanksgiving illustrate not that we necessarily need to grow specific food or shoot a turkey to eat on the same day as everyone else in our country, but rather to set aside a specific time for reflection and giving of thanks regardless of our circumstances. Giving thanks for what we have every day – big and little.

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

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Our Great Friend: Imagination

By Daisy Pongrakthai

“The true sign of intelligence is not knowledge but imagination.”

~ Albert Einstein

“Row, Row, Row Your Boat” was a favorite song as a child and still is. It carries great meaning in a few simple phrases. It’s imaginatively charged and analogous to daily life: We move with will and intention, yet smoothly and merrily with the flow, for life is like an imaginary canvas, a stage, or as Poe wrote, “All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream.”

Just like stories, images and pictures are indispensable and inherent threads of our being human ... cave drawings, stone etchings, renaissance paintings, significant cultural monuments, black and white photos, the television invention, family photos of the pre-tech days, Photoshop and Facebook today. Images say a thousand words and the images we produce in our minds also fabricate external outcomes, situations or products.

Legends of all time – the Emersons and Blakes, the Einsteins and Teslas, the da Vincis and the Michaelangelos, the Ghandis and Kings, the Maslows and the Hawkins, the McKibbens and the Bioneers – all the revolutionaries and positive change makers embodied resilient, active imaginations. The revolutionaries of today are no different. Even you and I are no different. Every person’s individual greatness emanates from the imaginal realm. Like Sir Ken Robinson said, “Imagination is the primary gift of human consciousness.”

Who has great imagination of today that you admire? For me Dr. Jean Houston is one admiree, for she teaches how imagination is one of the most valuable tools that we have as humans to instigate positive change in ourselves and our world.

Imagination is a magnificent tool to paint pictures and impress images for positive changes in our lives. Imagination contains a dreaming quality mixed with moment-to-moment innumerable possibilities. It’s like a beautiful fluffy extension of the mind where there’s sort of a gateway that’s allowed to be open for the fantastical, outside-the-box, multi-possibility thinking. It’s like *sense-thinking*. It’s not reactionary, rather creative, and can tickle your bones. Our human innate nature is to create. Why do we like fun adventures, sports, interesting art or entertainment? Because they impart creative and ever-new happenings. Our brains thrive on ever-newness, excitement and joy-giving experiences. It makes us feel “alive.”

Scientist Joel Pearson of the University of South Wales notes that mental imagery is essential in organizing our day-to-day lives. If we can imagine scenarios, he says, it’s “one of the fundamental abilities that allows us to successfully think about and plan future events ... mental imagery allows us to, in a sense, run through a dress rehearsal in our mind’s eye.”

Children have brilliant imaginations. When this is retained, we call it genius, or prodigy. Albert Einstein famously said, “To stimulate creativity, one must develop the childlike inclination for play.” Pablo Picasso said, “Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once we grow up.”

According to Dr. Stephanie Carlson, an expert on childhood brain development, kids spend as much as two-thirds of their time in the “non-reality” of imaginative play. Her conclusion is that “*practice in pretending* helps you come up with alternative ways of being – and of seeing an issue – and

results in more creativity and better problem-solving.” Children, musicians, writers, inventors and artists are prime examples and explicit proof of the power of imagination.

What is now proved: Creativity is one of the most critical skills for the future. Recent surveys of 1,500 CEOs and 17 countries agree that the ability to dream, take chances and create the things we imagine are the skills of entrepreneurs, innovators and change makers. Children are born with these exceptional talents, but research shows that over time they begin to lose them.

~ Imagination.org

At imagination.org they teach children to retain their innate imaginary skill and evolve it further by bringing into action by a process called Creative Play, which requires little facilitation. The five components of Creative Play are:

- **Inspire:** connect with the child’s interests
- **Imagine:** encourage boundless dreaming
- **Build:** take one or a few ideas and make them real
- **Play:** test things out, experiment, make them better
- **Share:** present the interest or representation in a meaningful public context

Combining this childlike imagination with trained logic mixes in an exciting ingredient on our life’s journey. It’s not only challenging and constructive, but it’s also freeing, like being a child again, unlocking so many possibilities. As the tentacles of the mind open the doors to more possibilities through imagination, new pathways reveal themselves for the betterment of ourselves and our world around us.

Our great friend Imagination can greatly help us row our daily boat to solve problems or resolve disagreements, create beautiful music, words or art to soothe others, invent sustainable practices, bring about more happiness by setting forth strategies of better living, even unite cultures and races. By seeing a better way with our great friend Imagination we collaboratively create a new blueprint paradigm. That is genius. That is our great gift, tool and friend, Imagination.

See more “From the Inside Out” on Daisy’s blog: www.thepartyinside.com.

Nothing happens unless first we dream.

~ Carl Sandburg

Living by Water: Salmon's Presence

By Tina Wynecoop

We would have had to be centenarians to have witnessed the extraordinary salmon runs in the Little Spokane River. Spokane Riverkeeper Jerry White Jr. describes the fish: "Chinook salmon with tails the size of tennis rackets and weighing up to 100 pounds."

The male Chinook (King) salmon shown in the photograph was caught by my husband's grandfather. It had left the Pacific Ocean, traveled up the Columbia River, swam eastward into the Spokane River, and bumped into a concrete obstacle where it could migrate no further. Little Falls Dam (1911) blocked its passage. According to Allan Scholz, EWU biology professor and expert on salmon culture and biology, "It was caught immediately below the dam during the summer of 1938, the year before the Grand Coulee Dam blocked salmon migration into all the Upper Columbia Basin. The fish looks like a male ... because it appears ... to be starting to develop a spawning kype (hooked upper snout) and is starting to develop spawning colors."

Perhaps the Little Spokane River was calling him home. The 35-mile-long Little Spokane and its watershed, encompassing 710 square miles, drains the northeastern portion of the 2,400 square miles of the Spokane River sub-basin. Both the Big and Little Spokane Rivers and their tributaries are part of the vast Columbia River Basin. It is scientific knowledge that the "magnitude of the former fish runs in the Columbia River's watershed were estimated to be as high as 35 million fish." *Annually.*

Many years later, a "Calling Home the Salmon" ceremony has been conducted each June at traditional fishery sites along the Columbia River. Native peoples gather and pray, and, by tapping cobblestones together, imitate the sound the river once made as it streamed over gravel spawning beds.

The Indians gather to remember what once was ... letting the salmon know they have not been forgotten, and telling the salmon that great efforts are being made to enable their return – efforts to restore and maintain the health and diversity of native fish in the Columbia basin. It is a poignant ceremony because salmon still gather at the foot of dams – instinctively driven to return home yet unable to hurdle the great walls imposed across their watery highways.

In the pre-dam days, it was often said that the salmon swam upstream so thick during the spring, summer and fall runs that one could "walk across their backs to the opposite bank." For example, the Lewis and Clark expedition, which first encountered the Columbia River in 1805, recorded that "nearby streams were so thick with salmon that you could all but walk across on their backs."

Bernard DeVoto, editor of the republished Lewis and Clark journals, wrote, "Everywhere [was] evidence of how the Indian's salmon economy was organized: weirs, spears, nets, caches of dried fish." He added that their notation for Oct. 14, 1805, states, "Everybody [in our group] was heartily bored by living on fish and for the first time in three weeks [we] had a good dinner of Blue wing Teel."

A Colville tribal member says her elders recalled the salmon "were so thick you could walk across the river on their backs." Local author Sherman Alexie writes, "My grandmother [Etta Cox] said the salmon once swam so thick in the Spokane

company was selling off extraneous parcels of land "gifted" to it by the federal government. Certainly there was little consideration for the aboriginal people and their dependence on the fishery.

Norman recalled, "The site was a great fishing place ... the Indians had fish traps across both the Spokane River and the Little Spokane ... and there was fish for everyone. When I first settled there the fish were so plentiful. ... I have seen salmon, big ones weighing many pounds lying noses together, one above the other, closely packed in their efforts to reach their spawning ground at the head of the stream."

From another account: "In 1882, 40-50,000 salmon/steelhead were seen on drying racks at the Indian encampment on the Little Spokane. By 1883 the Indian catch was only about 2,000 fish." This dramatic drop coincides with the growing presence of canneries and 1883 is noted as a banner year with 30.2 million one-pound cans of salmon processed.

Anthropologist Verne Ray wrote that Spokane Indians "maintained a weir and fishing platform station at the junction of the three streams at the base of Shady Slope. Near the mouth of Deadman Creek was a permanent village, a major fish-gathering site called *élmúle?xw*" (where a creek skirts the foot of a cliff). [The Indians] stood on this platform to spear Chinook salmon, Steelhead trout and Mountain whitefish that were abundant."

By the late 1800s and early 1900s, before Little Falls Dam blocked salmon runs on the Spokane River, settlers in the Little



River that she could walk across the water on their backs." The fantastic former salmon runs created a proverbial bridge – although no one confirms having tested such a crossing!

Salmon, in their former abundance, were the major food source for the Indians of the region. Preparations for catching, preserving and storage were precise. Even the salmon's skin provided nutrients. I have found photographs of moccasins made entirely of salmon skins.

Allan Scholz's forthcoming book contains numerous historical accounts and interviews about the abundance of salmon. In the late 1800s, Ben Norman purchased property from the Northern Pacific Railway at the confluence of the Little Spokane River with the Spokane River. The railroad

Spokane Valley said that farmers along the river used pitchforks to harvest Chinook salmon. Unlike the Indians, the farmers considered these fish to be inedible and used them instead as food for their pigs or as fertilizer. In 1893, ichthyologists Charles Gilbert and Barton Evermann reported extensive damage to the Little Spokane as a result of settler activities:

"The character of this stream is being materially changed by the advent of [post-contact] civilization, a fact which is, or has been, true of most streams in this country. The cutting away of the timber and brush on the immediate bank and the cultivation of the land within the drainage area of the stream have greatly increased the surface erosion and, in consequence, the impurities of

the stream.”

The grandson of the fisherman who caught the Chinook salmon pictured in the photograph remembers these “impurities of the stream” in his boyhood attempts at swimming in the Spokane River as it sluggishly flowed along the southern boundary of his reservation. He said, “During the 1940s one had to dive through horrible layers of green foamy crud to reach the water.”

Existence for any living thing downstream was hazardous to health. And, to add insult to injury, because of the damming of the traditional fishery sites, an elder Spokane said, “Your houses are filled with light, but our stomachs are now empty.”

In the middle reach of the Little Spokane landscape I interviewed Colville tribal member Jim Tomeo, a long-time resident of the Little Spokane River valley. He shared with me conversations he had with John W. Stoneman (1900-1996), who resided and farmed at Dartford. Stoneman told him, “The salmon were plenty. Whenever they came through, the bears and cougars came down to the river’s edge and would wait to snatch a salmon for a meal.”

Tomeo said Stoneman remembered that when he was very young, Nez Perce Chief Joseph would camp along the Little Spokane at Dartford, and upstream where the Wandermere Golf Course is now located, while traveling between Nespelem on the Colville Reservation and his family home in Idaho. He and his small group would come and camp during salmon runs. In preparation for their leader’s arrival, young men went ahead of Joseph’s group to catch, smoke and dry enough salmon for the chief’s travels and for trade. Tomeo spoke of the different ways the captured salmon were preserved. The stone tools (lithics) in the photo are from the Dartford area and were utilized in processing salmon. The tools are sturdy reminders of the fishing activity on the Little Spokane River.

On its surface this river appears untouched and pristine. Beneath its surface there is a different story, one that speaks of incomprehensible destruction and loss for the indigenous people who once thrived along its banks – and loss for the settlers who came later.

Although the Little Spokane River has never been dammed, there have been feasibility studies to do so. Earlier attempts at manipulation are described in an article in *The Pacific Northwest Inlander* titled, “Progress Be Dammed: How Spokane Tried Its Darndest to Stop the Grand Coulee Dam from Being Built.” Investigative reporter William Stimson writes, “In 1918 there was a plan to divert waters from the north of Spokane to central Washington via gravity. ... In this plan, the Pend Oreille River would be grabbed at a point between the small towns of Newport and Priest River and steered, via 130 miles of existing water-



ways – such as the Little Spokane River (emphasis added) – across the Spokane River at Dishman and through tunnels under the Spokane foothills to the Columbia Basin.”

Although not without great cost to the people who staked their lives on the abundance of migratory salmon, it was determined that the Grand Coulee was a better site for a large dam. For now, the Little Spokane River meanders unobstructed.

Lynda Mapes, award-winning journalist, witnessed the recent successful removal of the Elwha Dam near Port Townsend. The salmon had waited a long time and returned upstream in droves. Her conclusions reflect what should be realized in the Little Spokane River and the surrounding watershed as well:

“We busily built a civilization and, while we were at it, undercut the natural balancing capacities of our world. I agree that our human works are now greatly at risk – but also think our situation is not hopeless. Ultimately, this is about relationships. With one another, with future generations, and

with the other living beings with which we share the planet, now and in the future, with value all their own.”

In 1973 Spokane Tribal Chairman Alex Sherwood spoke: “I remember this river so well as it was before the dams. My father and grandfather used to tell me how it was before the white man came ... it was beautiful then ... the fish! The fish sometimes so thick that it seemed that they filled the river. ... I ask, ‘River, do you remember how it used to be – the game, the fish, the pure water, the roar of the falls, boats, canoes, fishing platforms? You fed and took care of our people then.

“For thousands of years we walked your banks and used your waters. You would always answer when our chiefs called to you with their prayer to the river. Sometimes, I stand and shout, ‘River do you remember us? We thank you for these things. Bring us again, as you have every year, the salmon that keep us together as a people and feed us through the winters. Remember!’”

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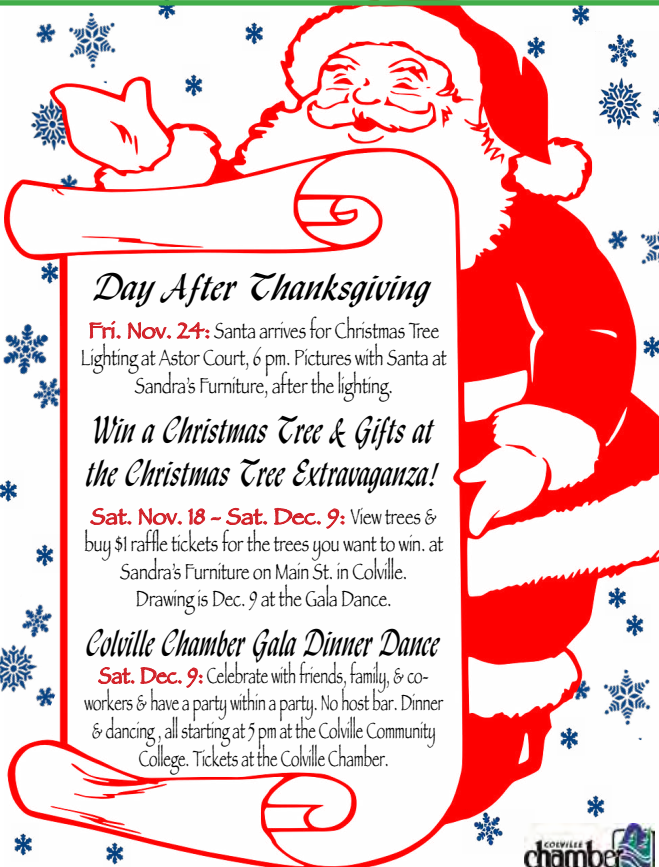
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The Blessed Coup d'état

By Gabriele von Trapp

The French term “coup d'état” translates to “a political overthrow by an uprising,” but I find it a suitable expression in other states of affairs or circumstances. It embodies the spirit of an experience when a desire in life that is seemingly unattainable becomes a reality, especially during less than desired circumstances.

I recently had a coup d'état with the acquisition of a beautiful piece of property in Deer Park, a piece of land with unlimited potential. Two homes, three barns, acres in hay, everything a family could desire in order to carve out a sustainable future – a dream come true.

We had submitted an offer on this property in early May, but were outbid by \$40,000 even though we had offered the asking price. We begrudgingly waved the opportunity and dream goodbye. Miraculously, in late July, the offer fell through and the property was again available. My family and I scrambled to put everything in place financially, and we are now the blessed and elated new owners, in a coup d'état moment.

A coup d'état is not just limited to the realization of your dreams and aspirations when the odds are against you. I also use it to express a moment of uncanny luck.

During my first experience in a casino many years ago in Reno, Nevada, a coup d'état happened. I had never gambled before nor had I ever been inclined to. I felt out of place and awkward amid the hustle and unfamiliarity of the busy casino, not knowing what to do with my hands, where to stand or even where to look. My husband, familiar with the landscape, gave me a few silver dollars and a pocket full of quarters and directed me toward an oversized and cartoonish looking, overtly lit and noisy bandit dollar slot machine. “Put in five dollar coins and pull the arm,” he said as he turned to go about his way.

I could barely force myself to lose \$5 so easily and felt ridiculous manhandling this towering machine with a handle that took my bodyweight to pull down.

I clung to the lever as it came down and froze. The action triggered a blaring siren alarm and lights began to flash throughout the giant room. Apparently, I had broken the machine.

My husband was nowhere to be seen, so I slunk to a row of slot machines that took quarters. In an attempt to not be noticed or blamed for the damage (although I would have fessed up should I have been ques-

tioned), I slid five quarters into the machine closest at hand. I couldn't believe my luck when the handle also jammed and an alarm went screeching again!

An attendant was servicing the first machine and then came over to the second machine I had broken. He inserted and turned a key, shutting off the alarm, and wrote me a ticket and handed it to me, directing me to a nearby window. My husband was still nowhere to be found.

The lady at the window greeted me with a smile. I was mortified as I considered how much I would have to pay to have the two machines repaired. I handed her my ticket and she excused herself for a moment. When she returned, she laid down a neatly stacked pile of cash. I was perplexed!

A few people had followed me to the window and realized I had no idea of what just happened. They all informed me that I had won! The nice lady at the window explained that I had hit the jackpot on the big machine for \$1,800 and the quarter machine had three “genies” for a \$600 jackpot. \$2,400 in two pulls! An unanticipated “coup d'état”!

Another coup d'état fell upon me in my mid-teens. I lived in Connecticut at the time and had a horse – my first one – that I kept stabled. He was an ornery fellow, an Appaloosa gelding, 15.2 hands and absolutely no manners. Fireball was stubborn, reared a lot and bucked on too many inopportune occasions, and he was never, never on the right lead no matter how hard I tried to cue or shift him.

He was an embarrassment and challenged me at every turn. I had no idea that riding could actually be fun, although I did enjoy our adventures nonetheless and he had never been able to dump me.

It was early spring and time to get Fireball and me into shape. I took the ole boy to the covered arena and mounted him. We began the tug of war. He was unusually difficult that day, but I had a stronger will and determination.

While I was working Fireball, two gentlemen watched me handle this devil of a horse. One was Jim Abbott, the owner of the stable, and the other was Gordon Hayes, a horse trainer who owned performance horses and a trick-and-precision riding team. Gordon turned to Jim and exclaimed, “If that girl can ride that horse, she can ride anything!”

Once I cooled Fireball and returned him to

his stall, Gordon came by to talk. He had been looking for two riders for the new horses he was adding to his riding team. He explained that he trained horse and rider together and then asked if I would be interested. I immediately answered in the affirmative.

Serena was an elegant, intelligent buckskin thoroughbred at 17.2 hands who looked as if she were walking on eggshells, placing her steps high and with precise grace. I was to spend as much time as possible with her, grooming, feeding, watering and leading, which I did daily, but not to ride until our training started. It was a joy to be around a horse who behaved like a horse instead of a jackass.

I went through a season of training with Gordon and Serena and the rest of the team. Daily, the team of eight matched horses and riders practiced timed and sequenced movements, crossovers and loops, all in harmonic unison. We soon began performing at rodeos, fairs and parades and opened for other equestrian events.

At rodeos, each rider of the team exhibited a special talent. My specialty was riding three horses abreast, which Gordon and I worked on for some time to build my stamina and strength. First at a trot, then at a canter, in figure-eights and tight circles, with all three horses keeping perfectly aligned and flawlessly changing leads on cue. My grand finale was a full-bore run down the center of the arena with the three muscular, steaming, snorting, romping, stomping beasts, dirt flying, nostrils flaring in excitement. It was quite a sight to see a lanky 112-pound girl handle this much muscle with such ease and the crowd would jump to their feet, hooting and hollering and always give a wild applause.

Riding with Gordon Hayes and his team for several years was a dream come true for a young horse lover. A novice rider becoming a seasoned professional? It was a coup d'état!

Many situations in my life have turned out to be a coup d'état – overcoming adversities, challenges, dark days and even darker nights. I don't know if there is another d'état in my coup bank but I will continue to dream, desire, aspire and reach for the goal. And no, I won't be buying a lottery ticket. I don't want to change the odds.

After 28 years in Stevens County, Gabriele von Trapp is relocating to Deer Park in Spokane County with her memories, dreams and reflections in tow.

The Blue Hole

By Eldon Palmer

Less than 24 hours into our wilderness trek to the Blue Hole I was seriously considering calling it quits. Desperate trouble was imminent. Now, I am no fair-weather camper – hardcore all the way – and only direly grim circumstances could discourage my determination to stay the course. Forced to stare my resolve directly in the eye, I have to admit I blinked.

My two sons, Samuel and Tyrel, ages 8 and 10 at the time, and I had left Monday morning, July 13, 2009, to the Oregon Eagle Cap Wilderness area for some high adventure in the Blue Hole. Found in a remote area in northeast Oregon, the Blue Hole is about two miles from Indian Trail trailhead. The Imnaha River rages through an extremely narrow canyon for a couple hundred yards between rock cliffs about 80 feet high – the perfect place to grey the hair of any parent. Just after the cliffs the river opens into an enticing, slow-moving azure pool. The Blue Hole, one of my favorite campsites from my youth, was where we would camp for four eventful days.

We arrived at Indian Crossing at about 2:30 p.m., strapped our packs on our backs, and headed up the rugged trail like three overload-

ed, lumbering mules. When the hike is only two miles to base camp, a few luxury items are allowed, right? You know, just a couple minor frills like family-sized cans of chunky beef stew, a drum of sun screen (which never got opened), butter, cooking oil, a keg of pancake syrup, a medicine cabinet, coats, hats, twenty changes of underpants (mom insisted, but were also never used), four pairs of socks for each day, thirty pounds of fishing gear, a tent, bulky sleeping bags.... Nonetheless, we made it to camp in fair time, although hunched-backed.

I asked Tyrel and Samuel to gather firewood while I set up camp. Being the industrious and efficient sons that they are, they attacked a standing dead tamarack with their tomahawks. Wood chips the size of corn flakes flew from their whirling hatchets. Four days later, they had actually made it nearly halfway through the trunk.

Anyhow, back to my steely resolve withering to Silly Putty. Included in my 70 pounds of gear was one industrial-sized roll of toilet paper. Tuesday morning, not quite 24 hours into our excursion, I stood gaping at only a quarter of the once-hefty roll. It turned out that the \$10

bag of ripe Bing cherries I had bought at the Enterprise Safeway wasn't such a great idea. Following Tyrel, Samuel had come out of the brush on the edge of camp and handed me the depleted, absolute necessity. Struggling to control my ragged breathing as waves of horror wracked my body, I stumbled to the nearest stump with the dreadful ramifications beginning to dawn.

"Just breathe," I told myself, struggling to get a grip. I began thinking rationally about our precarious situation. Carefully considering our options, I examined our menu for the next couple of days. Fiber? Nope. Not a single gram of dietary roughage in any of our nourishing meals. Operation Blue Hole was still a go!

Without a care in the world Tyrel and Samuel had gone straight from the poop hole to the Blue Hole. I joined them up on the cliffs where they were serenely dangling fishing lines into the river. I didn't divulge our precarious situation, not wanting to send their fragile minds into the depths of severe anxiety.

The heat of the sun beat down on my gloriously bald noggin and the sensuous waters began to beckon me. The searing sun and the

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MAKING SENSE OF INVESTING

blue, high-country waters colluded and I was slowly seduced. The toilet paper predicament faded from my fuzzy brain. Just one quick jump off the 30-foot cliff couldn't hurt. Heart pounding, I leaped into the void. Too soon, the glacier-fed river exploded over my body with a million icy needles piercing my pasty-white skin. Exhilarating. Tyrel jumped off the cliffs a few times and swam around with Samuel in the numbing waters for over an hour.

We spent the rest of that day fishing, lounging and hiking the rugged slopes around camp. Samuel caught one of the massive bull trout that cruise the cold Imnaha like tiger sharks. Not deterred by the fact that the fish weighed twice as much as he did, Samuel attempted to drag that lunger to shore. The sturdy treble hooks straightened out like tin foil. Oh well, you have to throw those back anyhow.

The next day we hiked four miles up to Imnaha Falls where I once again fell to the seductions of the river – this time in the buff. My only audience the boys and a curious mule deer doe, I exposed my hideous hairiness and performed a few cannonballs and gainers off the cliff at the base of the falls. But you know,



kids are resilient. After only a few weeks and a couple of counseling sessions, they started to talk again.

Finding our fill of ice-dipping and fishing, we meandered back down the trail, pausing often to strip tangy-sweet huckleberries from the bushes like greedy black bears. In our bliss, we grinned at each other, through purple teeth.

Over the course of four days we drank unfiltered water from allegedly giardia-infested

streams, swam in hypothermic waters, played with knives and tomahawks, jumped off dangerous cliffs, climbed precarious precipices, explored treacherous caves, ate out of dirty dishes with filthy hands, romped around in a bear-ridden wilderness, swallowed fish bones, braved the boogeyman in the dark, picked blood-sucking ticks out of our hair, played with fire, and ate gobs of sugary sweets. However, most terrifying after four days of unadulterated, death-defying diversion was the emaciated roll of toilet tissue.

Heading back down the melancholy trail with a much lighter pack, yet bearing a few shards of precious sanitary paper, I calculated how much the trip cost: \$100 for gas, \$85 for food and snacks, \$25 for an out-of-state fishing license, \$80 for miscellaneous paraphernalia. Watching Samuel careen head-over-heels down the mountainside while shortcutting a switchback? Priceless! This hilarious spectacle conjured up a curious feeling of déjà-vu. Hmm... Nope, can't quite put my finger on where I might have previously experienced such a comical exhibition.

Eldon and his wife and children live on a small farm near Deer Park.

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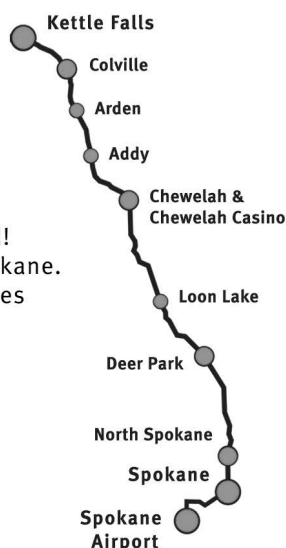


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The Upfront Road Trip

By Becky Dubell

Talk about stepping outside my comfort zone and doing something **TOTALLY** new. I now have a new “toy” in my life that could – and most likely will – become very addictive. You might even see this same silly grin on the faces of other motorcycle riders and passengers. You may recognize the toy – a CanAm Spyder.

In 2010 when Jim purchased the 1987 Honda 1200 Gold Wing, I thought being a passenger was the cat’s meow. I could see forever on the back seat of that bike – or so I thought. He was keeping a huge secret from me! See, in all my years I have had very little experience operating a machine along the style of a motorcycle – a snow machine twice, an ATV twice, and a wave runner once (screaming the whole time because Theresa had reached around me and turned the throttle on full bore).

Two years after the death of Jim I discovered I was missing the view of the open sky, the feel of the wind buffeting me around, and the smells (didn’t matter – clean air, dead skunk, or freshly mowed grass). Being too set in my ways

pleasure out of seeing my enjoyment while I was his passenger. And believe me, it was pure enjoyment. There were many days I’d call from work, “Does the bike want to go for a ride?” and when I pulled into the driveway the bike is sitting there with my gear on board waiting for the trip. It didn’t matter whether it was 10 miles or 100 miles, we were heading down the road. By the end of the driveway the day’s problems were gone.

Here’s how I went solo. My dad decided I would help him bring two vehicles from Lake Isabella, Calif., up to Colville – a passenger car and the CanAm. On my trip down there I drove an SUV, rode in a truck to the airport, took a bus from LAX to the train station, a train to Lancaster, a passenger car to Lake Isabella – and then the trike home.

After having completed a two-day training course that tells me I can get out and practice riding on three wheels, I had a trike endorsement. In a parking lot with a friend’s CanAm, learning to shift, swerve and make sharp turns and quick stops, all at a top speed of 15 m.p.h., I was ready to tackle our little jaunt north. Right.

The very first road was marked with one of those pesky yellow warning signs with the snake-looking thing on it with a smaller yellow sign below stating “Next 28 Miles.” Whoa. Wait a minute. Talk about jumping into the deep end!

My dad was in charge of the route and he favors the back roads. Boy, did we ever see the countryside – when I wasn’t concentrating on those pesky 25 m.p.h. smaller yellow signs that showed up A LOT. Took the back road (of some sort) into the big town of Pendleton, through



the town and out the other side onto another back road. If I wasn’t operating the bike I would have broken my arm patting myself on the back. I realized what I had done – navigated traffic lights, used turn signals, shifted down and up, stopped for a pedestrian and someone backing out into traffic and all without even thinking about it. I’m still grinning about it!

We finally hit freeway coming north out of the Tri Cities. Did you know there is a way to get by the Tri Cities without going through town? I didn’t. You just follow that back road down through Wallula where my grandad used to deliver saddle-broke wild horses to the Army in the very early 1900s when the Columbia River was still a river.

My journey ended, 1,287 miles and 31 hours of traveling time later, at the Colville Do-it Center (in time for work) on my 60-something birthday in the 34-degree temperature with one of those silly grins on my face. Daddy’s grin is just as silly looking. He didn’t get to ride the bike except one morning, to take it from the motel to the gas station and back – maybe six blocks the whole trip. One very proud father I do believe.

I love believing that Jim would be proud of me too – with one of those silly grins on his face. I **ACTUALLY DID IT!** Cried those darn happy tears when it was all done. Just like I’m doing now.

Stepping outside my comfort zone was a little strange but I wouldn’t change it for the world. In fact, I wanted to turn around and head back south so I could turn around and head back north again. Thank you for letting me share my journeys through the last couple of years and remember (sorry – I keep repeating myself) get a PSA blood test.



to learn how to ride a two-wheel motorcycle, I began to think the trike style could be the thing. Get the missing part of me back where it belongs.

Now, oh my – up front? So much better than the passenger seat. You can see the whole world!

It may sound weird, but even after almost 40 years of marriage I feel closer to Jim after having accomplished this journey. I can now understand why he got so much pleasure out of riding the bike. And why he got so much

The Metropolitan Opera

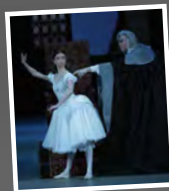
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